

Marash, Turkey.

Just Dec. 16th, 1919.

Dear Dad and Family.

I am gradually working up speed enough on the office typewriter to attempt a letter on it. As you see, I am now in Turkey instead of Syria, and find it quite a different place. You don't hear a word of anything except Turkish here, not even Armenian, as all the Armenians speak Turkishtoo. So I am not sorry I studied Turkish in Aleppo in place of Arabic, altho I picked up enough Arabic to make use of it. Here you can't help talking. I am writing this letter about nine P.M. with a steady rain coming down outside. The rainy season is on, which means it rains about as much as it does in Darby in the dry season. All summer we had about two little sprinkles, and now a good rain every day or so. Somebody crooked my rain coat in Aleppo during the dry season, but I still have a poncho, so won't drown. I think it was my tent mate who took it, as he took everything else when he left for Mardin.

I suppose it will be near the end of January when this letter gets home. I have written very few letters to people lately, and none at all to a lot of my friends, but simply haven't had a chance. Please apologise where it will do any good, and tell the rest I hope they choke if they are mad.

I left Aleppo in quite a hurry, as a telegram came saying an auto bringing Dr. Culler from Marash had broken down, so Dr. Lambert and Dr. Wilson and I started out at three o'clock on Sunday to meet him, but passed Dr. Culler in another car before we got to Aintab, so stayed there over night and went on to Marash the next day. When I got here I found the whole office force had left, since their contracts were up, so I had to take up every thing without knowing where books were, how much cash should be in the safe, or anything

about the work. To make matters worse, Dr. Wilson, the new director succeeding Dr. Culler, was taken very sick with malaria the moment he arrived, which left me director, treasurer, office boy and bookkeeper all at once, so you can see I haven't had much time for hunting wild bear or writing letters. Worse yet, I just discovered that the last person who kept the books here was about as good at mathematics as she was good looking, ---(\*). Dr. Wilson has recovered from his malaria enough to operate on people at the hospital, but doesn't seem to have much time for his office duties as director. I have just finished up the ~~the~~ job of straightening the accounts and am going to reward myself by taking a day off hunting wild bear to make up for working every night and Sundays. The plains are full of bear. The old chief of Kishaflee, where we went after partridge this summer, was in the office today and said the bear come down every night to the spring where we camped. Snyder came in last night <sup>Dec. 15/11</sup> from Aintab in the car bringing up supplies and brought in two jackals he shot on the way up. I saw several the night I came up but we had no rifle. The country is so full of them that you see on an average about nine every trip between here and Aintab. They are attracted by the glare of the headlights and you can see their eyes shining along the road. Snyder was alone, but stopped the car each time he saw one and hit two squarely, just by the light of the head-lights. The skins are pretty good.

The Turks are behaving themselves very well just now, as they probably are beginning to realize that they will never have independence if they don't behave. A lot of French reinforcements arrived yesterday and the opinion is that the Turks here are going to be punished for the trouble they made a short time ago. There was a little skirmish outside of Marash a few days ago which was kept rather quiet. By the way, we heard a few days ago that the Arabs tried to capture Jerablus from the French a couple of weeks ago but were defeated. Yesterday

there was a little excitement. I was in my office, which is on the very edge of the town, when a cannon started booming and shells began to burst within a few hundred yards of my window. I looked out and could see the shells bursting and hear them whistle, but couldn't see the "enemy". The Armenians were scared as usual, until we found the French general was arriving and the artillery was shelling the hill as a salute. The French officers here are very agreeable and come around to visit us quite often. The troops are mostly the Armenian Legion and Morroccans. The Morrocan cavalymen are about as picturesque as you could imagine- red cloaks, baggy trousers, brown turbans, and brown faces. They remind you of stories of Spanish pirates.

