



Established 1964

*Dedicated to the  
Advancement of Education  
of Assyrians*



# NINEVEH

THIRD QUARTER 1990

VOLUME 13 NO. 3



*Kathy Solomon — First Assyrian Woman to Graduate  
from the United States Military Academy at West Point*

CULTURAL — EDUCATIONAL — SOCIAL

# NINEVEH

THIRD QUARTER 1990

VOLUME 13 NO. 3

Julius N. Shabbas ..... Editor  
 Joel J. Elias ..... Ass't. Editor  
 Ashour Mouradkhan ..... Ass't. Editor  
    Assyrian Section  
 Peggie J. Hernandez ..... Circulation

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ARTICLES SUBMITTED FOR PUBLICATION WILL BE SELECTED BY THE EDITORIAL STAFF ON THE BASIS OF THEIR RELATIVE MERIT TO THE ASSYRIAN LITERATURE, HISTORY, AND CURRENT EVENTS.

OPINIONS EXPRESSED IN THIS MAGAZINE ARE THOSE OF THE RESPECTIVE AUTHORS AND NOT NECESSARILY THOSE OF NINEVEH.

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## ADDRESS LETTERS TO

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## Assyrian Periodicals

*We urge our readers to read and support the Assyrian publications. The active participation of all Assyrians is the only guarantee of the success of Assyrian periodicals.*

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# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Julius:

Greetings and God's blessings.

I sent for a New Testament in Syriac to the American Bible Society in New York and they sent this one but the type is too small for me to read. I'm going to be 90 on August 20.

I am sure you had a blessed Easter in your church. I remember each Easter my aunt took me to the Church of the East in Urmia to be in the parade of children coming in, marching up to the front carrying palm branches.

My dad was an elder for 7 years in the Church of the East. Oftentimes we went to the Church with him. My father and mother were wonderful Christians. I followed after my grandfather Rev. Baba Hoobyar. My son followed me and has been preaching in the Evangelical Church. My grandson Danny is assistant pastor in a Bible Fundamental Church. My great-grandson is 6 years old and the other day he repeated a scripture for me over the phone. From my grandpa we are now six generations serving the Lord.

Robert Hoobyar  
Redondo Beach, CA

Dear Julius:

Thank you very much for sending me the last two issues of *Nineveh* magazine. I enjoyed reading it very much as it brought back pleasant memories of the past.

I am enclosing herein my subscriptions for the magazine together with a small contribution to your educational fund.

Congratulations for a job well done and God bless you all.

William Kaplano Kanon  
Modesto, CA

Dear Mr. Shabbas:

Enclosed is a check to cover the cost of one year's subscription to *Nineveh* for my nephew, Tony Badal, and his wife, Virginia, who reside in Niles, Illinois. Also I have prepared a short article for publication in the magazine if you so wish.

Take care and looking forward to receiving future issues of *Nineveh*.

Solomon (Sawa) Solomon  
Chicago, IL

Dear Julius:

I received copies of *Nineveh* magazine from one of our organization members, Mr. Benjamin Gundelove. It is a very interesting Assyrian magazine to read. Congratulations. I enclose herewith my check for one year's subscription. Kind regards to all personnel involved in publishing *Nineveh* and to all readers.

J. E. Yohanan, President  
Assyrian Sports & Cultural Club  
Sydney, Australia

Dear Julius:

I was very sorry to read, in your recent circular letter, about the sorry plight of the Assyrian refugees in Turkey, and I'm sure every concerned Assyrian would appreciate the financial assistance the Assyrian Foundation of America and its members, individually, have already rendered. It's also gratifying to note that your Foundation has established an emergency fund and is trying to gather and send to our needy brethren a more substantial aid. By and large, Assyrians are kind-hearted and generous by nature, and I'm confident that everyone who learns of the sad situation will gladly chip in and help according to his or her financial ability.

As my share, I'm enclosing herewith a modest donation, though I wish I could afford to contribute much more! But I promise to bring the urgent need to the attention of the few people I know personally and hope their donations will follow.

While I'm at it, may I express my pleasure at reading Wiska's delightful school-days story, even though at the risk of seeming as though I'm immodestly blowing the horn for my own brother! But frankly, I thought the story was great! His easy-to-read narrative style with its unity of expression packed a punch without being melodramatic. And the story theme — the sensitive and wisdom motivated love of a simple mother for her young impressionable son and the lesson derived therefrom — as well as the patriotic sentiment of an "old boy" for his nation, native land and culture and for his well-meaning boyhood teacher, were heart-warming indeed!

And I cannot resist the temptation of expressing my appreciation of the prominence you gave my article about the fabric workers of Habbaniya by printing its illustrative picture on the cover, too! Also, the large-type print of the story text was a pleasure to read because it was so easy on the eyes. That was a luxurious relief for old guys like me — gosh, I'm only 65! — who, at times, have a hard time squinting their way through very fine print!

Incidentally, your last issue of *Nineveh* was briefly shown on the Assyrian American Association of Modesto's weekly Assyrian TV program and the commentator, John Rasha, spoke a few words about the Habbaniya fabric workers article.

And last, but not least, my thanks to a good editor, one that any contributor would be happy to work with! You're easy going, helpful and cooperative, despite your busy schedule. And your standard of editorial planning and editing is top quality!

Mikhael K. Pius  
Modesto, CA

Dear Sirs:

Enclosed is a check for the amount of \$30.00 for an annual subscription of *Nineveh*.

Awigail Daryawish  
Graystanes, Australia

Dear Julius:

I enclose a check for \$25.00 being my subscription to *Nineveh* for the year 1990. As promised I am forwarding the picture that was taken in Hinaidi, Iraq — Maratha Lines during 1936.

I previously mentioned that this picture is in memory of Raabi Espania and Raabi Youkhana, who were both teachers under the supervision of the late Raabi Yacoub Bet Yacoub, the principal of the school.

Eshaya H. Isaac  
Skokie, IL

*Editor's Note: The picture and the information appear in this issue.*

Dear Mr. Shabbas:

Enclosed please find my check for \$15.00 for a subscription to *Nineveh* magazine. I enjoyed your magazine so much and am looking forward to receiving it again. Thank you.

L. Carol Lockett  
Honolulu, HI

Dear Editor:

We are the Assyrians living in Tbilisi, Georgia (the family of Boris Ivanov, the chief of police).

We'd like to thank you for the publication of our photos in your magazine. We'd also like to thank Germaine Badal, who visited us in September, 1989 and took the photos. Please give her our address and telephone number, and our best regards.

We wish you good health and luck. We hope that our ancient culture will prosper in future. God bless you.

Boris & Lily Ivanov  
Tbilisi, Georgia, U.S.S.R.

Dear Editor:

I read with interest the efforts to unite the Assyrian and Chaldean sects of the ancient Assyrian Church. What has happened to the Jacobites? Despite the fact that there is a Jacobite Saryoye Church (St. Ephraim Orthodox Church) in Burbank, CA and St. Johns, Chicago, no ecumenical action is being taken to invite this group. Why? I trust someone will continually knock on the door of our clergy and open their minds for compassionate religious and fraternal fellowship.

Francis E. Hoyen, Jr.  
Worcester, MA

Dear Julius:

Enclosed is a donation to the fund in Turkey. The Worcester, MA Assyrians came from Harput, Turkey, now called Elazig. The historical factor is that our ancestors built a church there in 179 A.D. with Aramaic inscriptions. Frequent visits indicate the church there, but in ruins. The church called Mart Maryam, St. Mary, or Soop Mari or Ozwards. The Worcester Church, St. Mary's Assyrian Apostolic Orthodox Church, named after the church in Turkey.

Francis E. Hoyen, Jr.  
Worcester, MA

Dear Mr. Shabbas:

I would like to thank you sincerely for sending me regularly two copies of *Nineveh* magazine. As you probably know, my husband and I are both students. I will continue to send you articles in Assyrian. I have material for three other articles about some of our best artists.

About two weeks ago I sent you a copy of the Assyrian Herald, a newsletter published by our Association in France. Perhaps you would want to use some of the material in this newsletter for *Nineveh*; if so, please feel free to do as you wish.

Madlaine Moradkhan  
Sarcelles, France

---

## ***FORESIGHT***

*The Middle East was the home of civilization. It is now the nerve centre of our problem. We dare not permit it to become a hell of power politics . . .*

*There is but one solution to this explosive political situation — the realization of the natural aspirations of all the native elements. If a federated independent community, comprising all the racial and religious minorities were to exist, like the Swiss cantons, it would act as a great stabilizing influence in the Middle East. With such an organization, the majority states would find it easy to collaborate, forming an eventual great semitic Federation. They have lived together since the beginning of times; and before the advent of alien agencies, each has respected the culture and the aspirations of the other.*

(June 6, 1947)

David B. Perley, J.S.D.  
President, Assyrian National Federation  
(June, 1934 - October, 1935)

# Kathy Solomon — First Assyrian Woman to Graduate from the United States Military Academy at West Point

Kathy Solomon, an Assyrian from Modesto, Calif., became the first woman from the Central Valley of California to graduate from the United States Military Academy at West Point. Kathy graduated on May 31, 1990, and is now a lieutenant in the U.S. Army.

The five-foot-two Kathy set the West Point women's record for push-ups with 82 in two minutes, and also won the women's collegiate weightlifting title in her weight class. She lifted a total of 585 pounds in the bench press, squats and dead lift. West Point is well known for its extremely tough and demanding physical and academic programs, in addition to military development. But Kathy persevered. "I just had it in my mind that I wasn't going to quit. Because it was so hard, especially the academics, I wanted to prove to myself that I could do it," Kathy said.

For three weeks in November, Kathy is scheduled to go to airborne school in Georgia where she will receive physical training to prepare for the breathtaking plummets to the ground. After Christmas she will serve in Germany as a platoon leader overseeing 40 technicians. She will be in charge of fixing tanks and small arms. Most of those under her command will be taller, older and male.

Kathy is the daughter of Dan and Mary Solomon of Modesto. Both are proud of her. In fact, it was her father who encouraged her to enroll in the renowned school. Congratulations to Kathy on the historic achievements. Kathy, remember you have a historic precedent in the great Assyrian warrior Queen Semiramis, as well as other Assyrian women warriors since then.

*Editor's Note: Picture and information appeared as a feature article in the Modesto Bee, July 4, 1990.*



# The Assyrian Foundation's Relief Program for Assyrian Families in Turkey

*In the June 10 meeting of the Assyrian Foundation of America Mariana Shabbas and John Samo, members of the Foundation, reported on their Foundation-sponsored trip to Turkey to determine the conditions of Assyrians there. The heads of other Assyrian organizations and churches were invited to attend this meeting. Mr. Ashour Yonan, president of the Assyrian American National Federation, Mr. Yatron Darmo, president of the Assyrian American Civic Club of Turlock, Archdeacon Nenos Michael of Mar Narsai Assyrian Church of the East, San Francisco, and Rev. George Shahbaz of the Assyrian Presbyterian Church, Turlock, were among invited guests in attendance. Mr. Donald Climent, Regional Director of the International Rescue Committee, San Francisco, spoke about programs for refugees and ways of assisting them. Mr. Climent had written a letter about Assyrians in Turkey which was personally given to the U.S. Ambassador to Turkey by the head of the International Rescue Committee in New York City.*

*The message brought to us at the meeting was that a number of Assyrian families in Turkey are urgently in need of help. Mariana Shabbas and John Samo made a videotape of the families they visited and showed it at this meeting. This video has been shown in different parts of the United States and Canada. The scenes and the stories told in this videotape by the people themselves of their hardships were truly heartbreaking. Many in the audience had tears in their eyes as the people in Turkey told of their hope in Assyrians in the United States for assistance. Mariana and John distributed \$9,550.00 that was contributed for this purpose by the Foundation, its members and friends, to meet the urgent and even desperate needs of the people.*

*It was obvious from the first-hand observations made by Mariana and John that the next phase of assistance should emphasize long-term solutions and that a wider scope of involvement by Assyrians in the United States and abroad was needed. On this basis, the Assyrian Foundation launched a campaign to raise additional funds to help resettle some of these Assyrians in other countries and to provide financial assistance until such time. We have been greatly gratified by the response to this appeal and wish to express our deepest appreciation for the generosity of those who contributed. To date, this campaign has received \$11,410.00. Of this amount we have distributed \$10,700.00, for a total assistance of \$20,250.00. As a result of our help significant progress has been made, as follows:*

*Two families, each with three children, were able to leave Turkey for West Germany and Canada; two individuals, a young man and a young woman, have been able to leave for West Germany.*

*That leaves about 25 people identified by us as being in great need still remaining in Turkey. Some are waiting to leave. Meanwhile, all are desperately in need of help to maintain their daily needs. Mariana Shabbas is in constant touch with them through correspondence as well as telephone communication, and we deeply appreciate the time and effort that she has given to this cause.*

*We appeal to all of you to share with us in this mission of mercy for our people in Turkey. They are waiting to hear from you. The time is now for a true humanitarian action. Please send your donations (tax deductible) to the Foundation and designate it for Assyrians in Turkey.*

*Assyrian Foundation of America  
P.O. Box 2620  
Berkeley, CA 94702*



## *Pictures of Assyrians in Istanbul, Turkey*

*Dennis Sarhad-Zadeh (the bedridden young man) with John Samo, Foundation member.*



*Shmouel Vardai with his family flanked by Mariana Shabbas (left) and John Samo (right).*



*Dennis Sarhad-Zadeh (the bedridden young man) with his brother, Dawson.*



*Mariana Shabbas (third from left) with the housewives.*



*Assyrian young ladies.*



*Assyrian children.*



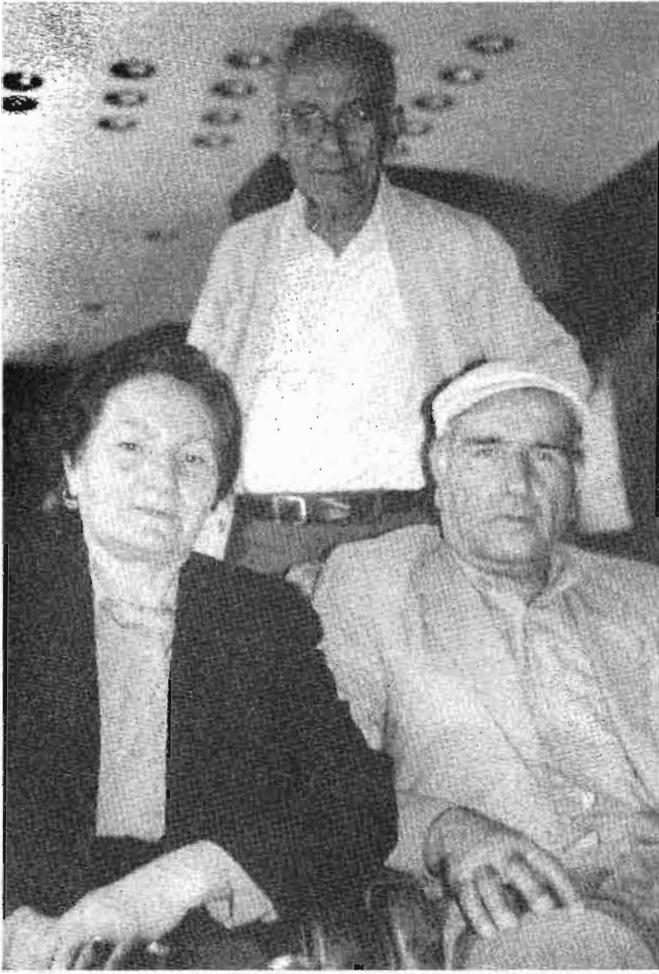
*Nenos Beit-Allahverdi with his family, with John Samo (right) and Sargon Daniali (second from right).*



