New England Jesuit Archives are located at Jesuit Archives (St. Louis, MO)
Digitized Collections hosted by CrossWorks.

Baghdad College Yearbook

1945

El Iraqi 1945

Baghdad College, Baghdad, Iraq

All physical materials associated with the New England Province Archive are currently held by the Jesuit Archives in St. Louis, MO. Any inquiries about these materials should be directed to the Jesuit Archives (http://jesuitarchives.org/). Electronic versions of some items and the descriptions and finding aids to the Archives, which are hosted in CrossWorks, are provided only as a courtesy.

Digitized Record Information
https://crossworks.holycross.edu/baghdadcoll/5
El Iraqi
1945

Contents

PAGE OF HONOR
DEDICATION
FACULTY
GRADUATES
UNDERGRADUATES
ACTIVITIES
ATHLETICS
FEATURES
PAGE OF APPRECIATION
PATRONS
SCHOOL DIRECTORY
ADVERTISEMENTS

EL IRAQI
Baghdad College Yearbook
Published by
THE SENIOR CLASS
Baghdad College
Sulaikh, Iraq
Page of Honor

The Class of 1945 rejoices in the privilege that is theirs, of opening this Yearbook with the announcement of a great distinction bestowed upon H.R.H. the Regent by a sister institution of Baghdad College. On May 31, Georgetown University, located in Washington, D.C., the capital of the United States, had the honor of conferring a degree of Doctor of Laws upon Prince Abdul 'Ilah, Regent of Iraq. Georgetown is one of the oldest and one of the largest institutions of higher learning in America. Founded in 1789, it now comprises the Preparatory School, the College of Arts and Sciences, the Graduate School, the School of Medicine, the School of Dentistry, the Law School, and the School of Foreign Service. It is a Jesuit institution, directed by Fathers of the same Society which conducts Baghdad College. Together with the Faculty of Baghdad College, the entire student body, and the alumni, we of the graduating class extend our heartiest congratulations to His Royal Highness on the tribute paid to him by Georgetown University. We feel happy and privileged to be thus bound to him by even stronger ties of affection and loyalty.

The following is the newspaper release which was transmitted direct from Washington to Baghdad:

Washington, D.C. May 31, 1945. H. R. H. Abdul 'Ilah, Regent of Iraq, received an honorary degree of Doctor of Laws from Georgetown University today. The President of Georgetown, Reverend Lawrence C. Gorman, S.J., welcomed the Regent to the University. The citation for the degree was read in Arabic by Reverend Richard J. McCarthy, S.J., a professor of Baghdad College who is now on leave in the United States.

The citation declared: "Since the restoration of the historic kingdom of Iraq as a sovereign state and its entrance into the family of nations, the government and the people of the United States have always numbered that ancient country among their sincere and permanent friends. These bonds of international cooperation have been further strengthened between the people of the United States and of Iraq by the establishment in Baghdad of an American College under the direction of American Jesuits. This college is devoted to the preparation of Iraqi youth for the high responsibilities of citizenship, through training in religion, science, and the liberal arts. This ancient University of Georgetown on the banks of the Potomac rejoiced to be represented at the foundation of that institution of culture on the banks of the Tigris in 1932, and remembers the whole-hearted cooperation and courtesy manifested by the government of Iraq during the negotiations leading to that happy event.

"In union with our affiliate, Baghdad College, we are gratified and honored to welcome these halls the exalted personage now charged with the Regency of his country, H. R. H. Prince Abdul 'Ilah, Crown Prince of the realm, whose personal qualities and administrative abilities have singled him out for the high post he now occupies and for the trusteeship so confidently committed to his charge. Wherefore, in testimony of esteem and with continued good wishes for his own person and for his nation, the President and the Directors of Georgetown University, in virtue of the powers conferred upon them by the Congress of the United States, under an act dated March 1, 1815, do hereby proclaim and create the aforesaid Prince, Abdul 'Ilah, Doctor of Laws honoris causa.

"That all pertinent rights and academic privileges appertaining to said degree be safeguarded unto His Royal Highness, we have this day issued in appropriate form letters patent, signed by our hand and sealed with the great seal of the University, on this thirty-first day of May, in the year of Our Lord, nineteen hundred and forty-five and of the Independence of the United States, one hundred and sixty-nine...."

The dispatch above arrived after El Iraqi had gone to press, but, fortunately, not too late to be included as an insert. The beginning of the Arabic section likewise carries the newspaper release and also a picture of H. M. the King and H. R. H. the Regent.—Editor.
DEDICATION

As a sincere tribute of our grateful affection and as a humble memorial for the completion of ten years of untiring devotion to the interests of Baghdad College students, we, of the Class of Nineteen Hundred and Forty-five, respectfully dedicate this El Iraqi to Father Vincent A. Gookin, S. J. An inspiration and an unfailing source of encouragement in our struggles, we esteem him as a priest, we love him as a friend, and we will always carry in our hearts the noble ideals with which, by his life and teaching, he strove to imbue us.
Reverend Vincent A. Gookin, S. J.
Views of Baghdad College
Reverend Francis B. Sarjeant, S. J.

President
Reverend Joseph P. Connell, S. J.
Prefect of Studies
Baghdad College Faculty
1944 — 1945

Library
GRADUATES
EL IRAQI

ALBERT MIKHAIL NARINIAN

A true artist with the violin, Albert is also a serious hardworking student to whom time is a precious commodity—too precious ever to be wasted. We have come to regard him almost as a walking dictionary; his fifty-fils words are often heard in his conversation and always read in his compositions. Without a doubt Albert is one of the outstanding characters of our class and a "pal" whom we shall never forget. His diligent application and his determined perseverance will assuredly light the path of his future.

ANTWAN RUFAIL, CHERKHI

Though small in stature, he carries well the famous name he bears, and some day in the not-too-distant future he may be hailed as "another Raphael." His accurate and neat drawings, especially in biology, have often evoked comments of genuine praise and admiration. Besides, he is known for his speed on the track and has distinguished himself in baseball as well.

ARAM HAGOP GABRIEL

"Charley" in one of those who have managed to strike a nice balance between studies and athletics. In mathematics he has invented new methods for solving problems, and his close attention in all classes has made him one of our leading students. But he is also known as the "Charles Atlas" of B.C., and as one of our best pole-vaulters. His cheerful nature and his amusing stories have won him widespread popularity here and will surely gain many friends for him in the years ahead.
ARAM KHACHIK SEROPIAN

One of the gayest of B. C.'s boys, "Serop" has the smile that wins all hearts. Many a day has been brightened by his sunny, carefree disposition and his melodious tunes. On the baseball diamond he is a flawless fielder and a champion home-run hitter. His great love for English Literature has led him to read widely and the compositions that have already come from his pen show that this reading has been done carefully and sympathetically. We are not surprised to learn that Aram is thinking seriously of studying Journalism and we wish him all success.

BERNARD RAZZUK BAHOSSY

Here's another of the liveliest and merriest boys in the class. His jokes and songs have often entertained us, and he is an expert mimic. However, just before exams he becomes deadly serious and usually manages to come out close to the top. Though an actor of no little ability and an accomplished accordion player, Bernard's hopes are turned towards electrical engineering.

EDWARD RAUF HADDAD

An able student, Edward has usually been up among the class-leaders. Science became his strong point in Fourth, and he succeeded in winning the coveted chemistry medal. He is the originator of countless jokes, and his manner, with rare exceptions, is joined with a skillful diplomacy. Forewarned by the capabilities we have already observed in him, we predict that a great career awaits him in medicine.
EDWARD YUSUF TOMINNA

Light-hearted and self-controlled, "Tommy" has never been known to get angry with his fellow students or to speak harshly to them. Despite his huge size, he is remarkably light on his feet and has ably represented B. C. in every sport. Many an afternoon has been generously given to instructing young hopefuls in the art of throwing the discus or the shot put. Once the fun-maker of the class, Edward has become keenly interested in his future and is now anxious to learn the intricacies of modern hotel-management.

EPHRAM ABDULAHAD MANSUR

Ephram is a student who is esteemed and respected by the entire class. The softness and gentleness of his manner betoken the kind heart that lies beneath. He enjoys listening to Fr. Gookin's jokes, and he himself tells a story with intense earnestness and seriousness. Although his future career is not definitely settled, it is whispered that he craves to be an engineer.

FELIX YUSUF JURJI

Whether the going be rough and stormy or smooth and calm, Felix maintains the same cheerful, easy-going disposition. Devoted and zealous, he has been actively engaged in the work of the Sodality and has done his generous part to uphold the record of this organization at B. C. His dexterity in biological experiments and the facility with which he solves physics problems stamp him as one of our outstanding scientists.
FRANK EMILE MESSAYEH

Frank's reticent nature seems to set him apart from the crowd, and yet we have found him friendly and agreeable and a delightful companion. It was ironical that the one who seldom takes active part in games should break his ankle in the trials for the broad jump. Keenly interested in mathematics and mechanics, Frank proposes to take up the study of engineering.

JOHN METTI JEZRAWI

The perfect gentleman, John is the student who, at all times and in all places, stands forth as a living example of respect. By his soft words and his refined manners he has won the hearts of all. More than once, however, he has proved that beneath his calm, unfrustrated exterior there glows an unquenchable fire of energy. Johnny is one of B.C.'s basketball stars and has saved many a game by his clever and tireless guarding. We are sure that these same qualities will bring him success in the great game of life.

JOSEPH FADHULI JURJI

"Foufou" is the hero of the entire school, loved, adored and respected by the smallest boys in First almost as appreciatively as he is by his own classmates. The long list of his athletic achievements would fill a volume, and his triumphs in every sport have brought added glory to his Alma Mater. As a Sodalist, too, he has distinguished himself by his unremitting activity and by his ability to enlist the cooperation of others in the work of the Sodality. His enthusiasm and his pleasing personality will carry him far, and it is with regret that we bid adieu to this most popular of B.C.'s loyal sons.
JOSEPH SALIM TOONI

Good-natured and affable, Joseph has a convincing way of presenting the many new plans that are worked out in his moments of quiet reflection. The part he played in starting a school paper attests his initiative and energy. In Arabic he is easily the best essayist in the class, and yet he carries this high honor with becoming modesty. Joseph is gifted with a shrewd business sense, and we shall not be surprised to find him taking a prominent place among the great magnates and financial wizards of the future.

KEVORK HAGOP TCHOBANIAN

If you were to look for Kevork during recreation periods, you would be almost certain to find him in some secluded spot, mastering his Arabic memory. A hard-working, conscientious student, he manifested little interest in games. He would often put aside his gravity and seriousness, however, when engaged in argument, and then he could be seen wildly gesticulating and attempting to drive home his point with eager enthusiasm. We are confident that his persevering application will pave the way for success in his chosen field, medicine.

KHOREN HAGOP GABRIEL

Khoren belongs to that class of mortals who see no profit in taking life too seriously. He has that enviable ability of confronting all difficulties with a smile—all, that is, except mathematics, which proved an implacable foe. He is conspicuous for his singularly eloquent and grave manner of reciting Arabic verse, and he has often stirred us with his long speeches. Surely, he has the makings of a lawyer, and we have no hesitation in predicting his success.
MUHAMMAD AJIL AL-YAWER

"Sheikh" is the blithest, most peaceful, and most easy-going member of our class. Blessed with a merry smile and twinkling eyes, of him it can be truly said that he is loved by all and hated by none. Arabic, poetry in particular, is his hobby, and often he has entranced us with the beauty of his compositions. He has decided to enter the battle of life as a diplomat, and we feel sure that his cheerful disposition and his gracious manner will ease the way through any troublesome situation that may confront him, and enable him to bring added glory to the tribe of Shammar.

RUFAIL WADI NAYYIM

The tallest boy in the class and one of the gentlest, Nayyim is Fifth's "ace" in physics and mathematics. He is a member of the school volleyball team and of the class baseball team. Though usually quiet and retiring, he has a mild humor which has not infrequently brought amusement to the class, especially during Arabic and biology periods. His life's ambition is to become an expert mechanical engineer.
TAWFIQ MUSTAFA AL-SABUNJI

A steady worker and an able organizer, Tawfiq is one of our most prominent classmates. His suits are always tailored according to the latest style, and wherever he goes, he presents a neat, well-groomed appearance. He has difficulty at times in juggling figures to bring them to the exact answers demanded by Fr. Sheehan, but that does not deter him or lessen his enthusiasm. Great improvements may be expected when Tawfiq returns from America with his degree in agriculture.

WILLIAM SALIM TERZI

"Billy" is an industrious, energetic student who has a brilliant scholastic record to his credit. He has amazed us at times with his astonishing feats of memory; and this year he gained distinction for himself and glory for B.C. by winning first prize in the inter-city contest in English Reading. Though not athletically inclined himself, he has staunchly supported B.C.'s teams, and we have always found him a pleasant, agreeable classmate and a generous source of help to others in their studies.
Editorial

Today we have come to the end of the drama, the closing scene of our life in Baghdad College. Behind us echo the voices of the classroom, still fresh and sweet in our memories: before us rise the visions of accomplishment, in the realm of our ambitions. The curtain has fallen on the last act...No more will the bell toll to invite us to exams, no more will we enter the class with the cares of homework hassling us.

For the last years, Baghdad College has given us no time for undue relaxation. Thunders of applause used to shake the roof of our Alma Mater when her heroes were decorated with ribbons of honor; but fruitful advice, constant encouragement, and generous help have ever been held out to those whose report cards were at times decked with the red marks of failure.

In the very beginning of our scholastic life, Very Rev. Fr. Surgeant, the President of Baghdad College, warned us beforehand that his school was not a library, was not a gymnasium, was not a coffee shop, but an institution which strives to prepare young men to face courageously the struggles of life. Baghdad College, he insisted, would provide an intensive period of training, so that the men whom she would send forth would be men who know why they are born, what their duties are on earth, and how they are to live in order to attain the object of their life. Accordingly, the Faculty of B.C. piloted us safely through the tempestuous years of our teens, under a paragon of formative discipline and paternal guidance. We were familiarized systematically with the good and the evil of the world, the former as a goal to be striven for, the latter as an object to be shunned.

Novelty and the fear of uncertainty have occasionally caused some hesitation in our advance, but, heartening to the instructions of our shepherds, we have taken heart and resumed our journey to the peak of success. It is but natural that there have been sad incidents and delays on our trip, that some few of us, due to negligence and carelessness, have limped behind, and that others have paid more attention to frivolous amusements than to studies. Such retarding phenomena are apt to befall almost any youth on his way to manhood. Temptations are not sins, if they are overcome; they serve, rather, as spiritual tonics to strengthen and concretize the will and determination of a man to gain his end. In general, we can say that we have ended a period of promising and fruitful scholastic years.

The atmosphere around us has been that of morality and uprightness. We have been moulded to seek the truth and to do good with an unflinching resolution. All the lessons that we have learned, all the scientific experiments which we have performed, all our activities in every branch of our school life have been basically focused around this watchword, "To seek the truth and to do good." These are the words inscribed on our banner, and we will march on the way to our destiny always in the shadow of this same banner. "To seek the truth and to do good" has been our target at B. C., and the same shall be our aim even when we leave B. C.

Though education itself is a marvelous thing, it is possible for it to become a dangerous instrument and to be employed for harmful purpose. To give an education without imparting the knowledge of how to use it and where to use it can be as fatal as giving a baby a box of matches without warning him of the consequences when he ignites an explosive, or lights a torch to illumine a dark pathway. Let there be no misconception with regard to our training! The graduates of B. C. are not men who have been educated in this incomplete way and set free in the world of Adam. They have been advised and exercised as to how to use their education and where to use it.

From the tender bosom of our Alma Mater we shall depart into the struggle of life, into the world of Vanity Fair. Some of us may sail gloriously on the yacht of fame and nobility, some of us may encounter and be forced to combat the pirates and the wild waves, and some of us may tos on the ebbing tide. Nevertheless, in whatever state of life we find ourselves and in whatever circumstances we may be, essentially our aim will be the same, that aim which we have inherited from B.C., "To seek the truth and to do good."

The flames of global war have ruined our world; our books were written on the model of the happy, peaceful, pre-war days. We know too well that ahead of us lies a thorny path until the stabilization of the peace is a reality. There will be many necessities which will not respond to the call of our needs, but the spirit that was instilled into us at B.C. has ironed our resolution, and with firm strides we shall march through every hindrance that may possibly block our way.

At the present time, except for words of thanksgiving, we have nothing to offer to the Reverend Fathers and teachers of Baghdad College. Let them be confident, however, that having profoundly comprehended their toils and sacrifices, we pledge that in the future we shall follow the course of life for which they prepared us. In future enterprises we shall adopt the same atmosphere of morality and uprightness in which we have been reared. We shall give our bit to the missions and to the poor, as was our custom during our school days. Above all, we pledge that we the graduates of 1945, as our predecessors, shall hold high the honor and name of our Alma Mater and always be a servant indeed in her hour of need.
Our Sweet Reminiscences

When Graduation Day arrives in the early part of June, 1945, another school year will have come and gone, and another Fifth High Class will depart from its beloved Alma Mater to plunge into the perils of life. This graduation is indeed an outstanding event for us, the graduates; from the inauguration of our studies in Baghdad College, it has been our great ambition to reach this goal, deservedly and honorably. Some day in the future there will, no doubt, arise from our midst a great advocate, a famous doctor, a musician, a writer, a chemist, or a respected priest, because a class like ours is a little world in itself. Each graduate has his secret ambition, and each dreams of enjoying the rewards of his efforts; and all are anxious to increase the reputation of B.C.

Let us, for a moment, look back at the time when we started our Intermediate and Secondary training. Let us with delight reminisce over the past and recall our varied adventures on the athletic field as well as our triumphs and failures in the classroom. Let us repeat our lives and strive to make this repetition as durable as possible by putting it in writing.

While we were waiting in Baghdad, early one September morning in 1940, a huge object suddenly appeared in the distance, slowly making its way toward us. Gradually the realization dawned upon us that it must be—yes it was—the school bus! No words can describe the mingled feelings of happiness and sorrow that filled our hearts at that moment. The bus stopped, we climbed into our seats amid great confusion, and then we were hurried on our way, not knowing whether to feel gloomy or cheerful. As soon as we reached the school, we eagerly glanced this way and that, looking with amazement at the beauty of our Alma Mater, B.C. In a very short time we lined up with the other boys and were led to our room by Fr. Miff, who, we soon learned, was to be our class teacher.

Everyone knows how a man who has lived all his life in his native country feels when he is suddenly thrown upon the shores of a foreign land. Such was our feeling, on that first day. We thought our selves helpless strangers; we scarcely dared to look at the face of our teacher. All this vanished, however, when we saw the wonderful welcome we received and the kind treatment of the Fathers toward us. Very soon we came to realize that we were not merely students but true sons of B.C. We felt ourselves changed; we were no longer boys, but High School Freshmen.

We recall that one of the first things explained to us was the school regulations. We thought them rather strict, but we determined to do our best to obey. Our lessons seemed quite difficult in comparison with our previous studies in Primary School, and we had to work energetically and persistently. Some of us were dazzled by a new subject, algebra, but after a while those periods became so interesting that they seemed extremely short.

This was the year in which we first learned of the capabilities of our class members in various fields. The leadership of the class was won by William Terzi who early in the course displayed the talent and industry which were to bring him so many prizes. We entered the Spelling Bee and set a new record for this contest, eight boys receiving prizes. Shortly after this came the Proverb Contest in which Edward Rauf, our little man, distinguished himself and gained first place. Frank Messayeh led the class in history, and John Munir in Geography. Samson, the tallest boy in our class, was a great favourite; we remember how he amused us with his funny gestures, and how he astonished us with his ability to change his voice into various tones. During the year we made a trip to Hindiyah Barrage, where we enjoyed a full day of winning and singing—our first picnic at B.C.

On the athletic field we found that we had much to learn. Some stars, however, did emerge from our class: Joseph Shakouri, in the two miles, and Hasan Housaini, in the mile, broke the records of previous years and thus attracted attention to our class. Rafat Chaderchi made very good time in the sprints, John Metti did well in the high jump, and Bernard Bahoshy won first prize in ping-pong.

Thus we were advancing through our first year, when suddenly the school was closed because of political disturbances. In this way we were spared the ordeal of examinations and enjoyed instead a long summer holiday.

The vacation ended and we welcomed into Second High one new boy: Edward Tomiina, Joseph Tomi, Khoren Gabriel, Razouk, and Series. The latter was a Greek student who made the rounds of various classes for his course; we could never understand how he was able to walk around without even a jacket for protection on the coldest days of winter, while the rest of us were shivering and wrapped up in coats and gloves.

This year we were placed under the guidance of a new class-teacher, Fr. Mahan. Indeed, we will never forget him, because he was the Napoleon of our class. He led us in many heroic battles on the athletic field and we triumphed over the other classes in baseball, volleyball, and basketball. Now we started to how ourselves as real players and augmented the glory and reputation both of the school and our class. Richard Andrea, our fellow student (now deceased; may he rest in peace!) became the champion of the school in ping-pong, and was also a speedy track star. Our "King Kang", Edward Tomina, proved an expert in the discus and shot-put. We regretted the loss of our miler, Hasan, who left us to continue his education in Palestine, but other stars were being developed. Through the helpful instructions of Fr. Mahan, our athletes improved greatly and the entire school began to recognize their skill, especially in the annual track meet. Here, we were on the point of taking the cup, when, unfortunately, we lost the last event of the day, the relay race.
While we achieved some fame in games, we must admit that the same cannot be said of the class as a whole in studies. The lessons were a little difficult, though certainly interesting—especially chemistry and plane geometry, which were new to us. Some boys, like Aram Seropian and others, showed a fondness for chemistry and decided straightway to become specialists in this science. Geometry was the favorite of Aram Gabriel who frequently red the class in this subject. Khoren, possessing a tenacious memory and the mind of an investigator, became the historian of the class. Moreover, we came to respect the linguistic ability of Joseph Tocni who regularly was first in Arabic. The leadership of the class was won again by William Terzi, although two rivals, Aram Seropian and Albert Nariman, outranked him the first two months. Among our pleasant memories of this year are the chemistry periods of Fr. Crenin; we can still hear him saying, “Heated it—and heated it—and heated it.”

At last, after passing the final exams, we advanced to our third year, in which our lessons were long, hard, and tedious. The first three months were the most difficult and tiresome periods of our school life, partly because of the numerous Arabic poems with which Mr. Becher burdened us. We will never forget the interesting and clear explanations of Fr. Devenny, whose gentleness and patient kindness we sincerely admired. Fr. Sheehan, our physics professor, many times made us laugh and chuckle with his “N-E—V-E—R, never,” or “Shinny High!”, or “Miskin, miskin.”

