

Constantinople April 6, 1919
~~Wednesday~~ [Sunday]

Dear Dad,

Your letter written on the 28th of Feb. arrived here two days ago, and one from Mirian Gumbt + one from Washington at the yesterday - both of those mailed on the 23rd Feb. That is the first mail I've had from anywhere since leaving New York. Your letter had a Paris postmark on it & wasn't censored, but the letter from Wash. was censored, & had only the Wash. stamp on it. It was certainly good to get mail, and especially from home. I'm glad the Committee is forwarding cablegrams to you, too. It's too bad Mother's arm doesn't improve more rapidly, but it will certainly come out all right. I was glad to hear all about Jack & Morris coming home - give them my regards & tell them to roll the old courts good & hard so I can play when I come back.

I haven't written any letters for a couple of weeks - the last one I wrote was from Derindje, Asia Minor. I'm just up here in Constant. for a few days on business, & go back to Derindje tomorrow morning by sub-chaser. We have been working hard down there straightening out the four warehouses - taking inventories and sorting out so we can find things when they are needed. That job was finished two days ago, and now the units will be sent out quickly. About 40 left for the Caucasus by way of the Black Sea a couple of weeks ago, under Dr. Walker. A unit goes to Smyrna probably tomorrow, one to Syria this week, & I don't know what next. One of our fellows leaves for Bulgaria this week for a little relief work for a few weeks. I had a chance to go to Smyrna but turned it down as it was not hot work. I expect to go out any time as

laboratory worker & general "machine" work. We have set up an "instructor" school to show each lab man how to run electric light plants, ice machines, gasoline motors, delousers, motorcycles, tractors, etc., so I'm learning all these and showing others how to run the ice machine, chlorinators, etc. We have a staff of three instructors, & I'm one of them for a while. The tractors are already at work around

Derunge, plowing & harrowing big sections so the natives can farm. We are also sending small relief parties on short trips to the villages nearby. Right across the gulf about a mile away are two or three deserted towns to which the Armenians are returning. 12,000 were deported from one of the towns, leaving only 15 old people in the place. We sent flour & foodstuffs over last week. All the men working for us are Armenians who had been deported. They are still afraid of the Turks & won't go out to plow. About 30 Armenians were massacred by the Turks near Aleppo a few weeks ago.

The work keeps us very busy, but we get good food & plenty of sleep, & have some time for recreation. The girls fixed up a library or club room last week secretly & surprised us all by inviting us to tea one afternoon. It is a really beautiful room - a section of the first floor of one of the grain elevators, decorated up with ivy & fixed up so you'd think you were in the mountain cabin of some wealthy New Yorker. This building is filled with Turkish war material, & the first two floors contain about ~~a~~ a million

empty sandbags which they say were intended for stopping up the Suez Canal. The girls got the Turkish sentries to move the bags out of one section & we use that for our club house. The sandbags make fine table covers & cushions when embroidered & some very artistic lampshades were made from them, too, for the electric lights. German ammunition wicker shell cases are used for plants. We have a piano too donated by one of the British battleships in the gulf. ~~Once~~

Once in a while we go fishing in the evening, but haven't caught anything. Some of the fellows have been out after wild boar, but no luck yet. One day when no one was armed they saw 5 wild boar. The commander won't allow any parties to go out unless under a guard, on account of bandits in the hills. I got a fine shotgun very cheap a couple of days ago for ducks & quail, & expect to make good use of it, as there are loads of ducks around.

Today two other fellows & I had a great trip up the Bosphorus to the Black Sea. We got a boat at 9.30, stopped at about twenty towns on the way up & arrived at Yellimand(?) at 12.30. From there we walked up a mountain and ~~to~~ a British officer let us go up to the fortifications guarding the Black Sea entrance to the Bosphorus. The scene was simply grand. ~~The~~ Indian troops are on duty there, but no one was guarding the forts on the top, so we roamed around the tunnels & dugouts & inspected the big Turk mortars, shells, etc., & had dinner on an ammunition wagon. I suppose this place had been bombarded



by the Russians a good many times. We were talking to some of the Indian troops, & they were very much surprised to hear we were Americans. They have wicked looking knives, & demonstrated how they used them on Turks & Germans. Had some Turk coffee & returned at 6 P.M. The round trip cost something like 15 cents. The last few days we have been inspecting the city - & by now have seen everything - old Roman cisterns underground, the old Genoese tower, mosques with the Mohammedans at prayer - & the bazars, which are awfully interesting. An American woman would go nutty there - it's such fun bargaining. We have discovered that the price of a thing is always twice or three times what they expect to get, so we usually bargain 10 minutes, walk out of the store two or three times, & finally get for one lira what the Armenian or Turk wanted to sell for three liras.

Our trip to the city wasn't for pleasure, but due to the death of one of our party. Pelicer, who enlisted the same time I did at Rockefeller Inst., & was one of our best lab men died as the result of an accident & we buried him in Constantinople last Thursday. He was boarding a train - down near Kouia - leaving with all his baggage on board, so ran & tried to board it, but slipped & the wheel struck both shins, without running over them. Both legs were broken & one badly torn. He was traveling alone but the British took him to a hospital & notified our men. He had the best of treatment but gangrene set in & one leg had to be amputated & he died in a few days. It was a terrible thing, but



was apparently unavoidable. We had a funeral service on the pier at Derindji, & brought the body up on a submarine chaser, & buried in the Protestant cemetery in Pera. Fridy & I were sent along as escorts. The British troops all along the line paid ~~the~~ special courtesies to the body & turned out a guard at every station. Everybody was terribly sorry about the whole thing.

I just reread your letter, & think perhaps you didn't get the letter I mailed just before the Levathan left Hoboken. I got the hayfever medicine & the bathing suit just before we sailed. Haven't had a chance to go to Tarsus yet. We get our washing done at Derindji by Armenian women, but no ironing.

Armenian refugees are coming in right along now. A lot passed our house last night. (I am living in Dr. Peet's house, & am writing in his study) must close now. The last time I wrote I asked to have someone send me an extra pair of glasses - metal rimmed, & some films. I am getting my broken pair repaired here in Pera. Give my love to all the family, the Adames, Grandmas, etc., & Sam. Hope everybody is well & happy. I'm getting some muscle one & a coat of tan.

I'm addressing, be sure to put on A.C.R. 11.2
Love to all from Stanley