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(العراقي)

العدد السنوي الحادية بغداد


١٩٤٥

يصدرها الصف الخامس المنتهي

كلية بغداد صلب «العراق»

EL IRAQI





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EL IRAQI



PUBLISHED BY
THE SENIOR CLASS
BAGHDAD COLLEGE
BAGHDAD. IRAQ

NINETEEN HUNDRED FORTY SIX

DEDICATION

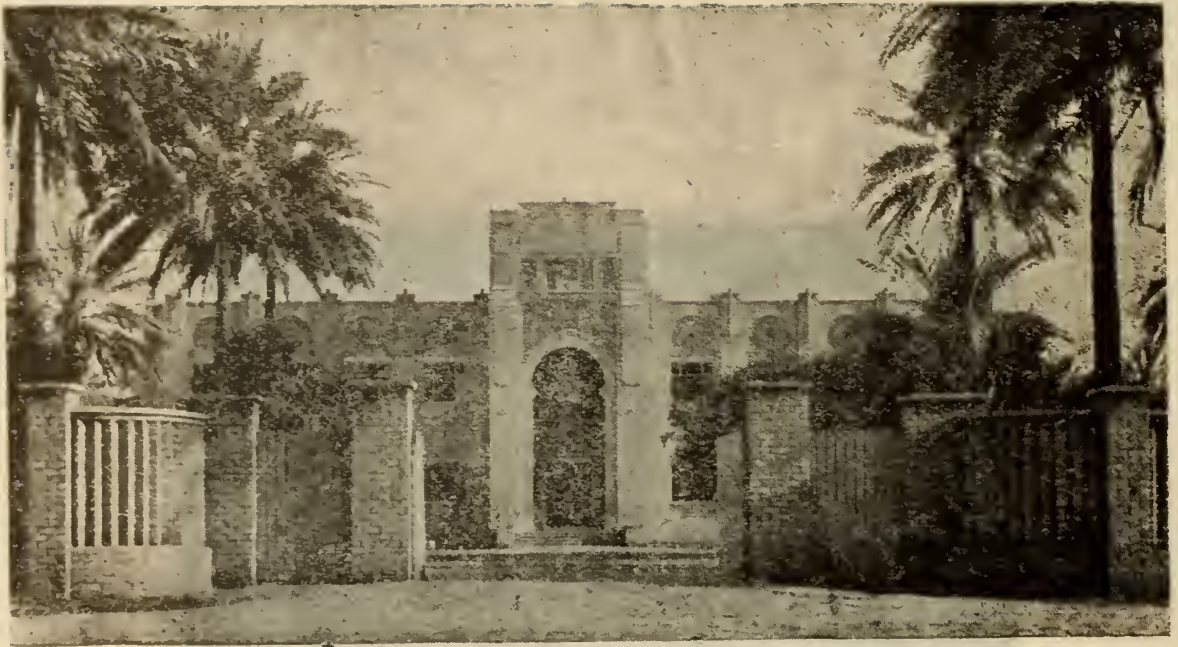
As a token of our esteem and as a mark of our gratitude for the sincere and unfailing interest manifested in Baghdad College and its student body, we, the Class of Nineteen Hundred and Forty-six, respectfully dedicate this issue of El Iraqi to His Excellency, Monsignor Georges de Jonghe d'Ardoye, Apostolic Delegate in Iraq.

From the outset he has always shown himself keenly solicitous for the welfare and progress of Baghdad College, and has never failed to exhort and encourage in the arduous task of attaining the high educational ideals held aloft by His Holiness, Pius XII, to a confused and distracted world.

We think we can give him no greater pleasure than by assuring him that it is our hope and our determination ever to be faithful to those ideals.



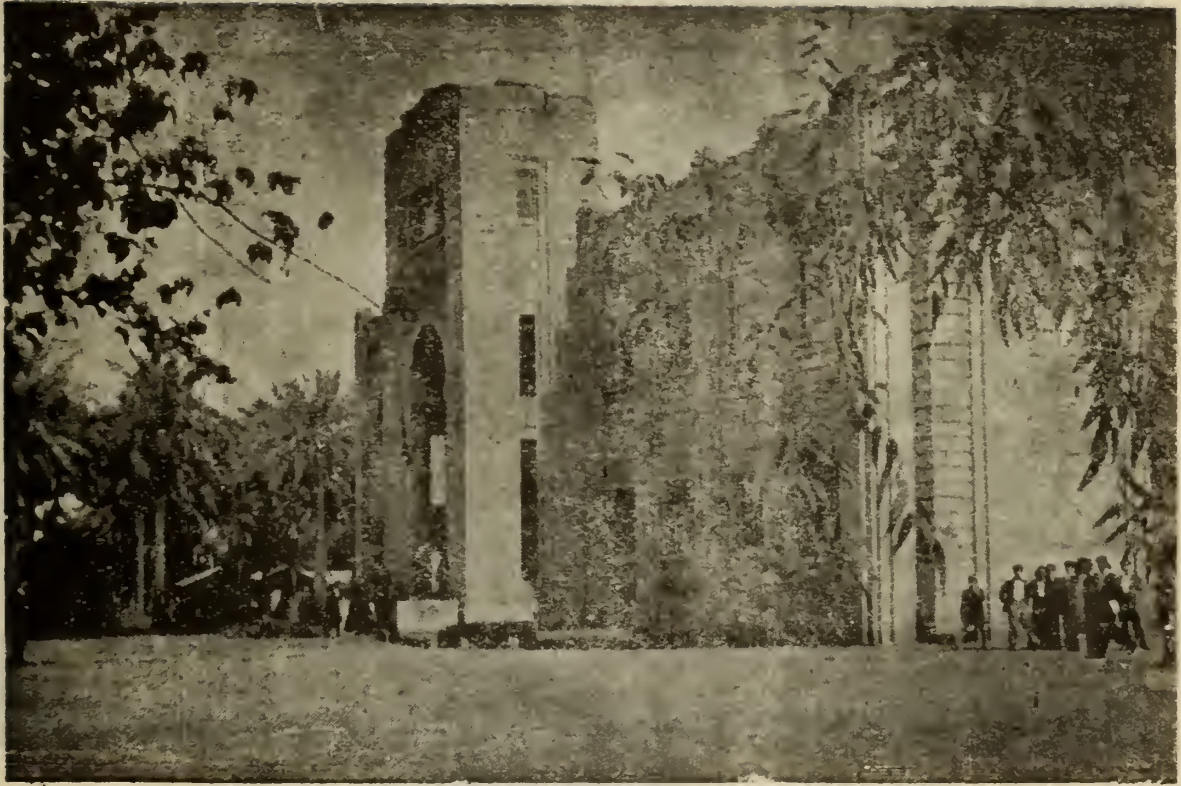
HIS EXCELLENCY
MONSIGNOR GEORGES DE JONGHE D'ARDOYE
Apostolic Delegate in Iraq



The College



Stairway and Southern Exit



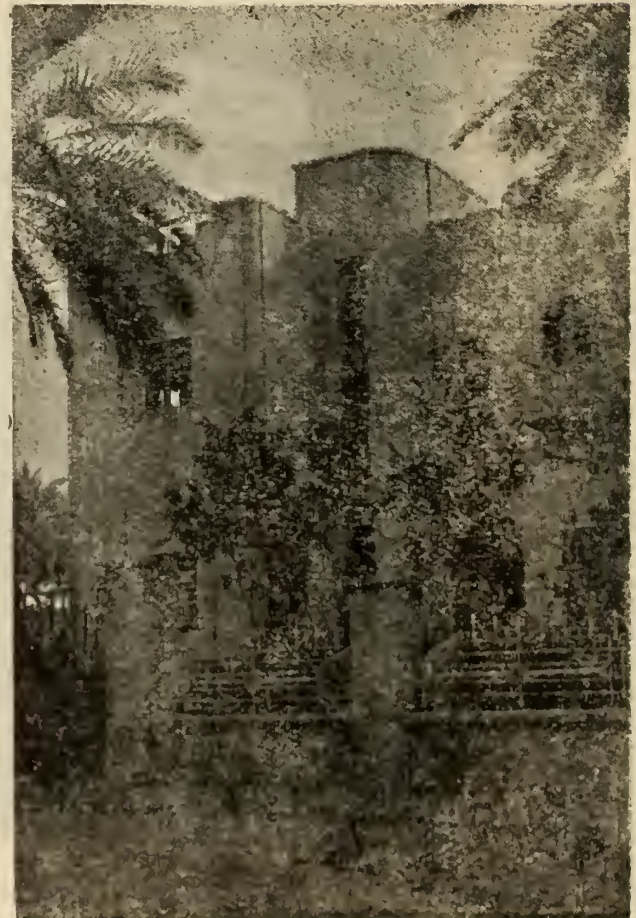
From The Athletic Field



First High Classrooms



*Faculty Residence
and
Junior Boarding House*



Senior Boarding House



Faculty Annex

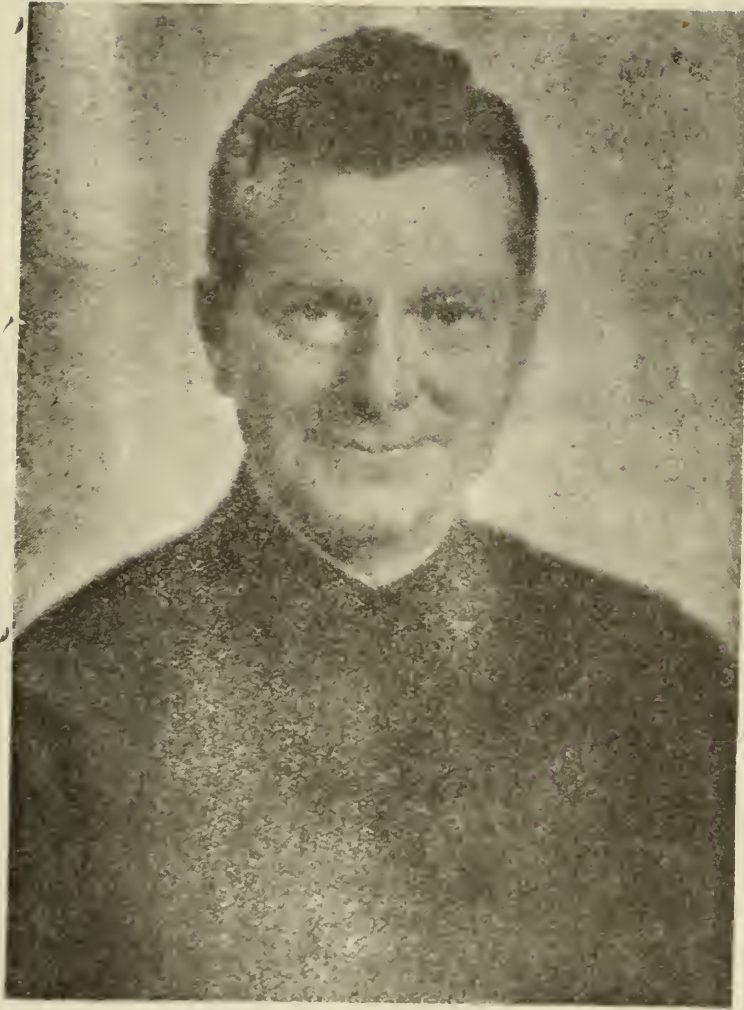


FACULTY



VERY REVEREND EDWARD F. MADARAS, S. J.

President



REVEREND JOSEPH P. CONNELL, S. J.

Principal



REV. JOSEPH D. QUINN, S.J.

Assistant Principal



REV. LEO J. SHEA, S.J.

Administrator



Rev. Vincent A. Gookin, S.J.

Biology



Rev. William D. Sheehan, S.J.

Physics, Mathematics

PROFESSORS OF FIFTH HIGH



Rev. Charles M. Loeffler, S.J.

Religion



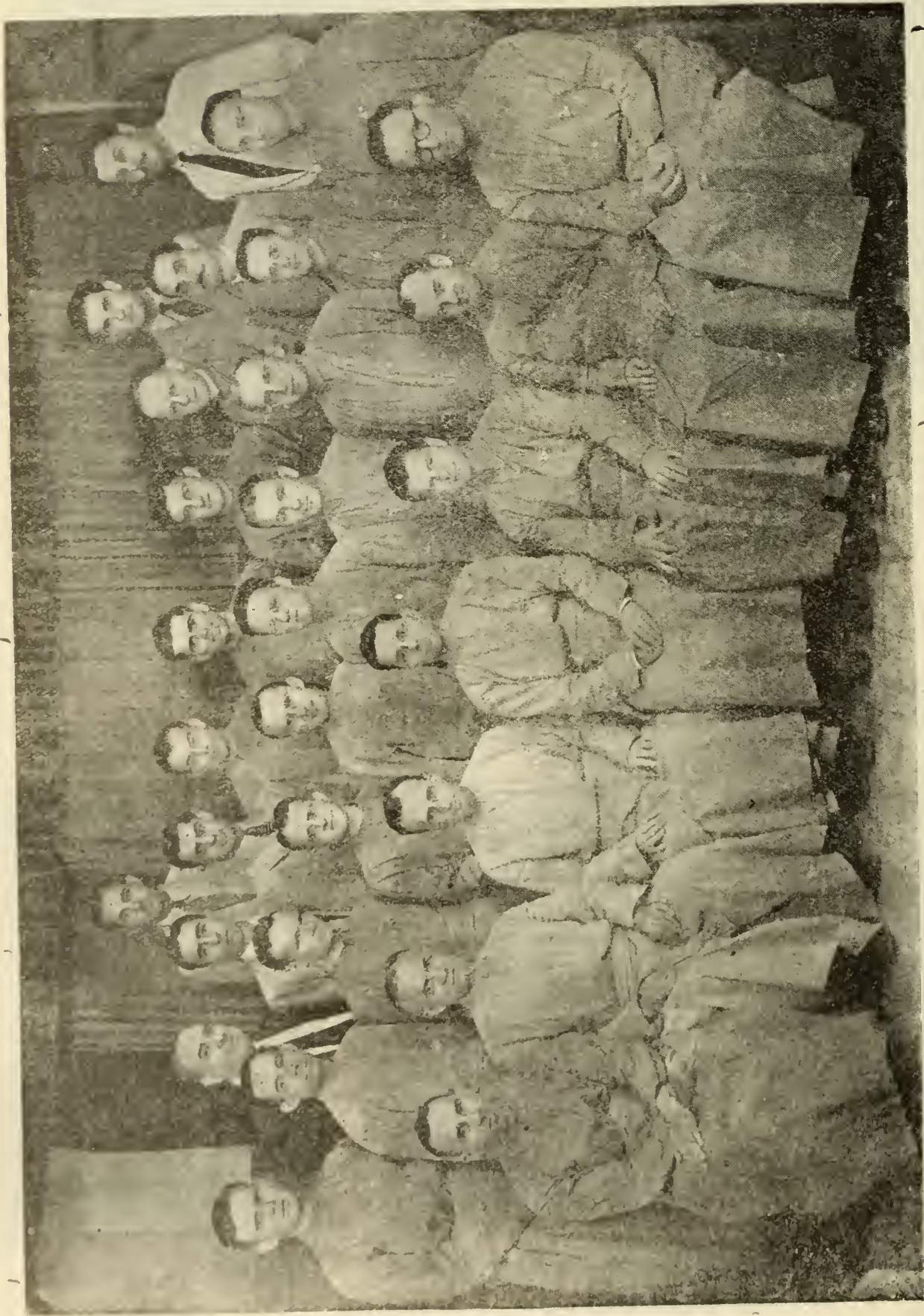
Rev. Leo J. Guay, S.J.

Chemistry



Rev. John P. Banks, S.J.

English



Baghdad College Faculty, 1945-1946.

First Row, left to right: Fr. Sheehan, Fr. Gookin, Fr. Shea, Very Rev. Father Madaras, Fr. Connell, Fr. Mahan, Fr. Devenny. *Second Row:* Fr. Larkin, Fr. Loeffler, Fr. Lynch, Fr. Guay, Fr. Kelly, Fr. Sullivan, Fr. McCarthy, Fr. McDermott, Fr. Delaney, Fr. Quinn. *Third Row:* Mr. Abbosh, Mr. Shawkat, Mr. Louis, Fr. Banks, Fr. Mahoney, Fr. McGrath, Fr. Ryan, Mr. Mahmud Yusuf, Mr. Faraj. *Fourth Row:* Mr. Mahmud Ibrahim, Mr. Jamil.
Absent: Mr. Atchu, Mr. Bechir, Mr. Burby, Mr. Mahdi al-Makhzumi.

IN MEMORIAM



HIS EXCELLENCY
MOST REVEREND WILLIAM A. RICE, S. J., D.D.

Most Reverend William A. Rice, S. J., D. D., Titular Bishop of Rusicade and Vicar Apostolic of British Honduras, Founder and first President of Baghdad College, died in Belize, British Honduras, on February 28, 1946, in his fifty-fifth year.

His career is briefly sketched. He was born on Oct. 3, 1891, in Framingham, a little town in Massachusetts some twenty miles from Boston. He attended Boston College High School, travelling the distance from Framingham each day by rail. At the age of nineteen he entered the Jesuit Novitiate at St. Andrew-on-Hudson, where he spent four years. He studied philosophy for three years at Woodstock College, Maryland, and then taught for four years at Regis High School in New York. His four years of theology he made at St. Ignatius College, Valkenburg, Holland, where he was ordained priest in 1925. His final year of training was spent in Spain, after which he returned to the United States in 1927. He was appointed Rector of the Novitiate at Shadowbrook in 1928, and gave up this position to become the Founder and first President of Baghdad College, sailing from America on February 9, 1932, and arriving in Baghdad one month later.

It would have been difficult to choose a man better qualified than Father Rice for the work of founding Baghdad College. You might have found a more learned man (though that would not have been

easy), or one more astute, more efficient, more methodical, more dignified. But you would not have found a man combining all these qualities to the degree that Father Rice possessed them together with his endless patience, his matchless courage, his breadth of view, supernatural outlook, genuine piety, devotion to duty, tireless energy, indefatigable industry, variety of interests, and a charity that embraced the whole world.

No one was more approachable than Fr. Rice. You could not speak with him for five minutes without feeling that you had known him all your life. He had a genuine and deep sympathy for the poor and unfortunate, and no one felt any hesitation about coming to pour out a tale of woe into his ear. Children instinctively felt at home in his presence, and that is an infallible test of sterling qualities that cannot be counterfeited. The number of students whom he admitted to the school without payment was perhaps larger than prudence would have dictated; but when prudence clashed with charity, prudence usually lost. He was rarely angry or indignant, and that only when he came face to face with meanness or injustice.

There was no guile in him. He had a child's simplicity, and took a child's delight in the world about him. He was interested in everything that moved, whether man or beast. When he came across a book on the flora and fauna of Iraq, he bought it

immediately. He knew the names of all the flowers, and took particular delight in wielding a pair of pruning shears in the garden. He had a particular affection for animals, and under his watchful eye the front yard of Baghdad College gradually became the home of chickens, geese, turkeys, guinea hens, gazelles, rabbits, and guinea pigs. There were, of course, the usual dogs. Over in the field were the cows and the pigs. He left behind him a collection of snakes: could any greater proof of devotion to the animal kingdom be asked?

He was a linguist of no mean ability. French he wrote and spoke with ease, and only a little less well did he handle German and Spanish. During his incumbency as Acting Apostolic Delegate he learned to read Italian easily. It is hardly necessary to add that he was a devotee of the Latin and Greek classics. Amid all his multifarious occupations he succeeded in acquiring a working knowledge of Arabic, and his note-books of Arabic words, in his neat Arabic script, showed the care and devotion with which he applied himself to the language at his advanced age.

He was a great booklover, a voracious reader, a student of history. He was forever begging books, and when he could not succeed in begging them, he bought them, giving preference always to books of enduring value. In this way he built up the library of the school, most of whose 10,000 volumes were secured by him.

Although he played no instrument, he was a lover of music, and would join in heartily with the community singing at Benediction and on other occasions. Teaching singing to the little ones gave him particular joy.

He was not above working with his hands, and liked nothing better than to tinker with an old clock or some other piece of machinery which defied the efforts of others to get it working. He loved good tools.

He was a man of tremendous energy, seeming never to tire. He rose early and went late to bed. He spent hours at his typewriter every week, and scarcely a day passed that he did not write several letters. He would make his rounds in the summer heat of Baghdad and then come home and say his breviary while pacing to and fro on the veranda. Or he would seat himself at his typewriter and pound off more letters. Other men would have sunk into a chair to rest from the morning's exertions.

When Baghdad College opened in 1932, there were four Fathers for five classes of students, two of which were primary-school classes. He chose these for himself and enjoyed immensely the task of teaching the little ones. He gave himself to the work with as much devotion as a new teacher, faithfully correcting the daily exercises and marking each error in red ink.

In all his activities the impelling motive was his love of God, for he was a man of genuine piety. He was frequently in the chapel. His rosary was often in his hands. The troubles and crosses that came to him, and they were not few, he bore smilingly and without complaint, glad to be worthy to suffer something for the Master to whom he had dedicated his life,

In 1937, when the Apostolic Delegate in Iraq, Msgr. Drapier, was appointed to Indo-China, Father Rice was made Acting Apostolic Delegate and Administrator of the Latin Archdiocese of Baghdad. At the end of 1938, with the arrival in Baghdad of the new Apostolic Delegate, Msgr. Georges de Jonghe d'Ardoye, he laid down this burden only to be informed that he was to assume a new one in a land far from Iraq. He was named Titular Bishop of Rusicade and Vicar Apostolic of British Honduras, with his residence at Belize, the capital of the country.

No one was less eager than he to don a bishop's robes. And when he had to leave Baghdad and the school which he had founded and built up and loved so much, it was one of the heaviest crosses of his life. He confided later to a few intimates that he had left his heart in Baghdad, whose people he had come to love.

In Belize, too, he endeared himself to the hearts of all by his simple and unassuming manner and his genuine charity. He threw himself into his new work with characteristic energy, travelling up and down the country by boat or on horseback to visit the distant mission stations that comprised his vicariate. Never content to be idle, he even took over the singing classes for the children in the parish school.

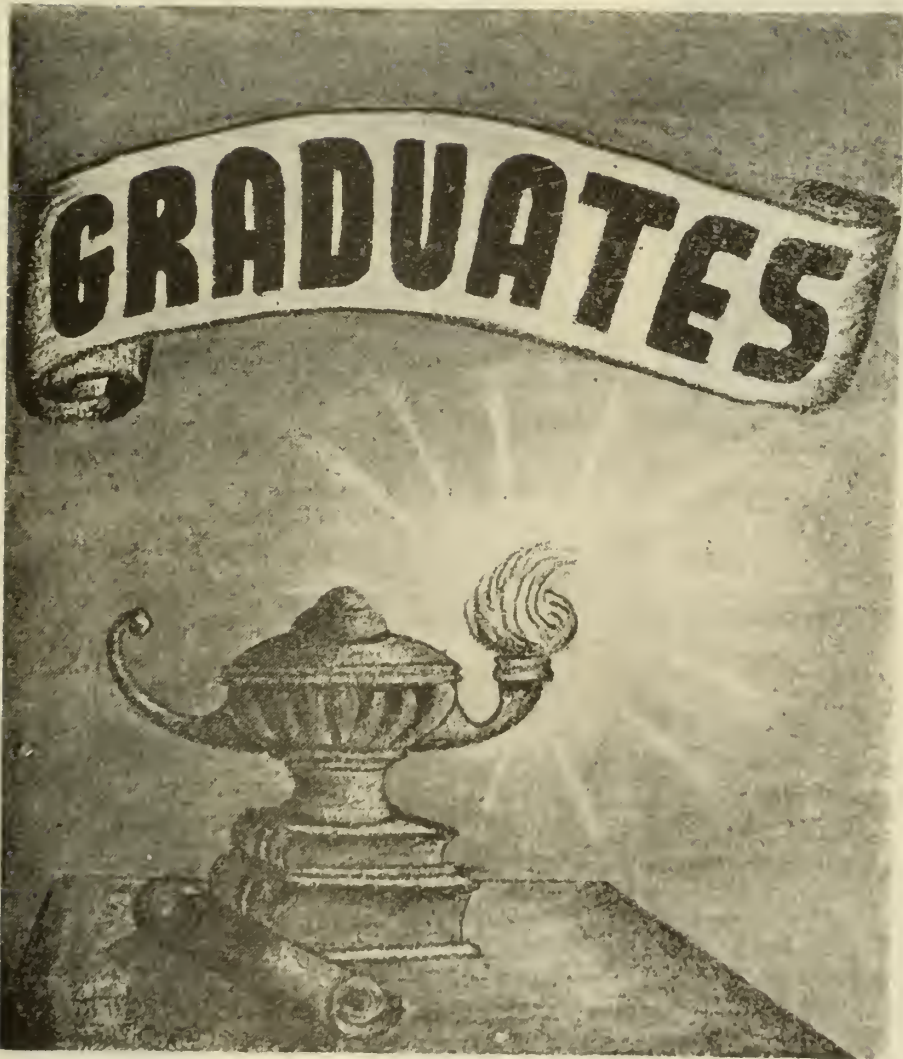
On the evening of February 28th at eight o'clock he was at his typewriter when the heart stroke came that ended his life. Two Fathers in an adjoining room heard him moaning and came to his aid. They started to help him to his bed, but he sank to his knees and died in their arms.

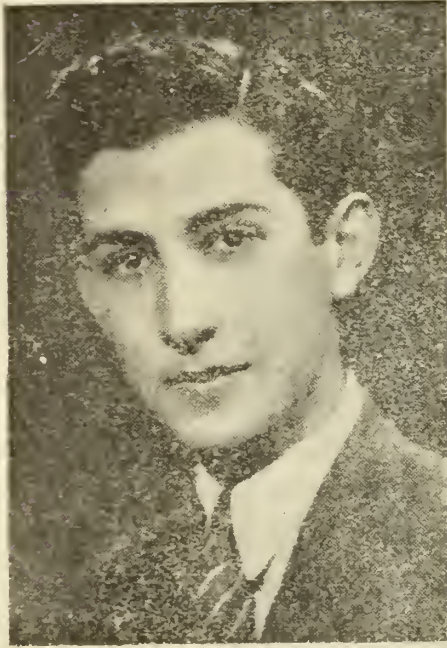
When the news of his untimely death reached Baghdad, the many expressions of sympathy and grief from Christians and non-Christians alike showed how deep and enduring was the memory he had left behind him. After the requiem Mass in St. Joseph's Cathedral which Msgr. de Jonghe, the Apostolic Delegate, insisted on celebrating in person, there were many who could not hold back the tears when they spoke of Bishop Rice and recalled incidents of his days in Baghdad.

Bishop Rice was a man of many and varied talents. But the one thing that was pre-eminent in him was his charity, a charity that was truly Christlike in its supernatural character, its ability to embrace all mankind, its steadfastness even in the face of ingratitude. When you met him, he made you feel that he was interested in you, and he was. That is why he was so devoted to Baghdad College. And when he thought of Baghdad College, it was not the buildings or the grounds that he thought of, except insofar as these had a bearing on the students.

It was the students themselves that his heart was wrapped up in. For them he worked, for them he planned, for them he spent himself unstintingly. He has left a monument, not so much in the building that he erected, but in the hearts of the boys and young men whom he loved and to whom he was an inspiration.

May his memory remain ever green among us and spur us on to achieve great things for God and our fellowmen in imitation of his noble example. Requiescat in pace.





ADIB RAUF HATTAB

"Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world, like a Colossus."

The tallest member of our class, Adib is an amiable, alert, and industrious fellow who is well known for his frequent use of philosophical terms. Studies have assumed a place of prominence in his program, for to him pleasures are "nothing but trifles, without which any educated person can assuredly carry on through life." His generous, sympathetic nature, however, has won him many friends, and we are proud to place ourselves in their number. With full confidence in Adib's abilities, we envision him making giant strides in the field of medicine.

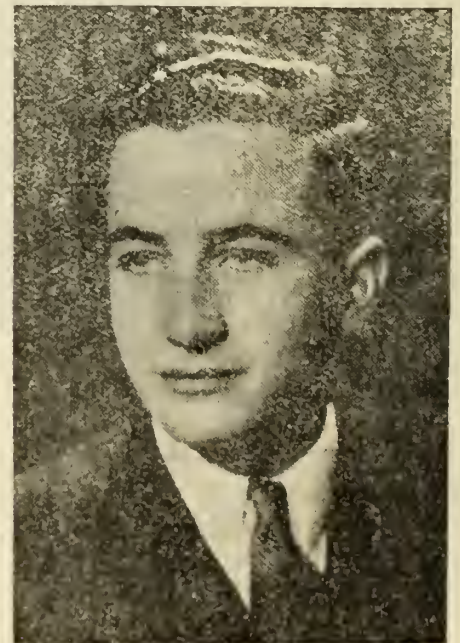
Sodality 3, 4, 5; Intramural Baseball.

ALEXANDER EMILE MESSAYEH

"A merry heart goes all the day."

The fact that Alex was the third Messayeh to tread the halls of B.C. did not seem to place too heavy a burden of responsibility on his young shoulders. "Aristotle," as he is more familiarly known, possesses the enviable ability of taking things easy, and prefers to leave to others all worries about the future. He works hard, is a perfect gentleman, and faces difficulties squarely but with a light heart. His genial smile, his ready wit, and his fondness for Arabic songs have made him the popular favorite that he is. Happy days ahead, Alex!

Intramural Baseball, Basketball.



ALLEN NAJIB COTTA

"And no man here but honors you."

Beneath the quiet, unassuming bearing of this loyal classmate burns a fire of activity and energy. Allen has attained a remarkable scholastic record, and month after month his name has appeared on the very top of the Honor Roll. And yet, his preoccupation with studies did not blind him to the other phases of school life. We who know him best can attest his readiness to help others and his pleasant companionship at all times. We value his friendship highly and we are sure that the same nobility of mind and steadfastness of purpose we have admired will lead him on to success in the future.

Sodality 2, 3, 4, Vice-President 5; Scientific Society Treasurer;
Intramural Baseball.



ANWAR SAID ADIB

"Therein he was as calm as virtue."

How often have we heard from Anwar's lips those words, "Be patient till the last!" His own life mirrored the plea he so frequently made, and the calm, unruffled tenor of his ways acted as a restraining influence on those of us who were too easily excited. "Nou Nou" is respected as a formidable and shifty opponent on the handball court, and he has brought glory to his Alma Mater by his speed and stamina as a miler. We wish him all success in the long grind ahead, till he reaches the finish line as an expert chemist.

Varsity Track 4, 5; Handball Champion 5; Intramural Sports.

BADI HABIB ATCHU

"Full of wise saws and modern instances."



Mere words cannot express our admiration and love for the "Mighty Atchu." Though celebrated far beyond the confines of his Alma Mater by reason of his athletic prowess, he carries these honors modestly and has proved himself a sincere, loyal friend to his classmates and to countless others in the school. His gentlemanliness and his cheerful good nature have endeared him to us, and his success in studies attests that he did not allow his athletic triumphs to interfere with his scholastic attainments. He has often raised our drooping spirits with his sparkling wit, and at times we regard him as the Solomon of our class for his wise proverbs, his riddles, and his tireless questions. His cheerful, friendly personality will assuredly bring him success in his chosen career of engineering.

Varsity Basketball 3, 4, 5; Varsity Volleyball 4, 5; Handball Champion 5; Intramural Sports.

EDMOND NASIR ILU

"And say to all the world, 'This was a man!'"

Five years of observing his leadership in studies and in class activities have only served to increase our admiration and esteem for Edmond as a fellow student and a loyal friend. His diligent application has been an inspiration to us, and we sometimes wondered if he would ever tire of receiving honor ribbons and testimonials. As President of the Sodality and as Editor of El Iraqi, he proved himself capable of handling the high responsibilities entrusted to him. With all his varied interests and achievements, he has remained as we first knew him—modest and good-natured, with a smile for everyone and a deep warmth of affection for his friends. The combination of his pleasant nature and his enthusiastic industry will surely lead him to a successful career in medicine.

Sodality 4, Secretary 4, President 5; Scientific Society 5; El Iraqi 5; Elocution Contest 4, Winner 5; Intramural Baseball.



GABRIEL EMMANUEL MALLIDES

"Give every man thine ear but few thy voice."

Known to some as "Gabby," to others as "Archimedes," the Gabriel we know is neither loquacious nor over-enthusiastic about matters scientific. Soft-spoken in conversation and gentle in manner, he has captivated all of us by his quiet friendliness. He always appears occupied and serious in class, but outside he often entertains us with his keen wit. He has cultivated the ability of looking at things from the brighter side, and this optimism should prove a great asset in the years ahead.



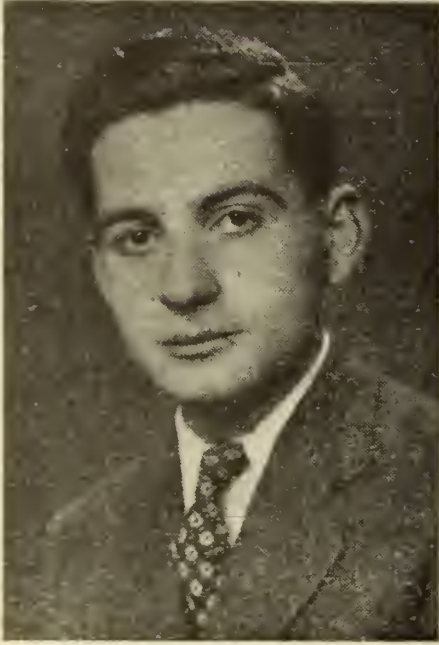
GILBERT ANWAR THOMAS

"I have no words, my voice is in my sword."

"Gil" is preeminently a man of action. To his varied interests he brings a pleasing personality, a dauntless enthusiasm, and a seemingly inexhaustible store of energy. He not only gets things done himself, but inspires the hearty cooperation of others — witness his efficient work for the Sodality and for El Iraqi. In all school and class activities he has been one of the leading spirits, for he is universally liked and admired. Winner of the Pharmacy Cup in ping-pong, "Gil" is also one of our best in volleyball and handball. The halls of B.C. still resound with the echoes of his powerful voice, and we are confident that he will make himself heard also in the world of medicine.

Sodality 3, 4, Assistant Treasurer 5; Scientific Society 5; El Iraqi 5; Elocution Contest 4, 5; Baghdad Ping-pong Champion 4; Varsity Volleyball 4, 5; Intramural Sports.





JOHN SALLUMI MARU

"As mild and gentle as the cradle babe."

We have never known John to become unduly alarmed or excited about any matter whatsoever. He takes life calmly and with a smile, but in his own quiet way he is industrious and energetic. He has acquired quite a reputation in the field of Arabic literature, and, though there is no direct connection, he manages to hold his own in math. When difficulties block his path he meets them boldly and cheerfully, confident of finding a way out — and he usually does. We value his friendship highly, and we wish him all success in his efforts to become an eminent lawyer.

JOHN WADI NAYYIM

"A man of cheerful yesterdays and confident tomorrows."

Johnny possesses the sharpest and the most tenacious memory in the graduating class. He is, moreover, an agreeable and entertaining friend, whose jests never fail to dispell the anxiety and fatigue of his classmates, especially before a physics or biology exam. Smooth and easy-going in manner, Johnny seldom becomes agitated or disturbed over problems that greatly vex others: he can usually talk his way out of the most awkward situation. Music and books bring him genuine pleasure and enjoyment. Knowing his studious habits as we do, we are confident that he will reflect glory on his Alma Mater as an industrial chemist.

