1943

El Iraqi 1943

Baghdad College, Baghdad, Iraq

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Digitized Record Information
Graduation

June 1943

Bekhor Press Baghdad
IN THIS ISSUE

We regret that owing to lack of space we are unable to publish several fine articles that were submitted. Circumstances forced us to choose those articles that most represent this last work of the famous class of 1943.

In 'We Leave' the rich yet gentle humor of William Hoon radiates for the last time from the pages of 'El Iraqi'.

With a laugh, with a sigh, Munther Fettah gazes in his own imaginative fashion down the years to a summer night in 1963 while Clement Georgie looks back into the past with quiet pride and deep affection.

The gay humor of Sheehan Hall has been caught very nicely by Theodore Stephen in his review of the past year in the boarding school. Whether he be engineer or fitter in the future for the present he shows himself an artist.

There is a time and a feeling that all of us know only too well and Aram Seropian has put it into words for us in the rollicking "The Last Assault".

EL IRAQI

BAGHDAD COLLEGE YEARBOOK
Published by the Senior Class
Baghdad College, Sulaikh, Iraq
Harityoun Sahakian.................. Editor - in - Chief
Armen Kouyoumdjian............ Business Manager
REVEREND FRANCIS B. SARJEANT, S. J.
PRESIDENT
With a shout, with a song
We will cheer the boys along.
Under banners of Green and Maroon!
While we do, while we dare,
Proudly waving everywhere
Are the banners of Green and Maroon!

So it's High, High, High!
Always B. C. High!
Singing our glad merry tune.
And we'll cheer B. C.
On to victory,
Under banners of Green and Maroon!
ABDUL JALIL ZUHAIR

"To be a well-favoured man is the gift of fortune."
Shakespeare

"Jil" is the gayest man in Fifth and its best tap dancer. His only difficulty was to solve Fr. Sheehan's problems. He is very fond of English literature, especially Shakespeare. Life's ambition is to become an expert lawyer.

ALBERT JOSEPH

"Every one is the son of his own work." Shakespeare

A good sodalist who did great work in collecting things for the poor at Christmas. His only trouble at school was to keep his hair within bounds. His ambition is to become an engineer.

ARMEN KOUYOUMDJIAN

"He wears the rose of youth upon him." Sheridan

Highest in stature if not in studies. He is quiet, handsome, but withal dangerous.

CLEMENT GEORGIE

"Let us be moral." Dickens

Clement is a good sodalist, a good student, and a dapper gentleman. With his extensive wardrobe, his expansive smile, and shining hair he makes a brilliant appearance. Clement has his eye on a B.B.A. in Commerce.
DAVID FETTO
In life’s morning march when my besom was young." Canning

"Dave" is the "kid" of Fifth, one of the last to take to trousers. He rates A No. 1 in English despite his fifty fils words. He is tops in both Chemistry and History but has selected the former as his life’s field of endeavor.

ELIAS TAWFIQ
"My soul, sit thou a patient looker-on." Quarles

Elias weighs in as one of Fifth’s most substantial members. He is as good hearted as he is great-bodied. Despite his difficulties in Fr. Sheehan’s Science classes he aims to become a mechanical engineer.

FATHALLAH LOKA
"If music be the food of love, play on." Shake

Despite his nickname “Fatty is not fat but slim, even willowy. He is vice president of the Sodality, a star in Arabic and a masterful producer of compositions and speeches. Though speedy in the intellectual field, Fatty barely crawls in the field of sports.

FERDINAND JAMEEL
"I awoke one morning and found myself famous." Campbell

Boy! He is next to Fr. Sheehan in Math and Physics but not next to Fr. Paul in Arabic. Gay and light of heart, Ferdy will trip down the mathematical way to become an engineer.
GEORGE BAKOSE

It's a cruelty to load a fallen man." Shakespeare

George enthuses over sports but only endures classes and other dull things of the mind. No one ever called George tongue-tied or gloomy, despite his heavy load of classes. His heart's desire is to fill Fr. Cronin's shoes as Athletic Director.

GHASSAN SHAWKET

"The distant tape, and the crowd roaring between, His own name over all." Newbolt

Fleet as a deer in the field, Ghassan is B.C.'s best baseball player and track man and the popular hero of the lower classes. Among his many medals one finds no medal in math, or physics. With his leadership and brawn, Ghassan will do well in his chosen field of agriculture.

HARITH GHANIMA

"Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful." Shakespeare

Harith is prefect of the Sodality and Fifth's genius. His influence is weighty everywhere except on the ball field. He is fat of body, but not in years. We predict a great career for him in medicine.

HARITYOON SAHAKIAN

"Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell." Shakes.

A bright fellow, he is loved by all the students. Fr. Gookin had great difficulty in keeping Harityoon sober in class. Editor of El Iraqi for the past year. He has a great desire to become an Electrical Engineer.
HIKMET ABBOSH

"O ame, where is thy blush." Shakespeare.

Hikmet is the most unproportional body in Tallest in school, full of jokes but serious of menance, brain-stormed in Physics but capable ver subjects—this is Hikmet. He aims to become

HUSHAR SHEMDIN

"A prodigy of learning." Sheridan.

A strong and intelligent youngster, he has a great appetite for study. Hushar is a real gentleman and scholar. He is A No 1 in Biology, Chemistry, and History. He aims to be a surgeon.

JACOB JOSEPH

"Can't put too fine a point to your wit, for fear it should blunt." Shakespeare.

Jacob is Fifth's philosopher with views of his own. Though somewhat of an alarmist in class, he is an excellent sportsman. Jacob wants to take to the air and become a pilot.

JEFFREY LYNSDALE

"Double, double, toil and trouble." Shakespeare.

Jeffry is the Charles Atlas of Fifth. He takes his own pace in studies but usually arrives. He wields a mighty arm in baseball. He has his eye on some stars as an army officer.
JOHN FARAGE

“I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent.”  Shakespeare.

Johnny is Fifth's pianist, harmonica artist, and vocalist. He is reserved, good-hearted, and possessor of an enchanting smile. Already he has acquired the manners of his chosen profession, commerce.

JOHN KEMP

“Give thy thought's no tongue”  Shakespeare.

Another philosopher of 5th. Between him and Harityoun the class is kept well supplied with jokes. Life's ambition is to become a soldier.

JOSEPH BAKOSE

“Thus all below is strength and all above is grace.”  Dryden.

As Sodality treasurer he did great work on the mission collections, setting an all-time record for the school. Too high a character to be interested in getting money for himself but still medicine won't give way to his becoming a "Father.

JOSEPH SALMAN

“There's no art to find the mind's construction in
in the face".  Shakespeare.

Tallest after Hikmet but surpasses him with microphone voice. Has a chain that is well known in science classes. Life's ambition lies along commercial lines.
JOSEPH SKENDAR

"There's a good time coming, boys!" Mackay.

His English gets on Fr. Shea's nerves. A fine mathematician, something that may be traced to the "subha" which he is always fingering. Looks forward to Business.

MUNTHE FETTAH.

"Nature may stand up and say to all the world,
This was a man!" Shakespeare.

Boy! Class president for the last two years. Has held the leadership in studies since he entered B.C. He is fond of Arabic and English literature and is a forceful orator in both tongues. Also A No. 1 in Chemistry, Biology and Physics. Engineering clue for a revolution.

NAHID EL-ASKERI

"I'll put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes."

Wrestler of 5th. He wears eye glasses to see clearly but in Fr. Sheehan's class he has been known to see double, perhaps because of the subject. Another engineer to make the class famous.

PERCY THOMAS

"Be a comfort to my age."

Grand-pa of 5th. His greatest trouble was to keep the tsetse flies away during Fr. Sheehan's class for they kept him awake. Business will be one of his loves.
PHILIP BESHOURY

"He had kept the witness of his soul. And thus men over him wept."    Byron.

