



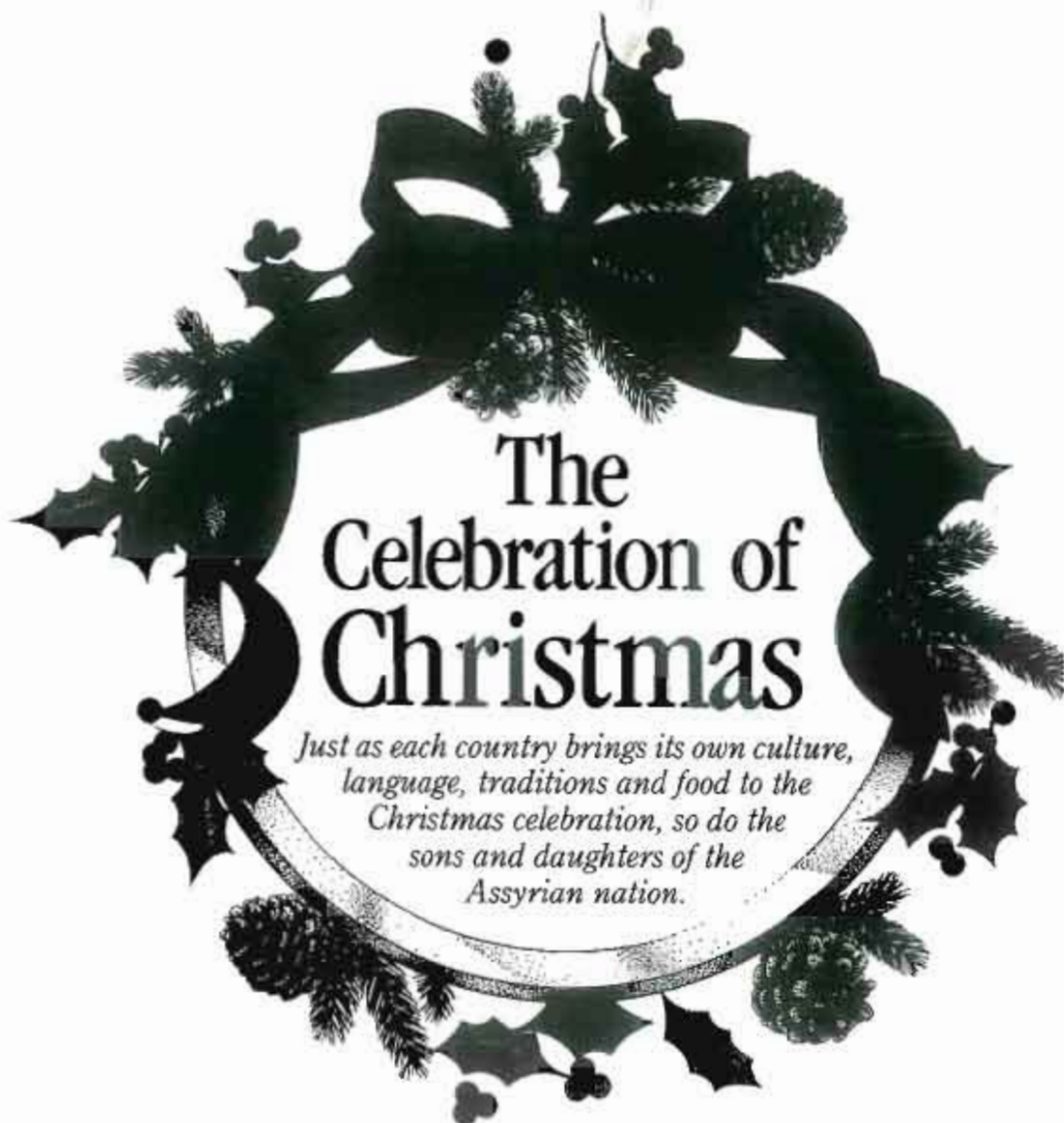
Established 1954  
Dedicated to the  
Advancement of Education  
of Assyrians

Volume 10 Number 4



# NINEVEH

Volume 10 Number 4



## The Celebration of Christmas

*Just as each country brings its own culture,  
language, traditions and food to the  
Christmas celebration, so do the  
sons and daughters of the  
Assyrian nation.*

***Best Wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Peaceful New Year  
from the Assyrian Foundation of America and Nineveh Magazine.***

# NINEVEH

FOURTH QUARTER 1990

VOLUME 13 NO. 4

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

## POLICY

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.

ASSYRIAN FOUNDATION OF AMERICA ESTABLISHED IN JUNE 1964 AND INCORPORATED IN THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA. IT IS A 501(C)(3) TAX EXEMPT ORGANIZATION DEDICATED TO THE ADVANCEMENT OF EDUCATION OF ASSYRIANS.

## 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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**We need your support to  
 help defray the cost  
 of publication**

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editor:

For some time I have been wanting to write and say what a nice job you are doing for the Assyrian cause. I was really prompted to write and say how I enjoyed the beautiful writings of Mikhael Pius and how he writes of his beautiful family and our Assyrian traditions. I especially enjoy the news from Wiska, his brother. He and I spent one year in college together in Baghdad, Iraq.

I want to share a story with you on how I ran into some Assyrians from Providence, Rhode Island.

Two years ago, when we (my family) and sister, Mariana, were in Providence for the graduation of my second daughter, Janice, from Brown University, we met the Hasso family. Mrs. Hasso turned out to be my elementary school teacher in Habbaniya. Of course, at the time I knew she was a Christian from Mosul. Now in 1990 after four decades, I find that her father was an Assyrian Priest, because, on their mantle was a picture of our Lord's Prayer in Aramaic. I was so stunned that I started asking questions, and I found out that their church in Providence is called Mar Aprim the Syriac church.

I told them you were Assyrians all along, but they never admitted it when they were in Iraq. In fact, Dr. Hasso is a cousin to the Hasso brothers of Baghdad. They always said that they were Orthodox.

In fact, all the service is in Assyrian in this church in Providence.

I just wanted to tell you how proud I am to find some of those Assyrians in Providence, Rhode Island.

Merry Christmas and God bless you.

Semiramis (Shabbas) Huwe  
Athens, Ohio

P.S. Mrs. Hasso was known as Sit Yalduz.

Dear Mr. Shabbas:

I recently read your magazine from cover to cover. Along with other members of the Ashurbanipal Library, I agree that it is the best Assyrian magazine in production today. The articles on contemporary Assyrian history and experiences, in particular those of Iliya Vartanov and Mikhael K. Pius, are priceless.

I have had the opportunity to personally congratulate Mr. Vartanov on the excellent work he has done in documenting Assyrian ordeals in the Siberian exile. This lamentable part of Assyrian history, for so long hidden from most of our people, will enrich and strengthen our resolve to survive. We will do well to study such narratives to better appreciate our existence as Assyrians.

You, dear Julius, along with other members of your editorial staff, deserve our praise for making such fine selections. *Nineveh* is continually improving. Please don't let up on your efforts. Best regards from all of us at the Library.

Robert DeKelaita  
Chairman, Ashurbanipal Library  
Chicago, Illinois

Dear Julius:

It was again a pleasure receiving and reading the new number, Third Quarter, 1990, of *Nineveh*. I thoroughly enjoyed the issue, especially some of the features in it.

*Nineveh*, once again, was recently viewed and recommended on the Assyrian Association of Modesto's weekly TV program, and an Assyrian translation of the article about Habbaniya was narrated by its commentator, Mr. John Rasho.

One of the interesting features of this issue was the introduction and first chapter of Iliya Vartanov's personal story. The mass exiling to Siberia by the evil Stalinist regime of hundreds of poor and innocent Assyrian families — including that of the author when he was a tiny four-and-a-half-year-old child in 1949 — was cruel and sadistic! The story was both poignant and moving, and I cannot wait to read the subsequent chapters in your future issues.

Abram George's article, "Look What America Has Done For Me!" was inspirational as usual. I've read a number of Mr. George's writings in *Nineveh* and other publications; they are delightfully delicious morsels of reading with tasteful doses of wisdom! I'm looking out for news of the publication of the promised anthology of his essays entitled *Pearls From Paradise*.

And Eshaya Hormis Isaac's centerpiece photo feature on Raabi Espania's school in Maharatha Lines, Hinaidi, Iraq, was an *event*! Despite its 54-year-old age, the picture was quite sharp, and it recalled many young faces and stirred alive early memories, some painful, some funny, some happy and some sad.

To complement Eshaya's article, I'm enclosing herewith a personal story of my own of the nostalgic bygone days to be considered for publication. As you will notice, I've written the account in the language, and from the viewpoint, of a young boy as well as I can remember the events and the details. If some of your readers can identify, and connect, with the "good ol' days," then it certainly would be worth my while!

Mikhael K. Pius  
Modesto, Calif.

Dear Julius:

Thank you very much for sending me some extra copies of the last issue of *Nineveh*. You did an excellent job on my article "Assyrians in the Siberian Exile." I am enclosing chapter 2 of my article. *Nineveh* readers here in Chicago were really excited with your September issue, and enjoyed reading my article among others. Well done!

Iliya Vartanov  
Chicago, IL

*Editor's Note: Chapter 2 of Mr. Vartanov's article appears in this issue.*



Dear Editor:

This is to thank you for sending me your journal for the past few years and to let you know that I shall be moving to West Africa at the end of the current semester. I will miss your news and I wish you the best in your endeavors.

Amal Rassam  
Professor, Queens College  
Dept. of Anthropology  
Flushing, NY

Dear Editor:

Attached please find a check in the amount of \$100.00 for the 1990 and 1991 renewal subscription to *Nineveh*. The balance (if any) shall go towards the Assyrians in Turkey fund.

My wife and I always look forward to receiving *Nineveh* magazine and learn much from the publication.

Thank you for your contribution to reporting and educating us in the Assyrian cause.

Donald and Madlin Lazar  
San Carlos, CA

Dear Sir:

Radio 2EA is a station of the Australian government's Special Broadcasting Service, and presents programs to the migrant communities of Sydney and other major cities in over 50 languages, including Assyrian.

Could you please let us know as soon as possible the cost of one year's subscription (both airmail and sea mail) to your publication, which would be of great interest to our Assyrian language broadcasters and their audience.

I look forward to hearing from you.

Elizabeth Berký  
A/ Resources Supervisor  
SBS Radio 2EA  
Bondi Junction, Australia

Dear Ms. Berký:

Pursuant to your request in your letter of October 10, we will be happy to send *Nineveh* magazine by air at no cost. We appreciate the genuine gesture of good will the Australian government has extended to our Assyrian people.

We have no objection to the use on your radio broadcast any material contained in *Nineveh* magazine. We would appreciate it if full acknowledgements are given to the author, title of the article and ourselves as publishers.

I am mailing to you by air the last issue of *Nineveh*. In addition, by sea mail, I am sending two prior issues that may be of interest to your Assyrian audience. The 4th Quarter issue will be printed at the end of December.

Julius N. Shabbas  
Editor, *Nineveh*

Dear Julius:

Enclosed in this letter is a check for the amount of \$15.00 to cover the amount of an annual subscription to *Nineveh*. I came across the magazine at a friend's house and really enjoyed reading the variety of articles about Assyrian culture. I applaud you on a job well done. Keep up the good work. God bless!!

Slevo Vazira  
Los Angeles, CA

Dear Sirs:

I would like to receive the *Nineveh* magazine on a regular basis. I am enclosing a check for \$25.00 for the subscription.

Edna Alexander  
Yorba Linda, CA

Editor:

Enclosed is a check for \$15.00 for a subscription to your magazine. Please start with the Fall 1990 issue.

John Zia  
San Jose, CA

Dear Mr. Shabbas:

Thank you for your kind letter. I would like very much to share *Nineveh* with my two sisters in Indiana and Chicago. Looking forward to the next issue, also. I am enclosing some material for publication that may be of interest to the readers.

Wishing you continued success as always.

Solomon S. Solomon  
Chicago, Illinois

Dear Sir:

Enclosed please find a check for the amount of \$25.00 to cover our contribution toward your magazine.

Please continue to send your magazine to our society, as our members are quite pleased with it and enjoy reading it immensely.

Homer Pauls  
The Assyrian Society of Canada  
Mississauga, Ont., Canada

Dear Mr. Shabbas:

My husband, Romel, and I are really grateful to you for sending us *Nineveh* magazine regularly. I am enclosing an article in English, and two articles in Assyrian to Dr. Ashur Moradkhan. I hope you will find them useful for your magazine. We congratulate you on your perseverance. We are deeply grateful to you and the other members of the organization for the beautiful work you are doing. We consider *Nineveh* one of the best of Assyrian magazines and we hope that it will become more and more beautiful in the future.

Madlaine Moradhkan  
Sarcelles, France

Dear Julius:

Enclosed is a check for the amount of \$100.00 for an annual subscription to *Nineveh* magazine.

Elizabeth P. Odisho  
Toronto, Ontario, Canada

Dear Editor:

My family and I have enjoyed receiving your magazine and would like to commend you and your staff for your hard work and dedication.

I would like to offer this small donation to the Assyrians that are currently experiencing hardship in Turkey. It is with great hope that these Assyrians will find their happiness in the West very soon.

I am also enclosing a check for a three-year subscription. It is very important to me to remain in touch with the Assyrian world and remain informed as to the issues that concern Assyrians. Your magazine is at the forefront in remaining true to the Assyrian cause.

Keep up the good work!

Paul N. Benjamin  
West Vancouver, B. C., Canada

Dear Editor:

I continue to enjoy your magazine. Keep up the good work.

Enclosed is the amount for the renewal of my subscription.

Hilda Ghahramani  
Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada

Dear Editor:

I have seen a copy of your magazine, *Nineveh*, with some friends and am interested. I would be pleased if you will send me a latest copy for my perusal.

Your prompt attention will be appreciated.

Rev. Robert Jacob  
Rexdale, Ontario, Canada

Dear Julius:

Your third quarter 1990 *Nineveh* magazine arrived. I enjoyed reading it very much, especially the local history of Habbaniya by Mikhael K. Pius. I wonder if he would remember me? In Habbaniya I was known as Ben Esho or Skipper, being the Scoutmaster for the Senior Scouts.

I am enclosing four old photographs taken during the late forties or beginning of the fifties, for consideration to be printed in your next issue of *Nineveh*. These are the only copies I have and I would greatly appreciate having them back as soon as you do not need them.

Congratulations for an excellent job you are doing and God bless you all.

Benjamin Yalda  
Des Plaines, Illinois

Dear Editor Shabbas:

Thank you for a good edition of *Nineveh*, Third Quarter, 1990. How proud we should be to have Kathy Solomon, first Assyrian woman to graduate from the United States Military Academy at West Point. The article on the plight and needs of Assyrians in Turkey, and the story on the Jacobite Church in Burbank, Calif., were enlightening, along with the unity meeting of the prelates and Abram L. George's inspiring article.

I have enclosed some material for possible publication in *Nineveh*.

Francis E. Hoyen, Jr.  
Worcester, MA

Dear Editor:

I would like to congratulate you and your staff for the fine work that is done in producing *Nineveh*. Please continue your good work. It is more appreciated than words can describe.

Enclosed please find my check for \$15.00 which will cover the yearly subscription. Look forward to my first issue.

