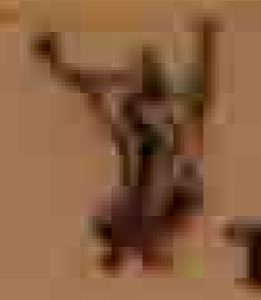


Alleppe, Syria
Sept. 28, 1919

Dear Marion,

Your letter came a few days ago and as usual I was glad to have some mail - especially since it came from home. Had you had a good time at the shore. I've just had a week off myself and had a fine vacation. I haven't had a chance to write for three weeks. Sunday is the only time I have time to write, and even Sundays have been busy lately. Two weeks ago Duraway and I went on another girl hunt through the Arab villages between Aleppo and Acherin (about half way between Aleppo and the Euphrates River). We finished up practically every village within a radius of 50 miles of Aleppo - so that now over 450 girls have been rescued. This last try was rather disappointing, as we only got six girls, but at least we found that many towns had no girls in them. Even when we did get one, it was only after the Arabs had lied & lied and we had finally put them under arrest - they usually tell the truth then. At one village they brought a girl they said was not an Armenian but a "Kurbat". They had bought her for a bag of wheat from some tribe of Kurbats passing by who wanted food. We didn't know whether Kurbats were Moslems or not but took the girl. She was glad enough to leave. The trip was just as interesting as the others we have taken but no use going into details - except that every detail is so unusual & oriental that it is like a continual circus. We had a meal at one village in the house of the sheikh, where the donkeys occupied the next room, and put their heads over the rail to watch us eat. Here, we didn't even have wooden spoons, & had to use our hands for everything.



Major Arnold, the director of the C.O.R.M.C. in Turkey decided to allow the personnel 2 days a month vacation since ~~so~~ many were losing health on account of no rests. This 2 days can be saved up for a longer vacation, so Magee & Duraway & I the Penn trio finally got off for a weeks hunting trip in the mountains near Marash. Magee came up from Beirut & the three of us went up on a truck taking supplies to Antab and Marash. The trip takes a whole day 140 miles by auto. We had dinner at Antab and got into Marash after dark. I shot a big eagle along the road - it had a wing spread of six feet. I'm enclosing a picture of it. We saw had a variety of artillery - a 20 gauge double barreled shot gun, a Russian army rifle and a big calibre Turkish rifle about 30 years old, a pistol each and then in Marash we got a good Turkish army rifle and a 12 gauge shot gun. Dr. Wilson came of Marash went with us the next day to our camp in the mountains and believe me it was some journey. We got four donkeys and two horses - packed our blankets food and ammunition on the donkeys and then climbed on top of that - the S.P.C.A. should have been there. Dr. Wilson rode one of the horses but the other had such clumsy feet nobody would ride it except the guide. We took an Armenian boy along - named "Hike" for guide & cook. The place we had picked on for a camp was a big spring in the mountains 15 miles from Marash, near a little village called Kiasaflea. We forded the Ak Su (or White River) and got to the spring long after dark. The trails were so bad it was quite a treat to stay on the donkey. Magee got off once to rest himself and just then a bee stung his donkey on a rear part. The donkey kicked himself free of all packs and dashed over the edge of a steep hill, trying for coffee pot and everything flying off his back. We don't know yet how the donkey kept its feet on the rocks but



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we found it later a few miles on up the trail. Magee congratulated himself that he wasn't on board when the bee did his trick.

The villagers at Kisoaflea wanted us to stay there over night, but we went on to the spring & camped there for the night. We visited Kisoaflea a few days later & took some photos which I'm enclosing. It was practically destroyed by the Turks during the deportations as most of the people were Armenians, so we found them busy rebuilding the houses - women were making bricks of mud without straw, & the houses were quite picturesque when finished with a thatched roof.

After our first night at camp we discovered a little thatched-roof shanty in the mountains near the spring, and made this our headquarters - sleeping quarters on the straw roof - kitchen on the rocks outside. Here we stayed for four days and loafed to our hearts content. The partridges in the vineyards up the hill woke us in the morning - so every morning before sunrise and every evening at sunset we went out and killed enough to feed us - and had enough extra to send some into Marash for Mrs. Wilson. They were just like the Canadian partridge, except they start up without the whirr. The vineyards were full of them - eating grapes.

By the way, the only grapes that grow here are the big oval hard variety - I think we call them Malaga grapes at home - just solid meat - big as plums without exaggeration. We had grapes & figs and pomegranates & crab apples & quinces growing all around us so definite starve - and the villagers from Kisoaflea brought

eggs every day. These people grow grapes on hills you can hardly stand on. Sunday fell out of a



3/vineyard one evening when he was stalking a partridge and landed in the one below without serious damage. My favorite trick was to shoot the partridges that Magee ~~to~~ started up. His gun didn't fire half the time, and the flock seemed to always fly over in front of me so it was easy work for me.

Hike proved that he was neither a good cook nor an interpreter. We discovered that if he understood what we said he always said "oo hhh" - I can't spell it. But he could wash dishes all right.

One of the famous Armenians from Geitoun visited us one morning armed to the teeth. He was one of the thirty Armenians who hid in the mountains there during the war and raided the Turks every few days. They killed over a thousand Turk soldiers who were hunting them. The sketch of the village offered to get up a party to hunt wild boar - and promised to bring all the men of the village to drive the boar down into the ravines where we could shoot them. But Doc Wilson went back to Marash and they lost interest in the hunt, as he was of course the popular man on account of being their doctor. They brought sick people to our camp every day for medicine.

