



AMERICAN RED CROSS



COMMISSION TO PALESTINE

AND THE NEAR EAST

Marash, Turkey.
Jan. 21, 1920.

Dear Dad,

This is a rather exciting time to write a letter, but as the post is supposed to go tomorrow I must write now. It is now half past two, and ~~for~~ since twelve there has been a lively battle in progress here in Marash. Every letter I punch on the typewriter is echoed by rifle shots. There is a machine gun going bep-bep-bep-bep about a hundred feet from me and bombs are exploding all over the city. We had just sat down to dinner when the firing began, and of course nobody spent much time eating but ran for the balcony upstairs to see the battle.

All this is a result of what has been going on for the last few weeks. The Turks have been following a policy of ignoring the French and deliberately disregarding their orders. They have been killing Armenians and French soldiers a few at a time, until lately; they began ambushing large bodies of French troops. The French finally had a battle with the Turk bandits and wiped out a few of their villages. The Armenian-French soldiers who did this even killed all the cattle and destroyed everything of value. We could hear the cannon firing while this was going on, but it was far enough away that it didn't make much impression on us. But on Monday (Jan. 19) the bandits or whoever they are attacked a French wagon train and its convoy between here and Aintab and killed all the convoy, plundering the wagons. This made us wonder just how safe the road was for our auto, but Snyder refused to be scared and started off yesterday morning for Aintab, taking a Y.M.C.A. man, (Dr. Crathern) a French officer, two Armenians, and one of our nurses, Miss Shultz. They had trouble from the start. First Snyder lost a chain and spent an hour looking for it, but had to go on without it. Then the car got stuck in the mud, which is a foot thick in places, and succeeded in getting out only after putting blankets down to drive on. By the time they crossed the Ak Su (White River) half way to Aintab it was two o'clock. From here the road winds up the mountain on the edge of a cliff. The road was good however and they made good time. In a minute they came to the place where the French wagons had been attacked. Here the wagons were strewn along the road on their sides, dead horses lying around, and one French helmet. As they went on the sound of firing could be heard, but as the road was a continual wind nothing could be seen until suddenly as they rounded a curve they came in full sight of two platoons of Morrocan ~~xx/xxxxx~~ cavalry having a running battle with the enemy on the side of the mountain. The Turks were well hidden behind rocks while the Morroicans made a fine target with their red capes and white turbans, sitting on their horses. Snyder didn't lose any time turning around. The battle was only a few hundred yards away and the Morroicans were retreating in the direction of ~~xxxx~~ Marash. Dr. Crathern got out of the car to direct the turning of the car, since it was on the edge of a big cliff, then jumped in as the car began to make tracks for Marash. At this moment the Turks opened fire on the car. Dr. Crathern pulled out a silk American flag and began to wave it while Snyder opened out on full speed, down hill. The flag seemed to just start things, for the moment Crathern waved it a regular hail of bullets struck the road all around the car. As the car passed a turn in the road a rifle blazed



away at them only a few yards away, the bullet striking one of the four metal spokes of the steering wheel about two inches from Snyder's hand and ~~tearing~~ a big hunk of the rim off. The steel splinters that flew struck Snyder in the face and cut his eyelid in the corner, while Dr. Crathern got splinters in the side of the face. The car was making ~~about~~ between forty and fifty miles an hour by this time and had to dodge the overturned wagons on the road, besides circling sharp curves with a precipice to one side. If a bullet had hit the driver the car would have gone over. Not until they were a mile or more away and out of range did the bullets stop. How the Turks missed them all is more than I can say. The car has several holes in it. The French lieutenant had thrown our nurse on the bottom of the car the moment the firing started and put a bedding roll on top of her, then sat on it.

(Wow. Artillery has just started up in the city)

The car got back to Marash after dark, just in time for Snyder and Crathern to join us in a fine dinner in honor of the wedding anniversary of Dr. and Mrs. Wilson-- roast goose from our own back yard being the main attraction.

Of course the French were notified immediately of what had happened and reinforcements went out immediately. This morning I telegraphed to Aintab that we were all safe, and Dr. Crathern telegraphed to Admiral Bristol that the American flag had been fired on. The French general happened to be here in the city, and things began to happen today. The Major told us this morning that since the Turks had shown no willingness to be peaceable the time had come to strike, and they were prepared to strike hard. Dr. Crathern and I took a walk thru the market this morning and found every shop closed except a few Armenian places. It is the turn of the Moslems to be scared now, and they are afraid the French will massacre them. At the mosques and on corners groups of Moslems were gathered discussing affairs. It was just a short time after we got back to the house that the firing began.

It is hard to say just what is going on, as all we can see is the smoke of the shots. Turks are firing from the minarets of their mosques and from houses, while the French are on the hills, and even in the church belfries, and have machine guns all over the city. The French headquarters is right beside this house with a machine gun in the yard. They have machine guns on the windows of our hospital and one of our orphanages, and in a church belfry. Our house is the highest up the hill of any in the town, so from the balcony of my room you can get the best view of the whole thing. From there we can see the smoke of the bombs or grenades in the city. I suppose the French are throwing grenades into houses where the Turks are firing. So far no bullets have come our way, which is a wonder, as the machine gun is very close.

No one seems to know just who the so-called bandits are, but there is no doubt that there are loads of them, and that they are organized. It is a pretty sure thing that they have plenty of support from leaders of the Turks in Marash, altho the Turkish officials protest that they have no control over it.

We are all agreed that America is a good deal to blame for the trouble here. Not that they started it, but because they have delayed the peace treaty so long and left the fate of Turkey undecided. If America had been willing to take the mandatory of this country there wouldn't have been a particle of trouble. The Turks were practically unanimous in wanting America. But when another army occupied the country the Turks naturally thought they had come to stay, which might be true and they are doing all they can to make things unpleasant for them. The fact that our flag was fired on means nothing, as we were carrying a French officer, and the bandits would have every reason to believe that we would carry word which would bring reinforcements.

Armenians and Turks both keep asking "Has America decided to take the mandate for?"



8.P.M. The firing has diminished considerably, and since dark only occasional volleys are heard. The reports that come in are decidedly bad. At first the French officers said that in the fight that our auto ran into, about ten cavalymen were killed, but this evening we heard that practically all had been killed. This is no wonder, as they had to come past the point where the auto met the worst firing. It developed also that this patrol of Morrocans had been sent out to meet a wagon train which was bringing ammunition and supplies to the French in Marash. This convoy of twenty wagons arrived at this same point about an hour later and was ambushed, all the guard being killed and all the supplies and munitions falling into the Turks hands.

The fighting in the city today apparently has been mostly firing from houses. The French have lost a lot of men who are lying dead in the streets, according to reports, while none seems to know how the Turks have fared. I didn't realize how much resistance the Turks were making until an hour ago, when Snyder came in. You remember he was the one who had such a narrow escape yesterday while driving the car to Aintab. He had another exciting day today. We wanted a pair of field glasses so he ran down to the hospital to borrow a pair belonging to Luther the pharmacist. Arriving near the front gate of the hospital two shots rang out close by -- these were meant for him. As he reached the gate he found the French sentry lying there dead in a little pool of blood, right in the gateway. This probably saved Snyder's life, as those inside were unable to close the gate. If it had been locked a third shot could hardly have missed. Inside the walls of the hospital enclosure the French raised their rifles quickly as he entered but lowered when they recognized a friend.

Within the Hospital itself the Turks had made their marks. The Armenian soldier behind the machine gun on the third floor balcony had tried to drive the Turkish sniper from his position in a house opposite the hospital, but the gun jammed, and the soldier received a bullet thru the chest. He is alive but unconscious. Dr. Elliott, an American woman physician in the A.C.R.N.E., stepped out on the front porch to call a nurse indoors, and a bullet cracked the wall beside her. In her bedroom on the third floor another bullet broke her inkwell, and before the afternoon was over the transom and the plaster from the walls were scattered over the floor. The whole third story is quite a mess. The patients were all moved below and the beds laid on the floor. Luther looked out of the window of his pharmacy and a bullet sped by. He saw an old Armenian man outside running over to herd in his cows, and saw a Turk shoot from a window. The old man dropped in his tracks. Dr. Wilson decided to stay all night at the hospital, but Snyder climbed over the rear wall of the enclosure and came home by way of a row of trees.

