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Baghdad College Yearbook

1948

El Iraqi 1948

Baghdad College, Baghdad, Iraq

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EL IRAQI

PUBLISHED BY
THE SENIOR CLASS

BAGHDAD COLLEGE
BAGHDAD, IRAQ

NINETEEN HUNDRED FORTY-EIGHT
Dedication

Written indelibly in the history of Baghdad College is the name of Father Madaras. In 1932, with the late Bishop Rice, he laid the foundations of our school, and for the past sixteen years has labored with extraordinary zeal to fulfill its purpose, An Iraqi School For Iraqi Boys. A pioneer in every sense of the word, he emphasized the highest possible ideals for the development of youth, and it is significant of his determination and character that those ideals today are a reality. His long years of service as teacher and administrator are well known to all Baghdad College men, but the endless hours of hidden toil for the spiritual, scholastic, and temporal welfare of the student body are known to God alone. With sentiments of profound respect and sincere admiration the Class of Nineteen Hundred and Forty-eight dedicates this issue of El Iraqi to our present Rector and Leader,

Very Reverend Edward F. Madaras, S. J.
VERY REVEREND EDWARD F. MADARAS, S. J.
Administration Building

BISHOP RICE MEMORIAL

SCIENCE BUILDING AT

BAGHDAD COLLEGE

Proposed Bishop Rice Memorial
FACULTY
VERY REVEREND EDWARD F. MADARAS, S. J.
President
REV. MICHAEL J. McCARTHY, S. J.
Vice-President

REV. JOSEPH D. QUINN, S. J.
Assistant Principal

REV. CHARLES W. MAHAN, S. J.
Prefect of Boarding School

DR. ROMEO DE SOUZA
School Physician
SENIOR CLASS PROFESSORS

Rev. Joseph P. Merrick, S.J.
Mathematics, Religion

Rev. Leo J. Guay, S.J.
Chemistry

Rev. Stanislaus T. Gerry, S.J.
Biology

Rev. John J. McGrath, S.J.
Physics

Mr. Mahmud Ibrahim
Arabic

Rev. John P. Banks, S.J.
English
Mr. George Georges

Mr. Hanna George

[Group Photo]
PATRONS

SAYID NAJIB AL-RAWI
SAYID ABDUL-HADI CHELIBI
SAYID TAWFIQ WAHBI
Dr. SHAWKAT AL-ZAHAWI
SAYID HAZIM SHEMDIN
Dr. HASHIM AL-WUTRI
SAYID AHMAD JAMAL AL-DIN AL-GAILANI
SAYID HUSAIN AL-NAQIB
SAYID HISAM AL-JUMA
SAYID JAFAR AL-HAMANDI
SAYID AHMAD AL-RAWI
Dr. SHARIF ASIRAN
SAYID NURI FETTAH
SHAikh ABDUL-AMIR AL-SHAKAN
SAYID MATTI AL-JAZRAWI
SAYID KAMIL AL-KHUDAIRI
SAYID IBRAHIM MAJID
Dr. JALAL AL-AZZAWI
Dr. KRIKOR ASTARJIAN
Dr. ALI GHALIB
Dr. GEORGE HIKARI
SAYID ABDULAHAD NEMO
SAYID ALBERT NENNIS
SAYID JACOB GABRIEL
SAYID KHALID AL-URFALI
SAYID SALIH IBARHIM
SAYID FATTUHI MURAD
SAYID NADHIM AL-HAIDERI
1943  1948

SENIOR CLASS
ABDULLAH KHALAF AL-ZUBAIDI

Activities
Scientific Society 5; Debating Society 5; Intramural Sports.

ADOLF BAHJAT FARAJ

Activities
Sodality 3, 4; Athletic Representative 5; Sanctuary Society 1, 2, 3, 4, 5; Debating Society 4, 5; Elocution Contest 4; Intramural Sports.

AKRAM ZAKI SHASHA

Activities
Sacred Heart League 5; Sanctuary Society 1, 2, 3, 4, 5; Debating Society 4, 5; Dramatic Society 4; EL IRAQI Staff 5; Handball Championship 4; Intramural Sports.

ALADDIN SALIM AL-Bahraini

Activities
Debating Society 4, Vice-President 5; Scientific Society 5; EL IRAQI Staff 5; Intramural Sports.
AMJAD EPHREM COTTA
Activities
Sodality 1, 5; Scientific Society 4, 5; Intramural Sports.

ANTWAN AWADIS APEKIAN
Activities
Sodality 4, 5; Debating Society 5; Varsity Basketball Team 4, 5; Varsity Track Team 2, 3, 4, 5; Intramural Sports.

ARTHUR KRIKOR KARAYAN
Activities
Scientific Society 1, 5; Dramatic Society 1; Debating Society 5; Library Staff; Intramural Sports.

BERJ OHANNEs TCHOBANIAN
Activities
Debating Society 4, 5; Scientific Society 5; EL IRAQI Staff 4, 5; Intramural Sports.
CARL GEORGE CONWAY

Activities
Sodality 4, 5; EL IRAQI Staff 4, 5; Debating Society 4, 5; Elocution Contest 3, 4, 5; Varsity Basketball Team 3, 4, 5; Intramural Sports.

CLOVIS AZIZ BUTROS

Activities
Debating Society 5; Intramural Sports.

EDMOND CAETANO SILVEIRA

Activities
Debating Society 4, Secretary 5; Scientific Society 5; Elocution Contest 2, 3.

FAIQ MIKHAIL AUDU

Activities
Sacred Heart League 4, 5; Debating Society 5; Intramural Sports.
FARID YUSUF OUEI

Activities
Sodality 3, 4, 5: Intramural Sports.

FARUQ NURI FATTAH

Activities
FL. IRAQI Staff 5: Intramural Sports.

FRANK SALIM THOMAS

Activities
Sacred Heart League 1, 2, 3: Varsity Basketball Team
3, 4, 1: Boxing Team 5: Intramural Sports.

GEORGE NAUM AZZU

Activities
Sacred Heart League 1, President 5: Varsity Track Team
2, 3, 4, 5: Varsity Football Team 3, 4, 5: Boxing Team 5: Intramural Sports.
HAGOP DAUD NAZARIAN
Activities
Scientific Society 5; Debating Society 4, 5; Library Staff; Varsity Football Team 5; Intramural Sports.

HIKMAT MATTI AL-JAZRAWI
Activities
Sanctuary Society 1, 2, 3, 4, 5; Intramural Sports.

JAMAL LEON BUSHARA
Activities
Sodality 3, 4, President 5; Debating Society 4, 5; Dramatic Society 4, 5; EL IRAQI Staff 4, 5; Intramural Sports.

JIRAIR STEPHEN HOVANIAN
Activities
Scientific Society 5; Debating Society 5; EL IRAQI Staff 5; Varsity Track Team 4, 5; Intramural Sports.
JOHN ABDULLAH FARJO

Activities
Debating Society 5: Intramural Sports

JOSEPH JIBRAN MELCON

Activities
Sodality 3, 4, 5: Intramural Sports.

JOSEPH RAFFULI HANNA SHAIKH

Activities
Sodality 4, 5: Sanctuary Society 1, 2, 3, 4, 5: Intramural Sports.

LUAY IZZEDDIN SHARIF

Activities
Tennis Finals 4, 5: Intramural Sports.
MANUEL JOSEPH BAITAH
Activities
Sodality 5; Sacred Heart League 5; Scientific Society 5;
Varsity Football Team 5; Boxing Team 5; Intramural Sports.

MASSIS ISAAC YETERIAN
Activities
Scientific Society 4, 5; Debating Society 4, President 5;
EL IRAQI Staff 5; Varsity Track Team 4; Intramural Sports.

MAURICE LEON CORLANDI
Activities
Debating Society 4, 5; Varsity Basketball Team 3, 4, 5;
Intramural Sports.

MAXIME JABBURI THOMAS
Activities
Sodality 3, 4; Master of Candidates 5; Sanctuary Society
1, 2, 3, 4, 5; Debating Society 4, 5; Scientific Society 3, 4;
President 5; Elocution Contest 4; Intramural Sports.
NAZAR HAZIM SHEMDIN

Activities
Debating Society 5; Photography Contest Winner 5; Intramural Sports.

NOEL JOHN MACHAK

Activities
Debating Society 5; Library Staff; Intramural Sports.

NUBAR KRICKOR ASTARJIAN

Activities
Scientific Society 1, Executive Secretary 5; Debating Society 1, 5; Library Staff; Intramural Sports.

NURI AWAKIM ANTUN

Activities
Scientific Society 5; Debating Society 5; Intramural Sports.
NURI ANTUN ELIAS  
*Activities*  
Sacred Heart League 5; Intramural Sports.

PERCY CYRIL LYNSDALE  
*Activities*  
Sanctuary Society 2, 3, 4, 5; Varsity Football Team 2, 3, 4, Captain 5; Intramural Sports.

RAMZI YUSUF HERMES  
*Activities*  
Sodality 3, 4, Secretary 5; Scientific Society 4, 5; Debating Society 4, 5; EL IRAQI Staff 5; Dramatic Society 4, 5; Elocution Contest 3, 4, 5; Varsity Track Team 4, 5; Handball Championship 3, 4; Intramural Sports.

RAYMOND NAJIB SHAKURI  
*Activities*  
Library Staff, Intramural Sports.
RUHI MIKHAEL TESSY
Activities
Intramural Sports.

SAMI SERKIS BAKOSE
Activities
Sanctuary Society 1, 2, 3, 4, 5; Varsity Track Team 1, 2, 3, 4, 5; Intramural Sports.

SARGON IVAN RUSTAM
Activities
Scientific Society 1, 5; Debating Society 1, 5; Varsity Football Team 5; Intramural Sports.

SHAWKAL HANNA KILLU
Activities
Varsity Track Team 1, 2, 3, 4, 5; Varsity Basketball Team 2, 3, 4, 5.
SIMON OHANNES OHANNESSIAN

Activities
Scientific Society 4; Recording Secretary 5; Debating Society 4, 5; Elocution Contest 2, 3; Dramatic Society 4; Intramural Sports.

VARKIS NASIF DARZI

Activities
Sodality 4, 5; Sanctuary Society 1, 2, 3, 4, 5; Sacred Heart League 4; Secretary 5; Scientific Society 4, Treasurer 5; Debating Society 4, 5; Library Staff; Intramural Sports.

VIVIAN MUSA JULES

Activities
Library Staff; Intramural Sports.

WILLIAM KAMIL GEORGE

Activities
Varsity Track Team 1, 2, 3, 4, 5; Varsity Basketball Team 5; Intramural Sports.
YUSUF ISMAIL IBRAHIM
Activities
Varsity Football Team 3, 4, 5; Tennis Finals 4; Intramural Sports.

ZUHAIR GEORGE HIKARI
Activities
Dramatic Society 4; Debating Society 5; Library Staff; Intramural Sports.

Baghdad College Graduation
UNDERGRADUATES


ATHLETIC FIELD
FACULTY RESIDENCE


ACTIVITIES
The Apostleship of Prayer, in League with the Sacred Heart, is a world-wide organization, and the members of the Baghdad College group have always played an active part in this devotion. The weekly meetings were held each Monday, and Father MacNeil, our Moderator, helped us to arrange a devotional program for each occasion. Several interesting talks on the Sacred Heart, the Twelve Promises, the Monthly Intention, and related subjects have been presented by our Moderator and by the members of the group. A part of our regular program is the First Friday Mass celebrated each month in Saint Joseph's Church, to enable others in the school to have a share in this apostolic work. Among our relatives and friends nearly three hundred families have been consecrated to the Sacred Heart. Each member is a Promoter in the League and by his fidelity to the ideals of this devotion he endeavors to improve his own religious life and to influence others by his good example.

OFFICERS
Moderator ............ Rev. Sidney M. MacNeil, S.J.
President ............. George Azzu
Vice-President ........ Varkis Darzi

SENIOR CLASS PROMOTERS
Faiq Audu Akram Shasha
Nuri Elias Manuel Battah
Under the direction of Father Guay, our Moderator, the Scientific Society met each Wednesday during the school year. Lectures were delivered by members of the science faculty and by students, and one meeting each month was devoted to the discussion of business affairs. Guest speakers on our program this year included Mr. Naji al-Asil, Mr. Sheet Namaan, Mr. Constantine Halkias, and Mr. Fadhil al-Tai. Our activities included the successful Weather Observation Station, the study and mapping of sun spots, geological collections, and surveying. During the year the members of the Society enjoyed several holiday picnics, in which we combined recreation and our scientific studies. A small bulletin issued at regular intervals informed the student body of our work and progress. To Father Guay the members extend their heartfelt thanks for his direction and supervision of our scientific work, and for his friendly cooperation.

