



Aleppo, Turkey
May 25, 1919.

Dear Mother,

This is a fine Sunday morning in Aleppo, and just right for writing letters. One came two days ago for me from the family - written on March 13, containing letters from you & Marion & Dad. It is always a great occasion here when mail comes from America. I can't keep track of the number of the letters I write, but I wrote one home from Beledinet, and I think one from Meiden-Ekbesse. In case I didn't write from the last place, I'll just say that Snyder & I had a fine trip from Beledinet thru the Taurus tunnels on the front of the engine and down to Adana, where we caught up with the rest of our party, and left early the next morning for Aleppo. At about 3 P.M. we discovered one of our cars was missing, so I was put off with my suitcase at Curair (translated it means "Buttermilk") to go back & look for it. The British Officer there in charge of the Hindoo troops gave me a bed and some Hindoo blankets (oriental odors) and treated me like a prince. We went mule back over the mountains waiting for the next train. But the next morning the train brought the missing car along, so I jumped on an empty flat car and went as far as the train did - to a little town(?) called Meiden-Ekbesse - composed



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of one house - the station. A British officer & his batman
took me in & fed me for two days till the next train
came along. He was a Scot & told me some wild
stories of his war experiences in France & Palestine.
The train came along in time to save me from a young
massacre - as the Kurds in the hills sent word down
that afternoon that if the Turk station master hadn't
pulled out that evening they were coming down to
cut his throat. The two Britishers were getting their
firearms in working order, but had only 16 cartridges.

I don't know whether I missed anything or not.
The train brought me to Aleppo about midnight, &
I had a fine (?) time driving around the city looking
for the A.C.R.N.E., but finally found the Red Cross.
I've been living in a big British Army tent since then,
eat at the Red Cross, & work in the laboratory across the
street. At last I have a job that is more or less
permanent, & it feels good to be in a place where you
can see actual relief work going on. Aleppo is on
the edge of the desert, & most of the refugees come
thru here, so there is a tremendous work to be done.
At present the A.C.R.N.E. & the Red Cross are working
together, but soon the A.C.R.N.E. is to take over all
the relief work in Turkey. Just now we have in
Aleppo a big orphanage with about 1200 orphans in
it, ~~or~~ two hospitals on the way, a big barracks for
the refugees as they come in - an employment bureau,
industrial department to make work for the people,



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a refuge home for the girls taken from Turkish & Arab homes, etc, etc. They are all given clothing & blankets & a small allowance. One of our women has about a hundred Armenian women making mattresses & clothing, a lot of men are employed building roads & sewers, & they are trying to start some sort of industry to employ the refugees. One department has the job of getting Armenian girls out of the harems & that proves to be very exciting. The Aleppo district includes Marash, Hama, Adana, Antakya, & northern Syria in general, so there are hospitals & relief units in all these places now. It took a long time to get everything on the way on account of transportation & unsettled conditions, but ~~everything~~ ~~is~~ ~~just~~ unit is established now, except Sivas, Caesarea & Harport, which can't be reached until the British extend their military control there. The Sivas & Caesarea units went to the Caucasus temporarily, as conditions there were very bad.

The refugees are still coming in & have terrible tales to tell.

Dr. Lambert says that I am to stay here about two months, & then perhaps will be sent out to take charge of one of the laboratories. When I came here the laboratory consisted of three rooms filled with boxes & bales, & one windowsill with a microscope on it. The person in charge (a woman) had to go away

4 for three days, so with the aid of a gang of "hamals" I cleaned out the bales & unpacked the boxes, & now we have everything working, except running water. None of the chemical apparatus is here yet, but has probably come to Serunjan from America by this time.

Aleppo is a fine place - a much more modern city than Constantinople as far as streets & cleanliness is concerned. It dates back over 2000 yrs. B.C. & looks it. In the center of the town there is a big mound with a castle on it. We went thru it last week & a Hedjaz (?) soldier showed us the old dungeons & wells. It was built long before the Crusaders were here. I got some old flint arrowheads & a young cannon ball for souvenirs. The bazaars here are great. If you could drop from Darby into the bazaars you'd think you were in a sort of "Arabian Knight" dream. There are miles & miles of little shops about 6 x 10 ft. with the Arabs squatted on the floor, & the most wonderful silks, head-dresses, spices, & everything under the sun. The costumes here are so different from Constantinople, too. Most of the people here are Arabs or Hedjaz (?). The Arabs wear a sort of gown, & the Hedjaz people wear a silk cloth on the head, bound with a peculiar cord. I think I'll invest in a costume or two. In the bazaars sometimes you have to crowd against the wall to let a camel train go by, or perhaps a little donkey about 3 ft. high with a Turk or Arab aboard. This is about the most interesting & oriental place I've seen. It's lots of fun bargaining



