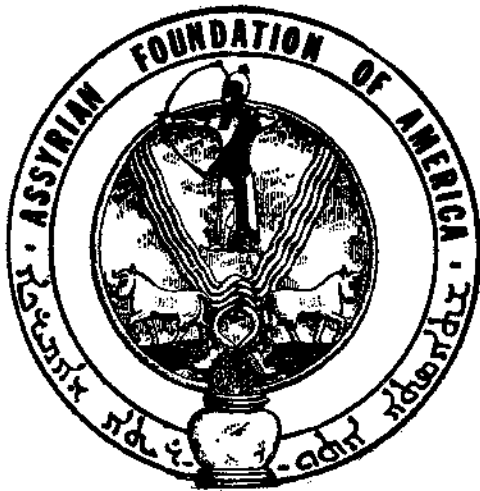


NINEVEH

NOVEMBER — DECEMBER 1978



KING SARGON II

A mighty Assyrian king accredited with the formation of the first library. Tablets exist with his library mark and other important works were written in his reign.

His palace at Dur Sharrukin, his new capital is considered a masterpiece of planning and architecture. The vast treasures that have been discovered at his palace testify to the vast achievements of the Assyrians in all fields of art, literature and sciences.

Today, this great Assyrian heritage is scattered in museums in many countries, and its heirs denied their existence and identity.



NINEVEH

NOVEMBER—DECEMBER 1978

VOLUME 1

NO. 4

YOUEL A. BAABA Editor

NATHAN T. NASSERI Circulation

JACOB MALEKZADEH Advertising

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ASSYRIAN FOUNDATION OF AMERICA
ESTABLISHED JUNE 1964 AND INCORPORATED IN
THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA AS A NON-PROFIT,
TAX EXEMPT ORGANIZATION DEDICATED TO THE
ADVANCEMENT OF EDUCATION AMONG
ASSYRIANS.

ADDRESS LETTERS TO

THE EDITOR
NINEVEH
1920 SAN PABLO AVENUE
BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA 94702

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION

U.S.A. & CANADA	\$ 6.00
OVERSEAS	10.00
AFA MEMBERS	FREE

ADVERTISEMENT RATES

	<u>One Issue</u>	<u>Six Issues</u>
FULL PAGE	\$ 40.00	\$ 25.00
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ONE-QUARTER PAGE	15.00	8.00
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The following information is provided as a service to all Assyrians. We urge our readers to read and support these publications. The active participation of all Assyrians is the only guarantee of the success of Assyrian periodicals.

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Berkeley, CA 94702

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Modesto, CA 95352

The Assyrian Star
P.O. Box 59309
Chicago, Ill. 60640

ATOOR
Takhte Tavous
11 Kuhenour Ave.
Tehran, Iran

SHVILA
P.O. Box 3073
Tehran, Iran

The Assyrian Sentinel
P.O. Box 6465
Hartford, Conn. 06106

The Assyrian Quest
P.O. Box 1815
Chicago, Ill. 60690

NINEVEH NEEDS YOUR SUPPORT

EDITORIAL

The holiday season is always a time for joy and happiness. It is also a time for reflection on what has been accomplished and what lies ahead. There is a special reason for being reflective this holiday season. This year we marked the fourteenth anniversary of our organization.

The Assyrian Foundation of America today is very different from the organization that begun in June, 1964. From the early days we have undertaken to expand our services to the Assyrian community and continue our support and contributions to all Assyrian institutions engaged in the advancement of education of our people. We now have our own cultural center, our own magazine and a stronger determination to continue the satisfaction of the educational and cultural needs of our members and the community at large.

The advancement and success of the Assyrian Foundation can be attributed to those individuals whose devotion, enthusiasm and integrity are recognized throughout the community. In our accomplishments we are also in debt to those Assyrians who have rendered our organization both material and spiritual support. We pray that this mutual support will continue and expand in the coming years.

We would be remiss if we do not reflect on those negative characteristics that are straining our resources and restricting the further growth and advancement of our organization.

We need and must get more participation and support from the Assyrian community. There is a great number of qualified Assyrians that can and should participate in our organization. We must continue drawing new and educated members to bring new ideas and expand our horizons and activities. To these fine people who have successfully demonstrated their capabilities by their personal achievements we say, please do come and share in the service of your people. Only through the combined efforts of our qualified people, we can strengthen Assyrian organizations and promote our culture and heritage. In the darkened skies of Assyria such qualified and dedicated people will shine like planets. In order to attract new and qualified members, we the present members must display maturity, cooperation and concern. Jealousy and petty behavior must be discarded and replaced with honesty, respect and positive attitudes.

