

HISTORY OF STANOZE ARMENIANS



HISTORY BOOK OF THE ARMENIANS OF STANOZE

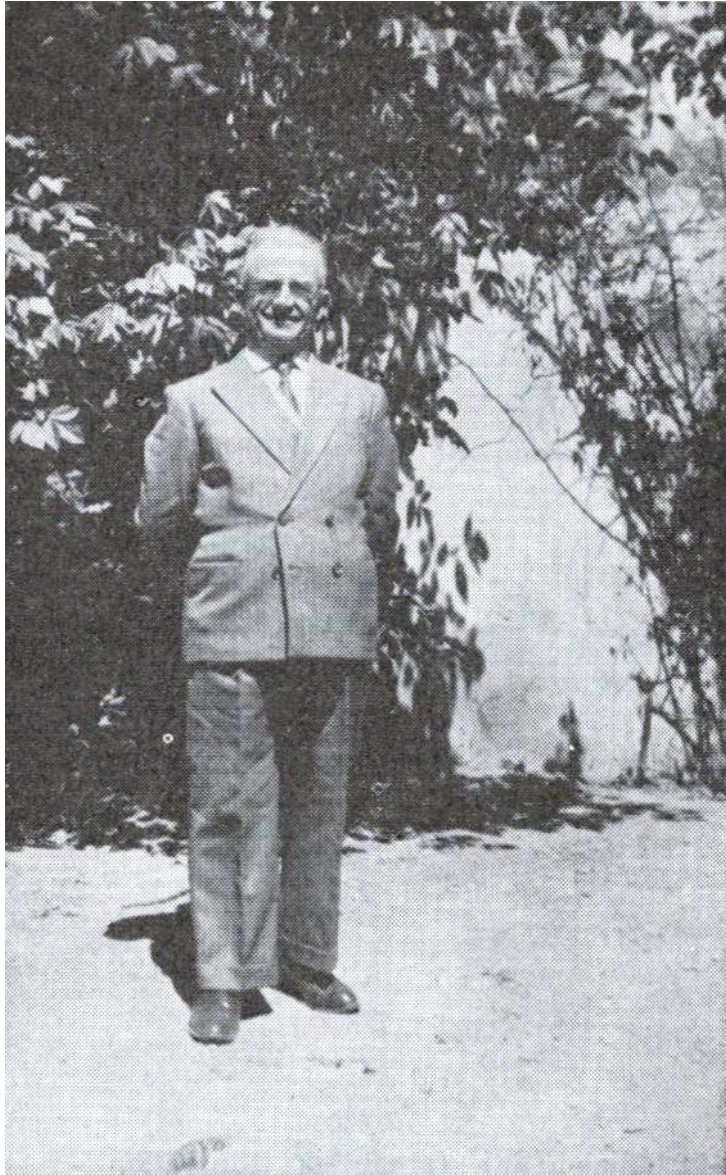
Written and collected by GARABED TERZIAN

(Translated from Armenian)



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Garabed Terzian

Photographed in the summer of 1968, during a trip to the Middle East.

TWO WORDS

In presenting this modest work to the public, we do not in any way pretend to consider it as a complete historical work. Far from our dear Stanoze, and deprived of the means of in-depth research, we have relied on the local chronicles of the cities dependent on the archiepiscopal diocese of Galatia, in particular that of Sivri-Hissar. We would like to express our deep gratitude to the publishers of these books for their kind permission.

Through this work, we wanted to save from oblivion our native region, Stanoze, which has remained almost unknown, and to revive in the hearts of our compatriots, whether they live in the diaspora or in the homeland, the memory of their ancestral city, so that they in turn can pass on to future generations the history of their ancestors and their place of origin.

For centuries, Stanoze led a prosperous and vibrant life, until World War I emptied it of its most illustrious and devoted sons, who fell under the ruthless yatagan of the Turk, as were so many Armenian villages and towns. Those who escaped this massacre were, for the most part, martyred in their turn by the ferocious executioners of the Kemalist movement.

Stanoze no longer exists. It is in ruins, erased forever from the map. May this book keep his memory alive in our hearts.

GARABED TERZIAN

PREFACE

We feel immense joy in signing these lines, following up on a sacred duty and a mission of the heart.

It is obvious that every son of the Armenian people possesses, in the memory of his accumulated experiences and memories, a priceless treasure, a golden chronicle learned by heart. But many of these memories remain buried in the reserves of the mind. However, individuals, groups and associations have, over time, tried to recount the events of the Armenian genocide historically, and have published many books. It is in the same direction that the present History Book of Stanoze *embarks*, to immortalize the memory of his martyrs and to occupy his modest place in the resplendent pantheon of Armenian literature, like an offering of flowers or a laurel wreath, in homage to his holy and martyred ancestors.

For the sake of truth, we must acknowledge that the publication of this book was delayed for a long time, and was even in danger of being forgotten. But the unexpected and providential visit of Mrs. Alice Odian Kasparian, an eminent scholar and woman of virtue, in the spring of 1967 to Paris, was for us a sign of grace and a blessing. Following this happy turn, committees were formed, and thoughtful, assiduous and fruitful work was undertaken. Thus was born, with the unanimous agreement of the Stanozian community in France, a publishing committee, a veritable bundle of efforts intended to weave the luminous rainbow of unfulfilled dreams that had nourished this project.

The Honorable Haroutiun Keosseyan, Hovhannes Darakdjian, Kevork Aleksanian and Dr. Kegham Boyadjian, as members of the Central Committee, took over the financial responsibility of the book in solidarity. As for Garabed Terzian and Hovhannes Sarafian, they joined Mrs. Alice Odian Kasparian to lend a hand while maintaining their administrative functions.

The Book embraces both the ancient archaeology of Angora and Stanoze, their history, their chronology, their traditions, their rural economy, their architecture, as well as their religious and national life, and above all the tragic unfolding of the disastrous days of the genocide, the procession of its martyrs.

The presence in this book of intertwined lists of names and photographs is nothing more than a living and imperishable memorial, a tribute to both the missing and the survivors. This book has no literary, artistic or philosophical pretensions. It seeks only to unite in a single harmony the thoughts of silver, gold or mother-of-pearl feathers, to serve a unique and sacred cause: that of the homeland, the Armenian people and the Church of God.

Of course, this work would not be enough to fully encompass the many centuries of life of Angora and Stanoze, nor to faithfully reflect the customs, the popular movements, the bright or dark years,

nor the invincible ardour and the tears or smiles of the past. All the more so since the lands once inhabited by the Armenians are now reduced to dust, and thousands of our compatriots have joined the bosom of eternity. Thus, out of a duty of conscience, in presenting this History Book today, we ask our dear readers to be kind enough to show indulgence towards possible accidental imperfections. At the same time, we do not hesitate to express our deep gratitude to all those who, of their own free will, have made their photographs and autobiographies available to us, and have supported materially and morally the success of this enterprise.

Our souls will leap with joy if our honorable readers consider it a sacred duty to be the bearers of this torch.

Finally, we will see in the spiritual satisfaction and just gratitude of our readers a luminous reward, offered in return for the ardent work, the hard work and the disinterested devotion that surrounded the preparation of this book.

On behalf of the Book Publication Committee

The Reverend ARMÉNAG MISSIRIAN



Panoramic view of Stanoze

PART ONE
STANOZE

TOPOGRAPHY AND POPULATION

Stanoze, 30 kilometers west of Angora, was a purely Armenian village with a population of six thousand, a third of whom were Evangelicals and the rest Apostolics. Catholicism had not entered it, despite the numerous attempts of the Catholic Church of Angora.

Ankara Chai and Chebuk Chai, two tributaries of the Sakarya River, flow parallel to the south and meet at the edge of the vineyards called Dzagchepe (Jashepe) and near Gedrardz Kar (Armenian: cut stone), a purely Armenian settlement located 5 km from Stanoze.

The Chebouk River (Chebuk Chai), which flows towards Stanoze, crosses the vast plain of Mihnrdat (Mirtat Ovas). This river and this valley have been the scene of two historical events. The first was the victory of Lang-Timur (Tamerlane) over Sultan Bayezid and the subsequent capture of Angora. Second, in this region that bears the name of King Mihnrdat, the Armenian king waged war against the Romans, whose borders of domination stretched from the Black Sea to Cappadocia and to the confines of Angora.

In this fertile valley, many villages have¹ names dating back to Byzantine times, such as Gerinthos, Pesenoz, Meranos, etc. These villages were probably home to a Christian population, as evidenced by the signs of the cross visible on the stones of the gardens and fences, as well as the cross patterns that women traced on the dough after kneading it.

In Turkey, four villages bearing the name of Stanoze are mentioned. The first is Todanos, an Armenian village near Sebastia. The second is Astanoze, near Burdur, in Antalya. The third, situated on the other side of our Stanoze, behind the mountain, on the bank of the Ankara Chai, was a village inhabited by Turks. It was known as Little Stanoze, while our ancestors called it "the village of beyond", just as they nicknamed the nearby river "the water of beyond". The fourth village was our Stanoze, known in antiquity as Obita. Today, Stanoze has ceased to exist and is nothing more than a pile of ruins.

The valley mentioned above, 10-20 km wide and 50 km long, suddenly narrows, giving way to a narrow gorge 50 meters wide, through which is thrown an arched bridge, the only one connecting

¹ The author writes in the present tense. And although these villages probably no longer existed at the time of the book's publication, in 1968, at least with their original names, I decided to keep the author's style.

Ankara, Ayaş and Constantinople, preserved since ancient times. Our people called him Genter, while the Turks called him *Zeghar köprüsü*. It is said that when enemy hordes invaded the area, the local population fled or were exterminated, leaving the valley uninhabited for long periods of time. Gradually, trees grew along the river, their branches covering the entire bridge. Travellers, unaware of its existence, then crossed the river on foot. One day, a dog accompanying travelers disappeared, but soon returned without having wet its paws. Intrigued, his owners decided to follow him. This is how they discovered the hidden bridge, which was then named *Zeghar köprüsü* ("Dog Bridge").

Let's cross this bridge, leaving the road leading to Ayaş on the right (Ayaş is 15 km from this point). Let's turn left to enter the gorge following the course of the river, in the direction of the two mills, one kilometre apart, and enter Stanoze, located on the right bank of the river and extending for one kilometre.

Stanoze consisted of four quarters. The first was the Odian district, also called Hadji Khodé Mahallesi². The second was the Haronian district (Haron oğlu³ Mahallesi). The third was the Sinab district, which our people called Sinab oğlu Mahallesi. Finally, the fourth was David's Quarter, known as Davoud oğlu Mahallesi.

The city had two churches, a meeting hall, two schools, a half-built bathhouse, a market for various crafts, and a khan. Most of these properties were national property, and their income was used to satisfy religious and educational needs.

At the entrance to the Davidian district were the homes of several retired Turkish officials. Further on, a government building had been built near the spring, with a small school upstairs. It was here that the *hodja* recited passages from the Koran, which a dozen Turkish boys repeated while swinging. Several other Turkish boys visited our school and practiced Armenian, although they did not attend <Armenian> classes.

In this neighborhood lived the family of Hadji Hovhannes Kassabian, the Mouradians, the Gherians, the Nichan Doctorents, the Ethem<ian> and the teacher Manane, about one hundred and fifty houses.

The Odian district extended along the streets facing the river, as far as the house of the Kabzimalians, and ended in that of Arsen Türkmenian, next to which was a mosque.

More than two hundred families lived in this district, including those of Odian, Kabzimalian, Djerikian, Margossian, Hadji Haronian, Gondjikian, Gheremlian, Sofian, Darakdjian, Tachdjian, Avakian, Varterian, Boyadjian, Sinanian, Djedjéyan, Hadji Rafaélian, Balabanian and Seriounian. The market was also part of this district.

² Mahallesi (Turc) - neighborhood.

³ Oğlu (Turkish) - « son of... » ; in this contexte – the neighborhood of Haron (Haronian)'s sons.

The Haronian neighborhood began at the Keoseyan house and was crossed by a street leading to the riverbank. It was the largest block, with houses built into the mountainside. On the hill were the dwellings of the Der-Khoren, Mateossian, Daghlia, and Bethlehemian families, near which was the source of the Basin (*Havuz*, in Turkish).

A little further down were the Protestant assembly hall and school, as well as the houses of the Yeghiayan, Kirémidjian, Mesnetian, Sarafian, Yazidjian, Yaniyan, Nersesian, and Bulbulian families. In the center were the houses of the Hadji Tanielian, Aslanian, Paradian, Haronian, Baghadian, Kahvedjian, Balabanian, Saakian, Simonian, Der Toumayan and Terzian families. Below, on the banks of the river, lived the Demirdjian, Alékian, Zadigian and some of the Balabanian families, about 250 houses in total. Nearby, a bridge led to the spring opposite as well as the Church of the Holy Saviour. During the flooding of the river, this bridge was the only way to access the gardens and vineyards on the other bank.

The third quarter was that of the Sinabian, which began at a place called Keoché Bachi and went up a diagonal street to the Armenian Apostolic School and the Church of the Forty Children. This district, numbering about two hundred houses, extended over two rows, from the foot of the cliffs to the cemeteries. The Karageozian, Diratsouyan, Chidemian, Ghavazian, Kelemdjian, Vartopian, Sinabian, Chakedjian, Chatcherian, Kiabakdjian, Hovsepien, Godgodian (Gorgodji), Alsezian and Chamo families lived in this district. The cemetery ended with a spring on its upper side, called the lower spring.

Cemetery and khachkars

Stanoze had two cemeteries: one, surrounded by a fence, belonged to the faithful of the Armenian Apostolic Church, and the other, to the evangelists. The tombs were simple, except for those of a few notables, decorated with magnificent tombstones. All the tombs, however, bore either a cross or a sober epitaph.

There were also several shrines, including the Khachkars of the Virgin Barbara (Varvaresa) and Mesghat Nene, in front of which pilgrims lit candles. The rocks of the Fugitive Talking (Khosogh Pakhadz) and Boghos-Bedros also bore crosses carved in their corners. Similarly, in the subterranean chambers of many houses, where the inhabitants took refuge during religious persecutions, crosses were engraved, and these places were used for prayer. Originally, the area where the Church of the Holy Saviour is located was also a pilgrimage.

Gardens and vineyards

Just as the city was divided into districts, the vineyards were also divided into districts, called Dzorin Deren, Millik, Tamk, Karakeoz, Baroni Takht, and Dzagchép (or Jashep). The gardens, on the other hand, were located in front of the city, but did not have specific names.

From the upper deck, on the opposite bank, stretched gardens along the city. They were irrigated by a water distribution dam located under the stone bridge, which also supplied two mills. The delicious eggplants, tomatoes, cucumbers and lettuces from these gardens were very popular in the Ankara market. Above the gardens was the Church of the Holy Saviour, known for granting wishes, at the foot of which gushed a spring of cold water.

These gardens, true ornaments of the city, stopped at the entrance to the cemetery. Then began the vineyards, which stretched on both sides of the river to the rocks of Fugitive Parlant and the confluence of the Ankara and Stanoze rivers.

The city had four springs, but during periods of drought, the river came to the rescue to meet the various daily needs of the population. One project was to bring water from remote sources to supply the new bathhouse, which would have increased the number of water points available. Unfortunately, this plan was never carried out due to the outbreak of the First World War.

One kilometer from the lower spring, turning to the right of the previously mentioned shrines, was the inexhaustible spring and the basin, located near the house of the Avakian. This pool was one of the popular summer leisure areas for the inhabitants of the city.

Five hundred yards away was Millik, where the cliffs narrowed, forming a narrow passage for the river. Beyond this short gorge, the valley widened and gave way to vineyards. On the right side were the vineyards of the Hadji Tanielian, while in front were the vineyards of Tamk, belonging to the Kapzimalian, Surenian, Odian (Hadji-Khodeyan), Arsen Türkmenian, Ghazarossian and Terziyan families. The vineyards located on the mountainside were the property of Haroutioun Paradian, an official of the Régie⁴. These vineyards produced noble grapes. A perennial spring, with its own basin, was also located there. Its entrance was adorned with two statues of lions.

A little further down, skirting the vineyards of the Matéossian, one reached Karakeoz, where a gorge opened up, bordered by vineyards on each side. The grapes from these vineyards, renowned for their sweetness, produced a highly prized wine. The vineyards of the Zadigian, the Balabanian,

⁴The "Régie des Tabacs" (simply called "Régie") of the Ottoman Empire was a Turkish public limited company, controlled by the state but listed on the Paris Stock Exchange. It held a monopoly on tobacco in the Empire.

the Simonian, the Melkonian, the Zaptiye Krikor, and higher up, the Dantzaskents, enjoyed great fame.

After having covered another five hundred meters, one reached the vineyards of the Keoséyan and the Hadji Haronian on the right. In front of them stretched the vineyards called Baroni Takht, belonging to the Balabanian (the Baroumcha), Kassabian and Dilberian families. Leaving the road to Gedradz Kar (Cut Stone), which crossed this area, we turned left, where the vineyards of Dzagchèpe began. For a distance of two kilometres along the banks of the river, various types of fruit trees flourished. These vineyards belonged to the families of Kahvedjian, Paradian, Kélémdjian, Boyadjian, Bulbulian, Gharibian, Tchidémian, Séyisian, as well as to the families of Gouyr Manane (Manane the Blind) and Anasdas Hagop Agha. Due to their location near the confluence of two rivers, these vineyards were sometimes flooded, resulting in the loss of crops.

At the confluence of the rivers were rocks called Khosogh Pakhadz (the Talking Fugitive), in which several rooms had been dug, serving as places of prayer in the early days of Christianity. There are baptismal fonts, an altar-shaped cupboard, several images of angels and the sign of the cross carved on the walls. Only five hundred meters from this place, the plain widened in the direction of Gedrardz Kar (Cut Stone), where 10 to 15 families lived dedicating themselves to agriculture.

Thanks to the abundance of water in the rivers in the spring, gardening flourished here. The Kirémidjian, Türkménian, Simonian, Dzadourian and Davoudian families, who devoted themselves to fruit cultivation, harvested abundant productions. The railway started from this place and ran along the river that came down from Ankara. When it was built, the railway company offered to pass the track through their gardens, but the inhabitants refused, preferring to preserve the vineyards and gardens on the other bank.

In the gorges near Stanoze, clashes sometimes broke out with Turks who had come to steal the crops, and thieves were punished. For this reason, when the Turkish peasants of the neighborhood went to Stanoze on business, they feared to commit the slightest attack.

In the summer, the inhabitants spent three or four months in the orchards; everyone was healthy and cheerful. Towards evening, they went down to the river, caught fish — the *Bourmadan* and the *Téghin* (yellow) — which they ate grilled over the fire or fried. If the worshippers of Bacchus were also there, the *saz* and the *keman*⁵ together, they passed gay and joyful moments.

Stanoze had all kinds of fruits, except the peach: apricots, pears, summer and winter apples, grapes of many varieties — *bouloud*, *tchavouch*, *kehribar*, *guiul*, *hevenk*, *haser*, *tchamichtsou*, *biuzgiulliu*, *hodavèd*. But the sweet wine vine (*khaghtsu*, "syrup") was the most abundant; it was made into both

⁵ Music instrument.

wine and *roup* (*pékméz*, grape syrup). Melons and watermelons also grew very well there; especially those on the Eau d'Au-delà side, reputed to be the tastiest.

MINERAL WATERS

(Extract from the memoirs of the teacher Hobbé)

In the province of Angora, not far from Stanoze, we had four kinds of mineral waters, used to treat intestinal pains, rheumatism, leprosy, wounds and other diseases.

The first was Dasdali, located between Ayaş and Beypazarı. It was very beneficial for bowel diseases. Although it resembled natural thermal water, it had laxative properties. It was used both for drinking and bathing. At the same time, a complete diet was a necessary condition.

The second was Kızılca, where there were baths to relieve joint pain and stomach aches. Near these hot water baths had been built well-organized inns, where patients from distant cities came as well as visitors seeking healthier air. They sometimes stayed there for months at a time, also taking advantage of the fresh springs of water in the surrounding forests.

Men and women had separate basins, where the sick took two baths a day.

The third spring was near Mallı Köy. She had a bath specially reserved for people with eczema. Patients came from far away to be treated there: they descended into a basin filled with mud, then lay down for several hours in the sun. Afterwards, they washed themselves by immersing themselves several times in a pool of clear water. This procedure had to be repeated for at least a week in order to reap the full benefits. As this bath did not have the necessary amenities, the sick came in the morning and returned home in the evening.

The fourth spring was that of Haïmana, about fifty kilometers from Stanoze. Its water, which flowed continuously, had the property of healing wounds. There was a pool large enough for five to ten people to swim in at the same time.

Among the people of Stanoze, millers Paradian, Alikian, Simonian, and others often traveled to Haïmana for work. Sometimes they would also take their families there when someone needed care, and they would stay there for a while.

Thus, Stanoze was surrounded by thermal springs that could be enjoyed by all those in need of healing.

THE MANNERS AND LIFE OF THE PEOPLE

One of the characteristic virtues of the people of Stanoze was the sacredness of the family, as well as the sincerity and hospitality they showed in their social relationships—qualities inherited from their ancestors and preserved to this day



From left to right, standing: Haroutioun Balabanian, Kevork Balabanian.
Assises : Sofi Balabanian, Mariam Balabanian.

Inside the house, the patriarch (grandfather) reigned supreme, and all—great and small—obeyed him with respect. Even after their marriage, young people continued to show deference to their fathers. In the past, in the presence of their parents, they did not smoke, did not exchange any words of love with their wives, and did not show open affection towards their children.

The grandmother was the steward of the home and the moral guardian of the family, always ready to receive and honor guests.

According to tradition, a young bride had to learn to obey her mother-in-law, while the grandmother would tell her grandchildren old and recent stories, drawn from the lives of their ancestors, urging them to avoid evil ways and live in moral purity.

The inhabitants of Stanoze faithfully preserved the manners and customs inherited from their ancestors. At parties or weddings, relatives and relatives showed mutual respect.

Adults constantly watched over children and teenagers: the slightest inappropriate word or action was reprimanded with warnings "*it s shameful!*" or "*It s a sin!*" ". The feeling of modesty was instilled from childhood, so that as they grew up, they did everything to avoid any shameful conduct. Being disobedient was considered a disgrace. If a girl talked too much, the elders would rebuke her, saying that later no husband would want her.

When a young girl received guests or was in the presence of her parents, she remained silent and respectful. If an elderly person started rolling a cigarette, the girl would set him on fire. When serving coffee or water, she kept her hands crossed on her chest until the cup was returned to her empty. Those who were sitting near the guest said, "*Let it be sweet!*" And the one who drank replied, "*May you live in sweetness!*" »

When the visitor left, the daughter of the house brought her shoes, placed them in front of him, and then accompanied him to the door.

Beliefs and customs

The people of Stanoze have always been pious and have placed their trust in the Holy Cross with deep Christian devotion. In times of distress, they prayed to God. In the morning, they began their work with a prayer. They believed in miracles, to which their ancestors bore witness.

None of them are remembered as converting to Islam, even in the most terrible days. (Some Armenians of Ankara, in order to escape death, had renounced their faith, but once the danger had passed, they had returned to their original religion.)

Although they were deeply religious, they also believed in the existence of good and evil spirits, calling the benevolent "*mené aghëg*" — "*better than us.*"

The fear of God and the practice of the Ten Commandments guided Armenian families on the right path. The sanctity of marriage was respected in the Armenian home.

Women did not wear veils, and the wives or daughters of relatives were considered sisters. Men were ready to shed their blood to defend their honor.

The Stanozians were hospitable by nature. Family relationships were often expressed through common feasts and celebrations. There was no celebration or rejoicing without the presence of parents and in-laws. These mutual relations ensured cohesion and solidarity between families.

The inhabitants of Stanoze were generally robust and hardworking. They were clean, both physically and morally, and neat in their dress: even the poorest wore simple but always clean clothes.



Dédé Semerdji with his sons and grandchildren; only the daughter-in-law and grandchildren survived - Paris.

Despite their exemplary hygiene, fever and rheumatism were frequent. Manual looms contributed to this: weavers, working in workshops dug a metre deep, often suffered from dampness and developed joint pain; similarly, millers, forced to enter the canals barefoot to clean or repair water pipes, sometimes fell victim to rheumatism or attacks of tetany.

Although they had a doctor and a pharmacist, the inhabitants of Stanoze most often treated themselves with the remedies passed down from their ancestors. They only called the doctor as a last resort, when there was no other hope.

The barbers also acted as half-doctors: they pulled teeth, bled, placed leeches, or applied mustard poultices (lap a) to soothe the pain.



Sarkis Der Toumayan and his family; He himself was massacred in 1915 with his son. Only Hagop survived — known as the owner of a knitting factory — Paris.

At first, "aspirin" was not yet known, but quinine was widely used: quinine powder was wrapped in cigarette paper or thin paper, and given to the patient to swallow.

For some pains, cupping was practiced. On the other hand, they had no knowledge of appendicitis: when a person died from it, it was simply said that he had died of a stomach ache.

Wealthy families and young women followed Western fashion. After the establishment of the Istanbul–Ankara railway line, exchanges between the cities became more frequent, and gradually even the more modest strata began to adopt the European fashion.

However, some men continued to dress in the Oriental style, as they had trade relations with the Turks in the region. This diversity of clothing can also be seen in family photographs

Older women kept their traditional veils on their heads. On Sundays and feast days, everyone dressed elegantly to go to church or community meetings.

There was no custom to drink in the cafes, but in winter, during family visits, and in summer, during meetings in gardens or orchards, homemade wine and brandy were served on the tables.

For lighting, olive oil was first used, poured into a small container with a wick pushed inside. Later, when the oil spread, people began to use oil lamps.

As the demand for oil was high in the villages, oil factories were established. Stanoze also had one, the ruins of which were still visible in front of the mosque. These factories were called Bezirkhane, and the merchants who sold the oil were known as Bezirgian.

In the church, the white wax candle replaced the beeswax candle for a time, but the latter, along with the oil, continued to be used for church lighting.



Mrs. Nounig Dadourian with her two sons, Krikor and Sdepan, and her daughter, Annig.

Music and dance

The people of Stanoze loved music and dance. Until the 1800s, in addition to religious songs, they also sang Armenian folk songs. Although Turkish and Arabic songs ("şarkı") began to spread, new Armenian national songs had also made their way into Stanoze. These were often sung at feasts and weddings. These new songs were brought by students attending high schools and boarding schools, who made them known during their holidays.

The craftsmen of Stanoze generally worked in a spirit of cooperation. The millers and shoemakers had their own association, which helped its needy members, the church and the school, and also facilitated credit for those who sold goods on instalments.

Some took out loans at interest, depositing their jewels as collateral, but their relatives were distressed by this and gladly offered them interest-free money.



Musicians of Stanoze.

Food and reserves

Winter provisions were prepared in advance. Apricots, pears, eggplants, dried beans, lentils and chickpeas were insured, and tomato salsa and grape syrup (*roub*) were prepared. The pickles, made from chili peppers, cabbage, eggplant and green tomatoes, were kept in small jars. The dried fruits — grapes, pears and apples — (*hévengue*) were kept in the cellar.

Once the harvest was over, we went home to prepare the wine and brandy. Then the preparation of cracked wheat (*korkot*) and pounded wheat (*dzedzadz*) began. The neighbors would gather to boil

the wheat. The pounded wheat (*dzedzadz*) was prepared in this way: each quarter had a large wooden mortar in which the wheat was first pounded; after removing the bran, it was ground on a millstone and sieved. The fine flour collected under the sieve was reserved for the preparation of *tarhana* (fermented soup), while the pounded wheat was stored for the winter.



Mr. and Mrs. Bedros Tachdjian with their children; only the girl survived.

To prepare *tetmadj* (also called *makharna*), the dough was kneaded, rolled out into thin sheets, and then dried in the oven.

Then came the preparations of the meat. In winter, there was no need to go to the market, because in the autumn a cow or a few sheep were slaughtered to prepare dried meat (*pastirma*) and sausages (*yérchig*). Some of the bones, still topped with a little meat, were dried for later use in soups. *Khiavurma* (meat candied in fat) was also prepared, which was then added to winter dishes.

As olive oil was imported, melted butter was preferred, and some people mixed sheep's tail fat with it. (The sheep of Stanoze, unlike those of the western ones did not have a small tail: each had a fat tail weighing from 3 to 5 kilograms.)

The inhabitants of Stanoze never lacked bread, for they had their millers, who, in the autumn, sent the ground flour to each family. Each district had its own oven, where each household baked its bread once a week. Since bread was the staple food, dishes were often prepared as sauces or stews meant to be eaten with bread.



Sara Boshbazian with her children and grandchildren.

Grocers sold all kinds of legumes and fruits, while butchers slaughtered sheep and lambs twice a week to meet the demand for fresh meat. (The sale of veal or beef was not in practice.)

For heating, wood, branches brought back from orchards and coal bought in Turkish villages were used. Some modest families, unable to afford it, made their domestic fuel from dried cow dung, called *kushkur* (*gushkur*).

Fishing and hunting

Fishing was a daily activity. The Stanoze River was full of tasty fish that fishermen caught from spring to fall using nets and other means. During the summer season, yellow fish and the fish called

bourmad were part of the daily meal of the inhabitants settled in the orchards. In the autumn, the yellow fish caught were fatty and excellent for drying; salted herring was also dried.

Hunting was practiced in spring and autumn. Among the birds, partridges and blackbirds were hunted in great numbers. In winter, hares and foxes were captured. Recently, it had been allowed to hunt foxes in winter using poisoned baits, as long as they were placed away from flocks of sheep and other domestic animals.



Garabed Sourénian
Manufacturer of sofe



Zerôn Sinabian
Sofe dyer, massacred in 1915

Breeding

For livestock farming, the Stanoze valley had no pastures, but the oxen and flocks of sheep from the village grazed on the fields above the valley, covering an area of 10 to 15 km².

Almost every family owned a cow or buffalo, whose milk was used to produce yogurt and butter. Some families bought a calf and entrusted it to a Turkish peasant, who fed it and provided milk and butter in return⁶. The offspring resulting from this arrangement were shared equally between the farmer and the cow owner. This agreement was based on total trust, without contracts or receipts.

For their daily commutes or travels, the inhabitants owned a horse or a donkey. As for the carters, who transported goods over long distances, they had several horses.

⁶ La logique n'est tout à fait claire, mais c'est ainsi que c'est formulé dans le texte original. Il semble plutôt qu'il soit question d'un paysan turc qui s'occupait de la vache d'autrui et gardait en échange une partie du lait, etc. pour lui.

On very cold days, the herd did not go out: it was fed in the stable.

The trades and occupations of the inhabitants of Stanoze were as follows: weaving *sofe* (a kind of fabric made of goat's hair, analogous to alpaca), shawl making, shoemaking, carpentry, masonry, tinsmithing, boilermaking, saddlery, blacksmithing, jewellery, sewing, etc. Among their main occupations were: butchery, grocery trade, cloth sales, trade and sericulture (silkworm breeding).

Weaving the shawl

Although carpet weaving was not very developed, shawl weaving was, after the manufacture of *Stanoze sofe* (see the previous section), their most flourishing craft.

The real shawl is a finely woven fabric of wool, but the inhabitants of Stanoze also called shawls their thick fabrics used to cover the wooden floors of houses. The carpets they used, colourful, strong and resistant, were usually woven by the Kurds of the Haymana region, themselves former migrants from Armenia, who had brought this craft with them.

To weave a shawl, wool and raw silk (*brôn*) were spun together using a "*menguéré*" — a thin, cross-shaped wooden spinning tool, about 25 cm long, made up of three pieces. The thread was wound in it until it filled the central spool; then the wooden crosses were removed, and the fibre remained wound in the form of a skein. The weaving of shawls was done in the workshops of *sofe*.



Madame Élisabét Matéossian,
wife of Hayrabed Matéossian



Hayrabed Matéossian, sofe merchant of
Stanoze, massacred in 1915

Feed Mill

Flour milling was one of Stanoze's most important businesses. The mills, sometimes located up to 100 km around, were mostly operated by craftsmen from Stanoze, some of whom owned their mills.

During the winter, all the mills stopped working because of frost, but in the spring, work resumed and continued until the end of autumn. The millers then returned home, having secured their provisions for the winter and saved handsome sums of money.

Many of them owned a horse, which they used for winter entertainment: equestrian games, horse races where riders threw sticks at each other, and competitions of skill and bravery.



Garabed Boyadjian with his family (Ganondji)

Shoemaking

Shoemaking was another important trade. The proximity of Ankara (Angora) allowed new fashions to reach this quickly.

The shoemakers in Stanoze not only met the local demand, but also went as far as Nallıhan, where they trained new apprentices.



The Kasparian brothers (twins); In the centre: Hovhannes, former president of the Bucharest Benevolent Society

Masonry

The masons of Stanoze worked in close cooperation with the carpenters, as their trades complemented each other in the construction of houses.

They also traveled to the surrounding Turkish villages, where they were often busy from early spring until late autumn.

Blacksmiths, tinsmiths, saddlers and goldsmiths carried out their trades in response to the needs of the local population.

The jewelry, on the other hand, came mainly from Sivri Hisar.

Tinsmithing

In addition to the small glazed utensils used for dishes in sauce, the large vessels were made of copper, which required frequent tinning to avoid any risk of poisoning.

The tinsmiths were therefore almost always busy, and their tinned cauldrons were the pride of the mistresses of the house in their kitchens.

Carpet weaving was also part of the craft arts, but production remained limited to a small number of pieces.



Arsen Turkmenian, from the School of Sericulture in Brousse

Sericulture

Sericulture (silkworm breeding) was a booming activity.

Compatriots — Arsen Türkmenian, Hovhannes Kahvedjian and a few others — had gone to Brousse (Bursa) to take courses in sericulture.

Back in Stanoze, they set to work busily, procuring silkworm eggs and guiding all those who, in addition to their usual occupations, embarked on this new spring activity.

The enterprise was a great success, and the number of breeders increased year by year, so much so that many orchards and gardens in Stanoze and Gedradz Kar were dedicated to mulberry cultivation.



Mr. and Mrs. Hovhannes Kahvédjian



Mr. and Mrs. Haroutioun Djerekian

Trade

Traders were few in number and engaged in small trades, often working as agents for wealthy Armenian merchants in Ankara.

Among the trading families of Stanoze, several — Sirounian, Kabzimalian, Avakian, Mateossian, and others — traded and produced *sofe*, wool, raw silk, and cotton.

Some cloth merchants and grocers supplied not only Stanoze, but also the surrounding Turkish villages.

Horticulture did not really take off until the 1920s.

CUSTOMS AND FEAST DAYS

New Year's Eve — In Stanoze, New Year's Eve provided a special opportunity for reconciliation between family and friends who disagreed. It was the feast of forgiveness and reconciliation. For the Stanozian, it was necessary for the past year to take the past with it, in order to welcome the new year in peace.

On this day, families, parents and parents-in-law gathered around tables abundantly filled with fruit and sweets, and welcomed the new year with joy and good humor.

The poor were never forgotten during the holidays: donations of food, clothing and money were collected in the church's charity room and distributed to the needy.

If it happened that a foreign Armenian happened to be in front of the door of the church, everyone spontaneously invited him to join in their joy and celebration.

Christmas — Christmas followed the New Year and was celebrated with great solemnity.

Although everything was covered in snow, the roads and the river were frozen, the inhabitants — young and old — filled the church.

The children, for their part, prepared months in advance in order to read at the altar sung or unsung passages from the Holy Scriptures. The parents, moved and proud, listened to them recite, receiving affectionate congratulations from all sides: "*Atchket louys!*" ("Let your sight light up!")

After Mass, the priests, richly adorned, accompanied by the deacons dressed in surplices, went out in procession, carrying at the head a large cross, the sponsorship of which was an honor obtained by donation.

The people, in procession, sang hymns as the procession made its way to the city's central bridge.

Despite the bitter cold, the entire population stood along the river, waiting for this emotional moment.

Some grandmothers, with a container of water in their hands, waited for the priest, from the bridge, to pour Holy Chrism (*Myron*) into the water of the river. They then filled their jugs with holy water to sprinkle on their houses, in order to ward off evil spirits; sometimes the sick were made to drink it.

According to tradition, it was said that the ice of the river began to melt when the *Myron* touched the holy water.

By this time, the day was well advanced, and the inhabitants, satisfied with having fulfilled their religious duties inherited from their ancestors, were returning home.

Around sumptuously served tables, they celebrated the Nativity, wishing each other : " *Shenorhavor Dzenount* " (Merry Christmas), to which it was answered — " *Haydnutyun yev Megerdoutioun* " (Revelation and Baptism).

Carnival (Paregentan) - After Christmas came the *Paregentan*, a festival of banquets and joyful entertainment.

On that day, turkeys, meat dishes, and other tasty dishes were eaten, because the people then had to observe seven weeks of fasting.

During *Paregentan*, all jokes were allowed. We went from house to house, we stole shoes in the yard, or dishes in the kitchen.

Then, when the masters of the house noticed the disorder, the jokers, by way of consolation, invited them to share the meal they had "stolen" — and they welcomed their victims with the stolen dishes, in an atmosphere of friendship and laughter.

Various popular games enlivened the day, such as "*tura*" and "*chakhmak* halva", where halva was hung for children to try to catch without their hands.

Great Lent (Medz Bahk) - Following the festivities of *Paregentan* , the days of Great Lent began, a period of penance for grandmothers, but of deprivation for grandchildren.

Woe to him who dared to taste meat or butter: the threat fell at once, and the children sincerely believed that the devil would come and tear them with his fangs!

At the beginning of Lent, the grandmother would take an onion, attach seven chicken feathers to it, and hang it from the ceiling. It was called " *Bahk Baba* " (the Father of Lent). Each week, one feather was removed, until all seven were removed—a sign that the fast was coming to an end.



Mr. and Mrs. Bedros Daghljan, in Constantinople in 1910

Mid-Lent (Mitchink) - Between *Paregentan* and Easter, there was a small festival called *Mitchink* (the "Middle").

At that time the snow was melting, the fields were gradually greening, and the trees were putting on their wedding garments.

The people spread out into the fields to gather the first flowers. The children would collect flowers called "*chiydem*" (a variety of spring flower whose name in dialect comes from the expression "I don't know"), and they would play a traditional game around this flower.

According to an ancient custom, a grain (of wheat, chickpeas or legumes) was boiled as a symbol of renewal.

Although these rites come from very ancient traditions, the people performed them in joy and serenity, happy with their simple and peaceful life.

Palm Sunday (Dzarazadig or Dzaghgazart) - Then came Palm Sunday, which the people of Stanoze called in their dialect "*Gourouz Godourdoun* ("guruz" meaning willow in the local parlance, because there were no olive trees in Stanoze: so willow branches were used to replace olive branches).

On that day, the hymn "Tzerkn vosdovk tzitenio yév deghayk armavenéok" ("Holding olive branches and children palm trees in his hand") was sung in the church.

The church was adorned with willow branches, which were distributed at the end of mass to all the faithful.

Easter (Zadig) - The locals called Easter "*Zag*", and it was one of the most joyful holidays of the year.

After the long winter, the fields and gardens were green, and the whole of nature was awakening. The seven weeks of fasting had whetted appetites: each house was busy preparing meat dishes. The "*kyursu*"⁷ was put away, the house was cleaned, and the red eggs were prepared.

On the morning of the Resurrection, each one, fasting, went to church.

When the priest proclaimed : " *Christos hariav i mérélots* " ("Christ has risen from the dead"), everyone went home, and broke the fast with a red egg.

According to local custom, street vendors would circulate through the streets with carts full of eggs, and young people would compete in a game of egg breaking. They lined up ten or twenty eggs in a row, and each in turn bumped two by two. The one whose egg remained intact to the end took the whole series of broken eggs, and returned triumphantly to his home.

After Easter, the craftsmen who worked outside Stanoze gradually returned to their workplaces, and Stanoze gradually emptied.

The Ascension (Hampartsum) — This feast usually fell in the month of May. The young people would get together to go " and party" in nature: everyone would bring something to eat, and they would share their food in good spirits, sing happily and draw lots for games and wages.

Vartavar (the Festival of Roses) — The *Vartavar* was celebrated in the month of August. It was a festival inherited from pagan times and transmitted to the Christian era. On this day, it was customary to spray water on passers-by, especially those walking along the river.

⁷ For more information on « kyursyu », see the next section.



Reverend Kirkiacharian's daughters — Beatrice and Adele

Assumption of the Virgin (Asdvadzadzin) — This festival coincided with the hot summer days, at the time of the blessing of the grapes. The faithful brought large baskets of grapes to the church; After the blessing ceremony, the grapes were distributed to the population.

Faithful to the ancestral custom, many abstained from eating it before this festival.

After the service, each family went to its orchard or garden; those who did not have one were invited by neighbors or relatives, so that the whole village seemed deserted.

Under the trees, shawls and *kilims* (a kind of carpet) were spread, and joyful feasts began.

Because of the oppressive heat of the season, the work was interrupted and the festivities lasted several days. Many, already settled in their summer gardens, fully enjoyed nature and the fruits of their labor.

The Holy Cross — The feast of the Holy Cross was celebrated in September. On this occasion, the sick and pilgrims coming to fulfill a vow went to church on Saturday evening, before vespers, bringing with them sheep or roosters intended for sacrifice. They entrusted them to the sacristan brother and spent the night there.

The church had large copper pots carefully tinned for the occasion. Under the supervision of the sacristan friar, volunteers cooked the sacrificial meal all night long.

On Sunday morning, at the end of Mass, all the pilgrims received communion, then received a share of the sacrifice before leaving.

After these holidays, winter was coming. Snow covered the roofs, and the inhabitants threw it into the street. The river froze over entirely, becoming a playground for boys, who played skating or snowball fights.

During the cold season, wood and coal had to be used sparingly. To keep warm, the *kyursyu* was used, a large table covered with carpets and shawls, under which a fiery brazier was placed. All around, we sat on low seats, our legs slipped under the blanket up to our waists, enjoying the gentle warmth.

Winter, the gathering season for the inhabitants of Stanoze, was also used to organize engagements and weddings.

ENGAGEMENT & MARRIAGE⁸

In Stanoze, a young girl was not free to marry the man of her choice: it was the parents who decided on the future husband of their daughter. It was said: "If you let a girl choose herself, she will either go to the drummer (*davuldji*) or to the dancer (*köçek*)."

Young men and women were not allowed to date until the wedding day — although this custom has softened somewhat over time.

When a family judged that a young girl was suitable for their son, the marriage proposal procedure began. Relatives of the young man, chosen for their skill and eloquence, went to the young girl's family. After a few exchanges on ordinary subjects, they were served coffee, at which point the real conversation began.

The matchmakers first praised the young man's qualities, then mentioned those of the young girl concluding that, as they suited each other well, they would form a harmonious and respectful couple. Then they took their leave, giving the girl's family a few days to think. During these days, the girl's godfather and her close relatives would seek her opinion, and then decide together on the answer to be given.

⁸ This information, as well as the description of the mineral waters, is taken from the memoirs of the teacher Hobbé. We also consulted the memories of our compatriot Kevork Kabzémalian and the *Sivri Hisar* history book (Միլիոնիսարի Պատմագիրք). We therefore express our sincere thanks to them (*author's note*).

It was customary that, during a second visit, the groom's intermediaries repeated their request several times until the girl's parents finally gave their consent. Even if they were favourable the , parents replied with reservations: "We don't have a daughter to betroth", "Our daughter is still too young", or "Look for your future daughter-in-law elsewhere". But these answers did not discourage the applicants, who patiently continued their efforts in the hope of a positive outcome.

During these visits, the young girl never showed herself; she remained retired in an adjoining room.

The last word went to the patriarch or the representative of the family.

If the answer was negative, he rejected the proposal firmly and definitively. But if it were positive, he would say, "God willing, if it be fate (*nasip*), let it be so, may God bless this union." Thus, the verbal agreement (*khosk-gab*) was considered concluded.

After that, coffee was served, sometimes also an (alcoholic) drink. The young man's family would then offer a symbolic gift to the young girl to mark the promise, and as they took their leave, the visitors would shout joyfully, "May your eyes shine with happiness!"

Back home, they recounted in detail the exchanges and the welcome received, thus rejoicing the young man and his loved ones.

The betrothal took place according to the following ritual: the young man and the girl did not attend the ceremony together, as they were not allowed to see each other before the wedding day. However, another means of "symbolic meeting" had been found.

The groom's close relatives would first go to the girl's family, bringing with them large plates filled with all kinds of dried fruits and sweets, clothes, shoes, and stockings for the bride, as well as various gifts for the family's relatives.

The procession left by lanternlight and arrived at the girl's house, where the members of the family and close relatives were already gathered.

On this evening, great honors were paid to the guests on the young man's side: they were seated in places of honor, then a young bride recently married led the bride, and together they kissed the hands of all the guests, beginning with the oldest. In return, the guests offered the girl the jewels they had brought — rings, bracelets, and other ornaments.

After these formalities, the reception began: food and sweets were served, congratulations such as "May your eyes shine with happiness!" and wishes of "*daros*" (good fortune) were exchanged.

The next day, the same plates were filled again—this time with gifts for the fiancé and his close relatives—and the procession went to the young man's house. There too, families were reunited.

A friend of the bridegroom introduced him and, as on the previous day, they kissed the hands of all the guests, while the girl's family in turn presented presents to the bridegroom. The future mother-in-law (of the groom) gave him a ring adorned with a precious stone.

During the official engagement ceremony, the priest or a respected figure would say a prayer and a blessing, congratulating the families and invoking God's blessing on the bride and groom.

From then on, the so-called relationship of kinship by marriage began: the two families invited each other to the festivals, but the bridegroom and the bride did not participate in these meetings.

If, by chance, they met in the street, even from a distance, the young girl would immediately slip away, for fear of being misjudged.

Even after several years of engagement, the young girl sometimes did not speak to her fiancé's loved ones. This custom, called "*perangab*", consisted of a bride or young wife keeping silent towards her fiancé or in-laws, as a sign of respect. Special gifts were offered to the young woman to "loosen her tongue" and free her from this vow of silence.

These traditions continued until 1915.

The Marriage

In Stanzoz, the wedding lasted six days. Once the wedding week was fixed, on Wednesday, five or six women would go to the bride's house, bringing with them five meters of white cloth (*khassa*) and a gold coin. This ceremony was called "*Aladja*", and officially marked the beginning of the marriage. On Thursdays, invitations were sent from both sides, to family and friends.

Aunts, cousins, friends and neighbours took an active part in the preparations. Colourful aprons were distributed among the women, a sign that they belonged to the group of "*pan aynogh*", i.e. those who "worked" during the wedding. To be recognized as an active participant in this way was considered a great honour.

The brass bands and musicians started playing on Friday, and the guests gradually arrived to take part in the party. They generally sat on low couches (*sedirs*), and the young girls engaged or of engaged age served drinks and sweets to the guests on trays.

Wedding banquets were distinguished according to the social level of the family. The more modest ones prepared for lunch a *tamtakh* soup, *héissé* (cracked wheat porridge with chicken) or pumpkin with milk, and for the evening, a meat dish. Wealthy families had several sheep slaughtered, entrusted to experienced cooks to delight all tastes. In addition, a renowned orchestra from Ankara was brought in, which gave even more brilliance to the party.

Although the festivities took place separately in the groom's and bride's homes, there were moments of exchange between the two.

On Saturday evening, a group of friends of the groom, accompanied by the brass band, went to the bride's house: they celebrated there for an hour before going home.

On Sunday morning, the bridegroom's family sent to the bride, through the sacristan (*jamgotch akhpar*), a large trunk filled with clothes and effects intended for the bride-to-be. The sacristan handed it over without the key—it was only given in exchange for a gift.

In the afternoon, a group of women and girls went to the bride's house to apply henna to her fingers. Singing and dancing were performed, and each betrothed girl received gifts from her fiancé's relatives.

For this henna ceremony, a special couch called "*ghena minderi*" (the henna cushion) was prepared. On their return, this cushion was brought back to the bridegroom's house. That same evening, an elderly and skilful woman placed him on a chair, holding in her hand a plate full of henna paste. She invited the young men to come in turn, applied henna to their fingertips, and they deposited small gifts of money on her plate in return. The money collected was used to give gifts to the women and girls who had helped with the wedding preparations.

On Monday morning, several women from the groom's family would go to the bride's house to veil her.

Meanwhile, at the groom's house, the groomsman (the groom's brother or close relative) remained by his side at all times, watching over all the details.

The ceremony of dressing the groom was then carried out. The priest arrived, blessed the clothes, and, singing the hymn "*Khorhourt khorin*" (The Profound Mystery), the bridegroom was dressed. When the time came to put the headdress (the fez) on his head, the groomsman pretended not to be able to put it on him, and shouted to the parents that the fez "didn't come in". The parents replied that the headdress had been made to measure and that it had to fit. But, obviously, it "still didn't fit". Eventually, the groom's parents would promise something – a house, an orchard, or a cow – and then, the fez would be placed on the groom's head, much to everyone's relief.

Meanwhile, the bride waited, veiled in tulle adorned with red pearls. The hour had come to leave his father's house, and great sadness reigned in the house. Often melancholy songs were sung, and mother and daughter wept together.

Finally, the groom's procession, preceded by musicians and with the groom in the center, arrived in front of the bride's house. People danced and sang with joy. The bride's sister or cousin took her by the arm, led her outside, and both joined the procession, followed by the bride's near relatives.

All together then went to the church. Each time the procession passed in front of the house of a close relative, he stopped for a moment to dance and rejoice.

At that time, the church bells rang to announce the entry of the newlyweds. The godfather and godmother then took responsibility for the couple.

During the religious ceremony, the godmother held the cross, and at the end she offered gifts to the priest and the sacristan.

The procession then reformed: the bride and groom, side by side, returned together to the groom's house. When they passed by their loved ones' homes, coins, raisins, sugar, and other sweets were thrown at the bride's head from the windows.

When they arrived in front of the house, the procession stopped: the groomsman was to immolate a lamb or a sheep on the threshold. At the same time, the groom's father and mother threw coins and sweets on the bride's head, and then brought her into the house, where she was placed standing in a corner.

The party continued until midnight, with music, dancing and revelry.

When everyone had left, the godfather and godmother were fulfilling their last duty: to hand over the bride to her husband. But... Woe betide the young girl who was not a virgin: in the middle of the night, two women covered her with a white sheet and brought her back to her mother, in silence and shame. (This kind of incident, however, was almost non-existent, as the girls of the village were known for their restraint and virtue.)

The next morning, the "*khondja*", i.e. the nuptial table, was prepared: nuts, honey, fruits of all kinds... The day opened joyfully with Armenian music, songs and dances. The bride kissed the hands of her mother-in-law and father-in-law, and they, as well as relatives, gave her gifts.

This was the traditional wedding of our village.

RELIGIOUS DENOMINATIONS

In Stanoze, there were two Christian denominations. The Armenian Apostolic Community had two churches: The Forty Martyrs, very old, whose date of construction was unknown, and St. Saviour (*Surp Pergitch*), built about a hundred years earlier.

