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Baghdad College Yearbook

1940

El Iraqi 1940

Baghdad College, Baghdad, Iraq

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Graduation

June 1940

Tafayudh Press Baghdad
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**June 1940**

**EL IRAQI**

*BAGHDAD COLLEGE YEARBOOK*

Published by the Senior Class

*Baghdad College, Sulaikh, Iraq.*

Alexander Kouyoumdjian  
Khalid Ghanima

---

Editor-in-Chief.

Business Manager.
REVEREND FRANCIS B. SARJEANT, S. J.
PRESIDENT
AKRAM JOSEPH

"The poet in golden clime was born." The Poet.
Born August 11, 1922. He is Fifth's Arabic tenor and Secretary of the Sodality. Life's ambition to become an actor.

ALBERT ATCHOO

"Our greatest, yet with least pretense." Wellington.
Born December 30, 1920. 'The Great Atchoo' never lost a game in handball and is the best in sports. A great mathematician too.

ALBERT YONAN

"How pure at heart and sound in head."
In Memoriam.
Born September 22, 1922. 'Berty', the tallest and calmest boy in Fifth, is Prefect of the Sodality. At the Latin School he was known as the guardian angel.

ALEXANDER KOUYOUMDJIAN

"This work of his was great and wonderful."
Geraint and Enid.
Born in Costantinople July 8, 1923. 'Allo' has retained class leadership in studies since First High. Now President of Fifth. Editor - in - Chief of 'El Iraqi'. In 1937 he visited the World's Fair in Paris. Life's ambition to become a 99% doctor.
ANWER STEPHEN

"An humble and a contrite heart."    Recessional.

Born February 20, 1921. Better known as 'Aswad'.
His humorous disposition has won for him many friends.

ARSHAC THADDEUS

"Thy converse drew us with delight." In Memoriam.

Born July 31, 1923. The most takative and humorous of the lot. He is class Comic No. 1. His jokes are endless and genuine. He'd even crack a joke with you on judgement day!

CONSTANTINE HALKIAS

"Of loyal nature and of noble mind."    Guinevere.

Born February 26, 1923. 'Costy' is the only one in Fifth who can speak Greek. Our class is of in Greek tunes. Life’s ambition to become a radio engineer.

FARADJ RAFFOULI

"For e’en though vanquished, he could argue still."    Village Schoolmaster.

Born June 2, 1921. 'Agra', because of his lack of hair at birth, has written many English poems and is class English Poet No. 1. He is Vice President of Fifth High.
FERID MURAD

"And all I remember is, friends flocking round."

Ghent to Aix.

Born January 6, 1922. 'Abu Jeem' ranks next to Khalid in weight, is a business man and has been Treasurer of our class from First High.

HARITH SHAWKAT

"Who taught me how to skate, to row, to swim?"

The Lake.

Born August 31, 1923, the Baby of the class. He brought fame to Fifth and B. C. by smashing two records and winning most of the points whereby B.C. got Fourth Place in the government track meet. Life's ambition to become a railway engineer.

JAMSHID KASHI

"To sleep I give my powers away."

In Memoriam.

Born December 24, 1920. 'Zandiq' is an excellent violin player of Eastern pieces and a leader of the opposition in Arabic.

JIRAIR KOUYOUMDJIAN

"For many a joke had he."

Village Schoolmaster.

Born April 4, 1919. 'Grandfather' joined B. C. this year after getting a government Secondary Certificate. Life's ambition to fly about in the air.
JOSEPH DAOUD
"Such fine reserve and noble reticence."
Geraint and Enid.

Born May 16, 1922. 'Abu Yagoub' is the quietest boy in Fifth and takes life easy. The only one in Fifth who can serve a Latin Mass. Vice President of the Sodality.

KHALID GHANIMA
"Who wears his manhood hale and green."
In Memoriam.

Born March 24, 1921. The fattest boy in Fifth. He represented B. C. at the Eucharistic Congress in Syria in 1929. Lover of politics he is class Politician No. 1. Life's ambition to become a Minister of Food!

LAWRENCE RAYMOND
"The grand old name of gentleman."
In Memoriam.

Born December 30, 1921. His caligraphy won him the position of secretary in Second and Third. Stepped into the President's shoes in Fourth.

LOUIS BAKOSE
"All perfect, finished to the finger nail."
The Lake.

Born June 21, 1921. 'Ty Power' is the most genteel boy in Fifth, best dressed and best looking. Life's ambition to become a mechanical engineer.
NASAR GEORGE

"But can endure it all most patiently."
Geraint and Enid.

Born March 20, 1920. ‘Abu Warda’ is famous for his Arabic National poems and class Arabic Poet No.1. He has defended our class in poetry against the attacks of antagonists.

SALIH HAKKAK

"As gay as any."
The Princess.


TARIQ PACHACHI

"And love of truth and all that makes a man."
Guinevere.

Born January 7, 1922. He was in England in 1930 and has travelled all through Europe. He is class billiard player No. 1. Joined B. C. this year.

WILLIAM SHARBANEE

"But touched with no ascetic gloom."
In Memoriam.

Born March 23, 1922. ‘Japan’ is one of Fifth’s best mathematicians and prophesies a good five years more for his ten year old bicycle.
Editorial
A STEP FORWARD.

by
Alexander Kouyoumdjian '40.

When the first issue of 'El Iraqi' appeared in June 1936 the students appreciated the work. By willingly contributing articles for publication, and by their readiness to assist whenever and wherever necessary the then Editor-in-Chief they enabled our Alumnus Mr. Marcel Demarchi, to compile a magazine of considerable interest. For four years the 'El Iraqi' has been published in its pioneer form but now by the generous assistance of the school in the financial field, we are able to present to our readers this improved issue of the school magazine.

We do not pretend that it is perfect, for that is an adjective attributable only to God. We have done our utmost to make this magazine as interesting and as beneficial as possible. In selecting the articles we have chosen only what was best and easiest for the digestion of the reader. If we have failed in this, we ask our readers to be indulgent in forgiving us.

To have a good magazine published we naturally need good articles. If you do not cooperate with us, then there is hardly any chance of success. We want you, dear reader, to give us any articles you would like to have published in this magazine. Every student in the school should do his part towards assuring the success of our new enterprise

We want you not only to read, but also to write. Try to express yourself clearly and if you fail once, try again. In this way you will increase your powers of expression.

The principal purpose of this paper is to supply you with a means of showing off your literary ability and to supply you with good literature. Incidentally the printed word lasts and will remain an undying tribute to your immortal fame. And last but not least, we offer you an excellent opportunity for developing your aptitude in the languages. Will you miss this golden chance?

We Leave

None of us expects to die in the near future. We all know that we have at least fifty more years to enjoy on this earth (that's very low estimate, by the way!). But we like prudence so much that for safety's sake we will the following TESTAMENT:

WE LEAVE the three banners which we won in the consecutive Track Meets of 1938, 1939 and 1940 to the school authorities to hang up in the Study Hall along with the class picture, for posterity to admire and envy.

WE LEAVE the handball, volleyball and basketball championships of the school to Father Hussey to carry away with him to the U. S. A. and sing our praises.

WE LEAVE Akram Joseph's ambition to the stage to all actors graduating from B. C.

WE LEAVE Albert Atchoo's bulging muscles to Donald Martin of First High.

WE LEAVE Alex Kouyoumdjian's hot temper in the school ice-box to cool down.

WE LEAVE Faradj Raffoul's cigarettes to Father Devenny, his doggerels to Father Gookin, and his knowledge and grasp of history to the Rulers of the World.

WE LEAVE Harith Shawkat's moustache to Jurgis to use in sweeping the floors.

WE LEAVE Jirair Kouyoumdjian's hat to the waste - basket where it has been customarily kept for the last few months.

WE LEAVE Joseph Daoud's quietness to the Mudir to pass out to the chatter - boxes.

WE LEAVE Khalid Ghanima's extra fat and body weight to the school authorities to use in case of famine.

WE LEAVE Louis Bakose's romantic thoughts to a future Robert Browning.

WE LEAVE Naser George's poetry to his modern contemporaries to imitate.

WE LEAVE Salih Hakkak's innumerable short stories to be compiled into a modern Aesop's Fables, and his malapropisms to Sir Anthony Absolute.

WE LEAVE Tariq Pachachi's rattling two - seater Ford, and William Sharbanee's ramshackle bicycle to B. C. students for use in case of emergency.

AND FINALLY

WE LEAVE our sincerest wishes to all the Fathers and Faculty members, to all the classes, and to each B. C. Student individually, wishing all the success, the fame, the glory, which we, the members of Fifth High, have attained during our five years in Baghdad College.

Written on this, the Sixth day of May, in the year of Our Lord, Nineteen Hundred and Forty. Alex. Kouyoumdjian, President of Fifth High.
Twenty Years Ahead

by

Jirair Kouyoumdjian '40.

When I returned in 1961 from a very long stay in South America, my chief thought was to look for my old B. C. classmates, and so I did. But I will admit that I uncovered a great many surprises.

The first thing to catch my attention when I descended from the air - liner was the busy, modern aerodrome. One asking, I was told that the whole traffic was controlled by wireless and the man in charge was a Mr. Constantine Halkias. I rushed upstairs to meet our good old Costy. He wasn’t changed much except a square little moustache under his nose.

We couldn’t see much of each other that day but later on he told me about the boys and supplied me with thier whereabouts, wheron I started digging them out.

My first visit was to Dr. Alex Kouyoumdjian whose clinic spoke for his reputation and good practice for he had become a famous surgeon. His hair was partly white due to his still being as quick tempered as ever, though he gave me a very hearty welcome.

On my way out I met Tariq El Pachachi huddled behind the steering wheel of a splendid two-seater Ford. I asked him what he was doing and his answer was that he had not decided yet, though he thought politics was the best. Thus he drove off rubbing his fingers together as he used to do twenty years ago.

Next I went to the Iranian legation and was admitted by a smarly uniformed door-man. The Minister, none other than our friend Jamshid Kashi, was seated behind a polished mahogany desk. He received me in his usual dry smile, as if he had never known me before! I had hardly ben there a few minutes when the same door-man entered carrying a violin case which he politely put on the desk. I, being well acquainted with Mr. Jamshid’s favorite hobby, took my leave.