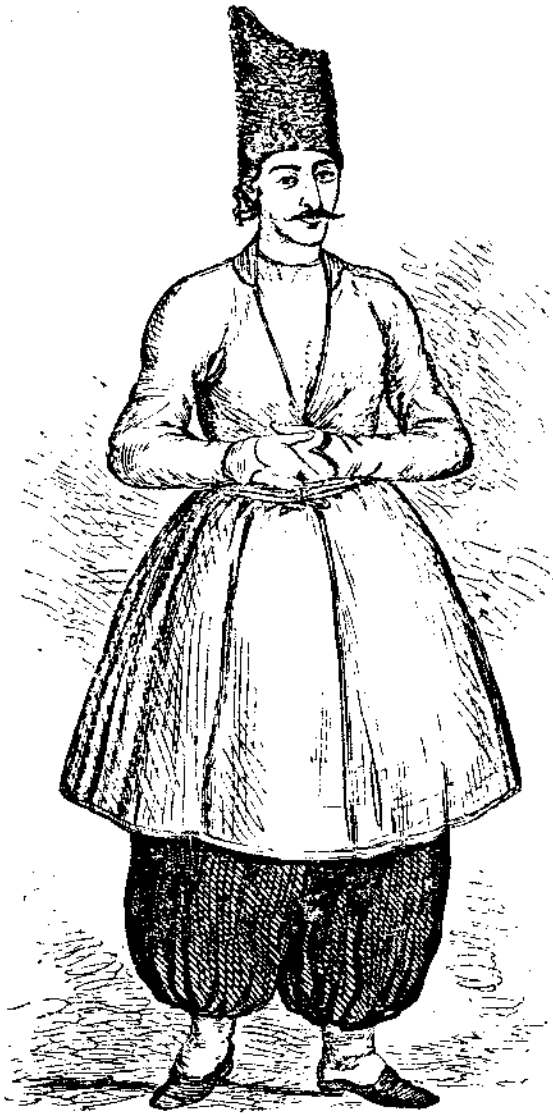
During this holy season we hope that all of us will reflect on these shortcomings and pledge to serve with dedication and integrity.

From The Editor

With this issue Nineveh completes its first year of publication. We are glad to report that in this short period, we have upgraded this publication from a local newsletter to a fine magazine devoted to the Assyrian history and culture. Today Nineveh is read by Assyrians and their friends all over the world.

I regret to announce that due to increasing professional demands, it will not be possible for me to devote the necessary time to maintain the high quality that Nineveh displays. I am confident that Assyrian Foundation of America will select another editor who will continue and hopefully improve its quality.

YONAN, THE PRINTER



YONAN was a native of Charbash, a Nestorian village situated two miles north of the city of Oroomiah. He was the son of a widowed mother, who was a sharer in the poverty of the larger portion of her people. He was a small boy when the Nestorian mission was established, and became a member of the Seminary within two months after it was opened. The senior member of our mission, who then had the superintendence of that department, says of Yonan, that "he was very perfect and manly in appearance, and soon became the acknowledged model of the school. I do not remember ever having had occasion to correct him for any misdemeanor, even the smallest; but I often pointed other boys to his modest, interesting example. He

excelled particularly as a beautiful reader, and in declamation."

On the commencement of labors in our printing department, Yonan was selected, with others of the more promising boys of the seminary, to become a printer. He soon became a very good compositor, altogether superior to his fellow-workmen; and to the end of his career, he was always selected for the work that required the most skill and taste. All this may seem to entitle him to but a slight degree of praise; but it must be remembered, that the Nestorians of Persia are an ignorant and oppressed people, much more so than other oriental Christians; that they are not allowed a place in the bazar; and in the mechanic arts, are only permitted to practise the trades of carpenter and mason. Besides, previous to the establishment of our press, printing in Oroomiah was a marvel and a mystery, there being nothing of the kind here, and the printing of all Persia being confined to a few lithographic presses, located at Tabreez and Tehrân.

