

Garo R. Abrahamian
814 HEWITT PLACE
BRONX, N. Y.

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TDV İSAM
Kütüphanesi Arşivi
No RTB-42-1^a

My dear friend Said,

Did you ever imagine that you could someday hear from me again? I do not think, and yet, I must tell you that for the past two years, I have been trying to locate you, but had not been successful. Some knew what became of you all of a sudden and you disappeared without a "good bye"! Fine way young chap!

I must tell you just how I came to find out your whereabouts. The other Sunday, I went to a Turkish show upon the request of a friend. On the stage I thought I saw someone that looked like your sister - the old one I mean - and truly, someone told me that she was the daughter of Dr. Rıza Tevfik. Her husband or whoever it was, was with her, so I went and engaged in a conversation, seemingly not so interesting to some extent me and finally asked for your address. I am glad to have located you at last - are you?

At this point, I will tell you just what happened
after you left Constantinople. Perhaps you remember
that I was engaged in the Cinema business, and
was running the Collye machine, as well as
others in town. Through this work, I was introduced
to an American lady, who undertook the task
of paying for my education. Later, I went to
Collye at her expense, and was doing very good
indeed. I was taking up Electrical Engineering after
my Sophomore year, but all of a sudden the
troubles - well known to you - began down in Constantinople,
so I had to quit the town. I went to Athens, thence,
where I became private secretary of the lady
I have mentioned above, ^{the} director of American
Near East Relief in Greece. I was in her employ for
nearly nine months, and August 4, last, I started
for America via France. I will tell you just
how I was allowed to go ahead and sail for the

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and besides, see what fun we may have.

There are other college boys around here, that you perhaps remember. We will all come together and have a splendid time!

Let us hope that as soon as you get this letter, you will take pen and paper to write a long letter, which will be toward all others that you missed all this while. Remember that, long after you left, my address was the same as you knew, and did not write. But that ^{is} the question now. Of course you may laugh at my writing here, believe me said, this is the best that I can do, and our typewrite is not feeling so good!

All the boys in college are scattered here and there now. Mark is in Germany I believe. He became quite nasty after you left, and I sure did not like his ways. He is a fine fellow, and a bright one, but I do not know what ails

him. of course you know him better than I do.
Just now I have but very few good friends around
here, and practically none of my age, and I am having
a lot of dull time. I always remember the
fine time we used to have back in college. Those
were great days, full of youthful vigor and
childish posture!

I do not suppose that you are changed
much, but I do hope that you will send me one of
your photographs. I have a vivid picture of you
always in my mind, but I would like to have a real
one. I am sending you more than enough pictures of
different things and I hope you will like them.

Write me a long nice letter and do tell me
all about yourself said boy. for I feel that it
will do us both a lot of good to come in contact
with each other again. Good night I am going to
bed now.

Traternally yours

Harold K. Lamm

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U.S.A. I had to paint a picture to prove that I was a professional painter, and that I could support myself in that way. The same picture is still with me, and in one of the pictures that I am enclosing you will see it being over an American flag. I had everything easy, and had no troubles in getting through.

When after my landing I got a job and now I am in charge of a Radio Shop situated but a few blocks from my uncle's house where I live. I am very sorry, and am making quite a bit to help my family in Constantinople.

The other week I was down in Brooklyn to see Hayer Tevonian. You do remember him don't you said. He is so dear, and a nice fellow to keep in touch with. His address is, 61 President Street, Brooklyn, N.Y. Write when you find time, because he was always asking me about you, and I could say nothing.

Are you still fiddling? My violin is in
open, but lately I bought myself a Cello,
and you ought to see me shape the bow!
You do not remember me playing the Double Bass
in the orchestra of Prof. Esteve do you? That is a
late affair indeed.

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The radio game is very interesting indeed
but I am getting quite tired of it now, I have
had too much of it. I may again go into the movies
if I change my mind.

How about yourself? What do you plan
to do for God's sake? Shall we never see you
again? Some day I hope you will make up
your mind to come here for good, at least, your
brother-in-law told me that you might come here
during the summer. Is this true? If so, I have
nothing to say. Of course you have let home to
welcome you, but you may be sure that you
will be my guest for a while at least, for
in my quarters it is beautiful during the summer.

Mr. Abrahamian to Said