Marash, Turkey,

January 21, 1920.

Dear Dad:-

This is a rather exciting time to write a letter, but as the post is supposed to go tomorrow I must write now. It is now half past two, and since twelve there has been ~~at~~ a lively battle in progress here in Marash. Every letter I punch on the typewriter is echoed by rifle shots. There is a machine gun going pop-pop-pop about a hundred feet from me and bombs are exploding all over the city. We just sat down to dinner when the firing began, and of course, nobody spent much time eating but ran for the balcony upstairs to see the battle.

All this is a result of what has been going on for the last two weeks. The Turks have been following a policy of ignoring the French and deliberately disregarding their orders. They have been killing Armenians and French soldiers a few at a time, until lately, they began ambushing large bodies of French troops. The French finally had a battle with the Turk bandits and wiped out a few of their villages. The Armenian-French soldiers who did this even killed all the cattle and destroyed everything of value. We could hear the cannon firing while this was going on, but it was far enough away that it didn't make much impression on us. But on Monday, (Jan.19) the bandits or whoever they are, attached a French wagon train and its convoy between here and Aintab and killed all the convoy, plundering the wagons. This made us wonder just

how the road was for our auto, but Snyder refused to be scared and started off yesterday morning for Aintab, taking a Y.M.C.A. man with him, (Dr. Crathern), a French officer, two Armenians, and one of our nurses, Miss Shultz. They had trouble from the start. First Snyder lost a chain and spent an hour looking for it. Then the car got stuck in the mud, which is afoot deep in places, andsucceeded in getting out only after putting blankets down to drive on. by the time they crossed the AK SU (White River) half way to Aintab it was two o'clock. From here the road winds up the sideof the mountain on the edge of a cliff. The road was good, however , and they made good time. In a minute they came to the place where the French wagons were attached. Here the wagons were strewn along the road on their sides, dead horses lying around, and one Fench helmet. As they went on the sound of firing be heard, but as the road continued to wind up the hill ~~was a continualwind~~ nothing could be seen until suddenly as the car rounded a curve they came in full sight of two platoons of Morrocan cavalry having a running fight with the enemy on the side of the mountain. The Turks were well hidden behind the rocks while the Morrocans made a fine target with their red capes and white turbans, sitting on their hor ses. The battle was only a few hundred yards away and the Morrocans were retreating in the direction of Marash. Dr. Crathern got out to direct the turning of the car, since it was on the edge of a big cliff, then jumped in as the car began to make tracks for Marash. At this moment the Turks opened fire on

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the car. Dr. Crathern pulled out a silk American flag and began to wave it while Snyder opened out on full speed, down hill. The flag seemed to just start things, for the moment Crathern waved it a regular hail of bullets struck the road all around the car. AS the car passed a turn in the road a rifle blazed away at them only a few yards away, a bullet striking one of the four metal spokes of the steering wheel about two inches from Snyder's hand and tearing a big hunk of the rim off, The steel splinters that flew struck Snyder in the face and cut his eyelid in the corner, while Dr. Crathern got splinters in the side of the face. The car was making between forty and fifty miles an hour and had to dodge the overturned wagons on the road, besides circling sharp curves with a precipice to one side. If a bullet had hit the driver the car would have gone over. Not until they were a mile or more away and out of range did the bullets stop. How the Turks missed them all is more than I can say. The car has several holes in it. The French lieutenant had thrown our nurse on the bottom of the car the moment the firing started and put a bedding roll on top of her and sat on it.

(Wed.) Artillery fire has just started up in the city).

The car got back to Marash after dark, just in time for Crathern and Snyder to join in a fine dinner in honor of the wedding anniversary of Dr. and Mrs. Wilson, roast goose from our own back yard being the main attraction.

Of course the French were notified of what had happened and reinforcements went out immediately. This morning I telegraphed

I telegraphed to Aintab that we were all safe, and Dr. Crathern telegraphed to Admiral Bristol that the American flag had been fired upon.The French general happened to be here in the city and things began to happen here,today.The major told us this morning that since the Turks had shown unwillingsness to be peaceable that the time had come to strike,and they were prepared to strike hard. Dr. Crathern and I took a walk through the market this morning and found every shop closed except a few Armenian places. It is the turn of the Moslems to be scared now,and they are afraid the French will massacre them.At the mosques and on corners groups of Moslems were gathered discussing affairs. It was a short time after we got back to the house that firing began.

It ishard tosay just what is going on, as all we can see is the smoke of the shots. Turks are firing from the minarets of their mosques and from houses, while the French are on the hills, and even in the church belfries, and have machine guns all over the city. The French headquarters is right beside this house with a machine gun in the yard. They have machine guns inwindows of our hospital and one of our orphanages, and in a church belfry. Our house is the highestup the hill of any in the town,so from the balcony of my room you can get the best view of the whole thing. From there we can see thesmoke of the bombs and grenades in the city. I suppose the French are throwing grenades into houses where the Turks are firing. So far no bullets have come our way, which is a wonder, as the machine gun is very close.

NO one seems to know just who the so-called bandits are, but there is no doubt that there are lodds of them,and that they are organized. It is a pretty sure thing that they have plenty of support from leaders of the Turks in Marash, altho the Turkish officials protest

that they have no control over it.

We are all agreed that America is a great deal to blame for the trouble here. Not that they started it, but because they have delayed the peace treaty so long and left the fate of Turkey undecided. If America had been willing to take the mandate of this country there wouldn't have been a particle of trouble. The Turks were practically unanimous in wanting America, But when another army occupied the country the Turks naturally thought they had come to stay, which might be true and they are doing all they can to make things unpleasant for them. The fact that our flag was fired on means nothing, as we were carrying a French officer, and the bandits would have every reason to believe that we would carry word which would bring reinforcements.

Armenians and Turks both keep asking :Has America decided to take the mandate of Turkey?

8. P.M. THe firing has diminished considerably , and since dark only occassional volleys are heard. The reports that come in are decicedly bad. At first the French officers said that in the fight that our auto ran into, about ten cavalarymen were killed, but this evening we heard that practically all had been killed. This is no wonder as they had to come past the point where the auto met the worst firing. It developed also that this patrol of Morocans had been sent out to meet a wagon train which was bringing ammunition and supplies to the French in Marash. This convoy of twenty wagons arrived at this same point about an hour later and was ambushed, all the guards being killed and the supplies and ammunition falling into the hands of the Turks.

The firing in the city today apparently has been mostly firing from houses. The French have lost a lot of men who are lying dead in the streets, according to reports while no one seems to know

how the Turks ha ve fared.I didn't realize how much resistamce the Turks were making until an hour ago, when Snyder came in. Wou remember he was the one who had sucha narrow escape yesterday while driving the car to Aintab. He had anoother exciting day today. We wanted a pair of field glasses so he ran down to the hospital to borrow a pair belonging to Luther the pharmachist. Arriving near the front gate of the hospital two shots rang out close by--these were meant for him.As he reached the gate he found theFrench sentry lying there dead in a little pool of blood, right in the gateway. This probably saved Snyder's life, asthose inside were unable to close the gate. If it had been locked, a third shot could hardly have missed. Insidethe walls of the hospital enclosure the French raised their rifles quickly as he entered but lowered them when they recognized a friend.

