

WE ARMENIANS SURVIVED!

I remember clearly the day the Battle of Marash started. My eldest half-brother, Puzant, was in Beirut at the American University (prior to 1920s known as Syrian Protestant College), studying tanning chemistry. My mother, Heranoush, was preparing dough for lavash. My young friend, Budik, and I were to take this dough to the German orphanage for baking. After we arrived, we waited for the bread to be baked. I noticed a French soldier looking through his binoculars at Mt. Akhur, aka Akhur Dagh. The soldier spoke aloud, saying "There's going to be fighting today!"