In the printing-office, Yonan's conduct was marked by the same modesty and general propriety that had characterized it in the seminary. He was uniformly courteous and forbearing in his intercourse with his fellow-workmen. In a clashing of interests, he preferred to surrender his rights, rather than engage in disputation. This was the more remarkable, as the Nestorians are naturally impulsive, and are subject to no parental restraints in youth. When exasperated, they vent floods of low abuse against their adversaries, each striving to outdo the other in this ignoble warfare. This is so rooted in their nature, that it seemed impossible to prevent it among the majority of the printers by ordinary means. They were threatened, punished, dismissed even, but the evil was not at all diminished. As a last resort, one of the workmen, a priest, was required to scrub out the mouth of an offending deacon, with soap and ashes, by means of an old tooth-brush used about the press. This mode of discipline was so mortifying, and made those concerned in it so much the objects of ridicule, that it operated in some degree as a check upon this vile practice. From what has been said of Yonan above, it will be inferred that he was free from this vulgarity. He had a pleasant, cheerful, and affable manner; by the kindness of his nature securing the

love and esteem of all who knew him. "When he was reviled, he reviled not again;" but on the contrary, often, by the gentleness of his deportment, quenched the wrath of his adversaries.

Yonan was apt to learn, and drank in greedily the new truths he heard from his instructors. At the commencement of our mission, modern science was a heresy among the Nestorians. They held that the earth was a plain, surrounded by a vast sea, and encircled by a huge serpent (leviathan) which effectually prevented any hardy adventurers from navigating those waters beyond a certain limit. The sun was not stationary, but rose and set. When it had completed its course, it was dragged by angels through the great sea surrounding the earth, and started anew on its race the succeeding day. These puerile notions Yonan soon learned intelligently to combat. He was found, one day, in the printing-office, standing in the sunshine, with a broken jug in his hand, surrounded by his fellow-workmen, to whom he was explaining the earth and the moon, and illustrating the doctrine of eclipses.

Though Yonan's conduct was almost entirely unexceptionable, it was not until January, 1846, that there was decided evidence of his being a Christian. One day, during the powerful revival of that year, he appeared in a room of a member of the mission who had the immediate care of him, with moistened eyes, but with a calm manner, and apparently with great determination, saying that he had come to record his vow, that from that time onward, he was resolved to be the Lord's. And from that day, his course *was* onward. There never was the least occasion to doubt the sincerity of his profession, nor any reason to fear that he had been mistaken. He was in the habit of going from house to house, in his village, reading the Word of God to his ignorant people, praying with them, and urging them to repentance and newness of life. He was universally respected by them, and they would often say among themselves, "if this man does not go to heaven, who will?"

In his village, there was only occasional preaching on the Sabbath, but he did not pass his time as the Nestorians almost universally did, in visiting the city for business or pleasure, or going from village to village, or gathering on the shady or

sunny side of the street, as the weather was warm or cool, for the purpose of smoking and of gossip. He would engage in such labors of love as are mentioned above, or retire to his own room for reading, prayer, and meditation. In the simple language of his people, one who knew him well gives this testimony to his character: "He would not mix with wicked men, or sit in the assembly of the drunkard. Neither would he attend disorderly weddings, or allow himself to taste wine. He was no lover of the good things of this world, nor proud, nor did he delight in fine clothes. In truth, during the last years of his life, he appeared like an angel. Although he was not a preacher, yet his godly walk and conversation were a light that shone in the printing-office, and much more in his village. Yes, he had the image of his Saviour upon him!"

Such was Yonan's course, until he was summoned home. Previous to the visitation of the cholera in Oroomiah, in 1847, he had a presentiment that he should soon die, and talked of his departure with composure. No serious importance is attached to this presentiment. It is rather mentioned as showing that his thoughts were turned to death, and that he could contemplate it with calmness.

In the month of August, 1847, he was engaged, with one of his companions, in binding a number of New Testaments, which work they had taken by the job. The cholera had driven the members of the mission from the city, and the other printers were also scattered to their homes. Yonan was in the habit of coming from his village in the morning, performing his daily work, and returning to his home late in the day. The keys of the printing-office were intrusted to him. One day (it was the last of August) he went away feeling unwell. The next morning, he did not appear as usual, and it was soon ascertained that he was sick. Dr. Wright, who was then at Seir, thus communicates the result of his case to other members of the mission who had retired to the neighboring mountain-district of Tergawer. "Poor Yonan has gone! His disease run its course in about twenty-four hours. Priest Aslan was with him a good deal before his death, and he states that he asked Yonan if he felt afraid, and he replied, 'No.' This is all that I can hear, indicating the state of his mind in view of death. The disease took hold of him with a dreadful grasp.

Continued on page 11

THE ASSYRIANS

by A.M. Hamilton

Mr. A. M. Hamilton, a New Zealander civil engineer came to Baghdad in January, 1929 to join the Iraq Works Department. The following year he was in charge of the project to build the Rowanduz road, which runs from Arbil, the ancient Assyrian city to Raya on the Persian frontier. The road was to traverse two great natural obstacles, the Rowanduz and the Berserini gorges.