Robert Isaac  
Schaumburg, Illinois

Dear Mr. Shabbas:

It is a great pleasure to write you for the first time as an ex Habbaniya person, thanks to Mr. M. K. Pius.

I take this opportunity to extend my sincere thanks and appreciation to you for sending me a copy of your esteemed publication *Nineveh*, Third Quarter, 1990, which is not only dedicated to the advancement of education of Assyrians, but also a very precious opportunity to have closer ties and the know-how among our people scattered in different parts of the world.

I congratulate you for the job well done which I find very interesting. I and other Assyrians to whom I have shown your magazine admire it, so keep up the good work. In addition, we all congratulate Kathy Solomon, the young and brave first Assyrian woman to graduate from the United States Military Academy at West Point, and wish her all the luck in the world. Enclosed herewith is a check, US \$30.00, being my subscription for *Nineveh* magazine year 1991.

Wishing you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

William Daniel  
Prairiewood, Australia

Dear Julius:

Enclosed is a check for \$30.00 covering two years subscription to *Nineveh* magazine, starting with the 4th Quarter of 1990. Thank you in advance.

Emmanuel Warda  
Redwood City, CA

Dear Sir:

Last month, while on holiday in Chicago, I saw your esteemed *Nineveh* magazine. I was so delighted.

Kindly enroll me as a subscriber for one year. I enclose herewith a check in US dollars for \$50.00 to cover my subscription and cost of some of the back issues which contain Habbaniya and Kirkuk pictures.

My maiden name is Sophia Hormis Isaac (sister of Eshaya Hormis Isaac of Habbaniya, now of Skokie, Illinois. Thank you.

Sophia Kanna  
Sydney, Australia

Dear Julius:

What a joy it was to see so many familiar names and friendly faces from way back at Habbaniya, in your fine magazine *Nineveh*.

A short time ago I was visiting with a relative who had copies of *Nineveh* she wanted to share with me. Fancy seeing my name "Yousip Yousipus" listed with my classmates back in 1944! Distant memories, mostly pleasant, of those wonderfully happy days came flashing back. I believe school days are the best times in a person's life!

Julius, I remember you very well as a friend of Davis Eshai (now David), our next door neighbor back at Habbaniya. I'm Samuel's brother, you may know him as Shoumi, now living in Modesto. I hope to get to see you sometime soon.

I'm enclosing \$30.00 for a year's subscription for myself and Father Oshana Kanoun, Pastor, Church of the East, Modesto. As a special favor, I'd like to ask you for a copy of the 3rd Quarter, 1989 issue. It has a picture of my graduating class. Would you please oblige? Also, can you possibly get me in touch with Atila Amiri. I believe he is a UC Berkeley student, his name appeared in the letters-of-thanks column in the 1st & 2nd Quarters, 1990 issue.

Wishing you God's blessings and a Happy Holiday Season.

Joe Samuel  
Modesto, CA

**Editor's Notation:** Due to space limitation Part II of "Habbaniya Was Assyrian 'Country of the Blind'" by Mikhael K. Pius will be published in the next issue. This article relates to who the Habbaniya Assyrians are and how and where they came from.



**Phillip Herman** celebrated his 70th birthday on November 24th with a surprise dinner party with all the trimmings, band and singer, given by his wife, Victoria. Many relatives and friends shared the celebration held at Newark Pavilion hall in Newark, CA. Phillip and Victoria are members of the Assyrian Foundation of America.



***Introducing the Board of Directors for 1991 —  
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# 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.*

### CHAPTER II

#### "Mesopotamia's sons are being taken ... to Siberia."

Now let me relate the events of that dark night of June, 1949. An enormous convoy of military trucks full of Assyrians was moving toward a big railroad station named Akstafa.

I, a 5 year old child, was among those miserable people. Yes, I too was to be exiled. Now, in the late 1970's, while I am talking to my father about our Siberian past and am watching his tired looking face, events of that unforgettable night are coming back into my mind as fragments. Yes, I see them, the Assyrians, in those trucks, they are half-dressed, wearing shabby clothes with patches all over them. I see wrinkled brown faces of those aged men and women, fathers and mothers with their baffled children ... My God, what were my people thinking about while they were being taken to unknown destinations!!

Were they thinking of how they lived before coming to Russia? They were happy in their motherland. They used to live in the mountains of the Ottoman Empire, and they were the true aborigines of these mountains. For centuries, they lived there isolated from the big world, and the civilization went by without even touching them. Yes, they accepted the Word of God and they became Christians from the very first century. For 2,000 years they were called Syrians — the Christians of the East. They inhabited the same area where Jesus Christ walked and preached. Researchers believe that Jesus Christ spoke our Aramaic language. Is this really the case? Yet, we are being called Syrians and Assyrians at the same time. Both ancient Assyria and ancient Babylon are our past and we are proud of them.

My parents belong to the tribe of "Bohtanai." A few thousand "Bohtanai" lived in Jezira Bohtan area, namely in the villages of Rooma, Borb and Shvata. It was so hard to reach the Bohtanais living in high mountains, that even Turkish State collectors of taxes didn't try to seek them. Their style of life was extremely simple: men and women of Bohtan tribe used to practice peasant labor. They had household pets and their life was simple as nature itself. To tell the time they simply looked at the sun and the stars.

My grandfather Pertoo with his large family used to live, like others, in a cabin. Most Assyrians didn't know what furniture was. They sat and slept on the floor. They dug a large deep hole in the middle of the cabin and paved the walls with mud; this they called "tanoora" in which

the fire constantly burned. Tanoora was used as "kitchen," "bakery" and "heating system." The smoke went out through a round trough in the ceiling named "kuve" and the daylight penetrated through this "kuve." Assyrians used to cook their favorite meals such as "booshala," "harisa," "aprukhe," "guirdoo," "kootle," "kada," "shirva," etc., etc., on the "tanoora."

Those Assyrians used to live long lives, my father said. The pure mountain air, the natural well water and the simple natural meals, helped to maintain good health. People didn't suffer from any disease, they usually died of old age.

Winters in Turkey's mountains were cold and snowy. At times the snowfalls and snowstorms were so severe that cabins were buried under the snow. Early in the morning all the men in the family armed with shovels made trenches through which people could go outside. Only by watching thin streams of smoke coming up in the air one could guess that people lived there. Communication among our villages: Rooma, Borb and Shvata would come to a stop during winter, and people, just like bears, would survive winters in their very large dens (lair). Springs and summers were particularly good in this area. The sun and the warm weather helped people live to a new and active life; they shepherded their sheep, they ate the cheese which was wrapped in the thin rolled out bread called "Luvash" and they thanked God for their daily bread.



*Hakkiari Mountains where several thousands of Assyrians used to live.*

As I mentioned earlier, the Assyrians from the very first century were good Christians. The unfortunate thing is that by the early part of the 19th century, the whole world had forgotten who these Assyrians were. The American



and European missionaries could find this lost people. The missionaries became real educators for Assyrians from the beginning of the 19th century. They offered elementary and secondary education for their children, taught adults reading and writing in their native Assyrian language and in English. In addition, they printed the Holy Testament and other religious books in Assyrian and more. They started printing the very first Assyrian monthly magazine in Tehran, Iran. They brought printing machines to realize and accomplish this project. They built several hospitals and clinics in which Assyrians could get free medical care and service. I feel the missionaries really helped our people greatly, and we should never forget this.

Assyrians — Christians — used to live in the mountains under strict morals. These moral rules didn't allow any individual to live without working. Such things as drunkenness or lewdness were, as a matter of fact, unknown among our people of "bohtanai." Of course, these people weren't without mistakes. They too could envy each other, slander an innocent person, steal, take into their flock the neighbor's sheep and they could also fight. Nevertheless, common living in family, in tribe and in community, made a great impact on these people and made them obey the rules of living together and kept them within the set rules of the moral standard. Being a part of the tribe, in addition to the Christian morals and commandments which were put into their simple souls by their priests' sermons, served the same purpose, i.e., helped to educate the Assyrian people in an atmosphere full of respect for moral rules, customs and traditions. For example, someone's wife used to be under strictest taboo for all the other men of the tribe. The people didn't know the word "divorce" and, besides, their Catholic religion prohibited married couples from leaving each other. There in the mountains the young people were often getting married under the age of sixteen. After being married, the young lady lived with her in-laws. Several generations shared the same house and even the same room. The gathering of all men of the family under one roof was necessary not only because they had to work together to get their food and to survive, but also because they had to defend themselves in case an aggressive "bek" or "Khan" would attack their dwellings. In general, Moslems and their Christian neighbors used to live in peace; moreover, many Assyrians not only co-existed with Arabs, Kurds, Turks and Persians, but had friendly relationships with them. This used to be the case until the beginning of World War I, after which terrible and bloody events took place.

My father told me that in the mountains love didn't matter when parents pre-arranged the marriage of their children. In this business, economical and materialistic interests of the whole family had priority and feelings, "love" wasn't considered as important. Parents were more willing to marry off their daughter into the house (family) which owned more sheep and goats and which was rich. The same applied when parents looked for a bride for their son. In some cases mutual and friendly promises of parents to each other about marriage were given when their children were newly born. In some cases after 14 or 15 years had passed, dramatic things took place . . .

Assyrian rules of life in the mountains were simple and strict. Father's will was law for children. Here is a simple example. When my father was very young and single, my grandfather Pirtoo told him, "My son, never smoke and

## Assyrians in the Siberian Exile



1973 — This is Matlib, the author's relative. He never lived in Russia, nor heard of Siberia. At the above date he was living about 50 miles from Baghdad, Iraq. Prior to that in the mountains in Turkey.

even don't try smoking. I myself can't spend a day of my life without my pipe, but I am saying to you smoking has affected me badly. Years back, I went on foot to see my relatives who lived two mountains away, or I went to do some jobs. After I had almost gone half way I craved to smoke and withdrew my pipe and at this moment it turned out that I had forgotten the flint at home. So I had to go back home thus wasting half a day. Or else I had my flint with me but the tobacco was forgotten . . . and I wasted my time again and again. So don't make the mistake I have made, my son, and what I want is that you don't smoke ever." This lesson was enough for my father-to-be to hear. The will of his own father was that he never touch tobacco or any cigarette. The grandfather's taboo on smoking made such a strong impact on my father that I myself inherited it genetically. I'm not a smoker. I have never smoked and have not even tried to do it.

Our tribesmen (tribespeople) believed that there are devils, kind demons and demons of evil, witches and werewolves of all sorts in real life. In other words, too many superstitions made impact on our people. Phenomena of nature in some forms were beyond their comprehension. Thus, my father and other old-aged men remember until today one event. Many, many years ago in the mountains of Turkey at the very noon the sun, which was shining in the zenith, suddenly set, and it got extremely dark. Local people were terrified because they thought this surely was the doomsday. The tribesmen immediately knelt to pray while at the same time they wailed and cried for God's mercy. These poor people became exhilarated after half an hour when the solar eclipse ended and things returned to normal.

Our tribespeople were disconnected with the big world which developed and functioned under its own rules far away from them. To tell the time, our tribespeople raised their heads and watched the sun or else the stars at night. That is to say, they didn't have to see any clocks or watches. Their lives were limited within mountains and they had ideas only about things and events which occurred in their tribe. Their geographical "education" was based on knowledge of two or three nearest villages and some summer pastures up in the mountains where



they shepherded (pastured) their sheep and goats. Such names as Baghdad, Istanbul or Cairo for them sounded like Mars, Jupiter and Venus, i.e., too distant and mysterious. The same familiar faces around, which never change to others but only as the new generation grew up, a monotonous labor (work) during their whole life, a complete obedience to customs and to tribe and family rules of life, and, finally, lack of mental activity — such was the environment that influenced my ancestors and shaped their ideas of the world . . .

I often think of my forefathers' fate and their natural life in the mountains. Today no one can certainly say what they exactly knew about themselves. Did they understand that they were poor and miserable descendants of the former greatest and most powerful and mighty people of Assyria and Babylonia, whose history is written down in the Holy Bible? Most likely only a few semi-educated people, such as priests, knew a little about the great past of their own people, because they had read some books. So did my father, because he was taught by the village priest to read and write in Assyrian a little. To read a religious book from the very beginning up to the end, my father had to spend the whole year, but it was worth it because he learned about our glorious past. But the majority of the people had no idea about their distant past. They herded their sheep and goats. They used to be aborigines of the mountains and devoted Christians. They obeyed their Patriarch who, at that time, was from the (House) family of Mar Shamoon. They simply lived, they simply were . . . Assyrians. They were completely lost, and the big world had forgotten about their being, their great Christian literature and their genius writer Afraim Syrin and Gregorius Bar Ebraya were buried in oblivion for many centuries. The developing world used steam engines and steam machines. The developing world used to ride on trains and automobiles and used to fly on airplanes, but the Assyrians who were scattered all over the mountains and valleys of the Middle East were unrecognized and forgotten. They were not even "touched" by these benefits of civilization . . .

Such was their background when the disaster of World War I befell the Assyrians.

Now, after this short and simple excursion into my forefathers' past let me, dear reader, go back to the masses of Assyrians in the Soviet Caucasus, to the tragic events of the summer — 1949.

The convoy of large military trucks ("Studebeckers," made in the U.S.A.) full of Assyrians came in the big railroad station AKSTAF, Azerbaijan. Freight trains were yet expecting us over there. The trucks made a U-turn to unload the Assyrians to the train. At the same time there were other trucks with Assyrians from other neighboring areas and villages; they were pulling into the station. We were taken from the trucks into freight trains of over 15 families, i.e., over 100 people in each car. All the guards changed at the station. The soldier between whose legs I was caught by the door in our house as I wanted to go out to the yard, came close to the open door of the car and said to us quite friendly, "Good luck . . ." "Good luck" is a well known Russian traditional saying to someone going far away. Was the soldier joking or was he really a well-wisher and kind-hearted man?



*Trucks loaded with Assyrians*



*Year 1828 — Initial emigration of Assyrians to the Soviet Union as refugees.*

The trucks which brought us to the station were now making a U-turn and leaving. The night blitz operation was ending as the dawn's early light appeared in the skies.

Our new guardians began to lock the doors of cars. Massive and bound with iron, doors were locked one after another with crash and clang. From this moment on we got isolated from the outside world. It got dark at once inside. The faint light could get through the tiny window which was somewhere close to the car ceiling. I think this tiny opening was made for natural ventilation rather than for light. Apparently these cars had been used earlier to carry some dry powder substances, most likely it was lime or cement. Because in a while, some disgusting gray powder accumulated on the eyebrows and eyelashes of every person in the car; it then turned into a thin gruel on their lips.



Slowly, very slowly, our train moved ahead. Our car like the others was overcrowded. One cannot even imagine how it was possible for over 100 people to sit squashed in one car. People whispered to each other or exchanged remarks. The major subject of these remarks was where were we being taken, and secondly, what were they going to do to us. There were people in our car who assured others that we would be taken on boats and then drowned in the Black Sea. This was said by old-aged men and women; they had lived through massacres in Turkey in 1914-1917 and then after escaping to Russia they had lived through horrors of the Russian Civil War, 1918-1920 in the Caucasus, so they expected the worst. Others suspected that we would be taken back to Turkey and then the Moslems would mince us to small pieces . . . All kinds of conjectures were made, but nobody knew the truth.

