

Narrator: Mrs. Arshaloos Hadidian
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Hackensack, New Jersey 07601
Interviewer: Arax Dinkjian
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D: We are at the home of Mrs. Arshaloos Hadidian, 11013 Arcadia Road, Hackensack, New Jersey and Mrs. Hadidian was born in Albustan in 1904. This is her story.

H: I'm happy today that Mrs. Araxie is with me, Araxie Dinkjian. She has come to take my life story. I'm going to tell her everything I remember. My mother's side is Gurintsee and my father's is Albustantsee. My grandfather moved from Gurin to Albustan. My mother's oldest sister was married in Gurin. My grandmother used to tell us stories, and she would cry. The 1895 incident and 1915 are not too far apart. I was very interested in what she was saying. I'd have her tell me over and over again the events that took place. My grandmother and grandfather had many children, but they liked me most of all. I don't know why, but as soon as my grandfather came home, I would make him coffee and put him near the fire. There were hearths then. I'd prepare his slippers for him to wear. My grandmother would tell me that her oldest daughter Hnazant was married in Gurin to Nigoghos Baronian.

D: Is Hnazant your mother?

H: No, my mother's sister. When the incident started, Baronian, my mother's sister's husband, was a very noted person. And he was a good-looking man. They killed him. My aunt fell upon him, crying, "They've killed my husband," and they killed her also. Their three-year old child had creid when she saw they had killed her father and mother and she was alone there. They struck her with a sword and cut her face. The child who was one and a half years younger than she had been brought to Albustan by my mother's brother. When she grew up in Albustan and got married in 1913, I remember that her face was cut. My mother's father had settled in Albustan. He was a merchant.

D: What was his name?

H: Krikor Topalian. They were very wealthy. He was a very impressive man. He liked to keep horses. When he'd take a horse out, everybody would look at him. Albustan was a small place. I think there were about 500 families there, 500 Armenian.

D: Were there only Armenians, or Turks also?

H: Of course there were Turks. Was there any place without Turks? My father's family name was Markarian. They would rarely refer to a family by the last name; they'd say Kaloust agha's house. My father had a brother and three sisters. They had a very large, grandiose house. My father had requested the hand of my mother. At that time the girls didn't go outside, especially in 1895. On that day, my grandmother was baking bread in the tonir. She said, "We baked the

bread. There was a lot of fire, so we put beets in a large pot." Nubar has that pot in San Francisco; it's an antique. "We put the beets on the fire to boil, and the war started." Before that, my grandfather had a Turkish friend, Cherim Effendi. He told my grandfather, "Topal oghlu, the political situation is not good; take your daughters to a friendly Turk's house." I remember until today, he took the three boys and four girls to Akhmed Alla's house, because my mother and her sisters were very beautiful. They say that the Gurin girls, the salt of Sepastia, and the copper of Tokat, were very celebrated. They stayed there quite a while, a month or two. They were very trusted people. Before the war, I don't mean war, I mean the plunder by the hungry Turks, he had told my grandfather to bring them there, a few weeks earlier. He said that he would take better care of them than his own children. My mother was engaged at that time. It wasn't the girl's will to get engaged, nor could she see her fiance. My grandfather had a friend from Marash, Khirlakhian--they were wealthy, prominent people in Marash. He had said, "I'm going to give your daughter to this certain man." My grandfather had said, "It won't be. They're Protestant and we're Loosavorchagan." They didn't say "Protestant" then; they said "Porot". My mother had heard they were giving her to a Porot (leper), and she kept saying that he's going to itch. It's very funny. My sisters aren't like me. To this day, I'm very curious about everything. Perhaps it's not a good thing. I like to learn names, places, etc. When I first meet somebody, I ask what his name is. I like friendships, and I like to read and write. My mother, her sisters and brothers, were at that Turk's house, and here, my grandmother said, "We baked the bread, we've bathed, we're tired." On that day they did the wash also. It had started on a Saturday night. I used to sit next to her and have her tell me everything in detail. She said, "I put a teapot on the hearth to have tea in the evening." It was only my grandfather and she. I have that teapot. It was saved from the 1895 plunder. It was probably made about 50 to 60 years earlier. I also have a copper bowl from my grandfather and grandmother, with Turkish dates on it. It's 634 years old. On it is writing that says, "Krikor, son of Mateos." My grandfather's grandfather's name was Mateos. His father was also Krikor. My grandfather was Krikor. My grandmother said, "We put the teapot on to drink tea, and the confusion started." At that time, the women wore a headdress with gold on their foreheads, and a flat fez on the head. It's like a fez except that the women's fez is flatter. I remember the women in the village had them. It was real gold, all in rows. My grandmother said they had to wear them. At night, when she took it off, she had to put it on a special screen. The weight of it would fatigue her neck. She was wearing only a thin fez, with a scarf tied over it. The mob came; they said, "Don't look at the wealth. Look at the person. Topal oghlu has beautiful daughters, take them and flee." My grandmother said, "One of them grabbed the rug from the floor. The water spilled from the stove. The room filled with dust. Some of them sneezed. One of them came and tried to take me. He grabbed me head. Then it seemed to come from God. I said, "They took my hat." The crowd left, one after the other. Someone took scissors from the table. It was with me until Beirut. If I had the brains I have today, I would have brought it here with me. My grandmother said, "Someone had taken the teapot. I grabbed it out of his hands. We're going to drink hot tea." Of course, they spoke Turkish. The people in Gurin did not know Turkish, the Turks knew Armenian. My grandmother was there. There's a large field at the border of Albustan, just like there's grass in front of the homes here. My

grandfather ran there. Cherim Effendi met him and said, "What can I do? If I stay home, they'll kill me." He said, "Your house is still safe," so my grandfather went to his house and hid in the tonir. My grandfather was a man of great faith. He had been saved by miracles several times. My grandfather said, "I got into that hole with clothes in which the pockets were braided with gold. I was in the fire. I prayed to the God of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, "Please help me." Not a single thread on me was even charred. After the crowd left, my grandfather came out, but he was in constant fear. As for my mother, they had prepared a considerable dowry for her. They were wealthy. A Turkish friend had given some advice, and had said, "Put it in a small room. Bar the door." See, out of a thousand Turks, there was one good one. That's what they did, and they didn't open that door for months. They had kept their valuables there, gold and rings, etc. At that time there was kramitzah; five pieces of gold was equal to one kramitzah; kramitzah is also a beshibildig. Beshi means five and bildig means one; therefore it means five to one. My grandmother would tell this story and she would cry because she had lost her son-in-law, in 1895. In November 1896, my mother was married. During the 1895 massacre, there is no wheat in Zeitoun; Zeitoun is a mountainous area. The roofs of the houses in Zeitoun are connected. They come to Albustan to take wheat. I think they were nine Zeitountsees. They killed all of them, because the Albustantsees were afraid of the Zeitountsees. They had brought two of them to my father's house. Over there, two of the corners of the house were stones from which you mounted a horse. After killing the two people, they seated them on the stones and they said, "Guard Kaloust agha's house well." Of course, they were mocking him. The corpses were left out in the street. A few brave Armenians buried them outside the city when some peace had settled on the land. The cemetery was too far away. I had a brother who also was buried there. Whenever we'd go to that area, my mother would say our brother was also martyred there with the nine martyrs. My brother died by an accident. The child had only fainted, but at that time they didn't know anything about fainting. My grandmother said to the male servant (they always had male servants, not female, because they had to take care of the horses, etc., and to bring news back from the store, since there were no telephones), "Take the boy and bury him near the nine Zeitountsees." When the servant takes him, he sees the body is warm instead of cold like a dead body. My grandmother was very strict and the servant was afraid of her because her word was law and you had to do what she said. He was afraid he might lose his job, so he took the child and buried him. But his conscience bothered him and a few days later he told this to my father. My father said, "Why didn't you tell me? If you had told me, I wouldn't have let you bury him; I would have done something." Because the midwives were experienced, they could have helped. That's what happened to the first child. The second child was a girl. When my father and mother had gone to Gurin, even though they were copper-smiths, they selected shoemaking as a trade. They made our shoes. The orphanage in Gurin had invited my father there as a master of this trade. I had photographs but during the deportations we had to make a fire, and I burned them for fire. I didn't know the value of the pictures then. I feel sorrow now that I burned them.

D: Then your father made shoes?

H: Yes, but they were also copper merchants in Albustan. They'd go to Tokat and bring copper and they would take it to Aintab and Marash

and sell it there. The copper of Tokat is unique. I think there is a mine there, but I'm not sure. My father had gone to the orphanage as a skilled shoemaker. My mother and older sister were with him. My mother was pregnant with her third child. When they were returning, she falls off the horse, and the child isn't born normally. It was almost nine months, but the baby lived one or two days and then died. Therefore, I'm the fourth child. I was born in 1904, on a Sunday, at 6 p.m. That's why Sundays are very dear to me, and are different from any other day. I was a very fast-moving child; this is why my mother named me the Morning Bird (Arshaloos). I asked her, "Why do you say that?" She said I was a night bird. In December, 6 p.m. is dark. She answered that, "You were born early, and you move fast." We grew up in a very religious family, on both sides. They were church-loving people. My grandfather was Loosavorchagan, and my father was Protestant. They secretly took my grandmother during the ----- weeks. The der hyre comes to my grandmother's house for confession. At that time, the der hyres came to the house. My mother also confesses, takes Communion, but at the same time she also goes to the Protestant church, because it was right on the same row as our house. I grew up more under my mother's father's influence.

D: You mean Loosavorchagan.

H: I think they liked me very much. I was very close to them. I always went to my grandmother's and had a desire to sleep with her. They had a home a half-hour from Albustan, on a hill where the Jihomchebin spring flowed. There were three or four fountains. They weren't old, but in their sixties. Nobody paid attention to birthdays for me to ask my grandfather when he was born. They would say, someone was born when the grapes were cut, or when the wheat was boiled, or that he was born at Easter or Vartanantz. But my father was an educated man and he had written down the exact dates of our birth and weddings. The ring I have on is the ring my father gave to my mother in 1896, and my mother made a will to my sisters that the ring be given to Arshaloos. How nice that the goldsmith engraved inside the ring, "November 1, 1906. T.M.", meaning Taniel Markarian. I carry this with me all the time in memory of my mother and father.

