My darling Mother,

We have had such a nice time this week leaving the whole camp to ourselves. The boys have gone off on a long hike—leaving last Sunday afternoon and returning this evening. Bucky went with them at first, and Budy have had a breathing spell in which to get some work done that has been piling up, such as annual reports, mapping out courses for next year's college work, glancing through various text books for choice etc.

Well, yesterday we went to the city and had breakfast in the Flagstaff garden with Mr. and Mrs. Phillips. We had sausage! I haven't seen anything that resembles a pig in any way for over a year and I'll tell you it was a treat. If we had money to throw away we could get this sausage too. It is imported from England in tins. There are six little tins in each box and the tin costs 65 cents a box so you see why we didn't want it. We
could get a smoked ham once in a while in from Russia but that would cost a fortune so I reckon we will wait patiently for three and a half more years before we indulge in pig of any kind. This English sausage is seasoned differently from that you have in America but it is pretty darned good just the same.

After breakfast we all went down to the harem and got up on a roof to watch the harem parade. Mother, it is the most ghastly thing I ever hope to witness. These poor deluded creatures come along trying to receive a blessing from God by slicing their heads open with swords. The blood just pours down over their faces and down the back of their necks on to their garments. Of course lots of it is sham and I know that some of their garments were splashed up with red paint before they were put on. I believe to that some of them got a good supply of blood from the corpse. I think but in each group of men in the procession there were sincere Mohammedans who had worked themselves up into such a frenzy as they went along shouting in weird minor tones certain phrases concerning the death of Hossain and Hossan that they really cut themselves up pretty well.

Some he was always drooping out of line and being carried off on a stretcher, having fainted
from loss of blood. We heard that one of the men who had been carried off to our left had died within about ten minutes. Those who didn't carry savark beat their baceke in strange rhythm as they shouted. Fozzain threw his shod over and over again, which means Fozzain was killed. Their baceke line bare, many of the men have no clothes or about the waist. They powdered them as hard that some of them were raw and all of them on toply dark red. They carried many columns on stretchers with heads off and some of them carried an imitation of a hand that had been cut off - all bloody because some one who attempted to give Fozzain a drink during the struggle in which he was beheaded had his hands cut off. Though many were carried off on stretchers, much of it was a sham and some of the men certainly looked as though they were having a hard time to get excited.

It was absolutely the most discouraging thing I have ever seen since I've been in Russia. As I looked down upon the horrible sight I just had a sicking feeling. Of all the thousands of men in this one city whom we met here and now will reach. Men just dying in starvation and we so small, so weak. So limited
that we can never reach them. This in any city and just think of the millions all over Persia who took part yesterday in these funeral processions in order to gain some favor with Allah. I haven't felt so hopeless in years. Hutch said it didn't affect him in that way. It thought all the time that if we were dealing with folks who had such religions fervor as this it was very hopeful. If their religions fervor were turned in the right direction what wonderful Christians they would make. I wish I could look at it that way but between you and me this was precious little religions fervor in the performance of yesterday.

The most menacing part of it all was the group of Mullahs standing on the side watching it all and pretending to nap. They are wicked and know exactly how they are deceiving the people. They know it isn't going to do any one any good to cut his head open. They know that the Koran is full of hypocrite but they also know that they are making their living off these poor ignorant people so what do they care?
They weren't even cutting their heads in my procession, they wouldn't hurt their old breasts with any beating - no - all they would do was stand on the side and cover their faces with their handkerchiefs and pretend to weep for Hasain and Hassan, pausing once in a while to give their breasts little love pats that wouldn't have killed a mosquito. They made me mad. I wish I could have had every last one of them bared and flogged and ridden on rails at the end of the procession.

When Persia gets rid of these Mullahs it will be a great day. They are going to be fine. You just watch them. These old fellows are gradually getting kicked out of the government and the educated class have already shown them the art of their trade.

We had lunch in the Grand Hotel and lo! it was good. Shrimp fished up such ice cream since Six ran in the Manufacturers Club. Hutch ate two big oysters. Then after that we walked out to the college to see Mr. Jordan.
Poor little woman she is an awful good sport. All tied up in bandages, she can't move any more but now she can walk her leg not being seriously injured. She is just as cheerful as can be. But just imagine Miss Bandage in July in Shelter! They were awfully glad to see us. They said it happened to be their wedding anniversary and they had celebrated by filling the freezer with strawberry ice. We sure did enjoy it.

Then we got a Ford to take us up to Ferguson and we saw some of the folks and somebody in every family is sick. This whole village just seems to be on the blink for some reason or other. Then we just drunk and came home. It was quite a long stay and I was pretty tired. Bed felt awful good before me.

The Boyce are having dinner with me tonight. They have camped in our garden in a tent for the last week but they brought their own servants with them and I think held quite independently of me.