The Church of the Forty Martyrs

This church, dug into the side of the rock, half into the mountain, was an extremely old construction, built on the foundations of an old chapel.

It had three vaulted apses, supported by four massive wooden columns, and its roof, formed of joined beams, was covered with about a meter of sand.

This roof was also used as a playground for the students of the neighboring school.

Behind the left apse was a secret cache (sacristy) where the precious objects of the church were kept: a Gospel on parchment, copied in Lambron in 1290, more than sixty other manuscripts, as well as many liturgical objects of great value: crosses, censers, curtains embroidered with gold threads, etc.

It was even said that the mother-of-pearl door of the sacristy was so beautiful and so precious that with its value alone a new church could have been built.

The Church of Saint-Sauveur

The second church, Saint-Sauveur, was built in the nineteenth century on a hill facing the city. The place had once been a site of pilgrimage, as evidenced by a stone cross (*khachkar*) behind the altar, much older than the rest of the building.

The path leading to the church, which was very sloping, had been equipped with wooden stairs, in order to facilitate access for the elderly.

Later, in 1910, the priest Der Meguerditch had the road paved, making it passable by a winding path. He also had the bell tower built — previously, the faithful were summoned to prayer by means of a simple iron clapper.

Next to the church were accommodation for the priest on duty and the sacristan, as well as several rooms for pilgrims, who could stay there for several days before their departure.

Religious services were celebrated there all year round, except during the coldest winter months.

The Church of the Forty Martyrs, partially buried in the rock and with very thick walls, was ideal for winter services.

The latter did not have a bell tower, but a bell was installed on the roof of the nearby school: on ordinary days, it was simply ringed, while on Sundays and holidays, a metal tray (*djindjin*) was added, thus forming a system of improvised bells whose sound carried very far.

The Shrine of Mesghad Nene

About a kilometer from the city was the shrine of *Mesghad Nene*, an ancient pilgrimage site adorned with *khachkars* (stone crosses) and funerary slabs, giving it the appearance of a cemetery.

During the feast of the Ascension, the population gathered there to organize country games and pray. A short religious service was also celebrated there on that day.

In times of drought, the inhabitants also went there to beg for rain. Even the Turks then asked Armenian priests to celebrate prayers for rain. Often, on the same day, the rain fell — and for this reason the Turks had more confidence in "the God of the Armenians," but only under such circumstances, it was added.

The school

Near the Church of the Forty Martyrs was the St. Ghevontiantz National School, a beautiful building with a garden, a kindergarten, a preparatory course and an elementary school.

The upper floor was reserved for boys, while the ground floor was reserved for girls. A few adjoining rooms were used as a presbytery, where the priest on duty and the sacristan lived, and it was also here that the meetings of the parish council and the committee of trustees were held.

On the roof of the school was a bell that the sacristan rang to call the faithful to the service.

Until 1863, there was no formal curriculum : the Psalms and the Book of Narek were simply used⁹ as manuals. But after the promulgation of the Armenian National Constitution, schools began to follow the educational curriculum of the Constantinople School Board.

Around 1850, the locality had as priests and teachers Fathers Guiragos, Touma and Garabed, who exercised both religious and pedagogical functions. Later several lay teachers appeared, honored with the titles of "Badveli" (Reverend) and "Kalfa" (Master), among them Hagop Badveli Daghljan, Hagop Kalfa Adjemian, and later Khachadur Vartabed, Melkon Vartabed and others.

In the 1880s, a group of young people eager for learning went to study in the great institutions of Mardzvan, Constantinople, and Armach, and some even continued their studies as far away as England.

To this generation belonged Father Khoren Daghljan, son of Father Guiragos: a perfect connoisseur of Turkish and French, he taught for several years before his ordination, and, in collaboration with Hagop Kalfa Adjémian, he trained many brilliant pupils, capable of pursuing higher studies or becoming civil servants of the administration.

The Saint-Ghevontiantz National School had neither benches nor desks: the pupils sat cross-legged on the floor on the carpets they brought themselves. There was no kindergarten yet: children did not enter school until they were six or seven years old.

⁹ Il s'agit du *Livre de Lamentation* de Grégoire de Narek (Xe siècle).

For the little ones, there were no manuals: they were given a stone slate on which they learned to write the letters of the alphabet and numbers using a stone stylus. Once these basics were acquired, they received the manual called "*Kéragan*" (Grammar), then successively the "*Pentchag*", the "*Lousapér*" (Light-Bearer), the "*Mayreni Lezou*" (Mother tongue), the "*Kantzaran*" (Treasure) and finally the first grammar book.

In the upper class, Armenian, geography, arithmetic, grammar, physics, anatomy, the history of Armenia, as well as Turkish and French, were taught.

The girls' section consisted only of the elementary classes (kindergarten and preparatory classes). Mothers preferred that their daughters be prepared to become good housewives, rather than educated women. Since spinning was considered a feminine activity par excellence, mothers taught their daughters at an early age to spin wool, knit socks and do sewing and embroidery.

The following teachers¹⁰ have worked regularly at the Ghevontian National School in Stanoze:

Boys' Section

Hagop Badveli Daghlia

Hagop Kalfa Adjemia

Dêr Khorên Daghlia, the high priest

Khachadour Varjabed Simonian

Melkon Varj. Varjabedian

Garabed Varjabed Bolsetsi

Sêpon Varjabed Bolsetsi

Hetoum Mesnetian

Hovhannes Adjemia

Khêlêmes Bêtlêhémian

Kêvork Pharadian

Khêlêmes Ishkhanian

Krikor Hani Taniélian

Girls' Section

Essam Kabzemalian

Isgouhi Darakdjian

Hobbé Kêlêmdjian (Papazian)

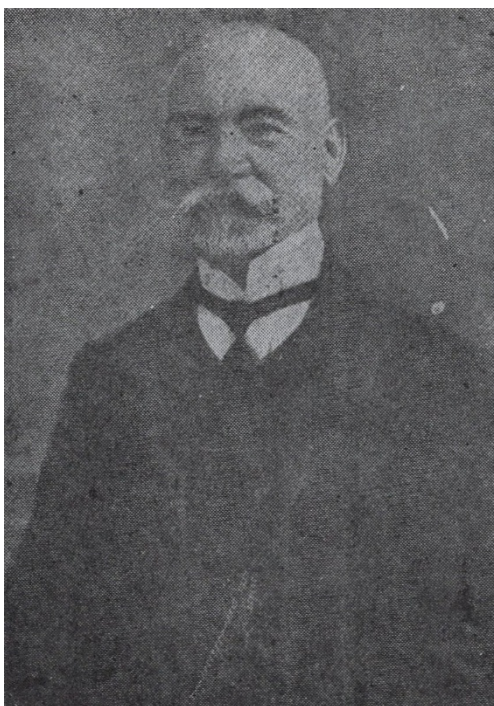
Manan Varjouhi

Gadariné Pharadian

Evangelicalism

Evangelicalism entered Stanoze in 1862. At first, this caused some dissension: family ties were severed, and alliance relations ceased. However, in spite of these obstacles, in a short time a considerable number of families rallied to this faith. In 1915, a third of the thousand families in the village were evangelicals.

¹⁰ Pendant la Grande Guerre de 1914, à cause des circonstances, les postes laissés vacants furent comblés par quelques étudiants de collège non diplômés, dont la liste figure dans les pages suivantes (note d'auteur).



The Rev. Hayrabed Odian of Stanoze

The first evangelicals worshipped in private homes. Later, they built a school, where they also continued to hold their religious services.

One of the first leaders of the Armenian evangelical community was Hagop Odian, who entrusted — his relative Hairabed Odian — who had previously studied at the Mardzvan School of Theology with the mission of continuing his studies at the Faculty of Theology of the University of Edinburgh, Scotland. After completing his studies, Hairabed Odian returned to Stanoze, where he ministered for a time before being sent to England to collect donations for the building of an evangelical church. Having fulfilled this mission, he returned to Stanoze and, with the help of the inhabitants, had the church erected.

Thus, the first family to adopt the evangelical faith was the Odian family, and the new bell tower of the temple was donated by Hagop Odian.

We learn that today the Turks have built, near the ruins of Stanoze, on the upper plateau, a new village called Yeni Khènt (Yeni Kent). To construct its buildings, they used stones from the temple, church, and schools, as well as those from the cemetery's tombstones.

Protestant School

The Protestant school was located not far from the temple, on the road leading to the market, in a pretty building. The layout of the classrooms was neater, with real desks, and the teaching methods surpassed those of the *Lussavorchagans* (faithful of the Armenian Apostolic Church; apostolic).

Their curriculum followed that established by the National Patriarchate of Constantinople, and they strove to recruit competent teachers to implement it in the best possible way.

In addition to Armenian and Turkish, English was also taught, while the apostolic taught French.

Apostolic boys who needed English to prepare for higher education often attended Protestant schools.

The school of the Evangelical girls was more advanced than that of the Apostolics; Sacred Scripture and religious songs were also taught there.

List of teachers of the Armenian Evangelical School :

Boys' Section

Hairabed Badveli Odian

Mihran Donabédian

Kyoud Artin

Archag Dêr Atamian

Arisdagas Varjabed

Sisag Varjabed

Khlêmes Balabanian

Girls' Section

Srpouhi Odian

Mariam Odian

Mariam Geodéyan

Isgouhi Sarafian

Srpouhi Krikorian

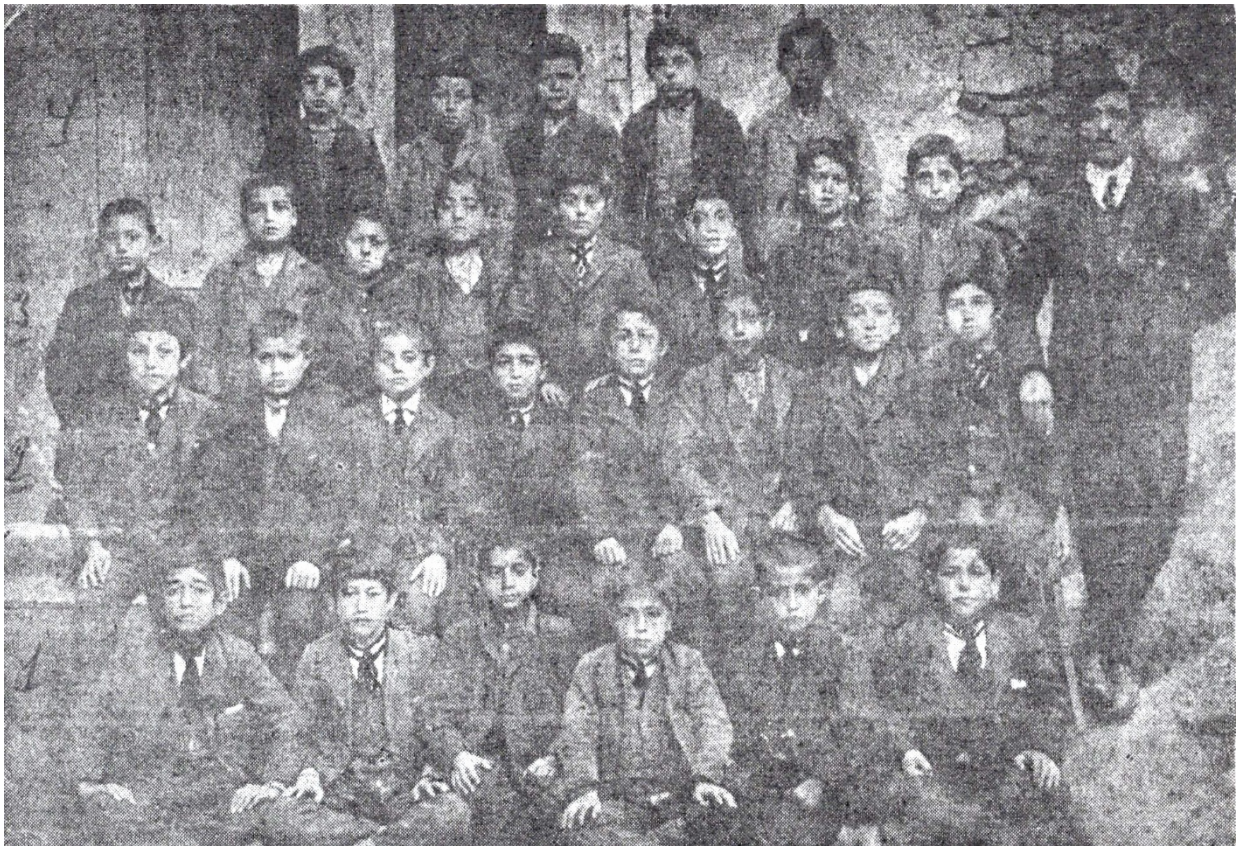
Beatris Kirkiacharian

Hobbé Varjouhi

Viktorina Odian



Students of the Evangelical School for Girls in 1912



Pupils of the Evangelical School for Boys in Stanoze, in 1912



The teacher Hobbé, her husband and their daughter : Epraksie

Departure of Reverend Odian

After the temple was built, Reverend Odian left Stanoze for a personal reason. He ministered for four or five years in Ankara and other regions.

After his departure, other clergymen succeeded him; the longest-serving was the Reverend Krikor Kirkiacharian, who won the esteem and affection of all.

Back

In 1911, the people of Stanoze began to feel nostalgia for their first pastor, Reverend Hairabed Odian, who built the stone temple.

An invitation signed by his parents and the families David Odian, Hovhannes and Kevork Keoseyan, Matheossian, Hadji Haronian and Darakdjian, was sent to him. Unable to refuse this call—and his heart filled with nostalgia for his homeland—the Reverend returned to Stanoze and resumed the leadership of his flock, as did the high priest Dêr Khorên Daghlîan, who had also returned to his native city for personal reasons.

These two clergymen, both from Stanoze, were cultured pastors and fervent patriots. In their youth both had belonged to the Apostolic Church and sang together in the altar servers' choir, and they understood each other perfectly.

Thus, leaving aside all doctrinal differences, their first common act was to put an end to the coldness which, for more than ten years, had divided the two confessions.

What the Catholic and Orthodox Churches are doing today, our ancestors had already accomplished 65 years ago.

Reconciliation

Around 1913, the first step was taken by the Reverend Hairabed Odian, who, accompanied by a group of influential members of his community, went to the church.

In front of the altar, he knelt and prayed, then, in a very moving way, sang a "*Dêr Voghormia*" (*Lord, have mercy*) and kissed with the priests. The people, following their example, began to embrace each other also.

The next day, Fathers Dêr Khorên and Dêr Apraham came in their turn to the evangelical temple, accompanied by their faithful. There, Dêr Khorên, in a sermon full of wisdom, exhorted the people to banish hatred and resentment from their hearts, and to live in peace with one another.

Then all together sang "*Aravod Louso*" (*Morning Light*), embraced each other again, and the people dispersed in joy

From then on, broken relationships and broken family ties began to be restored.

We schoolchildren no longer threw stones at each other, and some apostolic boys even began to attend the evangelical school.

COMMUNITY ORGANIZATION

The administration of the *Lussavorchagan* (Armenian Apostolic) Church and national affairs was the responsibility of a Parish Council elected in accordance with the constitutional laws in force within their jurisdictional boundaries.

This parish council was chosen by a separate vote; from among its members were appointed or elected the judicial committees, the administrative commissions and the councils of guardianship.

The church had many shops and several caravanserais, the income from which, together with the offerings collected from the collection dishes, was used to pay the salaries of priests and teachers, to help the needy, and to provide poor students with school supplies and other needs. Repairs to buildings belonging to the nation were also financed by this same fund.

Family disagreements were wisely regulated by a conciliation committee. The tutorship council closely monitored the implementation of the school curriculum. The committee, for assistance to the poor, at Christmas and Easter, distributed clothing and food to needy families.

In a word, it was managed in a manner worthy of a true organized state, which aroused the admiration – and sometimes jealousy – of the Turks.

The evangelical community was administered according to the same structure, with similar committees and councils. She was even more generous to her church: although she represented only a third of the population of the *Lussavorchagans*, she fully covered the needs of the temple and the school. At the beginning of each year, they organized parties and shows, the proceeds of which were used to balance their budget.

Members of the Ecclesiastical and Administrative Councils of both denominations (ca. 1915)

Parish Apostolic Council

Members:

Bedros Tachdjian

Sarkis Aladjadjian

Zeron Sinabian

Nichan Paradian

Kevork Paradian

Gabriel Hadjitanélian
Hovhannes Adjemian
Guiragos Kabzemalian
Arsèn Tiurkménian
Arisdages Margossian

Khlêmes Soghomonian
Takvor Karageuzian

Bell ringer:
Krikor Keostemiguan

Protestant Parish Council

Elders (deacons):

Khlêmes Hadji Haronian
Hovhannes Darakdjian
Boghos S. Matheossian
Raphayel Baradian
Kevork Keoséyan
Hovsep Aslanian

Lay Advisors:

David Odian
Hovh. Kahvedjian
Hovh. Matheossian
Krikor Bédéchian

Bell ringer :
David Biremitchian

PUBLIC SERVANTS AND STUDENTS

Civil servants

Stanoze was an entirely Armenian city. There were only a few retired Turkish civil servants, living on the outskirts and maintaining little contact with the Armenian population. Some of their children attended our schools and spoke Armenian like ours.

Like the artisans and tradesmen, most of the civil servants were Armenians, with the exception of the *müdir* (sub-prefect), the *kaymakam* (governor), and the chief of police.

In a word, Stanoze was a little Armenia, whose sons, by their diligence and talent, had been able to occupy important positions in the administration. For its inaccessible rocks, it was called "Little Zeytoun", and for its Sofé handicrafts, it was compared to Nor Djougha (New Julfa).

Stanoze officials

Müdir: Turkish civil servant

Müdir's deputies: Raphayel Paradian, Bedros Tachdjian

Mayor: Khodé Ichkhanian

Secretary: Kevork Géondjéguian

Treasurer: Hovh. Adjémian

Tax Manager: Garabed Balabanian

Warehouse Manager: Arsèn Tiurkménian

Director of the tobacco monopoly (Réji): Haroutioun Paradian

Hunting and fishing: Hovh. Matheossian

Judge: Sarkis Dêr Toumahian

Municipal councillors:

Krikor Kabzemalian

Hagop Sarafian

Harutyun Avakian

Arisdages Margossian

Khlêmes Soghomonian

Hovhannes Kahvedjian

Hagop Sofian



Klémès Balabanian, treasurer of the State, victim of 1915

In addition to these local employees, several Stanozians held positions of responsibility in Ankara and other cities: lawyers, treasurers, regional officials, etc.

Lawyers in Ankara :

Haroutioun Balabanian (Nafiz Effendi)

Krikor Bozguurtian

Krikor Doursounian (Zeki Effendi, Deputy Governor)

Kevork Kasparian (Nazim Effendi)

Sarkis Dêr Toumayan



Lawyer Kevork Kasparian (Nazim Effendi) and his wife, massacred in 1915

Treasurers:

Garabed Sarafian – Sivri Hisar

Khlêmes Sarafian – Nallı Khan

Arsen Sarafian – Muhaladj

Khlêmes Balabanian – Ankara

Stépan Dêmirdjian – Aïach, director of the telegraph

In addition to the above, the community also included railway employees, pharmacists, and other various professions.

Station masters:

Khorên Avakian – Sinjan Köy

Kevork Avakian – Kadın Köy

Roubèn Kahvédjian – Konia

Conductor:

Hovhannès Sarafian – Eski Shehir, Ankara

Pharmacists:

Tatéos Avakian – Ankara

Garabed Avakian – Ankara

Kevork Yaghiayan – Stanoze

Doctor:

Ohanes Avakian – (*location not specified, probably in Stanoze*)

Students

After the proclamation of the National Constitution of 1863, a Council of Public Instruction was established in Constantinople. He developed an educational program and undertook the training of male and female teachers. These teachers were then sent to the provinces, where they implemented the new methods, which soon bore tangible fruit.

At the same time, new doors were opened for Armenian students through the founding of American, French, German, and Armenian higher institutions.

By the early 1900s, these institutions had attained an enviable position, recognized for their remarkable successes.

At the end-of-year ceremonies, Turkish officials looked with astonishment and jealousy at fifteen-year-old Armenians who had mastered three or four languages and were already ready to enter college, while their own sons were still learning only a few passages of the Koran.

Students (First Generation)

Before the 1890s, several young people from Stanoze left to perfect their religious and secular education in the following places:

Hovhannes Daghljan — Armach

Haïrabad Odian — Scotland

Kevork Balabanian — Scotland

Kaloust Bethlehemian — Armach

Matéos Ferahian — Jerusalem

Hovhannes Daghljan was ordained a priest under the name of Father Khoren. Hairabad Odian became a pastor. Kevork Balabanian settled in Scotland and devoted himself to photography. Kaloust Bethlehemian was imprisoned for his revolutionary sympathies. Mateos Ferahian, after completing his studies at the seminary in Jerusalem, refused the tonsure and left for America, where he studied law and also devoted himself to journalism.

Students (Second Generation)

In the early 1900s, a group of young people from Stanoze left for Mardzvan (Merzifon). A few years later, several were imprisoned as revolutionaries. Under the reign of Abdul Hamid, these years were of terror: many withered in prison, some disappeared. But the young people of Stanoze were fortunate, after a few years, to be released and to continue their studies; others went abroad.

Here are their names:

Kevork Balabanian — studies in Mardzvan

David Odian — studies in Mardzvan

Harutyun Avakian — graduate of the Mülkiye School in Constantinople

Hovhannès Balabanian — studied in Mardzvan and then in Scotland, in the fields of agronomy and law

Krikor Bédélian — high school

Hovhannes Matéossian — secondary school

Sahag Aharonian — high school

Krikor Krikorian (Gogorents) — leaves for Egypt

Rupen Kahvedjian — Graduate Studies in Caesarea

Mikaél Sinabian — student of the Normal School of Caesarea

Arsen Türkménian — took sericulture courses in Brousse

Hovhannès Sarafian (Bodjoents) — attends sericulture courses in Brousse

Hovhannes Kahvédjian — idem

Haroutioun Paradian — lawyer, then civil servant of the Régie



From left to right, first row (seated): Arsèn Sarafian, Arisdaguès Matéossian

Second row (standing): Krikor Krikorian (Gogorian), Krikor Bedéchian, Hovhannès Matéossian, David Odian

Hovhannes Balabanian, a graduate in agriculture, returned to Stanoze, where he was assassinated by the Turks. Krikor Krikorian was a great commercial success in Egypt (he later helped the Stanozians who had emigrated to France financially). Hovhannes Mateossian entered the civil service. Mikaél Sinabian became a teacher and trained a generation of enlightened students in Ankara and Nallı Khan who remember him with respect.

Rupen Kahvedjian became station master.

Sahag Aharonian and Krikor Bedelian specialized in the manufacture of *sofe*.

Harutyun Avakian became a state official.

Arsèn Türkménian, Hovhannes Kahvédjian and Hovhannes Sarafian (Bodjoents), trained in Brousse, developed sericulture considerably.

Haroutioun Paradian worked first as a lawyer in Haymana, then as an employee of the Régie in Stanoze.

Until 1900, only children from wealthy families pursued higher education. But from 1900 to 1914, the number of students from all social classes gradually increased.



Stanoze's students at the Jenanian College in Konya, in 1912.

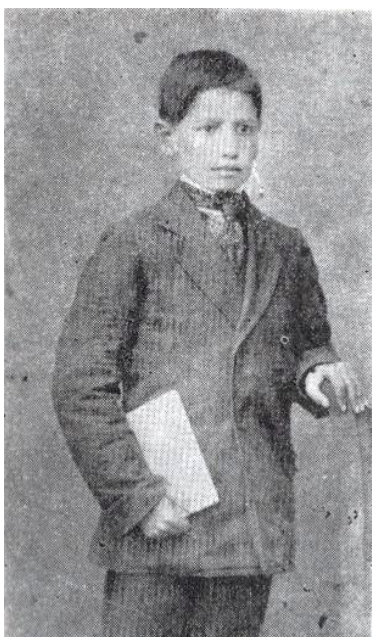
From left to right, standing: Onnig Sinabian, Garabed Ghazarossian. Seated: Klémès Sarafian, Hagop Balabanian, Hovhannes Sarafian

In the monastery of St. Garabed in Caesarea, then in the Jenanian College in Konya, there were more than thirty students from Stanoze.

Students (Third Generation)

Stanoze students enrolled at Djénanian College (Konya):

Hetoum Mesnétian	Hagop Balabanian
Karekin Sinabian	Hagop Karageuzian
Khlemes Balabanian	Garabed Ghazarossian
Vahram Balabanian	Onnig Sinabian
Khlemes Sarafian (Bodjoents)	Hovhannes Sarafian
Kevork Kabzemalian	Garabed Yaghiayan,
Hagop H. Balabanian	Sarkis Soghomonian
David Kahvédjian	Garabed Varjapedian
Kevork Paradian	Dikran Manissalian
Khlemes Sarafian (Djedjéents)	



David Karageuzian, student in
Caesarea in 1913



Krikor Aharonian, disarmed and
martyred in 1915, 4th army



Roupèn Yalinizian, disarmed and
martyrised in 1915, 4th army



Hovh. Phéramian, disarmed and
martyrized in 1915, 4th army



Garabed Margossian, student in 1914,
killed in Caesaria in 1915



Melkon Daghlia, disarmed and
martyrized in 1915, 4th army



Roupèn Tchakerian, martyrized in
1915



Kevork Balabanian, martyrized
in 1915



Hagop Zarigéian, martyrized in
1915

Some young girls also studied at the Adapazar School for Girls.

Students (Fourth Generation)

Students who attended the Monastery of St. Garabed in Caesarea and the Aramian Girls' Schools:

1. Former class – girls:

Srpouhi Zoubian (Caesarea)

Annig Krahedian (Caesarea)

Isgouhi Sarafian (Caesarea)

Hobbé Kélemdjian (Caesarea)

2. New Class – Boys:

Khoren Avakian

Khlemes Der Toumayan

Onnig Sourenian

Arsèn Daghlilian

Tatéos Avakian (Constantinople),

Arsèn Sarafian

Krigor Hadji Tanielian

Garabed Margossian

Kevork Avakian

Hagop Kasabian

Baghdassar Yazidjian

Hagop Bahadourian

Garabed Avakian

David Karageuzian

The greatest hopes of the people of Stanoze rested on these students attending the schools of Caesarea and Konya.

After graduation, they were to pursue higher education and return to Stanoze to serve their people as doctors, pharmacists, educators, lawyers—and perhaps even writers.

But the course of events never allowed them to reap the fruits of so much effort and preparation.

List of graduates and their professions:

Hetoum Mesnétian — teacher

Khoren Avakian — station master

Tatéos Avakian — pharmacist

Kevork Avakian — Station Master

Mikaél Sinabian — teacher

Khlémès Balabanian — teacher

Kevork Kabzimalian — free career

Arsèn Sarafian — director of the Aramian School in Caesarea (1905–1910)

ON THE EVE OF CRUEL DAYS

Enlistment

After the Ottoman Constitution of 1908, everyone rejoiced. Christians believed that they would finally be free in all areas. Like other non-Muslim subjects, Armenians were conscripted into the army throughout the Empire. It was the eve of the dark days.

In 1911, as soon as the Italo-Turkish War was over, the Balkan War broke out the following year. On this occasion, even the reservists were mobilized and sent to the front, where some fell prisoner. When the war ended, the soldiers returned home and began to resume their activities, unaware that the worst of all, the war of 1914, was about to break out.

As soon as war was declared, all men up to the age of 45 were enlisted, and the city was partially emptied.

During this time, the colleges of Caesarea and Konya were closed. The students who were still too young to be mobilized stayed at home for the time being. All our teachers having been called up for military service, we would have had to close the schools, if the college students had not taken over the task of teaching themselves.

Our schools, where until then education had been at an elementary level, took the form of real colleges. Every morning, the students did physical exercises on the terrace of the church, under the direction of Hagop Bahadourian, who also taught arithmetic. The physics course was taught by Sarkis Soghomonian, geography by Onnig Surenian, Armenian and spelling by Karekin Sinabian, Turkish by Kevork Kabzemalian, French and Armenian grammar by Arsèn Daghlilian, and so on.

For us, all this was a novelty: quarterly exams, distribution of grades with statistical tables, classification by level, and above all a modern pedagogy, based on free expression.

The discipline had also changed: until then, we had been accustomed to receiving physical punishment from the master—the slap on the palm, the pain of which lasted only a few minutes, but which above all prevented us from daring to express what we knew.

Our new teachers recited poems by great Armenian authors before the pupils, teaching them the art of declamation. They made us acquainted with our famous writers, by reading extracts from their works. The students, enthusiastic about this teaching, redoubled their efforts to obtain better grades and satisfy their teachers by their good behavior.



Hagop Zadourian, shot in 1921 in Polatli



Khorèn Chamoyan, died in the blakan war, in 1913



Mardiros Terzian, shot in 1921 in Polatli



Klémès Yaniyan, martyrized during military service in 1915



Armenag Boyadjian, died during military service in 1915

Thus, we had just finished a school year when disaster struck. Our masters disappeared forever: the pitiless hand of the Turk mowed down this youth, tall and erect as cypresses—our pride and the hope of the nation. Of these more than thirty young men, scarcely a dozen survived the sword of the cruel Turks.

But shoots were born from the roots of these felled cypresses, and today, both in Armenia and abroad, we see a new generation growing up, consisting of scientists, technicians, doctors and other professionals.



PART TWO
DARK YEARS
1915–1921

MASSACRES AND DEPORTATIONS

It was the dark month of April 1915. Our teachers no longer had the same smile on their faces. Something strange had happened. They were talking in low voices in a corner, among themselves, almost inaudible to us, the students. They cited the names of several known and unknown Armenian intellectuals, saying that some of them had been imprisoned in Ayaş, fifteen kilometers from here, and that another group had been taken to Çankırı.

Father Der Khorèn, through the students of the school, sent invitations to all the educated notables and to the members of the Parish Council, who soon met in the chapel. All of them had dark and anxious faces. The situation was delicate, and precautions had to be taken. The decisions were secretly transmitted to all: it was necessary to conceal every weapon, every suspicious book, every compromising writing, and wait for what the future would hold.

In order to stay informed of the events in Constantinople, our compatriots remained in constant contact with the station master of Sinjian Köy, compatriot Khoren Avakian. Avakian was one of the first eyewitnesses to the deportation of these intellectuals. The others, crammed into several wagons, were transferred under strict surveillance to Ankara.

Our compatriot Khoren Avakian, now an 80-year-old man (he currently lives in Grenoble), writes in his memoirs the following about this episode

"Concerning the arrival at the Sinjian Köy station of certain Armenian intellectuals from Constantinople, let us recall the following facts: On the eve of their deportation, at about 2 p.m., I received an unexpected visit from the Director of Security in Ankara. He greeted me with exquisite politeness, according to the Ottoman ceremonial, with the usual expressions — *Müdür Beyim*, etc. As was our custom, I was obliged to prepare a table of brandy. Our conversation covered various subjects, always avoiding him to touch on the substance of his visit. When our heads were well heated, he asked me, in a sympathetic and friendly tone, to what denomination I belonged. When I replied, "To the Armenian Apostolic Church," he said, "What a pity that you are not a Catholic!" »

"At about 3:30 p.m., we saw long uninterrupted lines of carts and horses coming from Ankara. The Director of Security left me with a curt order, "Don't go outside the boundaries of Sinjian Köy,"

and then left to set up the convoy. All the grain stores of the Christian merchants were opened to feed the horses. Around 5 p.m., he returned to the station to inquire about the arrival time of the special train expected the next day. »

"The next morning, at 8:30 a.m., the station was already surrounded by hundreds of Turkish gendarmes. A policeman accompanied me to make sure I wasn't talking to anyone, according to the order *ittilaftan men* ("no contact"). »

"The train of our guests' of which they spoke was none other than the special convoy reserved for the deportation of Armenian intellectuals from Constantinople."

"The spectacle was overwhelming: some were still wearing their nightgowns, others a simple shirt. At the sight of an Armenian station master, they began to tell me their "fate" and asked me to send news to their families. I kept silent: I wrote my answer in my palms, with my hands tied behind my back, so that they could read and understand that I was not free to speak—and so we understood each other. Dr. DagHAVarian¹¹ and two other men came to the waiting room, handing me their business cards. The very next day I did what was necessary. »

"The names were read one by one, interrogated three times, and then the deportees brought to SinjiaN Köy were placed in carts and transferred to the Turkish village of Ayaş."

"At first, the officials treated them with great respect. Upon their arrival in Ayaş, they were even allowed to buy butter, honey, eggs, and other provisions. But when the Turks of Ayaş began to complain about this too lenient treatment, they were told: "Be patient, my sons, the victim of the sacrifice must be well fat." (*Sabredin, oğullarım, kurban koyunu semiz gerek*, in Turkish.) »

"A fortnight later the hypocritical Turk returned, this time quite serious: 'We must search the station.' Send your wife and your little ones to the neighbor's house, so that they will not be afraid." "And already a large package was being prepared with the books considered suspicious: the newspaper of the day *Djhaguadamard*, a collection of songs, and five volumes of recorded hymns by Baba Hampar. When I pointed out that the collection had been printed with the permission of the Ministry of ,Public Instruction, he opened at random canto No. 100Herik Vortiaĝ (" ,Enough :my son"), and said, pointing to it

"What kind of Turkish minister could give such an authorization?" As for the songs, we will examine them and then give them back to you. »

¹¹ Dr Nazaret DagHAVarian (1862 – 1915) was an Ottoman Armenian physician, agronomist, and activist, one of the founders of the Armenian General Benevolent Union (AGBU). Author of scientific works on medicine, religion and history, he was one of the founders of the Ottoman Party of Freedom and Understanding, the main opposition party to the Committee of Union and Progress. On April 24, 1915, he was arrested in Constantinople on the orders of the CUP and killed on his way to deportation, at the beginning of the Armenian Genocide.

"When he arrived in Ankara, he ordered that I be replaced and handed over to the authorities in Ankara. I immediately sent a telegram to our central directorate, and the very next day I was transferred to Dil Iskelesi, in Haydar Pasha. That's how we were able to save our heads. »

"Thanks to the prudent measures taken by our central management, a number of Armenian station masters, as well as several other officials with their families, escaped deportation, like me."

Among the deportees to Ayaş were Dr. Daghavarian, Dr. Naskachian, and the writers Rupen Zartarian, Khajag, Agnoui, Hampartsum Boyadjian (Murad), Djangulian, Sempad Purad, and Puzant Bozadjian.

When these intellectuals were taken away from Sinjian Köy, the station master, Khoeen Avakian, informed Stanoze, but the location of their destination remained secret. It was only after they arrived at Ayaş that the chief of the local telegraph, Sdepan Effendi, a compatriot of Stanoze, who had relations with high-ranking Turkish officials, obtained permission to come to their aid. His first action was to send a message to Stanoze, asking for a change of clothes to be sent, because some of the deportees, arrested in the middle of the night, had been taken away half-naked.

The two parish councils of Stanoze, of different denominations, decided not only to send the necessary material aid, but also to consult on the course of action to be taken in the face of this announced calamity. The packages were quickly prepared, and the transport was provided by the compatriot Roupèn Kirémidjian, a great merchant who owned several carts. The drivers reached Ayaş within a few hours, delivered the clothes, and returned with some news. A second shipment was made later, but this time any direct contact with the prisoners was strictly forbidden.

A few weeks later, the same drivers left with more provisions, but when they arrived there they found the prisons empty: the Armenian intellectuals had been taken away in small groups and had disappeared forever.

Out of more than one hundred and twenty intellectuals, only a few were released—including Puzant Bozadjian.

In the collection *Mémorial of 11 April* (published in 1919 by Téotig), he wrote:

"With the second group, we arrived in Engürü (Ankara) on April 20 and were locked up in the police prison. Again, we were divided into two groups and locked up separately.

The next morning, as we went down to the prison yard, we saw a great commotion among the inmates. Intrigued, I asked one of them:

"What is the reason for your joy?"

"We have volunteered (*tchetté*), tomorrow morning we are leaving!"

"May I know what crime you have been accused of?"

"I have been sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment for murder," he replied coldly.

"Whom have you killed?"

"I loved a girl." Her parents refused to give her to me in marriage, so I carried her off into the mountains, and, after satisfying my desire, I killed her," he added, with cruel triumph. »

"My interlocutor was only a young man of barely twenty-two years of age. Then, approaching another prisoner of the same age, I asked him the same questions and received almost the same answers. Another prisoner, who was singing and jumping for joy, replied in his turn with icy indifference:

"I loved one girl, but she loved another. So, to avenge myself, I killed both of them—my beloved and my rival.

Imagine, we said to one another, when assassins of this kind, by enlisting among the bands of *Chettet*, obtained the imperial pardon, what would they not do afterwards against innocent people? Little did we know then that these bands of criminals were just going to be called upon to carry out the extermination of the Armenians—which the facts were to prove irrefutably.

"After two days in Engüriü prison, we were taken to the road to Ayaş at dawn on a Friday."

In this month of April, 1915, in almost all the prisons of Turkey, murderers, bandits, and common criminals were enrolled among the *Chettés* and placed at the disposal of the organizers specially dispatched from Constantinople by the Committee of Union and Progress. The latter used them to carry out the planned massacres. What these bands could not accomplish, the inhabitants of the neighboring Turkish villages — thirsty for blood — completed.

The people lived through days of horror: everywhere, arrests, imprisonments, deportations. A slight suspicion or a false accusation was enough to justify the search of houses and to subject people to all kinds of tortures, in order to extort confessions. All this had only one aim: plunder and enrichment. They acted without restraint, protected as they were by the governor of Ankara, Atif of Salonika, and by the chief of police, Behdettin — two fanatics unionists, cruel and bloodthirsty.

In May, the searches continued: all the weapons found were confiscated, those deemed suspicious or influential were arrested. Father Khoren, the courageous pastor, was among the first to be arrested. He was taken to Ankara and then exiled to the Turkish village of Osmandjik, on the border with the province. A few weeks later, several notables of Stanoze — Krikor Kabzemalian, Arsen Türkmenian, Harutyun Avakian and more than fifteen others — were imprisoned in the so-called Zendjirli Kuyou dungeon and subjected to terrible tortures.

In July, our millers from the Haymana region, accompanied by some craftsmen from Sivri Hisar, were taken to Ankara. This group was later joined by Armenian intellectuals transferred from Ayaş and Çankırı, and then taken to the foot of Mount Alma Dag, where they were massacred.

Although news of mass arrests and deportations reached us, we did not yet imagine that the real horror had already begun. The Armenians, condemned to extermination, were led like flocks of lambs to the slaughter. The people, seized with terror, waited day after day for the catastrophe to reach them — and, alas, it was not long in coming.

In August, the town crier announced that all men over the age of fifteen were to assemble in the courtyard of the government. The poor people did not know that they were already condemned to death: they presented themselves obediently, like lambs, and gave themselves up to their executioners.

It is said that this group numbered more than seven hundred people. Gendarmes on horseback escorted them to Ankara under strict surveillance, almost at a run. The heat and dust of the summer made their torment still more terrible. When they crossed a stream, the soldiers would not even allow them to stop to drink some water. Many, having taken off their shoes to walk faster, filled them with water to quench their thirst. Finally, half dead, they reached Ankara, where they were imprisoned for a few days under strict guard, the time it took to round up the deportees from the surrounding area.

There, Protestants and Catholics benefited from interventions on their behalf, and all were released. But the Gregorian Armenians were separated, taken to a place called Tchayash Bahçesi, and massacred in the ravines. Fathers and sons who wanted to die together embraced each other two by two at the moment of martyrdom. A few days later, the Protestants were allowed to return home. (C It is from them that the description of the arduous journey to Ankara comes from.) They knew well what had happened to their Gregorian brothers, and kept silent, even fearing to leave their homes, unable to answer the questions of their neighbors. As for those who remained in the city, they waited anxiously for news of their missing loved ones.

On this subject, compatriot Garabed Karageozian says :

"It was in August 1915, when my father was arrested. I was barely eight years old at the time. The inhabitants of the villages and mills were brought back to Stanoze, with their hands tied, under the strict guard of the gendarmes. Before this heartrending spectacle, many women fainted; tears and lamentations resounded everywhere. The people were struck with stupor and terror.

My brother Hagop and my cousin Sarkis Soghomonian, both students of the school, aware of the magnitude of the impending disaster, refused to give themselves up and hid somewhere.

When the Protestants returned, the son of the lawyer Nafis Effendi of Ankara, having learned that his classmates Hagop Karageozian and Sarkis Soghomonian had gone into hiding, came to meet them. He reassured them, saying that the danger had passed and that they could now move freely. Reassured, the two young people began to come out in broad daylight again.

A few days later, while they were walking in the orchards to cool themselves from the heat of the day, they were seen by several Turkish officials drinking and feasting, already rejoicing in the booty they would get from the property of the Armenians. That same evening, they informed the authorities. Two policemen came to arrest them and, the next day, took them handcuffed to Ankara under the guard of a gendarme. We saw them leave, heads bowed, desperate—from the gardens opposite—powerless to help them. »

Just eight days later, the Catholics of Ankara were also rounded up and deported to Stanoze. Most collapsed before they passed Aleppo, and only a few survivors returned.

Shortly afterwards the town crier reappeared in the streets: this time he summoned the Protestants to the government court for an alleged renewal of their identity papers.

Here is what the schoolteacher Hobbé, now 85 years old, reports :

"When the Protestants arrived, they were very sad. Eight days later, just before Saturday night prayers, the pastor was summoned to the government. The *müdür* (Turkish : commissary) said to him: "Pastor, from now on you are free, and everyone can return to his occupations." The pastor returned, and after the evening prayer, he announced to the community what he had just been told. »

"Barely a week had passed. On Sunday afternoon, the entire population was summoned to the seat of government, on the pretext that they had to exchange their identity papers, and that they would be given "German passports". They were all worried—they understood that a trap was brewing. They went there anyway, and they were piled up in a stable, where they spent the night. »

"The next day the *müdür* sent for the pastor and said: 'You are now free, provided that you replace your identity papers with German passports. From now on, as we have established relations with the Germans, we will do the same with you: your daughters will marry our sons, and our daughters yours; So we will live together.' »

"The pastor replied that he could not decide alone and must consult his people. Addressing the assembly, he reported to them the words of the *müdür* and added: "Think, my children, what they are proposing to us is simply to renounce our faith and become Turks." »

"Then Hovhannes Keosseyan stood up and said: 'Pastor, we will not accept to become Turks. Our brothers died as martyrs for their faith and their nation; we too are ready to die like our brothers of the Armenian Church (*Lussavortchagans*).' All present approved with one voice the words of Hovhannes Agha Keosseyan. »

"The pastor returned to the *müdür* and said to him, 'My people refuse; He doesn't want German passports.' The *müdür* replied: "As you wish. Then prepare to join the Gregorians." »

"The news spread that they were also going to be deported. The whole city was plunged into mourning. They all understood the fate that awaited them and gave up all idea of preparing for the

journey. Essam Mairig (Mother Essam) sent me to see the pastor to see if he needed anything, or if he wanted to change his clothes for Sunday. I went, and our beloved Father replied, "My daughter, I have no need of anything, and I do not want to change my clothes. If I have to die, let it be in these clothes. Only, my daughter, take care of yourself, remain faithful to your faith, your tongue and your honor. As Jesus said, 'Daughters of Jerusalem, do not weep for me; weep for yourselves and for your children.'" And the pastor added, "Do not weep for us; cry for yourselves and for your children." »

"The next day they were taken to a place called Seyirje near Stanoze. There, the pastor asked permission to perform his last service. It was granted to him. He preached a sermon to strengthen his people, and then prayed. While they were singing *Bu dünya mihnet yeri dir* (Turkish: "This world is a place of suffering"), many of them were already falling asleep for their final rest. »

"We did not see these events with our own eyes, but a *çavuş* (soldier) from Stanoze, who was among the executioners out of duty, later testified that the pastor's sermon, singing and prayer still ring in his ears. 'What a wonderful voice! My heart could not resist it, and I cried.' Yes, there were good hearts among us, as there were bad ones. »

Immediately after the departure of the Protestants, a monster named Hassan arrived with some accomplices. They rounded up a dozen boys and, having led them to a ravine not far from Stanoze, tortured and killed them with unheard-of savagery.

Here is the list, compiled from our memories, of these innocent boys — pupils of the first classes of the Gregorian and Protestant schools

Hovhannes Mateossian	Hagop Balabanian
Krikor Yaghiayan	Missak Kisabian
Hagop Gondjiguan	Klémès Mouradian
Hovhannes Balabanian	Hagop Varterian
Baghdasar Kirian	Baghdasar Kasparian
Missak Ghoubian	Garabed Aslanian
Nerses Türkmenian	Tavit Tirtirian

Those who remained

Let us now come to those who had remained in the village. Men between the ages of twenty and forty-five had been enlisted in the army. Those over thirty years of age were integrated, beyond Ankara, into work battalions responsible for building roads, while the most seasoned had been sent

either to the Dardanelles front or to the 4th Army, on the Erzurum front. Thus, only women and teenagers remained.

The people were like a flock deprived of its shepherd. Still unaware of the magnitude of the disaster, he prayed day and night, imploring God's help, while waiting for news of their missing loved ones. Although some had seen on Turks clothes belonging to the Protestants, no one could imagine that the most abominable crimes had been committed in a region where Turks and Armenians had always lived in peace—or that the sheep could, from one day to the next, become a wolf.

The Turk, ignorant and without reason, turns to the side where the wind blows, especially when the wind is favorable to him. The desire to seize the property of the Armenians, together with the official promises made to them, transformed into wild beasts those who had hitherto profited by the kindness of their Armenian neighbors. Some, it is true, afterwards regretted their infamous deeds — but what was the use? In spite of the promises made, the hoped-for booty escaped them: the leaders of the operation reserved them for themselves.

After looting the deportees' belongings, the gold and silver objects of the churches, they set fire to the wealthy Armenian quarter of Ankara, spraying the flames with oil so that the fire would spread faster. Finally, they had to resort to water when the fire threatened to reach the Turkish quarter.

A few weeks after the men's deportation, the order fell to exile their families as well.

The *local müdür*, Ibrahim Shahin, although a man of heart, could not resist either the orders of the central government or the pressure of the bloodthirsty Turks of the region. He therefore carried out the deportation and the massacres, but when it came to the turn of the innocent children and defenceless women, he could not bring himself to do so and sought a way to save them.

He therefore exempted from deportation the families whose fathers or sons were in military service, and, instead of sending the others too far away, he distributed the families two by two in the Turkish villages under Stanoze.

On this occasion the *müdür* is said to have said: "I am doing you good here — but you will not understand it until later."

The city was almost entirely emptied of its inhabitants. Some of the Turks in the neighbourhood were still waiting for the promised booty, but the *müdür*, exercising a strict watch, prevented any plunder: he himself made the tour of the locality, checking the presence of the guards and the proper execution of their duty.

Thus the days and months passed, while the people, in their naivety, continued to wait for news of their beloved.

These events occurred in the autumn, and winter came early. The fathers and sons, the breadwinners of the household, were no longer there. The lack of food and fuel was sorely felt.

Those who had been sent to the villages were relatively better off, as they could subsist by working among the Turks.

Armenian mothers and young girls, unable to do domestic work alone, were forced to put themselves at the service of Turkish families. The boys of twelve or thirteen, who had only known school, became shepherds.

The families of the mobilized men, who remained in the city, began to go to the neighboring villages to exchange their clothes, jewelry or even their kitchen utensils for wheat.

The minor children served as servants for the Turks, while the mothers, accompanied by their daughters, helped with housework or participated in the harvest to ensure a little food.

The harvested grains were carried on their backs, sometimes for several kilometres, to be ground before being brought home.

At that time, the Turks were free to slaughter Armenians as much as they wished—and no one called them to account. After deporting the entire population, they did not even spare the teenagers who remained in the village.

Thus, some of them, who had found refuge with Turkish friends, were kidnapped by executioners under threat and massacred near Stanoze, in a place called Shakhchakhin Tar.

The victims were: Sarkis Aladjadjian, Soghomon Semoghonian, Harutyun Soghomonian, Boghos Hiusniyan, Arisdagas Chirinents and Yeghishe Daghlilian.

A few months after these events, when the families of the deportees were already distributed among the villages, a certain Hamdi, a famous massacer of the village of Sarai — who, with his accomplices, had been the executioner of the Protestants of the region — arrested more than ten Greek refugees. Instead of handing them over to the authorities, he had them horribly tortured before killing them.

Two compatriots, Garabed Gueodéyan and Krikor Hadji Taniélian, witnesses to the scene, recount:

"The Turkish shepherds of the village, having seen shadows in the reeds, warned Hamdi and his accomplices. Armed and accompanied by dogs, they surrounded the marsh, found the Greeks and brought them back to the village. Then they stripped them naked, side by side, and forced us and our mothers to walk past them, insult them, and spit in their faces. If we refused, they threatened to kill us with them. Terrified, with dry mouths and lips, we obeyed for the sake of form, constrained and trembling.

Our lips were dry, but our hearts were bleeding. »

This situation lasted until the armistice.

In the absence of the deportees, their houses had been occupied by Albanian and Bosnian refugees, who, finding no means of subsistence, soon left the place.

In November 1918, when the war was over, some survivors began to return to the village, reclaiming their homes and orchards.

Back

It was then that we were able to measure the extent of our losses: it appeared that all the deportees had been massacred.

The young men of twenty to thirty years of age, mobilized under the flags, had perished on the fronts or had been disarmed and then killed by the Turks. As for the men between thirty and forty-five years of age, employed in the construction of roads, they returned for the most part—exhausted, hungry, and broken by suffering.

Shortly afterwards we learned that about twenty young men from Stanoze had succeeded, during the Russian advance, in escaping from the Erzurum front and joining the Armenian detachments of volunteers.

Our compatriot Andreas Boyadjian gave us their names

Krikor Matéossian (officer voluntarily from America)	Haroutioun Nedjibents Garabed Donbayan
Andreas Boyadjian	Krikor Matossents aka Koyransin
Mardiros Berberents	Hagop Yaniyents
Boghos Fatehents	Onnik Vartorents
Garabed Mughalints	Haroutioun Séyissian
Bedros Mughalints	Onnik, baker from Ankara
Onnik Bozghourdents	Hayrabad Bedzdiguian,
Hagop Bozghourdents	Harutyun Khurmients
Khatchig Altighouladjents	

Many of these Stanoze volunteers fell in combat — whether on the Turkish front or in the Baku region, as part of Murad's group. Only a few returned alive. One of them was our compatriot Andreas Boyadjian, whose memories we will relate later.

When the survivors of the Der Zor massacre recounted the sufferings they had endured, we understood how our local *müdür* had rendered an immense service by dividing the families of the deportees into the villages and keeping those of the mobilized soldiers on the spot.

The men who had returned from exile, exhausted and broken in their health, needed time, care and food to regain their strength.

Such has been the destiny of the Armenian people for centuries: always forced to rebuild their destroyed nest, without ever despairing.