There were no toilets in the cars and this was a big problem for us. After 5 or 7 hours of non-stop trip our train stopped at last. Rumors went from car to car: they are going to kill us? But it turned out soon that we would be given a meal. Our guards ordered all of us to stay in our places. They explained the rules: two representatives from each car had to go to a so-called dining car to take portions of the meal for all the "population" of a car. Our envoys Shiba and Malko took this opportunity to ask the guardians' chief about the toilet. He was very surprised. "Why?" he asked. "Don't you understand that you are not at a health resort? It's funny if you think that someone has to take care of you. Are you helpless kindergarten children? You're adults, damn it! Arrange it on your own, if you really need this."

We actually arranged it soon. Men from our car drilled a large hole in the car's floor, close to the corner. They hung a sheet around the area — now the toilet was all right! People went over there in turn. The same was true for all other cars.

Our long freight train moved slowly in the territory of Azerbaijan. A few other trains followed ours. Trains stopped at the places where compact masses of Assyrians used to live, these were Kazakh, Tous, Shamkhor, Khanlar, Evlakh, Kirovabad, suburbs of Baku and others. Each freight train had not less than 25 cars. Trains arrived in the point called Alyat, which was at the shore of the Caspian Sea. People inside cars became extremely upset. "They are going to drown all of us!" some of them cried. "No, no, they're taking us to Turkey under Turkish Yataghans!" the others shouted. But all that was happening was completely different. Baku became the turning point in our route. From that point on our trains turned 180° facing North. There were such towns on our route as Derbent, Makhachkala, Gudermes. We moved away from the Caspian Sea.

There was one person in our car who very carefully followed up the route of trains on the geographical map. This was my older sister Marta who studied for 2 years in high school. Only Marta guessed about the truth, and she said, slowly and with a strange intonation, "You know what, we . . ., probably . . ., are being taken . . . to Siberia . . ."

Siberia? This name meant nothing for Assyrians. We hardly knew of Siberia. So we didn't take Siberia seriously. The most important thing for us was the quality of meals and health problems. Our meal was awful and many people soon developed stomach pains. Children became sick and cried because of unbearable pains, in addition, we had

no medicine with us. Several women who were pregnant gave birth to babies. We all suffered due to lack of fresh air. The car smelled very bad from the corner where the "toilet" was arranged. Two weeks passed and we were still on our way North. Because of lack of light, sleep, good meals and drinks people in the car became somnambulists. A few old people on our train died; dead bodies were unloaded from cars at the nearest stations. So, nowadays, there are Assyrians who don't know where their close relatives are buried. Also, there are Assyrians who don't know the exact place of their birth. What they know exactly is that this had occurred somewhere on the way to Siberia . . . The strange thing was that our trains never arrived in passenger stations but always stopped at railroad yards or at the marshalling (sorting) railroad stations.

Our trains covered several thousand miles, yet they continued moving. We passed by northern towns such as Koybishev, Ufa, Chelyabinsk, Novosibirsk, Koorgan, Petropavlovsk, Omsk, a large railroad junction Tayga and many others. We went (but where?) over thirty days! Yet our trains didn't stop moving. It seemed to us that the railroads were endless. One could hear wild-like shouts, wails and loud laughter sounded in our car; this was a young woman Maryam who wailed. She was frantic and nevertheless she was taken to Siberia, too. We children were scared a lot because of her wails. I still remember this miserable woman wailing, after all these years.

Over forty days and nights we suffered on our agonizing way to Siberia. At last the long chain of freight train reached the terminal — quite a big town called Tomsk. Tomsk used to be the very heart of Siberia. There the Assyrians were unloaded from trains and taken to the gigantic territory of the local penitentiary. Oh goodness, if the contemporary reader could see in his imagination these thousands of poor and miserable people, men and women, old and young, aged from one month to 85 years, wearing terribly torn and unclean clothes, with black hair, absolutely different from the other Soviet population!

We waited and waited in the penitentiary yard for two to three hours. Some big chiefs came in at last. They went up the wooden platform, then the one highest in rank took out of his brief case some papers and began to deliver a speech. Never in their lives had Assyrians heard things like those he delivered in his speech; neither before this capture nor afterwards. Assyrians were told through loudspeakers that they all were spies, and that for decades they spied for intelligence services of Turkey, Iran and Great Britain. That they gave away many, many important military and economical secrets to the imperialists. "So you, Assyrians," the authorities' statement said, "are enemies of the Soviet people, the enemies of the Soviet country. This is why now you are being exiled to Siberia to be punished and to serve as a good example and warning to other nations forever . . ." The chief called our new status "the regime of special removal," then he added with the following statement, which the Assyrians have kept in their heads for a life time: "Citizens of the special regime?" he said to the multi-thousand masses of black-headed silent people. "You must get rid of your crazy thoughts about going back to your houses. Don't be silly, you're sent over here for a life-long term. You are going to live and work hard. The guards will supervise you and see that you



do. Every day, everyone of you must come into the special supervising office and report your attendance in the regime zone. Nobody is allowed to go beyond the zone, it's strictly prohibited." In conclusion, the big chief called upon Assyrians to follow the way of "reeducation," to work hard and honestly, to be disciplined, and, in this way, to redeem their "very grave crimes . . ."

The torture by railroads ended in Tomsk, but our way to the zone of exile was still going on. There were no roads beyond Tomsk. Tomsk meant the dead end. We were just between two worlds; the one that Assyrians left behind was inhabited by people and adjusted for survival, the other, somewhere before us, consisted of endless forests, bogs (i.e., morasses, swamps, marshes), rivers and gigantic deserted territories where civilized man hadn't stepped yet. Shortly speaking, this was Siberia. We had to be taken several hundreds of miles more away from Tomsk, in the zone where we, Assyrians, had to "redeem our very grave crimes . . ."

All that happened to us and was going on was so unreasonable, unjustifiable and so crazy that the exiled people became shocked. Their will was completely paralyzed and they obeyed all commands mechanically. There are people who ask me the same question today: "Why didn't you complain?" Oh, Holy Simplicity! We Assyrians were nameless ants, and a gigantic boot stepped onto us and smashed us. Goodness! How could these ants beg the boot's owner — he who treated us in such a way . . . ?

Then, somewhere uptown, all of us were loaded on river barges. These barges were so old that they could hardly keep up on the water. The convoy consisting of a few tens of such barges, full of Assyrians went up the river Tom, which was a tributary of the large river Ob. From then on, very few guards followed us; there was only one for each barge. There was no need for guards anymore, because only a mad person would decide to escape from such a place; endless forests and bogs surrounded us. Even if someone had escaped he surely would perish. Wilderness of this enormous area guarded us better than any guard could.

I am short of words to describe all the terrifying incidents that took place on these dirty crowded barges (ferries), but I am going to tell the truth about one thing. Lice! Goodness, how they tortured Assyrians! None of the exiled will ever forget that. The disgusting insects appeared in people's clothes when moving on railroads, about forty days or more without any washing or laundry, they multiplied soon! Now, on ferries, these loathsome creatures filled all folds of people's robes, they swarmed in people's hair and crawled along people's faces! On the fifth day of our life on ferries the Assyrians literally moaned because lice nibbled on them. I remember when my grandmother Ketone suddenly got delirious and lost ability to comprehend something. My father (her son) soon guessed what had happened and began to act. He took a pair of scissors in his hand and, having ignored all the rules of propriety and honor, cropped her hair close to the skin. He did that in time, because the insects nibbled into the skin of her head so deeply that one could only see the lice's ends still jutting out of the head's skin. Without losing time my father took a rigid, stiff brush and used it to scrape lice off his mother's head. It's unforgettable! All this happened in public. This made an impact on our guards, because soon after that, they commanded the ferries to stop. They ordered us to get off them on the river's bank and they gave us 3 hours to

"tidy up" they said. So, the Assyrians made on river's bank numerous fires; I clearly remember that bank and those fires, and began to boil water in very large pans. Then men and women, old and young, took off their clothes; shirts and blouses, skirts and pants and others, put them into the boiling water in pans to "boil" and to do away with lice. The people weren't embarrassed. Those who didn't have any pans, simply shook their clothes over the fires. While doing that, the people joked in rude manner. "Hey you!" they called each other aloud, "come over and let's see whose lice are bigger and fatter!" After this unprecedented three-hour decisive fight against our six-extremities enemies ended, and the people won. Our ferries went slowly further deep into the depths of Siberia.

When our route along the Tom River ended, the ferries went into the very large Ob River. Our barges floated along this river a few days. An accident happened to a young fellow when floating over there. He wanted to get some water from the river and using the rope tied to a pail, he lowered the pail overboard into the water; however, the young man miscalculated and was at fault, maybe because the ferry's main deck was too slippery and the pail was too heavy. In addition, the ferry's speed was about twenty miles per hour; as he bent forward a little more, he fell overboard. I remember terrifying wails of his mother and his young wife who burst out sobbing. The young couple had been married on the eve of exile. Within a few seconds the unlucky fellow disappeared in the water, and no one could help him. The ferry didn't stop floating. One more death, one more lost life. Siberia required donations and Siberia had lots of them . . .

Ferries crowded by Assyrians still continued going their route. They reached the area called Narim; later, we knew this was the very hell of Siberia. They turned and floated along a smaller river named Tchaya, and then along rivers Parbig and Bakchar. Our 45-day trip was coming to an end. The ferries stopped by a wooden wharf. Assyrians were given an order, "Everybody get off!" They stepped on the land. After a while an enormous number of exiled people were standing on the river bank. They looked around, they stared at the wild nature that surrounded them, and they asked each other aloud, "Where are we now? What's next?"

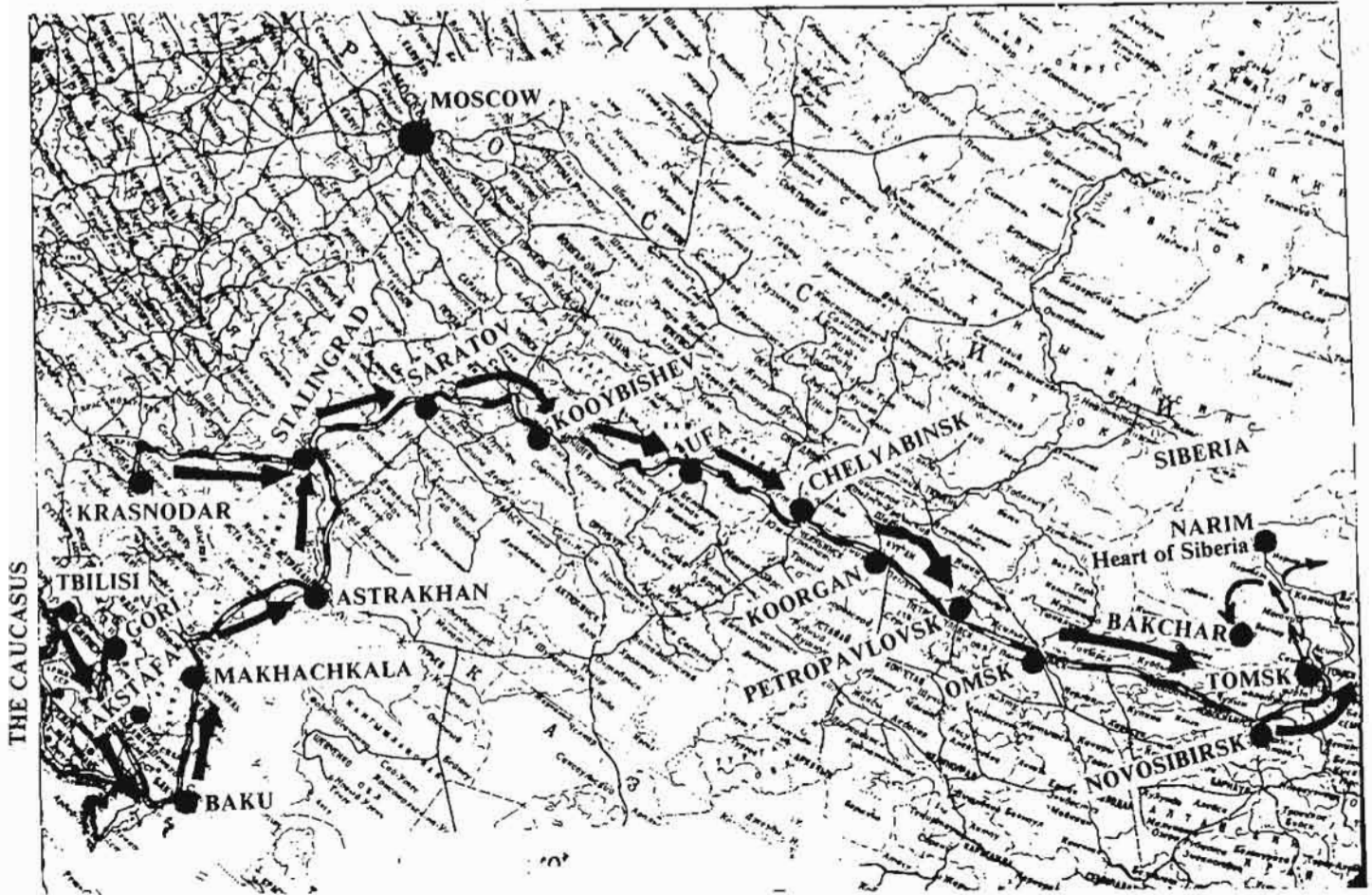
"Hey!" shouted one of the river sailors merrily. "You have arrived! You are welcome here!"

This young man must undoubtedly have had a sense of humor. Anyway, we got to the area where Assyrians were charged to live their lifetime. This area was Siberia — not the Siberia that is seen on a map or the one that one has heard about, but this was the real Siberia, this was simply . . . Siberia.

So Assyrians arrived in Siberia. The most surprising thing was that mankind inhabited those places. There were enormous numbers of wagons harnessed with horses on the river bank; they seemed to be expecting us. Some men stepped to the crowds of exiled people and Assyrians were told the following: "We, the representatives of different collective farms located in zones of a strict regime, are charged to select and distribute 'the working power,' that is to say you, among different zones according to our labor purposes. First, skilled specialists are going to take two steps ahead . . ."



**The road of thousands of Assyrians, among them the  
author's family, to Siberian exile in 1949  
— 10,000 miles of suffering.**



Goodness, what began to occur . . . even thirty years after that day Assyrians said to me, remembering: "They sorted and selected us as if we were merchandise. Yes, living merchandise . . ."

People were divided into different groups, and the moment came to say "Goodbye" to each other. Those who used to live side by side in Turkey, Iran and the Caucasus for centuries, had to separate and say goodbye to one another. The Assyrian nation is sure very brave, persistent and of great endurance. Assyrians are able to live through the hardest living conditions, but the worst that could happen to them is when they are forced — under any circumstances — to leave their relatives. In general, living together in a community is a characteristic feature of our people. Now when facing the fact that they are going to be taken to different directions (for how long? maybe forever) they became extremely upset. Unimaginable intensive noise, cries and wails sounded on the river bank in a wild forest of Siberia. People were clutch at each other, they didn't want to separate from each other. It took a long time for "representatives of zones" and their helpers to divide the gigantic crowd of exiled people according to the State Plan of Placement of the (Labor) Working Power. Finally, when this operation

was accomplished, Assyrians were loaded into wagons drawn by horses and then tens of convoys of wagons started moving — each in a different direction of its own.