Today several hundred Armenian refugees had come up to the A.C.R.N.E. storehouse to get old clothing. Mrs. Wilson was distributing the garments all morning, and this afternoon the refugees were not allowed to go home as the streets are unsafe. So tonight I went over to the enclosure where there were still 350 poor people with hardly enough clothes on to cover them. We arranged for them to sleep in the basement of the College, and managed to get two hundred loaves of bread for them from our own bakery, so they will be fairly comfortable tonight. All the blankets in our stores were given out too. Our own house has a number of Armenians for the night, and every person who was not home at noon today had to stay wherever he could find shelter. Miss Blakely and Miss Lied, two of the American missionaries of Marash were out calling this morning and have not returned, but are probably safe.

A group of six prominent Turkish officials of Marash came to see the French commander just after the firing started, so the General received them and after the interview told them to stay. So they are his prisoners, and will be treated as hostages. The group includes the Commander of the Gendarmie, the local governor, the Chief Engineer, and

other dignitaries. I was over in the building this afternoon talking to the Major when the ~~Mutesessix~~ (or Turkish governor) went out of the room. He didn't look exactly happy.

I hope this scrap over here gets into the American newspapers. It ought to show the American people that all this war has been of no benefit to the Armenian nation. In spite of all that has been said about the Turk not being fit to rule, and in spite of all that the Turk has done in the past, international politics are still letting the Turk do as he pleases. It looks as the Armenians were in for another massacre. If the Turks don't begin massacring tonight in the villages around Marash and even in the city itself I am a mighty poor prophet. It is time this League of Nations did something ~~hazian~~ in the way of settling the future of Turkey, and in the opinion of every American here in Marash that couldn't be settled better than by an American mandatory. The American nation was willing to send millions of soldiers to lick the Hun, but seems to kick strenuously at sending enough men to keep order in a country worse than Germany.

Jan. 22:4PM. Today has been so full of excitement that I haven't had time to any writing. Artillery fire a few hundred yards behind the house woke me about seven AM, and by the time I got out on the balcony the battle was on full swing. The French were shelling the hills behind the house, where Snyder and I had gone hunting partridge so often. Apparently the Turks were coming in to the foothills from Albustan and all the surrounding country, for the puffing of smoke up on the hills where the shrapnel was bursting kept moving up hill as the Turks ran for shelter. The shelling was going on on all sides at the mountains. The artillery fire made considerable racket, but the machine guns seemed to make even more din as they popped away at the hills. The Turks in the city were at their work again too firing from houses.

Last night the Morrocans who had been wounded in the fight where our auto was fired on arrived in Marash with the escort which had been sent out for them early yesterday, before the fight started in the city. Not knowing that Marash was in a state of siege, they started up thru the city with the wounded, and were immediately fired on. I could see the flash of rifle fire in the streets from my balcony. The escort immediately dropped their wounded to fight, and in the dark lost the street where they had left the stretchers. Finally they came to headquarters and reported the case. Lieutenant Coonery, the officer who had gone with Snyder for Aintab the day before, took it upon himself to go out thru the city to look for the wounded, and as he walked around in the dark found about eight Morrocans who had lost their way in the dark and had been hiding. With these he kept up the hunt, but failed to locate his wounded soldiers. Instead he was attacked as he and his eight men returned to the barracks, stepping over dead men everywhere, five of the Morrocans were killed and his own rifle stock was shattered. He finally climbed over ~~the~~ our hospital wall to safety.

Today the fight in the city continued much the same as yesterday. The French are certainly on the defensive. From the top of the college today I could see Turks strolling around in the streets with their rifles some of them so close that I took a picture of them.

In the afternoon we kept up a lookout from my balcony, and Mrs. Wilsaught a glimpse of Dr. Wilson, who has been marooned at the hospital since the fight started. We were able to whistle to him and heard his answer. The hospital is about six hundred yards from here, but a house full of Turk soldiers commands the space between, so we cannot go back and forth. Off in the low hills on the east of the city, which can be seen from the balcony but not from the French lookouts we could see large bodies of Turks moving around in plain sight, at about two P.M. Thru field glass we could see that they were armed, and in military formation, but in civilian dress. I ran over to report this to the French commander, who



5.

immediately came over, the general and three officers. When they saw the Turks the general ordered a small cannon, while an officer calculated the range. In a few minutes a "sixty five" arrived on mule back behind our house. The soldiers soon had it in position. An officer aimed it and gave the order to fire. The shell went swishing over the hilltop, and the Turks lost no time in ducking behind the crest of the hill. But the next ten shots were well placed and must have ~~been~~ cleaned out the whole crowd. Snyder and Dr. Crathern and I were naturally on the scene while all this was going on, and each got a hot shellcase for souvenirs. We all felt our ears ringing for some time, as we had been standing a few feet behind the gun. The French officer said it was well we had spoken to him about the position of the Turks.

Dr. Wilson just came in. He climbed over the wall off the hospital ~~at~~ compound and reached home safely. Since this leaves no American men in the hospital to stay with Mrs. Power the nurse and Dr. Elliott, I am unanimously elected to go down for the night.

Jan. 23, 1.30 P.M.. Just returned from the hospital and had dinner, so will finish as much of this up to date as I can before going back.

Last night's adventure was rather interesting. I started immediately after what I wrote above. The night was pitch black and raining a little. I had a French soldier detailed to come along to boost me over the wall. The French officer told me however that it was a dangerous job, as the French sentry in the hospital would probably shoot at me as I climbed over the wall. We started out however thru the gate in our wall nearest the hospital. We hadn't gone more than fifty paces when I saw a form moving a few yards ahead. At this moment the French soldier with me stumbled and fell all over himself, making quite a noise as his rifle struck the stones. I was ready to blaze away at the man ahead with my six shooter, but he challenged us quickly in a low voice in French, so we knew it was all right. In a moment we passed two French soldiers, then crossed a plowed field to an orchard, then reached the rear wall of the hospital compound. It was the first time I had taken a good look at it. Now it looked like an impossibility to scale, as it is a good twelve feet high, and on the top is an overhanging layer of big red tiles. Groping our way along the wall we bumped into a small tree, which saved the day. Climbing this I was able to crawl over on to the tiles, and then hung on a branch and dropped. About ten tiles fell on top of me and made enough noise to wake the dead. As a matter of fact, I dropped into a little German graveyard, where the Germans had ~~been~~ buried their men when they had the hospital during the war. I fully expected the sentinel to shoot, but not a sound. Some sentry. I even yelled for him, and then walked the whole way around to the front steps without being challenged. As I walked towards the front wall a form moved back into a doorway, so I called "O kim dir?" (Turkish for Who goes there?) It was the French sentry. Ten of them sleeping in a good hiding place instead of guarding. One of them had been killed at the opening of the fight, and was still lying in a big mass of blood by the front gate. As there was no officer they were still obeying their old orders to stay in the front of the enclosure. Altho I had no right to "butt in", common sense told me that if I could climb over the wall a Turk could do the same, so pretty soon we had sentry at the rear.

Inside the hospital all the patients had all been moved from the third floor to safer places. All were now sleeping in the floors, and every corridor and room was filled with patients and Armenians who had taken shelter in the hospital. The neighbors had bored a hole thru the walls and come in. One wounded Armenian had crawled from where he had fallen to the front gate and knocked. The Turks opened fire but a soldier opened the gate and the man got in safely. The basement and first floor of the hospital were packed with women and children and some men, some little closets six feet by six containing fifteen or twenty people.

xxxxxx

6.

After supper the French soldier who had helped me over the wall returned to the hospital. He had gone back immediately after seeing me over, and now came back with a note from Dr. Wilson asking for tourniquets, gauze instruments, etc. Some wounded had come in. We went to the operating room and lit a candle, but before we could collect everything three shots rang out from the Turkish house across the street, apparently meant for us. We blew out the light and finished the work in the dark. I helped the soldier over the wall with his bundle and then we went to bed. This latter process merely consisted of taking off shoes and puttees and coat and crawling under a blanket on the floor. Needless to say I didn't sleep a wink, due to my uncomfortable bed and to the fact that every time I began to doze a shot would ring out so close that it made one jump even though almost asleep. This kept up all night. It wasn't much of a task to get up this morning.