Intramural Baseball, Volleyball.



JULIUS SHABBAS

"An affable and courteous gentleman."

Mild and affable, Julius has patiently submitted to much good-natured joking about his resemblance to a famous cinema star. We can say that he has weathered the storm of comment with high honours. In his outlook on life he is quite serious and thoughtful, and consequently he has tackled his studies steadily and with determination. We have grown accustomed to his eager efforts to communicate to the class those choice bits of information garnered in the course of his readings. On more than one occasion he has merited high praise for his expert technique in the biology lab. We hope this is a token of the success that awaits him in the world of surgery, for we wish only the best to so loyal and constant a friend.

Intramural Sports.



SAMI PIERRE LAWRENCE

"Though vanquished he would argue still."

In our association with him, Sami has displayed a number of remarkable talents, but he is above all a good-natured, generous, and sincere friend. Gifted by nature with a charming personality, he possesses the ability of handling with dispatch any situation, however involved, which confronts him. Sami thrives on discussion, and those who have engaged in argument with him claim that he has a sincere desire to admit nothing, and that even when you are right he can prove that you are wrong. In his work for the Missions and for our annual he manifested a zeal and a business acumen which greatly contributed to the success of these two ventures. We shall not be surprised to see him successfully managing a pharmacy of his own in the near future.

Sodality 4, Treasurer 5; Scientific Society President 5; El Iraqi 5; **Intramural Sports.**

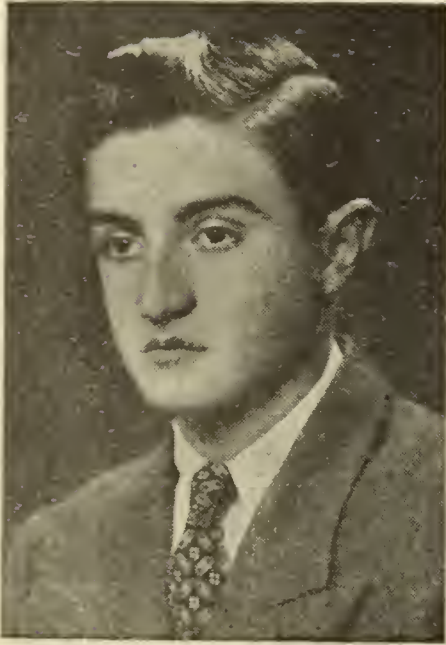


WIDAD EMILE BEZZUI

"I dare do all that may become a man."

Loyal and unselfish in his support of all class activities, Widad is also an able organizer whose words and example have a power to arouse in others an eager enthusiasm. By diligent application he has developed a naturally quick mind: his penetrating questions reveal an inquisitiveness that is not satisfied with mere surface knowledge. Moreover, he is keenly interested in baseball, takes active part in the Sodality program, and has devoted his artistic and literary talent to making our annual a success. His cheerful nature and hearty laughter have brightened many a dull hour and will continue to win him friends, when he attains a position of eminence in the field of radio engineering.

Sodality 3, 4, Secretary 5; Scientific Society 5; El Iraqi 5; Elocution Contest 5; Intramural Sports.



EVENING
at B.C.

IN RETROSPECT

Yesterday we entered Baghdad College, looking forward to the coveted but distant goal of graduation. Today we depart from our Alma Mater, and in our hearts there glows a filial affection for her. The interim has sped by swiftly, like the passage of a night, when one closes his eyes in slumber and opens them once more to find the sunbeams breaking into his room. Today is the sunshine, the closing scene of our life in B.C. For a moment we pause and look back over the past five years; we look back and an eager desire seizes us to give an account of the events that took place during that pleasant period of our lives. Searching, then, the tablets of memory, and reaching for the scattered recollections of our early schooling, we grasp what flashes before our vision.

The memory of our first days in B.C. is printed on our minds, never to be effaced. One of the things which stands out vividly is our first ride in the school bus, early one October morning, way back in 1941. As we sped along Rashid Street, out to Sulaikh, and then passed through the gates of our Alma Mater, young hearts beat fast in anticipation; shy faces brightened with amazement as they glanced this way and that to behold the charming and fascinating location of Baghdad College.

Thus the scene of our new life was unfolded before our wondering eyes, and soon we were walking through the hallowed corridors of this institution of learning. Our first impressions, we admit now, were vague and disquieting. In a short time the bell summoned us to an assembly in the school yard, and there Rev. Fr. Sarjeant, the President of Baghdad College, directed to us a short speech of welcome. That first address was a kind of perplexity which puzzled our untutored minds, for a great part of the English he spoke was Greek to us. Without shrinking, however, from the prize we sought, we steeled ourselves to the task of learning the language promptly.

Days passed, weeks rolled by, and months elapsed! With steady pace we marched onward toward improvement and knowledge. Fr. Miff led and we followed. Heartened by his encouragement, we overcame the initial difficulty we experienced with algebra, which was a new subject for us. One of the remarkable incidents in First High was the Spelling Bee, directed by Fr. Miff. All the other classes assembled to watch this contest; we displayed our courage and skill before them, and succeeded in winning the admiration of the Faculty. Another significant event was Mr. Bechir's contest in Arabic proverbs. Although the preparation for this was the source of constant headaches to all of us, nevertheless we did well on the day of the contest itself. We had lots of fun with Fr. Paul, our professor in religion, history, and geography. His wonderful, fantastic stories that made our hairs stand on end, and his famous "Hamish Awwal, Hamish Thance" — all these we thoroughly enjoyed. Once during the year, together with Second High, we went on a picnic to

Hindiya Barrage, where we enjoyed a full day of fun and merriment on the white, fine sands of the Euphrates.

Almost before we were aware of it, the first year of our career at B.C. was drawing to a close. The activity at that time became fast and furious. Why? Exams! We tenaciously clung to our books and suddenly grew very studious. When the results of the exams were made known, it was found that Gilbert Thomas was the class leader, and in recognition of this achievement he received a medal from the hands of the President, Rev. Fr. Sarjeant. Thus our first year in B.C. passed; we felt that we had succeeded in getting our bearings for the voyage through the vast sea of learning ahead.

For our second year of work, we all started off with a satchel full of good resolutions. After the greetings were passed around and the summer stories told, the business of attending regular classes began. We were divided into two sections, A and B, one under the direction of Fr. Mahan, the other under the guidance of Fr. Shea. Those who were with the latter will never forget the great benefit and improvement derived from the innumerable compositions in English and religion. Those endless English assignments were chiefly on the humorous themes of Ripsey and his crazy dreams, or about the vivid, picturesque style of Coleridge in "The Ancient Mariner." Those who were with Fr. Mahan highly praised his precise capacity of directing a class. They repeated his humorous stories and imitated the way he used to act for them in explaining the appearance of Ichabod Crane, and the way this same Ichabod danced with Katherina Van Tassel.

When the track season approached, both Fathers could be seen out on the field, giving instructions and making plans for their young athletes. Through their coaching, many of us were able to make a noteworthy showing on the day of the meet. In other games, especially baseball, many brilliant stars actually emerged from our midst. For on a sunny May day, our efforts were crowned with the wreath of victory when we triumphed over the lordly seniors of Fifth. For this moment of glory we owe a great deal to the leading star of the game, our pitcher, Gilbert Thomas.

Among our other pleasant memories of this year are the Oral English periods of Fr. Hoyt. We can still see him, leaning on the right arm of his chair as he spoke to us; we see him and recall all his jokes, his funny imaginative short stories, and his skill in training men to speak and write. We used to deliver our own speeches in his presence with all the enthusiasm of young orators, putting emphasis in the wrong place and thus forcing a smile from the good-natured Fr. Hoyt. Another thing vividly carved on our memories is the graceful figure and the kind treatment of our chemistry teacher, Fr. Cronin. We can still visualize him, sitting on the front stairs of the school, surrounded by groups of young boys, jesting, and also speaking seriously with them. To him we

owe a great deal of our ability in speaking English, for he was continually with us; and in return we taught him some colloquial expressions in Arabic. The leadership of Second A was won by Sami Lawrence, and that of Second B by Allen Cotta.

Thus it was that we completed our second year and headed with full sail between the straits of final examinations, and on, into our third year. There were a few who did not have a full knowledge of the course or whose ship struck the bar of failure, thus forcing them to remain behind until the tide of another year should lift them clear and enable them to cross. However, for the most part, the same old class collected once more and filed into the classrooms for the start of the third year of the voyage.

On the very first day our class welcomed Fr. Sullivan, who had recently arrived from America and who was to teach English to both Third A and Third B. He urged us to begin our studies without delay and to continue them steadily throughout the entire year. Most of us were undoubtedly living in the blissful recollections of Second High, expecting that life in this class would be just as easy and comfortable as it had been there. The actuality proved quite different, however, and we were speedily roused from our dreams. No longer were we to listen to the jokes of Fr. Mahan, no more were we to watch with anxious eyes his artistic drawings, illustrating the headless knight of Sleepy Hollow. The period of early training was over; and once we realized this, we determined to cooperate in the share of work to be done by Third High boys.

Fr. Sullivan spent the first month in an effort to brush off the dust which had gathered on our inactive minds. Soon afterwards he began to feed us in large amounts with the knowledge that came fluently from his lips and rested on the small brains of our early youth. We read "Robinson Crusoe" and, through the help of our teacher, found it quite easy and interesting. We relished, too, the gusto of the vivid and dramatic portrayal of Arnold's "Sohrab and Rostum," and Tennyson's "Enoch Arden." By this time we had advanced a great deal in English and had begun to appreciate the beauty of its expressions and the harmony of its rhythms. Now we enjoyed the subject much more than we did a year or two before.

The other subjects were no less difficult than English. Who could forget Mr. Beehir's dynamic and tempestuous method of teaching Arabic verses and grammar? For Fr. Devenny's patience and clemency we are humbly but inadequately grateful. Whenever our physics professor, the spontaneous and lighthearted Fr. Sheehan noticed that things were becoming dull for us, he used to lighten our heavy spirits with some of his now-famous expressions, such as "Shinnie High," or "Complete makooness of mukh," or even "Pass the windows to the paper side." In our attack on biology, we were fortunate indeed to be placed under the inspiring guidance of Fr. Gookin. As a relief for the anxieties and tension which sometimes gripped us, he used to cheer us with his jokes, his well-known manner of arousing interest, and his talks on "General Education." Besides, we shall

never forget the hard job so skillfully performed by Mr. Abbosh in teaching that long and tedious program of history and geography. Finally, in religion we had Fr. MacNeil, whose classes were always made interesting by his use of picturesque and figurative explanations of religious matters.

As far as we can recall, we had only one picnic during the year, though others were planned. Accompanied by Fr. Sheehan, we went to Zafaraniya on cycles, had a fine lunch, and took some snapshots. We enjoyed this excursion very much, in spite of the usual punctures that happened along the way. Our achievements in the realm of athletics proved that the training we had received was not given in vain. The college echoed with the praises of the loved-by-all Bedi Atehu for his skill in basketball, volleyball, and handball, of Sami Lawrence for his speed in the 100 meter dash, and of Gilbert Thomas for his clever playing in baseball, handball, and ping-pong.

Slowly and uneventfully the days passed, until finally we found ourselves confronted with the Government Exams, the critical point in our Intermediate studies. Everyone in Third became extremely serious, and the tension was high. As the fateful days drew nearer, we could be seen making last-minute preparations to plunge in and cross the river of exams to the shore of success. Most of us did make the crossing safely, thus crowning our efforts with the wreath of victory.

The summer vacation was over, and the smoke of battle that darkened the skies in June gave way to the clarity and brightness of October. As we marched silently into our new Fourth High classroom, anxious eyes found the ever-smiling face of Fr. Gookin awaiting them. His tongue poured forth a stream of instructive and interesting advice, and his eyes sparkled with a joyous gleam as he spoke on "General Education." With him we spent a pleasant three weeks studying chemistry, and then he suddenly disappeared from the scene, when our new professor, Fr. Guay, arrived from America.

We continued our studies in English under the guidance of our old Third High professor, Fr. Sullivan. After about a month of review and preparation, he introduced us to the study of Shakespeare's tragedies, "Julius Caesar," and "Macbeth." We learned to appreciate the beauty and charm of these celebrated dramas, and gradually every single one of us began to utter some of their famous expressions in all classes, including Fr. Guay's. No one can imagine how happy we were to form those precious words on our lips. These classic pieces of literature improved our English greatly; and by studying later Newman's "Present Position of Catholics in England," we accelerated our progress still further.

We again met Fr. Devenny in mathematics, and our religion class was also taught by him. His interesting and clear explanations, his ready examples, and the facility with which he handled the most difficult problems will always remain in our memories. Our chemistry classes with Fr. Guay, and above all the experiments, held an absorbing interest

for us. On those occasions when Bedi Atchu attempted to inject Shakespearean expressions into the periods, Fr. Guay would pause for a moment, turn on him with a puzzled look, and then resume his explanation.

Our Fourth High class proved no less expert in sports than in things intellectual. We proved our athletic ability by winning the class volleyball league, and we are proud of our star, Bedi, who was greatly responsible for our victories. This same Bedi also bewildered the opponents of B.C. with his splendid playing on the basketball court. Our happy-go-lucky Anwar Said, too, won the mile race in the school track meet, and helped bring the silver cup to B.C. by taking third place in this event in the Government meet. During the year we enjoyed two bicycle picnics escorted by Fr. Sullivan (with whom our lives dealt greatly), one to Rustamiyah, and the other to Zafaraniyah. The inevitable exams soon faced us, and another year had sped to its conclusion.

Then came the last act in our drama — the last, but in some respects the most important in the lives of all of us. The curtain rose and the first scene started at once. Echoes of uncontrolled laughter and a 100-word sentence rang in our little classroom, introducing thekind-hearted and sharp-minded Fr. Sheehan, our old professor in physics. Ah he was to play an important part in the life of every individual in the class. Among the Jesuit missionaries sent from America this year was one destined to be our English teacher, the good-natured, kind, and merciful Fr. Banks. Fr. Loeffler, whom we had often met in the Book Store, came to teach us religion, and our old friend, Fr. Gookin, appeared as our instructor in biology.

The second week found us ready to begin an active year. Lessons started, and immediately we were thrown into the sea of toil and labor. Compared with other years, our life in Fifth assumed a more practical aspect, and those long-awaited laboratory periods became the favorite hours of the entire class. Biology experiments started almost at once and were greatly enjoyed by our future doctors, who constituted more than one third of the class. Physics experiments began somewhat later and were intensely interesting to all of us, but especially to those who had decided to enter the world of engineering. Fr. Sheehan occasionally started us from our dreams during math. classes with his witty remarks, as he strove to make us proficient in handling the intricacies of mathematics; and at length we rose to be even "aadhem" than he actually was! Biology was made easier and more interesting than it actually seemed in our first classes, and for that we are most grateful to Fr. Gookin.

Our English periods were less frequent this final year, but we welcomed the sight of Fr. Banks when he appeared, grasping in one hand "Model English" and in the other the "Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin." We spent a good part of our first semester working with this "Model English," and learning what Ben Franklin had to say in his book. "Three English Comedies" and the study of the short story

strengthened our love for English literature and helped to advance our thought and expression greatly. Once again we renewed our acquaintance with Newman's sublime thoughts in the renowned "Dream of Gerontius."

Shortly after our fifth year began, we witnessed a change in presidents. By appointment of his religious superior Rev. Fr. Madaras, one of founders of our college succeeded Rev. Fr. Sarjeant, who for the past six years had guided the destinies of B. C. We pause for a moment in our chronicle to pay tribute to Fr. Sarjeant and his successor: these are the men who, during our years in the college, saw to it that we were provided with all those things for which in retrospect we are so grateful. To the former president of B. C. our boundless gratitude; to its new president our congratulations and best wishes that under his leadership our Alma Mater may continue to grow in size and in fame!

Among our prominent activities this year was our part in the work of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Ours was the honor to have all the officers of this organization elected from our class. We are justly proud of the example given by our class in relieving the poor and of the record made this final year under the inspiration of our leaders, a record that surpassed the high standards of Sodality activity in the past.

During the Christmas vacation the class journeyed to Basrah accompanied by Fr. Delaney and Fr. Banks. We had there a fine and comfortable lodging in St. Thomas' school, and we are extremely thankful for the kindness and hospitality with which Fr. Gogue received us. On the second night after our arrival, which was Christmas Eve, we went to the Latin Church in Ashar. Among the ways in which we spent our holidays, certain incidents stand out as worthy of note: a delightful boat trip in the Shatt-al-Arab, a visit to the date-packing factory, where we took many pictures, and the enjoyable dinner to which we were invited, and finally some tea parties. Moreover, we played basketball and volleyball with two different schools, and on the night before our return we had an excellent tea party at the Shatt-al-Arab Hotel. On the whole, our trip to Basrah was very enjoyable, and throughout we were lavishly entertained by the hospitality of the Basrawis, for which we are sincerely thankful.

Although we were burdened with an abundance of studies while preparing for the Government Exams, we did not withdraw from athletics. This is proved by the fact that we won the school championship in basketball, by the help of our stars Bedi, Anwar, and Gilbert. In the school track meet Anwar's lightning speed in finishing the mile and half-mile evoked the admiration of every observer; again, in the Government meet, his efforts helped bring further glory to his Alma Mater.

The night has pulled up its black gown, and the angel of dreams has passed over. Awakening stirs us, as golden beams of hope flood our vision. Dazed at first, we shield our eyes and then dare to gaze on the views that open before us. What do we find?

Ahead of us lie our retreat, the final exams, our class banquet, commencement day and graduation; behind us linger the fading glimpses of dim and happy memories. From small boys we have become young men and the world stretches before us. The time has come to depart, and we are about to conclude our record. With hearts full of deep feelings of gratitude we express our sincere thanks to the Fathers, most learned and most self-sacrificing men, everyone of whom took such a personal interest in us; who

patiently equipped us not merely with learning but with culture too, and prepared us to make our way through the vast sea of life.

In concluding our class history, we extend our hands and say a word of farewell and of promise, that we will ever be called "true sons of Baghdad College."

ADIB RAUF HATTAB
ALLEN NAJIB COTTA

OUR BEQUEST

In this year of Our Lord, nineteen hundred and forty-six, we are leaving the school whose colors are gold and maroon. Members of Fifth High, we are about to conclude our life in Secondary School and to enter into a new and higher world. What this future existence will demand of us we can only guess and surmise. After settling our accounts here below, however, we find there are certain properties of ours for which we suspect there will be no use in our new world; others there are which, out of a spirit of liberality and brotherly regard, we wish to dispose of now, even though they are dear and cherished possessions. With the clarity of vision vouchsafed those about to bid farewell to life, we perceive that the world in which we have lived, our Alma Mater, Baghdad College, is steadily and rapidly growing bigger; in our last moments we are possessed with a burning desire to make some offering that it may also grow better.

Wherefore,

Into the capable hands of Patrick Roy we entrust the artistic talent of Widad, in the hope that it will aid him in drawing pictures of Aziz and Zumal for Fr. Devenny's religion class.

To Bruno and Michael Antun we award the eloquence and persuasive speech of Edmond, as a sure means of putting more fire into their dramatic declamations.

The unruffled calm and gentle peacefulness of Anwar Said we deliver into the safekeeping of Pierre Bahoshy.

The kind heart and noble mind of Allen is reverently entrusted to anyone whose ambition it is to attain the honor of becoming a Socialist.

To the lawyers-to-be among the undergraduates we present the precision and accuracy of John Maru in Arabic composition, as an aid to them in preparing their defences before the bar.

The supposedly superstitious number of our class, "13," we triumphantly relinquish, as proof positive, if any be needed, that such beliefs are absurd and unworthy of reasonable men.

On each and every student we impose the solemn obligation of fostering loyalty to his Alma Mater and of keeping alive in his heart the flame of the true B.C. spirit.

To future generations of B.C. students we proudly leave the unparalleled record of our high

monthly averages, as a lasting memorial and as a mark to be aimed at.

On the strong shoulders of Stanley we place the responsibility of continuing the triumphant athletic spirit of Badi Atchu, and also of being prepared at any moment to quote an appropriate Arabic proverb.

To his small brother, Douglas, we surrender Gilbert's ping-pong championship, and also his proclivity for using hyperbole.

That the spirit of the original combination may not be lost, we consign to Douglas' partner, whoever he may be, the ease and suavity of Sami in handling all situations, and also his special aptitude for taking snapshots while visiting date-packing factories.

To the outstanding chemist and mathematician of Fourth High we present the mysterious spectacles of Gabriel, the Archimedes of our class.

The place of our noon-time conferences, behind the handball courts, we cede willingly, but with the caution that the spot is a trifle congested for such gatherings.

The memorizing ability of John Nayyim and his special form of humor we pass on to Henry Svoboda—and also the permission of sharing these gifts with Pasteur, if he so wishes.

The towering height of Adib is requisitioned to the Third High boy who will most need it for physics experiments—and whose name begins with Zu.....

To the deserving Sylvain go both the football skill and the speedy reading of Julius, with the admonition that he is expected to keep up his debonair appearance.

Finally, and in deep seriousness, we bequeath our endless thanks to all the Fathers and teachers who taught us during our days at Baghdad College. To them we offer our genuine expressions of gratitude and love. The good which they did for us far surpasses our powers of recompence, and hence we shall always remain indebted to them. As our life at B.C. nears its final moments, and as we bring this testament to a close, we make this sincere protestation, that we respect them as Fathers, we love them as teachers, and we honor them as God-given guides. We pray that all good may come to them, that no obstacles may block their path.

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

ALEXANDER EMILE MESSAYEH

IN PROSPECT

The calendar says March 12, 1956. The clock says 11:30. The sign over the door says THE LAWRENCE WHOLESALE DRUGSTORE. I know, because I just had it painted. There is only one indication of life in the room, and that comes from the dictaphone which suddenly says, "Excuse me, sir. There is a man down here to see you. Shall I send him up?"

As this was my first customer, I had to say, "Yes, send him up." It could have been anybody, but it wasn't. It was none other than Allen Cotta. He still had his same cheery smile. We shook hands and he spoke very favorably of the Chamber of Commerce, seeing that he was just elected as its head. I asked him what else was new. He seemed surprised.

"Haven't you heard that Dr. Gilbert is getting married? Didn't you get an invitation?"

Well, I hadn't as yet, but I figured there must be an invitation for me at home.

"We are all going, and I just dropped by to let you know we would be glad to take you in our car."

"Of course, I'll be there," I assured him. "Thanks for the invitation; maybe you could come home and have some dinner with me."

"No, Sami, really I can't. I have a meeting down town now." And with that he dashed out of the store.

Well, my first customer wasn't in much of a buying mood. It is rather hot around here, and you cannot expect too much the first day anyway, so I guess I'll go home.

I no sooner reached the front door than Sami Junior, my pride and joy, came racing down the steps and asked me if he could go to Uncle Gilbert's wedding. Of course, Gilbert isn't his uncle at all, but he may just as well be, because he is at the house so often. So the invitation had come!! When I entered, I saw a beautiful silver tray on the table.

"What's this?" I asked.

"That?" Oh that is a little something I picked up for Dr. Gilbert and his bride," said my wife, smiling as if she got the thing for nothing. So that meant we were certainly going to the wedding!

The following Saturday, my wife and I witnessed Gilbert as he entered into the married state. His taste for things beautiful was as choice as ever, for his bride was the prettiest girl in the church. Father Edmond Ilu, S.J., performed the ceremony and congratulated the couple on the step they had taken.

The reception was held in the ballroom of the Grand Hotel, where we went immediately after the Mass. Allen drove us in his big Packard, because my car was in the garage for repairs. We felt fine getting out of "our Packard," but we felt even better when we were warmly greeted by Julius Shabbas, who had just recently bought the Grand Hotel. In the lobby, the first one we saw was Dr. Adib Hattab, who had just returned from research work in America.

The band, under the leadership of Maestro Gabriel Mallides, was certainly doing a splendid piece of work.

After the dance, I noticed a crowd in a remote corner of the room. There in the middle of the group, telling them stories, was none other than Badi Atchu, the famous professor of electro-mechanics at the University of Baghdad. Naturally, I joined the group and talked over "the good old days." As the drinks were being poured, a name on the bottle struck me as being very familiar. When the waiter had finished, I asked him to let me look at the bottle. Sure enough, I was right! The label read: "Messayeh and Nayyim Distilleries."

"Look at this !!" I said to Badi.

He simply pointed to two fellows over near the window. "Look at that!!" was his only comment. And there were Alex and John in person.

They had their eyes on me and both of them said at once, "How do you like it?"

"It doesn't even compare with Haig's," was all that I could say.

They joined us, and we looked around for some new faces. Father Ilu was making many gestures and trying to get a point across to Dr. Anwar Said, surgical operator in the Cancer Sanitorium. Despite the gestures, Father was reserved as usual, but he seemed convinced of what he was saying. Suddenly the music subsided and Father's words carried all over the room, ".....tell you, Anwar, that doctrine is absolutely wrong!!" Of course everybody laughed. Wouldn't you?

During dinner Julius was sitting beside Widad Bezzui, chief engineer in the Iraq Radio and Television Corporation. Julius was discussing various dishes on the table. Widad, who is quite a connoisseur in these matters, was nodding his head in agreement. They agreed to agree on this matter of food. Meanwhile the rest of us were enjoying the food, and you have my word that it was good, very good indeed.

After dinner I felt well satisfied with the world and was about to sit down to a good cigar, when I was suddenly thumped on the back.

"Sami, how in the world are you?" And John Maru was shaking the hand off me. "Say, Sami," he continued, "it's great seeing you again. This lawyer business is wonderful. Why, just the other day I had a case about a....."

"John, you certainly look fine yourself," I cut in, figuring that if he ever got started on that case I would never get home. "Come over and meet my wife," I added.

Arm in arm we went, and she was delighted to see him. We talked a while; suddenly my wife told John that she was sorry.

"Sorry for what?" asked John, bewildered.

"Sorry that I have to take Sami away from you. You see little Sami (that's my son, remember?) has not been feeling too well lately, so I cannot leave him alone very long."

We said good night to John, then saw Gilbert and his bride and extended our best wishes to them. As Allen was leaving about the same time, he agreed

to take us back. We told them again that we had a perfect time at the party. As we were going out the door, Allen shouted back,

"Too bad you can't get married every week!"
Still the same Allen.

SAMI PIERRE LAWRENCE

P A T R O N S

H. E. Jamil al-Madfai

H.E. Jamal Baban

H. E. Nejib al-Rawi

Nuri Fettah Pasha

Nejmeddin al-Naqib

Husain al-Yasin

Emile Messayeh

Wadi Nayyim

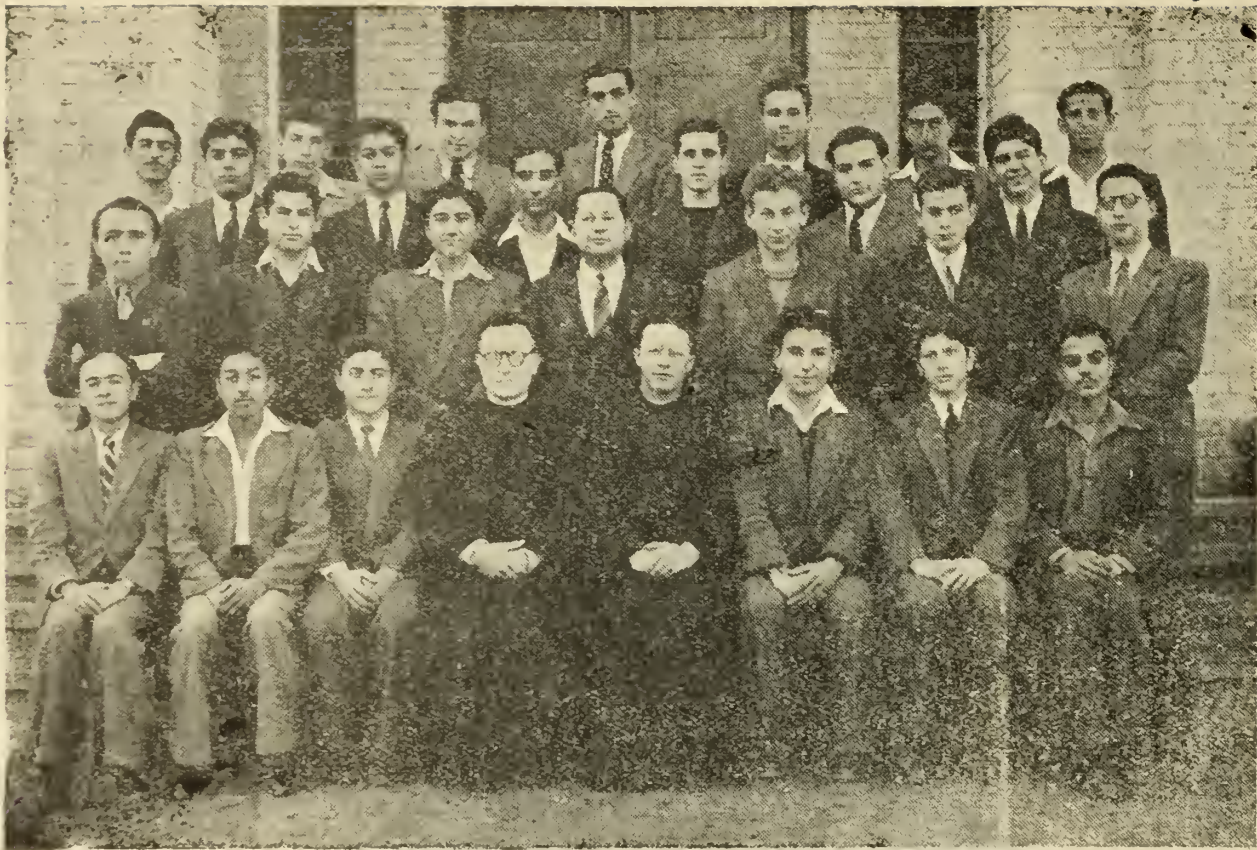
David Atchu

MacAndrews and Forbes Company

A Friend



UNDERGRADUATES



First Row, left to right: Pierre Bahoshy, Hadi Ajil, Joseph Tessa, Rev. Father Devenny, S. J., Rev. Father Sullivan, S. J., Boghos Boghossian, Yusuf Allos, Marshal Fernandez. Second Row: Ghanim Mikhail, George Naum, Albert Toni, Sylvain Serkis, Fuad Sarafa, Raymond Darwish, Pasteur Madik. Third Row: Salwan Baban, Shwan Baban, Peter Atchu, Faiq Benna, Stanley Maru, Sudad Baban. Fourth Row: Peter Yonathan, Misbah Asil, Ruhi Tessa, Arshak Movsessian, Behman Kashi, Badi Nadhmi, Shakir Abdul Rahman.

Fourth High A

With the completion of our intermediate education, we advanced in October to the secondary level. Those who had braved and survived the ordeal of the Government Exams were so numerous that for the first time in Baghdad College history it was necessary to divide Fourth High into two sections, A and B. We of A found the environment on this elevated level quite strange and unfamiliar at first, but gradually we became accustomed to breathing the more rarified air of a higher life.

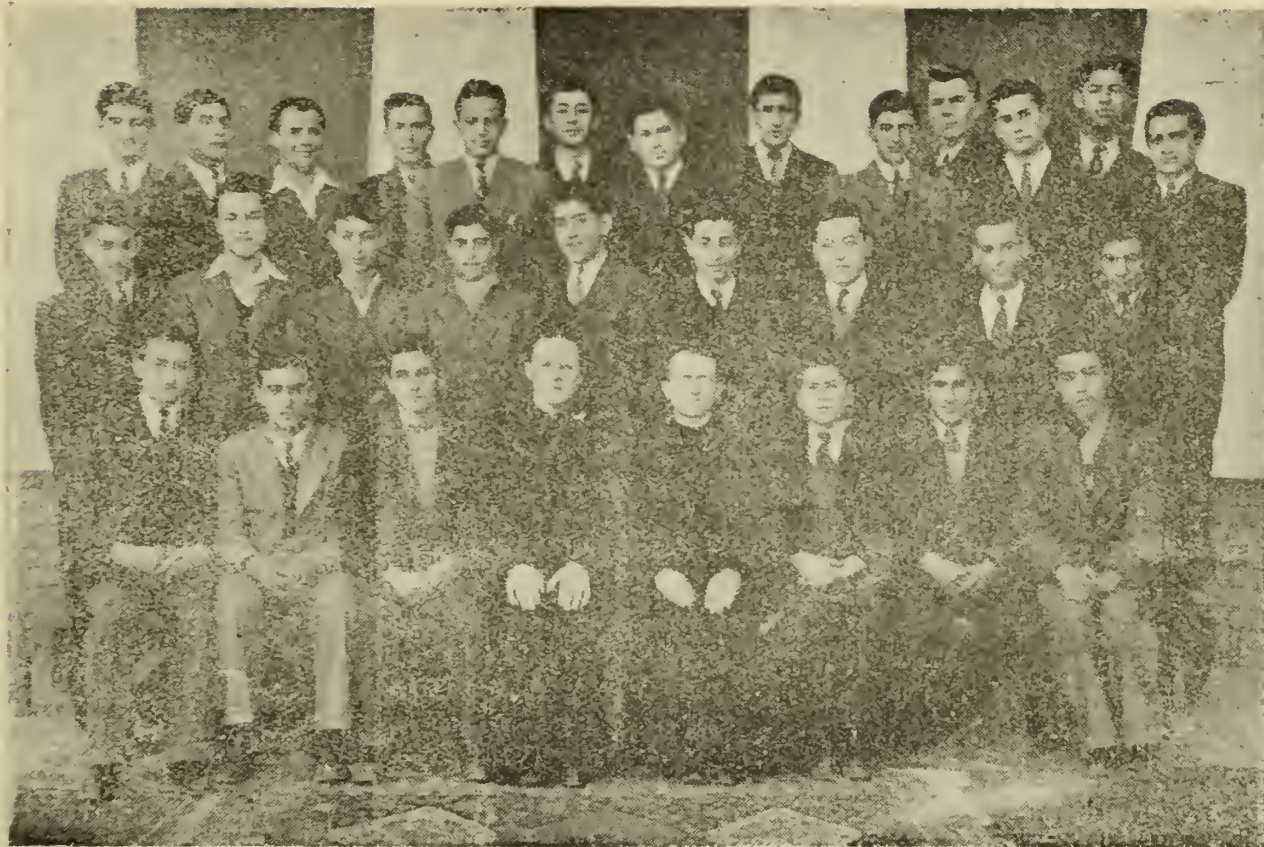
In fact, after Fr. Sullivan had guided our steps into the refined atmosphere of Shakespearean tragedy, we soon felt quite at home in handling quotations from "Julius Caesar," and "Macbeth." Familiar, too, became the oft-repeated words: "By whom and in what circumstances? Give the meaning, and comment!" In math. classes also, where Fr. Devenny helped us interpret the maze of intricate graphs, our ears grew accustomed to the ring of the command: "Stay in the game!" We did — and advanced to the study of trigonometry!