Within the hospital itself the Turks had made their marks. The Armenians soldier behind the machine gunon the third floor balcony had tried to drive the Turkish sniper from his position opposite, but the gun jammed , and the soldier recieved a bullet thru the chest. Dr. Elliot, an American woman physician in the ACRNE, stepped out on a front porch to call a nurse indoors, and a bullet craked the wall beside her. In her bedroom on the third floor another bullet broke her inkwell, and before the afternoon was over the transom and the plaster from the walls were scattered over the floor. The whole third story is quite a mess. The patients were all moved below and the beds laid on the floor. Luther looked out of the window of his pharmacy and a bullet sped by. He saw a Turk shoot from a window. The old man dropt in his tracks. Dr. Wilsonx decidedto stay all night at the hospital But Snyder climbed over the rear of the enclosure and came home by way of a row of trees.

Today several hundred Armenians

refugees had come up to the ACRNE storehouse to get old clothing. Mrs. Wilson was distributing the garments all morning, and this afternoon the refugees were not allowed to go home as the streets are unsafe. So tonight I went over tothe enclosure where there were still 350 poor people with hardly enough clothes on to cover them. We aeeanged for them to sleep in the basement of the college, and managed to get two hundred loaves of bread for them from our bakery, so they will be fairly comfortable tonight. Allthe blankets in our storehouse were given out too. Our own house has a number of Armenians for the night, and every person who was not home at noon today had to stay where ever he could find shelter. MissBlakely Miss Lied, two of the American missionaries of Marash were out calling this morning and had not returned but are probably safe.

A group of six prominent Turkish officials of Marash came to see the French commander just after the firing started, so the general recived them and after the interview told them to stay. Sothey are his prisioners,and will be treated as hostages. The group includes th e commander of the Gendarmerie, and local govenor, the Chief Engineer, and other dignitaries. I was over in the building this afternoon talking to the Major when the Turkish governor went out of the room. He didn't look exactly happy.

I hope this scrape over here gets intothe American newspapers. It to show the American people thatall this war has been of no benafit to the Armenian natio n.In spite of all that has been said about the Turk not beigg fit to rule, and spite all the Turk has done in the past, international politics are still letting the Turk do as he pleases . IT looks as tho the Armenians are in for another massacre. If the Turks don't begin massacring tonight in the villages around Marrash and even in the city I

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am a mighty poor prophet. It is time this League of Nations did something in the way of settling the future of Turkey, and in the opinion of every American here in Marash, that couldn't be settled better than by an American mandate. The American natio n was willing to send millions of soldiers to lick the Hun, but seems to kick strenuously at send ing enough men to keep order in a country worse than Germany.

Jan ~~Sept~~.2 2, 4P.M. Today has been so full of excitement that I haven't had time to do any writing. Artillery fire a few hundred yards behind the house woke me about seven A.M. and by the time I got out on the balcony the battle was in full swing. The French shelling the house behind the, where Snyder and I had gone hunting partridges so often. Apparently the Turks were coming into the foot hills of Albustan and all the surrounding country, for the puffs of smoke up on the hill where the shrapnel was bursting kept moving up the hills as the Turks ran for shelter. The shelling was going on all sides of the mountains. The artillery fire made considerable racket, but the machine guns seemed to make even more din as they popped away at the hills. The Turkes in the city were at their work again, too, firing from houses.

Last night the Morroccans who had been wounded in the fight where our auto was fired upon, arrived in Marash with the escort which had been sent out for them early yesterday, before the fighting began in the city. Not knowing that Marash was in a state of siege, they started up thru the city with the wounded, and were imediately fired on. I could see the flash of rifle fire in the streets from my balcony. The escort immediately dropt their wounded to fight, and in the dark lost the street where they had left the stretchers. And finnaly they came to headquarters and reported the case. Lt. Guneric, the officer who had gone with Snyder for Aintab the day

before, took it upon himself to go out thru the city to look for the wounded, and as he walked around in the dark he found about eight Morrocans who had lost their in the dark and had been hidding. With these he kept up the hunt, but failed to locate his wounded soldiers. Instead he was attacked and he and his eight menreturned to the barracks, stepping over dead men everywhere, five of the Morrocans were killed and his own rifle stock was shattered. He finnally climbed over our hospital wall to safety.

Today the fight in the city continued much the as yesterday. The French are certainly on the defensive. From the top of the college today I could see Turks strolling around in the streets with their rifles, some of them so close that I took a picture of them.

In the afternoon we kept up a look-out from my balcony, and Mrs. Wilson got a of Dr. Wilson, who had been marooned at the hospital since the fight started. We were able to whistle to him and heard his answer. The hospital is about six hundred yards from here, but a house full of Turks soldiers commanded the space between, so we cannot go back and forth.

Off in the low hill on the east of the city, which can be seen from the balcony but not from the French lookouts, we could see large bodies of Turks moving around in plain sight, at about two P.M.Thru field glasses we could see that they were armed, and in military formation, but in civilian dress. I ran over to report this to the French commander who immediately came over,the general and three officers. When they saw the Turks the general ordered a small cannon, while an officer calculated the range. In a few minutes a "sixty-five" arrived on mule backbehind our house.The soldiers soon had it in position.An officer aimed it and gave the order to fire.The shell went swishing over the hill top, and the Turks lost no time in

ducking behind the crest of the hill.But the next ten shots were well placed,and must have cleaned out the whole crowd. Snyder and Dr. Crathern and I were naturally on the scene while all this was going on,and each got a hot shell case for souvenirs.We all felt our ears ringing for some time,as we had been standing a few feet behind the gun.The French officer said it was well we had spoken to him about the position of the Turks.

Dr. Wilson just came in. He climbed over the wall of the hospital compound and reached home safely.Since this leaves no American in the hospital with Mrs. Powers, the nurse,and Dr. Elliott,I am unanimously elected to go down for the night.

Jan.23,I.30 P.M .Just returned from the hospital and had dinner,so will finish as much of this up to date as I can before going Back. Last night's adventure was rather interesting.I started immediately after what I wrote Above.The night was pitch black and raining a little. I had a French soldier detailed to come along to boost me over the wall. The French officer told me, however, that it was a dangerous job, as the French sentry in the hospitable would probably shoot at me as I climbed over the wall. We started out, however, then thru the gate in our wall nearest the hospital. We hadn't gone more than fifty paces when I saw a form moving a few yards ahead. At this the soldier with me stumbled and fell all over himself, making quite a noise as his rifle struck the stones. I was ready to blaze away at the man ahead with my six shooter, but he challenged us quickly in a low voice in French, so we knew it was all right. In a moment we passed two French soldiers, then crossed a plowed field to an orchard, then reached the rear wall of the hospital compound. It was the first time I had taken a good look at it. Now it looked like an impossibility to scale, as ti isa good twelve feet high,

and on the top is an overhanging layer of big red tiles. Groping our way along the wa
way along the wallwe bumped into a small tree,which save the day. Climbing this I was able to crawl over onto the tiles,and then hang on a branch and drop. About ten tiles fell ontop of me and made enough noise to wake the dead.As a matter of fact,I dropped into a little German graveyard,where the Germans had buried their dead when they had the hospital during the war.I fully expected the sentinel to shoot,but not a sound.Some sentry!I even yelled for him,and then walked the whole way around to the front steps without being challenged.As I walked toward the front wall a form moved back into a doorway, so I called"O kim dir?"(Turkish for-who goes there?)It was the French sentry.Ten of them sleeping in a good hiding place instead of guarding.One of them had been killed at the opening of the fight,and was still lying in a mass of blood by the front gate.As there wasno officer they were still obeying their old orders to stay in the front of the enclosure.Altho I had no right to "butt in",common sense told me that if I could climb over the wall a Turk could the same,so pretty soon we had a sentryat the rear.

Inside the hospital all the patients had been moved from the third floor to safer places.All were now sleeping on the floors, and every corridor and room was filled with patients and Armenians who had taken shelter in the hospital. The neighbors had bored a hole thru the wall and come in. One woundedArmenian had crawled from where he had fallen to the front gate and knocked.The Turks opened fire but a soldier opened the gate and the man got in safely.The basement and first floor of the hospital were packed with women and children and some men; some little closets six feet by six containing fifteen or twenty people.