Breakfast over I ran across the courtyard to the pharmacy building which faces the street. At the door was the dead sentry. The French soldiers refused to bury him without orders. From a window of the building I looked across to the building from which the Turks shot everyone who ventured out-- not more than fifty yards distant. Between this house and me a dead body lay in the street-- the desecration of an Armenian church who had run out to bring in his cattle when the fight began. Apparently dogs had partially consumed the body. While at this window I located several houses from which Turks were still firing. From the third floor of the hospital building a group of nurses were watching French shrapnel bursting in the hills back of Marash. It was a pretty sight to see the puffs of smoke form again the snow away up the slopes of the mountains. Turks were still up there and could be seen with field glasses running from one shelter to another.

Soon shells began to burst among the Turkish houses behind the hospital. Rifle fire had been hot there all morning. A hundred yards away French soldiers were firing from a mud house. Just as I looked out the window several shots were fired, and the bullets had a peculiar whistle. In a moment there was a series of explosions in the Turkish house and clouds of smoke burst thru the roof. The French were using rifle grenades, and several had gone thru the open windows and exploded inside. Fighting was on all around the hospital, and from the looks of the things the Turks were still strong. The Turkish flag was flying from the walls of the citadel. They always put it up on the Moslem Sabbath, and today is Friday.

Two of the Marash missionaries had been out calling ~~xxxx~~ Wednesday morning and were unable to get home when the scrap started. This morning Miss Blakely, one of them was seen in a window not thirty yards from the hospital gate, next door to the Turkish house. I finally decided to make a run from the hospital yard back to the American buildings, in order to get permission to bury the French soldier, and to notify the French commander of the houses from which firing Turks were firing. Besides, the hospital food supplies were getting low. Climbing over the rear wall with the aid of a ladder I dropped to the ground and made a sprint for the rear of a house a hundred yards away. Stopping for breath only a moment I began a 220 dash up hill and drew several shots from ~~Turks~~ the row of trees below me, but reached the stone wall of the mission compound in safety.

The French officers made notes of my information, and promised not to shell the house where ~~the~~ Miss Blakely had been seen. The Commander gave me an order to the guard to bury the dead sentry. While I was in the headquarters room a telephone message was being taken from the Turkish governor, whom the French had released on his promise to persuade the Turks to surrender. His telephone message was that he could not stop the fighting. Going out of this building, which is part of the American Mission property, I discovered that a change had taken place over night. Instead of walking freely across the compound I was warned to

make a quick dash to the wall, as the Turks had come up close during the night and were just below our buildings. The French were digging loopholes in the mud wall. Crossing over to a little building in this compound which so far we have used for a little hospital for orphanage children I found it was now filled with wounded French. Dr. Wilson was just finishing an operation on a soldier, Snyder giving the other, altho he had never done such a thing before. I arrived just in time to help carry the poor chap to a bed. From here I went on thru to the college buildings and found the Armenians- about six hundred of them- still huddled in little rooms everywhere. The food supply is so short that these people get only one meal a day. Up on the third floor of the college, the highest point in Harash, the positions of the Turks was plainly visible. Why the French don't make use of this for a lookout is more than I can say. But here one could see the Turks in a trench only a few hundred yards from the French barracks. I will draw a map of the American buildings showing the positions of the enemy, so you can see how the Turks have a ring drawn around these buildings, trenches and snipers in front, and many soldiers in the mountains in the rear, held off by French artillery. I borrowed a big American flag from the mission to put on one of the two buildings where the Wilsons, and Snyder and Mr. Lyman and I live. As Snyder and I went back, following the wall for protection, we saw a group of people behind Lyman's house. Ebenezer orphanage is three hundred yards away, across an unprotected gully. One week ago this was a grove of trees. The Turks cut them all down just a week ago. I have no doubt now that this was done to remove a good defensive position from the French. Twice since the trouble started I walked across this space to get bread for the refugees in the college compound, not knowing that the Turks had this covered with their rifles. This morning as Snyder and I joined the little group of Armenians we saw across the open space four or five frantic Armenians. We had not seen what just preceded this, but Dr. Crathern and Mrs. Wilson with a pair of field glasses had seen across the city a commotion. The Turks had started to massacre the Armenians in this quarter and they were fleeing in all directions, shrieking so their cries were heard by Dr. Crathern. Thru the glasses the refugees were seen to pass two armed Turks hiding behind a pile of rubbish unmolested. It was half an hour later that I saw ~~four~~ four or five of these same Armenians arrive on the slope back of Ebenezer orphanage. Their friends called to them to come on over to our yard. As they started across the open space Turks hidden down in the ravine opened fire. I'll never forget the sight of these poor people, already exhausted by their long run, stumbling along over this space as the bullets struck all around them. The first two had a good start before the firing began, and reached safety. The next was an old man who tried to dodge the bullets by stooping over. He stumbled repeatedly, and I suppose he was wounded, but got over. The next two were an old woman and a boy. The boy was hit and dropped into a ditch below. The woman, half way over, screamed as bullets struck all around her, and then stopped and faced the Turks, crying to them to stop. How they ever missed her I don't know, but all of us were yelling frantically to her to hurry on. She collapsed when she finally got over, grazed in several places and absolutely exhausted. She and the others are in our enclosure now. The boy who was hit waved a rag from where he fell to show he was only wounded, but no one dared to go to him. Finally he crawled unseen back to the protection of the rear wall of Ebenezer orphanage, and knocked on the gate, but even if those inside could hear him they couldn't go back without coming in full view of the Turks. I finally left this terrible sight as nothing could be done till dark, unless the French could rout out the Turks from their position. The boy's brother was one of the first of the five who tried to come over, and now was in the yard watching his helpless brother.

Mr. Lyman and I proceeded to put up the American flag. From the position of the Turks who had just been firing, their next move would be to come over our wall and thru our yard to attack the y



The American flag we thought might be some protection. I ripped along pole from what used to be the wild bear's pen, and nailed the flag to it. Mr. Lyman was looking for a rope, but we agreed we didn't want to lower it, so nailed it. As I raised the pole with the flag a rifle sang out so close that the Armenian boy helping us made one dive for the stairs. The next moment a bullet struck a tile over my head and scattered dirt all over us. It was no time to quit, as the flag would have a disgraceful tumble unless the pole were nailed, so Lyman and I ducked and drove the nails with such haste that most of them bent. One more bullet whizzed over our heads before we finished the job, all of the shots coming from a Turkish rifle that must have been less than a hundred yards away.

Since dinner was not ready (and since I had lost my appetite after seeing these Armenians running the gauntlet) I stepped outside the walls of the enclosure again to the back of the house and listened to the firing in the mountains beyond. The Turks in the mountains were keeping up a continual fire judging from the fact that bullets were whining over my head from that direction, while the French would be firing away from me. As proof they were Turkish bullets, one came whistling towards me and dropped one yard in front of ~~me~~ where I was standing. It had just lost its energy. As I picked it up it was hot from the long journey thru the air. I am keeping it for a souvenir of a Turkish bandit.

The French interpreter says the commander has lost patience with the Turks and will begin to destroy the city at 2.30 with artillery. We are all of the opinion that he might have started long ago shelling more of the houses he knew held Turks. The fact that the Turkish flag is now flying on the citadel and that no one dares venture thru the streets seems to indicate that the Turks no worse off than ~~xxx~~ when the scrap began.

While at the hospital this morning I heard what is probably the true account of the beginning of the battle. The French officers all say that the Turks started the firing and that the French did not know this was coming. Since the French commander had told us that morning that he was going to strike and strike hard we supposed that it was the French who started things moving. But the following gives the story a different aspect. To begin with every Moslem store was closed that morning, as I ~~xx~~

myself saw when Dr. Crathern and I took a walk thru the market. We had seen Moslems on their way to the mosques, and gendarmes going to the citadel with rifles. The head nurse at our hospital, Miss Matsukian, left the hospital at noon, and had gone about a hundred feet when a Turkish gendarme came along with four veiled Moslem women. He escorted them to a house, then stood in the road and fired his rifle in the air three times. Immediately rifle fire started all over the city as this was the signal. Miss Matsukian hurried back to the hospital gate, and the French sentries outside also came in, the last one in being shot thru the neck - the man now lying just inside the gate.