In his four years on the project, Mr. Hamilton proved to be an excellent builder, great leader and fine person. He succeeded in bringing together a great number of Arabs, Kurds, Persians and Assyrians and mold them into a cohesive and highly productive work force. He demonstrated strong determination and unusual patience to teach his work force the arts of hill-blasting and road making. His workers learned fast and exhibited pride and satisfaction on their work.

During his four years on the project, Mr. Hamilton lived in close contact with Assyrians and Kurds and developed great friendships with many of them.

In the sheltered hollows on the mountain sides there were still broad patches of snow, and the wind blowing from the high ranges to the north was chill, so we drew our chairs up to the blazing logs, and rested our heels on the rough mantelpiece in bachelor comfort as we smoked and talked.

Now Baker was a most interesting character—a man whose knowledge of the people, and the languages and traditions of Iraq was profound. Some might call him a dilettante and a cynic—and so, superficially, he seemed to be—but beneath his vein of evasive sarcasm lay a deep sense of responsibility to those he served, and to the ideal which he believed the British nation ought to strive after in Iraq. Of all the Englishmen I knew there, none more truly loved the East and its people. A gallant leader of lost causes and forlorn hopes was Baker; a man who believed in forming his opinions and making his decisions according to the facts as he found them. A man, therefore, who chafed under any orders he could not reconcile with his own clear-cut principles of justice.

Like most other out-station officials in Iraq, he regarded with apprehension the recently proclaimed termination of the British Mandate, considering that this policy was bound to bring misfortune to many in the country who had trusted us. The reasons for the pro-

In 1932, Britain was preparing to terminate its mandate in Iraq. At the time a great number of Assyrians were serving in the "Levies", and these were to be disbanded as part of the termination of the British mandate. The Assyrians who had been misled by the British that special accommodations would be made for their existence as a cohesive minority, were apprehensive when it became obvious that Britain was reneging on its promise. Thus, a great number of them were anxious about their status and future relations with the new government. Mr. Hamilton has captured that anxiety and conveyed it explicitly in the last two chapters of his book, "Road Through Kurdistan" published in London, England, 1937.

Our purpose in presenting the following extracts are to enlighten our readers about a sad chapter of our recent history. We firmly believe that the more we become educated about our history, the better we will be prepared to develop good relations with people and governments of the countries in which we live.

The Editor

posed hasty evacuation of the land were never made clear. We had to obey our orders. Yet we all knew that our work was but half completed and that the future—if we left now—was ominous. We felt that if our statesmen knew as much as we had learnt from our daily contact with the people they would have acted more cautiously. Storms and troubles surely lay ahead. As to the why and wherefore of it all we could but speculate.

The following conversation is presented in some detail to the reader that he may have a clear picture of the Assyrian-Iraq situation as it was then presented to me—before the disastrous events of the following year.

'Yes, I am afraid that real education, and even toleration are still meaningless words in Iraq,' Baker was saying. 'The people of the country seem affable enough towards us on the surface, of course. In reality I believe that they consider us so many humbugs who always cloak our real aims under a guise of altruism and humanitarianism. They may despise us for this, but, more important, I believe they no longer respect us as a strong power.'

'Occasionally, as individuals, we may be popular and even praised by this faction or that—depending on whether we've acted decently towards them or not—but as for talking of Iraq's everlasting gratitude towards

Great Britain, that's merely tommy-rot, and we're fools if we let ourselves be led into delusions by such nonsense. Anyway it's a slipshod policy, this evacuating without fulfilling our obligations. We've made friends with men like Ismail Beg here in Rowanduz for instance, yet we're quite prepared to leave him and many others who've been equally loyal to us to their inevitable doom. We talk glibly enough about the assured security of the minorities when we know that if we leave Iraq they have absolutely none. Such conduct can breed neither respect nor gratitude from any section.

'As for gratitude, the Arab is a most astute judge of motives; he reads character intuitively and his real and lasting gratitude can be won only by the greatest self-sacrifice, and his respect only by pre-eminent qualities of leadership and fidelity to his interests.'

As Baker leant forward to knock out his pipe after delivering himself of this speech, there came a rap at the door and Hamid ushered in my old friend, the Assyrian Rab Trema of the Levies, Yacu Ismail.

Yacu was resplendent in his major's uniform, complete to sword-belt and service revolver. With moustache that turned up and with slight lisp in his speech, he was a very familiar visitor in my camp. His eyes had a way of lighting up and shining brightly when adventure was afoot, and I well knew his trusted worth as a companion in the mountains; but to-day he looked serious, even tired.

'I have brought my father, Malik Ismail, the head of our upper Tiyari Assyrians, to see you, sir,' he said.