D: How nice that you have that.

H: I had a very nice memorial from them with a picture of -----
----- . It was gold, not Turkish gold; it was specially made and engraved. I lost it through an accident. I cried for days and couldn't eat, but it didn't come back. My grandmother and grandfather felt alone, so they took me out of school for a year and kept me with them, in the mountain. My mother's christened name was Mariam, but in Gurin they were embarrassed to call their child by its name; they'd give a different name. So they called her Doudou. My grandfather said, "Shall I ask my wife for a glass of water? Arshaloos, you give it to me. At least she'll give us a glass of water." It was then that my foundation of faith was laid. I heard the stories of my grandfather's miracles. My grandfather would get up at four o'clock. It was a habit, and he'd tell us to get up so we could pray. "It's time to pray. Wife, get up and call the gardener." My grandmother used to say, "Husband, what does a Turk understand of your prayer?" My grandfather would say, "Let him know that we worship God." The gardener was a good man, and he was a little deaf. But he would come there and sit very properly. After we finished praying, all of us had to say,

(interviewee recites a prayer). Then we said the Creed.

D: How old were you then?

H: Eight years old. My mother put me in kindergarten when I was four. I remember the color of the sofa I was sitting on. Mustafa listened. There was always hot tea on the stove. He'd drink a cup of tea and would leave satisfied. Every day we heard, "Get up. It's time to pray." And from that day on, it's been a habit for me to get up early. Especially when I had the children. I'd get up at 4. My grandfather said, "The Havadam Khostavanum is 24 verses. If you can't say all of it, you have to say three verses before going to bed. This is a protection for you. God will keep you safe." And he added a story there. He said, "A merchant"—there were khans then, no hotels—"he had mules, and he was taking a load. They had lined up the -----, and they were sleeping in the center, half awake, half asleep. But the thieves knew when they passed and what they'd do. The man said havadam khostavanum. He was half asleep." This is my grandfather's story. He told me, "My daughter, this really happened. In the morning he gets up and sees that one of the ----- is missing. A thief had come and taken it. He looks all around. He says, "I said Havadam Khostavanum as I do every day, and I slept. Why did that happen?" Then he remembered that at the last verse, he had fallen asleep. He said, "It was my fault. I was sleeping and God taught me a lesson. God doesn't talk to us from heaven, he talks to us through a series of lessons and shows us what to do." My grandfather would tell that a few years after the massacre. He was a good horseman and always succeeded in horse races. Before the story, before they were married, my grandfather got engaged to a girl named Shoushan Turenian. At that time it was impossible to see your fiancée. They got engaged through advice from someone or from someone's bragging. They take my grandmother to her father's sister's house. They let my grandfather know that Shoushan is there in that place and that he can go and see her. My grandfather said (she saw there was whispering among them and realized there was something to it), "They're going to bring that man to see me." My grandfather was very impressive looking. If a young person walked down the streets and looked around, for instance, if a girl looked -----, he'd say, "Walk straight." And he'd slap her. My grandfather comes with presents of gold and food. My grandmother says, "When I realized this"—do you know what gabank is? If you go from this room down to the other, you open a cover, just like you put a ladder to get to the attic. She said, "I went up the gabank and pulled the ladder up, and so they wouldn't put another ladder there, I took a big stone and put it on it and sat on it." My grandfather gets angry and leaves without seeing his fiancée. My grandmother had heard that if you see your fiancée's face, you won't see paradise. There's meaning in that. It doesn't let you get spoiled. What is it now? It's a life of hell. I prefer those days. There was respect and obedience. Who would get divorced? An engagement wouldn't be broken, not even an agreement (khoskgab). The father and mother would say, "You're leaving this house. You have nothing to do with this house. That house is yours." I had a friend. Her mother-in-law said, "I suffered so much. One day I went to my father's house. I sat there. A little while later I started telling what they did to me, etc. Her father had said, "Is that why you came? To complain? Go back now, and don't ever again..." (End of Tape I-1.) It was overdone before and overdone now, but I like the way it was before. A daughter-in-law couldn't open her mouth against her mother-

in-law. There were three daughters-in-law in one house. One of them said something to the mother-in-law. As soon as the son came home at night, she complained to him. He said to his wife, "Look here. If my mother tells you to go bring ----- a thousand times, you have to do it." There was obedience. My grandmother used to tell a lot of things. She said right before Lent, the command was in the mother-in-law's hands, they were going to make cheese, not one or two pounds. When the French came to Beirut they changed our liter to kilos. In Albustan and Gurin, they'd bring 40 or 50 liters of cheese, according to the size of the family. The mother-in-law would bring the cheese during Lent, so the brides wouldn't eat it. After the mother-in-law had gone to bed, the brides got up and made halvah with cheese and sweets. They dipped it in the juice of grapes. They had happy times. My grandmother and grandfather got married in Gurin. When they came to Albustan, they didn't have any more children. After the massacre, they didn't have any other children. My mother's youngest sister was eight years old. The daughters were older. Then their brothers were born. My mother's brother, who is now a doctor, Dr. Vartan Topolian, had a hospital in Baghdad. After the massacre, when he had settled in Baghdad, after he returned, he sent 15 trunks of his medical equipment from the hospital to Armenia. The hospital complained. They said, "See, he was a Communist, a leader." The Commissar called him and said, "Doctor, come here. Do you know what dossiers are out about you? Let me read them to you. °You're a Communist, etc. You stea, etc.° But we know you're a true Armenian." This is just a story on the side. After they came to Albustan, they didn't have children. My mother was married. A man came from Yosghat, Tateosian, a wealthy merchant who wanted to marry my mother's sister. He gets a go-between to ask for my aunt's hand. My grandmother and grandfather say, "We don't give a daughter to a strange place." He said, "I'll bring her several times a year, etc." I know this story because my grandmother used to sit and cry, "It's ten years since I've seen her." We were deported in 1915, for eight to ten years. My mother's brothers went to Egypt. Albustan is a small place. One of my uncles went to Cyprus to the Melkonian School. My doctor uncle always went to Aintab to study before the massacre. It's like a dream to me. I think my uncle completed his medical studies in 1911. As I told you, my grandfather kept horses. He bought my mother's brother a special colt. He told the servant to take good care of it until my mother's brother completed his schooling. He was going to take out the colt for the first time and have my uncle mount it. They were going on a half-hour journey to meet him. I was very close to my grandfather, or I was brazen, I don't know which. I told my grandfather that I was going also. I joined him. The servant held the colt by the reins and took him to the mouth of the Djihoun River. Djihoun and Sihoun are two rivers that flow near our garden. They pass Marash and empty into the sea. We went there. My mother's brother sat on it and we returned. My uncle got married in 1912. He married a girl from Aleppo. He brought her back and opened a hospital there. We were very happy in my father's house. My mother had five boys and five girls. Two of the boys died during the deportations. We were very happy there. We had a lot of property and a farm and every kind of animal. We'd go to the garden early in the morning and gather fruits that had fallen. Every morning my grandfather would say, "The sun has risen. Wake up." The apples had fallen under the tree, and we gathered them. Maybe it was the nourishment from them or the air. We'd pluck several apples from the tree and eat them. We didn't have to wash them; there was no spray on them.

D: The air was clean.

H: Maybe that's why we're still healthy.

D: Did you go to school at that time?

H: We were out in the summer. We'd go in the winter. I don't remember the first time my father left. I don't remember the massacre in Adana. After the massacre there was a Constitution. They'd sing a song. The Turks wrote that song after 1885. Then why did the Adana massacre take place, if there was freedom, equality, and justice? I don't remember anything happening in Albustan during the Adana fighting. I should remember. I remember things that happened when I was four years old in kindergarten. I do remember that the people were in fear. They didn't go out. They closed the stores. After the Adana massacre in 1909, my father went to Egypt. My mother's two brothers had settled in Egypt, Dikran and Yerchanig Topalian. His father was very strict, and he went to get away from him. We had a lot of property. We grew wheat on our land. We'd give part to the village, the owner would keep part, and some was given to the animals. You'd give everything. At harvest time, the owner goes 50-50. The seed for the next year's harvest is supplied by the (?two of them). We had happy days. The bull would be tied to a wooden cart. Something like a tent was drawn over it, closed all over. It's made in such a way that the chaff would fall in there and wouldn't spill out. There are animals in the house in winter. -----, so milk is always ready. There are horses that are used for travelling. Our greatest joy was to put the baskets of chaff on our back with the workers and carry them to the place where they keep the chaff. We'd see who filled it the fastest. The wheat came in sacks. Our childhood days were short. My father went to Egypt. We remained. We were in our house, but under the supervision of my mother's father. My father's brother lived in one part of our house. It was two stories. I don't know when my father's father died. I know he slept in the corner. I only remember the songs they sang when they tilled the soil. I sing them sometimes. My mother said he was a very good man and his mother-in-law was very strict. He'd bring something from the store and give it to my mother and tell her, "Eat it, or give it to the children." My father returned from Egypt but I don't remember when, probably around 1912. He stayed a while and returned to Egypt. In the summer of 1914 he returned home. I got typhoid that winter, and then pneumonia. My grandfather was a doctor of sorts. He asked the doctors if they had given up hope, and they said yes, that I was almost dead. He would cut lemons and boil them. I had to drink one and a half cups of it, bitter. If a person was sick, he'd put the person's foot in a copper pan with ashes from coal and hot water filled in the pan. He'd put wood on top; you put your foot in the water. If the water was too hot, you'd put your foot on the wood. This is under the blanket; the steam from the water and the lemon juice make you perspire. He sat there and dripped the lemon juice into my mouth, drop by drop. I remember it like today. It was the summer of 1914 and I was almost ten years old. I remember I opened my eyes and saw a row of women sitting. I said to my mother, "Why have these women come here?" She said, "They've come to visit." I closed my eyes. I don't remember after that. My grandfather did that every day until I got well. It's a long story. My grandfather took good care of me. They wouldn't give me bread. I longed for it. My grandfather would say that the cat ate it all. "Grandfather, you don't

