

Derindje, Asia Minor.

April 21, 1919.

Monday

Dear Stuart,

Just heard someone was leaving here tonight for America & would take mail, so I'll jot down a few notes before he goes. I wrote a few days ago, after it came back from Constant., but apparently letters don't reach their destination in the same order they are mailed.

Most of the people left here at Derindje went to Constant. for Easter, but the few of us who stayed here had a wonderful time - swimming, picnics, hunting, boating, etc. It was a grand vacation - for two days - and now we are back at work. I give up telling where I'm to go because people change their minds too often. In the last three days I've been assigned to Adana to set up sterilizers, and tonight they say "they

plowing with a tractor - to Aleppo in the lat - and to Adana to set up sterilizers, and tonight they say "they here for a while." I'll get out before long, tho.

Practically all the units are in their fields now except Caesarea, Sivas, Harput. Another ship is to arrive this week from America, & probably has my chemical apparatus on board. Just now a big Roumanian ship is loading flour & milk here for Roumania. They say conditions are bad there. Of course that is from Hoover's supplies, which are here too. We just heard tonight about the terrible state of affairs in Odessa.

Here at Derindje we are beginning to have the comforts of home - laundry, store, post office, fire company, ice machine, delouses & other such things we all have at home. But we can't yet get a decent bath or hair cut here. We cut each others hair & go to Constant. & take real

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Tartish baths - they are great fun.

Two of our party went to Larus & I gave them a letter for Mr. Melkonian. I'm going to try & get down there soon.

This last week end I had the best time, I believe I ever had. If you see Dr. Smith tell him that Pennsylvania ^{is} ~~was~~ went "hunting wild boar in Asia Minor." Dunaway (who taught in the Wharton school last year) Magee (law school) & I packed up and camped over across the Gulf of Asmid in the mountains, surrounded by bandits, wild boar & jackals. The whole trip was chock full of interesting things - first a journey on the Bagdad railway to Asmid - then a sail across the Gulf in an old Turkish carque with those funny lateen sails. Sailing right by the cruise "Soeben". The boatman warned us about bandits & said we would never come back but we liked about 5 miles into the mountains, gunned for quail, hawks, eagles, etc & finally made a shelter & laid in wait by a watering place for Mr. Boar. But instead of the moonlight night we had a big rain storm, so didn't see any boar. We didn't get wet, & the next day was fine. Had breakfast by the brook - then struck back for the bay. We stopped a queer old stage coach and the driver thought we were holding him up, so we climbed in and had a ride the whole way to the boats at Bardizee - then rowed six miles home. A lot of porpoises were jumping around us so Dunaway & Magee popped away at them while I managed the boat - but couldn't hit them. We have Turkish & Austrian rifles & ammunition. The commander got a lot for protecting the camp, & we have drills, target practice, etc. Also have machine guns, & live inside of barbed wires. At night the jackals make an awful racket around the camp. Nightingals are plentiful too and sing for us at night. Everybody thinks this is a wonderful country - and people who have been around a good bit say it is the prettiest place they know of anywhere. Must close now & go to a meeting. Hope everybody is well. I'm feeling fine. Remember me to Jack & Marie & the whole crowd. Hope the dogs are still improving. Love to all from Stanley.