OFFICERS

Moderator ............... Rev. Leo J. Guay, S.J.
President ................. Maxime Thomas
Vice-President ........... Jacques Bazzui
Treasurer ................. Varkis Darzi
Recording Secretary ...... Simon Ohannessian
Executive Secretary ...... Nubar Astarjian
The Sodality of Our Lady continues to be one of the most active organizations of our school. During our regular meetings on each Tuesday we recited the Office of the Blessed Virgin Mary, studied the rules of the Sodality, and frequently heard an inspiring talk by our Moderator or one of the Sodalists. At Christmas and Easter we personally visited many poor people and gave them money and clothing which had been collected from the various classes during the year. The weekly Mission Collection, under our direction, was very successful this year and we were able to donate a substantial amount for mission work. Our outside activities included the Boy Saints Day academy in November at which many of the speakers were Sodalists, the monthly Sodality Mass at the different Churches in Baghdad, and the annual Baghdad College May Day. We extend our sincere thanks to Father Sarjeant, our Moderator, for his inspiring direction and generous assistance in all our Sodality work.

OFFICERS

Moderator ............ Rev. Francis B. Sarjeant, SJ.
President ............ Jamal Bushara
Secretary ............. Ramzi Hermes
Treasurer ............. Jacques Bazzui
Instructor of Candidates .. Maxime Thomas
Athletic Representative .. Adolf Faraj
Sanctuary Society

The Chapel

May Shine
THE BOARDING SCHOOL

Our boarding section is now ten years old. Like all youngsters of ten, it clamors constantly for attention which, happily, the Fathers bestow on it with devoted labors from early morning until far into the night.

The boarding section is the boarding students’ home. Indeed, two hundred and one boys have cherished it as their home since the September evening in 1938, when Father Shea, the first director, welcomed the first group of twenty-three boarders to the old Baghdad College building on the banks of the Tigris. In the fall of 1939, the boarders moved to the new residence which had been built to house both Fathers and boarders. The following year, Father Armitage succeeded Father Shea as director. Then, in 1941, Father Mahan was appointed to the position which he has since retained except for the year that Father McCarthy replaced him in order that he might enjoy a well-merited vacation.

Boarding applicants increased rapidly, the original group of twenty-three growing to a peak enrolment of seventy in 1944. Our boarding facilities, unfortunately, were never able to keep pace with the expanding enrolment with the result that many applicants could not be accepted. An attempt to solve the problem was made in 1942 when the boarders were divided into junior and senior sections with a nearby residence leased for the accommodation of the senior boarders under the successive managements of Father Sheehan, Father Sullivan, and Father MacNeil. The seniors profited from this arrangement by finding a freedom and fellowship which could not be enjoyed when they shared the residence of the younger boarders. The senior boarders rejoiced to exchange dormitory life for more commodious living in the semi-private rooms of their new dwelling. Despite the division into junior and senior sections and the lease of a new residence, the problem of providing place for all applicants was never solved; the boarding section still suffers from growing pains.

It is the boarding section which makes Baghdad College so thoroughly an Iraqi school for Iraqi boys. The day boys imprint an indelible Iraqi character on Baghdad College, but, in the very nature of things, they breathe into the school the spirit of Iraq as it belongs to Baghdad whence the day boys come. The boarding students of Baghdad College reflect the very soul of Iraq. Boarders gather from all corners of the land, from Mosul, Faish-Khabur and Basra, Muhawil and Kirkuk, from the desert reaches beyond Hai and Diwanaya to the rugged mountain slopes of Sulaimaniya and Halebija. Sons of sheikhs and doctors, of merchants and carpenters, they live together for five years the common life which is the lot of a boarding student. They contribute their regional virtues to the school, and with gain to their character they learn to suppress their differences in order to pursue their countless common interests and to live harmoniously as one family with understanding and esteem of their comrades. Joys and sorrows are shared alike. Companionship ripens into fast friendships that endure through life. They even find a more broadening influence in contacts with fellow-boarders who in the course of ten years have come to the boarding section from Egypt, Transjordan, Palestine, Syria, Kuweit, and Iran.

The boarder’s life is set to an order that tends to develop the powers of his body, mind, and will. For the Christian boarder, the day begins with Mass, and for all there are regular periods of study that are supervised by the Jesuit Fathers. During the times of recreation, all sports are supervised by the Fathers, and ample playing-fields are available for getting invigorating exercise. There is always zest for spur-of-the-moment games from table-tennis to tawli. Boarders will never easily forget the Saturday night soirees with their wonderful varieties of parlor games and prizes for the winners. Great stress is placed on the use of leisure time. Fathers are always present to encourage the boarders to employ their leisure time profitably by taking an active interest in dramatics, debating, drawing, photography, music, sodality, scientific society, the school library. Certainly, one of the most satisfying thoughts for parents is the intimate concern of the Fathers for the welfare of their boys.
Boarding Students

Study

Recreation
Although membership in the Debating Society is restricted to students in Fourth and Fifth Years, yet it is the largest group in our school. This year we welcomed our new Moderator, Father Devenny, and the splendid success of our activities is due largely to his guidance and instruction. Bi-weekly debates were held in the Library Reading Room and were attended by many of the students and faculty members. A variety of interesting and appropriate topics, chosen from our school life and subjects of general interest, were debated in both English and Arabic. They were warmly contested and it was always the conclusion of the audience that excellent speakers are developing at our school. Our organization aims to develop our natural speaking powers, to train the members in logical argumentation, and at the same time to broaden our outlook on all questions of a debatable nature. The enthusiasm of the students of Baghdad College for this activity augurs well for the continued success of the Debating Society.

CHRYSTOSOM DEBATING SOCIETY

OFFICERS
Moderator . . . . . . . . . . . Rev. John A. Devenny, S.J.
President . . . . . . . . . . . Massis Yeterian
Vice-President . . . . . . . . Aladdin Bahrani
Secretary . . . . . . . . . . . Edmond Silveira
Sergeant at Arms . . . . . . . Salim Saisi
The EL IRAQI staff spent considerable time during the school year to prepare our annual yearbook. The Associate Editors and Art Editors have worked faithfully with Father Mulvehill to gather the pictures and written material for the book, while the Business Editors, under the direction of Father Kelly, have given generously of their time to obtain advertisements from our many friends. To those business men and professional men of Iraq who assisted us by their advertisements we offer our sincere thanks. We are grateful also to the Patrons of our book; to the Administrators and Faculty members of Baghdad College for their encouragement and advice; to Mr. Bechir Khudhary, who supervised the Arabic section; to Father James Larkin, who photographed many of the groups appearing in the book; and to the students of Baghdad College, who showed their interest in our work by their participation in the EL IRAQI Literary Contest.

STAFF MEMBERS
Faculty Moderators
Rev. Thomas B. Mulvehill, S. J.
Rev. Thomas J. Kelly, S. J.

Associate Editors
Jamal Bushara
Aladdin Bahran
Ramzi Hermes
Massis Yeterian
Munir Ibrahim

Business Managers
Jirair Hovnanian
Faruq Fattah
Akram Shasha
Sami Skender

Art Editors
Berj Tchobanian
Carl Conway
Patrick Roy
SPORTS IN REVIEW

BASKETBALL

Two teams carried the colors of Gold and Maroon on the basketball courts of Baghdad this season. For the first time in our short history, Baghdad College was represented by a Junior Varsity as well as by a Varsity quintet. The former was composed of boys in the intermediate section of the school, while the latter was made up of students in the preparatory section. Such was the division stipulated by the regulations issued for the Government Tournaments.

After some weeks of intensive practice under the direction of Fr. Sullivan, the Varsity appeared for its first game, decked out in their new uniforms, with the attractive Kaf Ba insignia to replace the gold B.C. of former years. Our opponents were the Young Men’s Moslem Association, and they furnished stiff opposition for our first encounter. One basket prevented us from starting the season with a victory, the final score being 32-33. Next came the game with the Royal Military College, a powerful team which boasted a dazzling collection of former Secondary School stars. Our forwards, Maurice and Paul, were dropping the ball through the net from all angles, and the lead moved back and forth throughout a very fast game. Our drive to victory, however, was cut short by the final whistle, and we lost by a 64-66 score.

Our first triumph was gained at the expense of Adhamiya School in a game which saw some sparkling play by our entire team. After spotting our opponents an 11 point lead, we put on the pressure till we drew up even with them and then spurted ahead. Once out in front, we never relinquished the lead, and the game ended 35-26 in our favor. An easy win over Technical School brought us to the Markaziya game in the Government Tournament. Our team couldn’t seem to get started in this contest, and none of our players was up to his usual form. It was definitely an off-day for B.C., and we lost 33-44.

The team speedily recovered, however, and proceeded to win the next three. The King’s Guard fell 26-19; Tuffayadh lost 45-27; and Adhamiya was defeated a second time, 47-30. After a vacation lay-off we met Karkh on the Markaziya court, and at half-time it was still anybody’s game. The B.C. team struggled valiantly but the breaks were not coming our way, and we suffered defeat to the tune of 23-33.

Disappointed but not overwhelmed, the team bounced back to win two more victories. The first of these was over the team of the Royal Sporting Club, 46-45, and the other was a second win over the King’s Guard, 65-41. At the present writing, with future games yet to be played, the Varsity’s record stands at 7 victories out of 11 starts.

It was the squad as a whole, rather than any individual player, that brought these victories to B.C. Teamwork was what Fr. Sullivan insisted on, and the players strove to perfect themselves in this as the season wore on. Some mention, however, must be made of the individuals whose efforts enabled the team to function smoothly as a unit. The spectacular shooting of Maurice and Paul, and their clever ball-handling was a joy to watch. Maurice was a constant threat on distance shots, and Paul’s speed and shiftiness baffled more than one opposing guard. Kanan contributed his share of points in bagging rebounds, and yet it was on defence that he particularly shone. Although a newcomer to the squad, he improved rapidly as game followed game. He would shift to center when Maurice moved up to the forward position, but when he dropped back to guard, he was our defensive tower of strength. Shawkat and Albert
worked well together as guards and broke up many of the opposition's scoring plays. Of the substitutes, Carl played brilliantly at forward and was usually deadly under the basket; Joseph speeded up plays from the center position; and while Antwan, Hagop, and Clement did not see a great deal of action during the season, they were always ready to fill the gap when needed.

The present Varsity has already established itself as a worthy successor of the great B.C. basketball teams of the past. When the season ends it will bring to a close the Baghdad College careers of Maurice, Shawkat, and Antwan. We take this opportunity to congratulate them on the excellence of their cooperative spirit and their sportsmanlike conduct on the court will remain behind them as a happy memory and as an inspiration to future wearers of the Gold and Maroon.

In considering the record of the Junior Varsity, it should be remembered that the players who won places on this squad had never played together before as a team. The experience they gained this year in their introduction to outside competition is an invaluable asset, which should bear fruit in the years ahead. In their first encounter, which was a Government Tournament game, the Junior Varsity lost the contest. However, in the bracket of defeated teams, they made up in ability and in enthusiasm for what they lacked in experience, and won overwhelming victories in games with Adhamiya, King Feisal, and Sharkiya. Then came the Rusafa game which was lost by the surprisingly low score of 17-18, by the same B.C. team that had been collecting 50 to 60 points in the previous three encounters. Our scoring combination of Yaqub, Edmond, and Mahdi worked together as a unit and scored often.

To the above three players and to the regular guards, William and Edward, as well as to the substitutes Faiq, Edward Qasirat, Munim, and Zuharab, full credit must be given for the gallant efforts they made to carry the Gold and Maroon to victory. Their gentlemanly conduct on the court and their unconquerable spirit brought honor to their Alma Mater and set a tradition for future Junior Varsity teams to follow.

Intamural basketball has provided plenty of thrills and excitement during the noon recreation periods. A special league was inaugurated this year for First High, and the experiment has proved a tremendous success. Keen rivalry developed between the six First High classes, and the brick court was the scene of many a hard-fought battle. Already a number of potential stars have appeared from these games and the members of the Varsity who generously undertook the burden of refereeing are confident that there is an abundance of material to provide powerful B.C. teams in the years to come. The class of 1 B won the first round, and at the present writing the classes of 1 E and 1 F, coached by Fathers Mahoney and Hussey respectively, are tied for first honors at the end of the second round. After a playoff between these two classes, the winner will meet 1 B to determine the First High champions.

The games of the «major» league were played on the big court. Here, too, there was great rivalry and enthusiasm, and the skies of Sulaikh were pierced each noon by the shouts and cheers of the eager followers of the various teams. Many a victory was won by the slender margin of a single point, and some games were not decided till the closing seconds of play. The team of 4 A won the first round, but were hard pressed by both 5 B and the Third Year team. A decided improvement is evident in the games of the second round, and interest in the outcome of each game is at a high pitch. Once again 4 A is out in front, but the players of this team know that they will have all they can do to come out on top. Each quintet is battling might and main to win the attractive medals which are offered as symbols of the Baghdad College championship in basketball. With such close competition, great games are bound to result, and we offer now sincere congratulations to the ultimate winner.

**TRACK**

The day was March 18, 1948. The place? Scouts' Field, Baghdad. The occasion? The annual Intramural Track Meet of Baghdad College. In
the presence of the faculty, student body, parents and relatives, and Government Athletic Officials, the track stars of the school put on an exhibition worthy of their predecessors. For more than a month the boys had been preparing under the guidance of Father MacNeil and all were in the best of trim for the meet.