*Razmik Azizsardroud with his family.*



*Elka Barkhoy flanked by Wilson and Roza Sarhad-Zadeh.*



*Sitting: Andreos & Khanna Baba. Standing: John Samo, Foundation member.*



*Mariana Shabbas and John Samo on the street where these Assyrians live.*



*Mariana Shabbas flanked by Wilson and Roza Sarhad-Zadeh.*



*Nenos Beit-Allahverdi with his family.*

*Left to right: Mariana Shabbas, Ator Zaredizatakyeh, Rubik Tarivera, John Samo.*



*Yubert Samast's family with Mariana Shabbas (second from right) and John Samo (right).*



*Mariana Shabbas, Foundation member, flanked by Shmouel Vardai's children.*



*Wilson and Roza Sarhad-Zadeh with their daughter, Doreen.*



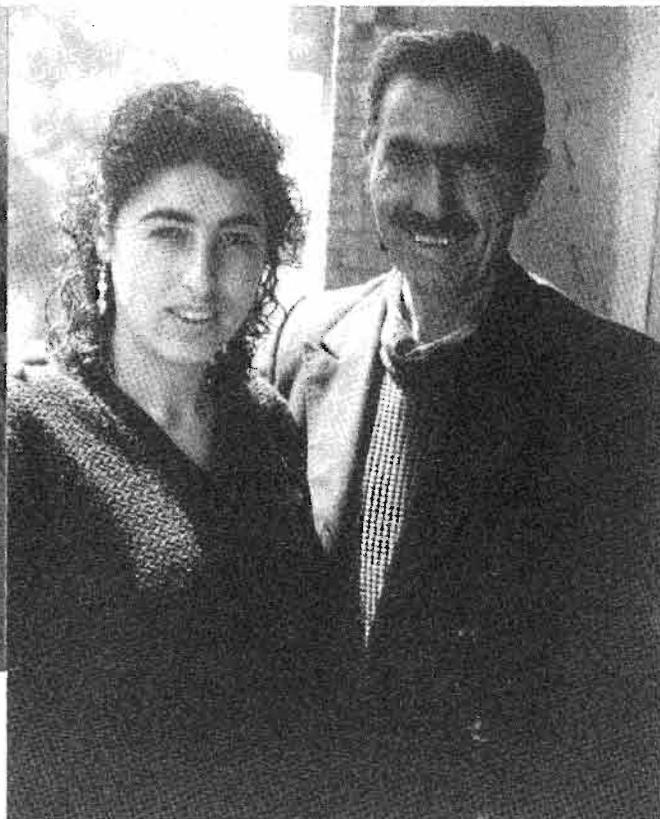
*Yubert Samast's children.*



*John Samo (seated second from left) with the men.*



*Mariana Shabbas flanked by John Samo on the left and Shmouel Vardai on the right.*



*Haygas & daughter Elizabeth.*



*Emma and her daughter, Mariam, flanked by John Samo (left) and Mariana Shabbas (right).*

*Shmouel Vardai with his family, with John Samo on the right.*



# Thank You For Your Contributions

## *Education*

William K. Kanon, Modesto, CA .....	\$50.00
Dr. Howard Schwat, Berkeley, CA .....	100.00
Mary Benjamin, New York, NY .....	250.00
(for Assyrian School in Urmia, Iran)	

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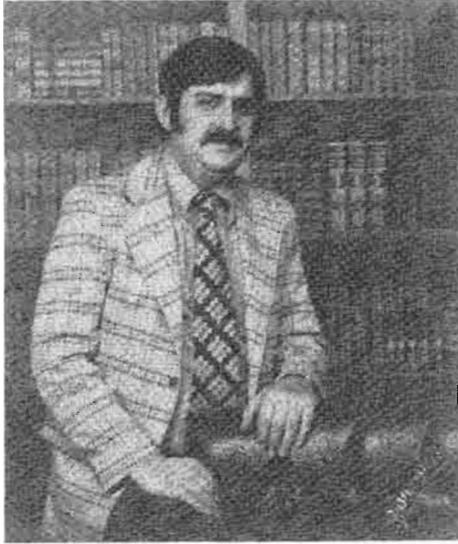
## *Needy Assyrians of Turkey*

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(Specifically for bedridden young man)	
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# DID YOU KNOW THAT?

by Solomon (Sawa) Solomon



- It was during the visit of the late Metropolitan Mar Timotheus to the United States in 1924 that the first parish of the Assyrian Church of the East was organized on Hammond Street in Chicago.

- That General Franco of Spain offered the command of the Royalist forces during the Spanish Civil War of 1936 through 1939 to Malik Kamber of Jeelo, but the Malik, fresh from his victories in Ethiopia declined, as he wanted to be with his family after a long separation.

- Recently released British documents in relation to the population of the Assyrian Tribesmen in the Hakkiari Mountains during the years 1856 through 1880 show that they numbered about 120,000. Fifty years later the British army in Baquba gave the census in the refugee camp at 50,000, and that included both the Armenians and the Assyrians of Persia. This illustrates the great losses that the nation suffered during the great war.

- That much of the Greek knowledge was translated into Arabic by the Assyrian scholar Hunayn Bin Ishaq (born 808 A.D.). Hunayn was appointed the head of the House of Hikma in Baghdad by the Caliph Al-Ma-moun. He died in Baghdad in 873 A.D.

- That Giwargis Hermiz, an Assyrian serving in the Iraqi Air Force, achieved the rank of Lieutenant General, which is the highest rank ever held by any Assyrian before or since.

- In 1853, Hormuzd Rassam discovered near Mosul, Iraq, the Royal Library of the Assyrian King Ashurbanipal. It contained tens of thousands of clay tablets, which preserved the records of the arts and sciences of the empire.

- While framing the defense of the Middle East by the newly formed Baghdad Pact in the fifties, Shlemon Gilliana of Jeelo, a high official of the Iraqi railways,

was appointed a member of the Committee of Transportation experts. He now resides in the Chicago area.

- It is reported that when the Imam Hussain, the son of the Imam Ali was dying of his wounds on the battlefield in Kerbela on October 19, 680 A.D., it was a priest of the Assyrian Church of the East who risked his life to bring water to the Imam before he passed away.

- That two brothers, Malik Yacu, and Malik Daniel, the sons of Malik Ismaili of Upper Tiari, commanded two of the three battalions of the Assyrian Levies.

- That an Assyrian woman from Moscow, U.S.S.R. by the name of Juna Davidshvili, has achieved fame as the greatest psychic healer in the world. It is reported that among the people she has cured are hundreds of permanently disabled persons.

- And finally it is worthy to recognize the Pharaoh of Egypt Necho II (610-595 B.C.) who marched his entire army northward to support the remnants of the Assyrian army in Syria; however he was delayed by the army of Judah under King Josiah, which proved tragic. We the Assyrians of today should cherish the memory of Pharaoh Necho, who proved to be Assyria's only friend in its darkest hour.

## Goddess of Healing's Ancient Clinic Dug Up

NEW YORK: Archeologists digging in Iraq have uncovered the ruins of a huge temple to the Babylon goddess of healing that they believe will produce new insights into the early practice of medicine, the University of Chicago announced yesterday.

The discovery was made this year at Nippur, the ancient religious center of Mesopotamia on the banks of the Euphrates, about 60 miles southwest of Baghdad.

The ruins now being examined date from 1600 B.C. to 1200 B.C., but probes beneath this layer indicate that previous structures stood on the same site, perhaps as early as 5,000 years ago, in the time of the Sumerians.

Dr. McGuire Gibson, an archeologist at the university's Oriental Institute, who is directing the excavations, said the size of the temple, which may prove to be as large as a football field, was a surprise and could mean that concerns about health and medicine played a more significant role in the people's lives than had previously been supposed.

Many of the people who made pilgrimages to Nippur probably came to seek healing at the temple dedicated to the goddess Gula.

*Editor's Note: The above appeared in the San Francisco Chronicle June 21, 1990.*

# ASSYRIANS

## In The Siberian Exile — 1949-1956 — Memories

by *Iliya L. Vartanov*  
(Translated from the Russian by the author)

*This shortened version was prepared by the author especially for Nineveh Magazine.*

*This book is dedicated to my sisters Marta, 18, and Elza, 16, and to hundreds of innocent Assyrians who all died in Siberia of cold, hunger and other tortures.*

### INTRODUCTION

I am, indeed, happy that my literary work is being published by *Nineveh*, a well known Assyrian magazine. My work covers the events in which the Assyrian people fled into Russia in 1915, escaping persecution and massacres of Turkish rule. The book portrays, primarily, the life of Assyrians after the Russian revolution in 1917 and in the later period where thousands of them were exiled to Siberia in 1949. My family was among those thousands of Assyrians exiled. I was, at that time, four and a half years old.

This is a unique book in that it reveals the big crime committed against the Assyrian minority under the dictatorship of Joseph Stalin.

This crime has been kept a secret for four decades by the Soviet authorities. It also describes how the Assyrians were subjected to suffering of hunger and cold and freezing conditions during the exile where a lot of Assyrians perished. When, finally, amnesty was granted to those who survived the ordeal, they returned home. Their own homes, however, were taken away from them — confiscated and given to Azerbaijani Moslems.

During the ordeal in Siberia, people had secretly collected photographs, documents and other materials which witness to the inhuman conditions they had endured. Some of these materials will be included in my book so that the reader will have clear idea of the Assyrian tragedy in Stalin's Soviet Union.

Books have their own destinies and fates, just like people. I had secretly written my book in the Russian language in the late 1970's during the Brezhnev era and I kept it in the drawer of my desk for a long period of time. At the time, the Soviet repressive authorities used to punish authors of independent works by giving them "standard terms" of seven years in a concentration camp, followed by five years of exile to remote areas of the country. The punishment was given to any author of a literary work, whether his work had been published abroad in the West or whether it had been confiscated by the KGB, i.e., the secret police, when searching apartments.

In my case, as far as I am concerned, I have performed my duty as an Assyrian and as a professional journalist; repressions and "standard terms" punishments didn't in any way slow me down nor prevent me from finishing my work. The only thing I was worried a lot about was that my manuscript might be confiscated before it would be published somewhere in the West or in our country by the

so-called "SAMIZDAT" (literally "self-publishing," kind of an underground publication system that flourished at the time). Thus, I kept the manuscript hidden until 1987 when the GLASNOST was initiated and I was confident my work, finally, would be published. I submitted the manuscript to "ZNAMYA" ("The Flag"), a highly regarded journal in Moscow.

This coincided with hostility that broke out between Azerbaijanis and Armenians over the question of Nagorno-Karabakh where national sentiments were soaring high. Under these circumstances it was not published due to official policy "from the top" prohibiting any writing that might inflame national sentiments among the people of the USSR. Although "Znamya" staff writers liked this unique manuscript very much, my work did not appear on the journal's pages. By the way, this case has shown that Gorbachev's GLASNOST has its own limits. I have since started looking to have my work published outside the USSR. I have relied on a colleague of mine, a foreign journalist who was stationed in Moscow to aid me in smuggling my manuscript (Soviet law strictly prohibits independent literary work from leaving the country) safely to the U.S.A. Since I've come to the U.S.A. and applied for "political asylum" for myself and for my family (wife and daughter), I have re-edited this work into journal form to be published by *Nineveh* magazine.

In conclusion, I would like to let the readers know three things for better understanding. The first thing is that my book is not fictional but an account of my memories. Also, I have relied on eyewitnesses who survived the exile to Siberia. The second thing is that the book isn't written by "journalist Iliya Vartanov" but by a simple fellow Iliya who is one of thousands of innocent victims of the despotic Stalinist-Communist regime. That is why my book contains no politics nor political analysis of what has happened to us but just a simple, very simple, account (telling) of an eyewitness, myself, and of other eyewitnesses. By the way, this is why the language used is extremely simple. Finally, the third thing is that no one main idea or thought in my newly-edited journal version has been changed, although the last few years Gorbachev's "Glasnost" and "Perestroika" have changed a lot in the Soviet Union. It was of great importance for me to keep and conserve the original spirit and "tone" of my sad story.

Thus, my dream comes true. I have accomplished my national and human duty. Let the world know about the tragedy of the Assyrian minority in the Soviet Union.

In conclusion, I would like to extend my deepest thanks

to Senator John Nimrod for he has given me a helping hand as a person and a friend at different stages. That is what facilitated my hard situation and made easier “technically” my present work. Special thanks are extended to a remarkable teacher and dedicated Assyrian *Raabi* Juliet Kasha, for her kind help.

### WHO AM I? WHY AM I WRITING ABOUT THIS?

I am Assyrian. My father is Assyrian and my mother is Assyrian. My parents fled from Turkey to Russia in 1915 among other thousands and thousands of Assyrians—Christians. They had to leave their native mountains in Gezira Bohtan and in other places. They had lived there for many, many centuries. World War I began and they escaped to the land of Russians-Christians. They sought safety from massacres and genocide. They saved their lives.

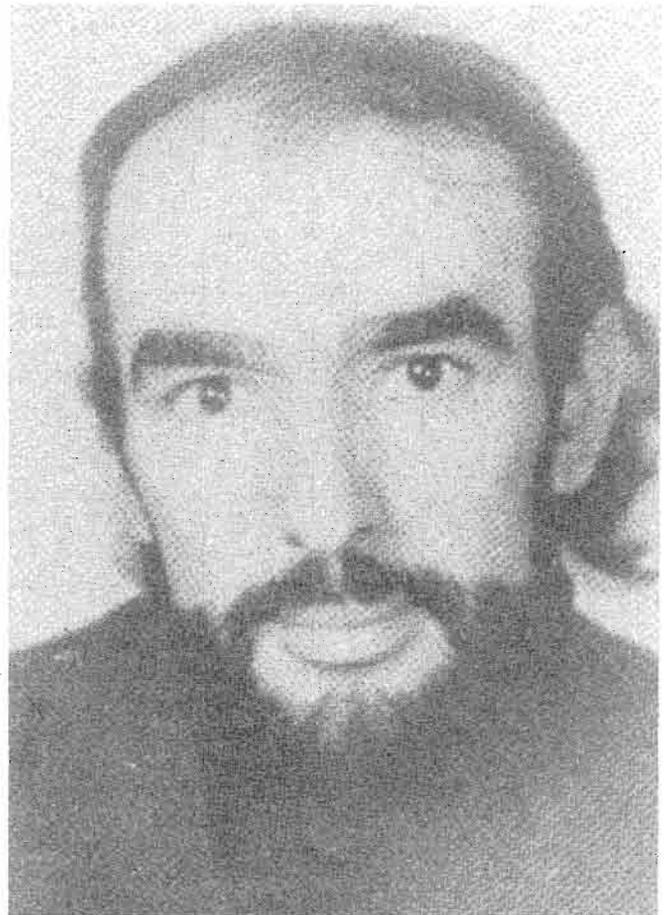
The Turks massacred our Assyrian people. They were implementing state policy to eliminate all Assyrians. They preyed on the Assyrians like wild beasts. They cut and mutilated Assyrians into pieces; they burned them in fire; they broke and smashed heads of Assyrian children and aged men and women shoving and throwing them against rocks. Assyrians fled aimlessly everywhere. There were not many Assyrians who survived. We have heard that they live nowadays in America, Australia, Brasil, France, England, Sweden and even in Cuba! Maybe it's true. Maybe it's fiction — just imaginary. I don't know. We live in the Soviet Union. We cannot go abroad to meet our compatriots. We have no idea about how they are doing. They know nothing about us either.

We are living in the Soviet Union for a long time. I was born in 1944 in the Soviet Azerbaijan. My father is old, very old. He will soon be 80. When he fled from Turkey he was 15. We belong to the people of Bohtan. We are “Ato-roye” first of all and we are “Bohtanaye.” Gezira Bohtan is our native land. It's somewhere near Lake Van and Betlis town. Bohtan is a small homeland of our forefathers. My father misses this land very, very much. He used to say, “My son, I am still alive and my only wish is to take a look — for just a minute! — at those mountains, at that land in which we had lived before we fled to Russia; oh, if I saw for a while our mountains and our villages Roma, Borb and Shvata, my old heart would become quiet and I would die quietly . . .”