The teenagers who remained in the village had become young men. The ruined houses began to be rebuilt; the craftsmen who had come back to life resumed their work and trained new apprentices. The surviving millers rebuilt the collapsed mills and set to work with helpers recruited locally.

Thus, in the spring of 1919, life had partly returned to normal.

The churches, the Protestant temple and the schools had remained closed for years, their property looted. We had no surviving priest or teacher. But it was necessary to get organized: children should not remain uneducated.

Reconstruction

To teach the Armenian child the golden language of Mesrob (Mashdots) was always a sacred duty. Even in the deserts of Der Zor, Armenian mothers had taught their children to read and write by tracing letters on the sand. The survivors, animated by the same spirit, barely escaped the massacre, immediately began to reopen the school.

There were no competent teachers, but former pupils, boys and girls, accepted this heavy task. Gregorians and Protestants, united, opened a common school in 1919, using the textbooks found.

For three years, uninterrupted education was provided not only to the children, but also to several adults who wished to resume their interrupted studies.

Religious worship was held in the Protestant temple. Our compatriot Kevork Keoseyan, who was able to lead spiritual assemblies, carried out this responsibility with dedication, nurturing the faith of both communities. Later, he exercised the same ministry in several cities in France — Marseilles, Pont-de-Chéruy, Valence and Paris — spreading the Christian word everywhere.

Although few in number, we were happy: we had regained our freedom and regained possession of our ancestral possessions. The remnants of the younger generation were trying to fill the void left by those who had left.

But, alas, our joy was short-lived.

On October 30, 1918, Turkey signed the act of capitulation at Mudros, and on November 4, the Ottoman government fled to Germany. But Germany itself, defeated in its turn, signed the armistice on November 11.

The Armenian people then hoped that the Allied Powers would keep their promise and support their small ally: after all, the Armenians had fought by their side, and the Armenian volunteers, on the Arara front and elsewhere, had contributed by their bravery to the common victory.

British, French and Italian forces, crossing the Dardanelles, occupied Constantinople. England took Palestine under her protectorate; France, Syria, and Cilicia—where Armenian volunteers supported her army, hoping that an Armenian Cilicia would be founded under her protection.

Italy, for its part, took control of the Antalya region. The Greeks, having occupied Smyrna, penetrated into the interior of the country, but without seeking to punish the massacrers of Christians.

With the triumph of the Bolshevik Revolution in Russia, republics were formed in the Caucasus: Georgia, Azerbaijan, and the Republic of Armenia. On May 28, 1918, Turkey recognized the independence of Armenia, which then included the provinces of Kars, Ardahan and the district of Yerevan.

The Armenian nation hoped for the creation of a "Sea-to-Sea Armenia" according to Wilson's plan¹², but things took a different course. Bolshevism spread throughout the Caucasus, where frequent clashes between Mensheviks and Bolsheviks took place. Under the effect of the rivalries of the victorious Allied powers, Cilicia was abandoned and fell back under the future Turkish authority.

Kemalist Movement (Milli)

The National Movement, taking advantage of the dissensions between the Allies, arose under the leadership of Mustapha Kemal; it was organized with the help of Kara Bekir and Ismet Pasha. This movement, born in 1919 in Anatolia, broke ties with Constantinople: it took Ankara as its centre, extended its grip from Erzurum to the bush, instituted special courts and hanged opponents, sowing terror and desolation everywhere.

To carry out his designs, he demanded money, arms, and horses from the notables of each region, and armed irregular bands that then fought on the Cilician front. The Armenian populations of Aintab, Maraş, Deort Yoli and Hadjin, who had placed themselves under French protection, were disappointed by the withdrawal of the French; deprived of this support, they had to defend themselves before finally being forced to flee from Turkey as well.

¹² *Wilson plan* (or *Wilsonian Arménia*) refers to the decision of American President Woodrow Wilson, mandated by the Treaty of Sevres (10 August 1920), to set the borders of the independent Armenian state. Its arbitration, handed down on 22 November 1920, attributed to historic Armenia four vilayets of the Ottoman Empire: Van, Bitlis, Erzurum and Trebizond, thus ensuring the new republic access to the Black Sea. This project, although approved on paper by the Allied powers, was never implemented, due to the victory of the Kemalist movement and the signing of the Treaty of Lausanne (1923), which annulled the provisions of the Treaty of Sèvres.

The irregular army of the "Milli" — reinforced by the troops of Kazim Karabekir — marched on Armenia, the scene of clashes between Bolsheviks and Tashnags, and captured Kars and Ardahan. Soviet forces advancing from the Caucasus conquered Georgia, Azerbaijan and the Yerevan region in 1920, where the Armenian Soviet Republic was proclaimed.

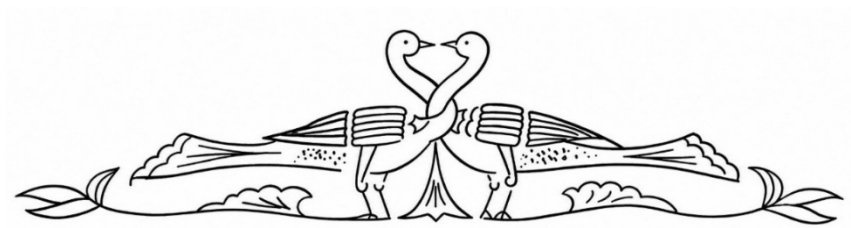
Lenin's Bolshevik government wanted a reconfigured Turkey that would serve as a bulwark between the USSR and the capitalist powers; for this reason, the recovery of Kars and Ardahan was not its obsession. Armenia was thus reduced to the province of Yerevan (about 30,000 km²).

Yet Armenia of that time, so devastated and miserable, is now flourishing and enviable: a country that then had less than 800,000 souls now has more than two million, endowed with various industries and many important cities capable of competing with a small European country. The Armenian genius, united with his determination, built all this.

The Stanozians also contributed to this: many emigrated from Turkey to Bulgaria, Greece and France, and then to Soviet Armenia, offering their strength and talents to this Armenian renaissance; their sons achieved important successes in the scientific and technical fields.

But let us return to the events of Stanoze on the eve of the Greco-Turkish war: a new chapter of exiles and massacres awaited us.

We would once again pay a heavy price, abandon our ancestral heritage, and each of us would leave with a passport bearing the sentence "return forbidden", scattered to the four winds of the world — without ever getting any reparation for the property and land we had lost.



PART THREE
NEW DEPORTATIONS
1921–1922

After the armistice, the survivors of Stanoze, who had returned to their native village, had begun to rebuild their destroyed and abandoned homes, hoping to resume normal life.

But soon, dark clouds appeared on the horizon. The Kemalist movement, strengthened by its victories in the eastern provinces, had won the confidence of the Turkish people and undertook the formation of a regular army.

Meanwhile, the Greeks, advancing from Smyrna, occupied Brousse and marched towards Eskişehir. On their way of retreat, the Turks rounded up the men—sometimes even entire families—and deported them to the interior of the country.

Deportation

Some of these deportees arrived as far as Stanoze, only to spend the night there, and we were witnesses of their misfortune.

The church of the Forty Martyrs, although it had been stripped of its precious objects, still possessed a few straw mats; at the request of the inhabitants, it was permitted to shut up the deportees there for the night.

Sometimes they stayed one night, sometimes several days, and the compassionate Stanozians shared with them their meagre provisions. The gendarmes sometimes tried to stop us, but we did not give up: we passed the food through the iron bars of the church windows.

Although as early as the spring of 1921 we had witnessed the tragic fate of the refugees from Eskişehir, life in Stanoze continued on as usual. The surviving millers had returned to their distant mills, and various artisans, resuming their trades, had gone to the surrounding villages—without suspecting that a trap was laid for them in the shadows.

The jackal, named Hassan, had settled in Ankara, in the heart of the nationalist movement (Milli), with a few accomplices. Seizing the opportunity to do harm, he drew up a list of Stanoze's "undesirables", falsely accusing them of having received arms and ammunition from the English.

Milk cans

In 1919, when the British controlled the Istanbul–Ankara railway line, the Red Cross sent crates of milk to Ankara.

Some of these crates were destined for Stanoze and transported to the Sinjian Köy station. The Turkish authorities, perfectly aware that it was simply condensed milk, nevertheless used it as a pretext: they drew up a defamatory report addressed to the central government, claiming that they were .concealed weapons

On the basis of a list (in which, supposedly, half of the eighty names appeared as "true *comitadjis*¹³" and the other half as "sympathizers"), the arrests then began.

Those who were in the city were thrown into prison, and the millers and craftsmen working in the villages were brought back to Stanoze under strict surveillance.

At the end of February they were transferred to Ankara, from where the alleged " *comitadjis* " — about thirty-six people — were sent to Caesarea, while the "sympathizers" were deported to the Yozgat region.

Our compatriot Stepan Türkmenian, in his memoirs, recounts :

"At the beginning of March 1921, those destined for Yozgat arrived there safe and sound, and were released on condition that they did not leave the city. So everyone looked for a job and began to earn a living. As for the thirty-six people sent to Caesarea, when they reached Kırşehir, the local police chief, after reading on the list the mention "*dangerous comitadjis*", exclaimed: Isn't it a shame to tire our policemen escorting such individuals? We have to settle their account today.' »

Again the massacre

"Among this group, a certain Simon — who was originally from this region and had settled in Stanoze — was the only survivor, despite serious injuries. He recounts his experience as follows:

"After noon, we were tied up two by two and, under the surveillance of four policemen, set off. Being a native of these regions, I guessed that we were being led to deserted mountains, and I told my comrades about it. Under the guard of two policemen, they dropped us off at the entrance of a ravine and then moved away in the direction of the neighboring village. Soon after, we understood that they had gone to look for assassins. »

¹³ *Comitadji* (in turkish : Komitacı) was a collective name for members of various rebel bands (Chetes) operating in the Balkans during the end of the Ottoman Empire. The name itself is of Turkish origin and means "members of the committee". The Comitadjis fought against the Turkish authorities and enjoyed the support of the governments of neighbouring states, notably Bulgaria.

"Among us was Mr. Hagop Mayassian, a man of revolutionary temperament. He turned to the others and said, "Guys, they're going to slaughter us. Let's attack them together and, with our arms still free and the penknives in our pockets, let's kill these two policemen and flee." »

"Many opposed it, fearing the revenge that would befall their families. A few hours later, the enemy squad approached us and began the horror. After having despoiled us, they struck on all sides. Those who tried to flee were mowed down by police gunfire. I remained buried under several corpses; the blood that flowed over me flooded me. I thought it was all over, but no: the executioners, fearing that there were wounded still alive, began to stab the bodies with their knives. At that moment I received terrible blows from the blade, and I do not know how I was able to restrain my cries. »

"The criminals finally went away, after their plunder; A profound silence then reigned all around. My wounds were bleeding profusely. When night began to fall, I crawled out from under the corpses. The spectacle was appalling. Half-aware and sure that no one could see me, I got up and, running to and fro, I shouted to see if there were any survivors — but, alas, no one answered. »

"With a piece of my shirt as a bandage, limping, I took the path to the ravine. In the distance, I could see villagers who were going to the city for their market the next day. As I approached them, I saw an old man crouching on his stick. When he saw me covered in blood, he took pity on me and asked me what had happened to me. I told him frankly of the event. But this good old man, a friend of the Armenians, said to me: "My boy, you must not tell everyone about it: the administration would find out and they would not leave you alive. Say instead that you were attacked and wounded by robbers." »

"He put me on his cart and covered me; Night had fallen and we soon reached the city. The baker Mammas Agha took care of me. I remained there until my convalescence. In those days, there were many displaced people from the Eskişehir region, so my presence did not attract attention. »

"This second massacre perpetrated by Hassan and his gangs after the events of 1915 was not the last crime of which they were guilty.

"When Stanoze passed from the tutelage of a *mutasarrıf* to that of a *kaymakam*, a Turk named Deli Agha, who had won the favor of the *kaymakam*, aroused the jealousy of the hateful dog Hassan; he sought by all means to trap him. With the complicity of the chief of police, Hassan set in motion a slanderous campaign, claiming that in 1919 crates sent by the British — containing weapons — had been handed over by Armenian hands to Deli Agha, who hid them in gardens to use against the Milli movement if necessary. Had this been proven, Deli Agha and all of Stanoze would have been wiped out.

"On these false grounds, Vartan Çavuş, manager of the Sinjian Köy railway station, and Hagop Toumayan, were first arrested, accused of having brought and handed over these boxes to my late

mother and Mrs. Annig Baghladjian. They were tortured in prison for months: interrogations and daily beatings, and no confession could be extracted. After more than a month of these treatments, seeing that the prisoners still refused to sign a false indictment, they proceeded to further torture. Vartan Çavuş and Mrs. Annig Baghladjian were suspended by the legs, but it was useless: they did not give in and maintained their refusal. One of their companions, fearing that he too would be subjected to the same tortures, then promised to sign the accusation.

"On the strength of this promise, the tortures were lessened. My mother asked permission to go out for a few hours to wash and change her rags, for after two months in prison she was in a miserable state. This permission was granted to her and, accompanied by a policeman, she went to the Boyadjian's house (we were then living in Gedradz Kar; the Boyadjian family had offered to bring her food every day). Taking advantage of the opportunity, my mother told her family the whole affair and asked them to send someone to beg Deli Agha to intervene on her behalf.

"Deli Agha, who was closely following events and knew full well that a signed confession would have put himself in great danger, conveyed a message to the prisoners through the Boyadjian: that they should stand firm and persist in their denial."



Vartan Khachadourian (Chavuch), arrested in 1921
on charges and subjected to cruel torture

Life-saving paper

"The Boyadjians slipped a small folded note into the bread intended for the inmates.

"When they received the note, not knowing how to read (in Turkish), they transmitted it to Toumayan, the same one who had promised to sign the deposition. Toumayan, taking the note, went to the next cell and, on a large sheet of paper, wrote a note in exactly the opposite direction, which he then handed to the policeman on duty.

"In the meantime, Deli Agha mounted his horse and went to Ankara; Thanks to his connections, he brought the matter before the competent authorities.

"An investigating magistrate then arrived, led by the prosecutor Kılıç Ali. On this occasion, the *Kaymakam* Ethim Bey hesitated to receive these high visitors, while the chief of police showed a sumptuous welcome to them. »

The trial

"Although the detainees had not yet signed the indictment prepared by the police, it was still presented to the Investigative Committee .as an exhibit

"During the interrogation, my mother, Vartan Çavuş and Mrs. Annig insisted that they had not received a large sheet of paper, but only a small piece of paper. The committee of inquiry then summoned the wives of Nichan and Sahak Agha Boyadjian, and questioned them: they admitted that they had indeed sent a note, but on a small piece of paper. The writer of it was also questioned, and after comparing the two manuscripts, the forgery was discovered. Toumayan himself finally confessed that he had written the false document for fear of torture.

"In the meantime, Deli Agha had distributed the necessary bribes, and the case was closed.

"On his return to Ankara, the prosecutor Kılıç Ali pronounced the dismissal of the *kaymakam*, while the chief of police, promoted to a higher position, was transferred elsewhere.

My mother and Mrs. Annik were released, but Vartan Çavuş and Hagop Toumayan were exiled.

The torture they had suffered had left serious scars: for days, Vartan Çavuş and Mrs. Annig could not walk, their soles covered with festering wounds; years later, their wounds festered. »

Apart from the 36 men massacred in 1921, six other deserters were sentenced to death.

Another group, assigned to a labor battalion, perished in Erzurum, from cold and exhaustion.

According to information gathered from some compatriots, here is the list of the victims massacred near Kırşehir in March 1921 :

Nichan Kabzemaalian

Guiragos Tachdjian

Boghos Matéossian

Hovhannes Mateossian

Klemes Balabanian

Bedros Margossian

Hovhannes Chakerian

Hagop Mayassian

Hovhannes Baghladjian

Krikor T. Hadji Tanélian

Hovhannes Zobian

Krikor Djerekian

Hovhannes Yaniyan	Hovhannès Bülbülian
Zadig Kiremitdjian	Andon Zadiguian
Mihran Kiremitdjian	Rupen Kasparian
Hagop Kiremitdjian	Hovhannes Midilliyan
Hovhannes Tchakedjian	Hovhannes Hadjatian
Ohan Yalnizian	Hagop of Caesarea
Garabed Karaboghossian	Krikor Yaniyan
Kevork Kesian	Roupèn Yaniyan
Haron Hadji-Haronian	Boghos S. Mateossian
Levon Gondjikian	Rupèn Hadjatian
Rupen Ekmékdjian	Haroutioun Sarafian
Krikor Diratsouyan	Hovhannes Antarayan

And in August 1922, were shot or hanged at the Polatlı station:

Bedros Hadji-Haronian	Krikor Papazian
Hovhannes Hadji-Toumayan	Kevork Bülbülian
Kevork Sinabian-Dérdérian	Hagop Zadourian

Destiny

In the list of these victims was also our compatriot Garabed Hadji Haronian: absent from the house for a few days, he showed up late and was lucky enough to be sent into exile in Yozgat with another group, thus surely escaping death. Now over eighty years old, he lives surrounded by his children in the suburb of Clamart, near Paris.

The events mentioned above took place between the months of May and July. The Greeks having taken Eskişehir, they were advancing towards Ankara, and Stanoze was filled with Turkish soldiers. The roads being worn, the movement of the artillery encountered great difficulties. Thus, the men remaining in Stanoze were forced to repair these roads.

After the departure of 80 men in the spring, about 100 men remained; some were sent to Kastamonu for military transport operations, others went to Erzurum to work on the future Tekevili line. We, those who remained in the village, waited every day for our own deportation. Nallı Khan's families were deported with their households and stayed several days in Stanoze; fearing that we would suffer the same fate, we began preparations.



Mrs. Nektar Turkmenian, arrested in 1921 on charges
and subjected to cruel torture

Topal Osman

In those days the odious Topal Osman, having formed a band of the Lazes of the Trebizond region, was on his way to Ankara, occupying many places on his way and sowing terror and terror in the districts of Mardzvan, Çorum, Yozgat and Kırşehir. Informed of the existence of the Armenian village of Stanoze in the vicinity of Ankara, he sent some of his men to demand permission from the chief of police, Remzi Bey, to search the houses of the Armenians. The chief of police objected and threatened to appeal to the military authorities if the men did not withdraw. Unable to impose their will, the *Chetes* left.

To put an end to the disorder caused by this aggressor, Mustafa Kemal (who at that time already had an organized army) had one of his opponents executed with the help of Topal Osman. Then, seizing this pretext, he had all the bands of Topal Osman arrested; some were hanged, others sent to the front, where most perished, and thus the question was resolved.

By early August 1921, the Greeks were occupying Sivrihisar, and by withdrawing the Turks had taken up positions to the east along the Sakarya River. Every day hundreds of wounded poured in; It was believed that the fierce resistance wanted to stop the advance of the Greek army. We were barely

fifty kilometers from the front; the detonations of the cannons resounded. To form reconstituted Turkish units, the safe havens of Stanoze were used; the deserters hid in the huts of our orchards and fed on the fruits of the gardens.



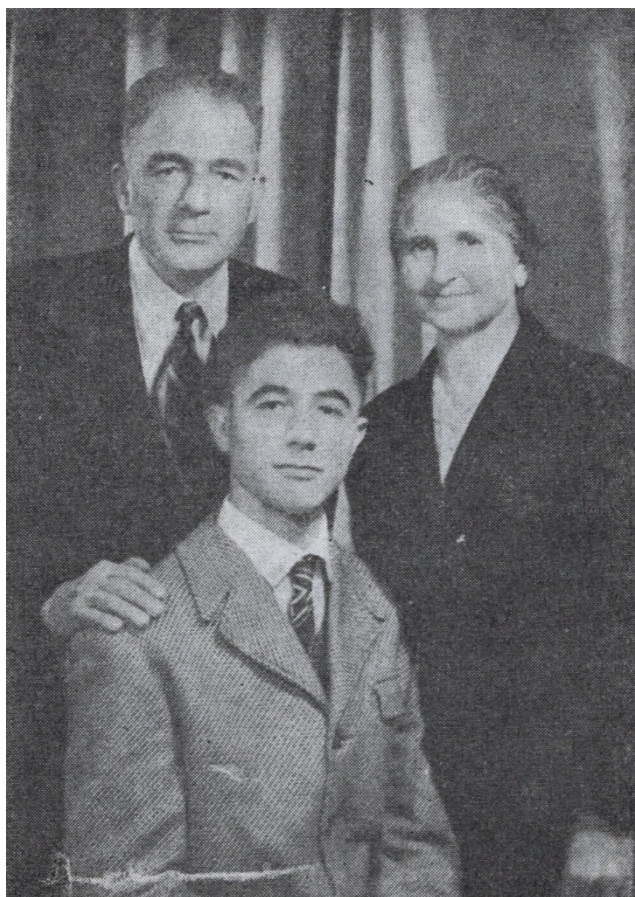
Members of the Board of Directors of the Protestant School — 1908.

Seated, from left to right: Sahag Varterian, Hovhannes Darakdjian, Garabed Boyadjian.

Standing, from left to right: Nichan Boyadjian

The presence of the soldiers in the village caused several unpleasant incidents, but the unfortunate consequences were quickly avoided thanks to the intervention of Dr. Kiatibian, a native of Çorum, who belonged to the army's medical corps and presented a request to his command.

Although the deportation of the Armenian men of Stanoze had been decided upon a few days before, the military authorities, needing hands for the construction of the roads, had postponed the execution for several weeks. The Greeks had approached Ankara, and the government was preparing to move to Caesarea (Kayseri). The State archives had already begun to be transported. Haymana and Polatlı having become combat zones, it was now Stanoze's turn. Our surroundings were filled with Turkish refugees, and our presence being considered dangerous, it was decided to go away.



Mr. and Mrs. Garabed Varterian and their son Mardiros

New deportation

On August 9, 1921, at eight o'clock in the morning, the town crier began to howl again. The list was already ready. All the men over fifteen years of age were rounded up without exception (only the crier and one or two Turkish agents were spared), and about ten o'clock they were set out.

About this group, our compatriot Garabed Varterian tells :

"Our group consisted of all the men over the age of fifteen. Among us were Krikor, the son of Bedros Effendi, whose leg was made of wood, old Varto Dede, and some sick people for whom we hired animals so that they could be transported. There were nearly a hundred of us. At ten o'clock we were set out along the valley of Mirtad Ovasi. That evening we reached the village of Halkhasoun. On the second day we spent the night near the village of Eybek, near Chebouk. The policemen who accompanied us were replaced there by others, even more cruel. On the third day we arrived at the village of Ravli, where we were shut up in a stable. The night was so dark that we did not see that there were any grain silos inside. Some of us fell into it, screaming, begging—but no one listened. The next morning, when the door opened and we began to leave, blows with sticks fell on our heads and shoulders, as punishment for the cries for help.



Grandma Sarafian

"As our provisions of bread were exhausted, while passing through a village, we asked to buy some. The inhabitants demanded payment in cash. Some of us paid the price asked, but the bread never came, and the money was not returned to us.

"On the fourth day we passed by the sinister village of Tiuney, where the poets Daniel Varoujan and Roupèn Sevag, the pride of our nation, had been murdered. In the evening we reached Kalaydjig.

There, we were forbidden any contact with the Armenians of the place and we were locked up in an inn. But when the Armenian peasants heard that we were people from Stanoze, they brought us bread.

"On the sixth day, we arrived at Keşkine Maden, and we were installed in the government square, where the families of Nallı Khan who had arrived before us were already present.

"There we found bakers from Stanoze, charged with supplying bread for the army—Nichan Chamoyents, Gorioun Hadji Laléyents, Mihran Ingilizents, Kevork Oughoudents, and others—who, hearing of our arrival, hastened to bring us food.

"The next day was the Sunday of the Blessed Virgin. An inhabitant of Keşkine, a relative by marriage of our compatriot Kevork Kasparian — an influential man — managed to intercede with

the *local kaymakam* and to obtain a few days' respite for us, so that we could rest a little. The only condition was not to leave the city.

"We were able, as we went through the city, to buy some provisions for several days. The people were very generous to us, and prepared meat pilaf and many other dishes for us (it had been six days since we had seen hot food), which we tasted with gratitude, and which we still remember with gratitude. In our turn, we had done the same to the Armenians of Eskişehir and Nallı Khan, who had found refuge in Stanoze.

"We had been separated from our loved ones for more than ten days, and we still did not know where we would be taken. The authorities then gathered with us the families of Nallı Khan, who had taken refuge in Keşkine, as well as some Greek families, and the whole group was sent to Sungourlou. It was very hot; the little children could not walk and wept with fatigue. We had not gone away as a family, but it was impossible for us to remain indifferent to these sobs of Armenian children that tore our hearts. Each of us "adopted" a cub: sometimes we carried them on our backs, sometimes we held them by the hand, and thus, after a few days, we reached Sungourlou.



The teacher Hobbé with her daughter Epraksie — Marseilles

"Scarcely had we set foot in the locality when two young government officials presented themselves. After verifying our identity, they installed us on the outskirts of the city, in an open field. As soon as they left, they exchanged eloquent glances, trying to guess which girls and women were the most beautiful. A little later they returned, and approaching the two sisters whom they had noticed, ordered them to present themselves before the *Kaymakam* Bey. If they met his wishes, they said, they and their families could stay in Sungourlou. The news spread immediately by word of

mouth. The situation was serious, and it was necessary to be ready, at all costs, to defend the honor of Armenian women.

"The father of the girls (probably Hovhannes Agha) and an Armenian schoolteacher, who spoke Turkish perfectly, approached the two messengers and said: We come from the *Sanjak* of Ankara, and if you persist, we will send a telegram to Ankara to report your demands.' While conversing, they accompanied them to the government building, while we formed a circle around the women and waited anxiously for the outcome of the case.

"The *kaymakam* understood that his prey was not so easy to capture and that the affair could cause serious complications. He immediately gave orders to send us away. After walking until midnight, we passed the night under the stars, in the middle of a field. The honor of the Armenian women was safe.



Mr. and Mrs. Békmézian (Kéostéreguian) and their children — Beirut

"On the tenth day we reached a village where it was impossible to find bread, although its name was Ekmekdjiköy (the baker's village'). There we met a Greek family who were looking for water for their two donkeys. The Turks told them that there was a spring behind the hill. The man took his donkeys and went to them—but neither the donkeys nor the Greek ever returned. That same night, deserting soldiers looted us, taking away our shoes and change of clothes.

"In the morning, we took the road again in the direction of Yozgat. The road crossed a high mountain, where deserting soldiers had ambushed themselves. One of us, tying a white cloth to the end of a stick, advanced towards them to make them understand that we were not enemies. When

they recognized that we were the same travellers whom they had already despoiled, they let us pass freely.

"We were happy, thinking that we were being taken to Yozgat, for our fathers and brothers had already been there for five months. But our joy was short-lived: as soon as we arrived at the village called Aladja, we were made to turn in the direction of Çorum.

"Çorum is one of the main cities located on the border of the Ankara Sanjak. After spending a few days there in the Armenian school, the families were left behind, while we, the men of Stanoze, were pushed as far as Isgueleb. This village, dependent on Çorum, rises at the entrance of a valley; it is a small fertile city, surrounded by orchards and gardens, founded on the site of an ancient fortress.

"On our arrival at Isgueleb, a benevolent commissary of police took us under his protection. He lodged us in two abandoned khans and advised us not to leave the city. Before us, three young Armenians, deported from Kharpert, had settled there: Harutyun Der Harutyunian, Sarkis Djanjikian and Ardaches Mouradian — men of great patriotic spirit. In a short time they introduced us to the city, and soon we all found work—some on construction sites, others in orchards or gardens—until one day the municipality called us together to repair the roads, for a pittance of wages. But our protector, the commissary, opposed the cruelty of the foremen and fixed a fairer rate for the day.



Annig Balabanian

"This is how our life as exiles continued. But one day, my companions and I refused to go to work. The chief engineer of the works, Nachat Bey, and another named Abad Oghlou, each seized a stick and came towards us to force us. We fled and found refuge in the police station, where we filed a complaint: we were made to work for twenty *qurushes* a day — barely enough to buy a piece of bread — and our wages had not been paid for weeks.

"The commissary had us locked up in the next room, and when the two brutes came to claim us, he pretended not to know anything, and asked them how much they paid us a day, and when the last payment had been made. The two men began to stammer. Then, turning to them, he said in a firm voice: "These men are under my protection. I will not let you exploit them. They have been entrusted to me — I am responsible for them. They are under my authority, not yours. Without my approval, you have no right to use them. And I don't allow you to make them work. Go where you want."

As a result of this energetic intervention, they were forced to increase our salary, which went from twenty to sixty *qurushes* a day. We continued like this until the end."



Haroutioun Mehlimdjian and his family, after the deportation of 1915

At the end of August 1921, after the deportation of the last surviving men, Stanoze remained immersed in fear and expectation.



Houssig Sourénian



From left to right: Onnig Surenian, Mother Surenian, Aram Surenian —
these two students were also victims of 1915

One of the compatriots who remained in Stanoze at that time, Garabed Geodéyan — nicknamed "Egiulents" — recounts :

"When all the men were taken away from Stanoze, I was thirteen years old. I knew a little bit of reading, writing and arithmetic. A certain Hassan, who had put all the food stores in the village under his authority, had taken me into his service as an apprentice. As he was illiterate, I was forced to do

all kinds of work, like a real slave. With the influx of Turkish refugees settled in Stanoze, the store's business had increased enormously, and I was overloaded: delivering food to homes, recording sales on credit, serving raki and desserts during drinking parties attended by Hassan and his acolytes, and many other chores.



Hovhannès Kiremiddjian, last bell ringer of Stanoze

"At the slightest sign of fatigue or discontent, the bellows or kicks fell immediately. Added to this were the incessant remarks of the Turkish refugees, who said to Hassan: "Why do you keep a *giaour* (infidel), instead of taking a Muslim?"

"In the village, there still remained the town crier and a few local agents, who had to present themselves every day in the government courtyard to receive instructions to be executed. They had to prepare the bed and the meal for the visiting officials; During the trips, they forcibly requisitioned the donkeys of the inhabitants, and forced their owners to drive them to the next station.

"They also had the rations of bulgur prepared for the soldiers of the garrison, mobilizing for this purpose the Armenian women of Stanoze, who were marched to Sinjian Köy to boil and dry the wheat. The bulgur thus obtained was then brought back to Stanoze. »

In a word, the life of the inhabitants who remained on the spot became more and more difficult.

The winter of 1921–22, however, passed without a hitch. The Turkish and Greek armies remained on their defensive lines, preparing and awaiting orders from the high command.

In the month of December of the same winter, the French troops evacuated Cilicia, placing it in the hands of the Turks.

"The Turkish army, fully ready, waited in its positions, while, on the other side, the Greeks, divided in Greece itself by the quarrels between royalists and Venizelists, also saw their army disunited. Puffed up by their previous victories, they despised Turkish strength; soldiers and officers spent their evenings feasting, drinking with the *Katinikas* (diminutive of the Russian female name Katya) of Izmir and the Bush. It never occurred to them that, on the other side, gathering all his forces, the Turk was preparing to take his revenge — and that to this end he was arming not only the soldiers, but also the police, the chiefs of police, and all the officials of the state.

"The Turks and the Turkish settlers established at Stanoze were not very sure of their victory and every day awaited with anxiety the advance of the Greeks. Some of them came to us, begging us to intercede for them with the "soon-to-be" Greek authorities, saying that they had always behaved well towards us.

"Unfortunately, we never had the opportunity to exercise this intercession — because of the defeat of the Greek soldiers, who were unable and ill-prepared."

Taking advantage of this favourable situation, the Turkish army went on the offensive in the direction of Afiun Karahissar, Koetahia and Eskisehir. After fifteen days of fighting, the Greek army, disunited, retreated. The Greek and Armenian population, seized with panic, fled pell-mell, mingling with the disorderly columns of Greek soldiers, towards the shores of Moudania and Gemlik.

The sight was terrible and heartbreaking. Many, having lost their loved ones, wandered looking for them. Those who had time to take some goods with them loaded them on donkeys, horses or carts, reached the shore and waited, anguished, for the liberating ship.

The wife of our compatriot Garabed Terzian, an eyewitness to this tumult, recounts as follows :

"I am originally from Yenidjé. On my father's side, I am Baydarian; on my mother's side, I am descended from the numerous family of the Terzian of Yenidje. Yenidje, like Djerah, were entirely Armenian villages, situated scarcely thirty miles from the bush.

"During the Greco-Turkish war, these two villages became the target of repeated attacks by Turkish (*Chetian*) bands. At the same time, the Turks had rounded up a number of young people and deported them to the Kharpert area.

"After the occupation of Brousse by the Greeks, the Armenian inhabitants of these villages left everything and came to take refuge in the city, where they had already been living for a year under the protection of the Greek authority. Everyone had returned to their work, life was going on as usual, and everyone felt perfectly safe.

"In August 1922, while immense battles were being fought on the side of Eskisehir and Afioun Karahissar, the Christian population, carefree, went about its business. The Greek army still seemed victorious, and there was nothing to suggest that an unexpected disaster might occur any day.

"The days of August 10 to 20 were unforgettable for those who were in this region. The Greek army, defeated, was retreating. The Christian population, struck with panic, abandoned everything to save their lives, and, in this hope, rushed to the port of Moudania.

"The roads were congested, filled with both routed Greek soldiers and crowds fleeing in confusion. Many, separated from their loved ones, ran to and fro, desperately looking for their loved ones.

"The Terzian family rented a large cart. We had installed our grandmother and the few possessions we had been able to take with us, and we were moving forward like this. In this crowd, the Turkish coachman, taking advantage of a moment's inattention, turned the road, and, carrying the cart with the goods entrusted to him—and with our grandmother—fled in the opposite direction.

"We searched on all sides, but in vain. To go back was impossible—it would have meant throwing oneself into the arms of death. In this region, fighting raged between the retreating Greek troops and the Turkish soldiers on the march; the noise of arms and the roar of cannons were often heard.

"Ah! my sweet Hadji *mar* (grandmother), where has this heartless Turk led you? You who were the idol of this great family, separated from your sons and grandchildren, you have become the victim of a merciless destiny. You, who were goodness itself, did you deserve such a fate? Was there even a compassionate soul to give you a burial? May it have been so...

"I was then a student at the American School of Brousse. On the occasion of the summer holidays, our headmistress, Miss Gilson, had gone to America, and we were without her protection. But on her return to Constantinople, hearing of the disaster, she chartered a small boat and hurried to Moudania, where we waited in despair on the shore. She took us, her pupils, under her protection, took us to Constantinople, and installed us at the American School in Üsküdar, where we had the chance to continue our studies. »

Moudania

Let us now give the floor to Mr. Kevork Kizirian, a native of Sivri Hissar, an eyewitness to this scene of horror:

"It was two o'clock in the morning when we arrived at Moudania. We deposited our things on the shore. In the profound darkness nothing could be seen, but human voices rose from all sides. All along the coast were crowded huge crowds of refugees. We stayed there three or four days.



Dr. Kiremiddjian, of the new generation living in Turkey

"The quay had small wooden walkways, which boats could approach to take people on. But at that moment, what fights, what jostling, what insults! Everyone wanted to come before the others. On the pontoon, they pushed each other, they hit each other; Sometimes people fell into the sea.

"Even after the boat left, the fights continued; From time to time a bundle — or a body — fell into the water: one of the combatants had been thrown from the deck by another.

"Under such conditions, it was impossible to board; we had to wait. It was not until the last day that a ship arrived. My God, what a frightful sight, what confusion! People jostled each other, overturned, trampled on each other; those who came on board hoisted others by ropes tied around their waists.

"From August 15 to 18, 1922, no boat came. The Armenian and Greek refugees gathered on the shore—nearly six thousand souls—waited in vain for the liberating ships. Driven by despair, many threw themselves into the sea.

"Two days later, French battleships arrived and took up positions. We were surrounded by the sea; the route of retreat of some twenty thousand Greek soldiers, remnants of the routed army, was cut off.

"On the morning of August 21, bitter fighting broke out between the retreating Greek army and the advancing Turkish regiments. For the Greeks, it was a desperate struggle—it was better to die with honor.

"Near the shore stood a hill; the city was quite far from us. The immense battle was taking place behind this hill, on the road leading to the city; the clash of arms, the detonations of cannons and machine guns made the sky tremble.

"This situation continued unabated until the evening. Then the wounded began to arrive. There was no hospital, no doctor, no remedy for these poor unfortunates.

"Soon a frightful spectacle presented itself to our eyes. The defeated Greek army, including the officers, rushed to the shore in indescribable panic, their mules loaded with ammunition. Some threw themselves into the sea, others tore off their uniforms and cursed their king. There were even madmen, desperate.

"At times Turks attacked the refugees massed on the shores, seeking to kidnap girls or men—a propitious opportunity, they thought, to satisfy their savage instincts.

"The French battleships, indifferent, looked at this crowd of people and soldiers who, hoping to escape death, threw themselves into the sea, then drowned in distress. The next morning, we saw their swollen bodies floating on the shore. »

These events were followed by new massacres. Many young Armenians and Greeks, deported with the captured Greek soldiers, were exterminated. The majority of the twenty thousand soldiers disappeared even before reaching Ankara.

The Armenian and Greek refugees, abandoning on the shore all the goods they had hitherto managed to save, threw themselves into the liberating ships which came to their aid later, to be disembarked in ports far removed from each other—at Constantinople, Rodosto, or in various ports of Greece—without taking into account their family ties. Months passed before the scattered parents could finally be reunited.

The same fate awaited Smyrna and its region. The first action of the Turks, on their entry into the city, was to set fire to it. The population, seized with panic, fled: some took refuge on the island of Midilli, others tried to escape to the open sea on small boats, while many perished from asphyxiation in the smoke of the fires. Thus ended the lamentable Greek expedition.

At that time, six sons of Stanoze were shot near Polatli. Let us leave the word here to our compatriot Hovhannes Hadji Haronian, who served in the same regiment as them:

"We were about a hundred Armenian soldiers in the Kastamonu region, in charge of the depots and transport of the army's food. Among us were more than twenty men from Stanoze, most of them recently married. The lack of leave, the hard work on the one hand, and the hunger and nostalgia of our families on the other, redoubled our exhaustion.

"Some of us, hoping that the battle would be resumed, that the Greeks would advance victoriously and retake Stanoze, found a way to escape from the camp and disappeared. We had no more news of them, but we thought they had been able to return home. Following their example, five of us in turn fled, and we succeeded in reaching Stanoze at a time when all the Turkish troops of the village had gone in pursuit of the retreating Greek army towards Brusa. But when the first six fugitives arrived

at Stanoze, the battle had barely begun and the Turkish soldiers were still numerous. When we reached the village, we learned that these six Armenian soldiers had been arrested as spies and shot (some said hanged) about fifty kilometers from Stanoze, near Polatli.

"Our compatriot Setrag Hadji Sdepanian, who served at Bülbülentz and then worked in the vineyards for the grape harvest, gives details of this sad event. While he was there, the six prisoners passed by escorted, and the women of the neighbourhood, seeing them, began to beg and run after them, weeping, imploring their mercy, saying that they were peaceful inhabitants of Stanoze. But all was in vain: it is impossible to move executioners. The condemned, after a last desperate look back, were taken to Polatli and, a few days later, executed.

"When we heard of this tragedy, we were seized with terror and pain. The police carried out searches every day to find us. To give oneself up would have been to throw oneself into the arms of death. The mere knowledge that the six deserters had been executed was enough to make us hide carefully. Unable to find us, they arrested our mothers and sisters, and dragged them barefoot to Ankara prison.



Sofia Paradian with her daughter Elisabét and grandson Kevork.

Photo on the right: his son-in-law, Kevork, shot in 1921 in Polatli

"By that time, Ankara had taken on the status of capital, and some women from Stanoze were entering the service of new officials, or working in the hostels that were now full of customers. Others spun the wool required for the manufacture of military uniforms. These women of Stanoze, on their way to the prison, brought food to their families, as well as wool, which the prisoners spun to earn

their daily bread. Thus, after several months in prison service, all were finally released thanks to a general amnesty granted to the inmates. »

We give here the names of the names of six Stanozian deserters, shot at the Polatli station on the charge of espionage:

Bedros Hadji Haronian

Kevork Sinabian

Hovhannes Hadji Toumayan

Kevork Bülbülian

Krikor Papazian

Hagop Zadourian

The other five fugitives — for whose sake their wives and daughters suffered and were imprisoned in order to keep secrecy — were eventually spared, a general amnesty having been proclaimed following the Turkish victory.

Some of them are still alive, among them Hovhannes Haji Aharonian, who was later for many years president of the Union of Stanoze's Compatriots.

The news of the Turkish army's victory spread at lightning speed throughout the country. The people rejoiced; on all sides fireworks were fired, the mosques resounded with praise to Allah, who, they said, had made the sword of Mustafa Kemal sharp and hurled the *giaour* (infidels) into the sea. They had, to tell the truth, reason to rejoice: Turkey, vanquished and threatened with fragmentation, became triumphant again from one day to the next; from Kars to Smyrna she regained possession of all her territories. The Turkish state was resurrected, regaining its seat among the victorious nations at the negotiating table, and finally succeeded in forcing the allied powers to withdraw from Constantinople.



Hovhannes Danderian and his family, Ankara



K. Kabzimalian and his family, Ankara

The humiliating treaty signed at Sèvres on 10 August 1920 by the monarchists, which imposed disastrous conditions on Turkey, was replaced by the very advantageous Treaty of Lausanne (20 July 1923). Mustafa Kemal was proclaimed Atatürk, "the father of the people".

The Turkish people rejoiced, but we were full of hope, believing that after so much suffering all would at last be stilled, and that everyone would be able to return to their homes with their survivors. But no. Great was the disillusionment when we were forbidden to return to our ancestral lands. This plan, in reality, had been conceived long ago and executed with perfidious precision.

In 1915, Talaat and his satellites had wanted to get rid of the Armenians by massacre; but Mustafa Kemal and his followers, after the Kemalist killings, displayed for a time an apparent moderation: they opened all the doors of the prisons and freed the deportees, on condition that they leave the country. Taking advantage of this opportunity, in a short time, the vast majority of the Christian population left Anatolia. Today, only a handful remain there.

Thus is at last fulfilled the long-cherished dream of the Turks: "Turkey for the Turks."

The compatriot Garabed Chidemian writes in his memoirs :

"The Turk has never been able to appreciate the value of the Armenian. His ancestors owed their successes to the Christians, even at the time when they ruled lands stretching from Poland to Egypt. Those who supplied their army, their artisans, even their treasurers — they were Armenians. But since these constructive hands have moved away, they have taken the path of decadence: they have fallen into the well they themselves had dug. As for the Armenians who, despoiled, had left Turkey, they are now prosperous again; they have house and home, and have everywhere attained an enviable situation and condition.



Hagop Balabanian and his family

"My father had been deported to Yozgat, while I was at Isgueleb with many companions in misfortune. Many of us had relatives in these areas and kept in touch with them, as the messenger service was still operating regularly.

"Considering the time had come, towards the end of the month of September, we presented a request to return to our homes. Our request was rejected, but we were assembled in the courtyard of the government, where the chief of police informed us of the decision of the State: "Your request for release has been accepted, on condition that you leave Turkey. We will provide you with the necessary permissions. You have two possible routes: from Samsoun via the Black Sea, or from Adana via the Mediterranean, towards Constantinople or the port of a foreign country."

"We immediately communicated the news to our relatives in Yozgat, who had taken the same step and received the same answer. We agreed to meet at Çorum, whence we were to reach Constantinople by way of Samsoun. After obtaining our passports in due form, we found ourselves at Çorum towards the end of the month of October, and, passing through Mardzevan, Ghavsu, and Kavak, we reached the town of Samsoun in a few days.

"There, the Armenian church served as a shelter for refugees from the interior of Anatolia, mainly from the regions of Sivas and Tokat, who had chosen Samsoun as their port of embarkation. Those from Kharpert and Malatya left by way of Syria, while those from the region of Kessaria went to Cilicia to embark from there.



Manan Hétoumian, with her son, daughter-in-law and daughter

"When we arrived at Samsoun, the city was crowded with orphans and families from Sivas, Tokat, Amasia and Mardzevan. It was necessary to wait one's turn to obtain from the port the authorizations and tickets necessary for embarkation.

"We stayed there for more than a month, and it was not until the end of November that we were finally able to obtain our tickets to leave on board the steamer *Gül Djemal*, bound for Constantinople. Finally, we managed to get on the life-saving ship.

"Although our passports were marked 'Return forbidden', this caused us no sorrow—on the contrary, we were happy at the idea of breathing freely at last, of being freed from the chains of slavery, and of being able to speak and act as free men.

"Many of us had never seen the sea, nor set foot on a boat. Now, as winter had already begun, the Black Sea was in a fury, and many of the passengers were seasick. »

Towards Constantinople

"The steamer *Gül Djemal* had first embarked Greek refugees in Trebizond, among whom were seriously ill. On the way, some of the sick died, and for this reason our ship did not obtain permission to enter the port of Constantinople: it anchored offshore. The health service then forbade the passengers to go ashore. We all remained crowded together, not knowing what fate would await us. On the one hand, we were suffering from seasickness; on the other, despair overwhelmed us. Our food supplies were dwindling and, financially, we had very little money (many of us only had the money to pay for the ticket).

"During the deportation, we had been forced to receive very modest salaries and we had not been able to spare anything; If we had been forced to remain on board for several weeks longer, we would have suffered the same fate as the Greek refugees mentioned above.

"When the ship anchored in front of Constantinople, we were unaware of the situation of the city, which had long been cut off from Anatolia. The policemen who surrounded us were Turks. We thought that Constantinople had been occupied by the Allies and that all the local authorities were under their control — another disappointment for us.

"The ship arrived in the morning before Constantinople. All day long we walked up and down the deck, haggard and desperate, watching the splendid panoramas of the city, things totally new to us: ships, barges, and armored vehicles passed and passed by our steamer.

"Although Anatolia had been depopulated and ravaged, the Armenian community of Constantinople remained intact, strong as a state institution, and strove to help the fragments of its nation: it collected and fed them.

"But we didn't know anything about it. During the deportation, the Turkish administration made us pay rent for the premises where they installed us — khans and stables converted into prisons — while we shared among ourselves every crumb of bread. The Armenian does not know how to beg: he was accustomed to live by his honest work and to feed his own — a virtue inherited from his ancestors.

"After the health examinations, it was decided to send the ship directly to Greece."

The liberating "mavouna"

"In the evening, some policemen and officials arrived at the height of our ship on a large boat (*mavouna*). With the permission of our guards, they came on board.

"The Armenian national guardianship of Constantinople, informed that refugees were arriving by the Black Sea and that the Gül Djemal was going to remain in quarantine or reach Greece, had the good idea of asking the competent authorities for permission to disembark the Armenians in order to carry out the sanitary formalities of quarantine on the spot, under the supervision of the police. It was for this purpose that the Armenian national leaders came. Two of the policemen remained in the mavouna, while the Armenian officials went to the commandant's cabin. After a few moments of visitation and the presentation of the decree of authorization that they had brought, they went out together and shouted: "All the Armenians on the ship, let them gather on one side!" Then they explained to us that the ship was to leave for Greece, but that we could satisfy the requirements of the quarantine on shore and that, if there were no cases of illness for a few weeks, we would be free.

"Hitherto ignored and despised on all sides, we were suddenly filled with national pride—our dispositions changed from one moment to the next. We were happy now to have protectors and officials who looked after us. After settling in the mavouna (almost all of us were people from Stanoze), we were transported to the port of Üsküdar, from where, under the surveillance of the police, we went up on foot in the direction of Selamsız, the Armenian quarter of Üsküdar.

"Then we were accommodated in the school opposite the Surp Khach church. There we received great marks of benevolence from Sarkis Effendi Tiutiountdjian and Mihran Effendi, sent by the National Guardianship. (The latter — whose last name we no longer remember — had already come to Stanoze in 1913 for a national mission.) They distributed bread to us and comforted us. An Armenian doctor, accompanied by a Turkish official, also came to inquire about our state of health.

"In the Sourp Garabed (Saint Garabed) hotel, not far from the school where we were staying, in the new district of Üsküdar, lived our compatriots, the family of Hadji Hovhannes Kasabian, as well as Pété Doudou and his children. Having learned of our quarantine situation, they came to visit us. These visits were repeated, and with Mother Pété we relived the dear days and hours of the homeland, telling each other of our trials and sufferings of recent years.

"We stayed about two weeks in the school building, and as no case of illness appeared, we were released.

"During our stay in the city, we saw that refugee camps had been established almost everywhere: in Beşiktaş, Ortaköy, Galata, Haliç Oghlou and Samathia.

"Among the refugees, we found some families from Stanoze, who were impatiently waiting for their relatives. Some of us were finally able to reunite with family members from whom we had been separated for years.



Kevork Yeghiayan's family: Mrs. Lerouza and their three daughters

"Thus several months passed, and the Armenian community of Constantinople did all it could to shelter and feed the countrymen who had come from the depths of Anatolia. The sick were treated free of charge in the national hospital; the Armenian served his brother's needs with sincere devotion.

"However, the situation of the Armenians of Constantinople—both the inhabitants and the refugees—was gradually becoming unstable. Mustafa Kemal, after having taken Anatolia, now claimed Constantinople.

"The Allied Powers vied with each other to concede to the Turks as much as possible, in the hope of securing their future friendship.

"All the refugees lived in fear and anguish: the wounds of the successive deportations had not yet healed. No one wanted to be exposed again to the torments and dangers of the past. All of them were trying to leave Constantinople as quickly as possible.

"Many began to prepare for departure. Those who wanted to obtain a passport to travel queued for hours every day in front of the American, French, Bulgarian or Greek consulates. Passports were

more easily granted to those who had relatives or relatives in the destination country — especially in America. The situation was becoming more and more uncertain, it was necessary to hurry.



Mr. and Mrs. David Kassabian, surrounded by their ten children, including two sons who died in accidents

"Greece and Syria easily accepted applicants, but since both countries were already overloaded with refugees, life there had become untenable. Bulgaria, after admitting a certain number of refugees, in turn refused to issue visas.