The first event began at nine o'clock and from that moment until the last race there were thrills galore and the applause of the fans was heard time and again as the boys went through their paces. Competition was much stiffer than in previous years and one of the surprises of the day was the showing made by First High. This class, the largest ever to enter Baghdad College, showed great possibilities and the boys in the upper classes are already worried by these new athletes.

Assisting Fr. MacNeil in officiating were Frs. Sullivan, Mahan, Hussey, Loeffler, Kelly, Mahoney, Nash, Gerry, and Banks. Edward Tumina, a Baghdad College graduate, generously donated his services and took charge of the shot-put, javelin, and discus events. As the meet drew to a close the boys gathered around for the presentation of medals by Father Connell. Not every boy could gain a medal but they all deserved the highest praise for the fine show they put on. The coveted Baghdad College Cup went to Third Year and will remain in their possession until the next annual meet. Percy Lynsdale of Fifth High established the only new school record. Taking the high jump at 5 feet, 6 1/2 inches he set a new mark for the future track men of B.C. to emulate.

All in all it was an enjoyable day and the boys as well as the spectators were in a happy mood. It is impossible to enumerate all who shone in the meet so we shall have to content us to name the event and the winner. It goes without saying that many of these events were close and more than one was a photo finish. The Gold and Maroon looks forward to the government Track Meet and hopes to retain the cup which was won by our athletes last year. Following is the program and winners in our Intramural Track Meet:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Events</th>
<th>Class</th>
<th>Winner</th>
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<tr>
<td>Low Hurdles</td>
<td>A</td>
<td>Patrick Roy</td>
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BASEBALL

With such an exciting, thrill-packed baseball season as the 1947-48 one to look at in retrospect, selecting the thrill of thrills, and singling out shining stars is not easy. Three major baseball events characterized the season: the Intra-Class League and Medal Series, the First Year League, and the Faculty vs. Students Game.

INTRA-CLASS LEAGUE

Early in October the call for candidates for the class teams was sounded. Practice sessions in available portions of the vast athletic field took place that first week under the organising eyes of the appointed co-captains and of the Faculty Moderators and Coaches, Fr. Nash and Fr. Mahoney.

Percy Lynsdale and Jirair Hovnanian, after looking over their material, predicted, «Victory for Fifth!». Vahé Melconian and Adnan Rajib viewed their veteran team, and, when queried about medals, slyly alluded to 'last year's winner's' and smugly smiled, «4th Year». In 3rd Year, Amjad Tuma and Faiq Saigh did not go out on a predicting-limb, but they were ever hopeful and worked hard with the boys of Third. «This is the year for Second», boldly asserted Mahdi al-Abadi and Najib Abbu, injecting a spirit of confidence into their charges. «We are to be reckoned with,» was the baseball war-cry voiced by the First Year players led by Ara Sahakian and Rafiq Qazzaz.

The first round got off to a fast start on October 13th. Fifth and Fourth inaugurated the season in a game packed with thrills. It was a pitchers-battle between Maxime Thomas and Bruno Kiuru. It was a sluggers duel between Vahé and Percy. It was a fielding-fray between both teams. It was all this and more, until the ringing of the assembly bell decided the game in favor of Fourth.

4th Year remained undefeated throughout the first round, and the smiles of satisfaction grew wider. 5th Year, with but one defeat, was runner-up to 4th. Second proved stronger than Third where the spirit ran high. 1st Year now claimed, «We are to be reckoned with in the second round».

Noon after noon the student body strained the ropes that held them back from excitedly entering the play themselves. The Fathers would leave their lunch table to hurry over to the baseball field, allowing themselves plenty of time to watch and cheer the closing minutes of play. The ringing of the school bell at 1:20 brought a cheer and a flush of victory to one side; and a defeat, but a determination to win next time to the other side.

In the second round that took the greater part of November to play, 5th Year was never headed. The competition was keener than ever. The improved playing of 5th's Joseph Raffuli, Jirair Hovnanian, Nazar Shemdin, and the return of Adolf Faraj to the lineup gave them the balance of power. Third, sparked by Victor Sulaiman, and Second, behind their pitching aces Hikmat Najib and Fatallah Tuni, battled it out for 3rd place. Vahé spurred on Kanan, and Alex, and Hagop, and Garabet, and Yusuf, and Patrick, to stem the rising 5th tide, but in vain.

When the final bell had rung, and the whack-
of-ball-on-bat was heard no more, 5th Year emerged triumphant in the second round to win the right to meet 4th Year, (the first round winners), in the three-day play-off Medal Series.

FIRST MEDAL SERIES IN BAGHDAD COLLEGE BASEBALL HISTORY

"Play-ball!" shouted Umpire Father Mahoney at Friday noon, November 28th. The 5th-4th Medal clash was on in real earnest. The thrills of this series are unforgettable. Vahé’s magnificent, almost circus catches, his long range hitting and placing prowess, easily won him the most valuable player award. Kanan and Hagop played smoothly around the key-stone sack. Bruno pitched well, but 5th Year was aroused and not to be denied.

From the opening cry of "Play-ball!" it was evident that 5th Year had the ability and will to win. Frs. Gerry and Banks, sponsoring their 5th High Boys, had spurred them on to feats before unknown to them, and had organised a cheering section that brought a tidal wave of human voices breaking out on almost every pitch. As a result Fifth gloriously won the first series game.

Now there no longer was a smug smile of satisfaction on the faces of the boys of 4th. There was a grim determination for closer cooperation to grind out a victory in the second series game. With Fr. Delaney rendering the decisions, mighty 4th rose to the occasion and tied the series at one-game-each.

Under a sky of bright eastern blue, on a recently-rolled diamond, bordered by gently swaying date-palms, while the students cheered lustily from behind the ropes protecting the long white base-lines, the Medal-deciding series game started promptly at noon on December 1st. Fr. Mahoney again was the arbiter behind the plate and around the bases. It was nip and tuck. Roar followed roar from the rooters of Fourth along the first-base-line, and from the supporters of Fifth down the third-base-line. Vahé and Co. were at full strength. Percy and Max were beside themselves with enthusiasm. This high tensioned excitement dynamoed from the players electrified the cheering crowds.

Fifth tallied three times in the first inning, but found themselves hard pressed from then on. Vahe’s prodigious homerun, with one man on, put Fourth in the running. But it was Fifth’s day! They successfully repulsed every bid of Fourth to score and went on to collect two more runs for themselves, thus winning this final series game, taking the series-two games out of three, and gaining the coveted baseball medals for the 1947-48 baseball year.

FATHERS VS. STUDENTS

The Faculty vs. Students Game is fast becoming a tradition at Baghdad College. Although this year it was played on the last Thursday of October, indications are that Thanksgiving Day, that day of traditional sports rivalry, will see this classic played in the future.

Mindful of their 9-2 defeat of last year, the first set-back suffered in a score of games with the boys, the Fathers broke away to a never challenged 4 run
lead in the very first inning of play. Fr. Quinn singled sharply to right field. Fr. Loeffler flied out. Then big Fr. Larkin came to the plate with his big bat. Wham! The ball whizzed over the outfielder's head, and Fr. completed his turn around all the bases amidst the thundering cheers of the surging students and the congratulations of the happy brethren. With two gone Fr. Mudir hit safely, setting the stage for Fr. Banks. Almost as soon as the ball left Bruno's hand it was sailing well out of the leftfielder's reach, and when he finally caught up with it the score stood 4-0 in favor of the Fathers.

Not until the second inning did the boys pull themselves together. Vahé hit a tremendous triple. Mahdi reached on an error. Max singled bringing Vahé home. Mahdi scored. But there the rally ended, not to come to life again until the sixth inning.

Meanwhile, behind Fr. Loeffler's steady pitching and the consistent hitting of the Fathers, the Faculty had garnered eight runs. Two of these were gained in the third, when after Fr. J. Larkin's safety, Fr. Mudir lashed out a homerun that helped along the hoarse throats of the students and the mounting score of the Fathers.

Each time the boys attempted to rally, the fine fielding of Frs. Nash, Delaney, Sullivan, and Gerry promptly blotted out each uprising. Fr. Kelly's accurate throws cut off two enemy runs. In the sixth, Vahé, who had been hitting to rightfield, came to bat. His combination of baseball head and heart is hard to surpass. This time he quickly changed his stance and hammered one high over Fr. Gerry's head in leftfield. This was the third and final tally of the boys for the day.

Fr. Gerry was to return the homerun compliment to Vahé. In the final frame, after Bruno's blazing arm had pitched to many hostile hitters, and after the crowd of gay students had cheered lustily at plays packed with pulse throbs, Fr. Gerry, like 'mighty Casey', strode to the plate. The game was in its final gasp. Bruno raised his arm and pitched. The school bell rang for the end of the game. Fr. Gerry swung and the crack of bat-meeting-ball sounded like an explosion of nitro-glycerine. Vahé wheeled about, then vainly waved at it as the ball zinged over his head to dart across the basketball court and into the palm trees. This was a fitting ending for the Fathers' victory in our Thanksgiving Day Classic.

**BOXING**

Boxing at Baghdad College came of age this year and became one of the most popular pastimes of the school athletes. In the beginning of the year informal bouts were held from time to time on the platform at the East entrance to the main building. Under the tutelage of Father James Larkin more serious contests were staged and preparations for

the Government Tournament got under way. The rat-tat-tat of the light and the thud of the heavy punching bags could frequently be heard coming from behind the handball courts, as aspirants for a place on the team worked hard at perfecting themselves in the «manly art».

It was no easy task for Father Larkin to choose a team, since there were so many outstanding boxers of the same weight. The team which finally emerged consisted of Frank Thomas, George Azzu, Carlo Dramirian, Manuel Battah, Patrick Roy, Edmond Silveira and Sargon Rustam. The Government Tournament held at the Royal Iraq Sporting Club witnessed the boys of the Gold and Maroon bringing credit and glory to their school. Though all of our boxers were performing for the first time in public, and in many cases were matched
with seasoned campaigners, yet they conducted themselves with remarkable poise and skill.

The boys of the school have showed great interest in this sport during the past year. There were many on hand to watch the practice bouts at the school and many gave their support to the team during the Tournament. Graduation will take some of our best athletes but we look forward to next year when some of the younger boys will have a little more weight. Father Larkin already has plans for the coming year and expects to add more trophies to the long list of Baghdad College victories. May the sport continue its growth at our school!

TENNIS

It was early December, 1947. The tennis championships at Baghdad College had just finished. Two weeks later we noticed that Jake Cramer and Ted Shroeder had left the amateur ranks and were playing their first professional tennis match. Perhaps it was only coincidence, but the evidence seems to indicate that they heard about our local brand of tennis and decided that the present was as good a time as any for slipping silently into the night with all their amateur crowns.

Even granting that Cramer and Shroeder never heard of us, there was still considerable stir in these parts at the spectacle of the triple championships that were played simultaneously on adjacent courts. (second high please note that adjective!) The major complaint was that there was too much tennis, something along the line of Barnum's three-ring circus. One did not know what exactly to watch. And yet, 4-0 tennis-wild enthusiasts hung on the wire fence to witness the greatest tennis show on earth - and this despite the repeated warnings of Father Kelly that the purpose of the fence was merely to stop balls and not to support the growing younger generation. About a quarter of this crowd had already been participants in the tournament and were all eyes. They saw plenty.

In the Junior Championships, Ara Sahakian and Sarkis Gharibian put on a splendid show of drives and lobs to down Albert Philip and Abdul-Mutalib Ashkuri, 6-2, 6-0. The smaller boys watched this match with the greatest interest and this was the keynote of the whole tournament. Frequently they had to be warned to «take it easy»; after all it was only a tennis match. The placements of Ara and his speed on the court dominated the play, but the names of all four will constantly appear in the tennis column.

The winners of the Intermediate section, being a few years older, had a little more color and a little more ability on the courts. The battle was not decided until a well-placed smash hit the middle of the court and harmlessly bounced off the wire fence. Mahdi al-Abadi and Faruq-al-Hamawandi had to use all their tennis knowledge and experience to overcome the fight and determination of Zuhair Sabih and Hirair Hovnanian. The score, 6-3, 1-6, 6-4 roughly indicates the amount of ball-belt ing that took place. It was a good match and had enough thrills for any spectator anywhere.

The Senior Finals was a walk-away. Garabet Kishmishian and Dikran Gharibian simply melted away before the blaze of speed and power they encountered at the racquets of Vahé Melconian and Antwan Boghossian. The victors were everywhere at once, their drives were just inside the lines, their first service was constantly good, even their errors were spectacular. It was just one of those days when Vahé and Antwan could not be beaten. The score of 6-1, 6-0 shows precisely what happened. Naturally the majority of the crowd were on hand for this match as it was the highest type of tennis that the college had to offer. They came to see the champs and they saw them at their best. This is the second year running that Vahé has won the Senior finalist tennis medal. His work on the courts has been consistently splendid.