Aftersupper the French soldier who had helped me over the wall returned to the hospital. He had gone back immediately after see-

ing me over and now came back with a note from Dr. Wilson asking for tourniquets, gauze instruments, etc. Some wounded had come in. We went to the operating room and lit a candle, but before we could collet everything three shots rang out from the Turkish house across the street, apparently meant for us. We blew out the light and finished the work in the dark. I helped the soldier over the wall with his bundle and then we went to bed. This latter consisted of taking off shoes and puttees and coat and crawling under a blan ket on the floor. Needlessto say I didn't sleep a wink, due to my uncomfortable bed and to the fact that every time I began to dose a shot would ring out so close that it made onejump, even tho almost asleep. This kept up all night. Itwasn't much of a task toget up this morning.

Breakfast over I ran across the courtyard to the pharmacy building which faces the street. At the door there was a dead sentry. The French soldiers refused to bury him with out orders. From the window of the building Ilooked across to the building from which the Turks shot everyone who ventured out-not more than fifty yards distant. Between this house and me a dead body lay in the street-the deacon of an Armenian church who had run out to bring in his cattle when the fight began. Apparently dogs had partly consumed the body. While at this window I loctaed several houses from which the Turks were still firing. From the third floor of a hospital building a group of nurses were watching French shrapnel bursting in the hills back of Marash. IT was a pretty sight to see the puffs of smoke form up in the snow away up the slope of the mountains. Turks were still up there and could be seen with field glasses running from one shelter to another.

Soon shells began to burst among the Turkish houses behind the hospital . RIfle fire had been hot there all morning. A hundred yards away French soldiers were firing from a mud house. Just as I looked out the window several shots were fired, and the bullets had

a peculiar whistle. In a moment there were a series of explosions in theTurkish houses and clouds of smoke burst thru the roof. The French were using rifle grenades, and several had gone thru the open windows and bursted inside.Fighting was on all around the hospital and from the looks of things the Turks were still strong. The Turkish flag was flying from the walls of the citadel. They always put it up on the Moslem Sabbath,and today is Friday.

Two of the Marash missionaries had been out calling Wednesday morning and were unable to get home when the scrap started. This morning Miss Blakely ,one of them,was seenina window not thirty yards from the hospital gate,next door to the Turkish house,. I finally decided to make a run from the hospital yard back to the Amarican buildings, in order to get permission to bury the French soldier, and to notify the French commander of the houses from which the Turks were firing. Besides,hospital supplies were getting low, Climbing over the rear wall with the aid of a ladder I dropped to the groundand made a sprint for the rear of the house a hundred away,Stopping for breath only a momentL began a 220 yard dash uphill and drew several shots from the row of trees behind me. but reached the stone wall of the hospital in safety.

The French officers made notes of my observations, and promises not to shell the house where Miss Blakely had been seen, Then the commander gave me an order to the guard to bury the dead sentry. While I was in the headquarters room a telephone message was being from the Turkish governor, whom the French had released on his promise to per suade the Turks to surrender. His telephone message was that he could not stop the fighting. Going out of this building, which is part of the American mission property, I discovered that a change had taken place over night. Instead of walking freely across I was warned

across I was wawned to make a quick dash to the wall,as the Turks had come up close during the night and were just below our buildings.The French were digging loopholes in the mud walls. Crossing over to a little building in the compound which so far we have used for a little hospital for orphanage children I found it was now filled with wounded French. Dr. Wilson was just finishing an operation on a soldier;Snyder giving the ether,altho he had never done such a thing before.I arrived just in time to help carry the poor fellow to a bed. From here I went on thru to the college buildings and found the Armenians-about 600 of them- still huddled in rooms everywhere.The food supply is so short that these people get only one meal a day. Up on the third floor of the College, the highest point in Marash,the position of the Turks wasplainly visible.Why the French don't make use of this for a lookout is more than I can say.But here one can see the Turks in a trench only a few hundred yards from the French barracks.I will draw a map of the American buildings showing the position of the enemy so you can see how the Turks have a ring around these buildings,trenches and snipers in front, and many soldiers in the mountains in the rear, held off by French artillery.I borrowed a big American flag from the Mission to put on one of the two buildings where the Wilsons and Snyder and MR. Lyman and I live.As Snyder and I went back, following the wall for protection,we saw a group of people behind Lyman's house. Ebenezer orphanage is 300 yards away,across an unprotected gully.One week ago this was a grove of trees.Turks cut them all down just a week ago . I have no doubt that this was done to remove a good defensive position from the French.Twice since the triouble started I walked across th is space to get bread for the refugees in the college compound,not know- that the Turks had this covered with their rifles.This morning as Snydr

and I joined the little group of Armenianswe saw across the open four or five frantic Armenians. We had not seen just proceedthis, but Dr. Crathern and Mrs. WILson with a pair of field glasses had seen across the city a commotion. The Turks had started to massacre the Armenians in this quarter and they were fleeing in all directions,shrieking so their cries were heard by Dr. Crathern.Thru the glasses the refugees were seen to pass two armed Turks hiding behind a pile of rubbish unmolested. It was half an hour later that I saw four or five of these same Armenians arrive at the slope back of the Ebenezer Orphanage. Their friends called to them to come on over to our yard. As they started across the open space Turks hidden down in the ravine opened fire on them. I'll never forget the sight of these poor people, already exhausted by their long run,stumbling along over this space as the bullets struck all around them.The first two had a good start before the firing began,and reached safety, The next was an old man who tried to dodge the bullets by stooping over.He stumbled repeatedly ,and I suppose he was wounded,but got over.The next were an old woman and a boy.The boy was hit and dropt to a ditch below.THe woman ,half way over, screamed as bullets struck all around her,and then stopped and faced the TUrks, crying to them to stop.How they ever missed her I do not know,but all of us were yelling frantically to her to hurry on.She collapsed when she finally got over,grazed in several places and absolutely exhausted. She and the others are in pur enclosure now.The boy who was hit waved a flag from where he fell to show he was only wounded,but none dared to go to him.Finally he crawled back unseen to the rear wall of Ebanezer Orphanage and knocked on the gate,but even if those inside could hear him they could not go back without coming in full sight of the Turks. I finally left this terrib le sight as nothing could be done until,dark,unlessthe French could rout out the Turks from their

position. The boy's brother was one of the first of the five who tried to come over, and now was in the yard watching his helpless brother.

Mr. Lyman and I proceed to put up the American flag. From the posit ion of the Turks who had just been firing, their next move would be to come over our wall and thru our yard to attach the French. The American flag we thot might be some protection. I ripped offa pole from what used to be the wild bears pen, and nailed the flag to it. Mr. Lyman was looking for a rope but we agreed we didn't want to lower it, so nailed it . As I raised the pole with the flag a rifle sang out so close that the Armenian boy helping us fell down in front of the stairs. The next moment a bullet struck a tile over my head and scattered dirt all over us. It was no time to quitx , as the flag would have a disgraceful tumble unless the pole was nailed, so Lyman and I ducked and drove the nails with such haste that mos t of them bent. One more bullet whizzed over our heads before we finished the job, all of the shots coming from a Turkish rifle that must have been less than a hundred yards away.

