



THE ZORYAN INSTITUTE

Letters on route in
Turkey

- Nahr Ibrahimi,

Beirut 1920,

- Edirne Dec 1930's

Ref. to Marash



THE ZORYAN INSTITUTE

RELIEF AND RECONSTRUCTION COMMITTEE

CHURCH OF THE BRETHREN

Armenian and Syrian Relief Fund--Aim for 1919, \$250,000.00

J. E. MILLER, Chairman
J. H. B. WILLIAMS, Secretary
EDWARD FRANTZ

A. J. CULLER,
Director of Work in Armenia

Committee
J. E. MILLER
GALEN B. ROYMAN
CLARENCE

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GE W. FLORY,
Vinton, Ohio.

G. A. SNIDER,
Lima, Ohio.

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Holmesville, Nebr.

V. F. SCHWALM,
North Manchester, Ind.

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1823 S. Bronson Ave.,
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JOHN HECKMAN,
Polo, Ill.

A. S. THOMAS,
Bridgewater, Va.

A. B. MILLER,
Hagerstown, Md.

W. S. LONG,
510 Fifth St.,
Altoona, Pa.

JACOB FUNK,
Wiley, Colo.

Marash, Turkey.
Feb. 12, 1920.

Dear Polks at Home:

It looks as if I was going to be disappointed. It must have been Monday night that I wrote what I thought was my last letter, but here I am still on the map, and alive at that. My policy has always been to expect the worst so that I won't be disappointed no matter what happens. But this time without exception we all ~~thought~~ had no doubt but that the Turks would cut our throats within two days, so all of us sat down together to write our farewell letters, then hurried to our many duties. We thought the darkest hour had come, but a still darker was to come before the dawn. We don't see much sunshine yet, but while there's life there's hope. It is now four days since I last wrote, so I will try to go back and give as brief a sketch as possible of the many thrilling events of the last four days.

Monday morning, Feb. 9th, Snyder and I were gloating over the approaching end of the Turks, and planning how we could get some interesting souvenir when the French gathered in the arms of the defeated Turks. During the night the French reinforcements had cut their way around the city and were not only in full communication with the Marash commander but had also cut off all retreat from the Turks. The city was under shell fire from the batteries of 75's the new troops had brought. News even came to our hospital that a letter was on its way from the Turks to the Americans bringing suggestions of ~~the~~ willingness to make peace.

So when a delegation of Armenians came over with a rumor of French evacuation, asking that we find out the truth, we could only laugh. However the rumor spread like wildfire. At noon the French commander and his aide came to our house to announce their evacuation, to take place immediately. Can you imagine our feelings? We knew, as every Armenian and even the French soldiers knew, that the Turks were already defeated and in fear of their lives but the commander in chief in Adana had given orders that if order could not be restored by Feb. 9th in Marash, all troops should retire to Islahie. There were other reasons for retiring. The Marash troops had only enough ammunition for a few days, while the reinforcements had met such opposition on the way that all spare ammunitions were used up. This meant that if one more big effort were made in the city to end the war, no cartridges would be left with which to retire in case the Turks were undefeated. We grasped at the last straw- the letter we had heard was coming from the Turks with hints of peace.

During the night an Armenian had thrown a letter over the wall of the hospital telling of another letter he had from a Turkish leader for the Americans, asking them to intercede for the Turks. The letter itself had not yet come to us. By means of it the French might be persuaded to stay, so I ran the gauntlet of Turkish snipers to our big hospital in the city to find the letter. Finally reaching the home of Garabed Belizikjian I asked for the letter. He professed ignorance, altho he had written the note which had been thrown over the wall. His brother at first denied there was a letter then found it. It was from two Turkish leaders asking the Americans to intercede for the lives of Muslims when the French occupied the town.

PROVISIONS FOR SPECIAL WAR RELIEF AND RECONSTRUCTION WORK

Duties of Committee: It shall be the duty of this committee to devise ways and plans by which our people can do Relief and Reconstruction Work, and it shall be authorized to appeal for, and receive funds, and carefully administer the disbursing of the same.—From Minutes of the Special Goshen Conference, January 9, 1918.