6.P.M. There have been so many interruptions this afternoon that I just now finished writing the above, which was started after dinner.

So far the city has not been destroyed. The only thing ~~of~~ very noticeable in the way of destruction is a big fire in the centre of the city, the result of a French shell. It is quite a spectacular smoky fire however and ought to make the Moslems think.

The wounded boy is safe now. After lying against the wall of Ebenezer orphanage all afternoon he got his opportunity. The French general and colonel came thru our yard this afternoon with half a dozen big black Moroccans who had rifle grenades on the end of their rifles and each carried a sack of them. They climbed over ~~the~~ the wall of Mrs. Wilson's chicken yard into an Armenian's house. From here they could attack the Turks who had fired on the Armenian refugees in the morning, and who had been sniping the French on the hill above. I went up on a little balcony in Mrs. Wilson's house to watch the fun. This balcony is surrounded with lattice work and makes a fine lookout. In a moment things began to happen



9

The grenades began to explode among the Turkish mud houses, so close that dirt and small stones were thrown up on the balcony where I stood. Thinking that this would be a good opportunity for the wounded boy to make his escape I rolled up a ~~piece~~ piece of the Sunday New York Times about six months old for a megaphone to call to Frere Alexis in the orphanage to open the gate. But the boy had thought of the same thing, and while I was running down stairs he hopped down along the wall on one leg, in full view of the Turks. They opened fire again. The moment I yelled thru the megaphone for Alexis he answered, and when he heard my "Kapuyu ach" he ran to the gate just in time to let the wounded boy in, but not before the Turks had fired half a dozen shots. These Turks are pretty poor shots from what I have seen.

However the grenades soon forced the Turks to retire or at least to keep out of sight for a time. We all feel much more comfortable now, especially since the Armenians in the house near the Turks had heard the Turks talking and knew from what they said that their plan was to rush the Armenian house, from there to get into Wilson's yard and house and Mr. Lyman's (where I live). ~~mm~~ This would give them an excellent point from which to attack the French headquarters. It is a peculiar thing that the French had taken no precautions to prevent this sort of a thing, just as they were not prepared for this little war. They apparently thought that if the Turks ever did start anything a few shells thrown into the city would make the Turks surrender. As it is now the French are practically besieged. Their horses and mules have had nothing to eat for three days, and now have eaten all the bark off the trees in the college compound, where they put them for protection. The French soldiers say that they will start tomorrow to eat the flesh of the horses and mules killed by Turkish bullets. I saw from the college window a French soldier out in a field chasing a cow, in full view of the Turkish snipers; of course the cow soon was in the kettle.

We heard today that Turkish cavalry from Albustan, north of here tried to attack from the hills last night, but were driven off with machine gun fire. These forces are still back of us in the hills. Wow! Grenades are bursting right back of the house. Will finish later.
10.P.M. The French are up to something. I just came down from the balcony where an interesting little maneuver could be seen. The Morrocans were firing rifle grenades in the air so they would drop among the Turkish mud houses. The fuse on the grenades enabled us to follow their course thru the air, and more than once we had to duck to avoid flying dirt. But while this was going on, French troops were passing up the slope of the hill to positions they could not reach if the Turks should discover them. I could hear them moving close to our house, but the Turks were too much occupied ~~by~~ dodging the grenades to see or hear anything else.

Jan. 24. 1.P.M. It didn't take much to persuade me last night not to return to the hospital. As a result I had a fine sleep. Grenades woke me again early this morning, and rifle shots just outside the window. The Morrocans are using the building next to our chicken yard for a sniping position. After breakfast Snyder and I climbed over the hen house and into the rooms where the soldiers were in order to get a few good photos and a look around. The position was a good one, as trees close by acted as a screen, and yet could be seen thru easily. These Morrocans are about as ~~fun~~ comical fellows as the southern darkies, and seemed to have as much fun trying to pick off Turks as our darkies have in shooting crap. All of them are terribly scarred, from big cuts they make on their cheeks and chin as decorations. Turkish soldiers could be seen running from house to house, while the snipers tried to pick them off. I saw about a dozen Turks on a hill, but couldn't tell these soldiers in French, so borrowed a rifle and got in a few shots myself. A little later the soldiers decided to go down in the Turkish quarter where they had been throwing the grenades. The corporal went down with a few Morrocans, and a lot of



Armenians to dig holes in the walls. First they cut a hole in the wall of a mud house. It happened to be empty, so the Armenians made short work of it. Bedding, wheat, cooking utensils, clothing all kept piling out the ~~the~~ hole until the house was empty, then they set fire to it. You can't blame these Armenians, who had lost everything they had during the war, for doing their best to get back at the Turks. They didn't seem to have any hesitation in looting all the Turkish houses. There were a number of chickens running around, and as we were practically out of food for the refugees in our compound, I got my shotgun, ran down in among the mud houses and blazed away. They must have been armoured hens. The first shot I knocked three down and they all got up and ran away. The second shot knocked another head over heels, but it got away too. Meanwhile the Armenians were looting another Turkish house when a group of Turks opened fire on them, but missed. You should see the booty. They got enough booghour and bread to feed the refugees for several days, ~~for~~ and the refugees are cooking it up now. I have a Turkish dagger for a souvenir. I don't know why the Turks left such a thing behind.

We don't have any news from the outside world now. All wires are out. For all we know, Aintab and all the surrounding country is suffering the same thing we are. The French sent out two Armenians this morning disguised as Turkish gendarmes in an effort to get word to Islahie or ~~to~~ Aleppo. The reports this morning from a number of sources are that all the Armenians in three wards of the city have been killed. We don't know how true this is.

Artillery fire just began. I hope they are shelling the city. Several houses are burning already in the city. Must stop now.

Sunday, Jan. 25. This is a rainy Sunday morning, but rain doesn't seem to stop either war or fire. Machine guns and rifles have been making more racket than usual, and a French "75" just put three shells thru the dome of the biggest mosque in town. The top of the dome was blown as high as the minaret. For a moment there was silence, then cries of "Allah, Allah" could be heard as the Moslems fled. The mosque was being used as a fort by the Turks. Just about the same time the mosque was shelled, a large number of Turkish reinforcements came running thru a street from near the edge of the city. Machine guns all over the city open up, but we couldn't see any Turks drop.

Yesterday afternoon the French began shelling the city on a bigger scale than they had faced so far. Just as I stopped writing it began, a continual bombardment of Turkish positions. We all ran for the balcony and were just in time to see shell after shell go thru the roof of the stone house from which two people in our hospital had been shot. Turkish trenches in front of the French barracks got a good sprinkling of shells, and also a number of other places in the Turkish quarters. Fires began to spring up all over the city, some of them Armenian houses and some Turkish. After dark the whole city was lighted up by the big blazes. Aintab people can surely see the reflection in the sky.

The French Colonel and the Major were over for tea in the afternoon. They are sending five Armenians disguised as Turkish gendarmes to Islahi to ask for reinforcements. The Major borrowed Snyder's German rifle for one of the men to make the disguise complete, and gave him a French magazine rifle in exchange. One of the officers said that from certain signals which had been observed, it was thought that Captain Fontaine was outside the city with guns and men.