A few days later Father Kelly and Father Connell presented the medals to the six winners and praised the merits of all the players; Fr. Kelly spoke of their ability to win modestly and their sportsmanship. And though he voiced no threat to the world’s tennis champs at that time, we are still under the impression that they heard about this tournament and preferred to get out while the getting was good.
FOOTBALL

In a very busy year of sports football had its share of attention. Early in the school year we were invited to enter two teams in the Government Tournaments, one from the secondary division and one from the intermediate. Even though this arrangement weakened our secondary team somewhat we were glad to give more boys an opportunity to play in inter-school competition. We are grateful for the practice games which former students and friends arranged with us at the beginning of the year.

Our first Government Tournament game for the Secondary team was against the Sharqiya School, a game that we won easily with a score of 3-1. Our boys were evidently inspired by their new football jerseys with the Arabic insignia. We took another step forward in the tournament when the Commercial School did not enter a team against us. Then we met the strong Teachers’ Training School team. They thought they had us beaten as they led 2-0 in the last fifteen minutes when suddenly our boys blasted through two goals to force the game into an overtime period. The Teachers had more stamina, however, and put through another score. This dropped us down to the second bracket where we met the Technical School. It was a hard game that ended in a deadlock and we chose to play another game rather than risk our luck in an overtime period. The play-off came after the Christmas vacation during which our team must have become soft for we weakened in the second half and lost 4-1. Our consolation lies in the fact that the Technical School which needed two games to beat us went on to win the championship of Baghdad. The Intermediate team has a less brilliant record even though they went down fighting. We lost a slow game to Sharqiya in the lower bracket and were eliminated from the tournament. However, the team gained some valuable practice in tournament play and we look forward to next year.

The graduating members of the Secondary team deserve special mention because their clean, hard play brought honor to B.C. and made our team a team to be feared. There was George Azzu who played as a back this year with a steadiness and coolness that broke up many an attack. Hagop Nazarian brought to the team that same determination that he has shown in studies and that with his fearless courage made him a hard man to get a ball past. Manuel Bettah played a wonderful game in the goal. Even our opponents were forced to admit that he rates among the best goalies in the school teams of Baghdad. Percy Lynsdale finishes a career of fine work. Wise opponents did not let him free, if they could help it, for they had him marked as our high scorer and key man on the attack. Sargon Rustam was new to the team this year but played a hard game on the wing. Opposite him played Yusuf Ismail who showed no less good humor than did Sargon in the difficult position he had to uphold. We were often amazed at Yusuf’s ability to get around. These six heroes take their place in the Hall of Fame of Baghdad College. Sports enthusiasts of B.C. wish they did not have to leave us.

The Interclass Tournament was full of the hard playing that has characterized it in former years. Special mention should go to the Second High team which threatened to beat even the Fourth and Fifth High teams. These last two played for the medals. It was another hard-fought game with Fourth’s strong forward line trying in vain to pierce the strong defence of Fifth. With two minutes left to play the break finally came and Kanan just barely put one by the reaching fingers of Manuel. We were sorry to see Fifth lose but it can be put down as Fourth’s revenge for having lost the baseball medals to Fifth earlier in the year. All in all, it was a thrilling finish to a fine year of football.

Father Hussey, who coached the Varsity and Intermediate Teams and also ran the inter-class tournament, is optimistic about our prospects for next year. With the experienced eye of a competent coach he has watched the younger boys in their many games and promises another year of outstanding football for the Gold and Maroon.
FEATURES
As usual, the atmosphere of New York was gay and noisy. But high above the activity and bustle of the avenue, from the balcony of one of its many apartments, a woman was gazing down abstractedly. Beside her was her young son and his twin sister: they, too, were staring down, vainly trying to distinguish the various forms beneath them.

It was March, 1944. Joe and his sister, Irene, were thinking about the future and all that it had in store for them. But their Mother’s thoughts were in the past, and the ideas were rushing through her mind. Was it not just twenty-eight years ago this very month, in 1916, that her husband, Richard Reynolds, sailed away to the war in France? She could still see him clearly in his Captain’s uniform, and she recalled the tears she shed at his departure. After he had sailed her only consolation was his weekly letters, for in them she could follow his activity and picture in her mind the places he visited.
Then, about a month before the great Allied victory, she received a telegram from the War Department informing her that Richard Reynolds, Captain, was missing in action. She made every effort to be brave, and lived in the hope that her husband would return safely. When the War ended troops came back, carrying with them the victorious soldiers. Hoping to find him among the arrivals and to hear him say «Mary» once again, she took her two children to the pier, but Richard was never among the smiling, jubilant soldiers.

Mary waited a year and still there was no word of her husband. In order to separate herself from the sad memories of the city she had decided to move West and finally settled in Arizona. There she would begin life anew and there would be no one to remind her of Richard's tragedy, and thus increase the burden she carried in her heart. Yet, she never completely forgot her husband. She would not allow herself to believe that he was dead, and at the same time she was well aware of the fact that any possibility of finding him was remote. Further information from the War Department had told her that her husband had been seriously wounded in battle and had never returned to his lines.

Life in Arizona was quiet and peaceful. Mary Reynolds hope was as strong as ever. She told the twins over and over again the story of «Mary Had A Little Lamb». That was the first poem Irene had learned and her father would ask her to repeat it time and again, while Joe would laugh loudly and clap his hands in approval. The twins grew older but their Mother could still see her husband, listening proudly to the recital.

Time brought many changes to the Reynolds family. Irene had become a nurse; Joe had graduated from college and obtained a position in New York, and there the family had once again settled. Mary Reynolds could not escape the reality of another war. March, 1944, and she was once again to be torn from those whom she loved. Tears filled her eyes as she looked at the twins. She started to speak but the words would not come, and she hesitated. Joe, sensitive to his Mother's feelings, could almost read her thoughts. He knew she was thinking of the past and also of their future. He knew well that she could not get out of her mind the fact that both of them were to leave her on the morrow and start off to another war. There was a mute silence for a moment and then Joe broke it with the words:

«Mom, you are going to be left alone for a short while but I know that you are brave and I am confident that all will go well. We are going to fight for the country that reared us and for you, too. That is the way Dad would want it. Irene and I will be back very soon and...»

Here he stopped, tongue-tied, not knowing exactly what to say; then suddenly he started again with his usual frankness and courage.

«Should it happen that we must make the great sacrifice we shall have God in our hearts always as you have so often told us. With Him to help us we have nothing to fear and neither have you anything to fear.»

That was a long speech for Joe but it produced the desired effect. His Mother was cheered and heartened by what he said. She was very proud of her twins and more so after that little talk. Under the spell of the moment her problems dwindled to nothingness and a happy serenity and confidence settled on her troubled mind.

Before retiring Mary gave the twins her last words of advice and again repeated to them the story of their lost father. Mary never used the word «dead» when speaking of Richard because she was con-
vinced, after all these years, that he was still alive. She told them to inquire for him, for they were to see the places that he had seen. The flame that burned in her maternal heart was kindled in the hearts of her children. Then, in common, they said the Rosary for their father and for the happy outcome of their own adventure on the morrow.

The next morning three silent figures made their way to the docks. The mother had put on her gayest dress to conceal the grief that was in her heart. Irene was dressed in the neat brown uniform of an Army nurse. Joe marched tall and erect like the soldier that he really was. There was a hurried but affectionate good-bye. Mary kissed them both and walked from the pier alone, her heart crushed by the onslaught of another war.

About a month later she received the first letter from Irene, informing her that they had enjoyed a pleasant trip and had landed safely in England. The letters arrived at regular intervals and then came D Day, and the mail stopped. Mary Reynolds was only one of a million mothers who awaited anxiously word from the Front. And then it came. The letter was from Irene. Both she and Joe were in France. Joe had been wounded in his first experience under fire, and taken to a hospital behind the lines. Irene had visited him, he was coming along fine, and there was no need for worry. Mary Reynolds' hands trembled as she read the letter. Had Irene told her the entire truth?

After the Allies had secured a strong foothold in France, Irene obtained a furlough and went for a longer visit with her brother. He had improved greatly and was nearly ready for discharge from the hospital. Joe was given permission to see his sister as often as he wished, and they passed their time visiting the historic villages of France.

One day, as they were walking through one of these picturesque places, they paused before a quaint little home on the outskirts of the village. A sign on the gate informed them of the proprietor: «Richard Reynaud».

«Sounds like Dad's name,» mused Joe.

«Can't be,» replied Irene. «Reynaud is a French name.»

Suddenly a car drew up to the curb. A tall, distinguished man emerged, carrying the familiar briefcase of a business man. He was dressed immaculately, walked with the briskness of a soldier, and wore a faint smile that seemed to belie the real state of his mind.

«Good morning,» he said in perfect English, and raised his hat to Irene. A closer look at his face and grey hair revealed that he was a man between fifty and fifty-five.

Joe was the first to answer. «Good morning. Are you an American?»

«I may be,» replied the man, with a twinkle in his eye. «But you are Americans. Won't you come in and have a cup of tea? American soldiers are always welcome in my home.»

The three entered the house and Irene, with feminine curiosity, looked around in amazement. It was as cozy a place as one could wish to find. Mr. Reynaud invited them into the front room while he went towards the kitchen to ask the maid to prepare tea. Joe and Irene remarked on the peacefulness of this home in the midst of a wartorn country. While they were speaking their host returned.

«Well, tell me all about yourselves,» he said as he sat in one of the easy chairs. «How long have you been in Europe? Where do you live in the United States?»
"We are brother and sister," volunteered Joe.

"What!" exclaimed Mr. Reynaud. "I suspected otherwise."

"We are twins," remarked Irene, a note of pride in her voice.

"Twins," he said, and a blank expression came over his countenance. Joe and Irene looked at him in wonderment.

There was an embarrassing silence for just a moment and then it was Joe who spoke. "Mr. Reynaud, when I asked you if you were an American you replied that you may be. Do you mind if I ask why you seemed to be doubtful about it?"

Reynaud smiled and after a pause that seemed endless he spoke.

"There is a certain mystery about my presence in this village, but if you are interested I shall tell you my story. At the time of the First World War I was a soldier in the Allied armies. During one of the battles somewhere here in France I received a serious head wound and lost all consciousness. What happened after the injury is still unknown to me. Some people think I was taken prisoner and placed in a hospital. However true that may be, my first information was given to me by a kind old man named Jacques Reynaud. One afternoon at dusk he was returning home from work when he met me wandering aimlessly on the outskirts of the village. Later he told me he tried to converse with me and soon realized that I was a victim of amnesia.

"He took me to his home, this very house where we are gathered, and his good wife made me a warm supper. They knew I was a soldier and fearing that I would fall into enemy hands, they kept me here and took care of me. They had no children and Mrs. Reynaud nursed me back to health with all the loving care of a mother.

"It was almost a year before I was able to do anything worth while; my memory never returned. I tried and tried to remember my background but it was to no avail. Finally I obtained a position in a silk factory and for the sake of convenience took the name of Reynaud. I gave myself the name of Richard because in some strange way that name always appealed to me.

"I must have had experience in the business world before the war, for they told me at the factory that I showed remarkable ability. It was no time before I rose to a high position and have held it ever since. About ten years ago Mr. Reynaud died; his wife passed away just before the outbreak of the present war. I remained in their home all that time and they always looked upon me as a son. I am a middle-aged man, now, and while I have been rather happy in this village, yet it seems that something has always been missing in my life. If I could only remember, ............"}

The twins were spellbound. Irene's eyes had gone from Reynaud to her brother as the former told his story. She could see the resemblance now, there was no further question in her mind and she was certain that this man was her long lost father.

"Mr. Reynaud," she said, "you have entertained us with your interesting story. Now I would like to entertain you. Do you mind?"

"Not at all," replied Reynaud. He was rather puzzled by the question, but Joe was beginning to see the light.

Irene walked to the center of the room, looked straight at Reynaud, and began: "Mary had a little
lamb, its fleece was white as snow, ••••••. When she had finished Joe was quick to fill his part in the drama. He clapped his hands and laughed hilariously as his sister finished the poem.

Reynaud rubbed his eyes; his face was twisted in pain. A great struggle was going on within the man. The words came slowly and faltering... «I see it all now... the apartment in New York... the twins, Irene and Joe... Mary, my wife.»

He did not have time to inquire about Mary for the twins were showering their affection upon their father, and telling him that their mother was alive and well. She was waiting for them in New York and waiting for the reward of her eternal hope. The twins told their father of the confidence their mother had that he would one day be found, and the family reunion which had been a dream was about to come true. As they hastened to the village to send a cablegram to New York, Joe looked at his father and smiled.

«You're not so old, Pop.»
«No,» replied Richard Reynolds, «but I am a war older than you, son.» Irene smiled as she held her father's arm, for she was thinking of her mother in New York.

Mary Reynolds was sitting in the living room of her New York apartment, quietly reading the early afternoon paper. The doorbell rang and when she opened it a boy stood there with an envelope in his outstretched hands. She snatched it quickly. It was not from the War Department, and she was grateful for that. With trembling hands she opened the envelope and read the unbelievable words: «ARRIVE NEW YORK FRIDAY WITH THE TWINS. LOVE RICHARD.»

