

Aleppo, Syria.  
Sept. 27 1919.

P.S. if no post  
try to get a stamp, or  
if you will, simply  
write them with  
the enclosed.

Dear Dad,

I've started this letter twice and hope to finish this time without interruptions. No mail has come for me for several weeks, probably on account of the courier service being discontinued, but I hope to get some soon. You might as well address me direct to Aleppo now, care of A.C.R.N.E. as mail comes quicker thru Cairo. My glasses never came. Why not ask the N.Y. office by whom they sent them, and then I'll write to that person here in Turkey.

I suppose you are all back from vacation today and are having a grand reunion. Some of our personell are taking short vacations before settling down to the fall or winter work. Dunaway + Mage + I are going hunting for a few days near Marash on Sept. 15 - hope to get some boar, gazelles, + small game.

The work is going along fine here in Aleppo. Do you get the A.C.R.N.E. news bulletins? We get a weekly paper called the "Acorne" which never says much about Aleppo, but from what other places are reporting the Aleppo <sup>district</sup> seems to be doing a big piece of relief work. My work is very interesting - I spend practically all my time now in the barracks hospital laboratory and have it all to myself now as Mr. Hill has gone to Harport. It keeps me



on the more looking for malaria, V.B. etc. I have a fine little lab, equipped with most everything I need. It looks, however, as if I would be saying goodbye to it before long. Dr. Lambert has sent for Miss Oakes for Marash (she is a lab worker) & says he wants to send me to Marash soon, & then to other stations for some special work; I don't know what he has in mind.

I will try to remember to enclose some pictures in this letter. There have been so many "publicity" men coming thru here lately that we are sick of them now. It seems as if more men are coming around to inspect things than there are workers. Some people have a continual prejudice around the country "inspecting" & criticizing. I get my share of the bother and have to supply the publicity men with photos of the work. I like to take pictures but hate to develop them for other people all the time.

Last week end I had a very interesting trip to Jerablus, near the ancient Hittite city of Charsanad(?) on the Euphrates. Miss Hill was going to Harport via Mardin, so Miss Wickett, Miss West & I accompanied her as far as Jerablus on the train, leaving Saturday & coming back Monday morning. We had a great time. Lt. Dalton, a British Signal Officer entertained us at the Brigade Staff Officers mess. I slept in his tent. The whole lot of officers treated us royally - had two swims in the Euphrates, beat a British Lt. three love sets on an asphalt tennis court, enjoyed a cricket match between two regiments - a British & an Indian team - and best of all saw the excavations & the ruins of the old Hittite city. Sunday Miss Wickett & I walked over the long German bridge across the



Euphrates into Mesopotamia, roamed around the  
 trenches & barbed wire on the banks of the river and  
 had a fine time all round. The old city &  
 at least 7,000 yrs. old & shows at least four  
 periods of civilization - the old Hittite, the Assyrian  
 the Roman, & I think finally Greek. You can see "layers"  
 of the town, one above the other, where they have  
 excavated. One temple was uncovered & fine  
 bass reliefs and carvings in perfect conditions  
 are seen all around. I took a number of photos  
 with the U.P.H. which turned out fairly well. The  
 old city is built on the banks of the river. From a  
 part of the temple on a hill you can see the  
 funny rafts floating down stream towards Mosul  
 & Bagdad. I saw at least a dozen big  
 rafts of brush & reeds floating down with no one  
 on board - the passengers swimming alongside.  
 The Indian troops bathing in the river,  
 camels and goats on the banks, & gardens in  
 the mud bank islands made a very picturesque  
 scene. The Germans built a very fine bridge  
 over the river, completed just in time for  
 the British to take it over - now guarded by  
 Indian troops. There are several thousand  
 Indians at Jerablus. It was interesting to see  
 them at bayonet drill in the mornings, &  
 doing guard duty around the camp. They  
 certainly are perfectly soldiers. The caste  
 system seems to exist even in the army. A



Hindoo soldiers brushed up the tent in the morning. Dalton said he was the next to lowest caste - sweepers - his father had been a sweeper, & the main family could never be anything else. The British officers have all the comforts of life - tea in bed at 6 A.M. - a swim in the Euphrates before breakfast - after breakfast, dinner, & supper - fine tennis courts, horses & camels, cricket & soccer, etc. etc. We dined on the flat of the land - roast kid, the Indian curry, etc.

One of the officers there who was especially nice to us was named McRally - born in Armagh in Ireland, says he knew lots of towns there. He has been in the army forty two years. Grandma would be interested to know about him. Just as we left

on Monday he put a little porcupine in our car so I kept it and named it Jerry (after Jerables). He slept in a Turk's fez all the way up to Aleppo & in my room that night. He spent most of the night rattling his quills & running around the room. The next night a Britisher was going home to Blyth by way of Cairo - & had a big sack, so we put Jerry in his bed in the train. I

don't know what happened when the officer went to bed. Jerry's quills weren't very sharp, but they weren't exactly comfortable. Having Jerables a man climbed into our car & introduced himself as Sherwood Eddy, just coming to Aleppo from India. I took him around that night to show him the American relief work & he was much impressed, especially as the British had told him all Armenians were thieves & liars. We really had an unusual inspection of the barracks by lantern light, I saw all the refugees asleep in the big parade ground. I had never seen it at night before. Paper