This was our golden year in sports. Through the encouragement and advice of Fr. Armitage we won the school championship in baseball, volleyball, and basketball, and we triumphed over Fifth High in the track meet, winning the cup and thus giving the school a memorable example of how courage and unity can lead a team to peak of fame and glory. To celebrate our victory a party was held in the house of our fellow student, Frank Rose, and there we stayed until a late hour with lots of fun, music and dancing, all of which ended with an enthusiastic speech given by Fr. Armitage. He congratulated us on our victory and wished us success in our future activities.

As a relief for the troubles and worries that sometimes vexed us, Fr. Gookin occasionally lightened our classes by telling us jokes. Some of his expressions will always be associated by us with this third year; for example, “How do you remember something? By not forgetting it!” or, “A what? An excellent E.” We deeply appreciate the paternal affection which he always manifested toward us, and we are grateful for the interesting and helpful talks on general education and other topics which he occasionally gave us.

In the second semester we went into training for the final Government Intermediate Exam. After months of intensive work-outs, we finally stood forth like well-equipped soldiers waiting impatiently for the signal to sally forth. When the signal was given most of us were victorious in the attack and crushed the enemy, thus increasing the reputation of our Alma Mater, Baghdad College.

In the Autumn of 1943 we entered our Fourth Year, and in English we found ourselves in the class of Fr. Sullivan who had just recently arrived from America. Though he worked us hard, we felt that we really appreciated English Literature, with its great and eminent writers. We began to taste and relish the beauty and genius of Shakespeare in his tragic plays, “Julius Caesar” and “Macbeth.” You could hear “honey-heavy dew of slumber,” and similar well-known expressions uttered by every student on various occasions. At one time during the year, Newman became the center of attraction. We were enchanted by his judicious and forceful ideas and by his compelling logic. Boys began to imitate his pearly and unique style, and his name was echoed everywhere. Everyone of us felt something new in the English course, Fr. Sullivan also taught long, though interesting, daily assignments which required a considerable part of our time to fulfill. He also introduced book reports into our program, and though we protested at first, we later began to appreciate the reading of the books which he selected for us. Now that it is all over, we confess that we did profit from all the work which we were forced to do.

Those lessons which involved laboratory work were found fairly easy and most interesting. Trigonometry, though at the start quite tricky, turned out to be less difficult than we expected. During history periods, we received much helpful advice from our professor, Mr. Abbosh, and the discussions which we had, clarified many problems for us.

Our success in sports waned, unfortunately. Our individual stars continued to shine, Joseph Jurji, for example, sharing high scoring honors with Claude in the track meet, but our team as a whole was no longer as fortified and powerful as it was before. We did win the school championship in volleyball, but in spite of all our efforts to retain the cup in the track meet. Second High grasped it from us.

During this fourth year the chemistry lab. was the scene of one of our favorite periods. The very able Rufai Naynim startled Fr. Gookin and ourselves with his discoveries of new chemical compounds and catalysts. In the interests of humor, new jokes were paraded by Tomimina, Tawfiq, and Salim; but it was not at all funny when Rey. Fr. Sarjeant announced, shortly after the arrival of new buses from America, that there would be no more bus holidays for the next ten years.

At last, after, we found ourselves in Fifth High, the year that seemed to far away in 1940. Biology experiments started almost at once and proved intensely interesting, especially to those who entertained thoughts of becoming chemists, druggists, or physicians. Biology drawings, too, were assigned to us, and in these Anwam and Ephram easily surpassed the rest of the class and merited the frequent praise.
of Fr. Godkin for their next work. Physics experiments also began early in the year under the inspiring guidance of Fr. Sheehan. All of us, but most of all the future engineers of the class, like Rafa'il Nay'im, Aram Gabriel, John Metti and William Terzi, enjoyed them keenly. We eventually came to like the new subject, solid geometry. Fr. Sheehan tried to train us until we should be able to solve his theorems "in two shakes of a lamb's tail." Moreover, we began to face boldly his "big, big, big" quizzes in this subject and in physics.

The year had not advanced very far, when Fr. MacNeil appeared for the English classes, in lieu of Fr. Sullivan. With our new professor we enjoyed Benjamin Franklin's Autobiography, the study of the short story, and Model English. Once again we renewed our acquaintance with Newman's sublime thoughts and masterful expression, as we studied his famous "Dream of Gerontius." The headship of the class was given by Fr. MacNeil to Bernard Bakhshy, whose humorous suggestions and comments relieved us somewhat from the difficulties of our abundant lessons.

We were not as enthusiastic about sports this year as we had been formerly, one reason perhaps being that we were deeply concerned this final year with the passing of the Government Secondary Exams. However, that we did not withdraw completely from athletics is proven by the fact that we won the school championship in baseball. The Christmas vacation saw us taking a trip to Basrah, accompanied by Fr. Larkin. We had comfortable lodging in Fr. Gogate's residence, and he welcomed us cheerfully and pleased us greatly. A boat trip in the Shatt-al-Arab River, bicycle trips, and a tea were some of the ways in which we enjoyed ourselves. Many pictures were taken by Joseph Touni, but he failed to get one of the duck in which Frank Messayeh was so interested.

At the beginning of the new year, 1945, we resumed our studies, prayerfully trusting in God, that as we began our course five years ago in His name, so He might bless us with a successful conclusion our studies at our beloved Baghdad College. One of our classmates, William Terzi, entered an English Reading Contest and competed against representatives of all the Baghdad Secondary Schools. He successfully survived the eliminations, and one afternoon, in the auditorium of the Central Secondary School where the finals were held, he won the first place in this city-wide contest and received his prize from the hands of H. E. the Minister of Education. Some time later, the B. C. Election Contest took place, and two boys from Fifth, William and Bernard, won their way to the finals which were held in the Tulayyadah School Hall. With a very impressive rendition of "The Highwayman," William added to his laurels and won first prize.

We returned from the Easter Vacation to make our Annual Retreat. Our last as students of Baghdad College. The Retreat Master, Fr. Joseph Merrick, S.J., was an old acquaintance of some of us, and from the meditation, we made under his guidance. We derived that inner fortitude needed for the struggle ahead of us. Renewed and refreshed, both spiritually and physically, we then entered upon the last lap of our course and intensified our preparations for the Government Exams.

Almost before we realize it, the long-awaited day of graduation will dawn upon us, and the time will come to depart. After five arduous years, spent in seeking after a fortune of broad and general culture, we are going forth from B.C. either to take up professional studies at some institution of higher learning, or to struggle in a cold and sometimes merciless world. Yes, we are going to leave the school; but in another sense we are not going to leave the school, because our hearts will still remain here at Baghdad College. Our thoughts will ever enkindle in us glad memories of these past five years—years of struggle, but also years of great profit. We trust that now we may claim to be real men, for we are equipped and fortified with those noble traits which we learned at the feet of the Fathers who taught us—traits like honesty, probity, integrity, charity, purity, uprightness, justice, and mainly, the love of God and religion. Really, the Fathers have been our guides in things spiritual, mental, and physical; they have trained and exercised us in the supreme traits of character, and we hope to do our part, later on, to impress them upon the world in which we live.

Finally, with tears and great sorrow, we bring to a close our sweet reminiscences. May this record afford us many pleasant and future hours in the future and help us to recapture the happiness of our years at Baghdad College!

Albert Naxriun.

We Leave

We, the graduates of Fifth High, of the class of nineteen hundred and forty-five, being about to depart from the halls of Baghdad College, our guiding mother, do hereby solemnly determine to offer irreversibly the choicest qualities and virtues of our class and the noblest traditions of this beloved institution of learning to everyone who really desires to cooperate with his fellow students in raising her honor and reputation to ever greater heights.

Wherefore,

WE LEAVE the holy competitive spirit by which our two best athletes, Joseph Jurji and Edward Tomina, managed to win the cup of His Maje of the King, for the second successive year. It was not through their personal efforts alone, but through their encouragement and inspiring example that this great honor came to B.C.

WE LEAVE our combined abilities in the various subjects of our course to the leaders of all classes.
that with this gratuitous assistance they may be enabled to give a better example to their younger school-brothers.

WE LEAVE Tooni's activity and energy for the weekly issue of our small chronicle to all classes without exception, for it will create that kind of enthusiasm that will certainly lead to progress and amelioration.

WE LEAVE Bernard's seven o'clock operas and his sweet melodies to the prosperous Kishnumish.

WE LEAVE Antwan's sheaf of artistic drawings to the future architects of Baghdad University.

WE LEAVE our lively interest in entertainment projects, such as tea parties, with their acting, music, and songs, for next year's Fourth and Fifth It is by means of such opportunities that our school may increase the spirit of cooperation which is already so noteworthy and also strengthen the cord of friendship with other Baghdad schools.

WE LEAVE our thick notebooks to the ones who will ask for them first, when searching for more trouble.

WE LEAVE Toomin's avoirdupois to the Oil Extraction Company of Baghdad for use in their research laboratory.

WE LEAVE John Metti's calm and unruffled disposition to any future diplomat.

WE LEAVE Muhammad's accurate meanings in Arabic poetry to all lovers of verse who may be baffled by a word on some freezing winter night.

WE LEAVE Kevork's enthusiastic speeches to Sylvain Serkis, when he decides to become the principal of a political party.

We shall not leave our Arabic essays, least of all William's and Tooni's, to Mr. Nejdet's students, lest we may seem to further any plans for "honest cheating."

We shall not leave the method by which some have been accustomed to juggle the answers of physics experiments for the sake of getting an "Excellent."

We would not like to leave our bad habit of rushing into the laboratory, when not supposed to do so. Beware of Fr. Sheehan, if you dare to follow our example in this.

WE LEAVE as a gift, this, our issue of El Iraqi, for everyone who paid his 250 fils.

WE LEAVE our school—with her broad fields and high palm trees, her library and laboratories, her canteen and dormitories, and her venerable secretary—all to the loyal sons she is striving to form. Finally.

WE LEAVE to the Fathers our deep feelings of thanks and gratitude, realizing the sacrifices they have endured for the sake of our education, and wishing them the fulfillment of each of their dreams. We now, by their permission and with their blessing, take leave of our Alma Mater, Baghdad College.

Written on this twenty-seventh day of April, in the year of Our Lord, nineteen hundred and forty-five.

Rufail Wadi Nayyim.

Our Rose Has Faded

May 12th, 1965! May of the year and also of the soul! The day was ideal: flowers blooming, birds chirping, and a spring warmth creeping into my winter-chilled heart. A perfumed stillness seemed to fill the whole world! It was a perfect day for a stroll! At about one o'clock in the afternoon I gathered together the papers on my desk, put Mickie, my Scotty terrier, on the leash, and off we went. Mickie was to guide and I was to follow. An hour later we stopped near the Blue Brook, my shelter whenever in distress.

The quietness of the place, the beauty of the scene, and the sweet melodies of the water, all those gentle influences suggested vistas of the past—the memories of youth. The events of by-gone days passed before me in rapid succession, but in the midst of these reveries I was suddenly seized with an intense longing to penetrate through the limited eyesight into the far-distant present.

To my surprise my desire was granted! As I was meditating, a gull, gracefully flying through the blue heavens, dropped, touched the water with its widespread wings, and off it flew again. "But lo! Behold! The surface of the once colorless water was swiftly converted into a mirror! "Ask," said a voice, seemingly coming from the abyss of eternity, "and thou shall be answered." "Show me my classmates," I entreated, "and I shall be forever grateful."

The mirror looked for a moment like the ruffled waters of a pond into which a stone has been cast by a passing traveler. When the surface cleared, there, to my amazement, was obviously the face of... the face of... Mr. Xavvim. The Albert we used to know was now the proud father of six youngsters. He was following with remarkable success his chosen profession and his life was a happy one. There he was in the garden, violin in hand, playing the tunes of the old-old-happy days.

The scene shifted, and I next viewed a 2,000 acre ranch, my gaze finally coming to rest on a spacious, beautifully constructed mansion. A wedding ceremony was in progress, the bridegroom being the wealthy and eminent Mr. Sabunji, an agriculturist; the fortunate lady was the mayor's daughter. Searching among those present, I found another classmate, Dr. Cherkhi, accompanied by his wife who was as short and as interesting as he himself.
The picture now in view was a hotel—the Shepherd, property of Tominna and Sons. In a corner of the luxurious dining room was visible the huge figure of what looked like... Mr. Tominna! "Gush," said a voice within me, "he really has changed!" Though quite prosperous in his profession, yet it seemed that he was paying more heed to "Good digestion waits on appetite, and health on both." A prominent rival to the dimensions of Mr. Tominna was Mr. Felix Jurji, a civil engineer, whose gigantic figure towered over the well-dressed group that surrounded him.

Around a table were gathered other associates of former days: Mr. Tooni, a business man, whose shrewd methods of dealing have brought him a sizeable fortune; Mr. Mansur, an architect, who, as rumor has it, is the man chosen to build the King's new palace; Mr. Messayeh, who, despite all attempts to make of him a practical engineer, has determined to follow in his uncle's footsteps. Arak Company. Mr. Tominna turned to call the waiter, and the chair creaked under its heavy burden in such a way that the delicate ear of the electrical engineer, Mr. Bahothy, was offended. Our old friend, Bernard, was still taking life as easily as he did during his school days; it appeared that circumstances had not yet taught him how harsh life really could be.

The next scene revealed the operating room of the St. George Hospital. Three of the most famous doctors in Iraq—Joseph Jurji, M.D., John Metti, B.S., F.R.C.S., and Kevork Tchobanian, M.D., the renowned internists—were having a consultation. Their patient was the wealthy Mr. Rauf who was in an unusually keel condition. A jocund youth entered and soon filled the room with mirth and laughter; it was the loved-by-all Aram Seropian. This young man had started his career as a simple reporter; now, a millionaire, he was the owner of a chain of newspapers! He had paid a visit to the hospital to learn the decision of the doctors in the case of Mr. Rauf.

Another view flashed before me. This time I saw a huge establishment, a plant that seemed a small city in itself! It was owned by Mr. Rafail Nayyim, A.B., M.A., F.R.S., and by his partner, Mr. Aram Gabriel, D.Sc., F.A.A.S. The latter was crying, "Eureka! Eureka!" "Found what?" queried Nayyim. "Oh, nothing..." answered Aram; "all is wrong." "Still the same old story. Oh! Trying to convert brass into gold! Say, Aram, when are you going to let those lats out of your belly??" And with this, Nayyim left for his own office.

The next scene was London, Mayfair! The Iraqi legation! In the office and at his desk was H. E. Muhammad al-Yawer. No government in the world could have crowned the work of a diplomat with more worshipful and unflagging approval than that bestowed upon the efforts of the Minister, al-Yawer. The school-day comrade of the Minister, now lawyer Khoren Gabriel, LL.B., was with him. The Khoren we used to know was still the same. That majestic walk, that laconic look, and that "certain" way of speaking—all were the same as those of B. C. days.

Time had rolled by, and I had seen the entire group of the '45 graduates. The gall returned now; still gracefully flying, it dropped, touched the water with its widespread wings, and off it flew again. Everything returned to its original state. The harmonious voice was heard no more; the mirror was transformed into plain water again. Staring at the surface, I saw an image of the last link in the chain—William Terzi, a prosperous young chemist, who by that time had cast aside the dreams of youth to view life from its serious side.

Slowly I turned away. As I made my way homeward, my terrier tugging at the leash, a voice within me whispered, "Our rose has faded... We are all scattered apart..."

William Terzi.
Biology

Chemistry
UNDERGRADUATES
Fourth High

Five days earlier than usual, late in September, the eager gates of Baghdad College welcomed again the smiling faces of its old and new members for another scholastic year. Thus we advanced toward the battlefield of Fourth, not reluctantly, nor apprehensively, but firmly and gallantly, especially after having defeated the stubborn enemy of Third which had steeled our resolution. In short order, we recognized our situation and the task required of us, and gradually we plotted our plan of campaign—a task made easier by the facility we soon acquired in plotting parabolas for Fr. Devenny.

Fr. Sullivan spent the first month in brushing off the dust which had gathered on our temporarily inactive mental faculties, and so prepared us for the study of "Julius Caesar." Certainly this tragedy influenced our English much, and studying the exposition of Newman later, we advanced even further, In addition to debates and dramatic declamations in our own classroom, a group from Fourth High acted out the "Quarrel Scene" from "Julius Caesar," before the entire school, Two of our members, Gilber Tooma, and Edmond Hu, were also selected for the finals of the Elocution Contest. While the English proceeded at a rapid pace, we moved rather slowly during the first month of our chemistry course; but things began to clear up and go along smoothly, and we became intensely interested in our laboratory experiments under the direction of Fr. Guay.

Fourth High was prominent in supporting the work of the Sodality in relieving the poor. We are justly proud of the example given by our class to the school. During the month of May we made a beautiful shrine in honor of the Queen of Virgins, and fresh flowers were brought daily to decorate it.

Fourth is not devoted to study only, but it has proved its skill and ability in athletics also. We won the class volleyball league, and we are proud of our star, Bedi Atchim, who was greatly responsible for our victory. This same Atchim was who later dazzled the opponents of B. C. with his brilliant playing on the basketball court. Although we were not very successful in the school track meet, Anwer helped to bring the cup of the Government Meet to B. C. by taking third place in the mile. In the course of the year we enjoyed two bicycle picnics with Fr. Sullivan—one to Hu tamiya and one to Zafaramiya. Together with Fifth, we also arranged a social to which guests were invited from other Baghdad schools; the men of Fourth displayed great cooperation in running this party.

The end of the year is approaching; one more home-rum and the game is won! Thus we come to end our class history, hoping in the future to meet a greater and more brilliant success in all our endeavors, scholastic and athletic. In conclusion, we say with great sincerity that we are much obliged to all our teachers whose continued labor with us gave appetite to our resolution.

Edmond Nasir Hu
Third High A

On a clear, sunny day in late September, 1944, Baghdad College opened her wide doors to welcome us back. After an absence of three lonely months we were glad to return to our loving mother, our school. With joy, pride, and hope we marched into our new class-room, 3 A. Father Sullivan greeted us and urged us to begin at once to study hard throughout the whole year. In a few days we found ourselves almost overwhelmed with home-work and class assignments. Biology and physics were new and formidable subjects to us. Then, too, always before our eyes we saw the Government examinations which we must pass at the end of the year.

Father Gookin’s philosophical witticisms brought us courage in the midst of long and difficult names in biology. We also appreciated Father Sleeman’s jovial manner while teaching physics, and Father MacNeil’s figurative and vivid explanations in the religion class. Just before Father Gookin would read our marks in biology he would say pleasantly: “Here is the sad news.” Father Sleeman caused many a laugh with his “Shinnie High!” and “Am I right or am I right?” The class was always very calm and quietly happy with Father Devanny teaching algebra. His expressions of approval such as: “Indeed,” “Splendid!” “Yes, Yes!” were often imitated by boys so versed in imitating Irving and Newman.

During the year we made careful progress in all our studies. We owe our advance in English to the painstaking and exacting guidance of Father Sullivan. In Arabic, under the very experienced and most capable Mr. Bechir our progress was exceptionally praiseworthy. Besides cultivating our minds we nourished our hearts and our souls with the regular spiritual instructions given in the most pleasant manner by Father MacNeil. Our class was crowded with brilliant scholars. Freddy’s excellent talents were obvious to all, when he solved problems in mathematics and physics as easily a lamb wags its tail. The whole class was proud of Bedi Nadhmi’s fine, high-toned renditions of Arabic Literature. Pierre and Saroum shone in religion and we all admired the steady studiousness of John Mangassarian.

Throughout the year there was a splendid spirit of charity, hard work, and generosity. With sincere hearts we give thanks to the all good and all merciful God, and we offer our deep gratitude to our devoted teachers.
Third High B

The summer vacation was over on the 26th of September. On the morning of that day we were driven to school in one of the new buses, and soon we were greeting our old friends of last year. The sudden ringing of the school bell interrupted our mutual salutations and we assembled—not with the boys of First High as before, but with the upper classes.

For Third High students, along the path of knowledge which leads to the coveted goal of graduation there is a gigantic obstacle at the end of the Intermediate course—the Government Examination. From the very first day of school, however, we determined to prepare ourselves to face this difficulty fearlessly. We were all interested in the new physics and biology books which we had to buy. We found both these subjects rather perplexing at first, but we gradually overcame this initial reaction by the help of our instructors, Fr. Sheehan and Fr. Gooch.

Our English teacher, Fr. Sullivan, tried to inoculate us, early in the year, against "laziness fever." The whole class thanks him because his first advice saved us from many troubles afterward. In Arabic, with the help of Mr. Beilin, we strode ahead at full speed. The history lectures of Mr. Abhosh we found extremely interesting and we regretted that, because of the large amount of matter we had to cover, we could not enter into greater detail on some topics. Many tea parties were given by Fr. Devenny for those boys who were over-eager in asking questions about algebra problems.

Fr. Sheehan’s physics problems made most of us look at each other with wide-open mouths. After a quiz the corrected papers would be given back to us with the admonition, "Read them and weep." Fr. Gooch’s biology period used to pass by quick as a flash, and we studied many interesting things with him. We have our own scientists in Third B: a "big three" consisting of Fakhri, David, and Shwan is working night and day to discover a high explosive which will blow up all the difficulties of the class.

Our class has been active in athletics during the year. Fakhri was our hero on the football field, but Ghaniin, Meleek Jibrini and others starred also. Shawkat and David represented us on the B.C. basketball team and we are proud of the great games they both played for the Green and Maroon. In the school track meet there were many boys of our class on the team which helped Third High to win the school championship and the cup; of these, Sami and Shawkat won places on the B.C. team which again won the cup in the Government Track Meet.

We end this brief class history by thanking Our Heavenly Father Who gave us all the things we needed to enable us to study, and by expressing to all the Fathers and teachers Third High B’s sincere gratitude for their difficult labor and their patient kindness.

Arthur Karayan, Wissam Shawkat.
Third High C

The yearly increase of students, who come from the farthest parts of Iraq to quench their thirst for knowledge at the fountain of learning, made the opening of a new section in Third High imperative. The fame of Baghdad College has spread to all the sections of Iraq, for it is a stately tree which is producing the fruits of education.

The College exercises great care in choosing the best possible teachers with which to staff its faculty. It does not pick them to be merely lecturers, but to be the guides of its students. Third High C participates in the benefits of this system and considers itself fortunate to have the teachers who have been assigned to it. The class contains thirty boys, and it is like all the other classes in the school in that it has both the highly intelligent and the less favored among its members.