Miss Blakely and Miss Lied, the two missionaries who were caught out in the city when the fighting began on Wednesday, were still out, and probably in danger should massacre or fire begin. From what certain refugees at the hospital had said, it was possible that they were in the house ~~the~~ next to the one the French had shelled so vigorously. Snyder

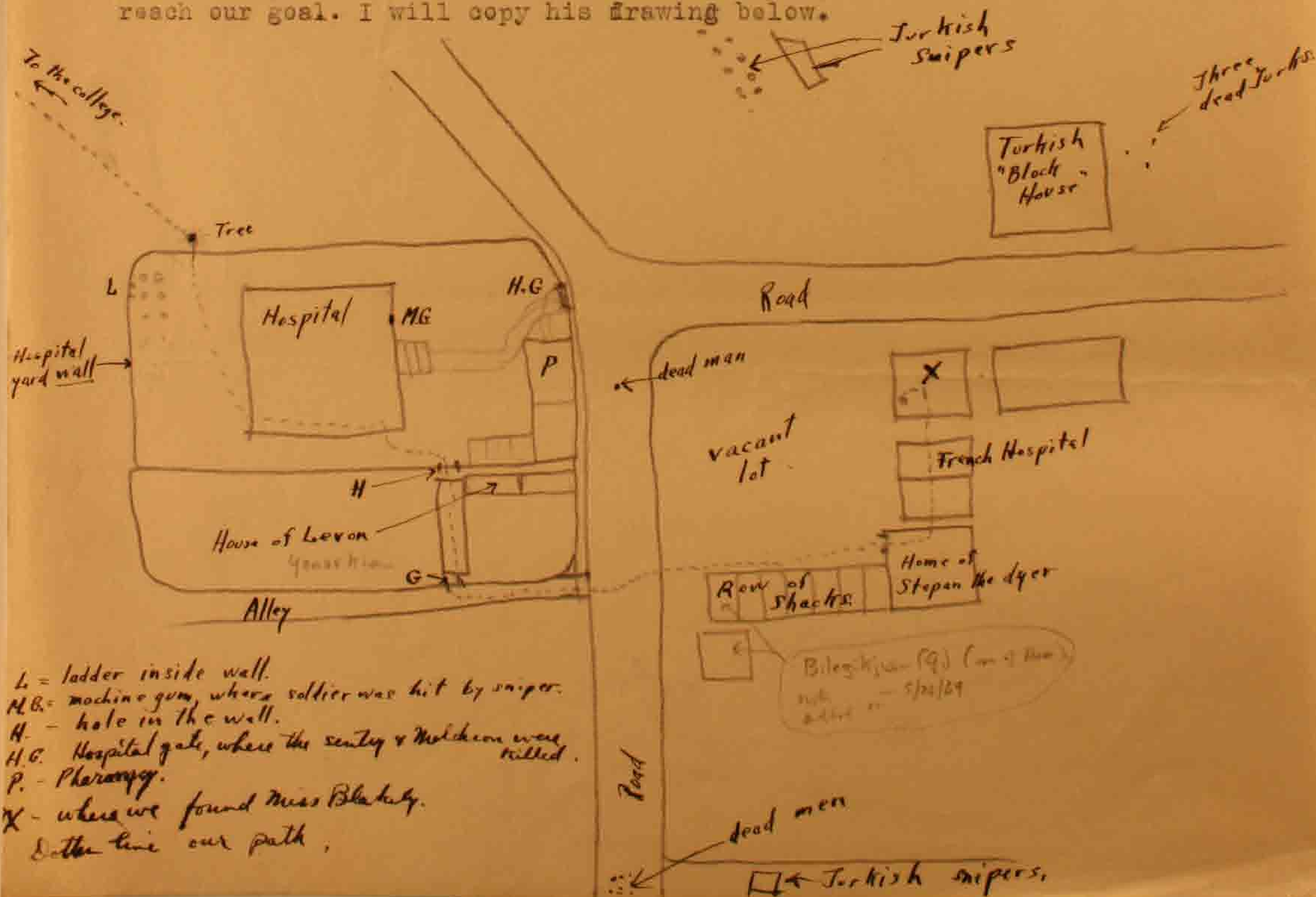


11.

AND I were itching for a little adventure anyhow, so decided to go out after dark to look for the two women. Besides, Dr. Wilson needed supplies from the hospital, and the hospital needed milk. The Major promised to give us a Moroccan soldier for the excursion, so that if we were challenged by any French he could answer.

The big fires all over the city soon convinced us that it wasn't going to be very dark. However, we got two sacks full of canned milk for the hospital and started out from the lower gate of the college compound. Our escort answered the challenge of French sentries along the road. We reached the rear wall of the hospital yard in a few minutes without drawing any shots, and in a few minutes more had climbed the little tree near the wall and dropped into the yard. Dr. Elliott and Mrs. Power were glad to see us and to get the milk. The bombardment during the afternoon had frightened all the patients, as the house the French shelled was less than a hundred yards away. After the shelling, one of the old Armenian men who works around the place went to an upper window to see what damage had been done by the shells. But snipers were still hidden in the basement of the house and a bullet crashed thru the window and killed old Meloren as he looked out. This was the third casualty in our hospital from that same Turkish house.

After leaving with Dr. Elliott a list of the medical supplies to be prepared for Dr. Wilson, Snyder and I proceeded to our search for the missionaries. The Armenian pharmacist first led us thru a hole in the wall to the house of an Armenian near by. This man was the interpreter for the French Administrative Commandant, but had disappeared since the fight began. Knocking lightly on a cellar door, we finally obtained a response from within, but the Armenian feared treachery and would not admit us for some time. This man, named Levon, was living in the lower part of the house with his family, all the windows and doors barricaded. After telling Levon our errand he placed a light on the floor and mapped out a plan for us to reach our goal. I will copy his drawing below.



12.

The plan made our task very simple, for now we knew which places were safe, and which places must be passed quickly. After leaving Levon we passed quietly down the alley, across the road to the door of a house where Stepan, the dyer for our cloth making establishment lives. From here there were passages from cellar to cellar to the house on the corner. Here we found Miss Lied and Miss Blakely, who perfectly comfortable among their Armenian friends, but more than willing to get back to their own home, altho Miss Blakely had misgivings about how safe the trip would be. Not more than half an hour later they were back in the college. We stopped at the hospital on the way home and got the medical supplies for Dr. Wilson, then climbed the wall and had no trouble except from a dog whose barking must have notified all the Turks within half a mile that we were coming.

Everybody was tired enough to go to bed soon after we reached home. But first we had a bite to eat, then viewed the burning city from the balcony. The French had fired a whole Turkish quarter, and Turks had fired an Armenian section. All the Armenians from the section the French burned were first brought in to the college yard by Lieut. Coonry—about 150 of them. Then Coonry and his men set fire to the shacks with kerosene soaked rags. This is the only kind of war the Turks appreciate.

During the afternoon I had been out in the yard when a perfect hail of bullets from a machine gun cut thru the trees over head, and struck all around me. I made a bee line for the house, and then six more volleys came, many bullets hitting the walls of Beitel orphanage and sweeping our yard. The French say it is a German machine gun in the hands of the Turks. I didn't realize until this morning that my bed is in direct line of this gun. This morning I found that Dr. and Mrs. Wilson had been awakened by bullets striking the wall of their room close to the bed so they had to come down stairs and sleep on the floor. The front window is broken and the little balcony where we stood many times has several holes in the sides, while several bullets were found lying around.

Beitschallum orphanage was attacked by the Turks this morning. Turks were seen collecting in a graveyard behind the buildings and finally made an attack. But the rattle of machine guns all over the city soon discouraged the Turks, as the attack lasted only about five minutes.

Frere Alexis sent a messenger from Ebenezer orphanage to the college stating the conditions there. As the woman was returning with an answer she was hit in the chest and killed. This bullet came from the Moslem quarter just below our house, which the French thought they had cleaned out. Moroccans will probably make another raid on the place tonight.

There are over a thousand refugees in the college yard now, whom we have to feed. The food supply is almost gone. One hundred and twenty Armenians came into Ebenezer orphanage last night from a quarter in which all other Armenians have been massacred. The longer this thing lasts the fewer Armenians will be left. The French policy so far seems to have been to let the Turks shoot until they get tired or run out of ammunition. The French are protecting themselves very nicely, but no protection is being given the Armenians. All the burden of feeding and caring for the refugees in our compounds is on the missionaries and the A.C.R.N.E. The French even had to put their animals in the college yard, with some soldiers, which now draws the Turk fire. One woman has been hit already, while standing in the yard, and no one to care for her baby.

The news these Armenians bring as they arrive at night from various quarters of the city is terrible. Out of the three men employed in this little compound where I am now, two now know that their homes have been burned and all their families slaughtered. Samuel, the gatekeeper heard that his children had their heads dashed against a wall. Boghas, our buyer knows now that his wife, three sons and daughter are

dead. One of the teachers from our orphanage on the other side of the city, (Beitschallum) is here in our yard. He was one of the five Armenians who ran the gauntlet of the Turks back of this house. When the fight began he was neither home nor in Beitschallum, but was caught in a quarter called Kumbet. Some of the Armenian men here had rifles, but after the second day they were compelled to run as the Turks made an attack. He tells me that out of about two hundred ~~xxxx~~ who ran only he and five others got away. He saw with his own eyes the Turks killing the women and children with knives. Refugees from every quarter come in with the same story. If my life and property depended on the protection of the French I would say good bye right away. An American army would have cleaned out this town of Turks in one day instead of staying in a walled compound looking out for themselves. Armenians in houses kept off the Turks for three days, and when their ammunition gave out were all butchered, just because the French are too inefficient or weak or else because they don't give a ~~hang~~ hang what happens to the Armenians. Personally I'm absolutely disgusted with them.

