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AMERICAN COMMITTEE FOR RELIEF IN THE NEAR EAST

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Marash, Turkey.
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Dear Stuart,

Snyder is going to Aintab tomorrow, and perhaps on thru to Aleppo the next day, so I'll write a short letter tonight and let him take it along in the morning. That means probably it won't go thru the Turkish censor. I have mailed several letters thru the Turkish post but have no idea how safe it is. Snyder was down to Aintab a few days ago and brought back one letter for me, one Mother wrote Nov. 9, so it took just about two months to get here. The roads had been very bad and our cars were not traveling but for over a week we have had the best sort of weather so the roads are good now. This morning I saw the first ice that I have seen in Marash. It snowed one day quite hard, but hasn't been cold enough so far to make me put on winter underwear. We have terrific winds sometimes here, and last night was about the windiest I have ever seen. Snyder came back with another jackall last night. He had shot two on the way back from Aintab, but one disappeared in the bushes after he hit it. It was after dark so he couldn't find it. They are thick around here. Everytime we go out after partridge we see several foxes or jackalls. I got five shots one afternoon at foxes, but didn't hit any. I use a Turkish army rifle. I had a shotgun which I bought in Constantinople but when I ran out of shells I sold it, at five dollars profit. You could sell any sort of a fire-arm here now at any price since the trouble started. I'm certainly glad I got my Colt in the US. Everybody who has a pistol carries it tucked away somewhere these days, and you can see the point of daggers sticking out from the edge of the Turks coats as they walk about.

This is a sort of thing you find in Bobabec during closed season for game, when everybody shoots all they can get away with. The Turks are killing all the Armenians they can without calling it a general massacre. In Marash the French troops are holding things down pretty well, but every morning reports come in of Armenians killed just out of the city. All the stores have been closed for days, and you couldn't persuade an Armenian to go out after dark for love or money. My interpreter quits work ten minutes before sundown, and our buyer won't go into the market even in broad daylight. Most of the Armenians don't have much spunk anyway. But just now even the Turks are scared as badly as the Armenians and their stores are closed too. The French have got their goat. The Turks have been picking off a French soldier or two right along, one or two in the bazaar shot in the back, and a few Morrocans shot outside of the city. A few days ago they got bold enough to entrench themselves between here and Islahie, to cut off the French communications with the railroad.

The French didn't lose any time in making war, and sent three bodies of troops, one from Marash, one from Adana, and the third from Islahie. That afternoon we could hear cannon firing down towards Islahie, and the only news so far is that the French had destroyed several Turk villages and several hundred Turks were killed in the fighting. Then two days ago when I came down for breakfast, a man told me the Turks had killed all the Armenians in Dungele, a small village near here. The women and children ran to Marash and are living in a church now. The French punished this promptly by bombarding more Turkish towns, and again yesterday afternoon I heard cannon firing in the distance. As a result the Turkish villagers have lost their appetite for killing, altho the Marash Moslems are trying their best to persuade the villagers to kill the Kishaflee and Fundajak Armenians. The French commander called the Moslem leaders together two days ago to tell them that he would bombard the city here if they started anything. The Turks are armed fairly well, and every night the French patrol gathers in a few. Last night they caught some Turks climbing over a wall with rags soaked in kerosene to set fire to an Armenian school, and in the scuffle that followed one of the Turks had a bayonet shoved clear thru him.

Dr. Wilson has had a couple of wounded French to operate on. Most of the cases are shot from ambush. One Armenian woman was sleeping with a pistol under her pillow a few nights ago, when it went off and hit her in the head. I don't know whether she died or not. In our hospital there is a bandit who had been wounded. When he recovers he is to be sent to Adana to be hanged. So a few nights ago, since he was almost well, his brother came and tried to steal him away, but the French had seen him enter the city with an extra horse and were wise enough to put a guard over the bandit that night, so they caught the brother too.

Dunaway has left for America, but expects to stop in Serbia for two months. I wrote him to be sure and go out to Darby if he came to Phila. Magee is rather peeved that Dunaway spoiled our plan for floating down the Tigris to Bagdad, so he wrote to me a few days ago to see if I would travel home with him stopping in Italy, then going thru Switzerland to Paris and the Western Front, then to London and Liverpool and home. But that looks like too much cash to me. Snyder and I both filled out the necessary blank today to state our willingness to stay on till July, provided the ACRNE wanted us bad enough to pay us what we could earn in the same time at home, so we would have enough cash to start college on again if necessary. I wrote home asking what you all thought about that, but of course have not had time for an answer, and had to decide today. The ACRNE may not need us, however, in which case we would be getting ready to start for home in less than two months. I have an idea that we will stay at least a month or two longer than that anyhow.

I am going to send in an application to Penn for a scholarship in case I want to finish my Ph.D. Probably I will find it hard enough to find a job anyhow, so might as well brush up on my chemistry. I have started to study French, along with my Turkish.

A dye man was in a few days ago and promised to tell me all he knows about vegetable dyes any time I say. It ought to make a good interesting account even if it is of no commercial value. From the little he did tell me it seemed as interesting as old Geber himself. I hope your dyes are still as good as you made for the Brimmers. I suppose by this time you are making as good a salary as dye. By the time I get home I'll probably be so poor I'll have to be borrowing from you, at least until I get a job.

The Armenians are too scared to travel to Aleppo, and as a result won't buy any of my drafts on Aleppo. I have just 5 liras to last me until Snyder can go to Aleppo and bring gold back. That five liras will last about five minutes tomorrow, and then I'll close up shop until more comes. Our appropriation for Marash is plenty big enough to run the orphanages, etc., but hardly touches the orphans and widows in the city and villages.

I got some Literary Digests and a Penn magazine you sent from Cinn. Thanks very much for them. By the news in the papers it looks as tho

Armenia should take the mandatory of America, *Don't close as you is go - Stanley*