There were tears in Mary Reynolds'eyes, but they were tears of joy. Her hope had been rewarded and a long dream was about to come true.
As Paul trudged down Rashid street he reviewed in his mind the events of the past three months. Though only twenty-three years of age he already knew the meaning of sacrifice and suffering. In March he had lost his father in a fire which had burned their business establishment to the ground. Last April his mother had died of grief and he was left alone with neither relative nor friend to comfort him,—alone, except for God. It was Paul’s trust in God that had saved him from utter despair. It had helped him to meet with resignation and courage the refusals he met in his vain search for employment and drove him onward with undaunted hope until he finally did find a suitable job. As he walked along the main street he resolved to make this position the foundation upon which he would build the tower of his glory and fame and he pondered the happy future that lay before him. The last three months may have been filled with bitterness and failure but now the tide had changed and Paul was once again content with life. God had helped him, and in return he must not fail to express his thanks to so merciful a Father.

The new position interested Paul very much and his cheerful disposition immediately won new friends among his fellow-workers. Every problem was solved with one exception, namely, his lodging. Paul was tired of living in a hotel and had been trying to obtain a room in the home of some family. In a conversation with one of the clerks in his office he mentioned this difficulty and in a few days the search was ended. The clerk found a place for him in a neighbor’s house where there lived Mr. and Mrs. Joseph and their daughter, Norah.

In his new abode Paul’s happiness was complete, at least for a while. He liked the room, he enjoyed the food, and it was not long before he developed an affection for Norah, a girl with sparkling eyes, dark brown hair and a radiant countenance. Paul was reluctant to confess his admiration for the girl because he feared that romance at this time might hinder his determination to be a success in the business world. He tried to argue with himself but that only increased the fire of his love for Norah. He began to concentrate on his work and stayed at the office until late at night, studying or reading, just to put her out of his mind. But the tree of love had sent its roots deep into his heart and it now cast a shadow over his every waking thought and action. He fought on bravely but the effort took its toll on Paul and in a short time his health broke down and he was confined to his room.

The doctor of the business firm was summoned and when he had finished his examination he found Mrs. Joseph waiting outside the patient’s room. Thinking her to be the mother of Paul, the doctor warned her that he was a very sick young man and that he would require constant attention to nurse him back to health. Mrs. Joseph had grown to like Paul very much so when she realized that he was seriously ill she was moved to pity and cared for him with all the solicitude of a mother.
Days passed by but neither the doctor's medicine nor the motherly devotion of Mrs. Joseph was enough. Paul's condition rapidly grew worse and the doctor decided that he needed someone constantly by his side. Mrs. Joseph was unable to do this alone so she shared the vigil with her daughter, Norah. Paul, however, failed to improve, and after a while he became delirious. At times his words were scarcely intelligible, but now and then his faithful attendants grasped his meaning. Then he would regain consciousness, as if startled by the sound of his own voice.

On one occasion he awoke to find Norah kneeling beside his bed with a surprised yet happy look in her bright eyes. Before he could utter a word she said: «You were dreaming of me, and called out to me. I heard you say: 'Norah, Norah, I love you! Please come to me! Do not leave me, please!' Then you opened your eyes and saw me here.»

«Are you angry at me for saying that? Do you wish me to apologize?» he asked faintly.

«No. Please do not say that, » she replied sweetly.

«Even if I tell you now that I love you?»

«Paul, I want you to say that because I feel the same way. I have loved you since you came to live in our house, » she said, and the music of her voice filled his heart with joy.

«Oh. Norah. Why did you not tell me before? All this time you have loved me and yet you never encouraged me by a sign.» He wanted to say more but his weakened condition forbade any further conversation.

In the midst of Norah's joy there was, however, a note of sadness and anguish. The doctor had told her mother an hour before that Paul would probably not live the night out, and as she gazed at his helpless figure she prayed for his complete recovery. Overcome by emotion she knelt by his side and spoke: «Paul. My dear Paul. You must not leave me. I love you, Paul. You can not die, my Paul. Paul……….» There was silence.

Then to her surprise the sick man rallied once again. He raised his feeble arm and touched her with his trembling hand. With the utmost effort he finally succeeded in speaking these words, as Norah looked upon him with pity and love: «Norah, my love, do not despair. Remember that there is a God, a good and generous God. If we only pray to Him I am certain that He will help us. I have prayed to Him before when I was in trouble and He has never failed me. Before we begin to pray, call the priest, that he may bring Jesus to me.»

After the priest had administered the Holy Sacrament he agreed to remain for a while with Mr. and Mrs. Joseph and Norah to await the end which the doctor had predicted. The night passed and the golden sun rose in the East to bring light to a darkened world. As its brilliant rays crept into the sick room they seemed to carry light and hope to a troubled heart and a weary mind. Paul had won his fight for life. His strong desire to live, his trust in God, and his newly found love all combined to bring strength to his body and mind and before many days he was back at his work, completely recovered.

A short time after his illness Paul was seen on his way to Church. As he knelt at the altar his prayer was a secret between him and God. And yet we know it was a prayer of thanksgiving for favors received. There were two favors for which Paul was particularly grateful. One was his return to good health. And the other? Yes, Norah was soon to become the bride of Paul.
Our day has seen the flowering of a comparatively new healing art, that of skin grafting. The persistent and meticulous research of a few optimistic men of science in the past thirty years has so perfected this art that it has become a great boon to modern medicine. To many it has given a renewal of life and joyous living, particularly so during and after the recent world conflict, when many soldiers were badly mutilated in the defence of their country.

The transplantation of skin started back in France in 1870 during the Franco-Prussian war. Thereafter, it was practiced in Germany, England and other European countries.

The seeds of this science were planted in the observation of contracting wounds and their healing. Scientists gave studied consideration to the power of the skin to heal superficial wounds and started to experiment with the healing powers of the skin by means of transplants. Successful experimentation soon developed into a science and an important one indeed.

Prior to the twenties few people were interested in this work, the better known early workers being Blair, Waldron, Pickerill and Gillies. Dr. Earl Calvin Padgett, a native of Kansas City, who was to make great contributions to and play a leading role in the development of the science of skin-grafting, appeared on the field only in the late twenties. These research men developed two methods of skin-grafting, namely, free and attached grafts. The latter type consists in loosening all but one end of a piece of tissue, usually from the surface of the abdomen, thigh, or arm, and applying the loose end to the open wound on the same person. In this way the graft retains a blood supply until the wounded area is able to develop its own circulation. Once the new blood supply has been established, the graft is severed from the donor area and the latter then grows new tissue to supplant that which was removed. Thus the wound is dressed with new skin, while, at the same time, the lost skin of the donor area is replenished with fresh growth. The application of this type of graft has not been very successful
between different individuals, except in the case of identical twins. In the former case two factors are responsible for the lack of success; the difference in blood types and the reaction of the body to foreign substances that enter the body by way of the grafts. Attached grafts, however, between individuals, even when unsuccessful, have proven their utility as temporary wound dressings.

The free graft is the same in principle as the attached method, except that it is cut off from the donor area and applied directly to the wound. This would seem rather simple, but it is, in fact, a very delicate piece of work. Scientists by painstaking research have found that the exact thickness of the graft, in order that the operation might be effective, should be about one-hundredth of an inch. To remove a section of skin of that thickness gives an indication of how delicate an operation skin-grafting is.

In the beginning the skin to be grafted was cut by hand with a razor-like knife and proved an unsatisfactory method because it was very inaccurate. In 1929, Vilroy Blair discovered an apparatus which was more accurate, but far from perfect. However, Padgett in 1930, in cooperation with Hood, started to work on a more accurate instrument and their combined efforts were rewarded in 1937, with the production of the Dermatome. A year later, this machine was available to doctors everywhere.

The Dermatome eliminated many difficulties in the field and increased the percentage of successful skin-grafts. It consists of a semicircular drum of polished metal to which an adjustable knife is attached. The knife can be so manipulated that the required thickness of skin can be removed from any area in the desired shape to fit the wound. For the operation, both the skin and the metal are painted with a sticky adhesive in order to adhere closely to each other when the drum is rolled along the skin. When an uneven graft is desired the adhesive is replaced by talc, mixed with ether, on the undesired parts.

The predominant advantage of the Dermatome, besides its ability to remove grafts of the desired thickness from chest, thigh and abdomen, is to allow for the precise amount of contraction of the graft on the wound. Too much contraction results in the failure of the operation. The size of the wound determines the amount of contraction, for which accurate allowance can be made with the use of the Dermatome.

In the beginning one-fourth of the skin’s thickness was cut for a graft. This proved most unsatisfactory because the graft contracted, caused disfigurement and left unprotected areas of tissue around it. Later it was thought that grafts, the full thickness of the skin, would give better results. It is true that such grafts did not contract, but it left an unprotected area on the donor. Padgett came to the conclusion that a process intermediate to the two would solve the problem, and this is, in fact, what his Dermatome accomplished.

One other danger had to be met, namely infections. Hemolytic streptococci easily found their way under the grafts and set up an infection. During the first World War seventy-five percent of the skin-grafts became infected. Scientific advance, however, has provided means of combating these germs. Sulfanilamide was the first drug used to clear up the infections, and later, sulfadiazine was found to be more effective and expeditious. The possibility of infection, as a result of a skin-graft operation, has been practically removed by powdering the areas involved with sulfadiazine just prior to the operation.

Thus this branch of medical science, which, like so many others, had hard beginnings, has finally blossomed to full growth in our day, giving more enjoyable living to the ones mutilated.
John Haims rushed from his room as his ear caught the sound of oaths and fists mingled together. "The same as ever, Abdullah and Abbas are fighting," he muttered to himself. "Well, I must be rid of one of them before blood is spilt."

He ran to the place where the fighting was going on, and with one strong pull wrenched the two struggling figures apart.

"Now why are you fighting?" he demanded.

"Sahib, he wanted to steal my knife," said Abdullah.

"Nay, Sahib, I just wanted to look at it. I wouldn't steal such a knife," said Abbas scornfully.

"All right, Abbas, I don't want you any longer," said John authoritatively.

"What! You dismiss me, Sahib?" and, with fire shooting from his eyes, he continued, "I will kill you, and kill you before the sun rises again."

It would not have mattered much if Abbas had been dismissed under different circumstances, but to be dismissed like this on the mere word of a member of the detested Albo-Muhian tribe, that was too outrageous for a proud Albo-Sagarian to endure. John knew this, and he also knew that the threat was not an idle one. He made no answer, however, but merely turned around and strode back
towards his house. It was a house made of mud mixed with another material which the Arabs called « libin ». The house consisted of one room, one window, and a door that a child could break through. Yet John liked to call this building home, and indeed this house suited him well. When he left his family at Baghdad and came to the country near Mahmudiah because of his health, he did not know how he would ever be able to live in such a place. But gradually his attitude changed. He became as healthy and contented as any man could be. To his six feet of height, iron strength was added; his lips became firmer; his once pale cheeks changed to a healthy brown color. With this change in himself everything about him seemed to change, also. In the morning, he no longer rose with a feeling of disgust and sadness. He now loved the place which had given him this new life, and wished he might never leave it.

This evening, as he entered the room, a smile lighted his face, for he thought of the surprise he would give his family when they should see him again. The smile, however, quickly left his face when to his mind came the words of Abbas. He stood thinking for a minute, then closed the door. His eyes wandered in the direction of a dozen empty tins scattered in one of the corners, and a sudden thought struck him. Carrying the tins to the door, he piled them against it, and then lay relaxed and relieved on his bed, fully dressed, thinking of home and friends until gradually dreams took the place of thoughts.

Crash! fell the tins. John started from his sleep and with one leap was behind the door. The silence that followed was maddening. After what seemed an eternity, the door creaked and started to open slowly. Softly Abbas entered. With the moonlight falling on his back and flashing on his upraised weapon, the « muguar », he presented a terrifying sight.

With one leap, John was upon him. The two men went rolling on the floor, grappling and kicking and making a mess of everything. « If I could only get the muguar, » thought John. Unexpectedly, his opportunity came. With a strong pull he wrenched the weapon out of the other’s hand and knocked him senseless. He dragged the heavy body outside and then went back to his peaceful sleep; he knew that the man would not wake for hours.

At dawn, loud angry shouts awakened John, and after putting his revolver in his pocket, he ran to the door. There he beheld the whole Albo-Sagary tribe. He had felt sure that they would come, but he was not afraid, for he also knew that the Albo-Muhians would not leave him helpless. Advancing steadily toward the excited mob, he said coldly, « What do you want? »

« We want to ask the sahib a question, » and, without waiting for permission to do so, the shaikh continued, « Why did you dismiss Abbas? »

A deathlike silence followed. Measuring his words, John then replied quietly, « He was not behaving, so I fired him. » All this time John was watching the shaikh closely. He had one hand in his pocket gripping the revolver and ready to pull the trigger if that were necessary. The moment came. Bang! went the revolver, and with a groan the leader fell. A loud shout of anger rose from the tribesmen, but before they could stop him, John ran to the top of a nearby hill, and raising his voice called for the Albo-Muhians. In two minutes they crowded about him and the fight began.