tell lies. The cat can eat one or two pieces of bread. We have an oven." He'd say we didn't bake any bread. "What do you eat?" I asked. I'd sleep again. Then I got well. That spring we went to the farm too early. They took me with them. I couldn't eat enough because I had just recovered from the illness. There were fresh eggs and milk. They took good care of me. When school was over, my mother and sister came to the mountains. It must have been in June. My grandfather said, "Let me take you for a walk." He took me. I said, "Grandfather, it seems someone's coming from over there." He looked and said, "It's your father." I was so happy. He had come to the city and had found out that we were in the mountains. He knew where we were. He told the mule-wagon driver and came straight to the mountains. A week later, (?Sefer Beg's) drum sounded. We didn't know they were going to deport us. The people had sown their fields. My grandfather went to the garden with me every day. The vegetables were starting to grow. It gets very cold in Albustan, colder than here. It certain places there's snow until April. There are mountains where there's snow even in the summer. That winter, my father lived almost like a fugitive in the house. In the spring of 1916 we came to Aleppo. My father returned in the summer of 1914. He spent a summer there as a fugitive because they imprisoned all the Armenian leaders. They deported them to Marash; my father's mother's brothers and his brother. They didn't know my father was there; he was a fugitive. We became deportees. Sharif Efendi, who was principal of the Turkish school, came to our farm to live in our house after we were gone. We left everything. In the spring the sacks of food were still full. Over there things aren't kept in bottles or by the pound. They were in specially woven sacks--the dzedzadz, the bulgur, the rice, and the tarkhanah (something made with madsoon). We also had stored things my mother had made from fruits from the garden, especially the cherry jelly. We had a lot of cherries in our garden. We made bastegh and everything. The older people were talking and I was listening. The government had said, "We are punishing you because you've done some wrong things. Doesn't a father punish his son? Therefore, for one month you have to go someplace and then return." Sharif Effendi had told my grandfather this. I was with my grandfather wherever he went. I knew which trees he was treating, which apple he said was unique, and which vegetable was more nutritious. I never parted from him. When he'd hug me, he'd say, "You're my spoon." A spoon is always important. When Sharif Effendi told my grandfather this, my grandfather rented a few mules. He was on a horse. We had a large donkey carry the load inbetween the mules and the donkeys. They had trunks built on both sides of it, in which they put the children. They put my little brothers and sisters in them and we set out on the road. I remember very well where we stopped first. I gathered the spring flowers. Turkey is a very beautiful place, but it's in the hands of dirty people. There are such waterfalls in Turkey--of course I didn't see them. We passed forests and hills. We went around a hill, around the (?Marka) River. My grandfather said we'd sleep there that night, but to be on the safe side, "I'll go to the village across the way and call a few villagers. If you give them a few medjiddeh, they'll be happy." He went. There weren't any lights. It was dark. There wasn't a moon either. I cried because my grandfather was late. "My grandfather's going to lose the way. He's going to lose us." I started calling him. I called out, "Dehdeh!" My grandfather said, "If you hadn't called dehdeh, I would never have found the way. Your calling guided us." He hugged and kissed me. We slept. We got up the next day and went on our way. We stopped at another place. The owners of the mules we had rented came stealthily in the night and took

them. The belongings of the Armenians were left out there. One person carried something on his back. Another person put his belongings on another person's animal. When we were deported, the chickens were roosting. We traded our goods with our neighbors, like oil, etc. We made sweet bread, etc. We left everything and came.

D: Toward where were you heading?

H: Marash. Luckily all of us came to Marash. We passed many places before we got there. The Turks started to rob us. My father had a cane in his hand and chased them. The Turks of Marash were worse than the Turks of Albustan. My mother's brother was a doctor and an officer in the Turkish army. My grandfather gave a ----- that said, "My son is a doctor, and I am such and such age. I want you to send us to Aleppo, since my son's family is there." We were lucky. They heard my grandfather's name and gave us something like a passport. My father went to the market and came back. He was whispering something to my mother. Whenever anyone would whisper, I tried to listen. I think I would be a good secret service policeman. I heard that in Shekhidel, a place worse than Marash, out of the city, they would grab eight-to-ten year-old girls from the Armenians and use them as servants or for heir children. My father was asking how it would be if they put Hnasant in Marash in the girl's college. There were religious orphanages. My sister had gone to college in Marash one year. In Albustan the school was a preparatory school. My older sister's name was Hnasant. "Let's leave Hnasant in college," he said. My mother said, "Don't let her be alone there. Leave Arshaloos there also." But I cried. I knew that young girls were being taken, but I said I wouldn't part from them. My mother said, "We'll bring you back in a short time, as soon as we're settled." Hnazant and I weren't used to eating our meals at specific times. we had to eat three meals. We cried and we were lonely. If we had a problem, to whom would we talk? They left thirty girls from Albustan there. When the people of Marash were going to be deported on a Sunday night, my sister and I and our relatives were sitting in the college hall. The drums were beating that the people of Marash had to be deported. I said, "If only the Turkish drums would burst so they wouldn't beat them." There was a teacher there. She said, "Their drums affect the little girl." I was the youngest in the school. We stayed there about three months. When the people of Marash were going to be deported, the college president was an American, Miss Blakely. She was a very influential principal. She had influence on the Turks also. She called us and said, "I'm going to send those of you whose parents' whereabouts are known, to them safely." She turned us over to Mr. Spucker, a German. He was a fine man. My mother's sister's daughter, the one whose mother and father they killed and whom my grandparents raised, her mother-in-law, her sister-in-law's two daughters, and other Albustantsees, my sister and I, were turned over to him and to Reverend Yervant Hadidian, who was to be my future brother-in-law. We came to Aintab. Those who were going to stay in Aintab stayed there. On Saturday, near noon, we reached Aleppo. My father had opened a small grocery store there with someone as a pastime and for earning a living, because most of our money was tied up in Egypt. On September 15, my mother had a son. The deportees were coming to Aleppo. There were so many, they slept along the walls. Each one had a rusty pan. They were half dead, half alive, hungry and thirsty. My father had my mother cook meals all the time. When our compatriots would come, he'd take food to them and to his acquaintances and close friends. My father got typhus. It comes from lice. When he died my

mother found a louse on his blanket. The doctor asked what kind it was. It was white and the middle was black. The doctor said that was a typhus louse. My mother was still ----- . It was barely 15 days. My oldest brother's name was Nubar. My father named the baby Boghos and said, "I'm going to have another son. I'm going to name him Pasha. Their names will be Nubar, Boghos, Pasha." But he got sick. I don't know for how long, maybe 18 or 15 days. Because that sickness had a time element, if a certain amount of time passed, he wouldn't die. It was the worst time, around 10 days. It was a Monday, near evening. My mother would sit near my father. He was still talking when my mother started to cry. I said, "Why are you crying? My father is sick." She said, "Your father died." We were all in one small room, six children. My mother covered my father. Then she said, "Put your father's socks on." I said, "I'm afriad. My father is dead."

D: Your father died in Aleppo?

H: Yes. It was difficult then if someone in your house died of typhus. They got a report from the doctor that it was his heart. The doctor was Dr. Avedis Injekian, a Kessabsee doctor. They got a report from him. My father's body stayed there that night. We were all in one room. The next day my mother's brother, my second uncle, stayed on as a servant to my doctor uncle, to save his life. He started taking care of us. My mother's brother came, together with Rev. Eskidjian. They had taken my father's coffin to church. Of course, his body was wrapped in a sheet. They took him. My brother was sitting on my lap. He was five or six years old. He said, "Arshaloos, if I had a cane, I'd beat those -----, and they wouldn't take my father." (End of Tape I-2.) My father's brother moved us to a totally different place where houses were being newly built near gardens. Thousands of deportees were being taken to a place quite a distance from the city called Garlikh, and from there to the desert. We came south, but we still were deportees. A gendarme could come to the landlord and ask in Arabic or Turkish if there were any Armenians. If he said no, and they came in and searched and found us there, there would be a punishment for them. My uncle moved us there. My grandfather had a friend, a Turkish official. Every Friday he'd come to our house for dinner. My grandfather would ask him, three or four days earlier, what he wanted to eat that week. My mother would prepare it. They'd sit with my grandfather, and I'd have to serve them. There was four years' difference between my older sister and me. In 1915 she was almost 16 years old. Perhaps the man had a son, because once he said in Turkish, "Isn't there an older sister, so we can be khina-meets?" My grandfather said, "She's the oldest." What could he do? Give his daughter to a Turk. I served him at the table. My mother and grandmother wouldn't appear. I was younger than the others. She cooked the meal downstairs and I had to take it upstairs. The official (comser) was to tell the gendarmes who walked around, "Don't stop at this house. They're mine." That's how we stayed. One of my brothers died there. He died after my father. I feel my mother's pain now because I have children. But we moved there before that, and my mother got typhus. She lay in bed. We were six children and had no experience. The baby was new-born; when my father died the baby was 15 days old. A month passed. The baby was a month and a half old. We didn't know what to give the child. My uncle brought Dr. Elmadjian. We were in one room. He said, "No one is to go beyond this mark. Whoever is healthy among the girls will help her mother." He looked around. Then he said, "Arshaloos, you're going to take care of your

mother. Only you have the right to be beyond this mark and change your mother's clothes." How were we going to change her clothes?

D: Wasn't your grandmother there?

H: No. My grandmother and grandfather lived in my mother's brother's house, the one who was the doctor. The deportations were carried out strictly. They'd know an Armenian by her face and they'd take her. My aunt wouldn't let her come to her house for fear she'd get typhus. They'd hide in the cellars in Aleppo, and no one knew the roads.

D: Did you know you would have trouble like that in Aleppo?

