















































































To Neshan Nattchayan, with best
wishes to a fine gentleman.

Ronald R. Ford

Jan 11/Reagan - 1976





To Harry Natchanson
a good stand in —
Cyril K. Ford



The Proud Armenians

By ROBERT PAUL JORDAN

ASSISTANT EDITOR

Photographs by
HARRY N. NALTCHAYAN

Loving welcome by relatives greets a visitor from the United States (right) at the airport in Yerevan, capital of Soviet Armenia. A scattered people who have survived oppression and a brutal diaspora, Armenians now come from all over the world to visit this remnant of their once vast ancestral homeland. Reminder of the Christian faith that unites them, a 15th-century church calendar secreted in a flasklike leather container (below) probably served an Armenian who feared persecution.



MOST ARMENIANS fled Turkey long ago, but some of the villages they abandoned still stand on the lonely reaches of the Anatolian highland. This one was typical—a cluster of flat-roofed stone huts stepping up a mountainside, dominated by the forlorn shell of a Christian church. Muslim families were tilling the steep plots and praying to Allah at the appointed hour.

I had come here on a spring afternoon in the company of an Armenian priest from Istanbul, a quiet man of middle age. For him it was an act of faith, and a sadness. His people had been gone six decades.

We watched Kurdish children playing in the dirt road. Other people, he said, had taken over many Armenian villages—Kurds here, Turks elsewhere. His face was impassive: Land is to be used, people must live.

Leaving the stricken church, he touched hand to heart. Such churches were common

in Turkey, he murmured, prey to the elements and vandals, ruins of a civilization. There were two in the nearby city of Malatya. We would soon be going to Malatya.

Another sorrow lay deep. I felt it though I am an *odar*—foreigner, in the Armenian language. The priest gripped my arm.

"Armenians are still being driven from remote villages," he said grimly. "It is the old hatred. Sometimes a young girl is abducted, or a husband killed. They cannot bear to stay on their land after that. They make their way to the patriarchate in Istanbul. We give them shelter and find them homes."

I looked out to the distant Euphrates, not wanting to hear of such agony. The river was a glinting ribbon on its timeless run to Mesopotamia. The priest spoke again.

"Once Armenians were heavily concentrated in eastern Turkey. Only a few remain. In all the interior, only three churches are working. Malatya has none. But some of

my flock are there, and much time has passed since my last visit. Tonight we will meet in a house." He smiled for the first time. "You shall see the joy of Armenians renewing their faith."

A few hours later, after darkness fell, the city's few Armenian families filled a small living room to overflowing. The priest and his deacon, richly robed, led them in prayer and song in the dim glow of a ceiling light, while incense smoldered.

It was, I thought, as if a band of early Christians had gathered furtively in a cave to worship. Children were baptized, Communion given. One aged, falling woman, scarf on head, knelt with tears of happiness falling. Earlier she had despaired.

I sat with her afterward. "We are sheep without the shepherd," she said. "At last the shepherd came—and he forgave me."

Forgave?

She had broken the pre-Communion fast.









