

Aleppo, Syria.

June 15, 1918

Dear Stuart,

Looking back over my diary the only thing I can find written up for the last month is the fact that I wrote a letter home on May 25 - so it is time to start. Perhaps I never acknowledged letters from home - if not - I received the letters written Apr. 1, Mar. 27, Apr. 10, & 15th. They usually come in bunches when a courier comes from Constantinople. The package hasn't come yet but we hear they are in Derindje. I'll be glad to get it. Films are expensive here, so if you could send me a dozen rolls later on & charge it to my account at home I'd be much obliged. I've had the job of trying out a Graflex here and have taken a number of pictures but they weren't especially good. I'll get some good ones soon, - as I'm sort of semi official photographer here, for the sake of publicity. Aleppo is a sort of photographers garden of Eden - there are such unusual scenes everywhere. The Arabian prince, the son of the Sherif of Mecca, came to Aleppo a few days ago and there was some time - parades & street dances, a general holiday, etc. I got a few pictures of the crowd & some of the Arab soldiers doing the goose steps. The prince called at our headquarters the next day. Last night I happened to go past the station & found the Arab cavalry drawn up there, & someone said the prince had gone. Today is Sunday & quite hot so I'm writing letters.

So far the weather has been very pleasant, cool in the evenings & hot in the middle of the day, but no humidity. The glare of the sun is terrible, as everything is white - white limestone buildings, limestone streets, etc. Our working hours change tomorrow - breakfast at 6.30, stop work at midday till four o'clock, then work in the evening. I've been very busy lately. After getting the laboratory all set up and working, I was given the job of opening a dispensary in an old church, so had a gang of carpenters, whitewashers & scrubbers at work for two weeks. They opened two days ago. Another hospital will open soon at the barracks, where there are six thousand refugees. The laboratory takes care of the work from the dispensary, the barracks, the girls refuge home & all outside cases, besides making media for all the labs within a hundred miles or so. You people at home probably can tell me more about what is being done in other parts of Turkey, as we get practically no news. A letter from the Caucasus a few days ago said that one girl - Miss Farrington, was responsible for 28,000 orphans. There is some typhus up there. One of our nurses, Miss Worcester died of typhus a few weeks ago ^{at Erivan.} In Beirut one of the Red Cross captains went over a cliff in a machine and was killed, & the daughter of the American consul of Constantinople, who was in the car, is reported to have died also. But here in Aleppo there isn't any sort of ~~excitement~~ or danger of



etc., etc.

I havent heard from Melkonyan yet. Fridy went to
Tarsus from Adana on a motorcycle one day, but was
there on business. On the way he had a funny accident.
He was going about 40 per when a boy tried to lead a
little donkey across the road. Fridy hit the donkey
broadside, & when he looked around found himself in
a ditch, the donkey across the road on his back, &
the machine making circles around the road. Fridy stopped
the machine & bawled the boy out in good American, & the
boy turned the donkey over & packed it up, got on & rode off.

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The handlebars & headlight of the cycle were slightly bent.
About a week later in Adana a boy ran in front of
the same cycle & the side car knocked him down. Fridy
turned the machine around & started back to see if he
had hurt the kid, but the kid was so scared he thought
the machine was after him again & beat it as hard as
he could go.

Will try to run over the letters from home & answer all
questions in a few days. Would like to see you all. I'm glad
Mr. Heady is making things loose up in Mother's arm. Hope
Warren isn't studying too hard & Dad working too hard. How
is the dye business in Lancaster? I bought some silk
for any body that wants it for shirts & skirts.
Anything anybody wants? Loads of love to all. Am
perfectly well & hope the whole family is. Regards
to the Adams - Darby in general & Stanley



disease, apparently - unless it is Aleppo "buttons" or sores.

Don't get the impression that we are suffering hardships. One of the doctors said one day - "This giving relief is great business." Here is a list of some of our comforts: - Fine hospital beds to sleep on, under mosquito netting, plenty of good food, well cooked (altho vegetable marrow + rice + lentil soup + fresh apricots get monotonous when you get them all the time); so many natives around waiting for something to do that you can't brush your own shoes. In fact when you wash your face, if you get soap in your eyes, just leave them shut + hold out your hand - & a towel drops on them. When you want a bath, go to a bath house. A Turk scrubs & scrubs you then pours boiling water on by bucket full - & if you holler "Chok sijak!" the grunts "Sijak eji" + throws more on. Then you roll up in Turkish towels for half an hour while a boy combs your hair, cuts your nails (+ toenails), brings you oranges, etc. The Romans weren't in it when it came to luxuries like these. I moved out of my big tent two days ago + am living with Dunaway in a ~~house~~ room in a house "down town".

Dunaway has the interesting job of receiving fair mails from fierce Arabs, & has quite a collection. They are put in a refuge home, & treated if diseased, as most of them are, + later given employment. For employment the Red Cross + the A.C.R.N.E. have a road building gang of 600, many of them hasty women, a sewing department & 150 making mattresses, clothes, etc., a weaving place, knitting + embroidery for girls, lots of carpentering