

Marash, Turkey.

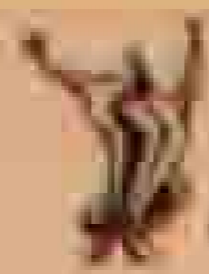
June 18, 1920.

Dear Dad & Mother:-

Dr. Lambert arrived here in Marash yesterday morning & goes back tomorrow, so I must write a note to go back with him. He brought mail for me - a letter written by Dad on Jan 3 saying how sorry you all were that my Xmas package had been sent. But this morning a camel caravan arrived from Aleppo, & my package was on it! I haven't had a chance to open it as today we've been rushing around doing everything from inspecting orphanages, preparing to send off the auto tomorrow, etc. Miss Buckley & Miss Blakely will go with Dr. Lambert tomorrow. Dr. Wilson & Snyder & the others waited Aleppo safely by horse, but were all played out when they got there. Dr. Lambert came back by auto to Antak with a new relief worker for Marash, & from Antak came to Marash by horse by night. Tomorrow they are going to try to go from here to the Ak Su by our auto, & will wade the river & meet the Antak auto on the other shore.

Dr. Lambert has had some interesting tales & tell of his experiences in Ufa & Antak lately. Cannot write now as it is late but will write later.

Miss
Buckley



27 Some of the Aleppo personnel were captured by ~~the~~ bandits on the road to Aintab, but escaped. All the orphans were moved from Aintab. Lambert thinks the French blundered there too in evacuating. Apparently Marash is to be left in the hands of the Turks. I'm disgusted with "civilized" nations for permitting the Turks to hold this place after their dirty deeds here. They are now planning to exile the Armenians from here to Armenia - which means nothing but death. Perhaps it is only talk.

Lambert wants me to stay on here & offered me 150 a month besides clothing & fees, but I'm not willing to give up that fellowship. Am studying French hard, but too much work to study properly. I've had two run-ins with the government here already since I became director. The first was last week when about thirty Turks came to Beutschalla orphanage & began to dig for buried guns. I told the governor what I thought of this & insisted that they stop it, which they did. Then the ~~with~~ military commander demanded a roll of electric light wire he saw in the orphanage, & I told him he couldn't have it, so I'm in wrong right at the start.

Supplies are coming in now by camel & mule, but transportation is expensive & not very safe. For example, Knudson (a Britisher)

3/ who is our treasurer in Aleppo was coming by auto
 from Aleppo to Antak two or three weeks ago with
 two Armenians, & the bandit soldiers captured them.
 They took them to the hills, where their chief ordered
~~the~~ two of them to be cared for well, as they
 claimed to be Americans (one was Knudsen the British
 & the other was the Armenian interpreter) but the
 other gave himself away as an Armenian & was
 killed. After a day or two the chief was satisfied
 that both were Americans & let them go!

Mr. Lyman went from here on a trip thru the
 mountain villeges & to take money to our orphanages
 in Geyrkoon & Albnstan. About three hours ride
 from Geyrkoon bandits attacked him, killed
 one of the two gendarmes & wounded the other badly,
 then stripped Lyman of all his clothes except
 shirt & trousers, took the horses, 110 gold liras
 & my little camera that Stuart gave me &
 beat it. Lyman finally reached Geyrkoon
 & was so mad he telegraphed to Mustapha
 Kemal Pasha about it. He answered that the
 thieves must be caught & all property returned.
 Lyman has been gone a month today. I
 had a letter from him this A.M. saying he
 was going to Hadjin & make peace if possible.



4/ so he won't be back for some time. I'm hoping he will recover my camera. I didn't like to lend it to him, but thought it was a good chance for him to get good photos that I couldn't get so gave it. I'm afraid it is goodbye V.P.H. I can buy another in Aleppo on my way home, but not so good a lens.

I don't have here the letters I got, but remember - one was from Mother in January, one from Jack Bounds - a dandy; and one from Ida P. & me from Mae Harveson, one from New York A.L.R.N.E. Office, & one from Dad in Bocaber. I was very sorry to hear Grandma had died, but was glad her death was such a peaceful one. I'm sure Aunt Martha & Uncle John will be very lonely without her, & we will all miss leaving from her.

I'm expecting to leave here about July 10th for Aleppo, then will go to Jerusalem & Cairo, then home perhaps by way of Italy then by boat home, or perhaps the cross the Europe to London & home. Perhaps Dr. Lambert will be with me. Am anxious to see what is in my box but it is locked up in the storeroom & I can't get at it till tomorrow. I can just taste that plum pudding. Am well & happy & no tick coming anywhere. I have no



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more work than I did before the other personnel left here, because they didn't do much of anything anyhow. I'm not worked to death except once in a while like tonight when I did a day's work in half an hour. Everybody wanted to send something to Aleppo or wanted a check or something all at once.

Last Sunday I rode up into the mountains to see the summer place the German missionaries had, but found that all four of their summer houses were burned. It was a beautiful spot however, & Marash looked like a tiny city below. My horses ran away with me half a dozen times (I traded horses three times with the gendarmes & got a worse one each time.) The first horse I had belonged to the wealthiest Turk in Marash, & it took a notion to run across half of Marash with me, over ditches, under low trees & everything else before I could stop it. Lost my hat & dignity. The next horse tried to climb ~~an~~ almond tree, & once when I blew my nose ran like a streak of lightning. I was hanging on to its neck but didn't fall off. So we had a pretty fast day.



Today is the first day of the Feast of Bayram. In the last month the Turks have had the fast of Ramazan. They eat & drink nothing from sunrise to sunset. At sunset a cannon goes off & they all dive into the grubb. Last night, the first of the new moon, the fast ~~was~~ was over & today they are making up for lost time on the grubb.

We are having good meals. This is the season for apricots & cherries, & "toot". Toot is mulberries, & they are as thick here as grass. Apricots are great when fresh, & the red cherries make fine ice cream. We have it nearly every night, as the snow from the mountains is cheap, & fruit is cheap.

It has been great to have Dr. Lambert here only for a day or two, as he brings in all the news. Sorry & disgusted that America would not take more interest in Armenia. These are certainly a wretched people with no hope now.

Armenia has gone Bolshevik, in the big end they captured our A.C.R.N.E. store house & order stuff out as they please. Pirates boarded a ship on the Black Sea & looted our Harport Americans of all they had. Some land!

Loads of love to all, from Stanley.
Will write more on Sunday.