That night I was invited to the Grand Theatre by Mr. Harith Shawkat, another member of our Fifth High. “The Tempest” was to be performed that night. But what left my mouth agape was the cast :

Prince Ferdinand ... ... ... Akram Joseph
Prospero ... ... ... Joseph Daoud
Ariel ... ... ... Arshac Thaddeus

(etc.)

all former classmates. To be honest I really did enjoy the show. Later on Harith took me to his apartments to show me his cups and medals, all won by him in various track meets.

The following day I went to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs and asked for Mr. Khalid Ghanima. The man at the door told me that His Excellency way very busy and could not receive anybody till half past ten. Thus I decided to have a look at other parts of the ministry. On my way down stairs I almost bumped into William Sharbanee, once a bright B. C. lad. He was in great excitement and hardly managed to say that he had come to secure a free passage to Japan and that he was dealing in imports asd exports to and from that country; but that when he went out he had found his bicycle stolen. I gave him my sympathy and wished him luck. It was almost ten-thirty when I returned to His Excellency’s office. There was Khalid as big as life and shining like a full moon. He struggled to stand up but, thinking better of it, remained seated and extended his heavy hand. I congratulated him on his position for well he deserved it after all.

That day I paid two more visits. One was to Mr. Albert Atchoo whom I found performing an operation on a football and the other was to Mr. Faradj Raffouli, chief screen scenario writer for El Iraqi Film Co.

Walking along New Street a couple of days later a display in a very modern candy-shop window drew my attention. Unable to resist the temptation of these beautifully-made sweets I went in. There to my utter surprise I found Anwer Stephen standing behind the counter and clad in a clean white apron. He, always so kind and generous, flatly refused to allow me to pay for my purchase.

But alas, the candy (mind, I’m not finding fault with Anwer’s candy) gave a considerable amount of trouble. For while I was helping myself to some of the nuttiest candies, crack! one of my teeth broke causing me awful pain. I rushed to the nearest dentist without paying heed to his identity. When I opened my eyes at last I found Salih Hakkak standing beside me.
"Where the dickens did you come from?" I managed to ask.
"I attended your broken tooth," was his answer.
What a coincidence!
A few days later I went to get a hair cut at a fine-looking saloon which had previously caught my attention. 'Au secours', water, water!" Beside the chair stood Ferid Murad, the "ever-ready-for-a-joke." Ferid Murad! Grey spats covered the tops of his highly polished shoes; the crease in his trousers carried my eyes to his midriff which was supported by a decided paunch. Were his cheeks as red as ever or was it in contrast to his waxed and curled mustache? That hair cut took three hours but was the best one I ever had! my eyes to his midriff which was supported by a decided Baghdad College. Father Lawrence Raymond met me at the door for the school was now governed by Iraqi Fathers! When we had finished our tour of all the buildings, old and new, I asked Father Raymond about the remaining members of our class. I'll quote his answer.
"In fact I haven't seen them for a long time but I know that Albert Yonan is in Paris and Nasir George broadcasts folk songs from Basra. As for Louis Bakose, I'm not sure. One hears things, great fame, success and all that, but then, people in Hollywood seldom use their right names."
A month later I was sitting in a fine air-liner heading once again to Rio de Janeiro, when it suddenly struck me that none of my classmates had asked what I had been doing all these years. If you care to know, a gold mine had been discovered on our farm in South America and I have been doing justice to my share of the diggings.

Why I Like the Library
by
Yonan Ibrahim '44.

Sometimes when I am alone and have nothing to do I find great pleasure in going up to the library to read the books and magazines. It is so calm and peaceful there! I like it, too, because there are all sorts of books that I can borrow to read in my spare time after I have finished my work instead of idling about. There are Arabic, English and French books, Adventure books, interesting all.
I like it too because by reading the lives of great men you will be wiser and if any one should ask a question or begin talking politics I can hold a conversation when I am lonely and because they help me to become wiser that I like the library and look forward to the time I can go there.

Tigris Tangents
by
Joseph Marrow '41.

MANOEUVRES.
On April 2, a division of Muasker Rashid came to Sulaiikh to practice war games. The College participated in them by consenting to allow the use of the building as a hospital base.

BOARDERS’ EXCURSION.
On April 4, the boarders went on a picnic to Ctesiphon, ‘Salman Pak’ and enjoyed themselves among the remains of the ancient arch. When they were having a plunge in the rivers, Joseph Marrow, unconscious of the current became alarmed and in his fright began to sink. But Father Hussey came to his rescue and saved him. The writer wishes to thank him publicly for his alertness and courage.

GUEST.
On April 5, Father Valensin, S. J., a noted French Jesuit arrived at Baghdad. He has been active the last four years travelling through Japan, China and the East giving retreats to various religious communities. He departed April 11th.

COLLEGE INSPECTION.
On April 16 and 17, Mr. Jallel Jouad, inspector of private schools, visited Baghdad College. He attended all the various classes and questioned the students in their lessons.

PICNICS.
The second semester picnics were held on April 20. Fourth High went to Samarra accompanied by Fathers Sheehan, Miff and Paul. They enjoyed themselves though for lack of time were not able to look around the ancient site. They were grieved, however, that their beloved Father Shea, because of a slight indisposition could not accompany them. At Yves Abboud’s kind invitation, Third High, attended by Fathers Hussey and Armitage, went to his garden in Baquba. First High, along with Second, also went to Baquba accompanied by Fathers Williams, Fennell and Hoyt, their
destination being the garden of Fathallah Loka of Second High. All expressed their delight in having passed a wonderful day.

PRESS EXHIBIT.

On April 22, the Press Exhibit, set up by the Sodalists, was formally opened by H. E. the Apostolic Delegate. Magazines and books of different countries were hung around the walls of the hall which were adorned by posters drawn by the students. The Delegate expressed his admiration for the work and commented briefly on the sign ‘Good Reading Comes From the Holy Ghost’. He declared that the exhibit was a benefit for the Church and for all Iraq.

SERVICES OFFERED.

This year Bagdad was in danger of being flooded. The Tigris waters reached a height which Baghdadis had not experienced for many a year. The government school boys lent their services by keeping a watchful eye on certain weak places along the river banks and were ready to give alarm if danger threatened. Our Mudir, Father Devenny, voluntarily sent a letter to the Department of Education stating that B. C. boys and buses would be at the convenience of the authorities at any hour and that the B. C. authorities would be only too glad to be of real service to the nation.

ST. IGNATIUS ACADEMY.

On April 24, the Academy in honor of St. Ignatius Loyola was held at the College. At eight o'clock H. E. Athanasius Behnam Qalian, the Syrian Catholic Archbishop of Baghdad, celebrated the Mass and afterwards attended the academy. The talks on St. Ignatius and the Society of Jesus were delivered in eleven different languages, Arabic, English, French, German, Italian, Armenian, Turkish, Persian, Roumanian, Russian, and Greek.

ORATORICAL CONTEST.

On April 26, Father McCarthy, S. J., Father Paul and Mr. Bechir attended an oratorical contest at Hadiqat El Ma'ridh sponsored by the Ministry of Education. Many notables were there and the boys who participated deserve a great deal of credit for their fine speeches. Congratulations!

NEW TEACHER.

Mr. Lucian Apikian, a former B. C. student has been added to the faculty to teach Civics to Third High.

RETREAT.

The annual retreat for the year 1939-40 took place from March 18-20. Rev. Father Paul Abraham directed the retreat which was given for the first time in Arabic. His several excellent talks were much appreciated by all but especially by the First High boys who are just beginning English.

FLAG SALUTE.

A new ceremony has been introduced at the weekly flag salute. Patriotic speeches and verses about the flag, composed by the boys, were delivered by Akram Joseph, Naser George, and Faradj Raffouli.

SUMMER ORDER.

Beginning April 15 the summer order went in force. Classes started at 7 a.m. and ended at 12 m. with no more classes in the afternoon. The Fathers graced the occasion by appearing in their fresh and cool summer habits.

BOARDERS’ TRIP.

On April 23, ten of the boarders went on a bicycle picnic to Daoudiyah to inspect the breach made in the dam. The river had begun to fall at this time and the immediate danger of a flood in Baghdad has passed. The Arabs we met were very hospitable, brought us Lebanon and laid mattresses for us to rest upon. They were steadfast in their refusal to accept any money for this service. Hospitality is an outstanding characteristic of the Arabs.

ENTERTAINMENT.

On Saturday night, April 13, a great number of B. C. boys attended the Latin School play in Baghdad. The drama, given for the benefit of the poor boys of the school, was especially well performed and proved a huge success. Congratulations to the players for their magnificent work and those who, unseen and unsung, encouraged and directed the play.

MAY DEVOTIONS.

On the first day of May medals bearing the impression of our Lady were distributed to the boys. As the College Chapel is now upstairs the May Devotions are
recited there. The boys assemble each day to sing a
hymn and listen to a short talk by one of the Sodalists.
Lately the Apostolic Delegate communicated to us the
Pope’s request for prayers for peace. So we say a
decade of the rosary and invoke Our Lady three times
under the title of ‘Queen of Peace’.

FIFTH HIGH PRIVILEGED.

In the government examinations our boys must
transfer their thoughts from English to Arabic, not at
all easy when one has done all his studies in English
and especially where technical or scientific language is
involved. Accordingly the Mudir has granted Fifth High
the privilege of Thursdays off and one other day during
the week. All have been very faithful in choosing a day
when their classes are light and on which they will not
miss important matter.

GOVERNMENT EXAMINATIONS.

The Third and Fifth High boys who are to sit for
the Government intermediate and secondary examina-
tion this year received notice on April 20 that the B. C.
examinations would begin on May 15. Any boy success-
fully passing our examinations will be permitted to sit
for the Government exams in June,

VISITING STUDENTS.

Fifteen girls, many of the sisters of B. C. boys,
from the Collège de Centre came up to our laboratory
to witness some Chemistry and Physics experiments.
Father Gookin explained some intricate points in
Chemistry while he carried on the experiments. Two
days later Father Sheehan went through briefly the
Government Physics book for the girls. He explained
several experiments in heat, sound, light and electricity.

YOUTH MOVEMENT.

On the occasion of the Birthday of H. M. King
Feisal II, the Ministry of Education held a Fattuwwa
exhibition (Youth Movement). It was a real success
and thousands of spectators witnessed 10,000 boys and
800 girls, all staunch Iraqis, marching and performing
various kinds of physical exercises. It certainly was a
thrilling sight to see all these boys and girls going
through their exercises as one person.