Our family and about two hundred other Assyrians were to be taken to the zone called "Porotnikovo," somewhere forty miles away. Horses ran slowly, the path was very bad. In fact this was a sort of narrow corridor through the forest, or, in other words, a gap in the obstacles, with plenty of pits and bumps. These areas hadn't yet seen an automobile. Virgin nature surrounded us.

The driver in our wagon suddenly turned around and encouraged exiled people who got hushed: "Hey, don't be crestfallen, take it easy and never be pessimistic; anyway, you can't change things, understand? I had heard there are many, many other people of your Turkish nationality to be brought soon over here. You're the very first group to arrive."

So, we Assyrians were accepted in Siberia as Turkishmen . . . Not only did we lose our freedom, but they deprived us of our own name and nationality, namely, Assyrians. Who would believe that the descendants of the most famous Assyro-Babylonian people all of a sudden would appear in Siberia in the middle of the 20th Century! Yes, there is no other such absolute absurdity.

### *Assyrians in the Siberian Exile*

There is no other such big nonsense as this unbelievable thing: "ASSYRIANS IN SIBERIA." But this was a matter of fact. These were real Assyrians, crowded in hundreds of wagons which picked them up to different "strict regime zones," and they seemed to go out off the pages of textbooks, fade from history and step into Siberia: here they are Hammoo, Ninoos, Mariam, Zalde, Aprem, Sargon, Nimrod, Gulle, Abraham, Daniel, Azzoo, Sheba, Yonan, Shamiram, Gibrael — here they are — families of Bet-Shamoon, Bet Yalda, Bet Khoshaba, Bet Sarkis, Bet Marooguel, Bet Gendo, Bet Isho, Bet Sliva and many, many others and this happened not in a dream and not in an imagination, but in reality . . .

What did they think about at that distant moment? They were told yet that they would NEVER AGAIN COME OUT INTO THE WORLD. So, it would be meaningless to think of their houses which were left behind with open doors, or of going back to the Caucasus or of something else. Life-time exile — this was now their present (situation) and their future. They left behind them their past in which the most dramatic pages were linked to mass massacres and the escaping from Turkey and Iran to Russia. So, I have to explain in the next chapter how this had happened, otherwise no one can comprehend this fantasy — that is to say — how, Goodness! — could it happen that sons of Mesopotamia, descendants of Kings Sargon and Ashurbanipal, found themselves in Siberia, in Stalin's concentration zones?

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

## LETTERS TO THE ASSYRIAN FOUNDATION OF AMERICA

Please convey to your board my thanks for purchasing 100 copies of Mr. Eshaya E. Khinoo's book that I recently published. Your decision is in compliance with the objectives of the Foundation for propagation of the Assyrian language and literature. Additionally, I firmly believe that all those who have the ability to read Assyrian will find this book a valuable source of enjoyment and beauty of our mother tongue.

I personally appreciate the efforts of the Foundation and the Editor of *Nineveh* in promoting this book. Thank you again and I am confident that the Assyrian Foundation will remain active in preserving our language and literature.

Youel A. Baaba  
El Sobrante, CA

Thank you very much for your wonderful letter and the scholarship award. I truly appreciate the constant support of the members of the Assyrian Foundation of America. May God bless your work and prosper you with all of your projects.

Bishop Ashur Mar Bawai  
Washington, D.C.

Congratulations on your patriotic efforts to help our brothers and sisters stranded in Turkey. The Assyrian Foundation has shown a much needed sensitivity and compassion for our people. This is a commendable undertaking and we pray that all Assyrians will lend a hand of support. Enclosed, please find our check for \$250.00

Youel and Alice Baaba  
El Sobrante, CA

Enclosed is my donation in the amount of \$50.00 for the Assyrians in Turkey.

God bless you in your work.

Sarkis Sargon Elia  
Pasadena, CA

Following your well-meaning letter asking for our help to raise funds for the unfortunate Assyrians of Turkey, we asked for voluntary contributions for that purpose from our members and even non-members.

We send you our very humble contribution, believing that "small streams can produce big rivers."

Association Assyrophile De France  
Saint-Jory, France

I will always be grateful for the financial help you have provided me while going through school. You have always treated me with dignity, which I appreciate. With the kind help of your organization I am again enrolled in college. To all of the members of the Assyrian Foundation of America, thank you so much.

Liliane Abi-Chahine  
Modesto, Calif.

Enclosed please find a check in the amount of \$86.50, my donation to help the Assyrians in Turkey.

Thank you for your efforts on their behalf. Regards.

Sarkis Sargon Elia  
Pasadena, CA

It is not often that a student receives a scholarship but I am very grateful to be a recipient. With your help, my goals for the future are brighter.

Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

God bless you.

Sabrina J. Badal  
Sunnyvale, CA

## Corrections and Clarification

Third Quarter 1990 issue of *Nineveh*: On page 28, top picture taken in 1949; on page 34, top picture taken in 1940; on page 35, top picture taken in 1940; on page 35, bottom picture taken in 1947, not 1972.





# DID YOU KNOW THAT?

by Solomon (Sawa) Solomon



- That Kasha Yousip Kelaita, the great Assyrian educator, while escaping from Urmia to Baquba in 1918, chose to carry on his back books and manuscripts instead of food and clothing for the journey.

- That it was in 636 A.D., during the Patriarchate of Mar Ishu Jahb II, that Church of the East missionaries went to China from Bet Nahrain, and for 150 years some 109 missionaries worked and lived there.

- That in 730 A.D., missionaries of the Church of the East established a hospital for leprosy in Nara, Japan; however the church in Japan declined in the next century.

- That it was during the reign of King Yezgard I of Persia that an Arab prince by the name of Aspebite aided many Christian fugitives in escaping the persecution of the Persians.

- That Taimur Ling (Tamerlane) was the main person responsible for the destruction of the Church of the East in Asia; what little was left survived in the mountains of Hakkiari until the advent of the Great War. Tamerlane died in 1405 A.D.

- That two of the greatest chancellors of the emperors of the Mongols, princes by the names of Chinkay and Bolgay, were Church of the East Christians.

- That in 523 A.D., Masruq, the Jewish King of Yamen, ordered a great persecution of the Christians under him. This continued until the Christian king of Abyssinia, sent an army that defeated and killed Masruq.

- That the first Assyrian church ever built in America was the church of Mar Shimun Bar Sabai. It was established in Flint, Michigan, in 1926 where it still stands.

- That it is believed around 790 A.D. a Metropolitan See of our church was established in Tibet, probably

in a city called Tangut; earlier, missionaries from Samarkand had penetrated Tibet and spread the faith of our Lord.

- And finally, that it was the Portuguese who forced the Christians of India to pay allegiance to the Pope of Rome instead of the Patriarch of the Church of the East. They had arrived under Vasco De Gama in 1498 and occupied the West Coast.

## CONQUEST

by Abram George

In our HOLY BIBLE we read: "Don't allow yourself to be overpowered by evil. Take the offensive . . . overpower evil with good."

Is this possible? Can we ever overcome evil with good in a world where cruelty, brutality and violence are rampant? Yes, we can, I say. I tried it. It worked for me. Here's an account of what happened:

During World War II, when I was in basic training at Camp Stewart, Georgia, there was a blond and blue-eyed corporal who didn't like me. I mean he just couldn't stand the sight of me. He gave me hard looks; he cursed me; and time and again he sent me on messy and nauseating details.

I was wholly bewildered by all this. Was it because Cpl. Jones didn't like men with big noses? Mine was enormous. Or was it because he didn't like men with bald heads. I was completely bald. Or again, was it because he couldn't stand short men. I was only 5 foot 5. At any rate, my name clearly headed Cpl. Jones' black list.

One day I learned that the corporal was hospitalized. Here was my golden opportunity to get even with him.

Carrying his mail and on the way stopping to buy him some candy and magazines, I paid him a visit.

When Cpl. Jones saw me standing by his bedside, he gaped with astonishment. He was certain he was looking at an apparition. He shut his eyes, and when he opened them again, the apparition was there still. At last, relaxing, he said, "You have come to see me?"

"You don't look sick to me, corporal," I said, handing him his mail, candy and magazines.

"I feel much better today. You know, I always believed I had a whole lot of friends in the outfit. I've been here for a whole week. You're the first person to come and see me. Much, much thanks."

A few days later, back on duty, Cpl. Jones wrapped his long arm around my small shoulders and announced, "Men, here's the only friend I have in this man's army."





## MY STANDOFF AGAINST RAABI ESPANIA

*by Mikhael K. Pius*

*"Brouk!" Raabi Espania commands me. I stare at him defiantly and blush, but do not kneel down.*

*"I said kneel down!" the teacher almost shouts at me, in the Assyrian language, over rows of pupils' heads.*

*There's a hush in the air! I lower my gaze and fidget with the book in my hands. I rub my stockinged big toe on the hassira (rush mat) I'm standing upon. My ears and cheeks turn hot. My neck begins to grow damp. But I hold my ground and remain standing up!*

*Raabi Espania suddenly gets up from his chair. He walks briskly to me. He hits me once, lightly, on the head with his thin stick and growls again: "Brouk!"*

*The stroke doesn't hurt much. I bow my head, but I'm still up on my feet.*

*Raabi Espania then places the open palm of his right hand upon my head. He pushes down, growling: "I'm telling you kneel down right now!"*

*I brace my nine-year-old scrawny legs. I strain hard not to cave in. But the unyielding pressure of his hand and the commanding tone of his voice finally forces me down onto my knees.*

*Though humiliated and beaten, I'm not defeated. I'm fuming! I remain on my knees for a brief spell. I'm sweating and snivelling. But as soon as the teacher's head is turned, I grab my books, run and bolt out of the school! I sprint all the 200 or 300 yards to home. I'm tearful but triumphant!*

*But my triumph is short-lived! To my surprise and dismay, Raabi Espania soon follows me home. He still has the switch!*

*He tries to talk me into returning to class. No go! He threatens me, lashing lightly at my legs with his stick. I "wail" and dart about behind my uncle's wife for protection. My mother and aunt plead with me to go with the teacher, but to no avail. And try as he might, Raabi Espania is unable to persuade me to return to class — not until the next morning,*

*anyway, when my step-grandmother (God rest her soul!) coaxes and chaperones me back to school.*

*This little episode took place at Raabi Espania's school for beginners at Maharatha Lines, Hinaidi, Iraq. It was in the year 1935.*

*In those days the teacher stood for authority, discipline, obedience and respect. It was normal for him to punish a pupil if he had it coming to him. The school children normally obeyed and respected the teacher. Even older students. And parents, as a rule, accepted his decisions.*

*Raabi Espania Shimshoun was a disciplinarian. Slim and almost of medium height, he was a handsome man. He was in his middle twenties. He had a rich crop of auburn hair. He parted it at the left side and combed it over to the right. He had groomed a tata (cock's comb) on the front top of his head. It made him look cockish! And his face had a striking resemblance to Charlie Chaplin's. It was solemn, but his Charlie Chaplin-like moustache gave him an amusing look. He reminded me very much of my father. My father had the same type of moustache, which was a popular style then. And like my father, he was a stern and strict man! But he was a good teacher and had pretty penmanship.*

*Raabi Espania taught us the rudiments of reading and writing. And he used to hold class spelling competition to improve our spelling. We would stand in line, shoulder to shoulder. Each one of us would try to spell his or her way to the head of the line. The pupil spelling a word correctly would overpass those ahead in line who had misspelled the word. He or she also had to slap their faces, usually lightly. This was meant to punish the wrong-spellers. It also goaded them into doing better the next time.*

*Raabi Espania also held reading-aloud-in-class exercises. He would ask, each time, one pupil to stand up and read aloud a certain part of the lesson. Anyone bungling would*



receive two or more switch-lashes in the open palms of their hands. Or they would be ordered to kneel down for a certain period of time.

It was such a reading exercise that caused my kneeling incident! I tripped over a few words, but I disobeyed the teacher and refused to kneel down. I wrongly felt that I didn't deserve the punishment.

Raabi Espania ran his school under the supervision of the great teacher, Raabi Yacoub Bet-Yacoub, who was also a noted disciplinarian. Raabi Yacoub was then the principal of the main school called Assyrian Armenian Union School. The school was situated at the Royal Air Force Central Labor Camp, popularly known as "Kota Camp."

The camp was inhabited by the R.A.F. civilian workers and their families. The population was probably a couple of thousand people. Most of them were Assyrians. But there were some Armenian families, too. Both races were Christians who had fled to Iraq from Turkey and Persia in the Great War. They were driven away from their homelands by the Moslem Turks, Kurds and Persians. They had become refugees under British protection. The Assyrians had fought bravely alongside of the Allied Powers against their Moslem persecutors.

Kota Camp was more of a small town, or village, than a camp. It had individual family mudbrick houses of various sizes and shapes, with alleyways instead of streets. It had a British civil administration office, with a superintendent to control it.

The camp was nicknamed after Mr. J. J. Ingram, the superintendent. Mr. Ingram was married to a younger pretty Assyrian lady named Minania. He was an ex-Quartermaster in the British Army. The word "Kota" was an Assyrian corruption of the word "Quarter." Hence the nickname!

Mr. Ingram — or "Kota" — was also in-charge of Maharatha Lines. But he had a resident deputy for rent collection and such. His name was William Shabbas. William was the Nineveh Editor's uncle.

Raabi Espania was a graduate of the Union School in Kota Camp. He was appointed by Raabi Yacoub to teach at the beginners' school

## *A clip from the local history of Hinaidi . . . Part I*

at Maharatha Lines.

The school was established in the early 1930s. At the beginning it had only a few dozen pupils. But in later years it grew into more than one hundred boys and girls. Most of them were from Maharatha Lines, but a handful were from Kota Camp and from Levy Lines. Levy Lines camp also had a beginners' school. It was run by another Assyrian teacher named Raabi Sargis Shimoun. But the school could not hold all of the local school children.

Levy Lines camp was made up of three sections: A Line, B Line and C Line. Each section was made up of a series of long bungalows. These bungalows held several hundred Assyrian Levy soldiers, with their families. The Levies were an able but low-paid local force. They were recruited by the British from among the Assyrian refugees after they occupied Iraq following the Great War. They were very smart soldiers and excellent fighters. They guarded vital British installations in Iraq. They also policed and put down rebel Arab and Kurdish tribes.

The Levy Lines camp was one mile northwest of Maharatha Lines camp. Kota Camp was more than two miles down the road to the southeast. And between Maharatha Lines and Kota Camp lay the R.A.F. base of Hinaidi with its aerodrome, hangars, billets, and other installations and facilities. Hinaidi was about seven miles east of Baghdad.

Maharatha Lines camp was also a series of long bungalows, a dozen or so. Each bungalow was divided into eight "houses." The division was made by high partitions of has-sireh (rush mats). The partitions were of course not soundproof. So it made instant communication between neighbors easier. But sometimes unintended "instant communication" caused "instant problems" too!

Maharatha Lines housed more than eighty families of the civilians working at the neighboring R.A.F. air base. The total population was probably about 500. These, too, were mostly Assyrians. There were a few Indian and Pakistani families and two or three Armenian families.

The camp was "inherited" from British

Indian troops. They were billeted in the bungalows during the years of the British occupation of Iraq. Raabi Espania's school was one of these bungalows, but a shorter one off the southeast end of the row of the residential ones. It had a courtyard surrounded by a mudbrick wall. The school building had been formerly a Hindu temple.

