

39, were now celebrating the Soviet presence in Tabriz. They joined the Turkish mob and shouted, "We will smash the heads of the Dashnaks." There was no peace and no security in the occupied regions. The ARF tried its best to guard the Armenian quarters and prevent any vengeful incidents.

Immediately upon occupying Tabriz, the Red Army established its headquarters in the city and declared martial law. All weapons and all radios were to be surrendered to the military command. In an emergency meeting of the ARF Central Committee, it was decided not to surrender weapons. To that effect, a special meeting with Soviet representatives was requested.

I left our house to go to the meeting, but a few steps along on our narrow street, I was stopped by a drunken Armenian *mohajeer* armed with two rifles. "Where are you going? Dashnaks have a meeting at the Diocese. Don't go there." "Very well," I replied and kept walking. The streets were in total darkness and quite deserted because of the martial law regime. A few more steps along the way, I met the designated liaison and together we walked to the temporary Soviet headquarters in Ghala. En route, we were stopped several times by Russian soldiers. "*Stoy*," they shouted. My liaison whispered the password and we continued.

When we arrived at the military headquarters/Cheka building, a guard escorted me to Agaronov's office. After exchanging a few formalities and the usual greetings, I took up the main subject and told him,

"I believe the order to surrender all weapons concerns