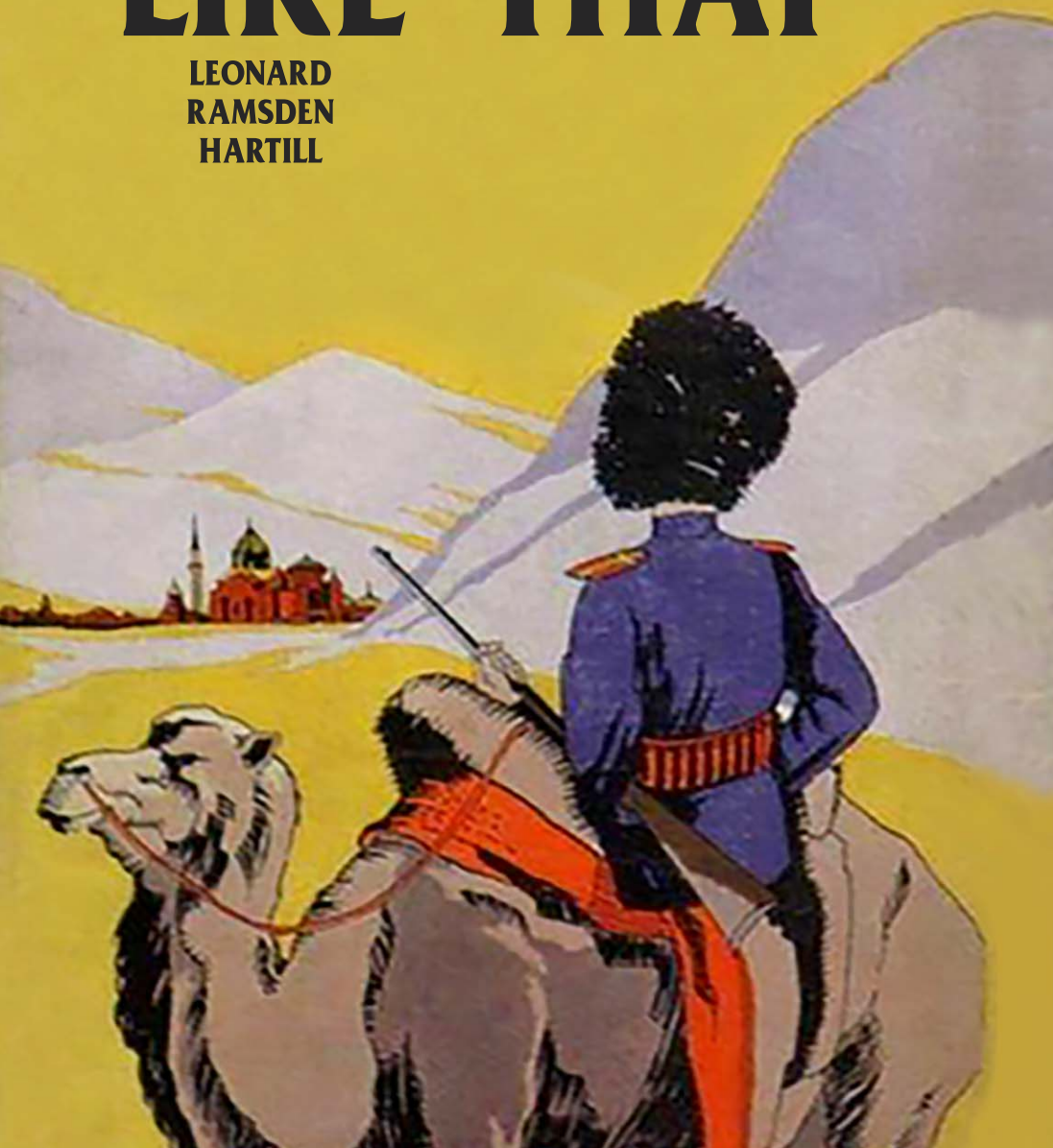


# MEN ARE LIKE THAT

LEONARD  
RAMSDEN  
HARTILL



In 1922, Leonard Ramsden Hartill, an American who conducted agricultural reconstruction works in the Caucasus under the framework of the Near East Relief, met an Armenian man named Ohanus Appressian who had witnessed many ordeals in his life as a former soldier, farmer, and refugee. Appressian was among the many refugees Hartill employed during the work he carried out in the Caucasus. Through his agricultural training, hard work, translation skills, and substantial knowledge of the region, Appressian became indispensable for Hartill, and the two men eventually developed a strong bond of friendship.

Appressian would go on to become a main character in this book at hand. Throughout their time together, Appressian bluntly told Hartill the story of the sufferings, ethnic strife, mutual massacres, and the ugly face of the war in his lands between the Christian Armenians and the Muslim Tatars (Turks). Hartill compiled these recollections of Appressian and personally verified most of them, noticing that many other people in the region shared similar harrowing experiences. After Hartill returned to Indianapolis/US, he published his book titled "Men Are Like That" based on Appressian's recollections.