Raabi Espania's school had, as I recall, a kindergarten and three primary classes. Raabi Espania taught all four classes himself. And he taught them in two languages: English and Assyrian. There was an Arithmetic class too, and a beginners' class in Arabic language, I think.

The school building had no separate classrooms. It was one large hall in which the teacher taught all four classes by turn, in two shifts of morning and afternoon.

Except for the teacher's, the school had no chairs or desks. But it had rush mats on the floor. Each pupil had brought a doshakta (homemade cushion) upon which he sat, cross-legged, in his socks or stockings or barefooted. And everybody had to leave their shoes outside the door — which, by the way, reminds me of another poignant, though funny, incident:

One day when school was letting out, as usual we streamed out of the doorway in a rush. We were a rowdy and noisy lot. We pushed and jostled each other and squealed like piglets. We dashed to the clusters of shoes "parked" just outside the door on the walkway. There were shoes of various sizes and styles, shapes and makes, and in different stages of wear and tear. We clamored to find our shoes and put them on for a quick getaway!

I stuffed my feet into my shoes to hurry away. Then I heard the little girlish voice of my younger sister, Christina! She called after me in our typical tribal dialect in a shrill voice: "Mnashshey, peeshshu soloukh!" She thought I was leaving without my shoes! Several of the boys and girls overheard her. They giggled and began mimicking her remark.

I was a very shy boy. The incident caused my big ears to grow hot and prickly! Cheeky schoolmates — boys and girls of other tribes who thought my sister's remark and our dia-

*A clip from the local history of Hinaidi . . . Part I*

lect funny — also teased and taunted me for some time after that. I think I was then in the second grade and my sister in kindergarten. It took me several years to live down that embarrassing incident!

I attended Raabi Espania's school for four years. I then transferred to Raabi Yacoub's school at Kota Camp. I studied another year there. Then the R.A.F. base at Hinaidi, with its Levy and civilian camps, relocated in 1937-38 to the new base at Habbaniya, 55 miles away, where I completed my last four years of formal education at Raabi Yacoub's new school. I used to walk the two miles to school at Kota Camp — sometimes playing hooky on the way!

I remember our teacher of English was Raabi Espania's younger brother, Raabi Youkhanna, and Raabi Panna Polous Mikhael was our teacher of Arabic. Raabi Panna used to commute in a taxi from Baghdad, a distance of eight or ten miles. Ten miles was a somewhat long way to commute in those days. And very few people could afford a taxi! But Raabi Panna did it!

Raabi Youkhanna was a patient and pleasant, goodlooking young man, and Raabi Panna was a chatty and cheerful pretty young lady. Both of them have passed on. They taught us well, God bless their souls!

One of the things I always remember about my Kota Camp schooling is my visits to Nichola Lazar's home. Nichola was my mother's first cousin and my classmate. After moving to Habbaniya, Nichola dropped out of school. But a few years later, he trained for and became a tailor and was known as "Neeku Darzi" or Neeku the Tailor!

Neeku used to "drag" me home with him for lunch at Kota Camp now and then. Behind their house, they had a small garden. In it, his mother Panna had grown, among other plants, bushes of small sweet green peppers. I still recall how well those fresh little green peppers tasted with terda dsherwa (Assyrian bread shredded in a bowl of steaming meat-and-vegetable stew)! And Panna did cook a pot of good sherwa!

But the thing I remember most is my



*A clip from the local history of Hinaidi . . . Part I*

*defiant stand against Raabi Espania for what I thought was my undeserved punishment. But perhaps that episode was what made me try harder to improve myself, who knows!*

*Raabi Espania was a strict teacher, but he was also a good teacher! He, too, has passed on. May his soul rest in peace. Amen.*

## Reverend Goriel Suleiman

*by Solomon (Sawa) Solomon*



Forty years ago this fall, Father Goriel was ordained a priest of the Assyrian Church of the East for the Mar Kardagh Parish, in Gailani camp in Baghdad. He served for sixteen years before passing away in April 1966, of natural causes; and because Father Goriel stands out among the many Assyrian priests who served our Church and people in Iraq, it is only fair to recognize his many achievements.

Reverend Goriel was born in 1892 near Van, Tur-

key. In his youth he received his education from local tutors and was ordained a deacon in May 1903 by Mar Binyamin Shimon, Patriarch of the Assyrian Church of the East.

The story of Father Goriel after that is nearly identical to that of most Assyrians; going through the carnage of the great war, the escape through the mountains to Iran, the retreat to Hamadan and finally arriving in Baquba camp. After 1920, the family moved to northern Iraq before moving again to Baghdad, after the 1933 events.

In Baghdad, Goriel opened a grocery store with his brother; later, during the war, he opened another shop in Habbaniya.

It was in 1950 that Metropolitan Mar Yousip Khnanishou approached him with an offer of priesthood for the newly opened Church of Mar Kardagh; Deacon Goriel agreed, and was ordained on October 22, 1950.

What followed is a story of a man who dedicated his life to his church and people. His career was anything but ordinary, and in his short stay at Mar Kardagh he was able under the guidance of Metropolitan Mar Yousip to advance the cause of the church in general, and his congregation in particular. Here are briefly some of his accomplishments:

1. The buying of the first Assyrian cemetery in Baghdad at a very low cost from a generous Moslem by the name of Hamzah.
2. The registration of his church with the government so that it will have an official status, and be recognized.
3. Reverend Goriel was able to convince the government in 1954 to grant citizenship to any willing Assyrian wishing to obtain it. Many had been living illegally for decades.
4. The printing of the book "Qati Qusmus," or Catechism, at his own expense.
5. Representing his people at official functions of the government.
6. Assisting Assyrians with legal problems.
7. However, the crowning achievement of his life was the purchase of land in New Baghdad for his congregation at a very low cost. Later on, most of them built their houses around the newly built Church of Mart Mariam. It was at that church that the remains of Metropolitan Mar Yousip were laid to rest in 1976.

Father Goriel Suleiman passed away on April 4, 1966, in Baghdad, and was buried in the cemetery that he helped to establish. He is survived by a lone daughter and many nephews and nieces. May he rest in peace.





## Thank You For Your Contributions

### *Nineveh*

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*Note: Contributions received after Christmas will appear in the next issue.*

# Our Language: The Reason Of/For Our Existence

لِغَتِنَا سَبَبُ جُيُودِنَا

*by Madlaine Davis Moradkhan*

The well known phrase "Our language the reason of/for our existence," used by Mr. Issa Benjamin, an Assyrian caligraphist, for some of his works of art which are illustrated in this issue, should be considered as the golden secret for the survival of our nation. Let's take a closer look at its double meanings and examine them in more detail.

As we know, many nations have lived in the Middle East throughout the ages, but most of them have disappeared completely from the face of the earth; whereas our nation, despite all the disasters that have befallen her, has persisted and survived. The question that immediately comes to mind is this: "How did the Assyrian nation survive against all odds, while the others disappeared?"

Georges Roux, the French historian and the author of "Ancient Iraq" puts the answer thus: "... history tells that a nation which forgets its language forgets its past and soon loses its identity ..."

We may conclude that if we still exist today as Assyrians, it is due to our mother tongue. The Assyrian church and its clergy have kept our language alive for two thousand years; and common people have kept the torch burning by practicing our mother tongue and teaching their children to speak it. It is true that throughout the centuries many dialects have emerged, but we are sure of our identity today because we belong to a large group of people who speak the same language, the Assyrian language. In other words the REASON OF OUR EXISTENCE AS A NATION IS OUR LANGUAGE.

The word "nation" is explained thus in the dictionary: "large community of people associated with a particular territory usually speaking a single language and usually having a political character or political aspirations." Unfortunately all that is left to us as a nation is our mother tongue and our customs, because we have neither a territory nor a political character and we are too weak to have political aspirations. And this brings us to the second meaning of the golden phrase mentioned above: "Our language, the reason FOR our existence."

If we hope to survive at all as a nation, the first and most important task that we should set ourselves is to nurse and nourish our language and customs, because if we neglect them, too, what

hopes can we have for our future? Now, it is true that many of our old customs depend on style of living, especially that in villages. Obviously it is not possible to keep these customs exactly as in the past; and we can only try to observe some modified versions of them on the specific dates.

Therefore, the task of nursing and nourishing our language becomes even more important and urgent. This objective should become the REASON FOR the existence of every Assyrian individual, so that he/she may be able to hand over this precious heritage of our forefathers to his/her children. And what is easier for a parent than to speak in our mother tongue to his/her baby?

It is an alarming fact that today most Assyrian parents, in particular in western countries, are ashamed to speak in our language with their children. Some claim that if they don't teach their children the language spoken in the country where they are residing, their children will have problems at school.

This excuse is unacceptable because we can remember our own childhood in middle eastern countries where we managed to be bilingual from the age of three or four. We never had any problems at school. Why should it be any different in western countries?

Back in Iran, it seemed so unnatural to speak to our parents and Assyrian friends in other than the Assyrian language, that we had come to consider as Assyrians only those people who speak the language. Thus, when, in 1970, a group of Assyrians came to Iran from the U.S.A., we were shocked to find among them some individuals who claimed to be Assyrians but couldn't speak a word of our mother tongue!

Unfortunately, illiteracy is increasing among our nation. We propose two relatively simple remedies to combat this problem.

1. It has become rather customary for some associations to give grants or scholarships to Assyrian students. We propose that one of the merits by which a student is considered eligible to receive the scholarship be his/her knowledge of our mother tongue. Past experience shows that when there is money to be earned, Assyrian language classes become packed with young Assyrians eager to learn



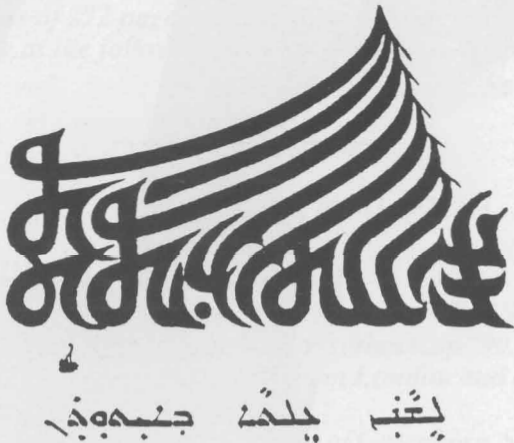
their mother tongue! Money is always a good incentive.

2. In western societies, the principle of "follow the leader" is considered one of the most basic and essential rules of social behavior. And it is for this reason that games enforcing the idea of following and imitating a leader are taught to children from a very early age. Therefore, most individuals are socially trained and psychologically oriented towards following and imitating their leaders. Based on this fact, we propose that our leaders make a point of speaking our language with their own children, family members, friends and fellow Assyrians, so as to set an example for others. This habit, if particularly practiced in public places, will reassure ordinary Assyrians that there is no shame in speaking our language since the most eminent members of our nation are not ashamed of our language and are freely practicing it. Moreover, if those leaders who cannot read and write start to attend the language classes that they themselves have organized for the benefit of others, their efforts to promote the Assyrian language will definitely be more effective and efficient.

There is no point in sitting and day-dreaming about a future independent Assyria, while our only heritage that is left to us is slipping away from our hands. Let's get up and snatch every opportunity to fasten our grip on our mother tongue because it is precisely OUR LANGUAGE, THE REASON FOR OUR EXISTENCE.

*Note: The interpretations of the two works of Mr. Issa Benjamin are personal, and may not correspond exactly to the artist's own vision and objectives.*

M.D.M.



*In this work, Mr. Issa Benjamin depicts the phrase "Our language the reason for/of our existence." In it we see the Wave of Life rising from the sea of knowledge which is based on the Assyrian Alphabet, the key to our language.*

## Our Language: The Reason Of/For Our Existence



ܝܬܒ ܝܠܡܐ ܕܢܝܚܐ

*Another calligraphy by Mr. Issa Benjamin depicting the phrase "Our language the reason of/for our existence." In this work we see the universe of existence, the circle formed by the letters of the word ܠܢܝܚܐ (existence) leaning and balancing on a solid base which is formed essentially by the letters of the word ܝܬܒ (our language).*





## CONGRATULATIONS

The following engagements took place recently:



*Mariana Shabbas of Rodeo and Romeo Samo of Milpitas. Mariana is the sister of Sargon, Daniel and Shalim Shabbas among others, cousin of Nineveh editor Julius N. Shabbas; and Romeo is the son of John and Judith Samo; all members of the Assyrian Foundation. Dinner reception was hosted by Shalim Shabbas Tatar and her husband Akram Tatar in their home in El Cerrito.*



*Janet Yonan of Hercules and Alex Yoseph of San Mateo. Janet is the daughter of Juliet Yonan and sister of Jermaine Shabbas, both Assyrian Foundation members. Alex is the son of Shamoon Yoseph. Dinner reception was hosted by Juliet at her home in Hercules.*



*Sonya Matavousian of San Rafael and George Bacus of Los Angeles. Sonya is the niece of Assyrian Foundation members John and Judith Samo of San Rafael. Dinner reception hosted by her uncle and aunt (by marriage) was held at Casablanca Hall in Albany. The band and singer entertained the many guests.*



*Evelyn Bekasha of Modesto and Banipal Oraha Paulos of San Francisco. Evelyn is the daughter of Younia and Espania Bekasha, and Banipal is the son of Assyrian Foundation members Oraha and Georgette.*



## HERE AND THERE

### MOSCOW

In November 1989, the Assyrians of Moscow established an organization under the name Moscow Assyrian Association "Hayadta." Thus, the Assyrian Cultural Society, which was active in the Soviet Union in the 1920's and 1930's, was reconstituted 47 years later. The main aim of the association is to bring together all Assyrians of the Soviet Union on the basis of their common national traditions, language, historical heritage and cultural values.

Hayadta cooperates actively with Assyrian and other national groups in the USSR and abroad, initiated the establishment of the All Union Assyrian Association and of membership in the World Assyrian National Congress.

The Assyrians in Moscow are attempting to make their contribution to strengthen friendship and love among various nations and peoples. Hayadta reports that there are 30,000 Assyrians in the U.S.S.R.

Hayadta is sponsoring a conference, "Assyrians of the USSR: Problems and Prospects," scheduled to be held in Moscow November 23-24, 1990. The agenda for the conference consists of: 1. The necessity of establishing an All Soviet Union Assyrian Association, and 2. Discussion on the place and role of the Soviet Assyrians in the world Assyrian movement. At the conclusion of the conference a document of the proceedings will be printed.

We wish to thank V. A. Kalamonov, Chairman of the Hayadta Council in Moscow, for this information.

### HOLLAND

We wish to thank Mr. Simon Atto of Holland for kindly sending us a copy of his new Assyrian-Turkish dictionary "Süryanice-Türkçe Sözlük." The dictionary consists of 272 pages. Copies may be ordered from the author at the following address:

Simon Atto  
Postbus 324  
7500 AH Enschede  
Holland  
(Telephone: (0) 53-772070)

### SWEDEN

The Assyrian Soccer team of Sodertälje, Sweden, became the champions of the Assyrian Cup "90." Eight teams competed for the Cup from London and all over Sweden.