Dante Alighieri
by
Hrand Kurkjian ’41.

The ‘divine author’ was born at Florence in May
1265 of a noble family that was famous in war. His
was a congenital genius; but he also received education
at sundry famous universities including those of Oxford
and Paris. He was a brilliant politician and it was his
politics more or less which produced his Divine
Comedy. In 1307 he was exiled and spent the remain-
ing bitter part of his life away from home.

He first fell in love when nine years old. It was
Beatrice whom he immortalized who had stolen his
broken heart. She died at the age of twenty-four. In
1291 his friends compelled him to marry Gemma, a
lady of noble birth that he might forget Beatrice. But
instead, she grew dearer to his heart with each passing
day.

He spend many long years in exile and died either
in July or September 1321 in Bologna. Many precious
tears were shed, but without avail.

Dante may be considered one of the most admirable
theologians that the church ever had. The Divine
comedy is exceedingly beautiful and well written. It is
noble and supernatural in its ideas. His description of
hell is so horrible and disgusting, and yet in style so
beautiful and true, that it makes us constantly think
of the glory of God and the terrible everlasting punish-
ment for the sinner.

Many readers think that Dante’s hell is more beauti-
ful and sublime and more appreciable than Milton’s.
It may be so. But the reason is that Milton tries his
utmost to avoid materialism and to build it upon a
world of spirits. But Dante does the opposite.

Dante divides hell into nine regions. Everlasting
darkness abides over it. Punishments vary according
to the grievousness of the guilt. In the ninth region
dwells Satan, the formidable, with huge black wings
and a gigantic body emersed in molten lava. His
shrieks and yellings fill the unbearable atmosphere.

Finishing his tour, he ascends to purgatory where
those sinners who did not fulfill their religious duties
do constant penance. The whole place is bright with
light that dances like nymphs.

Purgatory is divided into seven regions. The
foreheads of the penitent are marked with seven P's (peccatum). Each P is removed by an angel when duties are fulfilled. So the seven P's take a time equal to the lifetime of the person. The excommunicated and heretics, however, take five times the length of their earthly lives. At the last stage the person has to pass through an intense flame to be purified so as to enter heaven, "And the angels rejoice at a sinner doing penance."

His description of purgatory is not so sublime and noble as his hell or heaven. The punishment of desire, Dante tells us, is not found there. They are happy and enjoy the blessing of God and His charity.

After being purified, Dante enters heaven. His heaven is in fact the most noble of all his poems. It is a gem in the crown of literature. It is the most sublime and perfect creation of Dante. It is so fascinating that you strongly feel the impulse and the irresistible attraction of the holiness and perfection of the Almighty.

In heaven he is guided by Revelation (Beatrice), who appears to him radiant as a goddess. She guides him through the nine heavens showing him every thing and explaining whatever he cannot solve.

In the eighth heaven he sees our Saviour who like a gorgeous sun is surrounded by a host of spirits appearing as light or flowers. Apparently Dante gets a momentary glimpse of the glorified humanity of the Savior.

His beloved Beatrice intercedes with the Virgin Mother to permit him to behold the Beatific Vision, and the prayer is granted. He says, "My vision becoming more and more the beam of light in itself is Truth." XXXIII. 52.

At first he sees by immediate intuition the Divine Essence in its creative power. Then he beholds the Creator Himself. Later the mystery of the Blessed Trinity is unveiled in three circles of light. Next the human and divine natures of our Lord are unveiled, seen in the second luminous circle. But the spectacle is beyond the ability of description. Dante endeavors to portray the mystery of the Blessed Trinity when he says,

"The One and Two and Three who ever liveth
And reigneth ever in Three and One.
Not circumscribed and all circumscribing.
Three several times was chanted by each one.
Among those spirits, with such melody,
That for all merit it were just reward." (XIV, 27, Paradiso.)

Beatrice abandons him now to attend to the Holy Mother and St. Bernard is sent to guide him back.

Our Unknown Patriotic Ancestors

by

Fraydoon Kashi '41.

It is not necessary that Easterners look to the Nazis or the Fascisti or even Joan of Arc to learn what true devotion to country is. For the different countries of the East have long since given examples of patriotism. We have from the history of our own vicinity one of the earliest and most illustrious instances on record.

When in 529 B.C. Cyrus, the hero of Great Babylon, died in Iran, one of his colonies burst into violent revolution, trying to become independent. The revolution was very dangerous, and it lasted up to the reign of Darius the Great. Though this king sent every kind of ammunition known at that time, yet the revolutionaries, closing the huge iron doors of their city, were able to stand against his forces. To his fear and surprise, the king was informed that the rebels had bought such a large amount of ammunition, that they could continue their enterprise for more than three years. He knew that he could not enter their iron - doored city. And he knew that weariness and fatigue might well overpower his soldiers before they would have passed those three years. It seemed to him quite hopeless and desperate.

Jupiter, (not the Roman god) one of the alert generals of Darius, seeing the dangerous case of his king and country, determined to do one last thing, saying to himself, "My king will not win without some sacrifice on my part."

One dreadful night the rebels saw a poor wretched man under their walls asking them to let him enter that he might serve them. When he was let in, they saw his nose and his ears cut and the hot blood gushing out and covering all his face. He told them that he was one of their enemy's generals, and that his 'cruel' king, for some reason, was so angry with him that he punished him by cutting off his nose and ears, and that, at last, he was glad to take their permission to present his military service to them and to avenge himself on his cruel king. The people, being in touching need of a general to reorganize their lines, trusted him and relied upon him right away, giving him some forces to
No Jokes With Firearms

by
Alving A. Almary, '41.

Eleven years ago, in June nineteen hundred and twenty-nine, our family went to a summer resort in the Caucasus. It was and still is a famous place for its mineral waters, of which there are about thirty kinds. A doctor had advised my mother to go there for the sake of her health.

After staying in that beautiful, mountain-girt city for about a month, my father met an old friend of his who was there with his wife and family. That man had a sister-in-law, with whom my most terrible accident happened. She was a very pretty, young girl about twenty-four years of age with golden-colored hair, and sky-colored eyes, the most beautiful I have ever seen.

And so, my father and his friend renewed their friendship, and as it naturally happened, visits, picnics, theatre and opera parties began. One fine, summer day they invited us to supper, and we went to them at about eight o'clock in the evening. We sat in the garden, ate some fruit, played games and at ten o'clock the supper was served. As I was only eight years old and not yet much acquainted with etiquette,

defend one of the city's doors. He did his duty very zealously. He killed ten thousand of his king's forces. That was the clearest proof of his sheer wish to help the rebels. He was so trusted that they elected him their leader and put all the reinforcements of the different doors of the city under his command. This was all he sought.

Next day he opened the doors of the city to his king, who by that action defeated the revolutionaries. By that trick, rather, by that sacrifice, Jopiteur helped his king to win and heaped honors on his country. Jopiteur lost his nose and ears, but his memorable name shall never be lost in history.

By that honorable feeling the ancient eastern nations kept themselves vigorous and progressive. We, too, can undergo the same sacrifice if we feel the same as our ancestors towards our kings and countries.

I finished my food first and loudly declared that I wanted to go home and sleep. Of course the hosts would not let my parents go home so soon. So Anne, as the young girl was called, took me to her brother-in-law's bed room and put me to bed. She told me a nice story and later we wished each other good-night and she went back to the dining-room.

Suddenly, as I was looking around the room I saw a small rifle hanging just above my head. It was of a small calibre and only a little bigger than my toy gun. At the moment I saw that rifle a very foolish idea occurred to me and I decided to do as impulse prompted. I rose silently from the bed, took the gun and went to the door leading to the dining-room. My purpose was to open the door and frighten everybody with the rifle. As I was only a small boy I did not understand anything about fire-arms and did not even think that the gun might be loaded. So I just opened the door with my foot, took good aim at Anne's head and shouting "Hands up!" pulled the trigger. All I remembered after that was a terrible explosion, a shriek and such a blow from my father on my left ear, that I rolled back into the bed-room, right under the bed. The rest they told me after a couple of days.

The bullet struck Anne on her right cheek, broke two teeth on that side, passed through the mouth, broke one tooth on the left side and came out through her left cheek. A doctor was immediately summoned, the wounds attended to and of course my father took all the expenses upon himself.

I will never forget that awful night and I think everybody who was there will remember it long, but especially Anne, who, though she went through great pain and fright, became much more beautiful than ever, after her wounds were completely healed. She has two wonderful dimples one on each cheek, so attractive and symmetrical, that even Sonja Henie with her world-famous smile would envy Anne.

About three years and a half ago when we were about to leave Russia, Anne was already married and had children of her own. She told me that she would never forget me because every time she looked into her mirror she saw those artificial dimples. And I can say that she did it at least ten times a day, for she was a woman.
Athletics

by

Hrand Kurkjian '41.

The year is coming to a close and the summer heat is already upon us. It has been a great year and our victories have been numerous, so numerous that we hold our heads aloft as we think over the events of an almost closed athletic season. Summer order with its morning sessions forces our activities to lessen but the athletic front is not entirely dormant, not altogether subdue, and we have to report events excluded from our last report when the 'El Iraqi' went to press.

INTER - CLASS SPORTS.

BASKETBALL.

The tournaments went on smoothly and Fourth beat First in two games: 8 - 4 and 10 - 8. A series was then played between Fourth and Fifth in which Fourth unfortunately lost: 9 - 8; 9 - 13 and 24 - 8.

TENNIS.

The final game was played between the remaining teams, and Hrand Kurkjian and Alex Sargis of Fourth beat Louis Bakose and Arshac Thaddeus of Fifth: 2 - 6, 6 - 3 and 6 - 3. Three tennis balls will be awarded as a prize to each of the players. Thus Fourth won the school championship for tennis.

CLASS HANDBALL SINGLES.

Different classes organized a singles handball tournament for leadership in each class and prizes were awarded. The winners: First High, Joseph Faddouli; Second, Anwer Said; Third, Jacob Thaddeus; Fourth, Alex Sargis; Fifth did not participate.

An honorary tea party was given on behalf of "Harith's Helpers." Nasser George recited one of his funny poems at the presentation of the platter (without the cake). The Poet praised the athletes of his class showing their merit and ability to fight.