We are Roman Catholics. My father contends that our Catholic faith is the most right one. Maybe . . . but it doesn't matter. But what does matter? My father used to say, “The most important thing is to keep in the memory of all that occurred in the life of Assyrians, all of what has happened to us in this country. My son, you and your friends are educated people, this is your duty to register (write down) all events concerning our people.”

Such were my father's words. My father, of course, is right, but no one single person can register all events, small or great. Where should one begin and where should one conclude? Assyrians are a great people regardless of their pitiful situation today. Assyrians are probably the most ancient people in the world. Maybe they are even more ancient than the Jews. But this doesn't matter today. My father undoubtedly is right. Every new generation of Assyrians, wherever our unfortunate fate tosses (flings) us, must keep in the memory, register and pass to others all important events which took place. If we don't do that

we will lose our own history. Somebody has written or probably is going to write about Assyrian genocide and massacres in Turkey and about the flight of our people to Russia. Somebody else probably in America or in Australia or in any other country far from ours, one who has had joyful days and has witnessed pleasant events may write about that life. As for me, I was eye-witness to awful and tragic events which took place in the life of our people. Thousands of Assyrian families and mine among them were captured during the night and exiled to Siberia for life. Those several years which had been spent in the Siberian exile shocked us and left an impression in our memory forever. Is this really a portion of our history in the Soviet Union? Should we forget completely about this history or, on the contrary, should we keep it in our memory and pass it on to others? I ask this question and am visualizing my father's face. My father is nodding his gray head in approval. “Yes, my son, register all that you know of our life, do not forget and do not miss a thing . . .”



*The author, Iliya L. Vartanov, 1976, two weeks after he was released from KGB prison where he was kept and charged for promoting and propagandizing national ideas.*

## A FEW WORDS ABOUT OUR CHILDHOOD

The events I am talking about below occurred four years after World War II. At that time, we, the Assyrians, lived in the Soviet Azerbaijan in two very large Assyrian villages that were named Greenfield and Karayaz. The population of these two villages totalled more than 2,000 Assyrians. Masses of Assyrians lived in many places of Azerbaijan, Armenia, Georgia and the Northern Caucasus. As I have mentioned, about thirty years ago they fled from Turkey and Persia to Russia, escaping atrocious massacres and genocide committed against Assyrian Christians. I always remember with a bitter feeling of sadness that we Assyrian children didn't have any of the joys of childhood. Our parents were too poor, although they worked hard at Soviet collective farms from early morning to night. We didn't hear lullabies from our mothers, alas! They usually had seven to twelve children and worked so hard to make their living that they often fell asleep even before the children. We Assyrian children of the 1940's had no toys. Not having had toys we used to play with various things that we found in the streets, such as pieces of broken colored glass, rusty iron hoops of discarded barrels; boys made sling-shots by which we hunted birds, and in general all kinds of various rubbish that was "collected" passionately by poor children in all countries on yards and waste lands. I remember that my childhood dream was to have a T-O-P — bright colored, glittering, revolving on its axis with enormous speed — a splendid and magnificent top! Alas, the childhood had gone, passed, and this toy remained in my memory as a symbol of the dream that never came true.

Nevertheless, we lived, more or less, in conditions of safety. After World War II, almost every Assyrian family in our village possessed its own small house with a vegetable and fruit garden, and ours did, too. Finally the Assyrians, who experienced a very hard life of being refugees after escaping massacres and genocide in Turkey and fleeing to Russia, could breathe with relief. They had their own dwellings and they had jobs at collective farms, although these were hard jobs. They had the beautiful climate of the Caucasus with a bright sun, with an abundance of fruits and vegetables and grapes. It seemed that the fate (destiny) that always was so hard and unjust towards Assyrians, now for the first time, became merciful to them.

### CHAPTER I

#### They Caught Us At Night . . .

At midnight, there were sudden and hard knocks at our window.

The first to respond to the knocking was my elder sister Marta, a 10th grade student. As she moved the shade and stared into the darkness, she recoiled with fear and fell back into the room.

"Mommy! Mommy!," she cried. "There are soldiers in the streets, they are armed."

Hard and impatient pounding on the window pane sounded again. Now, one could hear pounding on the door too. My father walked to the door and asked, "Who is it?" "It's your friends, open fast!" Father opened it. They came in. "The friends" were an officer with a gun in his hand



*These poor Assyrians fled to Russia in 1915 from Turkey and Iran saving their lives from massacres. A few decades later they were condemned and exiled to Siberia.*

and a military bag on his shoulder and two soldiers with rifles. The rifles' bayonets were exposed. The soldiers waited at the door while the officer stormed into the room. "Turn on the lights!," he commanded. My father obeyed. The younger children, my brother Adam (7 years old), my sister Sophia and my niece Valya (both 10 years old) and myself (4½ years old), were still asleep. The officer commanded again, "Awake all people and put your clothes on!"

In a few moments, the half-dressed children and adults were ordered into one room. We, the younger children, were terrified and crying. The officer opened the map case (military bag) and took out a list. He started checking and comparing our names with those on the list. Nobody was absent from home.

"Be ready in 30 minutes!," he ordered. "You have not one minute more than that. Move! A truck for your transportation will be here in a while. Take all that you want to except jewelry and alcohol." It is very difficult to describe the commotion at that moment. The children were screaming and crying. The officer was yelling and the

women were wailing and sobbing. They were hardly able to collect the things we needed for emergency.

They begged the officer, "Where are you taking us? We have and always will be loyal. We are not guilty of any wrong doing. Why are they punishing us? What do they intend to do to us?" The officer did not elaborate. He answered briefly, "I know nothing. We just obey the order that has been given from the "top." You'd better not waste your time any more. Hurry up!"

At that moment, the children wanted to go to the toilet which was outside. "No toilet!" said the officer. "Nobody is allowed to go outside." "How about toilet?," asked my father. "The children are too young, you know. . . ." "OK," replied the officer, "give them a pail and let them do it here." A pail was placed in the corner of the room for the children to use as a toilet. I didn't like that. I was a very obstinate child. I wanted to have my toilet outside. I ran to the front door, but on my way to "freedom" two giant soldiers (as it seemed to me then) with rifles were standing next to the door. One of them put his leg in my way which prevented me from leaving the house. Then I tried to squeeze my way between the soldier's foot and door frame

but at this moment the soldier's leg quickly moved in the same direction. Then I tried to pass around the barrier on the left, but the soldier's leg moved there even faster than I did. The soldier probably wanted to play with me just like a cat playing with its victim. By then I was getting extremely angry and made my last attempt. I tried to get through between the soldier's feet which were planted apart now but I was caught. The soldier quickly closed up his legs and I was entrapped. "Let me go!," I cried loudly. Then the soldier took me in his hands, raised me high over his head, carried me up to the middle of the room and put me there on the floor. I remembered him smiling at that moment. He probably was a kind man . . .

By now the 30 minutes were almost over. How much could the family, whose 7 of 13 members were under the age of 15 years, have packed, especially given the circumstances under which they were awakened suddenly in the middle of the night by soldiers bearing guns standing at doorstep of their house? Moreover, the family members were under tremendous shock, which hampered their mental capacity and reasoning power, leading to their inability to comprehend the reality of this situation. Thus, they were unable to distinguish between the essential needs and the non-essential needs that had to be taken away to an unknown destination. Paradoxically, the children showed more rationalization than the older people; they carried forks, spoons, all kinds of dishes and their school supplies. In general, all that they could bring. Soon we had in the middle of the room a real "mountain" consisting of various things; samovar, blankets, lampshade, oil lamp, a sack of meal, table cloth, some pots, a sewing machine, wax candles, water basin, some pillows, a primus-stove, some pairs of shoes and many other useful and useless things.

After about half an hour we could hear a grumbling of mighty engines which sounded somewhere in the street.

"Your time's over! It is time to load your goods and chattel."

My mother and my elder sisters Mariya, Anna, Marta and Elza took the things away to the street where a big American-made truck was waiting for us. They were carrying things and at the same time crying. My father was so stunned and depressed that he was not helping. He was only watching. When all of our belongings were loaded, we were taken by our guardians to the street. We were extremely surprised when we saw all the members of the Bet Daniel family being loaded on the truck. This was a large family consisting of 7 sons and 3 daughters, their parents and grandparents. In a few minutes we ourselves were on the truck. People in the truck asked each other questions trying to get more information about this nightmare which took place not in a dream but in reality. We knew that we were not the only family to be caught at night by the KGB officers and special troops. As a matter of fact, the KGB troops surrounded and evacuated our entire Assyrian village. But not knowing that, members of each Assyrian family believed that they were the only people to be taken by KGB forces in the middle of the night. Such a thought made people shudder in horror. These poor people were sure they would be killed. When we were on the truck, we could hear Maryam Hormizd's terrible screams, although Maryam's house was long distance



*A portion of the author's family on the eve of the Siberian exile.*



*Author's mother Meske and father Lazar, Assyrian Christians, Catholics. Born in Turkish mountains, they fled to Russia, became Soviet peasants, exiled to Siberia where they were condemned to extremely hard forced labor for seven years. They buried two young daughters in Siberia. In their lifetime, they have experienced many hardships.*

away from ours and on the other side of the village.

The night operation was going to end. There were Assyrian crowds all over the village, adults and children; soldiers and officers escorted them to the trucks. The youngest children rejoiced at the opportunity to ride, for the first time, on those wonderful gigantic automobiles. . . women cried. Agitated men talked about what was going on. Assyrians shouted to one another, and that echo sounded and passed from house to house in which an hour earlier quietly asleep were the families of Rasho, Yalda, Odisho, Daniel, Jando, Oraham, Yonans, Mirza, Malko, Benjamin, Thomas, Sliva, Khoshaba, Azzoo, Youhanna, Hormizd Nisan, Oshana, Sarguis, Yacoubs, Yousip, Shimoon, Malek, Isho and many, many others, hundreds of Assyrian families and ours among them, who were poor and innocent peasants. Upon hearing the people talk, the officers became nervous and tried to stop them, but they failed. People were half dead from fear, but they couldn't keep silent. They were extremely disturbed; they lost, maybe forever, their close relatives; one's mother was in the hospital at the moment, the second one's wife was in the 8th month of pregnancy and was waiting her child at her mother's house in a close by town; the third one's son was absent because of a business trip; and the situation was like that in many Assyrian families. They were taken to

an unknown destination, and they didn't know if they would ever see their relatives.

Night operation finally was over. Officers got in the trucks' cabs next to drivers and soldiers got up in the trucks by two's, and the vehicles full of people started moving. A caravan of some 70 to 75 trucks had formed a long chain that moved over the road. Where? Nobody knew the answer at the moment, and those unfortunate people would have paid a lot to know where they were being taken.

That was a terrible night. Dogs that were chained up howled and howled endlessly, because they suddenly lost their masters, and they sensed that. Cows lowed having been locked in barns. The weather was too windy; gates, doors and window shutters banged and slammed in the houses that were suddenly abandoned by their owners.

So, KGB special troops were taking the Assyrians away on military trucks, "Studybekker," of American production. So, the column of trucks with Assyrians, i.e., sons of Mesopotamia, moved in unknown direction with unknown purpose. This tragedy occurred in the dark night on June 13, 1949.

On this and other nights in June, 1949, all Assyrians of Azerbaijan, wherever they lived, in Evlakh, Shamkhor, Akstafa, Tauz, Kirovobad, Kazakh, Baku and in other districts were caught by special Soviet troops. Thousands of Assyrians were caught just like we were but we didn't know about that until much later. Special troops were given the orders to "clean" the whole of Azerbaijan of Assyrians, so this order from "the top" had been strictly fulfilled.

### EYEWITNESS TELLS HIS STORY

In 1977 I met an Assyrian, David S., in Georgia's capital, Tbilisi, and he told me in detail how KGB special troops attacked Assyrian families living in this city and caught them and took them away to exile. He became an eyewitness occasionally. Here is his story that I briefly retell for the readers.

Tells David S.: "After World War II, not less than 5 or 5½ thousands of Assyrians lived in Tbilisi, formerly Tiflis, and my mother lived there too. I remember it was summer of 1949. I came to my mother for 2 weeks vacation (leave). At that time I was a young officer in aircraft. I had the rank of lieutenant. We lived in Vake area of Tbilisi city, where a compact mass of Assyrians lived. The majority of them were refugees of 1915 from Turkey and Iran. They originally were people "millat" of such districts as Urmi, Tkhuma, Gilou, Tiari, Barvar and some others.

It was summer, a beautiful Georgian summer. During these warm nights I used to sleep in our house patio open to the sky. It was night, maybe about 1:00, with bright stars; I would remember that night for my lifetime. I fell asleep, but after a while I was awakened by some indistinguishable sounds. My mother had awakened even before me. They, I mean the mothers, have particular hearts, which are able to feel instinctively a misfortune before it befalls. "Son," she whispered, "go and take a look to know what's going on."

I was still putting my boots on when suddenly five

people came out of the darkness to the couch I was sitting on; one of these five was dressed in civilian clothes, the others were a captain, a lieutenant and two soldiers with rifles in their hands. They are of course NKVD men (today's KGB), I thought, because nobody else could enter a house at midnight while armed. For NKVD men this was normal. . . "Give me your identification documents!", the captain demanded. "Mom," I asked my mother, "give me my documents, they are in my desk drawer." My mother did, she was terrified. I was absolutely innocent, loyal and my documents were okay. Nevertheless, I felt uneasy. The captain opened my personal-officer-card, "Oh, you, comrade, are lieutenant of the 2nd aircraft army. It is all right, lieutenant, have a rest."

So he handed me my document and all five went to our neighbor's house in the same yard. Our neighbors were the Bet-Kashas, Mikhael, his wife Nazra, and their five children, all young. Bet Kashas were the poorest and the most peaceful people in our ward.

My mother and I both torpid and shaken, watched the five men; the civilian commanded something to the soldiers, then we saw the two soldiers moving to our neighbor's front door, and in a second they were pounding on the door with the butts of their rifles. Having heard a noise, Mikhael rushed out of the door; he was in his underclothes. His wife followed him, half-dressed. The night visitors aimed pocket flashlights at the couple's faces. "Your names?" inquired the lieutenant. "Who is available at home at the moment? How many members in your family?" The lieutenant checked given answers with a list he held in his hand. "Yes, it's all right," he nodded. "Now prepare yourselves fast and walk to the street. The trucks are waiting for you. You have about 15-20 minutes to be ready. Hurry up, move!"