The Albo-Sagarians were outnumbered, so after fighting fiercely for a short time they began to retreat. Before the hour was over, everything was quiet again.

For two months afterwards intermittent fighting took place between the two tribes, and many a
night John had to sleep in caves or behind bushes, for the Albo-Sagarians were still thirsting for his blood. These restless nights made him weak and tired, and greatly reduced his strength. John knew that this tribe would not give up until they got him. So one morning, gathering his valuables, and bidding farewell to his Arab friends, he mounted his horse and left the place. He did not need food, for he was welcome, as every traveller is, to eat and rest in every Arab house on the way.

Once, before reaching the main road to Baghdad, he met a caravan of Beduins. Now John had heard that Beduins did not like city people, and that they called them «bread-sellers». He was not surprised, therefore, when they surrounded him and gave evidence of their intention to kill him. John managed to engage them in a discussion, and soon convinced them that it was not his fault that he was a city man, but the fault of his parents. To his relief, they accepted his explanation and invited him to remain with them.

For several days he lived with these people and partook of their hospitality. He found them kind, generous, and more than willing to share their few possessions with a stranger. During the day he watched the women at work; payed with the smiling, happy children; and reflected upon the cheerfulness of this small group, separated from the rest of the world. The evenings found him in long conversations with the men of the tribe and John listened eagerly to the endless tales of Beduin life and the traditions that had been handed down from generations. Indeed they were good people, and the longer he remained with them the more fond he grew of his newly-found friends.

Yet, he must be on his way, and in due time he left the tribe, much to the disappointment of all. With many a sigh of regret John bade farewell and struck out for the main road to Baghdad. Night came, but he continued on his way, lost in reverie as he crossed the dark desert in awesome silence.

Suddenly he was startled by a voice crying out: «Stop! What stranger dares to pass this way at night!»

Instead of answering John spurred his horse onward, and soon was beyond the reach of his questioner. At long last he felt he was safe and secure from the pursuit of any of his enemies. Lessening his speed he brought his mount to a stop and rested there, gazing back longingly on the country he had left. He had regained his health in this new abode, he had found happiness and joy in its surroundings, but the enmity of men had shortened his stay. Deep in his heart he realized that these people were happy in their own simple way, and he well knew the absence of this mysterious joy in the lives of those who dwelt in a busy, noisy city.

A mixed emotion of sadness and joy filled his heart as his eyes swelled with tears, sadness because he was leaving the people he loved, and joy because of the imminent reunion with his family in the city. «Some day I shall return,» he said to himself over and over again as he rode slowly towards the highway. «Some day when tribal conflicts have passed away, I shall come back and dwell for the rest of my days in this region, and once again shall I find peace and contentment in this life. I am richer for the wisdom I have gained, for I have learned a lesson that only experience can teach.»
Deep gloom gripped the entire kingdom. Out from the royal palace had come a strange and hitherto unheard-of prohibition. All singing, private as well as public, was banned for the alleged reason that it was beginning to exert a demoralizing influence on the lives of the people. Any individual who dared to flaunt this order, be he singer or listener, was to be severely punished. Men were dismayed, pleasure-loving people reluctantly abandoned their amusements, and wealthy and cultured households were deprived of parties of jovial entertainment.

Late one afternoon, just as the sun was descending in the west and casting its final rays in a golden-purple haze over the cozy and beautiful homes of the capital, a sad-faced youth began to cross the bridge which spanned the river. As he trudged wearily along, his alert mind was pondering the difficulties occasioned by the prohibition on singing. Vainly he sought to discover a remedy for the joyless situation, but no safe solution suggested itself. Suddenly he raised his head, and to his surprise
he saw, several paces in front of him, the handsome features of a member of the royal family. It was the youthful Prince Ibrahim and he was speaking with a man who, a few days before, had been one of the most popular singers in the capitol. Quickening his pace, the sad-faced youth drew closer to the pair. The singer, known to the populace as Isaac, was whispering to the Prince, but the youth caught these words: «...Tomorrow evening....your company......some new melodies.....»

The Prince then replied eagerly, unaware that his words were being overheard, «Thank you. I shall come to your house tomorrow at one hour after sunset.»

A nod of agreement followed, and the two hurried off in opposite directions, without even casting a glance at the figure near them. For a moment the youth remained motionless, but when he continued his journey it was with a lighter step. His mind was made up: he too would enjoy the secret singing of Isaac.

The next day he dressed himself in fine clothes, borrowed a mule to ride, and at the proper time presented himself at the gate of Prince Ibrahim’s palace. Claiming to be the messenger of Isaac, the singer, he was ushered into the diwan and was soon joyfully received by the Prince.

«You know, Prince Ibrahim, the agreement you have made with your brother, Isaac. Why have you failed to come in good time? It is now nearly sunset.»

«Go and give my regards to Isaac,» whispered the Prince. «Tell him that I have just returned from a long journey, but that I shall speedily change my clothes and come.»

The boy went off with a smile in his heart, satisfied that his scheme was working out successfully. On his arrival at Isaac’s house, he presented himself as the messenger of Prince Ibrahim and was received with due honor.

«The Prince has sent me, began the youth, to tell you that he has just arrived from a long journey. He will change his clothes and come here as soon as possible.»

Isaac nodded, but urged the youth to return to the Prince’s palace. «Try to bring the Prince quickly,» he said. «Tell him I am very hungry and that I await his coming with eager anxiety.»

The boy went back to the palace, but on the way he thought of a better plan to further his scheme.

«Tell the Prince,» he stated with authority, to the servant who admitted him to the palace, «Tell the Prince that I have been ordered to wait for him and that I may not leave without him.»

The message was brought to the Prince, and in a short time he appeared, properly dressed for the occasion. Together they went to Isaac’s house, and from their conversation on the short ride, it was clear that the Prince truly believed the youth to be Isaac’s messenger.

On their arrival, Isaac greeted the Prince effusively. Thinking the youth to be the Prince’s messenger and chosen companion, the singer had no hesitation in admitting him also. Thus it was that the youth took part in the festivities which followed. He was respectfully and kindly treated by Isaac’s servants, he enjoyed the food that had been prepared, and he listened with unconcealed delight to the enchanting melodies of the famous singer.

All during the party, the youth acted with polished gentleness, and he impressed Isaac with his charming personality. Finally, the singer remarked to the Prince,
«It seems to me that your companion is an extremely intelligent and well-mannered boy. I envy you such a treasure.»

«My companion?» exclaimed the Prince with great surprise. «What gives you the idea that he is my companion? I understood that he was your messenger!»

«What?» demanded Isaac in an astonished tone. «But how can that be?»

Questions flew back and forth between the Prince and Isaac, and in short order both of them realized that they had been tricked by the cunning of this gentle youth. Isaac’s face became red with rage. He leaped from his chair and angrily ordered his servants to bring whips that he might punish the boy who had deceived them. The youth, however, showed no signs of alarm, and when he spoke, it was with complete calm and self-possession.

«It may interest you to know that I am the secret agent of His Royal Highness, the King. I swear that if you lay a hand on me, you shall regret it. If you do not keep silent and if you do not permit me to enjoy this entertainment with you, I shall report you to the king and inform him that you have been listening to singing in violation of his prohibition. You know the severe punishment which will then be yours.»

Immediately, both men softened their attitude toward the youth, for they clearly saw the predicament in which they were. For the remainder of the evening, they offered him the best of food and insisted that he take the most comfortable chair in the room. When he did take his departure, he left loaded down with the gifts they showered on him.

A few months later, the King himself grew tired of his prohibition on singing and gave orders that it be withdrawn. With great chagrin, the Prince then related to His Majesty what had happened during the period of gloomy and cheerless days. The King smiled at first, but then in all seriousness he gave orders that the youth was to be searched for and brought immediately to the palace. Within a few hours, the trembling young man was dragged into the royal presence.

«You have been very clever,» solemnly began the King. «You did wrong in practicing deceit, but it is true that you were clever! I shall arrange that you do not forget such cleverness.» And then, suddenly changing his voice, so that all in the court were amazed at its sweetness, the King continued: «From henceforth, I appoint you one of my special guards. Welcome to the royal household!»
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الصف الأول المتوسط

الشعبة (د)

إبراهيم عبد الله

أحمد عبد الرحمن

أوسيان خبر قرطبة

أوسيان المزماري

كريم خليل

الصف الأول المتوسط

الشعبة (ج)

إبراهيم عبد الله

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كريم خليل
الصف الأول المتوسط

الشعبة (أ)

الإبتر دايشو جورج
الفرد سان روجان
إنجليزية نوري فاروق
إبراهيم شاهاب الطرش
بنكوس جون إلما
جورج بول ملك
زروفي نداى كوريج
جون نويم كوريج
جنيس بول ملك
خادم عبد الحليم الحي
سامويل بول سامويل
عمرو سواد أحمد ندال
سليم ابراهيم أحمد
ذوق نور يورج
جورج زوجي، لثمة
نايك استراح هورنين
نواذ خزع الله
فيكن كوريج كارابان
كلايد جوزي بريلي
كيريل نوبت رامز
موريس كوريج شارس
ميغيل بودا ماريو كيكل
ناجي مجيد نيدي
نويل شهودي أبريام
عمره بابيي آدم
فاني ساين سيمون
و ووجان ساكو أربين

الصف الثاني المتوسط

الشعبة (ج)

ايسوغاو هاكورب جوليان
ادور لورن زفان
ادب علم فوردار
هولمن كوريج سا كاران
اسمه ميجايل خان الشهير
كاميرون جورج
البير كوريج كوريمن
إجعان كوريج هامان
ダイエット غداء
بديع رؤف نوما
توبن جورج توماس
نيدر هوحن ابنت
يلين يورج نيل
كيريل بيش كيريت
كاميرون جورج
جورج تومي
كيم أوريج
غدا خالد الصغير
بريك الحا"ب
زعيم أرديب كيم ميشيان
صاح غاد ناس دار
عدان اسمايل السمرائي
عبد العزيز الأزدي
ملحات ورش ين
غالب بويفر بني
قائمة بأسماء الطلاب
لسنة 1947-1948

الصف الخامس الأعدادي

الثانية (أ)

ارتر كريكور كاربايا
آئلو دارد تارديان
آرم دزي شاذا
اتوانا تارديان ابيكباي
جان عبد الله فرجو
 جرهاي علمان هراتانان
جوزف راولي فرجر
 حكمة في الحزداي
 روحي خمايتلي نسيب
 نهير جوزف حياني
 سركن اريان هرم
سيمونا تروسين اريانسيان
 شوكت جمدا صكاور
 فائق خمايتلي غوتو
 فاركسي نافيي برزو
 كارلو لورجم كنوي
 كابورن إيزر بدرس
 لوقدى الدين شريف
 نوين جان
 نورهار كريكور ستارجباي
 نيدي الإرك انتوان
 وليم كالو جوزف
 يوسف اشتيال أبوريام

الصف الخامس الأعدادي

الثانية (ب)

ادون كابانو ساير
ادون بيجي فرجر
إيغد أورايطة
برج أواني دويني
يوري ميل ليبرد
جمال ليوش باتارا
جوزف غيد دوكن
دزي بوجو هرزي

الصف الرابع الأعدادي

الثانية (ج)

ادور بيرج سكورا
انون شوكت غاير
باتريك غانوان رويد
لاجتمعت BASM (القائمين بال❄❄❄ كليّة ببغداد
لسنة 1947 - 1948

قائمة بسياق المدرسين في كليّة ببغداد
لسنة 1947 - 1948

الإب جوزيف فان البسويدي
الإب محمد مهندس البسويدي
الإب جوزيف فيرنتس البسويدي
الإب بول ناش البسويدي
الإب جون مونتي البسويدي

الأمير عزالة
الأستاذ امبالان
الأستاذ بندجو المقرري
الأستاذ جبران بطرس
الأستاذ جليل سامي
الأستاذ جورج ماجد
الأستاذ جورج مهيد
الأستاذ غالي صافا
الأستاذ شيري زوما
الأستاذ عبد القادر مسد
الأستاذ محمود إبراهيم
الأستاذ محمود يوسف
الأستاذ ناصر طافق
الأستاذ قاصف اسم
الأستاذ وديع ميان

الإب إدريس مدارس البسويدي
الإب ميخائيل مكار في البسويدي
الإب جوزيف كورن البسويدي
الإب جوزيف مرك البسويدي
الإب فرينس سارجنت البسويدي
الإب فلاد كيلي البسويدي
الإب جوزيف مونتي البسويدي
الإب كوري البسويدي
الإب توماس كورتي البسويدي
الإب جيمس لاز كين البسويدي
الإب جابريل نان البسويدي
الإب توماس نيان البسويدي
الإب ميكلس كوري البسويدي
الإب توماس بلي البسويدي
الإب جون بانكس البسويدي
اما عباس فقد دخل السجن وهو يرى فاتت تلك الأعوام يندب سر حلم الذي فرغ بينه وبين حبيته، فكان يبدأ نفسه بالحديث مع أحد السجناء، وكان هذا قاد حكم عليه بأن يقضي البقية الباقية من عمره في السجن، فكأن السجن حكم على هذا السجن لتقلبه الها، فكان عباس ينادي الصاعدي الطوال متحدياً إلى ذلك السجن.

