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AMERICAN COMMITTEE FOR RELIEF IN THE NEAR EAST

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Dear Marion,

This is a rainy Sunday so I'll spend my ~~letters~~ ^{time} writing letters. The rainy season is now on full blast, and it just rains all the time. Once in a while we have a clear day and the sun comes out, but not much. The roads are too bad to try the auto, so we don't get mail any more from Aleppo. I think I mailed a letter home from Aintab, when I was there a couple of weeks ago, and also got one from home from Dad enclosing some clippin from the Ledger. I was glad to hear about Stuart's big hit in Cincinnati. I had a letter from John Martin at the same time, enclosing pictures taken near the tennis court. They certainly were good.

Dr. Wilson telephoned to Aintab yesterday, and was told they hadn't had any cars from Aleppo for ten days, so I guess we are cut off from civilization for the winter, except for the Turkish post, which I don't care to use any more than necessary. I will probably send this letter by the Turkish mail, so please let me know how long it takes to get home. We heard last week that the relief ship which was bringing our Christmas packages sunk. We haven't heard yet any details, except that it was also bringing our winter supplies, auto parts, blankets and old clothes for the Armenians, etc. I hope the ship was insured. If it was you should notify the New York office of the value of the package you sent. Be sure to let me know what was in it anyhow, as that will be as good as getting it. There sure was a disappointed lot of people when we got the news. Armenians come to my office every few days and want to know if there is a package for them from America, and are pretty sad when they hear the boat went down. If there is another opportunity to send a package just send me a couple of doz vest pocket films, but no clothing or books. We are all very well supplied over here and don't need a thing. And tanks very much for sending me all the things in the box even tho it didn't get here. It certainly is too bad the blankets and clothes for the refugees was lost, for they surely need them.

We had a fine time Christmas. It snowed hard the day before, but melted right away, and the next day was a good sunshiny Christmas. In the afternoon Snyder and Dr. Wilson and Mr. Lyman (a missionary) and I went hunting "kekleeek" otherwise known as partridge. The hills just back of the house, not more than a mile away, are so full of partridge that you raise flocks of twenty or more on every ridge. But Snyder had a rifle, Mr. Lyman had a 20 guage single barreled gun, and I had my double barreled 20 guage, while Dr. Wilson has the only good gun in the bunch, a 12 guage double barreled shot gun. He stayed down in the valleys and only saw two birds, while Lyman and I



used up all our shell without any effect on the birds. Lyman even ~~crpt~~ stole up behind a flock and blazed away a few yards from them, and the bird he shot at shook its wings and sailed away. The shells were all #8. Needless to say we didn't get a thing. We saw a fox and two jackalls, and had the fox cornered and chased it towards Snyder, who had the rifle, but it disappeared in a cave.

Yesterday afternoon was another clear day, and Saturday, so I went out with an Armenian boy and the dog and brought back three fat kekleeek. I had the good gun this time. I also hit a rabbit and saw it roll over on its back, so I turned to shoot at a partridge, and picked up the partridge first. Then when I went to pick up the rabbit there was nothing but fur.

So Mr. Rabbit must have recovered quickly. We are going to have the kekl for dinner today.

Christmas night all the Americans of Marash, which means the ACRNE personnel and about five missionaries, had dinner at the hospital and invited the French officers stationed in Marash. I am enclosing the menu to show that we can have a swell dinner once in a while ourselves. Afterwards we had some music and a very good time. The French commander has his wife here in Marash too, and they come over quite often to call on Dr. Wilson and Mrs. Wilson. They always bring an interpreter who can talk anything under the sun except English. So the French commander will say something in French, the interpreter will tell it to me in German and I translate it to English; or else the interpreter tells it to Mr. Lyman in Turkish and he puts it into English for the rest of us. This is so much trouble that we often talk Turkish. The commander is leaving Marash tomorrow. More troops are coming all the time. The Turks haven't done much so far, except little attacks on small bodies of French troops outside the city. All the Armenian shops have been closed for about a week on account of fear of massacre. A few days ago the French said they were going to bombard the citadel at two o'clock if the Turks didn't do what they demanded, but the bombardment never came off.