I cannot find words to describe how Mikhael and Nazra looked at that moment. After about 20 minutes the armed men escorted half-sleepy and half-dressed kids and their parents to the street. The youngest of the children, a baby, was carried by his mother. There was Thooma, my favorite, a 5-year-old boy, a very mischievous one. Thooma loved to creep from behind and tickle my ear with a straw, while I lay, as usual, on the couch in the shade of a big

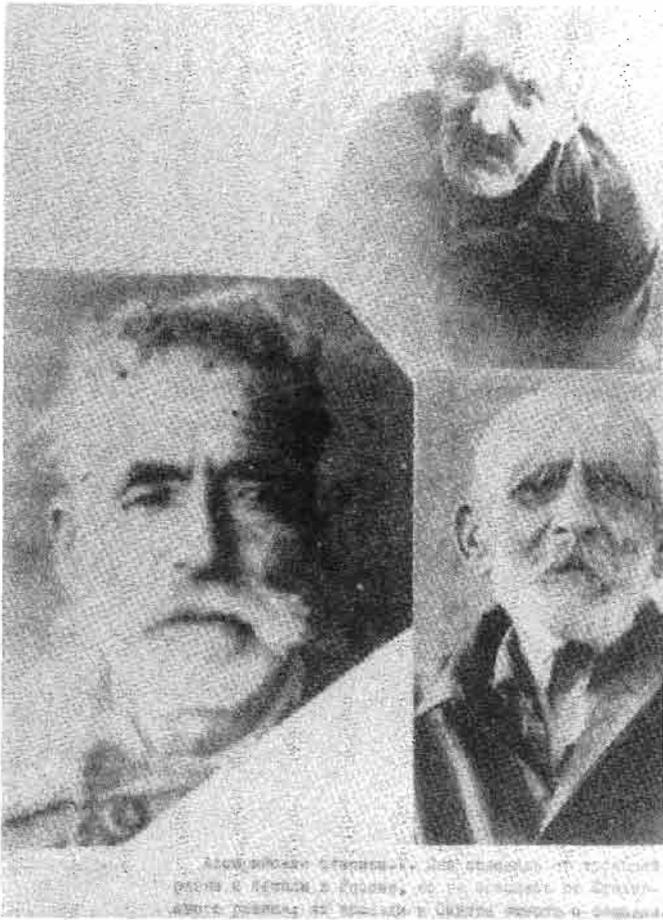
mulberry tree growing in our yard. I used to wait for that moment. I would jump up, catch him, growl like a wild beast and attempt to "eat" him. He would laugh loudly and screech laughing and trying to tear himself away from my hands. What a lovely kid he was! Now, little Thooma was shivering (snivelling) when walking under escort among this crowd. Mikhael and Nazra were carrying big bundles of sheets full of various essentials, and Nazra was pressing her baby to her breast. The other children walked, while some were holding on to father's bundles and others on to mother's.

My God! I watched that, and couldn't comprehend whether it was occurring in a dream or in reality. For a while, my mother and I were in a state of prostration. But, when the crowds of arrested people and their escorts walked out of the yard, I rushed after them not thinking about possible consequences of my action. When I approached the trucks, I saw many Assyrians including Mikhael and Nazra. To finish this operation as soon as possible, soldiers themselves took kids and put them on trucks. Fantastic! Is all this a dream or reality? Here is Mikhael, here is Nazra. A few hours earlier we were happily talking on our balcony and drinking tea. Now they are arrested with their kids among many others. When they saw me they stretched out their hands with pleading looks and voices, "David, David, ask them what do they intend to do with us and our children? For what guilt? Where are they taking us? You know us well, they should check our documents better, we didn't violate any Soviet law. Oh, my God! What will happen to us? What will happen to us?"

My nerves couldn't bear that any more. I rushed to the captain who was standing under a tree and smoking. The man in civilian clothes was standing next to him. "Comrade captain!", I exclaimed. "What is going on, please explain to me? These Assyrians are innocent; they are people, they need some explanations!" The captain tossed a cigarette butt on the ground, trampled it by the toe-cap of his boot and said with irritation, "They are not people, they are some kind of wreckers, saboteurs." He suddenly



*In the Siberian exile, 1955, Assyrian old men, Bohtanaye-Sliva on the left, and Lazar on the right.*



*Assyrian old men. Zepo (above), Maroogel (left) and Sliva (right) in Siberia. They fled to Russia escaping the Turkish massacres, but they could not escape from Stalin's regime. All were exiled to Siberia with their families.*

became angry and bellowed at me, "Come on, turn around, and one-two-three march from here! 'Shen nakhevar'? (Literally, Georgian for who are you?) You have no right to ask any questions? Who are you to question me?"

My blood boiled in my veins. I lost my common sense and shouted at the captain, "You yourself are not human! Why on earth do you torture peaceful, innocent people, why?" The captain's hand moved to his gun's holster and my hand also moved to mine. It occurred instinctively. As an officer of the Red Army, I had the right to have my gun with me, even when away from our military division. I would shoot this Georgian captain at this moment, I lost a sense of reality. But immediately the civilian stood between the captain and me and very politely and softly said, "Comrade, you are asked to leave. Please, don't prevent us from fulfilling our duty. I assure you that all we are doing is in accordance with the law and the order we have been given." What could I do? How could I help these poor people? The strangest thing is that this bickering (quarrel, discussion) with the NKVD officer didn't result in any bad consequences for me then or later.

Early in the morning we rushed to the railroad station

because there were rumors spreading all over the city that all the people who were caught at night would be sent somewhere on the railroad. What an unbelievable picture we saw! The gigantic railroad station square was surrounded by soldiers as if an evacuation had taken place in war time. Hundreds of trucks were rolling to the station area and they were full of people, and these people were Assyrians of all ages from infants in arms to very aged men and women.

A huge poster was hanging on the station building, and one could read the slogan from far away. "Volunteers of the Soviet Caucasus are going to develop virgin land of our Soviet Motherland!" Yes, over 40 years have passed from that day, nevertheless I remember the words on this poster by heart.

There were crowds along soldiers' guard chains. One of a crowd, a Georgian, said with scorn, "It's very good, that they clean our Georgia of this 'naguavi' (literally in Georgian, excrement, rubbish)." But this was the only malicious comment I heard on the square. Most people felt a deep sympathy for the unfortunate poor people who were on trucks under the guard's escort. Many women were crying when looking at children on trucks. They were asking guards, "Say, for what guilt are they punished? Where do you take them?" But soldiers never answered those and other questions. They were standing within the guard chains, silent and very serious.

There were rumors circulating all over the city that at the same night many peoples of Greek and Kurdish nationality were caught by NKVD forces (troops) and now, together with the Assyrians, they were taken to an unknown destination.

For three days and nights, big trains consisting of cars for animals, full of "volunteers" were leaving Tbilisi railroad station and nobody knew where they were heading.

What I would like to say in conclusion is the following: except for my childhood, I have only cried twice in my life. Once during World War II when our family received from the front a report about the death of my father, and the second when our Assyrian people were taken away mysteriously. From that time and forever my heart became broken. I don't know how to say, some kind of illness came into my soul . . . You know, I was a military pilot, I was ready to give my blood to my motherland any minute when needed. Yes, it's true. But that night a very long time ago, in the summer of 1949, it changed something inside me forever, and that unforgettable night of the Assyrian tragedy has awakened me not only in the literal sense of the word . . ."

*Editor's Note: Chapter 2 will appear in the next issue.*

# Mar Raphael: Chaldeans and Assyrians are One Nation!

by *Mikhael K. Pius*

“All of us are brothers, sons of one mother and one father, one church and one nation! . . . Our liturgy, our language, our culture, our church is one! . . . Our blood is one! . . . We ask God to grant us the joyful day to witness our return to our original love, to our father’s house, and become one blessed Church for the good of all.”

These are some of the words His Beatitude Mar Raphael I Bidawid, the new Patriarch of the Assyrian Chaldean Catholic Church, spoke at various religious services and social functions he attended during his historic visit to Turlock, Calif., last March. Tens of hundreds of Assyrians of different denominations heard him speak at Mar Toma Catholic Church, Mar Addai Church of the East and the Assyrian Civic Club in Turlock, and at Bet-Nahrain Organization in Ceres.

“You must teach your children . . . show them the way to faith, to patriotism,” he urged his listeners. “The language of our fathers must not be forgotten! . . . A people that have no language, no culture, no heritage of its own has no origin!”

At a luncheon given by Bet-Nahrain Organization, as the guest of honor — along with His Beatitude Khanania Mar Dinkha IV, Patriarch of the Assyrian Church of the East, other church dignitaries, club members and guests — the Chaldean Patriarch

appreciated the organization’s work and urged the members to uphold and promote Assyrian language, culture and heritage and said: “Bet Nahrain is dear to our hearts, because the name reminds us of our fatherland. You have transferred Bet-Nahrain from the East to this blessed land of America . . .”, he continued. “But don’t forget you all have brothers back there! You must think about them, about your Church, your people, your leaders . . . Don’t do anything that might bring them harm! This is a special request from me, from Mar Dinkha and from other Church leaders to you,” the Patriarch said.

Mar Raphael, accompanied by Fr. Gibrael Kassab, was on a visit to the United States to meet and greet his flock in seven cities and to probe and promote the unification of his Church, the Chaldean Catholic Church, with the Assyrian Church of the East, from which it split in the 16th century.

On his arrival, the prelate first toured the Chaldean and the Assyrian communities in Detroit and Dearborn, Michigan, and in Chicago, Illinois, and then flew to California and visited the parishes in Los Angeles and San Diego before visiting the Turlock, Sacramento and San Jose communities.

The Patriarch, accompanied by his bishop in the U.S., His Grace Mar Ibrahim Ibrahim, met twice



*Left: Mar Dinkha IV, Catholicos Patriarch of the Assyrian Church of the East. Right: Mar Raphael Bidawid, Patriarch of the Chaldean Catholic Church.*

with his Beatitude Mar Dinkha — in Chicago and in Turlock — and with other church and community leaders to discuss and gather support for his unification mission.

“Thank God His Beatitude Mar Dinkha and the Assyrian Church hierarchy all are working for the unification of the Church, as we are doing in the Chaldean Church,” Mar Raphael said in his sermon at Mar Addai Church. “And all the people have accepted the idea with joy. As Mar Dinkha has already informed you, a committee composed of a metropolitan, a bishop, and an archdeacon from each Church has been set up to discuss and work toward attaining one day the unity we all are praying for,” he concluded.

Mar Raphael’s Patriarchal Seat is in Baghdad, Iraq. He was elected to the Patriarchate on May 21, 1989, following the death of Mar Polous II Shaikho on April 13, 1989, and was consecrated on May 26. He received his “pallium” from His Holiness Pope John Paul II on November 9, 1989.

The Patriarch was born in Mosul, Iraq, near his ancestors’ city of Nineveh on April 17, 1922. He received his early schooling in Dominican School, and in September, 1933, began his first three-year training for the priesthood in the Chaldean Seminary in his hometown. He was then chosen and sent to

Rome, where he studied for almost 12 years and where he was also ordained priest on October 22, 1944. Three years later, he returned to Mosul with Ph.D degrees in philosophy and divinity to serve his Church and nation.

In Mosul, he was the vice-rector of the Chaldean Seminary and also taught French and theology classes. He was appointed Patriarchal Vicar for the diocese of Kirkuk in 1956 and the following year, on October 6, at the very young age of 35, he was ordained bishop for the Amadiya diocese by Mar Yousif VII Ghanima. After serving nine years there he was then transferred, in 1966, to the bishopric of Lebanon, where he served — the last half of his tenure being under difficult and dangerous conditions prevailing in that unfortunate war-torn country — until his election to the Patriarchate in May, 1989.

Mar Raphael is a linguist. He is proficient in Latin, Greek, French, Italian, German, Spanish, Arabic, Turkish, English and in Aramaic. He is also a scholar and an author, having published many essays and analytical studies in history, philosophy and religion. One of his early literary works on the history of the Christians in the Abbassid Era is among the Vatican Library’s famous “Studie Testi” collection.



*At Phillip Malik’s Residence in Ceres, CA. Picture of “The Last Supper” was presented to the Malik family by the two Patriarchs. Left to right: Maria and Phillip Malik, His Holiness Mar*

*Dinkha IV of the Assyrian Church of the East, His Holiness Mar Raphael Bidawid of the Chaldean Catholic Church, and His Grace Bishop Mar Awraham of the Chaldean Catholic Church.*



*At Phillip Malik's Estate in Ceres, CA. Seated, left to right: His Grace Bishop Mar Awraham of the Chaldean Catholic Church; His Holiness Mar Raphael Bidawid, Patriarch of the Chaldean Catholic Church; His Holiness Mar Dinkha IV, Patriarch of the Assyrian Church of the East. Standing, left to right: Gabriel Sayad, Kathy Sayad, Bob Malik, Linda (nee Malik) Glynn, Diana (nee Malik) Pedota, Maria Malik and Phillip Malik.*

*Picture showing His Holiness Mar Dinkha IV Patriarch of the Assyrian Church of the East flanked on the left by Gabriel Sayad and on the right by Phillip Malik, at the Malik estate in Ceres, CA.*





*At Phillip Malik's estate in Ceres, CA. Phillip Malik flanked by two Assyrian Patriarchs, on the left by His Holiness Mar Raphael Bidawid and on the right by His Holiness Mar Dinkha IV.*

*At Phillip Malik's estate in Ceres, CA. Seated: His Holiness Mar Raphael Bidawid flanked on either side by His Holiness Mar Khanania Dinkha IV (right) and Bishop Awraham Awraham. Standing, left to right: Khalid Al-Nofali, Fr. Emmanuel Shallita (Los Angeles), Daniel Solomon, Yosip Iskhak, Albert Abdulahad, Gabriel Sayad, Shimshon Antar, Phillip Malik, Fr. Sabri Yosip (Turlock), Kur-Episcopos Badal Piro (Turlock), Fr. Youshia Sanaa (San Jose) and Albert Benjamin.*





*At Phillip Malik's residence in Ceres, CA. Seated, left to right: His Holiness Mar Dinkha IV, His Holiness Mar Raphael Bidawid, His Grace Bishop Mar Awraham. Standing: Phillip and Maria Malik.*



*At Phillip Malik's Residence in Ceres, CA. Presentation of the picture of "The Last Supper" by the two Patriarchs to the Malik family. Left to right: Gabriel Sayad, Phillip Malik, His Holiness Mar Khanania Dinkha IV of the Assyrian Church of the East, His Holiness Mar Raphael Bidawid of the Chaldean Catholic Church, and His Grace Bishop Awraham Awraham.*



*A dinner reception in honor of the Patriarchs of the Assyrian Church of the East and the Chaldean Catholic Church of the East and the Chaldean Catholic Church was given by Phillip Malik and his family at their residence in Ceres, CA. Left to right: Phillip Malik, Gabriel Sayad, Fr. Youshia Sanaa, His Holiness Mar Raphael Bidawid, Kur-Episcopos Badal Prio, Yosip Iskhak, Albert Abdulahad, Shimshon Antar, Bob Malik, Albert Benjamin, Khalid Al-Nofali, Bishop Awraham Awraham, His Holiness Mar Khanania Dinkha IV, Fr. Sabri Yosip and Fr. Emmanuel Shallita.*



*This picture appeared in Gannana, a newsletter of the Assyrian Church of the East, Los Angeles, CA. Seated, left to right: His Grace Bishop Mar Ashur Bawai, of the Assyrian Church of the East; His Holiness Mar Raphael Bidawid, Patriarch of the Chaldean Catholic Church; His Grace Bishop Mar Awraham Awraham, of the Chaldean Catholic Church. Standing: Prelates of the Assyrian Church of the East, and the Chaldean Catholic Church.*

*A dinner banquet was given in honor of His Holiness Mar Raphael Bidawid. In his speech he emphasized love and unity between the two churches. His Grace Mar Bawai and Rev. Barkho Oshana Bet-Daoud (of the Los Angeles Assyrian Church of the East) spoke on the same subject matter.*

*A clip from the local history of Habbaniya . . .*

## HABBANIYA WAS ASSYRIAN “COUNTRY OF THE BLIND”

*by Mikhael K. Pius*

### **But Where Was Habbaniya!**

*Five hundred miles or so east of today’s disturbed and devastated city of Beirut, Lebanon, 55 miles west of the now-agitated and aggressive metropolis of Baghdad, only a mile away from the three-mile wide Habbaniya Plateau running up from the eastern shore of Lake Habbaniya, and along the western bank of the twin river Euphrates in Bet-Nahrain (present-day Iraq), lay the Royal Air Force base of Habbaniya.*

*Secluded from the rest of the country by a seven-foot-high perimeter iron fence of an eight-mile circuit, the air base nestled on a flat lowland that lay between the commanding and domineering elevation of the plateau and the nourishing and yet at times threatening muddy waters of the great river, close to a village aptly named by the local Dulaimi Arabs as Sinnadh-dhi’baan, or *Teeth of the Two Wolves!**



### **Iron-Fenced Dwellers**

*The circuit of the iron fence was divided into two major sections. About three fourths of the Habbaniya real estate was taken up by the British cantonment, called Station. The other one fourth was the local cantonment separated by the ever-present iron fence into two camps, the Levy Lines (LL) and the Civil Cantonment (CC), with the latter occupying the much bigger portion.*



*Christina Pius with friend in front of fence with homes in the background.*



*March 1948. The author’s mother Sooriya, his sister Melina, brother Mishael, and the man with B. P. insignia is Sooriya’s cousin from Iran who worked for the British Petroleum Company.*

Station contained the various R.A.F. units and squadrons, the aerodrome, all the work and recreation places, the R.A.F. and British civilian officers' quarters and family homes, and the N.C.O.'s and airmen's billets and bungalows and all necessary facilities.

