



Aleppo, Syria.

Aug. 19, 1919.

Dear Stuart,

I'm writing this letter in the lab - 6 P.M. while waiting for my still to make enough water for tomorrow's salvarsan injections. My fountain pen is dry so I'm writing with Loeffler's methylene blue. Hope it doesn't fade out before this letter gets home. I had a letter from you a few days ago and was very glad to get it and to hear the news about the Ford. Hope it is better than the one that takes me to the barracks every day. The barracks is about two miles out of town and I'm lucky if we get there without a flat tire. Every inner tube on it has six or seven patches. Today we bumped into a donkey but no damage was done either to the Ford or the donkey. How is the dye business? Aleppo is still pretty well loaded up with German dyes. This town seems to be a sort of commercial center. It is the "hub" of the caravan routes from



India & China, and Egypt, Persia, etc.
A Britisher lectured here at the Y.M.C.A
a few nights ago on "Mesopotamia, the
key to the Future" and showed how
important Aleppo was commercially.
He also made some remarks about
America that we all were mad about,
especially as he had just had dinner
with us. Several Indian Officers got up
and left when he said the Indian
nation loved the British. The British
Officers didn't seem to think he had been
very diplomatic.

Another fellow and I had the pleasure
a few days ago of telling a New York
preacher here we would punch his face
if he didn't apologize to a certain
English officer and to one of our girls.
He is a big bluff and sure did crawl.
Perhaps Dad may have heard of him -
Dr. Daum is his name. He wants to
go around and see the country and let
the rest do the work, and makes
nasty remarks about the rest, so
we fixed him. As the British say,
we got his "wind up" all right!



The lab work is very interesting.
Here is a sample days work -
examination of about five specimens of
feces for amoeba, ova of worms, etc -
about five or ten routine urine exams,
several sputums for T.B, about 6 to 10
bloods for malaria or relapsing fever,
throat smears for diphtheria or
Vincent's angina, smears for
gonococci, etc. Besides this I have to
prepare Dakin's solution & Fischer's
solution every day, and get everything
sterilized for operations with the lab
autoclave, and once a week give
ten salvarsan injections, which means
considerable work. We are just having
running water put in the lab so soon
I'll be able to do blood analyses for
urea, non-protein nitrogen, etc. Wish
I had a few chemicals that I don't
have - like pure picric acid, lots of
sulphuric acid, pot. bicarbonate,
bromine, etc. All our bromine evaporated
on the way over. If you are in the
Phila. both store sometime see if they



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could send me Hawkes Physiological Chemistry; if the shipping price is very high don't bother but if the book could be sent I'd be tickled to death. You might ask about it, and if you do buy it, take it out of my bank account. Lambert kept saying one was coming, but it didn't. Some of our supplies just arrived two days ago.

Am going to develop pictures tonight. The last batch I did were quite good - I'll enclose a few. The U.P.H. pictures haven't been good because I haven't yet got it slowed down enough - the light is so brilliant you can hardly help over exposing. On Thursday morning I'm to photograph the grounds of North Syria with all the troops drawn up for the occasion. Sunday morning I took a few



photos on the citadel - the big
castle in the center of the city.
A cannon was being fired from
the old wall and I tried to
snap it, but jumped so when
it went off I don't know whether
the gun got in the picture or
not.

I've been out camel riding
several times lately in the
evenings and it certainly is fine.
One evening a party of us went
out by moonlight thru a section
of the country to the south, where
there are big orchards of figs and
pomegranates + pistachios. They are
very picturesque - lots of old-time
irrigation wheels, funny shacks etc.
Racing on camels sure is great sport.
The motion when walking is almost
exactly like being in a row boat
with a big steamer passing.



Two women who went along had a funny experience - both of them were too old for camel rides anyway. One of them let go of her lead rope, so the next woman in line thought she must get off to get it. She tried to slide over the side of the camel, but her dress caught on theommel and she hung in mid air. The first woman lost her head, and slid off her camel, rolled underneath, & kept holbering "if's coming". She finally boosted her friend back on the camel, got the ropes and on again. Some women! We had a fine 15 mile jaunt and got back at midnight.

Dunaway came back from Marash today and said he and I were invited to go up there in September for a few days vacation to go on a hunting for wild boar, quail, rabbits, etc. One of the doctors there caught a young wild boar. If Doctor Lambert will let me take



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the time off I'll certainly go.
It is too dark to write anymore
so must close. Wish you were over
here to help in the work, which is
really very interesting and to
enjoy the country. It certainly
is unusual and there isn't
anything monotonous about it.
There is always just enough
danger and excitement in
almost any trip you make to
make it interesting. Love & all
to family and friends. Had
a fine letter from Elliott from
Brest. Will write to him
soon. Give my regards to
Jack Bonds when you see him.

Stanley.