Since dinner was not ready(and since I had lost my appetite seeing those Armenians running xxxx the gauntlet) I stepped outside the walls of the enclosure again to the back of the house and listened to the firing in the mountain beyond. The Turks in the mountains were keeping up a continual fire judging fromthe fact that bullets were whining over my head from that direction, while the French would be firing away from me.As proof they were Turkish bullets, one came whistling toward me and dropped one yard in front of where I was standing. It had just lost its energy. I picked it up and it was still hot from it's long journey thru the air. I am keeping it as a souvenir of a Turkish bandit.

The French interpreter says the French commander has lost patience with the Turks and will begin to destroy the city at 2:30 with artillery. Weare all of the opinion that he might started long ago shelling more of the hous es he new held Turks. The fact that the Turkish flag is now flying on the citadel and that no one dares venture thru the streets seems to indicate that the Turks are no worse off than the scrape began.

While at the hospital this morning I heard what is probably the true account of the beginning of the battle. The French officers all say that the Turks s tarted the firing and that the French did not know this was coming. Since the French commander had told us that morning that he was going to strike and strike hard we supposed that it was the French started things moving. But the following gives the story a different aspect. To begin with, every Moslem store was closed this morning, as I myself saw when Dr. Grathern and I took a walk thru the market. We had seen Moslems on their way to the mosques, and gendarmes going to the citadel with rifles. The head nurse at our hospital, Miss Matsukian, left the hospital at noon, and had gone about a hundred feet when a Turkish gendarme came along with four veiled Moslem women. He escorted them to a house, then stood in the road and fired his rifle three times in the air. Immediately rifle fire started all over the city as tho this were the signal. Miss Matsukian hurried back to the hospital gate, and the French sentries outside also came in, the last one being shot thru the neck. The man is lying just outside the gate.

8:00 P.M. There have been so many interruptions this afternoon that I just now finished the above, which was started after dinner.

So far the city has not been destroyed. The only thing very noticeable in the way of destruction is a big fire in the center of the city, the result of a French shell. It is quite a spectacular smoky fire, however, and ought to make the Moselems think.

The wounded boy is safe now. After lying against the wall of Ebenezer Orphanage all afternoon he got his chance. The French general and colonel came thru our yard this afternoon with half a dozen big black Morrocans who had rifle grenades on the ends of their rifles and each carried a sack of them. They climbed over the wall of Mrs. Wilson's chicken yard into an Armenian house. From here they could attack the Turks who had fired on the Armenian refugees in the morning, and who had been sniping the French on the hill above. I went out to a little balcony on Mrs. Wilson's house to watch the fun. The balcony is surrounded with lattice work and makes a fine lookout. In a moment things began to happen. The grenades began to explode among the Turkish mud houses,so close that dirt and small stones were thrown up on the balcony where I stood. Thinking that this would be a good opportunity for the wounded boy to make his escape I rolled up a piece of the Sunday New York Times,about six monyhs old,for a megaphone to call to Frere Alexis in the prphanage to open the gate. But the boy had thot of the samething,and while I was running down the stairs he hopped along the wall on one leg, in full view of the Turks. They opened fire again. The moment I yelled thru the Megaphone for Alexis he answered, and when he heard my "Kapuyu ack" he ran to the gate just in time to let the wounded boy in, but not before the Turks had fired half a dozen shots. These Turks are pretty poor shots from what I have seen.

However, the grenades soon forced the Turks to retire or at least to keep out of sight for a time. We all feel much more com-

fortable now, especially since the Armenians in a house near the Turks had heard the Turks talking and knew from what they said that their plan was to rush the Armenian house, from there to get into Wilsons yard and house and Mr Lyman's (where I live). This would give them an excellent point from which to attack the French headquarters. It is a peculiar thing that the French have taken no precautions to prevent this sort of thing, just as they were not prepared for this little war. They apparentlythought that if the Turks ever did start anything a few shells thrown into the city would make the Turks surrender. As it is now the French are practically besiegeg. Their horses and mules have had nothing to eat for three days, and now they have eaten all the bark (?) off the trees in the college ~~inxkhax~~ compound, where they put them for protection. The French soldiers say they will start tomorrow to eat the flesh of the horses and mules killed by Turkish bullets. I saw from the college window a French soldier out in the field chasing a cow, in full view of the Turkish snipers; of course,the cow was soon in the kettle.

We heard today that Turkish cavalry from Albustan, north of here, tried to attack from the hills last night, but were driven off with machine gun fire. They are still back of us in the hills.WOW! Grenades are bursting right back of the house. Will finish later.

10: P.M. The French are up to something. I just came down from the balcony where an interesting little manouver could be seen. The Morrocans were firing rifle grenades in the air so they would drop among the Turkish mud houses. The fuse on the grenades enable us to follow their course thru the air, and more than once to duck to avoid flying dirt. But while this was going on, French troops were passing up the slpoe of the hill to positions they could not reach if the Turks should discover them. I could hear them moving

close to our house but the Turks were to much occupied dodging the grenades to see or hear anything else.

Jan. 24, 1: P.M. It didn't take much to persuade me last night to return to the hospital. As a result I had a fine sleep. Grenades woke me again early this morning, and rifle shots just outside the window. The Morrocans are using the building next to our chicken yard for a sniping position. After brekfast Snyder and I climbed over the hen house and into the rooms where the soldiers were in order to get a few good photos and a look around. The position was a good one, as trees close by acted as a screen, and yet could be easily seen thru. These Morrocans are about as comical fellows as the southern darkies, and seemmed to have as much fun trying to pick off Turks as our darkies have in shooting crap. All of them are terribly scarred, from big cuts they have on their cheeks and chins as decorations. Turkish soldiers could be seen running from house to house, while the snipers tried to pick them off. I saw about a dozen Turks on a hill, but couldn't tell these soldiers in French, so borrowed a rifle and got in a few shots myself. A little later the sol diers decided to go down into the Turkish quarter where they had been throwing the grenades. The corporal went down with a few Morrocans, and a lot of Armenians to dig holes in the walls. First they cut a hole in the wall of a mud house. It happened to be enpty, so the Armenians made short work of it. Bedding, wheat, and cooking utensils, clothing, all kept piling out of the hole, until the house was empty, then they set fire to it. You can't blame these Armenians, who had lost everything they had during the war, were doing their best to get back at the Turks. They didn't seem to have any hesitation in looting the Turkish houses. The were a number of chickens running around, and as we were practically out of food for

the refugeesin our compound, I got my shotgun, ran downin among the mud houses and blazed away. They must have been armored hens.The first shot I knocked three down and they all got up and ran away. The second shot knocked another head over heels,but it got away too.Meanwhile the Armenians were looting another Turkish house when a group of Turks opened fire on them,butmissed. You should see the booty. They got enough boolghour and bread to feed the refugees for several days, and the refugees are cooking it up now. I have a Turkish dagger for a souvenir. I don't know why theXXXXXXXX Turks left such a thing behind.

We don't have any news from the outside world now. All wires are cut. For all we know, Aintab and all the surrounding country is suffering the same fate we are. The French sent out two Armenians this morning disguised as Turkish gendarmes in an effort to get word to Islahie or Aleppo. The reports this morning from a number of sources are that all the Armenians in three wards of the city have been killed. We don't know how true this is.

Artillery fire has just begun. I hope they are shelling the city. Several houses are burning in the city. Must stop now.

SUNDAY. JAN. 25. This is a rainy Sunday morning, but rain doesn't seem to stop fire or war. Machine guns and rifles have been making more racket than usual , and a French "75" just put three shells thru the dome of the biggest mosque in town. The top of the dome was blown as high as the mi naret. For a moment there was silence, then cries of "Allah, Allah" could be heard as the Moselm fled. The mosque was being used as a fort by the Turks. Just about the same time the mosque was shelled, a large number of Turkish reinforcements came running thru a street from near the edge of the city. Machine guns all over the city opened up, but we couldn't seem any Turks drop.