STOP PRESS.

On April 20th, the German U - Boat D 45 sunk a Danish ship 1000 miles off the coast of Norway. The ship had a cargo of medals and was bound for Basrah. These were the medals destined for the unlucky heroes of B. C. We will never forget the efforts of Fathers McCarthy and Connell who spent valuable time getting suitable medals made for us. We thank them heartily and pray for them, Father Hussey is having new ones made in Baghdad and feels sure the winners will not be disappointed.

As usual we are now having our annual singles handball tournament for the school championship. So far the games have been very interesting. Albert Atchoo is favored to win but there is danger of opposition from Louis Bakose, Costy Halkias, Ferid Murad and Alex Sargis.

B. C. entered two teams in the government tennis tournament for the Baghdad School Championship. But the teams were set one against the other and Hrand Kurkjian and Alex Sargis beat William Hoon and Louis Bakose. The tournament is not yet over.

VARSITY SPORTS.

BASKETBALL.

B. C. was invited to play a basketball game with the Pharmacy School whose team was led by an old B. C. boy, Edward Thomas. Sorry to announce that our opponents returned with broken hearts, score 22-15.

VOLLEYBALL.

In the government tournament for the Volleyball championship of Baghdad we defeated the Markazziya Intermediate School in a decisive game. Two games we played and the score was 15-4 and 15-5. But our second game against the Medical College we lost.

PING - PONG.

Ferid Murad, our last hope who was in bed for a while, lost in the Karkhiya tournament. Harith Shawkat lost in the semi-finals of the Markazziya tournament but was awarded a medal.

JUNIOR VARSITY.

Our husky captain (Field Marshal Mannerheim) George Bakose, lead his boys into the thicket of battle and came out with a black face. He lost to the Ghazi School in Volleyball but was awarded the Iron cross for defeating the Syrian School in a famous Volleyball game.

So we bring our last Athletic report of the year to a close.

Father Hussey Director of Athletics, thanks from the bottom of his heart all the heroes of Old B. C. for their good discipline and skill shown throughout the year in different games and field days and for carrying out one of the most successful years of sport in the history of B. C.

We, the Students, thank Father Hussey and all the Fathers for the encouragement and opportunities given to carry out our heroic and triumphant year.
Career
by
Jacob Thaddens '42.

A young man has numerous careers in this world from which to choose careers which will either bring success or misery to him; careers which will make him feel happy when he looks back reproachfully on the bitter days of the buried past or careers which will make him feel tortured and desolate when he remembers the happy days of his youth. In other words careers can make a bitter man happy, or fill a happy man with contempt and sorrow. One's whole life and often the lives of others depend on the career one chooses. Yet many seem to ignore this fact. They think little or nothing of their future, of their career and of their happiness. Do they think that success will ride to them and bear them to its flowery paths? If they do, they will be disappointed. For it seldom happens that this case will prove true. They cannot get away. They stick there, while others prosper and are happy. Careers are not only for clear happy days but for stormy and rainy days as well. They must guarantee security not only when one is young but when old age creeps on one and makes him weak and unable to work.

Life is a new land full of wonders and beauties, full of charms and glory. Every year, thousands of young men and women cross the frontier of this new land. They all cherish a dream. They all have a certain ambition in crossing this frontier. The wonders of life dazzle their eyes. The beauties of this new land astonish their imaginations. The charms of life allure them. They are in a daze. Their patience exhausts and they rush forward. Some land behind the counter or the bar. Others land behind the typewriter or behind a desk. But they are not content, nor successful, nor happy. They wonder why they are where they are. They envy the careers of others. The imprisoned office worker sighs on sunny days for the open spaces, while the toiler on the land buttons his coat against the wind and the rain and thinks he would be a lot snurger at a desk. The typist hates the continuous clack-clack of the machine and envies others who handle clothes and flowers and see different people all the time. The shopgirl, tired of standing long hours seeking-to satisfy customers who do not even know what they want wonders why she did not take a course in shorthand and have only one man to please. Most of them are unhappy, because they did not think a little before they plunged themselves into the worries of life. They rushed to the trucks which carried some to happiness in the carriage of success while others stumbled under the wheels of the passing truck called Failure and unfortunately all their future was doomed.

Why this hurry, young men? Stop and think a while before you cross this indisputable barrier. Hesitate and contemplate your thought on your future and on the future of others dependent on you before you cross the threshold of life. Consider certain points which will be your salvation from failure.

Your inclination for a certain career certainly must not be ignored, although, most of you, young men, cherish goals in which you foresee glory and honor and luxury. But will they really prove so to you? Remember that, all that glitters is not gold. The glory and the splendour of the career may dazzle you. But beware of what it may contain. Again, most of you are inclined to easy work or 'soft jobs'. You wrong yourself greatly when you think of an easy job which will satisfy and keep you from starving. But whereas you had great ability and a chance to become a great and dignified man you are now just nothing. Distrust any career that seems easy because there is certainly something wrong in easy work, even as there is something wrong in easy money. Another point to be considered is your personal aptitude and ability. This may be a great factor which will lead you to fame. Most of you have abilities for certain occupations but you ignore those abilities. You admire the happiness and wealth of a man who has chosen another career and you follow him. What do you expect your future to be in that case? Failure, indeed! With these words I do not mean that, if you follow the career in which you have ability, you will be successful in your future life. For success and happiness demand the consideration of all the factors.

Young men of today seem to understand by career only the high positions. They all try to be something and their occupation will swell their pockets with wealth and fill their desires with pleasures, luxuries and mirth. They are all hopelessly mistaken. Let them
Biography

by

Haery Ridha '41.

"Is my life worth writing?" That is the question which almost every autobiographer has asked himself before attempting to write the story of his life. Every person, no matter how rich or poor, experiences some odd and unusual incidents during the course of his, or her, life. But there are some who have been more gifted, and whose biographies engage our attention and excite our passions more than those of others. As you well know, the life of every great man is either narrated by that man himself, or unveiled for us by others. Then why shouldn't we profit by them? Why shouldn't we, simply by reading them, moderate our lives, and plan our futures? Why shouldn't we, now that they are readily made for us, try to understand them, see the effects and mistakes that they have made in their lives, and possibly avoid committing such blunders in the course of our own lives, while we remember the words of the poet: "Lives of great men all remind us, we can make our lives sublime."

The Road To Failure

by

William Hoon '42.

A young man, not yet thirty years old, leaned crestfallen on the rail of the dock, waiting for the sentence which the judge was about to pronounce. His face was buried beneath a shock of hair and sweat streamed from his brow as he waited impatiently for the judge to speak. The words fell coldly on his ear. "This court finds you guilty!"

If you should ask the reason why this man became a thief the answer most probably would be that he was a failure in life, finding nothing to do and so turned to stealing. But if you should question further about his failure you would most likely come to the conclusion that he had been idle. He was idle from his youth. He was sent to school but in place of going to school and doing his work as a decent student should he was out, gun in hand, trudging through woods and up hills and down dales, hunting a few wild pigeons. He never thought of the morrow and one of the hardest things for young people to realize is that tomorrow will really come. He passed his youth in pleasure, assuming that sometime, somehow, a suitable job would be given to him. Let him inspect to what degree this blind trustfulness has led him to shame and disgrace.

This is the reason why one has to make himself work while he has the energy and will to do so. He must prepare to win his bread in some decent way. For no one is going to feed him if he sits idle the whole day long and does no work. God has put the curse on Adam and all his descendents that he must earn his bread by the sweat of his brow. By study and hard work you will be able to see clearly enough that you are heading for a smooth, concrete highway, the way to prosperity and success. But idleness will bring you without fail to that deeply rutted track where every turn is marked 'Danger' or 'Detour'. Idleness is the root all misfortunes, the guide-post to destruction, and if you make of idleness a follow traveler along the road of life the Greatest of all Judges will someday say of you, "This court finds you guilty!".
Milestone On The Path Of Success

by
Edward Everett '42.

How inspiring, how invigorating, and yet how sobering is that famous word 'Success' — a word that brings before the inexperienced and hesitating minds of youth a shaded series of pictures of the past, the present and the rising future. Then, lost in a whirlwind, those fleeting pictures disappear and there is left only the realization of an immortal truth, "Your life will be a success or a failure." For all life is a voyage across a mighty ocean over seas now calm, now angry, with a favoring breeze behind or in the teeth of adverse winds. Only those who can meet with all disasters, who can see their vessels lost and yet start again to endure, heedless of their loss, will ever land upon that aspiring shore of 'Success'.

How dumb do we stand at the very name of Demosthenes! Our tongues are tied with shame for fear they might not give due honor to him who was the master of all speech. Yet Demosthenes was a simple, nervous boy who despaired at the very sound of his own tongue for he could not speak without stammering. But such ripples were no match for the strong vessel of his soul. From the rugged shores of Attica he shouted to the sea until his speech was perfect. Before long Demosthenes was a justly proud man to see before him an audience which responded to his powerful words like a musical instrument in the hands of an artist. Here was a man who rode high on the wave of success and history is proud to bear within its pages the immortal name of Demosthenes, the greatest orator of all time!

And yet if the master Athenian could see the great figure that follows so closely behind him in the march of history he might cry out that his whole life was a failure for all the strength and power of Demosthenes was spent in saving Greece from one man. Yet here we meet the majestic figure or this man's son, Alexander the Great. Here was a boy who was laughed and jeered at by his playmates and friends when he expressed his opinion on a simple proposal. Yet that same Alexander became the man to whom the aged and the young, the king and slave, bowed in submission and whose opinion was regarded as law. For this boy had ambitions far greater than the wild dreams of aged men, these ambitions had a will, and this was strong enough to carry Alexander the Conqueror to the ends of the earth.

The bearded visage of Demosthenes and the young face of Alexander are lost forever in the whirlwind of time but the spirit that lifted these men to the heights of success lives on as an eternal memorial to greatness which would not be denied.
“Stop!” begged Rogerio. His manner changed. He was thinking of what would happen to Marianna if he refused this proposal. He knew that he was on the verge of the precipice of poverty. The thought hurt him deeply in his soul yet it was the bitter truth. He imagined his beloved child struggling for a living - starving - and he shuddered. He looked into the future and saw the black clouds of bankruptcy overshadowing the serenity of his happiness. There seemed to be no hope whatever. Yet Marianna must be saved and she must live her days happily. But how - ? This was the only way and he knew it. It was a way of treason but the dark eyes of Marianna would never know unhappiness this way.