We discovered that our class contained one of the grandest orchestras known. It was made up of clappers, usually conducted by maestro Badi Nadhmi (who also turned out to be an actor of no little ability). This orchestra often succeeded in dispelling the fatigue and weariness of the class, especially during Arabic and chemistry periods. In the lab., however, there was never any need for this diversion, for under Fr. Guay's expert guidance we performed our experiments with intense interest and pleasure. Some of our budding chemists, whose imaginations were not yet fully controlled, even thought that they were on the way to unveiling the secret of the atomic bomb. In a different department, history, we explored some pressing social problems with Mr. Abbosh and were encouraged by him to deliver some lectures ourselves.

For the third successive year, the athletes of the present Fourth High won the cup in the school track meet, and the important part played by our class in this victory may be realized by consulting the record found in the "Athletic Section." Shakir, George, Peter Atchu, and Fuad Sarafa were also prominent in bringing two cups to B.C. in the Government meet. In the other sports our class was well represented throughout the year. Moreover, the class as a whole cooperated in the success of our two picnics, one to Hillah and Babylon, and the other to Ramadi and Habbaniyah.

Thus far we have enjoyed a profitable year, which we hope will be crowned with success in the exams soon to face us. We end our class history with a note of sincere thanks to the Fathers and teachers who have moulded us into the successful unit we have become.

Marshal Fernandez, Peter Atchu.



First Row, left to right: Garabet Bustanian, Fakhri Rahmatallah, Joseph Bashuri, Rev. Father Sullivan, S. J., Rev. Father Guay, S. J., Adnan Salih, Saad Madfai, Constantine Zoma. *Second Row:* Melcon Melconian, Wissam Shawkat, Hanna George, Alim Hassun, Francis Faraj, Freddie David, John Mangassarian, Jacob Blaney, Joseph Silveira. *Third Row:* David Sukkar, Ghanim Kazzuqi, Fuad Mustafa, Ihsan Salih, Najad Tereza, Sami Bakose, Ohannes Geyickian. *Fourth Row:* Joseph Yonan, Melcon Jibran, Artin Andrea, Anwar Shaul, Henry Svoboda, Kamal Baqir.

Fourth High B

When we began our fourth year, on a bright Tuesday morning early in October, we had the impression that this was to be a quiet, restful year. It soon became painfully clear to us, however, that in this impression we were gravely mistaken. It took time, of course, to recover from the shock of this revelation, but after we did settle down to work, in an amazingly short time we became deeply absorbed in our studies.

In the very first hours of our religion class with Fr. Devenny, we made the acquaintance of three new friends: Zumal, Bamia, and Aziz, while in math we concentrated on fractions and radicals before attacking trig. The time of our Arabic periods was spent in the vicinity of the canteen during the first month, because of the difficulty of obtaining a teacher; but after we were fortunate enough to secure Mr. Mahmud Ibrahim and Mr. Mahmud Yusuf as our professors, we made rapid strides in the study of our ancient language.

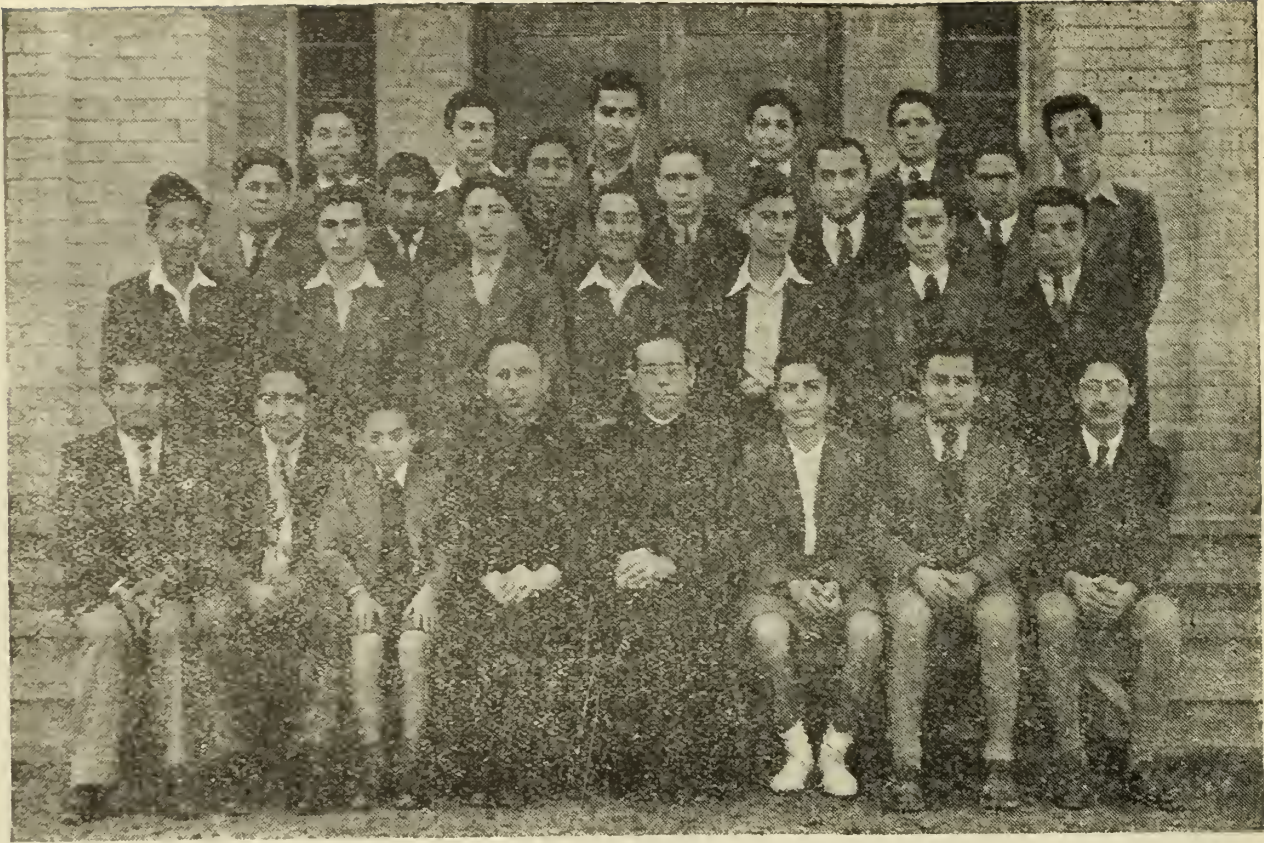
In English, Fr. Sullivan had us thumbing the pages of the Century Handbook for a while; but, soon after we started "Julius Caesar," the increase in interest became apparent, and our other teachers were amazed at times to hear us using Shakespearean expressions even in trig. and chemistry classes. Newman's lecture, "The Present Position of Catholics in England," greatly puzzled and perplexed many of us, and though we admired his power of expression and the rhythm of his language, we were glad to return to Shakespeare and study his famous tragedy, "Macbeth."

Monday was always welcomed with great enthusiasm. That was the day assigned for chemistry lab., and each week we spent two precious and delightful hours doing experiments under the direction of Fr. Guay. In his chemistry classes, also, we listened eagerly to his clear explanations of very interesting topics.

Outside of class we were also quite active. Our Socialists did fine work; several of us had the honor of being associated with Fr. Guay in the formation of B.C.'s first Scientific Society; and we had two memorable picnics with Frs. Devenny and Sullivan, with another planned for the Easter vacation. Through the combined efforts of our athletes and those of Fourth A, we won the track championship of the school for the third successive time. Our class was also well represented on the B.C. track team which distinguished itself by winning two cups in the Government meet, and on the B.C. basketball team which made such a creditable record this past year.

Our scholastic record and our athletic achievements give us the right, we think, to feel proud of our class. But we do not take all the credit to ourselves, and hence in concluding this history we wish to express our heartfelt gratitude to all our teachers for the fine year they have made possible for us.

John Mangassarian, Joseph Silveira.



First Row, left to right: Hagop Nazarian, Vivian Jules, Zuhair Hikari. *Rev. Father Sheehan, S. J., Rev. Father Loeffler, S. J., Ramzi Hermes, Jamal Bushara, Noel Maghak.* *Second Row:* Aladdin Bahrani, Jacques Bezzui, Raymond Shakuri, Sargon Rustam, Nazar Shemdin, Andre Andrea, Antwan Apkian. *Third Row:* Akram Shasha, Edmond Silveira, Carl Conway, Gerald Pearce, Nubar Astarjian, Simon Ohvanessian. *Fourth Row:* Maurice Corlandi, Berj Tchobanian, Maxime Thomas, Adolf Faraj, Massis Yeterian, Antwan Abbu.

Third High A

"Study and Application" has been the device emblazoned on our class shield. And we have lived up to it! Of course the year is not yet finished but even at this early date we can pick out a whole host of leaders and interesting characters. Maxime Thomas has often thrilled the students and the faculty with his rich and charming voice—his songs will be remembered. Adolf Faraj easily makes friends with that genial disposition of his. Zuhair Hikari has often been referred to as irrepresible. Berj Tchobanian can paint and draw anything under the sun, and in no time at all. Simon Ohvanessian has quite a reputation as an orator and won a place among the first five in the school, but he was unfortunately sick on the day of the Elocution contest and could not participate. We think he would have won it. Then in the Arabic department, we have Carl Conway who won the oratorical contest. With him were two other golden-tongued orators: Edmond Sequeira and Ramzi Hermes.

There was only one cloud on the whole year and that was the sickness of Mr. Bechir. It was very serious and caused us great grief because his absence has been deeply felt. We missed him very much and we hope that he will be able to come back as soon as possible. We feel sure he misses the cheerful salutations of Nubar Astarjian, the good humor of Nazar, the deep thoughts that always spread over the face of Noel, and the unflagging perseverance of Maurice Corlandi. But we hope that, at least, he can come back to the class and watch Raymond Shakuri trying to tell the teacher where the absentees should be sitting.

In sports we have about as good a collection of athletes as they have anywhere in the world. To point out stars would be just to use the rest of this page with names and different athletic events.

We are fortunate in having a good supply of Jesuits for professors: Fathers Gookin, Loeffler, Sheehan, and McGrath. They have spent time on us and effort. We thank them and say, "God bless them."

Zuhair Hikari.



First Row, left to right: Hikmat Metti, Luay Sharif, Vahé Melconian, Rev. Father Gookin, S. J., Nuri Antun, Faruq Fettah, Sami Tuma. *Second Row:* Clement Maghak, Joseph Jibran, Kamal Butti, Sabah Sabri, George Azzu, Manuel Bettah, Yusuf Ismail, Faiq Audu, Clovis Aziz, Sata Abbosh. *Third Row:* Nazar Shakir, Shawkat Killu, William Kamil, Sami Skender, Alfred Randquist, Farid Oufi, Percy Lynsdale, Varkis Darzi, Alexander Kotayentz, Yusuf Nalu, Bash Yusuf, John Farjo.

Third High B

It was early in October that our Alma Mater opened her wide gates to welcome us back to begin our third year of studies. This year, we all realized, was to be a very important one in our scholastic career, for in June we would have to face the difficult Government examinations, and we felt that the sooner we got down to prepare for them the better off we would be when that time came. We were a bit apprehensive, too, especially in the first few weeks, for beside the difficult course in Arabic, two new subjects, physics and biology, were added to our curriculum. We set about our task, however, with stout hearts, and looked forward hopefully towards the attainment of our goal.

Fr. O'Neil, one of the new arrivals, was our English professor, who delighted us all by his genial manner, and created a pleasant atmosphere in all his classes. Fr. McGrath inspired us by his clever explanations in physics, while Fr. Gookin, an unfailing source of encouragement, always strove to inculcate high ambitions in us.

To our great surprise, when once again we entered class after the Christmas holidays, we met our new English professor, Fr. McDermott, who took over in place of Fr. O'Neil, the latter having gone, together with Fr. Hussey, to take over the work at St. Thomas' school in Basrah. We were sorry to lose Fr. O'Neil, but soon we were pleased by the amiability of his successor, who concentrated all possible effort to give us his valuable help.

In the field of sports, as well as studies, our class has been outstanding during the year. Several of our number have received medals for championships in baseball and football, and it is noteworthy that 3B contributed substantially towards putting Third High in second place in the school track meet.

In conclusion we offer our grateful thanks to the Reverend Fathers and professors of Baghdad College for the generous and patient assistance they have always shown to us. May success in the Government examinations crown our efforts, and may the bond of union which has characterized us in 3B carry over with us into the fourth year of our scholastic endeavor!

Faiq Audu, Nuri Antun.



First Row, left to right: Sami Sidham, Jacob Basmaji, Nuri Elias, Khalid Barsum, Rev. Father McGrath, S. J., Rev. Father McDermott, S. J., Joseph Raffuli, Thomas Shakur, Robert Ayar, Jamal Agha. *Second Row:* Fawzi Saliba, Said Jajoka, Abdul Satar Bahimi, Nuri Abbu, Jules Abbosh, Yerwand Julius, Saib Umari, Edwin Namu. *Third Row:* Douglas Walton, Joseph Orahah, Jirair Hovnanian, Arthur Yuhanna, Frank Thomas, Adnan Rajib, Abbas Khalaf, George Lumsden.

Third High C

The summer vacation was over, and joyfully we returned to Baghdad College to begin our third year. We were happy to meet our old friends again, both among the faculty and students, and to greet those whom we had not met before, particularly the eight new Fathers, who had just arrived from America.

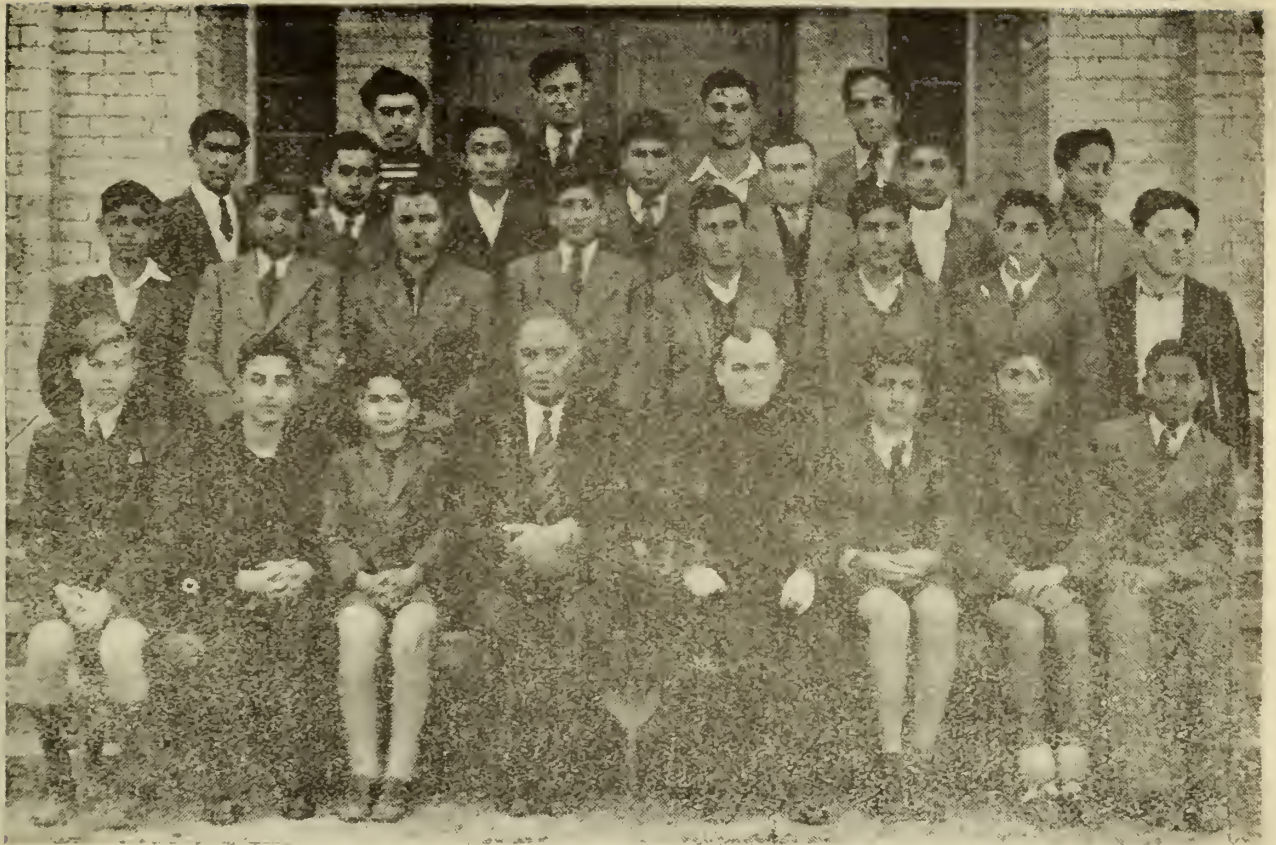
The first few months passed very quickly and pleasantly. "Then came a change, as all things human change," to borrow a quotation from "Enoch Arden." After the Christmas holidays we found that our beloved English teacher, Fr. O'Neil, would no longer be with us, and that Fr. McDermott, newly arrived from the United States, was to take his place; Mr. Faraj, our geography teacher, was out sick, and for a month or more had to be replaced by some one of the other lay teachers; Mr. Bechir was in poor health, and we were soon to learn that he would not be able to continue his classes for the remainder of the year; finally, there was a reassignment of the boys in 3B and 3C, and as a result of this many of our old friends departed from our midst, and several new faces appeared in their stead. Despite all these changes, however, 3C has preserved a bond of unity and a spirit of loyalty which has grown stronger throughout the year rather than otherwise.

In athletics as well as studies our class has much of which it can justly be proud. Most of the members of the championship teams in baseball and football were from our section. To single out one man, who in the field of sports brought fame to our class as well as to Baghdad College, we mention George Azzu, whose exploits in the pole vault at the Government track meet made our hearts glow with pride.

One of the pleasant memories of the year will be the delightful picnic we had, together with 3B, at Lake Habbaniyah, during the Easter holidays. Frs. McDermott and McGrath came with us. We only regret that all the class were not able to attend.

To the Fathers and professors we extend our sincere thanks for the untiring efforts they have expended on our behalf, and to each member of 3C we wish all success in the Government examinations which we are so soon to take.

Fawzi Saliba, Valé Melconian.



First Row, left to right: Bruno Kiuru, Douglas Anwar, Usama Nennis, Mr. Bechir, Rev. Father Mahan, S. J., George Halkias, Hartiyun Tanialian, Arthur Colaso. *Second Row:* Percy Sequeira, Patrick Roy, Sami Bushara, Alfred Bahary, Joseph Azzui, Hikmat Yusuf, Clement Nassuri, Salim Aqrawi. *Third Row:* Edmond Sequeira, Arman Ilu, Paul Emmanuel, Clement Ghannam, George Tseganoff, Joseph Buraji, Adib Sabunji. *Fourth Row:* Garabet Kishmishian, Hagop Nazaritian, Said Saliba, Sami Gooly.

Second High A

Second High A may justly be called a museum, for in it there are representatives of many countries, such as Greece, Russia, Finland, Iraq, and Armenia. Also many interesting characters can be found in 2 A; for instance, Hikmat, the geometrician, as we call him, has already gained fame for his ingenuity in solving geometric problems; and Hagop, who always seems to be in a hurry about something; and Garabet, the violinist of our class: Percy, one third of the Sequeira Band, and Patty, who is noted for his vivid imagination and clever drawings.

Second High A encloses many good actors too. Under the instruction of Fr. Mahan we have put on three short plays. The stories of the first two plays were selected from parts of a story we had read, "The Man Without a Country." The students wrote the plays, practised them by themselves, and put them on in the classroom in the presence of the Mudir, Fr. Connell, S. J. The third and most important play, directed by Fr. Mahan, was witnessed by the whole school. The artistic effect of all three plays was greatly helped by Garabet's muted violin obligatto.

2 A boys are proud to say that their class is also advanced in the field of lessons and has been on top of the first and second honors list all the way through. Our class has also done its best to help the Mission Collection.

Second High A boys also have a feverish enthusiasm for athletics. In baseball, in spite of our efforts in the struggle for the school championship, we were beaten by the victorious Third. But we met our defeat cheerfully and went on to win the championship of the Class Section League.

Before closing this history of our class, hearty thanks are given by us all to Fr. Mahan, to whom we owe our advance in English and mathematics. We are all sad at the loss of Mr. Bechir, our Arabic teacher, and we shall miss him very much. Thanks are also rendered to Fr. Guay, for his endeavors to make us all great chemists. And last but not least, we thank Mr. Faraj, for his efforts in history and geography.



First Row, left to right: Samuel Rumaya, Adnan Almasian, Saib Mirza, Rev. Father Larkin, S.J., Mr. Louis, Albert Andraos, Anwar Mudarris, Jibrail Rumaya. Second Row: Kamil Namu, Albert Tawfiq, Gilbert Azzu, Louis Daud, Mustafa Jaf, Munir Khayyat, Edward Sequeira, Nazar Baqir, Hagop Kandarian, Haik Bustanian, Dikran Gharibian. Third Row: Ghalib Shabibi, Muwaffaq Sarafa, Rabia al-Tai, Bibak Jaf, Kivork Medzadyrian, Albert Abbu, Fadhil Arabu, Ghanim Wakil, Sadiq Shabibi, Toni Angurli, Fuad Bunni, Abraham Abrahamian.

Second High B

After three lonely months of summer vacation, we were happy to return to Baghdad College and find ourselves with our old companions. We were doubly happy when we entered a large comfortable classroom and found that it was to be ours for the coming year's struggle for knowledge.

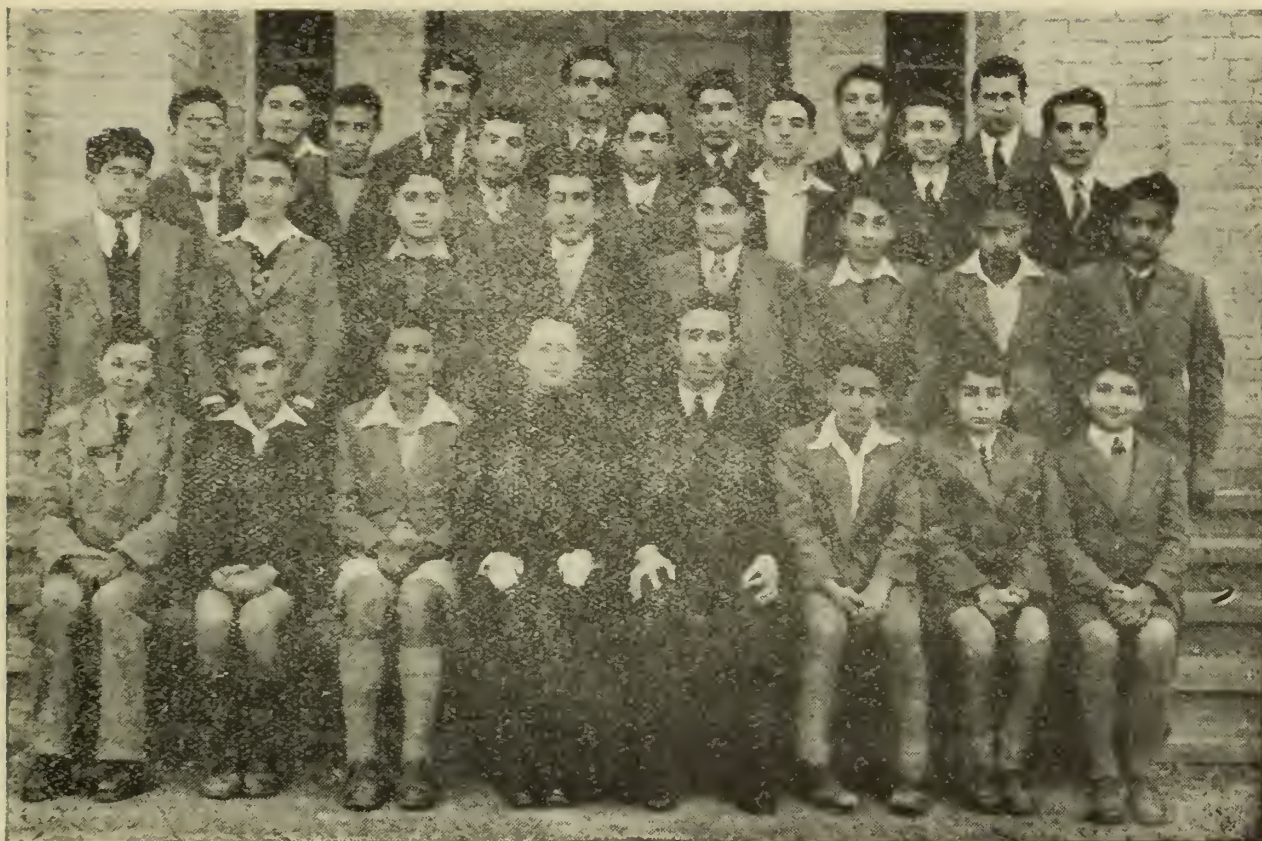
Without undue boasting, we are a very good class. Let any one who doubts this ask Fr. Guay, our chemistry teacher, who repeatedly told us that there were no better boys in the entire school than those of 2 B. We shall not easily forget his high esteem of us, nor shall we forget his perpetual smile and his interesting experiments on Wednesday mornings. The special trip we made to his telescope to see the sun spots is also a memorable event. We have learned something of the days gone by and have travelled the world more than once with Mr. Faraj. The time we spent with Mr. Louis in the hard study of Arabic never tired us, for his teaching was interesting as well as stimulating. Most of our class time, however, was spent with Fr. Larkin, whose patient, kind, and inspiring guidance along the paths of English, geometry, and religion will always be our outstanding recollection of our second year at B.C.

In the matter of studies, the persistent leader was Fuad Bunni; he had to keep busy studying, however, in order to keep ahead of Anwar and Nazar. The class comedian was Ghalib Shabibi, whose performances during the day never let any class become dull. Although we were small in body as a class, yet we had our share of athletes. Tony, our sprinter, and Edward, our high-jumper, were both first-place winners in the school track meet. Munir and Albert Andraos are both excellent boxers for their respective sizes, while Ghanim Wakil would make Charles Atlas himself envious, if he could see him walking into class with his arms behind his back and his chest outstretched. Samuel did his bit toward keeping the Library in good order.

We are very thankful to Fr. Larkin for the two picnics which we had at Babel and at Ramadi. Our stop at Lake Habbaniyah was an event not easily to be forgotten; we can almost still feel ourselves rolling along the road to the music of the Sequeira brothers' violin and flute.

We did not win any prizes for our contributions to the Missions or for our aid of the poor at Christmas and Easter, but few classes in the school can boast of a record like ours.

Edward Sequeira, Kivork Medzadyrian.



First Row, left to right: Tahsin Jani, Sami Andrea, Muwaffaq al-Hamdani, Mr. Shawkat, Rev. Father Delaney, S. J., Francis Isaac, Hartiyun Balian, Claude Mikarbana. Second Row: Wasim al-Zahawi, Frederick Sequeira, Muin Hassun, Sazai Wahbi, Munir Ibrahim, Korkis Abulahad, Victor Haddad, Ranzi Qandala. Third Row: Sami Dawaf, Harold Neal, Salim Saisi, Fuad Nassuri, Maan Sharif, William Nabhan, Elias Tuma. Fourth Row: Joseph Victor, Edward Atchu, Joseph Rahman, Faruq al-Naqib, Kanan Awni, Faruq Bezzui.

Second High C

We came back to Baghdad College last October, and met our new professors. The new lessons which we thought were going to be hard turned out to be easy. The new Fathers were just like the old ones and soon were our friends.

Second High C is the best class in the school. Father Delaney teaches us English, religion, and geometry and also coaches sports in the College. He makes it easy for us to understand our lessons. Our Arabic and chemistry teacher is Mr. Louis. His experiments in class are very interesting and we enjoy them immensely. Geography is taught by Mr. Faraj Habib, while Father Loeffler spends some time each week in making our English more perfect.

In studies we are among the best in the school. Munir Ibrahim is our leader in English; Fuad Nassuri and Frederick Sequeira are fighting for top honors in religion; Edward Atchu and Kanan Awni are our geometry stars; Wasim al-Zahawi is the chemical wizard.

In sports, we have a galaxy of stars. In track Kanan Awni, Harold Neal, and Munir Ibrahim are unbeatable; Joseph Rahman and Kanan Awni are doing their best to rival the reputations of Babe Ruth and Lou Gehrig in the baseball world; then in volleyball we present William Nabhan, Mahdi al-Yasin, Joseph Victor and Salim Saisi. All are athletes and all are gentlemen.

Our class is not averse to picnics. In fact, we had two this year, one to Hillah, and the other to Habbaniyah. Both of them were successful and enjoyable. Our thanks to Father Mudir and Father Delaney.

Our motto is, "One for all and all for one." We are united and treat each other with kindness and respect. For all that the Fathers and our teacher have done for us we say, "Thank you." We are very grateful. And we ask God's blessings on their work.

Munir Ibrahim, Salim Saisi.



First Row, left to right: Nuzad Majid, Farid Shina; Rev. Father Ryan, S. J., Rev. Father McCarthy, S. J., Mikhail Antun, Ramzi Marrugi. Second Row: Asad Tuma, Yaqub Pulakin, Victor Sulaiman, Ramzi Jabiru, Luay al-Qadhi, Yaqub Tuma, Wadi Abbu, Husain al-Yasin. Third Row: Salim Talia, Adil Urfali, Tahir al-Najjar, Malidi al-Yasin, Roks Mansur, Joseph Kamu, Farid Qasir.

Second High D

Next to Fifth, 2 D is the smallest class in the school. Fr. Ryan teaches us English and geometry. He tries to make us learn our lessons well, and he likes picnics very much. Fr. Delaney perfects our study and teaches religion. We like to play baseball with him. Mr. Faraj, who teaches us history and geography, is a fine teacher. Mr. Shawkat teaches Arabic. He read us a letter from Fr. Hussey in Basrah. Fr. Hussey taught us last year. In the letter he spoke about each boy in the class, and asked us to write an Arabic letter to him. We did that. Mr. Louis teaches chemistry and the boys like him very much.

Wadi and Mikhail are the best students in the class. Victor is a good baseball player, and Asad is too. Although Yaqub Tuma is big, he played in the final game for the class. Farid Shina is small, but he is a fine boxer. Yaqub Pulakin is a good singer. We have two Ramzis in the class, Ramzi Jabiru and Ramzi Marrugi. Luay likes to draw. He made many maps for our story in English. Victor also drew some pictures. Salim and Najib are the quiet ones in the class. Nuzad always defends his side whenever we have a contest. Roks and Tahir like to joke.

We went on two picnics this year. Fr. Ryan and Fr. McDermott went with us on the first one to Baqubah, where we played baseball and other games. The second was to Shabraban. Fr. McDermott lost his hat on the way, and Joseph found it. Fr. Delaney also came with us. We ate our lunch in Adil's garden. This was a free bus picnic, as a prize to the class for subscribing first to the El Iraqi.

Farid Qasir, Mikhail Antun.



First Row, left to right: Albert Gogue, Saad al-Wutri, Muwaffaq Fattah, Rev. Father Lynch, S. J., Mr. Jamil, Alfred Najib, Zuhair Sabih, Olvi Mangassarian. *Second Row:* Antwan Boghossian, Haik Kurdikian, Samuel Asarian, Usam Taima, Kachik Ateshian, Anselm Burby, Vartan Ohvanessian, Edmond Bedrossian. *Third Row:* Misak Kutunian, Antwan Shirinian, Varkis Palanjian, Zavain Simonian, Edmond Rassam, Anwar Nasir, Jack Dirdirian. *Fourth Row:* Richard Pearce, Hiraïr Hovnaniañ, Zuharab Minishian, Shamuël Sakharia, Hartyun Daghilian, Basil al-Chaderchi, Hartyun Lajinian.

First High A

Many happy months have sped by since we were first joined together as the class of First High A. Now, looking back over those months, we point with pride to the fine records made by our class leaders. Olvi has managed to keep the lead in the class average, but Hartyun Daghilian, Kachik, and Edmond Bedrossian have been keeping right at his heels. In the various subjects, there has been a very interesting rivalry.

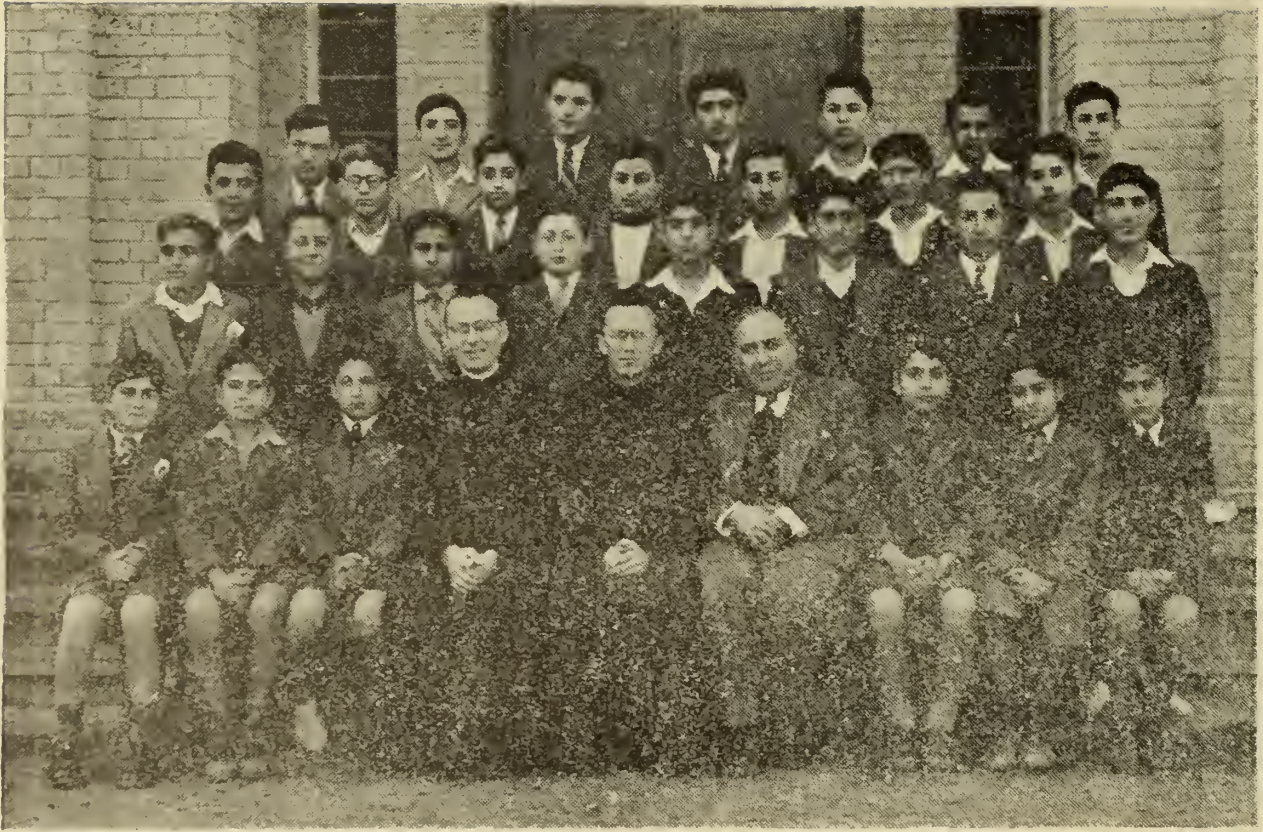
Our deep, thoughtful "theologians," Edmond Bedrossian, Hartyun Daghilian, and Olvi have led their religion class. The "language of the angels" seems to have been Olvi's favorite subject. He has received the testimonial in Arabic every month except one, when Edmond Bedrossian snatched it from him. What a race there was among our mathematicians! Misak came up from 1 C to start the ball rolling, and kept it going for two months. Then Hartyun came to first place, but Kachik took it by storm, only to relinquish it the following month to Olvi.

