

to silence and searching for a new meaning of life, a new understanding of ethnicity in the New World.

The trauma continued.

*Such and such is looking for his/her mother, father, cousins,  
uncles, aunts... last seen in ... concentration camp  
in the Syrian desert or....*

Announcements with similar content appeared frequently in the Armenian Diasporan newspapers of the 1920s and 30s. Remnants of the Catastrophe scattered in the four corners of the world were trying to reunite with their family members. How many succeeded? How many had to cope with the great loss, not knowing that their kin was alive, perhaps living as a servant boy or a bride in a Turkish or a Kurdish home, or that perhaps the whole family had escaped death and was living in some remote corner of Turkey?

The stories of families reunited, or a mother, a sibling, or a cousin found are sad but heartwarming.

Vahram Garabent tells Yalçın how his American cousin located him in Istanbul.<sup>43</sup> They met each other in the United States and old bonds were renewed. Vahram tells us about the usual practice of Muslims snatching away pretty women and young girls as the caravans of deportees passed by. He also remembers that after the war, the British and the Americans collected the orphans that were left wandering, and those in Merzifon (Marzevan) were housed in Merzifon College. Vahram's cousin had been among those orphans in Merzifon who were later sent to the United States. She grew up there

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<sup>43</sup> Yalçın, *Hogis kezmov ke khayta* (2003), p. 127.