Yesterday afternoon the French began shelling the city on a bigger scale than they had used so far. Just as I stoppedwriting it began a continual bombardment of Turkish positions. We all ran for the balcony and were just in time to see shell after shell go thru the roof of a stone house from which two people in our hospital had been shot. Turkish trenchs in front of the French barracks got a good sprinkling of shells, and also a number of other places in the Turkish quarters. Fires began to spring up all over the city, some of them are Armenian houses and some Turkish. After dark the whole city was lighted up by the big blazes. Aintab people can surely see the reflection in the sky.

The French colonel and major were over for tea in the afternoon. They are sending five Armenians disguised as Turkish gendarms to Islahie to ask for reinforcements. The major borrowed Snyder's German rifle for one of the men to make the disguise complete and gave him a French magazine rifle in exchange. One of the officers said that from certain signals which had been observed, it was thot that Capt, Fontain was outside the city with guns and men.

Miss Blackely and Miss Lied, the two missionaries who were caught out in the city when the fighting began on Wednesday, were still out, and probably in danger should the massacre or fire begin. From what certain refugees at the hospital had said, it was posible that they were in the next to the one the French had shelled so vigorously. Snyder and I were itching for a little adventure any how, so decided to go out after dark to look for the two women. Besides, needed supplies from the hospital, and the hospital needed milk. The Major promised to give us a Morocan soldier, so that if we were challenged by any Frenchhe could answer.

The big fires all over the city soon convinced us that it wasn't going to be very dark. However, we got two sacks full of canned milk for the hospital and started out from the lower gate of the college compound. Our escort answered the challenges of the French sentries along the road. We reached the rear wall of the hospital yardin a few minutes without drawing any shots, and a few minutes more had climbed the little tree near the wall and dropped into the yard. Dr. Elliott and Mrs. Powers were glad to see us and get the milk. The bombardment during the afternoon had frightened all the patients, as the house the French shelled was less than a hundred yards away. After the shelling, one of th e old Armenian men who works around the place went to an upper window to see what damage had been done by the shells. But snipers were still hidden in the basement of the house and a bullet crshed thru the window and killed old Melcron as he looked out. This was the third casualty in our hospital from that same Turkish house.

After leaving with Dr Elliot a list of the medical supplies to be prepared for Dr. Wilson, Snyder and I proceeded to our search for the missionaries. The Armenian pharmacist first let us thru a hole in the wall to the house of an Armenian near by. This man was an interpreter for the French Administrative Commandant but had dissapeared since the fight began. Knocking lightly on a cellar door, we finally obtained a responce from within, but the Armenian feared treachery and would not admit us for some time. This man, named Levon, was living in the lower partof the house with his family, all the windows and doors barricaded. After telling Levon our errand he placed a light on the floor and mapped out a plan for us to reach our goal.

The plan made our task very simple, for now we knew which

places were safe, and which places must be passed quickly.Afterleaving Levon we passed quietly down the alley,across the road to the door of the house where Stepan ,the dyer for our cloth making establishment lives. From h re there were passages from cellar to cellar and so on to the house on the corner. Here we found Miss Lied and Miss Blakely perfectly comfortable among their Armenian friends,but more than willing to get back to their own home,altho Miss Blakely had misgivings about how safe the trip would be.Not more than half an hour later they were back in the college.We stopped at the hospital on the way home and got the medical supplies for Dr. Wilson,then climbed over tha wall and had no trouble except from a dog whose barking must have notified all the Turks within half a mile that we were coming.Everybody was tired enough to go to bee soon after we got home.But first we had a bite to eat,then viewed the burning city from the balcony.The French had fired a whole Turkish quarter,and Turks had fired an Armenian section.All the Armenians from the section the French burned were first brought into the college yard by Lt.Cunerie-about 150 of them.Then Cunerie and his men set fire to the shacks with kerosene and soaked rags.This is the only kind of war the Turks appreciate.

During the afternoon I had been out in the yard when a perfect hail of bullets from a machine gun came thru the trees overhead and struck all around me.I made a beeline for the house,and then six more volleys came,many bullets hitting the walls of Beitel orphanage and sweeping our yard.The French say it is a German machine gun in the hands of the Turks.I didn't realize until this morning that my bed is in direct line of this gun.This morning I found that Dr. and Mrs. Wilson had been wakened by bullets striking the wall of their room close to their bed so they had to come downstairs and sleep on the floor. The front window is broken and the little balcony where we stood many

times has several holes in the sides,while several bullets were found lying around.

Beitsbhallum orphanage was attacked by the Turks this morning. Turks were seen collecting in the graveyard behind the buildings and finnally made an attack. But the rattle of machine guns all over the city soon discouraged the Turks, as the attack lasted only about five minutes.

Frere Alexis sent a message from Ebenezer orphanage to the college stating the conditions there. As the was returning with an answer she was hit in the chest and killed. This bullet came fromthe Moselm quarter just below our house, which the French thought they had cleaned out. Morrocans will probably make another raid on the place tonight.

There are over a thousand refugees in the college yard now, whom we have to feed. The food supply is almost gone. One hundred and twenty Armenians came into Ebenezer orphanage from a quarter in which all other Armenians have been massacred. The longer this thing lasts the fewer Armenians will be left. The French policy seems to have been to let the Turks shoot until they get tired or run out of ammunition. The French were protecting themselves verynicely, but no protection is being given to the Armenians. All the burden of feeding and caring for the refugees is on the compounds is on the missionaries and the A.C.R.N.E. The French even had to put their animals in the college yard, with some soldiers, which now draws the Turks fire. One women has been hit already, whilestanding in the yard, and none to care for her baby. The news these Armenians bring as they arrive from various quarters of the city is terrible. Out of the three men employed in this little compound where I am now, two now know that their homes have been burned and all their families

slaughtered. Samuel, the gatekeeper, hears that his children have had their heads dashed against the wall; Boghas, our buyer, knows that his wife, three sons and daughter are dead. One of the teachers from our orphanage on the other side of the city,(Beitschallum) is here in our yard.When the fight began he was neither home nor in Beitschallum,bur was caught in a quarter called Kumbet. Some of the Armenian men here had rifles,but after the second day they were compelled to run as the Turks made an attack.He tells us that of about two hundred who ran only he and five others got away.He saw with his own eyes the Turks killing the women and children with knives.Refugees from every quarter come in with this story.If my life and property depended on the protection of the French I would say goodbye right away,An American army would have cleaned out this town of Turks in one day instead of staying in a walled compound looking out for themselves.

Armenians in houses kept off the Turks for three days, and when their ammunition gave out they were all butchered,just because the French are too inefficient or weak or else because they don't give a hang what becomes of the Armenians.Personally I am disgusted with them absolutely.

Monday, JAn. 26, Noon. L ast night was another night of burning and bombing. Fifteen French soldiers passed thru this yard after dark, Followed by a number of Armenians with picks and axes. Following them I found they were on a raid. From the window of a house bordering the Turkish quarter I could see the flash of grenade explosions as the raiding party first made sure no Turks were lurking in the houses. Then the Armenians came with big sacks of grain and all sorts of winter food supplies and deposited them in a safe place. Three men came pushing a cow along. All sorts of loot were being

brought from the deserted Turkish houses to help feed the refugees. As soon as a house was emptied it was fired by men carrying kerosene soaked cloths. Even this morning dozens of houses were still smoldering and others just begining to burn. The looting proceeded this morning, and such sights sights as a Morrocan darkie carring home a banjo and the French colonel with a load of rugs were seen.

