



THE ZORYAN INSTITUTE

"THE WHITE STAR"

American Committee for Relief in the Near East

Succeeding the American Red Cross

Telegraph and Cable Address: ACOENT

Aleppo, Syria.

Nov. 29, 1919.

Dear Mother,

One of the fellows just told me he was leaving for America tonight, so I'll write a short letter & let him mail it "over there" if he is sure of going direct. He is one of the Americans who was in the British army in Palestine & joined up with us for a short time. His name is Cohen, & he lives in Jersey.

The courier just arrived from Constantinople a few nights ago with mail - I got a big letter from Dad with the clipping from the Ledger, & a letter from you & Marion. Of course I was glad to get them all & to hear all the home news. I can't find the letters now so can't answer questions if you asked any. The big envelope with the Ledger article in it had been cut open, but probably nothing was missing. The newspaper article wasn't all there. The page had been cut just below the picture & a lot was missing of the story. That reporter ought to be shot. I hope you tell him what I think of his misrepresenting things so. Tell him if he uses quotation marks to



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be more careful that he quotes & does not make up
the story to suit himself. It was rather embarrassing
when I showed the article to others, especially to
Dunaway, to have to explain that I hadn't tried
to take the credit of Dunaway's work. The reporter
even published a photo of Dunaway & Miss Shabe
& labeled it Mr. Kerr instead of Dunaway,
whose name was certainly written on the back of
the photo. What made both of us peeved was that
Dunaway had already given this photo to a man from
Harpers with permission to use it in his story &
copyright it. But I am to blame for that, for not
sending word which photos not to give the reporter.
In the future I'll mark pictures which are not mine.
All of the 4x5 photos & the vest pockets are mine &
can be used, but I reserve the right to use them
myself, & will not allow papers to copyright
articles with my pictures unless they pay for the
pictures.

We all enjoyed the story however especially
the drawing of the two Americans in a Ford instead
of a Res, & reaching up for the veiled Armenian from
a second story house. The Arab villagers don't
possess such luxuries as 2nd story houses. The
four waitresses nearly fell over when I showed
them their picture. It was remarkable to have
such fine cuts from vest pocket pictures.

Make the reporters pay for pictures which are not of relief work, but of general interest, such as the British leaving Turkey.

I don't believe you have been getting all my letters. It seems months ago when I wrote about going to Jerablus on the Euphrates. Didn't you get that one?

About my glasses. Miss Dewight came thru Aleppo a long time ago and I had several long conversations with her but she never mentioned the glasses. I think if you wrote to New York office & quoted this paragraph, telling them that I have never received them & have seen Miss Dewight, it is up to them to make good with either the glasses or the price of them. I'm tired of their poor business methods.

Well we had a wonderful Thanksgiving day here. It was just a coincidence that the Arabs decided to have some "doings", and all day long there were enormous crowds in the streets, parades, speeches, dances, etc. which made it seem more like a holiday (except for the Armenians, who were scared skinned.) But I'll tell about that in a minute.

There were quite a number of Americans here from other stations so we had about 32 in all for the day. I had to work a while in the morning so missed the "donkey ride". We got a lot of donkeys & took the girls out, (some of the "girls" being heavy-weights past the chicken stage. I had no idea they intended to go thru the streets, but

Then she is back in America now.



4 heard later that the whole crowd rode down the main street to the American consul's house just as the Arabs were having a parade. The Arabs, it seems, don't understand that Americans all go crazy once in a while, & thought that this was a sort of punishment of the Americans in connection with their demonstrations against all foreign control. Others thought that we were being punished for something else - as one of the punishments in the east is to make a man ride backwards on a donkey thru the streets - and some of our people were doing that trick. At any rate it caused considerable unfavorable comment.

Next on the program was lunch, then a baseball game - thanks to the American Y. M. C. A., which has sent baseball equipment, & other athletic stuff, & a movie outfit to Aleppo. In fact they are opening a Y. M. C. A. here & are going to try & get Moslem & Armenian boys playing together - perhaps then when they grow up they won't be cutting each other's throats. In the evening a grand Turkey dinner - real turkey, & mince pie - the best meal we've had for years it seems. And after dinner movies in our own house, thanks again to the Y. M. C. A. & to our crackjack mechanical genius Johnnie Elder, who set up an electric light plant (run on a kerosene engine & dynamo) wired the house & set up the