The work among the Armenians here is much more interesting than in Aleppo. In Aleppo they were all refugees passing thru on their way home, but here they are home, if you could call it that. Most of their houses have either been destroyed or have fallen down ~~from~~ from neglect. In the villages the conditions are much worse, some of ~~them~~ them not a house standing and no tools, wood, or anything to rebuild with. The ACRNE has been supplying all the tools and nails and money available but it hardly makes an impression. The refugees hardly have enough clothing to cover them, no bedding, nothing. It is such a common sight that you don't notice rags, but a third hand suit from America is ~~a~~ Fifth Ave. style here. The rags are so awfull they are really comical. One man came in to the office a few days ago wearing not much more than a shiver, and a hunk of burlap. Our organization runs an industrial department which turns out native style clothing for distribution at a good speed. Instead of making it out of the cloth sent from America, mostly unbleached muslin and cotton flannel, we make our own cloth starting from raw cotton and wool. This gives employment to several hundred women, who do the "combing", spinning, we weaving and sewing, and turn out much more substantial and warmer clothing than our cloth makes. Our American cloth is sold at a price which



pays for the entire industrial work, and yet is cheap enough to enable the refugees to buy. Of course the clothing made is given <sup>only</sup> to people who cannot buy <sup>& none to sell.</sup> The policy is always to make those who can pay a little <sup>(for cloth)</sup> to do so, as this prevents them hogging the share of the poorer ones. Each one is for himself and no one else, and any time a fellow with a pair of pants has a chance to get another pair he grabs them and lets the next beggar go without. A certain amount of ~~ab~~ abuse of relief can't be helped, I suppose, but it certainly makes you mad when you find a big chap in an orphanage with enough money to board outside while hundreds of little fellows are sleeping in stables in the city. Dr. Wilson gave me permission to root out undesirables from the orphanages, and I know of a few I am going for tomorrow.

Up to the present the ACRNE has been giving out money to about 2000 orphans and widows in Marash whom we couldn't help with employment or otherwise, but now that winter has come we expect to start a sort of soup kitchen or bread line. Probably next week ~~we~~ will have another bakery running to supply about 3000 loaves a day. We already have our own bakery which supplies the orphanages.

Dr. Wilson expected another man from Aleppo to run the office and intended me to help with distribution of clothing and money to the villages, but so far he hasn't come. The ACRNE has just established an orphanage in Albustan, north of Marash. Mr. Lyman, one of the missionaries here just returned from there and says it is a wonderful place, but undeveloped; fine water power, rich iron mines very near, and the center of the grain district. You can buy all the land you want for a lira (\$5.00) an acre. Perhaps I'll get up there in the spring.

Today we "sicked" the police onto an Armenian who borrowed enough money from the ACRNE to buy a mule, then turned Moslem and refused to pay his debt. Another man borrowed money at the same time for the same purpose but his mule died before he signed the agreement.



Must close now. Just realized I might have been writing on both sides of the paper. The package hasn't come yet, but we hear that they will be delayed coming from Constantinople. Let me know if you get a letter I sent home by a fellow going to America.

I photographed all the orphans of Marash this week for individual photos for their history sheets, which will be used in a campaign in America. Let me know if you see any. This makes 2000 orphans I have photographed, counting the ones I did in Aintab. The stories these little kids can tell about their experiences are awfully interesting and really funny the way they are told. I will copy some and send the stories home. Here is one I just picked at random from the pile on my desk: Name: Vartenoush Seferian, 17 yrs. old, now in "Acorne" orphanage Marash. (translated by her teacher) "Our family was composed of eleven members, my brother Zenop in America was married and his wife was with us with her two sons. My three sisters and one brother at home were married so they all started with us. First we were exiled to a place called Hasan Oglo in four months. There Turks made a massacre. They took our properties, we fled back to Kemach. At the war (?) Turk women killed with axes my father and mother and also my uncles. When we reached to Kemach Turks throw into river my nephews. An officer took one of my brothers' wives so I fled to Kemach back. There the Kaimakan of Kemach took me and I was a servant in his family as many as four years. When Russian Army came, so many Armenian widows fled to them. It was announced that none of the Turks would keep Armenians in his house so Kaimakan sent me away and I came to Marash with a Moslem. At the same time my brother's wife fled to Russian Army. After two days of my arrival to Marash I was put by the aid of Armenians to Rescue Home. There I lived nearly eight months, but now I am in Acorne orphanage."

*(Must quit now as I've run out of paper. Will write again soon if there is any news. Give my love to all the family. Hope you are all well. Have you had any snow? The hills back of my house are covered with snow, but none in Marash. Love to all from Stanley. Am enclosing a few photos.)*