Our English scholars have fought a good fight. Hartyun Daghilian started the struggle, Kachik took up the baton, but Usam wrested it from him and still holds it fast. Those who have labored to understand the lives of great men and the events which our planet considers important are: Edmond Rassam, Olvi, and Muwaffaq. Those who have been interested in place—a sure sign of future travellers—are: Albert, Muwaffaq, Olvi, and Edmond Bedrossian.

Lest it be thought that we are all brain and no brawn, we must mention our near triumph in the junior baseball league. We had come to the finals and were to battle it out with 1 C. The first game ended in a tie, so we met again. Did we lose? The scoreboard said we did. But we know that it was only a chance stroke of fortune in favor of 1 C. We are proud of our captain, Richard, and his great team. In the track meet, we were well represented by Antwan and Anwar.

Even though we have singled out certain individuals for mention, nevertheless we do not fail to realize that a great measure of any success we may have achieved this year goes to the class as a whole and to each and all of its members. The spirit of work, the serious application to study, and genuine interest have contributed in no small way to the results gained.

We sincerely hope that this augurs well for the future — the years to follow at Baghdad College, and afterwards, whatever path in life each one shall feel called to pursue.



First Row, left to right: Carlo Tunietti, Armin Mirzian, Wasim Hikari, Rev. Father Quinn, S. J., Rev. Father Kelly, S. J., Mr. Abbosh, Marek Ohan, Carlo Dramirian, Hamid al-Gailani. *Second Row:* Nubar Biliarian, Noel Rahim, Farid Gooli, Cyril Maru, Usam al-Abaiji, Hikmat Najib, Sabah al-Khuri, Fathallah Tuni. *Third Row:* Raymond Hindi, Maurice Yusuf, Fuad Amin, Talal al-Azzawi, Salim Elias, Garabet Abrahamian, Joseph Kishmishian. *Fourth Row:* Yerwant Mukhtarian, Yighya Nakashian, Abdul-Karim Hadid, Edmond Thweny, Korkis Mansur, Maurice Johnston, Mahmud Uthman.

First High B

"*Always something doing*" is the motto for our class. In September Father Quinn was our teacher. He became Assistant Mudir after a few months. Then Father Kelly took his place in our class. In November we went to Baqubah for a picnic and really got to know each other well.

We all did well in our mid-year examinations. Algebra was hard, but it is easier now. In January our class won the contest for subscriptions to *El Iraqi*, and we had a free picnic to Shabraban. On the way back we stopped too long at Baqubah. That meant that we had to write a *few* pages on obedience.

Our teacher wrote a play called "The Golden Touch," a story about King Midas. Carlo Dramirian, Noel Rahim, Armin Mirzian and Sabah Khuri were the players and they all received high praise. Many of us entered the school track meet, but Hikmat was the only one to win. He got a medal for being first in the hurdles. Edmond was second in the "440." Most of us like to talk. That is why Carlo Tunietti, Armin, Cyril, Maurice Johnston, Nubar, and Wasim entered the elocution contest. That was in English. In Arabic we had only one—Carlo Dramirian. The last named was the only one to come through, and he got second in the big elocution contest at Tufayyadh Hall. All of the boys are to be congratulated, and all should try again next year.

Father Kelly is wondering if Fathallah, Maurice Johnston, Khalid, and Korkis sleep on the baseball field. They are always there when he goes home at night and there also when he comes in the morning.

Noel was a hero. He was at church one afternoon and a fire broke out. Men started to run and push people all over the place and Noel was cool enough to tell them, "It is nothing." And they stopped and all got out safely. The Fathers say we have a "good class spirit." That means we are united and work together. We, the historians, hope that it will always be so.

Joseph, Maruk, Mahmud, Yerwant.



First Row, left to right: Joseph Antun, Riadh al-Dabbas, Farid Faraj, Rev. Father Mahoney, S. J., Rev. Father McCarthy, S. J., Nazih Antwan, Afif Yusuf, Joseph Thomas. Second Row: Faruq al-Rashidi, Khalid Khudhary, Abdul-Rahman al-Sharif, Amjad Tuma, Armin Sahakian, Asad Mikhail, Albert Habbosh, Felix Kuria, Khalil Mansur, George Daud, Farid al-Khuri. Third Row: Ghanim Ziyya, Adib Kirdar, Adil al-Shalji, Shamsi Marugil, Ohan Kirkirian, Faiq Tawfiq, Nadhim Salumi, Bahjat Killu, Nazar Juwaidah, Edward Zarasian, Abdul-Rahman al-Jabi.

First High C

Last September we were happy to be enrolled at Baghdad College. The first day of school found B.C.'s largest first year class divided into five sections. For the rest of the year we were known as First C. The first week of school was easy. We had only one class a day; that was English, taught by Father Mahoney, one of the many new Fathers at the College. The following week we moved out to our own school building which was not yet quite finished. So in a classroom without doors, windows and lights our school year began in earnest. Father Mahoney taught us English, algebra and religion; Mr. Shawkat gave us Arabic and geography, while Mr. Abbosh explained history.

At first we found English very hard, but by doing just what we were told, it soon became our favorite subject.

In algebra we soon saw that Father was going to have a helper. Many times he asked Shamsi to explain to us in Arabic the harder parts. So it was not long before we were calling one of our fellow pupils, Mr. Shamsi.

When report cards came out we saw Bahjat, Joseph Salim, Khalil Mansur and Nazar each win the ribbon as the class leader.

Outside the class room, our section was well represented in sports. Faiq played on the school basketball team; while Albert Habbosh played every minute of all the football games. The boys who won points in the school track meet were Amjad, Bahjat and Farid al-Khuri. In baseball we have many boys on the first high team.

On March 7th, we had our class picnic at Shahraban. We had a grand time, playing games and climbing the nearby hills. Ever since that day we have been begging Father to take us on another picnic, and he always says, "We shall see."

On April the 17th, the Easter holidays began, our last chance to rest before we begin preparation for the final examinations, which we hope to pass.

Khalil Mansur, Shakib Ali Ghalib.



First Row, left to right: Fuad Audu, Usam al-Qadhi, Stanley de Souza, Mr. Burby, Rev. Father Loeffler, S. J., Zuhair Qazanji, Mustafa Majid, Sabah Atisha. *Second Row:* Jalal Tallu, Popkin Hovsepian, Ramzi Namu, Shlaimun Shamun, Talal al-Chalibi, Nubar Bashtikian, Abdul-Malak al-Suhail, Zaid Hamandi. *Third Row:* Fawzi Sarafa, Najad Sakman, Sami Razzuqi, Aram Samirjian, George Butros, Falih Zaki, Bahnam Solomon. *Fourth Row:* Sabah Bakiyyu, Joseph Avadisian, Atallah Mirza, Munim Naman, Sami al-Najjar, Ohannes Shamilian, Izzat Abbu.

First High D

It did not take us long to discover that we were only one fifth of first year, but we were as active as any class at Baghdad College. We started the year in the Library, but finally came out to our own building. There our class averages went up like the thermometer on a hot day.

Shahraban is a favorite spot for a picnic, so we went there and played football, baseball, climbed mountains, and some of us went swimming --- but that really was not part of the picnic.

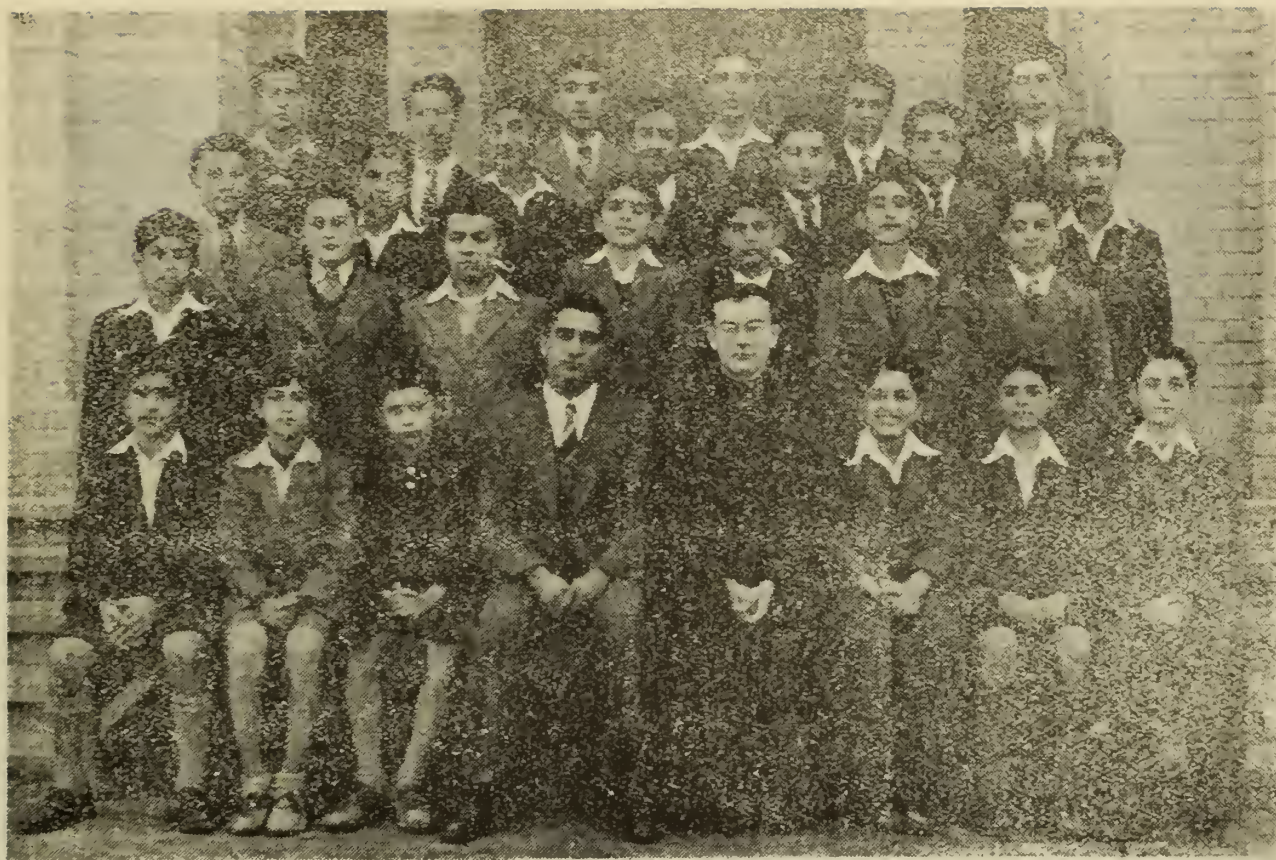
During the year we made an interesting visit to the Museum. Father Loeffler and Mr. Abbosh, our teachers, came with us. Mr. Abbosh had told us about many of the civilizations that lay before our eyes, so that made it worth our while.

We are very proud of our track star, Aram, who won the high—scoring medal for the class. He was also a member of the school team in the Government meet. Popkin and Fawzi are two other stars who deserve honorable mention.

We cannot forget Sami Najjar's efficiency in getting ready for a picnic; George Butros' quiet smile and his camera; Zuhair Qazanji's readiness to answer all questions of all kinds; Fuad Audu's serious looks; Zaid Hamandi's beaming countenance, together with Ohannes, Sabah Shakir and many others. Nor should we overlook the fact that Nubar Bashtikian always has his hand waving in the air; and of course boys like Stanley and Ramzi and others are always willing to look in the window at those other boys who are wiping mud off the chairs after class.

We will miss all this, as well as all our friends and teachers. We want to thank all of them for all that they have done for us during the year so that we might be better students and especially so that we might be better boys of Baghdad College. May God bless them all and us!

Fuad Audu.



First Row, left to right: Faruq al-Adhami, George Sittu, Shawqi Bakki, Rev. Father Banks, S.J., Mr. Atchu, Hanna Butros, Asad Muhammad, Najib Abbu. *Second Row:* Edward Qasrat, Ghalib Bunni, Faruq al-Hamawandi, Naji Haddad, Sabih Rassam, Hikmat Yunan, Mustafa Shanshil. *Third Row:* Mustafa Muhsin, Akram Abbu, Badi Yunan, Ahmad al-Naqib, Aram Movsessian, George Kassab, George Kamil. *Fourth Row:* Edward Butros, Philip Butros, Fuad Ziyya, Bahjat Jarjoni, Fathallah al-Khuri, Joseph Paulus.

First High E

For the first time since Baghdad College was built, there exists a class called First High E. This shows us that Baghdad College is growing bigger and bigger every year. The Fathers built a new school building last year which has six rooms and is located behind the old building. For the first month of this school year, our class occupied a Fourth High classroom on the second floor of the main building. When the new building was finished, we moved into the last room nearest the volleyball courts.

Our class contains twenty-nine boys. Most of them work very hard and want to gain success in the future. We thank Fr. Banks for teaching us the English language. Mr. Shawkat, who teaches us geography, is a graduate of Baghdad College, and so is Mr. Atchu, who teaches us algebra. Mr. Abbosh teaches us history, and is a man of much experience. He has spent a great deal of time in European colleges, and so has learned many languages, such as English, French, Turkish and Italian. Our Arabic teacher is Mr. Jamil. Fr. Guay teaches us religion. He always makes us laugh, because he speaks to us as he spoke to his deaf students in the United States. Bahjat Jarjoni also makes us laugh in the school bus, and sometimes in the study period.

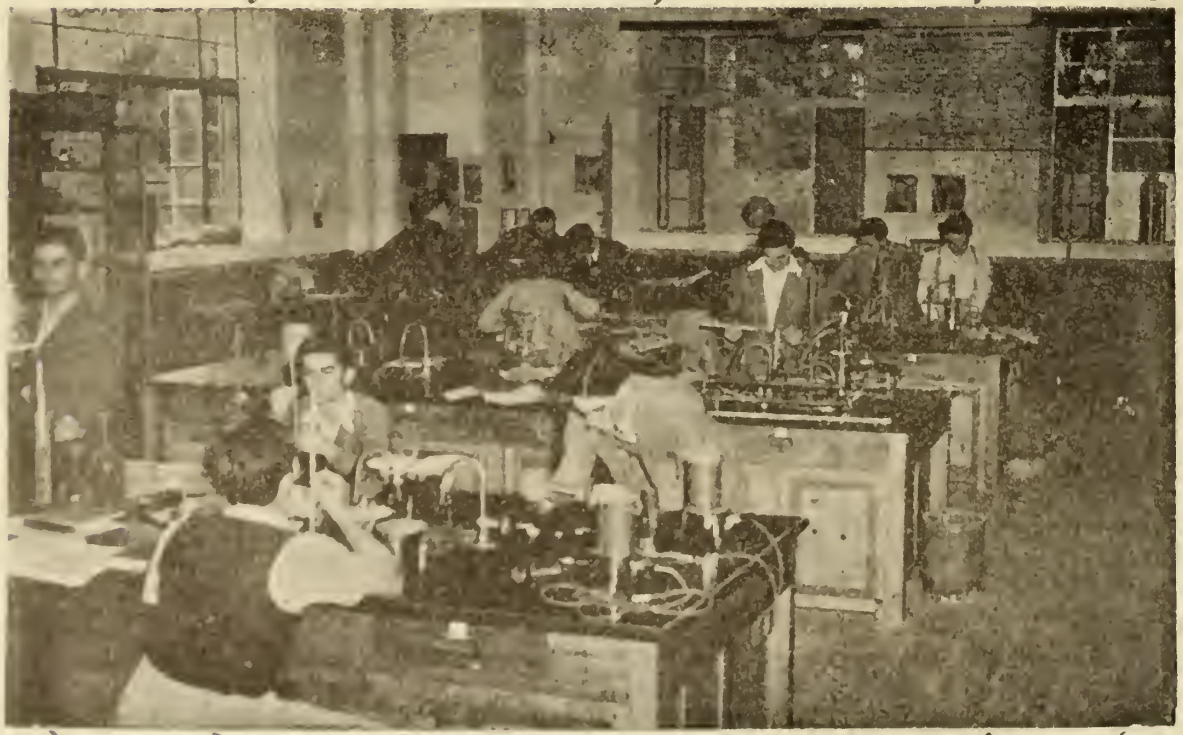
Many of our boys, such as Naji Haddad, Badi Yunan, and Philip Butros, were active in the school track meet. George Halata was a member of the school football team, and one of the leading scorers.

On April 4, Fr. Banks took us on a picnic to Babylon and Hillah. We walked all through the ruins at Babylon, had our pictures taken on the Lion of Babel, and then ate our lunch. Then we went to Hillah. Coming back, we stopped at a field and played a baseball game, and also some American football. When we got back to Baghdad, we were very happy and pleased at such a good day. We have learned many new things this year, and hope to get better and better in our studies as each year goes by.

George Kassab, George Sittu, Sabih Rassam.

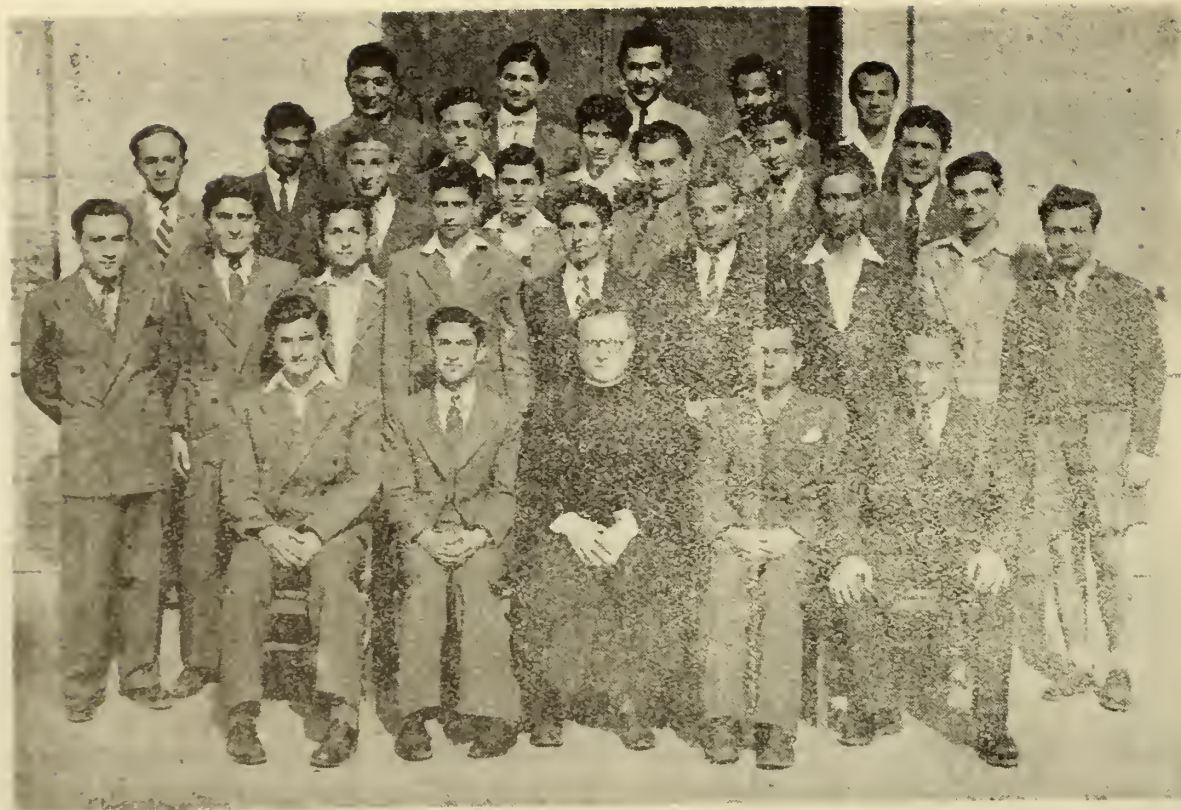


LIBRARY



PHYSICS LABORATORY





SODALITY OF OUR LADY

With the selfsame old reputation, and the characteristic activity and good aims for sure success in mind, once again, the Sodality of Our Blessed Lady, under Reverend Father Devenny, S.J., held a meeting one October morning to elect officers and plot the plan of campaign for the new scholastic year. The officers elected were Edmond Ilu, president; Allen Cotta, vice-president; Widad Bezzui, secretary; Sami Lawrence, treasurer; Gilbert Thomas, assistant-treasurer.

Henceforth, regular Sodality meetings were held on Tuesday noons. These meetings sometimes consisted of Sodalists singing the Office or the Psalms, as during Lent, but ordinarily of talks delivered by the Director, or some guest speaker. We had the pleasure of listening to many Fathers giving talks of particular interest to the Sodalists. On one occasion Father Guay, S.J., delivered a remarkably pleasing talk to us in the sign language of the deaf-mutes. We offer our sincere thanks, with acknowledgment and appreciation, to Fathers Gookin, Loeffler, Banks, Mahoney, and O'Neil for their generous contributions to our organization.

Coming to the activities of the year, while none of our works can be said to have shaken the world, yet some merit special mention. First, we wish to congratulate all B.C. students for their generous aid to the missions. The 135 dinars contributed led the amounts given by other institutions in Iraq. Besides, collections for the poor, taken before Christmas by Gilbert Thomas, amounted to 35 dinars, along with an abundance of clothes. The money was distributed to the poor by the Sodality, just before Christmas, in a trip which covered all Baghdad; the clothes were given to the orphans. The Sodality Bulletin Board,

superintended by Stanley Maru, was always alive with encouraging items, spiritual and temporal.

This year, the teaching of catechism was limited to Sulaikh. The Sodalists who were boarders undertook the gracious job of instruction. They were: Jacob Blaney, Francis Faraj, Adolf Faraj, Hanna George, Ghanim Razzuqi, Maxime Thomas, and Yusuf Allos.

During the year, the Sodality prepared two programs, one in honor of the Boy Saints, the other, for the annual May Day. The first was celebrated at the Latin Church, where six men of Fourth High graced the gathering by speeches. They were Alim Hassun, Hanna George, John Mangassarian, Joseph Bashuri, Stanley Maru and Joseph Silveira. May Day was celebrated at the Latin Church on May the ninth, under the presidency of H.E Msgr. du Chayla. Nine candidates were welcomed on that day into the Sodality, namely —Adolf Faraj, Farid Oufi, Francis Faraj, Jacques Bezzui, Joseph Jibrán, Jamal Bushara, Marshal Fernandez, Peter Atchu and Ramzi Harnes. The address on this occasion was delivered by Reverend Father Butros, Allen Cotta, Fuad Sarafa, and Joseph Tessa gave short talks.

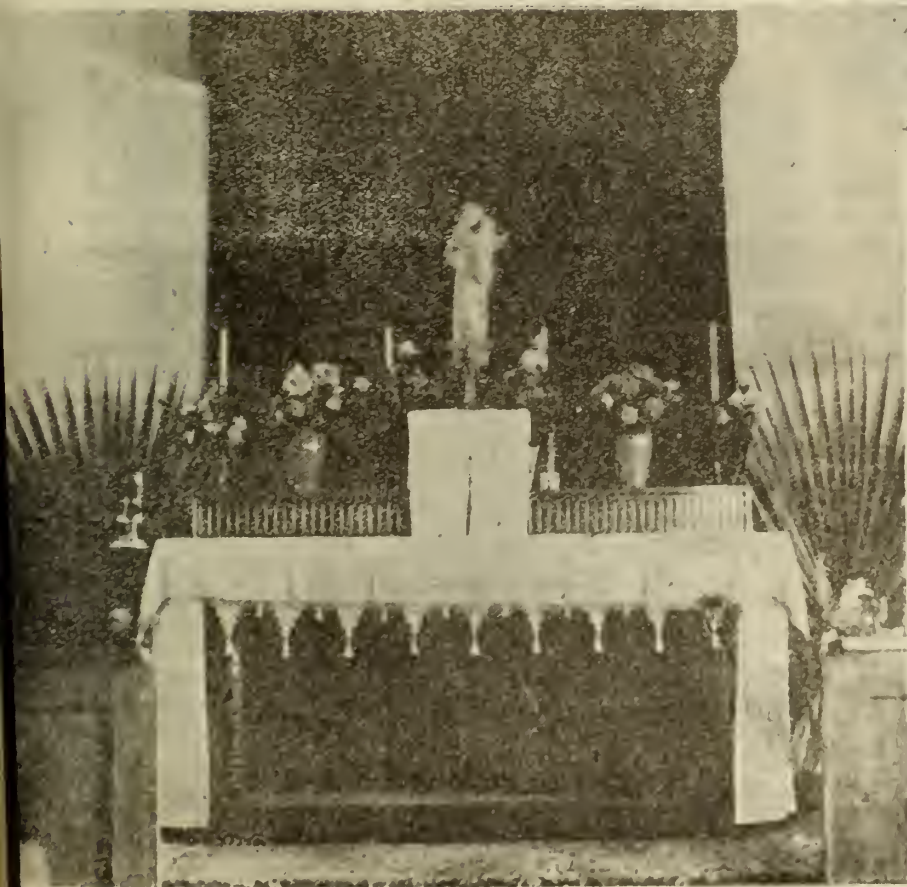
The Eucharistic Section showed their devotion by attending a special Mass once a month both in the Karradah and Baghdad churches.

In bidding adieu to our Sodality for the thirteenth consecutive year, we wish for our organization, from the bottom of our hearts, perpetual success in all its aims and activities. We also pray that it may always achieve its holy purposes: refinement of character, purification of souls, and the support of the needy.

Edmond Ilu.



SANCTUARY SOCIETY



CHAPEL



MAY SHRINE



SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY

In the year 1945 we had honor of forming the first Scientific Academy ever organized at Baghdad College. It is still very small and is composed of members of Fourth and Fifth High, under the superintendence of Rev. Father Guay, S.J. The purpose of this society is to give us a better understanding of all the branches of science and also practical application of the principles we learn.

Every fortnight one of the Fathers or one of the student-members gave a lecture on pertinent subjects. During the year we learned about the vacuum-tube from Father Sheehan, the energy of the sun from Father Guay, and the science of anthropology from Father Sullivan. Mathematics, we discovered from Father Devenny, was a tool for all these sciences, while Marshal Fernandez told us all about the man-made radio.

At the College we have a number of scientific instruments that we have learned how to use with profit. For instance, the theodolite can be used in leveling, surveying, mapping, finding distances, and calculating heights. So one day we went off with Father Guay down to the river's edge and set up our theodolite. There we found the breadth of the river, determined the distance to different points of interest, and made a map of the river's bed. Then we surveyed our campus and found the height of the building and the difference in level between two wells about a half a mile apart.

During the year Father Guay assembled a telescope and installed it on the roof of the school. With its aid, we were able to see the sun-spots that recently caused such great radio disturbances. We were so impressed with the instrument that we stayed after school one evening and investigated the moon and the stars at close range. Science began to mean something to us after that.

Father Guay also set up a sort of weather station and each day we noted down the changes that occurred. Already, in a special cage on the roof, we have a thermograph, a barometer, a maximum and minimum thermometer and instruments by which we can determine the dew-point and humidity. Soon we hope to have an anemometer and will thereby be able to judge the ways of the wind.

Like every other society worthy of the name, we have a set of officers. We elected Sami Lawrence as president, Marshal Fernandez as vice-president, Allen Cotta as treasurer, and Freddie David as secretary. Under their leadership we have gone far in making this one of the most flourishing societies in the College. We have laid the foundations and we hope that those to come will continue to build on these humble beginnings.

Freddie David.

DRAMATICS

No matter how well a book may be written, no matter how well a play may be criticised, they never quite catch the interest of the reader as does the moment when the curtain is ready to rise and the "Play is on." The dramatic talent of Baghdad College scored three howling successes this year and now is in a position to do some talking about it all. Even the non-actors and those who cared little for the art of acting were most enthusiastic in their praise of what had been accomplished. Dramatics, they were convinced, and still are, is not something dull and boring, but rather a delight, a pleasure, a thrill. Now it means something to get up before a crowd and "act."

Shakespeare was faced with the ever-current problem of staging his plays. He had no theater, no stage, no props, or scenery. He was forced to do the best he could and call upon the imagination of his listeners for the rest. We, too, had the same problem and solved it in exactly the same way. Instead of foot-lights, spots, and other means of illumination, we depended on the sun overhead. For scenery, we had stately royal palms swaying in the breeze—a breeze that carried the enchanting aroma of orange blossoms to the nostrils of every patron in the house. And for talent and ability we had the cream of the Iraqi crop. What more could you ask for?



Timidly, the Thespians of First high opened the season with a one-act-play, *King Midas*, a comedy written and directed by Father Kelly, a newcomer to the college. The enthusiasm and the vim of these young actors surprised even the oldest of theatergoers. Armin Mirzian, Sabah Khuri, Carlo Dramirian, and Noel Rahim showed a delighted audience just how

the golden touch works in modern times. Carlo was specially effective as the King, while Noel, his son, kept a smile on the faces of the crowd. Though only in first year, their work was splendid and much is to be hoped from them in the future.



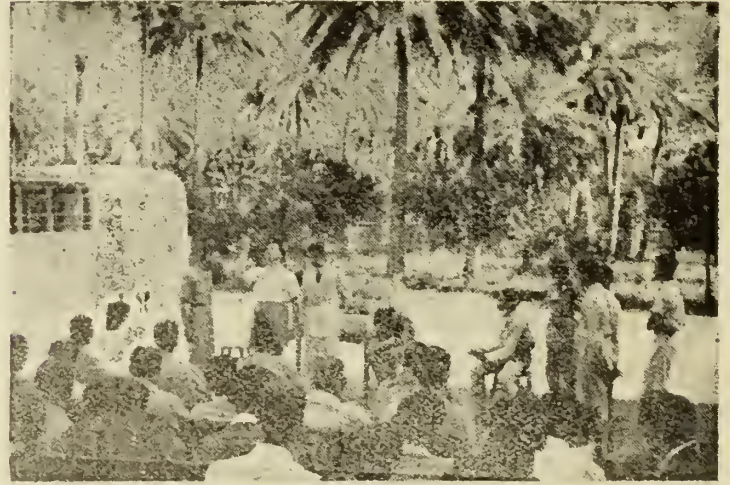
Shortly after this, Second High A came through with another theatrical hit. Under the experienced directing genius of Father Mahan they amused the college with their interpretation of *Perseus*. Incidentally, Father Mahan directed this same play over nineteen years ago in Manila with a full Filipino cast. *Perseus* tells the story of how the hero (Percy Sequeira) comes to the aid of Cepheus (Patrick Roy), King of Corinth, and saves the life of the King's youngest son, whose life is in danger because of the pride of his elder brother, Prince Pericles, played by Bruno Kiuru. Seventeen actors in all brought us back to the year 2500 B.C., captured our imaginations immediately, and held them through the play. Although they chose to put on the play on a day when a minor hurricane was whistling through the palms, yet they could be heard, which speaks highly for their diction and enunciation. May their dramatic ardor never cool!

Induced by the theatrical successes of their younger brothers, Fourth High decided to enter the theatrical lists. The fact is, they had decided long before to enter but were forced by circumstances to postpone *The Spreading of the News* until one fine morning in May. Curtain call sounded at 7.00 a.m. The stage had two wings: one was the school itself, the other was one of our buses. What happened between these strange stage properties has now become dramatic legend.



If an award were to be given to the most fearless actor of the year, our choice would unquestionably fall upon Stanley Maru; his work was beyond reproach. Misbah Asil who spent most of his time trying to get out of trouble was a very convincing player, even though he could not be heard occasionally. His pathetic grimaces and utter bewilderment collapsed the audience time and time again. The nonchalance of Henry Solveda, the officiousness of Badi Nadlimi

and George Naum will long remain in the memory of those who were present. Ten members of Fourth High were in the play and each added to the perfection of the whole piece. Father Sullivan, who directed them, should feel particularly proud of his charges who concluded the theatrical season here with such a genuine success.



Despite the fact we have no auditorium, the various members of the different casts have overcome this obstacle and managed to bring their auditors into the spirit of each play. For that they deserve high credit. As time goes by we shall have many more plays, and many more actors will have a chance to "strut the boards." It is a golden opportunity for all—a chance to rise before an audience and speak. To all those who helped in any way in this year's productions, acting, staging, coaching, etc., we say a hearty "Thank you." To the actors themselves we offer our sincere congratulations. To the future generation of performers who will some time appear on our various stages, we hold out the prospect of bigger and better accommodations. Come all!! Come early!!!

EL IRAQI STAFF

1946



Business Managers

Gilbert Thomas

Sami Lawrence

Moderators

Rev. Robert J. Sullivan, S. J.

Rev. Thomas J. Kelly, S. J.

Editors

Edmond Ilu

Widad Bezzui

OUR APPRECIATION

The publication of a yearbook is a venture which demands whole-hearted cooperation and unselfish interest even on the part of those not directly engaged in its presentation. We consider ourselves especially fortunate in this regard. To surmount the difficulties which thwarted our plans and to overcome the obstacles which stood in our way as we struggled with this issue of *El Iraqi*, we have relied to no small measure upon the inspiration and encouragement given us by countless friends of Baghdad College. We are extremely grateful for the help they offered us in bringing this 1946 copy of *El Iraqi* to light.

On this occasion, therefore, we publicly express our thanks to all our Patrons and Advertisers, who supplied the financial assistance so necessary for our project, and to all the students who subscribed and contributed the material, literary and pictorial, which adorns these pages. Also, we wish to manifest our sincere gratitude to all others who kindly proffered assistance and advice in any way, but especially to:

Very Reverend Edward F. Madaras, S. J., President of Baghdad College, whose interest and support have been unending.