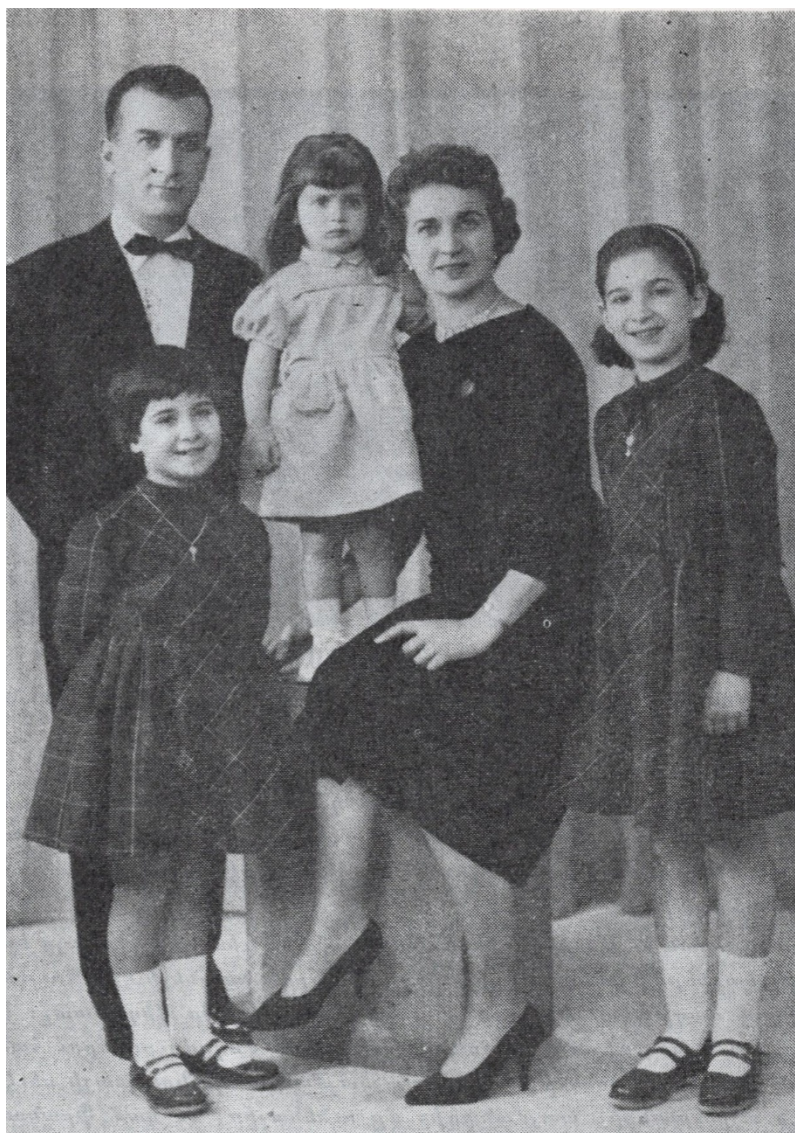
"That left only France, always hospitable to suffering peoples, which granted free access on condition that they had either an employment contract from a French factory or relatives living in France willing to pay for accommodation and food.

"At the beginning of 1923, a wealthy Armenian named Ekserdjian, selected from among the refugees from Constantinople two hundred orphans to be transferred to Romania (fifty-two of whom were from Stanoze — among them: Krikor Yaghiayan, Hagop Davoudian, Garabed Kahvedjian, Hovhannes Sarafian, Klemes Hadji Tanielian, Garabed Hadji Nahabedian and his two sisters, as well as others).

"These orphans were transported from Constantinople to Constanza by two ships, and then installed in an orphanage established at Struka. They remained there until 1926, when the institution closed its doors and the orphans were entrusted to their mothers or relatives.

"We also had, with the Sisters of the Immaculate Conception in Samathia, orphans from Stanoze who, refusing to consecrate themselves to religious life, ended up finding refuge with their closest relatives.

"There were also orphans from Stanoze in the orphanages of the Near East Relief Organization, in Alexandria and on the island of Corfu.



Klémès Boyadjian and his family

"These Armenian refugee orphans received a solid Armenian education in these institutions, and in time, through their work and their sense of duty, they reached an age when they could support themselves.

"When they finally joined their parents or relatives, in France or elsewhere, they were no longer orphans without resources, but useful citizens to the countries that had welcomed them."

PART FOUR
EMIGRATION ABROAD

In 1923, many emigrated to Greece, Bulgaria, France, as well as South and North America, among others.

Greece — Those who emigrated to Greece met a very unfortunate fate. We had the sorrow of witnessing their miserable condition. The country was already overloaded with Greek refugees. Defeated by the Turks and hit by the depreciation of their currency, they faced widespread unemployment. Among the refugees, hunger and disease were taking their toll. This situation lasted for years, until many of them — especially Armenians — left for France, Canada, Armenia or other countries. Those who remained gradually ended up supporting themselves and integrating into the local population. The Armenian General Benevolent Union and the Gulbenkian Foundation, as at the beginning, continue to do their utmost to help the Armenians in Greece. Thanks to their support, the tin huts were transformed into permanent dwellings, the sick were cared for, the hungry were fed for years, and Armenian children received a national education in the schools they founded.

Bulgaria — Bulgaria took in only a limited number of refugees, but those who managed to settle there were able to become self-sufficient in a short time. Here, too, the Armenian General Benevolent Union played a beneficial role in providing assistance to the new arrivals. Subsequently, many of these Armenians emigrated to France, Canada, and some also to Armenia.

America— Entry into North America was very difficult: due to the implementation of new immigration laws, only a limited number of Armenians could enter the country. On the other hand,

South America offered certain facilities, and a small number of Stanozians were able to take advantage of this opportunity. Today, they occupy favourable positions there.

France — France, after America and Canada, was one of the most prosperous countries. But although it had emerged victorious from the world war of 1914–18, it had lost more than a million of its sons and had to maintain an equivalent number of troops under arms to defend the occupied territories. It was therefore in great need of manpower, and opened its doors to thousands of Armenians from Turkey, Greece, Bulgaria and Syria (in a short time, the number of Armenians settled there exceeded 70,000).

Almost all emigrants arrived in France by sea, and their first stop was Marseilles. There were employment offices where employers' applications and annual employment contracts were centralized. In this way, those who were recruited by the various factories in France could earn their subsistence. At the end of a year, the worker was free to look for work wherever he pleased.

At Camp Oddo, the barracks built for German prisoners were given to the Armenians; others were later built nearby by the refugees themselves.

In this same region, there were already some long-established Stanozian families, who rendered great services to the new arrivals: they gave them the necessary indications and offered them shelter, until they could obtain the required papers and a work contract. The author of these lines himself benefited from such help from the Yazedjian family, to whom he expresses deep gratitude.

The demand for labour was particularly strong in the silk factories of the Drôme, Isère, Ardèche and Loire, where many Stanozians found a means of subsistence and began to feel a certain security in their lives.

However, it was very difficult for us Stanozians to live thus scattered to the four winds, far from our relatives and friends, isolated from each other in distant factories. Another major difficulty for the newcomers was ignorance of the language, and daily wages were not very satisfactory.

Life in a factory had its own constraints. Silk factories, generally located away from the cities, on the banks of rivers, had housing for workers. But they often had to travel long distances to a town or village to obtain food and other necessities. In these difficult conditions, the most established or well-to-do Stanozians gladly helped their compatriots in need.

Taking these difficulties into account, they began to regroup in certain regions, and by 1925 they were already established in Marseilles, Valence, Pont-de-Chérucy, and a few years later in the Paris suburbs of Issy-les-Moulineaux.

Pont-de-Chérucy — The electric wire factories of Pont-de-Chérucy needed a large number of workers. Several hundred Armenian families gathered there to work, the majority of whom were Stanozians. Many of them made their first home there, and even today — more than forty years later — many of them visit this place at least once a year: as if they were visiting Stanoze herself.

At that time, the Armenian community in France began to organize. The Armenian-language newspapers "Abaka", "Harach" and "Yerevan" began to appear successively. The youth, who had received some education in the Armenian orphanages, aroused the interest of those who had never been in contact with an Armenian milieu until then and had remained indifferent to the Armenian cause — whether through their national activities or through their participation in relief works for Armenia.



Pont-de-Chéruy new generation ; All from Stanoze



One of the frequent banquets of Stanoziens, in Pont-de-Chéruy in 1928; in the centre, wearing a hat: Maksoud Djelberian



Group of Stanozian youth scouts formed thanks to the efforts of Garabed Terzian, under the direction of Karekin Toutlyan, in Pont-de-Chéruy in 1928

Eventually, associations and unions of compatriots were founded. We did not remain aloof from this movement: among us too were young men who felt the need to organize themselves.

Our compatriot Khoren Avakian, together with some companions, made a first attempt and finally founded, in 1925, a union of compatriots in Fumel, which, however, did not live for long. The composition of its committee was as follows:

Touma Toumayan

Klemès Kasabian

Hovhannes Aharonian

Hagop S. Der Toumayan

Krikor Nahabedian

They were active for about a year, helping compatriots in need, but after leaving the area the association was dissolved because it had not been officially recognized by the authorities.

Finally, a Union of Stanoze's compatriots was founded in Pont-de-Chéruy. Our first initiative was to rent a hall to set up a club, where we began to teach the Armenian language and literature to young people who had been deprived of education since 1922. We brought a number of books from Paris and built up a library. Illiterate young people were read literary works, while at the same time an effort was made to teach them to read so that they could, in turn, read these works for themselves. The books were loaned to those who could enjoy them in their spare time.

Soon after, it became possible to form a theatre company and give performances. Events were also organized, in which the newly formed Scout Group played an important role, providing both discipline and hospitality. The proceeds from these events made it possible to help our compatriots in need, whether they were near or far.

On the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of the Armenian Genocide, we also organized a particularly dignified commemoration, during which the theater troupe presented a scene inspired by our tragic days, in order to honor the memory of our victims. This initiative received the warm appreciation of the audience.

The executive committee of the Union of Compatriots of Stanoze de Pont-de-Chéruy later became the central committee of the sections established in Valence, Marseille and Paris.

Its composition was as follows:

Stépan Türkménian — President

Garabed Terzian — Secretary

Klémès Kasabian — Treasurer

Hagop Aliksanian — Advisor

David Yandemian — Advisor

The Union of Stanoze's compatriots also had a section in Marseilles, whose philanthropic activity deserves to be highlighted. Its first committee was composed of:

Garabed Boyadjian — President

Klémès Hadji Tanelian — Secretary

Garabed Mehlemdjian — Treasurer

Haroutioun Mehlemdjian — Counsellor

Hagop Karaboghossian — Advisor



Group of Stanozians living in Marseille, in 1935

The Valence section was the result of the efforts of our compatriots Torkom Türkmenian and Hagop Balabanian. It included the following members:

Boghos Haronian — President

Krikor Yaghiayan — Secretary

Krikor Alekian — Treasurer

Iskender Arzouian — Advisor

Krikor Daghlilian — Advisor

A group of members of this union broke away from it to found the association "Verachinadz" ("Rebuilt"). Subsequently, the departure of some members for Armenia led to the dissolution of this association.



Photographie de groupe prise à l'occasion du mariage des enfants des familles Hagop et Kevork Aleksanian ; Paris, 1948

The Union of Stanoze's Compatriots was presided over for many years by Hovhannes Hadji Aharonian. At that time, the association's committee was composed of the following compatriots:

Hovhannes Hadji Aharonian

Matéos Matéossian

Hovhannes Vartanian

Krikor Arzouian

Housig Alekian

In 1927, a number of compatriots settled in the region of Issy-les-Moulineaux, near Paris. Little by little, as they built their houses, the number of Stanozians who settled there increased, even to the point of exceeding that of Pont-de-Chérury. This new colony soon organized itself by founding its own union of compatriots and a savings bank. Contributions made it possible to grant loans to those in need.

The composition of the committee was as follows:

Hovhannes Sarafian

Kevork Kéoséyan

Andreas Boyadjian

Klémès Der Toumayan



Group photograph of Stanozians during an excursion to Pont-de-Chérury

In 1929, the majority of the Stanozians of Pont-de-Chérury having left the region, the activity of the Union of Compatriots came to an end; however, the philanthropic work continued for twenty years. The sum of 3,500 new francs was distributed among the less well-off compatriots, and then the accounts were closed. The new committee was composed as follows:

Hovhannes Aharonian — President

Garabed Tchidemian — Secretary

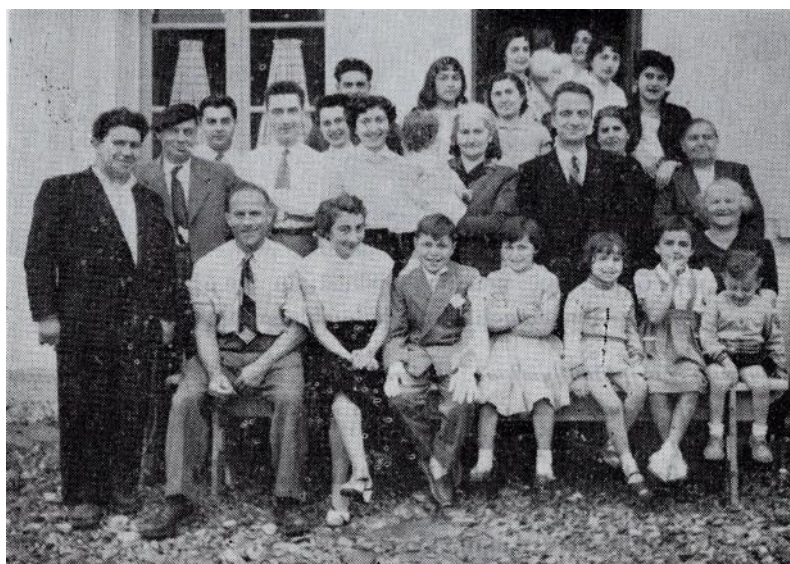
Stépan Tchidemian — Treasurer

Mardiros Kasabian — Advisor

Klémès Kasabian — Advisor

The Stanozians also felt that they had duties towards the French hospital government, under whose protection they enjoyed political, educational, material and personal advantages, as well as security. It seemed to them their sacred duty to return these benefits, and they hastened to do so when Germany declared war on France. The young Armenians responded to the general mobilization and faithfully, with devotion, carried out the duty entrusted to them, going so far as to shed their blood for the defense of France.

During the Second World War, we had many casualties: many dead, wounded and disabled. Some were taken prisoner and, alongside their French comrades, had to endure the bitter yoke of captivity and its particular privations. They refused to join the German units to fight on the Caucasus front or against the French forces, as some prisoners had agreed to do. They remained faithful to the unshakable position of their French companions and continued to endure the humiliations inflicted by the Germans, until the day when the yoke of captivity was broken and they were able to return home together.



Group photograph of Stanoziens de La Tour, in 1955



Stanozians of Marseille during an excursion



The young Chekmeyan, miraculously survived the bombing
of Valence; now 24 years old



Wedding photograph of Dikran Chekmeyan surrounded by his family; Dikran, his wife, mother, sister, and two-year-old child perished in the bombing of Valence



Gabriel Balabanian, victim of the bombing of Valence



Gheva Kéchichian (Varjabedian), victim of the bombing of Valence



Nichan Mayassian, victim of the explosion at the munitions factory in Valence

In addition to all this, many Stanozians were deported to Germany; others joined the underground groups of the Resistance in the cities of Nice, Draguignan, Marseille, Valence, Lyon, Paris and elsewhere, and many fulfilled their duty at the cost of their blood. Among them, Missak Manouchian distinguished himself by acts of bravery worthy of special mention, which earned him great admiration and deep recognition. Those who survived this terrible ordeal were also decorated by the state.

To these losses were added those caused by the bombardment of the towns, where some perished under the rubble: thus, among the sixty victims of Valence, three were Stanozians.

These sacrifices were not in vain. France was liberated and, little by little, rose again to regain its prosperity. It compensated the victims, granted pensions to the families of the missing, awarded decorations to those who had distinguished themselves by their courage, and replaced destroyed houses with new constructions.

ARMENIA

The Armenian people, scattered in the diaspora, had always dreamed of possessing an Armenia and of gathering there. When present-day Armenia, after having partially healed its wounds, opened the gates of the country, a number of its children — among them compatriots who had emigrated from Turkey, Greece, Bulgaria and France — went there and settled there.

Armenians coming from various cities in Turkey and emigrating to Armenia, thanks to the financial aid sent by their compatriots in the United States, founded localities named after their cities of origin, such as Nor Kharpert, Nor Malatya, Nor Arabkir, among others. For our part, due to lack of financial resources, we were unable to found a "New Stanoze"; however, there are now in Armenia about fifty Stanozian families, who have shown a lively interest and enthusiasm in the enterprise of publishing our present work.

Our compatriots generally reside in the Yerevan region; Having adapted to local conditions, they take advantage of the opportunities for development offered to them, and their children also achieve great success.

From a letter addressed to us by our compatriot Krikor Kabzemalian from Armenia, we learn that the Stanozians now settled in Yerevan and the families they founded there are as follows:

LIST OF STANOZIAN WHO EMIGRATED TO ARMENIA

(with their families)

Andonian Sinan	Daghlian Kevork
Andonian Krikor	Daghlian Haïg
Andonian Nourani	Yétimian David
Avakian Melkon	Ezadjian Armenag
Avakian Rouben	Toumayan Mari
Aslandjian Hovhannes	Toumayan Haroutioun
Alteghouladjian Hagop	Toumayan Nourani
Alteghouladjian Krikor	Ingilizian Mihran
Alteghouladjian Haroutioun	Lehliyan Khatchig
Alekian Krikor	Liradjian Anahid
Arzouian Iskender	Hadji Nichanian Hovhannes
Kabzemalian Krikor	Tchakerian David
Yazedjian Haroutioun	Thakedjian Hovhannes
Yétimian Hagop	Thakedjian Nourani
Bülbülian Stépan	Tchakerian Haroutioun
Balabanian Hagop	Tchakerian Vartanouch
Sofian Guiragos	Paradian Stépan
Sofian David	Pehlivanian Haroutioun
Sofian Guiragos	Petlehémian Mesrob
Soukiasian Soukias	Paradian Garabed
Simitdjian Sofi	Keoleyan
Vahanian Guiragos	Kelemdjian Haroutioun
Vahanian Krikor	
Ferahian Garabed, with his sister's daughters: Roza and Klara	
Krikor Jamgotch's daughters: Manan, Sara and Mari; the son of Saghir Sofigue	

Among the new generation from the Stanozians emerged doctors, architects, scientists, mathematicians and other specialists, whose list is given below.

Son of Krikor Kabzemalian:

Vahram — mechanical engineer

Yervant — radio engineer

Daughter of Toumayan Haroutioun — accountant

Daughter of Avakian Melkon — French language teacher
Son of Kelemdjian Haroutioun — engaged in science
First daughter of Andonian Sinan — biologist and naturalist
Andonian Sinan's second daughter — mathematician
Daughter of Paradian Garabed — nurse
Daughter of Sofian Guiragos — agronomist
Son of Hadji Nichanian Hovhannes — mechanic
Clara, niece of Charlotte Ferahian — translator from Persian
Roza, niece of Charlotte Ferahian — English teacher

Our compatriot Krikor Kabzemalian ends his letter with the following lines:

"It would be very desirable if you could come to Armenia and see with your own eyes the life here and its development, as well as the great achievements of our Armenian people.

"As for me, I can say that I am very well with all my family. I have two sons whom I married. Both have received higher education: one is a mechanical engineer, the other a radio engineer. My two daughters-in-law are also doctors: one is a midwife, the other a dentist. My wife and I are retired and no longer work. We have our own house with a garden," etc.

Receive warm greetings from our family

KRIKOR KABZEMALIAN

TURKEY

After the exile of 1922, only two families remained in Stanoze. As for the descendants of the Stanozians who survived in Ankara, they now form about fifty families, who have forgotten their Armenian language and are no longer distinguishable from the Turks. Nevertheless, some still retain their national spirit. The most promising young Armenians certainly have the opportunity to pursue higher education in public institutions, but they remain deprived of a truly Armenian education.

ISTANBUL—Some Stanozians who came to Istanbul with the intention of emigrating out of Turkey stayed there for various reasons; others, who came from Ankara, also settled there. Their total number amounts to about two hundred families.

In Istanbul, the new generation has the opportunity to receive an Armenian education, and national consciousness is generally high there.

Among this new educated generation are doctors, teachers, and leading merchants.

MEMORIES OF OUR ELDERLY COMPATRIOTS

Excerpts from the memoirs of our compatriot Khoren Avakian:

"Although I was born in Stanoze, I left my native village at the age of fourteen to attend the school of the monastery of Saint Garabed in Kayseri. After completing my studies in 1906, I served as an employee of the railway company in Haydarpaşa, Konya, Ankara, and finally, in 1912, in Sinjian Köy, as a station master.

"I remained in this position until 1915, the year of the Great Massacre; having lived for a long time far from Stanoze, I am not in a position to relate certain events with all the desired precision.

"What a great consolation, however, when I learn that compatriots, fully aware of their national duty, have undertaken with a noble ideal to write a memorial to our native village, so that future generations can always remember the unimaginable sacrifices and hardships thanks to which their ancestors have maintained their existence in this historic place. They did not shrink from obstacles: by their obstinate and inflexible work, they transformed into orchards the uncultivated and rocky lands located four or five kilometers away, as well as the mountain slopes that extended to the rear. They had also used a few square kilometers on the right side of the valley as pasture.

"This small village, Stanoze, prospered over time and became a thriving town, surpassing in many ways all the surrounding Turkish villages.

"My father, Ohanes Avakian, was a self-taught doctor, who served the people with dedication and loyalty. He also treated Turkish officials when they fell ill. It is for these reasons that he received the nickname "Avak Dédé" from all¹⁴. »

Memories of Haroutioun Keosseyan:

Deported in March 1921 as a result of the Turkish nationalist movement, the young Haroutioun recounts his experience as follows:

"One Tuesday morning, when my father awoke, an unusual sight presented itself to his eyes: a man was standing on the hill opposite. The air was cold, and no one was expected at that time of day. While we were wondering, a neighbor suddenly knocked on the door and announced that the men were being assembled.

¹⁴ Dédé meaning grand father.

My mother suggested hiding those who were present: Harutyun Djerikian, Arisdages Djerikian, and my father, Kevork Keosseyan. The Djerikians refused, perhaps confident that, having been exempted from deportation during World War I because of their occupation, they would again be spared. As for my father, he refused to hide, saying: "Yesterday, all day, I was seen at the market."

At that moment, our neighbor Isgouhi Kasparian came in and informed my father that most of the men had been rounded up, but that her husband Nichan, as well as Sahag Boyadjian and others, had been in hiding. My father then agreed to let my mother carry out her plan, and they left the house together. I watched, stupefied, without understanding what was happening. Only one thing was certain to me: a great danger threatened us all.

A few moments later, there was a knock at the door. I went to open the door, and I saw before me two armed gendarmes; my fear was boundless. One of them asked :

"Where is your father?"

"I don't know, he's not there," I answered.

Then one remained at the door, while the other began to search the rooms. Finding no one inside, he said:

"Giaour, tell me, where is your father?"

When I answered in the same way, he placed the point of his bayonet on my breast and repeated the question:

"My father is not here, I don't know," I answered, sobbing.

Weeping thus, and under the repeated threat of bayonet blows, I led them through the various dark cellars and the corners of the house, holding a lamp in my hand. Finally, they entered the granary and stirred the grain with bayonets, hoping to find someone there. After also inspecting the stable, they were about to leave the house when the door downstairs opened and my mother entered. The interrogation began again:

"Where is your husband?" You can't hide it: yesterday, all day, he was in town.

"Yes," replied my mother, "but last night, accompanied by two Turks, he went to Chanlı to settle scores.

The gendarmes, without adding a word, went away, but my mother remained a prey to anguish. She had first tried to hide my father with a widow of acquaintance, but she had refused. She had then turned to another widow, a member of the Nahabedian family, who had welcomed her kindly; my father and the woman's nephew had taken refuge in a temporary hiding-place.

My father called me and asked me to leave with a Turkish comrade who had come from a neighboring village to his village, in order to find a way to secure his release. We set out, but on the way out of the city all the roads were guarded by guards. After several unsuccessful attempts, we

decided to go through the river. Luckily, we found a rocky passage and managed to reach the other bank. I was ready to face any danger, hoping to find a way to save my father.

But to whom could we turn? It was the state itself that pursued and hunted down. They conveyed the message to us in the agreed village, and at nightfall we returned home—but we found the doors closed and sealed. I didn't know where my father was; what had become of my mother and my two little sisters?

Distraught, I was walking down the street when I met my brother, who told me that my mother had been imprisoned in my father's place, and that our house had been marked as a "fugitive's house". The two little ones had been entrusted to the care of a relative, Miugüné Odian.

I spent the night with relatives, and the very next day I visited my mother in prison to tell her my father's decision: he wanted to turn himself in to the authorities, and asked her to promise to denounce him¹⁵, in order to be released and to be able to return to the children.

After I had communicated this to him, my mother gave me the key to a second door which was left open, so that my father could enter the house from that side—"it will be safer," she said. My father remained in his hiding-place, and I, although only a little boy, visited him without difficulty.

A week later, with the police rounding up most of the fugitives hiding in the secret corners, the women were ordered to prepare to be deported with their husbands. That day was unforgettable, and its memory remains indelible: what cries, what lamentations! The women were taken with the men to the Turkish cemetery; the men were deported, while the women were taken back to prison.

The commissioner tried to reassure them, saying that there was no danger and that the men would soon return home. But it was impossible to believe the lying promises of the Turks: the memory of the massacres of 1915 was still vivid in everyone's minds.

It was then the turn of my mother and a few women of her age, still detained in prison, who could obtain a certain freedom by promising to hand over their husbands. They therefore asked for eight days' leave to return home, promising to do everything possible to find the men and hand them over to the authorities. This permission was granted to them. Ah! what a bitter cup we were all compelled to drink; what days of torment! We had even forgotten our daily food; We were deeply upset.

At that moment, a Turkish friend proposed to make my father flee to his village and hide him. My father replied thus:

"I will not trust the word of this Turk, Mariam." It is easier for me to die with the sons of my people. If God wants to protect someone, no one can kill him. If they kill us, at least you will stay alive.

The other ten men, who were to be deported with him, expressed themselves in the same way.

¹⁵ That is to say, to engage with the Turks to deliver up her husband.

This group of deportees, sent to Yozgat, was taken from Stanoze to Ankara under the supervision of gendarmes. From there, the eleven men on their way to Yozgat were joined by nine Turkish deserters from Ayaş, placed under the guard of a mounted gendarme. On the way they halted to rest and eat; it was then that an armed Turk approached, sat down near the gendarme, and began to speak to him in a low voice, then went away.

The gendarme immediately ordered them to leave the village without delay, promising the deserting soldiers to return the cartridges that had been confiscated from them, so that they could use them at the time of a possible attack. The visitor had demanded that the unarmed Armenians be massacred, but the gendarme had decided to protect them, and the soldiers pledged to fight at his side. However, it was necessary to get out of this dangerous zone; They therefore decided to take refuge in the next village, which required eight hours of brisk walking. Finally, all of them reached Yozgat safe and sound.

Two long years passed, and then a glimmer of hope appeared. By a new decree, the authorities allowed Armenians to go abroad. Thus, with many others, my father passed through Samsun and then to Istanbul, from where he informed us of the situation. The same permission having been granted to those of us who had remained at Stanoze, we abandoned everything and left for Istanbul in May 1923.

After staying there for barely a month and a half, we left, with many compatriots, for France, where we spent some time in Marseilles, then at Camp Oddo. We then spent eighteen months in Belmont, while working at the electrical wire factory in Pont-de-Chérury. It was there that we attended the American orphanage of Charvieu¹⁶, where we were taken care of and had, for a year, the opportunity to receive elementary education, as well as to practice speaking French a little.

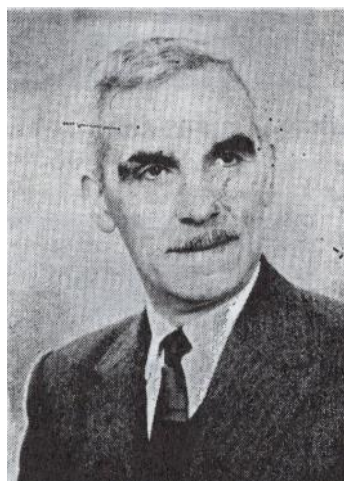
Afterwards, we settled in Valence, then finally in the region of Issy-les-Moulineaux, on March 28, 1928.

My father, as in his homeland, continued to devote himself to a preaching work here, bringing spiritual support and comfort to his compatriots, until his death on February 14, 1952, at the age of seventy-six. Shortly afterwards, my mother passed away in turn (April 25, 1954). »

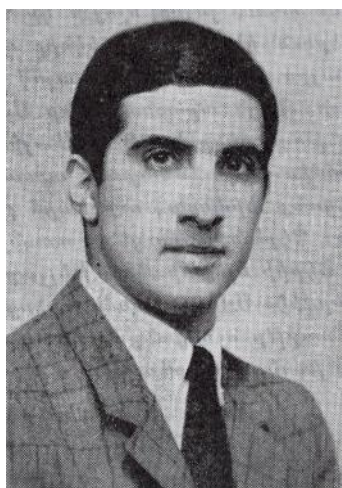
¹⁶ My Stanozian comrades were: Klemes Aslanian, Harutyun Odian and Klemes Kasparian (note to the original text).



Madame Loussvarte Darakdjian,
born Keosséyan,



M. H. Darakdjian, born 15th
of march 1914 à Stanoze



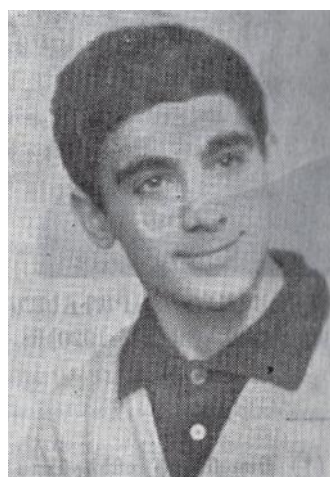
Patrice Darakdjian



Mlle Ani Darakdjian



Kevork Darakdjian — étudiant



Roupèn Darakdjian — étudiant

VISIT TO TURKEY

Garabed Terzian

On August 15, 1968, we left Marseilles for Turkey, on an organized trip, with my wife, aboard a ship. During this pleasant and comfortable journey, we stopped at Genoa, where we visited its famous funerary monuments. We also had the opportunity to visit Naples and the ruins of Pompeii, as well as Piraeus and Athens, where we saw the Acropolis of Athens and its antiquities.

On August 20, forty-five years after we left Istanbul, we had the opportunity to see that city once again.

After three weeks in Istanbul visiting friends and relatives, we left for Ankara, to be with our compatriots.

In both Istanbul and Ankara, our compatriots live in good material conditions and have modern and well-appointed housing.

Continuing our journey, we visited the region of Stanoze. Of the more than eight hundred houses, only a few remained, half in ruins; it seemed as if even the earth had shrunk. In vain did I search for the location of certain streets and houses. Only the position of the half-collapsed mosque and that of the ruined bridge allowed me to guess where I was. Only the rocks were still standing, although they too, wounded by the blows of those who, in the hope of finding riches, were carrying out clandestine excavations, seemed threatened with destruction.

Taking advantage of the abandonment of the locality, Turkish adventurers secretly demolished the summit of Tek Hisar, where they brought to light ancient treasures, mainly gold coins and various objects; but we do not know whether these finds dated back to pre-Christian or post-Christian times.

In the cemetery there were some broken tombstones, the Armenian inscriptions of which had become almost illegible. Only two names could be deciphered:

Mardiros, son of Krikor Kasabian

Born on 25 February 1881

Died on September 23, 1898

And:

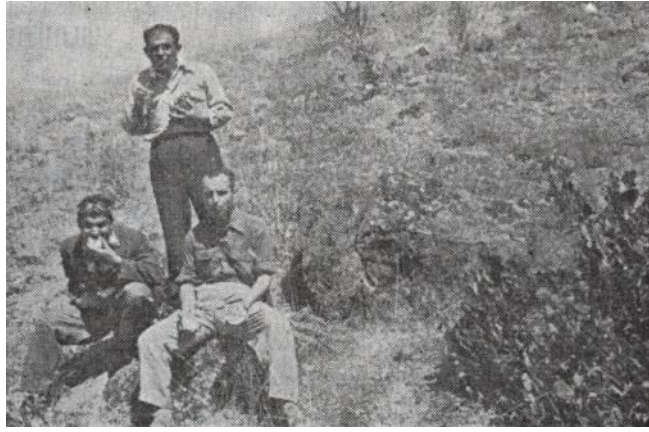
Mahdesi Kevork Sinabian

Born in 1815

Died in 1903

The vineyards and gardens of Stanoze were almost completely destroyed and devastated.

Only two Armenian families remain: one, that of Hagop, of the Barumsha family, in Dzagchèp; the other, that of Hadji Hovhannes Kiremitdjian, in Gedradz Kar.



The gardens of Dzagchepe (Djachèpe), on the banks of the river

Despite the difficulties of the journey, compatriots who visit the Stanoze region — whether they come from France, Istanbul or Ankara — go to Gedradz Kar, where they sit in the shade of the willows by the river, reliving memories of the past and enjoying the hospitality of Mrs. Sofi Kiremitdjian.

These two families constitute a link between the past and the present; and if, one day, they too were to leave, this link would be broken forever.

Like Stanoze, Gedradz Kar has also fallen into ruins, and all traces of the houses have disappeared.

Today, everything is deserted. The former inhabitants were exterminated, and the survivors scattered to the four corners of the world. However, the government is currently building a settlement called Yeni Kent, located between Çovli and Boudjuk, where more than 100 houses have already been built, and more are under construction. It is also said that a large dam will be built in a few years near Khosogh Pakhadz; if this project is realized, Stanoze, with its vineyards, will be completely submerged under water, and everything will go down in history for good.

The only living witness to all this will remain this work, passed down from generation to generation.



The shores of Gedradz Kar in summer

On the occasion of our trip to Turkey, we also obtained official documents for use in the first and second parts of this book.

We reproduce below a copy of a letter of protest addressed by Stanoze to the Ankara Ecclesiastical Authority:

Reverend Father,

For ten years, Ibrahim Agha, a native of Bitik, a member of the court of the town of Stanoze, and for the past five years, Mustafa Effendi, assistant to the examining magistrate, have abused their positions: both towards honest and innocent people and towards those accused of crimes, they act in contradiction with all conscience and all justice, and, by their exactions, spread fear and terror among the inhabitants of Stanoze and the surrounding villages.

Their situation is this: Before he was appointed a member of the court, Ibrahim Agha was barely able to survive; today, although he receives only a modest salary, he owns three hundred head of cattle and six to seven hundred other animals, not counting the money he holds.

Mustafa Effendi, on the other hand, was almost destitute when he took office; today he owns sixty to seventy pieces of gold of the "five-one" type and about one hundred pieces of so-called . "mahmoudiyeh"

These two officials, relying on unfair gains, persist in their illegal practices, making the hearts of many residents bleed.

When Harutyun Effendi Chinasi, a good man, was recently appointed to the post of principal secretary (baş kâtib) of Stanoze, these unscrupulous men set up intrigues against him, defaming him before the Sublime Porte.

All this is a lie. Harutyun Effendi is a conscientious citizen. That is why we beg you to disregard these calumnies, and to take the necessary measures, appealing to the benevolence of the governor of our province, in order to free us from these unjust officials.

*We remain your servants and faithful prayers,
The Committee of the Administrative Assembly
of the village of Stanoze, Ankara province*

*N. Balabanian
K. Kabzemalian
Klémès Séyissian
Hagop Baghdadian
Matéos Matéossian*

*Garabed Haronian
Yeranos Der Hagopian
Hagop Margossian
Krikor K. Armaghanian
Harutyun Avakian*

August 22, 1895

In the same year (1895), Vosgan Nazmi Kasparian, of Ankara, addressed a letter to Malachia Ormanian, Patriarch of the Armenians of Turkey, in which he complained of the local prelate, the vartabed Dajad, and requested, by a collective petition, that he be replaced by another.

Armenian Ecclesiastical Authority

Galatia

N° 69

TO HIS HOLINESS THE MOST VENERABLE PATRIARCH

Most Reverend Lord,

During my absence from Galatia, Your Holiness had ordered that the priest Khoren Kizirian should be appointed vicar in place. I felt that this decision would not be opportune, because the priest Khoren is notorious for his evil deeds and his spirit of trouble.

That is why I have appointed as vicar the priest Der Khoren Daghljan, from Stanoze, who is a member of the governmental religious council

I remain, Most Reverend Lord,

Your humble servant,

The Prelate of Galatia

DADJAD VARTABED

March 7, 1899

Galatia

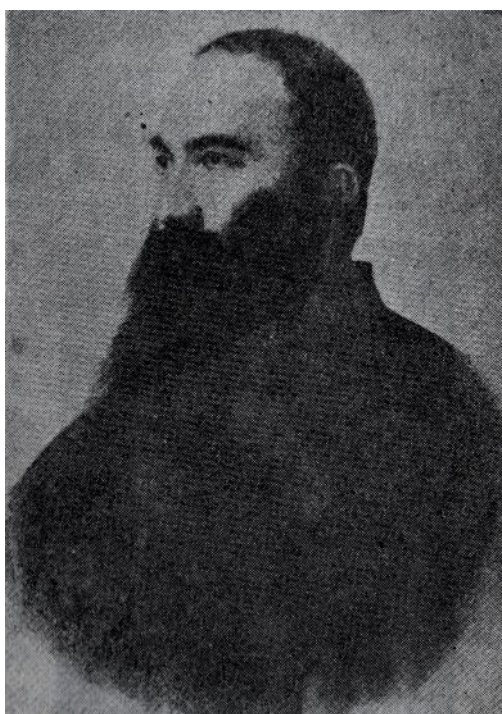
(1531)

BIOGRAPHIES OF TEACHERS, CLERICS AND OTHER COMPATRIOTS OF STANOZE

Archpriest Der Khoren Daghlia

Born in 1865 in Stanoze, he belonged to a deeply religious family: his father, his grandfather, as well as several of his ancestors had been men of the Church.

In 1885, after completing his studies at the seminary of Armash, he worked as a teacher alongside Hagop Kalfa Adjémian, preparing together suitable pupils to attend the schools of Merzifon and Kayseri. In 1890, he was ordained a priest to succeed his father, Der Guiragos, who suffered from visual impairments.



Der Khorèn archipriest Daghlia, martyred in 1915

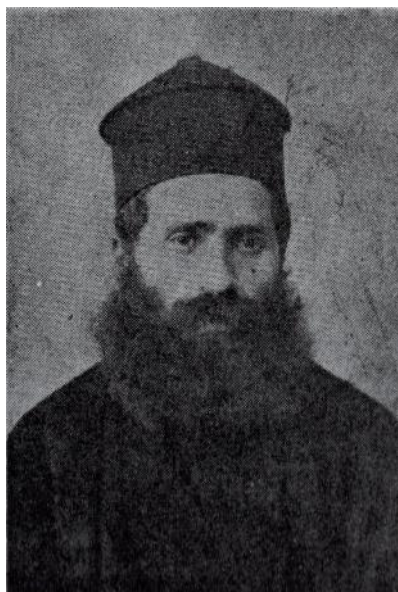
In 1909, he supported the Ankara prelate, the vartabed Papgen, in his efforts to reorganize and develop the local monastery. Between 1910 and 1912 he practised in Kayseri, then returned to Stanoze, where, in collaboration with the Reverend Father Odian, he worked to bring the apostolic and Protestant communities closer together.

In 1915, he was arrested and imprisoned in Çorum-Osmancık. In July, he had the chance to meet Stanozian soldiers belonging to labor battalions, who had come to spend the night there during their transfer. There he embraced the sons of his flock, encouraged them, and gave them his blessing. He

showed them the identification bracelet he wore on his arm and, aware of the fate that awaited him .he said goodbye to them in a final embrace

During his deportation, he spent a night in an Alevi village. The inhabitants, admiring his wisdom, proposed that he should embrace Islam in appearance and remain among them as a man of religion. But he remained firm in his faith and continued on his way to the "place of sacrifice."

The priest Abraham Sinabian



Der Abraham, priest Sinabian, parish priest of Stanoze, martyred in 1915

Born in Stanoze around 1870, from a pious family, he served for a time as a deacon under the direction of his uncle, Der Garabed, before being ordained a priest in 1895. Although he had not received a higher education, he was a conscientious pastor who was deeply attached to his nation.

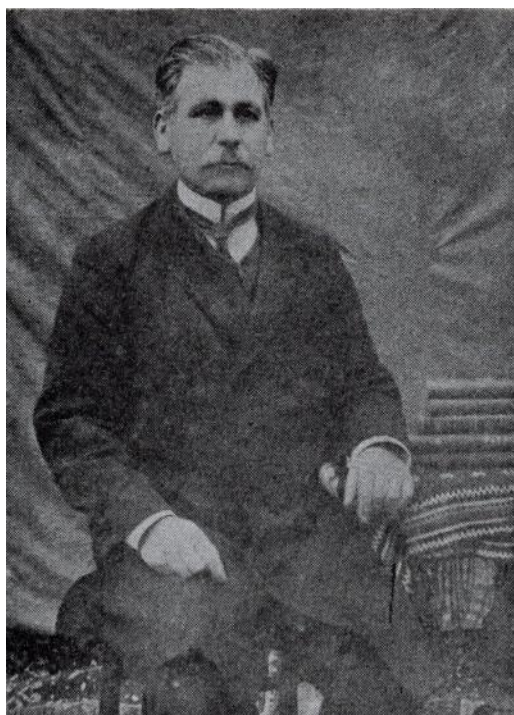
His family worked as linen dyers, and in parallel with his religious duties, he helped his brother Zéron to develop this activity and to lighten the family burdens.

Aware of the importance of education, he strove to provide his children with educational opportunities and sent them, one after the other, to the Jenanian College in Konya.

His son Karekin had completed his studies on the eve of 1915, while Onnigüe was still a student and Hrant and Mouchègh were preparing to enter teaching, when the great catastrophe put an end to all their hopes and projects.

Karekin went to the front with the rank of officer and never returned. Onnigüe, on the other hand, accompanied his father during the deportation of members of the Apostolic Church and was murdered with the group in a valley in Kayaş Bahçesi, beyond Ankara.

Rev. Krikor Kirkiacharian



Reverend K. Kirkiacharian, devoted pastor of Stanoze, martyred in 1915



From left to right: Krikor Armaghanian and the Rev. Harutyun Armaghanian, both of whom died in New York

Born in Erzurum, he was one of the pastors who succeeded one another in Stanoze after the departure of the Reverend Father Odian; among them he was the longest servant.

In 1911, when the Reverend Father Odian was again called to practice in Stanoze, the Reverend Kirkiacharian was transferred to Tarsus, then to Mersin, before returning to his native town, Erzurum.

In 1914, in Erzurum, he met Stanozian soldiers whom he welcomed and encouraged. In 1915 came the great catastrophe, which did not spare this good shepherd either: he was martyred in this same region.

The priest Der Meguerditch

The priest Der Meguerditch (also called "Sarı Derder") exercised his ministry from 1909 to 1912, succeeding the archpriest Der Khorèn. Because of his human qualities and his building spirit, he was a much loved pastor.

Stanoze owes him the construction of the path leading to the Surp Pergitch church, as well as the construction of the bell tower.

During the cholera epidemic, while visiting the sick and performing funeral services as part of his ministry, he contracted the disease and died. He was buried among the priests.

Hagop Badvéli¹⁷ Daghljan

Born in Stanoze around 1830, he was a teacher who was proficient in both Armenian and Turkish. He provided his students with such an education—especially in the Turkish language—that many of them were later able to access administrative positions within the state.

Hagop Kalfa Adjemian

Hagop Kalfa, a Stanozian teacher, collaborated successively with Hagop Badvéli and Archpriest Der Khorèn. The proof of his useful services lies in the many young men who, in active life as well as in the ranks of the public administration, enjoyed great success.

¹⁷ At that time, teachers were called "Badveli" or "Kalfa" — literally "respectable" / "honorable" (note in the original text).



Daughters and grandchildren of the Reverend Hayrabet Odian (photograph taken in England).

Sitting in the front row: Armen Matéossian (died in Toronto), Alice Matéossian (Toronto, Canada).

In the second row: Victoria Odian Ponabarthian (died in New York). Standing: Esther Odian Matéossian (died in Toronto)

Ohanès Avakian

Ohanes Avakian had a solid medical background, which he put entirely at the service of both national circles and state institutions. In recognition of his dedication, he fully earned the nickname "Avak Dédé".

He was one of the first Stanozians of the apostolic faith to send his children to Kayseri and Istanbul to provide them with a higher education. This family produced pharmacists, station masters and civil servants. Of these, only Khoren Avakian is still alive, having descendants in Armenia or elsewhere.

Calouste Bethlehemian



Calouste Bethlémhémian, Stanozien, emprisonné et martyrisé

Born in Stanoze in 1872, he was the son of the priest Der Guiragos and the brother of the priest Der Khorèn. His maternal uncle, having no children, adopted him and, wishing to ensure him a higher education, sent him to Bardizag and Istanbul.

During his student years, he was accused by the Turkish authorities of revolutionary activities and thrown into prison, where he suffered atrocious suffering for five long years.

But money played a decisive role in Turkey at the time: Hovhannes Dédé, a wealthy man, sacrificed his entire fortune and managed, in 1902, to rescue his adopted son from the clutches of death.

Bethlehemian then married his fiancée, who had waited for him for many years.

In 1908, when the Constitution was proclaimed, he was appointed to an administrative post in Ankara. He then served for a time as the director of the Ipranosian School in Eskişehir, until 1915. That same year, he was deported with the Armenian notables of the city and murdered.

Of his family, there are two sons living in Buenos Aires: one is a doctor, the other is studying linguistics.

Garabed Effendi Odian

Born in Stanoze in 1862, he moved with his family to Ankara after his marriage.

The production and export of *Ankara sofe* was largely in the hands of the Odian brothers.

In 1915, with the permission of Sultan Mehmed V, he was released from prison as a specialist in the sof *industry*, so that it would not disappear completely. At his request, more than one hundred and fifty Stanozian women and girls, as well as a few men, were brought back from deportation, and

production was able to continue until the armistice. Garabed Effendi Odian also served the Ankara Evangelical Church and its school as a member of the Board of Trustees.



Garabed Effendi Odian (1863-1930) with his wife Hripsime (1869-1933).

In the centre, standing: their youngest daughter, Alice Odian.

Photograph taken in Angora

Mr. and Mrs. Garabed Odian were blessed with three sons and two daughters. To further their education, the sons left for England and then went to the United States. Missagk graduated from a medical school, while Mardigue and Oda devoted themselves to painting. The girls, Lousine and Alice, first attended the Armenian School for Young Girls in Adapazarı, and then left in 1920 with their parents for the United States, where Lousine studied piano. She then married a relative, Garabed Odian, a former student of the Djénanian college.

Alice Odian, after completing her secondary education, attended various universities, obtaining degrees in pharmacy, chemistry and other disciplines, thanks to which she rendered important services in public hospitals and other charitable institutions. It is also to her that we owe the writing of this present work, which she produced with dedication and at the cost of great sacrifices.

Mr. and Mrs. Garabed Odian, as well as their three sons, have died in America; there remain the two sisters, to whom we wish many years so that they may continue their useful services to the nation.

Garabed Terzian



Alice Odian, from Angora, with a degree in pharmacy; currently in Boston



Khatchig Delijioukian, a Stanos lawyer in Angora, massacred in 1915

ARMENIAN-AMERICAN FEMALE INTELLECTUAL FIGURES

Mrs. Alice Odian Kasparian

Alice Odian was born in Galatia. She received her primary education at the local Armenian Evangelical School and then continued her studies at the Armenian Girls' Higher School in Adapazari.

In 1920, she emigrated to the United States. After graduating from high school in Boston, she earned a degree in pharmacy from the Massachusetts College of Pharmacy. She was then appointed chief pharmacist at New England Hospital in Boston, where she practiced for a full ten years.

In 1935, Miss Odian resigned from her hospital post and undertook a trip to visit several countries in Europe, and in particular Armenia. The impressions of this year-long journey were published in 1937 in a 400-page volume entitled *The Heirs of Ararat*.

In 1938, she graduated from Michigan State University with a degree in chemistry.

In 1941, Miss Alice Odian pursued advanced studies in microbiology and pharmacology at the University of Michigan in Ann Arbor, while also taking courses in history, literature, archaeology, and the arts of ancient civilizations. After graduating from college, she was called upon to organize and lead the new pharmacy department at Suburban Hospital, located in the Washington, D.C., suburb of Bethesda. Alice Odian was the first Armenian woman to work as a pharmacist in American hospitals.

Her professional work at Bethesda Hospital was highly appreciated, and she was called upon to perform the same duties at Arlington Hospital, while simultaneously continuing to carry out her responsibilities at Suburban Hospital.

In 1949, she married the painter Khoren Kasparian and resigned from her position. However, soon after, on the recommendation of the president of the Pharmaceutical Association, she was invited to organize and lead the pharmaceutical department of the Children's Hospital of Washington.

In 1958, Mrs. Alice moved with her husband to Boston, where she played an active role in local Armenian cultural and charitable organizations. Developing her literary talents, she contributed to the daily newspaper "Baikar", its supplements, as well as other periodicals and magazines. She wrote short stories, prose poems, and various studies. She also left unpublished works, which her family and social obligations did not allow her to complete.

Alice Odian Kasparian was devoted to Armenian centers in the United States, including the project to establish institutions for Armenian orphans and the elderly in need. She was the first Armenian woman to publicly embark on the realization of this project with a concrete program.

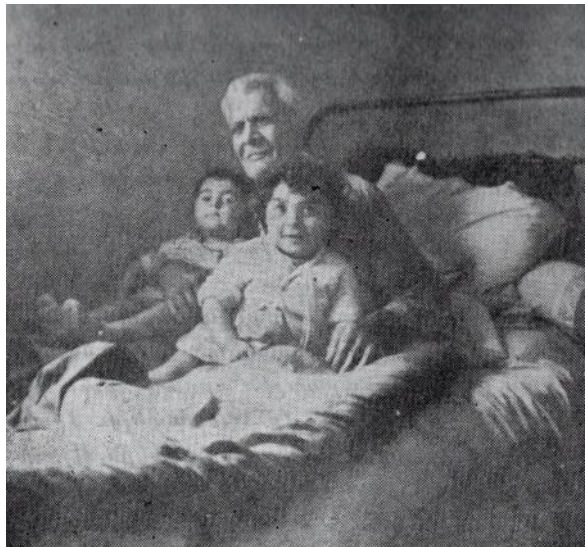
Through her lectures in different cities and her writings, she aroused a growing interest in this initiative, successfully overcoming internal and external obstacles. With a view to the creation of a fund for this project, the Odian family made the first donation, dedicating to this cause the sums received in tribute to the death of Madame Alice's father, in lieu of funeral wreaths.

By joining the Patriotic Association of Armenian Women of Boston, Mrs. Alice had her project adopted by that organization and, after obtaining official authorization, founded a tax-exempt association, of which she was the first president. Today, many Armenian centers have Armenian retirement homes, and their number continues to increase year by year.

Thus the rich and fruitful life of a deeply devoted Armenian woman takes shape.

Hovsèp Tekerian

Kevork Agha Keosseyan



Kevork Keosséyan, "father" of the Stanozians, who comforted them in difficult times

Kevork Keosseyan was born in Burdur. Soon after, his parents returned to Stanoze with their three children, when Kevork was only two years old.

As an adult, he often had the opportunity to associate with reverend pastors, which allowed him to acquire a solid personal formation, especially in the spiritual field. Thus, in the absence of a preacher, he took over the direction of religious services.