'Delighted,' I said. 'Bring him in to meet Captain Baker whom he already knows, I believe; come and sit by the fire, and Hamid shall fetch us some supper.'

The old man who entered on the arm of his son was a dignified Assyrian, wearing, as he usually did, the native dress of his people. It was similar in many respects to the Kurdish costume, though more varied and striking in colour, and instead of the grey fringed turban of the Kurd the head was surmounted by a shallow conical cap of thick felt which is peculiar to the Assyrians. White-haired, solemn and silent, with deeply-lined face of stone-grey colour, the old man looked and was one of the patriarchs of his people. He greeted us in Assyriac for he spoke very little English.

'I have just taken my father', Yacu explained, 'over all your new bridges by car and far up the new road quite near to the Persian frontier. He is pleased to think that soon he will be able to motor to Urmia, and that we in Diana will then be but a few hours' journey from those of our people who still live in Persia.'

'Yes,' I replied, 'it will be only a month or two before we reach the Persian plateau. Already my Department has arranged that Prince Ghazi shall open the new road, though I shan't be here to see it. They say that King Faisal is also coming with his ministers to inspect it, and I am sure he will be pleased with the part that the Assyrians have taken in its construction. One way and another you've helped a great deal, and my chief regret is that now my job here is completed I must be trans-

ferred from this district, and soon I may be out of the country altogether. I shall not see much of you from now on, Rab Trema, and shall just have to remember the good times we've had in the past.'

'We hear rumours of so many changes,' said Yacu with a trace of some anxiety in his voice. 'Do you think King Faisal will allow the Assyrians to remain at Diana, if, as we hear, the British Mandate is to terminate?'

'Oh, presumably,' I answered. 'You Assyrians have built Diana from a village of a couple of houses into quite a thriving town. It is now the capital of your Assyrian Empire just as Nineveh once was,' I laughed. 'Nobody, I imagine, will want to dispossess you of your little town.'

'So many rumours have reached us in the last few months,' he persisted. 'They have broken in upon the peace and optimism that was beginning to revive in our community. We hope that if the Mandate terminates, we shall still be under the protection of your all-powerful Air Force if we are to remain in this hostile Iraq?'

Baker laughed and said rather cryptically, 'Why, of course, that's the whole idea—as the League of Nations has been told.'

But Yacu just looked puzzled by these words and turned to me for an answer to his question.

'I am merely the road-engineer,' I said, 'and these matters are not within my province at all, but have not the Assyrians been regular British soldiers for the last ten years—to say nothing of their sacrifice for the Allied cause during the war? All necessary protection is always given to those who have served under our flag. And, quite apart from that, what is it you fear? The constitutional law of Iraq says there shall be no discrimination among the people, neither according to race nor religion. Arabs, Kurds, Jews and Christians have now all equal rights as they never had in Turkish days. Britain gave that pledge to the League.'

'So the law says, but in truth are we Assyrians really a part of Iraq? Have we any lands that are our own as were the wild Hakkari mountains in Turkey, which we left sixteen long years ago to fight for our freedom? We cannot return to that old homeland, victorious though the Allies have long since been.'

'I know I have no right to ask you or Captain Baker any questions as to our future, for that will be arranged by your Government and the League of Nations, but perhaps you could say something to reassure us at this anxious time.'

'You who have worked among us may know, but does your nation as a whole realise what we have done since we first joined the Allied Powers in 1914? And now that the Mandate is to terminate will they see to it that our case is treated with that honour and justice for which the British people are noted?'

'More than thirty years ago in the Hakkari mountains there came amongst us an English clergyman and missionary whom we greatly revere. I refer to the Rev. Dr. Wigram, a brave man who devoted his life to the education and betterment of our people. He founded the

schools in which all we younger Assyrians have been educated. He taught us that the British nation stands for justice and liberty and that she has always stood by her pledged word. We believed him and that was why we joined the Allies and why we now hope that Britain will not leave us at the mercy of our enemies.'

'You've got a claim right enough, but your losses have branded you with the name of refugees, and the fact that you were an ally may easily be forgotten,' said Baker.

'But', said the Assyrian, 'by our desperate fighting and our slain soldiers did we not, when we fought our way to the side of the Russian Army, help materially to weaken Turkish resistance in Palestine and Mesopotamia, and thus contribute to the Allied victory?'

'Your little nation fought as gallantly here in Asia as Belgium did in Europe,' was Baker's reply.

'Then is it known that though we lost nearly half our people in that struggle yet we have been dispossessed of all our lands and of our very homes ever since? Your British statesmen are well aware that we have served as Levy soldiers for ten long years and fought both Arab and Kurd on your behalf. Yet with what reward? We have not one inch of territory that we can call our own.'