Monday, Jan. 26. Noon.

Last night was another night of burning and bombing. Fifteen French soldiers passed thru this yard after dark followed by a number of Armenians with picks and axes. ~~xxx~~. Following them I found they were on a raid. From the window of a house bordering the Turkish quarter I could see the flash of grenade explosions as the raiding party first made sure no Turks were lurking in the houses. Then the Armenians came with big sacks of grain and all sorts of winter food supplies and deposited them in a safe place. Three men came pushing a cow along. All sorts of loot was being brought from the deserted Turkish houses to help feed the refugees. As soon as a house was emptied it was fired by men carrying kerosene soaked cloths. Even this morning dozens of houses were still smouldering ~~xx~~ and others just beginning to burn. The looting proceeded this morning, and such sights as a Moroccan darkie carrying home a banjo and the French colonel with a load of rugs were seen.

The Armenians are rejoicing to see the Turks get a taste of their own kind of warfare. But still the massacring goes on, and the French admit they are powerless to stop it. They are waiting for reinforcements and big guns. They say they haven't enough soldiers to systematically clean out the Turks from house to house. I believe the French have all together about two thousand soldiers. The Turks probably have many more than that. This morning the Turks sent an ultimatum to the French commander, demanding that he surrender and turn over all rifles and cannon. If he would do this the Turks promised to treat them as the guests of the city. This shows how the Turks regard the outcome of the first weeks fighting. They are far from being defeated. The Turks have the advantage that they can run into the hills when they are beaten and avoid punishment, while the French are surrounded.

Snyder and I just returned from the French Headquarters from a visit to the commandant, to whom we bore a plea from some Armenian refugees here to send soldiers to a house in the Turkish quarter where 200 Armenians ~~were~~ are hiding. The Major promised to find out if this were possible, and will let us know before dark. If possible, he will send soldiers with the guide we knew of.

No one need say that the Armenians imagine massacres are going on. I just came from the emergency hospital, where Dr. Wilson was dressing the wounds of Armenian children and women. One little girl has a bullet hole right thru the side of the head, brains oozing out both holes, and yet alive and conscious. She was crying about gendarmes, knives, bandits, etc. All her family is gone, but she escaped. An old woman in the hospital has a piece of flesh as big as a pint bottle knocked out of her arm by a dum-dum. Only a few of the wounded Armenians ever reach our compound, and of course we don't see anything of those killed.

The missionaries all say that Marash has never before seen such terrible scenes, even during the war.

Jan. 27. 2PM.

This is the sixteenth day of the battle, and still not over. There is very little firing, but only because everyone has learned to keep under cover. No news of reinforcements. Perhaps the five couriers never reached Islahie. The Armenians ~~are~~ have all lost hope, as they see the French unable to protect them. The French admit their forces are not strong enough to do more than sit tight and wear out the Turks. The Turks are far from worn out, judging by the ultimatums they now send to the French commandant. This morning again they demanded that the French abandon all arms and munitions and surrender, or every Turk would attack. About a week ago the French made similar proclamations and the Turks called their bluff. The French threatened to burn the city and to destroy it with shell fire in an hour, but the Turks now realize they can't do it.

Last night's excursion to rescue the house full of Armenians was never made. In the evening the Major sent over word that he would let me have three soldiers at midnight-- as though it was some errand of mine, not theirs. He had the idea that I wanted to get some friends to safety. However I was willing enough to try it, and went to Stepan, a Moslem convert who had volunteered to lead the way, and asked if he would be ready at midnight. But other news had just come in. It was too late. The Turks had surrounded the house and promised the Armenians protection if they would surrender. They did so, and you can imagine the rest. The men were tied and shot, then the women and children were killed with axes. A few escaped.

I went over to the little hospital where Dr. Wilson treats the wounds of soldiers and wounded Armenians. On the rough board table used for operating a young woman was lying, waiting to have her knee dressed. It was shattered by a Turkish bullet. One or two questions soon made it certain that she had been one of those in the house of Dr. Hatcher, where we were to have gone at midnight. In a few words she told just what had happened, as I told above. As the Moslems were butchering she and one or two others ran towards the French trenches, the Turks in another trench opening fire as they ran. Her friend, a teacher in the Girl's College was struck in the head, a little girl and a boy were killed, she was hit in the knee, and another little girl, now ~~is~~ sitting in the operating room, was wounded in the hand and thru the thigh. As she was telling these things another woman was groaning on a stretcher in the corner. She was the wife of the pastor of the 3rd Church. She had seven knife wounds and a bullet wound. In addition to this she had fallen in the ditch between the French and Turkish trenches when she ran from the house, and had lain in the water in the ditch for several hours. And she was pregnant. Her husband is one of the finest Armenians I have met. Snyder and I found him in a house near where we found Miss Blakely a few nights ago.

Every hour this battle continues just such things are going on. Do you wonder that the Armenians have lost hope? Even the refugees in our compounds with the French right here are pessimistic as to the outcome, because they know the persistence of the Turks, while the French only call this "zee leetle war". And yet they admit "We can do nozing for zee moment." If the facts of the past week haven't put a crimp in any plans for a French occupation of this country I am disappointed. America isn't free from blame for this either. If she had declared herself with regard to the mandatory of this country long ago the peace treaty with Turkey would have been signed by this time. The Turks once having signed a treaty would be less apt to start fresh trouble. Mustapha Kemal the leader of the Nationalist Turk party threatened just this sort of a thing. ~~and~~ He said that if a foreign power occupied Turkey "painful events would follow, which would affect two continents." I don't know how America and Europe view what is happening here, but if Armenia is not freed from the rule of the Turk very soon the Allied nations will surely be much to blame.

Jan. 28. 9PM. Today has been comparatively quiet. Now and then a machine gun starts off, or the Turks make a little attack and a lively skirmish takes place. This evening they came back into the burned houses back of this house and for a few minutes there was an exciting engagement. The Turks had come fairly strong if one could judge from the crack of their Mausers. The report of the French rifles is much different from the Turk's, the latter having a sharp report more like a pistol. About five oclock this afternoon the French shelled another Turkish house and made some pretty hits. The fires in various parts of the city have died down and only a few new ones began today.

Snyder and I went down into the city last night to bring up an Armenian pastor from a house not far from our hospital. His wife had been brought in with seven stabs and three wounds from a broken bullet. She had been in the house where the Moslems butchered the women and children. Her two little children were both killed. The pastor when he heard this news almost went crazy, and people hardly recognize him now. Dr. Wilson operated on his wife this morning. The knife had cut into the liver, and her condition is very serious.

is very serious.

As Snyder and I are the only youngsters here we have to have a little excitement every night, and when nothing else turns up we go down to the hospital. The French have dug a tunnel under the college gate and from there a trench leads to the hospital wall. Instead of climbing the tree to get over we now can crawl thru a hole in the wall. A dead horse lying along the trench is evidence that the Turk snipers are still on the job. Every trip we make is of course for medicine or supplies for the emergency hospital here.

Jan. 29. 11PM. This is the ninth day of the siege of Marash, for it surely has become a siege. Altho the boom of big guns can be heard in the distance and shows that help is coming, the Turks still keep firing, and still make their evening attack between six and seven.

Last night the French sent sixteen soldiers with an officer and two Armenian guides to rescue a large number of Armenians who had taken refuge in a church. The place was surrounded by Turks and the Armenians were in danger of massacre. The men returned without the Armenians, reporting that there were Turks between them and the church, and that they could not pass. They had not even attacked the Turks or fired a shot. Lieut. Coenry nearly killed the officer, who came back and reported that he had not accomplished what he had been sent to do.