One of the most pleasant recollections of our year is the trip which we made with Fr. Loefler to the ruins of the ancient city of Babylon. We travelled in the College bus and we spent the day joyfully, though peacefully. We marvelled at the majestic appearance of those brick walls and antique pillars, and at some of the portraits that were drawn on the walls of the ancient remains. There was nothing left of that big city but these objects; yet, the walls themselves give visitors pause and recall to their minds the splendour of the venerable city and the glory of its former inhabitants. If one but stops near these remains and ponders on them, he cannot fail to have admiration for the people of former days who built such massive houses and such splendid monuments. All in all, our journey to Babylon was a great success; we enjoyed a pleasant holiday, but we also learned a great deal.

Long before the scheduled day of the school track meet, the boys of Third High C started practicing, for they wished to do their part to help Third retain the cup which they had won a year ago. Ours was the favored section of a favored class, for it contained the largest number of athletes. On the Saturday morning of the meet, Third C ran true to winning form and expectation and led in points and prizes. Peter Meli won first place in the broad jump; Behman was second in the 100 yard dash; George Naum and Antwan Gabriel were first and second respectively in the high jump; Sedad was first in the half-mile; Shakir was first in the 400; and in the hurdles, Shakir was first in Class A, Fad Saraya in Class B. It was a smashing victory for the boys of Third High and we are proud of the heroes of our own section who did their part to bring it about. They helped to win the cup, and their own cup of happiness was full. Looking forward to the rest of the year, we of Third High C hope and pray that we may meet with like success in our studies and in the Government Exams.

George Naum.
Second High A

In spite of the gloomy outlook presented to us by the boys of last year's Second High concerning the difficulties to be met with upon promotion from First, we of 2 A did not take long to settle down at the beginning of the year to show our pessimistic comrade that things could not be quite as bad as they claimed. Now, well on the road to Third ourselves, we feel that we have established a fairly good case.

To date, although the school year has not yet run its full course, quite a number of interesting diversions have occurred. The baseball league came first. With very few changes the Second High team of this year was the same as that finally beaten when in First by a victorious Fourth. From our own class of 2 A came Yahi, in centre field; Maxime, in the pitcher's box; and Gerald, at first base. Unfortunately, in spite of the terrific fight put up both by the members of the team and by the cheerers, whose not always frontless task it was to box, hiss, and generally demoralize the opposing team into either foaming at the mouth or striking out or giving up and submitting meekly to having their pitcher's craftiest deliveries slammed off the field, our team suffered the same defeat as last year. However, Second is already looking forward with anticipatory glee to the coming "big league" series.

It is deeply regretted by the humble chronicler that the real peaches, the pick of the crop, the hottest news stories ever to come out of a Second High classroom, are unprintable—for security reasons. Is it, then, to be the fate of this account of class activity to be cluttered up with such commonplace information as the fact that, to date, 2 A has been on top of the first honors' list all the way through, that the students of 2 A are quiet, well behaved young gentlemen with an unusual fondness for studies? With recollections of the violent and noisy diabolism of a toy balloon by our center-fielder during an Arabic period, the very idea is condemned as sacrilegious. And what about the time when, according to reports from perfectly reliable sources, the fellow sitting in front of Sargon Rustum, feeling something at his pocket, turned to see Sargon tearing up pieces of paper, not discovering till long afterwards that his coat pocket was being used as a waste receptacle?

There is much which might be said in the same vein that must remain unrecorded for lack of space. Vivien's fantastic decasyllabic words used in his contribution to the El Iraqi essay competition could be the subject for a book, and his expression when he admitted that, by golly, although he used to know all their meanings, they'd just sort of skipped his mind, will supply subject for discussion for ages. And so on. Two A must be seen to be believed. If then! Content that only that statement can do the class justice, the chronicler takes his leave.

Gerald Pearce.
Second High B

As an important member of our class (Sami Toma) once said: "Our class, Second B, is one of the best classes in the school, not only in studies but also in sports and good conduct." We all agree with Sami. In class and out of class our school year has been a very happy one, marked with careful, hard work and plenty of fun and games.

Fr. Larkin took very good care of our souls all year long in religion class. Fr. Gookin frequently lightened our heavy work in chemistry with his pleasant remarks, such as: "Yes, it is easy to learn; but it is easy to forget." In geometry, under the careful teaching of Mr. Louis, we produced many capable mathematicians. Mr. Nejdet improved our Arabic very much with his excellent instructions. We travelled around the world several times and very pleasantly, too, with Mr. Shawkat in geography. Our class always found Mr. Abas very interesting and learned in history. Fr. MacNeil, who taught us English, was also our home-room teacher. Everything was very pleasant, and there was never any need for punishments.

Certain boys became famous (?) for their pronunciation, such as "good-ah boy-ah:" while another boy, fooled by a trick question of Fr. MacNeil, gave the following as parts of a verb (?): "sunrise—sun—rose—sunset." Often, too, we learned from sad experience to beware of the little worm on a big steel hook waiting for a big fish to come from Mosul. Such irritating questions were: "Why is this sentence incorrect?" (It would be correct). Or again: "Is this sentence compound or complex?" (It would be compound-complex).

In sports, H B won the football championship of the whole school, and also helped Second High to get second place in baseball. Then came the school track meet. We tried our best together with the other classes of Second High, but we were finally beaten by Third High. Our good friend, Joseph Jibran, clearly explains how Third High beat us: "Third High won the cup because they were likelocusts all over the field, while we were only a few little ants. So how could the ants win and the locusts lose?"

The class thoroughly enjoyed reading "A Tale of Two Cities" by Charles Dickens, and promptly began to speak of: The Lion—Frank Thomas; The Jackal—Joseph Jibran; Monsieur Defarge—Muhammad; Jerry Cruncher and his son—Sami Suweidi and Douglas Walton; Mr. Lorry ("strictly business")—Hagop; Charles Darnay—Desmond; Sydney Carton (the hero)—Manuel Bettah; Dr. Manette—Said Jajoka.

We all thank God and our teachers for a happy and successful year and we hope to see you all in Third High next fall.

Adolf Faraj.
Our class is one of the smallest in number but at the same time it is large in wisdom and in study. We started the school year with Father Madaras, but after about 20 days our new teacher arrived from America. Along with this new teacher, Father Larkin, we soon made the acquaintance of another late-comer, Mr. Louis, both of whom have made our class one of the most fortunate in the school.

There are many boys in 2C who are good in athletics, such as Sami Goody, Alexander, and Alfred on the football field, Khalid in the high jump, Thomas in running and playing handball. In the boxing matches that started to take place in the afternoon, under the guidance of Father Larkin. Said and his brother Fawzi showed great skill. We were proudest of all, however, when George showed such power in the pole vault during the track meet.

In the more important contests that take place in the little classroom that we call our own, we find Faq and Nuri leading in Arabic, Khalid and Nuri contending for first honors in English, Farid the best in history, Verwand in religion, and George, Madlin, and Abdul Satar fighting it out for the prize in mathematics. Hikmat, our smallest member, is best at picking out the finite verb or some hidden adjective in a sentence. There is no one in the class who can broadcast a speech with so much force as Alfred. Sami Goody is the best reader we have in the whole class, and the one whose voice is heard most often asking the teacher questions in Roger.

We should not forget our two class picnics, the first to Babylon, and the second to Hindiyah Barrage. We are very thankful to Father Mudir and Father Larkin for making these picnics possible. We were sorry to lose the volley ball game we had with the Hindiyah School.

Our books looked very thick and hard to learn when we first saw them but with the help of our teachers we have come to learn that they only need a moderate amount of study to become part of our knowledge. We shall always remember Mr. Abbasi and his proverbs, Mr. Shawkat and his maps, Mr. Louis and his helpful explanations in the morning study period, as well as Father Larkin and his "Jub-bub". We wish to express our sincere gratitude to all the Fathers and the Teachers who are striving their best to educate us.

Nuri Elias.
First High A

First High A is a large class with thirty-two students, hailing from widely separated places: Baqubah, Basrah, Sulaimaniyah, Mosul. Though we are comparatively new in Baghdad College, many are the interesting things that have taken place since we met. For instance, who does not know Fatty the "Matiaechi," or bird trainer, as he is called by some of his elders. I suppose a trainer of birds must also be a great talker for Fatty is never short of words. Whatever the case, our good Fatty would do well to be sparing of words with "birds" he does not train. Claude Ghafril Mikahhama has made himself famous by the recitation of "Columbus." Above the roars of laughter this mighty orator could be heard declaiming, waving his arms to right and left; and if he forgot a word he would place his finger on his nose, twitch his face and look at the ceiling in search of the lost word. Enter Ghanim Waikil, the class "Charles Atlas," as well as its prize poser, who walks about with infinite dignity, his hands behind his back, chest bulging out, and a look of perfect serenity on his face. Last, but not least, comes Munir Khayyat, the class boxer. Not unlike many a renowned athlete, he can conjure up a sore throat, a stomach-ache, or almost any other ailment, during class hours, and yet be perfectly well during recreation periods.

But not all is fun and drollery in our class. There is much praiseworthy activity and good spirit. Witness, for instance, the practical kindness to the poor and to the Missions. Ours is the honor of contributing more than our share for both the one and the other. Again our class has set the record for good behaviour and class attainments. No one thus far has been sent to the Mudir's office for misconduct, and if the general class average is not very high, this is owing to the strictness in marking.

As for sports, though not infrequently outstripped by bigger and more experienced boys (which is after all to be expected), we have nothing to be ashamed of. On the contrary, considering that this is our first year in high school, we ought to be proud of the notable success achieved even in this line. One of the most pleasant memories of the year was the class picnic to Babylon and Hindiyah Barrage.

The examinations are fast approaching and everybody is feverishly preparing for them. We fully appreciate that these are no joke and that our teachers do not feel inclined to pass us simply on our good looks. However, as we have done very well during the year, we are more than confident that as a whole we shall be successful. Before concluding this history, I wish every student of First High A good luck and a smiling future. Of course, a word of heartfelt thanks must go to our class teachers for their great devotion to us all.

Bruno Mikhail Killin
First High B

Baghdad College is the best school in the whole of Iraq. We think so anyway. The first day we entered the school we felt like strangers. But after a few days we made many new friendships. We were very pleased with the Fathers and the boys.

First High B is the best class in the school. There are ten other best classes too! We are the best First High B anyway. At the beginning of the year Father Shea was our teacher. He was very kind-hearted and generous. Father Shea's way of teaching us was a very wonderful way. During the class he did some tricks to make the boys laugh and to make the lesson more interesting. Some of the poems which he gave us were very beautiful. Suddenly Father Shea went to America. It was just before mid-year examinations. We were sorry that he went away. But a new teacher came in his place, Father Williams. He plays the piano and sings. But he would not sing the poem by Joyce Kilmer called "Trees." Father Shea did.

The boys of First High B are united like a family. Some of the boys are funny. Elias is like the leader of a revolution and always quarrels with his friend Faruq. When he is in class he forgets where he is and begins to talk in a loud voice. Kanan astonishes us with his clothes. They are beautiful. They are like the clothes of a Hungarian Farmer. Akram is the tallest boy in the class. He has a long neck but we do not laugh at it. God wanted him that way. We call Faruq an American "Tank" because he is too big and fat. Munir does not get angry when we call him a cow. He is a good sport. Kevork always asks his friends about the time, because he cannot sit still in the class for a long time.

Three days after Easter we went to Baquba for a picnic. Father Williams took us in the school bus. We enjoyed the picnic. We were very happy and free. Father Williams did not say, "Why the talking!" once. We played baseball and many other games. On the way back to Baghdad, Munir and Kevork sang "Kiss me again."

The year is almost finished. At the end of the day stars begin to come out in the sky. Kanan is brighter than all the other stars in algebra but Samuel is almost as bright. In Arabic Anwar outshines the other stars; in religion, Paul; in English, Munir. If we look at all the stars together, Paul is the biggest and brightest in all subjects. He has the highest average.

During the month of May we have a shrine in honor of Our Lady. Muwaffaq Sarafa brought a big statue of Our Lady. The Father thanked the several boys who brought beautiful flowers to Her.

Munir Ibrahim, Faruq Emile, Kevork Medzadyrian,
First High C

Our first day in Baghdad College was a very happy day. When we came to school, we found about three hundred and fifty students who were to be our classmates. They were from Baghdad, Basrah, Mosul, Kirkuk, Amara, and from almost every place in Iraq. On the first day we did not know each other. The second day we went to class, learned each other’s names, and became friends. When we went home to study, we were loaded with a heavy program of home lessons which the Fathers and teachers had given us to do.

Our class is a very big one—the largest in the College. Our English teacher is Fr. Loeffler. He is a very good instructor and he has tried very hard to teach us. In our class are some very large boys, as Faruq Naqib, George Yonan, and Tahir. There are some very small ones also, as Albert Gozi and Tahsin Yusuf. In all, there are about thirty-six boys in the class. Nezih Sinweidi is the stouter; he has an easy disposition and makes friends readily. Of course we possess some excellent players in volleyball, basketball, football, and many other games. None of the other sections in First was able to beat us in any of these games.

Soon Christmas came and we had a fine holiday. When we returned to school we wished all the Fathers and teachers a happy season. We started working very hard and studying for the mid-year exams. There are two who especially want to beat each other in the lessons, though everyone in the class wants to be first. Our classroom is a very good one and a breeze is always blowing through it, so we do not suffer from the heat.

We had, during the year, a holiday of four days. On one of them we went to Shahraman. We had a very pleasant journey. We climbed up the mountains where we could see the Diyala River flowing for many miles. We took many snapshots and afterwards we went to play football with Father Loeffler in a nearby field. One of the Arab gardeners prepared a very nice "cousy" for us which was ordered by one of our students, Adil Urfali, in whose garden we rested. Before sunset we were all back home.

During the Easter vacation we had some lovely holidays which we enjoyed very much. We must work hard now to pass the final exams. We hope to continue all our studies in our school with the kindness of the Fathers and teachers. May God give them all His grace and strength and bless them all.

Douglas Arbuthnot
First High D

There are thirty-two pupils in First D and we have five teachers for the different subjects. The first English and religion teacher was Fr. Casey. We loved him very much. He was kind to us and talked much Arabic in the beginning of the year. This helped us because many of us were very weak in English when we came to B.C. Each day, after the memory, he read us a story from Aesop's fables and explained in Arabic the hard words. He also gave us much dictation. Unfortunately, however, Fr. Casey became sick at Christmas, and so he had to return to the United States. We have been happy to hear that Fr. Casey is much better. We all liked him very much and were sad to lose him.

After Fr. Casey left, we had the honor of having Fr. Connell, the Mudir, teach us for several days. We were very proud, because not every class in the school has had the Mudir teach them. We again changed teachers when Fr. Hussey came to teach us. He arrived from India with Fr. Williams at Christmas time. He also gives us a lot of homework, but he does not speak much Arabic in class.

In algebra our teacher is Mr. Burby. In the first month we did not understand much, but in the second month we began to understand, and now we are happy to have Mr. Burby, first, because he is a good teacher, and second, because he is very kind to us. In history we have Mr. Abbosh. He gives us summaries of the history book which we can learn in less time than if we had to read the whole book. Mr. Shawkat, in geography, also gives us summaries of our lessons. He is a good teacher, like the others, but he punishes us severely when we talk too much in class. Mr. Jamil teaches us our Arabic lessons. We like him very much, for he makes our lessons easy and is a good teacher. In our study periods in the morning, we often have Fr. Larkin. He studies and makes us study also. When we don't understand a word, we go up and ask him the meaning and he tells us immediately.

The best students in the class are Fuad Bani and Salim Saisi. Some months one leads the class, and sometimes the other. Mikhail Autm is the best speaker in the class. He spoke "The Wreck of the Hesperus" in front of the whole school, and many of the boys fool him by saying, "Father, oh father, I see a gleaming light." The quietest boy is Wadi Abdu. Nuzad Majid likes to make funny sentences when Fr. Hussey gives us a word to put in a sentence. The best boys in sports are Mahdi, Albert Habbo, Riadh, Shamsi, Victor, Amjad and Asad. Farid Shina is small but he is a good boxer. Three or four of our classmates were on the baseball team that once defeated Second High.

We thank all the Father and the other teachers for all that they have done for us, and we shall always remember them in the future. May God bless them!

Yaquib Tuna
The Sodality

Late in October, 1944, nine sodalists, under the direction of Rev. Fr. Devenny, S.J., held a meeting for the purpose of electing officers of the Sodality of Our Blessed Lady. The results were as follows: Prefect: Felix Jurji; Vice-Prefect: Antwan Rufai; Secretary; Edmond Hu; Treasurer and Sports Captain: Joseph Jurji.

Henceforth, sodalists attended their regular meetings, which were held on Friday noon. During these meetings they had the opportunity of listening to valuable talks on various items, delivered by the Director or by other Fathers, as special guest speakers. The talks of the Director mainly revolved around the axis of social questions.

We dare say the activity of the Sodality this year was flourishing. While its accomplishments were not great exploits, because of their simplicity, yet they were praiseworthy. This activity consisted in collecting money, clothes, and stamps for the missions and the poor, and in teaching catechism to Christian children. The collections amounted to a great deal. The mission money was collected from the bookstore and the classes. There was a sort of honest competition among the classes; each wanted to beat the others by multiplying generosity, and the Sodality board increased their honest enthusiasm. H.E. the Apostolic Delegate in Iraq was personally so pleased with the amount offered him that he conferred a three day holiday on the B. C. students as a reward for their generous contribution. The Sodality, on her part, has nothing but thanks for the students for their generous contributions. As for teaching catechism, two parties were formed, one in Karradah and one in Sulaikh. Children in both places were prepared for their First Holy Communion. In connection with the class in Karradah, the Sodality wishes to thank the teacher, Mr. Shawkat Zona, for his unfailing and most encouraging cooperation.

Members of the Sodality prepared two programs for the school, one in honor of St. Aloysius, in which seven of the fourth year men delivered speeches. This was celebrated in St. Theresa’s Church in Baghdad. The other took place in the Syrian Church in Baghdad on the occasion of the annual May Day and reception of new candidates. Thirteen new candidates were welcomed into the Sodality. Three men from fifth year gave the talks on this occasion.

Sodalists, at Rev. Fr. Director’s suggestion formed a habit of a monthly gathering to hear a Sunday Mass together, each time in a different church. These gatherings were held both in Baghdad and in Karradah.

So we come to close the history of our Sodality, offering our works again to the Queen of the Sodality, hoping perpetual prosperity for all who aid and support this beneficial organization. Edmond Hu
Sanctuary Society

Chapel
ATHLETICS
EL IRAQI

Athletics

When school began late in September, countless new faces appeared in the corridors and on the courts of B.C. In fact, so numerous were the students that it was thought advisable to increase the athletic facilities. Hence, the playing field was enlarged and a new basketball court was prepared. It seemed that the equipment for games would be insufficient, until new footballs, baseballs and bats, volleyballs, and basketballs found their way to the B.C. sports’ room in answer to Fr. Sheehan’s urgent cable.

Soon after the beginning of school, the drums of war were heard, summoning all baseball players to battle. Each class started secret practice, and enthusiasm was speedily aroused in the coming league games. The fight began and heavy blows shattered the peaceful quiet of Sulaihik. When the dust of combat cleared away, it was found that there were two teams capable of striking equally devastating blows: the warriors of Fifth and of Second.

The latter based their hopes on their eager captain, Maxime, whose pitching was skillfully executed; on their first baseman, Gerald, the home run hitter; and on little Vahe whose flawless control of center field was the despair of his opponents. The confident and high spirited Fifth, however, could boast of such stars as Foufou, the two Arams, John Metti, and others, and what is more, they had displayed almost perfect teamwork in the league contests. In the final game for the championship of the school, the supporters of Second High were loud in their cheering, as they urged on their representatives. Many thrilling catches were made, there were a number of clever plays, and several home runs were hit. The game was crowded with excitement, but when the last man had been put out, Fifth High was the winner and the holder of the mythical championship of Baghdad.

The small boys in the school were the first to start football, and each afternoon piles of jackets could be seen at each end of the field serving as goals. These were later replaced with benches, and when Fr. Sheehan observed the change, he began to fear that the next move would be to take chairs from the classrooms. To prevent such a possibility he had goal posts built and set up, and then he put down white lines for the outside boundaries. Thus it was that the B.C. football field took definite shape and form.

The interest in football was so manifest that a league was started, and every day games were played between classes. The struggle for supremacy was intense, and many hard-fought games ended in ties. Finally, however, the strong team of Second High B overcame all opposition and won the school championship. Such great enthusiasm was aroused by this league that a school team was formed towards the end of the season and games were arranged with other schools. In our opening game, we defeated King Faisal College by a big score, and other victories followed. The fast Adhamiya team, however, defeated us on the Scout’s Field by a single goal. In these contests, the B.C. stars were Foufou, Tomimna, Fakhr, Ghanim, and Peray, and the ability shown by all our players leads us to hope for a strong B.C. team next year.

The time came for volleyball, and games were played during the noon-recess and after class in the afternoon. After preliminary practice games in which a team, called the Boston Bombers seemed to have things all their own way, a tournament started. Each year entered a team, even First High, who went to battle under the leadership of the brave Shamsi. Second High was not conceded much of a chance to win, but their rooters tried to ruffle the opposing teams with their shouts and cheers. Third High played well, but they could not stand up against the stronger teams of the upper classes.

In the finals, Fifth faced Fourth in a three game series. Both teams had good players and both were enthusiastic. Fifth won the first game, but in the second, Fourth took advantage of the temporary absence of Foufou and tied the series. In the last game, Fourth started with a rush and scored six points, one after the other. Fifth fought back gallantly but were unable to stop Bedi Atchui and his team, and were finally compelled to admit the superiority of Fourth and so yielded them the school championship.

In competition with other schools, the B.C. volleyball team won a number of victories early in the year. Foufou’s smashes, Atchui’s zooming serve, and Xyxyin’s unexpected and well-placed shots spilled defeat for our opponents. Later in the year, our team won its first match in the Government Tournament, but unfortunately went down to defeat in the next contest.

Basketball practice began immediately after the Christmas holidays. A large number of boys turned out for the B.C. team, and soon a regular squad was selected. For a while, practice was impossible because of the heavy rains and the ensuing mud, but when the weather cleared up, workouts were held almost every day after classes. The new court was used and Foufou, Tomimna, John and the others had ample space in which to run around and get in condition. We were handicapped by the loss, through graduation, of some of last year’s stars; but before the opening game the team had taken definite shape, with Foufou, B. Atchui, and David as forwards; Tomimna as center; Shawkat, John Metti, and Fazil S. as guards.

