



THE ZORYAN INSTITUTE

Damascus, Syria.

Nov. 10, 1919.

Dear Mother,

Please excuse pencil & stationery, but this is the best that can be had in this hotel. As you see, my address is now Damascus. Tomorrow it will be Ziberias on the sea of Zuhle, & the next day Nazareth. I finally got off on my week's "joyride," & certainly had my share of tribulation for two days. To begin with, I was inoculated against bubonic plague before leaving Aleppo, as there is plague in Beirut, & the next day had fever & chills & headache, got no sleep on the train and only had half a bench to lie on. Second - the train goes from Aleppo to Ryak, where you change for Beirut. Duraaway & Maza were to meet me at Ryak, but if not I was to go on to Beirut. They weren't there, & my train had come so late that the Beirut train had gone. However, I caught a freight train bound for Beirut, but the engineer or somebody changed his mind & the train went only to Zuhle, (Station Malallah) where I slept overnight



in the "hotel" in a room with 3 Arabs, who insisted on examining all my garments, shaving set, etc. I slept on my gun that night. The next morning, Sunday, the Arabs made me eat with them - honey & native bread like thinly rolled dough, very good, fritters? & wheat cakes. No train till noon. At ten o'clock I saw Dunaway & Magee & two nurses pass the hotel in a Red Cross car for Beirut, but couldn't attract their attention. At noon, just as my train pulled into the station, Dunaway jumped off and saw me.

They had been chasing from Beirut to Beirut & back looking for me. The auto arrived a few minutes later & we proceeded to Damascus - a ride of about 50 miles from Zibbeh over a rather poor road, & up grade till we reached the top of the Lebanon, ~~over~~ the road winding in S shaped curves the whole way up & down. We drove into Damascus just before dark. The

entrance to the city was beautiful a one as I have ever seen - thru groves of pomegranates, along one of the rivers Naaman said was so much cleaner than the Jordan - just fine park-like gardens. The city itself is the most modern ~~one~~ one I've seen in the east - street cars, fine buildings, electric lights, a few really good hotels, & the best bazaars in the east. Besides this they have some public spirit & have a few public parks & squares. One we named Columbus Circle - it certainly looks like it.

Our party consists of Jimmy Magee (chauffeur), John Dunaway, Miss Frost & Miss Twidale (two Amer. Red Cross nurses from Sidon) (A.C.R.N.E. workers from the Rus Hospital N.Y.) myself, & Yusuf a native boy to take care of the car. We hired the Red Cross car from the A.C.R.N.E. at Beirut.

This morning we did up the town - first the great mosque of Omayyad - a wonderful



place - much more interesting than St. Sophia in  
Constant. They showed us John the Baptist's tomb here.  
Arabs were praying & reading their Korans. The  
tomb of Saladin is just outside, so we went in.  
From here we walked down "the Street called Straight"  
to the home of Ananias, which has been  
converted into a church. I had always thought  
that Ananias was one of the patron saints  
of this country - now I know it. Next came  
the brass factory, where they make the most  
wonderful inlaid brass & wood work I ever hope  
to see - but terribly expensive. I would have  
sent some home, but they said there was 35%  
duty besides cost. I got several small articles  
& will bring them home. We are going out  
again this P.M. to the Bazaar - they are  
wonderful - silks, brass, old daggers & armor,  
everything to get the tourists. Must stop  
& go with the others. Will write again soon.

Love from  
Stanley.