'We all appreciate your loyalty,' I said. 'Could this road have been built without the help of the Assyrians? The Kurds knew very well that they dare not challenge the Diana battalion in mountain warfare.'

'Then', said the Assyrian, 'it is strange that the Arabs have reaped a kingdom while we Assyrians, steadfastly supporting the British, reap nothing but promises—as far as we yet know.'

'Hearing that Captain Baker was visiting you, we came to ask for any news of what might be provided for us in the future. It has been said in the past that we might perhaps be given some undeveloped corner of the British Empire. For centuries now we have been poor mountain folk and the Hakkari lands are so barren that even the Kurds have not used them since we left. The worst of territories would do if only it were a place of safety. If it should be impossible to arrange a migration of our 25,000 people at the present time, we should at least like to feel that we can rely upon British protection here in Iraq.'

'Look at our position to-day. We are scattered here and there in isolated groups, unwanted tenants in a hostile land, guarded only by the Mandate which now we hear is to terminate.'

'We believe that this scattering of our people throughout Northern Iraq has been planned by our enemies, who are allowed to suggest which places they think most suitable for us. Invariably they choose spots impossible for us to defend, or else malarial and unhealthy. For that matter it is pretty obvious that all the land in Iraq, which is naturally fertile and habitable is already occupied. What we need is some big irrigation scheme to open up new country. As yet nothing of the kind has been arranged for, and now the Mandate is to terminate.'

'You Assyrians', I said, 'are as bad as the Kurds. You

both seem to want a great deal in a very short time. After all, are you not now citizens of Iraq and free to take part in the Government, or at least able to persuade it to develop irrigation schemes or anything else you want?'

'To ensure our protection such a scheme would have to be under British control. As for our share in the Government we have none,' replied Yacu.

'Oh, but there are many Assyrians in the police and other Departments of State,' I exclaimed.

'Yes, there are a few in junior positions,' he admitted. 'But none as senior officials, magistrates, judges, army officers or ministers or even Deputies in Parliament—where our numbers would seem to warrant some representation.'

'We would not mind there being no share for us in the government if we could only be assured of our security in this northern territory we have helped to open up. We have assisted with the roads and the buildings and in the police work of the north. We are not unfriendly with the Kurds. Ismail Beg, for example, has always treated us in as generous a way as we could desire. Do you think that perhaps Iraq will agree to keep us here to guard the northern frontier? No other troops could do it better. Then we might stay on at Diana.'

'I'm sure something suitable is being arranged for you,' I said. 'Just you go on trusting us as you have always done.'

'Sorry to disappoint you, Yacu,' said Baker, speaking slowly and standing up as he spoke, 'but there is little hope of your remaining at Diana.* Instead you are all to be moved to the lowlands well south of the Zab. Iraq knows all about the Assyrian as a mountain fighter and you have altogether too many friends here in Kurdistan—at least certain people think so.'

'Moreover, I am able to give you the hint that you will be "demobbed" and given orders to move from Diana even before we give up the Mandate. You will be told so officially before long, and then it will be "good-bye" to the mountains of Kurdistan.'

'To be moved to the Arab lowlands of Iraq!' said the Assyrian in a low voice. Then after a pause, 'Is that true?'

'It is, I'm afraid,' said Baker. 'Have you not been warned that your battalion is to be disbanded and that the air-landing ground, the barracks, and the town you have built are to be handed over to the Iraq Army?'

'We have heard it rumoured,' he replied. 'Hence my questions to-day. Please allow me to tell my father.'

Yacu spoke a few sentences to the old man, who had sat during our conversation still as some sculptured figure hewn from the rock. He looked round upon us as Yacu ceased speaking and gave his reply in a voice that betrayed deep emotion. A grim, formidable warrior in his time, this head of the Fighting Tiyaris, as they proudly called themselves. Even now as he spoke to his son he was calm and dignified, but no longer was there any trace of hope to give life to his lined face.

'What does he say?' I asked.

'He says', answered Yacu, 'that it was an ill day for his tribe when he led them to fight in a war for the

liberty of small nations. Now we have to meet death at long last, so let us prepare to face the enemy whom we know, that we may the more readily forget the desertion of those whom we once thought to be our friends.'

'Very decent of the old chap to say nothing stronger than that about us,' muttered Baker, 'and for God's sake let's change the subject,' he added in my ear.

I pulled hard upon a bell-cord communicating with the kitchen next door, and Hamid promptly appeared with a tray of Kurdish savouries which satisfactorily disposed of the perplexing Assyrian situation for the time being.