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for anything. They don't expect to sell at the first price, so it is quite a game knocking down the prices. The little Turkish I can talk is enough to bargain with. Let me know what sort of things you want. Rugs are almost out of the question, as the Germans took all the good ones & there are lots of fakes here, & everything is expensive. Snyder & I apparently were the first Americans to go thru the old brass section of the bazaar, & had any number of old brass dinner pails, candlesticks etc. offered us, but we didn't see anything really nice. The native silks are good. But if I come home with a lot of junk don't blame me.

Did I tell you that Mr. Emerick died here about three weeks ago? He had just come from Derindje in charge of the unit to Haidin, & died in Aleppo, of Spanish influenza. He had been a missionary or teacher in Haidin before the war. He is buried in Beirut. All the rest of the party here are well & happy. The organization runs like clock work & no one crabbing, the way some did at Derindje. We get fine meals, cooked by natives. There is plenty of food here, fresh vegetables, meat, fruits & nuts. Everything is cooked & served as nicely as in a New York hotel. Next Sunday I may go over to the Euphrates where the British were excavating an old Hittite city. We would go Sat. night & come back Monday morning. No more news that I can think of. We had



6/ a very nice time last night. Major Trowbridge & his wife invited us to a little party at their home. It is really the home of a native Armenian who was deported, & asked the Major to live in it. The house is furnished with wonderful rugs & furniture. The Major was telling of an experience he had not long ago. He was riding along a road and saw the glint of a rifle in the bushes, so stopped & said: "Saide" several times. When a person doesn't answer this salutation it means he is not a friend. So Trowbridge unhitched his shotgun & then the man in the bushes called out in Arabic. "I'm not after you. Go away." Trowbridge wanted to know what he was doing there, so the ~~fat~~ bandit said: "Oh, you are one of those Americans that carries a watch worth four shillings. Go on. I'm just waiting for a fat Greek with three hundred pounds." Then he apologized & said he knew it was not the "season" for banditting but he wanted the Greek. So the Major went on & let him alone.

I've been mighty glad I bought that gun in Phila., not because I've had to use it, but there have been lots of times when we might have had to use guns. More than once at Arian when we were going home after supper the British officer would say "Pull out your gun when we go past this place."

Sunnaway & I ~~had~~ saw an interesting thing two nights ago. We had gone to bed in the tent, & heard a drum & a lot of shouting away off. We thought it might be the Arabian prince arriving, so got dressed & hunted up the noise. It ~~had~~ led us out beyond the edge of the town, & finally we found a crowd of natives having a dance on the edge of a Turkish



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 I'm sorry Marion was sick & missed so much school.
 Hope everybody is well again and that your arm &
 neck are loosening up properly. Was it that auto ride
 that started the trouble? Mrs. Headly will help it a lot.
 If you want to send me anything send some Literary
 Digests. Last night two pages of a New York Times two
 months old was read by everybody present. We don't
 get any news at all from American. Give my regards
 to everybody & tell anybody that asks why I don't
 write that we don't have any time & no decent
 place to write now, but when things get to be more of
 a routine there will be more time.

May 20

Did I tell you that I met an Armenian (in
 the French army) who had studied under Mr.
 Melkonyan at St. Paul's Institute. He said he was
 still there. Two of our girls, Miss Eldred & Miss
 Lettings are doing fine work there according to
 reports. Must close. Loads of love to all the
 family, from Stanley.

7/ graveyard. They had drums & all carried torches & were singing something weird. The shouting we had heard was part of the chorus. I don't know what it was. It may have been a funeral, or perhaps just a native dance. We were on the edge of the graveyard watching it when three Hedjaz soldiers came up behind us & called "baide". Luckily Dunaway knew what it meant and gave the proper reply, meaning we were friends. So they came up and talked (?) a while, altho we didn't know what they said. They have a picturesque uniform, a helmet with a spike like the Germans, & under it the silk cloth with tassels hanging down the back.

The Indian lancers are fine looking soldiers too. They are mounted, & with their turbans, long lances, & great big swords they look rather fierce. There are a lot of British here too. One of them told me that they are going to mount machine guns in convenient places in the city when the Arabian prince arrives, as they are suspicious of another massacre like the one last February, when the Turkes put me over on them. When the British commander ordered the cavalry out, they found the horses were all ~~to~~ out being watered, & quite a few Armenians were killed or wounded before the troops arrived.

Must close now & go to dinner.