“Senor Suselmo, you win. I accept your proposal.”

His voice trembled as he spoke. “And now, Senor, I bid you good day.”

A few weeks later Marianna played beneath the shade of the walnut tree in her garden. A golden haired doll lay in her arms and she was singing a lullaby of old Spain. So intent was she on her song that she did not notice the bushes behind her move slightly nor the ragged man who stepped into view.

The man was one of the radical rioters who were under orders to shoot anyone believed to be in favor with the government. Even now as he stood behind Marianna his eyes kept straying towards the house where he knew he would find Senor Rogerio. But the sweet voice of the child held him spell-bound and for the moment his mission was forgotten. Then his eyes turned again towards the house and he quietly drew a revolver from his pocket. At this moment Marianna turned her head and saw him. She screamed. The man started at the suddenness of her scream. He whirled upon her in alarm and fright. In his fear and nervousness his finger pressed too heavily on the trigger. The gun roared and Marianna’s second scream suddenly stopped. Her body slumped to the grass. For a dreadful moment the man stared down at her in horror. Then the gun slipped from his hand and he plunged away into the bushes.

Juan Rogerio was reading in the library when he heard Marianna scream. A second later came the sound of a shot. With an awful fear in his heart he ran to the garden. Marianna’s slender body lay stretched upon the grass. Blood streamed from a deep wound in her chest. She still clutched the golden haired doll in her arms. Frantically Rogerio lifted her. He was too late. Marianna was dead. An awful numbness came over Rogerio. He laid her on the grass and knelt beside her. The golden hair of the doll fell across a shiny object on the ground. He seized the revolver and inspected it closely. Yes, it was true. Marianna had been killed by a weapon which her father’s company had made. A bullet made by him had pierced her heart.

He had strive to make her happy.... and he had killed her! The golden hair of the doll lay in a little pool of blood and Juan Rogerio saw in it a figure of his life. He had violated all the ideals of his career; he had sold his honor, his country and now his beloved child for — — — gold, gold that now lay drenched in blood.

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**Interclass**

SPORTS HONOR ROLL

1939 — 1940.

**FIFTH HIGH**

CHAMPIONS OF BASKETBALL
Albert Atchoo (Captain)
Louis Bakose
Harith Shawkat
Ferid Murad
Constantine Halkias
Anwer Stephan.

CHAMPIONS OF VOLLEYBALL
Albert Atchoo (Captain)
Harith Shawkat
Louis Bakose
Ferid Murad
Anwer Stephan
Faradj Raffouli.

CHAMPIONS OF HANDBALL
Ferid Murad
Albert Atchoo.

CHAMPIONS OF TRACK
Albert Atchoo (Captain)
Harith Shawkat (High Scorer)
Faradj Raffouli
Jamshid Kashi
Naser George
Alexander Kouyoumdjian
Salih Hakakk
Constantine Halkias
Akram Joseph
Albert Yonan
Ferid Murad.

**FOURTH HIGH**

CHAMPIONS OF TENNIS
Hrand Kurkjian
Alexander Sargis.

CHAMPION OF PING—PONG
Clement Thomas.

**JUNIOR DIVISION.**

**SECOND HIGH**

CHAMPION OF PING—PONG
Ashod Abraham.

**FIRST HIGH**

CHAMPIONS OF VOLLEYBALL
Joseph Faddouli (Captain)
Petrine Pahlawan
Kamil Nassouri
Yonan Ibrahim
Eliahou Heskel
Michael Stanley.
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BAHGDAD (IRAQ)
أخبار آخر ساعة

الصف الخامس

يوم الاربعاء:

مناسبة انتهاء السنة الدراسية فقرر الصف المنهج إقامة حفلة تخرج في حديقة الكلية. وقد أقيمت الحفلة ليلة الاربعاء الموافق 19 حزيران حضرها جميع أعضاء الصف مع عدد من الآباء. فكانت تتجلى فيها روح التآخي بين الطلاب ومدرسيهم وقد اشترى من الحفلة الأب شهين المعروف محمد لهذا الصف وقد عرضت على الطلاب بعض الصور التي التقطت يوم الزيارة قضى الطلاب بعض السويعات بين مدرسيهم وتعلل الحفلة قطع غنائية مما اتربت الماضي. وقد ترك الطلاب المظل والكل سنة تلمج بالشكر لدارة المدرسة.

يوم الامم:

واجتمع الطلاب أيضاً أصحاب حفلة التخرج الموافق

عبدالله هذى الوصي الشريف
سيد الرأي بالحكمه ظريف
حرص على اعماله وشفيف
مخفوياً ابناه الآله بعلم
زفون على قمة هاي امنا
كلية بغداد اللي نعذنا
يا علم

علي دام للمعل هيجي كون
ربا الاله المجبار الله يعون
من كل ذوى الحق وكل منؤمن
موجود كون يا محببي يا علم

يا علم انت تمثل الشعوب
والشعب يمثلك برس وقابول
وين ما ديدها الوقود
الله بالتحية ادو يا علم
مروف ذلك عالي بالساء
مخفوف من كل داهي شعواء

ابسط ذراعاك واحفظ الأبناء
العرب والعراقين اجمع يا علم

ياض تي احمر الرمان
اسود اخضر مزوج الأوان
بحمك عالي مرصع بمراجان
منصر على كل عدو يا علم
الأبيض ببن على صناعمنا
الأسود يظهر ليه وقئمنا
وذاك الاخضر مرابعنا
والأحمر يشهد برايننا يا علم

يا علم الامة يا ملعن الجمال
يا فيك كل الفخر وكل الكمال
ياك يبنم الشعيب وتحقت الامال
مكل يا كليل الاظهر يا علم
الحكومة هذا القانون لأن الأغلبية الساحقة تجوز لها شرب الحرة.

قال أحد الرجال العظام: "سأب عليك أيها القائد تشترب الحرية ولكني سأصبر عليك تركي من ذفها.

أن جميع الشرابات من شراب وعرق وويسكي وغيرها تحتوي على مادة كحوية تتراوح نسبة بين 8 إلى 10 في المئة.

وإن هذه الكحول لها التركيز في صحة الجهاز العصبي. فلا كلام على نسبه كثيرة من الجنون. وقد لوحظ أن الأغلبية الجماعية - ذكروا وناثروا - ثم من مدمج الحرية والسبب في ذلك أن الكحول تؤثر في الأعصاب والاندفاع نفسها. وقد دلت التجربة التي قام بها العلماء على أن كمية كثيرة من الكحول تؤثر في المقدار العقلية والبدنية للإنسان وهذا ي]% البند لوضع لائحة قانونية تمنع تعاطي الكحول وكل مخالف يعاقب بشدة.

يشبه البعض إلى الاعتقاد بأن المسكرات مقواة للجسم لأنها مصنوعة من مواد غذائية متانة التفاعلات الكيميائية التي تقرأ عليها فتغذى جوعها. فننا يقولون أن العنب غذاء والقر غذاء والشعر غذاء وأن الحرة والمقدمة مصنوعة من هذه المواد موزعة بالسكر الذي يدوره يضيء أيضاً. فإذا تآثر على الجسم ولكن يمكننا أن نحييهم بما قاله أحد القهار الإعراة الذي أنما يجادل عن المسكرات. فقال الإعراة: "إذنا القذيفة ان العنب لا يؤدي ما أن السكر وملاء لا يؤديان.

فما إذا لم الإسلام شرب الحرة فاشبه الفقيه؟ إذا اختر حفنة من الزراب ورضيت بها صدرك فيك تؤذيك؟ فأجاب...
المستعمرات واضرارها

العالم

لا تذكر ذات يوم على فاحة نهر الرمال الطبيعية وبما يمكنه وجماله. اتبع النظر بروية اذ النهر البني. إذ السبب السبب
الفيضية البراقة اللامعة تسحب مترقة في ذاك النهر البني،
وقد اشترط الشمس عليه فصيرة سرقة ذهبية ياعم من بين
طياتها بريق بريق النهر ويسمر العيون. ثم أصبحت فوستا
اللبعودي في اشجار النخيل بهجته مسورة. وماه الا
للمعان حتى غاب الشمس وانتهرت وراء الأفق البعيد تاركة
وراءها نوراً بائساً كانا شور حسناء تلاعبت به الرحح فيبدعته
في الغطاء الوعاء.

ثم ساد الفيلم والسائل ستاره على الكون وضم بين جنباته
الكاهن دوند والكاهن دوند والكاهن دوند والكاهن دوند.
وذلك بتوزيع السكراكس الجصية أو بعرض الرقوق السينانية
عينها درجات متعاطية الحرة والنتيجة الحرة التي تنتشر وهم
عما الإصعاب والجناة وربما لم تكن. وقد كانت الولايات المتحدة
الأمريكية اهد المولد نعماً وريسياً على متعاطي الحرة وذلك
لان العصر الحاكم كان اغلبه من البروتستانت الذين حروموا
على تقسم تعاطي المستعمرات. خرير شرب الحمراء ثم عدلت

لقد وجدت السكينة وانت لا تشعر ولا تحس فظيحتك
بين احضاً السروال والكفاً لتصارع وتضارب ونماز مروده ليلا
وانت تلعب منهول وقد اضناك الكفاح، فتضحك بين احضاها
ثانية بحجة مسورة.

أيها البشر المعذب وأيها الإنسان الدليل مالك لا تفكر
بهذا وانت تنظر دائماً بوجوب السروال والعبطة والانثراح؟

سواوا براي
الصف الثالث
معركة جوية

في الحادية عشرة المليئة القمر كان القمر يرسل اشتعال الفضية على السهول واودي فيها بروقة وجمال. كان السكون تيمناً على تلك الأراضي وكانت الليل ينشر بذلك الهدوء فأخذ في أن وأخيراً علما بلبا.

بعد بركاً وجريمة غاب القمر وزالت تلك الليلة التي كانت تكمن السببان واودي وحذل مجالها ازديادات الطائرات ودنجها. ملك ظل تقدم الطائرات وانهزمت معركة واسعة.

الوطن ينادي في هذا الهدوء، تسمع صوت الوطن ينادي، تسمع هتاف الوطن لا ينابه النجاء، لا ينابه انطلاق عشر ناوّل!