In Levy Lines were quartered the lower-ranked Levy personnel (including some Kurds and Yezidis), and their families, with a handful of civilian clerks and their families. Local Levy officers and their families lived in special houses just outside the local camps, and all R.A.F. civilian employees and their families dwelt in CC. Both local camps were also cut off from the Station by the iron fence. Although both LL and CC populations contained small elements of other races, the Assyrians were the majority dominating both camps.

### **Neighboring Towns**

Only 15 miles west of Habbaniya was the neighboring town of Ramadi. Ramadi was the Iraqi government and education seat for the surrounding area, and it straddled the Baghdad-Rutbah highway that ran farther west to Haifa in Palestine or to Damascus and Beirut. And

*A Clip from the Local History of Habbaniya*

20 miles east of the air base lay Falluja across a one lane iron bridge, another town across another sweep of the Euphrates and the nearest "trading post" for the local residents of Habbaniya. Falluja and its bridge were also once the scene of fierce fighting between the advancing R.A.F. Assyrian Levies and the retreating Iraqi Army during the May, 1941, Battle of Habbaniya.

### **Trading Enemies & Friendly Conspiracy**

Notwithstanding the harsh history, the Christian Assyrians were, ironically enough, the favored credit customers of the Moslem Falluja merchants following the battle. One reason was that they were considered honest and trustworthy enough to merit the privilege. But mainly because the Christian Assyrian Levies, as the invaders in 1941, had behaved humanely and with moral restraint toward the town's inhabitants and their property — especially toward the womenfolk! — even though the Assyrians still retained searingly bitter memories of the Moslems' inhuman and im-



1941, a parade of Boy Scouts and Girl Guides in front of the school building. In the background C-type houses and other facilities.

*moral behavior toward Assyrian victims during recent decades. Particularly fresh in their minds was the Iraqi Army's cold-blooded massacre of August, 1933, when tens of hundreds of unarmed Assyrian men and defenseless women and children — some of them blood relations of the very same Assyrian Levy soldiers invading Falluja! — were violated, tortured and butchered in Simmale and many other villages in northern Iraq and their homes looted and destroyed . . . while the R.A.F. reconnaissance airplanes flew over the horrible scenes to watch and to report and shoot pictures for the British press! In fact it was said the massacres took place with the connivance of the British authorities — the real policy-makers in Iraq at the time — “to teach the Assyrians a lesson” for a “mutinous” movement (foiled by the British) by a malcontent segment of the Assyrian Levies who resigned from the Force and, with the consent of the French Mandatory Authorities, crossed over into Syria intent on settling down in that country.*

### **Imperialistic Watchdog**

*During the two decades of its operation under British ownership and rule, Habbaniya was work and home to a fluctuating 15 to 20 thousand souls, of which less than 10% were British and the rest various local races with a majority of Assyrians. But basically, the air base was an R.A.F. flying training school and a staging post for the Middle East, India and North Africa. It was also a watchdog guarding the British oil interests in Iraq, Iran and other strategic Middle East areas so vital to the British Empire and the allied war effort, with the economic and militarily-efficient Assyrian Levies and the low-paid and skilled civilians loyally doing the physically hazardous and politically self-detrimental work for His Britannic Majesty's Government, as when and where required, thereby not only saving the British Exchequer tens of millions of pounds but also incurring resentment and hatred against themselves from the Iraqi Government and the Arab people!*

### **Origin & Relocation of Base**

*The establishment of the Habbaniya air base*

*A Clip from the Local History of Habbaniya*

*was begun in the mid 1930's. It was completed and occupied, in stages, over a period of two years. In accordance with a British-Iraqi treaty agreement, the British handed over their old air base at Hinaidi — established in the early 1920's — to the Iraqi Army and relocated to the new site at Habbaniya. Hinaidi, which was promptly renamed Mu'askar Al-Rasheed (Rasheed Military Camp) by Iraq, was situated only a few miles east of downtown Baghdad, whereas Habbaniya was 55 miles away! Evidently realizing that the fledgling Iraqi Government was likely to flex its muscles one day, this time the British were far-sighted in the selection of the new location for their “policing camp”!*



*1951, left to right: Ammo Baba, Basil (Wiska) K. Pius and Zaia K. Yosip by R.A.F. Station Habbaniya signboard at the Ramadi Road crossroads leading to the main Habbaniya gate known as London Gate.*

### **The Rulers & The Ruled**

*Habbaniya was a British “country” within a country! The British personnel were the rulers, so to speak, while the R.A.F. Levies and civilians were the ruled. The British personnel issued the orders and administered their execution. The Levy troops and the civilian work-*

force carried out those orders and did the work required. As a rule, all the administrative management work was under the control of the British strength, consisting of some one thousand plus airmen, NCO's, officers and civil servants. The Station was overseen by the Station Commander, who came under the command of the air base "king," the Air Officer Commanding (A.O.C.) who, in turn, received his orders from the Air Ministry and the War Office in London.

The Levy troops, numbering some 1,000 at their lowest strength and a few thousand at their highest, were led by a covey of local officers headed by their local commander, the Rab Khaila. They came under the direct orders of a few British officers controlled by the Force Commander. The Force Commander also answered to the A.O.C.

The main duties of the Levy troops were to guard the aerodrome and the various military installations, stores and equipment, and to dress, drill and march smartly to their own bagpipe martial music — and sometimes to quell tribal uprisings and revolts in the country and to fight imperial wars for the British Crown as a sideline!

The R.A.F. civilian labor force, on the other hand, numbered some two or three thousand, including a tiny number of women. The work-force was employed in a variety of jobs. Some worked as skilled tradesmen such as fitters, mechanics, painters, carpenters, plumbers, drivers, electricians, fabric workers and a host of other trades. Others toiled in catering, domestic and menial labor services, for instance as canteen managers and assistants, cooks, waiters, dishwashers, cleaners, personal bearers, domestic servants, handymen, unskilled laborers and so on. A good number were employed in white-collar professions: there were clerks of various shades, accountants, storekeepers, supervisors, draftsmen, meteorological assistants, etc.

During the first decade of the air base, not many Assyrians had the qualifications to obtain clerical jobs, some of which were held by Indians and others filled by the R.A.F. personnel themselves. But by and by Raabi Yacoub's Union School produced a crop of young people knowledgeable enough to ease their way into

coveted and respected better-paying white-collar employment, replacing R.A.F. personnel and the departing, aging and dying Indians.

### **"Community of Nations"**

Of the total local population, an educated estimate would put the Levy personnel and their families at five or six thousand and the civilians and their dependents living in CC probably at another ten or twelve thousand people. Seventy percent of the inhabitants were Assyrians and the remainder were a hodge-podge of Armenians, Kurds, Arabs, Indians, Yizidis and several "invisible" races. The common language spoken in the local cantonments was Assyrian. Most of the Armenians — remnants of those who had fled to Iraq with the Assyrians as refugees — spoke Assyrian fluently, and some of the other races — especially the younger generation — had also learned to speak the language to some degree.

Relations between the various groupings were generally amicable. They intermingled at residential neighborhoods, work and market places and at official functions and athletic events, but otherwise the races pretty much kept to themselves at their own houses of worship, clubs, and wedding and feast celebrations. But there were in fact a few inter-racial marriages between the Moslem races on the one hand and between the christians on the other. All in all, it was a rather loosely-knit "community of nations" living together in harmony.

### **A "Confined" Society**

Virtually cut off from the rest of the country, the Assyrian community of Habbaniya lived within the confines of its limited circle, with just a trace of communication with the outside world. The people owned no private cars — but almost everyone had a bicycle! — they had no telephones at all, radios were few and far between and not many people had access to or cared to read the country's newspapers, especially during the earlier years. Much of the news circulated by word of mouth.

Life inside the fense, though humdrum, was

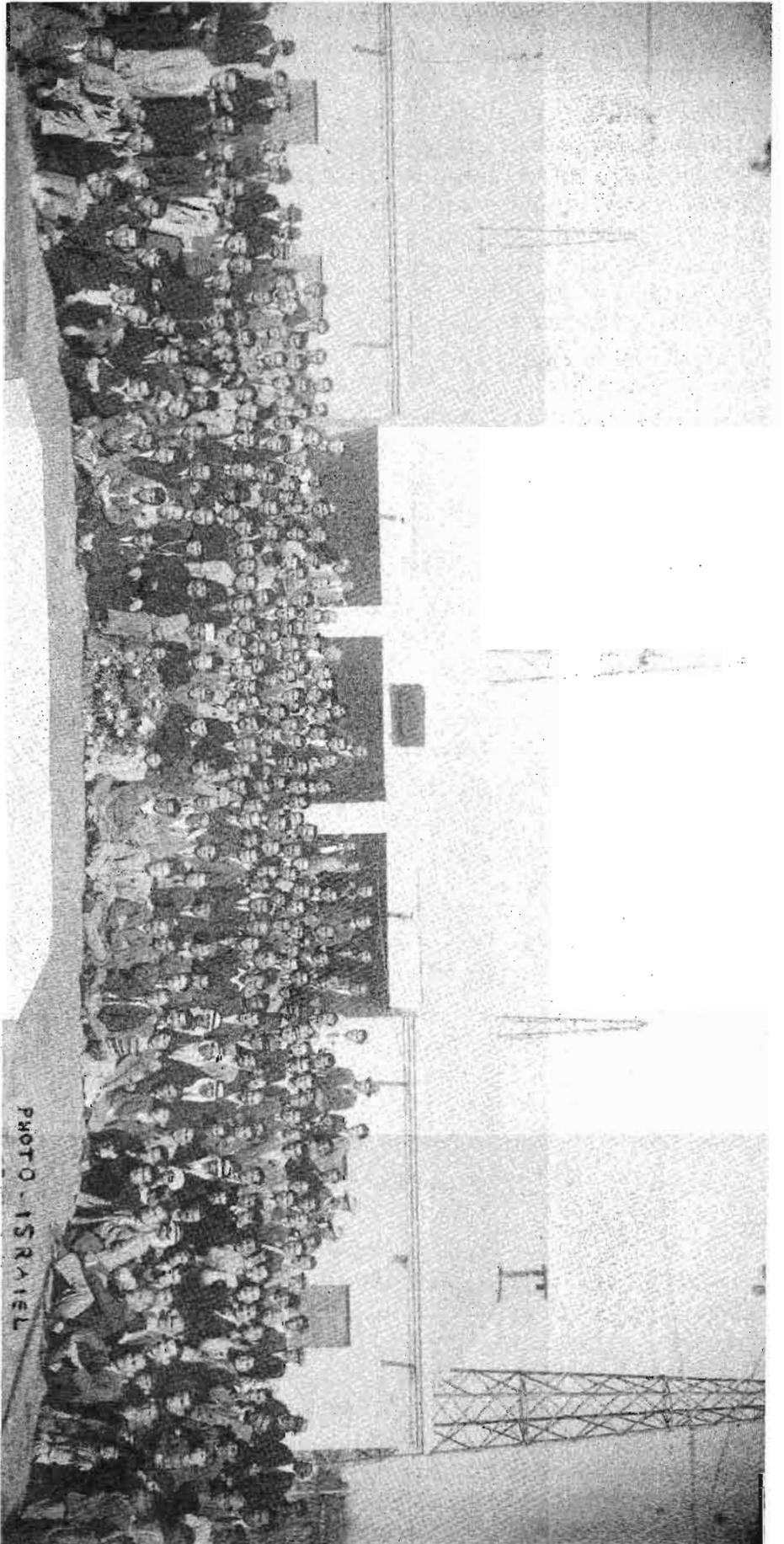


PHOTO - ISRAEL

*In Habbaniya Royal Air Force Employees' (Assyrian Club building with R.A.F. Wireless Station steel towers in background).*

*A day of mourning by the Assyrians of Habbaniya was held at the Assyrian Club on the occasion of the death of Iraqi Queen Mother Aliya who passed away on December 22, 1950. As a sign of courtesy all wore black ribbons on their lapels. The majority in attendance were Assyrians with Father Goriel Koda, Ph. D. of the Roman Catholic Church flanked (on his right) by the Moslem Imam and Archdeacon Eshu D'Mar Sargis of the Assyrian Church of the East, and Rev. Israel Emvya of the Orthodox Church; on his left is Antwan, Civil Cantonment (C.C.) School principal, flanked on either side by C. C. Police Station officers. On the left of the Arab dignitary in center, is Oshana Lazar, chief clerk at the C. C. Superintendent's office, and next to him in front is the Club's president, Avimalk Yonan Orahim. Other community members were also represented.*

*simple and easy, but without significant development or progress. People lived from day to day, with little ambition or thought of tomorrow. Generally speaking, the quality of life was all of one standard, though there was a little disparity between the means of one tiny "elite" class and that of the bulk of the residents.*

### ***Love, Birth & Death in a Tiny Room***

*Most people's comparatively low income was barely enough to see them through. To be sure, the majority had the basic food to eat and the means to feed and clothe their families simply but decently, and they lived within mudbrick walls and had a mud-plastered roof over their heads, but they lacked the finer things of life and the abundance to save a pretty penny for a rainy day.*

*Some of the types of mudbrick dwellings provided by the R.A.F. for their "subjects" had two or even three rooms, with courtyards. But many families in both LL and CC dwelt half-a-dozen or more to a small eight-square-foot room with a same-size courtyard. They lived and loved, sat and slept, ate and entertained, and played and prayed in the same little room. Some were born in the same little room, while a few others even died in the same little room. The parents made love in the same crowded tiny room, producing children with the anticipation that they would raise the sons to grow up and follow the father's footsteps into loyal service for the British and perhaps assist the aging parents and live happily ever after — in the same little room!*

### ***Safety Valve to Stress & Strain***

*The people were fairly healthy and happy, though some discontented while others resentful of the British superiority and critical of their former duplicity. But on the whole they were virtuous, with a simple but strong faith in God. Some were prejudiced and sectarian, but they all practiced their common language, customs and traditions and encouraged and maintained family unity. Their work was not unduly hard and oppressive and they tried to enjoy themselves with what little pleasures and diversion they had. Their most popular enjoyment was athletic sports, both as players and as*



*1949, Rab Khaila Zaia Gewargis' grandson flanked by Basil (Wiska) K. Pius (left) and friend "Dishey" Odisho. In background local Levy Officers' bungalows and (on left) soccer patch.*

*spectators, and they excelled in the majority of games, especially in soccer, tennis and hockey, in which they took pleasure in thrashing their masters, the British, time and time again!*

*To relieve their stress and strain, some people managed to slip out of one of the fence's three policed gates once in a while to fish or swim in the summer placidness of the Euphrates by the "Coolie Camp" or in the flood-regulator canal, or to cycle or bus to or even walk the four miles to Lake Habbaniya as an excursion. A few others could afford to take a passenger-taxi to Baghdad for a "fling" or a bus seat or train ride to places farther away like Basra in the south or Kirkuk or Mosul or the cooler mountains in the north for a brief holiday, or just to visit relatives. No one had the necessity or the means to travel to a foreign country, and hardly anyone from abroad came in to visit.*