I spent part of ~~the~~ ~~this~~ morning trying to locate a sniper, and as I couldn't find him, turned my attention to Turks in another direction. All I can say here is that the Turks found a certain locality an unhealthy spot. In the afternoon all the Americans gathered at the college to discuss what to do in the event that the Turks overpowered the French. We decided that if the French evacuated and tried to cut their way out of Marash, the Americans would stay, unless there was nothing to stay for, in the way of orphans and refugees. But if the French remained and were overpowered the plan was to put up all the fight that was in us. This whole meeting was the most senseless thing imaginable, as there is no doubt of the ability of the French to hold off the Turks for a month. Besides it must have made the women so nervous that they couldn't sleep. Most of the women haven't been sleeping with clothes on anyhow. Dr. and Mrs. Wilson packed up ~~today~~ and moved to the college as a safer place, which leaves Dr. Crathern, Snyder and me here to keep house.

Badvelli Solakian's wife died in the afternoon. We just buried her over in the seminary yard beside the French embankments and cannon. I think this is one of the most terrible stories that could be told. This man is one of the most brilliant of the Armenians, and most people say the finest Armenian they have met. He had come thru the war and deportations and had not lost his wife, and now had two children, one five years old, the other only one year. So when Snyder

16.

When this trouble started he was not with his family. Snyder and I had found him in a house near the hospital, but no one knew where the mother and children were, so you can imagine his anxiety for them. Then one night the mother was carried into our little hospital with seven knife wounds and three wounds from Turkish bullets. We made another trip into the city for her husband, and the moment we entered the house he seemed to know we had come for him. Neither Snyder nor I knew anything about his children and could only tell him his wife was wounded and wanted him. She was giving premature birth to another child when he arrived, but told him her awful story. The Turks had surrounded the house where she and a hundred others had taken refuge, all of them ~~among~~ the finest of the Armenians in Marash. When the Turks entered they told refugees not to be afraid, that they were fighting the French, not Armenians. But they asked the men to go outside, where they shot them. As other Turks came in with knives and axes all who could fled. Solakian's wife had run out carrying her one year old baby, while her sister ran with the other child. The mother had been stabbed repeatedly as she ran from the house, and when they came to a deep ditch she was unable to cross. She fell and lay in the water, while the sister, a teacher in the college, ran on to the French trenches-- but Turkish bullets killed her and the little girl with her before she reached safety. The mother was still lying in the ditch, when a Turk crawling along found her with the baby. Thinking she would die he left her but killed her baby with his knife. Can you think of anything a Turk couldn't do?

When night came the woman managed to crawl to the French trenches, where soldiers found her and carried her to the hospital. This is the story she told her husband. Dr. Wilson operated on her, but today she died. None of those who were at the grave in the moonlight could leave without knowing more of Armenia's sorrow as they saw the grief of that one man, now left with ~~with~~ absolutely nothing in the world. It was hard to take him away from that grave beside the trenches.

Jan. 30.

No reinforcements yet. The boom of cannon in the distance shows however that the French are fighting between here and Islahie. Here in the city only occasional shots are heard, except between six and seven, when the Turks usually try to capture the house below this one.

Today two men were shot at the gate of the college, where we leave the college on our way to the hospital every night. Two children in Acorne orphanage were shot also while playing inside the building. One bullet made four wounds. It struck the smallest girl, about four years old, tearing a hole in a finger, then passing thru the side of her head fracturing the skull, then grazed her neck and went on to the other girl, going right thru the flesh of her thigh. These Turks are just baby killers.

Jan. 31.

This morning when we came to breakfast a Zeitoon Armenian was waiting to see Dr. Wilson. Perhaps you never heard of Zeitoon, but over here the word means something. The Zeitoon people are noted for their bravery. In 1895 the Turks were having a massacre, but in Zeitoon the Armenians turned the tables and while the men were out fighting Turks who had surrounded the city the Zeitoon women captured the Gendarmie in the city, bound the Turks and threw 300 of them over a bridge into a gorge. In this last war the Zeitooners took to the mountains and kept off whole armies of Turks sent to capture them. They make their own rifles.

So when this man appeared in his mountain dress, rows of cartridges lining his coat, and told us that he and eight other Armenians had just come in from Zeitoon everyone was interested. They had come for ammunition, rifles and men to help protect Zeitoon, which was surrounded by brigands. Naturally he had known nothing of the trouble in Marash until he and his men approached the city from the mountain and came to the French trenches. On the way thru the mountains they had avoided the Turks by traveling at night. They had had several engagements however with small bands of Turks.

The villagers from all around Zeitoon had fled to Zeitoon, so apparently the Turks were massacring in the villages. These men intended to go right back as soon as they got ammunition and rifles, not to merely stand off the Turks, but to go out in the hills and chase them away.

While this man was calling on us the others were over talking to the French general asking for the rifles and cartridges. When he refused they even threatened him, so he had them locked up for an hour and a half, then reconsidered and let them go, giving them what they had asked for. To show their appreciation the nine men went right out and attacked a Turkish quarter, burned several houses and killed nine Turks. In doing so two of them were wounded. Then again ~~they~~ they made another raid tonight. We haven't heard the result yet. The Turks all over the country fear the Zeito men.

Today things have been going on as usual. The French shelled a lot of houses this evening. Five of the refugees in the college yard were wounded during the day. While I stood talking to Miss Blakely in the doorway of the College a bullet struck the porch a few feet away. The bullets were coming from a house near the hospital, so the French shelled it.

The food proposition is a serious one. The Dr. appointed me Herbert Hoover, so today Snyder and I rationed out our supplies for a two month siege. We have plenty of wheat, and it is being ground in little stone hand mills, one stone about ~~1/2~~ a foot in diameter turning on another flat stone the same size. From the ground wheat a sort of soup is made. The French gave us two cows which they captured from the Turks, so the ground ~~wheat together with the meat makes enough stew for one meal a day for the 1000 refugees in our compound. They get only one meal a day. We have some canned milk, which is rationed out to babies and nursing mothers. In the store room are a few cases of tomatoes, some chocolate, tea, and malted milk, and lots of soap. The refugees are allowed one case of soap a week.~~ wheat together with the meat makes enough stew for one meal a day for the 1000 refugees in our compound. They get only one meal a day. We have some canned milk, which is rationed out to babies and nursing mothers. In the store room are a few cases of tomatoes, some chocolate, tea, and malted milk, and lots of soap. The refugees are allowed one case of soap a week.

Miss Buckley has always lived in Beitschallum orphanage, where she is in charge. This is our largest orphanage. There are about 400 orphans living there. The girls' rescue home is nearby. Both these institutions are on the other side of the city in a Moslem quarter, so we have no communication with them. There are soldiers quartered in Beitschallum, so we don't fear for it, but the Armenian girls in the Rescue Home are very likely all taken by the Turks by this time. The food supply at Beitschallum must have been exhausted long ago, as the winter supplies were very short before the fighting began. None of us envy Miss Buckley.

Dr. Wilson has been trying to get someone to go to Aintab to carry the news of our siege and to hasten reinforcements. But the trip means almost sure death if the messenger is caught by Turks, so no one has been found. It is not safe to try the auto again, since the Bridge over the Ak Su has probably been destroyed or is in the hands of Turks.

Feb. 1st. Last night a letter came to Dr. Wilson from a house near the Hospital, just behind the one where we had found Miss Blakely and Miss Lied some time ago. The letter told of the danger the house was in, and asked for help from the French. The Turks had tried to enter the night before, and had thrown several bombs in, but nobody had been hurt. This morning we could see from the balcony that the house had been burned during the night. Dr. Wilson had forwarded the note to the French commander, but apparently no help had been sent.

The Turks attacked just below this house this morning before dawn. The crack of rifles woke me, and was not very reassuring, because the reports were all those of Turkish rifles. A French rifle finally sang out, and a machine gun started up, so with the French on the job again the whistle of Turkish

18.

whistle of Turkish bullets over the house didn't cause much loss of sleep. The attack didn't last long after the machine gun opened fire.

The Turks have a cannon. This became known today when a shell crashed thru the roof of the French barracks and knocked a soldier's belt off without injuring anybody. The shell came from the mountain behind us.

Feb. 2nd. Apparently the Turkish gunner is a good shot, but has rather poor shells. A shell came thru the roof of our little hospital where the French wounded are dressed, and exploded in the attic without doing much damage. A boy was sleeping there but didn't stay long. The shell is a three inch Turkish, and instead of exploding properly the end blew off. Another shell came thru the roof of the French headquarters where the general and his staff stay. Luckily this did no more damage than the others.