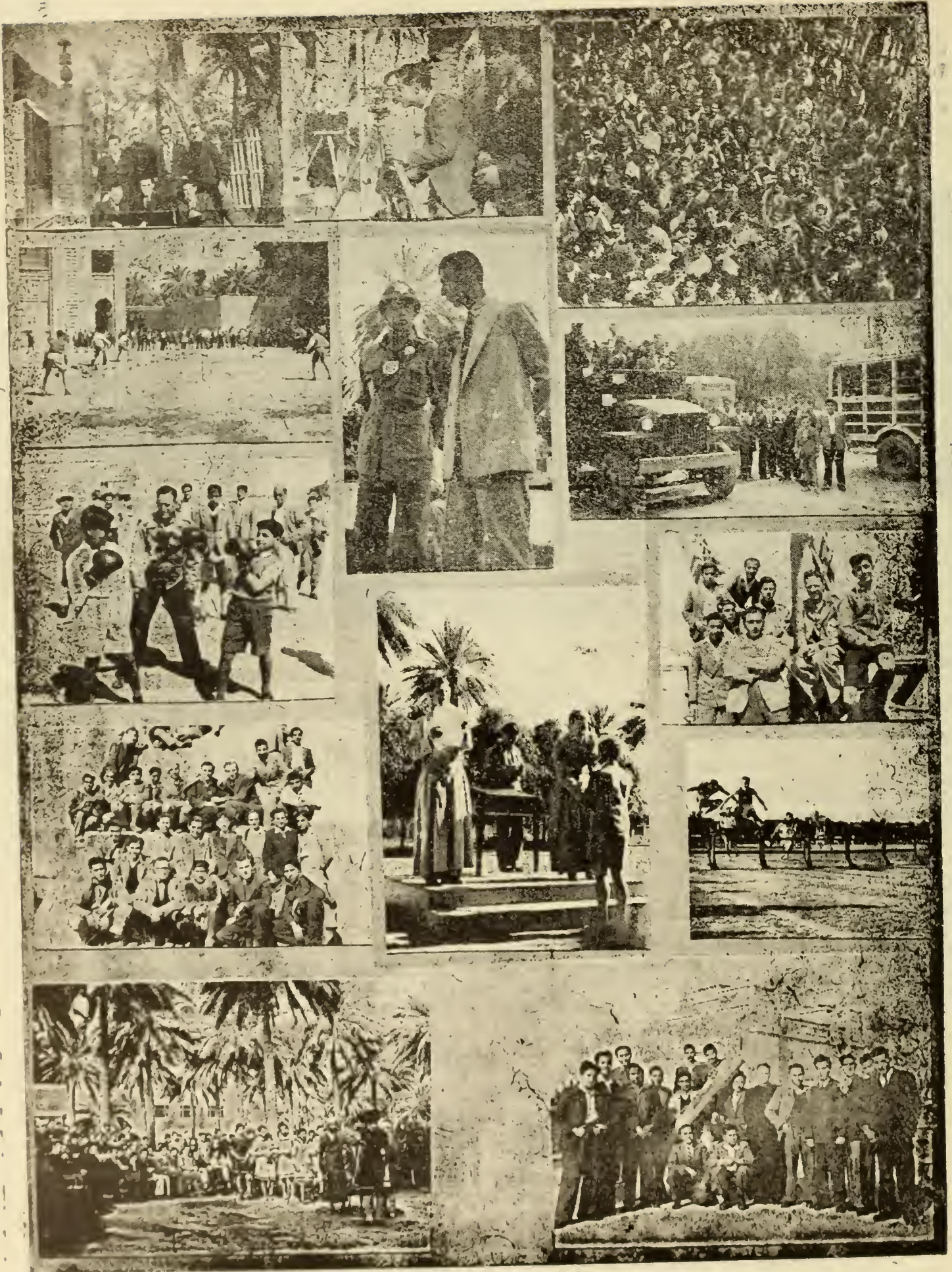
Reverend Joseph P. Connell, S. J., Principal of Baghdad College, for his reviews and suggestions that were so beneficial and so eagerly followed.

Major General H. C. Smith, Director-General of The Iraqi State Railways, whose consent and graciousness gave us the use of the Iraqi State Railways Press.

Mr. Peter N. Choucha, Mudir of the Railways Press, for his earnest labor, tireless zeal, and countless courtesies in aiding us to bring this issue to its final form.

Mr. Nejdet, former professor of Baghdad College, for his painstaking care in reading and correcting the contributions to the Arabic section.

To one and all, we, the Class of 1946, in sincere thankfulness for the treasured memories of generous assistance given, say a hearty, "Thank You," and hope that you are as proud of this edition of *El Iraqi* as we are.







VARSITY FOOTBALL TEAM



VARSITY BASKETBALL TEAM

SPORTS PARADE

No visitor who has stepped inside our grounds during the noon recreation periods would ever say that there was a lack of sports' activities at Baghdad College. Baseball, basketball, volleyball, football, handball — all have their boisterous, shouting, happy, carefree enthusiasts. If our visitor could only stay till the end of the school day, he would see the same ceaseless bustle and clamor of Baghdad College boys at play. This year, especially, enthusiasm for sports has been very high. Perhaps it is because we have more students, perhaps it is because B.C. boys are learning to like sports more, perhaps it is because a keener rivalry has developed through the awarding of special medals. Whatever the reason may be, the certainty is that 1945-1946 has seen a great spirit, a rare enthusiasm, and a fine loyalty among Baghdad College students and athletes in the field of sports.

Baseball

Hardly had the school year opened, when the baseball lovers were clamoring for the start of the annual school league. The captains of each year were named: Amjad Tuma for First; Hagop Nazarian for Second; Gerald Pearce for Third; Ghanim Razzuqi for Fourth; and Widad Bezzui for Fifth. The first week of school was devoted to serious practice. Baseball medals were offered for the winners, and all players wanted to be at their best for the games to follow. At the beginning of the next week, league games started under the direction of Rev. Father Delaney, the new moderator of sports.

After a week of play, it was clear that the strongest teams were those of Second, Third, and Fourth High. As the season advanced, Third High came to the front more and more. Though many games were close and bitterly fought, no other team could beat Third High. Thus it was that the league ended with Third High the winners of the coveted medals. School champions, they had a record of eight victories and no defeats.

The victorious Third High team was composed of the following players: Gerald Pearce at first base; Joseph on second; Percy at shortstop; and Jirair on third. The outfield ran as follows: Yusuf in left field; Vahe in center field along with Alex; and Abbas in right field. The pitching was left in the capable hands of Maxime, while Adnan held down the catching position.

Baghdad College students have never seen a better baseball league than the one this year. It fitting was long and consistent; some fielding plays were sensational. All the captains deserve credit for the fighting spirit that they instilled into their players, and this is specially true of Gerald Pearce, captain of the winning Third High team. Special thanks, too, go to Father Delaney for his lively management of the league, and to Father Sheehan for his generous work in the role of umpire.

Basketball

While the baseball season was still at its height, Father Sullivan received word that the Government Basketball Tournament was to begin earlier than usual this year. He promptly issued a call for candidates for the Baghdad College team, and a large number of aspirants answered the call to the courts. Heading the list were five veterans from last year's team: Bedi Atchu, David, Hanna, Fuad, and Shawkat. The others who reported were young hopefuls from the various years.

After the first week of practice, Father Sullivan's face was seen to wear a relieved smile. For it was clear that, win, lose, or draw, Baghdad College would be a team to reckon with on the basketball court. Bedi's eye for the basket was as deadly as ever; David's ease in sinking baskets, and Hanna's amazing progress from the past year showed them up to be fitting running mates for Bedi in the forward positions. Shawkat was still hard to get by in the guard position, and Fuad looked equally good on defense. Capable substitutes in Maurice, Frank, Carl, Faiq, Clement, and Alfred seemed to indicate a strong B.C. team.

Two victories in practice games with the Baghdad College Faculty and King Faisal College strengthened this belief. And when the Baghdad College Graduates were trounced 48-30, enthusiasm ran high, and the B.C. student body were behind their team to a man. Before the tournament began two other games were played. The first was with Central Secondary School, bigger, faster, older boys, and we lost 38-29. Then the great Baghdad College team of 1940 came to play our team and was soundly beaten 52-30. In these games the smooth teamwork of our men drew forth favourable comment. The playing of Bedi was outstanding; David and Hanna were working well together; Shawkat, Fuad and Maurice were doing nobly at guard.

When the opening game of the tournament came, our boys were ready. This first contest was with the strong, highly-praised Karkh team, and was played on the court of the Central Secondary School. Practically our whole student body was there, and when the boys raced on the court in their new gold and maroon jerseys and white shorts, all Baghdad heard the cheers that rent the air. The game was thrilling and filled with excitement, and when the final whistle had blown, the scoreboard read: B.C. 20, Karkh 24.

Tufayyadh School was played next and beaten 32-25. A practice game with the British Institute saw us on the losing end of a 35 to 26 score. In the next tournament game we beat Primary Teachers 24-9, to enter the semi-finals. After this, we had two games to play, as a means of keeping in top form for our next tournament game with the speedy Adhamiya quintet. Technical School came to Baghdad College

and was beaten overwhelmingly, 66-16. We then conquered Reja'a School 31-17.

The game with Adhamiya School was another thrilling affair. Our boys played fine basketball and gave their best, but we were beaten by the slender margin of 3 points, the final score being 27-24. There was never a more exciting game played in Baghdad; this is on the admission of all who saw the game. We were eliminated from the tournament, but we went out gloriously.

We finished the season with two more outside games; others had been arranged but were "rained out." In a return engagement with Karkh we lost, but we beat the Adhamiya Club by the close score of 32 to 31. Our record for the season read: Won 10, Lost 4.

We congratulate the team on the splendid showing they made. Every one of the players sacrificed his time and strove valiantly to bring glory to the "Gold and Maroon." For Bedi, this season marks the end of his basketball career at B.C. With regret we see him leave and we salute him as one of the greatest players our school has known. We also offer our special thanks to our coach, Father Sullivan, without whose generous giving of time and energy the successful season just concluded would have been impossible.

In the annual school tournament, all the classes were represented. As the league progressed, it developed that Third A, Third C, Fourth B, and Fifth were easily the strongest teams. No team, however, could quite match Fifth and the sparkling play of its captain, Bedi Atchu. The league's end saw Fifth with eight victories against no defeats, and they were crowned the school champions in basketball.

Football

While the basketball team was doing proudly by the school, Baghdad College was not idle on the football front. For the first time in the history of the school, we put a team on the football field to meet the other schools of Baghdad. It was a good team, considering that it was our first effort in competition. Father Sheehan did a fine piece of work in organizing the team and putting it into shape. As our boys ran on the field for their first game with Primary Teachers, many a heart beat with pride at the sight of the new

gold and maroon uniforms. No boys have ever looked better on the field of battle than did our boys that first memorable afternoon.

We lost that first game 1-0, on a penalty shot, but Baghdad College, in its first try, inspired the hope that it would improve as time went on. Events that followed saw the fulfillment of this hope. In the Government Tournament we met and conquered our first four opponents: Markaziya Intermediate 1-0; King Faisal 4-0; Reja'a 4-0; and the Agricultural School 4-1. It was not until the fifth game that our stalwarts again met defeat, this time in a closely contested game with Sena'a by the score of 1 to 0. We closed a highly successful first season by tying Rasafa 0-0.

In all these contests, George Azzu played a stellar game at goal, and his work was made easier by the splendid playing of backs Shakir and Ghanim. Our best scoring combination was made up of Fakhri, George, and Percy. All the other players did grand work in passing the ball down the field and in keeping our opponents away from our goal.

Meanwhile, under the able direction of Mr. Albert Atchu, the school football league moved along through game after game of fiery competition to a successful conclusion. After the dust of battle had cleared, after the wounds of conflict had mended, the team of Third B emerged as the school champions. Our congratulations go to the winners, our thanks to all the other teams for providing us with many exciting afternoons, and - - - - better luck next time!!

Track

On March 18, on a day clear, cool, sunny, just made to order for the year's long-awaited high spot, Baghdad College held its annual school track meet. Our best runners, jumpers, hurdlers, and field competitors had been practicing hard for weeks. The trials had been held, and the best that Baghdad College had to offer in each event stood ready for the starter's gun. Excitement ran high, and everybody expected close competition in all events. Nobody was disappointed.

The following record shows the winners of the various event, both track and field:



*VARSITY TRACK TEAM
Winners of Cup of H.R.H. the Regent*





VARSITY RELAY TEAM
Secondary School Champions of Baghdad, 1946



Baghdad College Track Meet

March 18, 1946.

<i>Event</i>	<i>Class</i>	<i>First</i>	<i>Second</i>	<i>Third</i>
Hurdles	A	Shakir Abdul-Rahman	Gerald Pearce	David Sukkar
	B	Munir Ibrahim	Alfred Randquist	Antwan Apekian
	C	Hikmat Najib	Patrick Roy	Bruno Kiuru
50 m	D	Joseph Jibran	Farid al-Khuri	Wasim al-Zahawi
100 m	A	Peter Atchu	Fuad Sarafa	Bahman Kashi
	B	Toni Angurli	Saad Madfai	Simon Ohvanessian
	C	Amjad Tuma	Anwar Nasir	Bahjat Killu
	D	Joseph Jibran	Farid Khuri	Popkin Hovsepien
200 m	A	Shakir Abdul-Rahman	Peter Atchu	Mahdi al-Yasin
	B	Andre Andrea	Alfred Randquist	Saad Madfai
	C	Bahjat Killu	Edmond Thweny	
400 m	A	Fuad Mustafa	Mahdi al-Yasin	Melcon Jibran
	B	Aram Samirjian	William Kamil	Alim Hassun
800 m		Anwar Said	Shawkat Killu	Ramzi Hermes
1500 m		Anwar Said	Aram Samirjian	Thomas Shakuri
Broad Jump	A	Peter Atchu	Gerald Pearce	Shakir Abdul-Rahman
	B	Melcon Melconian	Kanan Awni	Simon Ohvanessian
	C	Anwar Nasir	Percy Sequeira	Joseph Rahman
	D	Antwan Boghossian	Naji Haddad	Hamid al-Gailani
High Jump	A	George Naum	Antwan Jibrail	Alex Kotayentz
	B	Kanan Awni	Harold Neal	Fakhri Ralimatallah
	C	Edward Sequeira	Patrick Roy	William Kamil
	D	Popkin Hovsepien	Percy Sequeira	
Pole Vault		George Azzu	Antwan Boghossian	Wasim al-Zahawi
			Ghanim Razzuqi	Stanley de Souza
Discus		Francis Faraj		Melcon Melconian
			Hagop Nazaritian	Peter Yonathan
Shot Put				Ghanim Razzuqi
		Douglas Walton	Said Saliba	Sami Skender
Relay		Fourth High	Second High	
			Third High	

Total:	Fourth High	144
	Third High	82
	Second High	67
	First High	60
	Fifth High	20

The score sheet tells its own eloquent story and clearly reveals the superiority of the winners of the Baghdad College Cup. This is the third successive year that the team of the present Fourth High has won the school championship. Individual high-scoring honors also went to a member of the Fourth High team, Peter Atchu. The other high-scoring honors went to the following: Class B, Aram Samirjian; Class C, Bahjat Killu; Class D, Joseph Jibran.

At the conclusion of the meet, the cup and the medals were awarded to the winners by Rev. Father Madaras, President of Baghdad College. It had been a great day, and everything had gone off smoothly under the truly expert management of Father Sheehan. There was joy in every heart and a song in every mouth... "And we'll cheer B.C. on to victory, Under banners of Gold and Maroon."

* * *

After the school meet, a bigger task faced our leading track stars: the Government Track Meet must be won for the third successive year by Baghdad College! Practice went on, Father Sheehan devoted his best efforts to training the men who were to represent the Gold and Maroon, and when April 8, the day of days, arrived, Baghdad College was in top form. The day was ideal, H.R.H. the Regent was present, and the capacity crowd that thronged the Scouts' Field was in high spirits. The very colorful parade of the schools taking part in the meet passed in review and...the meet was on!

Every event, beginning with the 100 meter dash, was hotly contested, for Baghdad's best were competing for the prized cup of H.M. the King. Practically every event saw a B.C. athlete matching his speed and skill with the stars of the other schools. Our boys gave the best that was in them and throughout the meet kept high the hopes of their loyal supporters. Shakir won the hurdles with ease, and came close to the record in doing so; Peter Atchu placed fourth in the 100, third in the 220, and fourth

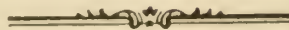
in the broad jump; George Naum won the high jump, and George Azzu was first in the pole vault; Fuad Mustafa came in fourth in the 440, and Mahdi al-Yasin fourth in the 220; Anwar Said ran second in the mile; and both Douglas Walton and Said Saliba scored points in the shot put.

Our closest rival was the strong Karkh team. They pressed us hard all afternoon so hard, in fact, that they finally succeeded in scoring enough points to wrest the first cup from our grasp and win the meet. We salute them as our conquerors, and we congratulate them on their great victory!

The final event of the afternoon was the relay race. This is a special feature, not part of the meet proper as far as points are concerned. The B.C. relay team had won the beautiful Lord Cornwallis Cup for the past two years, and a win this year would mean that we could keep permanent possession of this trophy. This year's team, composed of Peter Atchu, Antwan Jibrail, Fuad Sarafa, and Shakir Abdul-Rahman, gave the admiring crowd a thrilling exhibition of speed and put on the most exciting race of the afternoon. Peter started by gaining a lead which we never relinquished, and Shakir breasted the tape well ahead of his nearest opponent, a member of the flashy Karkh team! Thus B.C. ended the afternoon in a blaze of glory!!

The cups and medals were presented to the winners by H.R.H. the Regent. Baghdad College received the cup of H.R.H. the Regent for obtaining the second highest number of points in the meet, and also the Lord Cornwallis Cup for our victory in the relay race. Even though we were not completely successful, we still can hold our heads high in the track world of Baghdad. Our team made a marvelous showing—they were a credit to the colors of Gold and Maroon that they carried so valiantly and so honorably.

Gilbert Thomas.







*FOURTH HIGH TRACK TEAM
School Champions*



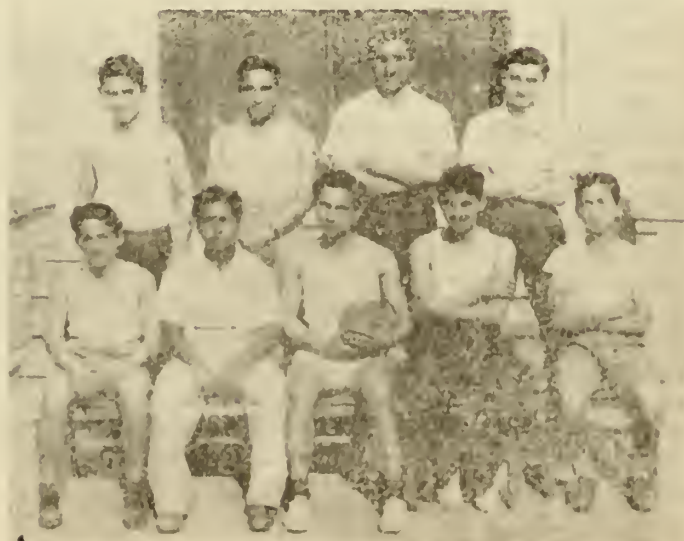
OUR SCHOOL CHAMPIONS



BASKETBALL
Fifth High



BASEBALL
Third High



FOOTBALL
Third High B

UNDER BANNERS OF GOLD AND MAROON



Shakir Abdul-Rahman, Rev. Father Connell, S. J., Peter Atchu

An insignia contest was announced early in the school year. The object of the contest was to find a lettered insignia, which would be attached to athletic uniforms and represent *Kulliat Baghdad*, the Arabic equivalent of *Baghdad College*.

The students did not readily grasp the purpose of the contest. The school letter, so common in the western hemisphere, has yet to make its appearance in the Arabic world of organized sport. Thus our students had no previous experience of athletic insignia. They had no sport tradition from which they could borrow ideas for the contest. Several years ago our basketball team had experimented on a small scale with lettered insignia in Arabic. The efforts were home-made, and the response so lacking in enthusiasm that we determined to await the day that insignia could be cut and tailored professionally.

Our 1945 trackmen pioneered when they appeared publicly in factory-made uniforms. In the government track meet, our athletes displayed a visible maroon *B.C.* on each white jersey and received the judges' award for the best appearance of all the schoolboy squads to march past the reviewing stand. This year all the Baghdad College athletic teams were outfitted with factory-made uniforms of the school's new colors, the contrasting colors of gold and maroon. Each uniform was marked with a bold *B.C.* So much admiration did the appearance of the uniforms evoke that we determined we should try once again to let the people see a similar insignia in the language of the country. Thus the contest and the search for suitable insignia.

The search began slowly, because the students did not know where to begin their quest. They had no sport traditions on which they could lean, no sport catalogues to furnish illustrated models, no sporting-goods salesmen to bring and exhibit sample uniforms and designs. It was inevitable that the first few entrants should submit intricate designs cast against backgrounds of palms, sunsets and river-boats.

We stressed simplicity of design. It was emphasized that the insignia must be legible to the point that a spectator will pick out the letter unerringly from the jersey as our athlete speeds past the stands in the 100-meter dash. The insignia had to be so plain that it would not offer any practical difficulties to the craftsmen who cut and attach the design to the uniforms. Again, the design had to be attractive in order to excite admiration. Finally, it had to be so representative that it would in no way offend the taste of Arabs, who for centuries have cultivated calligraphy as a fine and intricate art.

Once these features of the contest were grasped, the results were most gratifying. Students with an artistic bent worked industriously with their pens and colored inks. Less talented students sought the aid of others and summoned to their assistance the best artists of Baghdad. Entries were received daily. They were stamped with the date of entry, and the best of the designs were displayed on the bulletin board. The contest opened on October 30. On November 24, at 6:55 p.m., five minutes before the closing of the contest, the doorbell rang, and a breathless student

was admitted to the parlor. He had made the long trip from his home to make sure that his entry would be included in the contest before the deadline was reached.

One hundred and fifteen entries were accepted. Five judges made a preliminary selection of the insignia which combined all the required elements. Another five judges made a further selection. When models were given to a professional artist to be touched up and drawn in proportion.

The judges' decision was finally made in favor of the initial letters of the Arabic equivalent of Baghdad College. The two letters are *Kaf* for

The contest winner was Francis Isaac, a student of section B of Second Year. Francis gained first prize and the honor of having submitted the insignia which will be worn by Baghdad College athletes of the future. Paul Emmanuel, a classmate of Francis, received a prize for having submitted on the same day a design similar to the winning design. Honorable mention was given to Berj Tehobanian, Simon Ohvanessian, Joseph Victor, Meleon Jibran, Rabia al-Tai and Fuad Audu.

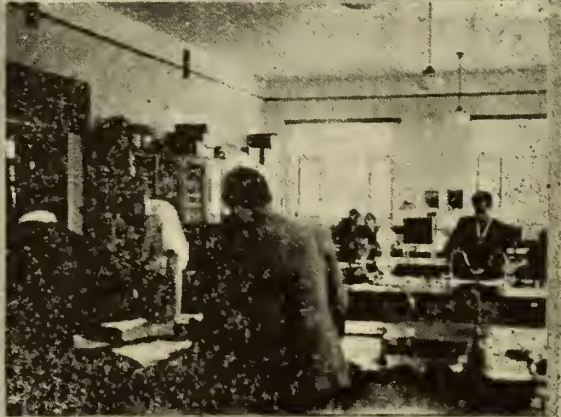
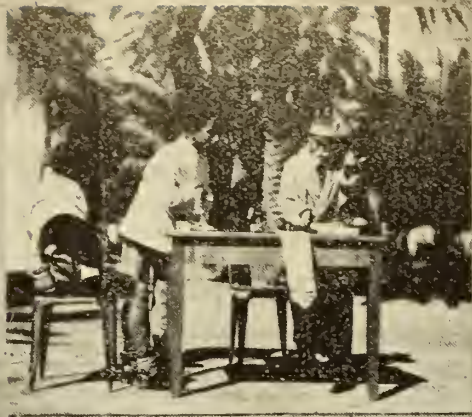


Kulliat, and *Ba* for *Baghdad*. Four pieces are needed for the integrity of the two letters. In the winning combination the *Kaf* is a segment of a circle with an opening at the upper left section; the segment encloses a figure much like an inverted 5. The *Ba* is a broad bar with a dot beneath. The letters are so arranged that the design first strikes the eye in the shape of a circle, and immediately the eye discerns *Kaf* resting above *Ba*.

The contest rewarded our search for athletic insignia. There now remains but the craftsman's task of attaching the insignia to uniforms. We have entrusted the task to U.S. sporting-goods factories, which have at their disposal the facilities of modern machinery and processing. We trust that technical skill will overcome any handicap offered by the craftsmen's unfamiliarity with the Arabic language. We await results confidently.

Joseph Connell, S.J.







EDITORIAL

Five years ago, as the month of October approached, little hearts were throbbing with anxiety, in anticipation of the first school day in Baghdad College. We are glad to be able to say that these hearts were ours, the same beating organs that are leaving Baghdad College tomorrow. It is true that the moment of departure is nigh, when loyal sons will leave their compassionate mother; yet it is also true that their souls and hearts are, and forever will be, united with hers.

It was war time when we first entered our Alma Mater. Five years ago, the world was in the greatest turmoil of human slaughter and general annihilation known to history. The flames of conflict were spreading far and wide, burning down whatever stood in their way and charring to ashes whoever attempted to extinguish them. Nations were pounding each other with fire and steel; powerful countries were utilizing their resources to dynamite the peaks of civilization; even smaller nations were involved. Daily were received fresh reports of the devastation, disease, and famine which war was leaving in its wake throughout the world.

This horrible human affliction proceeded for six long years — years which seemed an eternity to the suffering people of the world. During that disastrous period, sincere lovers of peace attempted to terminate the universal strife which prevailed, but they failed dismally and sometimes were even martyred for their holy cause. There was, however, one powerful institution in the world which never ceased to use all its powers of persuasion and influence to bring to a speedy end a conflict that had lasted all too long, and to secure an agreement between nations guaranteeing justice, equity, and right. That organization was the Catholic Church, the peaceful institution of Christ. Throughout the long years of strife, the Holy Father, Pope Pius XII, appealed to the leaders of nations to stop war and establish a universal peace, that mankind might be lifted from the pit of unutterable misery. Unfortunately, however, those same leaders, in the heat of their indignation or in the frenzy of their pride and greed, repudiated the holy call of the Church and proceeded along their deadly path.

There were groups of notorious men who, in their blind prejudice, misconceived the sacred aim of the urgent calls for peace. They bitterly accused the Church, even the Holy Father, of partiality and injustice. Did these prejudiced people know exactly what constituted the views of the Catholic Church on peace? If they did, it is difficult to understand how they could have spoken a word of blame or accusation. It is sufficient to point out, in refuting their contention, that the Church has ever manifested to the world the just spirit of Christ and has accordingly been respected and esteemed by the wise. That is enough to defend the purity of Her aims and to justify Her right to call for peace. In spite of the

opposition to Her during these past years, the Church was not discouraged from pursuing Her policy. She continued to use the most effective means of appeal, namely offering Her fervent prayers to the throne of God, that He might shorten the days of affliction and bring misguided creatures to their reason.

Today the battle is over and the engines of war are cool. No more are thousands falling each day on bloody fields; no more are cities blasted to bits. But do we have peace? True peace? Alas, the material and moral disorder wrought by the hands of war, the destruction and misery over vast areas, the despair reigning in so many hearts — all these consequences of war are still holding the universe in their grasp, foreboding bitter hardship and long suffering. These damages must be repaired by the same hands that scattered them over the globe. There remains the task for men of good will to bring the world from physical and spiritual devastation to law and order, if we are to have peace, real peace.

Even in this present pitiable state, when so much of the world is confused and unsettled, answers would vary, if the question were posed again, "Do we have true peace, now?" Some individuals would directly answer, "Yes;" others would pause in their reply; and still others would unhesitatingly cry, "No!" The merchants of death, those who piled up golden treasures during the war, would say, "Yes;" some groups would be doubtful; but the hungry and suffering, those afflicted millions that have been terribly scourged by the voracious flames of war, would cry, "No," and they are right! The Church of Rome Herself backs their answers by denying that peace has yet been restored. Truly, we can have no peace in a world where some are living comfortably, having every means of due or undue pleasure provided for them, while their fellow men are dying of hunger alongside them. The world cannot possess the blessed dove of peace when helpless hundreds are perishing, unheeded, from pestilence and disease. There is no equality in leaving millions of homeless wretches wandering about, vainly seeking a refuge. They are human beings like the rest, created by the same God, endowed with the same right to live. They must be plucked from the mortal embrace of misery and helped in their pitiful helplessness.

To that end the Church has made, and is still making, appeals, some of them in the form of Encyclicals, urging the people of the world to give whatever help they can offer to those poor, destitute, sick millions who are gasping their last breath without the support of their fellow men. She is continually attempting to stir the hearts of all to true and immediate action. She exhorts people to support by their generosity and kindness, by their prayers, good works, and offerings every movement that is directing its forces truly and effectively for the succour of needy and abandoned wretches. She kindly asks those whose

resources are meagre to give what they can with open hands and willing hearts. Meanwhile, She asks those who live in luxury to reflect that the hunger and homelessness of so many millions will draw on them the severe wrath of God, if they harden their hearts and do not contribute generously.

What is considered by the Church today as one of the greatest contradictions of peace is the desperate condition of hosts of innocent children who are suffering from hunger, cold, and disease. She, as a compassionate mother, has volunteered to pluck needy children from the abyss of sure destruction. Many of Her members have undertaken to help and are already actively at work, contributing to fulfill the immense task of relieving these afflicted children. She points out to the world their present pitiful condition, and reminds every one that a well cared-for childhood is the best pledge of the future welfare of society as a whole, not only morally, but also materially.

Even if these children are helped, however, and even if those in desperate need are cared for, peace cannot be easily possessed. To be true and lasting, peace must be based on justice and charity. Unfortunately, men nowadays often ignore these fundamentals: their lower passions are unleashed and allowed to rule over them, as they selfishly strive to satisfy themselves alone. The strong yield to the tendency to domineer over the weak; the wealthy never stoop down to lift up the poor; the happy forget to comfort the sorrowful. Such a situation is directly opposed to the ideas of the Church on peace. She teaches men to aim at forming a world filled with brotherly compassion and self-sacrifice; a world in which hatred and covetousness are stamped out; a world in which antagonism, vengeance, unfair and dishonest competition are strangled; a world, finally,

in which the poor are fed, the sick cared for, and the rights of the family, of children, and of labour are safeguarded.

Once these principles are heeded, then and only then will the brilliant shafts of the sun of peace pierce the heavy cloud of injustice now darkening the world, and illuminate dismal souls with rays of hope and determination. Then and only then will the blessed dove of peace, which has fled from the monstrosities and abominations of men for so many years, return to its former habitat, bearing the glorious emblem of concord. Then will the whole universe raise the common chorus of peace, under the banners of justice and charity, and once again will men lead their days in security.

Such are the views and aims of the Catholic Church on peace. Tomorrow we are leaving an institution whose views and aims are the same. From B.C.'s tender care we shall plunge into the treacherous sea of Life, where circumstances shall tempt us to violate the rules of humanity and peace. From the embrace of a loving Mother we shall go forth to combat the giant enemy, Time, that tests everyone and gives each his due. We are confident, however, that at least we know how to start the struggle. Our Alma Mater has sown deep in our souls the seeds of charity and of courage: charity to live a holy life, unstained by vice or corruption; courage to stride forward firmly and to meet difficulties as men. Let Baghdad College rest assured that we, her loyal sons, shall spread her ideals of peace as far as we can, and strive with all our might to raise up the structure of peace according to the plan she has instilled in us.

Edmond Nasir Ili, '46.



THE STORY OF A CAT

(told by herself)

I was born in a great, magnificent palace, furnished with fine, smooth furniture, and filled with plenty of nice, greasy food. This palace brought features of sublimity and solemnity together with all sorts of amusement which gladden the heart and tickle the fancy.

No sooner had a few weeks passed from the day of my birth than I began to watch everything and meditate on everything. There was this child who had run to life two years ahead of me, but whom I had surpassed by two generations in experience and knowledge; this child who cried for no reason and smiled for no reason, and who could not move his legs or arms but to a limited extent. I used to regard this child with mockery, and at times with a certain amount of contempt, contrasting him with myself. I had spent long days between the jaws of my mother, as she jumped from wall to wall and moved from place to place, until finally she cast me into the huge ocean of life, without providing me with anything, although, in fact, as I was to learn, she had provided me with everything.

I used to sit close to this child, comparing his chains with my liberty, his flabbiness with my agility, his obstinacy with my tractability. At times his mother would like to amuse him, so she would point to me with her finger, and I would bend my back and mew. Then she would try drawing near me, and I would feign fright and fear. Had the lady only known that my fear was far better than hers, she would have ceased her nonsense. We cats are afraid only of reality, of the catastrophe when it actually falls or is about to. Humans, on the contrary, are vexed in their slumber with nightmares and in their waking hours with delusions which have no foundation in fact.

Whenever I became bored with the child or his mother, I would go on jumping and running and amusing myself, till I grew tired. Then I would enter the study of the master of the house, and I would often find him still busy preparing his election speeches. In these it was his custom to picture the poverty, the disease, and the ignorance from which the poor were suffering, and then to threaten the rich with the approach of the day of wrath. No sooner, however, would one of his peasants or labourers be brought to him, by reason of some small shortcoming, than his real nature would appear. He would show such a terrible anger and such a savage cruelty, that I could not help myself from feeling great pity. Yes, it was a pity mixed with a certain amount of perplexity at this man, who, a minute before, in his election speeches, was roaring and thundering in defence of the poor.

Soon, however, I would forget all about this and hasten to the garden, attracted by its marvelous fragrance as by a magnet. In this paradise, I would find all living beings expressing their joy in life, each in its own proper fashion. The birds would be chirping and singing, the fruit trees blossoming and blooming, the earth decked in her green attire and ornamented

with flowers of many hues — red, yellow, blue, white, and violet. Seeing all this, I would revel in these delightful surroundings and spend a charming time.

When I had my fill of staying in the garden, I would go to the stable. There I would find the groom fondling the horses of the master and preparing them for "his excellency's" daily excursion. I could not help noticing, when I looked at the list of expenses, that the master recklessly spent a tenfold greater amount of money on each of these horses than he grudgingly paid to the hard-working groom. Perplexed at such conduct, I would think to myself, "It is more likely that this groom is set on equal terms with the horse, than that the master should ever care about equality among human beings!!"

In this palace, and in such an environment, I spent the first stage of my life. But when I grew up and felt myself capable of wrestling alone with the waves of life, I felt bored with the palace and its inhabitants, and decided to leave it. I would seek my fortune in the wide world.

I was fascinated with what I had heard about the countryside. Stories had come to my ears about its clear, azure sky, its florid, green earth, its folk who live according to the simple code of nature, who seek for the sweetest melodies in the sounds of birds and rivers, and who try to read that massive, green book, whose letters consist of plants and flowers. And therefore, to the countryside I determined to go!

As to the means of my travel, I preferred a train, where I enjoyed all the privileges of our kind, moving to and fro through the car, without a ticket and without the objection of the inspectors. Before we had gone very far, however, I was shocked and terrified by the topics of conversation among the travellers. In one corner, I overheard a whispered talk between two persons about murdering a certain man, and then making away with his property. Besides, there was in the train a poor old man, who was subjected to the mockery, ridicule, and teasing of his fellow-travellers for no other reason than for the simplicity of his mind. There were, too, such immoral remarks, such bad, low jokes about open topics, that I was simply dumbfounded.

To get away from all this, I hurried outside. I clambered to the top of the train and began to meditate. How beautiful, I thought, is the world of God, how pure, sublime, and charming! But oh, how bitterly contrasted is it to the world of men which seems bent on disturbing and even destroying the harmony of the magnificent, eternal melody of nature!

Suddenly, I realized that the train had stopped. I looked, and there was the countryside which I had so ardently yearned to see. A wild thrill of joy shook my body. Without hesitation I jumped to the ground and dashed away. On and on I went, running amidst the canals and sweet-scented fields, and as I ran, my head whirled with excited joy. "I am free! At last, I am free!"

THE DAWN OF ARCHEOLOGY IN IRAQ AND ITS GROWTH

In no land has excavation assisted history so greatly as in the country formerly called Mesopotamia and now known as Iraq. In Egypt, although spade-work has widened our knowledge of life and religion in the Nile country, most of what we know of these subjects has been gleaned from temples and pyramids, for the proper examination of which little or no digging was necessary. Generally speaking, it may be said that excavation in Egypt has furnished us with a greater insight into the earlier periods of Egyptian progress and its prehistoric life. But in the Babylonian-Assyrian region, practically every discovery has been due to hard labour with pick and spade; our knowledge of Chaldea in its heyday has literally been dug up piece by piece.