In 1914, when he was conscripted, he organized meetings in the *amélé tabour* (labor battalions), which was appreciated by his superiors, who nicknamed him "Kevork Kalfa" and appointed him supervisor of the works.

At the end of the war, when the survivors returned from deportation, the need for a church and a place of worship arose again. But there was no priest or master. In this context, Kevork Keosseyan, thanks to his spiritual light and religious knowledge, assumed both pastoral functions, serving both the apostolic and Protestant communities freely. He blessed betrothals, celebrated marriages and provided funerals.

In the spring of 1921, he was deported to Yozgat. Later released, he went to Istanbul, and finally to France.

Wherever he went, he remained faithful to his vocation: in Marseilles, Valence, Pont-de-Chéruy and Paris, he gathered the faithful around him and preached the word of God. He possessed all the qualities to be officially appointed preacher, but preferred to remain in a humble position. For the Stanozians, Kevork Agha was the "Father Keosséyan".

Garabed Boyadjian (Ganondji)

Garabed Boyadjian was born into a Stanozian family which, after the Sinabians, was among the best master dyers.

When the deportations of 1915 began, the *sofe industry* was threatened with extinction. But thanks to the efforts of the specialist Garabed Odian, the Turkish government brought back from deportation about fifteen Armenian craftsmen from Stanoze and Ankara, as well as about one hundred and fifty Stanozians, thus allowing production to be revived under the devoted and entirely voluntary management of Odian.

In 1918, when Garabed Odian left for Istanbul following the armistice, he entrusted the responsibility for the production of *sofe* to Garabed Boyadjian.

When the Kemalist national movement ("Milli") chose Ankara as its center in 1915, Boyadjian founded a weaving company to supply military uniforms, of which he became the general manager and director.

Also known as a saz player (stringed instrument), he maintained, thanks to his art and his craft, relations with several high Turkish officials.

In 1921, when two groups of Stanozians, each consisting of about forty people, were arrested in Ankara on the way to deportation to Yozgat and Kırşehir, Boyadjian hastened to help and encourage them, unaware of the fate that soon awaited him.

In 1923 in Istanbul, and then in 1924 in Marseilles, he tried unsuccessfully to start businesses in the textile and carpet industries, but nevertheless continued to render great services to his compatriots by other means.

Endowed with a great spirit of initiative, this devoted patriot died in Marseilles.

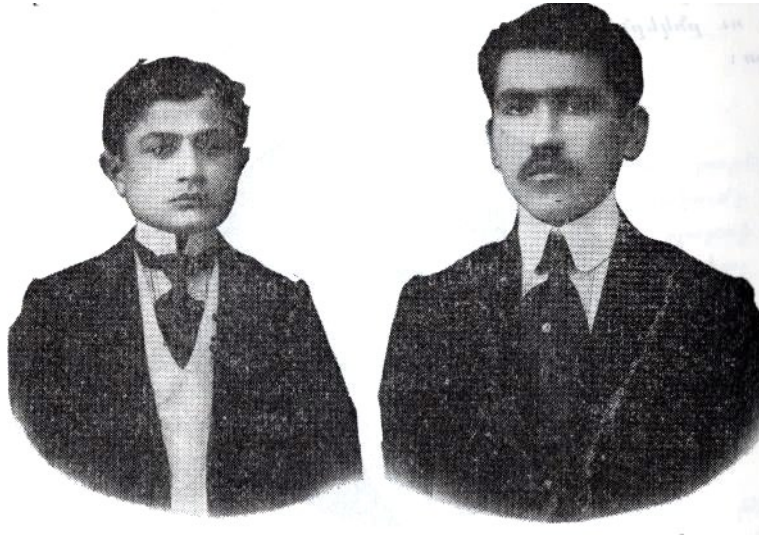
Klèmes Balabanian

Klémès Balabanian was born in Stanoze in 1892. His father, Garabed Balabanian, was a state tax collector. After completing his primary education, Klémès entered the Djénanian College in Konya in 1907, from which he graduated with honors in 1913. In the same year, he was appointed director of the evangelical school in Stanoze.

His year of service was highly appreciated by both the parents of the students and the board of directors, and projects were drawn up to further raise the level of the school. Unfortunately, war broke out in 1914, and Balabanian was among the first to be mobilized, making these plans unfeasible.

He was then sent to Istanbul. After completing the courses of the officers' school, he was assigned to the Kastamonu area as a military instructor. After serving there for a year, he was sent to the front in Palestine, where he was taken prisoner by the British and transferred to Egypt.

At the armistice, he returned to Istanbul as an interpreter for the British army. After serving there for a few years, he left again for Egypt. In 1925, he emigrated to France, where he held a position in the U.S. Military Uniform Service, earning the esteem of all by his uprightness and kindness.



Klémès Balabanian, a graduate of Djénanian College; teacher at the Armenian Evangelical School. Left: One of his schoolmates

Arsène Daghlian



Arsèn Daghlian, étudiant à Césarée, martyrisé en 1915

Arsène Daghlian, son of Archpriest Der Khorèn, was born in Stanoze in 1895.

He received his primary education in Stanoze, then continued his studies in the apostolic schools of Ankara. In 1910, he entered the higher school of the Surp Garabed monastery in Kayseri. No

sooner had he finished his studies than war broke out in 1914. Not having yet reached the age of military service, he remained in the village, waiting for his turn to be mobilized. During this period, he and a few other students took charge of teaching in the schools, replacing the mobilized teachers.

But the age of conscription coincided with the catastrophe of 1915, and Daghlia, with his companions, took up the baton of exile alongside the Armenian population of Stanoz.

Tatéos Avakian

Taleos Avakian was the brother of our esteemed compatriot Khoren Avakian. He received his primary education at the apostolic school of Stanoz. After attending the school of the Sourp Garabed monastery in Kayseri for a few years, he was sent to the Faculty of Medicine in Istanbul.

At that time, members of the apostolic community were not allowed to travel without a permit; upon his arrival in Istanbul, he was arrested, endured many hardships, and was eventually sent back to his hometown. But Avakian was not discouraged: a year later, he left for Istanbul, this time with identity papers obtained from the Catholic community (this was then a common way of travelling).

After completing his pharmacy studies in Istanbul, he returned to his native region in 1910 and eventually opened his own pharmacy in Ankara. In 1915, he was deported with the Armenian intellectuals of Ankara, who were taken to the prison of Zincirli Kuyu, where they were subjected to atrocious torture before being taken to an unknown destination.

SUMMARY NOTICES AND LISTS OF NAMES OF CIVIL SERVANTS AND OTHER AGENTS OF THE STATE

Some Stanozians, having received an education and also mastering Turkish, managed to access municipal and administrative functions, thus serving the state in general and Stanoze in particular.

Municipal Officials

Rafaël Paradian — Retired Secretary General

Khodé Ichkhanian — Mayor, district chief

Bedros Tachdjian — Deputy Mayor, Ward Chief

Haroutioun Avakian — Secretary

Kevork Gondjiguan — Assistant Secretary

During their term of office, they made every effort to beautify Stanoze. The city owes them the paving of the streets and the restoration of the retaining walls along the banks.

Other administrative functions

Hovhannès Adjémian — State Treasurer in Stanoze

Garabed Balabanian — Traveling Tax Collector

Klémès Balabanian — Treasurer

Garabed Sarafian — Treasurer

Klémès Sarafian — Treasurer

These men were also loyal officials, both in Stanoze and in the towns of Ankara province, until the day they were unjustly dismissed and then massacred without mercy.

Miscellaneous judicial and administrative functions

Haroutioun Balabanian (Nafiz Effendi) — Lawyer

Krikor Dursumianan (known as Zeki Effendi in the administration) — Secretary and deputy governor

Krikor Bozgourian — Lawyer

Kevork Kasparian (Nazmi Effendi) — Lawyer

Sarkis Der Toumaïan — Lawyer



H. Kiremitdjian, H. Sarafian, K. Sarafian (in the center)

These men, although they had faithfully served the Ottoman state, were offered religious conversion in order to escape death. Their refusal was categorical, and they in turn fell victim to the Turkish sword.

In the field of sericulture

Arsène Türkménian — Salt Grower

Guiragos Kabzemalian — Salt Grower

Hovhannès Kahvedjian — Salt Grower

Graduates of the Bursa School of Sericulture, these compatriots developed this activity by providing the necessary eggs and guiding the workers in the sector. Alongside them, several dozen Stanozians also practiced sericulture.

In the Tobacco Board and other public services

Haroutioun Paradian — Agent of the Régie

Hovhannès Matéossian — Inspector of Hunting and Fishing

Arsène Türkménian — Inspector of Forests

These three officials had itinerant armed assistants, responsible for protecting them against attacks by armed smugglers and illegal hunters.

In the sof industry, the following Stanozians played an important role:

Garabed Odian — *sofe* specialist and leading exporter

Tavit Odian — producer of *sof*

Garabed Sourenian — agent of the Odian brothers

Hayrabed Matéossian — producer of *sof*

Haroutioun Djerekian — producer of *sof*

Klémès Hadji Haronian — producer of *sof*

In the field of pharmacy, the following were rendered special services:

Tatéos Avakian — in Ankara

Kevork Yaghiayan — in Stanoze

Many did not dare to consult a doctor, but turned to pharmacists, who prescribed and supplied the remedies.

Among the following students, one of them, Hadji Mateos Ferahean, after completing his studies at the School of the Heirs (*Jarankavorats Djemaran*) in Jerusalem, refused to embrace the monastic life and left for the United States, where he devoted himself to journalism.

The second, Krikor Krikorian (Gogorents), after completing the Anatolia College in Merzifon, went to Egypt, where he worked for a time at the Melkonian Foundation. Thereafter he embarked on a personal business, where he became very successful and wealthy. When the emigrants from Turkey settled in France, Krikorian provided them with significant financial assistance in the beginning.

In the field of education

A group of the following people worked as educators before the war of 1914, and another after:

Arsène Sarafian — Director, Teacher — Kayseri

Hetoum Mesnetian — Teacher — Stanoze

Klémès Balabanian — Teacher — Stanoze

Mikaël Sinabian — Teacher — Ankara

Klémès Petghahimian — Teacher — Stanoze

Kevork Paradian — Teacher — Stanoze

Post-war period (1919–1921)

Klémès Ichkhanian — Teacher

Hobbé Kelemdjian — Teacher

Manan Varjouhi — Teacher

Krikor Hadji Tanielian — Teacher

Gadariné Paradian — Teacher

These educators were the trainers of the new generation in Stanoze, Ankara and the Nallıhan region, and their memory remains forever engraved in our hearts. Of these, only three are still alive: the teachers Hobbé and Gadariné, as well as Hetoum Mesnetian, who, having reached the age of eighty, now live in the memories of the past.

During the First World War

All the teachers of Stanoze having been mobilized, the schools were provided by college students who had not completed their studies and were not old enough to serve. Here is the list with the subjects taught:

Arsène Daghlıan — French and Armenian Grammar

Onnigue Sourénian — Geography

Hagop Bahadourian — Arithmetic and Physical Education

Karekin Sinabian — Armenian and spelling

Sarkis Soghomonian — Science (Physics)

Kevork Kabzemalian — Turkish

PART FIVE

MEMOIRS AND LETTERS OF SURVIVING STANOZIAN

LIST OF SURVIVING COMPATRIOTS

Memoirs of Hovhannes Sarafian

Although I am proud to be from Stanoze, I only spent the years of my childhood there and I know little about village life. In 1900, my father, because of his duties, was transferred to Sivrihisar, where we lived as a family until 1908. During this period, I attended the local Nersessian school, which I have fond memories of from my youth.

Afterwards, we were transferred to Ankara and then to Nallıhan, where, under the guidance of our compatriot and excellent teacher Mikaël Sinabian, I was preparing for the final exams of the Bezazian School in Makrı Köy, near Istanbul. But a change of program led me to attend the Djénanian College, which I completed during the 1911–1912 school year.

In 1913, I moved to Mihaliççık and was appointed as a teacher at the local national school.

In 1915, we were deported to the village of Çay Station, near Afyonkarahisar, where we remained until 1917.

During this period, my father and I were mobilized: he was sent to Malgara, and I to Istanbul, where I served in the Austrian army as head of observation equipment. Life there was relatively more bearable.

When our unit received the order to leave for the Caucasus front, we took the train to Bozantı. I intended to escape and had prepared the necessary false papers. My route was to pass through Çay Station, where my family members were. The commandant of the station, a friend of my brother-in-law, interceded on my behalf: he detained me for a day, and then sent me to Istanbul with an officer of his acquaintance. Thanks to my cousins, I found a job as a cashier in the streetcar company.

However, some officials knew me, and fearing that I would be denounced, I quickly applied for a job with the railway company. The response was favorable, and I started working as a controller on the Haydarpaşa – Pendik line.

At that time, the war was coming to an end, and my family had been moved from Çay to Eskişehir. My father was absent, so I felt a responsibility to help my family, so I applied again, and was appointed as a conductor on the Ankara–Eskişehir line. It was then that the national movement

("Milli") arose, and the Ankara–Eskişehir line came under the control of the Kemalists. The British forces withdrew to Istanbul, taking with them those who wished to leave; But, preferring to stay with my family, I chose to continue serving under the new authority.

When the Greco-Turkish War was taking place on the outskirts of Eskişehir, Mustafa Kemal Atatürk decided to go to the front. Four wagons were prepared for him, one of which carried his automobile, and we set off in the direction of Sincan Köy, chosen as the headquarters by Major İsmet İnönü.

After greeting the soldiers firmly, Mustafa Kemal said:

"Soldiers, the fatherland is in danger; the enemy is approaching the gates of Ankara. From now on, there is only death, there is no return. Your officers must die first, and then you. For those who desert, the firing squads are ready. You have to fight to the death. »

Then İsmet İnönü, having retired with Mustafa Kemal Atatürk to one of the rooms of the station, made allusions concerning the Armenian officials, implying that it would not be wise to keep them in office at such a critical time.

The next day, the station manager, Behic Bey, summoned the Christian officials and informed us of İsmet's decision: we would be deported to Keskin, where we would be given a new assignment, with the municipality having to pay half of our salaries.

That same evening, I met the stationmaster of Sincan Köy, Nourian. Then, having come to an understanding with my friend Stepan, we fled and found refuge in Stanoze, with an Armenian woman. At that time, as the Greek army had approached Ankara, the official documents were transferred to Kayseri.

The woman who was hosting us had a Catholic neighbor with whom she did not have a good relationship. The latter, having noticed that we were foreigners (the father of the family, a Greek, having been mobilized and sent to the Erzurum front), denounced us. We were immediately arrested—we two fugitives and our benefactress—and taken to prison.

Shortly afterwards, we were brought before the court in Ankara. At that precise moment, a Greek plane was flying over the city. The judge, Kılıç Ali, unwilling to adjourn the hearing, hastily delivered his verdict and ordered the clerk to record:

"Hovhannes, son of Garabed — Erzurum; his companion Stépan — Van : will be deported. As for the woman, the wife of a soldier, she will be sent to Keskin. »

He signed and withdrew. On the same day, when a group of Christians from Ankara was being deported to Yozgat, we joined them. When we arrived, we were imprisoned, while the others were released.

That same evening, we were interrogated by the chief of police, Necib Bey, who had formerly practiced in Stanozé and knew my father. He spoke to me in Armenian and asked me where my father was. I replied that he had been deported to Avanos. I then asked him to send me there as well. With great compassion, he replied:

"The decision of the independence court, even Mustafa Kemal cannot overturn it. But I will see to it that you leave with another group of deportees, so that you may arrive more safely." »

In prison we made the acquaintance of a Greek named Anastas, who spoke Turkish perfectly. Together, we decided to buy a donkey to carry our belongings during this long journey.

Anastas, Stepan and I were continually moved from one prison to another, and after two months we arrived at Aş Kale. There, a passer-by asked the soldier who was escorting us who we were. The soldier, being illiterate, could not read the document concerning us and handed it to me. I read it "as I should"...

The document claimed that we were going to Erzurum to work on the railway line. To support this, I showed them a badge that I had kept. The Turk, who questioned us maliciously, convinced himself that we were not Armenians, and declared:

"If you had been Armenians, I would have torn you to pieces. Antranig Pasha has not spared us. »

We passed that night in fear and trembling. The next morning we found that our donkey had been stolen, but it was returned to us the day before departure, for a bribe of twenty pieces of gold.

We then took the road to Yeni Köy-Bartın, where thousands of Armenians and Greeks were working on the Erzurum-Tekeovili line. It was there that we learned that the prelate of Konya, the vartabed Ardavazt, had been deported there. Having previously been in charge of my communications with Istanbul, he must have remembered me well, and I was looking forward to our meeting.

At last, after 72 days' travel, on a Friday, we arrived at Erzurum, where we were again taken to prison.

Thanks to the rays that penetrated through a small window in the ceiling, I saw a black cassock moving on the staircase leading to the upper floor. I understood that it was our vartabed Ardavazt and at once I hastily wrote the following note:

"The undersigned, Hovhannes Sarafian, has been exiled to Erzurum by decision of the Ankara Independence Court, while my companion Stepan is to be deported to Van. Please intervene so that, if possible, we can stay here. »

I added to my signature : "former employee of the Eski-Shehir – Konya railway line". I handed the note to the guard, and, offering him a cigarette, I asked him to pass it on to the vartabed. The soldier gladly accepted.

Half an hour later he returned, saying that the author of the note was to appear before the commandant.

When I arrived, I saw vartabed Ardavazt Sürméyan sitting next to the commander.

"Who wrote this letter?" he asked.

"It is I," I answered.

The vartabed asked the commandant the reason for our deportation.

"They have been condemned to exile by the Ankara Independence Court," the latter replied.

Thanks to the intercession of the vartabed, and under his guarantee, I obtained permission to move freely in Erzurum, on condition that I present myself every day at the police station to write my name there.

My companion Stepan could not be detained in Erzurum, and his deportation was carried out a few days later. As for Anastas, he fell ill and died.

Since the building where the vartabed resided had several unoccupied rooms, I moved in there as well.

The vartabed, being known to the governor from Constantinople, received money from the Patriarchate through him and enjoyed a certain freedom. So he opened an office to help needy Armenians and hired me as secretary.

Although the local population had been deported, other exiles as well as Armenian soldiers employed in the construction of roads lived in extreme poverty. Among them, I met many of Stanoze's compatriots, and I was fortunate enough to be able to help them. Unfortunately, for lack of shelter from the cold and sufficient food, many of them died.

Compatriots met in Erzurum:

Deceased

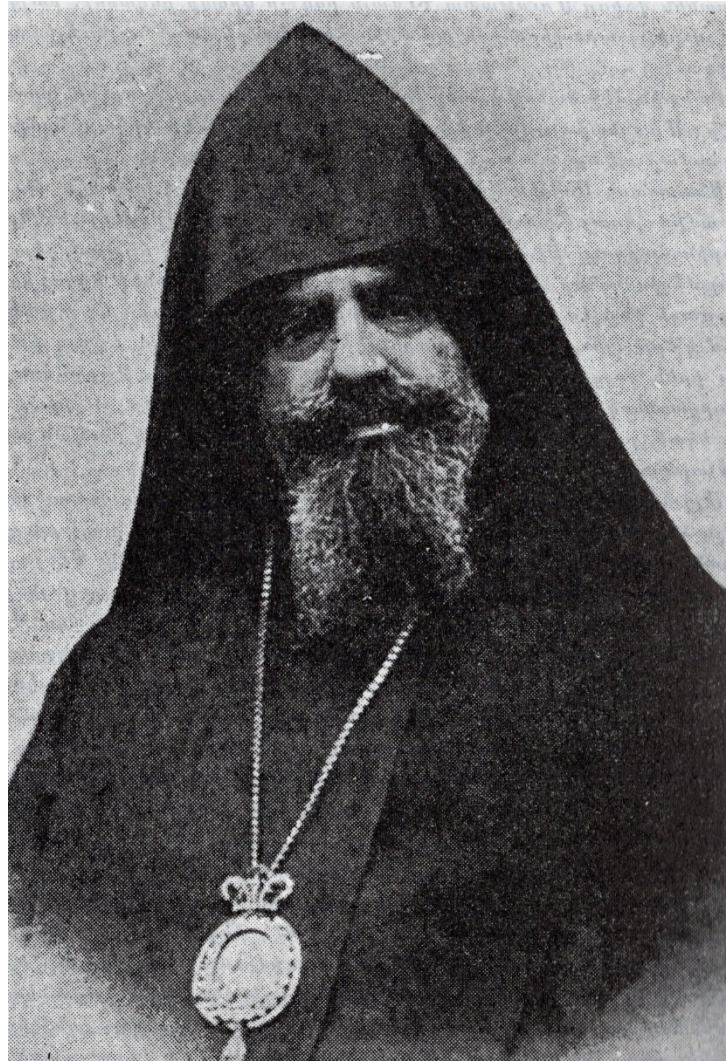
Misak Chirinian

Mardiros Terzian

Kevork Manouchian

Hovhannes Karakachian

Hagop Aghazarian



Archbishop Ardavazt Siurmeyan, deported to Erzurum from 1920 to 1922, who rendered great services to the Armenian and Greek soldiers of the region; died in Paris in 1951

Survivors

Misak Paradian

Iskender Arzouyan

Nichan Yazidjian

Dikran Effé

Klémès Ghasabents

Hovhannes Manoukian

Krikor Somounian

Haroutioun Sarafian

Kevork Mattéossian

Krikor Hadji Tanielian

Tavit Yandemian

Krikor Baghdadian

Klémès Toumayan

Garabed Manouchian

Hovhannes Daghljan

Hagop Ferhadian

Boghoss Balabanian

Klémès Gevorian

Takvor Andonian

Klémès Gordjiguan

In 1922, we had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of an Armenian-Persian doctor who had taken refuge from Kars in Erzurum. It was Dr. Karakachian, who, a few months later, had the joy of having a daughter. The baptism ceremony was celebrated by vartabed Ardavazt, and the godfather was the author of these lines. (Later still, I had the opportunity of seeing this doctor again under the following circumstances.)

Nearly 40 years had passed. Each survivor had found a safe haven in different parts of the world. In 1965, when I was visiting Istanbul, I learned from the newspapers that Dr. Karakachian, who lived in Tehran, had to pass through it before going to Romania. When I made inquiries, I understood that it was indeed our acquaintance, and after making an appointment by phone, I had the opportunity to meet him the next day. His joy was great when I presented myself as the godfather of his daughter.

After his return to Tehran, he sent me a photograph of my goddaughter and her children. At the same time, he invited me to visit Tehran, which I very much desired¹⁸.

Vartabed Ardavazt was a generous clergyman, devoting all the money he received to the needy. Many, thanks to his intervention, were able to enjoy the privilege of living freely in Erzurum and were deeply grateful to him. Survivors still remember his benevolence today. (After that When he had left Syria, where he was working as a catholicos' delegate, to settle in Paris, I often visited him and we evoked together the memories of the life of exile in Erzurum.)

Thus passed our days in Erzurum when one day an unexpected military order was communicated: the railway employees were to be released and to assemble quickly at Kayseri, for, the Greeks having been defeated and having retreated, personnel were needed to operate the railway lines in the recaptured regions. The vartabed **was** very glad of this, and in order that I might travel safely, obtained letters of introduction addressed to the chiefs of police of Dersim and Sivas, by means of which we were able to reach the appointed place.

My father's place of exile was not far from Kayseri, so I sent for him, and we moved in together with the Ali Moulazimzadé, where we worked as scribes, while waiting for the decision that Ankara had to make regarding my appointment.

The expected order never came; on the contrary, a decree was issued obliging all Armenians to leave Turkey if they wished to be free.

In order not to lose the freedom granted to us, we left Kayseri and, by the Adana route, embarked at the port of Mersin for Greece.

Exhausted by the sufferings of exile, my father, completely dejected and ill, died in Corfu. It was now necessary to find my mother and sister, who had been swept away in the confusion during the retreat of the Greeks.

¹⁸ The memorialist was able to fulfill this wish in 1968 by visiting Tehran (note to the original text).

After some time of searching, I learned that they had taken refuge in Plovdiv, Bulgaria, so I made the necessary arrangements to join them, and finally we went together to settle in Paris.

In 1925, I married and started a home, ending our wandering life.

Although I sometimes try to forget the past, the memories of those unhappy days have become an inseparable part of my life; but my soul is filled with consolation when I think that our new generation is spared from all this, under the protection of hospitable France.

Memoirs of Antréas Boyadjian

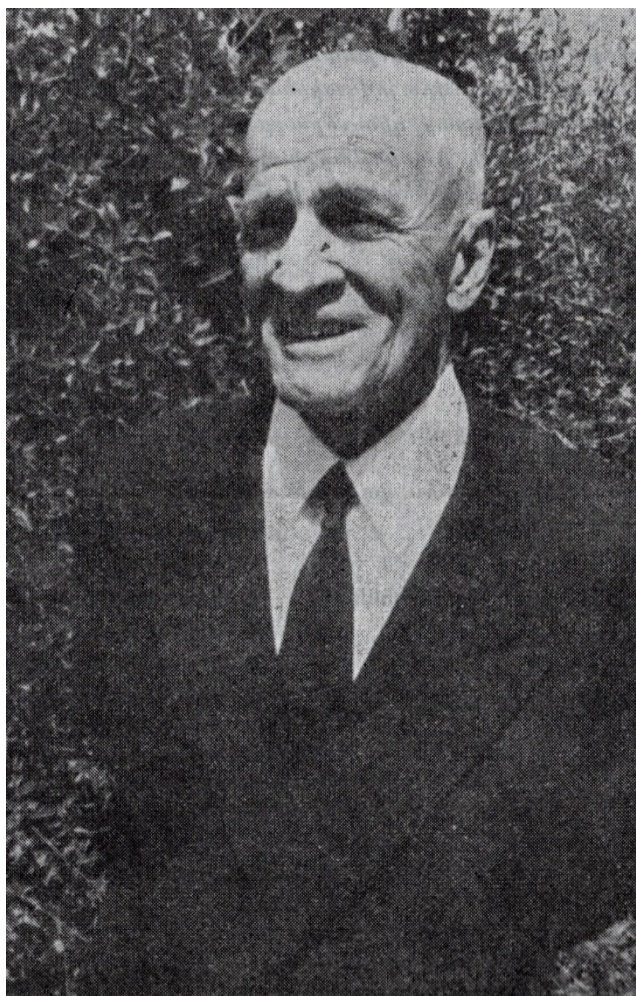
When the Constitution was proclaimed in Turkey in 1908, many rejoiced, hoping that there would be equality and no discrimination between Muslims and Christians. Unfortunately, we were disappointed to find that Armenian soldiers or officials, worthy of promotion by their faithful service, were totally neglected.

Seeing that the time of my conscription was approaching, I left Stanoze in 1912 with the intention of going abroad via Constantinople. In Constantinople, I met some enlisted compatriots who were undergoing special training as gendarmes. In 1911-1912, this group of trainees included the following Stanozians:

Melkon Daghljan	Stépan Paradian
Klemès Sahakian	Khoren Chamoyan
Hagop D zadourian	Stépan Dadourian
Krikor Haronian	Kevork Sinabian
Hrant Kiremitdjian	Hagop Gavdjian
Mardiros Terzian	Mardiros Daghljan
Roupèn Daghljan	Klémès Gavdjian

At the same time, there were also ordinary soldiers:

Klemès Sarafian	Krikor Khaylazents
Hovhannes Sarafian	Klémès Mattéossian
Hagop Sarafian	Levon Tenekedjients
Krikor Sarafian	Hayrabet Pennents
Zoran – Klemes Balabanian	Garabet Annayents
Hagop Gorgodents	Tavit Kabzimalents



Antréas Boyadjian, one of the zealous initiators of the publication of this work — France

I stayed a few years in Constantinople, but seeing my days of conscription approaching and not having found the help I hoped for from my compatriots, I decided to go to Bulgaria. My project succeeded, and I arrived at Burgas, where, thanks to a recommendation given by our compatriot from Constantinople, Hagop Tezekdjian, I was able to obtain employment.

There I met several compatriots taken prisoner during the Balkan War, some of whom later returned to Turkey:

Mardiros Berberian

Boghos Fatéyan

Hagop Yaneyan

Klemes Yanayan

Hayrabad Kemandjeyan

Garabad Donabedian

Hovhannes Mouchouian

Bedros Mouchouian

Garabad Mouchouian

Krikor Mattéossian

Kevork Ghazarossian

Hagop Bozkourtian

The son of Rupen Ichigdjian



Mrs. Hripsimé and Hovhannès Balabanian with their family; currently reside in Ankara.



Bedros Vahanian (died in Armenia) and his family

There were also compatriots in Philippe, Ruse, and Varna, with whom we corresponded.

Soon after, the First World War suddenly broke out. When Russia declared war, a group of Armenians left for the Caucasus to serve as volunteers in the Russian army. In the meantime, Bulgaria, having defined its position, declared war on Russia—which was the means of liberating the Balkan countries from the Ottoman yoke—as an ally of Germany, Austria-Hungary, and Turkey.

The Russian command sent us to the Turkish front. Winter was coming to an end, but the rivers were frozen, snow covered everything, and the cold was intense. We crossed the Araxes on foot on the ice and headed for Igdir, reaching the border the next day. The enemy had attacked Van, but, meeting with strong resistance, had decided, before retiring, to annihilate the Armenian population of Van, which defended itself heroically. Taking advantage of the retreat of the Turks, the Russians entered and occupied Van, but this occupation did not last long. The Turks attacked again, and the Armenians were forced to evacuate the city.



Krikor Silviyan with his family; K. Silviyan was a victim of the events of 1921

The retreat of the Russians had begun. Imagine 120,000 people fleeing Van, and as many coming from the regions of Erzurum and Bitlis, on the roads, often attacked by the enemy. Russian army units were supposed to ensure the safety of the roads while protecting the population from attacks.

Yerevan, Etchmiadzin, Kars and Alexandropol were filled with refugees. Those who had the means left for more distant Armenian villages, in the regions of Tiflis and Crimea.

We, the refugees from Stanoze, when we arrived in Tiflis, could not regroup, because an epidemic was raging and causing great devastation. Having been infected myself, I stayed in Stalingrad for two years to treat myself. When, because of the revolution in Russia, some people began to emigrate, I took refuge in Constantinople by boat. Taking advantage of this opportunity, driven by nostalgia for

the homeland, I visited Stanoze at the beginning of 1920. Although Constantinople was occupied by the Allied forces, they had not made any inward advances to disarm the Turkish population. As soon as I arrived in Stanoze, a feeling of insecurity worried me, and I tried to leave the place as quickly as possible, trying to convince my relatives to leave with me. Unfortunately, no one followed me, except Dikran Manissalian and Hagop Balabanian, because our people had taken up lucrative activities that they found difficult to give up.



Zobian family, Ankara

Thus I returned to Constantinople, while my family, after passing through various dangers, joined me three years later.

My wife was from the Yeghiayan family; her mother, Serpouhi, is now 90 years old. When in 1915 they were deported to the villages, Mrs. Serpouhi took with her her father, Darakdji Dédé, aged 108. Two years later, he died, and she, facing all dangers, carried his body to Stanoze to bury it with her ancestors.

Finally, having left Turkey, I went to France where, in the regions of Marseilles, Valence, Pont-de-Chéruy and Paris, I brought, according to my means, material aid to my compatriots refugees.



Hovsep Aslanian (deceased) and his family, from Pont-de-Chérury



Raphaël Aslanian surrounded by his sons, daughters-in-law and grandchildren



Baghdasar Ouzounian (deceased) and his family, Valence

Memoirs of Krikor Hadji Tanielian

I was born in Stanoze in 1901. At the age of 14, I began to take up sericulture, which was then quite prosperous. In recognition of my faithful work, my paternal uncle sent me, in the month of July, to our mill located near Haïmana, which was operated by Klémès Ghougassian, aged 17. The young Krikor Aslanian accompanied me. (At that time, all men between the ages of 20 and 45 had been mobilized, at the)except for those who paid the "bedel"¹⁹.)

Scarcely two weeks had elapsed when one day we saw a group of mounted gendarmes, pushing 20 or 30 men in front of them and moving towards us. When they approached, we recognized the millers of Stanoze in the region. The unfortunate people, running out of breath, covered with sweat and dust, had become almost unrecognizable. One of the gendarmes entered our mill and, for no reason, began to beat our miller with a stick, throwing him to the ground. Then he brought in the other millers and ordered the meal to be prepared.

¹⁹The bedel (from the Ottoman Turkish *bedel-i askeri*) was a military replacement tax in the Ottoman Empire allowing exemption from military service against payment.

We immediately set to work: we slaughtered some chickens and set the table. The gendarmes ate copiously, but the poor millers had no appetite, not even the strength to utter a word. We were all stunned and tried to understand why we were being subjected to such inhumane treatment.

As soon as they had finished eating, they stood up abruptly, taking our miller with them and integrating him into the group. The two teenagers begged them crying to take us too, but they refused. The notable of the neighboring village, having come to a secret agreement with the gendarmes, took us to his village. The next morning, harnessing his cart, he took us to the mill to carry our goods; but he returned disappointed, for the villagers had already, during the night, plundered everything that was of value and could be carried away. From then on, our life became that of slaves: in exchange for daily bread, the Turkish notable subjected us to hard work.

A week later, we saw that they were beginning to prepare for our circumcision, in order to Turkify us completely, thinking that the Armenian population of Stanoze had been exterminated.

While the Turks were arresting and imprisoning the Armenians of Haimana, the Stanozians were totally ignorant of the situation. It was then that Khoja Antreas and my cousin Garabed came to the mill. Taken by surprise, the Turks began to lavish false words of compassion. Understanding the gravity of the situation, my uncle took us with him and we quickly went to the mill of another Stanozian, where the Armenians were still totally unaware of the danger that threatened them.

When we arrived at Stanoze, we learned that the notables of the town had already been arrested and taken to Ankara. Shortly afterwards, in August, the entire population was deported to nearby villages (only the families of mobilized soldiers were exceptions).

The years passed. Although the war was over, the Kemalist movement having begun, I expected to be mobilized every day. One evening, as we were returning home from the Upper Quarter (*Veri Tagh*) with our Garabed, we were arrested and thrown into prison, where we spent a nightmarish night. Our compatriots Vartan Khachatdourian, Hagop Toumayan, Negdar Türkmenian and Annigie Baghladjian had been imprisoned on charges of possession of weapons, and the screams they uttered under torture that night reached us. What a fear we had, thinking that we would suffer the same fate!

The news of our arrest reached our relatives, and they managed to get us released the next day thanks to a bribe. Afterwards, I was called up for military service and sent to Erzurum. At the end of 1923, having completed my military service, I made the necessary arrangements and was able to leave for France with my family. Thus ended our ordeal, and we began a new life under the protection of hospitable France.



Boghos (Achough) Balabanian and his family

Excerpts from the memoirs of Stépan Türkménian

We lived in the village called Gedradz Kar (Gras Kar — Cut Stone), where about fifteen families from Stanoze had settled, living off agriculture and maintaining good neighbourly relations with the Turks of the surrounding villages.

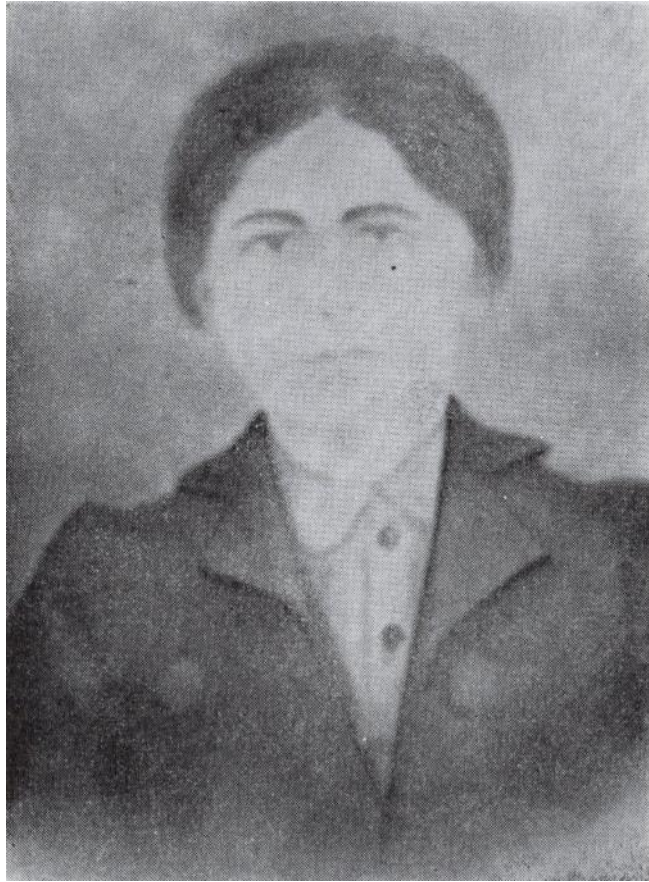
Gedradz Kar had a hall that served both as a church and as a school for the apostolic and evangelical communities. We did not have a regular pastor, but by the 1880s, Khachadour Simonian, who served as both a deacon and a teacher, had taken charge of the spiritual and educational life of the village and served everyone. The mixed choir of Gedradz Kar also owes its existence to his tireless efforts. In a word, he was for all of us the master Khatchadour.

In 1915, when the adult men of Stanoze were deported and massacred, the master Khachadour shared the dark fate of the majority.

At that time I was 13 years old and I often helped my father; I had learned from him how to harness horses and drive a cart, so that when we were deported I replaced him. I had five minor brothers and sisters whose subsistence had to be ensured.

Before the events of 1915, many Turkish villagers, when they went to Stanoze for trade, passed through our village and stayed with us. My mother, a brave and determined woman, spoke Turkish with them and knew many of them. The deportation having deprived each household of its support, we were in great material misery. Seeing this, some Turks whom we knew proposed to go to their villages to procure provisions, promising to help us, adding that, as our father had sold goods on

credit to several of them, we could recover a part of them in money and build up reserves for the winter.



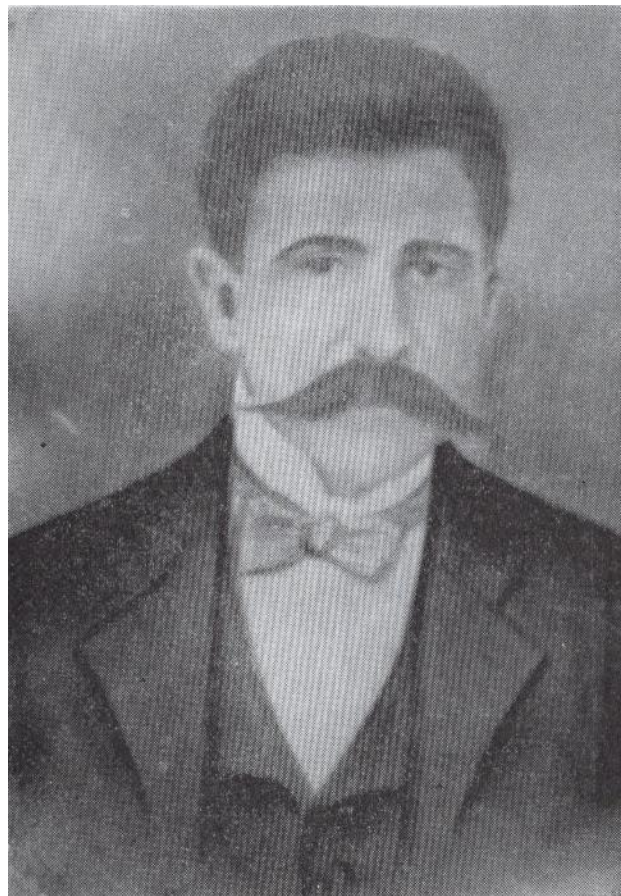
Hripsime Kehiayan, teacher and cantor of Gedradz Kar

When these proposals were repeated, we took courage and decided to try. My mother, our neighbor Sofia Dadourian, and I, also taking my two-year-old sister, left for the village called Becheneg. It must be said that we were well received there and that the debtors repaid part of their debts. After six days of hospitality, we loaded into our cart all that we could obtain and set off; our host accompanied us to the exit of the village.

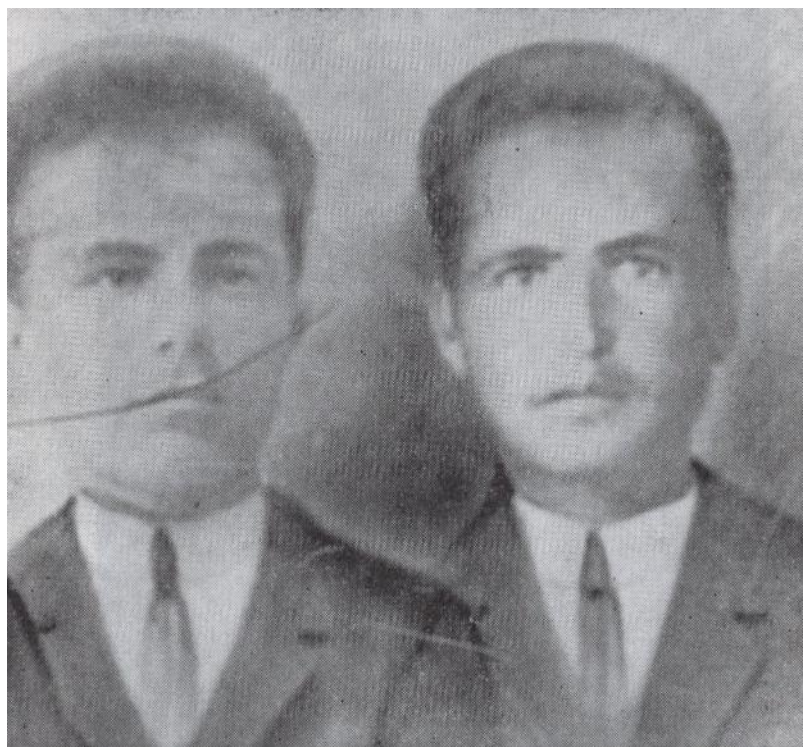
Scarcely had we gone a mile when a Turk, holding a stick in one hand and a knife in the other, stopped us and began to insult us, and then he threw himself at us with his knife. My mother, to protect us, rushed forward and received the first blow. I prepared to unharness the horse to run for help in a neighboring village, but the Turk pointed his pistol at me and threatened me. My mother, although wounded in the head, picked up a stone and threw it against the Turk's breast, who fell to the ground; but he quickly got up and threw himself on Sofia aunt, striking her head with his knife. The poor woman collapsed, covered in blood; for a moment we thought she was dead. The Turk, believing him too, threatened us not to say anything to anyone, and then went away. We knew him

well: he was a Turk from the neighboring village, mobilized, returned home on leave, and who was to return to the army the next day. With great difficulty we placed Sofia aunt, half dead, in the cart and continued on our way, arriving late at Stanoze.

The next morning, we went to the prefecture and told what had happened. My brother was mobilized, and the authorities felt obliged to defend my mother's cause; thus, on his return from Ayaş, the soldier who had attacked us was arrested and imprisoned. As Sofia, an aunt, was also the mother of a soldier, their case was brought before the military court together. The soldier was sentenced to three months in prison and died in custody.



Khachadur Varjabed Simonian, deacon of Gedradz Kar; served as a teacher of Armenian and as a substitute for the priest; martyred in 1915

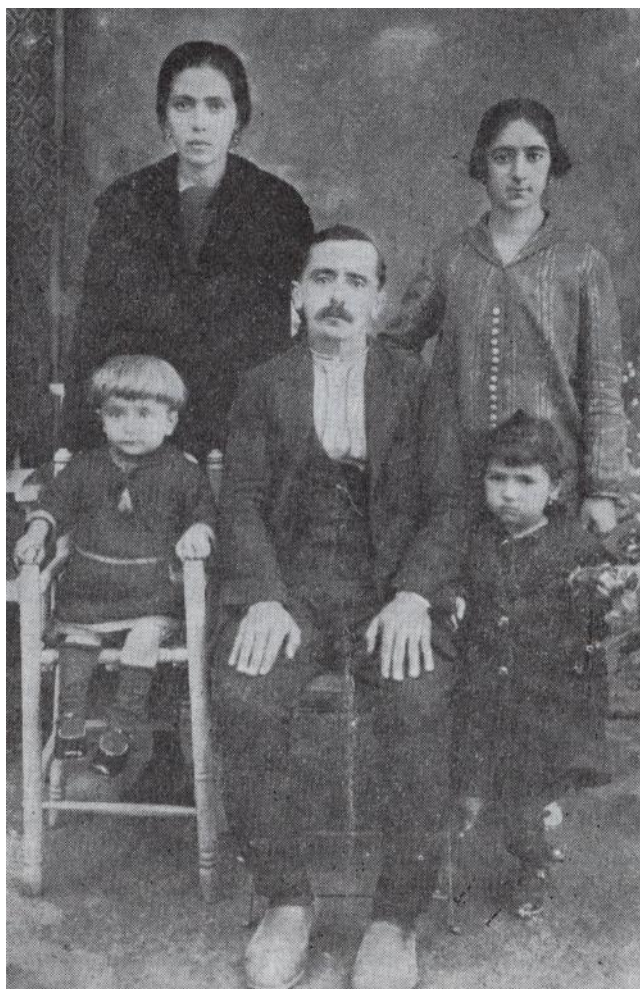


Right: Bedros Daronian, from Gedradz Kar, massacred.

Left: Hagop Dzadoourian, by Gedradz Kar, massacred



Stépan Simonian, among Gedradz Kar's victims



Hovhannes Kiremitdjian, the last resident of Gedradz Kar, greets visitors with yoghurt and tan

A second incident took place. It was the summer of 1921. My mother had just been released from her three-month detention in the spring of 1921; the Greek armies had reached Haimana and Stanoze was filled with Turkish soldiers. The event occurred one day when I had gone to Stanoze on business. On my return, Hops Kehiayan, greeting me at the entrance to the village, told me that four Turkish soldiers had come and threatened them, locking the women and men separately in rooms and demanding food and money. Leaving my horse behind, I approached discreetly and, seeing them from a distance, recognized their leader: it was the one who, during the day, while I was in Stanoze's grocery store, had come to have a piece of five gold pieces changed.

My mother, learning of my arrival, recommended me not to go into the house but to return to Stanoze to warn the military authorities of the danger that threatened the families. Of course, I did not dare to undertake such a journey alone at this late hour, so I took Hovhannes Davoudian with me, and galloping our horses to the table, we arrived there in half an hour. The night patrols stopped us and brought us before the centurion. We told him about the case and asked for help, adding that these

criminals belonged to his unit. I was then brought before the commander of a thousand men, who had established his quarters in the house of the Tethorents, and he began to question me. The commandant then sent us before the commandant-general, who was staying in the house of the Reverend Father Odian. This time the interrogation was more severe, and it was suspected that we had set a trap for their soldiers. But time passed and it was necessary to quickly help the Armenian families. We insisted that they were their own soldiers and that they wanted to rape the women locked up. At these words, the commander ordered a troop of twenty soldiers to go immediately to arrest these guilty soldiers.



Srpouhi Krikorian with his son Krikor and daughter Sophie; Mr. Krikorian gave important help to the Stanozians of Constantinople and Marseilles between 1923 and 1925

Meanwhile, in our village, my mother saved time by keeping the soldiers busy; she offered them different dishes to prepare and pretended to organize the preparations. The chief, seeing that ours seemed ready to satisfy their whims, asked my mother for twenty "börek," each of which was to be worth two and a half. My mother didn't realize that they were actually gold coins worth two and a half, but she promised that everything would be ready the next morning.

When we arrived at Gedradz Kar, the soldiers took our horses across the river; the centurion first ordered the village to be surrounded, and then, taking me by the arm, we advanced together. Soon after, he fired a shot to locate the position of the others. At the sound of the shot, the chief came out of our house with three soldiers and began to fire in our direction. I immediately pulled the centurion by the arm and advised him to take cover in a nearby pit, until the twenty soldiers who were advancing surrounded the house and arrested the malefactors.



David Kahvédjian, Constantinople

The operation was successful without loss of life: the four soldiers were captured and placed under close surveillance, while the prepared food was used to feed the relief group beautifully.

The chief, fearing the grave consequences of his conduct, begged myself, my mother, and the centurion in turn to forgive him and not to press charges, but he seemed not to understand that he had endangered our lives and honor. The centurion rebuked him for his conduct unbecoming a soldier. Then I prepared the cart and made all the soldiers pass back to the other side of the river, expressing to the centurion our deep gratitude. I also asked him to convey to the Commandant-General our sincere feelings, for he had delivered us from an extremely serious situation.

—Our compatriot Kevork Hadji Tanielian relates the following recollections concerning the event mentioned above:

In the summer of 1921, I had taken refuge in Gedradz Kar. One afternoon, three Turkish soldiers and a unit leader entered the village and demanded food, while forcing us to stay locked up.

At that time, not far from Gedradz Kar, a few fellow refugees lived in a small hut; among them was Hagop Mayassian, known for his acts of bravery.

The Turkish soldiers, believing themselves to be safe, had laid down their weapons and taken to drinking. I then intended to sneak in discreetly to warn our young refugees: perhaps they could take

advantage of a moment of inattention by the soldiers to grab their weapons and teach these unwelcome guests a good lesson. But the women present prevented me from doing so, fearing that my initiative would lead to unfortunate consequences.

At that time, Stepan Türkmenian, who had arrived from Stanoze to Gedradz Kar, learned of the serious danger of the situation and, following his mother's advice, returned to Stanoze to look for reinforcements. They arrived, arrested the chief and the accomplice soldiers, and thus the affair was brought to a peaceful conclusion.



Right: K. Kabzémalian, who entered the military school in the spring of 1915; His comrades of a lower class were victims of the genocide.

Left: Hemayag, son of Angora pharmacist Bedros Effendi

Memoirs of Hobbé Kelemdjian

In the early 1900s, when the Reverend Father Odian, after having built the church and the school building, considered moving away from Stanoze for a while, he chose five young girls (including me) and took us to the girls' high school in Talas in order to prepare us for the teaching profession. (My companions were: Srpouhi Zobian, Annigie Ferahian, Isghouhi Sarafian and Esther Odian.)

After finishing my studies and returning to Stanoze, we had neither a teacher nor a pastor. At that time, the missionaries present there took steps to make the situation favorable to the evangelicals. They sent two leaders from Gemerek: Reverend Parsegh Doniguian as pastor and Mihran Donabedian as teacher. By collaborating with them, I participated in the resumption of educational activity.

After Rev. Doniguian, Pastors Filian and Kirkiacharian served the evangelical community. Then they were succeeded by the former pastor of Stanoze, the Reverend Father Odian, who served his flock until the day when tragic events put an end to all plans and all progress, and exile and massacres became our lot.