The Armenians are rejoicing to see the Turks get a taste of their own kind of warfare. But still the massacring goes on, and the French admit the are powerlâss to stop it. They are waiting for reinforcements and big guns . They say they haven't enough soldiers to systematically clean out the Turksfrom house to house. I believe the French have all together about two thousand soldiers. The Turks probably have many more tham that. This morning the Turks sent an ultimatum to the French commander, demanding that he turn over all rifles and cannon. If he would this the Turks promised to treat them as guests of the city. This shows how the Turks regard the outcome of the first week of fighting: there far from being defeated. The Turks have the advantage in that they can run into the hills when beaten and avoid punishment, while the French are surrounded.

Snydre and I just returned from the French headquarters after a vist to the commandant, to whom we bore a plea from some Armenian refugees to send soldiers to a house in the Turkish quarter where two hundred Armenians were hiding. The major promised to find out if this were possible and would let us know befor dark. If possible, he will send soldiers with a giud/we know of.

No one need say that the Armenians imagine massacres are going on . I justcame frommthe emergancy hospital where Dr. Wilson was dressing the wounds of Armenian women and children. One little

girl has a bullet right thru the side of the head, brains oozing out both holes, and yet alive and conscious. She was crying about gendarmes, knives and bandits, etc. All her family is gone, but she escaped. An old women in the Hospital had a piece of flesh as big as a pint bottle knocked out of her arm by a sum-dum. Only of the few of the wounded Armenians ever reachour compound, and of course we don't see anything of those killed.

THe missionaries all say that Marash has never before seen such terrible swens, even during the war.

Jan. 27, 2P.M. This is the seventh day of the battle, and still not over. There is very little firing, but only because everyone has learned to keep under cover. No neww of reinforcements. Perhaps the five couriers never reached Islahie. The Armenians have lost all hope,as they see the French are unable to protect them. The French admit their forces are not strong enough to do more than sit tight and wear out the Turks.The Turksare far from worn out,judging by the ultimatum they now send to the French commandant. This morning they again demanded that the French abandon all arms and munitions and surrender or every Turk would attack.About a week ago the French made similar proclamations and the Turks called their bluff. The French threatened to burn the city and to destroy it with shell fire in an hour, but the Turks now realize they can't do it.

Last night's excursion to rescue the house full of Armenians was never made. In the evening the major sent over word that he would let me have three at midnight-as though it was some errand of mine,not theirs.He had the idea that I wanted to get somwfriends to safety. However,I was willing enough to try it,and went to Stepan, a Moslem convert who had volunteered to lead the way,and asked if he would be ready at midnight.But other news had just come in.It was too late.The

Turks had surrounded the house and promised the Armenians protection if they would surrender. They did so, and you can imagine the rest. The men were tired and shot, then the momenand children were killed with axes. A few escaped.

I went over to the little hospital wherenDr. Wilson treats the wounds of soldiers and wounded Armenians. On the rough table used for dressing a young woman was lying waiting for her knee to be dressed. It had been shattered by a T urkish bullet. One or two questions soon made certain that she had been one of those in the house of Dr. Hatcher, where we were to have gone at midnight. In a few words she told just what had happened, as I told it above. As the Moslems were butchering she and one or two others ran toward the French trenchs the Turks in another trench opening fire as they ran. Her friend,a teacher inthe girls' college was struck in the head; a little girl and a little boy were wounded(mortally),she was hit in the knee and another little girl, now sitting on the operating room wsa wounded in the hand and through the thigh.As she was telling these things another woman was groaning in a strecher on the stretcher in the corner. She was the wife of the pastor of the Third Church. She had seven knife wounds and a bullet wound. In addition to this she had fallen in the ditch and had lain in the water for several hours. Moreover, she was pregnant. Her husband is one of the finest Armenians I have met. Snyder and I found him in the house where we found Miss Blakely, a few nights ago.

Every hour this battle continues such things are going on. Do you wonder that the Armenians have lost hope? Even the refuges with the French in the compounds here are pessimistic as to the outcome, because they know the persistence of the Turks, while the French only call this "zee leetle war". And yet they admit"we can do

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nozing for the moment.'' If the facts of the past week haven't put a crimp in my plans for a French occupation of this country I am dissipointed. America isn't free from all blame either. If she had declared herself to the mandatory of this country long ago the peace treaty with Turkey would have been signed by this time. The Turks once having singed such a treaty would be less apt to start fresh trouble. Mustapa Kamal, the leader of the Nationalist Turk party threatened just this sort of thing. He said if a foreign power occupied Turtey "painful events would follow, which would effect two continents." I don't know how America and Europe view what is happening here, but if Armenia is not freed from the rule of the Turks very soon the allied nations will surely be much to blame.

Jan. 28, 9 P.M. Today has been compartively quiet. Now and then a machine gun starts off, or the Turks make a little attack and a lively skirmish takes place. This evening they came back into the burned houses back of this house and for a few minutes there was an exciting engagement. The Turks had come fairly strong if one could tell from the crack of their Mausers. The report of the French is much different from the Turks, the latter having a sharp more like a pistol. About five o'clock the French shelled another Turkish house and made some pretty good hits. The fires in various parts of the city died down and only a few new ones began today.

Snyder and I went down into the city to bring up an Armenian pastor from a house not far from our hospital . His wife had been brought in with seven stabs and three wounds from a broken bullet. She had two little children who were both killed . She had been in the house where the Moselemsbutchered the women and children. The pastor when he heared this news, almost went crazy, and people hardly

recognize him now. Dr. Wilson operated on his wife this morning. The knife had cut into the liver, and her condition is very serious.

As Snyder and I are the only youngsters her we have to have a little excitement every night, and when nothing else turns up we go down to the hospital. The French have dug a tunnel under the college gate and from there a trench leads tothe hospital wall . Instead of climbing the tree to get over we can now crawl thru a hole in the wall. A dead horse lying along the trench is evidence that the Turk snipers are still on the job. Every trip we make is for medicine or supplies for the emergancy hospital here.

Jan. 29, 11 P.M. This the ninth day of the siege of Marash, for it surely has become a seige. Altho the boom of big guns can be heard in the distance and shows that help is coming, the Turks still keep firing, and still make their evening attack between six and seven.

Last night the French sent sixteen soldiers with an officer and two Armenian guides to rescue a large number of Armenians who had taken refuge in a Church. The place was surrounded by Turks and the Armenians were in danger of massacre. The men returned without the Armenians, reporting that there were Turks between them and the Church, and that they could not pass. They had not even attacked the Turks or fired a shot. Lieut. Coonrynearly killed the officer, who came back and reported that he had not accomplished what he had been sent to do.

I spent part of the morning trying to locate a sniper and as I couldn't find him, turned my attention to Turks in another direction. All I can say here is that the Turks found a certain locality an unhealthy spot. In the afternoon all the Americans gathered at the college to discuss what to do in the event that the Turks overpowered

the French. We decided that if the French evacuated and tried to cut their way out of Marash,the Americans would stay,unless there was nothing to stay for, in the way of orphans and refugees.But if the French remained and were overpowered ,the plan was to put up all the fight there was in us.This whole meeting was the most senseless thing imaginable,as there is no doubt of the ability of the French to hold off the Turks for a month. Besides it mist have made the women so nervousthat they couldn't sleep.Most of the women have been sleeping with clothes on anyhow.Dr. and Mrs. Wilson packed up and moved over to the college as a safer place,which leaves Dr. Cbathern ,Snyder,and me here to keep house.

