



THE ZORYAN INSTITUTE

AMERICAN COMMITTEE FOR RELIEF IN THE NEAR EAST

INTER-OFFICE CORRESPONDENCE

From _____

To _____

Subject _____

Aleppo, Syria

Aug. 24, 1919.

Dear Mother,

Some mail came a few days ago from Constant, and I got my share all right - a letter from home, three other, four literary digests & three Penn Gazette - for all of which I thank you very much. The Literary Digests have a waiting list already, and Dunaway wants to see the Penn magazines. Was glad to hear all the home news. I had a letter from Elliott from Brest & he enclosed a lot of pictures which had been sent him from Darby. It was great to see the tennis court, etc. and some real white people again. Also had a "laboratory" letter from Walter Reed with notes from several of my friends - they mentioned Marion having given my address. The Lt. who took my place was at Rockefeller with me and is going to Penn this fall, he says. His name is Henningan, a U.S. Wisconsin graduate. I'm glad Marion enjoyed her stay in Washington. I've seen the camp where she stayed.

I decided last night there wasn't anything to write home about unless I did something first, so this morning I did it - not exciting, but very interesting and amusing. The work at the Barracks has been increasing by jumps, and my lab mate - Miss Hill

leaves for Harport this week so I've been rushed to a frazzle - so decided to take a long hike this A.M. as we have Sundays off. Only three people showed up for breakfast but I persuaded one of them - Miss Wickett - called "O. so Wicked" - to come along. We didn't know where we were going but hiked along the road towards Aintab, past several Indian camps, the old German barracks, and past a quarry where the British are getting stone for monuments to Allenby, etc. Several caravans passed us and finally Miss Wickett had a brilliant idea - "Why not ride?" The camels are always tied in a long string - the ~~neck~~ ^{neck} of one fastened by a rope to the saddle ahead - so a friendly passerby understood our intentions, cut the rope of the last two camels and tried to make them kneel. Miss Wickett did but mine wouldn't, so I climbed up by way of the neck and off we went. The leader of the caravan didn't miss his two camels for some time - then saw us following in the rear - but a little "baksheesh" made him all right. After a half hour's jaunt we saw an Arab village about a mile to the left of the road, so jumped off, and ~~left~~ walked over, our caravan going on. It was one of those villages of cone shaped huts. We didn't know what we were getting into but marched up to the village, the whole population appearing on the roofs. They probably thought we were after Armenian girls. I had the Graflex along and that saved the day. They all wanted their pictures taken and I think I got some "beauts". The Arab women outside ~~the huts~~ ^{the village} don't veil, and here they had on all sorts of bracelets, half a dozen

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necklaces each and brilliant colored waists and trousers. If the pictures turn out good I'll send copies home. I also got photos of the women washing the grain, sifting out dirt, and one of two men separating the chaff from the wheat by throwing it into the wind. The camera amused them immensely, and every time after I had taken a picture, the one who had been taken would come up to look in the finder to see his picture. These people were very friendly - wanted to know if Miss Wicket was my wife - and policy was to say yes. They admired her dress, wrist watch, etc. just as much as we admired their picturesque costumes. By pointing to our mouths we invited ourselves to dinner. An old woman led us into a small house - one room - but very clean. On the wall were pictures of Enver Pasha and Jalaat Pasha - also native woven tapestries, a fine rifle, etc. The dirt floor was covered with a sort of mat of ~~grass~~ dry grass, and they gave us cushions to sit on - there came a little luncheon. We were on the floor of course, so they placed a ~~mat~~ mat of woven straw before us and on it a big brass bowl of



delicious watermelon, and native bread which was really fine. It looked like pretzels - but apparently was merely the wheat ground between stones, salt added, and then baked. The whole gang sat and watched us eat - even a donkey poked his nose in the door to see what was going on. After devouring about half of the melon and wondering where to put the seeds - a man brought a bowl of water - imagine finger bowls in an Arab hut! Then the men grabbed what was left, & threw handfuls of seeds across the room at the bowl. Finger bowls are rather essential when you eat with your fingers.

The meal over we departed - leaving some "bakshesh" behind and a nice old Arab made us come & visit his house - the where we saw a fine old rug - and then we tramped the whole way back to Aleppo - about 5 miles - but very hot and very dusty. All the camels & donkeys going toward Aleppo were loaded down with charcoal, wool, etc. from the country - so nothing to do but walk - but it was a fine trip anyway.

Sundays here are usually very hot and tedious unless we take a hike. In the evening there are services at the Y. M. C. A., to which we always go. A Wesleyan named Fiddick preaches and he is a crack-jack. The service is for British Tommies, but we butt in. The British boys certainly sing well. There are no missionaries in Aleppo as far as I can see - too many in Beirut, they say. Dr. Shepard, the son of the missionary who died here, came recently and is in Antab now.



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AMERICAN COMMITTEE FOR RELIEF IN THE NEAR EAST

INCORPORATED BY ACT OF CONGRESS OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

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He appears to be a fine man.

The lab work is very interesting. Since Miss Hill is leaving I employed a native who says he knows all the sciences, but confessed he hadn't studied chemistry, astronomy & a few others. He would make a fine Charlie Chaplin, & actually runs in circles around the lab trying to be of help. His biggest fault is he wants to practise his English and talks a blue streak. He can do T.B. examinations & urinalysis so is quite a help. We have one case of typhus in the hospital. I bled him & am going to do a series of analyses on him if I can get my ^{chem.} apparatus started. Dr. Hall, the only surgeon & real doctor in Aleppo is going back to America soon, so there will be changes soon. She gives me more trouble than work anyhow - sends for me when she is operating, to make kidney function tests etc, & interrupts the lab work. But I feel that the work I'm doing is really worth while for the Armenians, as they get little enough medical attention.

The preacher who made himself obnoxious some time ago & had a call from Winnet and me



is being nasty again, so the heavy artillery may start up this week. He is awfully disagreeable to one of the Smith college girls who is acting as nurse in his orphanage, simply because he dislikes her - she is very conscientious about the orphans, while he seems to have come over on a joy ride. We promised to purchase him & expect to do it.

Aug 24

The Armenians are in constant fear of another massacre & reports - usually false - come of massacres in Harpoot, Sivas, & Caesarea. They say the Armenians have all left Sivas. Friday had been set for a massacre here in Aleppo, the Armenians say, & most of them kept indoors - but nothing happened, except a British aeroplane hovered over the city most of the day, which made us think the British were taking no chances. We have a machine gun mounted at the Barracks covering the approach, & a husky squad of Hindus on duty with it, besides about 50 Hindoo cavalrymen, or "lancers" stationed in the barracks court. The British learned the lesson of watchfulness in Cairo, where they lost a lot when the 'Gypos' turned on them, so they are taking no chances here.

Dunaway continues to gather in Armenian girls. He is in Bat again today. Lately he visited the Kurds & got 24 from them, near Hatmay. Loads of love to all from Stanley must close now.

P.S. Do you want me to bring back any of the embroidery lace or drawn work done by refugees? Many of the Darbyites want any, let me know. We are selling it, and at good profit in order.