



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, breaking her back just below the shoulders. She is paralyzed 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 that 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.

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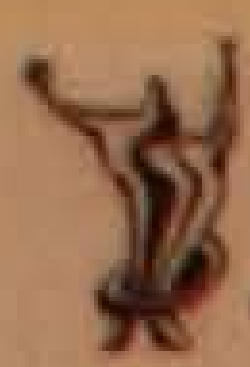
Marash, Turkey

Feb. 6, 1920

Dear Folks at Home;

Hurray! At last a French aeroplane has come. While I was still in bed this morning half asleep I heard the hum of an engine and yelled to Snyder "Here comes an aeroplane." In a moment there were shouts





from all over the city from all the Armenians and French, and a continual racket of rifle fire from the Turks. The biplane circled once over the city dropping papers, then sailed away to Islahie. The Turks kept up their rifle fire till the plane was out of range. So at last we can hope for reinforcements. After three weeks of siege with no news from the outside world, in constant danger from Turkish bullets and from fire, and knowing that the Turks were killing all the Armenians they caught in the city, we were naturally not any too optimistic about the outcome. The French too were rejoicing when the airship came, as the ammunition was none too plentiful, and food decidedly short. All of us have been eating horse and mule steaks for the last four days, and the Armenian refugees in our compounds, over 1100 of them, get only one small meal a day. So the coming of an aeroplane is a great thing for Marash. It was the cause of a comical scene here in the Wilson house. Dr. and Mrs. Wilson heard the shouts of Armenians outside, so the Dr. ran out to investigate, but Mrs. Wilson was still in bed. In a moment she thought the Turks must be massacring in our yard. Thinking the Dr. had escaped and was leaving her to her fate, she began screaming, but since she had a cold made rather a pitiful noise. I don't think she has forgiven her hubby yet for not coming back to tell her it was an aeroplane.

Again this afternoon another aeroplane arrived, circled over the city dropping papers, always under a sharp fire from the Turks, then went away to Islahie. Apparently the aeroplanes are watching the road and perhaps guarding French reinforcements on the way here. So far no one knows what the papers announced, as most of them fell in the Turkish quarters.

Dr. Wilson operated on the girl who was wounded in this house, and found the bullet in her spine. It had crushed the cord, so there is no hope for her recovery. Today Snyder blocked up our windows with sandbags, as a precaution against bullets. The room where H<sup>e</sup> and





I sleep is probably the most exposed, so two sandbags help to protect our beds. But a bullet from the front could get either of us nicely. But we can't complain if we get one now after all that have missed us. As Snyder says, we weren't raised to be targets for the Turks, considering how they have missed us.

The Turkish Mutaserif answered the letter in which Dr. & Crathern (the Y secretary stranded here), Dr. Wilson, and Mr. Lyman offered themselves as mediators. The translation was as follows; "I received your letter. We know what good work the Americans are doing in Turkey. But you have seen how the French have come and destroyed our villages and the peace of the country. This is not an affair of the local government, but a national issue. Any offers of peace must therefore go to the national leaders. We have not had a reply to the offer to the French some time ago," The letter he referred to was one in which the Turks told the French that if they surrendered in 48 hours and gave up all guns and ammunition, the Turks would treat them as guests of the city. Naturally the French didn't reply.

About a week ago Snyder discovered a spark coil among the instruments in the college physics department. One evening we took it to the hospital and tried it on the storage batteries. It only gave a half inch spark, too small to be of any use for wireless. But the French officer whom we had told about the coil came around this evening asking for it. We had already given him a four cell storage battery, so now he wanted to rig up a small wireless set to talk with the aeroplane or with approaching troops. So I made another trip thru the shallow trench. While there Dr. Elliott told me an amusing incident of the day. For three weeks the hospital had been under constant fire of the Turks, especially from three Turkish houses nearby. One of these the French shelled and burned, but the other two the French failed





to capture, altho they tried twice. So imagine the suprise of everyone when our quiet and unasuming pharmacist, Luther, reported that he had gone near enough to these two houses to "bawl out" the Turks inside for firing American hospitals. He told them it was not permitted, that America would not like it, and that Dr. Elliott and Mrs. Powers would be angry. It was even more funny when the Turks protested that they would not think of doing such a thing. Luther reminded them that in the Great War they were not permitted to fire on hospitals, and that if they continued to fire on ours it would go hard with them should the French capture them. So they took the scolding and promised to be good. Imagine this little man, an Armenian, doing this when the French admitted they could not capture the house. We all consider it a big joke.