Sodality secretary and up to the minute in more ways than one. Agreeable and popular even in his jokes. Ambition in life to become a chemist.

THEODORE STEPHEN

"Let us describe the indescribable."    Anon.

5th year fitter but in future will be a real engineer. Likes to laugh at others but sometimes it works the other way.

WILLIAM HOON

"I bear a charmed life."    Shakespeare.

A calm man yet very gay, he is 5th's treasurer. Has all the charm of India. He hopes to make the most of his personality in business.
S vs Sh is &Hst.
Editorial

WE AND THE PRESENT WORLD

by
Harityoun Schakian '13

Between the world of the future and the sweet memory of our last school hours there stands, glorious and magnificent, the turning point of our lives, our commencement day. Yet it is only a day and with the passing of a few ecstatic hours it will be over. The moment comes when we walk out of the familiar door and, pausing on the threshold, we turn back for the last time and sing the farewell song. We sing heartily, sincerely, and it may be that the tears which spring to our eyes may serve to wash away the remembrance of wrong deeds we have carelessly committed. Alas! We are no longer the same First High kids who would rush around the school building and play at marbles; no longer the same Second High lads who would push their way through the older boys to get the good seats in the buses first; no longer the same Third High boys who would boast over the lower classes; no longer the same vigorous and spirited Fourth High athletes who would never give up the class banner and the silver cup; and finally, no longer the same Fifth High who had always tried their best to be a model for the other classes and to bear with honor the Green and Maroon banner.

B. C. sends us off into a complicated and altering world; a world where the mortal storm in man has reached its climax. Until that storm dies away we shall never have a peaceful world. We are told that alterations produce an expected civilization but the storm in the present world is not so much an alteration as a disintegration. That storm has risen out of the vices that are buried deep in the very hearts of men. It is easy enough to go out into that storm and win glory, fame, or even victory, but peace will not truly come until those vices are rooted out of men’s hearts.

We can glory now in the fact that our college has never allowed her sons to become victims of such vices. Through her teachers she has taken wise precautions beforehand. Her sons must be real men when they go forth; men who will ever be ready to live up to and fight for the ideals she has labored to give them. So we leave our old home and set out to seek for another which will hardly be a better one. Yet no matter where that search will carry us we will never fail, for the rest of our lives, to look back with genuine love and gratitude to those who gave us those shining ideals by whose light our search will be carried on.

We Leave

Who knows what tomorrow may bring? For security’s sake the following boys asseverate their wills to their successors. For posterity’s usage we leave the building under whose roof we were taught, hot, sought and caught. We leave the chairs in the Science Room to Fr. Murad because all year he has been wondering whether they would be left or not. Our wandering life from room to room in our last year we leave to another class that will also have its ups and downs. In particular

WE LEAVE Munther’s ability in study and fiery eloquence for all boys of all time.

WE LEAVE Arman’s treasures to Second High; his moustache to Abu Shawarib and his jumping ability and motorcycle to their track team.

WE LEAVE Hikmet’s long legs to those shorties who lack the pituitary gland.

WE LEAVE Hishar’s steady determination to the doubtful boys of First High.

WE LEAVE Ferdy’s ingenuity in mathematics to Fr. Sheehan to bestow on whom he will in those cloudy days two years from now.

WE LEAVE Harith’s deep impression on everything he touched to those who sit—but dream.

WE LEAVE Nahid’s energy and sense of fun to all those to whom school is difficult.

WE LEAVE Fathallah’s atmosphere of luck and love to the boys of Fourth who come
from Karradah.  

WE LEAVE Albert's geniality and string of beads as a reserve supply for Fr. Mudir to use during the hot weather.

WE LEAVE Jalil's product of the extremes, his tapping toes and tongue tripping with Shakespeare, to those who think that "never the twain shall meet".

WE LEAVE David's curly hair to those who forget to take care early.

WE LEAVE John Forage's fifty—fils Arabic words and one hundred fils smile for those who get the first at the expense of the second.

WE LEAVE Philip's long methods of solving to Fr. Sheehan who can enjoy them more during the summer months than he did during the winter.

WE LEAVE Joseph Skender's ability in the mile and half mile to Arthur Youhana.

WE LEAVE Jacob's Arabic class arguments—well, er—gladly.

WE LEAVE Clement's Brv1—cream to that borderer in Second High

WE LEAVE Ghassan's track records in order that "those who run may read".

WE LEAVE Joseph Bzkose's mission money collecting ability to all future Sodality treasurers,

WE LEAVE Elias' "biggest brain in the class" to Fr. Gookin for future reference.

WE LEAVE George's stories to the boys who read "THE Wonder Book".

WE LEAVE Teddy's diligence for Fr. Mahan to distribute among his boarders.

WE LEAVE Percy's revolver to Fr. Sarjeant as the air raid protection for the college.

WE LEAVE Harityoun's jokes and courtesy to bus rowdies who think they do not go together

WE LEAVE John Kemp's English accent to Fr. Hoyt's Oral English classes,

WE LEAVE Joseph Salman's quiet reserve to all of First High.

WE LEAVE Jeffrey's mighty chest and wrestling ability—well, we leave it alone.

WE LEAVE William's once handsome face, but now disfigured, together with his crushed body to all future Seniors who write nonsense like the above.

And finally we leave our sincerest thanks to all the Fathers and teachers who helped us in our studies. For their kindness and patience we shall always be indebted to them. And to all who follow us we wish the same glorious prosperity and happiness that we had in our five years at Baghdad College.

Written on this the thirtieth inst. of May in the year of Our Lord Nineteen Hundred and Forty Three.

WILLIAM HOON

A MIDSUMMER'S NIGHT DREAM — 1963

by

Munther Fettah '43

"Only one hour left and nothing prepared!" murmured Armen Kouyoumdjian, a wealthy business man, who knew nothing as well as how to give names and soirees in his Fallujah villa. That day he was giving a big party in honor of Fatallah Loka's marriage. The reason lay in the fact that Fatallah was a relative of his (for with the passing of years some strange things had happened). The party was to be given in the gardens of the first building of Baghdad University. The guests were all the graduates of that great 1943 class of B. C. Armen had hoped to make that party a charming one, a real success, but all the elements seemed to go against him.

There was confusion everywhere. Shouts, rumbles, roars of laughter and curses while poor Armen was biting his moustaches. John Forage, Iraq's best tenor, was trying to help his strict-tempo orchestra men to fix the microphone, but in vain; for he never really touched anything. Ghassan Shawket, still in his shorts and spikes, (for he had been practicing in another attempt to break his own world's record for the 100 and 200 meter dashes) was arranging the tables to the tune of numerous curses because of the fact that there was no time left for him to go and change…
his clothes; Philip Beshoury, Joseph Salman and Joseph Skender were uselessly trying to explain to the butlers of their casino how to serve the ice cream offered as a present by the Lynsdale, Skender, Salman and Beshoury Casino. But when their burly partner, Jeffery Lynsdale, appeared the servants suddenly understood all the instructions very well. Hush: "Bang vain.

Theodore Stephen, formerly an electrical engineer at the Sarrafiyah power house, was decorating the trees with strings of electric lights and beseeching Sayid Jalil Zuhair, to give him a nail to hold the wires. But the great Sayid Zuhair, who was an excellent electrical engineer, a wealthy farmer, a marvellous opera singer and a wonderful yarn-weaver, was vainly trying to figure out how many volts were required to push the current through all the resistances: He failed. He tried again......and failed. At last he gave up. He had never really understood Ohm's Law-not ever in the golden times with the greatest physics teacher in the world.

Half an hour left! Armenia was crazy. Even the bridegroom wasn't there! He searched for his relative, searched everywhere, but in vain. At last, George Bakose, B. U.'s basketball coach, came running in typical style and told Armenia that Fatty was in the library, in the furthest corner with his back towards the door Armenia approached slowly and silently-then he had to burst into a roar of laughter. Fatty was reading a pamphlet called "If You Marry " and near him on the table lay " Casti Conubii " and " Speaking of Birth Control "!