Badvelli Solakian's wife died this afternoon.We just buried her over in the seminary yard beside the French embankments and canons. I think this is one of the most terrible stories that could be told. This man is one of the most brilliant of the Armenians,and most people say the finest Armenian they have met.He had come through the war and deportations and had not lost his wife and now had two children,one five years old and the other only one year old.When this trouble started he was not with his family. Snyder and I found him in a house near the hospital,but no one knew where the mother and children were, so you can imagine his anxiety for them. Then one night the mother was carried into our hospital with seven knife wounds and three wounds from Turkish bullets. We made another trip into the city for her husband, and the moment we entered the house he seemed to know we had come for him.Neither Snyder nor I knew anything about his children and could only tell him that his wife was wounded and wanted him.She was giving premature birth to another child when he arrived,but told him her awful story. The Turks had surrounded the house where she and a hundred others had taken refuge,all of them the finest Armenians in

Marash.When theTurks entered they told the refugees not to be afraid, that they were fighting the French ,not Armenians.But they asked the men to go outside where they shot them.As other Turks came in with knives and axes all who could fled. Solakian's wife had run out carrying her one-year old baby while her sister ran with the other child. The mother had been stabbed repeatedly as she ran from the house, and when she came to a deep ditch she was unable to cross. She fell and lay in the water,while the sister ,a teacher in the college,ran on to the French trenches-but the Turkish bullets killed her before she reached safety,also the little girl with her.The mother was still lying in the ditch when,because her baby cried,a Turk crawling along found her.Thinking she would die he left her but killed the baby with his knife.Can you think of anything a Turk would not do?

When night came the woman managed to crawl to the French trenches,where soldiers found her and carried her to the hospital.This is the story she told her husband.Dr. Wilson operated onher but today she died.None of those who were at the grave in the moonlight could leave without knowing more of Armenia's sorrow as they saw the grief of that one man,now left with absolutely nothing in the world.It was hard to take him away from that grave beside the trenches.

Jan.20. No reinforcements yet.The boom of cannon in the distance shows, however,that the French are fighting between here and Ishahie.Here in the city only occasional shots are heard,except between six and seven,when the Turks usually try to capture the house below this one.

Today two men were shot at the gate of the college,where we leave the college on our way to the hospital every night. Two children in Acorne orphanage were shot also while playing inside the building. One bullet made four wounds. It struck the smallest girl about four years old tearing a hole in a finger,then passing thru the

side of her head fracturing her skull,then grazed her neck and went on to the next girl,going right thru the flesh of her thigh. These Turks are just baby killers.

Jan. 31.This morning when we came to breakfast a Zeitoon Armenian was waiting to see Dr.Wilson.Perhaps you never heard of Zeitoon, but over here that word means something. The Zeitoon people are noted for their bravery.In 1895 the Turks were having a massacre but in Zeitoon the Armenians turned the tables and while the men were out fighting Turks who had surrounded the city, the Zeitoon women captured the Gendarmeriein the city,bound the Turks and threw 300 of them over a bridge into a gorge. In this last war the Zeitooers took to the mountains and kept off whole armies of Turks sent to capture them. They made their ownrifles.

So when this man appeared in his mountain dress, rows of cartridges lining his coat,and told us that he and eight other Armenians had just come in from Zeitoon every one was interested. They had come for ammunition,rifles,and men to help protect Zeitoon.which was surrounded by brigands.Naturally he had known nothing of the trouble in Marash until he and his men approached the city from the mountains and came to the French trenches. On the way thru the mountains they had avoided the Turks by travelling by night. They had had several engagements however. but with small bands of Turks.

The villegers all around Zeitoon had fled to Zeitoon, so apparently the Turks were massacring in the villeges. Teses men intend to go right back as soon as they got ammunition and rifles, not merely to stand off the Turks but to go out in the hills and chase them away.

While this man was talking to us the others were over talking to the French general asking for rifles and cartridges. When he refused

they even threatened him so he had them locked up for an hour and a half, then reconsidered and let them go, giving them what they had asked for. To show their appreation the nine men went out and attacked a Turkish quarter, burned several houses and killed nine Turks. In doing so two of them were wounded. Then again tonight they made another raid tonight. We never heard the result. The Turks all over the country fear the Zeitoon men.

Today things have been going on as usual. The French shelled a lot of houses this evening. Five of the refugees in the college yard were wounded during the day. While I stood in the doorway of the college, a bullet struck the porch a few feet away. The bullets were coming from a house near the hospital, so the French shelled it.

The food proposition is a serious one. The Doctor appointed me Herbert Hoover, So today Snyder and I rationed out our supplies for a two month seige. We have plenty of wheat, and it is being ground in little hand stone mills, one stone about a foot in diameter turning on another flat stone the same size. From the ground wheat a sort of soup is made. The French gave us two cows which they captured from the Turks, so the ground wheat together with the meat makes enough stew for one meal a day for the 1000 refugees in our compound. They get only one meal a day. We have some canned milk, which is rationed out to babies and nursing mothers. In the storeroom are a few cases of tomatoes, some chocolate, tea, and malted milk, and lots of soap. The refugees are allowed one case of soap a week.

Miss Buckly has always lived in Beitschallum orphanage where she is in charge. This is our largest orphanage. There are about 400 orphans living there. The girls rescue home is close by. Both these institutions are on the other side of the city in a

Moslem quarter, so we have kno communication with them. There are soldiers quartered in Beitschallum, so we don't fear for it, but the Armenian girls in the Rescue Home are very likely all taken by the Turks by this time. The food supply at Beitschallum must have been exhausted long ago,as the winter supplies were very short before the fighting began. None of us envy Miss Buckley.

Dr. Wilson has been trying to get someone to go to Aintabto carry the news of the seige and to hasten reinforcements. Butthe trip means almost sure deathif the messenger is caught by the Tueks so no one has been found. It is not safe to try the auto again, since the bridge over the Ak Su has probably been destroyedor is in the hands of the Turks.

Feb. 1st.Last night a letter came frlm a house near the hospital to Dr.Wilson,just behind the one where we found Miss Leid some time ago. The letter told of the danger the the house was in, and asked help from the French. TheTurks had tried to enter the night before and had thrown several bombs in, but nobody had been hurt . This moening we could see from the balcony that the house had been burned during the_attack night. This-morning-we Dr. Wilsonhad forwared the note to the French commander, but apparently no help had been sent.

The Turks attacked below this hotthis morning just before dawn The crack of rifles awoke me and wasnot very reassuring. Then-crack exrifles A French rifle finnally sang out, and a machine gun started up, so with the French on the job again the wistle of Turkish bullets over the house didn't cause much loss of sleep. The attack didn't last long after the machine gun ~~started~~ opened fire.

The Turks have a connon. This became known today when a

shell crashed thru the roof of the French barracks and knocked a soldiers belt off without injuring anybody. The shell came from the mountains behind us.

Feb. 3rd. Apparently the Turkish is a good shot but has rather poor shells. A shell came thru the roof ofour little hospital wherethe French wounded are dressed, and explodedin the attic without doing much damage. A boy was sleeping there but didn't stay long. The shell is a three inch Turkish shrapnel, and instead of exploding properly the end blew of. Another shell came thru the roof of the French headquarters where the general and his staff stay. Luckily this did no more damage than the others.

This evening the Turks and French had a rather sharp engagement. During the morning bullets had been hitting mules in the collegeyard , and even coming into the rooms of the college. Six entered Miss Hardys room.A number missed me by not more than a yard or two. Apparently most of the bullets came from our old enemy the "block house" across from the hospital.The French had shelled this sev eral times,but the Turks always come back.So this evening while the French were shelling a mosque full of Turks some soldiers threw a number of balls soaked in kerosene onto the roof of the block house. As the flames caught and the Turks saw their doom they let loose all the ammunition they could sending most of their bullets at our hospital. At the same time all over the city the Turks began firing.Bullets just sizz led around this yard,Snyder and Dr. Crathern and I had to come home thru this hail. Bullet marks were thick on all our houses,inside and out.One entered Mr. Lyman's bedroom,one made a hole in our front door,but none of us had our names on the bullets.

