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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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Marash, Turkey.
Jan. 17, 1920

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Dear Mother,

Your letter written Nov. 9, arrived a few days ago. It took just about two months to get here. I suppose Greenbaums have had their firesale and another fire by this time. I haven't seen a real fire for a long time. I forget whether or not I wrote a letter last Sunday, so may be repeating a lot of stale news, in this letter. It is just ~~at~~ about sunset now so this will be a short letter. I had a card from Marion and Ida from New York, so I suppose they have been having a gay old time. Today there is snow on the ground, but it isn't cold enough to freeze. Snyder and I went out hunting again yesterday afternoon, (Saturday) and I shot one partridge, altho I saw at least a hundred. It had been snowing up in the mountains and drove the partridge down low, so we began to raise flocks of them just back of the house. They are very wild and fly up before you can get within range. We tramped away up on the mountain where the snow was deep, and found it snowing in Marash when we came down. The partridge were so thick up in the snow that the snow looked like a chicken yard.

As we came home we could see the road that runs from Marash to Islahie. From the mountain you can see it for miles. At one place it was black, so we concluded that more French troops were arriving, and sure enough last night the report came in that four hundred had arrived. On the way, probably just about where we could see them, they were attacked by Turks and lost six men killed, over twenty wounded, and lost a machine gun. We had just about concluded the fighting between the turks and French was over when last night's report came in. I suppose I wrote last week that there had been several scraps so far. The turks massacred all the Armenian men in a village near here, and then entrenched to cut the French from the railroad, but the French bombarded the trenches and Turk villages. The turks keep to the hills so it is hard for the French to get after them. We have quite a number of wounded French in our hospital, including a couple of cannibals. Some of the Senegalese soldiers are cannibals and have pointed teeth. They are filed to points so they can eat raw meat.

Business is going along in Marash as usual after the period when all the stores were closed on account of the trouble. There is absolutely no danger to Americans in Marash, and even the Armenians are safe enough in the city. A few days ago when the French had to withdraw all their troops from the city to fight the turks, they took with them several of the most prominent turks as hostages, so that if the rest of the turks started anything in Marash while the French were away they could punish the hostages. A Turkish

ney who is quite prominent there is a great friend of Dr. Wilson's because he fixed him up when the Moslem doctors had given him up. He was in to call a few days ago, and Dr. Wilson asked him why the Turks were killing Armenians again. He said the Turks could see that the big massacre during the war hadn't accomplished the result intended, namely to put the Armenian race in a position where it could never be a menace to Turkish power, by killing off the men. He said this was the reason the Turks wanted to finish up the job. They think the Armenians are committing a treason by agitating for an independent state.

Aside from this there isn't any special news. Eight wagons arrived this morning from Aleppo with old clothes, shoes, sweaters, etc. for the Armenians. The old shoes are old. You can actually put your hand thru the holes in the soles. The clothes are better. Miss Dougherty said she thought the Armenian coat of arms should be a nest full of young robbers with their mouths wide open waiting for a big worm to drop in. That is about the best picture you could get of this relief work. These people are certainly in great need, but they certainly are a grasping lot. When we give out clothes a man has to keep the crowd back with a club, and actually has to keep wielding the club on women. The moment the guard turns his back the whole mob rushes the clothes pile. They have no sense of fair play and will "repeat" as often as they can. Of course they are not all like that. But it is amusing to see what hogs they become when there is something for nothing. The men whom we loaned money to six months ago for starting up their industries now refuse to pay up, and jeer at my collector. I sent notices to the churches yesterday to notify all debtors to either pay or at least to come and explain why they couldn't, and if they don't come we are going to send their names to the Turkish police. Dr. Wilson inspected the Turkish prison yesterday and says it is quite a fine place, clean, and apparently well run.

Dr. Lambert sent word to me last week that he wanted me to stay on for a few months, but I refused the offer, and told him I couldn't stay for less than I could earn at home this summer as I must save up enough to get a start on my college expenses this fall. If he accepts my minimum I will stay till the middle of July. I don't feel like a profiteer in making these terms, as the ACRNE is paying all those arriving recently fairly good wages, as they realize this is the only way to get efficient work done. I sent in an application for a fellowship at Penn a few days ago. Must close now. Mother you asked if the girls here do Madeira work. They don't, as most of the Armenians do drawn work, and in Marash they do a special kind of embroidery. Yesterday I bought a sweater of Angora wool for you. The wool comes from Angora, and the sweater was knit by a very fine Armenian girl here in Marash. I also have a couple of table sets for you, done on cloth made in our own industrial dept., and the drawn work done by our employees. I haven't seen many beads that I thought much of, except amber, which are beautiful but expensive.

I shot the wild bear and last Sunday we had roast partridge and beer steak. It is the most delicious meat I ever ate. There are wolves almost a mile back of the house, and hope to see one close enough to get a shot at them. Hope there are some more letters on the way. It is dark now, so I'll close. Lots of love to all, from

P.S. I had a letter from Eleana Young, & will answer her as soon as I can do what she asked. Her letter just came a few days ago. Tell her that all the girls I helped rescue are out of my reach now, but I can send her a photo of an orphan girl here in Marash, with a story of her experiences in the war, etc. I'll write to her this week.

Hope Dr. Rhein has you all in fine shape by this time.

Stanley