Unfortunately, after the start of propaganda for the genocide narrative concerning the Armenians, Hartill's book began to systematically disappear from the shelves of bookstores and libraries, and only a few accessible copies have been left, one of them being in the US Library of Congress. The systematic disappearance of Hartill's book is not surprising, as its contents put a significant dent into the one-sided, black-and-white genocide narrative. Hartill's book demonstrates that the tragic conflict between Armenians and Turks at the beginning of the 20th century was multi-faceted, and no one can claim to be a pure victim. Hartill's book thus constituted a serious threat to the radical groups who had hijacked Armenian historiography for their own selfish and ideological reasons, hence the need for the book's disappearance from the shelves of bookstores and libraries.

It was necessary to make this book physically accessible again for the sake of allowing people to acquire a more comprehensive understanding of the Turkish-Armenian controversy concerning historical events. As the Center for Eurasian Studies (AVİM), we have decided to reprint this book in February 2023 without altering its contents in any way. We hope our followers will enjoy and draw their own conclusions from this disappeared book by Leonard Ramsden Hartill.

# Men Are Like That

by

Leonard Ramsden Hartill



TERAZI  
YAYINCILIK

# MEN ARE LIKE THAT

## CHAPTER I

### KHANKANDI

As I travel back in my thoughts over the years of my life and review the scenes and incidents that remain in my memory, they all appear to be part of a whole from which there is no disconnecting them. I have been stoned and spat upon and defiled with filth, but a year gone, because of things that occurred when I was a child. And so it is that in telling my story it is difficult to decide where to begin, unless it is with my earliest recollections. But if I must go back to the days of my childhood, I shall not linger there. It shall be merely to touch on certain scenes and events and conditions, that better understanding may be had of the fateful years that marked the ending in all of great Russia and in all the lands under Russian sway, of the old order of things and the old way of life. For it is with the events of those years, as they affected my country and myself, that my story is concerned.

My name is Ohanus Appressian. I was born in the village of Khankandi, Shusha District, Azerbaijan, in the year 1892. I do not remember my mother.

My father was a prosperous estate owner. He engaged, on a large scale, in the breeding and marketing of sheep, cattle and swine. From an early age I assisted in the work of the estate. My companions, besides an older brother and a few other Armenians, were Tartar shepherd boys.

My country is a wild mountainous region in which there has been little advance in civilization or material progress beyond that of a thousand years ago. It is, for the most part, beyond the borders of the Western way of life. It is there the barbarism of Central Asia begins, with its queer conglomerate of the utmost in primitiveness, and with its mystically and gorgeously colored fragments of civilizations that flourished at a time when the world was yet young.

In my country there are few roads other than rough cart trails. Travel is by horseback. The inhabitants are Tartars and Armenians. The latter are really aliens in what is in fact a Tartar country. They are Christians in a numerically predominant Mohammedan population. The gulf of race, tradition and religion that has never been bridged separates the two peoples.

From among the Armenians, in the days before the World War, were made up the classes of traders and estate owners. Inasmuch as these Armenians owned the large estates and controlled the trade, they constituted a rich and upper class in the population, subservient only to Russian government officials and army officers. The significant thing in the lives of

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of Shusha, like my village of Khankandi, had a population half Armenian and half Tartar. During the time of the disturbance it was not possible for me to attend school; and so I remained at home. Our Tartar servants left us or were driven away, and work on our estate stopped. When peace was restored and I again saw Shusha, the Tartar section of the town no longer existed, except as a pile of ruins. It had been destroyed and its inhabitants slaughtered. The same fate befell the Tartar section of Khankandi.

One day, during those troublesome times, a band of three hundred Tartar horsemen rode into our village. We Armenians locked ourselves in our houses, not daring to show ourselves. The Tartars entered the houses of their countrymen who were our neighbors. With noisy hilarity, they feasted and sang. We feared that at any moment they would attack us. A messenger was sent in haste to an army post where some Cossacks were stationed. In normal times these Cossacks would have been patrolling the district, and would have prevented any such demonstrations as the Tartars were making. Toward evening six Cossacks came in answer to our appeal for help. With the coming of the Cossacks, we no longer feared the Tartars and left our houses. The leader of the Tartars demanded to know why we had sent for the Cossacks. He said that he and his men had come solely to pay a visit to their kinsmen, and that if our village did not know better how to treat guests, he and his men

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and neighbors, Tartar and Armenian, are dead. They became the victims of battle or massacre, pestilence or famine. The villages I knew as a boy are now mainly heaps of tumbled stones and sun-baked mud. It is long years since there has been feasting and merrymaking in my father's house, since his tables have been loaded with foods and wines, and since friends have gathered, to kiss his hand in respectful greeting, as he sat in his seat of honor to receive them ere they fell to feasting and dancing. The old joyous life is gone.

In the Armenian-Tartar war of 1905 the Armenians had much the better of the fighting. Many of our men had served in the Russian Army, and were trained soldiers. We Armenians were rich and possessed arms. The Tartars had never received military training. They were poor, and possessed few arms beyond knives. It was not an organized war, the fighting being done by roving bands who raided and pillaged villages, slaying the inhabitants. Throughout Azerbaijan, events similar to those I have described were enacted. Even in the large city of Baku there was much fighting. Shortly after the killing of the Tartars in our village, the revolution in Russia was suppressed. Cossack soldiers again assumed their duties and quickly put an end to the fighting between the Armenians and Tartars.

With the cessation of fighting, I was again able to attend school, and I did so for two years longer. During this time, instead of tramping back and forth