It was time. The guests began to arrive. The garden was beautifully lighted and decorated. A seven-seater Buick drew up to the door. A driver in white uniform hurried to open the door. His Excellency Harityoun De Sahakian, Ambassador of Armenia to the Court of the King of Iraq, descended from the car, a cigar in his mouth, his face lit by his old time smile. Albert Joseph, an unscrupulous politician and newspaperman, bent to whisper in the ear of John Kemp, head of the Oral English department of the university, "What has this man got to do in Iraq ? He's an awfully dangerous politician. Remember when this man was once told that no one and no place would ever take him ?"

The bride and bridegroom came. Walking with them was that short, stout, shy priest, Fr. Ghanima. Somebody whispered, " He's better looking - " but a loud " Hush: " interrupted him.

Then - Bang : Johnny and his orchestra began with the bridegroom's favorite piece "Rumming Waltz". After that they swung into "When They Begin the Beguine" and believe me, Johnny's voice was tender, beautiful. Among the dancing crowd one could easily see that the Zuhairs were very much touched by that song: Rumbas, tangoes, foxtrots, waltzes brightened and softened the night. The scene was one of joy, vigor, energy, enthusiasm, zeal.

Mr. Nâhid El-Askari showed his great astonishment at the fact that no one seemed to dance "Jitterbug". He then expressed his ideas on the coats of the guests—they were badly cut. "Now in Egypt" he began...but the music grew louder and saved the situation.

Then William Hoon, professor of Romantic literature at B. U., who never failed in imitating a certain teacher of his college days in selecting special poems which the boys liked and easily understood (they knew them too well!) well. Mr. Hoon stood up to give a speech. He started "Let me not to the marriage of true minds admit impediments'
only to hear the whole crowd join him in the following lines which they had never forgotten.

Dr. Clement Georgie D. M. D. was telling his wife (who was a Basrawi, by the way) why one gets a toothache while eating ice cream. On the other side of the room at that same moment David Fetto, who had recently gotten his Doctor’s degree in Organic Chemistry, became confused while trying to explain to his fiancée the difference between Glucose and Dextrose used in ice cream.

In a distant corner a gray-haired man was sitting. His eyes showed nervousness verging on insanity. He was Ferdinando Jameel, Director of the Ottoman Bank in Iraq. That afternoon he had discovered an error of 43 fils. All his mathematics and all the “short ways” and “long ways” he had learned from a certain one weren’t of any help in solving his difficulty. Elias Tawfiq, a fat, good-hearted member of the government “Brain Trust” was doing his best to soothe Ferdy’s nerves, but in vain.

Then everything stopped. The music suddenly ceased; the dancers appeared paralyzed; Fr. Ghanima ran to his seismograph to see if an earthquake was going on and thus accounting for that strange rumbling and shaking of the walls. But then in the doorway appeared the explanation in the ponderous shape of Mirza Hushyar Hazim, the huge Kurdish shaikh. He begged to be pardoned for his lateness. It was, he said, due to an unexpected secret meeting of the parliament.

Before the party was over a postman came in with a letter for Fatty. The latter carelessly took it and was about to put it in his pocket when his bride observed the English stamp on it. Her curiosity was aroused and of course Fatty was helpless in the face of such a sweet request. He opened the letter. His bride suddenly blushed a rosy red. Everybody noticed it and there were some knowing smiles on various faces. For the letter was from Percy Thomas who was selling Arak in London.

Then Fr. Joseph Bakose, Secretary to the Apostolic Delegate, came in. He regretted that the Delegate could not be with them for a slight fever confined him to bed.

“Everybody is here,” shouted Hikmet Abbosh, owner of the Abbosh studios. “Let’s take a memorial picture.” Everybody promptly ran, pushed and kicked others through force of habit. Hikmet had a tiresome job arranging the party according to the varicus heights but the job was almost completed when the bride suddenly noticed that three of the guests were missing. Immediately the whole group, led by Albert Joseph, began to search. Fr. Ghanima was found in the Physics lab beside a monument dedicated to Munther Fettah who had been killed by an electric current while trying to install the new 50000 volt generator in the B.U. lab. Fr. Ghanima turned solemnly and said, “No.” Not everybody is here.” Then they all noticed two tears sparkling on his cheeks.

Jalil Zuhair was found in the Science room showing his wife where Munther used to sit. They were both very sad, for they knew him well, too well.
Lest We Forget

by

Clement Gergie '43

There comes a time when every young man is anxious to hear of his forebears and family origins. So it was that I became curious about the origins of our Alma Mater, Baghdad College. But where could I find all these things for she is a stern and modest lady whose lips remain sealed with secrecy? But in her eyes I read a message. "Young man, go out and discover these details for yourself! Did I not teach you how to seek the truth? Or have I not lightened the way for you?" Thus it was that I came to search in dusty lanes and musty tomes for some accounts of the former days of our Alma Mater.

If we want to find out all about the beginning of B.C. we should go to Rome. As the old proverb says, "All roads lead to Rome" and it so happens that this is true in this particular case. In response to the petition of the Christian Communities of Baghdad, His Holiness Pope Pius the Ilth sent, in the spring of 1931, Fr. Edmund Walsh S. J., an author of note, to make a survey of conditions in Baghdad and to report on the feasibility of a school there.

On March 9th, 1932, the first four Fathers arrived in Baghdad; the Most Reverend William A. Rice, now the Bishop of British Honduras; Rev. J. Edward Coffey, the first prefect of studies; Rev. Edward F. Madaras, now the treasurer of the College and Rev. John Miff, who alone of that first group remains on the teaching staff. As a result of their great work a school was opened in the following autumn and its first site was Murabah Street, on the river front not far from New Street. The cradle of B.C. was, like most cradles, a noisy one. It stood at the corner of two busy streets crowded with shouting sellers of goods while a tinsmith next door to the school competed with the Fathers who were hammering within. In the light of these things we can understand the stentorian tones developed by some of the teachers.

The school began its first year with an enrollment of 107 boys from different parts of the city. There were only four classes that first year 5th- and 6th- Primary and 1st and 2nd. Intermediate and for these four sections there were only two rooms so these last were divided into four sections. There was no space for games so on Thursdays the boys would go outside the city for games. At that time the students had the choice of French, German or Italian as their third foreign language. The time order of classes was also a little different from that of the present, the summer order, for instance, running from 7 a.m. to 1 p.m. In spite of all the difficulties the boys faced in school they liked it very much and most of them even went to school on Sundays! At the end of that first year the 5th. Primary class was dropped and the 3rd Intermediate was added.

At the age of two years, which is rather a long time, B.C. learned how to walk - and what a walk that was! It was all the way from Murabah to Sulaikh for in July 1934 the school moved to a much larger house on the river front in the latter place. The new building was a huge square house with 35 rooms around a central courtyard where the boys had their handball, basketball and volleyball courts. Once more B.C. is on the river front and we shall see later that her third site likewise overlooks the river as if she had fallen in love at first sight with the golden waves of the Tigris. The Fathers were told that the house was haunted and just by accident
on that first night in the building Fr. Wand's light went off and for a long time. There was a little uneasiness among the Fathers that first night but that inauspicious beginning was also the end of their worries - at least as regards ghosts. Special busses were made for the school because of the difficulties with the public busses yet even so the boys had many "mud holidays" for the roads to Sulaikh in those days were not yet paved, A boarding department had been planned for that year but at the last moment it was called off owing to lack of space.