This evening the Turks and French had a rather sharp engagement. During the morning bullets had been hitting mules in the college yard, and even coming into the rooms of the college. Six entered Miss Hardy's room. A number missed me by not more than a yard or two. Apparently most of the bullets came from our old enemy the "block house" across from the hospital. The French had shelled this several times, but the Turks always come back. So this evening while the French were shelling a mosque full of Turks some soldiers threw a number of balls soaked in kerosene on the roof of the block house. As the flames caught and the Turks saw their doom they let loose all the ammunition they could, sending most of their bullets at our hospital. At the same time all over the city the Turks began firing. Bullets just sized around this yard. Snyder and Dr. Crathern and I had to come home thru this hail. Bullet marks were thick on all our houses, inside and out. One entered Mr. Lyman's bedroom, one made a hole in our front door, but none of us had our names on the bullets.

Feb. 4th. This business of writing a line a day is probably as much bother at this end as monotonous at your end. When I started I supposed this "war" would last about two days, but here I am on my 18th page and no end in sight yet. So I'll have to cut my story short. The battle continues as usual, with not much news. The Zeiteon men returned to help drive the Turks from their territory. Perhaps you will see in the papers some day a telegram from Marash to the outside world with the following message: "Situation in Marash ~~extremely desperate~~ extremely desperate. Reign of terror in city since Jan. 21. Hundreds of men, women and children massacred daily. No power to stop this as French are distinctly on defensive, forces and munitions inadequate. Americans have little hope if French are overpowered as soldiers defend from our property. No assurance of help as large forces bar all roads. Leave nothing undone to relieve situation as lives of all Christians are seriously threatened. Our auto and flag fired on repeatedly Jan. 20. Our institutions under fire and many refugees and orphans wounded. Food short. Notify Arnold and Bristol." Two of these Zeiteon men each carried this message, promising to carry it from Zeiteon across the mountain pass to Hadjin, a journey of seven days from here. At Hadjin there is a telegraph, and an ACRNE unit, so we hoped to get word in this way to the American consul at Aleppo. The men carried a draft payable at Hadjin as an inducement to carry the message. As they left us they said in Turkish "Till death" and said if they couldn't take the

letter no human being could.

Yesterday we had a good piece of luck. An Armenian had eight Kantars (2½ tons) of rice, and wanted to sell, since the Turks might take it for nothing. So Snyder and I gathered twelve husky refugees together after dark and marched them thru the French trenches to the Hospital, where the Armenian had delivered the rice. It took several hours to bring half of it to the college, so tonight we will get the rest of it. This was a great find, as the food question is a serious one. But now with rice and wheat we can get along for a while. I had my first mule steak this evening for dinner, but didn't know it was mule till after it was down. It is very good, but not as nice as beef-steak. All the cows captured from the Turk have been eaten, so everybody dines on French horses and mules. They always use the wounded ones first. These animals are all slowly starving to death as there is nothing for them to eat. They eat tree stumps, firewood, or anything they can chew. Many are so weak they can't stand up, and a few die every day.

There was one piece of very good news today. Captain Fontaine is on the outskirts of the city with threehundred soldiers. He had left here for Islahie several days before the trouble started, but had to return on account of large numbers of Turks cutting off his road. Returning to Marash he found it impossible to enter the city, but sent a messenger at night to headquarters to report his arrival. On the road here he captured a Turkish village and found in it many of the French supply wagons with large stores of food which the Turks had captured on the 20th of Jan. They took what they could carry and burned the rest so the Turks wouldn't benefit by it.

An Armenian who escaped from the city and came to the college a few days ago was in this afternoon to tell some of the things he had seen. He is a graduate of Amherst college. According to his stories the Turks have already massacred thousands of the Armenians in Marash. He told of one house full of Armenians who were obliged to surrender to the Turks. The men were separated from the women and children, and taken three at a time to a hollow quite near here, where the Turks had dug a pit six feet deep. About thirty Turks were here, and as the Armenians were pushed into the pit they were bayoneted. In one group of three Armenians was a young fellow who decided to try to escape. When his turn came he asked to be shot, as a favor, since many of the Turks present were acquaintances. They said, "Are you worth a bullet?" Seeing he had no chance for a quick death he made a dash for the edge of the crowd and up the street. About a hundred shots were fired but only one hit him, so he escaped around a corner with only a wound in the arm. He came to the hospital here and told his story.

Another very interesting account was that of the son of Dr. Poladian who is also here in the hospital with a wound. He and about five others had been taken by the Turks and tied together by the waist. Two gendarmes were given the task of taking them to the edge of the city and killing them. They shot the first man, then stopped to search the others before killing them. As one of the gendarmes was searching young Poladian, the boy said "I have nothing", and opened his shirt, drawing a knife he had hidden there. He plunged this into the Turk, cut the rope, snatched the Turk's rifle and with it shot the other gendarme. He then cut the ropes which bound the other men and all escaped. I call that pretty good work.

This evening an Armenian girl was carried into the hospital with a bullet thru her abdomen. She had stepped into her front yard to get some wood, when a Turk shot her. Dr. Wilson will operate on her tonight. This war wouldn't be so horrible if only soldiers were shot. But when children and

girls have to suffer it makes a difference. Most of the Americans here are very particular about being neutral, and that is probably the best way, but personally I can't feel neutral when the Turks are killing the people we came over to help, and even shoot into our hospital and orphanages. It seems to me this is direct war on American interests, and when they repeatedly fire on our flag I feel justified in shooting any Turk who shows himself. However since the others don't look at it that way I promised not to use arms unless a direct attack is made.

Feb. 5th. I think a 20 page letter is entirely too long, so this is the last page for this one. Anyway it will be better to seal this up ready for delivery so that in case a sudden opportunity comes it will be ready to go.

I just came back from the hospital after a rather busy evening and a warm one. The Turks made the fiercest attack so far while Snyder and I were at the hospital. The hospital seemed to be the object of their wrath, judging from the music in the air. We were caught outside the building when it began and appreciated it all the more. It was just before the moon rose, and apparently all arranged beforehand, for the battle began all around at the same moment. In half an hour it was over, with no casualties in our building. The Turks apparently shoot at houses, but are afraid to come over the wall as long as there is any show of resistance.

Our trip to the hospital had been for two purposes; one was to show a French officer what electrical equipment we had which could be used for signaling. After Snyder charged up his storage batteries with the Delco engine the officer decided to take a four cell battery and a Tungsten lamp, with which he could signal at night with the Morse code. Our other errand was to deliver a letter to ~~the~~ be forwarded to the Turkish governor. In the morning Dr. Wilson, Dr. Crather and Mr. Lyman had had an interview with the Turkish prisoners in the French headquarters, all of them government officials. As a result a letter had been written offering the services of the Americans as mediators whenever the Turks were ready to talk terms. The plan was to have the letter taken to the nearest Turkish house under a white flag. From here it would be sent to the leader of the Turks.

During the evening I was obliged to make two trips to the hospital, the second one to escort three sick Armenians from the college to the hospital. Right here I learned something. One woman had hardly anything on, and as she was sick I loaned her my coat before we entered the trench. When we finally arrived at the other end, after having been fired at a number of times, with no more protection than the knee deep trench, I examined my coat and found my first cooties, four of them. Never again. These lousy people will have to be cold before I lend any more clothing. A good dose of Keatings over night will fix the coat all right.

When I came home a little while ago I learned that there had been a casualty in our own house during the fierce attack the Turks had made. A bullet had come thru the frame of the front door, glanced from the stone wall and struck one of the servants, a fine girl twenty years old, breking her back just below the shoulders. She is paralysed now and in great pain. Dr. Wilson will operate in the morning to see if the injury can be repaired, but there is little hope. This has upset our household more than anything which has occurred so far.

One of our orphanages, Beitschallum, was attacked this P.M. and the Turks succeeded in setting fire to it. But the fire was put out, and from all we could see from here the attack was defeated.

I must close. We all hope that none of the folks at home know of our predicament until it is over. Loads of love to all the family. Don't worry!

Will write another letter soon. Hope that

and you from Stanley