لا ينابه هذا الدواء المغيد؟

لا ينابه هذا الرجاء المقيم؟

لا ينابه هذا الطلب المتروض?

بشراك ياوطن! بشراك ياوطن! الأبطال العاكسيون!

بشراك ياقد انناة الشاب المتحمس! أنك هو ظلاء ملتقي، مستعد لبذل النفس والتفاني، مستعد لسفك آخر.

فترة من دماته القوية لكي يرفع شأننا ويجعل شبو أبو كرباك الذي يلبك فتحي بحرية وسعادت السلام.

يا شباب العراق يا باشبال الاسود

جردوا السيف واشروا البنود

هاجوا العدو واكروا القيود

اهدوا مجدنا واتركوا الجحود

اغدوا جهدا واحوا الجذود

وافرحوا واشروا في الجندود

ليحي ميلكتا

ماي سليم من

الصف الثالث المتوسط
الشباب وخدمة العلم

هي خدمة من اقدس الخدمة بعد الله وواجب من الواجب في حياة الوطن الحقيقية. ان العلم رأى وعرف في اعلان كل دولة. اذ حري زمن الدولة والامة فيجب تقديمهما واحترامهما من قبل كل فرد. فبالم لم يعر الشأن ان كان عرزا ويدلل ان كان ذيللا.

ويجب ان لا تبرر من ذهننا فائدة ثوب الملابس، فالنافذة الأولى هي نمائي الغني والقيق في المظهر الخارجي ويستوعب كل منها على تقديمه واحترامه من دون اربطة، فنظر الأول الى الثاني نظرة كريهة وازدراء. وهناك ايضا جلال النظر فترى صغرى من الناشئة بلبس الهمام الحمام.

ويجب ان نحسن ان بساطة وسلامة الزون في اختيار الملابس لا تجعلن الطالب أو الطالبة يكردان في الزينة والتألق بل يحصر كل منها مما في استفاء العلم لهيب النفس والجسد. ثم ان هذه الملابس ليست غالبية.

أعلم وهذا يمكن ان يحقق الفضير والغني.

فبفحص الكلام ان القوة تجل من الطلاب رحلات المستقبل ومن الطالبات نهات تربية ظلالهن وواجتهن نهج اوطالهن. فنحن الطلاب المكريون الساعيون الذين رأوا بنظرة القوفر منافع القوة قدخلوها في سلوك اصلاحهم. ثم الله من افتتاحي للامة ووطنه وجلمبر بكرايه الاهية وحفظهم ذخرا للامة العربية عامة والشعب العراقي خاصة.

orphism Mado

الصف الرابع الثانوي
القوة واهدافها

دخلت وزارة المعارف في المدارس العراقية نظام القوة والكشافة لما فيه من فوائد عظيمة في تربية أبنائها وخصوصهم فيجب مهما كانت الحياة.

إنه هذين الاخلاصين هما اثنان من العناصر الضرورية لتقديم الدولة وتعمير كيانها ورواج حلالها الاجتماعي. فالأشعة من هذا النصوص على الرجولة والحياة المشرفة والرياضة النفسية هذه كafeم الاختيارات تحل المرء على أن يقيم زمام نفسه فيكون هو القوة المسيطرة لرب حركاته الداخلية والخارجية حسب تتطلب شريعة الدين والعدل وغيره لفكرة وخطاء وضع فيكون منه رجل وطليخاً عضلاً لا خالط على الوطن والبشرية تميز بين الأئمة في استدامة هذه الارادة الشخصية فحيث تعجل شوارع الحياة التي تجعل من الإنسان غداً لا سيما من حيث النشأة وغيرها عن أين هذه الإرادة تنمو به الدرجة عالية من عزة النفس والشهامة وغيرها من خصائص العرب الجيدة.

وكان يجب الابتعاد عن نمنح الوسائل لترويض الأرادات هي المخزون للنظام العسكري ولهذا، سيتطلب نظام القوة أن يتم تنمية تدريب الطلبة على النظام العسكري في سبيل الطابع من مشايخ روح هذا النظام مهداً على التفاعل الذي يتحلى بها الحضري كالشجاعة والطاعة والخضوع وفقر الصعوبات وغيرها才可以 شباب الصف وقوام الدولة في المستقبل.

ساهم، إنما من القوة تنوع شباب المدارسفاءة الذين تدربه على حل السلاح واتخاذ صناعة الموت. فيم عند الحذر المطلق بالبلاد يكون منهجي لأداء الحياة بعدم مظهرها بأن اضطلاع الحب والتعاون بين البشر سبب هذا الشقاء ومجهل فيه. فكل الحب والتعاون زاد الشقاء والفكس بالفكس. فالمق حكمت حال الدين العامان القويمان الفعالان الذين توقف عليها دعاء الارباء ويشيد عليها كركانها.

والآن إذا الاتناسان ناخدنا الله ماذا اعتقدت مستقبل؟ فقد تميزت في النصوص يداً مهوباً أمام مندتست الحاضرة في جلابة زمانها وعابرة فنانة. فلقد دامت الانتصار منجوعة تحت عليها. فيجبنا أن نتخذ استكشام ونطر طهران من أضرار. لم تبدأ بهذا كله بل خصصت في التمثيل والرحمة على أجنحة الأثير واختتمت كل صورة وذلك كل قيمة اهتك في الحياة حتى إمام الدين الزاهي والأماني القطرة ثائرت كل علاء من طريقك وقد أصبحت الآن لناك وبعد أن أكل وقت نحو الطبيعة ووقعت تنتظر ليكشف لك حب الدالجف المظلم. وأعلم أيها الإنسان الناس قد تجاوزت في الفي من يد في الدلالة والشرة بركافك وعلى هذه الحياة فسينكون المد على الحياة ضيماً. ولكن تحقق إهدافنا أيها الإنسان الذي تتصور إليه وتطوره ينتظرك أن يتنجي أعمالك على أساس مدين نويع على أساس التعاون والتكتاف ليس كفرزص والمعد لحيلك. فمخصص وعد إلى نفسك لم عنا بحالك. فانتظر الغدما استطعت تمشد عليه بعيداً وارجم عن فظائعك وغاباتك الديمومة ولكن الحق والمصلحة على الأرض وأجنب القسوة ولكن كله شعور نحو أنتم الإنسان لدوم ورقة.
نظرية إلى هذا الزمان

قلوب افتعت قسوة واستبدا لا تعرف للرحمة مهما فتحت. الباب أبدى همها ناذا فتطلب. فطاعة ضربت طالبها في عرض الأرض وطولا قسوة لم يهد العنصر البشري لها فتيلًا. ظلم جليل، اخذ كله الإنسان لا تدل على ملوؤها في هذا العصر بل أصبحت مرادفة للظلم والاستغلال وهكذا الاستار. يرى الإنسان كما تقود في الحضارة وتتنافى في معالم العمران والرقي وزاد تتنار في النهوض والإدراك تقتفي قرانه وتغشى غارًا وفتاتا باحه الإنسان. فأعمال الأركان المشيئة وافعلها التي تم بها حديثا فقدت مزايا الإنسان، فالمالية الشريرة التي جبلت وقفت عليها واتقن إلى الحوية السحيقة حيث يلقى هناك فنانًا وضحاحلاً وعما قريب سيتبرع صرح الجيد الذي شهد بدماء ابنه. ظالم يهمد ما قد شاءه المرض ويسرب تشته فيمرك إلى الفرار.

أين البشر في هذا العصر في حالة ماما إلى الوحدة والتعاليد لا يكون الارتداء نصيرهم في انفجار首富 فلا يحقق النجاح والفلاغ الا هذه الوحدة. وعلى انا طار تام اعينا عندما يسود الظلم وتشنج الآيدي في شعب ما يصل إلى الأول شقاق ثم زرع واخبار تسود الفوضى. هذا السبب لا يسمى النجاح والرقي بين الام وقوي منهم شعور صارمه الحب يعمل في رقبة الضفائر. والحق يقال لا يوجد امل في رقي الإنسان والمسيحي بها إلى الجهد والوسان الا في وحدة وتعافد تامين، في إيمان واحد ودوامه واحدة منتجين مساو ظالم وعامله التي تقتصر لا الا بدين فنايا وجها لوجه الفوضى السلم. هذا فيفتح لنا مليا من الأمور التي جلبت امامنا

يرى خارجه في لباسهم المعززين الحقيقة بدل حراسه في ملامحهم الحرية الزراعة وسويهم العقلية يحبون ليحيي الامر في اطاره يصور قضايا بلاط لويس الرابع عشر وعين إسود فرنسا. فإن ذلك التهم وإيده ذلك الشرف؟ وأين هو الآنس؟ يرى السكل يحتقره وبالأمس ارتدت قلوبهم وجلاء نحور سماه اسمه. هام اليوم يثيرن به وهم الذي يحرسوا أوربا هزا من أقفها الإقفاها. فما اقدم قلب الزمان؟ فكان يقف كل يوم هذا وجلاء وتصور. وهكذا قضى هذا الرجل عامه بين الدين والحزن والتألم بعيدا عن الأوطان، سجيناً في تجربة... 

الفصل المظلمة والطيبة ثارة، تذكر البلدة 17 حزيران 1815. الظرف ببغادة والبرق يشق وجه السماء والبعد يذوي. في ليلة قاتلة كهذه رقد نابليون على فراش موهبه. رقد على فراش حقير وشديدة صعوبة رسل توراه الشاهب المضطرب فتماية الظروف وراء الموت. رقد نابليون وجهه الأفصل يكتشف عن إنصاف النايمة. عيناه مغمضة، وشفاه تتحرك ببطء شديد. جليس قرب الفراش صديقه الوحيد وهو يلقى نظارات حزن واسف على نسر ي المعارج مع الموت.

الوقت يطوق ومنطبة نجد ثورًا ووجه المنافع يزداد نحوًا. رائد فتحوا آخر مرة وقال - "أي أراك جدي لفرنسا وعارو موي للعلاقة المتلكة في انكلترا... " ثم سكت برده وقال بصوت خافت - "إليك يا (لانو) و (ني) أي سأ را كثانية. إليك القلعة. "م ارتعد جسمه ووصل الروح هكذا مات نابليون بوانابات. الرجل الذي شاهدته سهول إيطاليا وأهرام مصر وتلوج روسيا. فلم يصل في آخر الأمر إلا على حفرة ضيقة في جزيرة قاسية على بعد آلاف الاميل من فرنسا!!