The first graduation of the College was held in June 1936 on this site. The great advance in such a short time came as a surprise to many people but those same people might be even more surprised were they to see that old site today. There is nothing left of that huge house except the gate itself and in the midst of the present ruins stands a big tent. For even before the Fathers had moved to Sulaikh they had bought a tract of land there with an area of 25 acres with a 215 foot frontage on the Tigris. So the second site of the College had been only a temporary one. In January 1936 Fr. Merrick had placed a medal of St. Joseph in the new property and in that same year on the Eve of St. Joseph's feast the Fathers had taken formal possession of the land. To this third site which is the present college the school was moved in September 1938. The present building is Iraqi architecture for although Alma Mater had her origins in Rome yet she does not want to spurn the customs of her neighbors.

In September 1939 a new building appeared on the grounds, a boarding school and residence for the Fathers. Over these two buildings, the school and boarding house, hovers the spirit of the fairy godmother of the college, the unknown lady whose generous gifts of money made possible the erection of both buildings. We, the students of Baghdad College, should be most grateful to her for without her unstinted kindness many of us would never have known B.C.

March the 9th 1942 was the tenth anniversary of the founding of our college and His Excellency the Apostolic Delegate to Iraq celebrated Mass in the school in honor of the occasion. In those ten years our beloved Alma Mater has sent forth over one hundred sons to face the world with the strong courage and clean hearts of real Christian gentlemen. May those hundreds soon be thousands-thousands who, as we ourselves remember with real love our school along the Tigris. Baghdad College!

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Life In Sheehan Hall

by

Theodors Stephen 43

Sheehan Hall is a peaceful two-storied, six-roomed house hidden away among the palms at about five minutes' walking distance from the school. It is surrounded by a delightful garden of flowers ample enough to supply the needs of John Farage's button-hole. This house for the past year has been the home of the "Big Boys" as the Junior Boarders call us. From the description above it would seem that life in Sheehan Hall is lazy and drowsy. Not a bit of it! Our boys were always bubbling over with the vim and vigour of perfect health. Not one of us has made a trip to the infirmary during the school year.

Of course, there were slight attacks of school-sickness among us as the times when Ahmed felt faint
before Oral English classes. A mild attack of sleeping sickness, also, visited Jalil on Biology test days. But these things, you will admit, are not very serious.

A German police dog Sheba, who was driven out of Ghassan's house by his father for eating radio wires, was our faithful night watchman during the year. Sheba had perfect manners except for her queer habit of digging up the flower garden, a habit which made our gardener go on strike twice during the year. Despite such a faithful guardian as Sheba, "wicked dreams abused the curtain'd" sleep of John Farege. Many the night he stayed awake till dawn chasing the robbers of his imagination with Ghassan's small pistol clutched in his hand.

In spite of the early rise our boys managed to get to Chapel six or seven minutes before Mass started. But every rule must have exceptions. Several mornings we were late for Chapel for something went wrong either with the clock or Fr. Armitage. Or perhaps Clement kept the rest waiting while he finished combing his glossy hair. Despite these and similar shortcomings no one received any punishments during the year. At times one had to pinch himself to see whether he was really in a boarding house or at home.

Our main purpose in Sheehan Hall was study but we spiced it at times with sport. We had among us Ghassan whose sporting fame is well known in B.C. and Baghdad. Also Jhamad, an ace in the four hundred. Our energetic prefect, Fr. Sheehan, had the bright idea of making a small volley-ball court between the two palm trees. Then he organized a league of four teams, four men on a team - a perfect square, as he might say. The cup was won by Ghassan's team after a close match with Khorene's men who played a smashing game but unfortunately all the smashers were out. Still unbeaten in spirit, Khorene tried to take away the ping-pong championship from Fr. Sheehan. Still the smashers were out. Never mind, Khorene! You know that Abraham Lincoln was beaten many times wrestling when he was a boy but he always bounced up again ready for another match.

But we must not forget our Charlie the Wrestler, the youngest of the house, who was famous for his eating life into cartoons of the aforesaid Johnny playing hide-and-seek with the robbers. Somehow, when summer came, a mysterious change came over Charlie. An inspiration to fly came to him. Thus he began practising pole vault as the best means at hand. For a pole he used a crooked eucalyptic (you-can-leap-it) branch, ten feet long. After a week Charlie was ready for his trial flight. Suddenly he leaped from his pole into the azure sky only to land like Humpty Dumpty on top of the garden wall. The second flight was not much more successful for he had to make a forced landing on the roof of Sheba's canteen (garage).

The social life of Sheehan Hall came to a climax with a soiree held in our garden which was honored by the presence of Rev. Fr. Rector and Fr. Mahan. The highpoint of the menu was "Mishmish Squash" made by our famous chatterbox driver, Zeia. After dinner Victor showed some of Charlie's new idea pictures with the projector. Our quartet then sang some songs, followed by a solo by Fr. Mahan who outclassed us without a doubt. The explanation given by Fr. Sheehan, W. B. S., was that Fr. Mahan had more extra overtones than our quartet. This soiree only deepened our impression that Sheehan Hall was a real home, one that we will never forget no matter how far we may roam.
The Last Assault

by

Aram Seropian ’45

Thy part is with broken sabre
To rise on the last redoubt.
To fear no sensible failure,

But fighting, fighting, fighting,
Die driven against the wall.

Louise Imogen Guiney

The ideos of May have come! Eery emblems, ominous omens, and suspicious signs flash on and off in the darkling sky of Third High. The air is heavy with doubt and the overcharged atmosphere tingles with excitement. Easily might we sing with the witches of Macbeth, “Fair is foul, and foul is fair; Hover through the fog and filthy air.” Yes, old Shakespeare knew what he was talking about. He, too, must have faced many a final exam (We wonder if that is why he left school so early.) Then unceasing dispatches come from the principal’s office foreboding events that may well be as weird and fantastic as those in “The Murder in Rue Morgue.”

Though we boys of Third may be weak in algebraic signs, these signs we know well. They are the sure signs of the great annual invasion of the teachers on the territory of defenceless students. In plain language, the Exams are coming! This dire situation demands extra vigilance. Let no one, however great the temptation, fall to sleep without keeping at least one eye open. Secret Service of Third sent out to observe Teachers’ Headquarters bring back disheartening reports. Whispered conferences, they say, are being held daily; teachers are singing treaties of coalition to present an united front to student forces.

The results of such activities are daily becoming more evident. Professor Beshir is keeping up a relentless trial barrage of questions on Arabic Grammar. Professor Abbosh, more suavely perhaps but none the less forcefully, is laying mines of historical dates and facts that will fool all but the most cautious. The World’s Greatest Scientist, Fr. Sheehan, warns that unless we figure out our campaign with more accuracy than we do our Physics and Math problems we will find ourselves at battle’s end on the minus side of the lines. As for Fr. Gookin, he remains gently insistent on his Theory of Convolutions. Failure or success depends on convolutions. It’s convolutions that count! Fr. Armitage has not as yet committed himself to any definite policy but Friday last we observed his new bass voice which means that he will speak less in the future and observe more. Despite their individual differences, the teachers one all have in their eyes that far-away Waterloo look that bodes no good for us.

In our own camp there is not in evidence such optimism and confidence. First of all, we are on the defensive, and everyone knows that a defensive battle is the hardest to wage. Secondly, our sources of supply are limited. Yes, decidedly so. Our rifles are rusty, our sabres broken due to our own neglect. Our only hope is to know our terrain so well that the enemy can find no inviting gap, and to fight with that same determination that wrested the silver cup from Fifth’s grasping hands last Field Day.

Now the zero hour is approaching, Third High to a man is posted at strategic positions. When the command to advance is given, the whole undaunted Third Army will leap to the attack across that no Boys Land called Final Exams. Let the barrage of questions fall as hard and heavy as they can. The boys of Third are ready to take that last redoubt!
Athletics

by

Ghassan Shawket '43

and

Aram Seropian' 45

Sports in general suffered this year owing to the doubtful condition of the buses. The whole order of the school was changed and practice sessions for the varsity teams could not be held regularly. But this hardship meant little to our enthusiastic boys and they deserve the highest praise for the honour and glory they brought to the school despite the difficulties they faced. The wine of victory was poured out often enough to gladden the heart of Fr. Cronin, our patient and long suffering Moderator of Athletics.