Feb. 7. Good news comes in bunches these days. Today the best of all arrived in the form of reinforcements. At last "it" is in sight, and the whole city (not counting the Turks) is rejoicing. Early this morning Mr. Lyman came over ~~xxxx~~ wearing a broad grin, which means good news. Thru his glasses he had seen a cloud of dust along the road winding around the mountain from Ishahie. We ran over to his balcony and paid no attention to the few Turkish bullets which wistled by. All I could see was the cloud of dust. Then thru the glasses a flash was seen, and half a minute latter the ~~distant~~ thunder of cannon. A puff of smoke ~~xxxxxxxx~~ appeared high up on the mountain where French shrapnel was hunting out Turkish positions. The French were ~~hunting~~ surely coming. Two hours later troops were in sight in a long line from the ford of the Ak Su accross the plain to the <sup>straight</sup> road that leads to Marash. By three o'clock this afternoon the advance guard had reached a bridge four miles from the city, where we could see them leave the road and deploy in lines on both sides of the road. Two





cannons were set up and immediately began shelling a section of Marash which the French in the city had never been able to touch with either infantry or artillery, as this quarter was protected by a hill from any attack on this side. So we could not see what effect the shells from the guns on the plains were making. Soon, however, shells began to burst on the crest of the hill and Turks were flying in all directions. Now they were in full view of the artillery in the city which lost no time in starting up. All afternoon we have enjoyed watching the Turks trying to find places the shells could not strike.

This evening while I was making a trip to the hospital Snyder was assisting a French captain in communication with the French troops outside the city. He took one of the headlights from the auto and took it to the hill behind the barracks, where the light was connected to a battery and a telegraph key, so that the signals could be sent by a series of flashes. In order to attract the attention of the forces in the plain a cannon was fired while the light was flashed. Soon a signal flashed back. A long message was then flashed to the reinforcements. Perhaps tomorrow we will know or see the results.

Today news of course was mostly good, but two events were discouraging, to say the least. The first was the sight of our Rescue Home in flames. News first came that the Turks had killed all the girls, then fired the place. Think what this means. Eighty-five girls-Armenians whom A.C.R.N.E. workers had rescued from the Turks and Arabs since the armistice, at great danger, and who have been clothed, fed and sheltered by Americans and American money, and even brought to a point where they were almost self supporting, now butchered and their homes burned. If we could think that the Turks merely killed them the deed would be horrible enough. This is another direct insult to America. Add to this the fact that Turks fired on our flag repeatedly, and have ridiculed





our hospital with bullets, to say nothing of the burning of the mountain cottage belonging to the missionaries, and the burning of the ACRNE farm building this afternoon. We cannot complain of their attacks on one of our orphanages (Beitschallâm) because the French have sixty soldiers stationed there. The Turks succeeded in setting it afire twice but the place seems to be safe in the hands of the French.

Sunday Feb. 8. Today has not been what you might call a "peaceful Sabbath". During the last 12 days we have been besieged. Today the tables were turned. The Turks are surrounded and are fighting for their lives. During the night French troops crept up the hills on both sides of the city. Many Turks had escaped during the night but at dawn those trying to leave the city found French machine guns barring the way. Our reinforcements have brought with them some of the famous "Seventy fives". These have been in action all day as the new troops draw their lines closer and closer around the Turks. Turkish snipers in the city and several sets of gendarmes entrenched in the outskirts of the town made things hot for the advancing troops. I was over by the gun emplacement in the compound next door watching the battle when several puffs of smoke were seen at the top of two minarets of mosques. The artillery officer got after these snipers at once, but apparently the minarets were much better built than he realized, for three shells which landed against the tower had absolutely no effect, and the Turks continued to shoot from the top. The story was quite different in the case of a white house containing some Turks. A shell went thru the front door and exploded inside. There was no more sniping from there.

Marash, Turkey.

Feb. 12, 1920

Dear Folks at Home;

It looks as if I was going to be disappointed. It