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The Armenians, hoping to prevent this, had withheld this letter and another one in which the Turks actually offered to make peace. They were thus committing suicide. I took the letter to the assembled Americans and French commander. A reply was at once made, asking for a conference with the leaders of the Turks. Meanwhile the French hurried preparations for evacuation.

I've never seen a sadder sight than the poor Armenians who came in the next few hours prepared to leave Marash with the troops. Old women, children, men, all loaded with what belongings they could carry came crowding into the college compound to wait for the departure. Not one wanted to stay. You will remember Pastor Solakian, whose wife and children were killed by the Turks a week ago. He said to me, "If I knew I would freeze to death an hour after leaving here, I would go rather than be here when the Turks come. And you too will get no mercy from them."

It had turned cold. The ground was covered with snow and with a bitter wind the night was the most terrible one this winter. Not a man would go with me to the French barracks to bring the flour they offered for those who must stay behind. I went thru the trenches myself to locate the supply room and before I returned decided not to even ask men to carry it that cold night. At the barracks soldiers were destroying everything of military value, burying what they could not break. It was on my return and after supper that each of us wrote our farewell letters. It was decided that the American women must go with the French. Mrs. Wilson refused to go without Dr. Wilson, all missionaries decided to stay, and so did Miss Trostle. The Armenian men were asked to leave, so that when the Turks should come we who were staying might ask protection for women and children. The men didn't need any coaxing, but the parting scenes were pitiful. All our orphanages were abandoned, the children coming to the college and the adjoining orphanage belonging to the mission. The elder orphans were to go with the French. "Beitschallum" orphanage, on the far side of the city, was out of our reach. We had already been told that Miss Buckley, the American in charge, had been butchered by the Turks at the Rescue Home, and that the Turks had slain all the girls there except one who escaped. It turned out later that this girl must have escaped before the killing began, for both Miss Buckley and the girls are safe. But our information was that she had been slain, so the rest of us expected the same fate.

My station was to be the hospital down in the city. Dr. Mabel Elliott and Mrs. Power were to go while I was to remain on the chance that the Turks would respect American property and spare the patients. At the hospital I found the two American ladies and the French surgeon ready to leave at a moment's notice. The French hospital is below this one, and the surgeon had not yet removed all his wounded, but now was waiting further orders. He said all troops would not leave that night, but that the next night all were to go. The hospital employees came in to say goodbye, then left taking anything they could carry. Even the patients found strength to get out of bed, and fled. Out of more than one hundred patients only thirteen remained. Some who went were on their deathbeds. Every employee had gone. The Surgeon received no orders so we lay down for rest. No one slept. The Marash general had asked the commander outside the city to 24 hours more, so the evacuation apparently would take place.

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So the following day was one of waiting and thinking, therefore a very gloomy one. I don't expect to ever have another day so full of uncanny incidents. To begin with, one of our 13 patients was found sitting on the floor in the morning, frozen stiff. Being the only man here, I had to be undertaker. Then an old woman was brought in with a horrible wound thru both hips. She had been shot just outside the hospital and Dr. Elliott found her crawling along the trench in agony. When Dr. Elliott and Mrs. Power departed in the afternoon back along that same trench I was left alone with my twelve patients and one faithful servant who had decided not to go with the others into exile, and had returned to her post ready to share the fate of the rest of us who remained.

