

Arcen, Persia,
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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. Ricky went with them so Hutch and Buddy 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 Legation garden with Mr. and Mrs. Philip. We had sausage! I haven't seen anything that resembles a pig in anyway 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 tin and the tin costs 65 cents a box so you see why we don't have 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 bazaar and got up on a roof to watch the heathen 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 white garments. Of course lots of it is sham and I know that some of those garments were splashed up with red paint before they were put on. I believe too that some of them got a good supply of blood from the corner butcher 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 Fossair and Hassan ^{that} they really cut themselves up pretty well. Some one was always dropping 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 swords beat their breasts in strange rhythm as they shouted Hossain kashay shod over and over again, which means Hossain was killed. Their breast were bare, many of the men have no clothes on above the waist. They pounded them so hard that some of them were raw and all of them an ugly dark red. They carried many ^mummies 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 Hossain a drink during the struggle in which he was beheaded had his hands cut off. Although 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 seen since I've been in Persia. As I looked down upon the horrible sight I just had a sinking feeling. Of all the thousands of men in this one city whom we never have and never will reach. Men just dying in heathenism and we so small, so weak, so limited

that we can never reach them. This in our city
and just think of the millions all over Persia
who took part yesterday in these brutal
processions in order to gain some favor with Allah.
I haven't felt so hopeless in years. Furch said it
didn't affect him in that way. He thought all
the time that if we were dealing with folks
who had such religious fervour as this it
was very hopeful. If their religious fervour
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,
there was precious little religious fervour in
the performance of yesterday!

The most madening^d part of it all was
the group of Mollaks standing on the sides watching
it all and pretending to weep. They are educated
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 hope^d but they also know
that they are making their living off these
poor ignorant people so what do they care?

They weren't seen cutting their heads in any 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 Hossain 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 tared ^{red} and feathered and ridden on rails at the end of the procession. When Persia gets rid of these Mollahs it will be a great day. They are going to too. You just watch them. These old fellows are gradually getting kicked out of the government and the educated class have already shown them the toe of their boots.

We had lunch in the Grand Hotel and boy! it was good. I haven't tasted such ice cream since I've been in the "Manufacturing Club" Hutch ~~at~~ ^{ate} two big dishes. Then after that we walked out to the college to see Mrs. Jordan.

Poor little woman - she is on awful good spot.
All tied up in bandages she cant move any arms
but now she can walk her leg not being
seriously injured. She is just as cheerful as
can be but just imagine those bandages
in gulf in Teheran. 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 Tagresh ^h and we saw some of the folks
and somebody in every family is sick. This
whole station just seems to be on the blink
for some reason or other. Then we got donkeys
and came home. It was quite a long
day and I was pretty tired. Bed felt
awful good believe me.

The Boyces are taking dinner with
us to-night. They have camped in our
garden in a tent for the last week but they
brought their own servants with them and I
have lived quite independently of me.

Oceans of love,
Your father