The first game was played against the British Institute team, and photographers were on hand to get pictures of this opening contest on the new B.C. court. The greater size and the speed of our opponents was too much for us, however, and we considered ourselves fortunate to hold them to a 27 to 15 score. In the next game, against more evenly matched opposition, the team found itself; the results of the practice sessions were evident, and B. C ran...
Baghdad College Track Team

Baghdad College Relay Team

up a score of 57-44 against the Olympic Club team. We next defeated the Central Secondary School on their own court by the score of 36-32. The game was closely fought throughout, and only in the last seconds did Atehu break the tie and put us out in front with two beautiful baskets.

We continued to add to our string of victories, and our triumphs were, made possible by the speed and slighthness of Foufou, the accurate shooting of Atehu, David, and Tomiina, who alternated in taking high-scoring honors, and the rock-like defence of John and his assistants. The Government Tournament began and we defeated the Tufayyadh quintet with ease to the tune of 62-33. In our next game we faced the Central Secondary School team, which we had already defeated, and again we played them on their own court. This time, however, we were to experience many bitter heartaches. The Central team, with Saleh and Adil leading the attack, struck relentlessly time and again and scored basket after basket, while our boys could not seem to find their 'shooting eyes.' The final score of 60-38 spelled our defeat and meant our elimination from the Government Tournament. We were disappointed but not disheartened; it was just not our day, and we know that we will have other chances to demonstrate the fighting spirit of B. C.

For months, practice went on quietly but seriously for the great athletic event in the school year at B. C.—the annual track meet. On a lovely March morning, with the entire school, the Faculty, and a number of invited guests as spectators, those who had survived the trials in the various divisions strove for final victory—for themselves and for their class. Surprising "finds" were made that spring morning, as new stars appeared on the B. C. horizon. Bright hopes sprang up in the hearts of all, as the athletes performed and revealed a wealth of excellent material to represent B. C. in the Government Track Meet. Enthusiasm was at a high pitch, as event succeeded event, until finally a tumultuous burst of applause shook the walls of B. C., as Rev. Fr. Surone presented the cup to Third High, the School Track Champions.

On the 5th of April, Baghdad turned to the Scout's Field where the annual Government Track Meet was to be held. Early in the afternoon, the stands were crowded with spectators who had come to see the track stars of Baghdad's Secondary and Intermediate Schools perform. Finally, H. R. H. the Regent arrived and the program began.

The various connecting schools started marching, each bearing aloft its own banner, and nearly at the end of the procession came our boys. Foufou held on both the Green and Maroon, and behind him marched the team. Our athletes presented a striking picture in their attractive, new uniforms, each with a prominent B. C. on his shirt, and they received a thunderous ovation as they passed in review.

Through the warm spring air echoed the call for the 100 meter dash, and the meet was on! The runners advanced to the track, and a moment later two B. Cs flashed by the stands, leading all the others. Foufou was in front, having made the most of his spring start, and close behind him was Behman. At the 50 meter mark the famous Saleh sprinted by Behman, and pressed Foufou hard, but failed to overtake him at the tape. The score board registered 7 points for B. C., a first and a third in the 100, and our march to victory was begun.

In the next event, B. C. appeared again in the person of the great Tomiina. With the help of his shiny arm, he defeated all his rivals by his last throw in the shot put, and more points were added to our score. The loud-speaker called for the mile race, and the runners began their long trek around the track. Anwer Said, with his light but wiry body, showed great stamina and won for us a third place. Now, Foufou appeared again, this time for the pole vault. Over the crossbar he turned gracefully, in perfect form, followed by George Azzu, who also displayed marvellous form in his jump. The fact that Foufou was competing in the broad jump, which was being held at the same time, tired him and prevented him from reaching the heights of which he is capable in the pole vault. We had to be content with his second and George's third in this event. In the broad jump, however, Foufou hurled his lithe body through the air and took first place again from his rival in the 100 meter dash. Peter Atchu also jumped for B. C., but failed to win a place.

In the 200 meters, however, Peter sped forth, his feet hardly touching the ground. His time was very good, but Saleh had to win one event, and this was it! So Peter took a second place for the Green and Maroon. Shakir entered the 400 meters but failed to come in among the first four, despite a great spurt at the end. In the hurdles, both Shakir and Sami Bakose unfortunately got off to bad starts, and while Sami was unable to make this up, Shakir pressed the leader and crossed the tape closely behind him for a second place. Sudad and Shahat ran for B. C. in the half mile; the pace was too fast for the former, but Shahat managed to come through with a fourth place.

Nothing remained now but the relay. The starting gun was fired and Foufou leaped through the air. Around the track he flashed, and when he handed Atchu the baton he also gave him a good 10 yard lead. Atchu increased the distance between himself and his closest opponent, and Behman then sped around the track like a whirlwind, giving the baton to Shakir who finished the race well out in front, with scarcely visible shadows in the distance behind him.

All through the meet the Green and Maroon colors were in evidence, and all through the meet

---
the scoreboard recorded the highest number of points for the school which wore those colors. B.C. had done it again! With a total of 31 points, 6 more than her nearest rival, she had won the cup for the second successive year! H.R.H. the Regent descended from his box to the table where the prizes were arranged in sparkling array. First he distributed the medals to the winners of the various events, and then the Scout’s Field rang with cheers, as he graciously presented the coveted Cup of H.M. the King to B.C. as a symbol of her victory. These cheers were redoubled when a moment later he presented B.C. with the Lord Cornwallis Cup for her victory in the relay.

The enthusiastic B.C. rooters carried their heroes over the field of battle, and then the team gathered for a victory parade through the streets of Baghdad. The school bus made its triumphal way through the city, and moved slowly along the riverfront to Karradah, as cheers and the school song echoed along the banks of the Tigris. A stop was made at Fouton’s house, and then the parade returned to the center of the city, where it paused once more for the singing of the school song. Night came over Baghdad—and another Government Track Meet became part of B.C.’s glorious athletic history.

John Metti Jezrawi

School Song.

With a shout, with a song
We will cheer the boys along.
Under banners of Green and Maroon!
While we do, while we dare,
Proudly waving everywhere
Are the banners of Green and Maroon!

So it’s High, High, High!
Always B.C. High!
Singing our glad merry tune.
And we’ll cheer B.C.
On to victory.
Under banners of Green and Maroon!
Baghdad College Basketball Team

Baseball Team, Fith High
School Champions
Volleyball Team, Fourth High
School Champions

Football Team, Second High B
School Champions

Gilbert Thomas
Baghdad Ping-pong Champion
Winner of Pharmacy Cup

Track Team, Third High
School Champions
Baghdad - Then and Now

By Aram Seropian. '45

When the moon shines brightly in Baghdad skies and merry-go-round parties sail over the silvery waters of the Tigris, there is romance in the air; but when the August sun intoxicates Baghdad with lassiness and relaxation, and men win their dairy bread with heaven heard and dripping brows, there is tragedy in the air.

Baghdad! the paradise of the Arabian Nights but a graveyard during the Mongol invasion! Baghdad changes with the tide of the time. Her people march with the tempos of civilization. She weeps when the Tigris is stained with the blood of her sons, when her hearts are smouldering in chaos. Yet she smiles when the Tigris is rippling with joy and her halls are echoing with laughter. Destiny may change her emotions, but her classic beauty, her historical pride always remain the same. She is a gem that may lose her brilliance under the dust of time, but once the dust is blown away by the breath of progress and culture, she sparkles again with a fresh and glorious histr.

Three decades back, the streets of Baghdad were irregular and dim and were filled with a choking atmosphere. In winter, mud retarded the struggling steps of the inhabitants; in summer, dust curtained from their eyes the vision of bright horizons. The houses were shapeless, made of dried mud, and without architectural features.

The transportation system was quite primitive: donkeys still possessed their traditional glory of carrying the distinguished personalities of the East. The water supply was under the administration of the Saga (water-bearer) Party. Goat-kid water bags were employed to convey water from the river to the city, and each Saga used to keep his account by making coal marks on the wall of his consignee’s house. On the Ides of March, and even after that date, the hereditary fear of flood haunted the hearts of the Baghdadis. Drainage, in the modern sense, was unknown.

The domestic sphere was wanting in democracy, as the older members of the family exercised almost despotic rights. The honorable he or she was responsible for every iota of change in the family. If the eyes of the six year old child were glistening, then the grandmother would apply a mysterious, homemade, black and white powder. If the unfortunate darling became blind, alas! that was his fate which had been written on his forehead. Sickness and poverty enslaved the inhabitants and their activities. People worked hard but harvested little.

There were only a few schools. Whoever could read and write was the man of his era. Any Marco Polo who dared to travel beyond the pastures of Baghdad become the hero of many legends. Outside the city gates, there existed little law or order to safeguard the people. There, under the cover of darkness, murder and robbery were almost as sure as Amen after prayer.

Parks for recreation and for social gatherings seemed beyond human conception. Coffee shops, however, did exist and were the beating heart of the population. Rain or shine, day after day, the Baghdadis sat in the coffee shop, turning the pages of his life leisurely, giving his cares to the rising smoke, and ending his day with a personal anthem “Inshallah” to see the same friends in the same place on the morrow.

Such was Baghdad thirty years ago! Today she has changed with the ebbing tide. Her people are mounting higher and higher on the path of progress and modernization.

Now the streets are tarred or paved and illuminated with electric lights. Houses are symmetrically arranged and fashionably modelled, and most of them are surrounded with a pretty garden. Transportation, compared to what it used to be, is now a paragon of system. Automobiles and buses have, almost monopolized the carrying of passengers. Carriages still exist, it is true, but they are now as comfortable as cars. Water and electricity are as available as the air we breathe. Instead of the sinewy Saga, you meet the foppish, bespectacled meter-reader, who speaks to you most politely.

Greater sanitation has been obtained by having the sewage disposted of on the outskirts of the city. During the season of the flood, all eyes are turned hopefully to the Government. The natural enemy of Baghdad has been conquered systematically by the Irrigation Office, and the once turbulent waters of the Tigris are now diverted into useful channels.

In the domestic sphere, the head of the family uses his good office for the common welfare of the household. If the finger tip of little Ahmad is cut, behind him stands a horde of doctors with degrees from London, Paris, or Edinburgh. Epidemic is defied by the health department. Schools are as abundant as gambling clubs in Monte Carlo. In addition to secondary schools, there are faculties of law, medicine, pharmacy, etc. The young man who cannot read or write feels that he is limping in society. Whoever does not travel abroad at least once in three years becomes the unhappy subject of most disheartening gossips.

As for the coffee shops, they continue to possess their traditional atmosphere, for they are one of the unchangeable, fundamental characteristics of any oriental city. They are still the place where smoking is speaking, drinking coffee or tea is sipping and smoking bubble-bubble is smoking bubble-bubble. To a Baghdadi the coffee shop has a peculiar sweetness, which appeals to him with a special attraction. It is a notorious belief that many a Baghdadi has left Broadway or Times Square because he has longed irresistibly for that tumultuous room where he could sip coffee and play his heads.
There has been a spectacular jump in the social life of Baghdad, even to the tolerating of the participation of women with men in social circles. Baghdad society is no longer a no-woman's land. When the zero hour approaches for the opening of the cinema's booking office, for example, men and women alike, shoulder to shoulder struggle to buy tickets. There are now many institutions and novel features in Baghdad, such as cinemas, westernized cafes, bookstores, parks, clubs, museums, sports, races and myriad other things, that never even existed here just three decades back.

The Baghdadi has set out on the road of reformation. His old spirit of "Inshallah" has vanished, and in its stead we find the spirit of "by the help of God and my energetic efforts." A moment's meditation is enough to discover the progressive theme hovering in the sky of Baghdad.

The fame of Baghdad was eclipsed, but not erased. Now, in an age of initiative and progress, she has determined to regain her old glory. Now her aim is to catch up with her sister cities in Europe and America. Once again her name will be celebrated and renowned, and under the rule of the House of Hashimi she will be proclaimed far and wide as the Queen of the East!

People and Life

By Freddie David.

"The world is a stage," in which everybody has to perform his role. In doing so, some people are lucky, and slide through their fortunate lives, without encountering any difficulty which might block their way and prevent further advance. They lead an easy life and enjoy their days properly up to the very end. They go like a man who walks in a garden full of flowers and fruits, and on his way plucks whatever his heart desires: the sweet-smelling flowers and the delicious fruits.

But on the other hand, a great number of people find life a hard task. They contend throughout their lives against the arduous difficulties, and try their best to overcome every misfortune, just to smell the sweet perfume of life, which is sought by everybody, from pole to pole. They go like a blind man who walks in a garden full of flowers and fruits. Being affected by the perfume of the flowers, and the sweet smell of the fresh fruits, he tries to pluck some of them; but whenever he makes the attempt, his hands miss the object and slip to the bush, whose thorns prick his fingers and cause him pain. Then he tries and tries, while receiving many pricks and shocks, until finally he succeeds in getting a small bud or a tiny fruit.

There is another group of people, who do not bother themselves about life and its enjoyments, and do not fight their difficulties. They stay in their same place and do not dream of smelling the perfume of life. They are like birds without wings. They are like a blind man sitting in that same garden of flowers and fruits, but with broken legs.

In the above comparison, the garden is the world, the flowers and fruits are the good things in life, the bushes and thorns are the difficulties and troubles of life, the state of being broken—legged is the condition of having no will or ascendency; and the last thing, the power of vision, is wealth.

Wealth determines to a certain extent the difference between the ranks and classes of people and is also a means of living for all. An abundance of money usually renders life more comfortable, brighter and more pleasant; the lack of it may make life more fierce, darker and less enjoyable. To be wealthy is to have money which may be gained in different ways: either by inheritance or by hard and continuous work, by chance and luck or by robbery and stealth. Accordingly, wealth of itself does not always give the correct idea about its owner, since it is so collected. Not all wealthy people possess good, well-educated minds and fine characters. If we consider people by their fortunes alone, then we make a grave mistake; for fortunes sometimes deceive us, and "not all that glitters is gold."

The true and real worth of people is to be judged by their mind, their education, their character, and their conduct. It is not the eye that sees the beauties of nature, nor the ear that hears the sweetness of music; but it is the mind and soul that perceive the relishes of these perceptions. The more developed the mind, the more savoury the perceptions. If a child or an ignorant person sees fine things and hears excellent discourses, he does not properly appreciate what he sees and hears, because he makes no reflex act on himself, and experiences a merely superficial pleasure; in a similar situation is a rich man without education and knowledge. Therefore, a person, though rich, needs education to help him to improve his life and fix his situation in this wide world.

Education, however, such as is gained in schools, is not enough to build fine character traits and high thoughts for a person; for studies are a means and not an end. Crafty men despise studies and seek to live without having them. Simple men admire them, and wonder how they are discovered and made. Yet wise and clever men use them.

By the help of education we can acknowledge our present situation and appreciate the significance of life. So, if we meditate for a while, to look for the main parts of life, we find it to be made up of pleasures and troubles.

For a person to live, he must devote some of his time to pleasures, and these may be obtained in various ways. One of the best means of bringing pleasure to


our souls and banishing sorrows, is the reading of books. Books are real and faithful friends to those who love reading. They are consolatory during the time of troubles and misfortunes, and are companions during the time of leisure and pleasure. They show us the right and honest path to follow in our lives, and provide us with pure thoughts and noble desires.

The second pleasure is poetry. Poetry is also a food with which the soul may be fed. It expands our imaginations and fancies and assists us to think correctly and to have the right idea about every thing we see or encounter.

Music gives a great pleasure too. The sweet melodies can touch the human heart and pour some mirth into it. It is a part of education also, and has a power to be an aid to religion. Art provides a further pleasure. Painting and sculpture are some of the purest elements in human happiness. They train the mind through the eye, and the eye through the mind, and in them the head, the heart and the work together.

There is indeed a great pleasure in love. The mother looks to her baby with the most loving eyes, which sparkle with the beams of true love. Young men rush to young ladies and express their true and sincere love to them.

There is a hidden pleasure in every human being, which cannot be realized and perceived except during the time of sickness. That invisible and unfelt pleasure is health. Life without health is often a burden, but with it, it can be a blessed joy.

In addition to these pleasures, life has many troubles also, which are of various kinds. Practically every one in this world must have his share of troubles. Yet, however great they are, troubles and misfortunes should not block the hope of man; for to live is to have troubles along with pleasures. Sometimes trouble and punishment are quite needful and useful, for, when a child does wrong, his parents should punish him at once, lest bad traits should grow and develop in him.

Everybody in this world has a free will, given to him by God. By the use of his will, together with God's help, he can improve his situation in life, but he can also use his will to make it worse. The choice is up to himself! For, single is each man born into the world; single he dies; single he receives the rewards of his good acts; and single he receives the punishments of his sins.

A person also needs religion in his life. The use of religion is to enlighten our path in life, and make us understand what we are and what we should believe and do. Religion is to adults as light is to children; darkness creates in a child's heart fear and dread, but light casts out all fears. So the people who are ignorant of religion and know nothing about it are thrown into a world of doubts and terrors; but on the contrary, if they know what their religion is and believe its truths thoroughly, they live peacefully and lead a calm life, full of self-comfort. Religion must be a guide, strength, and comfort to man, and it may be divided into two parts; the first deals with man's duties and conduct on this earth, while the second concerns the future of the soul, that is, the life after death.

Death is an extremely important incident in a person's life. It brings peace, for a person leaves all the activities of life and is thrown into a calm and quiet world. However, it may also cause distress, for a person is severed at once from his relatives, home and country, and those he loves.

Concerning the second world, we know that in it the soul at last either finds refuge and enjoys Heaven or is punished in Hell. Accordingly, if a person does what his religion tells him to do, then by his doing so he is climbing the ladder which leads up to Heaven. But if a person acts as he likes and treads underfoot all religious teachings, then he descends the ladder which leads to Hell.

To close these desultory ideas and opinions, we may say that there are three important things in life. You must have religion to feed your soul and heart with faith and virtues; education to fill your mind with knowledge; and health to rule your body. In order to prosper and advance through the flowery path of life, a person must have these three qualities as essentials; combined with these, there should be honesty and upright behaviour, and some money to insure his comfort.

Yet, while these happenings take place, which concern man alone, nature continues its onward march. Some men are born to die and others to live, and some are obscured and others famed, but nature does not stop its eternal work, does not interrupt its course because of activities of the human race. Rivers keep flowing, mountains standing, clouds forming, winds blowing, rains falling, the sun shining, and the earth revolving, to the end of time.
Impressions of the Cinema

By Sami Lawrence, '46

Moving pictures or cinemas were first seen in Baghdad in 1912, when an old British firm known as Blocky Crey & Co. made the first exhibition to the public. The cinema was an open air show in the vicinity of the present offices of the Baghdad Lignite and Power Company. As Baghdad had no electric power supply, the electric current was generated by a special set. Needless to say the inhabitants of Baghdad were thrilled by this novelty, and the same people who were about to see the first railway and the many foreigners who came to build it, the piped water supply, the paved roads and other amenities of life, such as those enjoyed by western countries, felt as if, at long last, Iraq was to reawaken to a new age of progress.

The success achieved by the first cinema led an Iraqi firm to import one of their own, and in 1914 the Olympia Cinema came into being. The films exhibited at first were mainly comedies and serials. Though very few people understood English, the Cinema fans found no difficulty in following the general trend of the silent films. The place was often scaring with laughter and excitement, especially during scenes of action of force, brigandage, athletics, wrestling and hunting.

Soon after the occupation of Baghdad by the British Forces in 1917, an enterprising Greek built a really up-to-date cinema with a bar and a spacious restaurant, comfortable seats, large boxes, wall decorations, and opera curtains. Briefly, it was so well designed that at the time this is being written, almost thirty years later, no cinema has yet reached its perfection. The cost was excessive, but the investment was worthwhile, as money was abundant in those days. Later, more cinema houses sprang up and the ensuing competition was naturally to the benefit of the public.

Censorship came in the early twenties, the aim of which was to delete obscene and immoral pictures or those which might arouse political or religious objections. There is even now no obligation imposed by the Government to display any percentage of educational, scientific or hygienic films. The selection adopted by the proprietors aims always at satisfying local interest and pleasing the audience, whatever may be the subject. The creation of Arabic films, when the sound pictures came into being, caused a tremendous increase in the number of cinema-goers, as it attracted a large section of young men who until then had preferred the theatres. It seemed unbelievable that any film could run for over one hundred days at a stretch; yet such was the case with one Arabic picture which greatly appealed to local taste and fancy.

It is unfortunate that Iraq has not yet entered the film industry. On certain occasions when films of local military manoeuvres, Boy Scout parades, inauguration ceremonies etc., have been shown in Baghdad, they have been warmly applauded, as they satisfy so much the national pride and enhance prestige here and abroad.

Religious films are occasionally on view. The Life of Christ was shown more than once, and the ceremonies of the Hajj at Mecca attracted full houses for many weeks. On the whole, Arabic films are greatly in demand for the simple reason that they are understood by all the inhabitants.

When I saw my first film, I must have been no more than ten years old. I could not follow the entire story and sometimes I was frightened, the darkness adding to my awe. I began really to enjoy the cinema when I was old enough to go there alone. "Mickey Mouse" and other comics were my favourite, but I enjoyed and still enjoy a well set, rich, and operatic picture. I dislike fantastic films such as "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," or "Frankenstein," and I much prefer religious or historic films such as "Ben Hur," the "Sign of the Cross," or "Neron."

The behaviour of the people in the cinema is generally good. In serious films the silence is absolute, at least in the upper gallery. The rowdy elements are naturally in the lower floor, and when there are scenes of quarrels, shooting etc., they usually join in the excitement with shrieks, laughter, and exhortations. The upper gallery remain comparatively calmer.

I find that the organization of the cinemas leaves much room for improvement. The seats are not numbered, and the late-comers are a great nuisance, as they are led from one row of seats to another, until they spot a vacant one. They obstruct the view and often cause a great commotion. When a favourite film is on and seats are oversold, the trouble is worse. At one time a racket was formed to dispose of tickets outside the Box Office at excessive prices, and people who had come some distance to see the picture and had paid the transport expense were willingly paying as much as 100 fils per seat. Luckily, somebody soon stepped in and put an end to this evil. The behaviour at the Box Office sometimes gets out of hand, when young lads become impatient and will not take their turn in buying tickets. It is all unnecessary and sometimes the Police is constrained to intervene. Such disorderly scenes do not create a good impression.

In the matter of serving refreshments I have a grudge against most of the cinemas. The waiters are improperly dressed; they should all put on uniforms, and each cinema should rival the other with its outfit. With their huge profit they can well afford the expense this would entail.