Having nothing else to do but think, I finally decided to evacuate the hospital entirely, in spite of Dr. Wilson's request to hold on. My reasoning was that the Turks would ~~xxx~~ probably not burn the empty building, and that even if I stayed there was no hope of stepping the Turks if they wanted to enter. Later I was glad of my decision, as you will see. At dusk the French surgeon arrived with men to carry away his wounded. We had supper together. He agreed to take my patients to the college and at once sent two on stretchers. I escorted all who could walk to the other little emergency hospital at the college, and returned with four Armenian men and stretchers for the others. They took two more, leaving now seven who could not walk, and a little Kurdish boy. Imagine my predicament when none of the stretcher bearers returned, not even the French. I went again to the college and altho there were many Armenian men there, not one would come to help carry the sick to a place of safety. Snyder and I took a stretcher and with it got another patient away-- a Turk. We took him because his presence in the other hospital might save the others. We were played out. I now had two choices. Either I could abandon the rest to their fate or go back and stay with them to share their fate. In my undecision I resolved to follow the advice of the first American I should see, so I went over to the college and found Miss Blakely, a veteran missionary. Now let me go back to tell of a certain incident which has a lot to do with this little history.

You remember the Americans had written the Turks asking for a conference with their leaders. Shortly after dark a young Turk appeared bearing a flag of truce and the information that Dr. Mustapha, one of their leaders, would be at the hospital immediately. So while I was carrying away the patient Dr. Mustapha Effendi, Dr. Wilson and Mr. Lyman were having a short conference at the hospital. Meanwhile a band of French soldiers stepped at the hospital on their way from the Latin church to join their comrades for the evacuation. They had been besieged three weeks in the church with 3000 Armenians. So while they rested in the hall of our hospital Dr. Mustapha together with Mr. Lyman and Dr. Wilson passed thru and went on up to the college to have a conference with the French general and his staff. When Snyder and I carried out the Turkish patient ~~they~~ some of the soldiers were still resting. Half an hour later I returned once more, helpless to carry away any more sick. During my absence that half hour the French soldiers resting under our flag had done one of vilest acts ever done in war. By I know nothing of it at the time.

The French surgeon was resting on my couch. As I entered the room a soldier came to notify him that orders had come to depart. I followed them out of the hospital, with one more patient who had found strength to stumble along, then sought out Miss Blakely at the college for advice. This takes

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McC. Major (presumably
Eugene des Orbes)

They say the darkest hour is just before the dawn. So it seemed to be. I explained my troubles to Miss Blakely, but before she could answer I had made the decision. The French Commander was in the room talking to Mr. Lyman. Here is what I overheard him say in broken English. "Mr. Mustapha left me half an hour ago. He will come to your hospital tomorrow at eight o'clock to receive a letter which the General is now writing. Will you see that someone delivers the letter in the morning?"

Here was a job which made it worthwhile staying at the hospital. It would not be safe to go down in the morning. Not waiting for Miss Blakely's reply I answered the question the Major asked Mr. Lyman, saying "I am going down now and will take the letter." This settled, Mr. Lyman requested the Major to leave behind with the Americans one of the staff officers to be the representative of the French in the coming parley with the Turks, for the Major had said that in the letter for which I was waiting the French announced their intention to return to Marash.

With the Major I went to staff headquarters for the letter. It was ready. The General and his officers were prepared for departure. The night was terribly cold and the journey was to be on foot as the horses were weak from lack of food. Dr. Crathern our Y man was also present. He too was going in order to do what little could be done for the comfort of the many Armenians who were abandoning their homes. He was also to help look after the American women who were casting their fortunes with the troops and were to share their hardships-- a sixty mile journey on foot in wintry weather. The Major presented Mr. Lyman's request to the staff. After a moment a captain volunteered to stay and the General consented. He charged me to see that the brave captain be well cared for and protected under our flag. The captain bade the rest a grim farewell and came with me to the college, where he was to live.