A: When we came? How could we know that all the deportees were going to pass through there. The fourth group, from Sepastia and Tokat, were driven toward Urfa. Those from Zeitoun, Marash and Aintab passed this way. The dead and the sick were lined up against the walls. The wagons would always come around, and they'd throw the dead and the dying into the wagons. My six year-old brother would come and say in Turkish, "Mother, I saw them put another one in the wagon, and his hands and feet were moving. He was probably dead." We were free to walk around in the marketplace. My mother was sick, and the doctor ordered me to care for her. My mother's breasts were so full with milk. The doctors said you get fever with typhus, and she was delirious and crying. She said, "Since (?he) died, I'm not going to think about it or cry." We didn't know what delirious meant. We were children and we'd say, "Since she's not going to cry, we're not going to cry." Because we were crying. There wasn't any bread. Who was going to bake it? I don't know how we lived or what we ate. My sister would go and get bread if she found any. One day my mother said, "Oh, your father brought a trunk full of grapes and put it under my pillow. Come and eat it." We were children, and we became happy. We raised the pillow and there wasn't anything under it. I said, "Hnazant, mother is starting to tell lies. She said there were grapes under her pillow, and there weren't any." We didn't know what delirious was. Later the doctor said to me, "Do you know what you have to do for your mother to recover from this illness?" I said, "What do I have to do?" He said, "You have to suck all of the milk. But you're not to swallow one drop. You have to put one pan near you, suck the milk and spit it out." I did that for days, until the milk dried out. I don't know how many days my mother lay in bed. She was seriously ill, and constantly delirious. We brought the trunk I told you they had made for the child during the deportations from the basement and put the baby in it. We used it like a rocker. The bottom wasn't round like a rocker. It had four legs. We rocked the baby. Its head went back and forth, and it cried. There were cows and gardens because the homes there were newly built. I'd go and bring milk from the cow. We never gave the baby water. It cried and cried. We didn't know if its stomach hurt or if it was hungry. One day I said to my sister, "I think I've heard they give new-born babies water." I didn't know how much water to give or whether or not it got nourishment. I didn't know. It was such a beautiful baby. I've still kept a piece of his hair. It's been with me 65 years. It's chestnut-colored, such a sweet boy. He died of smallpox. My mother got well. Her milk returned. The baby drank it. She forgot she had a baby. She said, "Who has come that a baby is crying?" We said, "Mother, have you forgotten? It's Boghos." She looked at us. My mother's brother said, "Let a week pass. I'll bring you almonds and raisins. Eat them, and your milk will return." "No,

it won't return," she said. "It will." Her milk returned. The baby grew to be nine months of age. Then he got smallpox. My mother said to her brother, "Diran, let's vaccinate him. He's a baby, it's a shame." She loved him a lot. "He's a baby. Let him get stronger. But they do it at this age." We didn't know our Turkish neighbor's child was infected with smallpox. My brother died. My mother cried so much. I didn't know. I opened the Bible and read it. I said, "Mother, don't cry. God has given coal a spirit. Maybe he'll resurrect. Let him die first, and then cry." The baby's entire body was full of sores. He died like that. We stayed there quite a while. The British came too late. My mother's brother moved us to another house. We stayed there. Near the house was a place where people worked. It was called (?Imarak Khanna). One person spun wool. One wove cloth, one wove a sweater. It's all for the Turkish army. We'd run there in the morning and go home at night to sleep. I don't know how long we went back and forth there. We spun wool. One day we were standing there. A lady said, "You know, there's a place where they make blankets for the army." I told my mother I was going there. She said, "My daughter, how do you know how to sew blankets?" I said, "I'm going. I'll try to do it. You stay here." Because she's always tell me that I was the man of the house, she'd send me to the store and have me sleep in front of the door. She'd have my bedding laid down there. She'd say, "If someone comes, you can hit him on the head. We can't."

D: You were the bravest?

H: Yes, I was like that, and I was healthy. My oldest sister always had malaria, and so did the youngest. I said I was going, and I went. I was to sew the bag for the blanket. How was I to sew it? It was one and half times the width of the blanket. How was I to do the half width? It was open all over. I knew I had to sew it on the other side. I was very proud. I said to the woman next to me, "Let me see how many you sewed." I saw there was a row of stitching on the half piece. I understood how to do it. That day I sewed three blankets. Each one was 11 (?metallic). Each ten metallics was one (?barkhoud). One barkhoud was two khouroush. It was something like six and half khouroush. 100 khouroush is one mejiddeh. I earned 600 (?thirds) of money, and I was so happy. I didn't take my lunch. They all started eating. The women spoke Turkish. They were from Kaisaria. One of the women said, "That child is hungry." I was too proud to show it. Someone asked me if I wanted a piece of bread. I said, "No, I'm not hungry." All I had eaten in the morning was a quarter (?sohmoon). My mother would divide it. There wasn't any bread. What we had was because they gave my doctor uncle bread twice a week, and once a month they'd give him gas, raisins, meat, etc. At night I came home and saw my mother and sisters were waiting at the door just like birds wait in the next for their mother to put something in their mouth. My mother said, "My daughter, you got lost. What happened?" I said, "Don't worry mother. Tomorrow we'll go together. You know how to do it. You'll pull the wool. We'll sew it together." My mother and I sewed 7 or 8 blankets that day. My mother was quick and knew how to do it. We did that in the Turkish neighborhood. They filled the blankets to be sent to the army. The man had a contract and had the women work cheaply so that he could sell it to the army. It was Friday. My mother said, "Let's not go today. Let's bathe and do our wash." We were able to eat. My mother would get kidney fat or (?parapinite). She'd melt that fat and fry flour with it and cook it with water. It was called maless. We were so healthy. We never had colds or flu. Women would ask my mother what she fed us.

"We want to feed our daughters the same because your daughters' cheeks are rosy, and they're healthy." That's what my mother said that day. I say, "Let God turn your car's wheel. The wheel you turn with your labor doesn't move. When God is with you, especially this week. Such things happened to me. They're little things, but, I was going to go to the store. I didn't want to go by myself, because I was still shaky. A person came and sat down next to me in the bus. I said, "Mary, are you going to the store?" She said, "Yes, I'm first going to Woolworth's." I said, "I want to go too." She said, "Then I'm going to the drug store." I said, "I'm going to the drug store, too. I have to get medicine for my eyes." See how God had the three things done through that woman. On that Friday, we did the wash and bathed. On Saturday the British entered Aleppo. They were going to take Aleppo from the Germans. At that time it was under the rule of the Germans. The Germans started to flee. The British came and immediately got to work. I don't know how many days it took. We had some money. We could make some meals, etc. They decided to create jobs rather than help people financially. They gave work to bring home and do. Even my little sister would do spinning. We three sisters did spinning. My oldest sister and my mother knitted (wove). My mother took what she had woven, they gave her more money than she had earned. My mother went back and told them they had given her too much money. They said, "No, this isn't like the days under the Turks." You have to weave a hundred ----- to get six (?meterig), one khouroush. The British gave the Armenians work rather than a handout, so they wouldn't be accustomed to begging. And they gave them four times as much as they had been getting before. At the same time they gave us bread. The bread was so tasty. We were hungry for bread. My grandfather used to say, "When the war is over, I'm going to bring a big sack of bread so you can eat it and be full." Before the British came, my brother died. He was poisoned. I don't know from what. My doctor uncle watched over him also, but he died.

D: Was he younger than you?

H: He was the youngest. He died in two days, in Aleppo. He was six years old. At that time my grandmother and grandfather were living with us. I guess there wasn't a fear of deportation then. The (?comser) (official) wasn't coming. We were free, but still, we wouldn't go outside. There wasn't any church or anything. My grandfather also died there. In 1930, when I went to Jerusalem, I asked my mother's brother, who was in charge of printing at the Jerusalem monastery, what my grandfather had died from. It was arteriosclerosis. He was such a sweet man. He was a rare man. He lay the foundation for my faith through his stories of miracles. To this day, when I wake up in the morning, I say the prayer he taught me.

D: Do you remember any other of your grandfather's stories?

H: Yes. This happened before I got married. As I told you, he was a horseman. While riding his horse, he injured his sacrum; the tail of the spine was bent. He had gotten sick. There were no X-rays at that time. There was a man who was skilled in that; they called him the (?Lokhman) doctor. I don't know what that means. My grandfather was bedridden for four years. There were holes in these places (interviewee is obviously describing something with her hand). There weren't any (?life-savers) then. My grandmother made small pillows with a hole in the center. There were sores on his elbows and pelvis. She'd sit

him on the pillows. At the same time, they call it barkhana. For example, he had eight to ten mules. Muleteers take and bring goods from one city to another. He said he would put money on (?screens) and they would fill up. He had goods and all kinds of food. For instance, he'd go to (?Besni). Besni's raisins and pistachios were well-known. My grandfather had a vineyard and a pistachio garden in Besni. He had no trouble, but he was sick. They told him this Lokhman doctor was good. He was a Turk. He was going to look at him through the bowels and straighten out the problem. That didn't help either. He said, "Wife, you know what. There's no one more able than God. Easter is coming. Call the servant. I want two crutches." My grandfather had two crutches made. He tells the servant to go with him to the church. The church wasn't too far, as I remember. I remember where he prayed when he would take me with him. He had gone there and put the crutches in front. He said he prayed and said, "God, I believe in you. You'll save me from this the way you saved me from thieves and the 1895 massacre, with miracles. I believe you'll save me from this also. I'm going to leave these crutches here in church. After the Badarak I'm going to kiss the Bible, and I'm going home without crutches." When my grandfather talks about the crutches, my grandmother laughs at him a little and says, "Husband, you don't move from your place. You can't go from here to the other room. Is this possible?" My grandfather says, "Are you more able than God?" And he did what he said he'd do. He came home without the crutches. He's say to me, "Arshaloos, when you ask in faith, you'll have everything." He was a deep believer. I wish I had learned more from him. Another time, he knew where the thieves were. He said the Creed and passed by them. The thieves said to the muleteer to get down, ----- . We weren't able to. He told me this. These things happened, and he was saved. The British came. It seemed that God had descended from heaven; everything became plentiful, (?canned) goods, food. They'd make meals for those who wanted it. Bread was plentiful. The five of us, including my mother, were working. We were doing pretty well. The church was next to the house in which we were staying. It was the old church. Later they built the new one. Before the British came, there were Turkish soldiers there. We didn't fear them. They'd ask us for pans. We'd give the pans to them, and they'd return them. If they didn't, we'd go and get them ourselves. They were decent. They could have killed or abducted us, but it never dawned on us that they could kill us. We stayed there. Then my oldest sister got engaged. She married my father's mother's brother's son in Aleppo. We stayed there quite a while. Then we moved to another house. My younger sister went to Marash with our relatives. My mother, sister and I remained. The Red Cross came there. My mother went there to sew. An American woman registered the names. I didn't know a word of English. I hadn't gone to school there yet. I went to this woman and said I could sew. She told me to come. I knew where the Red Cross was, and I went there. She saw I could read and write Armenian. She made me supervisor over the seamstresses. I packaged what they sewed in dozens and counted them, and then turned them to the (?Ampar). I had to get the sewing from there and bring it to the women. We continued like that. We moved to another house. Then, my mother's brother who took care of us got married. They went to Haifa. We stayed there (in Aleppo). The person who was to be my husband was the superintendant in distributing the goods for the Red Cross. Letters would come from my mother's brother through the Red Cross. He saw me there and asked me who I was. I told him I was Dr. Topalian's sister's daughter.