The honour of beginning the great task of unearthing the buried cities of Mesopotamia belongs to Mr. Botta, who was the French Consul at Mosul in 1842. He dug both in Nineveh and Khorsabad. In Nineveh he unearthed a palace built by Sargon, King of Assyria (722-705 B.C.), one of the finest examples of palatial architecture ever discovered. Many of the fruits of his labors were removed to Paris and deposited in the Louvre. His reports on the excavation created keen interest among scientific circles in Europe. Two years later his successor, Victor Place, continued Botta's work at Khorsabad and discovered a city-gate guarded by winged bulls, the backs of which supported the arch of the entrance.

Three years later, Sir Henry Layard, the young English archeologist, began his work in the two Assyrian capitals, Nineveh and Kalakh. Due to his efforts there, the great city of Nineveh was brought to life again after a lapse of 2500 years. In Kalakh he was very fortunate, for he found there many large statues of couchant lions, winged bulls, and other bas-reliefs with carvings of human figures. In Nineveh, however, he made one of his most important discoveries. This was the black obelisk of Shalmaneser II, nearly seven feet high and in admirable preservation. This priceless relic is one of the treasures in the keeping of the British Museum.

In Nineveh he also discovered similar statues decorating the famous Ashur-banipal palace. It was in that palace also that he found the earliest known library in the world. It was composed of 25,000 inscribed tablets of various subjects, dealing with almost all aspects of Assyrian and Babylonian life. After reading these tablets, the history and the civilization of ancient Iraq became almost known to us. From that time, Assyriology became an established science. Layard was soon followed by many English archeologists, such as, Loftus, Rowlinson, and Taylor. Through their combined efforts a number of southern cities, such as, Eridu, Umma, and Barsippa were discovered and identified.

It is of great interest to note that in 1873 George Smith, of the British Museum, while studying and classifying the Assyrian tablets, discovered the famous ancient Sumerian legend of creation, inscribed in cuneiform on clay tablets.

In 1880—1881, however, another Frenchman named De-Sarzac concentrated his efforts on the ruins of Lagash, where he found the palaces and the antiquities of the Sumerian kings, such as the famous Gudea who ruled in the year 2300 B.C. He transferred what he found to the Louvre in Paris. Among the treasures sent were thirteen statues of the kings in natural size.

Babylon was next excavated by a German expedition under the directorship of Koldewey who began work in the year 1899 and continued till 1917. Through his efforts, the history of the city of Babylon was fully revealed. Its old palaces, temples, walls, and wide, paved streets were traced and discovered. Among the finds were the celebrated Lion of Babylon and a number of inscribed objects.

A second German expedition under Dr. Andrae worked at Babylon in 1889. This scientist laid bare the palace of Nebuchadnezzar and also conducted excavations at Qal'at Shergat, the site of Assur.

The Americans entered the field after the turn of the century. Desiring to share in the archeological researches, the Oriental Institute of the University of Chicago started, in the year 1927, to excavate in Iraq a number of sites on the Diyala, among which are Tell Asmar, Tell Abady, and Tell Ajrab. They found there Sumerian temples dating back to 3000—2500 B.C. in which there were statues of Sumerian gods, goddesses, priests, and kings. A great number of these statues were transferred to the Iraq Museum where they are now exhibited, while others are in the Museum of the above mentioned University. It is worthy of note that the work of this Institute was the nearest known approach to archeology as a science.

In southern Iraq, the most important excavated site is Ur of the Chaldees which was dug by a joint expedition of the British Museum and the University of Pennsylvania under Sir Leonard Woolley. He began work immediately after the first world war and continued till 1934. He discovered the renowned Royal Cemetery of the Sumerian kings and notables, with their jewelry, court furniture, and musical instruments. The same joint expedition excavated in Tell 'Ubaid, which is not far from Ur, and found there the oldest known settlement in southern Iraq.

Last, but not least in importance, is the present Directorate General of Antiquities of Iraq. That Directorate, which was developed from a small Museum, whose antiquities were first gathered and arranged by the late Miss Gertrude Bell, began in

1936 to excavate scientifically in Samarra and Wasit, two outstanding Islamic cities. In the former they found the palaces, castles, and mosques of the Abassid Caliph al Mu'tasim and his Wazirs with the most interesting objects such as glass vessels, glazed pots, and silver and gold coins dating back to the ninth century A.D. In the latter city the mosque and palace of al-Hajjaj ibn Yussuf al-Thaqafi were fully revealed.

During the second world war the Directorate of Antiquities dug under the leadership of Taba Baqir and Seton Lloyd in Tell Aqar Quf, the capital of Kurigalzu, the Kassite king. There they traced the ziggurat of the city with the temples of Enlil, the chief god of old Babylonia.

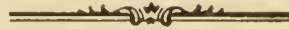
Another city of historical importance, which was dug by the same Directorate under Fuad Safar and Seton Lloyd, was Tell-Uqair, where they found a very ancient Sumerian temple dating back to 3500 B.C. It was decorated with the most lovely colors, and contained carvings and paintings of men and beasts. In 1943 the same Directorate excavated in Hassunah, where they came across the earliest known settlement in Iraq, dating back to 6500 B.C., the time when metals and writing were yet unknown to mankind. In the same mound were found three complete human

skeletons, representing the oldest known inhabitants of Mesopotamia. Besides, they found pottery jars painted in black, and flint implements which were used by man in the Neolithic period.

Professor Helprecht, the Director of the third German expedition in Iraq, in his report says, "Even at this distance, I begin to realize that not twenty, not fifty years will be sufficient to excavate these important sites." It is quite likely that in spite of the many archeological activities in Iraq, there are thousands of ruined cities still untouched by the spade of the excavator. The discovery and careful investigation of these sites would multiply the number of our antiquities, and would also widen our knowledge about the people that first settled here and formed one of the most ancient and venerable civilizations in the world.

Misbah Asil, '47.

Editor's note: The author of the above article has modestly refrained from mentioning the great part played by his father, H. E. Naji Asil, in arousing the present interest in the archeology of Iraq.



THE ARAK INDUSTRY

The manufacture of arak as a commercial product, begun in 1921, is the oldest industry of modern Iraq. Before the establishment of the first factory, arak was produced in the homes. This custom has been abandoned little by little, and the number of arak factories has now increased to four. Three of these are in Baghdad, the other in Mosul. The industry is gradually growing and improving.

Dates are the chief raw material in the manufacture of arak. The distillers use the "Zahdi" variety of dates, because these contain more sugar and less moisture, and, moreover, are much cheaper than any other type of date. Further, it is this variety which predominates in central Iraq where most of the distilleries are situated.

In the actual making of arak, the dates are first placed in a masher. This masher consists of a drum with special revolving knives which separate the flesh from the stone and then chop the flesh of the date to tiny bits. Water is added to facilitate the mashing and the separating. The water extracts the sugar and the date juice, and the resulting solution is called mash. The mash is then piped to one of several 5,000 gallon vats, where it is fermented.

Alcoholic fermentation is the chemical decomposition of sugars into alcohol and carbon dioxide caused by the catalytic action of enzymes. Enzymes are chemical agents or substances produced by yeast or other living organisms. Dates contain their own yeast. The rate of fermentation depends on the temperature, complete fermentation requiring three or four days in summer and five to six days in winter. Fermentation is the most important part of the whole process, because herein is the alcohol produced.

This fermented mash is then allowed to flow by gravity into a tank. Afterwards it is pumped to the fractionating and rectifying stills, where the alcohol is separated from the other materials in the mash. In the stills, the lower boiling alcohol and a small

amount of water are vaporized. The ensuing vapors, freed from the other materials, pass into condensers, where they are again changed into liquid. This final product is a very concentrated solution of alcohol in water (60 O.P.). This overproof spirit or alcohol, without further treatment, can be used by the chemical industries or by pharmacists for the preparation of medicines, or it may be denatured and sold for industrial uses.

For the preparation of arak, however, the alcohol must be diluted with water until it is about 90 proof or 10 under proof. Flavoring materials, such as mastic or white gum, and candy sugar are added and the whole is redistilled in alembics, or pot stills. At present, white gum is being employed as the flavoring agent, because mastic is rather difficult to obtain. However, mastic is preferred to give the needed flavor. Zahlawi is made by adding anise oil which forms a milky precipitate on further dilution with water. From the pot stills the arak is allowed to flow into storage tanks. Every operation from the fractionation on to the end is under government control and supervision.

The spirit obtained directly from the rectifying still is called rectified spirit and is ethyl alcohol, C_2H_5OH . Any alcohol which can be made into arak or other alcoholic drink is highly taxed. To avoid the high taxes on potable and rectified alcohols, spirit intended for industrial uses is denatured. Poisonous material, such as methyl alcohol or pyridine that will not be easily separated from the alcohol, is added, to render the alcohol unsuitable for drinking purposes. Denatured alcohol, obviously, is not so heavily taxed. A liter of denatured alcohol sells for 157 fils, of which 15 fils is excise tax, while a liter of rectified spirit sells for 457 fils, 320 fils of which goes as excise tax.

Alexander Messayeh, '46



BAGHDAD AND AIR TRANSPORTATION

For trade and general communication, Baghdad was once justifiably styled the "Clapham Junction of the East." This title is no less deserved today, considering its position as an air communications centre. Ever since the airplane was first used for peaceful ends in the service of mankind, Iraq has been one of the beneficiaries of this new and rapid mode of transport. This has resulted because of the vast expanse of desert separating it from neighboring countries, and also, because of its ideal climactical and geographical conditions for flying.

In the early twenties mail was being flown to the people of Iraq from the European capitals. With the production of new types of planes and the assurance of the passenger's safety, Baghdad became a calling point for all transcontinental air services. As a result, it derived innumerable advantages from this universal contact with foreign visitors and trade explorers. It is noteworthy that no less than seven major air lines were operating through Iraq and offering air travel to such widely scattered places as Calcutta, Sydney, Kabul and all the European and Middle-East capitals.

The government of Iraq contributed generously to the realization of this progress by building airports at Baghdad, Basrah, and Rutbah. These fields had all the necessary radio and meteorological equipment. British, French, Italian, Egyptian, and Persian airliners regularly stopped overnight at Baghdad. The local hotels were vying with one another to win the patronage of these air companies. Competition was keen because each plane had a passenger and crew list of 30 people.

During the war the airports at Baghdad and Basrah were chiefly used by the planes of the British Air Force. However, that did not prevent passengers from travelling by plane between Baghdad and Basrah. The end of the war has seen a great increase in these passengers, and it will continue on a much larger scale.

As the public became more air-minded, the need for catering to local traffic became most pressing and the Department of the Iraqi State Railways was the first to face this reality. On January 29, 1946 the first Iraqi passenger plane flew from Baghdad to Basrah carrying four passengers. They now operate four times daily over the same route.

In the beginning the Iraqi Airways carried their passengers between Baghdad and Basrah only. But having established themselves, and deservedly gained the confidence of the people, they opened another air route to the Lebanon one month later, on February 25th. Planes now fly twice weekly between Baghdad and Beyrouth. Two other routes have been recently organized between Baghdad and Mosul and between Baghdad and Kirkuk.

The Iraqi Airways now employ British pilots to fly their twin-engined, six-seater DeHavilland-Rapide.

As soon as they get more aircraft, they hope to expand, and thereby bring closer together the federation of the Arab States. Iraqi pilots and mechanics are joining in the enterprise. Incidentally, Iraq was the first Arab country to have its own airforce and therefore many of its pilots have hundreds of flying hours to their credit.

The number of air passengers is already on the increase. The services between the principle cities in the country has been a decided boon, as well as the speed and the comfort of the planes. Much time is saved for business men, traders and others.

The Baghdad airport is situated very close to the edge of the city itself. Soon it will be a part of Baghdad. However, it still is spacious and retains vast unobstructed and open space for the safe approach of aircraft.

The huge and luxurious liners of the American Airways have offered an unprecedented opportunity to the people of Baghdad, in flying them to New York in the same plane and in a space of time that was hitherto undreamed of. The traffic from the United States to the Middle East has been entrusted to two world famous air lines: the P.A.A. and the T.W.A. The Pan American Airways will follow the New York, London, Vienna, Teheran, Baghdad route. The Transcontinental and Western Airways will follow the New York, London, Cairo, Basrah and Karachi route. Both airlines will be able to accommodate about 50 passengers per plane.

The time is not far off, when we will be able to reach London, Paris or Amsterdam in twelve hours, Cairo in three, and Beyrouth in two hours. The resulting influx of foreigners, both tourist and merchant, will call for better hotel accommodations and a wider variety of entertainment. As this is the age of speed and high altitude, I have visions of Baghdad College boys going on picnics to Damascus or Teheran in the planes of the Iraqi Airways. Many will take to flying and aero-engineering as a profession, for air travel, which will no longer be the privilege of the few, will soon gain widespread popularity and will require a greater number of pilots and other flying personnel. The amateurs of 1932 will soon be in the foreground, and I am told that wealthy farmers are already levelling parts of their vast fields for their own private planes.

So Baghdad must now look to the skies for its trade and pleasure. This is the air age—let us not lag behind. To the youth falls the task of realizing the nations's hope. Go ahead and go aloft!!

MANNA AND MARS

"And when the children of Israel saw it, they said one to another: Manhu! which signifieth: What is this! for they knew not what it was. And Moses said to them: This is the bread, which the Lord hath given you to eat.

"And the house of Israel called the name thereof Manna: and it was like coriander seed white, and the taste thereof like to flour with honey."

A sweet white gum exuded by tamarisk trees is also called Manna, because it resembles in many ways the heavenly Manna of the Biblical narrative. It is collected by Arabs, who in the early morning shake it down onto cloths spread beneath the branches of the tamarisk tree. Manna, used as a laxative and in the preparation of babies' feeding formulas, has long been sold by druggists and pharmacists. This story deals with the transformation of manna into a new chemical compound used for a variety of purposes that range from the preparation of medicines for the treatment of heart diseases to the manufacture of dynamite.

Joseph L. Proust was the first man to make a thorough scientific examination of manna. He delighted to examine and analyze rare and unusual things, and it was by his many carefully performed analyses that the principle of constant proportions of the elements in compounds was firmly established. As Royal Chemist to the King of Spain he studied the natural resources of Spain, and it was this study that led him in 1806 to examine manna. He found that sixty percent of manna consists of mannitol.

Glycerine and mannitol are chemical kinsfolk. Both are members of the alcohol family. The difference between them is that glycerine has three OH or hydroxyl groups and mannitol has six of these groups. In peace times large quantities of glycerine are changed to glyceryl trinitrate, commonly called "nitroglycerine," to be used in dynamite.

When Mars, the war god, declares war, he claims the peace time explosives for his own destructive use. During the first world war glycerine was commandeered for the preparation of war explosives, and there developed an alarming shortage of industrial explosives needed for mining coal, ore, and limestone. To the American dynamite manufacturer the shortage of glycerine was a nightmare. Could a substitute for glycerine be found? Then some one thought of the kinship between glycerine and mannitol. Why not try mannitol? Mannitol was nitrated, and the product, nitromannitol, proved to be a satisfactory substitute for nitroglycerine.

The supply of manna, however, was limited and had to be transported to America from Syria and North Africa under difficult wartime conditions. A search was started for a source of supply among the natural products of America. Dr. H. Jermain Creighton, research consultant of the Atlas Powder Co., worked with mannose, a sugar related to mannitol, and succeeded in electrolyzing on a small scale solutions of mannose to produce mannitol. However, even the supply of mannose was limited, and accordingly he sought to reduce other sugars to mannitol. The war ended at this time; the shortage of glycerine ceased; and the research was abandoned. He had proved, however, that the reduction of sugars to the corresponding alcohols by electrochemical methods was possible.

Six years later the research was resumed, for the Atlas Powder Co. was convinced that nitromannitol would make better detonator caps for dynamite. Dr. Creighton returned to his sugars and his electrolytic cells. After 118 experiments he found that glucose in an alkaline solution could be reduced to mannitol and another alcohol called sorbitol. Glucose is the sugar obtained from corn, a cheap and plentiful raw material from American farms. Then followed years of research to develop the process on a commercial scale; but, in the end both mannitol and nitromannitol were produced economically from cheap and plentiful raw materials. When Dr. Creighton started his research, he paid \$20 for ten grams of mannitol. Today it sells in ton lots for 35 cents a pound.

With the lowering of price the uses have multiplied. Blasting caps loaded with nitromannitol are a reality. Nitromannitol has been found to be more effective than nitroglycerine in treating certain heart diseases. By substituting other elements or radicals for one or more of the hydroxyl groups of mannitol, many other compounds have been prepared which are used for a large variety of purposes. Thus has manna, which we eat as a delicious sweet, been transformed from the food of the children of Israel to an important chemical of countless industrial uses.

Stanley Maru, '47.

Note: This article has been condensed from the chapter, "Manna becomes a Chemical," from the book "This Chemical Age" by Williams Haynes. Alfred A. Knopf, N.Y., 1945.



APARTMENT 513

Allen Cain had died seven stories above the sidewalks of Lower Manhattan, in apartment 513, the last suite of a corridor which ended in a curtained window and a sheer, unbroken drop into the street.

The corridor, with its quiet buff color scheme, was now illuminated by two shaded ceiling lamps. Two doors, breaking the sweep of the wall on either side of the passage, made patches of dark angular shadow quite in keeping with the depressing quietness of that section of the building. And, at the far end of the passage, chair tilted back against the door-jamb of 513, lounged a blue-clad figure.

Tall and heavily built, he seemed so, even in his present relaxed position. His uniform was that of the police. His face, square and rugged, held in it a marked contrast between the friendliness of the brown eyes, the thinness of the lips, and the grimness of the bristled jaw. Deep caliper lines stretched from the nostrils to the corner of the mouth. The receding hair was more than touched with gray at the temples, and his face was lined and weatherbeaten.

He looked at his watch: eleven-twenty. The second hour of his vigil had commenced some time ago, though the man he was expecting would not arrive for another twenty minutes or so. At this hour the big apartment-house seemed deserted. The crowd of detectives, photographers, reporters, and morbid sightseers had long since left, the scattered array of cigarette stubs and burnt-out flash-bulbs had been cleared away, and the silence had once again settled down. The ring of footsteps, the sound of voices, even the occasional clang of the elevator gates, seemed to have ceased altogether.

The watcher looked up as the strangely magnified sound of footsteps broke in upon the stillness, faded, and died just as the elevator gates opened. Voices reached him indistinctly, followed by a half-nervous feminine laugh, a cheery "good-night," and the scrape of the elevator gates closing. From the direction of the elevator, someone was approaching.

A dim figure appeared, pausing at the head of the passage. The straight backed chair crashed into position as the man in blue stood up.

"Hello there!" His voice held both challenge and question.

"Take it easy," the other answered, "Are you in charge of 513?"

"I am."

"Good." The newcomer walked further into the light. His clothes were not over-expensive, his jacket was open, and a heavy camera-case was slung over his shoulder. A soft felt hat was jammed carelessly onto his head. "So the mighty Mr. Cain finally let his past catch up with him," he remarked, "and right in his own living room at that."

The other squared his heavy shoulders.

"Now look, brother," he began. "I don't know anything, and anyway I wouldn't shoot my mouth off to a reporter. I'm sick of tossing you news-hounds out of here. Beat it."

"Nothing doing." The newcomer pushed his hat up from his forehead, showing more clearly the wide, square brow, the narrow nose, the quick, light eyes and thin lips. "I may have something to tell you. My name's Mark Jordan—crime reporter on the Herald. What's yours?"

"Carey. I got a message saying you'd be along again, but I wasn't expecting you to get here so soon."

"I managed to get away early. Now take a look at this." Jordan pulled a folded newspaper from his jacket pocket. "My write-up. I got here within half an hour after it happened." He crisped the paper and stabbed a forefinger at the article he spoke of. Carey took it, sinking back onto the chair. The report was headed in heavy black type, beneath which he could see the Jordan by-line.

"Gambler Murdered in Luxury Apartment.

"Allen Cain shot by unknown hand.

"The police are now investigating the murder of notorious Allen Cain, gambler and man-about-town, who met his death this evening, killed by a bullet believed to have been fired from a .22 Smith and Wesson automatic. It is believed from the testimony of Miss Betty Shields, elevator-operator, that the killer was interrupted and forced to make a premature get-away.

"Miss Shields, 23, was found unconscious a few feet within the dead man's apartment by a visitor attracted to the scene by the shot. Later, in her statement to the police, Miss Shields told how, when making her way towards the elevator, she had heard what might have been a shot and had started on in its general direction in case anything might be wrong. 'Quite by chance,' she said, 'I noticed that the door of 513 was ajar. I went up to it, calling out if anything had happened. There was no answer, so I knocked. A voice said, "Come in!" There were no lights on inside. I pushed the door open and took a couple of steps when something hit me.'

"Nothing is known of Miss Shield's mysterious assailant, but the police are now looking for Mr. William J. McPherson, from whom they expect to learn much concerning the background of the crime. The case is in the hands of Inspector Holroyd of the Homicide Bureau."

Carey looked up from the paper with something akin to disgust.

"As news, this stuff's as cold as last night's supper," he said impatiently. "Why, every paper in the city has this much in it and more. If you've got

nothing more to say than this, you might just as well quit wasting your time and my patience. All this was gone over right here by Holroyd right after the murder. Where does it get us?"

Jordan produced a pack of Camels and offered it to Carey. He said: "Know who this guy McPherson is?"

"Who doesn't?" Carey helped himself. "Thanks. Sure, but he's not much good. Fell into a million a few years back, and since then life's been one long non-stop bender. God knows how much of it he has left. He's about thirty. He'd tried his hand at almost everything from flying and starting gold-rushes to punching cows and playing high-stake poker with a dozen aces up his sleeve until the money fell into his lap. And the world knows it."

"That's all in the write up," Jordan pointed out, striking a match. "At least—more or less. And the fact that McPherson's been hobnobbing with the late Mr. Cain for the last six or eight months."

"Each one trying to play the other for a sucker, do you think?" Carey asked.

"Could be." Jordan took the cigarette from between his lips with a jerky movement strangely characteristic of him. "Anyhow, if my theory's correct then Cain must have made a pretty big haul. He used to throw select little parties up here every so often for those of his friends who liked losing money."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah. Also in the write-up—one jump ahead of your elephantine organization. And another thing. McPherson was up to his neck in debt, with Allen Cain as the creditor."

Carey glanced down at the paper.

"Not in the write-up," he commented. "How do you know all this anyway? Clairvoyant?"

Jordan's thin lips parted in a grin.

"We of the press have our methods," he said. "Take it from me, Bill McPherson signed an I.O.U. for twenty thousand two nights ago. I got onto a fellow who was there at the time, and believe me he was so scared of being involved in the case that he laid bare his soul."

Carey seemed to accept this.

"But I've seen reporters with crack-brained theories before. If yours is no better, then. . ."

"It is, the reporter cut in. "Open and shut"—he gestured with quick nervous fingers—"like that. But I don't take it to Holroyd because it'll be the biggest scoop of the year. Listen." He took the paper from Carey's hands and read in quick, clipped accents.

"William McPherson, who inherited a million dollars at the death of his only surviving relative three years ago, was a close friend of the deceased. The police have as yet been unable to locate him. Miss

Janine Carter, McPherson's fiancee, will probably be questioned before tomorrow.

"Allen Cain, the murdered man, who figured in several prominent lawsuits in this and other states during the past decade, claimed to have both lost and won more money at a single card-game than any man living. One theory concerning the motive for the crime is that the murder was committed by a person or persons who had lost large sums to Cain and found themselves in desperate circumstances.

Jordan's voice was raised slightly, as he read a paragraph printed in striking bold-face. He punctuated his words with animated jabs of his free fore-finger.

"This theory is by no means the only one. When the police went over the dead man's effects they found no trace of an extremely valuable antique necklace, reported to have been in Cain's possession, and the motive of robbery is being seriously considered."

The rapid, crisply spoken words ceased. The rustle of the paper as Jordan refolded it was oddly magnified. Frowning, now uncertain, Carey ground his half-smoked cigarette-end beneath his heel. He had started to speak when the other cut him short.

"Was there any mention of the police finding that I.O.U.?"

Carey shook his graying head.

"Don't think so. Could've been hushed up. Would've been, if Holroyd had found it. Why?"

"Because," Jordan said levelly, "the killer couldn't get it when he did the job and will come back and try some other time. At least, if the elevator girl got there as quickly as she says she did. And if he didn't get it, I think he didn't have time."

"Bill McPherson," Carey mused. "Maybe. But that's not much to build a case on."

"Who wants to build a case!" Jordan dropped his cigarette onto the files and trod on it, continuing savagely: "If he tries it, we'll catch him red-handed, and no mouth-piece on earth'll be able to clear him. Sec, here's how I figure it. It was at least three minutes before anyone other than the elevator-girl got there. Those .22 pop-guns don't make so much noise, but if they get you in the right place—finished. McPherson could have done the disappearing act with ease, going either up or down stairs, and leaving without being noticed. The elevator operator leaves at eleven-thirty, so he only has to wait till some time after that, come along when things are quiet, and . . ."

Abruptly he ceased speaking. He gripped the other's sleeve, his dark face hard-lined.

"Hear that?" he demanded tersely.

Carey shook his head, his face strained. The fingers on his arm gripped tighter.

"Listen!"

A sudden icy sensation ran up his spine.

Seemingly out of eternity, breaking the crystal silence, came the measured tread of footsteps, ringing hollowly on the tiled floor beyond the end of the corridor, fading, dying. . .

The straight-backed chair scraped harshly on the tiles, as Carey heaved himself into a standing position. He seemed to shake his heavy shoulders.

"Don't be a fool," he said surlily. "There's no point in getting excited about nothing. Footsteps needn't mean anything."

Jordan relaxed. "No, I guess not," he said releasing pent-up breath with a rush. "Still. . ."

"I know, I know," Carey interrupted irritably, settling back again. "It all clicks. This necklace they talk about might make an additional motive, if the killer could get in. But this door's the only entrance. Except the windows. And only a fly could reach them. You'll have to explain that."

"I think I can. Skip it for the moment." Jordan dismissed the subject and went on: "Everything points one way. William McPherson had the motive—the I.O.U. for twenty thousand. He's made no attempt to disprove opportunity or prove an alibi. And, allowing that he didn't get away with the goods the first time, he certainly has reason to try again. And opportunity."

"Opportunity?" queried Carey.

"Sure." The reporter jerked a thumb at the other door located further down the passage and on the same side. "See that door? Opens into the apartment next to Cain's, number five eleven. Round towards the elevator there's another door, opening into the living room of the same apartment. Should McPherson get into 511 by means of that door, neither you nor I would know a thing about it. From five-eleven he could get into five-thirteen, ransack the place at his leisure — unless he happened to know specifically where the things are hidden. Simple as that — the almost perfect crime, just another gamble to a man like McPherson, with the stakes a little higher than usual. The police would know, everyone would know, but he'd skip the country, disappear before the police even started to look for him in earnest. Don't you see," he continued excitedly, "that to McPherson it'd be the hundredth time he was risking his neck? Don't you see he's just the one to carry it out? Maybe he's got the Carter girl helping him. Why, just a little nerve. . ."

Carey, listening to the reporter's excited recital, was never able to decide just at what point of the discourse it was that the other sound broke through to his consciousness. It seemed to have been hammering insistently at his brain for some time before the realization came to him, both of its presence and meaning. For there could be only one meaning. . .

From behind the polished door of 513 came a sharp splintering sound, as of breaking wood. . .

Jordan's last words were lost on Carey. With an inarticulate grunt he lumbered to his feet, his rugged face a mask of complete, uncomprehending surprise.

"Listen," he gasped. "Jordan, there's someone in that apartment!"

He fumbled at his pocket, as he delved for the key. He found it, slipped it into the key-hole, and flung the door open recklessly. From behind them the corridor lights flung a wedge of yellow into the darkened room. He felt blindly for the switch and clicked it on. Light flooded the room.

In a single all-embracing glance they took in the details, — the well-polished wood-work, the rugs, the expensive furniture, the heavy desk in the far corner. On their right was a door. Carey dashed towards it and flung it open. Indistinctly, he made out the appointments of a bedroom.

"The closet!" he cried. "It must back onto one in five-eleven. Only a thin wooden partition—!"

Before him was a built-in wardrobe. He wrenched it open furiously. A man's clothes — he pushed them aside, and saw the broken, splintered remains of the back of the closet. And behind it, emptiness. . .

"Almost forced through," he shouted. "Given up and gone. He won't get far, though. I'll get the whole city on his heels. . ."

Carey retraced his steps, his face flushed and wild, just in time to see the front door closing. A newcomer stood with his back to the door.

"That won't be necessary," he rapped. "You—" to Jordan, "keep away from that desk."

Jordan had whirled where he stood by the open and littered desk, and now stared at the stranger. The latter was tallish, lean, rock-like, and had appeared in their midst so silently that the closing of the door had been their first intimation of his presence. He gripped a small automatic in one hand.

"McPherson!" burst out Carey.

The newcomer grinned mirthlessly.

"So he really fooled you, did he?" he asked. "A neat little plan, the main idea being to convince you he was Mark Jordan for just long enough to make you swallow his cock-and-bull tale about expecting McPherson to break in from the next apartment. Then, when Janine Carter started to break in the closet wall, you considered it confirmation of his 'theory' and let him in yourself. That was all it was meant to do, this plan of his. Just to have you let him in so that he could have a couple of minutes in Cain's rooms undisturbed."

A disordered jumble of seemingly disconnected facts, which had been whirling about the bewildered Carey's brain suddenly began to drop into place, like a miraculously assembled jig-saw puzzle. The "reporter's" early arrival . . . His apparently clairvoyant knowledge of the case. . . The manner in which he

had disregarded the possibility of the complete success of the killer's first venture. . . All formed a perfect pattern of sheer nerve and bare-faced effrontery that not one man in a million could have either devised or carried out. Suddenly he saw it all.

"A neat little plan, because it persuaded the Law to unlock the door," the new arrival went on. "Neat, because it sent the Law out on a wild-goose chase when the criminal was in here all the time. And because it used *my* name and *my* write-up as a blind.

I'm Mark Jordan." His automatic moved suggestively. "I wouldn't try a getaway, McPherson. We want a trial, not another inquest. Move away from the desk, and keep your hands off that camera case. I'm phoning the police."

Then he relaxed slightly, and, "What's the bet that Mr. McPherson's camera case really contains a .22 Smith and Wesson?" he asked.

Gerald Pearce, '48.