When, in the summer of 1915, the men were deported and many families were dispersed in the surrounding Turkish villages, we who had remained in Stanoze were seized with fear and did not dare to go out. But one day, calling our neighbours in the vineyard, I said to them: "My sisters, how long will we remain locked up like this? Let's go together to the vineyards, harvest the ripe grapes and sell them in the nearby villages. My proposal was well received, and we set to work. The Stanozians settled in the villages gladly helped us, and we managed to sell the fruit and then return home.

If we wanted to hope for a harvest the following year, we had to dig the vines and prune the vines; but among us, no one knew how to do this work. In the spring, while we were in the vineyards, we met our neighbor Haroutioun Agha, who had returned on leave from the army to recover from an illness. I asked him to teach us how to tend the vines. Following his instructions, we began to cultivate our land, and it was by this hard work that we were able to maintain ourselves for a year or two.

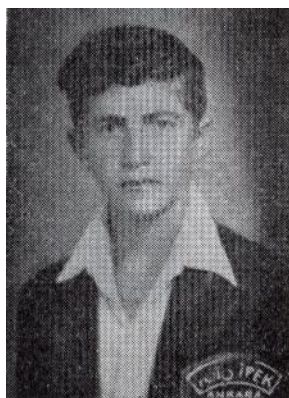
When the First World War ended, a few Armenian soldiers returned home and we hoped to finally live peacefully. We resumed educational activities, and I continued my work until the end of 1922. But when the Greco-Turkish war ended, we prepared to leave our home and abandon our dear Stanoze, where I had served the children of my people for more than twenty years as an educator. With my sister Manane and my daughter Epraksé, we joined the compatriots who were emigrating and left for Istanbul. There we met up with my other sister's children and emigrated together to France in 1924. I settled in Marseilles, where I served my compatriots for years. Today, retired (at the age of 85), I live with my son-in-law, my daughter and my five grandchildren, enjoying their affection and tenderness, as well as the joy that my three great-grandchildren give me.



Narin Doudou with her children



Arisdaguès Djerekian, martyred in 1915



Zadig Kiremitdjian, who saved Gedradz Kar's locomotive from an accident



Klémès Balabanian, graduated from the Djénanian College in Konya in 1913; teacher at the Armenian Evangelical School of Stanoze in 1913-1914



Grandmother Sofia (Balabanian) Bédéchian, her son Krikor, her daughter-in-law Elisabeth, her daughter Dirouhi (Duriougue) Bédéchian and their children



Seated: Mrs. widow Mouchkiné Odian, deceased in France.
 Standing, from left to right: Takouhintsa Balabanian, Haroutioun Odian, Aghavni Odian (deceased), Philomène Odian (deceased).

Mardiros Kassabian

(1917–1966)

Born in Stanoze in 1917, son of Hadji Hovhannes Kassabian. In 1929, he left for Constantinople, where, after attending school for a few years, he then went to France. There he married Miss Anahid Avakian, a graduate of the Hripsimants school in Orta Köy (Constantinople).

Deeply attached to the Armenian language and writing, husband and wife began to teach them to the young Armenian students of Pont-de-Chérury.

Mardiros Kassabian died in 1966 in Pont-de-Chérury; but Mrs. Kassabian continues to teach the Armenian language to this day.



Mardiros Kassabian, born in 1917, died in 1966 in Pont-de-Chérury

We give below two poems by M. Kassabian —

A drop of tear

(Literal translation)

A drop of tear on your grave, our grandfathers,
One more drop of tears on your grave, our mothers.
Exiled, tormented on foreign shores,
Dreamers of the sweet freedom of the fatherland,
Your will is engraved in the depths of our hearts.
We shall forever revive the noble ideal of the Armenian.
From our gaping wounds the blood gushed,

The tears of our eyes have become streams,
On the troubled waters they have become toys,
From our souls sparkles of vengeance have sprung.
A drop of tear on your grave, our grandfathers,
A drop of tears on your grave, our mothers.

A drop of tear

(Poetic translation)

A tear for your graves, O our forefathers,
One more tear for you, O beloved mothers.
Exiles, wandering on foreign shores,
We still dream of the free fatherland,
And your legacy lives engraved in our hearts.
We will forever carry the Armenian ideal.
From our open wounds the blood gushed,
Our tears flowed like streams,
On the troubled waters, carried away without rest,
And in our souls flames of vengeance have sprung up.
A tear for your graves, O our forefathers,
One more tear for you, O beloved mothers.

[Note on translation—The following poem presents particular difficulties because of the use of many terms from the Stanozian dialect, including traditional dishes, ingredients, and food practices. Some of these words have no exact equivalent in English or remain difficult to identify with certainty. In these cases, I have either proposed an approximate interpretation based on the context or kept the original term in italics in order to preserve the local colour of the text. Ch.B.]



From left to right: Nichan Boyadjian, Mrs. Boyadjian, Sahag Boyadjian, Mrs. Aghavni
Boyadjian and their children

The wooden spoon

Do you know, dear compatriots — I do not forget:
The wooden spoon dipped in *tan*²⁰,
The *gorgod*²¹ mixed with a little onion,
The *tchaman*²² with herbs,
And the taste of *bourmad*²³ that still haunts me.
Even these meats as white as snow,
I lick my fingers while murmuring: "Ah!"
To the ancients came the steaming dishes,

²⁰ Tan (թան) : Traditional milk drink made from diluted yoghurt, similar to kefir or ayran, eaten fresh.

²¹ Gorgod (կորկոտ) : cracked or pounded wheat ("beaten" wheat), used in many traditional preparations.

²² Tchaman (չաման) : A paste or condiment made from fenugreek, often used to season or preserve certain preparations (especially dried meat).

²³ Bourmad (պոլպոստ) : a variety of fish, probably local, difficult to identify precisely today.



Seated, from left to right: Mrs. Sara (Kasparian) Sarafian and her husband Hovhannes Sarafian.

Standing: Khoren Sarafian, Klemès Sarafian

The warm chicken of spring days,
Golden squash in the oven,
And the smell of chickpeas... How can we forget it?
With joy came the feasts,
Garlic yoghurt, the *Christmas pasha*,
And the lean dishes of Lent.
I would give my soul for *the khoshmerim* of honey,
For the fragrant grilled fish,
For shared meat dishes,
And those flavors of yesteryear...
In the days of the Carnival, no one remained without tasting,
Ah, those happy days — too quickly erased...
Some have forgotten what I keep,

Others still sigh for it,
Dreaming of a single piece of *bourmad*.
The fruits — quinces, apricots — had their sweetness,
And the people wore wool, not cotton.
In 1919, I left my land,
And since then I have been flying wingless in foreign lands,
Searching for a simple clay bowl —
But I never find an equal to it.
And yet, deep inside me,
Stay forever
The wooden spoon dipped in *tan*,
And the *gorgod* mixed with a little onion.



From left to right: Mrs. Mariam Keosséyan (Doursounian), niece of Zeki Effendi, Haroutioun Keosséyan, Adèle Keosséyan (Mrs. Kégham Boyadjian), Kevork Keosséyan, Christine Keosséyan, Lousine (Matéossian) Keosséyan, Hovhannès Keosséyan (died in 1945).

* * *

In recognition of the work we have undertaken, we have received the following letters of encouragement from some of our compatriots:

Dear compatriots,

Scarcely had I returned from my trip to Armenia when I received your letter in which you announce that you have undertaken the preparation of a collection of memoirs in order to keep alive the memory of our dear native city, Stanoze. When I read your message, I let myself be carried away for a moment; my imagination took flight towards the past, towards my adolescence, until that year when we were deported in a group to Çorum-Isguelib, after which, alas, I never saw Stanoze again, whose natural beauties awaken in me sweet memories.

I remember these verses learned in our readings, which accurately describe our church of the Holy Saviour:

On the hill stands the chapel,

Silent, she looks out over the valley.

Similarly, these verses describing the renewal of nature:

This is the month of May, the month of perfumes, the month of songs,

Where the trees become lyres and the stones green.

It looks like the authors were inspired by the landscape of Stanoze when writing these lines.

I remember the spring revival of Stanoze, when the scents and colours of the flowers of the nearby gardens spread all around, and the green hills were adorned with multicoloured flowers, attracting us young people. When our masters took us for walks in the orchards and gardens, we amused ourselves by organizing games in the fields, and in the evening we returned home, with satisfied hearts, with bouquets of fragrant flowers.

Are our Tek Hisar and Tchifté Sar mountains less interesting than other mountains and historical sites that mountaineers visit or climb?

When, this year, I visited Armenia, I noticed, through the similarities between many of the words used there and in Stanoze, that we must have once migrated to Stanoze from a region of Armenia.

I wish you every success in your endeavour and I hope that the collection of memoirs will be published soon.

With my warm greetings,

Kevork Aslanian

November 30, 1967

Sofia, Bulgaria

* * *

Dear compatriots,

I read with joy your incomparable letter which you sent me from the hospitable and distant banks of the Seine. I hasten to answer it, deeply moved.

What a great joy it is for me to see that you are undertaking the publication of a collection of memoirs in order to keep alive the memory of our homeland.

According to my schedule, I recently visited Istanbul, Ankara, Stanoze, Iskenderun, Kessab, Tartus, Tripoli, Beirut, Baalbek, etc.

Our compatriots living in Ankara, as well as the Stanozians in Istanbul, are all active, and are not in need. Many of them have achieved good positions in the trading world. For example, Baghladjî Néné's grandson, Dikran, owned a "macaroni" factory; my maternal aunt's son, Hagop Paradian, runs a business with his partner Bedros Simonian. My maternal uncle Yervant Ichkhanian is the head of the casino at the Ankara railway station, and his son Khode is studying in the geometry department of the American College.

Krikor and Dikran Margossian, the Matosyans, the Sarafians, the Kasabians, the Gholdjeyans, the sons of Haji Nichanents and the Karakachians also occupy good positions.

In Stanoze, I met the son of Haroutioun Baroumchaents and Bedros, sons of Kel Stépanents, who are soon to be transferred to the new locality under construction called Yeni Kent. Stanoze has become a place of death: a heap of ruins, swallowed up by mountains and valleys, by steep slopes and cliffs. From a distance, you can hear the mournful cry of owls and the howl of jackals.

What a contrast! Where is the Stanoze of our youth? I also visited the cemetery, now transformed into fields, almost unrecognizable.

Ankara, although newly built, no longer has its charm of the past.

While visiting Stanoze, the golden tale of my native land, alas, was definitively buried under the dust of the ruins of the city built by our ancestors.

With deep nostalgia, your compatriot,

Kevork Kabzemalian

November 27, 1967

Sofia, Bulgaria

* * *

We have received similar letters of appreciation and encouragement from the following compatriots:

From Canada — Krikor Kabzimalian

From Armenia — Dr. Hagop Karageuzian

From Canada (Toronto) — Guiragos Sarafian

From Canada (Montreal) — Dr. Stépan Hannesian

From the United States (Los Angeles) — Mikaël Kalaydjian

From the United States (Pasadena) — Vahé Doursounian



Seated, from left to right: Krikor Kabzimalian (the grandfather), Krikor Kabzimalian (his grandson), Sara Doudou (the grandmother), (in the arms) Yervant, Guiragos, father of the family, Hadji Nichan, son of Guiragos.

Standing, from left to right: Sophie Balabanian (Kalaïdjian), Vahram Balabanian, Hopsi Balabanian, Isgouhi Kabzimalian, wife of Guiragos.

* * *

Mikaël Kalaydjian, in a letter sent from Los Angeles, gave us important information about the Kabzimalian family:

Krikor Kabzimalian, patriarch of the family, was a well-known and well-to-do trader of wheat and *tiftik* (angora wool). He was respected by both Turkish society and the Armenian community.

Krikor Kabzimalian, the third grandson, son of Guiragos Kabzimalian, married in Bulgaria, had two sons and emigrated to Armenia in 1944.

Sara Doudou, the family's provident hostess, survived the massacres of 1915 and, in 1922, managed to take refuge in Bulgaria with the remains of her family. She died there in 1928.

Yervant Kabzimalian died in hospital at the age of just twenty years.

Giragos Kabzimalian, Krikor's son, assisted his father in his business activities. He married Isghouhi and was one of the victims of the massacres of 1915.

Hadji Nichan, second son of Guiragos, was an intelligent youth; he was martyred in 1915 at the age of thirteen or fourteen.

Sofi Balabanian, married to Mikaël Kalaydjian, had two daughters; they are based in Los Angeles.

Vahram Balabanian, still a teenager, was imprisoned in Ankara with his maternal uncle.

Hopsi Balabanian, wife of Klemes Balabanian, was an exemplary mother. She died in 1944.

Isghouhi Kabzimalian, wife of Guiragos, fell ill and, after long suffering, died far from her children.

STANOZE AND SIVRIHISAR



Sivri-Hissar

Both cities were under the ecclesiastical jurisdiction of the diocese of Ancyra (Ankara), and for a long time there had been close commercial and family ties between them. Between these two centers were the trading cities of Haïmana and Polatlı, which served as meeting places for exchanges between the inhabitants of Stanoze and those of Sivrihisar.

In Sivrihisar several families from Stanoze had settled, as well as families of civil servants sent to the region, including that of Garabed effendi Sarafian.

Stanoze also lived a few families from Sivrihisar, such as the Donabedian, Avedikian and Kouyumdjian, as well as the infamous Boghos Téditchian, known by the nickname "Kel Hekim" (the bald doctor), who had taken refuge there to escape justice.

Thanks to the kind permission of the editors of the History of Sivrihisar, we have extracted from it the account of the Great Massacre (Medz Yeghern), as well as reproductions or copies of documents relating to it (published in French and English). We have also drawn from it some information concerning the dioceses of Galatia, as well as an excerpt from the memoirs of the priest Der Hovhannes Kizirian.

Der Hovhannes mentions having read a memorial of Sivrihisar written in 1432 (a work that was unfortunately destroyed in the fire of 1877). It emerged that the city had already been conquered by the Ottomans and known by its current Turkish name.

The diocese of Galatia also preserves a list of ecclesiastics who had served in the region since 1441, compiled by Archbishop Hovsep Stepanian with the help of the scribes Hovhannes and Abraham. It thus appears that before the conquest of Constantinople by the Ottomans, there were already ecclesiastical jurisdictions in various regions of Anatolia, including Ancyra, where an archbishop administered the dioceses.

There are also Gospels on parchment, one of which, written in 1275 at Mamistra, was at Sivrihisar, and another, dated 1290, at Stanoze. Both date back to the time of the Armenian Kingdom of Cilicia and were probably brought by migrant Armenians.

Der Hovhannes Kizirian (Der Hovhannessian), born in 1863 in Sivrihisar, served as a teacher, priest and diocesan vicar in Ancyra, Sivrihisar, Eskişehir, Konya-Ereğli and Karaman. He died during the second deportation, in 1921, to Konya-Ereğli.

During the reign of Sultan Abdul Hamid, mass arrests took place in Constantinople, under the pretext of political activities. Among the detainees were fourteen residents of Sivrihisar, who were subjected to inhumane interrogation and torture. The prisons were filled with Armenian notables from various cities. As diocesan vicar of the city, he was actively involved in their release: he solicited the Patriarch of Constantinople, lawyers and officials, took the necessary measures, collected funds from the faithful of the dioceses and provided material aid to the prisoners.



The Hovhannès, prêtre Kizirian (The Hovhannessian).



H. Sarafian, photographié en 1908 à Sivri-Hissar



Kevork Paradian et H. Sarafian, Paris, 1937



H. Sarafian and his friend, Paris



Young Stanozian girls in Pont-de-Chérui, in 1926

COMPATRIOTS WHO DISTINGUISH THEMSELVES IN FRANCE BY THEIR MERIT

Pont-de-Chéruy and its surroundings

Chemists

Tatéos Minasian

Kevork Meguerian

Kevork Minasian

Bedros Felekian

Boghos Matéossian

Assistant Architects

Klémès Simonian (specialist in electronic computers)

Hagop Bidjirian

Office Workers / Secretaries

Sahag Aharonian

Takouhi Türkménian

Garbis Stépanian

Janette Bidjirian

Maggie Terzian

Noémie Kasparian

Draftsmen / Designers

Vartan Chidemian

Krikor Kasparian

Essayi Alékian

Minas Minasian

Accountants

Haroutioun Melikian

Marguerite Tchidémian

Rosette Balabanian

Elise Simonian

Teachers

Alice Matéossian

Annigüe Hadji Stépanian

Hripsime Yeremian

Edna Terzian

Foremen / Supervisors

Hovhannes Kassabian

Garabed Chidemian

Hagop Türkmenian



Rosy Armen (Mlle Hovhannessian), a famous singer from a Stanozian family, on the stage of the "Olympia" in Paris



Miss Mari G. Der Toumayan, a talented interpreter of sacred songs, trained in Paris with the famous pedagogue Marguerite Babayan; from a Stanozian family



Rosy Armen, daughter of Nourani Alozian, of Stanozian origin on her mother's side, a renowned singer

Other personalities

Dr. Mihran Kirémidjian — Ankara

Dr. Kevork Torossian — Germany

Dr. Hagop Karageuzian — Canada

Dr. Garabed Bethlehemian — Buenos Aires

Sculptor Hagop Yandemian — Buenos Aires

Dentist Kegham Boyadjian — Paris

Dentist Roupèn Darakdjian — Paris

Student Patrice Darakdjian — Paris

Student Kevork Darakdjian — Paris

Student Maurice Simonian — Pont-de-Chéruy



Dr. Hagop Karageuzian, originally from Stanoze, assistant physician at the hospital L.C.H. of Montreal, Canada.



Mari Sarafian, originally from Stanoze, Toronto, Canada

EDUCATION AMONG THE INHABITANTS OF STANOZE

(information collected by Ms. Alice Odian Kasparian)

The love of education and culture was so deeply rooted in the hearts of the people of Stanoze that, as soon as the first institutions of higher education for young girls were opened, they were among the first to take the initiative to send their daughters there, despite the dangers, to remote areas to receive an education.

One of the oldest students of the Adapazarı Armenian Girls Higher High School was Miss Mannig Hampartsoumian, a native of faraway Stanoze, who graduated in 1888. The second young girl from Stanoze to graduate from the same institution was Miss Vartouhi Manissalian in 1894. The third graduate was Miss Makrouhi Zobian in 1898, followed by Miss Esther Odian in 1899.

Essam (Lucie) Odian and Gadarineé Balabanian also graduated from the same institution in 1914. Alice Odian and Marie Balabanian were still students there when, in 1915, the Turks seized the school buildings.

Among the first female graduates of Talas American Girls' College were Srpouhi H. Odian and Mariam Odian. Victoria Odian, a graduate of the American School for Young Girls in Brousse, taught in Stanoze.



Statue symbolizing the mother, sculpted by compatriot Hagop Yandemian, awarded in Buenos Aires; Photographed during its installation in a public square on the occasion of Mother's Day

The national schools in Stanoze, as well as those of the Armenian Protestant community, were striving by all means to provide a high-quality education to the new generation.



Miss Nazénigue Sinabian, a native of Stanoze (now Mrs. Adjémian),
Buenos Aires, South America.



Graduates of the Aramian School in Caesarea (1908-1909); in the centre,
the director Arsèn Sarafian (originally from Stanoze), P. Balian (in black),
Miss Heranouch (teacher); most of them were massacred.



Son of Arsen Sarafian, former director of this school: Mr. and Mrs.
Haroutioun Sarafian, Philadelphia, United States.

NOTES

STUDENTS OF MERZIFON MIDDLE SCHOOL (MARZEVAN)

Dikran Armaghanian (graduate of the American College of Izmir)	Hovhannes Balabanian
Rupen Kahvedjian	Hovhannes Bédéchian
Krikor Gogorian	Arisdagès Der Matéossian
Sahag Haronian	David Odian
Kevork Balabanian	Haroutioun Odian
	Hayrabad Odian

STUDENTS OF THE DJENANIAN COLLEGE IN KONYA

Hetoum Mesnétian	David Odian
Garabed (Krikor) Odian	Hagop Balabanian
Khodé (Oda) Odian	Klemes Balabanian
Mardiros Odian	Klémès Sarafian (Bodjo)
Misak Odian	Klemès Sarafian
Hovhannes Odian	Kevork Kabzimalian

YOUNG GIRLS FROM STANOZE WHO ATTENDED THE AMERICAN COLLEGE OF TALAS

Srpouhi Odian — graduated in 1885

Esther Misirlian — graduated in 1885

Mariam Odian — graduated in 1900

GRADUATES OF THE ARMENIAN GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL IN ADAPAZARI

Mannig Hampartsoumian — 1888

Vartouhi Manissalian — 1894

Makrouhi Zobian — 1898

Esther Odian — 1899

Essam (Lucie) Odian — 1914

Gadariné Balabanian — 1914

Victoria Odian — graduated from the American School of Bush in 1913

REVEREND WHO SERVED AT STANOZE

(Missionaries from 1854 to 1862 and after)

Rev. Pechtimaldjian

Rev. H. Odian

Rev. Doniguan

Rev. K. Kirkiacharian

Rev. Vartanian

Rev. H. Odian — martyred in 1915

Rev. Filian

PRIESTS

Der Hagop Paradian

Der Khorèn Daghlilian

Der Matéos

Der Abraham Sinabian

PERSONS WHO HAVE STUDIED AT HIGHER EDUCATION INSTITUTIONS

Rev. Hayrabed Odian — Merzifon College and Edinburgh Theological Faculty

Rev. Harutyun Armaghanian — Merzifon Theological Seminary

Kevork Balabanian — Merzifon College and University of Glasgow

David H. Odian — Merzifon Middle School

Arisdagès Der Matéossian — Merzifon College

Krikor Krikorian (Gogorents) — Merzifon Middle School

Roupèn Kahvedjian — Merzifon College
Hovhannes Odian — Merzifon College
Hovhannes Mateossian — Merzifon College
Sahag Haronian — Merzifon Middle School
Krikor Bédéchian — Merzifon Middle School
Matéos K. Ferahian — Jerusalem Seminary and American University

YOUNG PEOPLE FROM DJENANIAN COLLEGE (GRADUATES OR NOT)

Garabed K. Odian	Kevork M. Paradian
Hetoum Mesnétian	David Kahvédjian
Oda (Khodé) G. Odian	Khoren Avakian
Mardiros G. Odian	Garabed Avakian
Misak G. Odian	Kevork Avakian
Hagop H. Balabanian	Arsène Daghlilian
Klémès G. Balabanian	Hagop Bahadourian
Klemès B. Sarafian	Onnig Sourenian
David K. Odian	Krikor Hadji Tanielian
Garabed Varjabedian	Tatéos Avakian
Hovhannes Sarafian	Rupen Avakian
Vahram Balabanian	Arsène Adjemian
Klémès Dj. Sarafian	Kaloust Bethlehemian
Kevork Kabzimalian	Klémès Der Toumayan
Guiragos Kabzimalian	Hovhannes Sarafian
Garabed Ghazarosian	Hovhannes Kahvedjian
Garabed Margossian	Krikor Balabanian
Garabed Yeghiayan	Rupen Kahvedjian
Karekin Sinabian	Hagop Djerekian
Onnig Sinabian	

Dikran Armaghanian — Graduated from the American College of Izmir
Misak Odian — Harvard University Medical Graduate
Garabed Odian — attended Boston University

DEPORTED TO GERMANY

Hagop Sarafian

Klemès Ohanian

Meguerditch Zariguan

Hovhannes Hadji Hagopian

Nouridjan Megerian

Hagop Bédéchian

Krikor Daghljan

Kevork Sinabian

Matéos Matéossian

Hovhannes Chakerian

Garabed Donerian

Garabed Kahvedjian

Garabed Simonian

Gabriel Balabanian

Gabriel Paradian

Garabed Terzian

Haroutioun Odian

DEAD AT THE FRONT

Hovhannes Hadjadian

VICTIMS OF THE BOMBINGS

Ms. Maritza (Kisayan) Chekmeyan

Dikran (Kisayan) Chekmeyan

Ms. Nourani (Kisayan) Chekmeyan

Miss Marie Rose (Kisayan) Chekmeyan

Child — Janine (Kisayan) Chekmeyan

Gheva Varjabedian

Gabriel Balabanian

DEATHS BY WORKPLACE ACCIDENT

Nichan Mayassian

Hovhannes Chakerian

DEATHS IN THE COLLAPSE OF HOUSES IN CLAMART

Hovhannes K. Tchakerian

Mrs. Hovhannes Tchakerian

DECORATED

Hovhannes Mouradian (invalid) — saved 45 people from death; decorated with the Military Cross, the Croix de Guerre and the Legion of Honor.

Hovhannes Hadjatian (died at the beginning of the 1939 war) — posthumously decorated with the Military Cross and the Croix de Guerre.

Boghos Haronian — decorated with war and Resistance distinctions; Veteran.

Kaloust Balabanian — awarded an award for shooting down an aircraft.

Garabed Terzian — having participated in the battles of Dunkirk and Belgium, decorated with the corresponding distinctions (Veteran).



Hovhannes Mouradian, invalid, decorated with the medals of the 1939 war

STANOZIAN LIVING IN FRANCE WITH THEIR FAMILIES

(Paris)

Hagop Aleksanian

Krikor Aslanian

Kevork Avakian

Hovhannès Karageuzian

Garabed Karageuzian

David Kassabian

Nazar Kassabian

Meguerditch Zariguian

Garabed Ekizian

Torkom Türkmenian

Klemès Toumayan

Kevork Toumayan

Hagop Ichkhanian

Khatchig Khatchadourian

Klemès Gevorian

Garabed Guévorian

Garabed Hadji Haronian

Hovhannes Hadji Haronian

Krikor Hadji Tanielian

Sarkis Hadji Tanielian

Kevork Hadji Tanielian

Garabed Hadji Tanielian

Hovhannes Hadji Tanielian

Klemès Ghazarosian

Garabed Ghazarosian

Hagop Djerekian

Hovhannès Meylemdjian

Hagop Moughalian

Mesrop Momdjian

Kevork Matéossian

Harutyun Mateossian
 Haroutioun Mouradian
 Klémès Mouradian
 Takouch Mutaïan
 Guiragos Moutafian
 Hagop Meylemdjian
 Krikor Baghdadian
 Hovhannes Bédéchian
 Hagop Balabanian
 Guiragos Boyadjian
 Garabed Boyadjian
 Kegham Boyadjian
 Antréas Boyadjian
 Hovhannes Simonian
 Sahag Sahakian
 Stépan Sourénian
 Kevork Sinabian
 Hovhannes Sarafian
 Garabed Sarafian
 Haroutioun Sarafian
 Essam Daghlïan

Hovhannes Daghlïan
 Klemès Daghlïan
 Krikor Daghlïan
 Krikor Daghlïan
 Hagop Daghlïan
 Hovhannes Darakdjian
 Garbis Darakdjian
 Kevork Dadourian
 Klémès Diratsouyan
 Hagop Der Toumayan
 Krikor Der Krikorian
 Misak Paradian
 Gabriel Paradian
 Vahé Paradian
 Hovhannes Paradian
 Krikor Paradian
 G. Misak Paradian
 Garabed Keossey
 Harutyun Keosseyan
 Haroutioun Odian

STANOZIAN RESIDING IN FRANCE WHO DIED ON THE BATTLEFIELD OR OTHERWISE

In Clamart, during the collapse of houses — Krikor Tchakerian and his wife, in 1939.

At Pont-de-Chérüy — died on the battlefield: Hovhannès Hadjatian, in 1939.

In Valence — victims of the 1944 bombing: Chekmeyan Dikran, his mother, his sister, his wife and their two-year-old daughter. As well as: Gabriel Balabanian, Ghéva Varjabedian, Nichan Mayassian.

In Pont-de-Chérüy

Philor Alozian
 Klemes Aslanian
 Hovhannes Aharonian

Azadouhi Alekian
 Klemès Kasparian
 Hagop Kasparian

Nichan Kessian
Anahid Kassabian
Klémès Kassabian
Garabed Kassabian
Srpouhi Yalnizian
Ardaches Yaghiayan
Boghos Zadourian
Hovhannes Zatdourian
Stépan Türkménian
Nerses Türkmenian
Antranig Türkménian
Hagop Türkmenian
Kévork Türkménian
Haïgouhi Khatchadourian
Aris Khatchadourian
Vartan Khachatadorian
Mari Haronian
Hripsime Hadjatian
Hagop Hadji Stépanian
Setrag Hadji Stépanian
Hripsime Ghazarosian
Anton Ghazarosian
Matéos Matéossian
Hovhannes Mateossian
Yervant Minasian
Gülenia Minasian
Hovhannes Manoukian
Manoug Manoukian

In Lyon

Essayi Alekian
Krikor Aharonian
Krikor Aslanian
Krikor Kassabian

Klemès Manoukian
Abraham Manoukian
Sofi Meguerian
Hagop Meguerian
Philor Meguerian
Sara Momdjian
Melkon Nahabedian
Krikor Nahabedian
Zora Nahabedian
Klemès Nahabedian
Philor Nahabedian
Annigüe Tchobanian
Hagop Tchakerian
Kevork Tchakerian
Rupen Chakerian
Hagop Tchidemian
Mari Tchidémian
Garabed Chidemian
Vartan Chidemian
Haroutioun Berberian
Haroutioun Sarafian
David Sarafian
Garabed Simonian
Klemes Simonian
Hagop Davoudian
Garabed Ferahian
Garpis Fériadian

Bedros Khatchadourian
Hagop Melikian
Haroutioun Mehlemdjian
Kévork Mehlemdjian

Minas Minasian
Bedros Meguerian
Hagop Nahabedian
Garpis Nahabedian
Hovhannes Sarafian

Yervant Séyissian
Hovhannes Daghlilian
Garabed Paradian
Gabriel Paradian

In Marseille

Krikor Atamian
Sofi Atamian
Melkon Alekian
Gabriel Alekian
Hripsime Alekian
Kevork Kasparian
Klemès Kasparian
Müchkinée Karaboghossian
Kevork Karaboghossian
Krikor Karaboghossian
Mardiros Kahvédjian
Melinée Kahvédjian
Baghdassar Kahvedjian
Gülenia Kahvédjian
Archalouys Kahvédjian
Isghouhi Kabzimalian
Kevork Khachatadourian
Hripsime Helvadjan
Takouhi Helvadjan
Hagop Hadji Tanielian

Kévork Hadji Tanielian
Gabriel Hadji Tanielian
Garabed Mehlemdjian
Haroutioun Mehlemdjian
Mari Mehlemdjian
Bedros Boyadjian
Sara Boyadjian
Mari Baghdassarian
Srpouhi Siyissian
Mari Vahanian
Nourani Vahanian
Takouhi Donbayan
Armaviné Donbayan
Mari Darakdjian
Elisabeth Daghlilian
Anouch Daghlilian
Varvar Daghlilian
Sara Davoudian
Hripsime Kilimdjian

In La Tour-du-Pin – Grenoble

Khoren Avakian
Aris Avakian
Kaloust Armaghanean
Kevork Armaghanean
Levon Avakian

Garabed Gondjiguan
Garabed Mehlemdjian
Garabed Mikaélian
Krikor Simonian
Stépan Simonian

Khatchadour Simonian
Hagop Paradian

Krikor Paradian
Harutyun Avakian

In Valence

Krikor Aslanian
Kevork Aharonian
Nouran Alikian
Garabed Kasparian
Bedros Kasparian
Dikran Kermelian
David Kermelian
Garabed Türkménian
Nerses Türkmenian
Rupen Türkmenian
Boghos Türkmenian
Dikranouhi Tiutiundjian
Bedros Terzian
Hagop Hayrabadian
Boghos Haronian
Nichan Balabanian

Balabanian
Hovhannes Bédéchian
Hagop Bédéchian
Marguerite Ouzounian
Guiragos Boyadjian
Nourani Mayassian
Kevork Sinabian
David Sinabian
Gabriel Sinabian
Torkom Selveyan
Haroutioun Selvéyan
Varjabedian
Krikor Daghlilian
Haroutioun Daghlilian
Kevork Darakdjian
Hripsime Darakdjian

LIST OF OUR COMPATRIOTS LIVING IN BULGARIA

(provided by our compatriot Kevork Aslanian)

Sofia

Klimes Aslanian
Kevork Aslanian
Harutyun Aslanian
Armen Aslanian
Kevork Kabzemalian
Onnig Kabzemalian
Nichan Kabzemalian
David Ichkhanian
Hagop Ichkhanian
Krikor Vahanian

Plovdiv

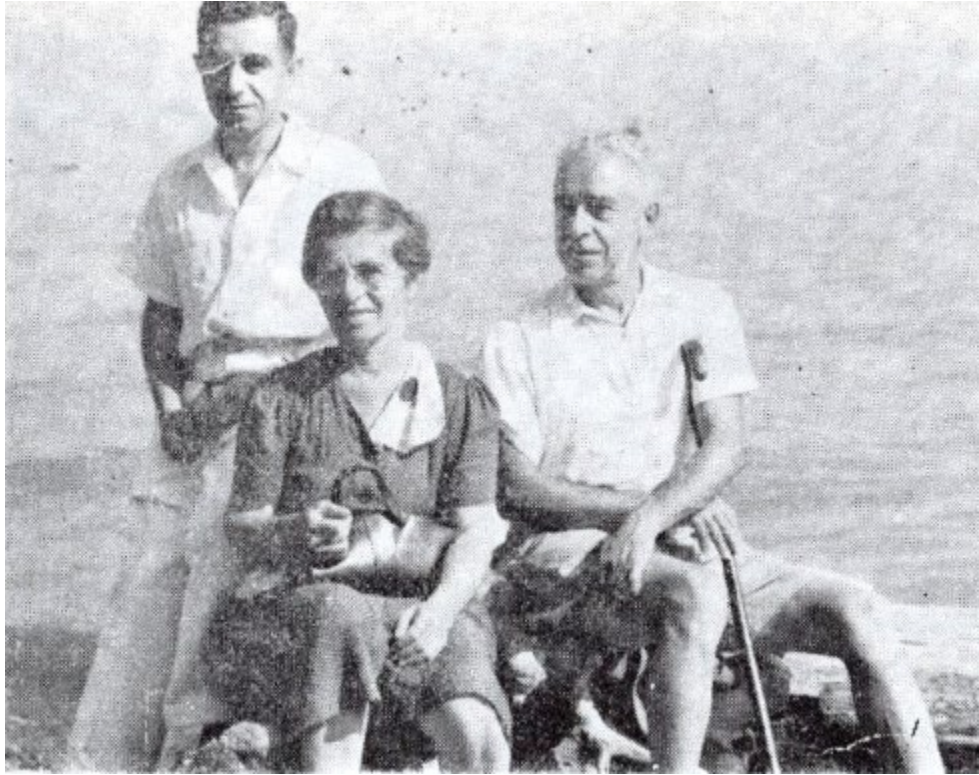
Hagop Papazian
Haroutioun Papazian
Hovhannes Keossey
Hagop Mitchoyan
Hapet Séyissian
Haïg Ekmekdjian
Takoch Ekmekdjian
Haïg Badadjian and his brother-in-law
Krikor
Hovhannes Tchakedjian



Reverend Arménag Misirian (Armis), honorary president of the central editorial committee.



Garbis Haronian (deceased), Mrs. Hripsimé (Matéossian) Haronian (deceased); their children
live in France



Seated, from left to right: Victoria (Odián) Ponabarthian (died in Canada), her uncle Arisdaguès Matéossian (died in Canada).

Standing: Armen Matéossian (died in Canada).



Vahram Balabanian, Konya Higher High School student, fell ill and died in Angora



Photograph from 1927, group of young people in Pont-de-Chéruc; centre, seated: Garabed Terzian



Stanozian theatre troupe organised in 1928, photographed after the performance of "Antranig".
 Seated, from right to left: Klemes Daghljan, Miss Nevart (Margossian) Chahinian, Yervant Minassian, Klemes Aslanian, Garabed Chesimian, Klemes Kassabian, Mardiros Kassabian.
 Debout, de droite à gauche : Stépan Turkménian, Nouridjan Meguerian, Sahag Sahagian, Melkon Haronian, Zora Nahabedian, Garabed Karageuzian, Hovh. Hadji Tanielian.

Stepan Turkmenian as "Antranig",
photographed in 1928 during a
theatrical performance



Boghos Haronian, member of the
editorial board (Valence)



Meguerditchian family; the wife is of Stanozian origin, born Sarafian



Mr. and Mrs. Guiragos Sarafian with their children, Toronto, Canada



Parrantzem Kiremitdjian in traditional costume



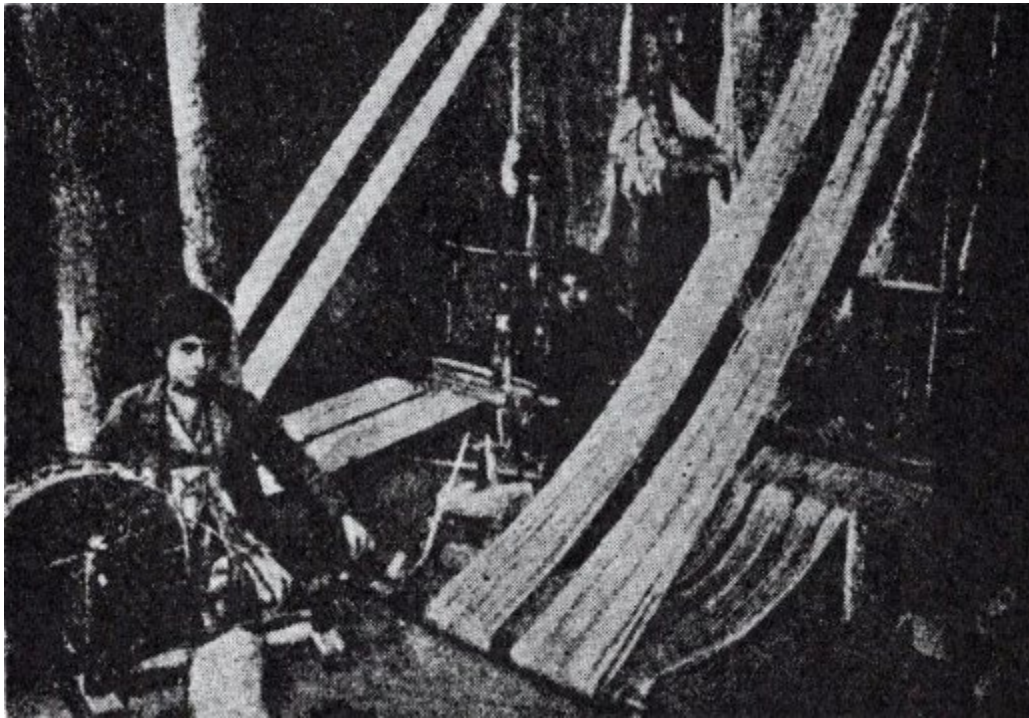
Seated, from left to right: Takouch Mutfian, Mrs. Sultan Der Atamian, Archag Der Atamian, Annig Tachjian, Mrs. Philomenia with her children



Marriage of Dr. Kégham Boyadjian to Miss Adèle Keosséyan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Haroutioun Keosséyan (both members of the editorial board)



Marriage of the daughter of Mrs. widow Takouhi (Moutafian) Tachdjian, Issy-les-Moulineaux, 1945; the majority of the participants are Stanozians



Stanoze sofe loom



Sample of sofe fabric



At the foot of the rocks of Stanoze; photograph taken during the visit of Mr. and Mrs. H. Sarafian



View of Stanoze — Market Side



The rocks of Stanoze — Tchifté Sar



The Stanoze Tek Hissar



Natural fortifications and caves of Stanoze



Funeral of Stepan Siuriunian in 1895



Stanoze Caves



From left to right: Mardiros Hayrabedian, Garabed Donbayan and Hayrabed Bezdiguian



Marriage of David, grandson of Mr. and Mrs. Boghos Matéossian; Pont-de-Chéruy – Isère, 1964



Kevorkian family; Ms. Kevorkian is the former Ms. Nourani Sarafian



Dr. Karakachian, former military doctor in Erzurum in 1922; currently resides in Tehran.



Hovhannes Sarafian, railway employee in 1921 in Eskişehir



Mr. and Mrs. Sarafian during a visit to Constantinople, with the families of their cousins



Seated, from left to right: Essam Der Atamian, Sara Mother Odian (1856-1948), Virdjin Terzian Odian.

Standing : Garabed Odian (1886-1958), David Odian (1890-1910).



Standing, from left to right: Hovh. Sarafian and her two sons, Krikor and Garbis. Seated: Mrs. Sarafian and Mr. Sarafian's daughter-in-law, Elizabeth.



Mr. and Mrs. Dikran Bédéchian



Hagop Odian, patriarch of the family known as Hadji Khodeenk, died in Stanoze at the age of 110; Photograph from the 1880s



Mr. and Mrs. Hovh. Sarafian and their friends visiting the cemetery of Stanoze, in front of a grave.



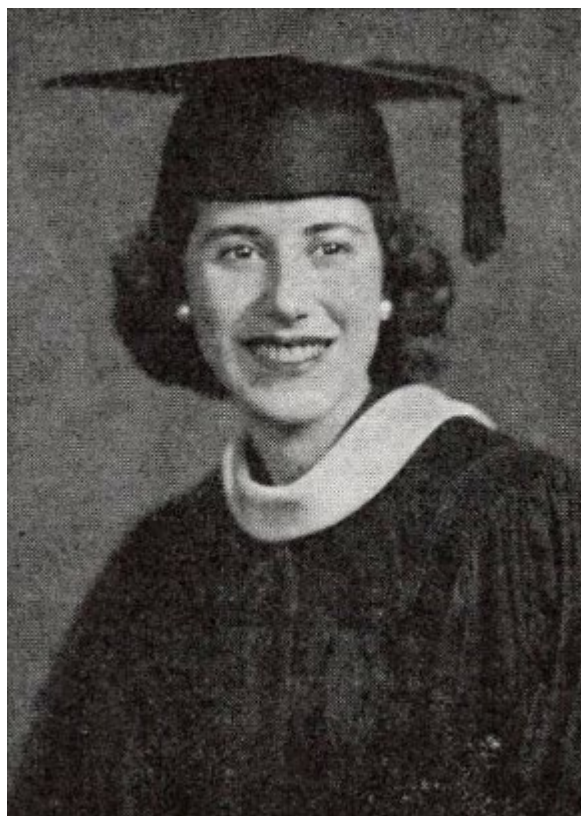
General view of Stanoze



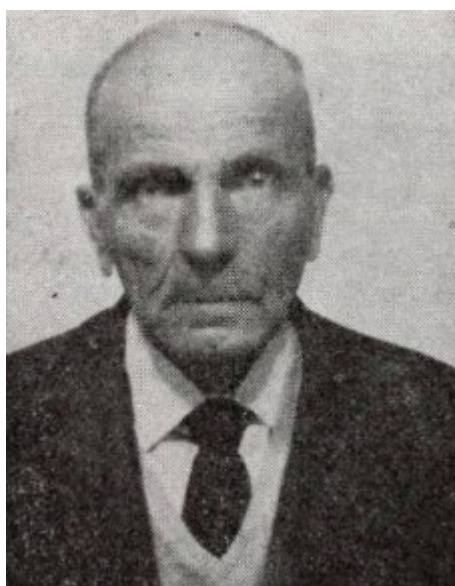
The Sarafian family visiting the Kızılca Hot Springs



A Stanozian Patriarch



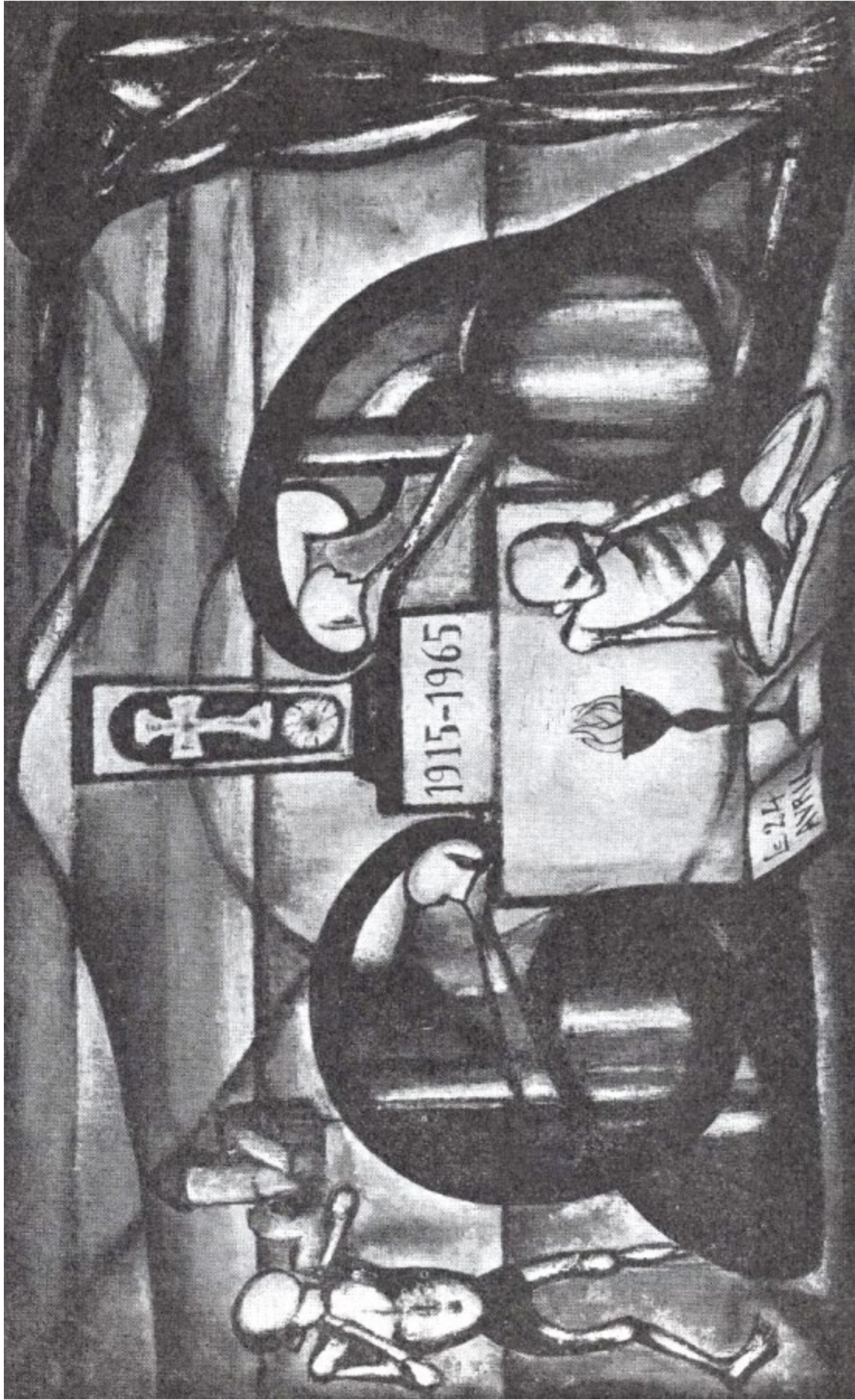
Mlle Balabanian



Krikor Hadji Tanielian, active
member of the committee, Paris



Miss Doursounian



"Mourning for the fiftieth anniversary of the Armenian genocide (1915-1965)", work by Aramis (Reverend Arménag Misirian). Paris



"Mourning for the Armenian Genocide (1915)", work by Armis (Reverend Arménag Misirian),

APPENDICES

BAPTISM

Many Christian Churches have, over the centuries, adopted certain rites and customs, including the sacrament of baptism, practiced in various forms. The Apostolic Church has long since adopted infant baptism.

For our mothers, it was a sacred duty to take the newborn to church and have it baptized within a week of birth. That day, the sacristan was preparing hot water. The family of the newborn, accompanied by the godfather and godmother, went to the church where the priest performed the baptism ceremony, blessing the child and his parents.

The baptism usually took place before noon, and on the same day at noon, a reception was offered to the relatives and families of the godfather. In the days that followed, relatives and friends came to congratulate the family; On this occasion, a snack was offered, and visitors made wishes such as: "May he live in the name he bears", "May he grow up with his father and mother".

Evangelicals celebrated baptism in the hall of worship, by pouring water on the child's head, and not by immersion in a basin as in the apostolic congregation. It also happened that a child was not baptized until several years after birth, depending on the circumstances.

DEATH

It is appropriate to mention death and funeral before completing this work.

When a dying patient was in a house, the children were far away, and neighbors and relatives kept .silent vigil over him

Knowing that the sick man's hours were numbered, the pastor of the church came to visit him and administered Holy Communion.

When the sick person died, those present burst into lamentations. There were also mourners who, while weeping, eulogized the deceased, increasing the emotion and tears of the audience.

Before the 1900s, there was the custom of washing the dead, but it had disappeared. The use of the coffin did not exist either: the body was simply wrapped in a white shroud. Then the priest, informed of the death, came to bless the deceased with his prayers; The body was then placed on a funeral stretcher (wooden stretcher) and covered with a black veil. Four men then carried him on their shoulders to the church, accompanied by the relatives of the deceased, the priest and clerics dressed in white tunics, who sang religious hymns on the way.

After the funeral service celebrated in the church, the body was taken to the cemetery and placed first on a large stone located at the entrance (which we called "stone of souls"). After a blessing, the body was lowered and placed in the grave; The priest recited a prayer of protection, then the presents, following his example, each threw a handful of earth into the pit before retiring.

Evangelicals conducted funerals in almost the same way. After a service in the church, the procession headed to the cemetery, where, after a brief ceremony, the body of the deceased was entrusted to the earth. Afterwards, the pastor would visit the bereaved family to console them, and then take their leave.

IN MEMORY OF REVEREND HAYRABED ODIAN

The courageous pastor of our Stanoze, the Reverend Odian, was called by the Turks "the valiant pastor," on account of his daring character; It even happened that high Turkish officials came to listen to his sermons, because in our region, both worship and preaching were done in the Turkish language.

The Reverend Odian was born in Stanoze in 1845, into a pious family. By the age of fifteen, he was already serving as a deacon in the church. When, in 1865, Protestantism entered Stanoze, his parents rallied to it. The missionaries, appreciating his abilities and melodious voice, soon taught him English and then sent him to study at the Theological University of Scotland. After several years of study, he returned to Stanoze and was ordained a Reverend.

For a time, services were held in the school, and little by little he increased the number of faithful who had rallied to Protestantism. The school building became insufficient, so our courageous pastor looked for a solution. He left for France and England, where, through his preaching, he organized collections. His enterprise was crowned with success, and he returned with a considerable sum. Bringing in master stonemasons from the region of Caesarea (Kayseri), he built a hall of worship and a school, the equivalent of which would hardly be found even in Europe.

Around 1905, following a dispute, he left for Ankara. He then served in the churches of the Cilicia region. In 1911, he was invited to return to Stanoze; Animated by a spirit of forgiveness, he accepted the invitation, returned and took up the head of his flock. He first worked to appease the internal difficulties of the community, then, with the priest Der Khorèn, worked for a harmonious cooperation between the two confessions. Relations, weakened for several decades, were restored; family and social ties were renewed, and the population was greatly satisfied. But, as is often the case in Armenian life, this favorable period did not last long.