We wanted to be back in Marash in time to get the truck back to Aleppo by Wednesday, so Hike told the donkey driver to come for us early Monday morning. He came early enough - two o'clock in the morning. We cooked eggs + partridge by lantern light + were off while it was still pitch dark. We couldn't even see the path but the donkeys could. By dawn we were half way home - saw Mercury



4/ rise - then the sun. At the Alt Sea we shot enough big
Linnæus ^{fall off his donkey three times}
fish for several meals. When we reached Marash they
told us that the trucks had just left a few hours before.
We hung around for two days, then asked the British for
transportation. The officer said he had two Ford patrols
leaving Thursday for Aleppo & we could go on one of them.
So on Thursday we went - but at Antak the Tommy who
drove and who also stuttered terribly - managed to
tell us that he didn't intend to go to Aleppo - but was
going right back again. Magee & Duraway went
to see Dr. Shepherd and he let us take a bet
truck from Antak to Aleppo. We made great time,
& finally caught up with a heavy truck which
had left Antak in the morning - but was now stalled.
We couldn't help them so took off some of their
material & passengers & went on to Aleppo.

Miss Peers, from Marash had been doing my
lab work while I was away & seems to be
hanging on to my job - so until she leaves
I am in charge of the medical supplies for North
Syria, & have all the vaccinating to do for Aleppo.
I vaccinated 100 on Friday & have 5000 to do
for both cholera & small pox at the Barracks
beginning tomorrow. The medical supply department
only needs about an hour a day, as it merely ~~needs~~
means packing up drugs & instruments when a request
comes for them.

When I came back to Aleppo from Marash
I found that Miss Van Dyke, the daughter of Henry

5/ Van Dyke had ~~come~~ moved my things from my room & had moved in - without asking. She didn't get away with it, however, I gave her 24 hrs notice that I wanted the room & at the end of the 24 hrs. I placed her stuff in the hall & moved back in. ~~She~~ She arrived on the scene just as I finished & was furious - I guess she had a great time finding her corsets, etc. because I couldn't find hooks in the hall to hang them on. She's a big snob if you want my private opinion about her. Hope her father writes a poem about it.

Since Miss Pers is here I may be sent out to Marash again for a little work in the Lab. Don't know yet. Marash is doing a big piece of relief work - they have five orphanages all filled - if that's a thousand orphans in all - also a fine hospital, a children's hospital, dispensary, etc. The German missionaries started nearly all of it before the A. C. M. E. arrived, & they just left Marash for Germany a week ago. Everyone, even the American missionaries at Marash speak highly of the work of the German missionaries. Miss Hardy & Miss Clekely were at Aintab & Marash during the deportations & told of the great suffering, massacres, etc. Marash, they said, didn't suffer nearly as much as other cities. About half of the Armenian population is back again. At Aintab too there is a lot of relief work going on - by orphanages, schools, industrial work, etc. The industrial end is mostly

of rug making, and cloth manufacture - which means a lot of side lines, as they always start with the wool just as it comes from the sheep. It must be "fluffed", washed, spun into yarn, twisted, died, woven, etc. & so makes plenty of work. Lots of Armenians are employed preparing food for the winter - drying tomato pulp, peppers, figs, grapes, pomegranate, making flour, preparing lentils, etc. We all are eating native food entirely, saving what canned goods we have for the winter.

Narash is a very old city - at least 6000 years old. It was one of the big Hittite cities - has a big citadel just like Aleppo (so does Aintab) - and the most remarkable thing about the place is the water supply. The city is built on a slope and water from ~~a mountain~~ an underground mountain stream flows everywhere down the gutters of streets, thru pipes into the houses and out into the "waste" stream, so that every house and corner has streams of ice cold water flowing constantly - you can't turn it off. In Aleppo we have to send a truck three miles away for our drinking water - twice a day. And then it is chlorinated so much you can't drink it. We have been quite balled up lately here in Aleppo by moving. The British wanted our



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headquarters for a club house, & Gen. Harboing gave
12 hrs. notice to move all our offices. We all
consider it an insult. The British in Beirut
have been just as inconsiderate about the
American Red Cross. I hope they move out soon,
but some armed force had better replace them, or
the interior won't be safe to live in. It is
generally believed that the Turks would finish off
the Armenians if they had the chance. We heard
rumors that all British would be gone by Nov. 1.
There are about 700 in Marash, with Ford cars
equipped for machine guns (just like the one that
brought us from Marash to Antakya) and at
Antakya there are about 10 armoured cars, which
I inspected while Nagel & Dunaway got the bus.

The Arabs & Turks are apparently mobilizing -
no one knows why. Rail communication between
Konia & Constant. is off, I hear. Arab artillery
moved thru Aleppo last week. We hear lots of
rumors but nothing on very good authority.

It is dinner time so must quit. Frank Stewart
very much for standing the films - I got them O.K. Tell
him to take out the price I then took my money at home.
After Dunaway & I accumulate enough more
vacation + money, we are going down to Damascus
& take a week looking around. Lots of love to
all the tribe from

P.S. Am enclosing pictures of vacation in Marash & also of the trip we took on July 24th.