Jakob Yakob, 17, an Assyrian of Gotenborg, Sweden, became the Scandinavian Champion in wrestling in the 62 Kgs class. As a result of the win, he is now eligible to compete in the World Championship that takes place in Tel Aviv, Israel, on July 6-9, 1991, and Istanbul, Turkey, on July 26-29, 1991.

Congratulations and the best of luck to Jakob Yakob in his future competitions.

## WEDDING BELLS RANG FOR



Adoreen Khofri, daughter of Assyrian Foundation members Sankhiro and Shamiram Khofri of San Rafael, was recently married to Robert J. Gross. Dinner reception hosted by her parents was held at Casablanca Hall in Albany on September 22nd. The band and a singer entertained the many guests.

### TURLOCK

Theodore d'Mar Shimun, brother of the late Mar Eshai Shimun XXIII, has written a book in Assyrian on the history of succession of the Mar Shimun family Patriarchs. He discusses a number of subjects including: the beginning of succession and the reason for it; reason for the transference of the Patriarchal See to different areas; Patriarchal See at Qochanis; conditions in Hakkiari, Kurds, Turks, etc.; history prior to, during and after World War I; Patriarchs Mar Ruwil, Mar Benyamin, Mar Eshai Shimun, Mar Timotheus; and other subjects. The book consists of 232 pages.

To order write to:

Mar Shimun Memorial Foundation  
P.O. Box 1275  
Burlingame, CA 94011

Cost: \$15.00 per copy, includes shipping and handling.

ܐܕܪܝܢ ܚܘܦܪܝ

ܪܘܒܝܬ ܕܝܗܘܕܐ

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**Scholarships and Educational Assistance  
Given by the Assyrian Foundation of  
America in 1990 Totaled \$6,500.00**

*The recipients are as follows:*

**Bishop Ashur Mar Bawai**, field of specialization is in the area of systematic theology, Catholic University of America, School of Religious Studies, Washington, D.C.

**George Shahbaz**, advanced degree in Christian Studies, Berkeley, CA.

**David Yonan**, accomplished violinist, Berlin, W. Germany.

**Ben Kingsbury**, junior, Philosophy, California State University, Long Beach, CA.

**Jenan Shabbas**, senior, History, University of California, Davis, CA.

**Bani Moradkhan**, senior, University of California, Davis, CA.

**Victor Youseph**, Social Sciences, City College of San Francisco, San Francisco, CA.

**Olga Shabbas**, senior, Government/Criminal Justice, California State University, Sacramento, CA.

**Liliani Abi-Chahine**, sophomore, Psychology, Modesto Junior College, Modesto, CA.

**Lisa Kingsbury**, junior, English, University of California, Riverside, CA.

**Milita Elia**, senior in high school, graduating in June, 1991.

**Charlie Faramarzi**, freshman, Pre-Med, Cal State Hayward, Hayward, CA.

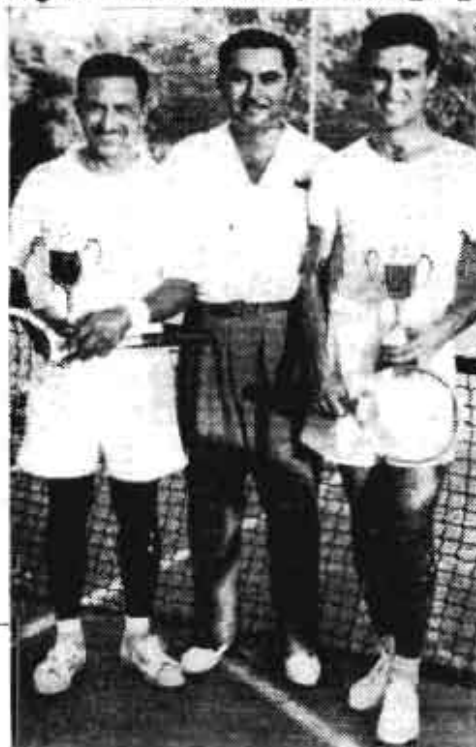
**Steve Shahbaz**, high school, L'Amoreaux Collegiate Institute, Scarborough, Ontario, Canada.

**Sabrina J. Badal**, freshman, Occupational Therapy, San Jose State University, San Jose, CA.

**John Tuman**, graduate student, Political Science, UCLA, Los Angeles, CA.

**Assyrian Language Teaching Classes**, Turlock, CA.

**ASSYRIAN PLAYERS BECOME  
IRAQ'S TENNIS CHAMPIONS**



*Left to right: Andrew Simon, Dr. Youel Baba Gewargis, and William Daniel*

This picture with a feature article appeared in the *Assyrian Star*, October 1955 issue, where Mikhael K. Pius reported from Baghdad that two Assyrian tennis players, William Daniel and Andrew Simon became Iraq's Tennis Doubles Champions. The partners defeated the five-week reigning titleholders Abbas Abid and Ismaiel Qiyarah in a crushing victory of 6-3, 6-2, 6-0 in a challenge match on August 21, 1955. The Arab partners were of the Royal Athletic Club, while the Assyrian partners played for the Assyrian Sports Club of Baghdad. After the match the Assyrian Sports Club held a party in their honor and they were treated to cold drinks and one of Iraq's delicacies, "simach masgoof" (broiled fish). At this time William and Andrew were in their mid-twenties, and both have been playing tennis for ten years.





# Habbaniya's Iraq Champion Partners are Worlds Apart

by Mikhael K. Pius

Andrew J. Simon and William Daniel, two friends who four decades ago worked and lived in Habbaniya, Iraq, hardly more than a stone's throw away from each other, today are literally worlds apart! Andrew lives in the suburb of Ealing in London, England, and William in Prairiewood in far away Sydney, Australia.

This situation is true today of countless other Assyrians who are so scattered that many family members — let alone friends — once living in the same house are now separated by continents! For instance, William has three younger brothers and a sister: Edward lives in Chicago, Sargon in Arizona and Roza Yalda and Wilson in Baghdad, Iraq. Andrew, on the other hand, is the youngest of four siblings: Artoush lives in Chicago, his sister Wardah Baza in Turlock, Calif., and an older brother, Shummon, passed on in Baghdad in 1989.

William Daniel and Andrew Simon were not only friends but also tennis partners and hockey teammates. They were two of Habbaniya's top sportsmen and were sought-after tennis champions in Iraqi sports circles.

In Habbaniya, the two dominated the tennis court for a decade in the 1940's and 1950's and were star players on the hockey field. Between them, they picked off many of Habbaniya's Civil Cantonment and the R.A.F. Station tennis championship trophies, and in Baghdad and elsewhere they beat many top Iraqi and British, American, Lebanese, Indonesian, Egyptian and other foreign players, crowning their victories with several national championship titles. Partnered together, the pair won the Iraq Challenge Championship cup for 1955 and 1956, and in partnership with Abbas Abid, one of Iraq's brightest star players, William shared three consecutive national championships in 1961-63.

In tennis, William excelled in the singles game, while Andrew was a strong partner in the doubles. William grabbed many singles titles, especially at Habbaniya, beating "the cream of the crop of the court"! Andrew never won a singles crown, though he came pretty close to it a few times. But he did beat the R.A.F. Station champion, Wing Commander Seabrook, in a friendly match in 1950 — if that was any consolation! — and was a doubles champion many times.

On the other hand, although William was one of Habbaniya's stars on the hockey field, it was Andrew's star that shone brighter. But the two complemented each other and shared the limelight on both turfs.



*Left to right: William Daniel and Andrew Simon in 1960 — Winners of British Institute Doubles Open Championship. Financed by Iraqi Interior Minister and Caretaker Mr. Nasir Mudaris.*

Today, almost four decades later, the pair is still holding on tight to their tennis rackets, but they let go of their hockey sticks many years ago. Firstly, hockey is not a very popular game. Then, too, it's a very continuously fast and strenuous sport, demanding the staying power of younger blood. However, although both players are now in the autumn of their years for hockey, they've still got the juice and the muscle to whack it out against younger opponents on the tennis court!

William still plays tennis for exercise and enjoyment and also takes part in competition matches. He plays for Nineveh, an Assyrian club, and for an Italian club called Marconi. During his 16 years in Australia, he has bagged 12 cups in tennis tournaments — three in singles and nine in doubles. He has also won more than 150 trophies in Iraq.

From 1976 to 1981, William played tennis for Blacktown District team, initially a Grade 3 team on a scale of eight grades. But within the first year the team played itself into Grade 1, and William gained the captaincy of the team. Later, he was elected to coach and manage the team, and for



which he also broke in two other Assyrian players, namely Joseph Tamraz, and a former Habbaniya player named Youkhanna Odisho.

William is now voluntary coach and manager for tennis and soccer teams of the Assyrian Sports & Cultural Club of Sydney. He was the club's secretary for two years (1982-84) and its president for three years (1985-88). He is also now the Assyrian Church of the East's secretary for welfare and immigration matters.

Andrew Simon, too, still loves tennis. He still uses his nasty left-handed mixture of drives, chops, volleys and smashes to enjoy his favorite sport and to keep in trim, managing also to snatch an occasional trophy in senior local matches. He now plays for a second division club called Brentham Club.

Andrew hasn't given up trying for a singles title! He has made it thrice to the semi-final and twice to the final, but each time he was stopped by contestants a decade or two his junior. But he was in four veterans' finals, of which he succeeded to win two! And in January-February 1990, during his third trip to Australia — visiting with his eldest daughter Janet and family — Andrew says he and William Daniel got together and had a "nice clash" in tennis. They played eight singles against each other. He managed to beat his old partner in three matches! The two also teamed up against an Australian pair in two friendlies, winning them both!

William Daniel and Andrew Simon's backgrounds are so similar that they run parallel to each other. In fact they run so closely together that at times they converge and merge:

William is the eldest child of Parru Barkhu and Daniel Orahim. Fifty-seven years old now, he says he was born in Mosul, Iraq, but spent his childhood in Gailani Camp, his early boyhood in Maharatha Lines, Hinaidi, and his adolescence and early manhood in Habbaniya. Both Hinaidi and Habbaniya were Royal Air Force bases in Iraq.

William began his schooling at *Raabi* Espania's school at Maharatha Lines and completed his primary education at *Raabi* Yacoub's school in Habbaniya. While in his mid-teens, he obtained a job with the Air Ministry Works Directorate (AMWD) as a junior clerk in 1949, gradually working his way up to chief clerk during a stretch of only seven years.

But Andrew was born in Khatoun Camp in 1928, on the Tigris bank, close to Hinaidi, to Khatoun (not the landlady!) Setrakian and Yosip *Shamasha* Sulaiman. He was raised in Khatoun Camp and in Maharatha Lines and grew up and was married in Habbaniya, where he also spent a goodly part of his life.

Like William, Andrew too studied at *Raabi* Espania's and *Raabi* Yacoub's schools, finishing at the sixth primary grade, and started to work in 1943 at the young age of 15. During his 14 years of civil service for the R.A.F. he was employed in various clerical positions, ending as a Grade I clerk. He

derived much experience from his work and bettered his English by enrolling for two letter-writing courses from England by mail.

William Daniel was married, at the very young age of 17, to Mary, daughter of Odisho Enviya and Rehanta Nona. The teenaged couple immediately started a family that eventually grew into five sons and three daughters. Their eldest son, Raymond, is now 36 and the youngest, a boy-and-girl twin set, are 25. Except for their youngest son, Zaia, all are now married and are living in Sydney but for their third son, Rony, who lives with his family in Melbourne. William and Mary have a total of 11 grandchildren.

Zaia "John" Daniel is a bodybuilder. He was the Mr. Australia title in the lightweight division three years running (1987-89) and, in 1989, placed sixth in the same weight class of Mr. Universe contest held in Paris, France, in which competition contestants from 70 countries took part. Zaia's routine, which consisted of 70 seconds of music from Rocky IV soundtrack combining various poses, was voted "the best in the world" by the judges.

Zaia had his eye set on the 1990 crown of the contest held in Malaysia last October. But unlucky for him, only weeks before the tournament, Zaia injured his knee in over-training and could not compete. Instead, he got engaged to a girl in Los Angeles on October 20!

But Andrew Simon was married in C. C. Habbaniya in 1948 when he was 20. He married Sophia (Sabikky), the only child of Oney Zaia and Surma Elisha. The couple had five daughters in a row, but were finally blessed with a son, Robert. Three daughters are now married, one in Australia and two in England, all to Assyrians, and between them they have five children. The two younger daughters and the son, all single, still live with their parents.

William Daniel participated in various sports at school in Habbaniya, but played in earnest in his early teens. He played not only tennis and hockey but also soccer and table tennis. Also, he took part in track and field games, excelling in high jump. He was a good dancer, too.

In his teenaged years, Williams showed a promising talent in soccer. But an accident nipped it in the bud! In a cup final between the Assyrian Employees and AMWD Club teams, William, playing on the wing for AMWD, dribbled past a couple of opposing players and scored. But not before a tackling defender had kicked him in the face, opening an eight-stitch gash under his eye! After that, his father, a strict man, absolutely forbade him to play soccer again!

And in 1948, noticing William's apparent talent for tennis, a Squadron Leader Dymock and a Wing Commander Gullan of the R.A.F. had offered to take





August 1990 — William Daniel with part of his family. Standing (left to right): Daughter Hanaa Simon, and daughter-in-law Evelyn (wife of son Rennie Daniel). Sitting (left to right): Son-in-law Simon Enviya Simon, daughter Julie (wife of Albert Oram, and William Daniel.



1988 — William Daniel presenting trophies at the Assyrian Cup Final in Sydney, Australia. William is the president of Assyrian Sports and Cultural Club. The team of this club were the winners in the Final against the Assyrian United Soccer team. Seated, the fourth person from left with spectacles, is Mr. Benjamin J. Gundelove, one of the Assyrian men of letters of today.



Christmas day 1987 at home in Ealing, London — Andrew Simon with part of his family. Back row: Daughter Jennifer and son Richard. Front row: Daughter Susana flanked by Andrew on the right and his wife Sophia on the left.

him to England for proper training and coaching at their own expense. But protective of his young son, his father had declined the offer.

During his peak years in tennis, William's fame spread beyond the perimeter of Habbaniya. He, along with Andrew Simon, were once offered secure, well-paying positions and family accommodation at "staff" level by the Basra Port Authority if only they would play tennis for their club. (They accepted the offer at an interview in Basra, but changed their minds on returning to Habbaniya!)

And once two groups of Habbaniya sports enthusiasts debated whether William Daniel or another renowned tennis player, in Baghdad, named Eramia Youshia — who was trained and coached by a Squadron Leader Freith at the YMCA where Eramia's father worked — was the Assyrian champion. To settle the argument, a "grudge" match was arranged and played at Habbaniya. William beat Eramia in three straight sets, gaining from Eramia himself the admittance that he was "the best!"

Like all good sportsmen, Andrew Simon, too, got involved in sports at a very young age. He began playing tennis and other games when he was seven or eight. I remember this personally, for at the time

he and I were playmates and our homes were in the same bungalow in Maharatha Lines camp. We used to play tennis — and other games — together, with two other companions, behind our bungalow. We each had an old racket and we had scratched a "tennis court" on the ground and had stretched a strong string between two sticks stuck in the ground for a net.