In 1915 the Armenian Catastrophe broke out. Although the Protestants had, for a time, partially escaped the massacres, but, under the pressure of political exigencies, the proposal of religious conversion was finally imposed on them as well. But our patriotic pastor refused and preferred death. He fell bravely as a martyr with his flock, not far from Stanoze, near the village of Saray, in one of the gorges called Seïridjé.

May your bones rest in peace, valiant shepherd.

MEMORIES OF OUR COMPATRIOT KHOREN AVAKIAN

Khoren Avakian was born in 1886 in Stanoze. He currently lives in Grenoble, France. We give below his memories.

G. T.



What a great joy it is for us to learn that compatriots, fully aware of their national and human duty, have conceived the noble project of undertaking and preparing a book of memory dedicated to our birthplace, so that the generations that will follow us may always remember Stanoze, built by our ancestors at the cost of priceless sacrifices and unimaginable difficulties, this city surrounded by bare and rocky mountains, separated from each other by the gorge of the stream that crosses it.

In those barbarous times, our ancestors regarded the need to defend themselves against terrorizing incursions as vital as the need to ensure their subsistence; and when they had brief periods of peace, they were able to obtain sufficient supplies. Despite unfavourable social and natural conditions, they managed to make Stanoze prosper, arousing the envy of all the surrounding Turkish villages, which had neither the tools necessary for agriculture, the source of their subsistence, nor the craftsmen capable of repairing them.

Our ancestors undertook, without hesitation or discouragement, to transform the 4 to 5 kilometres of rocky terrain, as well as the arid and stony heights behind the mountain, into vineyards. Similarly, they used an area of 4 to 5 kilometers on the left bank of the gorge as pasture for oxen.

If only we had undertaken, as early as 1924–1925, the preparation of this book, when I had laid the foundations of the association of Stanoze's compatriots with the participation of our compatriots of Fumel! In this perspective, it would have been possible to realize this long-awaited book of memory in a more accomplished way, because, on the one hand, the memories were then fresher, and on the other hand, we could have benefited from the collaboration of the Stanozians who graduated from the colleges of Marzevan and Konya, in order to offer a richer work and to realize the dream of all.

Although I was born in Stanoze and received my primary education there, I left the homeland at the age of 14 to study at the monastery of St. Garabed in Caesarea. After finishing my studies, I joined the railway company in 1906. I then left my birthplace for good and held positions in several railway stations, such as Haydar Pasha, Konya, Ankara, etc. In 1912, I moved to Sincan Köy, where I served

as station master until 1915, the year of the Great Cataclysm. For these reasons, it is difficult for me to relate certain facts and events with all the precision I would like.

My father, Ohannes Avakian, was the only state doctor in Stanoze and the surrounding localities; always available and of exemplary professional conscience, he was ready, day and night, to offer his useful services to all, without distinction. This is how he became a popular figure and received the nickname "Avak Dédé".

A progressive man, he was the first to send his children to distant schools in order to ensure them a higher education.

His eldest son, Artin Effendi, was sent to Constantinople and four years later returned to Stanoze, where he held two important administrative posts which he held until 1909.

Artin Effendi, a worthy son of Avak Dede, followed his father's example: in turn, he sent Thadeos Effendi to the medical university of Haydar Pasha, where the latter successfully completed his studies in pharmacy and became the first pharmacist to graduate from Stanoze.

Khoren Avakian, his brother Garabed and his nephew Kevork also followed this example and went to Caesarea to continue their studies. Khoren and Kevork became railway employees, while Garabed studied medicine at Haydar Pasha University. But a year before the completion of his studies, the institution closed due to the war; he then returned to Ankara and, not being in the service of the state hospitals, was deported.

MEMORIES OF OUR COMPATRIOT RAFAËL KASSABIAN

My father, Kevork Kassabian, originally from Stanoze, was called by Armenians and Turks alike "Nazmi Effendi, the lawyer". He was renowned in the courts of Stanoze and especially Ankara, and thus enjoyed great respect from all.

Alas, the Armenian nation was massacred without regard to law or religion; in those days my father Nazmi Effendi, along with several other lawyers, were chained, deported, and martyred. With him also perished Dikran and my other uncles.

My uncle Hagop was murdered in Aleppo, stabbed from behind by Turks. Another of my uncles, Krikor, had the courage to go to Deir ez-Zor to free his wife, who had been captured by Arabs; but the local sheikh had him killed by a bullet in the back. My uncle Diran, exhausted by suffering, died in 1927 in Constantinople. As for my uncle Hovhannes Kassabian, devoted director of an Armenian charitable organization, he died in Bucharest.

Finally, my mother Elbise, my sisters Aroussiag and Chaké, and myself, succeeded, by way of Malatya and Constantinople, in finding refuge in France. This, in a few simple lines, is the story of the dispersion and martyrdom of the Kassabian family of Stanoze.

MEMORIES OF OUR COMPATRIOT MRS. LOUSVARTE DARAKDJIAN

The undersigned was born in Stanoze in 1920, after the armistice. My father, Kevork Keosseyan, left in 1914 to do his military service in the Ottoman army. A pious man attached to the Church, he built, even during his service, a small hut in a secluded corner of the camp, where he organized prayer meetings every evening with Armenian faithful. The commander of the army, having learned of this, summoned him for examination. After a long interrogation, he understood that my father, Kevork Agha, was not pursuing a revolutionary goal, but was praying for the state and for all humanity. From then on, the Turkish commander officially authorized these prayer meetings and nicknamed him "Papaz"²⁴ Kevork", after which our compatriots referred to him as "Reverend Keosseyan".

In 1915, during the days of the deportation, the Armenians of Stanoze suffered terrible suffering. Only women and children remained behind. Of the 300 men sent to Ankara, 35 were sent back to Stanoze under the name of evangelicals; among them was the pastor of Stanoze, the Reverend Odian. One Sunday morning, during a service, he was arrested with 30 other men and taken together to the police station, where Reverend Odian flatly refused to accept Islam, affirming his loyalty to Christ

Conversion to Islam was then offered to the 30 evangelicals arrested, accompanied by seductive promises. Among them, my uncle Hovhannes Keosseyan, speaking in the name of all, replied courageously: "We cannot become Muslims; for us, there is death, but no denial of our faith in Christ. »

Then the Turkish gendarmes chained the Reverend Odian and the 30 men, and led them to the gorge of Seyridje, an hour from Stanoze. After a moving sermon by Reverend Odian, the 30 men were martyred — tortured and then shot — for their Christian faith.

Between 1920 and 1922, under the Kemalist regime, we lived through agonizing days: my father, Reverend Kevork, my mother Mariam, and my two brothers Garabed and Haroutioun. Finally, in 1924, we all managed to settle in Marseilles, via Constantinople.

In France, my father continued his ecclesiastical service while carrying out his daily activity. He was the founder of the Armenian Evangelical Churches of Pont-de-Chérucy and Valence. He was also one of the founders of the Armenian Evangelical Churches of Paris and Issy-les-Moulineaux, where he served as a member of the parish council until his death in 1952.

My mother, Mariam, née Doursounian, was born in 1878 in Stanoze. Within the Keosseyan family, she was an exemplary Armenian mother, discreet, patient and active. During the years of exile, massacres and displacements, she was a devoted wife and mother to my father Kevork and to us, his children.

²⁴ *Papaz* : Turkish word meaning "priest", used in the Ottoman Empire to refer to Christian clergymen.



Darakdjian family.

Seated, from left to right: Krikor Agha Darakdjian (deceased), his grandson Roupèn, Mrs. Tefer (his wife).

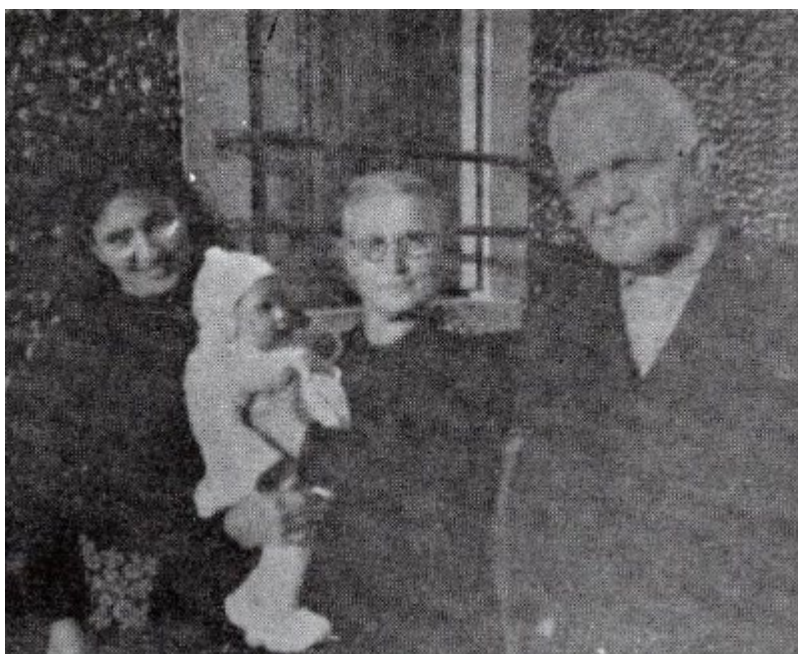
Standing, from left to right: Garbis (the youngest son), Mrs. Loussvarte and Hovhannes (the eldest son).



Hovhannès Darakdjian in French army uniform



Son of the Reverend Kevork Keosseyan in their youth: Harutyun, Lussvarte, Garabed



From right to left: Reverend Keosséyan, his wife Mariam, their daughter Loussvarte and their grandson Patrice

When we settled in Issy-les-Moulineaux, I myself, still a little girl, attended the French school, as well as Armenian and piano lessons, which later enabled me to serve my compatriots, my nation and the Church of God.

Among the honorable families of Stanoze was that of Krikor Darakdjian and his wife Madame Tefer, whose sons were Hovhannes and Garbis. Settled in Paris and then in Issy-les-Moulineaux, they won the esteem of their compatriots and others by their honest, pious life and assiduous work

Following my parents' advice, I started a family with Hovhannes Darakdjian. This turning point in my life was a great joy and happiness for me, sharing the life of my husband as well as that of my honorable father-in-law Krikor, who bore with faith and great patience long years of illness until his death. Similarly, the help and presence of my mother-in-law Tefer were invaluable during my first years of inexperience.

Together with my husband Hovhannes Darakdjian, we developed a business activity that gradually prospered, with God's help. God has given us four children: Rupen, who is about to graduate from the faculty of dental surgery; Ani, who studied at a business school; and the youngest, Patrice and Kevork, who are continuing their studies in Paris (see photographs on p. 128 of this volume).

My greatest effort has been to serve my church and my nation. In this capacity, I worked for many years as an organist in the Evangelical Churches of Paris and Issy-les-Moulineaux. My husband Hovhannes, for his part, has continued his selfless service as a member of the parish council of the Armenian Evangelical Church of Issy-les-Moulineaux to this day.

He was also appointed head and treasurer of the committee charged with the writing of the history of the Armenians of Stanoze, and spared neither his material nor moral efforts to ensure the complete success of this work.

In addition, the family of my brother-in-law Garbis Darakdjian — with his wife Élise and their charming children — is also among the honorable families of the Stanozians.

I will never forget the tireless service of my father, Reverend Keosseyan, in Stanoze, especially during the Kemalist period, when he performed as many as twenty-three weddings in a single day. He carried out his ministry with zeal, energy and love for his compatriots.

MEMORIES OF COMPATRIOT HOVHANNES KIREMITDJIAN



David Kiremitdjian, bell ringer and *mukhtar* (neighborhood attendant) of Stanoze.

My father, David Kiremitdjian, was for many years the *mukhtar*²⁵ of Stanoze. At the same time, he served as a bell-ringer of the Armenian Evangelical Church from 1900 until June 1915. On that date, he was deported with 350 Stanozians to the Ankara region, at the foot of the snow-capped mountains called Elma-Dagh. Subsequently, he was taken with the Reverend Odian's group to the ravine called Seyridjeh, where he was martyred with 35 other people, after atrocious suffering. Thus ended the life of my late father David, faithful servant of religion and nation.

Widowed, my mother, Elisabeth Kiremitdjian, courageously continued the function of bell-ringer, taking over the role of my father. During the pastoral ministries of Rev. Kirkiacharian and Rev. Odian in Stanoze, my mother Elisabeth served as an exemplary evangelist, living a model Christian life.

In the textile crafts specific to Stanoze, called *sof*, the work of the spinning wheel and the spindle was essential. My mother Elisabeth was a recognized mistress there. She knew how to prepare with

²⁵ *Mukhtar* : here in the sense of neighborhood attendant, a local function of representation and service within the community, distinct from the official administrative muhtar of the Ottoman Empire.

extreme care fine and delicate threads for weaving. Thanks to the persevering work of her skilled fingers, she produced double, triple and quadruple threads, strong and well twisted.



Standing: Hovhannes Kiremitdjian, son of David, currently in Paris.

Assisi: his mother Elizabeth Kiremitdjian, who died in Paris on 8 June 1950

My brother Hagop Kiremitdjian also took over the function of bell-ringer of the Evangelical Church, and also continued the function of *mukhtar* exercised by my father until February 6, 1921, when the city was surrounded in the middle of the night by Turkish gendarmes, who arrested my brother Hagop with 35 other people and took them in chains out of Stanoze. Some, absent from the list, managed to escape this disaster; But the group of 35, including my brother, was subjected to torture before being martyred.

For my part, from the age of ten I was forced to serve as a bell-ringer, as a barber and as a *mukhtar*, thus inheriting the family trade and activity.

At last, under the Kemalist regime, at the end of my military service, I left our life of suffering with my mother Elisabeth and my sister-in-law Srpouhi, and we found refuge in France, in Paris, by

way of Constantinople. It was there, on June 8, 1950, that I had the sorrow of attending the funeral of my mother, who was 83 years old.



From left to right: Hovhannes Kiremitdjian, now an agricultural guardian on the lands of Stanoze; Mihran Kiremitdjian, martyred in 1921; Hrant Kiremitdjian, mukhtar since 1923, now in Yenikent (formerly Stanoze)

Among the well-known families of Stanoze, my paternal uncle Rupen Kiremitdjian was an important merchant of general merchandise. He himself traveled with his cart along the trade route from Stanoze to Ankara. He had also established good business relations with a Jewish trading house.

Rupen Kiremitdjian was also a vigilant and wise man, who secretly tried to organize means of self-defense, especially during those dark and threatening days. Alas, not all Armenians knew how to follow this vital example of self-defense, and the Catastrophe became all the more terrible and destructive.

Shortly afterwards, Rupen Kiremitdjian was arrested by the Turkish authorities: Jewish merchants, informed of his secret activities, had denounced him. Under the pretext of revolutionary activities, the Turks arrested him on May 13, 1915 with 18 other Stanozians and subjected him to cruel abuse.

Roupèn Kiremitdjian's brother-in-law, Stepan Effendi, was deported on April 24, 1915 to the small Turkish town of Ayaş. However, thanks to his intellectual abilities, he managed to obtain the direction of the telegraph service.

At the same time, the Armenian intellectuals of Constantinople, who were also deported on April 24, 1915, were sent to Ayaş, where they arrived in the middle of the night, naked and in a miserable state. Informed of their arrival, Stepan Effendi hastened to help them and transmitted their deplorable situation by telegraph to the Stanozian notables, who immediately sent food, clothing and money, through the intermediary of Rupen Kiremitdjian.

After such aid had been renewed several times, the Armenian intellectuals of Constantinople were finally massacred.

Rupen Kiremitdjian returned to Stanoze overwhelmed with deep grief and announced to the Armenian notables the massacre of the intellectuals of Constantinople. The Armenian population of Stanoze deeply mourned this tragic event.

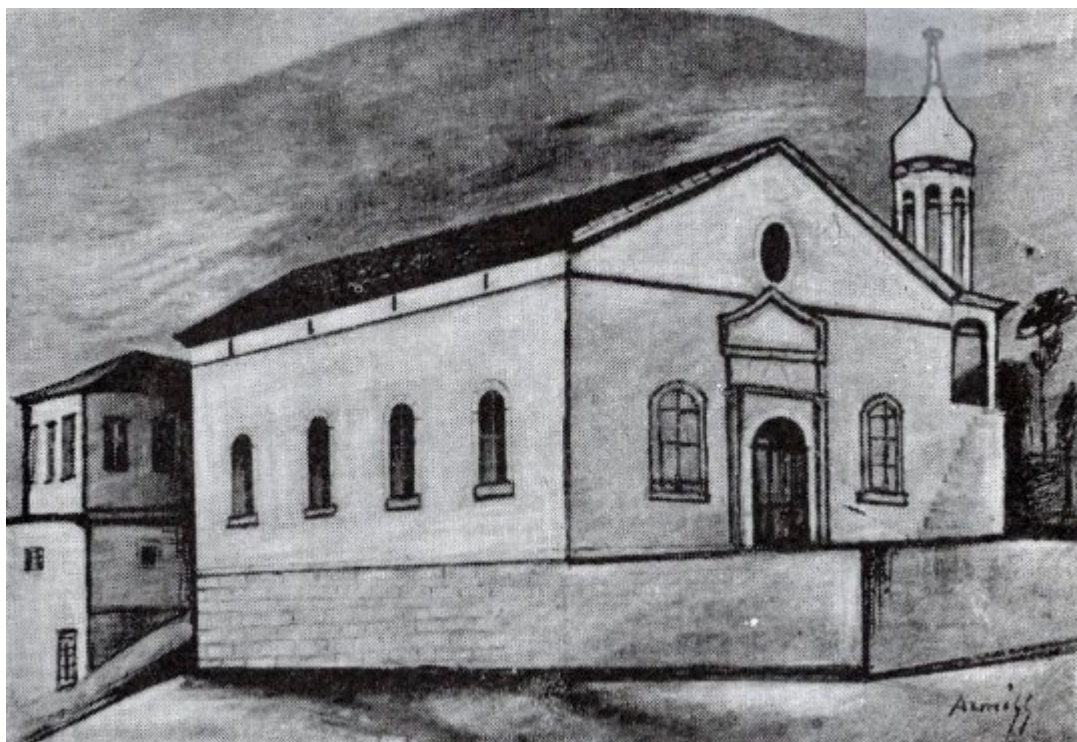
But shortly afterwards Rupen Kiremitdjian was again arrested, along with twelve Stanozians, on the pretext of revolutionary activities, and, after unspeakable tortures, they were martyred with their group near Ankara by Turkish bands.

List of martyrs

Khodé Effendi	Harutyun Avakian
Klemes Balabanian	Tatéos Avakian
Arisdagas, Margossian	Calouste Daglian
Kevork Gondjiguan	Harutyun Pelfanian
Arsèn Adjamian	Haroutioun Paradian
Roupèn Kiremitdjian	Garabed Balabanian

On April 24, 1915, the priest of Stanoze, Der Khorèn, was deported with the Armenians. On the way, he met groups of Armenian soldiers engaged in the Ottoman army and told them about the events that had taken place in Stanoze. Already overwhelmed, these soldiers were deeply upset when they heard the news. He also met other groups of Armenian soldiers, and finally arrived in a village in the Kızılbaş.

The leader of the Kızılbaş, informed of his situation, turned to the deported priest Der Khorèn and proposed that he continue his religious ministry among them, converting to Islam and becoming a *hodja*. The chief insisted with persuasive words:



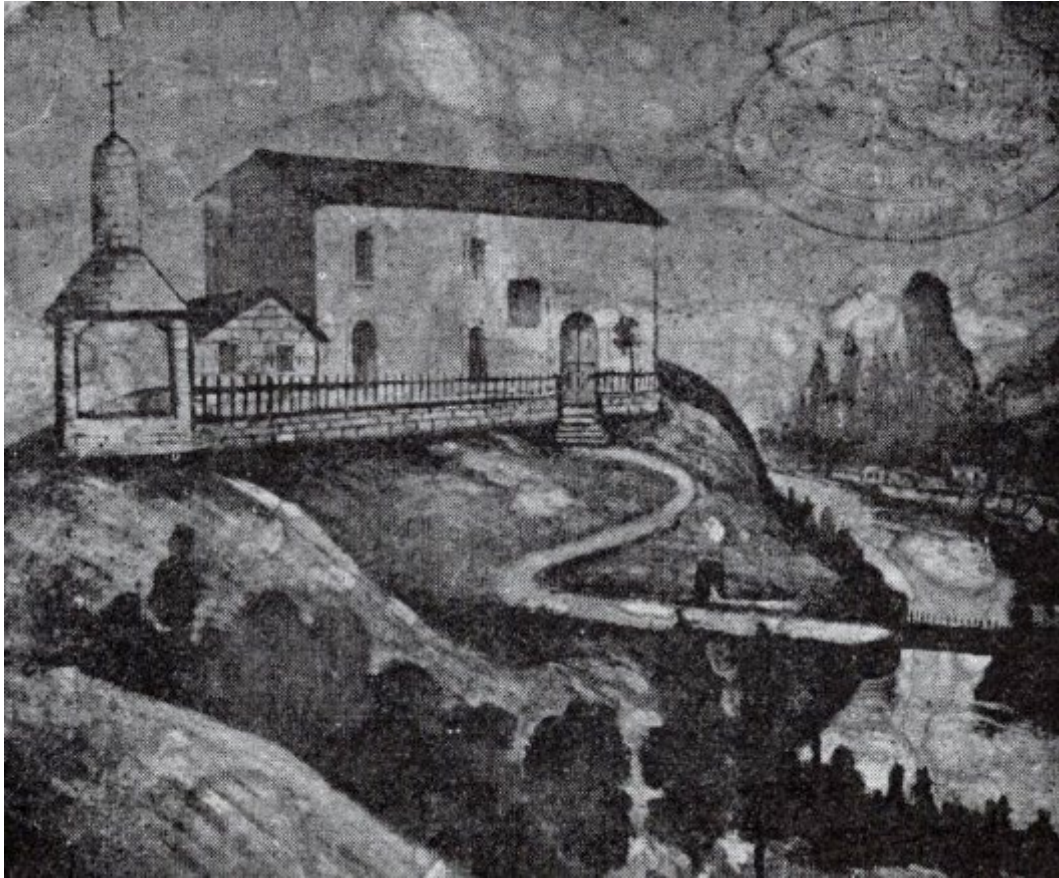
Armenian Evangelical Temple of Stanoze, built thanks to the collection and tireless efforts of Reverend Odian. After having been used for many years, after the genocide, as a hay depot for the Turkish state, it was completely demolished in order to reuse the huge blocks of marble. Today, it is not even possible to find a trace of it. It was in this temple that the last moving service took place, under the guidance of the Reverend Odian, before his martyrdom and that of his companions in Seïrdje

"We too belong to the Armenian ancestors, and in times of suffering we must know how to be careful. When those days are over, you will be able to practice your Christian faith again. They won't take you far: they'll kill you here, in the neighborhood. Accept our request, do not refuse, do not be obstinate; we have the means to save you. »

But Der Khoren courageously refused these offers of salvation and replied:

"I will not deny my Lord; I will sacrifice my life, but I cannot convert. »

And finally, separated from the group of deportees to be saved, Der Khorèn was also cruelly martyred at dawn in the ravine of the locality. Thus, he joined the long procession of Armenian martyrs.



Église Saint-Sauveur de Stanoze

MEMORIES OF DR. KÉGHAM BOYADJIAN

My father, Sahag agha Boyadjian, was born in Stanoze in 1881. He was thoroughly familiar with the customs, traditions and way of life of Stanoze, and possessed a detailed knowledge of its history.

They were a large family consisting of four brothers: Garabed, Hagop, Nichan, and Sahag Boyadjian.

My grandfather, Guiragos *Babigue*²⁶, was one of the first craftsmen to develop the art of dyeing in Stanoze, especially in the field of textiles called *sof*, whose technique he perfected. This craft had been passed down from generation to generation; thus, our lineage being known for dyeing, the surname Boyadjian²⁷ was imposed.

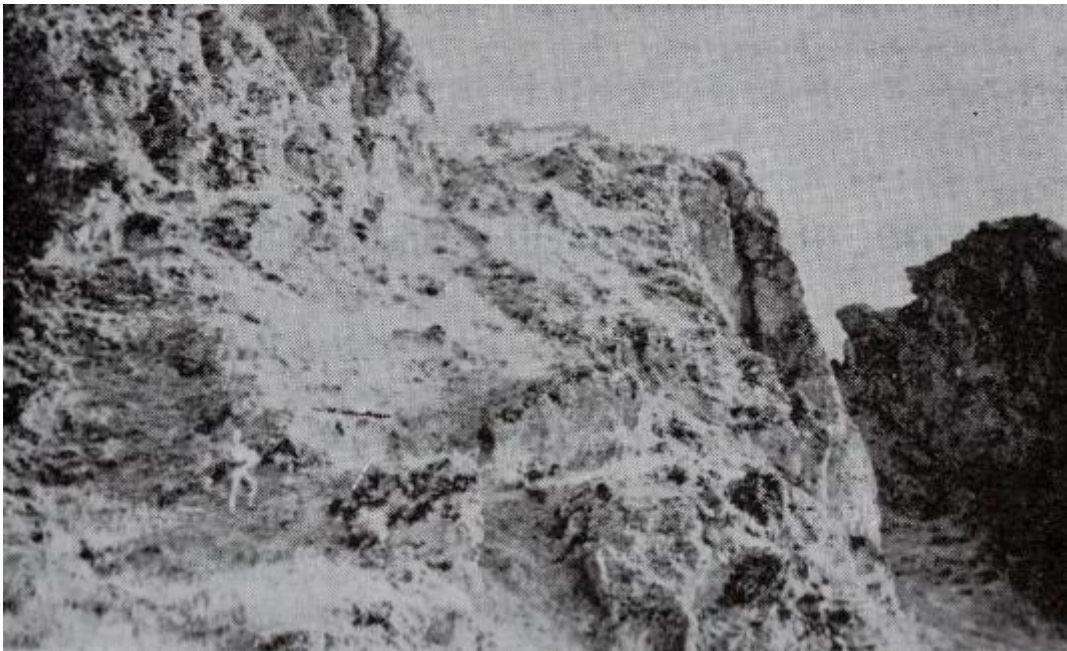
In particular, Guiragos *Babigue*, my uncle Garabed and my father Sahag were renowned as experienced masters in the dyeing of fabrics and wool.

²⁶ *Babigue* (Arm : պապիկ) - grandfather.

²⁷ *Boyadi* — "dyer" in Turkish.



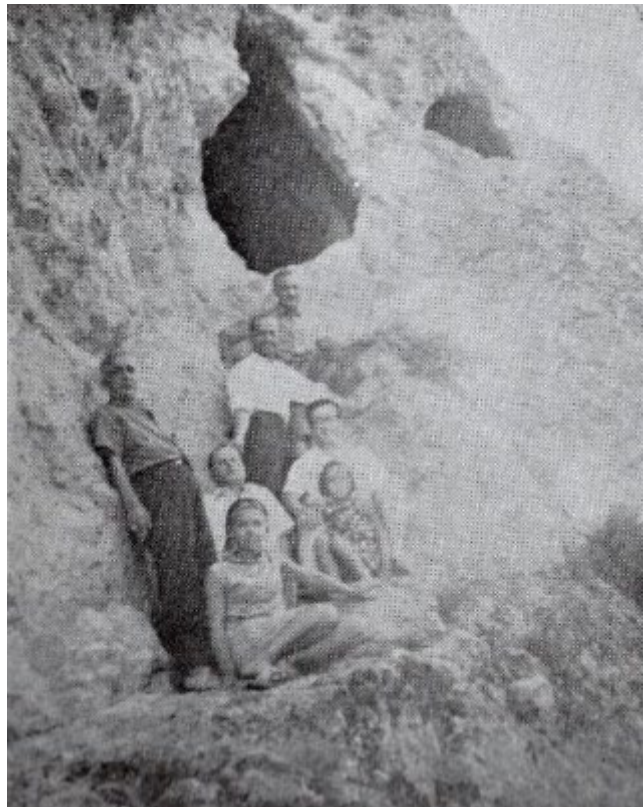
Seated, from left to right: Sahag Agha Boyadjian and his wife, Mrs. Hripsimé Boyadjian.
 Standing, from left to right: Dr. Kégham Boyadjian, Lousine Arménian (née Boyadjian) and her
 husband Lévon Arménian, compatriot of General Antranig. Stanoze



Boghos Bedros Rock, photographed in 1967 during the visit of Guiragos Boyadjian



Current Guendéré bridge in Stanoze, photographed in 1967



Rock of Khosogh Pakhadz in Stanoze, which contains six chambers carved into the stone and a baptismal font. Of the many crosses carved in these six chambers, only one remains today.

In the front row, from left to right: Marie, Hripsimé, Kevork and Guiragos Boyadjian, as well as Zadig Kiremitdjian, photographed in 1967

My uncle Hagop was brutally murdered by the Turks. As for my father Sahag, during the First World War, he did his military service in the Ottoman army on the Çanakkale front, where he held the position of head of the military bakery for a long time. After the armistice, under the Kemalist regime, he was deported to Yozgat, where, like many Armenians, he suffered and tortured unspeakably.

My mother, Hripsimé, born in 1892 in Stanoze, was, by her pious and noble character, a devoted woman, attentive to her family and, as far as possible, to the Armenian community of Stanoze, especially in difficult times. My sister Lousine was also born in Stanoze.



Hovhannes Kiremitdjian, son of Zadig Dédé, in front of his stable in Gedradz Kar, with Guiragos Boyadjian. Photograph taken in 1967

It was under the leadership of my father Sahag that, in 1926, they found refuge in Marseilles via Constantinople. They lived eight years in Valence; that's why Valence became my birthplace. In spite of his many occupations, my father was for a long time a member of the parish council of the Armenian Evangelical Church of Valence. Finally, in 1934, we moved to Paris, to Issy-les-Moulineaux.

My sister Lousine founded her home in 1948 by marrying Levon Arménian, a hard-working and generous young man who had escaped the genocide. Since then, they have been living a peaceful and happy life. Their only son, Gilbert, is pursuing university studies with great abilities.



Grandmother Annig Bezdiguian,
originally from Stanoze, died in 1956 in
Issy-les-Moulineaux.



Mr. and Mrs. Guiragos and Loussvarte
Boyadjian (née Bezdiguian)



Fountain of the Saviour (fountain opposite), behind which the Church of the Saviour was
already reduced to ashes.

In front of the fountain, from left to right: Hagop Bakalian (Constantinople), Mrs.
Loussvarte Boyadjian (Paris), Kevork Boyadjian (Ankara), Guiragos Boyadjian
(Paris), Hrant Kiremitdjian (Stanoze), Marie Boyadjian and Hripsimé Boyadjian (Ankara).



The rock of Boghos Bedros, during the visit of Guiragos Boyadjian; Photograph taken in 1967

As for me, after my military service in the French army, I completed university studies in dental surgery, then I started a family with Adeline, granddaughter of Reverend Keosseyan. God has granted us three children: Lydia, Sahag and Vincent.

However, in 1950, the death of my father Sahag Agha was a devastating mourning for us. We lost in him a father, a guide, and a protector. On this occasion, his patriotic, ecclesial and human qualities were widely recognized by our compatriots.

I remember that, for a long time, his "qanoun" (musical instrument) and a violin hung on the wall, while his work tools kept his memory alive. A few hours before his death, my father Sahak was still trying to reconcile a Stanozian family, restoring peace among its members.

My uncle Nichan Boyadjian, originally from Stanoze, was a personality much appreciated for his affable character. He was often called Nichan agha, the *qanoun* player, because of his mastery of oriental music.

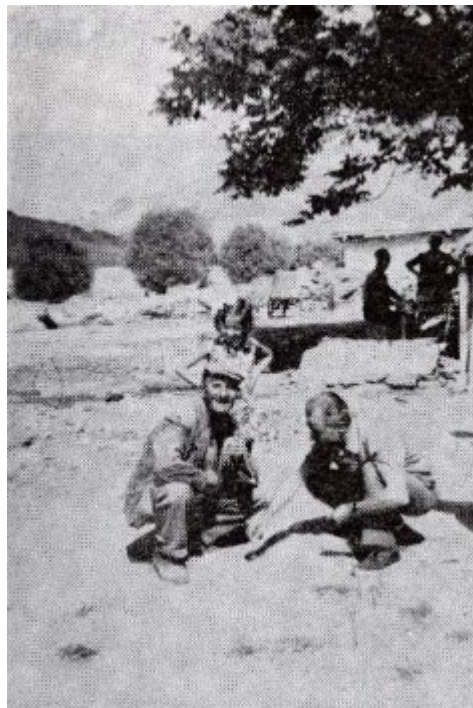
He had two sons and two daughters: Guiragos, Garabed, Hupsie and Marine (the latter having died). Guiragos and his wife Lousvarte had three adult daughters: Élise and Marie, who were married, as well as Archalouys. Garabed and Marie — daughter of Zora agha Balabanian — have two children, Sylvie and Michel.

Thus, among the three sons of Guiragos *Babigüe* Boyadjian, Hagop was martyred in 1914 by the Turks, while Nichan and Sahag, having miraculously escaped the massacre of the Genocide, found refuge in France with their families, where, after having served their compatriots and humanity, they died out.

My uncle Nichan agha's wife, Kayané, was a deeply respected and pious mother among all Stanozians. We lost her a few years ago with great sadness. By her peaceful, humble and devoted character, she was much loved by all, and her attachment to the Church was limitless.

Here is a retrospective look at the Boyadjian family of Stanoze. We keep the memory of all these beings alive through the daily life of our surviving mother, Hupsie, with deep affection.

We reproduce below photographs of the places of memory of Stanoze, now reduced to ruins, taken with difficulty during the trip made in 1967 by my cousin Guiragos, his wife and their children.



Onnig Darakdjian to Gedradz Kar.

Seated, from left to right: Onnig Darakdjian,
Guiragos Boyadjian. Photograph taken in 1967
during the visit to Stanoze

SOUVENIRS DE MADAME MARIE BOYADJIAN (BALABANIAN)

My father, Zora Balabanian, born in Stanoze in 1888 to an evangelical family, was deported in 1920 with his three brothers to an unknown destination, sharing the fate of the Armenian people. Of the four brothers, he was the only one to miraculously escape death.

Having learned that his wife, Gülüm Balabanian (née Kahvédjian), as well as his mother, had found refuge in Constantinople, he hastened to join them. From there, taking the road of exile like so many others, they arrived in France where, after having stayed in several towns, they settled permanently in Issy-les-Moulineaux.

Under difficult conditions, he did everything possible to give his children an Armenian and religious education, sending them to the Thursday Armenian language classes organized by the Armenian Evangelical Church of Issy-les-Moulineaux, as well as to the Sunday spiritual formation meetings..

He was very demanding about the mother tongue: although he himself spoke the Stanoze dialect, he wanted his children to learn spoken Armenian at all costs, and was very strict when they used a foreign language at home.

Today, Mr. and Mrs. Zora Balabanian have left us forever. We are convinced that they left this world in peace, because, despite difficult conditions, they were able to preserve the Armenian identity of their children and transmit to them the love of Stanoze, the Armenian language and traditions — in a word, the love of our dear homeland.

A tribute to their venerable memory.

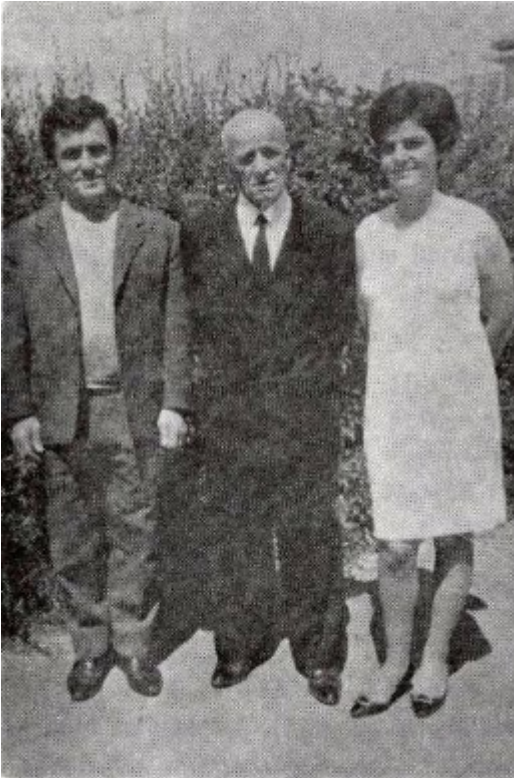


Standing, from left to right:
Gülümia Balabanian, Zora
Balabanian.

Seated, from left to right: Annig
Balabanian, Pétronia Balabanian.

WEAVING AND DYEING

Antréas Boyadjian



Krikor, Antréas and Sonia Boyadjian,
Stanozian family — Paris

Speaking of these two trades, we can confidently and proudly say that the town of Stanoze had become a kind of little Manchester. There were almost no poor or destitute families in Stanoze, as the entire population was usually dedicated to the weaving craft called *sof*, which also included the activity of dyeing.

One of the most remarkable aspects was that all the tools necessary for these two crafts — weaving and dyeing — were made on site, by the Armenians of Stanoze themselves. The finesse and perfection of these instruments directly conditioned the success and productivity of these activities.

Thus, these two essential trades, which constituted the specialty of the Armenians of Stanoze and were largely the responsibility of the Boyadjian family, formed a sort of quasi-collective organization. For if the success of the weaving was the fruit of the work of the entire Armenian community, the secret know-how of dyeing belonged specifically to the Boyadjian.

It happened that at one time, among the many foreigners working on the railway line between Ankara and Stanoze, European specialists in industry frequently came to visit the city, pursuing various objectives. This situation brought to light the work of the *sofe* of Stanoze, which particularly attracted the attention of the French. The latter then sought to open up a market for their benefit and, entering into competition with local production, tried to lower and devalue prices. They succeeded in part, but as the Boyadjian refused to give in on their tariffs, their efforts ultimately failed.

The fabrics imported from Europe were certainly finer and more attractive in appearance, but they did not equal the solidity of the products resulting from the know-how of the Boyadjian. Indeed, handcrafted fabrics were of superior quality to industrial products, both in terms of their weaving and dyeing.



Bedros Boyadjian, jeune violoniste talentueux, originaire de Stanoze

To say a few more words about the art of dyeing, it can be compared to that of the ancient master painters, who possessed special secrets for preparing their pigments and supports. Each teacher was a school in his own right, and did not transmit his secrets to the others. The craftsman's knowledge remained in him and disappeared with his death.

This delicate art of dyeing was based on proven and effective processes. The raw material was used for the insect called *vortan*, which produced a bright and bright red (*vortan garmir*), as well as various plants with interesting and valuable properties. To fix the colours permanently, alum, *lemon duzu* (sour salt) and various preparations were used.

Thus, over time, the secrets of dyeing, acquired through long experience and persevering trials, remained the heritage and wealth of the Armenians of Stanoze.

We also come back to the work of weaving. There is no doubt that this craft existed in all Armenian cities and towns; However, the fabrics produced were generally used only to make simple clothing, such as shirts, or as bed linen and tablecloths.

In Stanoze, on the other hand, the fabric was distinguished by its multiple qualities: it was used in the manufacture of the most elegant garments, both male and female. Each surviving Stanozian family still has a sample of these fabrics, especially in the form of wedding clothes carefully made according to the fashion of the time.

Let us add a few more simple explanations about the work of weaving. The main part of the loom — in a way the central mechanism of the work — was installed above a pit about one meter deep. The loom itself extended to a length of up to thirty-two cubits. The weaver would sit in this pit, sitting on a seat or sometimes standing.

What a pleasant sight it was that of the master weaver, holding the shuttle in his hand, which he passed from one side to the other with dazzling rapidity, using both his hands simultaneously while operating his feet in motion. By these thousands of trips of the shuttle, the fabric was gradually formed, finely woven with delicate threads. And to accompany the monotonous and regular rhythm of this work, a song often rose on the lips of the craftsman.

The single, double or triple threads, assembled in thicker layers, were also the result of another equally captivating work. In front of the majestic spinning wheel, the grandmother or young bride would sit down and with a quick gesture turn the wheel with her right hand, while with her left hand she guided the wool or cotton to the spinning wheel axis, turning them into fine, twisted threads. By winding over each other, these threads formed carefully prepared coils for weaving.

The spindle, often made of hardwood, yellow and resistant, was also used to spin yarn and to transform wool into a material ready to be woven.

Finally, the dyed fabrics underwent a final operation in order to reach their final quality. The fabrics, dyed in various colors, were placed in a specially equipped room. Suspended in a circle, they were exposed to the burning of a large quantity of sulphur, then locked up in this hermetically sealed space, deprived of air and light.

After 24 to 48 hours spent in this dense and swirling smoke, the fabric fully acquired the shine, finesse and solidity of its dye. This process also made it possible to rid the fabric of impurities from the wool and residues, while revealing any defects in the dyeing work.

MEMORIES OF MR. ANTRÉAS BOYADJIAN

When the Ottoman Constitution of 1908 was proclaimed, many rejoiced, thinking that from that moment on equality would reign, that young people would be called up for military service without distinction between Muslims and Christians.



Standing, from left to right: Klémès Daghljan, Taniel Tanielian, Hovh. Mouradian, Haroutioun Paradian, Kevork Arzouyan, Vahé Paradian, Hovhannès Daghljan.

Assis : Torkom Turkménian Altounian, Vaghinag Altounian, Krikor Yeghiayan, Kevork Matéossian

Unfortunately, they were sorely mistaken. Certainly, at first, Armenian soldiers were among the best treated because of their abilities; Several were quickly promoted and integrated into gendarmerie training units, where they received instruction and training.

At that time, I too was approaching the age of military service. I didn't want to serve the Turks and was looking for a way to escape abroad. It was for this purpose that in 1912 I left Stanoze for Constantinople. I was barely 19 years old at the time.

In Constantinople I found some compatriots who worked in the trade in the bazaar; they procured me a small employment, but instead of helping me, they exploited me. Shortly afterwards the Balkan War broke out. Many compatriots were doing their military service in Constantinople at the time. Among those who attended the gendarmerie school, I remember Khoren Chamoents, Mardiros

Terzian, Klemes Sahakian, Hagop of Gedradz Kar, Klemes and Hagop Gavdjents, Mihran Khourmients, and others.



Dikran Kermelian Family, Valence



From left to right: Hovhannes Melidonian, his mother Sophie, his brother-in-law Gabriel, victim of the bombing of Valence



Hagop Sarafian as a child with his mother



Hagop Sarafian

Among the soldiers were also Klemes and Hovhannes Djejdjents, the sons of Krikor Sarafian, Krikor, Klemes and Zora Mateosyan, Krikor Khaylazents, Rupen Yalyizents, Hayrabed Penéents, Levon Tenekedjents, Hagop Gorgodents, Garabed Annayents, David Kabzimalian and others.

Having reached the age of twenty myself, I refused to present myself. The fear of a general war was already felt. Many soldiers, who had become deserters, sought to cross into Bulgaria; I joined them, and every day we looked for a way to leave Constantinople.

Finally, I managed to find an opportunity and, under very difficult conditions, I took a boat from Constantinople to Varna and then Burgas. I had a letter of introduction to the Jamdjian family, given to Constantinople by Hagop Tezikdjian, and because of this I was very well received. They made me work for a friend who was a leather merchant.

On Saturdays and Sundays, we met at Achod's café-cercle. There I met compatriots taken prisoner during the Balkan war, among them:

Garabed Donbayan

Mardiros Berberian

Boghos de la famille Fatiyents

Hagop de la famille Yaniyents

Tatéosian Kemanidji, his brother-in-law Hayrabed

Krikor Matéossian

Hagop Bozgourian

Kevork Ghazarossian

Hagop, son of Roupèn Echikdji

We also had compatriots in Philippopoli, Ruse, and Varna, with whom we corresponded.

By this time the world war of 1914 had broken out, and Bulgaria had not yet fixed its position; it was feared that it would ally itself with Germany.

Russia, having taken up a position on the side of the Allies, had declared war on Turkey. Units of Armenian volunteers were being formed. The Armenian community in Bulgaria being large, Gareguine Nzhdeh²⁸ and General Andranik²⁹ also came to recruit volunteers, traveling through the cities.

²⁸ *Gareguine Nzhdeh* (Գարեգին Նժդեհ):

His full name was Garegin Ter-Haroutiunian (1886–1955), Armenian politician, thinker and military commander. He participated in the organization of Armenian volunteer units during World War I and played a decisive role in the defense of Syunik (Zangezur) against Turkish and Azerbaijani forces. A major figure in Armenian nationalism, he also developed an influential ideological thought.

²⁹ *Andranik or Antranig* (Անդրանիկ):

His full name was Andranik Ozanian (1865–1927), Armenian military leader and major figure in the national liberation movement. He distinguished himself during the Balkan Wars and the First World War by commanding units of Armenian volunteers alongside the Russian army against the Ottoman Empire. He is now considered an Armenian national hero.

When they arrived in Bulgaria, we were waiting for this opportunity, and we enlisted at once. No time was to be wasted, because an agreement between Bulgaria and Turkey was being prepared, and the borders were going to be closed.

We were assembled at Roussé, and then transported by small boats of about 250 people on the Danube to the town of Reni, in Bessarabia. After a few days' rest, we were sent to Rostov, and then to Nakhchivan.

The Armenian population of these places, already informed of our arrival, gave us a magnificent welcome. Dressed in a military uniform with the inscription "Armenian Volunteer" on our shoulders, we were then taken to Tiflis.

The welcome in Tiflis was indescribable: hospitality in private homes, theatre, cinema. Volunteers poured in from all sides. One evening, a performance of the "Vartanants" was given³⁰. Our national exaltation then reached its climax.

On the way out, one of our volunteers, passing a Persian, asked him: "Are you the one who killed our Vartan?" The poor man was scarcely about to open his mouth to prove his innocence when suddenly the volunteer plunged a dagger into his chest and fled immediately. No one knew who he was.

From Tiflis we set out for Alexandropol. There, a regular army was formed:

1st Regiment: Andranik

2nd Regiment: Dro³¹

3rd Regiment: Hamazasp³²

4th Regiment: Keri³³

³⁰ The term "Vardantants" refers to the Battle of Avarayr (451) and to the memory of Vartan Mamigonian, leader of the Armenian resistance against the Sassanid Empire. This episode, central to Armenian history, symbolizes the defense of the Christian faith and national identity. He inspired many literary and theatrical works, often referred to as "Vartanants/Vartanank". In the present context, it is most likely a theatrical version of this historical episode.

³¹ *Dro* (Dro):

War name of Drastamat Kanayan (1884–1956), Armenian military commander and politician. A prominent member of the Armenian Revolutionary Federation (Dashnaktsutyun), he played an important role in the fighting in the Caucasus during World War I and in the defense of the First Republic of Armenia.

³² *Hamazasp* (*Hamazasp*).

War name of Hamazasp Srvandztiants (or Srvandztian) (1873–1918), Armenian commander who led volunteer units during World War I. He participated in several military operations in the Caucasus against the Ottoman forces.

³³ *Keri* (Uncle).

war name of Arshak Gafavian (1858–1916), a figure in the Armenian liberation movement. A revolutionary and experienced military leader, he participated in the armed struggles against the Ottoman Empire and commanded Armenian volunteer units during World War I, where he was killed in action.

5th Regiment: Vartan³⁴

6th Regiment: Ishkhan³⁵

We were armed and began to give us regular military training.

We carried on our shoulders the tricolor flag as well as the number of our regiment. The most striking memory for me remains the welcome in the city of Yerevan: thousands of people, young girls dressed in white, carrying bouquets of flowers, advanced towards us holding a large Armenian flag and singing:

*Behold, brother, a flag,
That I have woven with my hands,
At night I didn't sleep,
I washed him with my tears,
Let him be inflamed against the enemy,
Let him destroy Turkey.*³⁶

Our regiments, drawn up in order, we soldiers in arms, and the officers with sabres in their hands, forming ten or twelve thousand men, saluted the flag and swore to defend it at the cost of our blood.

The meal that day — Yerevan wines, *ichkhan* fish, many desserts and sweets — made this day an unforgettable memory for me.

From Yerevan we set out for Etchmiadzin. After receiving the blessing of the Catholicos of all Armenians, we proceeded to the Turkish front.

Winter had begun: the rivers were frozen, the snow covered everything, the cold was intense. The Araxes was completely covered in ice, and we crossed it to reach Iğdır. The next day we were already at the frontier: the enemy had retreated towards Van, where the Armenians, having organized their self-defence, were trying to resist.

We were advancing towards Bayazid. Andranik came from Persia by way of Khoy; we tried to reach Van as quickly as possible to save our compatriots from the siege.

³⁴ *Vartan* (Վարտան).

War name of Sarkis Mehrabian (1870–1943), Armenian military leader and volunteer commander during World War I. Known as Vartan Pasha, he participated in the operations of Armenian units on the Caucasus front alongside the Russian army.

³⁵ *Ishkhan* (Իշխան):

Nickname of Nikoghayos Mikaelian (1881–1915), Armenian activist and military leader. Active in the Armenian national movement, he played a role in organizing the resistance and Armenian forces in the Caucasus at the beginning of World War I.

³⁶ The lyrics quoted are from a popular adaptation inspired by the poem "Իտալացի աղջկա երգը" ("Song of the Italian Maiden") by Mikael Nalbandian (1829–1866). This poem, written in the spirit of national freedom, served as the basis for the text "Mer Hayrenik" ("Our Homeland"), which later became the national anthem of Armenia.

Our food had not been able to follow us because of the heavy snows, but as the population of the region had largely withdrawn, we found many abandoned houses (*djini*) and wheat reserves. We grilled the wheat and, with a little meat, it was enough for us until our provisions arrived.

We had several clashes with Kurdish gangs, but they did not last long: they were quickly dispersed.



Standing, from left to right: Torkom Turkmenian, Mardiros Paradian, Krikor Yeghiayan, Hovhannes Mateossian.

Seated: Haroutioun Odian, Kevork Arzouyan, Kevork Matéossian, Hovhannès Kiremitdjian, Klémès Daghljan

In the spring of 1915 we were already beginning to receive news of the deportation of Armenians from the Ottoman Empire. Van, having organized his own defense, we had to help him as quickly as possible.

Our hearts, filled with the desire for vengeance, despised all difficulty and danger: we fought like lions and always advanced victoriously in the direction of Van.

We, the horsemen of the vanguard, were among the first to arrive. The circle of Turkish encirclement had been broken; only a few scattered Turkish soldiers remained, charged with covering the retreat of the main army. At the sight of us, they also fled. Van was released.

The scene was overwhelming: the men remained on their lines of defence, while a delegation of old men, women and representatives of all the organisations came to meet us. Tears of joy shone in our eyes as well as in theirs, under the Armenian and Russian flags flying over the fortress of Van.

The mountain passage having been crossed, we entered the plain where there was scarcely any snow. A compatriot, Krikor Mateossian, educated, who had come as a volunteer from America, constantly accompanied the commanders and had a horse at his disposal. When he saw us on the road, he loaded our bags on his horse, thus sparing us a great deal of fatigue.