وهو في الأيام دوا السجناء علياء إلى أحد أركان السجن ثم قال له بأعضاً قلب سياساً رهيباً سراً أريد ان اخليك لك الحريه على بعض الراحة، سراً من أجل اسقاط الهم كأس النبلة، ان كان هناك كذا كثير كبيراً لا يعلم سره إلا اننا لقد قللنا تمناه لأنه اكتشف مكانه وان لا استطيع ان استشرح وانا في السجن، ولكن بالانك تستخرج من السجن يوحاً ما، قال ان رغبت لاستغلاله انزل نبل حفلاً وقد عجبت بك فاناه كأيأ قال السجن، هذا في وضف مساع، مكان الكثرة ما كان من عباس إلا ان يشكره.

دارت الأرض دوراتها وأنعاس ان يطنق سراحه، واخباراً أنقذ باب السجن لغطي عباساً حريته كاملاً.

فقال السجن وأسماً يائز بكملاً الانقاذ كان هدفه ان يتنقل نفسه من حرم الذي اقدم حرية لفترة عشرة اوااع، بدون سبب، فاذا يذكر بكملاً الانقاذ وارى خطاها شور كأنه ذهب إلى الكتاتب وأحرفه بدأ بيداء بكلمته في تلك المدينة ثم تزوج به تجاهها.

فوضعوا له طفلاً صغيراً جامعاً اسمه، لدرر ما يذكره، دموعاً ينير اليعيب على البار، واستحسانهم رضأصل.

أحدهم كتب كتابه السور: «قد سمعت القصة من عباس نفسه أن كان صديقي الجم واطيلي عليها وهو على فراش الموت وطلب إلى أن يفيها سراً مكثوفاً عن قيس وساعي وما قصصها لكما لا لاني مشترك من أنتم جمعاً لا تعلمون شيئاً عن قيس وساعي إذ أن وقائع القصة قد وقعت في غياب هذه البلدة».

نظارت إلى سامي ووجدت بأن موعدي مع صديقي قد تأخرت م تعدو وغادرت المقهى.

عندما عاد إلى ممشى، الطالب في الصف الخامس الإعدادي.
لا يوجد نص يمكن قراءته بشكل طبيعي من الصورة المقدمة.
نادي عباس قرية عم ثم نهر غدا سهام طامثاء.


الدحول ثم دخل. كانت سهام تقلع بعکة كانت معها لأن دخل عباس حتى استقبلته بالتحية الفاخرة. ولا أن حول الشمس من معبدها في مكم السماوات اعترت سهام على عباس الجرحى الى النزهة فواجهوا الآخر اقتحمت سهام بعد سرح ثم وقفها وطاعة بده وابنها، بالمغفرة تكن الدار فالتاحما، المسرح إلى صورة عالية تظل على النار فعلا على قلبها. كان العدو يعمرها فيما نسج القمر، تكمن مكانته الفضة فوق رأسها. كان المракب شاملا وليلي مستناو، والروح ينابي الامام عليناا.


عدناد قل الماجم. أن اريزي عباس كيف تتسمع الماء حيث، في احيائها ضحية. آه نكم ارد ان اموت واتي بين احتضاني» . عقب هذا سكرت بعده اخب عباس حبيته بعدها ما كان منها ان يحمله واكد له جيما حته يتمن الأموال


وأخيرا نضج الحيندان من اعلى الصورة وكان القمر قد تصل في طريقها إلى عان السما، فيعله برجه تميزه بحاسية من الكراكون الماء، فتجلاءها أيضا في طريقها الى الدار وكانت ساقة. كان الجميع يتظلون في رقادهم فكتل عباس جبنته الي خدودها ثم دعوته وتوجه إلى عيدا ليتناول قسم من النوم ولكنه إلى ان ينام وعالمان عطوان يوران في خياله - عاد فراق سهام ووصل طاقة عم ومسلقة لينقلب عليها. لا ينحرف من سيره، وارتقى وادعى وما هي الا ساعات حته كان عباس فوق الجمل الشهابية القبرية.


في عصر ذلك اليوم زار حيد أما شريحه الشيوخ عدنان وروحة معه الاخر ات يرم بان بدأ الحديث عن تجارتها التي أتت عنيا، إنك يا هذا بور عباس، الابن الذي هو أفيش الشيوخ، بن عباس الفردي الافلاج. بعد ذلك قال على حيد: «أني طلبت مقابلتك هذا المساء لأمر خطير ارمه هذه وقلابة في شخصي». تبع هذا سكرت قصير ثم ابدا جيد أما بالكلمة نهاية: "أقلم لي يدك سهام لقبل بضعة أيام وجدتها قد ابتسمت فتامةً، وكما
بت ستير مختارة الشاعر تلو الشرع حتى
سانتي قدمه إلى مغه وفوقت امامه، ثم نظرة
ساعي نظرة سريعة علنت منها ان الوقت الذي
حدثته إصديقي لم يكن بعد فوق عت وفكرت حتى طافت
في ذهني فكرة دخول القلم وتناول قدر من الرياح
فبعد ذلك دخلت المقرر Labour كتبت اعمال رجل شاب ولد وتم
واجتذب نظرتي فيها بضعة رجال جلوا في أحد الأركان
يتصورون أشياء زائدة إلى أخذهم في اعتبارهم مستويًا على
كرسي مجنون وبدأت استرق السمع.
كان احد أولئك يسرد قصته على الورقاء ثم سرعان
ما اتىته في لان اجتهد تستجيبها عن ذلك من
عبارات الاستجاسة التي مرت على شفاهه بعد نهاية
القصة. بعد ذلك سمعت اقدم يقول: "اما الآن فأنا
 عليهم قصة قد تتناول رذاك، قصة واقعية حققية. قد
لا تصدقون هذا ان تؤمون. انتهت القصة قد تضاهي ابداع ما اجريه
عقول الناس وها اننا فما بعدما يشكتوا عليهما:
"كان عباس - فا قصته - في الثالثة من عمره حين
عظمته الولد فتدل ذلك سدده الأول سهامه نحو
ذلك الطفل المسن، ولكن هل وقف عند هذه الصدأ؟ كذل
ما هي اذة الشرف حتى مازالت به الضريبة الثانية فاقتت
الموت امه من بين يدي وهو لم يتجاوز الراية فقليل زمام
اموره ورحيل الشيخ عطمان وكان رجلا طيبا كرير الانخلاق.
عاش عباس وترعرع في بيته ومنكان يقضى النهار
لا عمداً مع ابيه، وهم كانان يتألفون في امور. كانت
طفلة عذبة، كأن طفلة ضاحية، وكانت الحياة منهم
دليلاً لهم وان فضل شطرها في طب وترعرعماً ان
شيئاً هو ربطها الصداقة برطلاها. كانت صدقتهم طاهرة
برياء فینها.
وضت على تلك الحادثة شرماً كنها فيلم اسفتى في اصدار
البشر ولكن لم يقدر الانتقال. أن بصمات ديني هذا
المعلم الصاحب وارتدى الفروش إن أياً صفى بيومًا
تحفيهاً ابناً وأين في ابتدأ دنياً في صورة فتاة. صعفت
علي وجه وبل كأنها كاذبة ثم ذهبت إلى طويل
بونكا... وبدأت التصرفات تُجري في قلب إلى ان جلمت
المشتراء العمر... فلم يذهب في اليوم التالي إلى
المدرسة بسبب التفكك... ولكن صورته الطاهرة كان
تنجذب أدامي وفيه تكثر قلبي... وفي عصر ذلك اليوم
بينا كنت سائرة على عرش دعوة احوار التملك على
القضاء وأفراغ ما في السقوط رأيتها جالمةً مع قطنة
عبر، يتحفاً بذات الدينها في جين ودريه هادئة
الي في البيت احوار التملك على وراثي الجموحة... فلم
امت هذا اليوم.. كمساء ليسينورين تضر في هذا
وبدأو يسلولي المشتفي الواحد قتل الآخر وتجب
للفضاء بدأت احوار التملك كما كنت سابقاً... وميض
السعود وامرأ. وفي ذلك يوم نيئة سكنت راحة من
المدرسة رأيتها مدلاً تيزاها في فحرة واحترامة ورفص
بوماطي شقي... ولا اقترب من جياني تحيه عذبة ثم
بدأ بكتال الاستعداد أقترب ورجي إلى الناحية الأخرى
وسرعت في المسرد... وقابلتها بعد ذلك مرة أخرى
ورفع تثلج الفعل... وكتب في رسالة عرفتها فوراً
بدون قراءة... ضمت شور بعد ذلك ولم اره فيها
فكان كأنما.ls من العالم الوحيد... وفي يوم كانت
اتقنجة جريدة الجنية إذ قرأت الخبر المفعول وهو أنه
توفي بين السل... فوقف عند ذلك خفقات قلبي وصرت
ابكي بكاء مر. .

وفي تلك الليلة لم ير الأفراد الحافز وطحبني بككي
والصرح وتحلل حتى الصباح ومن هذا الحب بدأ رأي
يؤتي فائتتهم الفروش... في البناء البصيرة سباحاً
_ARGUMENT_ 

واتسلمي طفلاً كبيراً وذلك ان سامي
البريد قد أتي به... فأعطيته بإذن المواطن تقوم وثقاد
بي وحاتم اول صفحات من هذه الصحفات...نها اخرجت ما
لا يمكنني قراءة النص العربي بشكل طبيعي. إذا كنت بحاجة إلى مساعدة محددة في شيء آخر، فأنا هنا للمساعدة.
الظواهر

عمر يوم بهيج بينما كانت الشمس تتوسط.
زانة بطلانها في غروبها كنت سائرة في طريقي إلى البيت بعد نزهة قصيرة قضيتها بالترحال بين خيائل الازهار والرياحين في بستان صديق لي، و كنت مرسلاً.
تركوا لنا هذا دخراً لا يقوم بشيء، لا يكون الدخراً دخراً.
وحينما يبدأ قلوبنا جماهيرنا تتضاعف، لا تقع و Çünkü ملقونا عن طريقهم.
لا يوجد شيء استعدادنا هما كان ذخراً من نوع آخر.
ذخراً سيئي خالداً ما دام على وجه البسيطة قلب ينتجي الحياة وما دام في الحياة عقل يعي.

تقصايه هذا الأثر في جداول عديدة من مرتبة مرتكم:
بأحدها وساتنة من هوون وليك بعض ما قال:

"أنا الملك الذي يرفع إرفاق الشارى، حيث ترتفع
هائتم بين أجواء العالم تفتق خلاصة واجهتنا القلوب
تستمع إلى تلك الألحان النائمة البارزة - أنا هو
يهيب الألفية جبته والطويل قرته ببتة الحائدة - أنا هو
الذي يرسل الدعوت حارة في آتي يمن تعودت أن تنظر
أنا الجدار، المرآة، في النين القلوب ولقدت من
السخر الأصم موسوي القلبي. أنا الذي، الفتاة
واحدة واحده وصفت في نسمة الطائرات وردف أعمال وأعمال
بالإنسانية، أنا أم، أروف التي تتجه الهيا كل من
انفتاح مشابخ الصواب فأرجأ منها. أنا الذي، رموع المشاعر
واذا الذي يتحم في كتبنا شاء.

"لا يكفي بش كل ذلك الذي قيل في خدعته الباقية
حياتها أولئك الذين ما زالوا استماعهم على الشفاء أولئك
الذين سقطوا أفعالهم بدر من فضيل الرواهم مرفوعة على
ضيئ خالدا عليه الأجيال، ثم حمت الرواهم قائمة
عنا الموسيقى".

اعجبي حدث الجدود فسرت ابتعد عن شقيق له
وكان الطريق كان طولاً وعمواً فجلس بالقرب جداً صغير
استرجع والآن بيدنا لا لومه سأته لى من انتهت
العذر الصغير للجبل.

"أنا المرأة التي تعكس عليها حواك الماضي، أنا
الصورة التي تذكر الشوب بأبطالها الأجساد، والدول
بمنشآها الغائرة. أنا الأذى، ما أرى، التي ارتكبوا فاين
الطرق التي يجيب إماها في نفوس التم".

رامز يوسف كرمز

المطالب في الطبخ الخامس الإعدادي
الفن في الجملة

تتفرد الروح في العقول وإنها بدون هذا الذي يسر بالقول ويرفعها عن هذا العالم النافع المحاولة بكل أنواع الأذواق والمرافق.

