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AMERICAN COMMITTEE FOR RELIEF IN THE NEAR EAST

INCORPORATED BY ACT OF CONGRESS OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

ONE MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK

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DEPOSITORY, NATIONAL CITY BANK, NEW YORK

Marash, Turkey.
January 4, 1920.

Dear Mother,

This is another Sunday afternoon, and a fine day. We had so much rain for a while that a short stretch of good weather seems great. It hasn't rained for five days, and the roads are in such good condition that Snyder decided to go to Aintab tomorrow to get our mail, and for reasons I'll tell about later.

Snyder and I are making quite a racket on two typewriters getting letters ready to go tomorrow. I don't know how these letters will go home, but hope they will go in the American embassy pouch to Paris, and from there home. I wish you would tell me how my letters are postmarked. I have mailed some letters by Turkish post and hope they reach home safely. Letters have come to Marash from America by Turkish post in one month, which is very good. So if you addressed me directly to Marash, Turkey, it would be the quickest way, but since I might move any time, it would be safer to send by the same old method.

Snyder just showed me a letter he had received from a woman, a Syrian, now near Beirut. It happened to be from Leah Barakat. Isn't she the Madame Barakat you know? She has come over from Philadelphia to her native town to help with relief work.

I suppose you got my letter mailed last Sunday, telling about the fine time we had on Christmas. We had just as good a time New Year's eve, and I'll bet we raised as much excitement per person as Philadelphia did. All the ACRNF personnel here came to Mrs. Wilson's house for dinner in the evening. Believe me, it was a real feed. We had a turkey, raised in our own back yard, and all the fixings, mashed potatoes, soup, salads, cream puffs, fruit gelatine, mince pie, coffee and nuts. Then we played games till twelve o'clock and then--we made all the noise we could on the front porch by beating copper pans, etc. The next day we heard that about a hundred Armenians ran to a house near by saying that Wilson's house was surrounded by Turks and we were calling help. They were all afraid to come over and see what was going on, and I suppose agreed to let us die. Our own servants were asleep when we started the racket, and told us the next day that they got up and prepared to be massacred. They ran around down stairs hollering "Aman, Aman." New Year's day is observed by the Armenians too so it was a holiday, and Snyder and I went hunting, but didn't get anything, altho each of us saw plenty of partridge and foxes. I got in five shots, two at a jackal and three at a fox, but only succeeded in making the fox run about a mile a minute. A Turk was with us and is going with us sometime on a bear hunt. He was one of Dr. Wilson's patients after all the Moslem doctors had given him up as hopeless, but when Dr. Wilson fixed him up he

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he became so attached to the Doctor he comes around to call every Sunday. The beginning of the year has been pretty busy for me as I have to make out reports for all the institutions, besides my financial report, and besides starting a new ledger. It is very hard to get money now as the roads are too bad for the merchants to get to Aleppo, and as a result I can't sell drafts as easily as in the summer. Snyder is going tomorrow in the car to Aintab, but the Armenians are afraid to go out of town now on account of the troubles recently, so at present I am almost out of funds. I enjoy this work fairly well, but wouldn't like it for a long time. The fact that I can get away once in a while for a hunt makes it much nicer to work here than in a city like Aleppo. Three wagons arrived here last night from Aleppo with our supplies. The roads are not good enough for aytos. No mail has come for a long time except thru the Turkish post, and none for me.

As long as this letter is going by auto to Aintab, the censor may not cut it to pieces. The French have very kindly offered to send our mail thru their military post. Today the Armenians and Turks of Marash and vicinity are rather upset. For a couple of weeks the Turks have been killing the Armenians a few at a time, but the Armenians are not content to lose even a few, as this sort of thing usually results in wholesale massacre. While the French are in Marash there is n't any possibility of a general massacre in the city, but the villages will probably suffer greatly during the winter. For example ~~the~~ a Moslem a few days ago shot three Armenians on the edge of the town. Six or eight Armenians on the way to Zeitoun were killed near a Turkish gendarme station. A couple of Algerian soldiers were killed near Marash, and the villages are so surrounded by bandits that they don't dare go into their vineyards to work. If they do they don't come back. A report came in not long ago that the Turks were intrenching between here and Islahie (on the railroad), so the French sent out troops from Adana, Islahie and Marash yesterday with artillery, and yesterday afternoon the sound of the guns could be heard in Marash. The French commander was over while we were ~~at~~ eating dinner and said his troops had probably been bombarding the Turkish positions or villages, but the wires were cut so he didn't know definitely. The Turks in Marash are excited about it, and the Armenians are scared. So we are hearing of wars and rumors of wars, which makes things very interesting here. The man who brought the three wagons from Aleppo was coming up from Beirut about a week ago, and when he was passing Baalbek (I sent you some photos I took there) the French and Arab were having a battle. The French won, after about forty French and more Arabs had been killed.

The story is going around that the Bedouins near Der el Zor, on the Euphrates captured three British officers and some men, and that the British had come up from Bagdad and wiped the city off the map, killing thousands of Bedouins and Arabs. I hope it is true. Der el Zor is the place the Armenians call the Graveyard of the Armenians, because the biggest massacre occurred there. I forget the figure, but it is around one hundred thousand or two hundred thousand who were killed there.

I can't think of any special news now so will close and wish you a all a happy New Year, even if it is rather late to do it. I am feeling fine and hope everybody at home is well. How is your arm behaving since Dr. Ryan took hold of it? Hope he fixed it up OK. I don't have any new photos to send, but will enclose some I have here. If I have sent them before pass them on to somebody else. Dunaway is going home soon. I may tell him to go out to see you if he goes thru Philadelphia. If I were in Aleppo I would ask him to take something home for me, but he is going in a few days, and so all I will send him from here is a letter. I may send this letter to him and ask him to mail it in America.

Goodbye for the present. Lots of love to you Mother and Dad and Mar Marion and all the house. Hope to get a letter when Snyder comes back tomorrow night.

Stanley