

P.S. Letter: - Went to the British of M.C.A. for church & heard a Rev. Boyd of Jersey preach. Do you know him? He seems to be with the British forces.

AMERICAN RED CROSS + COMMISSION TO PALESTINE

AND THE NEAR EAST

Aleppo, Syria.

June 22, 1919.

Dear Family,

Just had dinner and have found a real cool spot to write. It is a hot day, but so little humidity that I don't mind it. I wrote last week. Hope you got my letters all right. This week hasn't been very exciting here, but wasn't at all monotonous. The lab work is progressing very well & keeps me fairly busy, and there is enough other work to keep a fellow going all the time. Just imagine me rescuing Armenian girls from Arab homes, for example. I helped get a couple a few days ago & found it a rather interesting job. The relief work is a sort of routine now and everyone has a definite job. They are starting various forms of industrial relief now, - weaving, road making, embroidering, & many others. I haven't heard what is going on in other parts of Turkey. We get practically no news at all.

This morning being Sunday, a few of us went to the "great mosque" - called the Mosque of Zacharius. Of course we had to take off our shoes, but it was worth the trouble. Zacharius is supposed to be buried there, and his coffin has a nice little room to itself with beautiful rugs and inlaid walls. We strolled around the old city walls, and got into the fortifications in one place. There are a lot of old carvings & inscriptions in some places which ~~are~~ are supposed to be Hittite.

June 22

Yesterday evening a British Officer and I took a carriage out into the country and with our shotguns, expecting to bring back a lot of pigeons, but we saw only a few and got only one. We had a good time and saw some interesting things - the natives thrashing wheat with by hand. They first make a big pile of the wheat and then drive around the pile with a sort of disk harrow to cut up the straw, then throw that up in the air, so the wind separates the grain & the "chaff".

This afternoon one or two of us are going to call on Mr. & Mrs. Jackson, the American consul & his wife. I met them a few evenings ago at a party given by the British Officers. It was quite a fancy affair - at least for Aleppo. Several British generals were there and some of the native Agreas men & women.

We don't see much of the native women as they stay at home all the time, but this affair allowed us to get a look at some of them. They try to be real Frenchy in dress and manners but don't have much pep. I wanted to climb a minaret a few days ago to get a picture of the city, but the old Arab said I couldn't go up, because if I did I would see the Arab women without their veils in the houses below. I told him that I didn't mind, as that was a common sight in America, but he said these weren't American girls. So I didn't get up the minaret. No more news, so must close.

I've written a few letters lately that nobody will want to write to me. Hope you are all well. I'm in good shape - no hay fever, cold or anything. Am getting fat on rice, yams, apricots, dates, etc. No place to swim & no bathtub are my only worries. Love to all the house.

Am enclosing a couple of pictures.
Stanley