D: How old were you?

H: Seventeen years old. He had decided to get engaged to me. He asked for me. My mother said we were going to America. My oldest sister's husband died. She was left with one child. I had written to my father's sister that I was going to America to get my education. My father used to say that if he had two pieces of bread, he'd sell one to educate me. I had a great desire to learn. Or he'd say he'd make me a doctor or a nurse. My father's one sister is a nurse here. My two aunts live in Boston. My father's oldest sister's husband died, I was supposed to come to Boston, but I sent her in my place. My youngest sister got engaged to a Kharpertsee. He's from the Nahikians. (?She's) the daughter of Gabriel Nahikian. One of their relatives is Aroujian, who lives in France. They went, and I sent my sister in my place. I said, "You go. If I go to America, you'll be orphans here." I was supposedly the father of the house. They went. We stayed there. Then it so happened that my mother's and younger sister's papers came. They were going to go. My mother said to my fiance, "Let's go together." He said, "I have a family here. We'll get married and come." My mother and sister came to America June 9, 1923. It was the last boat. After they left, the boat that came to America, (end of Tape II-1). As deportees, we were hungry. We cried for bread. There are things that can't be told. We suffered. We had left all our riches. Emigration turned to the quota system. I cried a lot. I said, "I'm not going to see my mother for a year." They said that one year later, unrestricted emigration to America would resume. The one year turned to 35 years. One year later we put our names on the quota. We got married.

D: In Aleppo?

H: No. We came to (?Zakhiar). His family was in Beirut, and they went to Zakhiar for vacations. My mother, younger sister and I came to Hama. My doctor uncle had a hospital in Hama. He had a pharmacy and his own pharmacist. We stayed there for a week. One week later we came to a place called Ryak. It had a train that went to Damascus and a train that went to Beirut. We came by train. I parted from my mother at the Zakhiar station. There my sister-in-law and a few women met me and took me to their house. They said that a year later, the quota would be unrestricted and we'd leave. On September 15 my fiance came. On September 18 we got married in Zakhiar. We came to Beirut like my brother-in-law's family and lived together.

D: September 18 of what year?

H: 1923. Similar to the old custom, there were 14 people living in the house when I went there as a bride--my sister-in-law, father-in-law, two brothers-in-law, my married brothers-in-law and sisters-in-law with their four children, and my husband's uncle's two daughters, and one of their daughter's daughter. They stayed a short while. That woman took her daughter and went to Egypt. But the other daughter, who was 18 years old, stayed with us. We stayed with each other a long time. My brother-in-law was a minister, Reverent Hadidian. A parish house was built in (?Eshrefieh). They moved there. We moved to another house. But again, my father-in-law, my sister-in-law, and my two brothers-in-law, lived with me. We stayed there. Then I had my first child three years later, in 1926, October 31. He has two medals in music from the government. He plays the (?shtak). We stayed there and endured a lot

of hardships, different kinds of hardships, family problems. I had fallen into the hands of an unsympathetic person. I suffered a lot.

D: What kind of work did your husband do?

H: He was very handy, but he didn't have a steady job. He was a very good photographer, a pharmacist. In Aleppo, he had two relatives who were doctors who would call him when they were going to perform surgery so that he could administer the anesthetic. He knew many things. They say that the wife of a person who knows a lot of different things usually stays hungry. He didn't know how to get along with people. He was very strict. He was strict with his family also, and I endured a lot of hardships. As far as having children, I had four abortions (?miscarriages). I was so weak that they had to give me bottles of salt solution. I suffered for 35 years. My mother was opposed to the marriage. She said to me, "My child, you don't understand. You're young. This man is too strict."

D: Was your husband older than you?

H: Yes, fifteen years. When I got married, he had ----- the world. Thirty-five years later, a paper came from the Consulate. My two sons came here to study.

D: Your two sons were born in Beirut?

H: My three sons were born in Beirut. In 1956, December 20, my youngest son came here to study at St. (?Matthew) State College in California. He had to clean a house to pay for his board and food. I'm very particular. That's how I raised them. I'd make them do everything. I'm a very industrious woman. I'd sleep at 11 p.m. and get up at 4 a.m. I raised my children. They know everything. That woman approved of him so much. He left that house and went to another place. I wrote to him, "Don't do that. Don't leave. After all, that woman has children. She'll cook a meal. At least you'll eat." The woman begged him to return. Where could she find anyone like him? He was very particular. He came back to that house. He finished St. Matthew's College. Then he went to Brinkley for his master's.

D: What was his subject?

H: Psychology. On October 5, 1957; Nubar was planning to come to America. He came as an exchange student for three years, to get his degree here. He had studied there two years as a chemist. He came here. A paper came to me from the Consulate saying, "You put your name on the quota. Did you put it on out of curiosity, or are you interested in coming to America?" I didn't pay attention to it, because a similar paper had come previously. I put it aside. Two or three weeks passed. Another paper came. My oldest son said, "Go and see what it is." I said, "A lot of papers like this came." Who knows what it is? You get your hopes high, and then nothing happens. When the letter came, he said, "What is it? Is it the same paper?" I said, "No, it came today." He said, "Mother, go and find out. They're not going to force you. Find out whether you're going or not. See what they say." Because they'd give a lot of trouble. Your quota comes, and they sell it to someone else. They get a bribe from someone else, and send them. Our quota had come when my children were with me, for five people. They took thousands of dollars of bribes. One of

them was Vosgeritchian. What good did it do? God gave him such an illness, and God punished him so much, he left Beirut. They were going to kill him. He fled at night and came to America. He had taken a lot of bribes. For instance, my quota comes. I know my quota has come. He tricks you. You go and come, go and come. I know a Kharper-tsee family. I think their name was Avakian. The girl said for three years, "My two brothers and I are here. My mother and younger sister are in America. My mother misses us. We went and came, went and came." She told the man, "You're a beast. Lions are better than you." He didn't care at all. I told my son, "This is all trickery." He said, "Go." I went there. There was someone there who was better than Vosgeritchian. His name was Levon Kasparian. Vosegeritchian had already come to America. He was our godfather, and we were his. When I said, "My quota had come. Why didn't you tell me," he said, "Did you have the financial means to go?" I said, "That was our business. You were supposed to tell us." He left. Things got a little easier, the laws weren't as strict. Levon Kasparian was a kind man. I went to him and said, "Mr. Levon, you've sent this paper. But is there anything to it, or is it worthless?" He said, "It's real. Do you want to go?" For one minute my heart pounded. I'd have to leave my son, and my husband would stay there. I didn't really care about my husband, because I had suffered so much. So many people told me to leave and go some place. He had even threatened to kill me. "What am I going to do?" I said. "You'll go to the American University Hospital and have a complete physical. You'll bring the report to us. Your affidavit has come. We'll give you a visa." I came home and told my son. He said, "Go, mother." My son had bought a new house. He had just graduated in engineering. He had new aspirations. I felt badly for him. How could I leave him? I went to Levon Kasparian and asked him how long I could stay after receiving the visa. He said four months. I asked if I could renew it, and he said, "No, if you renew it, you'll have to go through the past difficulties again." My son said to go. "It's better if you go. Think about your comfort." I had a brother-in-law who was a dentist. He also told me to go.

D: Was your mother still alive here?

H: No. She died eight months before I came here.

D: And your sisters? Were they alive at that time?

H: I made a mistake. When my mother died, I had just had major surgery. I escaped death. I was in bed one month. My body was toxic. I was living only on glucose. I had trouble with a pregnancy. My oldest sister had said, "Our mother died. If she (Arshaloos) also dies, we'll miss her also." So they wanted me to come here. I came as a visitor. I brought my youngest son with me. He was almost ten years old. I stayed here one year. We tried very hard to stay here and put my son in school, but it was impossible. Rules were very strict.

D: You had come once?

H: Yes, in 1947, August 8, I came here. I went back. Then I returned here. My quota came ten years later. In 1958, September 8, I came here. My son went to Kuwait in business. My two sons were

here, and Nubar worked in Albany in ----- laboratories. Edgar was at Berkeley College working for his master's degree. I have two sisters in Boston and one in California who is Nahikian's wife. I had quite a lot of difficulty in Paris. The airplane I was on had broken down. My son had arranged my flight so that I would land in Boston directly so that I could avoid New York. Look at my luck. The airplane broke down. I was the only one who was going to Boston. I stayed in Paris for two days. I cried so much. I was there all by myself. I clung to the hostess and said, "Don't leave me." She said, "Mrs. Hadidian, I haven't slept for 40 hours. I'm going to send you to a hotel in a limosine." I said, "I won't go. Many bad things happen in Paris." "No," she said, "not in our limosines." She had a limosine brought and sent me there. I stayed in the hotel Clarence which is a most noted hotel. But what good was it? They put a nightingale in a golden cage and it cried and longed for the trees. How I cried! It was a strange place.

D: It had no meaning for you.