Down the years, however, I and the other two friends fell by the wayside and "lost" our rackets. But Andrew not only kept his but also picked up a sturdy hockey stick along the way and played himself, within the next 12 or 15 years, into a tennis champion and a "wizard" on the hockey field, harvesting a crop of 65 silver cups, 22 silver medals and 10 silver jugs for trophies during his sports career! He also developed some skill in soccer, table tennis, volleyball and swimming.

Andrew was a member of the Assyrian Employees Club from 1946 to 1957, serving as its secretary for three years ending in 1956. He played for its hockey team and was, for a while, on its soccer team. He was one of the very best on the C. C. hockey team, leading all in scoring power!

In December 1955, William Daniel left Habbaniya, with his family, and settled in Baghdad, where he was offered a job as an assistant superintendent by KOC (Khanauin Oil Company). A few years later, KOC was absorbed by the Ministry of Oil in the nationalization process, and William worked for the Ministry for the next 16 years.

William had already joined the YMCA and the Alwiyah Club for tennis playing, but the Ministry required him and another top tennis-playing employee named Abbas Abid to play competition tennis in the name of the Ministry. Accordingly, the two played and won the Iraq Doubles Championship for three years running (1961-63). The third year, they retained the rolling cup and presented it, with their names engraved on it, to the Ministry, and the Ministry, in turn, awarded each of them a gold watch!

In 1957, Andrew Simon also quit Habbaniya. He moved his family and settled in Dora, a township southeast of Baghdad, where several hundred Assyrian families owned homes. Andrew lived there and worked for various commercial firms in Baghdad during the next 25 years.

While in Baghdad, Andrew — and William — were associated with the Assyrian Sports Club and in whose name they won two national doubles championships in 1955 and 1956. The two, along with a few other Habbaniya Assyrians, also played some friendly hockey matches for the club against Iraqi Army and Air Force teams. Andrew also played in various local tennis tournaments and was a member of Dora Club from 1960 to 1967.

In 1962 William and Andrew were selected, along with two Arabs, to represent Iraq on a tennis tour to Egypt and Lebanon. But later, Andrew and one of the two Arabs were dropped and William was partnered with another Arab.

William was again selected in 1963 with two Arabs to make the three-player team. But when William had insisted on having Andrew as his doubles partner, he too was dropped from the team. It was said that the nation and the majority in Iraq (Arabs) would not be represented by a majority of players of a minority group (Assyrians) even if they were the best players!

When the 1970's Assyrian exodus from Iraq intensified, William departed in 1974, with all his family, to Beirut, Lebanon. After the usual wait, they eventually immigrated, through a refugee agency, to Sydney, Australia.

For the first six years, William worked as export shipping supervisor for a company called P.D.S. Co-op, and for 18 months as manager for Nineveh Club. He then travelled to Melbourne and worked there, again as export shipping supervisor, for the next three and a half years. Next he got a job as accounts-payable supervisor in United Dairies at North Paramatta, Sydney, where he has been working since 1985.

Andrew Simon likewise pulled up stakes and left Baghdad for good, with his family, but only in 1982, immigrating to England. He is a British citizen and has been working as manager for an import and export company in London.

But presumably missing the abundance of warm sunshine and fed up with the constant burden of a raincoat and umbrella, Andrew says he's nursing hopes of retiring, at 65, to a life in Australia. Perhaps he wants to be close not only to his eldest daughter Janet, but also to his old Habbaniya friend and tennis partner, William Daniel.

The irony of it, however, is that William, too, has a dream of his own. He has already visited the United States four times and obviously like it, for he's now thinking of the prospects of immigrating to this country, where he would also be closer to two of his younger brothers!

But, then, perhaps it's written in the stars that the twin shall always be worlds apart!





# BOOK REVIEW

## THE CONSTANT ENDEAVOR

by Phrydon Earl Badal  
Vantage Press, Inc. New York, 1990  
234 pages, \$16.95

Phrydon Badal has been a long time and dedicated member of the Assyrian Foundation of America and has served as an officer of the organization. His novel, *The Constant Endeavor*, describes the adventures of its Assyrian hero, Sargon Ashour, as he grows up in Iraq and eventually finds his way to the United States.

In 1918, thousands of Assyrians, including Malik Ashour's family, were forced out of Iran, abandoned their homes and lands, and ended up in Iraq. One half of the population perished en route. Phrydon Badal brings the impact of this catastrophic upheaval to vivid life in his novel as the family of Malik Ashour struggles to re-establish themselves in Iraq.

Malik Ashour's first son, Sargon, is the center and hero of the novel which focuses on the influences in Sargon's life, in particular the cultural and religious fabric of Iraq and family life there. While he is growing up Sargon is deprived entry into high school because he is not an Iraqi citizen. But this does not stop him from self-education as he takes correspondence courses to advance his learning. Often Sargon and his father talk of the United States as the land of golden opportunity.

The reader follows Sargon as he learns to love and gamble, undertakes Shakespearean acting, plunges into the world of trade, experiences loneliness as he is separated from his family and seeks out relatives to relieve those feelings. His business dealings carry him to countries in the Middle East, Africa, South America and the United States. Eventually Sargon settles in the United States where he establishes himself in the San Francisco area and prospers. On a trip to South America he meets his future wife in Brazil. We leave Sargon at the end happily married and living with his wife and two daughters in their beautiful residence near San Francisco.

*The Constant Endeavor* is a charming, poignant and easy book to read. Once you start reading it you will find it hard to put down as you are swept along by the saga of Sargon's life and adventures.

We applaud Phrydon Badal for this beautiful novel.



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*Phrydon E. Badal, the author of the book **The Constant Endeavor**, with his wife Conceicao.*



## MAJOR PROJECTS OF THE ASSYRIAN FOUNDATION OF AMERICA IN 1990

This year was the 13th anniversary of the publication of *Nineveh* magazine. Through its media we are attempting to keep Assyrians informed of their history, language and culture. Although the cost is substantial, we feel that it serves an important purpose.

An ongoing commitment since the inception of this organization has been financial assistance for Assyrian students and educational projects. This year \$6,500 was expended.

In 1990, we saw a drive of a greater magnitude being launched, and the purpose was to help Assyrians who are stranded in Turkey. An on-site inspection by two Foundation members revealed that a number of Assyrians there are in desperate need of financial assistance. During this visit they distributed \$9,550 which was contributed by Foundation members and friends, with matching funds by the Foundation. A second phase of the drive was initiated resulting in an additional receipt of \$14,250 of which \$13,800 has already been sent to Turkey for a total of \$23,350. As a result of our help, a significant number of these Assyrians have been able to leave Turkey for Europe and Canada, and others are in the process of leaving. Meanwhile, we continue to help those remaining in Turkey who are in urgent need.



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# In Memoriam of Two Assyrian Athletes

by Mikhael K. Pius

**GILBERT SAMMY ESHAYA**

**BAABA GEWARGIS SHALLOU**



Much of the Assyrian communities of Chicago and California were shocked and saddened by the recent untimely death of Gilbert Sammy Eshaya, an Assyrian former Iraqi international soccer player.

Gilbert, 51, passed on of a heart attack at his home in Chicago on Wednesday, October 24, 1990, and his body was flown to and laid to rest at Memorial Park in Turlock, Calif., on Saturday, October 27.

His funeral services, held at Mar Addai Assyrian Church of the East in Turlock, were conducted by the parish priest, the Rt. Rev. Msgr. Badal Piro, assisted by Modesto's Rev. Oshana Kaanon of Mar Zaia Church, and a group of Church deacons. Rev. Shmouel Iskhaq of the Assyrian Evangelical Church and Rev. George Shahbaz of St. John's Assyrian Presbyterian Church, both of Turlock, also took part, and a memorial luncheon reception attended by 500 people followed the burial.

Gilbert is survived by his wife Florence and his son and daughter, Raymond and Susan, all of Chicago; by his mother Anny Eshaya, his sisters Violet Elia and Odette Benyamino and brother Albert, all Modesto residents.

Gilbert was one of the score of top Assyrian footballers who have represented Iraq in numerous



In Baghdad, Iraq, the Assyrian community, too, lost a former Assyrian footballer. He was Baaba Gewargis Shallou, one of the early Assyrian footballers who first rallied to the Assyrian soccer fervor of the thirties in Hinaidi, Iraq.

Baaba passed on at his home in Baghdad on July 14, 1990, of Leukemia, after a long illness. His funeral services were held, on the same day, at St. Andrew's Orthodox Church near Muasker Al-Rasheed in Baghdad, and his body was laid to rest at the new Assyrian cemetery near Baquba town, not far away from where he was born almost 71 years before! About 300 people attended the funeral.

Baaba was born on September 15, 1919, at Baquba Refugee Camp, only months after the stragglers of the terrible exodus of the Assyrian people from Persia trudged into the camp. His father was Gewargis Shallou and his mother Nargis Allawerdi, both of the village of Dizzatacka. Their new son was named Baaba Yacoub by his grandfather who said "because he was born in the land of *baaban* Awrahim and of Iskhaq and Yacoub." But like most Assyrians, Baaba Yacoub acquired a nickname, too, after he grew up. Because he had a dark complexion, he was known to his chummy friends and cronies as "Baaba Kouma." But the nickname was



## GILBERT SAMMY ESHAYA

international soccer games during recent decades. In the sixties, he played alongside such Assyrian greats as Ammo Baba and Youra Eshaya, and was on the line-up of Iraqi international teams that played both in Baghdad and abroad. During his 18 years of active soccer in Iraq, Gilbert played in more than 80 important matches, some of them played in 20 various foreign countries. He played in defense, usually at leftback.

Gilbert was born in the Civil Cantonment of the R.A.F. Station of Habbaniya, Iraq, on February 26, 1939, to Anny and Shmouel *Shamasha* Eshaya. His father, who was popularly known as Shmouel or Sam "Tittouna," was one of the finest of the local crop of Assyrian footballers of the early golden years of soccer at Hinaidi and, later, at Habbaniya. He was a tough defender who played at fullback or centerhalf and kicked shots that boomed and zoomed! But like his short-lived son, he too died of a heart attack at the relatively young age of 60 in 1972!

Gilbert started his schooling at Habbaniya in 1946, but before he had acquired even an elementary education, his father left Habbaniya in 1950 and moved his family to Baghdad and, soon after, to Teheran, Iran. There Shmouel worked for the then well-known Assyrian transportation magnate, Shummon Biggini. Although Shmouel and Shummon were second cousins, their association unfortunately lasted only a couple of years, and Shmouel and family moved back to Baghdad in 1953.

This back-and-forth family relocation disrupted young Gilbert's education, for he had to switch from Arabic to Persian and back to Arabic in less than three years. Although in the process he apparently lost some interest in formal school — for he was barely into high school when he dropped out and started working — yet he seems to have had the urge to educate himself. And in 1963, at the age of 24, he got married to Florence, daughter of Mariam and Aprim Eshu.

But the seed of love for soccer sown in his heart in his pre-teen years at school and the proving soccer grounds of Habbaniya had already sprouted and taken root. His love for the game grew and matured, especially during his teenage years when he played for the Assyrian Sports Club of Baghdad from 1955 to 1958.

In 1958 he joined the Royal Iraqi Air Force and played for its team for two years. The stint hardened both his muscles and his soccer skill and gave him vital athletic exposure as an important player, for in 1960 he was chosen for the Iraqi Armed Forces Select team, and he played his first game on the team against the Syrian Army. In the same year, he also joined the Iraqi Police team. Although working for the Baghdad Municipalities Department, he

## BAABA GEWARGIS SHALLOU

more of a playful jab than a derisive jibe!

Baaba was only months old when Baquba Camp was closed down. In hope of making a living, the Shallou family — and many of the other refugees — went back to Iran and lived in Hamadan. But their living conditions were not satisfactory there and after three uneasy years the family returned to Iraq. Gewargis found work as a gardener with the British forces and the family settled down in Kota Camp among the families of the Assyrian and Armenian civilian employees.

In his boyhood, Baaba studied at *Raabi* Yacoub's Assyrian and Armenian Union School at Kota Camp. But he had only four years of formal schooling before it became necessary for him to help out in supporting the family while still a youngster. So he, too, got a job with the R.A.F., for whom he worked for more than 20 years, initially as a metal worker and then as storekeeper and clerk at Hinaidi and, later, Habbaniya, where he also married, in 1943, Christina, daughter of Shmouel Samendu.

Soon after the British handed over Habbaniya to the Iraq Government, in 1955, Baaba and family left Habbaniya and settled in Baghdad. There he got a job as storekeeper with an earth-moving equipment trading company called Rafidain Developments Ltd., for which firm he worked for almost two decades. He was in semi-retirement for several years before his death.

Baaba first put on football boots — or perhaps ordinary sandals! — and began kicking a ball around when he was a young boy in Hinaidi in the early 1930's. When he had gained enough skill in the game, he got into organized soccer a few years later and played for a team called The Eagles. But after the changeover of the R.A.F. air base from Hinaidi to Habbaniya, the Eagles team fizzled out and a new team called Arsenal was formed. He joined the club and played for Arsenal until this team, too, was dissolved early in the 1940's. He then got on the C. C. (Civil Cantonment) team and played for the team until this, too, was disbanded in 1947, when he finally hung up his football boots for good!

"'Baaba Kouma' played at right-half or left-half," Fraidoun Abraham Is'hak, Baaba's one-time teammate and long-time close friend, told us on the phone from Calgary, Canada. "He was a good football player. He used to race the ball like the wind!" Fraidoun chuckled. "He was also tough against 'dirty' players!"

Baaba is survived by his wife Christina and a daughter, Jennie Amer, both of Baghdad; by a son, John, and two other daughters, Joanne Evens and Julie Sargis, all of Modesto; by another daughter, in Canada, Janet Yacoub; and by 12 grandchildren. Another of his survivors is his younger brother, Kaku Gewargis Shallou, who still lives in Baghdad.

## GILBERT SAMMY ESHAYA

played on the Police Combined team for the next 13 years in all their first-division competition matches, thus contributing to the several championships the team won.

In 1973, however, Gilbert, with his family, left Iraq for Lebanon intent on emigrating to America — like thousands of other Iraqi Assyrians — through the refugee agencies opened there. But while waiting for clearance in Beirut, he played soccer for Istiqlal Club, a Lebanese second division team. Because of his display of superior soccer skill and visible team leadership, he was appointed to coach the team as well. Gilbert played for and coached the team for the next two years and Istiqlal Club advanced to the first division of the Lebanese league, even beating some top Lebanese teams such as Rasing Club and Armenian Homentmen!

In 1975 their immigration papers were ready and Gilbert and his family took a flight to Chicago and settled there. In Chicago, Gilbert again offered his services as a coach, but this time to a fledgling Assyrian team called Winged Bulls. Patiently and steadily Gilbert trained, coached and molded the youngsters and, like the Beirut team, eventually pushed them on to the second and then first division level. And the Winged Bulls crowned his efforts by winning the major division title of the Illinois Soccer Tournament!

"Gilbert was brave and bold, but a gentle and good-natured guy," said Edison David, a friend and former teammate. "He had lots of friends but no enemies. And as a player, he was a good and strong fullback who understood the game well," Edison added.

Evidently, Gilbert has proven his worth not only to himself, his friends and the Iraqi sports public, but also to his own tiny nation!

"Sleep well, gentle hero, and may the good earth rest lightly upon you!"