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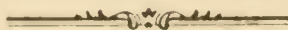
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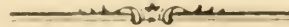
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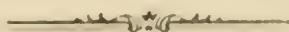
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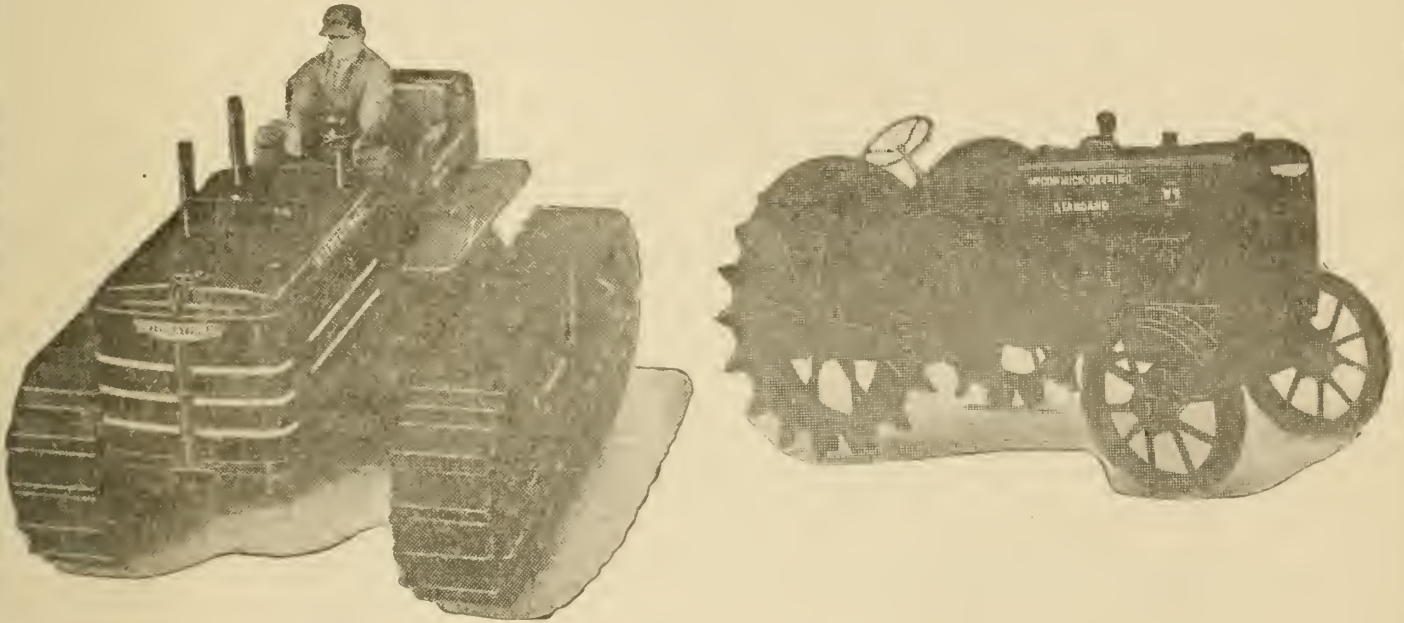
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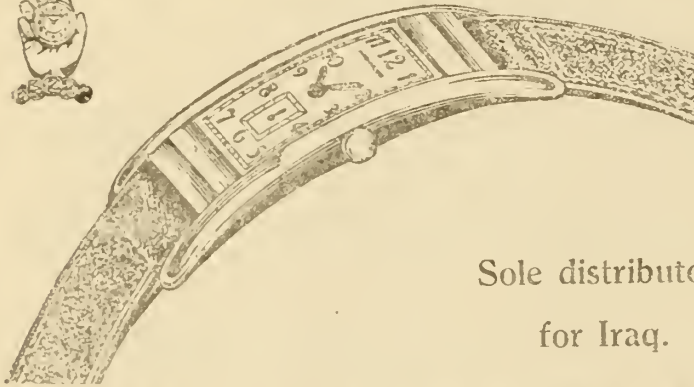
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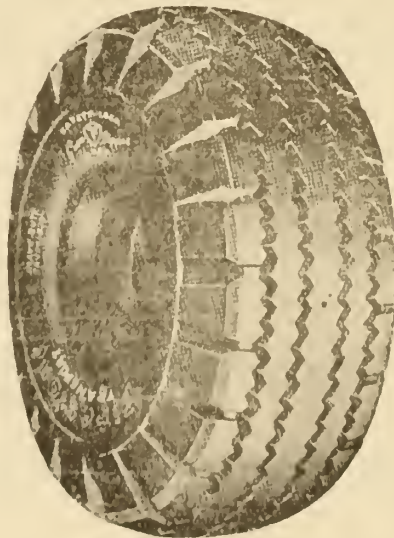
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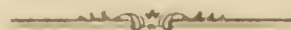
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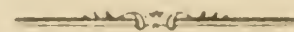


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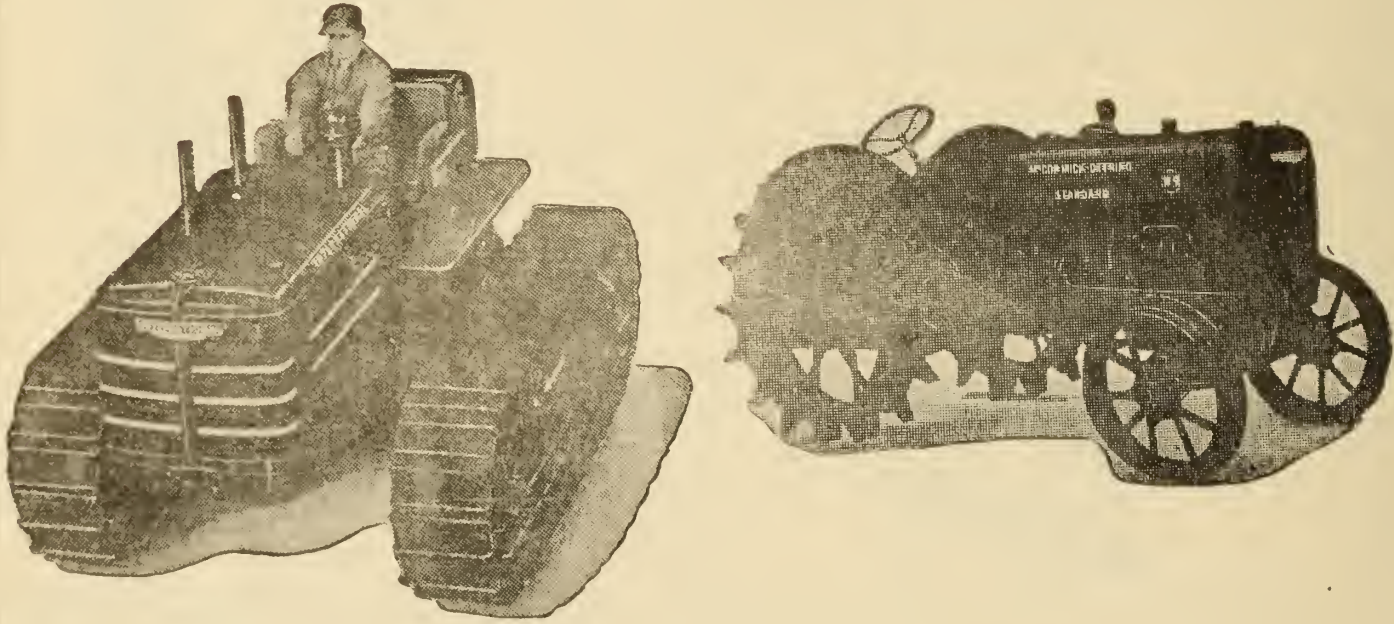
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دراجات بخارية ودراجات آلية مختلفة	—	اكسلسيور موتور
قاتل الحشرات د . د . ت . الاصلى	—	شركة سبتسايد د . د . ت .
مكائن للقناني ومضخات زيت	—	هيوارد تيلر وشركاؤه
معدات وادوات وآلات للمستشفيات	—	اسوشيتيد هوسيتال اكويمينت
معامل للادوات الكهربائية	—	يارتريج ويلسن وشركاؤه

وعدد آخر من الشركات المختلفة

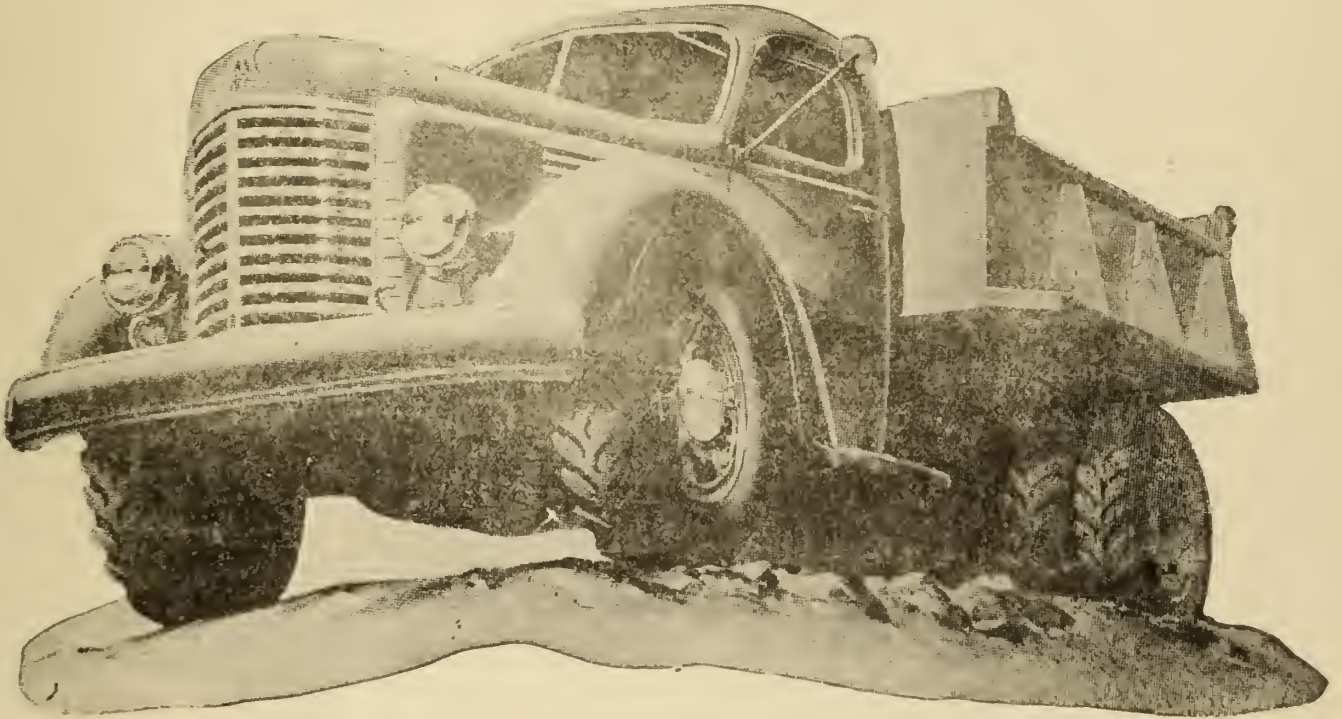
لدى الشركة معمل لتصليح السيارات على آخر طرز وهو الوحيد من نوعه فى العراق اذ يحتوى على مختلف الالات والادوات الحديثة للغسل والتشحيم والتصليح تحت اشراف الشركة المباشر وقد وضع المعمل فى خدمة كل من يقتنى سيارتنا ويحق له التمتع بالفوائد التالية :-

- ١- غسل السيارة وتشحيمها وتصليحها مجاناً لمدة سنة كاملة
- ٢- تبديل الادوات العاطلة بادوات جديدة مجاناً لسنة كاملة
- ٣- التأمين ضد عموم الحوادث والاطار لمدة سنة كاملة مجاناً.

يرجع الى متانتها
وقلة صرفياتها



ان رواج لوريات
انترناشنل



اذا ترغ السرعة ، الاعتماد ، والاقتصاد الوفير في اعمال النقل الشاقة

اقتن لوريات انترناشنل

الموزعون الوحيدون في العراق

منشى مشعل وشركاه (العراق)

شارع الرشيد بغداد

غراف - مشعل

فون - ٦٣٩٧ و ٥٨٨٤

تل

الصف الاول المتوسط

شعبة (أ)

احمد عبد الوهاب النقيب
 اكرم يوسف عبو
 اسعد محمد عبد الحسين
 آرام اكوب موفسيسيان
 بهجت اسكندر ججوني
 بديع يونان جرجس
 ادور بطرس جورج
 ادور نعيم قسيرة
 فائق عبد الكريم صائغ
 فاروق عبد الوهاب الادهمي
 فتح الله اسكندر الخوري
 فزاد زيا اورو
 جورج دانييل كساب
 جورج كامل رزوق
 جورج نعمو سـ و
 جورج رزوق توما جلاتا
 غالب يوسف بنى
 حنا بطرس عيسى
 حكمت شوكت يونان
 جوزيف بولص جوزيف
 مهدي سوادى العبادى
 مصطفى محسن مهدي
 ناجى رؤوف حداد
 نجيب هرمز عبو
 نوثيل يوسف بشورى
 فليلب بطرس يوسف
 صبيح يوسف رسام
 شوقى يوسف بكى
 مصطفى اسماعيل شمشل
 فاروق فرج الهماوندى

فوزى الياس صرافة

فؤاد ميخائيل اودو

جورج بطرس ايليا

عزة داود عبو

جلال يوسف تلو

جوزيف جورج اواديسيان

كامل حبيب كوركيس

ميشيل ريمون بصراوى

منعم ابراهيم نعمان

مصطفى ماجد مصطفي

نجداد يوسف سكمـن

نوبار نيشان بشتيكيان

اوانيس اواك شامليان

بوبكين كريكور هوفسايبان

رمزى عبد الله نعمو

صباح جورج بكيو

سامى رزوق ميخائيل

صباح شاكر عتيشا

سامى ناجى النجار

شليمون ايشموه صارة شمعون

ستانلى لويس دى سوزا

طلال عبد الهادى الجلبى

عصام نورى القاضى

زيد جعفر حمندى

زهير جبرائيل قرانجى

للذكرى



كامل حبيب كوركيس

توفى فى كانون الثانى

سنة ١٩٤٦

ليرقد بسلام

الصف الاول المتوسط

شعبة (ج)

عبد الرحمن ضياء بك شريف
 عبد الرحمن الجابى
 اديب امين قيردار
 عادل حميد الشالجي
 عفيف يوسف عيسى
 البير يعقوب حبوش
 امجد توماس توما
 آرتين كره كين سهاكيان
 اسعد ميخائيل حنا الشيخ
 بهجت حنا كلو
 ادور ليون زارسيان
 فائق توفيق تابـد
 فريد فرج جرجس
 فريد جرجس الخورى
 فاروق سعيد الراشدى
 فيليكس شاكر كوربا
 جورج عزيز داود
 غانم زيا توما
 جوزيف انطون اواكيم
 جوزيف سليم توماس
 خالد بشير الخضرى
 خليل منصور توما
 ناظم صبحى سلومى
 نزيه انطون بطرس نزيه
 نزار سلمان جويدة
 اوهان مسيح كيركيريان
 رياض توفيق الدباس
 شكيب على غالب

الصف الاول المتوسط

شعبة (د)

عبد الملك على السهيل

ارام سمرجيان كراييت

عطا الله رشيد مرزا

بهام سليمان ميخائيل

فالح زكى حنظل

ساموئيل بوغوص اصاريان
 سموئيل بنوئيل صخريا
 عصام صبرى طعيمة
 فاركييس ليون بالانجيان
 وارتان اوانيس اوانيسيان
 زاوين يعقوب سيمونيان
 زهير صبيح نجيب العزى
 زوهراب ارستاكيس مينشيان

الصف الاول المتوسط

شعبة (ب)

عبد الكريم حداد
 ارمين هارتيون ميرزيايان
 كارلو اميل تونيتى
 كارلو هارتيون درامريان
 سرييل بهجت مارو
 ادمون طويبا توينى
 فريد شمعون كلى
 فتح الله سليم نونى
 كارابيت هاكوب ابراهيميان
 حامد توفيق الكيلانى
 حكمت نجيب سنوم
 جوزيف اسرائيل كشمشيان
 خالد خليل المصطفى
 كوركيس منصور مخاى
 مهدى عبد الرزاق
 محمود احمد عثمان
 ماروك اوهان ماروك
 موريس ارثر جونسن
 موريس يوسف فرنسيس
 بوئيل نعوم عبد الرحيم
 يوبار همبرسوم بيلريان
 ريمون اسكندر هنرى
 صباح ميشيل الخورى
 سليم الياس انطون
 طلال جلال العزاوى
 عصام عبد الله العبايجى
 وارتان اصادور توماسيان
 وسيم جورج حيقارى
 نغيا هاكوب ناكاسيان
 يروانت بدرى مختاريان
 فؤاد امين بطرس

فريد ميخائيل شينا
 فريد عيسى قصير
 حسين بلاسم الياسين
 لؤى نورى القاضى
 مهدى بلاسم الياسين
 ميخائيل انطون كوركيس
 نجيب زيا بهورا
 نزار ماجد مصطفى
 رمزى توماس جابرو
 رمزى ميخائيل مروكى
 روكس منصور شمعون
 سليم انطون طليبا
 طاهر ناجى النجار
 طويبا شمو تجار
 فكتور سليمان ناسى
 وديع داود عجو
 يعقوب يوسف توما
 يعقوب بول بولاكن

الصف الاول المتوسط

شعبة (ا)

الفريد نجيب شكورى
 البير بولص كوكى
 انسلم سيرل برى
 انطوان الكسندر شيرنيان
 انطوان كازبار بوغوصيان
 انور ناصر شمعون
 باسل كامل الجادرجى
 ادمون بدروس بدروسيان
 ادمون عبد الله رسام
 هايك كيروب كورديكيان
 هارتيون دكران داغليان
 هارتيون ساموئيل لاجنيان
 هراير ستيفان هوفناتيان
 جاك مهران دردرريان
 خاچيك همبرسوم آتشيان
 مساك سركيس كوتونيان
 مودى بورى فتاح
 سيف يوارش ابراهيم
 اولفى ليون منكسريان
 ريجارد جرد بيرس
 سعد هاشم الوترى

صائب بشير مرزا
 ساموئيل ميخائيل رومايا
 نونى توماس انكرلى

الصف الثانى المتوسط

شعبة (ج)

البير شكورى غسالى
 كلود غفريل مكرينه
 ادور حنا عجو
 الياس توما خانمى
 فاروق نجم الدين النقيب
 فاروق اميل بزوعى
 فرنسيس اسحق مير عزيز
 فريدريك البير سكويره
 فؤاد جورج نصورى
 جورج جورج يونان
 هارتيون بوغوص باليان
 مارولد جارلس نيل
 جوزيف ادور رحمانى
 جوزيف عمانوئيل فكتور
 كنعان عبد الله عونى
 كوركيس عبد الاحد كوركيس
 معان عز الدين شريف
 معين سليم حسون
 مير ابراهيم فتوحى
 موفق محمود شوقى الحمدانى
 نصرت توفيق لطفى منصور
 رمزى سعد الله قندلا
 سليم داود سيسى
 سامى يوسف اندريا
 سامى بطرس دواف
 سارى توفيق وهبى
 حسين يوسف جاني
 مكور نعم حداد
 وسيم يونس ظافر الزهاوى
 وليد جميل نبهان

الصف الثانى المتوسط

شعبة (د)

عادل نورى الارفلى
 اسعد توماس توما

حكمت حبيب يوسف
جون بابتست كندی
جوزيف بهجت عزاوی
جوزيف يعقوب بوراجی
ناهض يوسف لوقا
باتريك انطون روى
بول عمانوئيل بول
برسى البير سكويرا
سعيد صليبا قزانجى
سليم ابراهيم عقراوى
سامى ليون بشارة
سامى يوسف كلى
أسامة البير نيس

الصف الثاني المتوسط

شعبة (ب)

ابراهيم اغوب ابراهاميان
عدنان نصرى ميخائيل الماصيان
البير عزيز عبو
البير جوزيف اندراوس
البير توفيق ابراهيم
انور فهقى المدرس
بيباك حميد جاف
دكران كيوارك غاربييان
ادور البير سكويرا
فاضل حنا عربو
فؤاد منصور بنى
غانم يعقوب وكيل
غالب جعفر الشيبى
جلير نعموم عزو
هايك تاديوس بوستانيان
حبرائيل ميخائيل رومايا
كمال عبد الاحد نعمو
خلدون درويش لطفى
كيورك واهان مزادوريان
لويس داود مراد
منير انور خياط
مصطفى حميد جاف
موفق عزيز صرافة
رار سميد باقر الحسينى
رسعة صبحى الطائى
صادق باقر الشيبى

امجد افرام قطة
دكلس ادور وولتن
فوزى صليبا قزانجى
فرنك سليم موسى توما
جورج هنرى لمزدن
هنرى هنرى لمزدن
يعقوب يوسف عبو
جاكوب آرام بصمجي
جمال كركوكلى احمد اغا
جرير اسطيفان هوفنانيان
جوزيف عبودى حنا الشيخ
جوزيف بطرس اوراها
جوزيف رفولى حنا الشيخ
جول عفيف عبوش
لؤى توفيق السويدى
نورى عزيز عبو
نورى انطون الياس
روبرت يوسف ايار
صائب امين العمري
سعيد اسطيفان ججوكا
سامى سدھم البغدادى
توماس شكورى توما
يرفانت ورتن جوليوس
ادون جوزيف نعمو

الصف الثاني المتوسط

شعبة (ا)

اديب مصطفى الصابونجى
الفريد عزرا بهارى
ارمان ناصر ايلو
آثر امبروسى كولاسو
برونو ميخائيل كيورو
كليمان هنرى غنام
كليمان تصورى انطون
دكلس انور موسى توما
ادمون ولتر سكويرة
كراييت اسرائيل كشمشيان
حورج نيكولا هاليكياس
حورج سيكانوف
هاكوب سيروب قنديران
هاكوب كيوارك نزاريتيان
هارتيون ارام تانليان

الصف الثالث المتوسط

شعبة (ب)

عبد الجبار مهدى صالح
اسكندر ارشاك كوتايانتس
الفريد شارلس رانكويست
بديع رفائيل بطى
باش يوسف عزالدين ابراهيم
كليمان شاكر مفاك
كلوفيس عزيز بطرس
فائق ميخائيل اودو
فريد يوسف اوفى
فاروق نورى فتاح
جورج نعموم عزو
حكمت متى جزراوى
جان عبد الله فرجو
جوزيف جبران ملكون
كمان رفائيل بطى
لؤى عزالدين شريف
مانوئيل جوزيف بطاح
محمد أمين محى الدين
نزار شاكر فهمى
ورى اواكيم انطون
بيرسى سيرل لينزديل
صباح صبرى البياتى
سامى بهجت اسكندر
سامى رؤوف توما
ساطع عزيز عبوش
شوكت حنا كلو
فاهية كراييت ملكونيان
فاركييس ناصيف درزى
وليم كامل جورج
يوسف اسماعيل ابراهيم
يوسف بطرس نعلو

الصف الثالث المتوسط

شعبة (ج)

عباس خلف الزبيدى
عبد الستار البحرانى
عدنان رجب النعمة
آثر ناصر يوحنا

جدول باسماء الطلاب

لسنة ١٩٤٥ - ١٩٤٦

ملكون جبران ملكون
ملكون كراييت ملكونيان
نجاه ادور تريزيا
اوانيس يرفانت كاييكيان
سعد جميل المدفعي
سامي سر كيس باكوس
وسام شوكت الزهاوي

الصف الثالث المتوسط

شعبة (ا)

ادولف بهجت فرج
اكرم زكي شاشا
علاء الدين سليم البحراني
اندرية يوسف اندريا
انطوان شوكت عبو
انطوان اوانيس ابيكيان
بابا اسحق مير عزيز
باركيف آغوب هوفسيبيان
برج اوانيس جوبانيان
كارل جورج كونوي
ادمون كايانو سلفيرا
جرالد الن بيرس
آغوب داود نازاريان
جاك يوسف بزوعي
جمال ليون بشارة
خالد عبد الله برصوم
ماسيس اسحق يتيريان
موريس ليونارد كورلندي
ماكسيم جبوري توماس
نزار حازم شمدين
نوئيل جون مفاك
نوبار كريكور استارجيان
رمزي يوسف هرمرز
ريموند نجيب شكوري
ساركن ايفان رستم
سيون كراييت اوهانيسيان
ففيان جول موسى
زهير جورج حيقاري

بيير جوزيف بحوشي
ريموند فكتور درويش
روحي ميخائيل تيسي
ملوان جمال بابان
سارجون جايروس ابراهيم
شاكر عبد الرحمن البدر
سوان جمال بابان
سمتاني بهجت مارو
سداد جلال بابان
سملن يوسف سر كيس
يوسف رؤوف اللوس

الصف الرابع الاعدادي

شعبة (ب)

عدنان صالح ابراهيم
عليم سليم حسون
انور شاؤل جبرائيل
انطوان اميل جبرائيل
آثر كريكور كاريان
آرتين يوسف اندريا
قسطنطين توما زوما
داود سليم سكر
فخرى محمد رحمة الله
فرنسيس بهجت فرج
فريدي داود ايزيكل
فؤاد مصطفي طه السلطان
كراييت تاتيوس بوستانيان
غانم ميخائيل رزوقي
حنا جورج حنا
عمرى لويس زبويدا
احسان صالح ابراهيم
بعقوب فيليب بليني
جون ليون منكريان
جوزيف ادور بشوري
جوزيف كايانو سلفيرا
جوزيف شفيق يونان
كمال سيد باقر الحسني

الصف الخامس الاعدادي

اديب رؤوف حطاب
البن نجيب قطة
بديع حبيب عجو
ادمون ناصر ايلو
كارييل عمانوئيل مالميس
جليير انور موسى توما
جان سلومي مارو
جان وديع نعيم
جوليوس نوياس شباس
سامي بيير لورنس
وداد اميل بزوعي
اسكندر اميل مسيح
اور اديب سعيد

الصف الرابع الاعدادي

شعبة (ا)

البيير ميخائيل حنا
البيير فتح الله توني
انترانيك نارسيس كاروشيان
آرشاك آغوب موسيسيان
بديع عمر نظمي
بهمان محمد صادق كاشي
بوغوص ينوك بوغوصيان
فائق فتح الله بنا
فؤاد الياس صرافة
جورج نعم رزوقي
غانم رزوقي ميخائيل
هادي عجيل السمرمد
جوزيف فضولي تيسي
خالد عيسى طه
مارشال جون فرناندس
مصباح ناجي الاصيل
فصي مصطفي التكرلي
باستور يوسف ماديك
بيتر داود عجو
بطرس يونانان بطرس

الأرض اعتل من عليها وانظفا بصيص الحياة. والامر نفسه يتجسم في قضية الصحف. فاذا روقت وكبت بالقيود، ووضعت امامها العقبات اصفرت وبدأت الحياة تغادرها فهي ليست بالصحف ما دامت سجينه الرقابة ورهينة الطغاة، بل هي جثة هامدة تتقاذفها شهوات الناقمين عليها، اعداء الوطن والبشرية.

ولو اعطينا الصحافة حريتها الكاملة، وجب على الكاتب ان يستعمل حريته بنزاهة ووجدان، واضعا امامه المثل العليا ومقتديا بضميره، غير مخل بسا هو الحق في منطوق الحياة، وما هو شريف في نظر الجميع. ففي هذه الساعات المثقلة يقف بعض حملة الأقلام في مفارق الطرق يعرضون ضمائرهم في سوق الغش والخداع غرض المبيع وينشرون افكارهم ويذللون انفسهم في سبيل مطاعمهم وشهواتهم. . . لقد اجرروا اقلامهم ولم يكن لهم من دوافع النفس والفكر والتربية، والدين ايضا، دافع واحد يردهم الى الصواب، ويفتح بصيرتهم على ضوء الحق المشرق، هؤلاء هم الذين اجرروا مستقبلهم بلقمة . . . واية لقمة . . . هم كالنقع السميك المتطاير حول المحور الدائر، لن يوقفوا الحركة المتدفقة ولكنهم تمويه الافكار وتشويه الزمن. فلم لا تنفضهم الايدي المسؤولة نفص القبار عن السجادة الثمينة.

اديب رؤوف حطاب

الطالب في الصف الخامس الاعدادي

تمسكنا في عمله، قادرا على انجازده احسن واقوم من الصحافة. فهي تكلل صفحاتها بالنقد الوفير، الغنى بمادته، النادر في جودته، يسعى وراء دفعها الى الطريق الحق او يرددها الى نور الحقيقة. وهي بمقالاتها العلمية والفلسفية، المختلفة في موضوعاتها، تضع الحجر الاساسي لبناء حضارة شامخة رفيعة. اذ انها تلفت نظر المصلحين الى ما هو صالح ويمكن فتحهم على اقتباسه وانجازده، او هي تفرض المقترحات القيمة فتتركهم يختارون منها. واذا نظرنا الى آخر زاوية من عالم الصحافة رأينا ان لها الفضل الاكبر في قيادة الشعب وشق طريقه في معترك الحياة، هي حياته والمدافعة عنه، هي رفيقه وجليسه، هي مدرسته واستاذة تكتب لغتها بأسلوب بسيط جدا لا غموض فيه، يفهمه الجميع، وبذلك تمهد السبيل للقضاء على غارات اللهجات العامية التي تهاجمها من كل حذب وصوب، فتؤدي واجبا وطنيا يستحق التقديس في رفع مستوى اللغة القومية.

نتيجة للقانون الطبيعي، طفقت الحرية تلعب دورا مهما في حياة الفرد، فلا قيود تكبله، فاصبحت الحرية الفكرية مباحة للجميع. واذا القينا نظرة اخيرة على الطبيعة، وجدنا الحرية تلعب دورا خطيرا في حياتها. فاذا وضعت سدا منيعا في وجه ينبوع ماء يبست الارض ومات من فيها. واذا حجبت الشمس عن وجه

هذا هو الكمال، هو اذن تضامن الروح مع الجسم لمقاومة الايام والعقبان. فمتى وجد افراد كاملون في مجتمع ما، عظم شأن ذلك البلد، وسما عاليا الى عروش المدنية الصادقة، والحضارة الناضجة وصار ينشد انغام السموات والكمال. فالامم ترتقى وتزهو بافرادها الكاملين العالمين، وتفخر بشخصياتها التي ادركت الكمال. فليجرب كل منا ان يربى عناصر الكمال، ويكمل النقصان في مملكة شخصه، اذ ان في ذلك ضمان السعادة الحقة، والعيش الهانئ اللطيف.

ادمون ناصر ايلو

الطالب في الصف الخامس الاعدادي

يجلس الانسان عابسا صامتا لجلب الهية لنفسه كما يظن البعض، بل عليه ان يوفق بين الحالات، ويكون له شيء من النكتة والظرافة. ولكن الحذر من المزاح الكثير، اذ ان المزاح يذهب بالمهابة. فالتوفيق بين الامور حسب الحالات والمناسبات مستحسن دائما، وخير الامور ابسطها.

صفات الكمال تحتاجها المرأة كالرجل، بل انها احوج اليها منه. فجمال المرأة رقتها ووقارها وحشمتها، فهي ان عرفت نفسها عظم قدرها عند الرجل وارتقت منزلتها عند الجميع فهي تحتاج الى الرزانة والهدوء واللطف. فجمالها ووقارها. واما الرجل فجماله قوته وارادته. فان قرر أن يفعل شيئا وجب فعله والا عد قليل الهمة والعزم.

أثر الصحافة في نهضات الشعوب والضمائم التي تربيتها لاداء رسالتها

ونفات الامل هي نعمة السماء ومهارة الارض. تكاد تكون مصدر الثقافة الاوحد اذ هي تتصل بكل طبقات الامة وتعنى بجميع نواحي الحياة وتبحث فيما يهم في الداخل والخارج من الافكار الحديثة والمبادئ والآراء وهي منبر الامة العام والمرآة التي انعكست ولا زالت تنعكس عليها حضارة الامم. هي المدرسة المتقلة التي يرتادها ابناء الشيخوخة وريا حين الطفولة تضم بين طيات قلبها ابناء الشعب المثقف. وهي بعملها هذا تربط أجزاء العالم المفككة وتدمج افكار الناس ببعضها.

من طبيعة الحياة وجود الرقيب الذي ينقد عمل الانسان وما يأتيه من خير ومن شر فالسماء كلفت بان تكون جاسوسا على الارض، فهي حالما ترى الارض وعطشها تأمر جيوش الغمام المحتشدة بالانسياب، فتَهطل غيثا غزيرا جامحا فلا بد والحالة هذه - للدولة او الحكومة من جاسوس يراقب اعمالها واخطاها فينقدها ويحتمها على الطريق الصواب، ويكشف عن عيوب الامة فيرسم لها اقوم السبل. فلا نعرف جاسوسا

الصحافة وما هي؟ امل الشعوب وبهجة الامم، نشاط العقول وبراعة الافكار. يمينا وشمالا، شرقا وغربا، أينما تجول بنظرك ترى الوفاء، بل وملايين من النسخ تنتشر في محتشدات الازقة والطرفات انتشار الماء بين ذرات التراب، بل ترى عالما من الورق غفيرا يتدفق من ينبوع الابتكار، يسيل وفي احسنائه در مكنون. يتدفق من ينبوع ابدى عذب لا ينضب، سائرا في طريق واسعة لا نهاية لها، مجتازا السهول والقلوات، تاركا خريرا هينا عذبا تتلاقفه الاسماع وتكرره الافواد. تلك هي اشودة الصحافة.

ما هذه السيول المتدفقة ما غايتها واين تذهب ترى اتسلم ان الله ما اوجد الينبوع الا ليدر بمائة ليل نهار من غير غاية؟ لكل شيء في الطبيعة مبدؤ وغايته: لا تمطر السماء الا لتروي الارض ولا تطلع الشمس الا لتير وجه المعمورة. الصحافة هي غيث السماء يرسله سيد الطبيعة وخالقها عزوجل كي يروي به عقول بني الانسان والبايهم. هي شمس الصباح تبعث في نفوس الخلائق حرارة السموات

متبعا مجرى الحوادث التاريخية الحاضرة، إذ إن كل هذه المعارف تكسبه ثقة بنفسه وتشعره بلذة الحياة، وتساعده على التكلم بطلاقة في مجالس الكلام والاحاديث، فلا يكون مستمعا فقط بل محدثا متكلما. فإن اتحد العلم وسرعة المخيلة عرف الانسان كيف يدير لطيف الاحاديث ومؤنس الكلام فتصبح مجالسته إذ ذاك مرغوبا فيها ويكون محبوبا لدى الكثيرين.

العلم الناضج يسهل على الانسان مهمة التفكير الصحيح. فالتعلم يحسن التفكير في امور حياته، ويبدع في وضع الخطط لعيشه المستقر، وفي حل المشكلات، وتقسيم الوقت حسب مقتضياته، وبكلمة انه يرتقى عاليا في مضمار الحياة. فسعادة المرء مرتكزة على حسن تديره وادارة شؤونه. ولكن ليس العلم كفيل النظام. فهناك من يعرف الحقيقة ويدير ظهره لها، اما لصعوبة ادائها او لاستهتاره بها. فكل ما ينقص مثل هؤلاء هو العزم والهمة، الشجاعة والاقدام، تلكم الدوافع التي تدير الانسان في حياته، تلكم القوى التي لاتخور امام الصعاب والعقبات، بل التي تكتسح ما يعترضها من صحور الدهر ولذعات الايام. فمن تنقصه مثل هذه الدوافع والمواهب، ليجرب ان ينميها في نفسه والا لا فائدة من دخوله معركة الحياة بدون هذا السلاح الماضي. فهو غير كامل بدونها ولن يصل درجة الكمال ما دام فقيرا اليها.

الانسان اجتماعي. فكماله يظهر بمراعاة قواعد العرف الاجتماعية. تظهر صفات الشخصية عادة في المخالطات والمجالسات. واخلاق المرء تعرف من تصرفاته مع الآخرين. فطريقة سلامة وتحياته، وجلوسه وادبه على مائدة الطعام والاقداح، كلها تنبئ عن اخلاقه. فعلى المرء ان يحافظ على الآداب العامة ويكون مثال الحشمة والوقار. فاذا تكلم في مجلس فليكن كلامه ممتعا خاصا بالمناسبة التي هو فيها خاليا من الطعن والافتراء والانتقادات الكثيرة لعيوب الناس. إذ إن هذه الزلات تقلل من قيمة الشخص الاجتماعية. ويستحسن ان يكون الكلام مفيدا ولا اعنى ان

وبما ان السواعد والعضلات لا تبدو للعيان عارية، فيجب الاهتمام بما يغطيها. فهندام المرء يزيد في كماله ويجلب له تقدير الآخرين. ولا اعنى ان من الحكمة ان يفرط الانسان في تبذير دراهمه لشراء احسن الحلل وافخرها. فبزة بسيطة نظيفة انيقة المنظر تكفي لستر الانسان. بل المهم ان تكون الثياب نظيفة وكفى. هذا من جهة الرجال. اما النساء فاخشى اتورط في ابداء رأيي في لباسهن. فسلامة الانسان في حفظ اللسان. ولا يخفى ان جزءا من الهوية الشخصية يأتي من اللباس والجسم عامة ويحب الناس عادة التقرب الى الانيق والتودد له. بينما يتعدون عن رث الثياب، وسخ الجسم، كراهه الرائحة. ولكن الجسم يكون قسما من الشخصية لا كلها. فالانسان روح كذلك. روح قوامه التفكير والارادة واساسه الاخلاق والنفسيات، عماده العادات والتصرفات. فليس الجسم وحده مقياس الانسان، ليست الاناقة والمظهر الخارجي مقياس الرجل، سبق ان مقياسه هو عقله وتفكيره نفسه وطبيعته. فما كل الذين لبسوا افخر الثياب بكاملين، ولا كل الذين ابتاعوا الحلى وكل غال يدركون معنى الكمال. فان الروح والقوى العقلية تكون الشخصية المعنوية وتكمل المرء اساسا، اما باقى الاشياء فهي قشور تغطي، كما تغطي قشور البصلة لبها.

كل من له شيء من قوة التفكير يدرك ان كيان الانسان يقوم على الروح والعلم. فالعلم يصعد بالمرء الى الأعالى، ويكشف له الاسرار ويفسر له العجائب والغرائب. العلم يدل على حقيقة وجوده وحقيقة نفسه، يشرح له الطبيعة وما فيها، ويعلمه طرق استخدام القوى الكامنة في بواطنها واعاليها. فمتى ما عرف الانسان كثيرا اصبح تفكيره واسعا ممتدا، مبنيا على اساس الادراك والتفسير. العلم يفرق الانسان عن الحيوان الاعجم. ويبث في النفس ثقة ملؤها اللذة. من منا ينكر لذة القراءة؟ اليس الكتاب انيس الجليس ساعة الفراغ فالعلم اذن يكمل الانسان وينير حياته.

الانسان الكامل يكون عادة ملما الماما بسيطا بما حوله من الحقائق علما بما يحدث من جديد على وجه الارض،

العلاج. وكما انه لا يرتجى الشفاء لكل مريض كذلك الحالة مع اصحاب الازواق الفاسدة وامام هولاء ابواب كثيرة يستطيعون طرقها لاصلاح اعواجاجهم في الازواق كآبالمهم على الفنون الجميلة من رسم وموسيقى واطلاعمهم على الادب من شعر وثر لتنمو عندهم ملكة الجمال.