I think there is plenty of room for improvement both in the cinema house and in the material shown. All cinemas should have a waiting space or lounging room, sitting accommodation for those who arrive early, standing room for others. The Government should
insist on a percentage, however small, of educational, industrial and hygienic films such as poultry-farming, date-packing, canned-food industry, sheep-dipping, campaigning against malaria and other tropical diseases. People may not enjoy them all, but surely mothers, cultivators, and teachers will derive some benefit from them. Our practices in matters of agriculture, dairies, and local crafts are still on the primitive side; they must be modernised as soon as possible, and the cinemas should contribute to this end.

On the other hand, the youth of Baghdad should not indulge too much in cinema life, because many of the films do not depict the true nature of the ordinary man's way of living. I am not one of those who would not miss a programme or a film periodical. One should not become a cinema addict, as this may lead to expending money and time which might be better employed.

Finally, I would like to see an Iraqi film industry formed, or at least films of an Iraqi character made here or abroad. The Egyptians took this bold step not many years ago, and they were amply rewarded for their efforts. They have, moreover, rendered a great service to the Arab world. Such a venture, if attempted here, would challenge our spirit of enterprise.

Double Switch

By Gerald Pearce, '48

"Confound this weather..."

Rain dripped off the brim of my hat in an endless stream. A blinding torrent beat a continuous tattoo on the gleaming black metal-work of the stationary Hispano or splashed noisily into the streaming gutters. Blurred, barely visible street lights gleamed dimly through an almost impenetrable curtain of fog and falling water.

Rain and wind, the icy coldness of a London night. I tried to examine the three men who stood with me, half sheltered by the dripping archway which formed the entrance to the private museum. Raymond glanced at his watch.

"Ten-fifty," he muttered. "We'll have to wait. Lansing won't arrive for a few minutes yet."

A light burned dimly from above the entrance. I stepped into the partial protection of the doorway and, for the tenth time since I had received it, unfolded the pages of the strange summons with which Raymond had called me to this meeting at Eric Minard's museum. The light cast a feeble glow onto the closely-written pages. Raymond, Martin, and Jason muttered together a few words off.

"Dear Sanders," I read. "You must now be completely aware of the facts surrounding the disappearance of Eric Minard. As you know, Kennedy, Minard's manager called me in, as the police saw no reason for any great alarm. However, working unofficially, as a personal friend of Minard, I have uncovered a number of facts. Tonight I am calling all those who were with Minard on the night of his disappearance to the scene of the disappearance—his private museum; and it is my intention to clear up the affair then and there.

"In order to give you a better understanding of the case, I shall now give you its outline as I myself see it. For clarity I shall deal with all characters—including yourself—objectively."

"It will be remembered that, on the day before his disappearance, Eric Minard, the foremost Egyptologist of the present day, announced that on the expedition from which he had but recently returned he had discovered the sarcophagus and embalmed body of Sen-mut, High Priest of the Temple of Isis during the reign of Thotmes III. About the mummy's neck was suspended what Minard believed to be the almost legendary Ring of Isis, said to hold the secret of the ancient sorcerers and adepts at the Black Arts. It was in connexion with this discovery that Minard was visited by Dr. William Sanders on the evening of the twenty-fourth, in Minard's rooms on the first floor of his private museum building.

"Towards the end of this visit—at approximately 6:25—two others arrived, it is believed as a consequence of the discovery also, as will be shown. These two were Henry M. Martin, former assistant curator of the Lowell Museum and Institute of Egyptology, and L.R. Jason, famous student of the occult. At 6:30 Dr. Sanders left. While descending the stairs, he met the night attendant, Lansing, who testifies that Sanders actually left the building.

"It is at this point that absolute certainty in reconstructing the events of the evening becomes more difficult. According to Martin and Jason, Minard confided in them his intention of spending some considerable time that night in a detailed examination of the mummy, and invited them to accompany him to his study (situated on the ground floor) and give their opinions on the newly-found relics. Lansing claims that he heard them leaving at about 7:05, but due to being engaged on the first floor at the time, cannot state whether they actually left or only made a pretence of doing so for his own benefit. Lansing, however, descending the staircase twenty-five minutes later, claims to have seen Minard alive in his study, part of the interior of which is visible from the staircase. Through a glass panel located in the top of the door. The next morning, however, Lansing found that Minard was not in the building. He has not been seen since.

"But did Martin and Jason give a true account of their activities? Both might have reason to falsify their statements, as will be shown.
Readers will remember the stir caused last October—four months ago—by the daring Lowell Museum robbery, the facts of which I shall recount briefly, as they may prove to have a definite bearing on the present case.

"On September 28th an invaluable Egyptian mummy, complete with case, sarcophagus, and papyri, was placed in the possession of Henry Martin, then assistant curator of the Lowell Museum. According to the inscriptions and papyri the mummy was that of Sen-mut, the High Priest of the Theban Temple of Isis. About its neck was the Ring of Isis. Five days later the whole collection disappeared. Martin fell under suspicion and was discharged. In his defense however, he claimed that Minard had requested his permission to remove the mummy temporarily to his private museum, and even offered him a considerable sum to agree to the proposition. He refused, and the mummy disappeared. It was just before this that Jason introduced himself to Martin, his interest apparently lying in the Ring and its magical properties alone.

"The affair was brought to light once more when Eric Minard, absent in Egypt during the intervening months, claimed that he himself had discovered the mummy of Sen-mut in a secret grave below that of the originally discovered priest. At the same time both Martin and Jason visited Minard. Why? The fact is significant. But would Minard had he been guilty, have given Martin a chance to prove the fact, as, according to Martin, he certainly did by allowing him to view the relics?

"Jason’s possible connection with either the stealing of the original mummy or the disappearance of Minard must lie in the Ring of Isis. To what extent he might go in order to prove his theories to the world can only be guessed at."

I stuffed the papers back in my pocket and moved over to the others. I caught the tail-end of Raymond’s sentence.

"...So that the police, when called by Lansing, saw no immediate reason for doing anything further than making a search of the building. The matter was left for the time in the hands of Minard’s partner and manager, Kennedy. Kennedy approached me. Tonight I called this gathering of all those known to be with Minard on the evening of the twenty-fourth, in order to clear up the affair once and for all, even..."

And I thought he glanced meaningly at Jason, "if I have to use the power of the Ring of Isis to do so..."

With a violent detonation a sudden peal of thunder shook the sky. Lighting jagged luridly. Twin lights of an approaching car flashed along the rain-swept street. A cab lurched to a halt behind Raymond’s Hispano, and a heavily clad man descended. Paying his fare, he ran up the steps to the museum door at which we waited.

"I’m Lansing," he jerked. "Sorry I’m late."

"Only a couple of minutes," Raymond held out his hand. "You know us all, I think."

A nod. "Yes, sir. Although the place is closed down I’ve been able to get the key to the rear entrance for tonight. If you’ll follow me..."

We stepped out into the rain as he led us around the side of the building and along a narrow alley. No lights burned. Apart from the other four, groping their way blindly through the lashing downpour, horribly like animated mummies themselves, I saw nothing which moved... A flashlight stabbed the darkness. Weird shadows leapt about the alley walk... A door swung open. A light was snapped on.

We stood in a long, narrow passage, illuminated by a single naked bulb, cold and deserted. A chill wind moaned through the museum. Guided by Lansing we made our way to the front of the building. In the dim hall, when the lights were put on, we saw the wide, old-fashioned staircase ascending with a sharp leftward turn up into the blackness above us, and heavy doors, most with a number and inscription above them. We stood at the foot of the stairs.

"That’s the study." Raymond indicated the first doorway directly opposite. He was speaking rapidly. "Note the glass panel set high in the door. The study communicates with no other room." He turned to Lansing. "The front door was locked, presumably?"

"Of course." The night-attendant nodded. "I saw to that myself right after these gentlemen left."

"And later?"

"It was locked every time I passed by during the night," came Lansing’s firm rejoinder. "If you’re thinking of anyone leaving by that door, you’ve made a mistake. Not even a wizard could shoot those bolts from the outside." He made an expressive gesture. "And they were in place until next morning when I opened ‘em up. The main entrance was also locked from inside, if Mr. Minard left the place at all, he did so by means of a study window."

Raymond nodded in understanding. "You said you had seen Minard in the study after seven, didn’t you, some time after Martin and Jason had left?"

"That’s right, sir," Lansing returned unemotionally. "At about seven-thirty, I happened to be descending the stairs, and I got a glimpse of Mr. Minard through the glass panel in the top of the study door. At one place on the stairs you can just see into the study."

"At what time d’you say this was?" came from Jason eagerly.

"Seven-thirty, near as no matter, sir."

At which time I was in Jason’s Chev driving along the Strand," Martin growled. "This picnic of yours is a wild goose chase, Raymond."

Raymond ignored him.
"Could you see your employer clearly?" he demanded of Lansing.

"Well, I could only see his back as I came downstairs," Lansing admitted. "I wasn't paying much attention, not realizing. But it was Mr. Minard, alright. He wore a brown jacket, a—"

"I was wearing a brown jacket myself for that matter," Martin interrupted caustically. "And so was Sanders. And a thousand others!"

Again Raymond took no notice. He moved toward the study door. Lansing opened it.

The light was dim. Through the unshuttered windows lightning stabbed endlessly. Glass-covered eyes gleamed dully. Against a massive antique pillar rested two grotesque mummy-cases, and across the floor lay the grim stone sarcophagus of Sen-mut, almost colorless, inscribed with columns after column of faded hieroglyphs. Parallel and close to the opposite wall was set a heavy old-fashioned desk fitted with a flexible reading-lamp, with chairs behind and to the right of it. In a corner stood an immobile statue of Isis, expressionless, implacable, and everywhere an all-pervading atmosphere of death . . .

"There's death in that room," the occultist began harshly. "You can't get away from it. Raymond, the Ring . . ."

"Damn the Ring!" I said angrily. "And if you think you're going to catch a criminal by Black Magic, you're mad."

Raymond stepped into the room. "When Kennedy looked over the room he found Minard's apparatus spread on the right of the desk, beneath the reading lamp!" Raymond indicated as he spoke. "He was working there when something happened." He indicated the great stone pillar against which rested the two mummy-cases, standing almost in the center of the room, a little to the right of the door; then the gray stone coffin. "Here, two empty mummy-cases—the sarcophagus of Sen-mut. Exactly the same as Kennedy saw the next morning. We wait here."

For some reason, no one asked him for what we waited... He continued imperatively, "Lansing—stand at the door. Sanders, you take the side chair. Martin and Jason on the right. Snap out the light!"

Complete darkness fell with the click of the switch. I waited in a horrible, growing uncertainty of mind, for—anything. . . In the silence of the deserted museum the noises of the storm without seemed to have reeded into immeasurable distance. A flicker of lightning momentarily showed up the grim ruins and the five of us crouching in a semi-circle about the sarcophagus of Sen-mut . . . There was something insane about it—Raymond, dimly visible in the all-enveloping blackness, his expression strained and taut, one hand thrust significantly into his coat pocket. Somewhere in the surrounding blackness was Jason, the mad theorist who believed he could explain the supernatural by natural laws, and reduce the sorcery of ancient Egypt to scientific formulae . . . I shrank back, staring at Raymond, at the heavy sarcophagus before me, gleaming dully in the uncertain flashes. And then, out of the darkness, a voice . . .

"Who killed Eric Minard?" Raymond's voice began urgently. "Why was Eric Minard murdered? How was Eric Minard murdered? For he did not leave seriously on his own accord, and he was not spirited away . . . Did the Ring of Isis constitute the motive for his death? Theft? Vengeance? He was killed in this very room, with two learing mummy-cases to watch him die and the owner of the Ring within a yard of him, the priest of Isis, holding the powers of life and death over his fellow human—capable of returning from the tomb to wreak vengeance on the violator of his person. . . For Minard had found the genuine Ring on the mummy of Sen-mut, who was buried, as was his King in a secret grave as protection from the ring-tom-branders; the body of an acolyte had been buried in Sen-mut's official tomb and had been surrounded with all the honors due to the high priest, that no one should know of the precaution. . . This second, then, was the mummy found by the Lowell men. This, then, was the mummy which Minard tried so hard to obtain from Martin, and which Martin and Jason stole from the Lowell Institute!"

A horrible fascination gripped me in that ghastly room. Echoes rang, as peal after peal of thunder crashed across the sky, rose to a deafening crescendo of unleashed sound.

"This was their reason for visiting Minard. What was the meaning of Minard's announcement concerning the discovery of Sen-mut? Could it be that their theft had been in vain—that some totally unexpected angle had cropped up—that their's was not the mummy it was believed to be, or could it be a ruse to force them to relinquish their prize? Consequently, Martin and Jason forced Minard to show them the mummy, and were more baffled than before—but did they proceed after that as they claimed? Their alibi is only based on what Lansing heard from the upper floor. Then did they take the chance of removing the second Ring, whatever the danger, even if it became necessary to murder Minard? For it was for the Ring that he was killed, that the killer might satisfy a longing for power which legend and superstition claimed the Ring could give! To obtain the Ring!—Did Martin and Jason fabricate an alibi by the simple expedient of slamming a door and making a pretense of leaving? Did they return the study and complete their impromptu plan? Was it Martin whom Lansing saw through the glass panel at seven-thirty, and not Minard, as he had imagined?"

"To obtain the Ring, that Jason could prove that witchcraft was a science—could that have been the motive for the visit to Minard and, consequently.
the motive for his death? If they could obtain the
Ring—but that the priest would not permit even
though a gulf of three thousand four hundred years
separated him from the violation of the sacred trust.
Then would Sen-mut overcome the laws of nature.
fufill the threat of the priest of Isis to return and
to destroy the desecrator of his person, show that the
murderer lied twice; lied when he spoke of his
whereabouts at the time of the murder, lied when he
denied all guilt, lied when . . .

His voice was drowned by deafening peals of
wild thunder. Blinding flashes leapt across the sky,
lit up the interior of the deathly room, shone the
crouching forms, the gleaming coffin—and in that
ghostly light the lid of the sarcophagus was moving—
A shrouded figure—a stiffly pointing arm—a horrible
unearthly shriek of pure terror . . .

"Take it!" A circle of tarnished gold fell to
the floor at the foot of the coffin.

"Don't move!" rapped Raymond. "The
murderer lied for the third time, when he denied all
belief in Eastern sorcery. You are under arrest, Dr.
William Sanders!"

As though in a nightmare, I saw the uncanny
figure in the coffin stand erect, remove a mask, reveal-
ing a face I recognized . . .

"You, Sanders, met Lansing nearly halfway up
stairs. He must have passed halfway when you
reached the door. Because of the bend in the stair-
case he could only hear you close the front door, not
realizing you had done so from within and gone
immediately to the study. You remained hidden in
one of the empty mummy-cases, wait till Minard
was there alone. You emerged from your hiding
place, killed him, left him in the sarcophagus. You
found the mummy he had been working on by the
desk, removed the Ring, placed the mummy in your
former hiding place, and then made your escape
through the window.

"I removed the body this evening and left
Bill Kennedy where you had put Eric Minard. It
was . . ."

Martin, almost speechless, interrupted: "Well,
then, who the devil did Lansing see from the stairs?"

"That," Raymond returned significantly, "was
the other brown coat. Dr. Sanders?"

Editor's Note: "Double Switch" was awarded first prize in the El Iraqi contest, open to all Baghdad
College students.
The 1945 El Iraqi.

Editors
English: Aram Seropian
Arabic: Joseph Tooni
Moderator: Rev. Robert J. Sullivan, S. J.

Business Managers
Tawfiq Sabunji
Khoren Gabriel

Appreciation

We wish to express our sincere gratitude to all those who in any way helped to make possible the publication of the 1945 El Iraqi. We deeply appreciate not only the financial assistance that was so generously offered us, but also the stimulation and encouragement that was afforded our efforts to make this issue of our Yearbook one of which Baghdad College and her many friends might justly be proud. Together with the treasured memories of our life in our Alma Mater, we members of the graduating class shall carry away with us pleasant recollections of the cooperation we received in the preparation of this memorial. We take this occasion, therefore, publicly to thank all our Patrons and Advertisers and all others by whose aid and advice we have so richly benefited, especially:

Very Reverend Francis B. Sarjeant, S.J., President of Baghdad College, for his unflagging interest and support of our venture.

Reverend Joseph P. Connell, S.J., Prefect of Studies, for his suggestions and for his generous cooperation in enabling us to prepare this volume.

H.E. Jamil al-Madfai, whose aid and encouragement was a powerful stimulus to our efforts.

H.E. Saleh al-Jabour, Minister of Finance, through whose gracious kindness the facilities of the Government Press were placed at our disposal.

Subhi al-Yawer, Mudir of the Government Press, and his superintendent, K. Muhammad, for their patience and many courtesies which so greatly contributed to make this issue a reality.
EL IRAQI

Patrons.

H. E. Jamil al-Madfa

H. E. Jamal Baban

Sayid Mustafa Chalabi al-Sabunji

Sayid Nejib al-Rawi

Sayid Haji Jamil Kirdar

Sheikh Ahmad Agil al-Yawer

Sayid Nejmeddin al-Naqib

Sayid Issa Taha

Dr. Hagop Tchobanian

Sayid Husain al-Yasin

Sayid Emile Messayeh

Sayid David Atchu
SCHOOL DIRECTORY
1944—1945

Fifth High

Albert Mikhail Narimin
Antwan Rufail Cherkhi
Aram Hagop Gabriel
Arev Khachik Seropian
Bernard Razzuq Bahoshy

Edward Rauf Haddad
Edward Yusuf Tombina
Ephram Abdulahad Mansur
Felix Yusuf Jurji
Frank Emile Messayek

Fourth High

Adib Rauf Hattab
Alexander Emile Messayek
Allen Najib Cotta
Anwar Said Adib
Arshak Hagop Movsesian
Bedi Habib Atchu

Edmond Henri Ghannam
Edmond Nasir Ilu
Felix Shaker Pahlawan
Gabriel Emmanuel Mallides
Gilbert Anwar Thomas
Ismail Aziz al-Qaisi

Third High A.

Alim Salim Hassun
Anwar Shaul Jibrail
Bedi Rufail Batty
Bedi Umar Nadhmi
Boghos Yanuk Boghossian
Constantine Tuma Zoma

Francis Bahjat Faraj
Freddie David Ezechie
George Henry Lumstand
Hanna George Hanna
Jacob Philip Blaney
John Leon Mangassarian

John Metti Jezrawi
Joseph Fadhuli Jurji
Joseph Salim Tooni
Kevork Hagop Tchobanian
Khoren Hagop Gabriel

Muhammad Ajil al-Yawer
Rafail Wadi Nayyim
—Tawfiq Mustafa al-Sabunji
William Salim Terzi

John Sallum Maru
John Wadi Nayyim
Joseph George Gabriel
Julius Shabbas
Misbah Najj al-Asil
Nezir Amin Kirdar

Samir Pierre Lawrence
Sylvain Yusuf Serkis
Victor Elias Jurji
Widad Emile Bezzui

Joseph George Azaria
Joseph Edward Bashuri
Joseph Caetano Silveira
Joseph Fadhuli Tassy
Marshal John Fernandez
Peter Yonathan Butros

Pierre Joseph Bahoshy
Ruhi Mikhail Tassy
Sargon Abraham
Stanley Bahjat Mara
William Kamil George
Third High B.

Adnan Salih Ibrahim
Albert Mikhail Hamu
Albert Abdulrahad Stephen
Arthur Krikor Karayan
Artin Yusuf Andrea

Bash Yusuf Izzuddin Ibrahim
David Salim Sukkar
Fakhri Muhammad Rahmatallah
Fuad Mustafa Taha al-Salman
Garabet Thaddens Bustanian

Ghanim Mikhail Razzuqi
Gilbert Shakir Maghak
Henry Louis Svoboda
Ihsan Salih Ibrahim
John Abdullah Farjo

Joseph Alexander Nathan
Joseph Butros Oraha
Joseph Shafiq Youan
Khalid Issa Taha
Melcon Jibran Melcon

Melcon Garabet Melconian
Najad Edward Terezza
Nuri Awakim Antun
Ohanneis Yerwand Gevickian
Saad Jamil al-Madhai

Sami Serkis Bakose
Shawkat Hanna Killu
Shwan Jamal Baban
Wissam Shawkat al-Zahawi
Yaqub Yusuf Zoma
Yusuf Ismail Ibrahim

Third High C.

Abbas Khalat al-Zubaidi
Albert Fathallah Toni
Antwan Emile Jibrail
Artanik Narsis Garoshian
Arthur Nasir Yuhanna

Jamal Kirukli Ahmad Agha
Kamal Sayyid Bakir alHasani
Khalid Louis Burjoni
Louy Tawitiq al-Sweidi
Nazar Shakir Fahmi

Nuri Aziz Abbu
Pasteur Yusuf Madik
Peter Daud Ateh
Qusai Mustafa al-Takerli
Raymond Victor Darwish

Saivan Jamal Baban
Shahid Abdul-Rahman al-Badi
Sudad Jalal Baban
Victor Yaqub Elias
Wadi Murad Sharak
Yusuf Rauf Allos

Second High A.

Akram Zaki Shasha
Andre Yusuf Andre
Antwan Shawkat Abbu
Antwan Awadis Apekian
Baba Isaac Mir Aziz

Rahmi Yusuf Hermes
Raymond Najib Shakuri
Robert Yusuf Ayar
Saib Amim al-Umarri
Sargou Ivan Rustom

Kamozi Yusef Herems
Magnus Leonard Corlandi
Maxime Jabbari Thomas
Nazar Hazim Shemdin
Noel John Maghak

Faruk Nuni Fettah
Gerald Allen Pearce
Jacques Yusuf Bezzni
Jamal Leon Bashara
Joseph Abhudi Hanna al-Shaikh

Simone Ohannes Ohvanessian
Vahe Garabet Melconian
Vivian Jules Musa
Zahair George Hikari
Second High B.

Abdul Jabbar Mahdi al-Salih
Adil George Azaria
Adolf Bahjat Faraj
Amjad Ephram Cotta
Desmond Cyril Arbuthnot

Douglas Edward Walton
Edmond Walter Sequeira
Edwin Joseph Namu
Frank Salim Thomas
Hagop Daud Nazarian

Jacob Aram Basmajji
Jirair Stephen Hoynanian
Joseph Jibran Melcon
Joseph Najib Kano
Jules Afif Abbosh

Luay Izuddin Sharif
Manuel Joseph Bettah
Muhammad Amin Muhiyiddin
Nahid Yusuf Loka
Nubar Krikor Astarian

Percy Cyril Lynsdale
Sabah Sabri al-Bayati
Said Stephen Jajoka
Sami Sidham al-Baghdadi
Sami Bahjat Skender

Sami Badri al-Suweidi
Sami Rauf Tuna
Sata Aziz Abbosh
Varkis Nasif Darzi
Yusuf Butros Nalu

Second High C.