A French sergeant who had lost his arm had also just been placed in my care by the Major. He and many other wounded could not be taken on such a journey. In spite of my protests he insisted on coming with me to the big hospital rather than stay with the other French wounded in the emergency hospital, whom the Turks would surely kill, he said. So we too went quietly back to the hospital to spend the night with my six patients. As we entered the back door in the dark I brushed against a form seated on the floor in the corner. Startled to say the least I shook him. He was dead. Upstairs the patients were already beside themselves thinking they had been abandoned. My presence did not make any difference. When I said I would stay all night with them, they drew their fingers across their throats, pointing to themselves and to me also. The French sergeant would not stay with them, but insisted on having his bed beside mine. But it would never do to have the Turks see him when they entered the place, so I put him in a little room adjoining mine. One thing sure, neither of us lost our appetites, which shows we were not scared. To prove this we devoured a whole can of pears and a lot of plum jam, before going to bed. But no sleep for us. No sooner in bed (on the floor, to avoid bullets) than the tramp of feet was heard in the yard outside and a banging on the front door. Thinking the Turks had come I thought best to invite them in, so opened the window and told them to go to the back door as the front was barred with sandbags. Hoping they would not cut my throat but would shoot instead, I took a lamp to meet them. Just inside the door I found another dead man near the other, lying in a pool of blood against an overturned table. I had overlooked him before in the dark. With these two beside me, waiting for the visitors, I was not exactly comfortable.



But the newcomers were not Turks. A few of the Armenians in the Latin church had come in the trail of the French soldiers to escape massacre in the church. I directed them to the college, where perhaps they would not be too late to go on with the soldiers to Islahie. Four or five times in the night similar bands of Armenians came to the hospital for refuge, and each time I thought the Turks had come. Each time as I went to the door to meet them and direct them to the college the two ghastly bodies confronted me at the door. I covered them with sheets and went back to bed. Had I looked carefully at them I would never have remained all night at the hospital.

About two A.M. a furious succession of bombs exploding all over the city was accompanied by what appeared to be a terrific rifle fire in the direction of the barracks. What could it be but that the Turks had discovered the French evacuating and were making a great attack? Or perhaps the French rear-guard was covering the retreat with this fusillade. At the same time I noticed that the sky was red. The French had fired the barracks, which lit up the whole city. The explosions were from shells and grenades and rifle ammunition left in the burning barracks. This would certainly anger the Turks, as the barracks was theirs.

In the morning the sergeant and I, finding ourselves alive, arose at seven in order to be ready for the coming of Mustapha Effendi at eight. I was to take him to the college to parley with the French captain and the Americans. We boiled a big pot of rice for the patients and a can of Campbell's soup for ourselves. Just as we sat down to eat, steps were heard in the hall. The sergeant hid himself in bed, expecting Mustapha, but it was Dr. Wilson and Lyman. They announced that the French captain had gone. When the barracks burned, Mrs. Wilson woke him and told him he had better go, as the Turks would surely kill him. The last of the French had gone four hours before, so the captain started out all alone, heading for the mountains in order to avoid the Turks. We had asked him to stay, and by thus delaying his start had put him in this awful mess. But his own soldiers had made it impossible for him to remain. However we were still hopeful, looking forward to the coming of conference with Mustapha.

As Dr. Wilson and Mr. Lyman were going out I pointed out ^{one of} the two bodies by the door. The Doctor uncovered it and exclaimed, "It is the Turk with the white flag." Indeed the man was still grasping his flag of truce. Here was a nice mess. The Turks might come any minute. It would not need a Sherlock Holmes to see thru what we did next, but we put the body in a bed, to give the impression of his having died there after having been shot outside. Sherlock would have seen the trail of blood leading from the pool in the corner to the bed, so this I had to wipe up, but now there was a clean track on the floor while all the rest was dirty.

This done, I pointed out the other body to the Doctor. "Here is another," I said, and pulled the sheet away. The man wore the uniform of a Turkish officer. As we stood looking, the Doctor suddenly said, "Why this is Mustapha." We stood for a moment in horror, all our hopes of peace with the Turks absolutely gone, their leader murdered under the American flag, even while bearing a flag of truce. What would we expect from the Turks now but death?

This could not be covered. The Turks were probably already looking for Mustapha, so there was only one course to take-- and that was to go and



tell the Turks what had happened. Dr. Wilson and Mr. Lyman took their white flag and set out for the government buildings, a most dangerous trip. The last thing they said was, "Kerr, get out of here right away. Any Turk who finds you here with Mustapha lying there will cut your throat."