Of course Baker proved to be right in the prophecy he had given of the impending demobilisation and transfer of the Assyrians from Diana. It was announced to them one day when the battalion had been specially paraded, and a bitter day it was for the Assyrians and their officers alike. They were told that these were the final months of their long term as British Levies.

Though every Assyrian knew full well the significance of this parade, they marched and counter-marched across the mountain aerodrome with the precision of guardsmen—the pride of 'Alf' and 'Mac' and the other company-commanders who had laboured many a weary year to train their men to so remarkable a pitch of efficiency.

Malik Ismail and the older patriarchs and leaders turned out too, and came forward to salute the man who for years had been their beloved idol, the veteran Scottish colonel whom they knew had the welfare of each one of them at heart, but was now powerless to help them further. To do him honour Malik Ismail and his fellow-patriarchs arrayed in their best ill-fitting European clothes, tried to step as proudly as they had done in their youth while already knowing the sentence about to be pronounced upon their people.

These old men were the leaders who, sixteen years earlier, had brought their followers from the Hakkari fastnesses into a great world war, little knowing that it was likely to be the last fatal pilgrimage of their ancient nation. Disappointed, disillusioned, decimated as they had been in those years of war in Persia and Turkey, the period of service in the Levies and life at Diana had been happy enough, and for a time a new optimism had been born; so they came now to honour the British soldiers who had shown understanding and given help, and whose leadership they were now to lose.

One by one the old men bowed with due deference to the Commander. Silently they awaited the fateful words announcing their dismissal from Britain's charge.

The instructions for the future, when read, spoke highly of the past work of the Assyrians and emphasised Britain's continued interest and good intentions towards them. The proclamation said that, in accordance with the policy of terminating the British Mandate, this fine force of Assyrian Levy soldiers must be disbanded.* The British Government were fully appreciative of the steadfast loyalty of the Assyrians and, though it was considered advisable that they should evacuate Diana,

it had been arranged that lands near Mosul should be put at their disposal. There, and in the other regions already selected, they could live in peace and prosperity under the Government of Iraq. Each Assyrian would be allowed to retain his rifle and be given one hundred rounds of ammunition in return for the Russian or Turkish rifles brought with them when they joined the force. Needless to say the British Government would continue to watch and safeguard their interests through the Iraq Government, which they would find generously disposed towards them and anxious to absorb all the Assyrians into the national life of the kingdom.

Thus was judgment passed on this unfortunate people, the disastrous march of events which was to follow quite unforeseen by those who had formulated this policy, though guessed in some measure by many Englishmen in Iraq.

Alf was silent and grave. He had no shafts of wit for the Rab Trema on such a day.

The Assyrians raised no voice of protest. They looked but once to the Ser-i-Hasan-Beg mountain towering before them, emblematic of the Kurdish fastnesses where, with all its dangers, for centuries they had preserved the integrity of their race and their religion; and at the word of dismissal they saluted smartly and were gone.

With their going was lost a prestige that had been hard won by the untiring effort of a little band of British soldiers and officials during fifteen long years of war and toil in Mesopotamia.

The Assyrians tried to make the best of the new situation, but again their efforts seemed cursed and doomed to failure.

'Doubtless', said Yacu, 'there is something of special importance in the arrangements made between the British and the Iraq Governments to absorb us into the national life of Iraq. With my military experience I shall apply for a commission in the Iraq Army, or, failing that, in the Police.'

'Yes, do,' I said. 'I am certain the Arabs will welcome the chance of making friends with the Assyrians now that the much-criticised British regime has practically come to an end.'

But it turned out that his hopes were unfounded and his plans frustrated at every point.

When I saw him again my job in the Kurdish mountains was almost finished. In a week's time I was to pack my gear into the long-suffering car for the last time and go down to report at Headquarters in Baghdad. We had built a road which, it was hoped, would not only assist trade between Persia and Iraq, but would also carry peaceful administration into this most remote corner of the new Kingdom. Yet as I spoke with Yacu Ismail I almost wondered whether it would not have been better for all the mountain people had road-makers never come their way.

Yacu told me the result of his applications and interviews.

'The senior Iraqi officials say they are not wanting any more Assyrians in Government service, and they

ASSYRIAN FOUNDATION ACTIVITIES

General Membership Meeting

General membership meetings of the Assyrian Foundation of America are held on the second Saturday of each month at the Cultural Center, 7:00 P.M. Members and guests are invited.