H: And the weather was cloudy and rainy. In Beirut the sun shines at that time. I'm in four walls in the hotel and I don't know the French language. Every day a black man brings breakfast on a table in silver serving dishes. He'd bring a menu in French. I didn't even know what a menu was; there wasn't anything like that in Beirut. I had been a slave in the house. I hadn't gone to any restaurants or to the cinema. I had fallen into the hands of such a man. I had the desire to learn everything. I had so much potential for the piano. I took 12 lessons and then he said, "I don't have money for lessons for you." He made me stop.

D: The second time you came to America, was your husband alive?

H: He's still alive. He's in an old age home, an Armenian home. I don't want to see him. We're separated.

D: Did he have the desire to come to America?

H: Only my quota came. His quota didn't come. Ten years later, my youngest son became a citizen through me. One day was left before February 28. We tried very hard to have Nubar stay here, but we weren't successful. We even took it to Congress. There was a Miss Merjanian there. She tried very hard for Nubar. She was a member of Congress. One night she called me and said, "Nubar's situation has become like ----- Take Edgar. You have the right to do this as his mother. But hurry." The two brothers had gone to a concert. Edgar had come to visit us from California. As soon as they returned, I told them what the situation was. During the night we called California. Their cousins there had homes. There is a three-hour time difference. The cousin quickly went and prepared the papers. The next day, February 28, we waited for the mailman. We took the paper and ran to the immigration. We went there. They swore me in. We paid \$25, and we made him a citizen.

D: What year was this?

H: It was after I became a citizen. It was around 1964. The immigration gave Nubar a lot of trouble. There was a paper every month. Finally they told him he had to leave the city. We appealed to the

senators and everyone, but it didn't do any good. They were very strict at that time. There are other means now. Nubar had signed as an exchange student. He had to leave so that somebody could come in his place. If he had come as a student, it would have been possible. But then, somebody had to sponsor him financially. The American University of Beirut paid for him as an exchange student. Nubar said, "Before I leave, I'm going to go to Canada." My mother's brother had come from Egypt with his family. He wanted to see them. He went there and visited them. At the same time, he looked for work, and he gave his case to a lawyer. I think that, without needing a lawyer, he got into the Queen Elizabeth Hospital. He got a very good job in the laboratory. He worked there from 1962 until 1968. There were only five people under him. Two had degrees, and three were ordinary workers. He increased that to 25 people. He has a very nice personality. This is my second son, Nubar. He stayed there, then he met an Armenian girl. Then a friend of his in California wrote to him, saying, "Why do you stay there? In California you get \$6 an hour. They're going to raise it to \$9. Come here." They got married July 22, 1968. The next day, they left for California. He moved his house here, and then to California. The hospital there liked him, and he liked the hospital. He's very friendly like me. His job was good. But they told him to bring his papers so that they could fix his records. He went to the immigration office. There was an Armenian woman there. She told him she would settle his problem very quickly, for him to stay here. But she wanted his original papers. When his papers came from Boston, they saw he was an exchange student, and they said it was impossible for him to stay. It was against the law. My daughter-in-law and he tried for six months. They they came here to -----, New Jersey. Her father had a small rug store. He went there as his translator. At the same time, he gave his case to a lawyer. The lawyer liked him very much. He said, "If I didn't like you, I would take a lot of money from you." He paid \$700 or \$800 and he won the case. They came to dinner several times and we became acquainted. Nubar's order came. Three days later, Nixon proclaimed that exchange students are free to stay here.

D: After all the hardships.

H: My child suffered a lot. He lived almost as a fugitive. They worked here. I was in Boston.

D: Let's get back to Paris. You stayed in Paris two days. You're coming to America.

H: Yes, I stayed in Paris. My meals would come in princely fashion. The bed there could sleep five people. There were six pillows, etc. They must have thought I was a millionaire. If they only knew what a poor soul I was. It was Sunday. I received a letter that a limosine was going to come and take me to the airport. The hostess to whom I had cried said, "You got very upset. Go upstairs and have a cup of tea. You're hungry." I went to the restaurant. I was just going to get the tea and she said the limosine had arrived. I didn't know French. We went quite a distance. I was going to say to the driver, "Are you taking me to the wrong place?" Not this time, it was another time; my brother-in-law had given me money. Wherever I went, I put my pocketbook under my pillow. When I came in 1947 and my young son was with me, I came by boat. He was small, he'd go up and down, but I got seasick. It was a military boat. The passengers had to line up, just like the soldiers, for their meals. There was a man

standing at each food, and he was to put the food on your plate. At the end, a tall black man watched so that everything would be done right. He had seen Edgar, who was nine years old, and asked where his mother was. He had said I was sick. He would always send fruit with Edgar to me. There wasn't any order to send the meals. He just sent the fruit portion. On the seventeenth day, they said we had arrived in New York. I was so sick. The beds were bunk beds. I had put my son on the bottom so he wouldn't fall, and I was on the top bunk. Before we reached New York, we stopped in Greece. Of course, first we stopped in Egypt and then Greece. The boat took on passengers from Greece. The passengers were so hungry. It was the year there was a war in Greece. They were so hungry that they were eating the food maniacally. They put so much butter on the mashed potatoes. It was hot on the boat. When the boat tilts to one side, the butter moves to that side, and vice versa. Then I got sick. When we got to New York I was so seasick. We got to the airport. I craved an onion.

D: Was this when you got off the boat?

H: Yes.

D: This is your first trip.

H: Yes. The second time, I came by plane. Anyway, we disembarked, and I got dressed. My son gave me courage. It was then that I had \$300 with me, and three or four rugs, Persian rugs. My brother-in-law was sending them. We came to the port. My son was very curious. He said, "Has Aunt Hnazant come to meet us?" He sees her feet. I said, "When have you seen your aunt to be able to recognize her feet?" My sister, her friend, her two sons and my brother-in-law, the minister, had come. All the passengers had to line up and go to the office. They had to look at your passport. There were people there who had smuggled hashish, etc. We came to the waiting room. We hadn't left it yet. My brother-in-law came in as a minister. My brother-in-law in Aleppo had written that he was sending rugs with me and for him to meet me in case they give me trouble. On the boat they give you a paper and you have to declare whatever you have. My brother-in-law had told me that over here, everything has to end with a "9". If something is 30, you write 29, etc. I had written 89 for the rugs instead of 79. Then I erased it. I went to the office and asked if I could have another paper. He said, "No, these papers are given out by number." I came back and fixed my paper again. At the customs, they saw that something had been fixed up. They wanted a lot of tax for it. There, a man whispered something in my brother-in-law's ear. The porter did this. I asked my brother-in-law what he said. He told me the porter had said to put \$5 in the official's pocket. I said, "Do they take bribes in America?" My brother-in-law said, "Big ones, not little ones." He told the official, "I'm a minister." He didn't give him a bribe. "This is the price of the rugs. She made a mistake." We got them through with a little bit of money. We joined my sister. A Kharpertsee man, who was a wealthy rug dealer in New York—I can't remember his name—we stayed in his house two nights. They were friends of her sister. My sister had come with her car and two sons, and her friend, Mrs. Anna Gostanian, a Kharpertsee, who is Dr. Kasparian's sister. My neighbors here, who moved to California in November (the woman was Kharpertsee and the husband was from Amasia; he was from the Cheverian family), I came here in 1947 and stayed one year.

D: Did they give you the right to stay a year?

H: They gave us six months, but my sister took us to the immigration and told them I wasn't well. It was true. I was under doctor's care and I had just recovered from surgery. We put my son in school. If he made a little flag or something, or if he threw a ball high, they would take me to the teacher and tell the teacher how smart I am. "Mother, they don't know anything here." We were happy. My son stayed a year, and we returned on the same boat. (End of Tape II-2). I returned to Beirut a year later. I saw America's luxury and plenty. I saw there weren't difficulties in washing clothes or cleaning the house. The vacuum cleaned the rugs, etc. But I had left my children there and I didn't have one happy day. I didn't let my sister see me crying. She'd go to work and I'd stay home. I had two sisters. Sometimes I'd go to the other sister's house. My younger sister went to the seashore in New Hampshire and she took me with her for a few days. Her friends became my friends also. I missed my children. I knew they were having difficulties. I went there, and I had more difficult days.

D: Did you work in Beirut?

H: No. It was a shame for women like me to work there. The young were nurses in the hospital, etc. I wanted to progress with my nursing, but my husband wouldn't let me. He'd shut the door on me if he could. That's the kind of person he was. He was very strict. An unfeeling Turk could be like that. I've suffered in his hands. It's a miracle of God that I've escaped. Several times I've had toxicity because of pregnancy. I hemorrhaged profusely. But this happened between each child I had. The second time I came, I came to Paris. I stayed there. When all the passengers were going through customs, the official told me to wait on the side when my turn came. I started to wonder if my husband had done something evil in Beirut so that they wouldn't let me pass. My foot was swollen on the airplane. I couldn't get my shoe on. I was walking on it. There were some men there laughing at me. The hostess said she'd look at me passport to see if I had ----- . We went to the office. She said, "See, you don't have ----- . They were going to give you trouble. I'ts good I looked." She got permission from there. The limosine came. She put me in it, but I was so afraid. I said, "Suppose this man takes me and kills me, etc.?" I didn't have money on me, but how could I know? I had read books about Paris, that in the morning hours, milk trucks would go in the fields and take drinks, etc. there. I saw across from me that trucks were passing with large aluminum vats of milk. I told the man, "Do we have much farther to go?" I gestured with my hands for him to understand what I was saying. He said we did. We were going from the airport to the hotel. What's the name of that airport?

D: (?Oghli).