BASKETBALL LEAGUE:

The school basketball league was a thrilling fight between Fifth and Third Highs, rivals of long standing. The championship was finally won by Third who thus evened up their defeat of last year. The winning team was made up of Captain Joseph Georgie, Louis Raffouli, Bedi, Atchoo, Edward Tominna and John Metti.

In games with other schools we lost to Adhamiya once but beat them later; we were rained out of a game with Bettawin; and in the Military College Tournament we were defeated by a strong team from the Karkh School.

PING-PONG;

Several of our boys entered the tournament at the Royal Iraqi Sport Club but when it came time for the final matches there was no one left wearing the Green and Maroon. In the Pharmacy College tournament Gilbert Thomas of Second High did very well until the semi-final round where he was defeated, after a very close match, by the Iraqi champion, Jamil Salih, who later went on to win the tournament. If we must lose. we do so only to the best.

BICYCLE RACE:

After the annual Baghdad bicycle race this year we saw a cloud of dust rising on the road to the school. Out of the dust came Arman Ohannes of Second High, holding in his hand the cherished cup that stands for the Champion Cyclist of Baghdad. So another jewel was added to B.C.'s crown of victory.

— G. S. S. '43 —

TRACK:

The school track meet is the event that excites the most interest in all the students for it is the one sport in which all the classes have a more or less equal chance. This year's meet was one of the closest and best in the history of B.C. sports. The championship was not decided right up to the last two seconds of the meet when in the relay race Joseph Georgie of Third High desperately managed to hold the lead over a flying Ghassan Shawkat of Fifth High. Those two seconds meant the cup for Third High and a victory for a well-balanced team. The high scorer for the meet was Ghassan Shawket but he had plenty of competition from such stars as Joseph Georgie, Armen Kouyoumdjian, Frank Rose and Sami Obayda.

Our track team went down to the government meet and all Baghdad had the pleasure of seeing our two stars, Ghassan Shawket and Joseph Georgie, fighting shoulder to shoulder for the Green and Maroon. Between the two of them Baghdad College came home with the second prize, the silver cup.
of H R. H. the Regent. Ghassan broke the record for the 200 yard dash, equaled the record in the 100, and placed second in the broad jump. Joseph won the pole vault with graceful ease, unwound himself like a coiled spring to take the broad jump. and flew in a close second to Ghassan in the 100. To you, Ghassan and Joseph, Baghdad College says, "Great work - and thank you;"

BASEBALL:

On May Day, the last of the month, after the Sodality ceremonies the baseball championship was decided at long last. For some days Second and Third High had been battling for the privilege of playing Fifth High for the league honors. Second High had come out on top so they went into the May Day game determined to wrest from Fifth a title which the older boys have held for three years. The game was so closely contested that it went into an extra inning and in that fateful time Second High achieved its great desire. They managed to drive home enough runs and then silence the mighty bats of Fifth. So congratulations to Second High, with a special tribute to their stars, Muhsin Adib and Gilbert Thomas.

A. S. '45

A Letter of Vision

by

Boghos Boghossian '47

92 Rose Street,
Baghdad, Iraq,
Oct 10, 1942

My dear Friend,

What do you mean by leaving us in this fashion? I supposed your job was for the summer only, but Tom says you are going to stay on in that chain store. He says that you think you can get ahead faster by dropping out of school now and going to work, and that you expect to be a store manager in a few years and be "sitting pretty" as he expressed it.

I credited you with more sense than that, John. I have no doubt that you could work up to be manager, but one you are manager, of a small store. What then? Do you think you could climb much higher than that, with no more education than you now have? You know you could not. You would stick there so long that you would be miserable. You would see men of better training managing you, your store, and all the group of stores.

You know just as well as I do, John, that you are making a big mistake. You have a good head on you; you always did beat me in marks - and it's foolish for you to stop this way. There are plenty of fellows who will have to quit school and can do your job as well as you are doing it. So why don't you leave it for them to do that while you come back to us? You can easily catch up with the class. We will all gladly help you, too.

I am going to look for you next week in your old seat. Will you be there?

Your classmate,

Boghos.
Down Boarder Way

by

Antoine Raphael '45

Editor's Note:--The lack of order and coherence in the following facts and fancies gleaned by our Boarder Reporter is explained by the fact that he was forced to splice them off all in one breath before being torn to bits by his brother boarders.

Why is it that Naramsin sings to Arthur "Ya Ruhi, Ya Ruhi"?

That Jacob Blaney is always imitating the Basra train? That Ghanam Razzuqi is called "Abu Ruggi"? That Sami Obaida uses so often the word "Tamam"?

The most precious jewel in the boarders' setting for the last few weeks has been the baseball diamond where Fr. Mahan's Boarder Baseball League played many a brilliant game. This league was composed of four teams under Captains Seropian, Adib, Razzuqi, and Cherki who selected their players in a secret session held in Fr. Mahan's room. Captain Seropian's "cool as cucumber" leadership won the championship and a cinema (on the Fathers' account) for his team. Glittering eyes and watering mouths and wandering feet ushered in the Tukki and Nebuk Season but the eagle eyes of Fr. Fennell were more than a match for them all. Hadi and Yusuf Allos are dizzy from the fifty fils words of Fr. Madaras. Once again Khalid Issa has changed his glasses for better or worse. We suggest celluloid. George Yusuf's witty remarks are easy to hear but difficult to digest. Effendi Eurjony has prevented a new way of preventing flies from making forced landings on his sleek and slippery skull. His secret formula is to supersaturate the hair with perfume and paraffin until a well-varnished surface appears. Tawfik Sabboundji has lately bought an antique umbrella hat to protect his convolutions from the burning rays of the sun in order that he may the more easily control his "temper". Arthur has delivered an ultimatum to all and sundry that he will permit no one to joke about the amount of food he packs away. He says that he eats like a bird-a-peck at a time! The upstairs study hall has been rather quiet of late. Is the cause of this the presence of exams or the absence of Zoghbi? The Boarders Trade Union has made some large deals in the fruit business of late. Koubbaisi and Co. could well take a lesson from the Maslawwi merchant T. Saboundji as how to make money in the fruit business. But both companies could learn real auctioneering from Fr. Fennell who can sell anything from dictionaries to Mickey Mouse stamps. Denkha, the Habbaniya merchant of jaws (walnuts) invited all kinds of worms, human and other-wise to finish his goods in order to be safe from the raids of the
Customs on his dulab. The political economist, Mr. Kevork Tchobanian (pronounced Chom-pan-ian) has memorized the names of all Russian villages in order to follow the war more closely. Victor Elias, the Ma'arri of the boarding house likes to lecture on astronomy but his talks are more air than stars.

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شركة نورى فتاح باشا وشركاه
رمز نهضة العراق الصناعية
تقدم للموظف وللعامل

ملابس مميزة في أيام الغلاء بإثمان مناسبة جداً
انتظروا ما بعد الحرب
نشرة كلمة نقد

ساحة امب مؤسس الديوين، بل، ينقلبدو، الجزء اليوم
الي موسفيه هادئة. لا أنها ليست هادئة. هي صاخبة ولا
ادي اهم فرح لها ايام هو بقاء لفراق؟
وينف صمت وعشرون رجل. كلام صامت لا يستطيع
أن يتوقف بكلمة. ولكن هذا الجسر يف ظلة صافي
فتنطلق من كلام تقنيب يبت ترتيب ولا فكير.
اية كلمة بغداد...

ستنزف كلام اليوم وفي خليفة لوعة وحمرة وسنذوب
ب بعيداً علك ولكنك مما تربعة.. ولكن دمتعا الى اقاصي
الأرض او ادانيها فأتى انت التبوس الذي يثير لنا طرقنا
والشبلة التي تربتها الواي فتنجنها.