As we approached Van, we met a rather deep river called Pahri Maho. The bridges having been destroyed, we had to enter the water to cross it. When we were already partially engaged, the enemy opened fire on us. After some losses, we reached the shore and took up a position.

In the meantime, the Russian artillery, warned, came to our aid. In a few hours the way was cleared: our horsemen had already reached Lake Van and put the enemy to flight. We, the infantrymen, arrived in our turn, greeted by fanfares and songs; we entered Van amidst embraces and tears of joy.



Mme Srpouhi Yeghiayan, Krikor Yeghiayan, Sophie Hagopian.
Marie Yeghiayan, Mariam Yeghiayan, Nichan Yeghiayan

The most brilliant welcome was given to General Andranik, between 17 and 20 May 1915. The entire Armenian population of Van was on its feet, offering a reception of unprecedented enthusiasm.

However, our volunteers began to act without restraint and to loot the abandoned Turkish houses. The Russian command did not look favourably on these events.

General Andranik was advancing in the direction of Mush; Erzurum was taken. But shortly afterwards the Russian army abandoned these conquered territories, and it was soon Van's turn. After barely two and a half months of freedom, the Russian commander Nikolaev ordered the Armenian population to evacuate the city.

It was the end of July: the population, taking up the staff of the refugee, left their ancestral homes, taking with them what they could. The scene was heartbreaking: everything that had been won at blood price was abandoned in a day, and all hope vanished like a dream.

During the next two years, the Russian army continued to alternate retreats and reconquests. Imagine: the city of Van passed from hand to hand almost three times, until the Revolution of 1917, after which the Russian soldiers abandoned everything and left the front.

Imagine another 120,000 people, on donkeys, carts or wagons, often attacked on the way by Kurds; we, in retreat, frequently came to the aid of these unfortunate people. The number of refugees increased further with those from Mush, Erzurum and other areas, reaching up to 200,000 people.

The Yerevan and Etchmiadzin regions were filled with refugees, and those who were able to do so continued on to Tiflis.

We, volunteers, mixed with these crowds of refugees, were scattered and had lost our bearings. When we finally reached Tiflis, an epidemic was already wreaking havoc.

Some of our comrades left to join Murad³⁷ in Baku, where they perished during the Armenian-Tatar clashes³⁸. As for me, having fallen ill, I was transported to Tsaritsyn (now Stalingrad), where I remained for two years before recovering.

The following list includes, as far as I remember, the Stanozian volunteers, many of whom perished either at the front or during the retreat, and some in Baku, in Murad's group, during the Armenian-Tatar clashes in 1918:

Krikor Mateossian — a teacher in Sukhumi, assassinated in 1918

Fatiyan Family Bothos

Garabed and Bedros of the Mughotsian family, as well as their brother Hovhannes

Onnigue and Hagop from the Boshghurdian family

Mardiros Berberian — stabbed in Maragha

Haroutioun Séyissian

Khatchig of the Altoughouladjian family

Garabed Donbayan — martyred in Baku with Murad

Krikor, fils de Kayanpaï Matéossian

³⁷ *Mourad* (Sebastian Murat).

War name of Murad of Sebastia (1874–1918), whose real name was Hagop Muradian. An Armenian fedayi leader from Sebastia, he actively participated in the fighting of the Armenian liberation movement and then commanded volunteer units during the First World War, particularly in the Caucasus and in Baku, where he was killed.

³⁸ The violent conflicts between Armenians and Caucasian Tatars (now Azerbaijanis) in the years 1918–1920. These clashes, mixing ethnic, political and territorial tensions, caused many civilian and military casualties, particularly in Baku and its surroundings.



Général Antranig (1865-1927)

Hayrabed, from the family of Tatéos Kemanidji

Hagop Yaniyan

Onnigue, brother-in-law of the Varto family

Haroutioun Kiremitdjian

Onnigue, son of our baker from Ankara

Antréas Boyadjian

This list is not complete; many others have escaped my memory. We were more than twenty Stanozian volunteers, but in very difficult conditions we dispersed. The epidemic took many of us, and many perished with Murad during the Armenian-Tatar clashes.

Krikor Mateossian, who after the dispersal of the armies taught at Sukhumi, fell victim to the jealousy of Georgians.

At that time I fell seriously ill in Tsaritsyn; for this reason I could not take part in these fightings. When everything was over, I managed to return to Constantinople, but the nostalgia for my native country irresistibly attracted me.

Although Constantinople was occupied by the Allies, the interior of the country remained left to itself, with no real military effort to disarm the Turkish population. As soon as I arrived in Stanoze, this insecurity tormented me and I wanted to leave as soon as possible. I warned several people, including my brother-in-law, to leave this dangerous place as soon as possible. No one listened to me, except Hagop Balabanian, with whom I set out for Constantinople.

Those who remained later regretted their decision: after suffering many losses and privations, almost all of them came to join us towards the end of 1922, and in 1923 we left for France.

In France, I helped many compatriots, whether in Marseille, Valence, Pont-de-Chéruey or Paris. Accustomed to life in exile, I encouraged many of them, showed them how to undertake and find work. Seeing their success, I feel rewarded.

As for my family: my mother belonged to the Yeghiayan family; my mother, Srpouhi Yeghiayan, born Darakdjian, is now 90 years old.

When, in 1915, the families of the deportees of Stanoze were dispersed in the surrounding villages, she took her father, aged 108, with her. Two years later, he died at the age of 110. Refusing to abandon him in a foreign land, she did everything she could to repatriate his body to Stanoze, where she buried it with his ancestors.

In the third year, at the end of the war, she returned to Stanoze and regained possession of her house and possessions. But having lost her husband and two sons, she was left without support and, like many others, took refuge in France with her three daughters, abandoning everything.

Paris, 1968

SOUVENIRS DU COMPATRIOTE KLÉMÈS GHAZAROSSIAN



Klémès Ghazarossian

Our ancestors, originally from Stanoze, formed large families. My grandfather, Rafael Effendi, was a well-known figure in the Stanoze and Ankara regions. He had rendered many services in the Ottoman administration, rising through the ranks from a secretary position to high positions in the public treasury. At the same time, he had been head of the Armenian community of Stanoze.

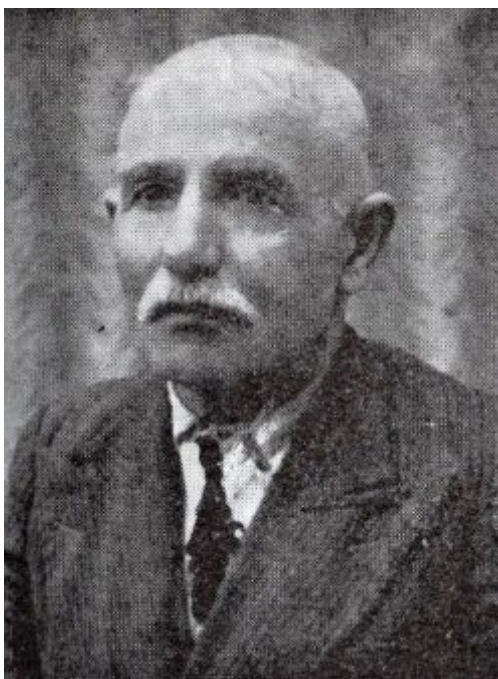
Rafael Effendi, together with the Reverend Odian, was arrested and deported in chains by the Ankara police for interrogation, then detained for several weeks following a treacherous maneuver by the Turkish authorities. Although he was eventually released and returned to Stanoze, his sensitivity did not allow him to endure these hardships, and he died soon after. This arrest, the result of intrigue and calculation, was followed by the martyrdom of the Reverend Odian and forty other persons, executed in the waters of Seyridje.

My father, Harutyun Ghazarossian, worked in a number of useful occupations and, mastering the *qanun* (oriental zither), animated many weddings by playing traditional tunes. Several members of our family perished during the genocide of 1915, others were massacred during the Kemalist era.

As for me, who was barely ten years old at the time, with my father Haroutioun Agha, my mother Elisabeth and my sisters Sofia, Loussaper, Sourpigue and Marie, we passed through Constantinople and arrived in Marseilles in 1923, before settling in Paris.

My youngest brother Georges, born in Marseilles, died prematurely. My brother Garabed started a family with Sophie, daughter of the Der Toumayan family, and had a son, Jean-Luc. For my part, having founded my home with Victoria, we had two children: Flavien and Georges.

Here is a memory of my life in Stanoze: in Kemalist times, a group of teenagers and children played in the fields; when a plane passed, we looked up and made the sign of the cross, as a testimony of our Christian faith.



Haroutioun Agha Ghazarossian,
died in 1962



Mrs. Élisabeth Ghazarossian, widow,
née Paradian, survivor of Stanoze



Georges Ghazarossian, young man from
a Stanozian family, a very gifted student
and violinist, who died prematurely in
Paris in 1945, at the age of 21



Garabed Ghazarossian



Ghazarossian, Boyadjian, Hagop Der Toumayan, Keseyyan, Mutafrican and Turkmenian families, photographed on the occasion of a birthday



Group of children and teenagers from Stanozian families in Pont-de-Chérui, during an excursion



Theatrical group of the Armenian evangelical community of Paris, composed mainly of Stanozians, directed by Klémès Ghazarossian

Mr. and Mrs. Hovhannes and Aroussiag Mateossian, one of the honorable families of Stanoze. Hovhannes was a sincere man, devoted to his family, his Church, and his countrymen; His premature death caused many tears to flow. Mrs. widow Aroussiag Mateossian, however, found consolation in the marriage of their noble and talented son Krikor to Marianne, by whom he had a daughter.



Years later, a high-ranking French official, learning that I was from Stanoze by reading my identity papers, told me that as a pilot, he often passed over Stanoze and observed, through binoculars, children who crossed themselves.

It was a high-ranking French official who, twenty-five years later, still recalled this episode with admiration and respect for the Armenians of Stanoze. It is well established that in the Kemalist period the Turks had no air force on their territory; the reason why this French pilot flew over Stanoze so often remained a secret to him — and to me also an enigma.

Time passes and disappears, but certain facts and memories remain as the indelible testimony of a lived truth.



Seated, from left to right: Garabed Keosseyan, his son Samuel, his wife Houpsie. Standing, from left to right: his married daughters Sara Widjer (Holland), Vartouhi Besson (Gardanne), Noémi Manoukian (Paris), Paulette Manissian (Paris). Sara and Vartouhi were pupils of the famous singing teacher Marguerite Babayan.



Seated, from left to right: Father Hagop Djerekian, mother Mrs. Takouhintsa. Standing: their daughter Alice Djerekian, their son Armenag Djerekian.



From left to right: Miss Martine and Jacques, two children of Haroutioun Djerekian, in their youth; today Dr. Martine and Dr. Jacques.



Seated, from left to right: Barouyr Kizirian and Klémès Chahinian. Standing: Mrs. Sophie (née Ghazarossian), Hagop Chahinian and Mrs. G. Chahinian, actress.



The venerable Stanozian Patriarch, Hadji Aharonian Garabed Agha, still lives in Paris, surrounded by his children, daughters-in-law and grandchildren; his wife Mary fell asleep in the Lord years ago, after leading a deeply pious and Christian life. May the memory of the righteous, which is eternal, be blessed.

Front row, from left to right: Klémès, grandmother Nourana holding little Bedros in her arms, Sirannouch standing.

Second row: Nourana, wife Balabanian, his mother Herusa, born Haronian, Nichan Haronian, Marie Kerimian, and Marie Haronian, wife of Garabed Agha Haronian.

MEMORIES OF MR. KRIKOR HADJITANIELIAN

Around 1907, when the persecutions of Sultan Abdulhamid hung like a sword of Damocles over every Armenian, our Stanoze was also threatened.

One day, when our house had just been built, the members of the ward council and the parish council met for a reception, and I remember some of the discussions that took place — which I wish to convey here.

They spoke of the need to resort to self-defence in case of danger. It was decided that women, old people and children would be sheltered in the cliffs behind the city, capable of accommodating thousands of people. However, access being difficult, the weakest would have suffered to achieve this.

It was therefore decided to install a secure door at the entrance and to install wooden railings along the stairs. For this work, Greek stonemasons were brought from far away, who carried out the necessary improvements.

With the advent of the Constitution of 1908, these measures were not finally used. Some of the participants in this meeting had heard from their elders that a massacre had taken place around 1800, and that those who had taken refuge in the cliffs had been able to descend safe and sound once the danger had passed.

After the proclamation of the Constitution, Armenian youth were conscripted and fought on the side of the Turks in the Italian and Balkan wars. Meanwhile, the population continued its activities, living as best it could until the outbreak of the war in 1914.

At that time, the Turkish authorities disarmed the Armenian soldiers who had fought alongside them: many were assigned to dig trenches, others to build roads, until the sinister month of April 1915. Afterwards, the unarmed Armenian soldiers were executed, while the Armenian intellectual elite was deported to Ayash and Çankırı.

Although some prominent figures from Stanoze were also deported, teenagers and men over the age of 45 still continued their activities.

It was June 1915, in the middle of the sericulture season. My uncle, having paid an exemption, had been exempted from military service. He owned two mills near Haymana. To please me, he sent me there for a few weeks with our carter; I was accompanied by Krikor Arslanian, whose maternal uncle also worked as a miller in this mill.

We were very happy: after school, everything seemed new to us.

But our joy did not last much more than a week. At the beginning of July, one day, a mounted gendarme arrived and asked where the master was. Our miller, Klémès of the Ghougassian family,

18-year-old young man, was sleeping inside. As soon as he entered, the gendarme, without asking any questions, began to beat him violently with sticks, on the body and head.

Soon after, a group of about fifty to sixty people—Stanozian millers from the Haymana region—were gathered, forced to run breathlessly in front of the horses, and then brought to us. Immediately the order was given to prepare food.

Chickens were slaughtered, bread was baked, eggs were cooked, but ours had no appetite. In this state, they were sent back to Haymana.

We, the two boys, defenceless, wanted to accompany them, but the agha of the village, after consulting with the gendarmes, forcibly prevented us from doing so. We wept and begged not to be separated from our own, but in vain: after beating us, they entrusted us to the agha.

The Turk's intention was different: by keeping us, he wanted to appropriate the mill's property. But the next morning, when he came with carts to empty it, almost everything had already been looted.

The Turk did not feed us for free: every morning he took us to work in his fields, and on the way, Turkish children threw stones at us.

Barely eight days had passed before everything was ready for us to forcibly convert to Islam. Although the Armenians of the Haymana region had already been rounded up, Stanoze was not yet informed of the events.

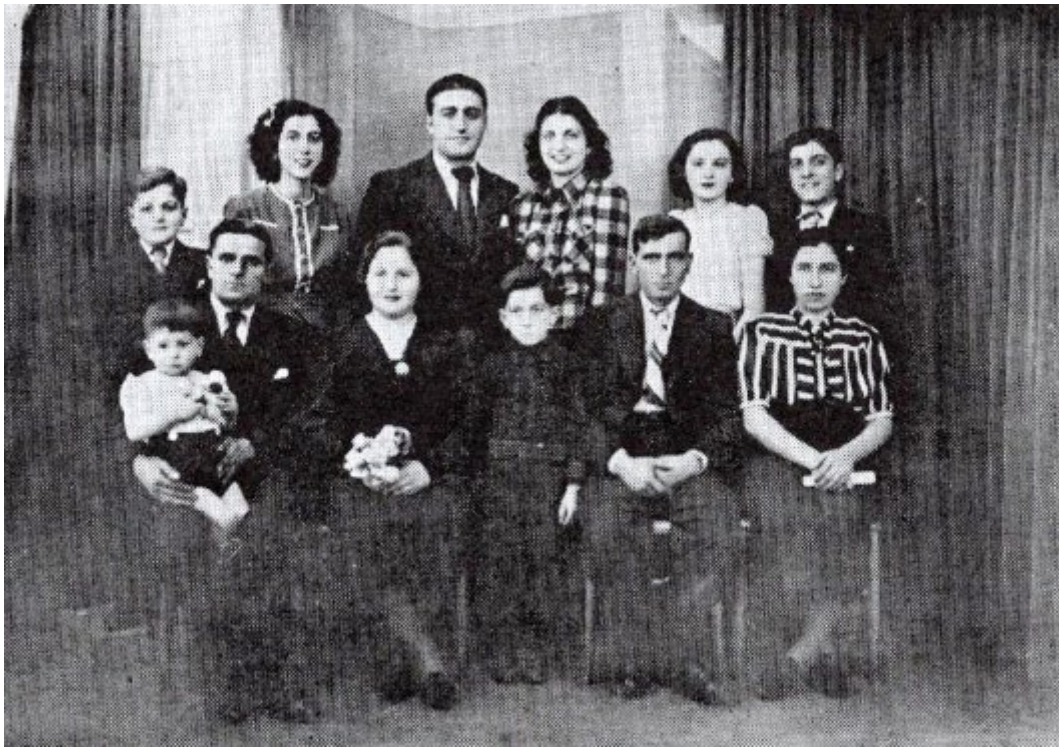
It was only when rumors began to circulate that my uncle, accompanied by his son Garabed and Khodja Antreas (who had come to see his own son), arrived. On their way, they had found all the mills empty and asked us where the men had gone. We replied that the gendarmes had taken them all to Haymana.

Realizing the danger that threatened us, my uncle immediately took us away and we took the road again. In the evening we came to a mill in Stanoze, where the millers could hardly believe what had happened, for they had not yet been disturbed.

Although we returned home safely, we were anxious. The population, informed of these events, was seized with panic: what could we do?

It was August; Stanoze's turn was about to come. With my brothers, we took refuge in Gedradz Kar to wait for the danger to pass, but all the men from Stanoze had already been taken away.

Years passed, the war ended, and destroyed homes began to be rebuilt. The man known as Hassan, reputed to be bad, began to flatter, but with the installation of the nationalist movement in Ankara, he raised his head again. In opposition to a certain Deli Agha, intrigues began to be hatched between them, but it was the Armenian who suffered the consequences.



Front row, from left to right: Kevork Aleksanian holding in his arms his son Haroutioun, Mrs. Hripsime Aleksanian, Stépan Tchobanian, a young man very fond of art, his father Krikor Tchobanian, his mother Mrs. Annig.

Standing: Klémès Aleksanian, Lousine Tchobanian, Kevork Dadourian and his wife Azadouhi, née Turkmenian, Marie Aleksanian, Hagop Tchobanian

In March 1921, many compatriots were deported as suspects. Vartan Tchavouch, Mrs. Annigüe Baghladjian, Mrs. Negdar Turkmenian and Hagop Toumayan were imprisoned on charges of having non-existent arms caches.

It was at this time that, one night, as we were returning from the upper quarter with my cousin Garabed, we were arrested and taken to prison.

During the night, as every night, we heard the cries of pain of these unfortunate people subjected to torture, and we feared to suffer the same fate; we did not sleep at all. That night, Hassan was also there. When he heard of our presence, he asked who we were and promised to come on the last day to have us released.

Upon learning of our arrest, our people asked Deli Agha to intervene. He came early in the morning and had us released. But Hassan, considering that his honor had been violated, demanded from us a bribe of one hundred gold pieces. Forced, we paid this sum. At the same time, having reached the age of military service, I left Stanoze.



Front row, from left to right: Odjo Sinabian, Mrs. Armaghanian, who died in Valence, and her son Maurice Sinabian.

Second row: Mr. and Mrs. Mariam and David Sinabian, Mrs. Gadar Tchobanian, née Sinabian.

I did my military service in Erzurum until the end of the Greco-Turkish war. In 1923, I was released, but not being allowed to return home, I went to Constantinople where, having joined my family, we left for France in 1925.

Thus ended our wanderings, and we began a new life under the hospitable protection of France.

Paris, 1968

SOUVENIRS DE KLÉMÈS DER TOUMAYAN

Hadji Raphaël Der Toumayan



Klémès Der Toumayan,
Grandson of a priest

Son of the priest Der Touma, Hadji Raphaël was born in Stanoze. He belonged to the local evangelical community.

He was known to both Turks and Armenians as a pious man of irreproachable integrity. He had a great deal of experience in medicine and veterinary medicine, which he put at the service of all with dedication.

When, during the dark days of the deportation, the inhabitants of Stanoze were taken to Ankara, the evangelicals, for some reason, were separated and then sent back to Stanoze, where they remained for some time.

Afterwards, they were summoned again by the authorities, who offered them to embrace Islam, in exchange for German passports. But the refusal was immediate and categorical.

As a result, the evangelicals were massacred in a place about eight kilometers from Stanoze, and their bodies were thrown into a deep grave. Among them, Hadji Raphael shared the fate of his beloved compatriots.

According to the testimony of one of the Turkish executioners, my father Raphael was massacred with extreme cruelty. Addressing my brother, he is said to have said:

“Hey, Hagop, I was the one who killed your father; Of them all, he died in the most atrocious way.”

In the end, the Turks of Stanoze did not know how to appreciate Hadji Raphael, the doctor ("hekim") who had served them with total devotion.

May the memory of the martyrs be blessed forever, and may their souls be judged worthy of the holy heavenly kingdom.



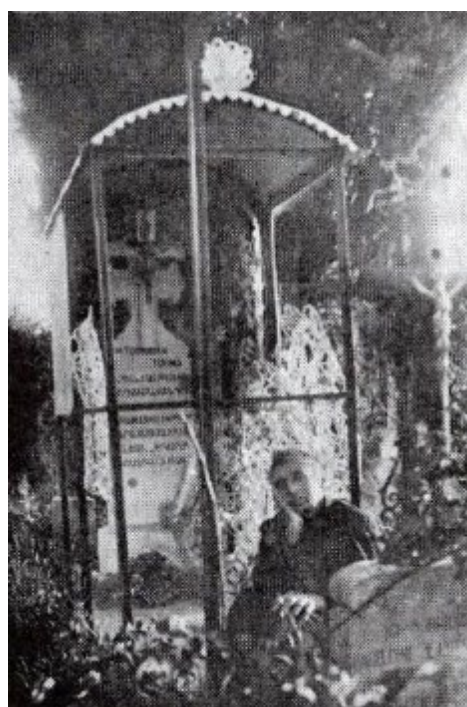
Hadji Raphaël Der Toumayan (Hekim), son of the priest Der Touma of Stanoze, who served Armenians and Turks with a sincere and disinterested spirit



Mme Houpsie Der Toumayan, born Sinanian



Toma Der Toumayan, from a Stanozian family, 9 years old; victim of the Second World War bombing near Paris



Srpouhi, wife of Hadji Raphael, weeping at the tomb of Hadji Raphael's son Der Toumayan, the Hekim; August 15, 1925



Wedding photograph of Aghavni, daughter of the Stanozians Mr. and Mrs. Klémès Der Toumayan.

Front row, from left to right: father and mother Boranian, parents-in-law; Mr. and Mrs. Hovhannès Boranian, the newlyweds.

Back row, from left to right: Sophie, Nounig, Noémi, Negdar, Marie, Klémès, Houpsie, from the Der Toumayan family, as well as Jaco, Beniamin, Ruth Boranian, musicians, Hagop Der Toumayan and Haroutioun Odian

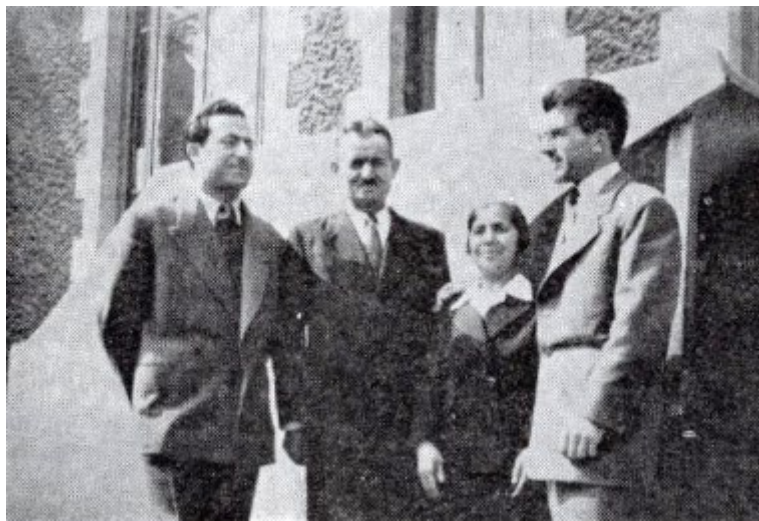


Haroutioun Odian, Paris

WRITTEN BY COMPATRIOT GARABED KISIAN

With a few lines of memories, I wish to participate in this book of the history of the Armenians of Stanoze.

My father, Hovhannes Kisian, a native and resident of Stanoze, after completing his military service in the Ottoman army from 1914 to 1918, had obtained a convalescent leave. But he had barely moved a few kilometers away from his unit when he was arrested. His license was confiscated and he was immediately deported to the Konya region, to a place called In-Evi, which was none other than a stable where thousands of Armenian and Greek deportees fought against death.



In the center of the group: Garabed Kisian; his wife Mariam, née Daghlilian; his sons: on the left Hovhannès, an engineer, and on the right Misak, a sports doctor at the Paris hospital

Faced with death, my father Hovhannes, far from letting himself be defeated, escaped one evening from this hell and took the direction of a nearby river. As he continued his flight, filled with anguish and uncertainty, into the unknown, he suddenly saw a mill built on the water's edge. To escape death by hunger, he had the courage to enter it.

And there, what a miracle: the miller was Klémès Soudourents, also from Stanoze, to whom my father had once rendered many services.

This miller, Klémès, was then an agent mandated by the Ottoman state. He immediately took care of my father, remembering with gratitude the bonds of friendship of old in Stanoze. He entrusted him to his muleteers, who brought him back safe and sound to Stanoze.

As for me, after years of searching for my father and wandering, when I returned to Stanoze without hope, I found him there, to my great surprise.

But alas, my father, broken by suffering, died shortly afterwards.

I myself, with my wife Mariam and my eldest son Misak, after a long wandering through Çorum, Samsun, Athens and various other places, arrived in France in 1926 and finally settled in Paris in 1928.

The blessed memory of my father always reminds me of the words of Solomon the Wise . "Throw your bread on the waters, for in time you will find it again."



Kevork Daghlilian, violonist from a Stanozian family, in Armenia

Below is a poem by a compatriot from Stanoze, M. H. Kassabian:

Hymn to compatriots martyrs and victims of bombing

You, stars twinkling in the firmament,
Flickering lamps inherited from our ancestors,
You have sown fruitful seeds, built Armenian homes,
And one day, death-scented bombs snatched your life —
You have become martyrs, you children of the line of Haik.

You were orphans already, and you left orphans,
You have bequeathed to us rosebuds still fresh, like Vartan,
Already orphans of the Great Cataclysm, on the shores of exile,
You have become victims of a dark and merciless fate,
Burned alive, innocently, in this devastating massacre.

We too, like you, orphans,
We come to bow before your burial mounds,
Proclaiming: Respect to you, sweet parents, brothers and sisters,
May your memory remain alive, an unquenchable flame in our hearts,
And that we may sow on your graves immortal flowers with the fragrance of incense.

M. H. KASSABIAN



Margossian and Simonian families, Stanozians residing in Ankara; group photograph taken by the river, in the vineyards of Stanoze.



Gondjiguan and Simonian families, Stanozians living in Ankara; Group photograph taken on the occasion of a wedding.



Mr. and Mrs. Krikor and Annig Hadji Tanielian,
one of the initiators of this book — Paris



Garabed Sarafian, born in Stanoze, excellent Turkish speaker and accountant; he held the positions of treasurer for a long time at the administrations of Sivrihisar, Nallıhan and Mihalıççık. He died in deportation



Stanozian soldiers in the Turkish Republican Army. From left to right: Dikran Margossian, Margos Margossian, Bedros Simonian



Photograph taken near the Low Fountain of Stanoze: Hovhannes Sarafian, his sister Nevart Kahvedjian, his wife Elisabeth Sarafian, as well as Mary, wife of Hrant Kiremitdjian of Stanoze, and their daughter



Arsèn Daghljan, student in Caesarea, martyred in 1915

MEMORIES OF COMPATRIOT KEVORK KABZEMALIAN

One of our elderly compatriots, Kevork Kabzemalian, gave us the following account of an event that occurred before 1900, as well as various information:

At that time, in Ankara, five Hunchaki heroes³⁹ from Gürün were hanged: Tchello, Toros, Jirair, Gülbenk and Miridjan. The office of prelate in Ankara was then held by the vartabed superior Yeghiché Kalfayan.

This group of five *fedayeen*⁴⁰ had spread terror throughout the Ankara region: no Turk dared to utter insults against an Armenian without being punished. My grandmother, Sara Hada, used to tell how they attacked and looted many official couriers and their convoys, and then distributed the booty and gold coins indiscriminately to the poor, Armenians and Turks alike.

When it was learned that an expedition of Tchello's group was targeting a locality, everyone rejoiced. These *fedayis* had chosen Yozgat, Caesarea, Mancusun, Everek, Stanoze and many other cities with large Armenian populations as their field of action.

One day, Gülbenk, aged 17 — the most agile of the young people in the group — arrived in Stanoze in disguise and knocked on the door of our house, on the special instructions of the group, in order to find out if the Armenians were being persecuted there.

My grandmother, Sara Hada, seeing this young *fedayi* with a beautiful face and full of vivacity, began to question him to learn more about the exploits of the Tchello group.

Gülbenk, a brave young man with sparkling eyes, then began to recount one by one their deeds against Turkish despotism, stories that aroused the admiration and wonder of all who heard them.

My grandmother asked him why, at such a tender age, he was engaged in political activities, when he could have remained under the protection of his parents, trained and helped them, instead of risking his life and his future.

The brave Gülbenk replied with passion and emotion:

"No, mother, no, you are mistaken. Of course, I am young, but the task ahead of me is great and my duty is noble. It doesn't matter if I die, as long as I can do my part to free my people from the Red Sultan's yoke⁴¹. Our motto is: death or freedom. »

³⁹ The Hunchakian Social Democratic Party (founded in 1887 in Geneva) was one of the first Armenian revolutionary parties. He campaigned for the emancipation of Armenians from the Ottoman Empire, combining socialist ideology and national struggle, and organized armed resistance actions.

⁴⁰ Term designating Armenian volunteer fighters engaged in the resistance against Ottoman persecution at the end of the nineteenth and the beginning of the twentieth century. Often organized in small mobile groups, they ensured the protection of the Armenian population and carried out guerrilla actions.

⁴¹ Nickname given to the Ottoman Sultan Abdülhamid II (r. 1876–1909), due to the massacres of Armenians perpetrated during his reign (notably the Hamidian massacres of 1894–1896). In Armenian sources, he embodies tyranny and oppression.

My grandmother, kissing his face with emotion, said to him with a sigh:

"Come, my child, do not go, stay in Stanoze, we will take care of you as our own son."

Gülbenk, deeply grateful, replied:

"Mother, my duty is very serious; I must fulfill it fully, otherwise I will be responsible to my group. I have sworn to fight to the end against this bloodthirsty monster, the Sultan, who has imposed the yoke of slavery on our people. »

At that time, following a slight illness, Gülbenk stayed with us for some time and was cared for by my parents.

At the same time, the vartabed superior Yéghiché, on a diocesan visit, was also staying with us. Gülbenk, addressing my grandmother, said to her:

"Sara Dudu, you know that this monster — this vartabed — keeps chasing our group and tries to drown us in a teacup. This individual is Hamid 's agent and right-hand man. Know that one day, he will betray us. »

A few months later, Tchello's group fell into a trap set by spies and was locked up in Ankara prison.

The vartabed had achieved his goal, as the heroes had been arrested and thrown into prison, and he himself had been rewarded with a Hamidian decoration.

In prison, the five *fedayis* tried to dig a tunnel in order to escape and continue their exploits. But, unfortunately, their secret was discovered, and they were subjected to a special trial. No supplication or defence was of any use to them, not even the intervention of the Patriarchate with the Sublime Porte, for the authorities treacherously delayed the notification of the commutation of their sentences.

Thus, our valiant heroes were led to the square of Tahta Kalé, where five gallows awaited them.

On one side, the executioners greased the ropes; on the other, an Armenian priest administered Holy Communion to the condemned. The chief executioner ordered them to utter their last words.

The executioner approached Toros to put the rope around his neck. Toros, grave but proud, cried out:

"It's not necessary. We ourselves can put the condemned man's rope around our neck. But know that we are innocent, fighters for justice and equality, while you are only executioners, wretches, parasites! »

And, hurling a thousand imprecations against the Sultan and his satellites, he smashed the stool under his feet on the executioner's head with a blow, killing him instantly, and then, smiling, gave himself up to the will of his executioners.

His companions met the same fate when they mounted the gallows.

The vartabed Yeghiche could have saved these heroes if he had wanted to, but he refused this pardon so as not to incur the displeasure of Sultan Abdülhamid.

The Armenian bards sang for a long time the following song, which Toros is said to have composed at the moment when their sentence of death was pronounced:

*The lights of Ankara are shining,
The murderous executioner greases the ropes.
I got out of Ankara safe and sound,
But at the foot of the scaffold, the cataclysm erupts.
Tell my mother not to go up on the roof,
That she doesn't wait on the road saying: "Toros will come back".
Let her not put the belt on my cloth trousers,
Ah, my darling, don't let my grandmother find out.⁴²*

These quatrains have come down to us in a fragmentary way, as well as this account and the accusation against the vartabed Yeghishe; we do not know to what extent they correspond to reality.

In Toumdikian's historical work, we read the following:

"In the 1890s, the Hunchakian militant Jirair, among the Armenian villages of Yozgat, also secretly visited Tumdik, as did other Hunchakian fighters—Toros, Gülbenk, Miridjan, and perhaps Tchello. Their entry into the village was signalled, and the Turks pursued them. The *fedayis* left the village unharmed, but a few hours later, while crossing the bridge leading to Çıhrıh Çukur, they were arrested by the police, taken to Toumdik, and then taken to Ankara where they were hanged. »

The fact that the denunciation of these five *Armenian fedayis* to the Turkish authorities was attributed to the vartabed superior Yeghishe Kalfayan leads us to give here some details about some of his activities.

Although he had held the office of prelate in Ankara for many years, he had not acquired a good reputation in his diocese. This is why, when the Constitution was proclaimed, he could not continue to exercise his functions and went to Constantinople.

Having taken possession of the riches of the Holy Mother of God Monastery in Ankara, he led a capricious and selfish life; going so far as to deprive the orphans of their legitimate rights, he had forgotten all compassion and conscience, abandoning himself to ambition and luxury. More than that, he behaved like a real unofficial dictator.

⁴² The song is given in the original in Turkish transcribed in the Armenian alphabet. It is translated into French here.

At the beginning of 1919, the vartabed superior Yeghishe was again called to head the diocese of Ankara. Perhaps he hoped to regain his former opulence, but he was disappointed. Shortly afterwards he abandoned his post and returned to Constantinople.

In 1920, I was also in Constantinople, and one day I had the opportunity to meet him. He was walking on the sidewalks of Üsküdar, this time completely emaciated, exhausted and aged.

I approached him, greeted him, and said:

"My Father, do you recognize me? I had the opportunity to know you closely when you visited Stanoze in 1905 and were received in our house — that of Kevork Effendi Kabzermalian. At the time, I was just a boy of barely ten years old. »

"No, my child, I do not recognize you. Besides, my eyesight has weakened with age," replied the vartabed.

"Well, Father, where have you been until now?" I asked.

"I was in Ankara, where I had taken over the direction of the monastery."

"Then why did you abandon your office and your flock to flee here? Would it not have been better to remain with your people, defenceless and without strength, these survivors decimated by massacres and deportations, delivered into the hands of barbarian neighbours, unable to resist without a pastor the new threats of persecution and massacre? »

This conversation took place at the very moment when the vartabed was buying an egg. Moved with compassion, I asked him:

"Father, why do you buy only one egg? Do you live in such great misery? What happened to the monastery chickens and eggs, the cows, the milk and the yoghurt? Have you not been able to take away the riches that were at your disposal? »

Immediately, his face changed color and a cold sweat appeared on his forehead; his hands trembling, he seemed to be weeping for the past glory that he had not been able to appreciate at its true value.

In 1909, the upper vartabed Yeghishe Kalfayan was replaced by the upper vartabed Papgen Güleserian, who devoted years to saving the monastery from ruin and making it self-sufficient. He was more of a scholar than a pastor, and undertook the cataloguing of manuscripts and Gospels preserved in the churches and monasteries of the region.

In 1913, he appointed as his replacement the pastor of Stanoze, the priest Der Khorèn Avakian Daghlilian, and then withdrew.

Der Khoren proved to be a courageous pastor and tried to defend the rights of the people with the local authorities, as he had done before.

The following episode shows the practical wisdom and patriotism of Der Khorèn.

When the vartabed superior Yeghishe was prelate of Ankara, he had won the confidence of the Ottoman government, which proved to be of great use in the next affair.

One day, over taxes and compulsory corvées for the construction of roads, a dispute arose: two inhabitants of Stanoze, Takvor Karageuzian and Harutyun Soghomonian, were beaten and then thrown into prison in an arbitrary manner, even though they had legally paid replacements to fulfill these obligations, and therefore should not have been forced to perform public works.

Der Khoren, well versed in the laws and able to defend his own, immediately went to the *kaymakam* (sub-prefect) to ask for an explanation. Faced with the latter's refusal, he hastened to Ankara where, thanks to the intercession of the vartabed superior Yeghiché, he obtained an audience with the governor and pleaded the cause as it should be.

The result was such that, even before his return to Stanoze, the *kaymakam* was removed from his office. This victory put a stop to the abuses and arbitrary practices of the Turkish authorities in the region.

One of the secrets of Der Khoren's success also lay in his perfect command of the Turkish language. In official circles, at solemn meetings, he always defended the cause of the Armenians when Turkish officials tried, through linguistic subtleties or ambiguities, to distort the rights of the people.

Even Muslim clerics, during the deportations, offered him to convert and serve as a Turkish *hodja* (Muslim religious dignitary).

GALATIA AND ITS DIOCESE

Galatia, with its monastery of the Holy Mother of God, was an episcopal center whose authority legally extended over the provinces of Galatia, Konya, and Kastamonu.

Stanoze, after Sivrihisar, was one of the main centers of the diocese and was under Ankara.

We give below a part of the list of prelates of this diocese, as well as some additional information:

"In 1883, after the dismissal of Bishop Arisdagas, he was succeeded as administrator of the diocese of Galatia by the vartabed Kevork Rusdjouklian. It provides us with brief information on the Armenian population of the diocese, the situation of the cities and various aspects of local life:

"The diocese of Galatia consisted of three governorates: Galatia, Konya and Kastamonu.

"In Galatia, there were 150 Armenian Apostolic Homes and 2000 Catholic Homes.

Stanoze — 6 hours away, 400 households, including 100 Protestants⁴³; there was no school or priest.

Nallıhan — at 27 hours, 150 Armenian households

Sivrihisar — 24 hours away, 900 Armenian households

Kalaidjik — at 10 a.m., 120 Armenian households

Çankırı — at 2 p.m., 25 Armenian households

Maden — at 8 p.m., 20 Armenian homes

"The monastery of Sainte-Mère-de-Dieu is located half an hour from the city and has 1200 acres of well-irrigated and fertile land. If properly exploited, they could bring in 20,000 to 25,000 *tahegans* annually⁴⁴.

"The precious goods of the monastery as well as the silver objects had been entrusted, under various pretexts, to individuals whose identity remained unknown."

We do not know to what extent the claim that Stanoze had "neither school nor priest" is accurate. Our fathers — born between 1870 and 1875 — could read and write, and in 1883 they were old enough to attend school. Father Guiragos, a priest, and Reverend Hagop Daghlıan had already, even before the ordination of Hagop Calfa Adjemian and Archpriest Khoren, trained students in Stanoze who were able to pursue secondary studies, and this during this period and in the following years (until 1900).

The statistics of the national schools established by the Patriarchate of Constantinople in 1834 show that Ankara and Stanoze had schools, and that in the latter teachers from Stanoze taught; some also taught in Ankara establishments.

⁴³ In 1915, Stanoze had 800 households, including 200 Protestants (*note to the original text*).

⁴⁴ An ancient monetary unit.

During these periods, the Daghlia and Adjemian families, following the example of their ancestors, had learned to actively support the school and the Church. At the same time (1800–1890), the priests Der Guiragos, Der Garabed Sinabian, Der Touma and Der Hagop served as pastors.

It is possible that the Diocese of Galatia was founded during the time of Sultan Bayezid Yıldırım and Tamerlane.

We reproduce below, according to the History of Sivrihisar, a list of superiors of the monastery:

Archbishop" Hovsèp in 1441

Bishop Nerses in 1447

Bishop Nikoghayos in 1469

Bishop Sarkis in 1475

"According to a note, the restorer of the monastery was Bishop Nerses; the one who renovates it, Bishop Nikoghayos; and the one who developed it, Bishop Sarkis. The list of ecclesiastics continues thus, composed for the most part of bishops and archbishops.

"In 1648, we meet with the name of the vartabed Minas of Tokat, a disciple of Catholicos Philip of Etchmiadzin. About him, we read:

"The vartabed Minas writes in his notes of 1648 that the monastery was abandoned and that the liturgical objects had been pawned. The Greeks offered to buy them back, but he immediately undertook a fund-raising campaign, both in the centre and in the dioceses, thanks to which not only were the debts paid, but also, with a surplus of 4000 *quruches*, the monastery was restored.

"About 1647–1649, Catholicos Philip of Etchmiadzin, who came to Ankara, ordained him bishop in recognition of his work.

"According to a tradition, the monastery previously belonged to the Greeks. At a feast of the monastery, the latter, having drunk too much and lacking wine, asked the Armenians to provide them with it. The latter accepted on the condition that the monastery be ceded to them by an official act signed by the metropolitan.

"For the period 1900–1909, we find the name of the higher vartabed Yeghishe Kalfayan; for 1909–1913, that of the vartabed superior Papgen Güleserian (future catholicos of the see of Cilicia at Antelia); then again, in 1919–1920, that of Yeghiché, after which, with the departure of the Armenians, the existence of the diocese of Ankara came to an end.

"Among these prelates, some have administered the monastery conscientiously, dedicating themselves to its embellishment while showing solicitude for the faithful of the diocese. Unfortunately, there were others who, pursuing their personal interests, squandered the monastery's possessions by abandoning themselves to pleasures.

"Among the upright ecclesiastics, we mention the superior vartabed Papgen Güleserian. When he took charge of the monastery in 1909, it was almost in ruins. In five years of service, at the cost of considerable effort and sacrifice, he saved him from this miserable state. His successor, Der Khorèn, served in the same spirit until the disastrous year of 1915.

"During those dark days, the monastery was completely looted by the Turkish authorities, and the gold and silver objects were turned into jewelry."



These letters have been addressed by our compatriots in Canada, in the name of Hovhannes Sarafian; from Armenia, by Krikor Kabzemalian; from Bulgaria, by Kevork Kabzemalian and Kevork Aslanian; as well as texts in the dialect of Stanoze, forms of conversation and narratives, in the name of the collector of this volume, Mr. Garabed Terzian. We are happy to mention here some excerpts from it, like so many fragments of our native land.

Hovhannès Sarafian

Dear cousin,

I hasten to reply to your circular dated October 12. This very beautiful and memorable initiative that you have undertaken will undoubtedly meet with the esteem of all compatriots scattered throughout the world. We wish every success to all those who have taken part in this work and who support it.

Although we would have loved to be helpful to you, unfortunately we don't remember anything from the past.

We are sending you herewith a sum of 40 dollars, on behalf of my sister Marie and myself, as a sign of encouragement to your noble enterprise.

Renewing our sincere wishes for success and in the hope of soon being able to enjoy this historic work,

We beg you to believe in our devoted sentiments,

Marie and Guiragos Sarafian

Montreal, 11-30-1967

Dear compatriot,

Mr. Hovhannès Sarafian,

It is with great joy that I have received and read your appeal, in which you invite you to send notes or souvenirs. Encouraged by this call, I dare to write these long lines.

I, Hagop Karageuzian, was born in Stanoze in 1921, the son of David Karageuzian and the grandson of Akabi Karageuzian. I have no memory of Stanoze, for I was only four years old when we emigrated to Constantinople. My mother, Hripsimé, died young, when I was ten years old.

I studied at the Mekhitarist Lyceum in Constantinople, and then, after graduating, I went on to the Faculty of Medicine of Istanbul University, from which I graduated in 1947. After my military service, I specialized in lung diseases, and I obtained my certificate of specialization at the Heybeliada sanatorium in 1954.

After two years of service at St Saviours National Hospital (Armenian Hospital), I emigrated in 1956 to Montreal, Canada, where, in accordance with local requirements, I obtained my Canadian medical degree by passing the necessary examinations. I am currently practicing as an assistant physician at the Saint-Agathe Laurentian Chest Hospital.

I got married while I was still a student and I have two children: a married daughter, who has a child of her own, and a twenty-year-old son who is still studying.

My memories of Stanoze — In 1947, as part of my military service, I had the opportunity to visit Stanoze. Only a few families remained: Hrant and Hani Kiremitdjian, as well as the sons of the Parumchian. If I say that Stanoze was almost reduced to a heap of ruins, I am not exaggerating. Apart from the dwellings of these Armenians, there were only a few half-collapsed houses, where Gypsy refugees had settled.

On both sides of the hill one could clearly distinguish the ruins of the churches, of which some columns still remained standing. The only house that remained in good condition was that of the Kabzemalians, used as a police station. The Protestant church was used as a school building. But we learn that even today these buildings have been destroyed and that their stones have been transported to build the village of Yeni Kent.

During this visit, let us recall the following episode:

I asked the caretaker of the school if it was possible to visit the interior. (The guard was a man over 90 years old, who had lived there and known the heyday of the Armenians.) Impressed by the officer's uniform I was wearing, he introduced me without the slightest hesitation, without suspecting that I was Armenian, and said:

— Beyim, this building was the temple of the Armenian Protestants. In the time of the Armenians, this city was worth seeing: there were no such ruins, on the contrary, buildings were developing. There was a weaving industry called *sof*, peculiar to this city. After the departure of the Armenians, everything disappeared; Today, it is only a dead village

Then I walked over the huge rocks outside the village, as well as the caves there. In the past, fleeing the dangers of incursions, the population took refuge there.

I also visited the graves of my ancestors, which were almost destroyed. On the tombstones scattered here and there, one could still read the names of well-known Armenian families, testimony to a once glorious past. But today, even these traces have probably disappeared, like the other remains.

I had heard a lot about Stanoze from my grandmother; among other things, she told the story of a monstrous Turk named Hassan. During this visit, we were received at the home of his son Ali. Celui-ci, ancien ami du fils de ma tante, était devenu une sorte d'agha ; il avait deux femmes, qui vivaient en bonne entente sous le même toit.

My visit to Stanoze, the homeland of my ancestors and also my birthplace, was the first and the last. The next day we left the village, looking back and trying to imagine in my mind how beautiful this place must have been in the past.

Such are my impressions of Stanoze in ruins.

I wish you every success in this difficult undertaking.

Dr. Hagop Karageuzian

A GESTURE OF CARE

We relate the following episode in homage to the spirit of solicitude shown by Dr. Arisdagas Karakachian towards his compatriots.

The doctor, as chief military physician at Yeni-Keuy-Birtin of Erzurum, rendered great services to the Armenian soldiers working on the Decauville line in these regions.

Among this battalion of workers, two Armenians — one from Stanoze, Misak Paradian, the other from Tokat, Garabed Mochian — undertook to carry the body of a Turkish soldier to his place of origin, in order to honor the last will of the deceased. Without measuring the dangerous consequences which such an enterprise might entail for two Armenians in their situation, they began preparations.

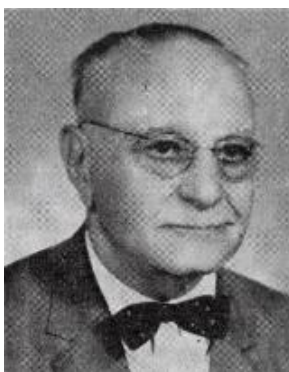
At that moment, fortunately, the news reached Dr. Karakachian, who summoned them to him and urged them to give up this risky project.

Then, while encouraging their spirit of service, the doctor made the necessary arrangements to obtain official permission, and the two faithful Armenians were thus able to transport the body to the required place.

To this day, these men remember with deep gratitude and satisfaction the wise service of Dr. Karakachian, thanks to which their lives were spared unnecessary dangers during this arduous journey.

Written by the compatriot

Hovhannès Sarafian



Dr Karakachian, ancien military doctor at Erzurum in 1922; currently resides in Tehran



Hovhannès Sarafian, when he was a railway employee in Eskişehir, in 1921

LIST OF DONORS

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Haroutioun Keosseyan — 1000 new francs
Hovhannès Darakdjian — 1000 new francs
Kégham Boyadjian — 500 new francs
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Stépan Balabanian — 100 new francs

Pont-de-Chéruy

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Aris Khatchadourian — 250 new francs
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Klémès Kasparian — 50 new francs
Sétrag Hadji Stépanian — 35 new francs
Klémès Aslanian — 30 new francs
Hagop Chidemian — 30 new francs
Hagop Hadji Stépanian — 20 new francs
Yervant Minasian — 20 nouveaux francs
Hovhannes Aharonian — 20 new francs
Klémès Kassabian — 15 new francs
Garabed Simonian — 15 new francs
Rupen Chakerian — 20 new francs
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Krikor Daghljan — 20 new francs

Hovhannes Gondjiguian — 20 new francs

Haroutioun Kabakian — 20 new francs

David Kermelian — 10 new francs

Harutyun Selviyan — 10 new francs

Garabed Kasparian — 40 new francs

Kevork Darakdjian — 20 new francs

Klémès Kasparian — 5 new francs

Kevork Nahabedian — 5 new francs

Garabed Türkmenian — 2 new francs

La Tour-du-Pin

Garabed Geodéyan (Éguliénts) — 300 new francs

Stépan Simonian — 30 new francs

Grenoble

Khoren Avakian — 250 new francs

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Garabed Mehlemdjian — 30 new francs

Garabed Varterian — 40 new francs

Haroutioun Mehlemdjian — 20 new francs

Varvar Daghlilian — 15 new francs

États-Unis

Mme Alice (O dian) Kasparian — 200 dollars

Canada

Guiragos et Marie Sarafian — 40 dollars

Dr Hagop Karageuzian — 25 dollars

Additional list of donors

Adèle Balabanian — 20 new francs

Klémès Mouradian — 30 new francs

Haroutioun Mouradian — 50 new francs

Gabriel Balabanian — 50 new francs

Hovhannès Paradian — 50 new francs

Hovhannes Mateossian — 50 new francs

David Halodjian — 50 new francs

Garabed Boyadjian — 50 new francs

Hovhannes Mouradian — 50 new francs

Nazareth Kousdjian — 60 new francs

Guiragos Boyadjian — 100 new francs

Stépan Balabanian — 100 new francs

Hovhannès Karageuzian — 100 new francs

Khatchig Djerekian — 150 new francs