Contributions

The Assyrian Foundation acknowledges the receipt of the following contributions:

Building Pledge	
Mr. & Mrs. Charles Samo	\$ 20.00
Mr. & Mrs. Baba Shabbas	20.00
Mr. & Mrs. Julius Shabbas	100.00
Mr. & Mrs. John Samo	300.00
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M. Vallo Benjamin, M.D.	200.00
Mr. Eshaya D'Mar Shimun	10.00
Mr. & Mrs. Shlimoon Youkhana	35.00
Mr. & Mrs. Hubert A. Adams	10.00

New Year Eve Party

The Assyrian Foundation sponsored a New Year Eve Dinner-Dance Party at its Cultural Center for all its members and their friends. A good time was had by all.

1979 Officers

On December 9, 1978 a general membership meeting was held at the AFA Cultural Center to elect a new executive committee. The following were elected to be the 1979 officers:

President	Youra Tamrazi
Vice President	Beles Yelda
Secretary	Ashur R. Michael
Treasurer	Sargon Shabbas
Chairperson — Education	Youel A. Baaba
Chairperson — Membership	Samrida Sargoni
Chairperson — Social	Sankhiro Khofri
Chairperson — Bldg. Fund	George Geevargis

Continued from page 9

will not have me either in the Police or in the Army. In fact, many of those Assyrians who already hold Government positions are now being dismissed. Two of my cousins who were at the new Military College at Baghdad have just been rejected. They were of our fighting tribe and well educated—ideal men for soldiers one would have thought. I cannot understand it. It can be nothing but an unjust prejudice against us, although considering our role during the last ten years as chief agents of the Mandate, I suppose it is not surprising that the Arabs dislike us.

'Moreover the Assyrians in the Police are being steadily reduced. Really it seems all very curious in the face of the statement given to us so recently by the British Government. I wonder what is the real truth of the matter?'

I was beginning to wonder this myself, for I was frequently receiving instructions from Baghdad questioning the further employment of this or that Assyrian. There were no orders for their transference to other works of the Department when they were no longer needed for the road.

This surprised me, for I had always told my men, and believed implicitly myself, that Iraq would fulfil its undertaking to absorb the Assyrians and all others of the Minorities into the full life of the country. What did it mean?

Continued from page 5

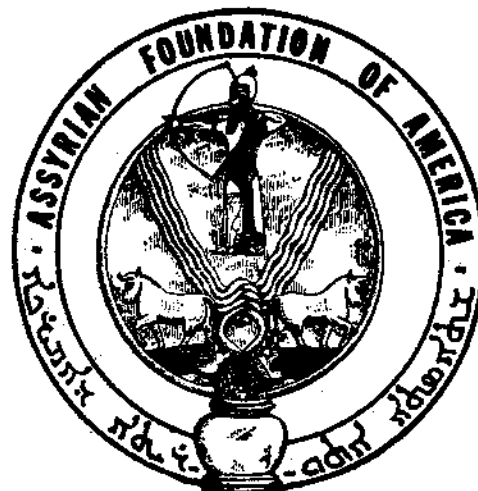
and gave his mind but little chance to reflect upon his condition. But in his case, fortunately, there is little occasion to search for evidence of his preparedness for death, during the last hours of his mortal struggle. He was a good young man, and when in *health* gave evidence enough to satisfy us all that he loved the Lord. He was a man of few words, modest and retiring; and still, as I have often heard, he used not to shrink from declaring the Gospel to the people of his village. He died with the keys of the printing-office in his pocket."

Mr. Perkins says of him: "I took pains to inquire about his Christian character at the time of his death, and found that it had left a very precious savor in his village. He had long been very consistent; but for a few months, as if impelled to finish his work, he had been peculiarly earnest and zealous, in religious efforts to benefit his own family and neighbors. I do not believe that the grave has closed over a better Nestorian since I have been in the field."

Thus died Yonan, the printer, on the 31st of August, 1847, at the early age of twenty-six years.

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مجلة

العدد الثاني لسنة 1978

تأسست المجلة في سنة 1978، وهي تصدر مرتين في السنة، الأولى في شهر كانون الثاني والثانية في شهر تموز.

المجلة تهدف إلى نشر الوعي القومي والسياسي لدى الطلاب العرب في الجامعات الأمريكية، وتقدم لهم منصة للتعبير عن آرائهم ومخاوفهم.

المجلة هي ملكية للطلاب العرب في الجامعات الأمريكية، وتتم إدارتها من قبل مجلس إدارة الطلاب العرب في أمريكا الشمالية.

المجلة هي مفتوحة لجميع الطلاب العرب في الجامعات الأمريكية، ولا يشترط أن يكونوا أعضاء في أي منظمات طلابية.

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