 أشهر كور كابرا

الطاب في الصف الرابع الثاني
نابليون بوتارب في منفاه

في وسط المحيط الاطلسيتي الهادي، باتت سفينة شراعية ترحلة نهائية تشهد على انقراض البتراء. كانت تلك السفينة تقل رجلاً قصير القامة - اصلع الرأس كبره - فإذا عينين قدمان نيلًا وذكاء، في بأس عسكري مثير يزد يقلبه الجفيرة، وسام لجنة الشرف الإفريقية وهي ترافق تحت أشعة الشمس كان الرجل ينظر إلى المحيط ويرفق في بحار تأملاته المعنوية، فل يشعر بما يدور حوله من صياح البحر وزوجينه، واصوات الرحاب إلى تلامع الأشرعة. كان ذلك الشخص مدق عروبه أوروبا ونابليون جديدًا. الرجل الذي رفع لواء فرنسا وشرقها، نابليون ينصب أوسترلز ويانا وقابل العديد الغزوات المصرية والإيطالية الروسية. وصل تلك السفينة بعد سفرة قبض اماكن متفر..؟ وحقن لا ينسكو بذلتك فتاني فرح لمها لنا في احضارك وانت في قلبي - تعالي .. تعالي !!! انخف من السير على قدميك انطوير اطم ليلك ..؟ لا بل سأني أنا ليلك .. تأتي لي بخير بين احضارك فاني بعد الله ليلك !!!!
لا موضوعة جسمى الساق

وحلك في الآلام

واحذ جسمي الهيام

وزاري المروت الزؤام

واصبحت في البابان

لهزى شمروك النضاع

ولبثت جباهه ذلك

فبتمني نسيبكم فأجأنا

فقدت أمي فواللها عليها

فقدت الحنان مابين يديها

اردت مقتلى نحن كل صوب

فنشآنا على امتصبحي حولها

وعن حنان نضمني بين احضانه

لم اجد تلك ولا هذا

أما الآن فكلها على مقربة مني

انت بطبعتها اليوم. وانت حنانها

اذا ما احرقتني نار الجري

وهركت في الشجون

وابكت علي قلبي اللهم

وسل من الدين زمن الدنيا

فَنْ يَكُد مَوْغَم عُيُوْنِ

ومن واسع في هرمي

ومن إنكثاري عنابي

سواك انت ايتها الطبيعة

اذا ماهدأ البشر وناوا

وجحي على الجو السكون

فانت عن سمير آوى الله

اذ لا تعرف اليوم جفوني

واذا بسرتي هو انت!!!

وعلى عرش الساء جلست

وجواريك بين يديك وضعت

فنعم السمیر انت ايتها الطبيعة!!!

فيا ايتها الطبيعة هل ترين؟

انت الجلوب والطريق اليه

انت السكون الذي اصبو اليه...

انت الصديق الذي عطفت عليه...

انت من يعفني وافيه

انت الحبيبة ذات القلب الطاهر

انت أمي والحنان

انت لنتمع الطيب والدواء

انت جسمي الصحة والشفاء

انت عراقي في اعرائي

انت صغيري في وحدتي

انت لحيتي وكل ماني الحياة

اما من أحد يوافق على آرائي

فتمشي وواحداً دينهم الآخر

بلى... شخص واحد فقط !!!

هو انت ايها الطبيعة !!!

ديني شف مني جسمي...

لم يدر ماهر طبيب

 ولم يشفه دواء...

فذاك ليس الفنوس ولا هذا

اذ مرضي يوم مني النسج!!!

ولكني اكتشفت الآن طبيبي...

انت هو ايها الطبيعة !!!

يأتي انت وامي !!!

اذا ما تتاب جسمي الساق

وحلك في الآلام

واحذ جسمي الهيام

وزاري المروت الزؤام

واصبحت في البابان

لهزي شمروك النضاع

ولبثت جباهه ذلك

فبتمني نسيبكم فأجأنا

فقدت أمي فواللها عليها

فقدت الحنان مابين يديها

اردت مقتلى نحن كل صوب

فنشآنا على امتصبحي حولها

وعن حنان نضمني بين احضانه

لم اجد تلك ولا هذا

اما الآن فكلها على مقربة مني

انت بطبعتها اليوم. وانت حنانها
أيتها الطبيعة

لم أستطع الحصول عليه...!
اما الآن فكناه بين يدي...
وجدته فيك بكل معاني...
سرت الياك باربة اجال...!
 jęشت من رضيتي من الناس...
طلبت صديقاً وفياً من الأقوام...!
لم اجد ما نسحت...
ولم احصل على ماطلبت!!!
أخيراً وجدت الضالة الشفوة!!!
رأيت الطريق الموصل الى الرايم...!
فيت فيه مسرعاً...
وهاءاً! ما بعد وصلت الياك!!!
الوقت ثمن

اذ من يبت poz را ولم انتحذ يدا
ولم أكتب علما لما ذاك من عمري.
لم يمر يوم يعد وسنة بعد أخرى، ونحن لا ندرك، ونحن لا نعرف
من عرفون في صنف من الأعمال الحسنة أو الشرهة. فهل تختص
ب инвести من الوقت؟

فلا ننان لا يكتب شيئا من الحياة سوى ذلك الاسم الذي
يركبه من بعد، وفلك الأعمال التي تجمع إلى دار اللود. فلا
عمالة الحرية بالملاحة أو تخرج من تلك الأعمال التي نفيد
بها المجتمع، ولكن نحن لنا استغاثة كتاب الحياة. أن ذلك المخطوط
العربي الذي قدفته المجتمعات العلية، واحترس حياته المنفعة
الذاتية، اذا اضطرنا سدعاً، فإن الهذينة السوقة الذي
يمهد إلها على العمل اذا هو هذين المجدد والطويل إلى الشرف،
هذا الهذينة الذي يبي إلى الأخلاق والمساعدة وإعداد المجتمع
والتعايش في سبيل المصلحة العامة.

النزيح شويخ عاليحاً وصوت المجربين في الحياة
والشكل ندانب الشيب – فان Vince هو وقت الصحة
والسكون وقت العمل. وقد قال الشاعر:
نامًا العيش صحة وشبيب
وان هو ولا ترى العيش ولي.
فبادر بما ملكت من قرية وحلم لتقبلنا من تستطيع
فتكون قد قرب بواب نبيل لفضيا حياة سعيدة. وإن كل
عمل تقوم به في يوم غامل، وفتكون قد خدمت امتلك
خدمة صادقة. كيف لا وأنت تتعلق خدمات واسعة في
هذه الأوان التي تنفذ جميع الام إلى غلبها القوية. فلا
حماة محتدمة على الشباب. فبادر
بالمجد واهتز جميع الفرص لنجز واجباتنا إذا قد قت على
الوجه الذي يركب، قد خدمت امتلك احسن خدمة.
هذئ هي الصيحة النهائية التي ادراك فيها ايا الطاب.
وتعزز لسبيرة على قواع وتعلينا في الاستفادة من وقتنا.
فتعز هذا القوة التي يركب داخلاً، تكن. دع الفهم والمعرفة
والإرادة تحركنا إلى تكون نافذًا، فREADME إلى الجمع.

مر نسيم بفور
الطلاب في الصف الرابع الثاني

الأهمية التاريخية

لى الأمم الواقية

التاريخ هو سبيل النجاة وطريق الفلاح. بها المرء يترفع من حضيض الجهل والهمجية الى الفضائل والحضارة المدنية. بها تخلق شخصية بارزة لدى المجتمع البشري وتمكن ان يصل الى افقي حد من السعادة والرخاء. ولهذا، يُعتبر القلم يومًا معدودًا بين الرجال العظام الذين دون التسارخ الانتقاء على صفحاته البيناء فتقوموا للأمم و chegوا منها إذا كان مبدأ التاريخ في البلاد قويًا ومستخدمًا. فنرى الأمم التي فقدت فيها مبدأ التاريخ قد استبدلت Helper بالhelper وفتحت أبواب السجون فيها، وفرت حينئذ التفرق سادًا فيها الأمة الذي يجعلها ان تتفق شتاتًا فشياً حتى يأتي العدو ومستولي عليها.

اما إذا كان مبدأ التاريخ في البلاد قويًا فييمنّ، فتغلق أبواب السجون، ويثب ساعد القنطينة ويجيب تلك البلاد اسم راق في بطون التاريخ يلقي جيلًا بعد جيل. وأما التاريخ فهي قسانية وحسمية، التاريخ النفسية هي تلك الديرة التي تزعم فيها العضلات الدينية فينطبع المرء ان يعرف الواجبات المقدسة التي يجب ان يقدمها لله. وأما التاريخ الجسدي فهي الاختفاء بالجسم اعتنا صحيحاً من حيث النظافة والتدريج على ضوء التذكرة الحديثة الخمينية الموجدة اليوم في مدارسنا الرسمية. ولنكن قد توصلنا الى وقت لانتكس المدارس وحدها في شؤون التراث، بل يجب ان يكون مبدأ التراث صادراً واحداً عبد الآباء والأمة، ومن ثم اجتمع الاثنان تكون التراث تامة.

ولكن لسوء طالع البشرى ترى بعض الولائم يهتأن في تهدئة الاقحولولاهم يدعونهم يعملون كما يشاؤون الامام الذي يحلم أن يكونوا تمسكاً وعالة على المجتمع البشري وعلى الوطن المفدى.

أعمال الوالدي ليطمن فنوسنا ويجابه المصابع لدرء الخطر عننا

ويجب نفسه بالسرح والتمتع ليغدي قرغنا 111

اً ما أعظمه! وجميعي لقد عفهتنا كل واحد منا. فما

اهل السكنى في ظل رعايته وأراضائه! فكما ودنا ان

يكون البحر ليشعر لنا الوقت لمشاهدته وهو منحنى على الدفة

يقود البيت في أمل السالك وأملها. ولنما ما هي حييتنا

والمشمس قد ترتفع، الفوق البعيد، والطير قد رجعت الى

أوكارها، والبيت قد أثبت مراسمه، وأرزان نفسه قد

خرج الى الشاطئ بذل خليونه... نعم ما هي حييتنا وقد

اتبعت الرحلة واتنحى معه الدور الأول من حياتنا?