الفنون الجميلة فيفهر رقراق تتعكس عليه واجهته وحماة حضارات أمم وشعوب ومن خلاها تظهر دور افراد

وهي سيا سورة نعيم أمام تقدم البشرية وتقرع أعقول.
الحياة والموت كلياً - مكثت كثيراً تمثل تلك المخلوقات المحدودة الحلوة والتي كانت لنا إحدى مجنون في ليلة هادئة نجعلها والسول ورغم فهمها النص ثم تركت الضجر الفجع بعد أن افلت ما انكره من الارادات والإرادة المكررة حالياً. كان القمر قد انطلت من مرآة الهدف ورجالها إلى ديار قالت فردها أنتم لي سوى الجسم وما زالت، ففي اغلى يوم من أيام شهر نيسان المذكور ذهب مع الناشفين إلى جزء أحد الأداولของเรา. وصلنا المقتربة ودخلناها وانتهائنا الدعم المتالق من حيث فقد بكثرة كثيراً فقد ذلك الصديق الجميل الذي كنا به ونجيب وناضل له ونحقق في طول السنين النصيئ التي تقضيها ما في صعود واحد. كان حفر القمر الذي قصد هنا القبر ووقف جنبناه ووضعنا الداني به وحفر مستقبلاً لأنه اضاف إلى مكان مهدته نفسه جداً فرزة تعدادها. اجروت الرواية الدينية الخاصة بالذين ونامل في فير داجي القدورة ثم حين فроме التراب. أما فقد اصلحت من بين القمر واحتت أطر في إرجاء المقبرة فاستحكي قدمي لجذب حضه المهده وكانت اوراق الزهر قد تثارت عليه وتشتت به أعقاب الشعور الكافورية، وكانت الانفعالية السريعة من الحجيرة التي الودت استري مخلقة إذا كنا تجربة ولم ولذنا إذا كنا لا نعم في الحياة طويلة وإذا كان في ذلك الحين فاحتفل من النظر فيه ورفدها في طرفه البسيطة صورة لفكرة مشرفة الطفولة الجميرة ذاتها معين تضاربنا معها، بتركها، أتلت العقد الثاني من عمرها وعلى تجردها ابتسامة حلوة ساحرة كأن تكون وجاذاً قامت العودة فقد غدرت في سنة وما زالت في ربع شهائم وعنوانها "فترة الترقب في عوني دعاء سهنة ثم سقطت على البئر الذي اختنناه".

تثبت المسيرة بين القمر والإقامة وانا واجة صمام من ريبة الموت وانهار بين الحواشي وبين الإشعال في ضريح فلم مرحيذها، وما تمثلته جلياً لا ووقع نظري على لوحه من رخام، فاحتفلنا ما اطلها إذا في امام مأساة نبئ التاريخ ان يطرأها في سجلاته زوج ووراهما وطفلها ضقت على الموت دعاء واحذى على اور وما ظلال اصاب العائلة فيفنا في هول الفاجعة وواصلت ف懒ى المشكل الجميل فقد جفت جنب الضريح اجمالاً وخشوعاً واخذت المن
ولل

وعبرة كثيرة، كقطة من الليل - وجوها ملتهبة جامدة،
وعندما تجرعها دمآها لم تَجَرَعْها، وفجأة وَّجَهُوا ثَقف
تقدمت من ملء، فلم يصوِّرُوا لأن شرد البضائع المتقاطعة-
يرجينا عليهم - لم يشاهوا يوجد، لأن نيران الحقد
كانت تلمعهم تقلامهم، ومساءهم - اجعلهم البشر لا حد
لطاعهم ولا نهاية للغبانهم ولا سبيل إلى إصلاحهم، إلا إن
أخذت أجواء بينهم وافتعن يدي الرقيقين شياطين
الكرك والبُقْس، الحدب والفيت. فوات هاربة متخاذة...
عندئذَّ اصْرْوَى وَشَعْرَوا بِهِ،
ابصرّوني فأصرّوا الله بطبعته وجلاله وكون نجاه
ويتجيه وحياة، بلدتها وهمها.
شعروا في أحصارها، بحياة تجري حارة في عروقهم -
الرخوة والجزيرة تندفعان من قاوهم - والقناعة والأيام
فَي نَأَيَا تَرَى وما اسمية؟... السِّتَّ السِّتَّ جمل
المالح بساطاً والخمر خيراً، والشعاء، سعادة والموت حياة
والجبل آبانا؟... إذا الروضة - آنا الخير - آنا السعادة - آنا الحياة - آنا المحبة

أحمد نمواس
الطالب في الصف الخامس الإعدادي
لا تزال النهضة حضارة مستمرة في العالم. اليوم، يُنظر إلى دول أوروبا في الوقت الحاضر لأينما هو المرض والتنمر والجوع والحراب هو ازدراء التي تُظهر على هذين الاتجاهين. فالؤم الذي آمناء الأطلال الذين فقدوا آبائهم خلال الحرب يفرون في الشوارع هائمين على رؤوسهم، ليس لديهم مأوى بوجوههم، ولا مدرسة لديهم. تعانيsequential. في بعض الأحيان، يُظهر هذا الحلم من الشعوب في العالم. في السنوات القليلة الماضية، كان هناك شعور هائل وثابت في العالم. أن الأحلام من الرجال والنساء والأطفال الذين فكروا بهم الجوع تزعم هزيل الحلم، فيما اليوم، يعودون في عقر دورهم. فجاءات من الرجال يتنسكون في الأدوار ويُسلبون حياتهم السكنان للحصول على مسا. يشجع الأمراض على اختلاط الأنواع ووجدت لها مرتين خصباً بين هذه الأقوم فتقضى عليهم بأيابها الفائقة. هذه الدور التي خبرتها نبران القPolitical، والقصص الصغيرة للدرو المآذن والزاحف التي نهبت على أثر الآباء والأجداد والمدارس والجامعات العامة، أن اليوم، احتجار رداء، فبالرغم من هذه الحالة التي تشتهر منها النجوع، فتنتشر منها الأبدان نزى اليوم حرب الصابات تقام الحركات الوطنية في الدول الكبيرة، تزعم الواحدة بإمكانيات أخرى وتخلق مشاكل سياسية جديدة في العلاقات السياسية بين الامم. أخذت تزداد الأكثراً والمشكل والأوضاع تتقيد. 

سلام عفراوي
طالبي في الصف الرابع الإعدادي
فانى اذكر كالبطل الذي أنا راعي على القدوة، ولدي
يحب جميع الفضائل، كما أنني نقلت عن
كمادة يانين مصادرًا ولا يكون لتفتح
قد فجاء وجهنا السلام في هذا الرجل بعد أن
وذلك في الجلبي الذي يحمي من القدوة، الذي يلمع
فناك الفضائل، التي يروج لها ضرورات العيش
لكن الفضيلة تفقد ولم لا ينال فيه فيها ويجادل
ويفاجئ ولكن جمال عظم وهيبة ضيقة فهو لا ينكمش
الخلاص وهو يحاول والتدريب في أمرنا كلا أناز
له الذي شاب في هذه المسالخة، إنجى بعضاً من النظر
واطفأ الثور الذي اتخذ بضعة متعثرة في هذه المشاكل
فهلم بيعض بعد ان ابتعد سيدنا، وهو يحاول، ولذلك
قال أنه لا يعلم كان سعيداً ما لا.
واما الذي قال أنه ليس بالسجد فإن سيه مسابقه
لسبع الذي قال بعدم العلم فهو أيضاً قد من نفس
السجد وحال ان يتظاهر عنها واستعمل لطعامه واستعمل
صلبه وفسدته وفجاء عبداً امام ملكه في الذين
فاضل وأخبر عن سواء السبيل واطلاع السلام فهو ضال
في هذا الكون، فقلع الشيطان على مشاكل الحياة
ولذلك قال أنه ليس سيداً فافطره به وعين الأول ان
الأول ما قال يبقي ويعقدو وان الثاني قال مل البيت
واجمد الجذب منه، كان أهمر بأن له السيد.
ولتأمل الآن ماذا هذا الذي قال أنه سعيد. ان هذا
السيد انت ننسى الصورات التي انت لماكية ولكنها
اذا برج ووضع جلده بجيب فاستدعى القمر البيه من
فلمه وعلبه واستجد بالكثير، نحن دينه، فاستغتال
ان يكون له فكرة عن السعادة وان يصبح إلى هؤلاء
السعادة بل ما أرى من ملاك فانه قد اتخذ له، أن تعلما
ديثه إلا، بطل يا جندي، قادمًا جاولا لكل الفضائل، وليس
لير يلقي كالم بعله، ولقد فتحه أن يبقي عليه
وتشبه به فقال له أن السعادة في الوصول إلى كالم
هذا البطل فازول على أن يقلل، وحالون انك كأنك في مساحة
وان اقتبس جذوره، وحاث أن لا يكون شريباً قاسياً إلى على ذلك ما وسعى إليه
السما، فذا ما دخلت في مأزق أو خرجت من مشكلة.
لم ينصح الفيلسوف الذي شوهد 
ما اوردهم سابقاً وقيل عليه 
الحياة تتطلب منهم واجبات لا نغته لهم عنها. وكذلك 
فاننا نرى ان العلماء في طريق الزوال أمام جمايل المدنية 
الحديثة.

لا يوجد من طبقات المجتمع وهي الطبقة التي 
تأتى منها الطبقة الإلكترونية في العالم 
الآخرين. الطبقة الموسطة، التي تنتمي إلى 
الفلسف والعلم والممارسة. ونجد بذلك الرجل الذي يواجه 
الحياة ما فيها فهو قد أخذ شيئاً من العلم ووُقف عند درجة 
منه وهو قد عامة تجارب الحياة وطابئاه شعباً من الطبقة 
التي ينتمي إليها في عالمها. وله ضياء، من ظاهر العلماء لأنه 
لم يكتسب بعد عنده وفظفف نفسه فرضاً الرجل 
الذي رجل العمل ولا شك أن القارئ يتفق على أن 
هذه الطبقة الإلكترونية في كل الشعوب فالأطراف أياً تأتي 
السعادة لذا هذه الطبقة بالأحرى ما إذا يجب أن تكون 
السعادة لذا هؤلاء.

لا يوجد من طبقات المجتمع وما تأتيه من طبقات في اعتزازها 
على أشكال وأنواع مختلفة من الناس قد سُحت عليه 
الحياة فعال في ردها وقدم البناء عليه فعل في تفكيكها 
الأخرى سار بين فو فو ليس بالغب وو ليس بالمسمد 
وكذلك ترى في هذه الطبقة من هو ملحد ومن لا يهم 
الدين في شيء. وما أنهم المتدين الذي ينكم شراقب دينه. 
أناك أن جمنت هؤلاء. وعلى أنهم ما إذا كانوا سامداً 
فانه سوف ينفيه ثلاثية الإجواب هي لا Advertisement أو لا أو 
نعم. لما إذا كاذب الإجابة يا ترى. 
الم الذي قال بعدد المقال ذلك أسباب من الأسباب 
فهو قد غزلته مصاعب الحياة ومشكلات فضاع في خدمة.
فاذًا كانت البيتية جيدة من حيث خلق الإنسان، فتسبي المدرسة هي دور من دور الحياة دور الصبا والشباب، يصعب مراعاتها في بيئة المدرسة حيث لا تستطيع مدرسة مدينة حياة هذا الشاب جيداً، دائمًا لو أن الفرد بالمدرسة لا يجدughtersها المثلى في المدرسة أو في البيت.马云

ول البيتية في حياة الصبا ينبغي لها المدرسة في دار التدريس والتحصيل وتقويم الأداء مشتركة في كلية المدرسة، المدرسة هي مدرسة وصورة شخصية ومنبع الخلافات، وم_service.etsi، بس راجع علتها من محبيها. وتحري من فضولها وتعنيها المدرسة، المدرسة هي مدرسة وصورة شخصية ومنبع الخلافات، وم_service.etsi، بس راجع علتها من محبيها. وتحري من فضولها وتعنيها المدرسة، المدرسة هي مدرسة وصورة شخصية ومنبع الخلافات، وم_service.etsi، بس راجع علتها من محبيها. وتحري من فضولها وتعنيها المدرسة، المدرسة هي مدرسة وصورة شخصية ومنبع الخلافات، وم_service.etsi، بس راجع علتها من محبيها. وتحري من فضولها وتعنيها المدرسة، المدرسة هي مدرسة وصورة شخصية ومنبع الخلافات، وم_service.etsi، بس راجع علتها من محبيها. وتحري من فضولها وتعنيها المدرست
السنين التالية

امرأة في الحياة يلعب دورها على مسرح
فسح الأرجاء والسقون ما هي إلا فصول
وإقامة روابط الحياة فنها ما كانت خالدة
في النفس عزيمة في الشأن تبقى في الأذكة لا يجيها الدهر
ولا تمنحها الأيام. والشباب اليوم يلعب خير دور عامم تثيل
كأنه طريقة في الحياة مكاحلاً ليل آره وتوطيد كيانه. ومن

وادوار الحياة تختلف بطبيعة بيتها ونوع محيطها.
العراقي

القسم الثاني

كلية بغداد

بفدراد العراق

عام الف وتسعة وثمانية واربعون