### ***Freedom from Fear of the Unknown***

*From this camp, few men ventured outside the fence to make a better living or to seek a brighter future for themselves and their children in other parts of the country, except in the event where an employee was black-listed for a misdemeanor and thrown, with his family, outside the fence, which situation was always*



*A group of Assyrian teenagers at Falluja policed gate of Habbaniya “escaping” on an excursion outside the fence.*

*considered a tragedy! To be sure, most Habbaniya people were able and experienced, and though lacking in higher education they were skilled and resourceful and wise in the ways of the world. But because of the hardships, oppression and persecution they had suffered in their flighty past as refugees since the Great War — partially caused by their loyalty to their British and Russian “allies” — they had been brainwashed by themselves and their “protectors” into believing that it was a difficult and harsh world outside the Habbaniya fence — the fence that not only shut out intruders but also kept the inhabitants in! — fearing the unknown and what it held in store!*

*But after the May 1952 Habbaniya civil employees unplanned (or misplanned!) general strike — that made scapegoats out of the Assyrians when several of them were detained and imprisoned as ringleaders, without proper trial, by the Iraqi civil authorities on orders from the British — a trickle of resignations and departures from Habbaniya began and gradually grew into a torrent after the R.A.F. Levies were officially disbanded and the air base*

*handed over to the Iraqis on 2nd May, 1955. Assyrians moved out of Habbaniya in droves, especially after the 14th July, 1958, revolution in Iraq, and dispersed to various locations in the country. A small number emigrated abroad, especially to England. (This was followed, in the 1970’s, by an Assyrian mass exodus from Iraq, mostly through religious and other refugee agencies, to the United States, Canada, Western Europe, Australia and even to the farther-off little New Zealand.)*



*1952, Assyrian wireless operators of Wireless Station in Habbaniya. Foreground: Elisha G. Bakus and Pithyou with R.A.F. airman co-worker.*



*Raabi Emmanuel Jacob (second from right), Scouts Master, asking questions of Youshia K. Poloss (4th from left) regarding setting up of a scouts kettle. Fifth from right is Andrew J. Simon, Habbaniya's champion tennis doubles and hockey player during the 1950's. Background: Civil Cantonment Assyrian Church of the East and Russian Orthodox dual church building, with C-type bungalow houses on side and behind it.*



*1972, Assyrian ladies posing on the densely tree'd and greenery of a Station road. Because the area was more scenic, many people would have their pictures taken in such areas.*

### ***Home in Dora, Education & Progress***

*All the Assyrians managed to relocate and establish themselves in different parts of the country outside Habbaniya. Some secured jobs with the Iraq Petroleum Company and relocated to the Kirkuk area, some found work down south and moved to Basra, some went up to Mosul and some returned to rural areas up in the north. Some went and got well-paying employment in Kuwait and other Arabian Gulf countries.*

*But a sizeable portion of the community bought low-income houses in a mortgage-plan housing scheme and settled in a new township southeast of Baghdad city called Dora. The scheme, arranged by the British authorities presumably as a tiny gesture of responsibility toward their former Assyrian charges to ease part of their guilty conscience, proved both helpful and a wise investment. The working residents found work in and around the capital with various local commercial firms, foreign construction companies, and even with foreign diplomatic missions and Iraqi Government departments, while a few with "jingling pockets" went into small businesses of their own.*

*The Habbaniya Assyrians as a whole fared well, some achieving significant success in both their professional and private lives. But the most advantageous benefit they received was from the government's free education system. Their children not only obtained solid primary and secondary schooling, but also college education, many even winning free government-sponsored scholarships to American and European universities from which they earned degrees in science, engineering, literature or other fields of higher education. This enabled them to secure responsible positions in Government departments and development projects, thus benefiting themselves and the government as well as standing them in good stead in their new lives as immigrants in the Western world.*

## Caught in a Political Crossfire

Despite the Habbaniya Assyrians' previous fears and apprehensions, the Iraqi government and its Moslem citizens got so engrossed in domestic politics and anti-Israel and international bickering and "boxing" following the Revolution that they had no time even to think of their former grudges against the Assyrian community as a whole, except perhaps for isolated cases of discrimination or even persecution. But Assyrians did suffer much damage when Assyrian villages in northern Iraq were victimized by the crossfire between the Iraqi government troops and the Kurdish rebels, or when some foolhardy Assyrian patriots got involved in politics, getting burned themselves and causing harm to others around them. But the real tragedy was when thousands of Assyrian young conscripts lost their lives in the senseless Iraqi-Irani war of the 1980's in which they had no real stake in the cause for which they were forced to fight!

## Scattered Seeds of Assyria

This was Habbaniya from the mid-1930's to the year 1955 — and a few years beyond — when the Anglo-Iraqi Treaty of 1930 was terminated and the British were obliged to release their hold on the air base and surrender it to

*A Clip from the Local History of Habbaniya*

the Iraqi government. Habbaniya is still an air base, but it is now occupied and run by the Iraqi Republican Air Force. The British there are now extinct monsters — like dinosaurs! — and Assyrians are endangered creatures that can be counted on one's fingers! All the survivors of the R.A.F. Assyrian Levies and the civilian employees and their families have literally scattered, like seeds in a whirlwind, to all four corners of the earth to spring up and take roots in other places, in other lands!

*In the next issue read the account of who the Habbaniya Assyrians are and how and where they came from.*

### AUTHOR'S NOTES

1. I am indebted to Fraidoun Abraham Iskhak for collaboration of some of the information on Habbaniya.
2. I am planning to write other articles on other aspects of Habbaniya, such as the 1941 Battle of Habbaniya, the 1952 civil strike, the 1940 river flood scare, the general sports life and sportsmen, the educational and cultural life, the social and entertainment activities, etc. etc. I'd be grateful for any information or bibliography on Habbaniya or Hinaidi. And if you have good pictures of Habbaniya and Hinaidi, or even of Baquba and Mandan, that "tell a story," let them live on the pages of a respectable Assyrian magazine as *Nineveh* to be seen and enjoyed by hundreds of readers instead of being hidden in drawers or photo albums! Pictures of events and places are the best, but even of faces with a "local color" background are welcome! All such pictures will be accredited to the contributors when printed, and will be cared for and returned to owners after use. Addresses them to *Nineveh* magazine. Thanks.



*This picture was taken in mid-1940's at a Habbaniya wedding celebration. The Zorna player is an Assyrian Levy soldier. The young man second from right is Oshana Lazar, the Chief Clerk at the Civil Cantonment Superintendent's office. The 4th person from right is Oshana's younger brother, Yakhani.*

# HERE AND THERE

## TURLOCK, CA

The one-year memorial service for the late Babajan E. Ashouri, given by his children, was held on April 22, 1990, at the Assyrian Evangelical Church in Turlock. The service, officiated by Rev. Shmoel Es-Haq, was attended by a large number of people. Following the luncheon, a eulogy was delivered by Dr. Ashour Moradkhan who spoke on the contributions of the late Babajan in the field of Assyrian literature. He was the author of two books in Assyrian and had written and lectured extensively on a number of subjects. Babajan was proud of his Assyrian origin and ancestry. His feelings and passions about his beloved nation were expressed in the most beautiful and moving ways in his poetry, writings and speeches. Babajan had a delightful sense of humor and one always felt comfortable with him.

Prior to the church service, the immediate family and friends along with the minister, went to the cemetery for a brief service. The following is the text of the eulogy that was delivered at the graveside service by Dr. Joel Elias, Secretary of the Assyrian Foundation of America:

If Babajan Ashouri could see this monument his children created for him, with his picture in the center of the Assyrian flag, he would be very pleased. For it shows that they really understood the true meaning of his life's dedication. The beauty of this memorial lies in the fact that in its symbolism it captured the essence of his life. He dedicated his life to his people — his homeless people. How he longed for some small spot of this earth that he could call his Assyria. Only a homeless people can fully understand the feelings of deprivation that this status causes. This highly intelligent man had a rare quality — the gift of using the pen in the most powerful way to capture those feelings. He expressed our longings by creating poetic images of the most exquisite beauty, and he gave words to our deepest feelings and to feelings we had but didn't know we had. He told of homelessness without loss of dignity, desperation without loss of hope or will. He was the voice for all of us. We have all lost a father.

Now he passes on the torch to us, this flickering flame, with these words: "Don't let it die. If you do, you will have lost your soul. Keep it alive, and at the end you will be able to say with me —

*'I have fought a good fight  
I have finished my course  
I have kept the faith.'*

## LENINGRAD, U.S.S.R

We wish to congratulate the Assyrians of Leningrad for producing a magazine named "Atra." The first issue of this new magazine was just received by Nineveh. It is written in Russian and Assyrian, and contains a number of articles and pictures of Assyrians in the Soviet Union and elsewhere.



## TURLOCK, CA

David Yonan, the young Assyrian violinist from West Germany, performed as solo violinist in Bach's Violin Concerto in E Major with the Stanislaus Symphony Orchestra at California State University, Stanislaus, in Turlock, Calif. on April 23, 1990. His performance was sponsored by the Assyrian American Civic Club of Turlock and, in addition, the Assyrian Foundation of America presented him with a check for \$250. A number of Assyrians attended the performance. Mr. Yonan, who is 16 years old, has been hailed by Berlin music critics as "an outstanding violinist of the 21st century." We congratulate young David for his outstanding achievements and wish him a brilliant future.



## DES PLAINES, IL

The Assyrian Academic Society, established in 1985 in Illinois, publishes the *Journal of the Assyrian Academic Society (JAAS)*. The objectives of the editorial board are: firstly, to encourage the publication of research articles in both Assyrian and English and by both Assyrian and non-Assyrian writers and scholars; secondly, to produce creative literature in Assyrian in the form of poetry, short stories, tales and the like that will help reactivate the skills of our modern writers and provide them with a forum for publication; and thirdly, to initiate a modest attempt at filling the vacuum created by the discontinuation of such prestigious magazines as *Gilgamish*. Anyone wishing to subscribe to this journal or know more about the Society can write to:

Assyrian Academic Society  
P.O. Box 4102  
Des Plaines, IL 60016  
Tel. (708) 803-6776

## EL SOBRANTE, CA

As reported in the last issue of *Nineveh* the book of the selected poems of the Assyrian poet and writer Eshaya E. Khinoo, "Koonash Mushkhate," is now available for purchase. This hard cover book is published and distributed by the:

Youel A. Baaba Library  
50 Dias Court  
El Sobrante, CA 94803

and sells for \$15.00. It is an excellent book and we recommend it highly.

## HOLLYWOOD, CA

We wish to thank Shamasha Gewargis Bet-Simon for sending us a copy of a new coloring book, "Assyrian Art, Coloring and Activity Fun Book." The drawings in the book were sketched by his sister, Tania Simonov, and arrangements by Shamasha Bet-Simon. The book is for all Assyrians from the ages of 3 and up. It can be purchased for \$5.00 plus 50¢ for postage and handling from:

George Simonov  
5857½ La Mirada Ave.  
Hollywood, CA 90038  
U.S.A.

It is a beautiful book, consisting of Assyrian scenes for coloring, connecting dot pictures, word research, alphabet, etc. We commend the authors for their artistic work and recommend the book highly to our readers as an educational and fun book.



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## SAN JOSE, CA

The Assyrian Foundation received two copies of a new book entitled "My Language's Book" by Michael Younan of San Jose, Calif., for teaching the Assyrian language. The book is intended to serve as a guide for adults who did not have the opportunity to learn Assyrian during childhood. These books are offered **FREE OF CHARGE** to all Assyrian institutions throughout the world. It is a cultural service contributed by Mr. Younan to the Assyrian people.

Due to limited resources, Mr. Younan has produced this self-explanatory book with limited editions. It is worth mentioning that this book is **NOT TO BE SOLD** in any manner. Duplication of this book by Assyrian institutions each in its community for the purpose of teaching **IS NOT PROHIBITED**, providing the author rights are maintained and respected.

We commend Mr. Younan for this excellent work and the effort he has invested in the writing and production of this valuable book. Any Assyrian organization interested in this book can write to:

Mr. Michael Younan  
970 Meridian Ave. No. 29  
San Jose, CA 95126  
Tel. (408) 275-6259



***Teachers Raabi Espania (seated right) and Raabi Youkhana (seated left) with Students in Hinaidi, Iraq — Maratha Lines — Assyrian Union School, 1936***

*by Eshaya Hormis Isaac*

*Raabi Espania and Raabi Youkhana, who were both teachers, taught under the supervision of the late Raabi Yacoub Bet Yacoub, the principal of Assyrian Union School.*

*Raabi Espania was selected to teach in Mara-*

*tha Lines, the school for the beginners. Those who completed the required curriculum were accepted in the main school located in the Central Labor Camp, Hinaidi. Known as Assyrian School, it comprised of primary and secondary*



classes. *Raabi* Youkhana was one of the teachers in the latter school.

*Raabi* Espania and *Raabi* Youkhana were brothers and received their education at the main school. Upon their graduation, the principal, *Raabi* Yacoub, appointed them as teachers. They continued with the teaching profession until the British Air Base at Hinaidi was moved to Habbaniya, Iraq, in 1938. Here they joined the Royal Air Force Levies (Iraq) performing clerical duties.

When the British Forces evacuated R.A.F. Station at Habbaniya, they left and settled in Kirkuk where they worked in the Iraq Petro-

leum Company until retirement.

Both brothers were very friendly and well respect-ed in their community and among friends. *Raabi* Youkhana, particularly, was very ardent in civic, social and sporting activities. The brothers died a few years ago. They will be remembered for a long time by many of their relatives, friends and colleagues.

*Editor's Note: The picture was submitted by Eshaya Hormis Isaac, Skokie, Ill. A number of Nineveh magazine readers would find their picture among the students including the Editor's.*





***Assyrian School in Dohuk, Iraq, June 1933, two months before the massacre. Students shown here with Rev. Abul Ahad (Ablakhad) Jarjees and Raabi Sheem Michael, the late father of Archdeacon Nenos Michael (priest of Mar Narsai parish of the Assyrian Church of the East, San Francisco).***

*This picture was taken about two months prior to the massacre of hundreds of Assyrian men, women and children in northern Iraq by Iraqi troops commanded by Gen. Bakr Sidqi in August 1933. This massacre of civilians took place in the Assyrian village of Simel and other villages in the Mosul province of northern Iraq, including Dohuk. For Aug. 13 an even worse massacre was planned by the army, to take place in Alqush. The British writer Gerald de Gaury in his book "Three Kings in Baghdad" says that "the people killed were entirely innocent. It was enough for them to be Assyrians to be shot. The Assyrians in Dohuk were taken away in batches of eight or ten for a short distance from the village in lorries and there turned out and machine-gunned."*

*Because of these tragic events Assyrians throughout the world commemorate Martyrs Day on August 7.*

*Editor's Note: The above picture was submitted by Solomon S. Solomon of Chicago, Ill. Gerald de Gaury was in the British Army, serving in staff and intelligence posts, political agent and other capacities in the Gulf region.*

*Nothing can excuse the acts of savagery with which the Assyrians were visited in the summer of 1933, and the massacre which took place is a shameful blot on the pages of Arab history.*

George Antonius,  
Author of *The Arab Awakening*,  
1946

# THE FOOLHARDY ASS AND THE WILY CAMEL

by *Mikhael K. Pius*

Once upon a time, an ass and a camel, overcome by exhaustion and the summer heat, were abandoned for dead in the desert by a traveling caravan. The coolness of the approaching evening, however, revived them, and they managed to heave themselves up on their shaky legs and stagger away.

After plodding on for a while, they came upon a "made-in-heaven" spot — a shady oasis with an abundance of green grass and sweet water — where they drank, grazed and rested to their hearts' content.