Abdul Aziz Muhammad Baqir al-Suhail
Abdul Satar al-Bahrain
Adnan Rajib al-Nama
Aladdin Salim al-Bahrain
Alexander Arshak Kotayentz
Alfred Charles Randquist

Clement Shakir Maghak
Clovis Aziz Butros
Faq Mikhail Andu
Farid Yusuf Oufi
Fawzi Saliba Kazanjii
George Naum Azm

Hikmet Metti Jezrawi
Joseph Bahjat Azzini
Joseph Raffuli Hanna al-Shaikh
Kamal Rufael Butty
Khalid Abdullah Barsam
Nuri Antun Elias

Roger Nuri Iasu
Sadiq Baqir al-Shabibi
Said Saliba Kazanjii
Sami Yusuf Gooly
Thomas Shakuri Tuna
Yerwand Warton Juliu

First High A.

Albert Joseph Andrews
Alfred Ezra Bahary
Arman Nasir Ilu
Arthur Ambrose Colaco
Basil Kamal al-Chaderchi
Bruno Mikhail Kiuru

Claude Ghafril Mikarban
Clement Henry Gnamme
Douglas Anwar Thomas
Dikran Kivork Charibian
Fatullah Haunush Danu
Garabet Israil Kishmishian

George Nicholas Halkias
George Siganooff
Ghanim Yaqub Wakil
Hagop Sirop Kandarian
Hagop Kivork Nazaritian
Harold Neal

Hartiym Boghos Balian
Hartiym Anam Tanialian
Hikmet Habib Yusuf
John Baptist Kennedy
Joseph Jacob Buraji
Muinir Anwar Khayyam

Patrick Antam Roy
Percy Albert Sequeira
Richard Gerald Pearce
Sami Leon Bushara
Samuel Butros Yusuf
Usama Albert Nennis

Theodore George Giacolas
Toni Thomas Angurli

---61---
First High B.

Abraham Hagop Abrahamian
Akrum Husain Fawzi
Albert Aziz Abbu
Albert Tawfiq Ibrahim
Anwar Fahmi al-Mudarris
Edward Hanna Atchu

Edward Albert Sequeira
Elia Tuma Khanini
Faruq Emile Bezzui
Francis Isaac Mir Aziz
Faud George Nassuri
Haik Thaddius Bastanian

Jibrail Mikhail Runaya
Joseph Edward Rahmani
Joseph Emmanuel Victor
Kanan Abdullah Wnn
Kivork Vahan Medzadyrian
Korkis Abdulahad Korkis

Adib Mustafa al-Sabunji
Adil Abdul Hamid al-Shalji
Adil Nuri al-Urfali
Adnan Nasri Mikhail Almasian
Albert Paulus Gogi
Albert Shakuri Ghassali

Bibak Hamid Jaf
Douglas Cyril Arbuthnot
Edmond Abdullahh Rassam
Fadhil Hanna Annu
Faruq Nejmeddin al-Naqib
Frederick Albert Sequeira

Fuad Amin Butros
George Yoran George
Ghalib Jafar al-Shabibi
Gilbert Naum Azzu
Kamal Abdullahad Namu
Khalidun Darwish Latifi

First High C.

Latif Tuma Jamil
Maan Izzuddin Sharif
Mun Salim Hassam
Mustafa Hamid Jaf
Nadhim Sabhi Salami
Nasrat Tawfiq Lutfi Mansur

Nazar Sayyid Baqir al-Hasani
Nezih Najji al-Suweidi
Noel Naum Abdul Rahim
Ramzi Saadullah Qandala
Rabia Sabhi al-Tai
Roks Mansur Shamun

Tahir Najji al-Najjar
Tahsin Yusuf Jani
Talal Jalal al-Azzawi
William Jamil Nabhan
Victor Naim Haddad

First High D.

Abdul Karim Husain Hadid
Abdul Qadir Abdul Karim al-Khadheri
Abdul Rahman Salih al-Jabi
Adib Amin Kirdar
Albert Yaqub Hubbosh
Amjad Thomas Tuma

Asad Thomas Tuma
Bahjat Hanna Killu
Farid Mikhail Shina
Farid Isu Qasir
Faruq Hasan Sadiq al-Duri
Felix Shakir Kuria

Fuad Mansur Bunni
George Aziz Daud
Hussain Ballasum al-Yasim
Luay Nuri al-Qadhi
Mahdi Ballasum al-Yasim
Mikhail Antun Gorgis

Najib Zeya Babura
Nuzad Majid Mustafa
Ramzi Thomas Jabiru
Ramzi Mikhail Marquini
Riadh Muhammad Shawqi
Salim Antun Talia

Salim Daud Saisi
Shakib Yusuf Kakuz
Shaansi Marugil Ibrahim
Tobia Shamu Najjar
Victor Solaiman Nasiri
Wadi Daud Abbu

Yaqub Yusuf Tuma
Yaqub Paul Palakin
ADVERTISEMENTS.
IBRAHIM J.

ESTABLISHED IN 1865.

IMPORT - EXPORT - COMMISSION

Head Office: Beyrouth

Branches: Baghdad, Teheran

Distributors for:

FEDERAL MOTOR TRUCKS
PACKARD MOTOR CARS
U. S. ROYAL TIRES, TUBES & RUBBER GOODS
SINCLAIR LUBRICATING OILS
KELVINATOR REFRIGERATORS
"KEO" ALCOHOLIC DRINKS (Produced by the Cyprus Wine & Spirits Co; Ltd., Limassol)
PABST BLUE RIBBON BEER

Agents for:

LONDON GUARANTEE & ACCIDENT CO., LTD., London. (Insurers)
SOUTHEASEX IMPORT & EXPORT CO., New York (General Exporters)
ARTHUR E. EVANS & CO. LTD., Herts, England, -do-
A. R. CLARKE & CO. LTD., Toronto, Canada (All kinds of leather)
THOMAS COOK & CO., Sydney, Australia (Provisions & leather)
JOHN GREENISH & SONS LTD., Bradford, (Suitings)
MANHATTAN PASTE & GLUE, INC., Brooklyn, New York (All kinds of adhesives)

NEW HUDSON LTD., Birmingham (Bicycles & Autocycles)
BROOK, PARKER & CO. LTD., Bradford (Chemicals & Pharmaceuticals)
MINNEAPOLIS-MOLINE POWER IMPLEMENT CO., Minnesota, U. S. A. (Tractors & Agricultural machinery)

Etc., Etc.,

Telephone 7488
ابراهيم يوسف
SAAD & FILS

تأسست سنة 1895

استيراد - تصدير - قطع خرائط

الفرع:
- بغداد
- طهران
- بيروت
- بيروت

وزعون:

ورشات فدرال
سيارات باكارد

اطارات ونابيب ومصنوعات مختلفة عالمية - رويال

بلاغات كلينتنر
دهونات سكنلر للتشجيع

مشروبات "كيو" الكحولية (إنتاج شركة ساندرس وابنى سبيسيس كومبيتي للد - ليماسول)

وكلاء:

بيرة علاء - بابست بلو ريبون

لندن - كارنتي - اكسباندز كومبيتي للد - لندن - (التايمز)

سانتيزيك وشركات كومبيتي للد - نيويورك - (صدمان عموميون)

إي. آر. كارترك وشركاء المحدودة - تورنتن - كندا - (كافة أنواع الجلود)

توماس كوك وشركاء - سيدي - اوستوالد - (باكولات معفولة وجلود)

جون كريش وولادا المحدودة - برادفورد - (ملبسات)

مانهاتن - بيست اند كلو انكور بورين - نيويورك - (كافة أنواع الصعم والغمراء)

نيو هدسون المحدودة - برنتفي - (الدجاج للخدمة والسحر)

بروك باركر وشركاء المحدودة - برادفورد - (مواد كيميائية وعقاقير)

مينوفيسي مولين - باراميلنت كومبيتي - مينسيون - الولايات المتحدة (نترغرات)

ومناخو رايتة

7488 رمété التلفون
I. & C. ADES, LIMITED

Sole Dealers for

FORD MOTOR COMPANY... Cars, Trucks, Tractors.
MICHELIN TYRE COMPANY... Tyres & Tubes.
TWYFORDS LIMITED... Sainitary Wares.
CARRIER CORPORATION... Air-Conditioning & Central Heating.
EAGLE ENGINEERING Co. LTD... Road Watering & Fire Extinguishing equipment, Cesspit emptiers, Refuse and Damp bodies, Trailers.

FERRANTI LIMITED... Electric Meters & Equipment.
CHAMPION SPARK PLUG Co... Sparking plugs.
UNION LIFE ASSURANCE Co. LTD... Life.
GALION IRON WORKS & MFG. Co... Road Machinery.
HODELL CHAIN Co... Skid & Towing Chains.
ARCO COMPANY... Paints & Thinners.
BAKER ICE MACHINE Co... Ice Plants.
RUTHERFORD OIL BURNERS LTD... Steam Generating Burners.
COMBUSTIONS, LIMITED... Industrial Burners.
ALLIED IRONFOUNDERS LTD... Vapourising Cooking Burners.
G. H. HADEN & SON LTD... Central Heating & Air-conditioning.
URQUHART'S (1926) LTD... Bakery & Hand Control Burners.
LAIDLAW DREW & Co. LTD... Low Air-pressure Burning Units.
HOUSEMEN & THOMPSON LTD... D. M. Boiler Enamel.
WONDER-MIST MFG. COMPANY... Liquid Polish for furniture.
COLEMAN LAMP & STOVE Co. LTD... Heating & Cooking Stoves.
PERMETEX Co. INC... Chemical Products, etc.
K. R. WILSON INC... Ford Tools & Equipment.
S. T. JOHNSON Co... Domestic Burners.
MARMON HERRINGTON Co... All-Wheel Drive Equipment.
J. D. ADAMS... Road Building Machinery.
J. STONE & Co. LTD... Buses & Trucks Equipment.
RIVAL LAMPS LTD... Electric Bulbs.
IDEAL BOILERS & RADIATORS... Domestic & Industrial Boilers.
LANE & SIWAN LIMITED... Case Iron Cookers & Ovens.
BELL & Co. LIMITED... Fireplaces, Lanterns, etc.

Also Operators of:

WELL EQUIPPED SERVICING WORKSHOP

LATEST MACHINERY... BEST PERSONNEL... PROMPT SERVICE.

Separate Air-conditioning & Refrigeration Servicing Department.

BAGHDAD - BASRAH - KIRKUK - MOSUL
WE CAN FURNISH YOU WITH THE FOLLOWING MACHINERY, HAND & MACHINE TOOLS ETC., MADE BY WORLD RENOWNED MAKERS:-

BLACKSTONE & LISTER Engines & Electric Sets
ALLEN'S Centrifugal pumps
N. H. Semi rotary pumps, valves, cocks etc.
MULCOTT Hair belting
H & L. Rice hullers and spares
BARRON Millstones
MITCHELL. Lathes & Radial drills

HAND TOOLS
ECLIPSE H. S. Blades & Frames, STANLEY Carpenter & Electrical tools.
DISSTON Saws & Files etc., Marsh tool bits & Small tools, OSTER
BULLDOG Pipe Stocks & Dies, Cleveland Reamers & drills, G.T.D.
Stocks & Dies & Pipe tools, Armstrong tools, PARKINSON Vises etc...

J. P. BAHOSHY BROS.
Church Street, Baghdad

N. J. Lassow
Basrah - Iraq

GENERAL MERCHANT

GROWER, PACKER AND EXPORTER OF DATES
IMPORTER OF TEA, COFFEE, SUGAR AND GENERAL MERCHANDISE
EXPORTER OF PRODUCE
DIRECTOR:— The Rafidain Brick Factory, Baghdad.
SOLE PROPRIETOR ICE FACTORY, Basrah.

Cables and Telegrams
LASSOW - Basrah

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Telephone</th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Office</td>
<td>02 - 221 Basrah</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ice Factory</td>
<td>02 - 226 Basrah</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Residence</td>
<td>02 - 643 Basrah</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Occasionally we are asked why our hotel has been so strikingly successful in Baghdad, where hotels come and go like ships in the night.

Well, here is the secret revealed for the benefit not only of our customers but of our rivals as well. Let them follow our example.... if they can.

First and foremost, we believe in giving our customers what they want, not what we think they should have (because the supply is plentiful in the bazaar).

The explanation is much more simple than many people are ready to believe, but our policy is not an easy one to carry out, especially in a city like Baghdad.

Yet the officer fresh from London, with lingering memories of that farewell dinner party at the Trocadero or the Piccadilly, can have exactly the same at the Sindbad Hotel. The only thing we cannot supply is that halo of romance which may have adorned the London feast—and left behind it the memory of a sob in a woman’s voice.

Telephon 6478 Bd.
THE NATIONAL TOBACCO CO., LTD.

PRODUCES

THE MOST POPULAR CIGARETTES

LUX ROYAL

VIRGINIA

GOLDEN CROWN
ZIA HOTEL
ESTABLISHED IN 1911
All Rooms with Private Bathroom
Overlooking the Tigris River

Telegrams—AL ZIA
Telephone 7462 4808

Andrea’s Pharmacy
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL CHEMISTS
Baghdad

For Your Shopping
Visit The

GENERAL SUPPLIES DEPOT
Al-Rashid Street
Baghdad

To the Class of 1945
Compliments of
Dr. A. Aris
Surgeon Dentist
for Baghdad College Students
Rashid Street
Said Sultan Ali
Baghdad
Bethlehem Steel Export Corporation,
New York, U. S. A.
The best steel products the world over

The White Motor Company,
Cleveland, Ohio, U. S. A.
White Trucks

Hudson Motor Car Company,
Detroit, Michigan, U. S. A.
America's safest car for better service.
Longer lasting, and less cost to run.

The B. F. Goodrich Co.
Akron, Ohio
In War or Peace, First in Rubber.

Thomas A. Edison Inc.
New York, U. S. A.
Prescribe Edison Batteries & Spark Plugs for dependability and reliability.

Cities Service Oil Co.
New York, U.S.A.
If it's Cities, it has to be good.
Motor & Transmission Oils and Greases

Agent & Sole Distributor for Iraq:
STANLEY SHASHOUA
Rashid Street, Baghdad.

Tajirian's Engineering Firm
Qualified engineers & contractors
Near Lynch Building

Consult our firm for any constructional schemes and supervision of your buildings. We are ready to execute any building contracts.

Consult our firm before buying any plot of land or building.

STEPHEN LYNCH & Co., Ltd., BAGHDAD.

General Merchants.

Lloyds Agents.

Engineers.

Steamship Agents.

A. D. Fetto
Chemist, Druggist, and Optician
Rashid Street

By Special Appointment to H. M. the King and the Royal Palace

Telegram: Fetto's Pharmacy, Baghdad
Telephone: 579

Agents for:
Allen & Hanbury's Ltd., London.
Bisodol Ltd., London.
International Chemical Co. Ltd., London.
Medico-Biological Laboratories, London.
Bob Martin's Ltd., London.
Sterling Products, Newark, N. J., U.S.A.
Miles Laboratories Inc., Elkhart, Ind.
Diarsenol Co. Ltd., Toronto, Canada.
USE
“GIRL BRAND”
EDIBLE OILS
Vegetable Oil Extraction Co., Ltd., Baghdad.

Telephone No. 7385
(صلحة صندوق توفير البريد)

استمته مديرية البرق والبريد العامة مصلحة صندوق توفير البريد في معظم دوائر البرق والبريد العراقية بهدف دفع الاعتقادات بين طبقات الشعب وافراج كافة المساهمات على إعداد تقوية الرائد في صندوق التوفير، وكان الشعب العراقي الكريم عند حسن نية الإدارة فهتف على هذه المصالحة حتى بلغت التقوية المودعة في آخر شهر آذار 1945 (4867) دينارا ولم يكن هذا الأقل من الجمهور الا للمساهمات التي لا وجود لها في المصرف والمزايا المالية.

(1) ان المبالغ المودعة في صندوق توفير البريد لأطفال من الجمهور الا للمساهمات التي لا وجود لها.
(2) دفع فائدة مركبة قدرها 3 بالمائة عن المبالغ المودعة في صندوق توفير البريد.
(3) ان المال المودع في صندوق توفير البريد ضمته من قبل الحكومة.
(4) حمل الخد الإداري لتقبل المبالغ في صندوق توفير البريد (خمسين فلس).
(5) ترد المال المودع في صندوق توفير البريد إلا عند الطلبات.

فاحصر انا الموظف بإعداد ما يناسب أعداد مصالحة صندوق توفير البريد لن تطرأ الإفراط في اليوم الآسرود.)
الصف الأول المتوسط (شعبة د)

عبد الكريم حسين حمدي
عبد القادر عبد الكريم الخضرى
عبد الرحمن صالح الحملي
أديب أمين جراد
البر يعقوب حوشي
امجد توماس توما

اسعد توماس توما
بهجة حنا كلي
نريد ميخائيل شينا
نريد عبي قصير
فاضق حسن صادق الدورى
نيليس شاكر كورينا

نور الفصيري
جورج عزيز داوود
حسين شلسم الامام
لؤي نوري القاضى
مهدى شلسم الامام
ميخائيل اطعون كور كيس
الصف الأول المتوسط (شعبة B)

أبراهيم أبواب المهابان
أكرم حسن نووي
البر عزاز عباس
البر نووي إبراهيم
البر نووي المهابان
البر نووي المهابان
البر نووي المهابان

جبريل ميخائيل روما
جورج إدور رحاص
جورج نازونيل كتير
كمان عبد الله عيمي
كيارا فاهام مزادوريان
كوركين عبد الله كوركيس

أدب مصطلفي الصهيوني
عبدل علي بن أحمد الشابلي
عبدل نوري الأورفلي
عبدل نوري ميخائيل الماسي
البر بولس كوركي
البر ناوري غسال

بيبال حيد جاف
كليس سيرل اربنتوت
ادوم عبد الله برام
مامل حنا عزيز
فاروق نصير الدين النبي
فريدريك إليز سكوريرا

أدب إيمان غطس
جوز بوسان جورج
غلام مغرش الشبيبي
جليبر نسوم غروي
كامل عبد الله شمر
خلدون درويش إثني
الصف الثاني المتوسط (شعبة ج)

2-6

عبدالعزيز محمد باتر الظبي
عبدالستار البحراوي
عبده بن عبد الله النعمة
عثمان سليم البرماي
اسكردر ارنست كوكبانيس
الفردين شارلز رانكوست

كليمان شاكر سيكل
كلود فردين ميكلان
فرانسيس فيدر بيرس
مانويلي ايلو
أرثر إبراهيم كولاسو
باولو ميغيل كودو

البير جوزيف اندراس
البير جوزيف هوايد
أوسمان ناصر ايلو
أرثر إبراهيم كولاسو
باولو ميغيل كودو

كولود فردين ميكلان
كليمان هنري غانام
دانيال فرانك غانام
ذكوان كوراكر غاربيان
نجمة خليفة ديوان
كرابيت إسحاق كمشماني

جوزيف ديفال هاليفاكي
جوزيف سكاكوف
غام أندرس ويلي
ماركوس ديكور فندريان
ماكسيمو كوراكر نازاريان
ماريوان نيل
الصف الثاني المتوسط (شعبة آ)

أكرم زكي هانان
 الإسلامي يونس أنديرا
 اعتوان شوك عبود
 اعتوان اولاد أيكية
 سابا اسحق ميرو عزيز

باركيف داود مونسينيان
 برج اولاد جوهايان
 كريل جورج كوبوي
 كلیان ضوري اطرون
 ادمون كايتانو سلفيرا

ناروق نورى فتاح
 جبريل ان بيرس
 جمال يوسف زروى
 جمال ليوش شارة
 جوزيف عودي حنا النغي

الصف الثاني المتوسط (شعبة ب)

عبدالباري مهدي الصالح
 عدل جورج عزري
 ادوارد بهجت فرج
 امجد ارمان قطة
 دزموند سيريل اربنوت

دكش داود وولتن
 ادمون روبلر سكرير
 ادوم جروزيف نمو
 رانك سليم توماس
 آغوب داود نازاريان

پارکیف آرذوب مونسینیان
 برج اولاد جوهایان
 کریل جورج کوبوی
 کلیان ضوري اطرون
 ادمون کایتانو سلفیرا

ناروق نوری فتاح
 جبریل ان بیرس
 جمال يوسف زروی
 جمال لیون شارا
 جوزیف عودی حنا النیج

لوی عزاللین شریف
 مانولیل جوزیف بطاح
 محمد امین مغفلین
 ناهض يوسف لوبا
 نوبر جورج آستاریان

بری سیرل لیندیل
 سابح صبی الیبانی
 سعید استفان ججوکا
 سامی سدحی المقداد
 سامی بهجت اسکدر

سامی بنری السویدی
 سامی رؤف توما
 سلیم مسیح غوشی
 ناصرکیس ناصیف دژری
 بوسح بطرس تعلو
الصف الثالث المنوسط (شعبة ب)

偈ون نالج ابراهيم
المير ميخائيل حنا
المير عضيد الحندا
ترشم كرقب كريشان
آثر يوسف اندرا

باشم يوسف عزالدين ابراهيم
داود سليم سكر
فخري محمد رحمة الله
تأذب صفيه طه السلام
كريشيت ناديوس بوسطان

يان ييغاؤيل رزوفي
جليبر شاكر مرقال
اهلي لويس زيبدا
اهمان صالح ابراهيم
جان عبد الله فرج

الصف الثالث المنوسط (شعبة ج)

بياس خلخ الزيدي
المير نعمنا توني
الطوان أميل جيرنيل
اتروشك تاربيس كاروشان
آثر ناصر يوحنان

بأركيف كاراكن غوكاسيان
بهن مهد صادق كاتشي
فاتى دين الله شا
نزيف دادو انطوان
تأذب البيس صرافه

جورج جهوم رزوفي
غانم رزوفي ميغالي
هدى عجيل السعد
هاري هنري لزن
يعقوب يوسف عمو
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>الصف الخامس الابتدائي 1944-1945</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>جدول أسماء الطلاب</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>الصف الثاني الابتدائي</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>الصف الثالث الابتدائي</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>الصف الرابع الابتدائي</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>الصف الخامس الابتدائي</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>الصف السادس الابتدائي</strong></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>اسم</th>
<th>فصل</th>
<th>تعليم</th>
<th>نشاط</th>
<th>رياضيات</th>
<th>علوم</th>
<th>أخلاق</th>
<th>آداب</th>
<th>فنون</th>
<th>فنون ثرية</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>جان د. ب. ج.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>يوسف ف. ب. ج.</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>جوزيف س. ب. ج.</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>كي و. ج. و. ج.</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>عروض آ. ج. ج.</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**الصف الرابع الابتدائي**
- عبد رؤوف حساب
- سكدر أمير مصيح
- أنور نقية قطة
- نور سعيد أدب
- مصباح ناجي الأصل
- نادر احمد قردان
- سامي بيل بورس
- سلفون يوسف سركيس
- تدريس النباس بنجى
- وادى ميل بوزغي
- وليد ميل بوزغي

