



May 9, 1919.

Still in the box car. Just cooked our supper & washed the dishes, so might as well write another about what happened today. Snyder and I hiked to the top of one of the mountains today - or as near the top as you can get without ropes. I have more respect for mountain climbers now. The one we tackled is a huge limestone cliff, the top somewhere between a mile and a mile & a half above sea level. It rained and hailed about every half hour as we had to crawl in caves or put up a poncho for a shelter, but finally got as high as we could. Even then there was a straight base cliff towering over us. You get a wonderful view of the mountains from the top, and which made it worth while climbing as far as we did. We found several caves and in one we got a lot of stalactites and stalagmites. Some animals apparently lived there but we didn't see them. Coming home in the evening we used the bed of a dried up stream for our path and had a mighty swift descent. In one place we slid down a smooth 30 ft. rock where there had been a waterfall. The whole slope was about 60° as you can imagine what a job we had. Got some fine pictures, had plenty of exercise, & a good dinner under our poncho while it hailed.

Tomorrow we are supposed to go on to Adana. If we stay there long I'll run down to Tarsus & see Mr. Melkongan. The village people are having some sort of a "party" tonight. We can hear a drum and some mighty weird music. This is a real interesting place. They are building a bridge over the Zohabiyat River here, & are still working on the big tunnel. Crossing over the River today we nearly had a spill. We crossed on a small plank bridge & one plank floated away and I stepped on it, so I just missed a ducking. Well, must close & go to bed now. I'll mail this with the Beirut R.T.S. in the morning. Love to all, from Stanley.



THE ZORYAN INSTITUTE

Derindje, Asia Minor.
Mar. 23, 1919.

Dear Family,

I sort of forget, but think the last letter I wrote was on Mar. 10, & mailed at the ^{or British} French military post office. Just now I'm on the fifth floor of a ^{former} German grain-elevator at present our storehouse and dormitory. The fifth & sixth are the men's sleeping quarters, & the first four are jammed full of canned milk - canned beans - canned everything. This is a great place, situated about four miles from Ismid, near the end of the Gulf of Ismid, and right on the Bagdad railway. It isn't a town, but just a station, four big warehouses & two grain elevators, all being used now by the A. C. R. N. E. & the U. S. Food Administration. This is a U. S. Naval station, & we are under military organization. A naval lieut. is in command & the camp is guarded by American sailors & a number of Serbian soldiers. We are in a barbed wire enclosure & are not allowed outside without a guard, or else in parties if we are armed. There is a ~~Turk~~ camp of Turkish soldiers just outside, with heaps of ammunition & guns. The Germans concentrated troops here during the Gallipoli campaign.

All our supplies from America were landed here & stored in these warehouses, built by the Germans before the war, so we have made our head quarters here - even the women are here. We have very comfortable quarters, good American "canned" eats & a good American negro sailor cook. It begins to look as if we were at last getting near the real work. I came down here last Monday on a U. S. sub-chaser, after having spent about a week in Constantinople waiting for orders. Up there I lived



in a French sleeping car in the Istanbul railway station, & had a good chance to see points of interest in the city. It's a pretty dirty city, & I'll certainly be glad when I get to a town where they have sidewalks - and a sewage system.

Here at Derindje we have more comforts because we made them. It looks like real business to see stacks & stacks of canned foods, flour, machines, auto trucks, & everything under the sun piled up high in our warehouses. Several units have already been sent out - one to Samasoun on the Black Sea, one to Adana, & yesterday we finished loading a boat with supplies for a big party going to the Caucasus. They leave here tomorrow - 36 of them - under the direction of Dr. Usher, & will take a boat at Constantinople for Batum on the Black Sea coast. It has been quite a nightmare loading that boat. You'd have to look thru several warehouses for a box of safety pins or a barrel of plumbing supplies & then yell your head off at half a dozen Armenian "karnals" trying to carry a box that one American could carry. They want to carry everything on their backs. I've seen a man carry a piano on his back, but they haven't much strength in their arms. We've been awfully busy sorting supplies & recording their locations in the warehouses, & as soon as that is done it won't be so hard to get the other units off quickly. One goes to Smyrna this week, & I believe the Caesarea unit leaves after that. As far as I know I'm to go there.

This is one of the most beautiful places I've seen anywhere. I've seen the statement in more than one book that right here the scenery is hard to match anywhere. We are near the end of the Gulf of Amud, right on the water edge. A fact of one

of our crowd put on his bathing suit yesterday & dove out of the window into the water. Right across the gulf is a long line of mountains with little villages tucked in the corners of the valleys. These hills always look a sort of brownish or purple color, & the water is a deep blue-green. In the mornings we are up at six and see the sun rise over Sultan Dagh - otherwise known as Mt. Olympus here. It is still snow capped, & clouds usually float half way down its slopes - making a beautiful sight. The Turks have funny little boats with later sails out in the bay, fishing or trading, & they help to make a great little picture. If you get a hold of Schreiner's book on "Berlin to Bagdad" the chapter on Armenia describes this very section very well. We can see the German "Goeben" from here - the battleship that was in so many scraps for the Turks. It is down at the end of the bay at Samid, also a Russian man-of-war, several German U-boats (one which has sunk over thirty ships during the war) & a British battleship. The British are assembling a fleet here, & say it is to be ready for the Turks if they start anything when peace is signed - and most of them expect something.

We finished loading the boat for the Caucasus yesterday and in the afternoon took a trip to Samid. The crowd had three box cars, so lots of us rode on the roof in a hail of cinders. The country is very pretty & seems to be well cultivated - loads of cherry trees, farms, & flocks of sheep. Samid is a fairly large town. I bought some fish hooks, & took a stroll around, or rather up the town.

It is stuck on a hill, & from the top you can get a great view
of the harbor & the country. This is on the Bagdad railway
& it was right around here that the Germans concentrated
lots of Turkish troops. At our station at Derindje there are
several wrecked frames of cars & engines which the
British bombed. The Armenian section of the town
is just a mass of ruins. One Armenian boy said 1200
Armenians were killed ^{or deported} here.

Mail just going out unexpectedly
to Coast, ^{by Dr. Usher.} Love to all from
Stanley.

Mar 23

P.S. Have Keene & Co. make me a set of
rimmed glasses and mail to me, thru A.C.R.H. &
at New York, to Amer. Bible House, marked
"forward".

Dr. Usher just got a telegram to go to the city, &
the out chaser is going to take him up, so I'll
send this letter on.

Stanley.