At Aintab I saw a book entitled "Across Asia Minor on Foot". It had a good description of Marash, Aintab, and Aleppo and the road we have to travel coming back and forth. If you can get it in the library I think you would enjoy it. It is by Childs., or Child, and published by an English publisher.

What do you think about me staying here in Turkey until the end of the summer? I suppose if I am willing, I can renew my contract for four or five months, but would do it only on the condition that they pay me the equivalent of what I could save at home during the summer, so that I could start in college in the fall if I wanted to. They are paying the personnel who came over recently fairly large salaries, but I would be satisfied to get the terms I mentioned. Let me know what you think about it. Dunaway writes me he expects to go home in the middle of January, and won't be able to make the Tigris trip. Others want to take that trip on the way home so I may go anyway, but if not, perhaps I might just as well stay on for a few months.

Living expenses here can't be much higher than at home. It costs about a dollar a day per person here in Marash, including food, fuel, and servants. Mrs. Wilson runs the house I am in, with Dr. Wilson and Mr. S. Snyder and I, and it costs about 30 liras a month to run everything. We have four Armenians living in the basement, as they have no home, and they do all the house work and cooking and washing for their board and a small wage. The servant problem here isn't a problem at all. You can get all the servants you want for nothing more than giving them a home and food. Mrs. Wilson asked one of our servants if she would work for five years for her at the same pay, if she took her to America, but the girl said it wasn't enough in America. If we could take enough Armenians over to America they would run the Jews out of business. All the merchant in Marash are down on us because we pay the Armenian spinners and knitters



25 cents a day in our industrial plant. They say we are ruining their business by paying such high wages. Wash-women in the city get about ten cents a day. In our industrial work here we employ about 500 Armenian women, who start with raw cotton and make 14,000 yards of cloth a month, all by hand, besides sweaters and socks, etc. All this cloth is made into clothing which is given to the refugees. This supplies about 2,400 garments a month. They also do considerable fancy work, and make Turkish towels, and what they call Marash embroidery on a native weave cloth which makes a very durable and attractive table cover.

Snyder and I have fixed up a dark room and have found out how to change the Graflex into an enlarging camera, so perhaps I can send you some enlargements from my V.P.K. soon. Snyder is a Mennonite, and the best sort of a fellow. He runs the transportation department here, and the Quartermaster Dept. and the Electric light plant. He expects to go to an eastern college when he comes back to the states. I told him he ought to come to Penn. and live in Darby. The Mennonites sent quite a large group of workers in the ACRNE, I think about ten or twelve. They are all about the best workers in the party, and there is nothing narrow about them. No one would know they were Mennonites from dress or anything.

My job as treasurer is nothing to complain about except it keeps me in-doors all the time. I have to keep all the books myself so it keeps me fairly busy. It costs about \$10,000 a month to run this station and give relief to the fifty or more villages around here. In the spring it shouldn't take more than half of that.

Mr Lyman just came in from church. The rest of us don't go as we can't understand Turkish well enough. He teaches a Bible class, and this morning a converted Moslem was in the class. He was governor of a district near Damascus during the war, and said this morning that he received an order from Constantinople three times to shoot all the Armenians in his district, but didn't do it, but didn't do it. It happened that three of the Armenians in this same Bible class this morning were in that district at the time the orders were issued, so they owed their lives to the Moslem. A converted Moslem has about as much chance for a long life in this town as a snowball in ----, as Billy Sunday used to say. He will get a knife in the back some day.

No news. Hope your school is progressing in the right direction. Tell Eugene for me that if he doesn't write me at least one letter before I come home I'll lick him. Even now I cuss him: "Develeri ölsün; bashiya karilar külsatiler. "Which is: "May all his camels die, and may his wives throw dust on his bald head."

Dinner is ready and I smell roast kekleek, so

Selamet ile,