## BAABA GEWARGIS SHALLOU

Like his older brother, Kaku, too, was a footballer — and hockey player — in the forties and fifties in Habbaniya. (In fact, the two brothers at one time were on the same team.) In his teens, Kaku played for the C. C. team, and from about 1947 to the mid-1950's he was on the teams of the R.A.F. Assyrian Employees' Club and the C. C. Select. He played in the forward line — inside-left, inside-right or center-forward. He was a fine player; he had some strong and nippy shots and was a good scorer.

(The C. C. soccer team of the mid-1940's — explained Fraidoun Abraham Is'hak, the veteran soccer goalkeeper of Habbaniya — was formed of various Assyrian and a few Kurdish and Arab players of disbanded earlier local Habbaniya teams, such as Eagles, Tigers, Arsenal and Blackpool, while the C. C. Select team of the 1950's was the cream of the later local Habbaniya club teams, namely Assyrian Employees, Levy Civilians, A.M.W.D., and Oriental, the latter of Kurds and Arabs.)

Baba is also survived by three other well-known former Habbaniya soccer-playing relatives, his first cousins, the trio of the Shimshoun Shallou's boys: Sargis, one of the very best center-half Habbaniya has ever fielded, and his younger brothers William and Ben.

We wonder if the Shallous have any young footballers in the making to carry on the family tradition!







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بخند را بسلامت بخند ، بخند را بختیاری بخند ،

بخند را بفرح بخند .

تا آنکه بخند را بفرح بخند ، بخند را بسلامت بخند ،

بخند را بختیاری بخند ، بخند را بفرح بخند ،

بخند را بسلامت بخند ، بخند را بختیاری بخند ،

بخند را بفرح بخند ، بخند را بسلامت بخند ،

## بختیاری و بختیاری

بختیاری را بفرح بخند :	بختیاری را بفرح بخند :
بختیاری را بسلامت بخند :	بختیاری را بسلامت بخند :
بختیاری را بختیاری بخند :	بختیاری را بختیاری بخند :
بختیاری را بفرح بخند :	بختیاری را بفرح بخند :
بختیاری را بسلامت بخند :	بختیاری را بسلامت بخند :
بختیاری را بختیاری بخند :	بختیاری را بختیاری بخند :

بختیاری را بفرح بخند :	بختیاری را بفرح بخند :
بختیاری را بسلامت بخند :	بختیاری را بسلامت بخند :
بختیاری را بختیاری بخند :	بختیاری را بختیاری بخند :
بختیاری را بفرح بخند :	بختیاری را بفرح بخند :
بختیاری را بسلامت بخند :	بختیاری را بسلامت بخند :
بختیاری را بختیاری بخند :	بختیاری را بختیاری بخند :

بِأَمْرِ اللَّهِ مَوْلَى هَذَا يُضَعِّدُ :

۱۰۵۸

من مفضل: عولسوي ليعذلي

١٩٩٠ ٢٤ ٢٥ ذى الحجة

لَعَنَهُمُ اللَّهُ يَوْمَ النَّارِ لَعْنَةُ الْآفِكِرِينَ

جُلُفِمْدَحَلْ

[illegible]

منصوبه

[illegible]

هَلَا بِحَيَاتِي مُرَدَّدِي

Merry Christmas

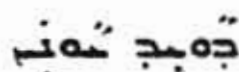
Happy New Year

تاریخ و تصدیق کجه، مصدق و تصدیق  
 و تصدیق و تصدیق، مصدق و تصدیق  
 تصدیق و تصدیق، مصدق و تصدیق.

கமலம்

43



[illegible][illegible]

حیض و جنین











[illegible]

جَلَسَ حَقُّهُ (جَوْدَ حِلْمِهِ حَقَّتْ) فَجَعَلَهُ  
 يَلِسَ لَهُ لِيَجْعَلَ : دَعَا لَهُ وَهَجَا بِهِ 300  
 فَجَعَلَ لَهْجَتَهُ، لِيَسْبَحَ بِمَعْنَى مَا لَهُ  
 لُغَةً - لَمْ، وَلَمْ تَسْتَطِعْ تَلَاهُتَهُ فَجَعَلَهُ  
 يَلِسَ دَمَهُ لَمْ تَسْطِعْ تَلَاهُتَهُ فَجَعَلَ لَهْجَتَهُ  
 حِلْمَهُ جَعَلَهُ حِلْمَتَهُ يَلِسَ مَا لَمْ تَسْطِعْ  
 حَقَّتْهُ فَجَعَلَ. وَلِيَجْعَلَ حَقَّتْهُ يَلِسَ جَعَلَ  
 لَهُ دَمَهُ مَعْنَى دَمَهُ لَمْ تَسْطِعْ تَلَاهُتَهُ.  
 وَلِيَجْعَلَ حَقَّتْهُ يَلِسَ دَمَهُ لَمْ تَسْطِعْ تَلَاهُتَهُ  
 يَلِسَ مَا لَمْ تَسْطِعْ تَلَاهُتَهُ، وَلَمْ تَسْطِعْ  
 لِيَجْعَلَ دَمَهُ لَمْ تَسْطِعْ تَلَاهُتَهُ لِيَجْعَلَ  
 لِيَجْعَلَ مَا لَمْ تَسْطِعْ تَلَاهُتَهُ. دَمَهُ جَعَلَ  
 لِيَجْعَلَ مَا لَمْ تَسْطِعْ تَلَاهُتَهُ لِيَجْعَلَ  
 مَا لَمْ تَسْطِعْ تَلَاهُتَهُ.

۱۰ دَلِيلُ قَوْلِهِ وَهَذِهِ حَقْلُهُ  
 ۱۱ يَهْدِيهِ حَقْلُهُ لِيَهْدِيَهُ لِيَهْدِيَهُ  
 ۱۲ حَقْلُهُ لِيَهْدِيَهُ لِيَهْدِيَهُ  
 ۱۳ يَهْدِيهِ حَقْلُهُ لِيَهْدِيَهُ لِيَهْدِيَهُ  
 ۱۴ حَقْلُهُ لِيَهْدِيَهُ لِيَهْدِيَهُ  
 ۱۵ يَهْدِيهِ حَقْلُهُ لِيَهْدِيَهُ لِيَهْدِيَهُ  
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 ۱۷ يَهْدِيهِ حَقْلُهُ لِيَهْدِيَهُ لِيَهْدِيَهُ  
 ۱۸ حَقْلُهُ لِيَهْدِيَهُ لِيَهْدِيَهُ  
 ۱۹ يَهْدِيهِ حَقْلُهُ لِيَهْدِيَهُ لِيَهْدِيَهُ  
 ۲۰ حَقْلُهُ لِيَهْدِيَهُ لِيَهْدِيَهُ

1968 1960 8 - 1968











فَصْبَعِي : لَبِيحِي : خَالِي : بَوَّابِي : مَفْزِيحِي :  
 لَوْنِي : مَهْمَدِي (عَدَدِي) . ٥٥٠

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

يُخْبِرُكَ عَنْهُ بِغَيْرِ - خَذِرْ كُلَّ مَا هُوَ  
 مُخْتَلِفٌ: يَتَّخِذُ مِنْهُ قَلْبُهُ، ثُمَّ  
 يَحْكُمُ. وَهَذَا مَا جَاءَ فِي الْإِسْلَامِ وَهَذَا: لَمْ  
 يَخْذَلْ بَنِي إِسْرَءِيلَ مِنْهُ، فَخَذِرُوا قُلُوبَهُمْ  
 مِنْهُ وَهَمَّوْهُمَا بِمَلَأَتَا هَذِهِ الْبَيْتَ خَذِرُوا  
 مِنْهُ وَهَمَّوْهُمَا بِمَلَأَتَا هَذِهِ الْبَيْتَ خَذِرُوا

تَجِدُ فِيهِ مَعْرَاجَهُ لَمَّا  
 دَخَلَ دَرَجَتَهُ لِيُخْرِجَهُ

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[illegible]

عمر خیل مسجد

عَنْ جَدِّهِ عَنِ ابْنِ جَدِّهِ عَنِ ابْنِ جَدِّهِ عَنِ ابْنِ جَدِّهِ عَنِ ابْنِ جَدِّهِ

1990: 2

[illegible]

مُؤَدِّبُ الْعَالَمِ : تَلْعَب .

[illegible]

تَجِبُ يَتَجَبُّ لِلْجَنَّةِ نَجْوً : جَوْشَجْ : جَوْشَجْ : جَوْشَجْ .

مەھەلەلەب تەخەللۇس جەمئىيەتلىرى : جەمئىيەتلىرى









[illegible]

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جَدِّهِ دَعَا لَهُ

حَدَّثَنَا

הַיְיָ יֵשׁוּעַ הַמָּלְאֵךְ

[illegible]

هَكَذَا هِيَ جِلْدُ حَبَّةِ الْهَبْ :

[illegible]

لَبِيْ دَا نَمَدِيْ نِيْخِيْ دِيْلِيْ لَبِيْخِيْ :  
 لَبِيْ مَا يَدِيْ هَسَا فَيَلِيْ دَا دَا دَا دَا دَا  
 يَدِيْ هَسَا فَيَلِيْ دَا دَا دَا دَا دَا -  
 هَسَا لَبِيْ دَا دَا : هَسَا فَيَلِيْ هَسَا  
 هَسَا لَبِيْ دَا دَا دَا دَا دَا دَا دَا  
 دَا . هَسَا دَا دَا دَا : دَا دَا دَا  
 هَسَا دَا دَا . دَا دَا دَا دَا دَا  
 هَسَا دَا دَا : دَا دَا دَا دَا  
 دَا دَا دَا دَا - هَسَا دَا دَا دَا  
 لَبِيْ دَا دَا دَا دَا دَا دَا دَا  
 هَسَا دَا دَا دَا دَا دَا دَا .

[illegible]

۱۹۸۲  
 ۱۹۸۴

*The Games Children Used to Play*  
by Alice Andrius

*Nineveh* Vol. 7 No. 3 & 4, 1984

لَا تُجِبُ عَلَيْهِمْ عَنْ مَقَالَتِهِمْ لِيُجِيبُوا عَنْهُمْ حَتَّىٰ يُخَالِفُوا وَاعْتَصِمُوا بِاللَّهِ هُوَ مَوْلَاهُمْ لِيَأْخُذُوا بِمَوَاقِفِهِمْ







תחילת ד' 2 - בהם נמנה גם השר החינוך.  
התקיימה.

התקיימה גם תענית: חשבון הנפש  
היה זהו חשבון הנפש: חשבון הנפש היה זהו חשבון הנפש.

התקיימה גם תענית: חשבון הנפש  
היה זהו חשבון הנפש: חשבון הנפש היה זהו חשבון הנפש.



תחילת ד' 3 - בהם נמנה גם השר החינוך.  
התקיימה גם תענית: חשבון הנפש  
היה זהו חשבון הנפש: חשבון הנפש היה זהו חשבון הנפש.

התקיימה גם תענית: חשבון הנפש  
היה זהו חשבון הנפש: חשבון הנפש היה זהו חשבון הנפש.

ט"ז תמוז תש"ל בלודזש.

ד"ר יצחק אבידן  
בלודזש  
נפ"ק 1990



הערה

אבי יצחק אבידן נפ"ק בלודזש  
ב-17 תמוז תש"ל (1990) בלודזש  
היה אבידן יצחק אבידן  
היה אבידן יצחק אבידן  
היה אבידן יצחק אבידן  
היה אבידן יצחק אבידן  
היה אבידן יצחק אבידן

→ ד"ר יצחק אבידן

20 תמוז 1990 90 תמוז



לד"ר אבידן יצחק אבידן  
נפ"ק בלודזש  
היה אבידן יצחק אבידן  
היה אבידן יצחק אבידן  
היה אבידן יצחק אבידן  
היה אבידן יצחק אבידן

1 - אבידן יצחק אבידן  
נפ"ק 1972  
היה אבידן יצחק אבידן  
היה אבידן יצחק אבידן  
היה אבידן יצחק אבידן  
היה אבידן יצחק אבידן







١٠ كَيْسَ يَمْلِكُ بِلَيْهِ فَخَضِبُ جَهَنَّمَ  
 دُونَ ذَلِكَ لَيْسَ بِنَجْدَةٍ : كَيْسَ سَمِعَ دَجَّةً  
 مَوْجِبَ مَاءٍ وَهِيَ لَمَجَّةٌ ؟ هَلْ هِيَ بِلَيْهِ :  
 وَهِيَ لَيْسَ لَيْسَ ذَلِكَ : لَيْسَ فَذَلِكَ لَيْسَ  
 حَلَّتْ : لَيْسَ جَلَّتْ : لَيْسَ بِنَجْدَةٍ هَلْ هِيَ  
 لَيْسَ هَلْ : هَلْ هَلْ : لَيْسَ جَلَّتْ هَلْ هَلْ  
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[illegible]

۱۰۰ عجب بود حق که ملک مستی ملی  
 چند ملت را بدو فزاید : سلیم و ذوالش  
 نسیم را فزاید فزاید : دل آید -  
 فیض بود و عجبش و عجبش .

[illegible][illegible]

جَلَسَ: جَلَسَ جُلُوسًا يَجْلِسُ جُلُوسًا مُتَوَكِّلًا. جُلُوسًا مُتَوَكِّلًا.





[illegible]

**ملفوظات : جلد دوم**

[illegible]



[illegible]

جَدِّ سَيِّدِنَا مُحَمَّدٍ عَلَيْهِ السَّلَامُ  
 قُلُوبَ فَخْرَةٍ فِي سَبِيلِ حَقِّكَ قَلْبًا دَوَّاحًا  
 هَاجِمًا جَدِّ نَفْسَانِ دَوَّاحًا .

دَسَم دَسَمَل ۛ دَسَمَل ۛ 40 دَسَمَل ۛ  
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1 - نہایت تجسس

مَنْ مَنَعَكَ مِنْ حَبْلِكَ مَنْعَكَ مِنْ حَبْلِكَ مَنْعَكَ مِنْ حَبْلِكَ

[illegible][illegible]



[illegible]

לְשׁוֹן קוֹלָתָהּ יָלַדָה סוֹמְכִינָה דְּזָבִב חֶזֶק מִגֵּד  
 יִפְּרֹאֲנָה לֵאלֹהֵי אֲבֹתָהּ לֵאמֹר אֵלֵינוּ מִן דְּלִדְתֵּנוּ  
 לְחַיֵּנוּ וְלִפְעֻלֵּינוּ דְּבִנְיָנָהּ יִבְרַח וְיִפְתָּח וְיִפְתָּח  
 לָנוּ אֵלֵינוּ אֵלֵינוּ .



FROM

TO

ASSYRIAN FOUNDATION OF AMERICA  
P.O. Box 2620  
Berkeley, CA 94702

POSTAGE  
PAID  
U.S. PERMIT  
NO. 1016  
BERKELEY, CA  
94702



# ܣܠܗ



ܠܗܫܬܬܬܐ ܕܝܬܐ ܠܡܫܬܬܐ ܕܠܗܬܬܬܐ  
ܬܝܕ: ܠܝܬܬܬܬܐ ܝܬܬܬܬܐ

ܚܕܐܝܐ ܝܬܬܬܬܐ

ܠܗܬܬܬܐ ܕܝܬܐ ܠܡܫܬܬܐ ܕܠܗܬܬܬܐ

ܕܝܬܬܬܐ ܕܝܬܬܬܐ

1914 - 1980