A couple of weeks of the good life restored not only their full strength but also their zest for life, so much so that the ass became quite frolicsome. One day he announced to the camel that he wished to sing!

The camel was aghast! She pleaded with him to desist from his foolish whim. But the foolhardy ass ignored the wise counsel of his companion and instead plunged into a hearty "singing" spree!

But no sooner had he brayed himself hoarse when he and the camel were suddenly surrounded and captured by some passing camel drivers, who whipped prodded them on into their own herd and placed heavy loads upon their backs.

Although the ass was healthy and strong, his heavy burden and the long trek through the hot desert slowly sapped his strength, and he finally collapsed upon the ground in a heap.

At first the drivers tried to induce him to get up. But when all efforts failed, they took off his load and then gathered together and picked him up bodily and laid him like a dead weight upon the back of . . . his kneeling hapless companion!

Groaning under the weight, the poor camel staggered up and carried the half-dead ass for a long distance. But by and by the load became too much for her. So as the caravan approached a bridge by a village the camel hissed to the ass: "My friend, I have a fancy to dance!"

The ass gasped with fright! Moaning pitifully, he pleaded with his companion to give up the idea, reasoning that it wasn't the right time or place for dancing.

"My friend, when you wanted to sing, you sang!" snorted the wily camel, "and why shouldn't I dance now if I want to?"

So saying, the camel pranced for a moment on the bridge and then with a great heave she cast the limp ass off her back and into the swirling muddy stream below!

\* \* \* \* \*

*Note: This is one of the many tales my maternal grandmother — God bless her soul! — used to tell us pre-teenaged children to entertain and keep us quiet while huddled together in a circle upon the rug under a warm blanket or quilt, on cold winter nights. I have reconstructed it according to my recollection and in my own words.*  
— M.K.P.

## LETTERS TO THE ASSYRIAN FOUNDATION OF AMERICA

Enclosed is a check in the amount of \$250.00 from Mar Narsai parish of the Assyrian Church of the East, San Francisco, CA, for the needy Assyrians of Turkey.

Bette Koshaba, Secretary  
Assyrian Church of the East  
San Francisco, CA

Enclosed is a small check for the needy Assyrians of Turkey. Thank you for your noble efforts.

Baselious K. Pius  
Miles City, Montana

Enclosed is a check for \$100.00 for the needy Assyrians of Turkey. You are doing a good work. Keep it up.

Malek Shimmon  
San Francisco, CA

We are enclosing a check for \$150.00 for the needy Assyrian families in Turkey. God bless you. We hope you'll reach your goal.

Milis & Helen Amirkhas  
San Jose, CA

Enclosed is our check for \$25.00 to aid the Assyrian families in Turkey. Wish it could be more.

Raymond Badell Samuels  
San Jose, CA

Enclosed is a \$50.00 money order to go to the Assyrian refugees in Turkey.

Raymond Malko  
Chicago, IL

Enclosed is a check for \$50.00 to help our fellow Assyrians in Turkey. Good luck.

Charles W. Warda  
Newington, CT

God bless you all. I wish I was in a position to contribute more. Please accept this small amount of \$25.00 as a testimony of our support to your efforts. Thank you.

Odisho Warda  
Des Plaines, IL

I wish to express my gratitude for your work in helping our brother Assyrians in Turkey. I imagine that they are suffering in more than one way. Enclosed are two checks, one from my brother-in-law, Yousif Badal, and the other from me. I have posted your letter at work and am telling all Assyrians about it. Wishing you the best of luck in all your efforts. God bless you.

Solomon S. Solomon  
Chicago, IL

Your efforts to help Assyrians scattered all over the world are most welcome. Please continue the good work. I wish I could give more but, believe me, along with your letter there were two more from other organizations. My husband and I hate to say no to anybody. We can only say God bless you for your noble work.

Lucrece De Matran  
Buckinghamshire, England

Enclosed is a check for \$50.00 for the Assyrian refugees in Turkey. Our prayers are with them. God bless!

Ketty Alexander & family  
Studio City, CA

Enclosed please find my check in the amount of \$100.00. Please add this to the fund you have established to assist the Assyrian people in Turkey.

Stephen Sarhad  
San Rafael, CA

Towards the Relief Fund for Assyrian families in Turkey my wife, Sweetlana (Yaldaei), and myself wish to contribute \$100.00.

We feel that you are doing a real humanitarian service to our brothers and sisters in Turkey, and we wish you a full measure of success for reaching your goal.

Victor & Sweetlana Jamal  
Bronxville, NY

After viewing the video presentation on Assyrian refugees in Turkey, I was very disturbed seeing them live under such miserable conditions. My heart went out to them. I am donating \$500.00 for the young man who was in an accident and was left bedridden. Please see that my donation reaches him. Thank you.

Layla Benjamin  
Los Angeles, CA

Herewith is a check for \$50.00 towards the relief of the needy Assyrian families in Turkey mentioned in your circular.

Anonymous  
Daly City, CA

We wish to thank you for your efforts in organizing a drive to gather some relief for the Assyrian families in Turkey. Through your caring and hard work we are certain a lot of those needy families will receive some kind of relief. We are enclosing a check for \$1000.00 which you can use for this worthy cause. Please keep up the good work.

Nineveh, Incorporated  
Phillip B. Malik, President  
Modesto, CA

I thank you for your letter regarding relief fund for Assyrian families in Turkey. There are such families not only in Turkey, but in many other countries. The Assyrian situation is really heart-rending. I am enclosing my small share. I wish I could do more.

But the problem is much bigger than we can remedy by some monetary contributions. All the Assyrians in America and Canada should come together, through their delegates, and ponder on this problem. The Assyrian problems are many. One very serious one is the Assyrian Exodus.

I suggest you call a meeting of all the delegates of Assyrians of America and Canada, and solve these problems. If you cannot do it, then ask the Assyrian National Federation, the Assyrian National Congress, or the Assyrian National Council of Illinois, or the International Confederation of Assyrian Nation, or the Assyrian Universal Alliance, etc. to do it. Every year or so they hold their elaborate, arduous technical meetings, collect so much money from Assyrians, for what purpose? What national problems do they solve?

Sargis Michael  
Chicago, IL

Please accept my small donation towards assisting the Assyrians in Turkey. Enclosed I am also mailing you a copy of my latest research on rules and principles of a successful fund raising program. Something that I feel we Assyrians need the most and know very little about.

Assyrian Foundation, being itself a non-profit organization, and constantly in need of money to implement its social programs may find the study beneficial.

Isaac Ramsini  
Rancho Cucamonga, CA

It is of great sadness to hear about our fellow brothers and sisters in Turkey. Through your efforts we have heard about this need and we support your efforts and encourage you to continue.

Enclosed you shall find a check in the amount of \$500.00. Apply this sum towards the Relief Fund for Assyrian Families in Turkey.

Please keep us informed about the progress that has been made.

Wilbert Odisho, Secretary  
Assyrian-American civic Club of  
Turlock, Inc.  
Turlock, CA

# LOOK WHAT AMERICA HAS DONE FOR ME!

by Abram L. George

*The home of freedom, and the hope of the downtrodden and oppressed among the nations of the earth.*

— Daniel Webster

At the opening of the twentieth century, Assyrians, the descendants of the people of ancient Nineveh, discovered America for themselves. In the beginning nearly all the new arrivals were single young men. They came to earn a certain sum of money, and then go back, buy land, and raise families. During the First World War, however, because of the religious persecutions of Christians in Moslem lands, instead of returning home, the men sent for their families to come to the United States.

My family was one of the refugee families. We joined my brother, Jacob, in Chicago. He had come to the New Land before the outbreak of the war.

In my first week in Chicago, this wonderful and exciting experience was mine: I attended a public picnic in Lincoln Park. There I saw people — young and old and men and women who represented many different races — sitting around tables, eating and drinking, and chatting and laughing, and following the meal, playing many kinds of games.

On that *special day* of my life I was *moved* by the goodness and gladness, and *felt* the warmth and humanity of the Spirit of America. Yes, on that memorable day my ears heard a Heavenly Melody, and my heart sang a gladsome song. Now I was alive! Now I was living in peace, in freedom and in security.

In the evening of that same day my brother found me in tears.

“What’s wrong?” he asked, anxiously.

My reply: “Nothing is wrong. I’m crying because everything is right.”

In the same week I also learned this important lesson: A young man of an ethnic race that was a deadly foe of my people in the old country occupied the apartment below us. Back home this man, on coming face to face with me, for certain would not have hesitated for an instant to thrust his dagger to its hilt into my heart. But here in Chicago, he was the first person to welcome me as his neighbor with a lively silk tie. This told me in plain language that now I was a resident of a country where I could live and work and worship with the members of my community regardless of the differences in our national origins, religions, and cultural backgrounds.

In high schools and later in colleges I became fully aware of the fact that the laws of the New Land were designed to remove any obstacles that would hinder me from making my wishes come true and dreams materialize. In the light of this most exciting knowledge, all fear, despair, bitterness, and hopelessness

that had enveloped my world suddenly lifted. And as suddenly, deep within me there took place a healing, an awakening, a brightening of hope, and a return of faith and confidence in my existence. Moreover, my education taught me that within me I had certain powers and resources whereby I could bring about a self-fulfillment by developing the several areas and levels of my life to their fullest. And then it would follow that I would become a member of worth and value to human society.

As time went by, I found out that the foundation of the American Republic was established upon the pillars and principles of democracy and Christianity. Knowing this, I resolved to build my own personal life upon these same ideals and values. I wanted to become a permanent and proud citizen of such a Republic.

The libraries of America were open to me; so were its museums, art galleries, and concert halls. Within their walls I could help myself to the incomparable, imperishable treasures of mind and heart of the men and women of different lands and different ages who dedicated their lives in serving humanity — those treasures which no thief could ever steal from me, nor the ever-gnawing teeth of time decompose.

From the American Heritage I gleaned and mingled with the Spiritual Substance of my being the Essence of those Life’s Values that impart a meaning, a purpose to man’s existence, equip him with moral sense and strength for the Games of Life, and guide and direct him toward his True Destiny. Those ethical ideals are: love, goodness, kindness, dignity, respect, courtesy, honesty, responsibility, affection for the family, devotion to duty, service to humanity, reverence for God, and so on.

Yes, because of the rights and privileges and opportunities afforded me by my adopted country, I succeeded in attaining my goals, fulfilling my dreams, and completing my nature. Today, at the age of eighty, health is mine, gladness of heart, peace of mind, and financial security. So I cry out: **GOD BLESS AMERICA!**

And now I say this: what America has done for me, it has also done for the countless thousands of other Assyrians who have found a Heaven-on-Earth for themselves beneath the **STARS AND STRIPES**. So we see that the United States has paid its debt to the Assyrians. What debt to the Assyrians? Let’s hear President Reagan tell us of the debt:

*America's greatness stems from the diversity of our people. The richness and beauty of the Assyrian culture has helped make America what it is today.*

Let this great truth be heralded about: It was the Assyrians who, under the leadership of immortal Ashur-banipal, a lover of arts and scholarships, gathered together the different civilizing elements of the sundry cultures of Mesopotamia, and in their thought-laboratories blended and refined them, and then left them in their libraries as a mind-illuminating and heart-purifying legacy for all mankind to benefit from. Here's what all this means: There's not a single nation in today's world that's not in debt to the Assyrians of antiquity!

In the last 2,600 years of man's chronicles, the most pushed around, buffeted about and oppressed people in the world have been the Assyrians. It's high time, I say, that the countries of every continent, through their representatives in the United Nations, meet their obligation by restoring a portion of the vast lost lands of the Assyrian Empire to the descendants of their benefactors. By doing so, they'll help them in founding for themselves their autonomous state. Then once more they'll become a respected member of the family of nations, and then once more they'll be able to contribute their equitable share toward the forward-movement and **upper-climb of humanity.**

### Book for Sale

#### Assyrian Church Customs AND THE MURDER OF MAR SHIMUN

by Surma D'Bait Mar Shimun

To order write to:

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Burlingame, CA 94011

\$8.00 per copy  
includes shipping & handling

Reference is made to Mar Benjamin's assassination  
in 1918.

## Corrections and Clarification

First-Second Quarter 1990 issue of Nineveh: On page 30 under Editor's note should read: Mar Zaya Church, near Dora, was built to compensate for the demolition by the government of Mar Zaya Assyrian Church of the East in Baghdad. The government needed the land. The original Mar Zaya, built in the early 1960's by Assyrian donations, was a spacious and beautiful church, located in a prime area in Baghdad. The new Mar Zaya Church was built at a cost of about 250,000 Iraqi Dinars. There is another Assyrian Church in Dora, Baghdad under the name Mar Gewargis. This spacious church with a seating capacity of about 800 was built adjacent to the older and still standing Mar Gewargis Church. Funds for its construction came from local membership as well as from overseas dioces. All the Assyrian Churches of the East are built and financed by the membership, with additional funds if needed, from other dioces.

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## IN MEMORIAM

The Assyrian Foundation extends its profound sorrow and deepest sympathy to the families of the following:

### *Rouwil Bet-Matran*



Rouwil Yonathan Bet-Matran, 88, passed on to eternal life with a heart attack on Saturday, June 2, 1990, at Emmanuel Hospital in Turlock, Calif., and was laid to rest three days later in Turlock Memorial Park following funeral services conducted by Archdeacons Badal Peru (of Turlock) and Ninos Michael (San Francisco) and Revs. Oshana Kanoun (Modesto) and Shmouel Dinkha (San Jose) and several deacons at Mar Addai Assyrian Church of the East. A very large crowd of mourners attended the funeral and the memorial luncheon that followed in the church basement.

The deceased is survived by his widow, Katrina; four sons: Augin, Ammon, Ray and Paul, all of Turlock; three daughters: Margaret Kelaita (Baghdad), Pamela Zaia (Denver, Colorado), and Diqlat Samano (Turlock); two sisters: Battu Malik Ismaiel (Syria) and Khanna DeKelaita (London); 27 grandchildren and 15 great-grandchildren.

Rouwil was born in 1902 to Yonathan and Khozaney in the village of Mar Eshu in Nochiya, where he also began his early education. Due to the persecution of Assyrians in Turkey, the family moved to Urmia in 1915 where Rouwil continued his schooling with the great teacher the late *Kasha* (then *Shamasha*) Yosip Kelaita. When the Assyrians were living in Baquba refugee camps in 1918 following their flight to Iraq from Turkey and Iran, Rouwil studied arithmetic, English and Assyrian in a camp school in

which Aprim Kelaita and the late Youarish *Kasha* Orahah were teachers. He continued his education in high school, along with his older brother Shlimoun, when the family moved from Baquba to Mosul in 1920. A year later, the Bet-Matran family relocated to Simmale, while Rouwil joined the Assyrian Levies for the next three years as an officer (*Rab Khamshi*), serving for a while as a cavalry officer in the Sulaimaniya area where the British authorities kept the Levies busy putting down Kurdish strife and rebellions.

In 1923 Rouwil left the Levies and got a commission in the Iraqi Police force, working in Amadiya and Zakho in North Iraq, where he also met and married Katrina, daughter of *Kasha* Israel of Zakho. Meanwhile, in 1928, the rest of the Bet-Matran family moved from Simmale to Harire, half-way between Salahiddin and Rawanduz, where they lived for 33 years before Kurdish-Iraqi war forced them to move to Baghdad in 1961.

After seven years service with the Iraqi Police, Rouwil resigned his commission in 1930 and secured a position as translator and Vice-Consul at the British Consulate in Mosul serving till 1947, when he was transferred to the British Consulate in Kirkuk where he worked for eleven years. After the 14th July 1958 Revolution in Iraq he was relocated to Baghdad and served another three years at the British Embassy. In the meantime, he had a house built in Daura township and lived most of his 20 years there in semi-retirement before he and his wife emigrated to London and, a few months later, in 1978, to Turlock to rejoin their four sons and a daughter.