**الصف الخامس الابتدائي**
- عليم سليم جسون
- أنور شاول جبريل
- بديع رفائيه بطي
- بديع عمر نظم
- بيري وجدي بويوصيان
- فاطمه ب.More روما

**المستوى (شهادة)**
- رضوان بجي فرج
- فريد داواد إبراهيم
- جرجع بمري زورن
- جحا برجي خنا
- حاكيب ميل بلينة
- دون ليون مكتبيان
فرق بيننا وبينكم سوى انكم سرقتم أموالاً من أمثال الفقراء وأخذتم تفخيمون بها علناً. انت بورة الفساد والرذيلة. ابنا الأمهات الذين لا يعرفون مدى للخير ولا يقومون بالانسانية وزننا لولاكم لأصبح العالم أحسن مما هو عليه الآن. ألا تخجل من الله إذا وقفت أمامه فحماستك على جلوك هذا؟. ألا يوجبك ضميرك على الأقل إذا رأيت ذلك الطفل المسكون يمسى بإطعامه البالية وأولادك يلبسون أحجار والدجاج؟ أم أن المال بيني ضمير الرجل؟ ويل لك من الله أبنا الشقين إذا وقفت وأباك على منصة حكمه. ولم تأكل كلماها حتى ندى ذلك الغنى المتحجر خدماً فطورها من قصره وما رجعت إلى كوفها رأته طفلاً جالساً ينظرها. وعندما رأها قادمة خف إليها وهو يقول: أين البديل يا أباد؟ فأجابته وكان الشار يخرج من فمها.
اعتقدت هذا الدين؟» وما وصل اشتراع رأى أولاد جاره
الغني وقد ارتدوا أثاثه الحال وترنيما بأحسن زينة وهما
شيروا إلى اطاراته البلاط ويهزرونه به أثاثه انظروا
إلى هذا اتبعناه لا يملك بديل يلبسون في البيض فقدم
مهم وهو يرتد غضبا لى مما تضحكومن، لمن ليس
انظروا حتى يأتى عيدنا ثم انظروا ما تساءل فيه فأنتمروا
عنهم ولهم نضحكومن قالين من أين لك اللباس التي
تمناه وانتهتم وأرجع المسدي إلى، وهو يتحب واخترلها
ما سمع فعلته، وتهي بالفاء قالين لا تأس يا ولدى فإن عيدنا
نعا وأخصف الأباك البلية فدهب الظلم إلى يرتشي
وناه ونها ينكر بالعيد فرحًا بندوه في الغد وذهب
الأم إلى جارها الغني وطلبت منه أجر لبلاد أولاده القديمة
لأنها وقعته في حالتها العفصة وانها وسعج، العيد في
الغد وتوسطت فيه الديبة لا يمضى على حياة الظلم المسكين
رفض طلبنا، ولكن الغني رفض بكل قوة زائرة، أنا
لمست مكلاه فان أدارت ابيه مضارعًا، وهل من الواجب على القدير
أن يمس مثل الغني ويستقبل العيد كما يستقبل الغني، فما
الفرق بينهما إذن؟ فنظرت إليه نظرة تمثل فيها الفشل
من ذلك المخلوق الذي له قلب كخراة أو اشتهى قوة، هل
خجل الغني والسفير واحد؟ هل يخرج كلاهما من بطن
هنا؟ أم يخلط للفتير كما خلق للغني نفسه شهيد
وهو؟ ثم ليس الحال الذي عندك هو ملك لنجميع من
الله؟ بل قل لي بركل هل أننس المخلص الذي تحمل
الآن يذكرى ملاده كان غني؟ وله اشتها عظم من الآله
الذي تواضع وأخذ جسمه ومعيشة فيه ودعنا الناس حلب
بعضهم ومأساة الفتير؟ لقد مضى الزمن الذي كتبون
 فيه انفسكم طبقة فوق طبقة البشر وتبررون منهم كما نحس
بهم أحياءكم فتنقل جراهم الفطر الكريم، أما اليوم فلا
انصرف الليل وستكم الأسور .. الكل مندمر
في قوارئه المافدة، والبرد في الخارج قارس والريح
تضرب النواة، فقد علمت أننا مترتجة بأن تلك
الأمم الفقيرة الجائزة قرب قوارئه إنها .. ذلك الفناء
الذي كان عباية عن أسمل طائرة موعظة بالأوساخ .. كانت
تنظور خلال أهدائها حتى كسرتها الدروع إلى ابنيها الغراب
في بحر الليل حين سمعت أدنى أجرس اللسان مئذنة
بيمارد المخلص زوال الفترا، ولمهمة العليا.
بزعج فجر اليوم الأول من عبد البلد السعيد وهم
معه الناس فرضين كل يقبل، نفس للظهورة بالحمل حكاء
وازدي، نظّرنا إلى بين هؤلاء، نظر ذلك الظل المثير وما
إن رأى نور النهار حتى صلاة أخامة؟ إن بيلة العيد
الجديدة، فأدى الذ أليا السك أن الأجرس ومن رهبان .. أنه عبد يا أمه، أغرى الام دمعه
انحدرات على وجيئها وقال: لا إله إلا عبدا يا ولدى
ومنا يا عبدا أخرجك من هذه اللبس الجديدة، جميلة فإنك
الفتير الحزين على وجه صارخا، فإنا يا يا عبدا انها؟
فما قد قدرت أجرس أو أكثر على الناس ولم أرى يا عيدنا
أيتها يا آن كل نفت لعليا، يقالا، إذا اعتقدت دينا
ليس في أجرس كثرة مثل بكى الأديان، وهم اسم دين
هذا يا أمان، قلوا يا ولدى ثم غلط وجهها بين راحتي
يدها باكية، فصاح بها، وذكرت يا أمان، يا عيدنا؟ أو
تبكن لقى الاعيد، في دينك؟ فحذا إذا لا ترك هذا الدين
وتنحى دين جارنا، فأرى أولاده ينسى في كل يوم
بدنه جدئة مما يدل على كثرة الأعماق في حتىهم لى
فصرخت به: ليس للعملر عن يثير في أبنائه، فقام الظل
وهو متخذا بالعرات، قالنأ آه يا والدى العزيز، لماذا
جامعاً في بغداد

الصبا وها أدى الحلم ينجم ويتحقق في عامنا هذا عام
الف ونمسة وخمسين.

وقد نمت في ظلية الكمال في نجاحها العظيم
وستقبلها الباهر، أه هاذا الإمام الآب وكوكٍ لا يزال
يداعب ضافه في مختبره، وآله الآب كلي في مختبر
الكما، يحاول كشف المادة الكيميائية وعنصرها الجديد.
ودونه الآب شين جالساً على كرسي ورأسه بين راحته
يذكر ويكرّر ما في داخل رأسه يجد فانونه الفيزيائي
المجدي.

هذا رأيته من مدرسيه ورؤسائها ودارتها
وهي على زاوية ضخمة وجدت الآب كونه قد خط رأسه
المثمر جالسا وقده مضفيه وحاليه الكنيسة والصحة
والآب مهان لا يزال في حديقة القسم الداخلي يدخن غليونه
فيذكرنا مشهدنا الزعيم، «رب فان ونك»
وهذا هو الآب لولفر، آلام صندوقه (Rip Van Winkle).

الجدتي بعد دراهمها التي جمعها من مخزنة الكتب
تذكرت وذكرت إمامها السعيدة إمامنا التي كانت
كالباء مرحب وسروراً. إمامنا التي قضيناها تحت رعايتهم
وعناهما. فأدرت دقة الفيزياء وخرجت لنا أشده آيات
النجاح وانتهى سيراً حسباً لهذه الجامعة المجدوبة.

ففي مصطفى الكرمي
الطاب في الصف الثالث المتوسط

هاجت أبو رياح الشعب والجنان لاري كليتي المجدوبة
التي توسعت وصارت جامعاً كبيرة في علم الوجود، فمحتال
الريح العليا، وها أنا في سبتي آلام جامعه بغداد.
فدخلت من الباب وسرت في طريق غرسة على جانبية
الحرص، وشيدت وراءها انتقاه تألف الساحر
علوها. سارت بنا السيرة في حدائق غناء وسوى راحة
الارجاء. ما قد وصلت آلام بابية الطب فتأخذ من
حركنا العلمية ان جدل والعمل شعراً قد أدركوا دقة القيادة
لها دخاماً تزاحم البابية الأولي في جمالها الهندسي اسمها قد
춰ه عليها بحرف بارزة، «كلية المجدوبة»، وإذا وليت
وجه المشاعر أحد مايعت بتصاف مع بعضها وشكرت
صف دائرة على طرز هندسي مبدع وهذه ذات المصدقة
على كلية الهندسة وفروعها المتصلة
على كلية المجدوبة وفرعها التجارية.
أنا لا يجدر عدها تضم فيها كلية الحقوق وكلية الفلسفة
والآداب واللغات وما إلى ذلك من كليات عالية أخرى.

تأخذت وانا أطوف في لجح بحر افكارية اتخيل
الزمان الذي كنت فيه طالباً في كلية بغداد حينما كان
طلابها يعانون بالثأرة بينما أنا يعدون بالاحتفال.

أنا أحل وها قد تحقق حلمي ان كلية بغداد
ستصبح نوعاً جامعية كبيرة، لم يقتصر حلمي على هذه
الكلية فحسب بل كنت أفكر بان استثمرها ونستخدمها
الفلائل سوف يصبحون كريي المجد، ما قد تحقق حلم

المراقبي
يا زميل في سكون الليل حيث الليل جتا
نحت صباح ضئيل اذ بضوء القدر كنا
أو ما تذكر كيف الوقت لم يفت منا
والكتاب الخلل ساء يا زميل الفك عنك
ونذكر كم رصنا منه ريا للغيل
يا زميل

يا زميل قد عزمت اليوم ان اقدم وحدي
فانا للمجد أقفو أو يضم الجسم لحدي
ولكن مجد كالبهر في جزر ومد
لا يضر العزم ان كنت بخافض أو بصعد
بل الى الموت نضائى الى المجد سبلى
يا زميل

يا زميل قد سبقت الدهر في حلب السباق
ولغتنا المسند يا دهر فهل ساد الوفاق
أم ترى يا دهر كالمرض شاق في نطاق
فدى لا قول مهدور ولو قول يراق
فما أمشى الى المجد فلم يعد فقو لي
يا زميل

يا زميل انا للمجد جي ويهاي
أنا مطمح نفسى بهأبي مقامى
ليس دون المجد لنفس نتوت أو رمائي
فحيى امي مليكي ولاوطني حسامى
فلكن أنت بحري ولتمنك انت ميني
يا زميل

الطالب محمد عجيل البار
في الصف الخامس الإعدادي
أين أحلام أفرادونا ذويها؟ أين أحلام الوفاة الأموفي الأسوأ، يتلمس بالهجة مختلفة ذو طباخ، وعادات غير طبهتهم، وعاداتهم، وآخر غرباء، وقد انتبههم من العلمي، أووار التقوى الغبف، غريب اوجه وواجد والمان،

هؤلاء الشعراء، فقد تذوقوا لذة الشرق، وعجائب،

الدف الأول، وعروادة الثانية، صدر من أمثال قلوبهم، بعد انتزاعهم باليتية الجديدة، نوع جديد، من الشعر، ولو ضعف في نهجه، إلا أنك تمزق وتفتح بالفاظه شعر، لا بل،

أشودة،

بعد أن تفتضت عن نفس سحر وموسيقى، أخرى،

وأخذت في قراءة القصيدة مرة أخرى، ناذدًا لكلماتها،

تمعقة بمعانيها، رأيت من قوة الفكرة، وجمال التصوير،

وفقًا، الكلمات، ما لم يكن متاالاً لها،

أني، أن نضح، بعد الحرب، غربي بأعماله،

وقد ذكر من مات، واعلم بعض أطهارة،

فلا تهتز، من سداها، ولا تشبع، عندنا،

بل ارتكع صارمًا، تقبل خشاع، دام،

لنكى، حظ مؤننا،

نفس مرسى، موسيقى، منصات، وكلمات، متقدمة،

أني، هذه الكلمة، السطحة، قد هدى، الشعراء، لرفع، الكلمات، بيننا، أأخوه، وهو أني، هو ذو سمه، وأنا داً، سمع،

أني ضح، بعد الحرب، فهو لم يقل، أن مهلل، أو تكر، أو،

فاحن وافناً، ضاح، كلمة، ملأ، التلم، بقعتها، والخيل، بصورها،

وقدس، وأني شئ، نقل غلافة، وأنا، شعورًا، من التجدي،

واعلم بعض أطهارة، ثلاث كلمات، متقدمة،

متاليًا، كأنها، ثلاث قابل، فهو لم يقل، دافع أطهارة، أو،

استبهاهم، اننا، بطلهم، كلمات، تملأل،

الف، بقعتها، والخيل، بصورها،

ثم، من أنت، يا أني؟ ليس، للك، اسم، ولا فعل، فلذا،

تريد أن تطلف، عن القصيدة، وتمت، على دان، ما فعلت،

شيئًا، يا أني، فقال، لترك، صفاتين، بكل، دامية، للكي، خف، مؤننا.
الدرب — هو عبارة قصية عن موقف الإنسان عبارة
بوحية. فالدرب يتحدث عن حياته النفسية. يبدو من آفاق
تفكيكنا. وبيرهف احساسنا. هو الآلة لبعض ماضينا
والأخذ الفعالة لنشر الثقافة الجرية. الدرب تراني الروحية
وبطفلنا الراحل التي يجب علينا أن نبنيها بناء محاكاة لكيما
توفق إلى أن تخفف على رمال الزمن وقفت أقدامها.

إن تحليل الدرب هو فهم نجارب الكتب والشعراء.
فهما نصبا لا تجد أصول ولا يحلوه علم. وإنما تسبعتن
بالعلم والاسأل عند دراسة سياحة ما كبروا. وهاتتأنا الآن
سأحاول جديدا تحليل "أمي" كقصيدة مثل للادب
المهموس — الشعر الإنسانى الذي تهتز لнемسته. الشعر
الذي سيصبو الخلاوية.

إن الشعر العامى هو من ينجح في أن يهزن. وهو
شد يستطبع ذلك بإخاء موسية والفاصلة — كالتورى كما
قد يستطبع برفقها. كشعراء المهجر. ونحن يجب أن
ننظر للحنال يجب أن نؤمن بالصدق وشعراء المهجر
يعرفون الصدق والجمال.

أولا ما سعى في "أمي" هو الموسى المتاملة
المواصلة التي لا تكتن المنسوجة من مقطع جميل
حتى تأتي بآله أشد منه جمالا. وانت في وسط هذه
المجاهد كلفنا أن يكون درعًا وإذا يدفأعيمه
فيها عليه ارتدافًا حتى تروت شهوده ومن ثم
يجلس على الأرض مستمعًا للغمات الماء صامتا حائنا ساكنًا

هذا ما أحدثنه قصيدة "أمي" في المدة الأولى التي
قرأتها. إذ فيها ما انتهت لا إلى جمال العارة أو قصاصة
نرى هذه زيارة أول مرة ازور بها حقيقة كبيرة لسيدة مكرمة. وصلت الحقيقة وكأنها في قصر أحد الورود والآمال. وقد فرغت بآمال البسط واقتراستة. فما كدت يهد هذا القصر حتى استقبلت رائحة ذكية عقب انفي واعتيق.

وقد ابهرت على إياها قربة الجدران. واصلت بسرى حتى صحن القصر ثم وقفت هنالك أعبث النظر بسماء فرحة فضائله باشرة بين صالات وقاعات ودهرر وغفر كل منها وذاتها الحاكمة. وكأنها فرحة بصر. فشكنت مفتوحة جمعت من نبي آدم انطلاقاً وإشراكاً من رجل منفوق الشابر. وغاصت رائدة بزة الاستخدام وقفة على تطريه الورد وبجانبها بعض من رفقاتها. وصورة ثانية لروج حمام ينافذ في خلطة وسط روع ملهو الورد. وهكذا على السبارغ فرحة أخرى كدستها اوراق تنيرة غالية من ذات الخصمة والعطرة. وثائرة إلى جانبها. وقفة وضع في صدرها. مسيرة واسطة وامها عدد من ادوات الزينة الملوحة من مشط ونقاط وعلبة وعود وعنة سنهر احمر وفيرة نظر وسكي فرحة اثر هذه الفرحة الرابحة التي كانت آداء.

عارة الحلي وافين المجوهرات هي غرفة الزيت. واما انتهى من زيارة صالات الحب وعفرها حتى اخذت أدب حضى وأنزلت نسبي قائل: ما اشفقنا أنا أنا نا.
الفلس

التي يتقرب بها على ظل صدري من تلك الروايات، وكلما أردت التنهم وقررت الكشكول شعرت بنسي كأتي كمسح عن القوة وشمحت وحشة الكشكول إذ كنت وحداً بذولاً، وكانت عليني شاشتين إلى الماء نبلبا من ربي الرحمه أن يرق قلوبهم وتقربوا على المقدم، وعلى إياهنما، لأني أحس أنني قد احتل تلك الرواية الموله، وتلك الرواية الكريمة، وبينما كنت غارقاً في صلاني إلى ربي الرحمه.

ففتحت عيني ورأيت النور لأول مرة وان في يد طفل بداعب اباد قاتلة، يا ما احتج هذا الفلس الذي أعطيته ابنو فلس جديد، فلس برآء، حيث عرف من حلال نسي أن اسمى فلس، تعتلى الطفل يانى جمل وبرآء، سرى على يدي، في جوبه، جمل برآء وحمولا على يد طفل، طاهر، لم يقيق سوى شفاه ساين وسحا بعد، لا أنقل في فتاينه، الزواج، فأقولا، يا طفل، فيداي كان، وما كنت أظهري كلامي، حتى رفع الطفل، بدلاً من مروره فرحتها، قفصة من الجلود تقدم وردى إلى الأرض قعملته جده العجوز في كرسيا ثم نهضت والطفل حرف ضايف فعرفته، إنني نسيت، عند أنثالها وأودعتي كيما، خبر ابيه مبتس، ثم شد على الخنق، فتح حوله، حباينتا لحكم الله، أخذت أقوم الحبل وارفض هذا، وذلك من درهمها على أجد، من هذا، لاقت منه، امكنت لأن يدها المريحه احته الكيس احداها، ملأ دفنتان خليها ستين على أرمع بسي الطفل، يلباث، بملع فرضت الجدة إلا إذا اراد ان يصقى به على الكسيج المعد الجالس على قارعة الطريق، أراد، دار الطفل. وقبح الطفل، ربي دجدهما، وما كنت أنتئد صديق تربان، أن سطلق سراحيك يا طفل، تقول الطفل الفيلس من جده، وهرع بي إلى الكسيج، وهو يعبر، الشارع، رأى الطفل يهود في كشكول المعد الذي تفوح رائحته بين المرك والطفل.
امس العليل بخلع ماعطلة وقال "لا تنفع آخر عمل صالح في حياتي أما الموت الذي استشهد أو اتفاق ذلك الطفل البريء الذي لا بد أن يصبح في لحظات معدودة طعاماً للهيب المستنصر.

اتحرص نطاق الناس وحذنا الساحة فارعة منهم خوف الدأر إمام المنزل وتسلق مسورة شاء الله تفضل قريبة من نافذة العرقة المتغيرة وكذاك بعد دقيقتين أو أقل كان داخل العرقة بين هتان الجهاء وتسعه.

في تلك اللحظة الحرجة تقدم التيارات نحو العرقة ودخلتها أخذت في الهبة كلما تلمسه من فش ونافذ,

احتضن الطفل البكاء بوعادة، في حين ان الدخان كان قد،
لا التعيرة فكاد سهل الرجل ان يختنق فحكم بالآخر،
ذات الطفل الصغير؟ أخذ الطفل بالسعال فأسرع سهل
واحترق الدخان إلى النافذة التي دخل منها، لف احد،
ذراعيه حول الطفل واسك بالآخر المسورة وشرع
بتورغول.

وأخذ صرح الجمهور المزدحم الذي كانت الدهشة قد فجرت في صرخة خوف لأن سيئلا بينما هو نزل زلت،
فده وقاد بيوت الطفل الى الأرض فتهيمن ولكن،
عطالها جعله يمسك المسورة بقوة فارق الهبوط.
هادماً
الان على الأرض سالمن ولكن لم يكن يسیر بضع عشر
خطوة حتى سقط على الأرض ممتعا عليه من جراء الجهد
الذي بذله والدخان الذي ابتلعه، واخير شيء سمعه كان
دوياً هائلاً دوي المنزل المحترق ينيد، بعد ان أكلت النار
أكبره.