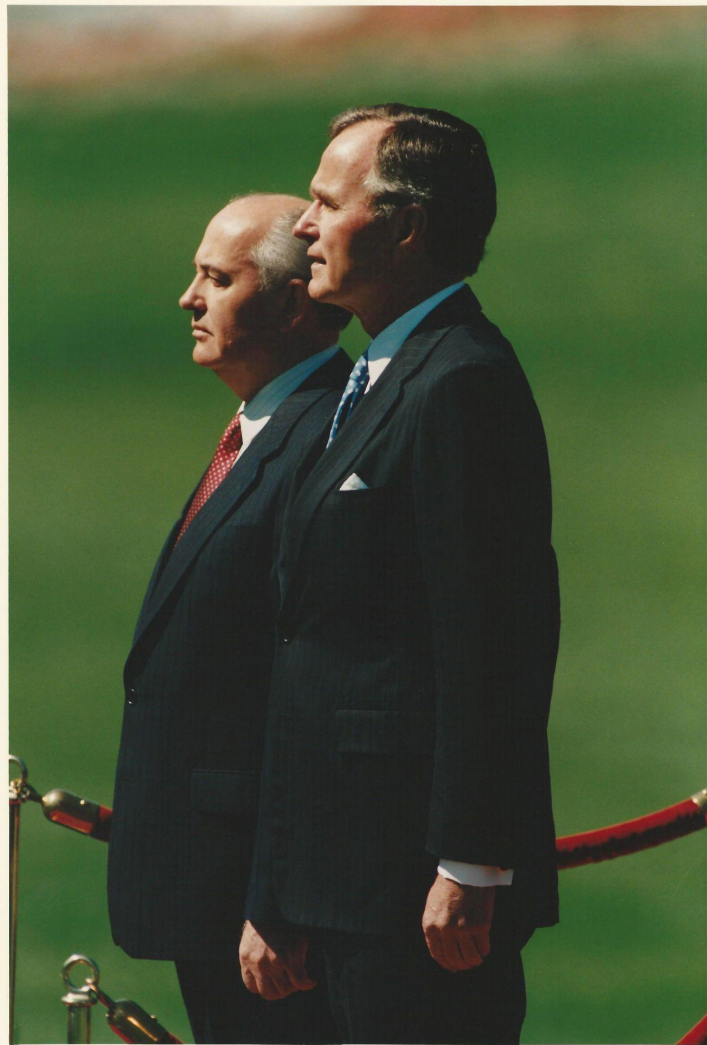
Welcoming
PRESIDENT REAGAN





































































































Zoom Meeting

Recording...



rgnighbert



Zoom Meeting interface controls including: Security, Participants (3), Chat, Share Screen, and a red Stop Video button.

Stop Video

Search

Windows taskbar icons including: Microsoft Edge, Microsoft Word, Microsoft Excel, and Zoom.











APB263

499

(CALENDAR FOR FRIDAY, JULY 19TH)

ITEMS:

A GROUP OF ABOUT 12 GEORGETOWN RESIDENTS WILL HOLD A SURPRISE FORMAL BREAKFAST AND BIRTHDAY PARTY ON THE EDGE OF THE REFLECTING POOL, BETWEEN THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT AND LINCOLN MEMORIAL, 6:30 A-M UNTIL 9:30 A-M, FULLY CATERED, WITH A STRING QUARTET AND PARTICIPANTS ARRIVING BY HORSEDRAWN CARRIAGE.

(ORGANIZER: KAY BUSER HM 337-0403 WK 274-3162)

01:30 PED 07-18-74

The friends of
Ms. Janet Harley announce
Breakfast on the Mall
Reflecting Pool East
District of Columbia
Friday, July nineteenth
nineteen hundred and seventy-four
six thirty o'clock
In celebration of Janet's Birthday

Formal attire

Strawberries
Sliced Smoked Nova Scotia Salmon
Olive Oil and Capers
Baluga Caviar
Tantanger Brut Champagne
Crepes of Cream Chicken au gratin
Pastry

Arignon Frores

Own a Piece of History.

Famous photographs from the archives of

The Washington Post Newsweek

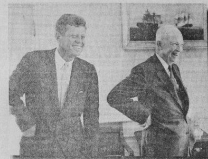
and other collections



Hands of State
11258



American on the Moon (in color)
11125



FK and Re
11150



Elaine Roosevelt
11127



Dinner Party—Reflecting Pool
11186



Dr. Martin Luther King
11200



Daight Eisenhower Throws Out First Pitch
11137



Ronald Reagan
11160



FK in Spotlight
11152



"A midsummer morning catered affair of extraordinary elegance in the midst of the Washington Monument, Lincoln Memorial . . . 6:30 in the morning is a peaceful time to hold a formal breakfast."

By Harry Shulman—The Washington Post

On the Mall: Breakfast For 12, At Dawn

By William Gildea

A few minutes after 6 a.m. yesterday, a small truck moved slowly through the faint morning light and rolled to a stop at the east edge of the Reflecting Pool. The headlights went out. Three men began unloading their cargo.

Out came chairs, tables, candleabra, fine china. Then came food: strawberries, sliced smoked Nova Scotia salmon, oysters on the half shells, Beluga caviar, Taittinger Brut champagne, croques of cream chicken au gratin, pastry.

This was to be a formal surprise birthday breakfast, the men attired in morning suits and top hats and carrying canes, the women in long dresses, a midsummer morning catered affair of extraordinary elegance in the midst of the Washington Monument, Lincoln Memorial and occasional early-hour curious passersby.

The slightly stunned guest of honor was one Janet Harley, a Department of Health, Education and Welfare employee who will be 23 next week. She said she would remember this celebration, confectioned by 11 of her friends, Washington residents mostly in their late 20s, who really like to surprise one another on their birthdays.

Miss Harley and her escort, HEW attorney Wes Collins, arrived at 5:10 a.m. by horse-drawn carriage, a 127-year-old Parisian vis-a-vis phaeton pulled by a gray and aging Francoise. The others came in two rented limousines. The Vye Quartet from Annapolis supplied light classical and, one said, "breakfast music, if you like." They began, fittingly, with the "Lark Quartet" by Haydn.

Six-thirty in the morning is a peaceful time to hold a formal breakfast























cnnbqv

Anatolia Amoretti · Antiques and Souvenirs



cnnbqv Mystery solved: Picked up this artwork many moons ago at some DC yard sale (and did I have dreams of landing on @roadshowpbs!) and was... more