وقفتنا على الشاطئ، والطمام. بكلنا حيائر لا تندر

ما تعمل ولا ابن نسير. ننظر الى السماء عليها تهدينا بفرضها

ولكن القدر لم يكن قد اعتى عرشها و"] اولق الطريق

فذا بأيمني، يسرد ادوار حياته لنا ودا بها مهملة للجذام

العمال والدها اتصاراً. فهو أخبار الحياة وانصر على

عبقاتها. فاذا بكتابة الجامع يقتلع كثيراً من اشجار الغاب

واحترام الشامية بالسرة وورق القمر يكشف لنا عن ظلال

ماسكجاً فنحواً لينتناnullable الباب لنسبأ طويلة طريقنا الجديد

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فم رؤلي

الصف الخامس الثاني
الرحلة

لذ الليل صمت وحلته ولهم حوالشي وكان الفجر زاهداً وقد
بدت الرواية واحت لنا أفغات الشجر. ومن بين تلك
الأخصان الملائكة كانت زوجات المضافين بها النفس ومهاض
نسي السحر في الأوراق موسية ترحب ذات البين ودات
الشئ ودومو الجف شبات في تجوز الازهر ينير على
الضوء الطيب وينجر الحياة. فإذا الروعة والشعر والسحر
في لوح لهم عطواه باسمه عظم فنان... 
وما أن أينعت الشمس حتى دفع الربيع بيختنا إلى البحر
t إلى طريق رحلتنا الأول. فاحاتنا البونوجوا تلائمت
على جدران البيخ ولقى علينا الخوف وشاح ولاحات في
عينا علامات الفزع. فأصبح لنا الربيع ونظر البينا بحنو
وفي تضاءلت أمثاله قوة الأمواج وهاجرها وتشدث
عزة تلبية قه.
وراحة لا أفسنا اخذ يشدو بقطع غائبة كان لنغفها
موقع عذب في فلوبنا. فزت أواخر فسوفنا وجعلتنا ننظر الى
النوجوا يغمر باراً وعين منتظمة. وعندما اخذ بنياً علماً
البي وسكانها ونشر لنا كل ما يعرف تحت بنا. فأنا كت
تقتل ساها إلا وأنا أعددنا قد استوعبت من كلاه
الذي الكبري.
وكمن مرة صافتنا العقت فالفها البحار الحاذق
فيرش ومانه. وكمن مرة تعالى الوجه ليحطم بختنا فما كان
منه إلا أن أдается الدفة قليل فزال خطر الأمواج وتساقطت
من شائع عنيها ليحطم نفسها. كل هذا وأرازنا يغدي علينا
بتقدمه الحقيقي، مطيعين لشرأوه، خلصين له كامه، معيدين
له محمد أئم وواحد. 
اذًا هذا هو المثل الإلهي لزبى الآباء اليسوعيين الآن كا
في الماضي. ينفقون وراعة الآباء الدائم ياعي الآباء وكل
العلاقات بالله وبقبوره وروطته. وماذا نتكلم عن المدرسة اليسوعي
الذي يوعي عليه جفاح هذا الأسلوب التاءدي؟ قبل كل شيء
هو رجل خصص بالله حياته كأنا وأخذ شعراً لنفسه المبدأ
الساسي — "كل نجح الله الأعظم". هذا هو مصدر العبادة
وغير أنها معًا. لا يثبت شيئاً إلا نجح الله ولا يذكر بشيء سواه
اذ ليست لي فئة تحقيقية إلا بال نفسه اليا. ثم المدرسة
اليسوعي رجل استمر استعداده قديماً لعمله. بما تخرج من
أحادي الجامعات قب دخله الذهب، وابد ذلك قف من
إنتي عشرة إلى خمس عشرة سنة درس فيها المعارف والعلوم
والفلسفة وعلم اللاهوت وغير ما يدرس فيها بعد. وطالما أيضًا
احسن ما كتب في أساليب التعليم قدره وخدواه حتى يجب
الاساليب الفعلية لإداة غاية التربية. واخيراً لكونه رجلا
خصوصاً بالله يفهم حق الفهم لعل الدين القائل "يستحق
الطاب غاية الاحترام". في الوحد أبا الرجل وقابلات
جميلة مقدمة تجعله رجلاً ناضلاً خالصاً أو، باالاسم، رجلا
خبيثاً حمصاً. يجب الولد فيه نزهة تشبه الجنة الأهلية. فاذا
يرى فيه ملكه الخيالة الذي خلق الطاب والمدرس معًا
وعيداً أو بتعليمي إلى الابد. فيمشاهدة المدرسة اللسوعي جيدة
ليكونوا الجزاء لا العذاب لصدامها.
هذا، نوجالاً احترام، آباء اليسوعيين هنا في العراق
وفي كل مكان غير. وليس لأباء كلا بغداد قدف غير القصد
الذي وصفته الآن بقلم الغري التجارج. ولكن إدراج هذا
القصد لا يحل قلوبهم فقط، بل على إضرابهم أيضًا؛ تلاب كلا بغداد
ولا يرغب الآباء في شيء إلا ان تشاركاً مشاعرهم وتشيروا
رجالاً يضيع علمه وسوسو وملاك ورجال كرسي أو الف نعم!
الله ياسته طائر اليسوعي.
ثلتين المبادئ الأخلاقية السرديّة التي ليست عليها المعرفة
حسب، بل العمل.
والنورس الجوهري الثاني في تربيتهم هو تدريب العقل
بواسطة المعارف والعلوم. ويستطيعون بهذا على اختبارهم مدة
اربعة سنتين، اختبرهم في اقطار شتى على اختلال انواع
الأولاد في كل ان ويزمان. لا ترغب الآباء اليسوعيون بهذا
التعبير الافتخار، ولكن من يستطيع انكار سمته في
مبدأ المعارف والعلوم؟ فذبح بينهم وبين طلابهم ادباء وعلماء،
كتاباء وشعراء، اطباء ومحامين، مكتشفي ومحترفون، ناشرين،
وناقدين، جعرانين ومؤرخين، وبالاختصار اعتماء كل المهن
الذين امتازوا بخدمتهم البازرة للبشر. ان الآباء اليسوعيين
يتعلمون احسن الاسالاب الجديدة في تدريهم. ولذا، لا
يدخلونها كسلوك جذري LIKE-LIKELY حلقتهم حسنة ومناسبة
لأهداف تربيتهم العالية. فتمدّنهم هذا شير إسم اسلوب
RATIO STUDIORUM (الدرس) الذي ألقته
استاذهم الخبير سنة 1586، ثم نجح مراراً بعد ذلك حتى
في إيطاليا. يُنذد في هذا الاسلوب غرة اختبار امر
المدرسين اليسوعيين المنظمة على الترتيب المنطقي في سلسلة
مبادئ وقواعد يخص بعضها المدرس وإعتضا الطاب ويعضها
فروع المعارف والعلوم وهم جراء. ليس علينا ان اقتصبا الآل
بتفصيل ولكن من شاء وجد مساعدة النافعة في كثير من
الكتب التعليمية العلمية. ان ديل عقل المرء فعله وذيله علماء
پوله وتير اساليب هذه الدروس المذكورة على ضوء هذا
المثل. وقد كتب فيليخان الامير المروفي « احتوي مذهب
الآباء اليسوعيين التدريس على كثير من الحكمة والاختبار
والذاتية والعلمية واعتقادات في علم التعليم الذي لا ينحرف ولم
فلسفة الاتصالية».
ولكن لا تقبال النورس الأخلاقية والعلمية فقط فان النسا
تربيه الآباء اليسوعيين

في سنة 1531م. عضوت معاصرة المدنية الإسبانية (بالميلاد) بالجيش الفرنسي أصابت ضابطًا إسبانيا قبلاً كثرت ع洙 وقاتلت السور قاساب احتلال شظايا الصخرة الساقية وجرحها جربًا بليماً. كان ذلك الضابط اغناطيوس دي لورولا. وبعد تلك المحارة كان ما كان من قعود في قصر ميلان أباً طوالًا حتى شنّى. قراءته سير المسح والقداسين وعارضه عن غروب الجسد الأسري والعظة الوبائية وأصبحه إلى نداء الملك الساحر اسفر عن انتخابه أخيرًا الرهبنة النسائية التي استندت الى الرهب الاعظم بولس الثالث قبل اربعين سنة. يعبر لنا اغناطيوس نفسه عن غلاية هذة الرهبنة في قوله التالي: «ليس غلاية هذة الرهبنة خلاص الإنسنا وتمكينا بالنعمة والهبة خسب ان يجب أيضاً أن نبذل جهداً بتلك النعمة ذاتها لنخلص نفس اقرائنا ونسكناها».

إذاً بدأ لم تقصد اغناطيوس وأصحابه بالتربيه قصدًا خصوصياً. ولكن في سنة 1542م. تدخل طلاب عامرين إلى الكنيسة اليسوعية في إفانديا التي كانت تلزم ذلك شخصية باليسوعيين فقط. وبعد ذلك صار الربيء من ام اشغال اليسوعيين. اشتمل في السنوات الثلاثين التالية 162 advising إسحاق يبوعه اليسوعية وفي اواقي القرني السابع عشر بلغ عدد المدارس اليسوعية ثلاثمائة مدرسة تقريباً. فتراها اليوم في مشارق الأراضي وسائرها. وعليه من اللائق بناء في هذا العيد السنوي لمرور أربعين سنة من استندوبة الرهبنة اليسوعية أن تكون ولو قليلًا عن تربيه الآباء اليسوعيين، لأن الوجهة التاريخية...
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طورب الاباء اليسوعيين
الرحلة
أهمية التربة لدى الام الراقة
مثير للسماح يعقوب
الوقت ينمين
امها الطبيعة
نابلس بونابارت
نظره الى هذا الزمان
القوة واهدافها
المبادل والخدمة العلم
حركة جوية
عالم
المسارات واضرارها
يا علم
خبر آخر ساعة

مدير الإدارة
خالد يوسف غنيم

رئيس التحرير
الكсерندروس كورنفلاش
النشرة السنوية التي يصدرها طلاب الصف الخامس المتميّز من مكتبة بغداد

بغداد - الصليح

مطبعة النفيض الأهلية - بغداد