هنا استيقظ من غيبوته رأى نفسه في مجد غريب
فشرع مستعرض ما مرت به فذكر ازعاءه على الانتصار

بيتر عجر
الطالب في الصف الثالث المتوسط
لا بذلبه المجلة إدراة الرباع

سهر وسام بطال هذه القصة طلخلان تقارب سنهما:
كما تشابه أهواؤهما وخلاصهما • جمع بينهما الحياة
دربها طولا من الزمن بين جدران المدارس وقاعات
الدرسية في خدمة كل منهما في قلب
الأخر • كانت هذه حالهما في كتنا الدراسين الإبتدائية
وال المتوسطة •

وهي حالته وقعت ابان عطلة السنة الأولى من
الدراسة الإعدادية جدت بحثا قويا على هذه الصدأة
التي وحدها المكاتب العميق فقد سافروا لأصلات في
ربيع شقيرة حيث جرت الحادثة وبينما حاولوا نشر
صورة يكون اهتموا بسرعة نحن نحن نحن نحن نحن نحن نحن نحن نحن نحن نحن نحن نحن نحن نحن نحن نحن نحن نحن نحن نحن نحن نحن نحن نحن نحن نحن نحن نحن نحن نحن نحن نحن نحن نحن نحن نحن نحن نحن نحن نحن نحن نحن نحن نحن نحن نحن نحن نحن نحن نحن نحن نحن نحن نحن نحن نحن نحن نحن نحن نحن نحن نحن نحن نحن نحن نحن نحن نحن نحن نحن نحن نحن نحن نحن نحن نحن نحن

وكذا انهمد الصحراء الذي كانه يباوحة حسبة عشر
عما ودعا الكده والعبده البدني والبدني وهو هو كذلك من
حياة الذبذ والنزف إلى حياة الفقر المدقع والعزوز. وما زاد
بالطين بللة تركيم تي قدرها انا عشر الفي دينار نتيجة تلك
الصفحة التي ذهب فيها ضحية الغض و الحدج •

أخذ ورقة كتب فيها انا سهل الرعائي قد قررت
التخلص من هذه الحياة المتلكة فلا يتهم أحد عند المنور
على قبيلا • تحتها باشتم و خرج لا يدري الى اين يمضي •
كان الوقت يفروبا والنداء قد أوشكت أن تختفي
وراء الأفق الأحمر حين وجد نفسه ستأر على أحد جسور
بجد • حذى في الماء هبتله كان يدعوه اتتائه فصم
على تلبية الدعوة • سرح بصبر نحو السماء فرأى النمر
منهما حالة من الخضوع الطبلية كانه يسقى على عمله •
فجيء من نفسه واستغرق في التفكير • وبينما هو كذلك
اذا بلبس حوله في حركة غير اعتيادية فما كان ان يسيبط
من بحر ذهوله حتى شعر بذلك • فاستمر رجلا وكذاكا
واستمر عن المسب فاجاه • حريق •

حين دأ رأى سهل عن بعد السنة الليث تخترق
طبقة الجو • يا لها بها حريص هائل • قلها وهو يركض
بكل سرعته صوب المنزل المحرق وقوف مع الناس قاية
الباب الذي أكلته النار • هكذا سمع امرأة شابة تقول
قابلها • أدك لك يائي ان تموت محترقا • كادت لهجه
هذه تذوب قلب الرقيق وكان واقتا تحت العرفة التي كانت
عذب الرأة شاحبة نجوها • تلك الغرفة الوحيدة التي لم
تنلها النار بعد ولكن دخولها كان مستجلا لان اليران
وقعت تتبدى كل من يحاول ذلك •

هذا هي الدراسة الإعدادية تنتهى على كل منهما ان
يلحق مسلكه في الحياة فسيور التحق بكلية الهندسة
ويخرج منها مهندسا قديرا بينما انتهى سهل انتجارة مما
فوق بنهما وأبد كل منهما عن الآخر •

خمسة عشر عاما مرت على آخر لقاء • فإذا بسهل
تاجر كررت أرحبه وتمن عشي • كان هذا دابة الى ان
عقد سفقة كبيرة كان من نجحتها خسران كل أمواله وعقاراته
لم يطمِّل الفكره بل شهر حاسمه على الفور، وبعضه
واحدة كانا محمد نسأل على شرفه. لم يكن ذلك
الذي ان المعهد الوحيد وزائدة ما عادته معه،
يا لقدر المسئول الذي يمضى عيني لفترة بدون
ارادته إلى حماية مرفوعاً مما يجده في مجال
أعترف به من فراشها راحة صاحب اذئب عند ما
شعرت بدم حداد يسيل تحتنا صاحت ولكن بعد فوات
الآوان. فقد قضى الله امراً كان مفعولاً.
لم يكن من شعبي المعهد ان يحسب صاحبه على
جلسة بدرست دون قصد. فما أفاد ذئب وقد بن الجزع
على وجهه حتى هدا من خاطره وواسعه بالعجز وكبح
زعم عاطفته وجرب ذئب وروده يفهمن اقلاع الداد وهب
อาทيق ضاربة أروقة النجم فيتدى صوتًا متناسقاً فيفيه
صور خطياته الرتبية قفوا عليها، وقد تدب شعره
الطويل نحو الأرضي، فصوعدوه في مرتفع يجمع في نهاد
الذي همموه وحودون أهاليهم ويلعبون حتى يكولوا
النافور الى بيوتهم بعد ان بودعوا آخر شعراً من أشاعة
السدر.
لقد اضطرت ذئب عند ما فهمن قصد المعهد وقد
حاول بعد هذه عريته وذكر عائدة المعهد اضطرد إلى الصعود،
وعند ما الفتق عوده الساحر وزحفته آنسه الناس توقع
أماماه جحافل الظلماً فبددها بديداً صاح صاح بالخير
النافور قفوا عليهم وهرع القوم كبرهم وصغيرهم
إلى بيت المعهد وواسلهم وهم أحوش الى الحزنة.
قام المعهد وقفن نزه المعهد، وبالقوم لم ير
بيته من غيره جملاً ووقعته كأنه الذي لم يكسف عن
قائمه في تجمعه القوم عن طب خاطر وينتهي الرضى قدمها
إلى ذئب حيث نهده تروح وعرب على يده أصابته له
كل جلالها....

الشاعر محمد جعفر البنا
الطالب في الصف الخامس العام.
مضنت سنون عديدة تزوج فيها المهادي من احدي
بات عشيرته وتحملت خلافاتها أيام العز ووجوهه العيش
التي كان يجاهها دب فقد قلب له الدهر في الحزن. وترت
عليه سنون عجاف أمات خلالها وتمت امواله بعدما كان
معهودا من الكرم فقاشه به الدنيا على سجدة وقلب له
الصحاب وصد عن الأحباب الذين كانوا يعيشون بكتبه
وبقفلون بنعمة.
وفي منتصف احدي الملايين بينما كثاري النسيق
الرمال على أروقة خيمته وهي تصغر في أعين كلامتي نبكي
الذئاب في قلوبهم إلى صدر دب وهو يجابب
زوجته يواسيه وتواسيه وهو يكب حبه الفارع وعثوه
الأصحاب ونظرائهم للجميل فلاح البشر على وجه روجته
كمن لقي ضالة بعد يأس وبدارد زوجته قائلة:
أنت ذلك الساق الذي اعترض أولاده لزواجه
وحلم تذكر قوله كما تكلته لي:
اين أبارك زوجاكما وذاكر ان لك جميلا على
المهادي الشمرى رئيس قومه الذي لا ينكر. فهل انت
ميزان أكثر من هذا؟
تصل الصباح ولاحت تباشر النافورة معلية قدوم
ووك النزالة فقالت النجوم من اعترض ألمه للإدلاج
إلى النهر وقد حملت خريطتها تنتهي في ذلك صدى الحي
ينكسون كحيل يجري عند ما رأوا منزل دب ينعق عليه
اليوم والدم في ارجله مبهرته.
لا ضحكا ولا غناء بل هماس وأسماً. كرى الى
أين هجرهم دب فقد شعرن ولم يشعروا إلا الآن انهم
نزالون من عز الماء وهو الذي رفع أكثرهم من الضفة
إلى الماء. وراكهم على نعمة مطلون. وبيغبفين بملاقي
من شفط الفيش وهو بالنافير يزعمون. نم يجلو الانجاء
لغيرهم خليفة. ينبحهم عار من ذلك ولكنهم: سألك تلك
الطريق الوحيدة اخرا ميلا صاح اولاده. ودوع زوجته.
حوله حلفت امتحن المهادي فلأحل عليه دب. وأدوي وذنب
بدو البدو وليش واللص بحبه بالشارة. وكثيرا ما
صادفت ذا ماة Этотة هذه تكانت يده جزيل عطاءها فقد وعد
المهادي بأن سقاست حاجه وهذا ما يبه المهادي. لما حان
الوقت قال له دب:
ما حاجه ضيفنا اننا فضينا له سنا؟
- لقد رأيت أهلك مهاد. وقد راقي حسنها وتمس
لوكون لي زوجه واني للكفؤ لها.
قال دب مشيرا الى عدي الخاص ان انصب خبيه
العروس في تلك الروية فجد المهدى بنظرة طفوله
الاحتجاج والاستكبار. قالت له المهادي. ومنى. وفي
سكون الليل انسحب المهادي إلى خيمة العروس وفقبله
معم بالماتى ولكن يا حبيبة الامام ان مهاد داعة العينين
مكلومة المقاد.
أو ليس هو المهادي الذي لم تره فلادون ان تذله
بجيه؟ اذا ما بال هذه تكلي لقربه وله بكت كثيرات لصده.
ألم عليها بالسؤال فتابع بتشكرا ونظر:
- أراك فعلت فعل الرجل باختلاف ابى من ابن
عمي؟
وقد انقضت كلماها انقضى الصاعقة واستقرت
قائمة بهدوء.
- ان ذا ابن عمي. وقد أحسب أحدنا الآخر منص
الغربي. وقد خفى من اهل من ثلاث سنوات فأبا عليه
ذلك ولي منظروا صناعة الفرح ولم يباهغ فيزوم غيره.
وأتي بأتى زوجته غيره. قبى اذا ذلت ساعتنا في هذا
الصباح ووافقه تائه على زواجنا ورأى المهادي ان يبارك
منزلنا الجديد بزواجنا السعيد. أعرضت الت طريق.
با لجال الخيل. اذن فيقبث انانا احتفظ بها بطريقة
للمهاد مستكلا كرم دب.
صدمة في بادية

ما أطيب ربيع البادية وما أسعد البدو بالربيع.
ما أجمل الزهور المفتوحة بسمة الشمس فبسمها لما للقلوب.
ما أحسن تلك المناظر وأبهاها وما أروعها عند ما تمدها الشمس بأشرتها فندى الجر والذب الطال المئات على أطر الزهور فشع بها ألوان تهج القلب وتعمله.
وكان المهادي كما سرح نظرته يزيد معانها حتى.
تعدو على الأفق وكأنها البحر الحضم.

هناك على الأفق البعيد دفون تمبل بها الركاب ذات البين وذات الشمال وحوارد مغطاة بالياض تتراوح كأنها الامسح في بحر السرايا ومن حولها الرسان رفعت رماحهم أعناقها تضاف الجرواء. كان المهادي يجلس بجوارها يدفن الأمان ويوحس اخبار قوه بعد أن طلحت به مدد التوي.
ما هو يقرب أن تقوم وكتبه عيون متساقط لطرف مأخفر قوه الذي طالما انسحب نفسه لحريهم. وله أحل على البدو ينبعث بين قوه معز الجانب، هيب التسميم
رقيقة فزع جانا من عطاء هودج في المقدمة.
ما لقلب المهادي يحقق وكأنه يريد الهروب من صدره يبحث في احضار تلك الحماس التي أطلت؟
وحاول ألا يفكر فيها، ولكن خياله مسيطر على أفكاره وتعصب بين أضحائه بنقرالها الفقير وحياجها المثيرة التي لم يمسها المقاس ويجيهها الصقول وخدوها المتوردة طرية التي لم تفسدها الساقط والمتجين، وتلك الابتسامة التي ينمل فيها الأمل والمواد وقد سحت وجهها صغيرة شاب سماها وزردها جمالا على جمال وانها.
من فلاحنا يعرف طريقة غرس الأشجار الباقية أو تربية المواشي وإعدادها للطعام القانوني. من فلاحنا يعرف طريقة غرس الأشجار الباقية أو تربية المواشي وإعدادها للطعام القانوني. من فلاحنا يعرف طريقة غرس الأشجار الباقية أو تربية المواشي وإعدادها للطعام القانوني. من فلاحنا يعرف طريقة غرس الأشجار الباقية أو تربية المواشي وإعدادها للطعام القانوني. من فلاحنا يعرف طريقة غرس الأشجار الباقية أو تربية المواشي وإعدادها للطعام القانوني. من فلاحنا يعرف طريقة غرس الأشجار الباقية أو تربية المواشي وإعدادها للطعام القانوني. من فلاحنا يعرف طريقة غرس الأشجار الباقية أو تربية المواشي وإعدادها للطعام القانوني. من فلاحنا يعرف طريقة غرس الأشجار الباقية أو تربية المواشي وإعدادها للطعام القانوني. من فلاحنا يعرف طريقة غرس الأشجار الباقية أو تربية المواشي وإعدادها للطعام القانوني. من فلاحنا يعرف طريقة غرس الأشجار الباقية أو تربية المواشي وإعدادها للطعام القانوني. من فلاحنا يعرف طريقة غرس الأشجار الباقية أو تربية المواشي وإعدادها للطعام القانوني. من فلاحنا يعرف طريقة غرس الأشجار الباقية أو تربية المواشي وإعدادها للطعام القانوني. من فلاحنا يعرف طريقة غرس الأشجار الباقية أو تربية المواشي وإعدادها للطعام القانوني. من فلاحنا يعرف طريقة غرس الأشجار الباقية أو تربية المواشي وإعدادها للطعام القانوني. من فلاحنا يعرف طريقة غرس الأشجار الباقية أو تربية المواشي وإعدادها للطعام القانوني. من فلاحنا يعرف طريقة غرس الأشجار الباقية أو تربية المواشي وإعدادها للطعام القانوني. من فلاحنا يعرف طريقة غرس الأشجار الباقية أو تربية المواشي وإعدادها للطعام القانوني. من فلاحنا يعرف طريقة غرس الأشجار الباقية أو تربية المواشي وإعدادها للطعام القانوني. من فلاحنا يعرف طريقة غرس الأشجار الباقية أو تربية المواشي وإعدادها للطعام القانوني. من فلاحنا يعرف طريقة غرس الأشجار الباقية أو تربية المواشي وإعدادها للطعام القانوني. من فلاحنا يعرف طريقة غرس الأشجار الباقية أو تربية المواشي وإعدادها للطعام القانوني. من فلاحنا يعرف طريقة غرس الأشجار الباقية أو تربية المواشي وإعدادها للطعام القانوني. من فلاحنا يعرف طريقة غرس الأشجار الباقية أو تربية المواشي وإعدادها للطعام القانوني. من فلاحنا يعرف طريقة غرس الأشجار الباقية أو تربية المواشي وإعدادها للطعام القانوني. من فلاحنا يعرف طريقة غرس الأشجار الباقية أو تربية المواشي وإعدادها للطعام القانوني. من فلاحنا يعرف طريقة غرس الأشجار الباقية أو تربية المواشي وإعدادها للطعام القانوني. من فلاحنا يعرف طريقة غرس الأشجار الباقية أو تربية المواشي وإعدادها للطعام القانوني. من فلاحنا يعرف طريقة غرس الأشجار الباقية أو تربية المواشي وإعدادها للطعام القانوني. من فلاحنا يعرف طريقة غرس الأشجار الباقية أو تربية المواشي وإعدادها للطعام القانوني. من فلاحنا يعرف طريقة غرس الأشجار الباقية أو تربية المواشي وإعدادها للطعام القانوني. من فلاحنا يعرف طريقة غرس الأشجار الباقية أو تربية المواشي وإعدادها للطعام القانوني. من فلاحنا يعرف طريقة غرس الأشجار الباقية أو تربية المواشي وإعدادها للطعام القانوني. من فلاحنا يعرف طريقة غرس الأشجار الباقية أو تربية المواشي وإعدادها للطعام القانوني. من فلاحنا يعرف طريقة غرس الأشجار الباقية أو تربية المواشي وإعدادها للطعام القانوني. من فلاحنا يعرف طريقة غرس الأشجار الباقية أو تربية المواشي وإعدادها للطعام القانوني. من فلاحنا يعرف طريقة غرس الأشجار الباقية أو تربية المواشي وإعدادها للطعام القانوني. من فلاحنا يعرف طريقة غرس الأشجار الباقية أو تربية المواشي وإعدادها للطعام القانوني. من فلاحنا يعرف طريقة غرس الأشجار الباقية أو تربية المواشي وإعدادها للطعام القانوني. من فلاحنا يعرف طريقة غرس الأشجار الباقية أو تربية المواشي وإعدادها للطعام القانوني. من فلاحنا يعرف طريقة غرس الأشجار الباقية أو تربية المواشي وإعدادها للطعام القانوني. من فلاحنا يعرف طريقة غرس الأشجار الباقية أو تربية المواشي وإعدادها للطعام القانوني. من فلاحنا يعرف طريقة غرس الأشجار الباقية أو تربية المواشي وإعدادها للطعام القانوني. من فلاحنا يعرف طريقة غرس الأشجار الباقية أو تربية المواشي وإعدادها للطعام القانوني. من فلاحنا يعرف طريقة غرس الأشجار الباقية أو تربية المواشي وإعدادها للطعام القانوني. من فلاحنا يعرف طريقة غرس الأشجار الباقية أو تربية المواشي وإعدادها للطعام القانوني. من فلاحنا يعرف طريقة غرس الأشجار الباقية أو تربية المواشي وإعدادها للطعام القانوني. من فلاحنا يعرف طريقة غرس الأشجار الباقية أو تربية المواشي وإعدادها للطعام القانوني. من فلاحنا يعرف طريقة غرس الأشجار الباقية أو تربية المواشي وإعدادها للطعام القانوني. من فلاحنا يعرف طريقة غرس الأشجار الباقية أو تربية المواشي وإعدادها للطعام القانوني. من فلاحنا يعرف طريقة غرس الأشجار الباقية أو تربية المواشي وإعدادها للطعام القانوني. من فلاحنا يعرف طريقة غرس الأشجار الباقية أو تربية المواشي وإعدادها للطعام القانوني. من فلاحنا يعرف طريقة غرس الأشجار الباقية أو تربية المواشي وإعدادها للطعام القانوني. من فلاحنا يعرف طريقة غرس الأشجار الباقية أو تربية المواشي وإعدادها للطعام القانوني. من فلاحنا يعرف طريقة غرس الأشجار الباقية أو تربية المواشي وإعدادها للطعام القانوني. من فلاحنا يعرف طريقة غرس الأشجار الباقية أو تربية المواشي وإعدادها للطعام القانوني. من فلاحنا يعرف طريقة غرس الأشجار الباقية أو تربية المواشي وإعدادها للطعام القانوني. من فلاحنا يعرف طريقة غرس الأشجار الباقية أو تربية المواشي وإعدادها للطعام القانوني. من فلاحنا يعرف طريقة غرس الأشجار الباقية أو تربية المواشي وإعدادها للطعام القانوني. من فلاحنا يعرف طريقة غرس الأشجار الباقية أو تربية المواشي وإعدادها للطعام القانوني. من فلاحنا يعرف طريقة غرس الأشجار الباقية أو تربية المواشي وإعدادها للطعام القانوني. من فلاحنا يعرف طريقة غرس الأشجار الباقية أو تربية المواشي وإعدادها للطعام القانوني. من فلاحنا يعرف طريقة غرس الأشجار الباقية أو تربية المواشي وإعدادها للطعام القانوني. من فلاحنا يعرف طريقة غرس الأشجار الباقية أو تربية المواشي وإعدادها للطعام القانوني. من فلاحنا يعرف طريقة غرس الأشجار الباقية أو تربية المواشي وإعدادها للطعام القانوني. من فلاحنا يعرف طريقة غرس الأشجار الباقية أو تربية المواشي وإعدادها للطعام القانوني. من فلاحنا يعرف طريقة غرس الأشجار الباقية أو تربية المواشي وإعدادها للطعام القانوني. من فلاحنا يعرف طريقة غرس الأشجار الباقية أو تربية المواشي وإعدادها للطعام القانوني. من فلاحنا يعرف طريقة غرس الأشجار الباقية أو تربية المواشي وإعدادها للطعام القانوني. من فلاحنا يعرف طريقة غرس الأشجار الباقية أو تربية المواشي وإعدادها للطعام القانوني. من فلاحنا يعرف طريقة غرس الأشجار الباقية أو تربية المواشي وإعدادها للطعام القانوني. من فلاحنا يعرف طريقة غرس الأشجار الباقية أو تربية المواشي وإعدادها للطعام القانوني. من فلاحنا يعرف طريقة غرس الأشجار الباقية أو تربية المواشي وإعدادها للطعام القانوني. من فلاحنا يعرف طريقة غرس الأشجار الباقية أو تربية المواشي وإعدادها للطعام القانوني. من فلاحنا يعرف طريقة غرس الأشجار الباقية أو ترب
طُلِحَت صحف بغداد عاصمة العراق يوم السبت المصادف 3 حزيران 1945
باجهة التاريخ الذي تلقته إمارات والأمر ونافحته الألسن على خلافتها ورضخت له قلوب الشعوب العراقية ولا سيما طالب كلية بغداد بنجح صاحب السمو الملكي وول
الإهاد عباد الله العظم دكورة شرف بالقانون من جامعة جورج تاون أقدم
واكبر جامعة في أمريكا بإدارة الآباء البيسوين الأمريكيين الذين يدير handlingad كلية
بجداد في العراق فكان تسجيل بغداد الفخر والمجد ما نالت هذه الجامعة الكبرى من
شرف بانغ وما تائها كلية بغداد اتحاد مؤسسات الآباء البيسوين في بغداد من
بجد أهل.

واطن — منح صاحب السمو الملكي الراوي المعظم
درجة شرف لدكورة بالقانون عند زيارته جامعة جورج
تاون وعند زيارته جامعي جورج تاون رحب بموه رئيس
الجامعة غويمران وقد قرر وثيقة منج درجة الشرف باللغة
العربية الاستاذ الاب رشيد مكارتي وهو استاذ في كلية
بجداد يقضي الآن اجازته في الولايات المتحدة وقد جاء
في هذه الوثيقة — لقد عرفت الحكومة الأمريكية والشعب
الأمريكي العراق دات التاريخ القديم المجيد صديقا
سمحا ودائما منذ إعادة تأسيس مملكة التاريخية كدوله
ذات سادة ومند دخلته إلى حضرة الأمم المتحدة وقد
تزعزعت روابط التعاون الدولي بين الشعبين العراقي
والأمريكي إلى حد بعد تماس كلية أمريكية في بغداد
بدارة وإشراف البيسوين الأمريكيين تلك الكلية التي
كرست جهودها لدعم الشباب العراقي للانضلاع
بموازاة البلدان العداء ويسر جامعته جورج تاون
الواقعة على ضفاف بوتوكون ان تمتع معاوضة الثقافة على
ضفاف دجلة منذ 1930 وهى تذكير للفترة والتاريخ
السياسي الذي اظهرت حكومة العراق في اثناء الاحتفالات
التي جرت لتحقيق هذا الحدث المدهش وانا كل الشرف
مع كلية بغداد ان ترحيب في حضرة هذه الجامعة بحضور
ثقة عهدت بها الان ومن صاحب هذه الجامعة — يحمي
صاحب السمو الملكي أمير عبدلالة للمملكة العراقية ذلك
الامير الذي اقدم بها الشخصية وكفاءاته الإدارية
فكان اهلا للمنصب السامي الذي شغله الان والذي

برنارد روز بيونسي
الطالب في الصف الخامس الأعدادي
العراقي

النشرة السنوية الكبيرة بغداد
1945

يصدرها الصف الخامس المنتهي
كلية الفنون بجامعة "العراق"
العري
1940

طبعية الحكومة - بغداد