Rouwil has compiled an Assyrian-Arabic-English dictionary (to date unpublished) and has written and published during his lifetime a small Assyrian word lexicon and several books and booklets on religion, including a biography of the late Mar Yosip Khnanishu, the senior Metropolitan of the Assyrian Church of the East.

The late Mar Yosip Khnanishu was Rouwil's eldest brother. He was a saintly man who served his Church and nation faithfully and loyally and performed many faith-healing miracles during his lifetime. A man of peace, his message to his flocks was always to love all and to hate none. He was a great authority on the theology and canons of his Church. He also had much knowledge about the customs and traditions of Kurdistan and was keenly interested in the study of nature, flower raising and tobacco planting. But best of all, he was a holy man, loved and respected by all Assyrians regardless of their religious affiliation.

To illustrate the people's love for Mar Yosip, here is a little humorous anecdote: A very devoted and simple-minded believer was once asked if Jesus Christ were to come down from heaven into the church and offer, along with Mar Yosip, Holy Com-

munion, from whose hand would he like to receive it. Scratching his greying head in thought the man replied, "Jesus — praised be His name — is Jesus! But, then, *Kassi*\* is something else!"

*Editor's Note: The above was submitted by Mikhael K. Pius, Modesto, CA.*

\*My lord; my master; — Within the church this title is usually reserved for the Patriarch or a prelate in a very high position, like Metropolitan; a term of respect.



*His Holiness Mar Eshai Shimun XXIII with Lady Surma d'Bait Mar Shimun, and Mar Yosip Khnanishu (right), the senior Metropolitan of the Assyrian Church of the East. This picture was taken in mid 1920's.*

*Nations do not die; humiliated and oppressed, they submit to the yoke, while they prepare their revenge and transmit from generation to generation a melancholy heritage of hatred. There are moments of pause in a duel. Such moments must be seized before the combatants stand once more face to face.*

## Assyrian Recipe

### DOLMA (Grape Leaves)

2 lbs. (boned) shoulder lamb or  
2lbs. chuck steak (diced)  
1 onion (chopped fine)  
1 green pepper  
½ bunch dill  
3 stalks leek  
½ cup rice or pirda (raw)  
1 clove garlic (optional)  
1 cup cilantro & parsley (chopped fine)  
salt and black pepper to taste  
2 stacks grape leaves  
If lamb meat is used, use ¼ lb. butter;  
if chuck steak is used, use ½ lb. butter  
2½ cups cold water

Bone and dice meat. Rinse with cold water; place in saucepan and cover. Bring to a boil. When water has evaporated, add diced onion and cook until brown.

Cut up green pepper, dill and leek fine; add rice, garlic and mix together with meat, salt and black pepper.

Wash grape leaves with cold water; take 1 teaspoonful of mixture and place in center of leaf. Fold in corners of leaf. Arrange in large saucepan in layers. Add butter (cut in small chunks). Pour in 2½ cups of cold water and cook over low flame until leaves are soft and tender. Add water as needed until leaves are cooked.

### DOLMA (Swisschard)

Use same recipe as for grape leaves dolma using swisschard in place of grape leaves.

**Pope Benedict XV**  
**(December 6, 1915)**

































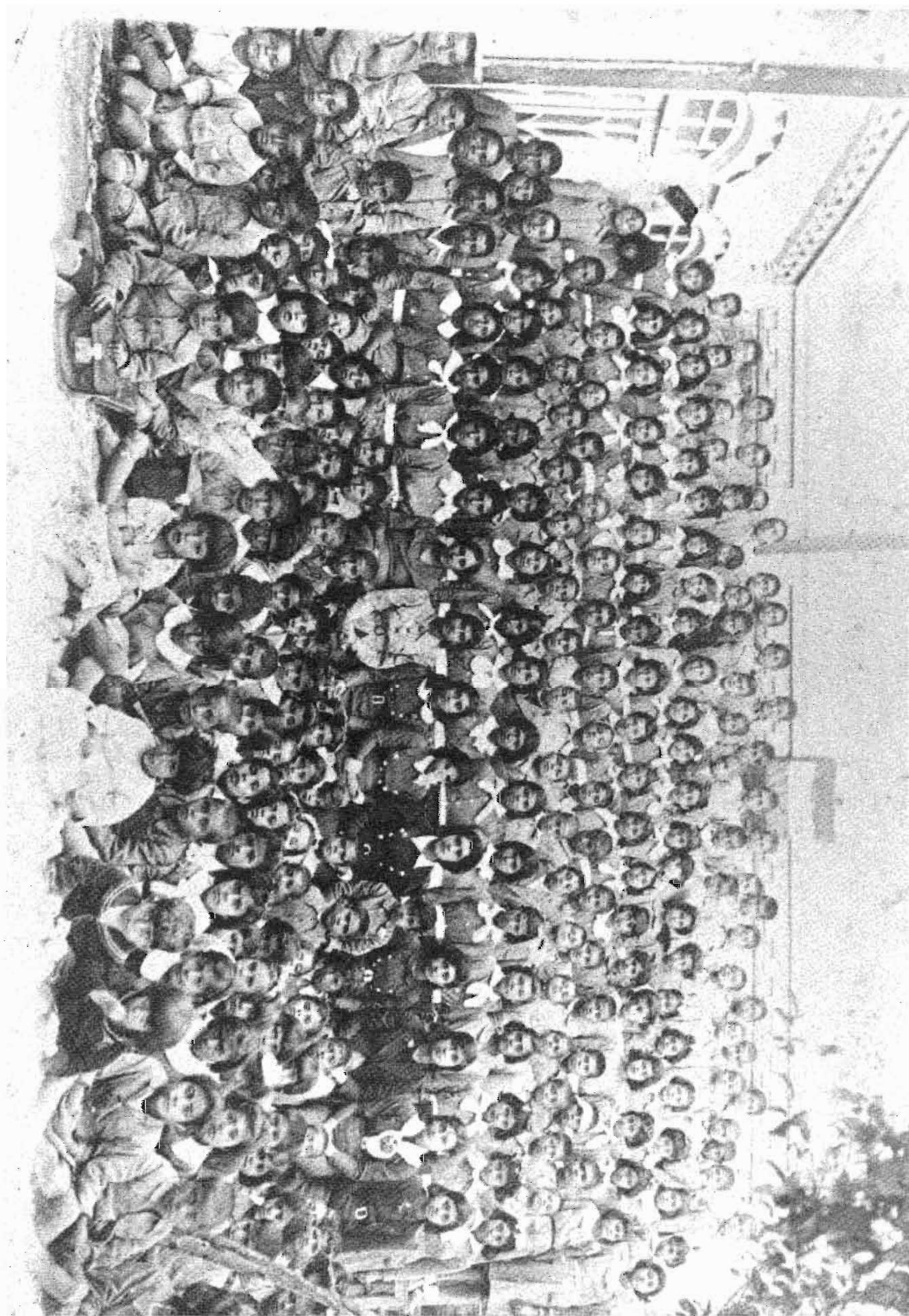
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עלל 1941



דגס לעל לעסל חל לעסס חכגל 6

עלל 1943



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דעבא דלילא קא עבדא דלילא דעבא .

בבא ד 1925 בבא דלילא לעבא לעבא  
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קא עבדא דלילא לעבא לעבא . בבא דלילא

לעבא דעזרא עבדא עבדא לעבא דלילא  
דבבא דעזרא (M.D.) בבא דלילא דעבא  
לעבא דיבליה . בבא דלילא דעבא דלילא  
קא עבדא דלילא דעבא דלילא 16 בבא  
בבא ד 1989 בבא דלילא לעבא לעבא . בבא דלילא  
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לעבא . בבא דלילא לעבא לעבא לעבא דלילא  
בבא דלילא דיבליה .

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לעבא לעבא לעבא בבא דלילא לעבא .

לילא דעבא דלילא : ספיקות דעבא דלילא

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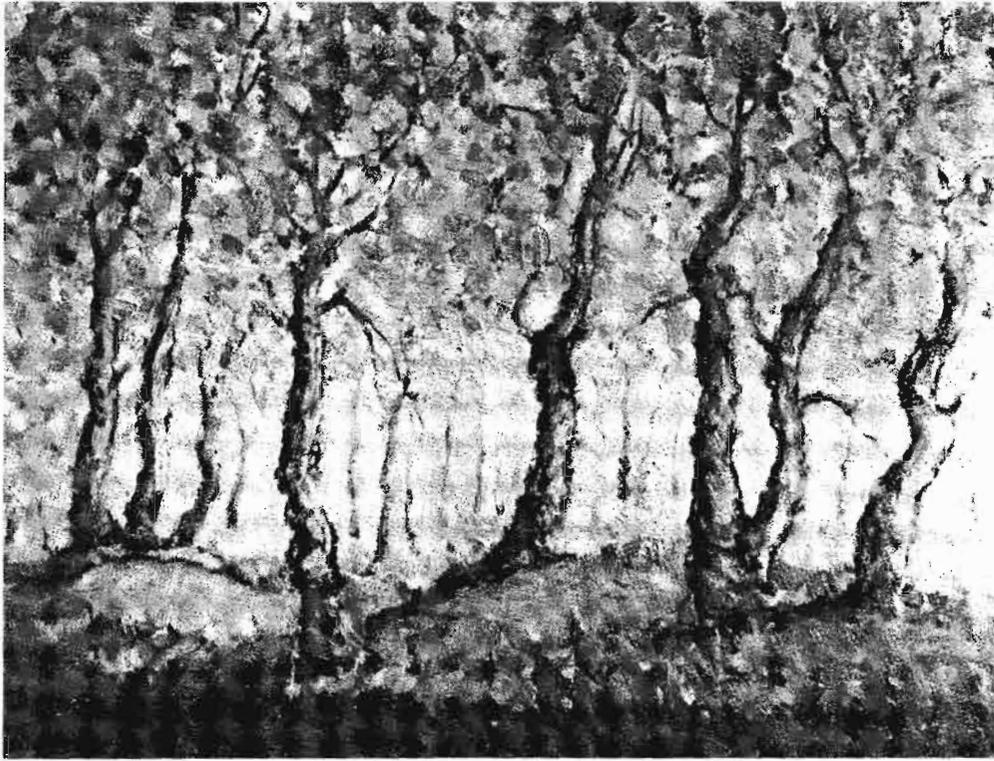




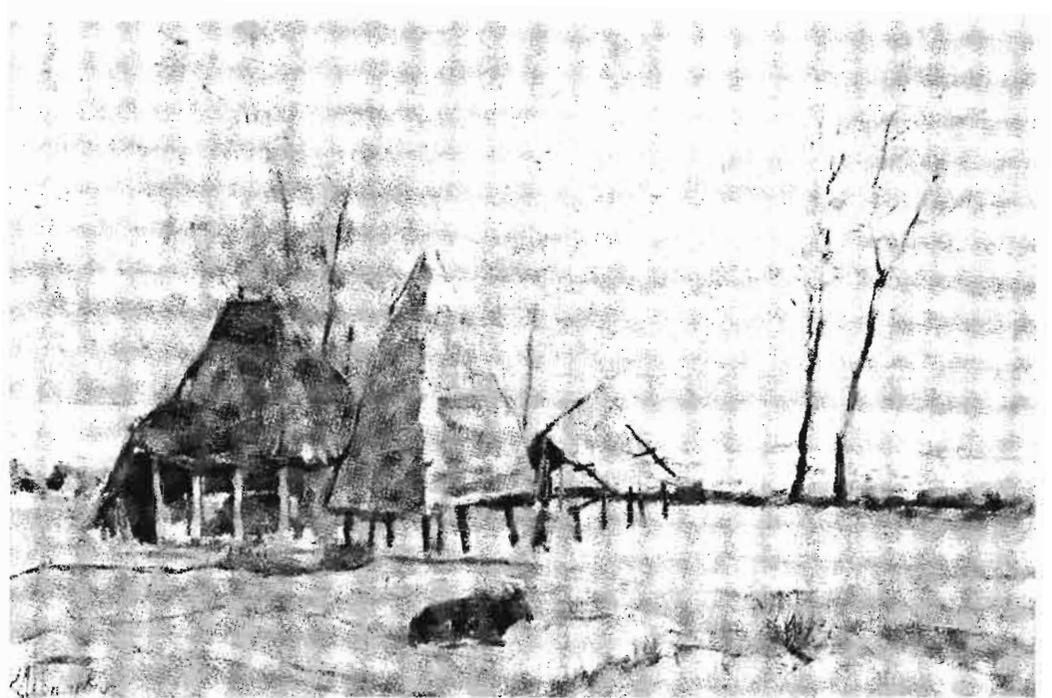








تھامسٹن



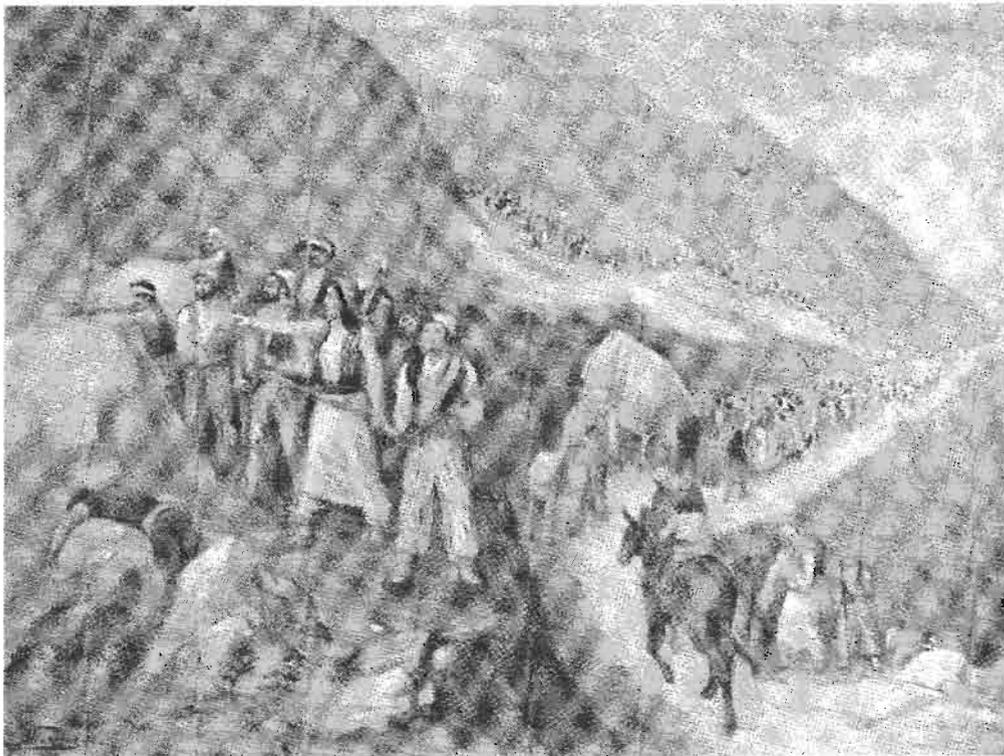
تھامسٹن، ۱۹۶۸ء





הַיְהוֹדֵה לַיהוָה כִּי יִשְׁעוֹ לֹא יִשְׁכָּח.

וְיִשְׁתַּחֲוֶה לַיהוָה כִּי יִשְׁעוֹ לֹא יִשְׁכָּח.



לְיִשְׂרָאֵל







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*André Marogol Gvalebich*  
*Accomplished Assyrian*  
*Painter*  
*1911-1985*

ܒܥܒܕܝܢܐ ܩܘܕܫܐ ܕܥܡܢܐ

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ܒܥܒܕܝܢܐ ܩܘܕܫܐ ܕܥܡܢܐ

ܕܥܡܢܐ ܩܘܕܫܐ.