قسطنطين زوما

الطالب في الصف الرابع الاعدادي

كذلك للجمال طرفان هما الحب والبغض ويستحسن البعض ان يرى الادغال تنمو في حدائقه بدل الازهار ويطرب لزقزقة عصفور مثلما يطرب لاغاريد بلبل ويستلذ باكله الحصرم كأكله الرطب ويرحب بمقدم الخريف والظلام ترحيبه بمجىء الربيع والصبح ويفضل شعر العصر المظلم على شعر العصر الحديث او العباسي. فما هولاء الا اصحاب الازواق المريضة والافهام السقيمة وهم بحاجة الى معالجة اذواقهم وتعهدها بالعناية والتهديب كحاجة المريض الى

الكمال

القوى الروحية في الانسان. فمتى وجد عقل سليم في جسم سليم قلنا ان صاحبه كامل الى حد ما اذ ليس الانسان اثر الكمال في حياة الفرد عظيم فهو يعيش سليم الجسم معافى هائثا. لا تكدر صفو عيشه الامراض والعاهات بينما يشقى الضعيف ويقضى عمره معذبا سقيما. فطيب الحياة للشخص العالم المهذب اذ انه يحسن ادارة شؤونه وتحصيل مقامه العالي بين الناس سريعا بواسطة علمه وسمو معاملاته. فكيف يتصرف المرء اذن تجاه جسمه وعقله ليصبح كاملا. الكمال الجسمي يدور كله حول مركز الصحة والعافية فمتى راعى المرء شروط الصحة كلها ترى جسمه معصوما من الغلطات والزلات.

يقوى وينتصب ويصد عدوان الامراض. والغذاء مثلا عامل مهم لبناء الجسم، يجب الاهتمام باصوله. والرياضة والتمارين البدنية والمشي والهواء الطلق والتور، كلها تجلب الحمرة الى الحدين وتكون الجمال الطبيعي الذي تعجز عن قهره او محاركاته المساحق والاصباغ ويجب ان لا يفوتنا ان الجسم آلة دقيقة يجب حفظ توازنها فما ان هناك الجسم بالاشغال والاعمال الشاقة رياضة تفيد، انما ينحط الانسان ويستهلك قواه، فعليه الوسط والتوفيق. والبدن السليم يزيد في الكمال ويساعد في تكوين الشخصية المعنوية.

يولد الانسان فطريا كباقي الحيوانات، انما يختلف عنها بقدرته والارتقاء من درجة الحيوان الى مقام خاص به. فهو ينمو جسما، ويرتقى تفكيره وارادة، ويتميز بصفاته وعاداته عن باقي المخلوقات لانه خلق ليكون سيد الطبيعة كلها. فجميع ابناء آدم يولدون على نمط واحد، وينمون جسما وعقلا على طريقة واحدة. فكلهم تخشن عظامهم وتقوى عضلاتهم. كلهم يأكلون ويشربون، وكلهم يميزون الخير من الشر، فلا فرق بين شخص في مشارق الارض، وآخر في مغاربها من هذه الناحية.

بيد ان الناس اشكال والوان. فهناك السمين المتين، وهناك الضعيف النحيف. هذا قوى البنية مقتول الساعد، وذاك هزيل يلتوى لسقمه. بعض الناس علماء يفكرون وبعضهم جهلاء لا يفكرون. بعضهم كريم مهذب، وبعضهم خشن الاخلاق قبيحها. فالتفاوت كما يبدو نوعان جسمي وعقلي او روعي عامة. فسلم الجسم والعقل وطيب العادات ودمت الاخلاق يتميز عن ضده بكونه كاملا، اي انه فهم معنى الكمال، وقدره حق قدره فقام بتأديته واتقانه حتى علا بشخصه الى مقام سام.

الكمال، وما معنى الكمال؟ هو لا ريب حفظ التوازن الجسمي العقلي اي حفظ البدن من المرض والاختلال وتنمية

مهما كان لونها فهي عندهم حياة جدية ابدا تستحق العمل والكد.

وبالنظر ما لتلك الرحلات من فوائد جمعة نرى الامم الناهضة تهتم بها كثيرا وتوليها بالغ العناية فشعارها «علم قيل وتجارب كثير». ففي الصباح الباكر وخلال الضباب الشفاف الذي يكتنف الخريف الانكليزي ، وفي خضرة الربيع بل وفي اى فصل من فصول السنة واحوال الطقس المختلفة يرى المشاهد جماعات صغيرة من الفتيات والفتيان يتزهون سيرا على الاقدام وعلى الدراجات الهوائية وهم مرتدون الالبسة القصيرة وحاملون حقائبهم فوق ظهورهم ان هذه الجماعات الصغيرة مؤلفة من صغار العمال والعاملات وطلاب من الاحداث الذين يجدون اعظم السرور في مشاهدة جمال الطبيعة والتعرف على المحيط الذي يعيشون فيه عن قرب.

فاذا كنا نريد ان تكون نفوسنا افضل وامسى وان تكون معلوماتنا اتم وصحتنا احسن واقوم، فلنبدا بالاكثار من الرحلات المدرسية لنجعل حياتنا جدية نشيطة.

جليبر انور توما

الطالب فى الصف الخامس الاعدادى

الراقية . لا بل يعمل عن منافستها والتفوق عليها.

وبعد فان الرحلات المدرسية تربي عناصر الرجولة فى الانسان لانها تغرس فيه كثيرا من الفضائل العملية كالاعتماد على النفس والصبر واحتمال المشقات والتعاون والتضحية والثبات . فالاعتماد على النفس يربي رجالا اقويا ، حقيقيين لا اسماكا تسبح هنا وهناك رجالا متمنى الاساس حاذقين يستقلون برايتهم . فنحن الان بحاجة الى رجال يدرسون احوالنا واطوانا ويمحون الجهالات والنواقص من الهيئة الاجتماعية ويتبعون ما يلقيه عليهم عقلهم الحى وضميرهم الوعى .

قال امرسن «اتكل على نفسك تر كل قلب يهتز امام هذه القوة الحديدية» .

اما الثبات فى الراى وتسديد العزيمة فهما الحد الفاصل بين الوضيع والرفيع والعظيم والحقير والجبان والشجاع . ومن اراد ان يكون ذا شخصية قوية يجب ان لا يخضع لمبولة واهوائه بل يحكم عقله وتفكيره . وهذا ما يحملنى على الاعتقاد بان الاطفال الذين يترععون وفيهم الفضائل الآتفة الذكر لا يهابون الموت ولا يخشون غوائل الحياة ولا ينظرون الى الموت نظرة الخوف ولا يستهزئون بالحياة

الجمال كما يجب ان نراه

ما كانت الطبيعة جميلة الا للتناسق بين مناظرها، وما كان صوت الموسيقى عذبا الا لتناسب انغامها، وما اعجبتنا الفن الا لكونه آية فى الرونق والبهاء . فالتناسب اذن هو الجمال، وهو يختلف باختلاف مصادره وليس له قاعدة ثابتة معينة . فالتناسب فى العلوم غيره فى الفنون، وتناسب المراتب غيره فى المسموعات، ولكننا نستطيع ان نميز الجميل من القبيح ما دامت لنا اذواق سليمة تميل الى ما يرضيها ويفريها وتنفرد مما يزعجها ويؤذيها . وكما ان لكل شىء طرفين

الانسان وماله من اعضاء، والحيوان وما يدور حوله، والشجر واثماره، والسماء وافلاكها، كلها تتركب من اجزاء واقسام صغيرة تتحد فيما بينها لتكون لنا مخلوقات كاملة ملموسة فياتى بعضها جميلا وبعضها دميما . وليس الجمال الا التناسب بين تلك الاعضاء وملاءمة بعضها لبعض .

لولا الجمال فى الزهرة لما هام بها الشاعر، ولا بهت لرؤياها الناظر . الجمال هو الظاهر فى كمال المخلوقات، الموحى للشعراء، والمعلم للفنانين .

وسيخالف في فلسفته جميع الفلاسفة الاقدمين وبذلك سيخلد له اسما في التاريخ.

جليبر أنور موسى توما - سيكون من رجال المغامرات وستكون حياته كلها جهادا ونضالا.

جان وديع نعيم - سيتقلب في الوظائف ولكنه سيمرر عليها ويزهده في الدنيا اخيرا ويذهب الى حيث لا اعلم.

جوليوس شاباس - سيؤلف حزبا ويترأس هذا الحزب مدة طويلة يحاول خلالها ان يقوم بعدة ثورات ولكنه سوف لا يلاقى النجاح ابدا.

سامي بير لورنس - سيسطع نجمه في عالم الكيمياء.

وداد اميل بزوعى - سيصبح فنانا بارعا ومهندسا قديرا وهو الذى سيرسم خارطة «جامعة بغداد» بعد مدة ليست بطويلة.

جان مارو

الطالب فى الصف الخامس الاعدادى

أديب رؤوف حطاب - سيصبح طبيبا ماهرا وسيكتشف العلاج لأكثريه الامراض المستعصية التى لم يتوصل الطب الى علاج لها للان.

أسكندر اميل مسيح - سيصبح تاجرا ولكن مع الاسف سيعلن افلاسه عاجلا او آجلا.

ألن نجيب قطة - سيصبح تاجرا كبيرا وسيشتهر اسمه وتضرب به الامثال.

أنور سعيد أديب - سيتولى منصبا كبيرا وسيكون سفيرا للعراق فى المملكة الايرانية.

بديع حبيب عجو - سيؤلف حزبا سياسيا فى العراق وسيكون هذا الحزب سببا لنفيه او اعتقاله.

ادمون ناصر ايلو - سيصبح لغويا قديرا وسينتخب عضوا فى المجمع اللغوى ثم يتولى رئاسة المجمع بعد ذلك.

كابريئيل عمانوئيل ماليدس - سيصبح فيلسوفا بارعا

أثر الرحلات المدرسية فى حياة الطالب

ضرورى لا بد منه والرحلات من خير الوسائل التى تساعد الطالب فى تطبيق علومه تطبيقا عمليا دقيقا.

والرحلات نوعان، داخلية وخارجية، فالرحلات الداخلية تمكن الطالب من دراسة المحيط دراسة عملية وتجعله خيرا بنهضة بلاده ودرجة رقيها وتمدنها وبما فيها من حسنات وعيوب، حتى اذا ما خاض الحياة العملية فى المستقبل عمل على اصلاح الفاسد وتقويم المعوج واكمال الناقص.

اما الرحلات الخارجية فتجعل الطالب يتصل بابناء الامم الاخرى ويتصرف على نظم الحياة عندهم وطرق معيشتهم درجة رقيهم بالنسبة لبلاده وما عندهم من فضائل وآثار ليجعل بلاده فى جميع هذه الابواب تسير الامم

تعد الرحلات المدرسية اليوم عنصرا هاما من عناصر التربية والتعليم. لانها تثقف العقل ثقافة عملية بدنية عقلية وادبية وتغرس فى النفس الاخلاق الحسنة. كثيرا ما نهمل هذه الكلمة ونجعلها فى زاوية النسيان بالرغم من ان الفضائل والاخلاق الرفيعة هى التى تكون الرجل والمرأة.

فالرحلات جسر بين الحياة المدرسية النظرية وبين الحياة العملية. تتحدث غالبا الى كبار الادمغة بواسطة الكتب التى ندرسها نظريا والتى تحوى الكثير من المعلومات وقد اصبحت فى الاونة الاخيرة فى متناول كل منا. وبها يكلمنا اعظم الرجال ويدلون بآرائهم البناء. فلنشكر الله لانه منحنا الكتب التى قربت لنا البعيد وحفظت لنا تراث الاجيال الفكرى ولكن تطبيق ما درسناه من العلوم فى المدارس امر

وإذا طالعنا الحقل الرياضي في الجريدة فسنجد أن سباق الطائرات قد أسفر عن أوليه طيار هولندي قطع آلاف الأميال في الساعة. وأن فريق جامعة بغداد قد نازل فريق جامعة فاروق في الاسكندرية وقد حضر النزال ثمانون الف رجل.

وستذكر الصحيفة أيضا ان شابا في المانيا ادعى انه حفيد هتلر وقد جمع حوله الملايين من الناس ولكن الحكومة قضت عليه واودعته السجن مع اصحابه وقد اظهر التحقيق انه كاذب وان اعتقاد كثير من الناس بوجود حفيد لهتلر جعله يقوم بهذه المحاولة.

هذا قليل من كثير من العجائب المؤمل حدوثها في سنة (٢٠٠٠) وهو مثال لما سيكون عليه عالمنا في ذلك الوقت اللهم اعطنا العمر الكافي لنرى عام الفين ونعيش فيه. فلعلنا نشاهد ما تخيلناه الآن في هذه المجلة ونرى مبلغ تقدم المدنية ورفيها وما يتوصل اليه العقل البشري.

فخرى رحمة الله

الطاب في الصف الرابع الاعدادي

وستكثر وسائل النقل والمواصلات فتشق الطرق تحت الارض لتخفف من وطأة الازدحام. اما الطرق العادية فستكون على طبقات فمثلا في الطبقة السفلى تسير السيارات التي تتجه نحو الغرب وفي الطبقة العليا السيارات التي تسير في الاتجاه المضاد. ومن وسائل النقل التي ستم وتنتشر هي الطائرات العمودية فاذا رفعا بصرنا الى السماء وجدنا عشرات منها تحوم حولنا.

وإذا صادف ان تناولنا صحيفة اسبوعية او يومية فسنجد فيها من الاخبار ما يثير دهشنا فستذكر الصحيفة ان وزير خارجية انكلترا مثلا مدعو مع زوجته لحفلة ساهرة في باريس. او ان التاجر المعروف (فلان) في اسطنبول ذهب الى (مونت كارلو) لقضاء يومين فيها. وسيكون من بين الاخبار ان الصاروخ الذي اعد لبعثة الى المريخ سيبدأ رحلته بعد اسبوع.

وان عالما انكليزيا مشهورا قد اكتشف طريقة لاجياء الموتى الذين لم يمض على موتهم نصف ساعة. وستذكر الصحف ان البحرية الأمريكية صنعت غواصة تبقى تحت الماء ستة اشهر.



طلاب الصف الخامس والمستقبل الذي ينتظرهم



وكم من آمال وتنبؤات كانت ضربا من الخيال اصبحت حقيقة واقعة.

وسأحاول في هذه الصفحة ان اتنبأ بمستقبل طلاب الصف الخامس من كلة بغداد مستنبطا احكامى من ميولهم ونزعاتهم الحاضرة.

عدد طلاب الصف الخامس ثلاثة عشر طالبا وهو عدد مشؤوم بنظر البعض، ولكن ما ابعد هذا الظن عن الواقع! لان من بين هذا العدد سينبع الطيب والمحامي والفيلسوف والمهندس . . . كما يترامى لى واليك بيان ذلك.

ماذا ساكون في المستقبل، ما اعسر الاجابة على هذا السؤال. لان المستقبل غامض. وما من شخص يستطيع ان يتنبأ بمستقبله. فكم من رجل ظن انه سيكون شخصا بارزا في المستقبل وسيقوم بجلائل الاعمال فاذا بالحظ يخونه وتعاجله المية. ولكن ذلك لا يحدث في كل الاحوال ولا لكل الاشخاص، انما هو نادر الوقوع. وكذلك كم من نلميذ ستم منذ الصغر ان يكون طيبا في المستقبل ولما شب وكبر كان باب الطب امامه مفتوحا. وكم من شاب كانت رغبته ان يكون مهندسا او محاميا نال مأربه بسهولة وكم

العامل - انا لا انكر هذا، ولكنك اعجز من ان توفر للناس كل شيء، فهناك اشياء لا تباع بالمال لانها لا تمنى لها، وهى الاشياء المعنوية التى لا اثر لك فيها.

الدينار - هذا كلام عجيب لم اسمعه من غيرك . . .
فما هو الشيء الذى لا قوة لى تجاهه؟

العامل - انه السعادة الروحية، فهى لا تشرى بالمال، انها تاتى من راحة البال، ونقاء الضمير . . .

الدينار - صدقت . . .

جوزيف جبران

الطالب فى الصف الثالث الاعدادى

ياخذونها بفرح ويعطونها بحزن، وهذا شأن الانسان دوماً عند الاخذ والعطاء !

الدينار - صحيح . . . ولكن حصول الناس على اى شيء لا يكون الا بواسطة، فانا قوة يحسب حسابها فى كل وقت وفى كل امر .

العامل - أنت واهم . فلن تستطيع ان تكون واسطة للحصول على كل شيء !

الدينار - انت الواهم يا صاحبي . . . فبواسطة يمكن الحصول على كل ما تصنعه انت، وما ينتجه الفلاح، وما يبتكره العلماء . . . أنا اضمن لمن يحصل على الحياة الطيبة، واحقق له امانيه فى العيش الرغيد والراحة فى الدنيا . . .

العالم فى سنة (٢٠٠٠)

البشرية . فهذا قطار يسير من باريس فيصل الاستانة مستعملا نصف قذح من الماء . والالات الكبيرة والانتقال تحمل بسهولة عجيبة . وقد شاهد معملا واسعا يخرج الى الاسواق يوميا عشرات السيارات مع ان عدد عماله لا يتجاوز الخمسين لان الطاقة الذرية حلت محل آلاف العمال .

وستكون المدن بمبانيها وسكانها من المعجائب فهذه لندن قد يبلغ سكانها الخمسة والعشرين مليوناً والمباني ضخمة هائلة وربما رأينا على سطوحها مطارات لنزول الطائرات او ساحات للعب الكرة او مسابح ومن يدرى لعلها ستكون حدائق ايضا . واذا دخلنا بيتا فاول ما يلفت نظرنا ان كل شىء فيه يشتغل بقوة الكهرباء فلا نتكلف مثلا مشقة الذهاب الى الشباك لقلقه وانما يكفيننا ان نضغط زرا لىغلق الشباك . وسيكون لكل بيت مسرح للخيالة، ولكل اسرة سيارتها الخاصة اذا كانت فقيرة، وطيارتها اذا كانت على سعة .

نحن الآن فى عالم مملوء بالعجائب والغرائب من المخترعات والمصنوعات . غاص بالالات الضخمة والمصانع الكبيرة . وفى عهد لم تشهد الارض مثله منذ تكوينها . ففى ايدينا مفاتيح الطبيعة تنصرف بها كما نريد . تارة فى سبيل راحتنا وسعادتنا وتارة فى سبيل دمارنا وبؤسنا . ولا يزال الحكماء والراسخون فى العلم منا يخرجون من بنات افكارهم المخترعات والاكتشافات الجديدة . ففى كل يوم نقرأ ان احد العلماء اخترع مادة فتاكة تمحو مكروبات معدية متعددة . وآخر وجد طريقة مستحدثة خاصة يسير بها القطار مسافات شاسعة بتكاليف قليلة وضيئلة . فاذا بقينا نسمع ونرى هذه الاشياء الحديثة ونستعملها كلما امكن الامر فى حياتنا فلنتصور اننا فى سنة (٢٠٠٠) ولنلق نظرة عامة على العالم .

سكون اول ما نلاحظه اثر الطاقة الذرية فى العالم وذلك بعد ان تمهدت الدول والممالك باستعمالها لصالح

تجارة بغداد على المباحث الاقتصادية والمالية. ويحسن بنا ان نذكر مجلة اختصاصية مهمة اصدرتها مديرية الاثار العامة باسم (سومر) وهي الاولى من نوعها في الشرق العربي وقد صدرت على عهد الدكتور ناجي الاصيل في توليه مديرية الاثار العامة ولم تقتصر الصحافة في صدور الصحف والمجلات على بغداد فقط بل صدرت مجلات وصحف في عواصم الالوية منها البصرة والموصل وكركوك.

كما ان المرأة العراقية حاولت ان تستغل بالصحافة لنصدر الصحف النسوية واول محاولة كانت مجلة (ليلي) لصاحبته الانسة بولينه حسون.

لقد تقدمت الصحافة العراقية تقدما محسوسا وقد ظهر كتاب مهمون وقطعت اشواطاً بعيدة بالرغم من قصر المدة وتقييد الحريات والاطوار التي مرت بها. والصحافة العراقية سائرة بقدوم راسخة نحو التقدم والامل ان تسرع الخطى وخاصة بعد انتهاء الحرب العالميه الثانية لتصل الى غايتها المنشودة وان تحققها بما ستصل اليه وبما ستجده امامها من التشجيع والمعونة التي يسديها الشعب والحكومة، لان الصحافة في العالم شئ خطير كما قال سياسي العالم الشهير لويد جورج عند انتهاء الحرب الماضية «انا ربحنا الحرب بالصحافة»

بديع رفائيل بطي

الطالب في الصف الثالث الاعدادي

دخلت الصحف بعد الحرب العظمى الاولى في طور من التقدم ففصحت لغتها وتحسنت اساليب الكتاب وعززت الصحف في مادتها وزاد انتشارها فلم يكن قبل الحرب جريدة واحدة يومية اذ كانت تصدر مرتين في الاسبوع اذا استثنينا جريدة (صدى الاسلام) وقت الحرب التي اصدرها حزب الاتحاد والترقي وكان يحررها عطا الخطيب ولكن صدرت جرائد يومية عديدة بعد الحرب ولم تكن نسخ الصحف التي تطبع اكثر من بضع مئات ولكن زاد انتشارها قبل الحرب العظمى الاخيرة فالبلاد التي بلغت اقصى حد في انتشارها وصلت الى سبعة آلاف وهذا العدد كان اكثر مما وصلت اليه صحيفة اخرى.

والصحافة في العراق غير مقتصرة على الصحف اليومية فقد صدرت مجلات قانونية وطبية كما صدرت مجلات اسبوعية ادبية اجتماعية ولكن اكثرها لم يعمر. وفي مقدمة هذه المجلات (لغة العرب) وهي شهرية استطاعت ان تثبت شخصيتها في عالم الادب لمنشئها العلامة انستاس ماري الكرملي. كما ان المجلة التي اصدرها الجيش العراقي باسم (المجلة العسكرية) وهي من اشهر المجلات والاولى من نوعها في العالم العربي وبجانبيها (الطيارة) و(الركن) التي كانت تصدر اربع مرات في السنة. كما اصدر ساطع الحصري (التربية والتعليم) ولما غابت عن الانظار اصدرت وزارة المعارف (المعلم الجديد) ومن المجلات الاختصاصية مجلة غرفة تجارة بغداد التي اوقفتها غرفة

محاورة بين العامل والدينار

الدينار - قوتي في تهافت الناس على . ألسنت تراهم وهم ينظرون الى باحترام وشوق . . . وانت نفسك تأخذني بفرح وتعطني لغفرك ويدك ترتعش !

العامل - ولكنهم تهافتون على اشياء اخرى غيرك،

العامل - انت ورقة . . . لا حول لك ولا قوة،
في استطاعتي ان امزقك وأذروك في الهواء !

الدينار - ومع ذلك فانا اقوى منك بمرات !

العامل - وأين قوتك ؟

مجاز هي جريدة (النهضة) التي انشأها عميد حزب النهضة المرحوم امين الجرججي ثم تلتها (التقدم) التي نشرها حزب التقدم النيابي وكان محررها سلمان الشيخ داود. كما اصدر الحزب الوطني جريدة (النبات) لصاحبها احد اعضاء الحزب محمود رامز محررها احمد عزة الاعظمي مؤرخ القضية العربية وقد استعان الحزب الوطني في كثير من المواقف الصحفية بجريدة احد اعضاء الحزب النيابي الذي اسسه نوري السعيد في عهد وزارته اصدر جريدة باسم (صدى العهد) فلما اسس حزب الاخاء الوطني عاضده جريدة (البلاد) لصاحبها رفائيل بطي التي صدرت عام ١٩٢٩ .

وبين سنة ١٩٣٠ و ٣٢ في اثناء الازمة السياسية والنضال الحزبي بين الوزارة وبين المعارضة عطلت جرائد عديدة تعطيلاً ادارياً فصدرت محلها صحف منها الاخاء الوطني لصاحبها امتيازها على جودت الايوبي .

وقد تطورت الصحافة العراقية لدى صدور جريدة البلاد فصارت تصدر بست صحائف وهي اول جريدة صدرت بهذا الحجم وبابواب وفتون صحفية وثقافية وصور لحوادث واشخاص مهمة مما لم يكن في صحف العراق السابقة. ثم حذت الجرائد الاخرى حذوها. ومن الصحف التي اصدرها بعض الشباب وكانت تحمل نزعة تقدمية جريدة (الاهالي) لصاحبها عبد القادر اسماعيل صدر عددها الاول في ٢ كانون الثاني ١٩٣٢ .

وفي عهد الانقلاب الاول الذي جرى في خريف ١٩٣٦ صدرت جرائد جديدة مع التي كانت قائمة منها، (الحارس) لصاحبها مكى الجميل و(الانقلاب) لصاحبها محمد مهدي الجواهري. ومن الصحف التي لم تكن يومية كانت جريدة انتقادية بلغة الاسلوب وعنف في انتقادها هي جريدة (الناشئة الجديدة) التي اصدرها المرحوم ابراهيم صالح شكر وكانت ادبية ثم اصدر جريدة سياسية باسم (الزمان).

ومن الجرائد المهمة جريدة (الرقيب) التي صدرت في ٢٨ كانون الثاني سنة ١٩٠٩ لمنشئها الحاج عبد اللطيف ثيان وكانت تصدر مرة في الاسبوع ثم مرتين وعمرت ما يزيد على الستين. كما ظهرت جريدة بين النهرين في ٦ كانون الاول سنة ١٩٠٩ التي تولى سياستها محمود الطبقجلي وهي اول جريدة انتصرت للفكرة العربية.

ان اهم جريدة قومية في ذلك الحين كانت صحيفة (النهضة) لصاحبها السيد مزاحم الباججي فقد ايدت هذه الجريدة الفكرة العربية بشدة مما سبب اضطهادها من قبل الحكومة وادى ذلك الى فرار منشئها الى البصرة.

جاءت الحرب العالمية الاولى وقضت على الصحف الاهلية ولم تبق من الصحف سوى المؤيدة للحكومة منها. وتفرق المفكرون والصحفيون ومن جملتهم عبد اللطيف ثيان صاحب الرقيب ونفى البعض منهم الى قيسرى ومنهم الاب العلامة انستاس ماري الكرملى وداود صليوا صاحب جريدة صدى بابل.

ولكن بعد زوال كاهل الحرب الماضية ظهرت اول جريدة اهلية باسم (العراق) لصاحبها رزوق غنام وهي معتدلة لم تكن لتعارض السلطة ومن ثم كانت اول جريدة معارضة اصدرتها الاحزاب السرية الوطنية باسم (الاستقلال) وكان مديرها عبد الغفور البدرى وكانت لسان حال الوطنيين المتطرفين.

وجاءت الثورة العراقية سنة ١٩٢٠ فصدرت في خلالها جريدتان في النجف الاشرف: (الفرات) لمنشئها باقر الشيبى و (الاستقلال) لمحررها المحامى محمد عبد الحسين.

ومن الصحف التي صدرت بعد الثورة جريدة (العالم العربي) وهي من الصحف المعتدلة لمحررها سليم حسون. كما كانت اول جريدة اصدرها حزب سياسي

الصحافة العراقية ، نشوءها وتطورها



وفي البصرة اصدروا ايضا مجلة (مرآة العراق) ولكن هذه لم تعمر طويلا كما اصدروا (الاقوات البصرية). اما دار السلام التي ظهرت في ٢٣ حزيران ١٩١٨ فقد واصلت صدورها الى ايار ١٩٢٠ . وقد سجلت هاتان المجلتان وجريدة (العرب) صفحة لامعة في خدمة الثقافة والادب العربي في العراق . وباحتلال الانكليز العراق اصدروا صحفا في الالوية الاخرى بالاضافة الى ما كانت تصدر في بغداد والبصرة فاصدروا (الموصل) في الموصل و (النجمة) في كركوك و (سليمانى) في السليمانية .

وبعد غياب (العرب) التي اصدرها الانكليز بقي العراق سنتين بدون صحيفة رسمية . فبعد ان اسست الدولة العراقية رأّت حاجتها الى صحيفة رسمية فانشئت (الوقائع العراقية) سنة ١٩٢٢ في الثامن من كانون الاول ولا تزال تنشر الى الآن بانتظام .

وما ان اصدر الدستور العثماني سنة ١٩٠٨ واميد صرح الاستبداد حتى هب المشتغلون بالسياسة والكتاب العراقيون الى انشاء صحف ومجلات ولكن هذه لم تعمر طويلا وكانت قد بلغت السبعين صحيفة فقد فارق الحياة القسم الاعظم منها .

ان اول جريدة اهلية عرفتها عاصمة الرشيد هي (بغداد) لمنشئها فرع الاتحاد والترقي وقد عهد بادارتها الى مراد بك سليمان احد اعضاء اللجنة المركزية للحزب وكان رئيس تحرير قسمها العربي المرحوم الاستاذ معروف الرصافي، ومن الذين كتبوا فيها الزهاوى وفهمى المدرس وكانت قد صدرت في ٦ آب ١٩٠٨ . ومن ذلك العهد (الزهور) و(صدى الاسلام) وبعد صدور مرسوم بالغاء قسم من الصحف التي صدرت في ذلك الحين بقي في بغداد خمس جرائد ومجلتان عدا الزوراء الرسمية .

ان للعراق فضلا على نشوء الصحافة، فقد نقل عن يوسفوس المؤرخ المعروف انه أكد بانه قد كان للبابليين سكان العراق صحف لتسجيل الحوادث يوما فيوم . كما حدثنا التاريخ ان الملك حمورابي كان يصدر اوامره على الشعب ليحضروا الى العاصمة لعيد ما . كما نوقن ان للعراقيين القدماء صحافة، فقد وجدت صحيفة مكتوبة على رقم الطين المشوى وقد كتب عليها قصة الطوفان، كما اكتشف في الحفريات الاخيرة رقم من الطين المشوى مقسم الى جداول وهي كأوامر تصدر الى الشعب في الصحف تخبرهم بما يجب عليهم فعله . وكان الاشوريون اول من ابتدع الصحافة الحجرية والطينية .

اما وحديثنا عن الصحف بشكلها العصري في العراق فالكلمة متفقة على ان مدحت باشا انشأ اول جريدة باسم (الزوراء) سنة ١٨٦٩ باللغة التركية والعربية وظلت تصدر الى احتلال بغداد عام ١٩١٧ . وبعد خمس عشرة سنة من صدور الزوراء الرسمية انشئت في الحدياء جريدة (الموصل) سنة ١٨٨٥ وكانت تنشر بالعربية والتركية احيانا والعربية وحدها اخرى، وظلت تصدر الى سنة ١٩٣٤ . ولم يقتصر صدور الصحف على بغداد فقط فقد صدرت اول جريدة باسم (البصرة) لصاحبها وصاحب مطبعتها جلبي زاده محمد على في البصرة برزت سنة ١٨٨٩ بالعربية والتركية وظلت تصدر الى الحرب العظمى .

وباحتلال الانكليز البصرة اصدروا (الاقوات البصرية) وكانت لسان حالهم في العراق ومرتع اخبارهم الحربية . وفي بغداد اصدر الانكليز (العرب) في ٤ تموز ١٩١٧ وكانت تصدر ايضا ملاحق صغيرة لبعض الاخبار المهمة . كما اصدروا صحيفة اسبوعية في بغداد باسم (دار السلام) التي ترأس تحريرها الاب العلامة انستاس مارى الكرملى .

السلام حلم الانسانية فهل يتحقق؟

وما الامم الا مجموعات من الافراد، فكل امة في الواقع تسيرها دوافع مادية، من اهم هذه الدوافع رغبة كل امة في تحقيق السلام لابنائها، ولو اقتضى ذلك جلب الدمار والخراب للامم الاخرى وانهم لو عملوا بالمثل القائل «كن عوناً لغيرك يكن عوناً لك». واحبب الخير له، يحبب الخير لك». لما راينا الحروب الشعواء التي تذهب ضحيتها الانفس البريئة. فكل امة لا تحترم ما للآخرى من حقوق وامسال لابد ان تجلب لها انايتها الدمار والخراب. فخيرات الارض واسعة، وفيها كل انواع الطعام والشراب والسعادة ولكن الناس لا يتعاونون على استغلال ما وهبه الله لهم، بل نراهم في سبيل مطامعهم الشخصية يحولون هذه الخيرات والكنوز الى الآت للفتك والدمار لان بصائرهم عميت عن اضرار الحروب وويلاتها. ومن اهم دوافع الحروب الجشع الاقتصادي والمطامع الاستعمارية في قلوب بعض الدول، هذه المطامع التي تؤدي الى تنافسها وتلقى بهم اخيرا في اتون حرب مضطربة. وان عليهم ان يستفيدوا من تجارب الحروب الشعواء فلقد كانت الحروب درسا من اقصى الدروس التي تلتقيها البشرية في تاريخها مرة بعد مرة، ولكنها لم تحفظ ذلك الدرس جيدا ولم تعتبر به، وكلنا رجاء ان تكون قد افادت في هذه المرة درسا قاسيا قبل ان تهدر المدنية بالدمار والحضارة بالزوال.

ولن يتحقق السلام الا اذا تعاونت الشعوب وتعاضدت الامم على وضع دعائم عالم افضل من عالمها الحالي تشرف فيه انوار الحرية ويسوده التعاون والاخاء. فلو عمدت هذه الشعوب الى التسامى ورسمت لها طرقا رشيدة ليعيش الناس جميعا كأسرة واحدة متعاونة لا فرق بين افرادها اذن لتحقيق السلام ورفرفت السعادة على الافراد والجماعات.

بديع عجو

الطالب في الصف الخامس الاعدادي

كلمة السلام كلمة حلوة، جميلة لها سحر في الآذان وبهجة في القلوب، لانها حلم الانسانية وهدفها الاسمى الذي تحاول ان تبلغه. هو وحى السماء الى بنى البشر، هو الحلم الجميل الذي نراه قريبا منا وبعيدا عنا، نراه قريبا منا لانه حلمنا الدائم، وبعيدا عنا لان هممنا تقصر دون تحقيقه، هو طائر جميل اذا اراد الانسان ان يقبض عليه افلت في الحال من يديه. السلام عهد ينشق منه فجر حياة يسودها الامن والدعة والطمأنينة، فجر حياة تتمتع فيها الشعوب بحرياتها وتمارس الامم استقلالها من غير ان تخشى عدوان طاغ او بغى باغ او ظلم مستعمر او استقلال جشع، فهل يمكن للبشرية ان تحققه؟ اذا اردنا ان نجيب على هذا السؤال لابد لنا من الرجوع الى الطبيعة الانسانية وسبر اغوارها. فاذا رجعنا الى الانسان القديم بالدراسة والتحليل رأينا غرائزه تتحكم فيه وهي غرائز حيوانية متنافرة تسيطر عليه وتدفعه الى ان يسبح في بحر الماديات كالظلم والانانية وحب السيطرة والامتلاك، وهذه القرائن هي التي استعبدهت وسيطرت عليه سيطرة مطلقة وجعلته يتطرف في احكامه وافعاله حتى صار خطرا على بنى جنسه وتولدت بذلك الحروب بين الافراد والجماعات ونزلت بالبشرية ضروب المآسى والمهالك. ومع ذلك فقد عملت الاديان السماوية دائما على تهذيب هذه القرائن وترقيتها والتسامى بها حتى تحولها الى عواطف نبيلة وبواعث شريفة لخير الانسانية.

ولقد كانت هذه الاديان اول رسول للسلام على الارض، فكل نبي كان يحمل في يديه رسالة المثل العليا السامية يريد تثبيتها في نفوس البشر، فلو نجح الانبياء في رسالاتهم بين الناس جميعا لعلم الخير اقطار العالم كلها. ولكن الانسان ظلوم كفار فقد حارب الرسل بشتى الطرق والوسائل، وتمرد عليهم وذلك بسبب سلطان الغريزة القوي العنيف.

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الفترة السنوية لكتبة بغداد

١٩٤٦

يصدرها الصف الخامس المنتهى

كتبة بغداد صليخ «العراق»

الكلية العلمية
بجامعة بغداد
الطبعة الأولى
١٩٣٢