H: Maybe. I still have the envelope, the one the girl wrote on. The airport in Paris was hell. To whom was I to go? I didn't know the language. I went here and there. What if the plane takes off and I'm left here. There wasn't anyone around, anyone I knew. Being alone is very difficult if you don't know the language. Even if you know the language, sometimes I see confused people on T.V. and I recall those days. I got into the plane. My son sent a telegram from Beirut that, "Mother will be in Boston on Saturday morning." They go to the airport in Boston. The passengers get off. My oldest sister

says, "Where is Arsho?" They call me Arsho. My younger sister says, "I saw her. She came down." My oldest sister says, "If she came down, where is she?" My son was there also. He said, "If you don't recognize my mother, I do. You've forgotten her in ten years." They thought something had happened to me. They came home and found a telegram there. I had told the hostess that my son had sent a telegram from Beirut. "My sisters are waiting for me now. I was supposed to be in Boston Saturday morning. They're going to think something happened to me." She said, "Don't worry, I'll send a telegram." I said I didn't have money for a telegram. She said, "That's on us. So was your hotel stay." My sister went home. I was coming to my oldest sister's house. Both my sisters are in Brooklyn. She comes home and sees the telegram. She reads that I'm to be there Monday morning. I arrive before noon. They came to the airport and met me. We came here. When I left the hotel in Paris and the man was going to take me to the airport, they called me from the office. I had arrived in Paris on Saturday. I wanted to go to church on Sunday. The hostess showed me three buttons in my room. She said, "If you press the top button, the garcon will come. If you press the second button, someone from the restaurant will come, and if you press the third button, someone from the office will come." I pressed the button and someone from the office came. I said I'd like to go to church and asked if there was a church nearby. No, first the garcon came. He told me to take the metro, etc. How could I take the metro and go anywhere in Paris? I thanked him and sent him away. Then I went to the office. The man there knew English. I said I wanted to go to church and asked if there was a church nearby. But I was afraid. I think I had \$400 on me then also. He said, "Go from here. There's an Episcopal church on the right." I left the hotel and walked. A woman came toward me. She said, "Are you Armenian?" I said, "How do you know I'm Armenian?" She said, "I just felt that you were." I was talking with her but I was wondering if she was a spy. She spoke Armenian. If I'm Armenian, I'll answer in Armenian. If I'm not Armenian, she'll say in French, "Are you French?" Spies know every language. She asked me where I came from. I said from Beirut. She said, "Do you know a pharmacist Dermenjian in Tripoli?" I said, "He's a good friend of my son." She said, "He's my brother. Where are you going?" I said, "I came here to the hotel yesterday. I want to go to church this Sunday morning and pray." She said, "It's impossible to leave you at the church. I'm going to take you to my house. You'll be my guest. Your son is my brother's friend." But in my mind, I'm saying, "Lady, are you right or wrong? Arshaloosy, don't change your path." I said, "It's really nice to meet a person like you in Paris. I really appreciate it. But they might call me to go the airport." I went to the church. I was sure I wouldn't be leaving before noon for the airport. I had \$400 on me. My brother-in-law had given it to me. What if she takes the money from my handbag? I prayed in church. Then I said I had to turn left to get to the office. The next day, the limosine would come at night and take me. A letter came for me. I went down. I went outside. They called me back and told me I had to pay. I asked why. He said, "Do you know the kind of service you got in the hotel? We never take meals to a room without pay. You had full service. Three meals a day came to your room. You slept two nights and you have to pay \$27. I said, "Why should I pay? It's the mistake of your airlines. The airplane had an accident." If it's going to happen, it's going to happen. Three days before I left Beirut, a plane crashed in the seashore. A young person who worked on the plane and was engaged died as he was talking to his fiancée. When my son came home, I said, "You're sending

me by plane. A plane crashed." "Who told you?" he said. "I heard it," I said. He had heard about it but hadn't told me, so I wouldn't get scared. He said, "Don't worry mother. I bought you a ticket on a plane with four motors." But one of the motors broke. They took us around in the plane but it didn't (?crash). They took us to Italy also and showed us the antiques, but I didn't care because my feet were swollen.

D: Did you pay?

H: Of course. He told me I had to pay. When I came here, my sister's daughter-in-law wrote a letter to Pan American. They sent me a letter that they were responsible for the difficulties I endured. It wasn't easy. When I came in 1947 I saw there weren't any figs. Fig jelly was special. (?Roop) was also special. I had made it and brought it. At that time, you couldn't find small eggplants for dolma. Now we have Armenian stores in Boston where you can find everything Armenian. I had made eggplants which hadn't dried yet, and I had brought apples from Beirut. They took them from me at customs. They said I was bringing in germs. I told them that I had washed them all with soap. They didn't see one I had put in my hat so my hat wouldn't crush. They lied. They ate them all. My mother's brother told me, when he went to Cyprus from Egypt, he had fruits. They told him he was bringing in germs also. Then the house where he was a guest told him they ate all of them. I endured a lot of hardships here. I was a guest at my sister's house. My son was there in Beirut. My other son was a student here, and another one was in California. I stayed at my sister's house until my belongings came. My oldest son sent them by boat. In 1958 there was a war in Beirut. Everything was closed. They took me to the airport by limosine. Only my son came to the airport. He was allowed there because they were building a new hangar in the airport and he was one of the engineers. My belongings came a few months later, then we went to Albany. My son Nubar worked at ----- laboratories. They sponsored him; because there was no other way for him to enter the country. We stayed there from 1958 to 1962. Around 1962 my son saw a lawyer. He said the man was making him work free. They don't pay the ones who come from the other side. He said, "I'm going to get my education. I have to get my degree and go." The lawyer told him to leave his job and go to Boston, to school, and also to apply to a hospital. He got into Beth Israel hospital. He rented a house near there. I stayed in Albany three and a half years with him. Everything was unfamiliar there also. There were friends there, and my brother-in-law's son was in Albany. He was a pharmacist. He had a drug store in Troy. I was a stranger in my house. When you part from your children immediately, and the apartment you're in is a furnished apartment, even the chairs seem strange to you. The butcher's father was an acquaintance of mine from Beirut. He was Armenian. He took me to his son, who was a butcher. Even the lambs seemed strange to me. We stayed there, then we went to Boston.

D: Boston?

H: My sister lived in Belmont. My other sister lived in Brooklyn. They're near each other. We were inbetween Boston and Brooklyn so that we could be close to Beth Israel. My son would say, "Mother, I'm happy you're with your sisters now." My son went to Canada. I stayed alone. My son hadn't started working in Canada. We didn't have money. My sisters were there, but I'm proud. I didn't show any-

one what me need was. I looked for work. My sister's husband had a bakery. I worked there for five weeks. It didn't work out. I had to leave. Baby-sitting was the best thing for me. I asked a friend how I could find work. She said to look in a newspaper. I didn't know English, but I was able to understand enough. I couldn't find any work. Ovsanna told me to look in the help-wanted section. God gave me the wisdom to learn. I had friends in Boston who were there 55 years and couldn't write an address or a Christmas card. Thank God I'm enjoying the grace God gave me until now. I'm indebted to God and to those who helped me. I called for a job as a baby-sitter with a Greek woman. Excuse me. Before that, when my son was still with me and an Armenian lady was going to have a baby, that was my first baby-sitting job. They needed someone to stay with the children. My friend told her friend and they took me to their house and showed me their children and home. They kept me for dinner one day. When the baby was born, I had to go and take care of the children. Her father's sister came and watched the children. I went to another home where they were foster parents and had six children. I took care of their children. Later, I went to a Jewish home and was a baby-sitter there. She told me to come once a week and one Sunday every two weeks. She overworked me, but I had to pay my rent. She even had me iron her husband's shirts and socks, and do two loads of wash a day. She paid me a dollar, but I told her she'd have to give me a \$1.25 an hour. I needed money. At that time a man in Boston was strangling women. My apartment was on the third floor. I was afraid to come home at night. The woman would send me home with the taxi. I was a little afraid, but she called the same cab driver every time. I'd tell the man to wait until I went upstairs and let him know that everything was all right. Other incidents occurred. Once a drunk tried to come to my apartment, mistaking it for his. I remembered my childhood, the gardens, the fruits, the animals. My grandfather never went to the city alone. We'd go to the market. My sisters were jealous. Of course, I'd bring them things home to ease their jealousies. My small son got sick. He wanted me only. The woman's maid ran away, and I started working 17 hours a day. I got \$25. She brought her clothes for me to iron. I told her she'd have to pay me \$2 an hour. I told her to call my friend. My friend told her she was lucky to have me iron for her. The days passed like that and I got older. I took care of doctors' children. One day a friend called and told me an Armenian woman who was married to a non-Armenian needed someone like me. I left the Jewish family, and worked for the new people for two afternoons a week. I think he gave me a dollar fifty. They needed me and I needed them. I took care of them like they were my own children. The wife was kind and educated. She became the vice president of Sigmund Instrument Company. Her husband was a doctor, an intern. They had the child ten years after they were married. The husband was a mixture of Indian, French, Scotch and American. He was such a good man. I became like a mother to them. The doctor would pick me up in the morning and take me home at night. I started making Armenian meals for them. The wife's father was a known man in Boston. Her mother was a good Christian. One day she called and told me how pleased she was with me. They were going to buy a house. The doctor was an intern and slept there sometimes. They asked me to sleep overnight if they needed me, because the doctor went out of town sometimes. I agreed. One day they asked me to eat dinner with them. I got scared. They said they wanted to talk to me. I thought perhaps I had done something wrong. (End of Tape III-1). (Note: I condensed the last page a little. There was so much unnecessary detail. It was pointless to translate every word. M.Z.)

D: They wanted you to go with them.