What I did next was done faster than you read about it. The pot of hot rice went up to the patients and my plate of Campbell's soup to the woman with the terrible wound. The sergeant I disguised as a Red Cross worker. He hid his uniform and put on a hospital jacket with a Red Cross arm band. Then we took the white flag from the dead Turk and made tracks for the college which we reached safely. I've used that same blood-stained flag many times since.

At the college the other Americans were busy caring for the wounded, quite hopeful about the outlook. So the news I brought was more than enough to label me a "crepe-hanger."

In the college compound were about a thousand refugees. The Thousand who had been there a day ago had departed with the French troops. Most of these had come during the night from the city.

We all awaited the return of Dr. Wilson and Mr. Lyman with some concern, fearing trouble. So when they returned safely about noon we felt relieved, for with them were eight Turks whom the commander had sent to guard the Armenians on American property. From this moment there has been but little danger for the Americans here. But had we Americans left Marash with the French troops what would have become of all these refugees and orphans? When our two American representatives had met the Turkish leaders the first question asked was, "Where is Dr. Mustapha?" They received the news of his murder calmly, without any suggestion of blame, and when they were asked for protection for the Armenians immediately placed a guard at the disposal of the Americans.

Arriving at the college, two of the guard were stationed at the college gate and one at the orphanage. The others hauled down the French flag flying over the mission seminary, which the French had used as headquarters. This building was in a perfect mess. Military equipment, clothing, food, dirt everywhere in a tangle on the floors. The Turks commandeered the military supplies, leaving the food for our refugees.

In the city, within the walls of the Latin church, the Armenian Catholic Church, and in Beitshallum, our orphanage, all the surviving Armenians were said to be waiting their fate. With two of the Turk guards Dr. Wilson, Mr. Lyman and I set out on a tour of investigation, carrying a white flag. We first stopped at the hospital to show the Turks the bodies of Mustapha and his flag bearer. By way of buying from the Turks their favor and thus protection for the Armenians in our care, the Hospital was officially offered to them for Moslem wounded. Their chief promised to procure a guard. We proceeded to the Latin church. The road was littered with ammunition, food dropped by the French. Dead horses, a dead cat, and several ghastly bodies of Armenian children lay in the streets. On one corner were about seven bodies. Near the church the ground was soaked with blood, but only two bodies there. The approach to the church was barred by a burning house, its walls broken by shell fire. Climbing over a barricade in the street we came in sight of the fortified entrance to the big stone church. I will never forget the welcome we met received. Here were 2500 Armenians.



The fighters ran out to meet us, armed to the teeth. Inside the women and children raised a shout when they saw the American uniforms and wept with relief at what they thought was their deliverance from the Turk. Our mission here was to arrange for the surrender. Mr. Lyman presented the terms of the Turks, namely the cessation of firing and the surrender of all arms. The Armenians agreed, since the Americans stood as guarantors of the word of the Turk. There is absolutely no doubt what ~~if~~ would have been the end of these Armenians without American mediation. Armed Turks were grouped on all corners around the church. The Armenians would never have surrendered to them directly on any premises, for that meant certain massacre. They would have fought to the last. But perhaps even yet they will find the Turk promises false.

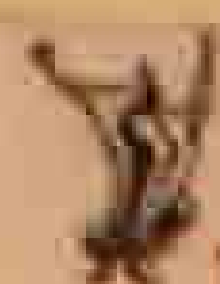
While the Doctor and Mr. Lyman went on to Beitschallum I returned to the hospital with two armed Turks ~~to~~ guard the place. These men we had procured from a group on a corner, on the order of their chief.