3/ movie machine all in less than two days

The Arabs meanwhile were also having a grand time. Early in the morning a herald went thru the streets with a bell, ordering all shops closed for the day & all Armenians to stay indoors. Naturally the Armenians were scared - but it was a wise move. The Arabs were preparing a big demonstration - pro Arab - & anti everything else. They paraded up & down the streets with a funny "band" shouting "Long live the Arab independence," & calling on Allah. At the corner of our street, not more than 100 ft. from my window an enormous crowd gathered to listen to speeches about the Arabs being able to rule themselves. I'll enclose a negative of this crowd, as I haven't had time to more than develop the film. The next day was quiet, but today the same thing happened, the difference being that today the whole Hedjaz army passed thru the city - ~~heavy~~ full artillery, machine gun companies, cavalry, & infantry & supply wagons - every soldier with his pack and blankets, etc. as though they were going somewhere. Some say they are going south after the French.

The Americans have had no more trouble since Elder shot the Arab soldier, but they ^{Arabs} are awfully insolent. The way they glare at us makes me feel like slamming a few of them.

Reports came in a few days ago of Dr. Kennedy's experience on the way to Alexandria. I may have



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written about that before. I forget. Anyhow, Dr. Kennedy
was about 2 miles beyond Katma and only a half
hours ride from the khar where he was to spend the
night. As it was already after sundown the carriage
driver was hurrying along and as he rounded a sharp
curve in a cut the bandits surprised them. The
horses shied & upset the carriage. Altho there were
five bandits, Dr. Kennedy (being an Irish missionary)
pulled his revolver & started pulling the trigger, but
the darn thing wouldn't work. By this time he was
being stabbed, and beaten with rifle butts, one
blow knocking his revolver out of his hand. His
servant was also stabbed. Two of the men then started
taking Dr. Kennedy up a gully, probably to kill him,
but looked back & saw the other three getting all
the loot, so let him go. He lost everything, &
hadn't even food left for the rest of his three day
journey. Medical supplies, relief money & personal
money & clothing were taken. At a French outpost
farther on his wounds were dressed, & at Alexandretta
he got plenty of attention at his own hospital.
Everything is quiet in Aintab. In the south there
is trouble, if reports are correct. Rumors are that
bridges have been blown up between Beirut & Damascus,
& that the Arabs have captured Gen. Harborg as a
hostage in retaliation for the British taking an
Arab chieftain. Damascus is said to be unsafe for
the British. These rumors may be untrue.



7/ I was expecting to go to Marash several days ago, but will not go until Dec. 1st. The arrangements as they now stand are that Dr. Wilson is to be Director here, with me as treasurer and general manager, since Dr. Wilson wants to spend most of his time in medical work.

I don't expect to be out of Marash until after the rains are over - probably near the end of March. Mails will be very uncertain, so you may not hear very often from me.

Our work has been cut down a great deal on account of the big cuts in the appropriations. People at home simply must keep the orphanages going, even if nothing else is done.

I'm awfully sorry I couldn't send Christmas gifts home. A lot of my friends will probably think I might have written at least a letter, but it takes all the time I have to write home once in a while, except that I spend a lot of my spare time making pictures. I'll enclose some more in this letter. The three in brown of the barracks I can't replace, but I have the negatives for all the rest. The set showing the manufacture of boughs are being used for publication by the A.C.R.U.E. so don't let any reporter use them. The paper might want to use the ones of the Arab army, considering what they are doing now. The numbered pictures show the preparation of the winter food for our orphans in Aintab.



87 I am also taking a chance in enclosing a little piece of drawn work done by one of the Armenian girls in our industrial establishment. This is supposed to be lined & used for a handkerchief case. This is for you - Mom. Let me know if it gets there all right - also the place from which this letter is mailed, if you can read the post marks.

Must close now. Hope you all had a fine Xmas vacation & are well & happy. It's too bad the doctors can't locate the cause of Mother's trouble. Hope they finally succeed. I'll try to write a lot of letters tomorrow & make a stab at catching up in my correspondence. Had a letter from today, one from Mr. Peltier in New York, & one from Washington! Dad, they have all been kidding you about that girl in Washing... I have actually forgotten her name. (It's not the one I got a letter from.) Anyhow, since you are all so dippy & must have some gossip, there was a very nice student nurse at Walter Reed who would have come on this here expedition if she had had a chance, & whom I might have been desperate enough to propose to if she had. But, being as she couldn't come, I didn't do the trick, & by this time I forget who she was. ~~She was~~ Anything else? Is Stuart married yet? or Jack Bounds? or anybody else? Hope Lillian Heebner got a good hubby. Lots of love to everybody - Adams family & all our house,

from

Stanley.

P.S. The Constantinople address seems to be the safer way to send mail. (not direct to)