وسطن ظين انت وفكي الذكرى. ستحن ذكرى
الصبا. ستحمي صور الماضي. سيقل الده صفحات الآمال
ويحترم الجود ويدعوه وسماه وسكاك تبين
كوكا يتألق في السماء ومصباحا يضغ سائر الظلاء.
اية بغداد...

هذه كلمات قي من تيانا بنظير الى الغد المدعم المعاف
فجرى حماه سوداء. فتأذا لا يصعق ضوء يتألق فيها.
وينظر الى الارض فنرى انها تحتد الدعاء متحبل بارمال
فرى الأرض لتوان التراب...

وعتقم بمجرد نحو الشرق اذا أفتية من هنا ميز. هيب دلو
وتوان الآلية بصرة محزنة.. وينسيدي نحو الغرب. هذا زجرة
الندوة، الكوسر لاام دوي المدام.. وإذا أصوات الالم
وصيحات الأنس نصّ النذير صدق قلبه.

ولبنت الى الشهال فتحه وهم من الشرق وصباح من
الغرب فلا يدرك غاليم.
وينظر الى نجم الحياة.. فتاء هلالا. تله امواج ولترفع.
وداع كلية بغداد

عواظف طالب

gطاعة جروح... ينهر ويفيض... يتفجر بالراحة ويبث...
لا هوادة... وفكرة مريرة يسرح ويبقى يحاول أن يفهم...
ما لا يفهم... يحس ويدعون عبوره لا نهاية له... وقلبة حائر...
لا يدري أين بُعد أهواء في سير أعين لا يقتصر... أم يسمع نداء...
الفكر الذي قد يقوده إلى الصواب...

غداً إنجان ما هو كيفه... يطلب حسر الفكر وجداء...
ومتابرة والسلاطين والويل... غداً إنجان من منغص...
وجوه ونوادير أخرى... ستقفل بهدوء...
دوماً وتنبؤ آثاره... ولكن أي المرم أن يعرف فكره في...
عمله وأي المريض لا ينضن من سبل قوته وتقلبه عليها عواظفه...
ويطمغ بعينه أن الفيل شيطان... ولكن لا يستطيع...

يمتحن صبره وهم أن ينوذ فذا في أمله القوة لان اخف...
من عواطفه... أتفرج... وهل أنا إلا واحد من سماهة وعشرين...
قد تلك قلبهم حب وعزهم مسالة تكيرهم غرام ووله...
فذا عابراً هم؟ إنهم لم يوقعوا شيطان برقصهم إلى كنهم...
بلهم سمحوا به وراحوا يفروضون قلب وهمّ أهداق...
فل لا أفلّ مشلي؟

وأكتب جامح القلب المراع، وأطفي الهوى الناجم...
وأسكت الصرخة الدايمة، وأمسك وأهدا وأقابل على الكتاب...
ابق صفحته...

ثم... وبعد أن علم كيف وماذا... يصح الفيل...
وتنور الماطقة ويفيض الذئب مريرة بأي فخته على كل شيء... وينبئ...
الدان بدأ كاتب الوجد وإبره المبدع فتلمب نفسه في المداد...
لا بل في ذوب من القلب ينطر به وداعاً إنسان أحب...
الملحق: زيارة جديداً نقل عامة مكة في يقدم ويلي فتح المجمل للثالث
عدد المرابين الراق.

الرياضة الروحية: ابتدأ الرياضة الروحية السنوية
قبل ثلاثة أيام، وعمر البلاد ويوم الصيف ما عدا
الصف الخامس، إذ كان وقفة يشمني بسرعة شديدة. قام بها إلى
لمبحثة أثار الباب، في القيم الداخلي بعد انتهاء نيسان.
أما مشرد الرياضة الروحية فلا الأوان، فإن بورس كذك
قام الباب كريم، براري راحة شمانية البصرة ومن
قبل حمله طابق كلاء بدناه الاقتبس، وفي مدة غياب الباب
كيف نشرفا، وورى الباب مدارس ثانية في الصيف.

البيادة: تنتظر الباب تنظير التطويرات المحسبة.
بما فصين فكان من الأشياء الماضية ما كننا مؤتمنها.
إلا أبيعت بعض التبديلات بين المدرسين مما ذكر في
جميع الصحف، سواء بعد المواد الدراسية أو بعاد
المدرسين، إذا ما عادت جميع هذه التطورات فربما يضر
القاري. فأنا، بكتلة ترحيبة، لاستاذ أدور زموا. مدرس
الكيمياء الجديد واحد طابق كلية بغداد القديمة وطراً ببعض
التطورات أقل أهمية مما سبق، وهذا من يتصور على لوحة
الإعلانات. حصل النظام الكيمياء الجديد ونظم البصائر
وأنظام أول جمعة من كل شهر. كان شهر إبريل من إحسان الشهور
التي مضت على البصائر القديمة يتمى من صميم القلب ان
يزل الباحث محلياً، أما بعد، ونشاهد إلى منتهى السنة
الدراسية على الاقل.

الزور: لا يكون enfer الصيف حتى نشاهد على الإواب
من هنا وهناك

سر بكشف للنقاب عنه: —
كما نجب حل الاتفاق والصراع
فأجاب الله لنا أن نعمل لهـا كما نجدها
وذلك في عبد القيادة السابق. كانت قد علقت الأعلام
تغاضى على أذار التمثيلي المبعي، تقبل جميع المقالات بالشكر
العليم. وكانت تركة جميع المبدعات اللازمة التي من شأنها أن
تعد على ظهر صفحة شخصيةادية صادرة عن الصحيفة. وكان

جميع حسون، وليم فرج، إدوار عبادي، البشير ناصر، ابراهيم
كوركين، طارق الباجخي، سمير تيمبي، خالد غوبن، وليم
شريانى، لوسيان إيكات، كانان أبو موسى نوما، وموريس
سالفون، هذا إذا ذكرنا جوزيف توفيق مارو وكرسدي
كويجيان، وحليم دولت الذي يدرسن الطلب في بحور وطريق
منير الذي نسي دروسه في إدلب.

اما طلابنا في كلية الصيدلة فهم: —

الصوفي الدير رفعت (الذي اعتبر دروسه قبل ستة
عهد الآن： قلابة البيضاء كدور السكينة) طالت
ناصور، انور، بيرج، اركـت رشيد، وديد فلورا، كريم
سلم، هيليس ناصر، جوزيف داود، شوكة فتوح.
اما طلابنا في كلية الحقوق فهم: —

اميل هدوي، جبر ايكات، كانان خمس، جورج
ناصر، هذا إذا استثنينا منهم المحامين الأساتذة عبودى طلبا
والدجاجي، وطريق جرجس.

هذا وان كلية بغداد تستعمل كافة الوسائل للتنقل بين

أبو رماد
مع طلابنا
 حول العالم

هامد مفتتح عشر سنوات

على تأسيس هذا المعهد الجليل
خرج أبناء هذه المدة ما بروى
المئة والعشرين طالبا، تفرقوا في
جميع أنحاء المعمرة ساعين وراء
تحصل العلم وأكتساب الثقافة ونشر
أQRS القيم في كل مكان.
فُنِّنُهم الطيب والمصيري والمحيي.

عن تاريخ البترول في العراق.

يُعتبر العراق في ظرفيته العلمية
طبقات الأرض من أقدم وأعم مراكز البتور الامريكي.
وتمت الاكتشافات في تلك عبارة (أو الحالية) في
البتور في منطقه الآبار في الشرق وفرص في بابل أيضا.
وقول العالم

البويني: هيرودوت في كتابه: إن في قرب قرب
قائمة كان

يخرج البترول من قبل عهد الدين الإليانيين اشتملوا في
مما بهم كل هذا يدل على أن البترول في العراق قديم جداً.
ان الحكومات الملكية التي حكمت العراق لم تصرف جهدًا
للاستيراح البترول أو استيراح فظا إلى سنة
1892 حيث نحن

الديث وراء الشاماني الامراض البترول وعندما نتاح
في مجال البترول الى شركة انكليزية بيوشر في العمل وتنكلت
معارفها بالنجاح. 