Feb.4th. This business of writing a line a day is probably as much bother at this end as it is monotonous at your end. When I

started I supposed this"war" would last about two days. But here I am on my 42nd page and no end in sight yet. So I'll have to cut my story short. The battle continues as usual, without much news. The Zeitoon men returned to help drive the Turks from their territory. Perhaps you will see in the papers someday a telegram from Marash to the outside world with the following message:"Situation in Marash extremely desperate. Reign of terror in city since Jan.21.Hundreds of men, women and children massacred daily.No power to stop this as French are distinctly on defensive,forces and munitions inadequate.Americans have little hope if French are overpowered as soldiers defend our property.No assurance of help as large forces bar all roads.Leave nothing undone to relieve situation as lives of all Christians are seriously threatened.Our auto and flag fired on repeatedly Jan.20. our institutions under fire and many refugees and orphans wounded. Food short.Notify Arnold and Bristol."Two of these Zeitoon each carried this message,promising to carry it from Zeitoon across the mountain pass to Hadjin,a journey of seven days from here.At Hadjin there is a telegraph and an ACRNE unit,so we hoped in this way to get word to the American consul at Aleppo.The men carried a draft payable at Hadjin as an inducement to carry the message.As they left us they said in Turkish,"Till death",and said if they couldn't take the letter no human could.

Yesterday we had a good piece of luck.An Armenian had eight Kantars(2½ tons) of rice,and wanted to sell,since the Turks might take it for nothing.So Snyder and I gathered twelve husky refugees together after dark and marched them thru the French trenches to the hospital, where the Armenian had delivered the rice. It took several hours to bring half of it to the college,so tonightwe will get the rest of it. Thiswas a great find,as the food question is a serious one.But now

with rice and wheat we can get along for a while.I had my first mule steak this morning for dinner,but did not know it was mule until after it was down.It was very good but not as nice as beefsyeak.All the cows captured from the Turks have been eaten,so everybody dines on French horses and mules. They always use the wounded ones first.These animals are slowly starving to death as there is nothing for them to eat. They eat tree stumps, firewood or anything they can chew.Many are so weak they can't stand up,and a few die every day.

There was one good piece of news today.Captain Fontaine is on the outskirts of the city with three hundred soldiers.He had left here for Islahie several days before the trouble started,but had to return on account of large nu mbers of Turks cutting off his road. Returning to Marash he found it impossible to enter the city,but sent a messenger to headquarters at night to report his arrival.On the road here he captured a Turkish village and found in it many of the French supply wagons with large stores of food which the Turks had captured on the 20th of January.They took what they could carry and burned the rest so the Turks wouldn't benefit by it.

An Armenian who escaped from the city and came to the college a few days ago was in this afternoon to tell some of the things he had seen. He is a graduate of Amherst College.According to his stories the Turks have already massacred thousands of the Armenians in Marash.He told of one house full of Armenians who were obliged to surrender to the Turks.The menwere. seperated from the women and children,and taken three at a time to a hollow quite near here,where the Turks had dug a pit six feet deep.About thirty Turks were here,and as the Armenians were pushed into the pit they were bayonetted,In one group of three was a young fellow who decided to try to escape.When his turn came he asked to be shot,as a favor, since many of the Turks present were

acquaintances. Tey

acquaintances.They said,"are you worthy of a bullet?"Seeing he had no chance for a quick death,he made a dash for the edge of the crowd and up the street. About a hundred bullets were fired at him but only one hit him,so he escaped around the corner with only a wound in the arm. He came to the hospital here and told his story .

Another very interesting account was that of the son of Dr. Poladian. He is also in the hospital with a wound.He and about five others had been taken by the Turks and tied together by the wrists. Two gendarmes were given the task of taking them to the edge of the city and killing them.As one of the gendarmes was searching young Poladian,the boy said,"I have nothing", and opened his shirt,drawing a knife he had hidden there.He plunged this into the Turk,cut the rope snatched the Turks rifle and with it shot the other gendarme.He then cut the ropes which bound the other men and all escaped.I call that pretty good work.

This evening a woman was carried into the hospital with a bullet thru her abdomen.She had stepped into her front yard to get some wood,when a Turk shot her.Dr. Wilson will operate on her tonight. This war wouldn't be so horrible if only soldiers were shot.But when children and girls have to suffer it makes a difference.Most of the Americans here are very particular about being neutral,and that is probably the best,but personally I can't feel neutral when the Turks are killing the people we came over to help, and even shot into our hospitals and orphanages. It seems to me that this is direct war on American intrests, and when they repeatedly fire on our flag I feel justified in shooting any Turks who show themselves. However since the others don't look at it in that wayI promise not to use arms unless a direct attack is made.

Feb. 5. I think a 46 page letter is entirely to long, so this

is the last page for this one. Anyway it will be better to seal this up for delivery so in case a sudden oppertunity comes it will be ready to go.

I just came back from the hospital after a rather busy evening and a warm one. The Turks made the fiercest attack so far while Snyder and I were at the hospital. The hospital seemed to be the object of their wrath, judging from the music in the air. We were caught outside the building and appreciated it all the more. It was just before the moon rose, and apparently it was all arranged beforehand for the battle began all around at the same moment. In half an hour it was all over, with no casulties in our building. The Turks apparently shoot at houses, but are afraid to come over the wall as long as there is any show of resistance.

Our trip to the hospital had been for two purposes; one was to show a French officer what electrical equipment we had that could be used for snigaling. After Snyder charged up his storage batteries with the Delco engine the officer decided to take a four cell battery and a Tungsten lamp, with which he could signal at night with the Morse code. Our other errand was to deliver a letter to be forwarded to the Turkishgovernor. In the morning Dr. Crathern , Dr. Wilson, and Mr. Lyman had had an interview with the Turkish prisoners in the French headquarters, all of them government officals. As a resylt a letter had been sent offering the services of the Americans as medicators whenever the Turks were ready to talk terms. The plan was to have the letter taken to the nearest Turkish house under a white flag. From here it would be sent to the leader of the Turks.

During the evening I was obliged to make two trips to the hospital, the second was to escort three sick Armenians from the college

to th hospital.Right here I learned something.One woman had hardly anything on,and as she was sick Iloaned her my coat before we entered the trench. When we finally arrived at the other end ,after having been fired at a number of times,with no more protection than the knee deep trench,I examined my coat and found my first cooties,four of them. Never again!These lousy people will have to be cold before I lend any more clothing.A good dose of Keatings over night will fix the coat all right. When I came home a little while ago I learned that there had been a casualty in our own house during the fierce attack the Turks had made.A bullet had come thru the frame of the front door,glanced from the stone wall and struck one of the servants,a fine girl twenty years old,breaking her back just below the shoulders.She is paralyzed now and in great pain.Dr. Wilson will operate in the morning to see if the injury can be repaired,but there is little hope.This has upset our household more than anything that has occured so far.

One of our opphanages,Beitschallum,was attacked this P.M. and the Turks succeeded in setting fire to it,but the fire was put out, and from all we could see from here the attack was defeated.

I must close.We all hope that none of the folks at home know of our predicament until it is over.Loads of love to all the family. Don't worry .

-1-

Marash,Turkey

Feb.6,1920

Dear Folks at Home;

Hurray!At last a French aeroplane has come.While I was still in bed this morning half asleep I heard the hum of an engine and yelled to Snyder" Here comes an aeroplane."In a moment there were shouts