

Aleppo Syria.

Sept. 29, 1919

Dear Mother,

I don't have time to write a letter but just want to send home this story by Major Trowbridge. He gave me this carbon copy in return for photos I gave him to illustrate it. It will be published soon with my photos.

I was interested in this story, especially, for several reasons. I was to have gone on the trip with Duraway, but as Duraway was taken sick Dr. Trowbridge went instead. I saw them bring in Elizabeth in her Mohammedan clothes, & was at the train the morning she and Hagop left Aleppo for their former home. Hagop was quite a friend of mine as I was his "nurse" or "doctor" for a while when he was sick. Elizabeth was a very attractive girl. But what makes the story especially interesting ^{to me} is the fact that Duraway & I went over the identical trip just two weeks ago and got another girl from the same village - probably the one Hagop Trowbridge speaks about leaving there. Our trip differed a little very little from Trowbridge's. We actually managed to squeeze the Res through the maze of rocks that made them turn back, and first went to Achteron, after which we had a good road to the village Trowbridge visited. We didn't know he had been there before but can ~~we~~ now understand now some of the things that happened - for example it was the only village where we weren't pressed to have coffee & cigarettes - also

the Arabs & Kurds were decidedly unfriendly. Our scheme
was to drink coffee & be sociable first, then get the
girls, while the Major preferred to treat them as enemies,
as they really are. Otherwise our experiences have
been just like his. I took some photos at this
village and at Ahterin which I am going to send
Kombidge to illustrate the story. I will enclose some
in this letter if I can print them within the
next two days. Lots of love to all from

Stanley

Sept 21, 16