كذا على حدود العراق قرب خلفين
اما داخل العراق فقد منح البنك الإلياني الامراض البترول
وكته نقل في مستويه Qui الامراض الى شركتين انكليزيتين
وكان ذلك في سنة 1912. بثنة هاتين الشركتين بالعمل

وتحرير ذلك الحرف السلفي أوقفت تلك الأعمال.

بعد الحرب وتأسيس الحكومة الوطنية منحت شركة امراض

نزير النفي قباد
الطالب في الصف الثاني المتوسط.
البترول
في العراق

من أهم المداخن في هذه الظروف
الجوية هو البترول أو الذهام
الأسود كي يستدوه الآن. قبل أن
اكتمل عن تأييذه في العراق امتدت
قاب زهيداً وحدناً.

لقد كان إعداداً للقاء قبلاً، فإن النسيان يستخدم
البترول للإضاءة فقط، أما أن يستخدمه لاجل الطفيف.
الحالة على هذا الشكل إلى أن اجتازت السارات تأخضداً
يستخرج من البترول الخام بنزينًا لتسير السارات ثم بعض
الدهونات التي تحتاجها بها. وعند هذه الحالة أصبح البترول

اخذت الصور للبارمر بكتوزية تظهر الواحدة تلو الأخرى مثل
كل واحدة طالما يظهر هزيلماً عرضت صورة كان جزيري
يظهر أنق مصقول للسحر حسن الهمام كأنه عادة مأهية)
لذلك إلى بغداد تم ظهر جان فرج وواراء الالس يرهب
خواة واستخانص موطفية ذره. وكانت نحو بجانب الصور
اشمار هزيلة كانت موضوع متمردة وسبب ضحكنا المواصل.
أتبينا من ذلك وجعلنا ننساب حيث هرع جان فرج إلى
المديع قادراً واستمعنا قليلاً من الوسيلة وهذا ما حسن الطالب
جليل زهير بفرقة الغنائية فاستمروا من غنائهم المطر الذي
اجته السامعين، وخاصة الأب ساجد الذي شكلنا على
ذلك. ولا ننسى إلى أن تشارلز أطلس لدب درا دعا في هذا
الغناية بألاب المسيرة التي استنادت الحناء بسائر الم princípio
فأنا آية في الفن كأننا نجباً عظماً عندما وقف الأب
مانامانينا وأخذ يمسك الأشقر اردنية بدمعة اشترت لما

الطالب في الصف الخامس الاعدادي
قد نا راجم من عطلة عيد
الفسح لم يبق بيننا وبين الامتحان
الإجاء ممدة حيث اخذ شبح
الامتحان يتقرب لنا ريداً وريدأ
وادركنا بأنه لا مناص لنا منه الا
مدرس التواصل والجهد الجليل. فجب
علينا أن نعمل جهد
طافتنا حتى نجنيMAR جبانا وفؤد بقصب السبي على أقراننا
فبينما الفرح واله泣 يوم يلفظ مدربنا العسعسنا في طاعة
الناجحين وفقنا الله في دراستنا وإعطانا القوة والعزم فأجتهدا
اجتهدا لم يسبق له مثيل فأخذنا نفرح من جهود العلم مايكفيننا
وأهمنا لنجاه الامتحان وفوق عليه حتى إذا ما انجح كننا
من الفائزين وكنا نحن طالب العلم الماضي الجليل نتمم
برعاية الأبياتين والإيابورتيج أقوال علا جهدها لساعدةنا
في دروسنا وفتحنا على العمل ومع ذلك فقد اثما لنا السفرات
إيام الزيادة وعززوا على إقامة حفلة ساهرة لنا عندما
ننتهي من الامتحان العام واخونا بدون المعة لذلك تقبل
ناجحها من الامتحان وكان من حسن حظنا اننا اجتنا في
الامتحان وعرف كل منا أن النجاح حلبغه.
آن وقت السهرة وكان موعدها ليلة الواحد المواقف القيمة
الانية والعشرين من شهر مارس 1943.
اخذت الشمس بالغيب قفلتنا نهي الموائد ووضعنا
الزهور عليها والإطارات حولها وذلك في زوايا من زوايا الحديقة
وضع المداع.
كانت الحديقة مزدوجة بالأشياء محفورة بانوان الورود
المطرة وفي الديحة التي أذهبنا فيها عملنا وصلت السيارة حاملة
وبعد كل ذلك مما ذكرناه آنفاً من المضار الجديدة التي تنتجة عن هذه الكحول ترى أن معظم أمّه بلادنا اليوم يستعملونها وخصوصاً شبابنا تراهم يفطرون أرواؤها زائدة في استعمالها لكي يستخدموا أحلامهم وأحلامهم أكتر من ذلك. وفالمهم في فضاء الأفلاط ولكنهم لم يحسنوا حساب المستوى مما ينتج من الأفلاط في استعمالها قوامهم تزول ريداً ويداً. ويقيدون هذه الشاب التي خلقها الله فيهم ولم يتموا فيها فيفضون مجهد ويجبرون بما يملأه شيطان فيكونون كأنهم لم يتعلموا في هذه الحياة.

وفي بعض اسماً هم:

وجدت Matcha البحار وأخرى لصالح دمار
نتشب صحة ويبني ظم
وتنسيج الجلالة والوقار
وتفقد عقة ويزول سك
ويوم من الذوق المذكور
سغاور في آخر القصيدة:
هناك قد حزون ما طفلاً
فلك في الحقيقة مستشار
قل القصرين ما أفقوا
فأعماله لا قصر
الباس نرفين قصر
طالب في الصد الخمس الإعدادي
لكحليلات اضرار عدة
وان كانت تزاحم الدهن احياناً من بعض الافكار المزعجة وتبدد شارها
عن حقوق الحياة المطلوب في في ظل في فضاء الاحلام بانجب الخلافات
في نفسه نفس نسبيه كل ما مضى فيصبح فرحاً مسروراً
يطرد لأول لحمة طريق سمعه، يطرد تلك الخيلات المؤنثة
التي يتلقدها ويشعر بها حين التفكير بها وينحر ويتبهج
في الحال ولكن العبادة خليمة بعد ذلك. بيد تلك
العذاب والاعتكاف الوعي والنيلات المؤنثة بحلة المضار
الادبية والعنيفة والخيانة والشخصية والاجتماعية والمادية

قد جاء في أيدي خط فرض البابا بان على الدوام إذا
ما شاء أن ينال على السلام ان ينال على الموال
الاقتصادية وقد ايد مباني الناطق هذه الفكرة إذ وعد
سكة الدوام الغالية والمروية كبيرة منها والصدى بالولد
الصغير فجزاً لحققت هذه الفكرة تحذيرها لا لنستطيع
ان نتأمل الحصول على السلام بدين تنفيذه لأن الموال
الاقتصادية كانت أولى الأسباب التي من اجها اثيرت
الحرب.

خاصاً حتى لو عمل العالم بالبنود الأربعة الآتية الذكر
فسلام لا يستقر إلا إذا اعتقتوه وعمل زعماء الشعوب الذين
يقودون مصير الشعوب والشعوب نفسيهم بالمبادئ السامية التي
بهما يستطيع العالم ان ينال على عوامل الحرب.