At Beitschallum Dr. Wilson and Lyman found 3,500 refugees and orphans were found, and even Miss Buckley, whom we had been told was killed by Turks in the Rescue Home. Beitschallum had apparently had the hardest time of any of the big refuge centers, and the story was thrilling. But that can come ~~later~~. In the Armenian Catholic church also were 3000 refugees. Apparently in these three strongholds (Beitschallum, the Latin Church, and the Armenian Catholic Church) and in the American college were all the surviving Armenians of Marash, left by the French to defend themselves with a few rifles. These together with those who went to Islahie with the French troops total about 11,000. The Armenian population is said to have been 20,000. This would mean 9,000 perished. The Turks themselves put the figure at 5,000, but say the French killed them.

Now that two Turks were guarding the hospital it was somewhat safe, so with four women from the college to clean, I returned. The task was enormous. When the patients ~~went~~ and employees fled the hospital was left upside-down. Everything of value for such a trip as they were taking was ~~gone~~ gone, from blankets and canned goods to even silver spoons. The sandbags in the doorways had been upset on the floor; dirt, clothing, blood, everything littered up the place. But before night the two gendarmes and the four women had it looking like a new place. They carried out the bodies of the two murdered Turks together with one of the patients who died in the morning just after we abandoned the hospital. It was the old woman with the bullet thru her side. I had given her my plate of soup, and apparently she got out of bed to eat it. She was kneeling there beside the bed, dead, the plate half empty before her.

This night too was anything but a calm one. Why there should be fighting I don't know, but there was the usual serenade of rifle fire around the hospital. The two Turkish gendarmes were scared, this being their first night here. They barricaded the door with sandbags. The four women too were frightened and came to tell me our pharmacy building, ~~and~~ adjoining this one, was afire, but it turned out to be the reflection of the light from another American building which was ablaze-- the property of the mission. We don't know who fired it. This morning when I went up to the college for more workers the house was still smouldering, totally destroyed.

Today has been a busy one, and quite interesting for me. With a dozen more workers here the hospital is now in fine shape, all ready for

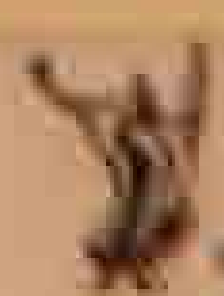


patients. My job during the day was superintending the "looting" going on around here. By a little strategy I succeeded in having the chaos of the gendarmes order that whatever I wanted for the hospital should be brought here. As the Turks were looting every Armenian house in the vicinity whatever we took would be that much saved, with a possibility of the Armenians getting back their property later. So today my corps of looters removed everything of value from three Armenian houses nearby, bringing the booty here. As a result our bins are full of food, and there are beds, dishes, clothing, rugs, everything in abundance. At present the gendarmes will allow absolutely none of this booty to be taken out of the hospital by relatives of the real owners of the stuff. They intend it for the Turkish patients. Later on the real owners will be able to recover their property from us. My first raid for loot was rather profitable. About a dozen armed Turks had just taken a lot of things from the house and

had set fire to it, ~~when~~ but when they saw a gendarme coming with me, they put out the fire and later helped to carry the rest of the goods to the hospital. They then went with me to the former French hospital where we found three or four chests of medical supplies, besides all sorts of swords, helmets etc. Everything of value was brought here, including twenty iron beds. We expect to keep up this business as long as it is profitable. The bazaars are pretty well destroyed in the city, so no business will begin for some time. This means we must gather in all the supplies we will need for a few weeks.