H: When I was at that apartment, a drunk had knocked on my door and told me to open it. He had made a mistake. He thought it was his apartment. I called the operator. She told me not to hang up, that she would call the police. The police came. I was afraid to open my door. Another day, they knocked on my door again. Many such incidents occurred. My heart would pound. I'd come home at 11 p.m. with such fear. I had surgery. I was lonely. My son went to Canada. I'd visit him sometimes because he couldn't come. My youngest son came and stayed with me for a while. The people for whom I was working were going to move. They told me at dinner and asked me to live with them. ----- is a known town, and it's far. I said I couldn't do that. "In our city, they call that being a servant," I said. "I don't want that title on me. If my friends and relatives hear about it, they'll say I'm a servant." They said, "Oh no. We're going to take you to the house we're buying, and you can have any room you want. We'll move all your things there." "Oh, no," I said, "I have children, relatives and friends. They come to dinner, etc." They said, "Live with us. We'll take you home on Friday and pick you up on Sunday." I felt sorry for them. They were in debt and they were going to buy a new house. I'm very compassionate. My goal since childhood has been to help others in every way. I go to the Center and give (?napkins in plastic). I see they're old people, and they can't separate them. They blow and I separate them. They thank me. Americans don't know how to help people. If they do, it's not natural for them. Yesterday I saw a woman had left her zipper open. I pulled it up for her. She thanked me three or four times. I told the people I worked for, "I won't move to your house. You'll come and take me." They gave me a room with a Hollywood bed. The doctor and his wife went to work in the morning and came home at night. I washed and ironed the child's clothes. She asked me to iron her husband's handkerchiefs. I used to iron so much, we didn't have cleaners in Beirut. I did everything for my family. I'm a worker. I cooked Armenian meals. Someone else had babysat for the child in the previous house, but hadn't changed the diapers, etc. From the day I went, I arranged everything properly. When the woman came home and saw everything so nicely done, she was very pleased. I became like a mother to that child, and until now, the mother says, "My child loves you more than me."

D: How long did you do that?

H: The child turned three years old. Later this woman had another child. I had problems and worries. My heartbeat became irregular. I went upstairs to bed. I saw my heartbeat was irregular. I came down and told the doctor, laughingly, that my heart was beating irregularly. He examined me. He told me to rest, and he'd send me to a heart specialist. He took me there the next day. The specialist said there wasn't anything serious, but that my body was tired. I was sick when I left Beirut. I came here and endured various difficulties. He told me to rest. The new baby was going to come. There wasn't anyone. The doctor told the lady to leave her job or to think of a way to keep me there. She said she couldn't trust anyone else with her child. The baby was born a month premature. They took me home for the weekend. In the morning he called me and told me his wife had a girl. I went on Sunday. His wife came home from the hospital. I took care of the baby. My heart continued pounding. I said

I couldn't help them anymore. The words, "I can't" are very difficult for me to say. I didn't care about myself. I'll die and be free, but suppose the child is in my arms and I come down the stairs and fall on the child and the child dies. Wouldn't it be a shame? I told her to find someone else or take care of the child herself. She said, "Arshy, I'll bring everything downstairs. Just go upstairs at night when you go to bed. Do everything down here. Just give the baby the milk, bathe her and change her diapers. Don't do anything else in the house. My other child goes to private school. Just open the door for her when she comes home and give her her meal." That's what we did. I didn't have to go down for the laundry. I rested as much as I could. It took three or four months until she found someone else. She left her job and took care of her child, but they didn't forget me. When she had to go away for her job, they'd call me, but it wasn't permanent, only one week or three or four days. It's 14 years that we are in touch with each other. At the same time, I took care of the children of Dr. Azakoff for weekends. He's a top gynecologist at ----- . They went to Puerto Rico for five days. I stayed at their house. Dr. Simonian from Beirut, Dr. Yacoubian from Damascus asked me to take care of their children. I watched the Greek doctor's children, Dr. (?Papajan) for weekends. In 1956 I went shopping. As I was returning, I saw an ambulance pass by. I said, "Who knows? One day I'll be in an ambulance like that. I'll have a heart attack or something else." I walked a little. I said, "Maybe I won't be walking on these streets for a long time." I answered myself, "I'm going to have guests. Is that why I prepare dinner? Is that why I'm not going to pass on these streets?" That was Thursday. On Friday my guests came. They ate. On Saturday, August 21, it was very hot. At 7 a.m. I came down. I fell in the driveway on my one side. I couldn't get up. My neighbor was taking a fan to someone who wasn't well. I said, "Mr. Avedis, I fell. I can't get up." He put down the fan and came, but he couldn't get me up. I'm saying to myself, "I fell like a child. Thank God my elbow isn't broken. I guess I can't get up by myself." I was bleeding. The boys came and picked me up and seated me on a rock. I couldn't sit. I lay down on my back and fainted. The neighbors came. They said they'd call my son. I said, "No." They said they were going to let him know. My son was in Boston. He had gone there to see his brother. They said they'd call the doctor whose children I took care of. I said, "No, it's Saturday. Let them be comfortable." I saw I was in bad condition. I was sweating. I told them to call an ambulance. The ambulance came. My vision was blurred. I said, "Don't blow the horn." I went to the hospital. They took X-rays. They said there was nothing wrong. They changed my clothes. They said they'd give me a prescription, but I had so much pain that I said, "Please keep me here two days until my son comes, because I don't have anyone at home. I have to climb 14 steps." The doctor said, "This isn't a hotel, it's a hospital." I said, "I know this is a hospital, and I'm sick. This hospital is for me." He said, "No, no. The X-ray didn't show anything, just a little muscle pain." I was in pain. My neighbor came, Mrs. Alice. They were going to put me in the car with the wheelchair. I said, "Don't take me upstairs. Leave me in the garage, in the car." "We won't let you in the garage, I'll take you to my home." They were downstairs and I was upstairs. The two boys held me by my arms. They didn't know and neither did I. They had taught me which foot to put out first, but the boys were doing the opposite. They were putting my injured foot out first, and I was putting my weight on it.

D: The X-ray didn't show your foot was injured?

H: No. I came home in pain. My neighbors were busy. They were going someplace the next day. I told them I couldn't go upstairs when they brought me home. I went to the bathroom. I was sweating. I said, "Alice, take out the sheets from here. I can't sleep in my bed. I'll sleep on this couch near the kitchen." She left the door open so I could call her in case I needed anything during the night. The next day I called. My son was here. He hadn't come yet. On Monday morning I called. He had come to New Jersey with his friends. The wife came on the phone. I said, "Jessica, I fell down, I can't walk. Please tell my son to come and get my prescriptions." My son came to the phone. I said, "My son, I can't walk. The doctor gave me a prescription for the pain. Please come and bring me the medicine." When I said I couldn't walk, he told his wife that I must be in bad condition not to be able to walk. He brought me two crutches that were in his house. I said, "What are they?" He said, "I brought them." I asked the woman to help me to the bathroom. I couldn't get up. I said, "I'm going to crawl like a child." I went and came back that way. My son said, "Mother, there's something wrong that the doctors haven't found." I said, "No, they X-rayed nine times. The doctor said it was muscle pain." My son said that was impossible. He said he was going to call an ambulance to take me to the hospital. They took me. A doctor came and took me for X-rays, ten to twelve X-rays. A doctor came and said, "I'm a bone doctor. You know what? Your sitting bone cracked from top to bottom." He said if it was my hip it would be very easy for it to heal, but my injury was in a bad place. He said they'd keep me in the hospital. "It's impossible to have surgery. Let's see what we're going to do." He asked me if I drank or smoked. I said never. He said, "Then our job is easy." See how drink affects the blood? He said, "When the blood is clean, it will heal quickly." They kept me there two weeks. They X-rayed. The bones had healed. They sent me for therapy. I stayed there four weeks. It was an unbearable place. They didn't know what your pain was or anything. They were all Catholic nurses who treated older people crudely. Once I told on a girl because a woman fainted. She pushed the woman and she fainted. I came home. I'd go to the doctor's house. My son and his wife always took my only grandchild to a babysitter. My son opened a store. He and his wife worked very hard. My son also worked for the Metropolitan Insurance Company. He also got into the handbag business with someone. Do you know Raffi Svajian? Do you associate with him?

D: No. I know him if I see him.

H: He's an unbearable man. He was so (?cruel) to my son. All winter my son walked through the snow until here, wearing galoshes. He'd leave the car for his wife to go to the store. He'd walk to the bus and from the bus he'd walk 15 or 20 minutes to where he worked, and then he'd walk 15 minutes more to come here. They did the work and prepared to put everything in the store by spring. Raffi Svajian did such things. I told my son, "Son, you're so patient. Don't be like that." He said, "Mother, he's such an unscrupulous person." And this man, whose wife became mentally ill, stayed at my son's house for two months with his wife. My daughter-in-law cooked for them and fed them. I came in 1977.

D: You came to New Jersey in 1977?

H: Yes, on July 2. Nubar came there. My youngest son was there. He suggested I go to California with him. I said, "No, son, you're a bachelor. One day you're here, one day you're there." He said, "What do you want to do so you can be near one of us?" I said, "I'll go to New Jersey again." My brother-in-law said, "I went and saw. Nubar works extremely hard. If you go and cook the meals and take care of their child, you'll be a big help." I wanted to help them with all my heart and soul. I came here in the summer. When the schools opened they were sending Maral to Armenian school. She'd come home from school at 4 p.m. I'd feed her and help her with her homework. If Sona told me to put her to bed, I would. Sometimes she'd sleep here. They'd come at night and take her. I was happy. Two or three days a week they'd come and eat here. That was what I wanted. If I had something good, I'd keep it for my children. Raffi was unfair to my son after all the kindness they did for him. My son suffered so much. He left the job with the insurance company thinking there was more profit in the handbag business. The government made the street the store was on the one-way. Buying stopped suddenly. They asked a lawyer what they should do. He said, "It isn't only you. All the stores here are similar to yours. They're all taking losses. You have a low (?overhead), 15 to 20 thousand dollars. There are others who have \$60,000 (?overhead). If they give 40 or 30 thousand dollars, close the store immediately. Nubar was unemployed. It was difficult. Sona was unemployed for a while also. Then she went to Bloomfield, New York and worked. Maral would come and go. In 1978, October 1, Nubar went to San Francisco for work. Maral still came and went. Sona rented the house out. The people were building a house and they had to move out of the house they were in. They came to Sona's house and Sona went to her mother's house. She put her daughter in a school for two or three months. On March 15, this Saturday, it will be one year since Sona and Mural left, and I'm here alone. That's the hardest part. I'm very patient, but all during my illness I needed someone, but there wasn't anyone to help me. My neighbor was also sick.

D: You didn't want to return to Boston?

H: I couldn't find a place there. I wanted to very much. The basements are \$250, my sister said. So much difficulty,

D: This interview was done on March 12, 1980 by Arax Dinkjian.

(End of Tape III-2, End of interview.)