لا يزاله هو خلق ودب الكون ولا يمكننا ان نحصل
كانت الأم صغرى. لعل هذه القضية لا يمكننا إبداؤها هذه الدول لولا ما اتفقت عليه بعض المرأة في تاريخ الإنسانية، أو لما أو دخلت
تؤدي خدماتها القومية والدبلوماسية على الوجه الصحيح. كما اتفقت
لا نستطيع أن نبهرنا تحت رحة الدول الأخرى لان ذلك
تحل هذه القضية لا يمكننا إبداؤها هذه الدول لولا ما
בטاقة للسياسة وแนวทาง الفكرة من أجل السلام كحالة المقدسة أو
ويلسن الأربعة عشر وأظام أوروبا الجديدة والمغالطة الاطلبي.
وذلك المعاشر والمعبأ ولما كان ذلك من المفترض علينا فعله.
استلمت مسألة大战ة القوى لتلقيف دول تعاونية. ممثلا
بحث مجلس يعيد المسار في الحقوق بطرق سلية مما اغتصبنا.
ثالثاً - لقد حاول العالم مراكز أن يوجه السلام على أمة
الحرب وإفراز المفاجأ ولكن سرعان ما استعمل هذا السلاح
النقض دعائم السلام عوضاً عن توطيد
فطالما استفاد عدد النافذة بين الشعب وشهم الصورة التي طالما تجافلت عليها جود المشالين على الدول ان تجمع
في نظر الزقزاقية و نوع السلاح بشكل يتفق عليه كافة الدول.
ثالثاً - لما كتب من الأمور الجسيمة لا بل من الأمور
المستحيل وضع ماهبة عدة مما بعد تحضرن الحرب حلا
فستكون مهمة المذكرة إضاعة من حركة دولية يجب علينا ان
تنتقد تطبيق المفاهيم أو التعليمات وأصولها ببنية جسدية
دون أن تنذر باليد التلقيف (القوة هي الحق) وطرق سلية
لمح المحاكم المقدسات بين الأمم. يجب علينا أن نتجنب ضعف.
وخطاً المحاكم المغطية التي انتظم سابقاً
رابعاً - لا استباب السلام على الدول أن نضحي ببعض
حقوقنا لإستجاب المطلب الدول الأخرى الميدة لان ميي
السلام هو التضحية ولا يسلم بلا تضحية.
والقاعية - كما نشط السلام وسكتنا تباع السلام للسلا
ضاتنا المتشددة والسلام على الخذال المتشددة ولكن ما هو السلام
الذي ينفوه ليجدا؟
لو سنتا أوقات لنا بعثنا مساعي وخطط قادة السياسة
وفطاك الفكرة من أجل السلام كحالة المقدسة أو
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الخطاب الرئيسي الفاتح السبب: 
الحماس يوم احتفال توزيع الشهادات على المدرسين

ان يسيروا على هذه الاختبارات الشخصية وتأمل بوازنتكم وتضحيكم أن نفوق ما بين الكرم والحديث نابذين للضار ومعروفين المواقف سائرين على نحو الشمل القشيد بأيدينا مستقبلاً حافلاً بالنجاح.

سيداني صادق.

السلام الامتداد برثبا الكبير والصغير، السلام اغنية بنشدها الكرم والقصيد، السلام خلاب جميل يتبغز به الفن.

الراحلة الأبدية أشجار جهود العلماء وتماونهم مع بعضهم بمقابل على قوى الطبيعة واستخدامها فصال العلم. وإن أم ما يقوم به المدرسون في حياثتهم التدريسية هو موثوبة روح التعاون بين الطلاب وتوجيه هذه الروح من نفوسهم لكي ينشأ كل منهم عملاً مهماً لنفسه ولغيره. ولقد قرأت في إحدى المجلات أن أم ما ينتمي به المدرسون في أمريكا هو محوراً للنشاط المستمر غرس روح التعاون بين الطلاب وتحفيزهم إلى الحياة الاجتماعية المتنيرة.

فان هذه الروح كهيل بأن تنفس أعضاء نافحة في جسم المجتمع الذي نعمل جميعاً على إصلاح، نزدغ في فرحه، وتعده ما استطعته سبلاً لانهاءه.

وقد الأمل الكبير على التلاميذ للإخفاء بناء حيث الكمال.

 بواسطة باكوس

الطالب في الصف الخامس الأعدادي

وادي ان تعود روح التعاون في المدارس كالأف من أشياء هذه روح التعاون بين تلاميذها لرفع المستوى الثقافي في البلاد. فنابذون المدارس مع بعضها وتحقيق الفرصة لانتمارف الطلاب مع بعضهم في اختلاف مدارسهم لكي يبدؤوا الآراء وتنور بعضهم البعض ما يجبر من فضائل الحياة فيم بذلك تعاون كام لحجر جميرة الجهل الذي ينتمي على الفرد ان لم يتصل بغيره ويتخب أراوه وينفعه بالصلة إلى آراء سواده.

فبأ التعاون بين المدارس وتشجيع الطلاب وانضمام بعضهم ببعض ينشأ ذلك الشعور وبداية الماء الذي ينبغي فهذا الحاجة لكي تحقيق وحدة شاملة. وأيام احتفال في الفرد مهما بلغ من القوة في ضياء الفعل يتتسبأ إلى الطبيعة الإلهية للكل.

التماون عنـها، وتحقيقها بما ينفي توجه الجهود وضمن قوى الأفراد إلى بعضهم لكي تنشأ قوة كبيرة يمكن بها على مستوى
التعاون
في المدارس

لا ريب أن التعاون مبدأ من المبادئ الأساسية التي يسير عليها البشر لتحقيق أغرافهم الكبرى ومقادحهم العظيمة التي تأخذ يدها إلى سبيل الرقي والتقدم فان التعاون يمكن الآنسان من أ tumors الاعمال الخطيرة ذات الآثار الكبيرة

في تقدم البشرية وفيها الحليث نحو النجاح المستمر.

وعلى الرغم من أن أحد حلقة التعاون بين البشر بصورة عامة واعتناق أرى أن أحرضي الدور في بيان اثر التعاون بين أفلاذ المدرسة الواحدة و بين مدرستان المدارس مع بعضها. فالدرسة ولا شك جزءاً صغيراً من عبارة أخرى صورة مشرفة للمجتمع الاكسيبوري فلها تمثل ادوارها و منها يستمد الطالب الصفات التي تؤهله لأن يجذب عميقة رؤية هيئة في الحياة الخارجية التي تضطرب فيها الناس من اختلاف الوعي وتبين مقاصده وتباعد مشاعره ومشاريعه، وعمل من الأز Analízab لمجلة الحياة الاجتماعية بصورة عامة، صفة التعاون أو روح التعاون أن ارتدنا الدقة في التعبير، هذه الروح التي يمكن ان تنشأ وتنمو في حرية الصراع والتوجيه المناسب والعمل للمؤثر الدائم في نواحي الناس أهمية، و듭فه التي هي مزيج من دوافع الحرية والشر. والحرية الخفية التي تتمنى من تقبل دوافع الحرية على دوافع الشر معاً يمكن، فبواسطة قتل الأفكار في قرينة خفية التي هي أم علامات هذه الظاهرة الطبية التي نقيسها روح التعاون. ولا شك عندما إن الطلاب ان أخذوا في حياتهم الاجتماعية المدرسية وفشل في علاقاتهم مغيرة من الطلاب كان مكروهاً منبوذاً لانسانية وحده لنفسه.
الفهرست

التمارين في المدارس
خطاب يوم احتفال توزيع الشهادات
الكحوليات ومداربها
حاج وناص
المبزو في العراق
مع طالبنا حول العالم
من هنا وهناك
وداع كلية بنداد

1. جورج باكوس
2. حارث غنيمة
3. الياس توفيق قصي
4. هيثم شمدين
5. فديرامين قيردزار
6. انور مارو
7. حكمة عمانويل
8. منذر نوري فتاح

معاون مدير الإدارة
آرمين قيوميان

رئيس التحرير
هارتيون صباكان
العراقي

النشرة السنوية التي يصدرها طلاب الصف الخامس المتوسط من كلية بغداد للعلوم

بدران - الصليبي

طبعة بحور - بدران