Today on the street near the hospital a group of Turks were passing when one asked where the body of Mustapha Effendi was. They followed me to the back of the hospital where lay the dead Turkish leader and his flag bearer. Each one stooped and kissed him, wailing over the body before they placed it in an open casket and carried it away. Before leaving they examined the bullet holes where he had been killed, and one Turk placed his hand on my chest and said something I did not understand. Perhaps he was blaming me for the death of the two men. No one knows who killed them. A real Sherlock Holmes is needed for this case. The evidence all points to the French soldiers, except for one thing. When Snyder dug the bullet out of the hole in the wall where Mustapha fell, it was found to be a Mauser bullet, not French. But I can see no other solution than that the French soldiers killed Mustapha by means of the holes it made passing thru two walls, it was determined that where the bullet was fired. Directly behind or beside this spot is another bullet hole, indicating that Mustapha probably fired at the one who killed him. It seems to be a pistol bullet. The patients upstairs told me the next day that three shots were fired that night in the hospital and that cries of "Aman, Aman" followed the shots. Nothing in this whole three weeks war caused us more concern than the murder of these men, since they had just left the conference with the Americans and the French staff and were returning thru American property. For our part it must be said that as they left a guard was offered them, but they refused, saying they were not going back by way of the hospital and did not need an escort. If the French captain had remained that night the Turks would have been almost justified in killing him in revenge for the loss of their leader.

James K.



A report came in today that the morning after the French left two or three hundred Armenians in the Latin Church decided to follow ~~them~~ them. So they started off thru the city in broad daylight. Dr. Artin, of this hospital, ~~and~~ probably the most important leader of Armenians of Marash, was one of them, also his sister Haigouhi, who is especially hated by the Turks for her work in getting back Armenian girls from the Turks after the exiles. Hagep Kherlakian, a wealthy merchant was another. Hagep's head was seen parading the streets on a pole later on in the day. Haigouhi is a prisoner in the Serai, but says her brother is probably alive, for the whole party had come in sight of the French outside the city. Haigouhi could run no farther and was caught by the Turks, who exclaimed, "We couldn't catch your brother, but you are enough." What became of the others we do not know.

But now it seems peace has come, with victory for the Turks, altho the victory was once in the hands of the French. Had they remained one day more there is little doubt that the Turks would have made terms. ~~Why/then~~ In fact there were less than three hundred Turk soldiers left in Marash when the French departed. All the others had fled. Now the French are on the road to Islahie followed by 2000 or 3000 Armenians and the five Americans. They have left behind a ruined city, 7000 to 8000 dead Armenians, and ten thousand absolutely homeless-- and this in one of the coldest periods of the last ten years. In the next few days the Armenians in their strongholds will give up their arms and be allowed to go about as usual. What few homes still standing are empty, and have even been robbed of doors and windows. I went today with the wife of Dr. Vartan, (now dead) to a gendarme for permission for her to get something from her own house. Do you wonder that when she found absolutely everything gone except two old curtains and half a dozen photographs that she said, "Everything gone, family and all. There is nothing for me now but to kill myself." And she is only one of thousands like her. Moslems too have suffered the same thing. Most of the city is burned, both Armenian and Moslem houses. A big part of the business section is destroyed.. The French say they are coming back. No one wants them back, for that means more war. What is to be the future of this country, and of the Armenians? It seems to me ~~that~~ somebody has bungled things pretty badly so far. You can draw your own conclusions.

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Will write more later.



Copy

Marash, Turkey March 1 1920

Dear Mother,

I have just five minutes to write a note as a Turkish merchant is going to send a caravan to Aleppo in the morning. As you see, I am alive and well. I hope you did not get the last letter I sent, which I was sure would be my last one. But strange things happen and here I am still on the map. I won't attempt to tell what has been going on around here, except that hell broke loose for three weeks and the effects will last for years. The French are gone and the Turkish officers and the Americans are hohnobbing now. My job is the one Hoover used to have, and we have only 8000 people to feed. Most every one here is destitute-ABSOLUTELY-wealthy men now beg for shoes. Luckily, warm weather has begun. However our job is a big one, so don't look for me home for some months. Will write details later. Conditions are improving right along and will be O.K. unless the French try to come back. We hope they leave us alone here, as it will only mean more war should they come back. Wish America would take a hand over here.

We Americans- 10 in number- are all well. Five went with the French-none killed, and the rest of us complain of nothing. Two men were slightly scratched but all are O.K. now. Hope you at home are all well and happy. Boost any campaign for relief. We surely need it. Loads of love to all,

Stanley