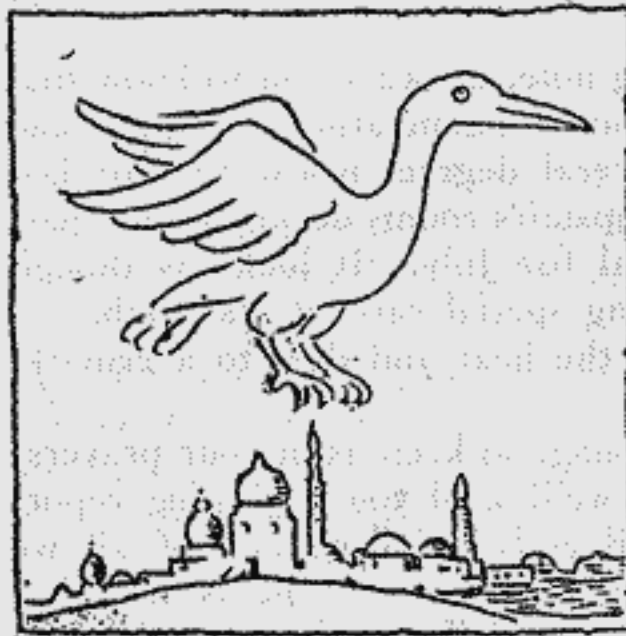




A FITFUL, DESULTORY JOURNAL PUBLISHED BY THE AMERICAN JESUITS AT BAGHDAD COLLEGE AS MOOD AND CIRCUMSTANCES PERMIT, ITS PURPOSE BEING TO KEEP FRIENDS AND THE WORLD IN GENERAL INFORMED AS TO OUR HOPES, PLANS, ASPIRATIONS, AND ACHIEVEMENTS, AND THUS TO PROMOTE AND SUSTAIN INTEREST IN THE PROJECT ENTRUSTED TO US BY PIUS XI.

VOL. 2. NO. 1 (9) — BAGHDAD, IRAQ, Dec. 31, 1933. — PRICELESS

### Up from Its Ashes



**P**HOENIX-LIKE we arise: and, to change the metaphor, we are just getting in under the wire, as you will observe by a glance at the date line above. Quite possibly it occurs to you that we are a bit late in putting in our appearance this time. If you so think, you are laboring under a misconception. From its very nature the BAGHDADI

can't be late, for it has no specified time for arriving. We think it was something akin to Divine inspiration that made us insist almost from the outset that the BAGHDADI was "spasmodic, sporadic, irregular, desultory" and afflicted with all the other ills that ventures of this nature are heir to. So (like timorous authors in their first book) we repeat that we "make no pretense" at being regular or punctual. That's why we really can't call the BAGHDADI a periodical in the strict sense of the word: periodicity is alien to its nature. That, too, is why we have no subscribers: subscription lists, you see, entail a definite obligation, and we prefer ours, in this matter at least, to be comfortably indefinite and adaptably

elastic. So we are content to possess merely what we may call a mailing list, and any one in this wide, wide world may be put on that list for the mere asking.

### New Year Greetings



**N**OW that we have acquitted ourselves of our usual line of self-defense (having forgotten, meanwhile, in the violence of our intellectual exertions, to tell you that the supply of mimeograph paper in Baghdad was depleted until last month) we hasten to wish you a belated Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. As we write, the Christmas cribs are still the scene of fervent adoration on the part of the Christ Child's devoted ones, and the Magi (who are said quite authentically to have hailed from these regions) have not yet appeared on the scene. So we still have time to pray that the Divine Babe of Bethlehem may fill your hearts full to overflowing with the happiness of His love, and bestow on you during the coming year His choicest graces and blessings. That, of course, is the prayer we send up for our friends and benefactors all the year round, but we want to take advantage of the Christmas season to assure you of that fact.

Several letters have come in of late (very late, indeed, and we shall comment on that fact subsequently) expressing wonder as to whether we are still on the scene, and venturing the conjecture that perhaps some untoward event or other has whisked us off into regions inaccessible. So we hasten to assure one and all that we are very much our old selves, and that the course of events in school, city, and state is pursuing its usual tenor, with only an occasional off-key rumble from the bass. The school is where it was last year, and getting along quite well, thank you. Our abode has been established

in a new residence some fifteen minutes by foot from the school, and with the new Fathers is filled to the eaves. All are well, active, and happy: of them individually, more anon.

### *Can Spring Be Far Away?*



NOW let us go back a bit (quite a bit!) to where we left off in the July BAGHDADI. Father Rice and your insouciant reporter were deep in the *sirdab* at 11/45 Muraba'ah, stirring out whenever our several scouts reported the find of a new house that would be "just the thing for the Fathers." Most of the stirring was done by Father Rice, and if there was an empty house in Baghdad itself or its environs which he did not inspect, that fact has still to come to light. Finally, towards the end of August, the house which we now occupy was offered to us. It was not at all a likely prospect at first. Indeed, Father Rice refused to go farther than the vestibule the first time he was invited to inspect it, and his refusal was not entirely motivated by the fact that the house was being occupied at the time by the landlord. (People here are almost always ready to move out and let you have their house if they can gain by the process.) The landlord, with that resourcefulness which has always characterized the sons of Abraham (not, be it said, to their discredit) soon had the house as fragrant as the pine-scented woods of the great Northwest. So we moved in, witnessing during the process feats of strength on the part of the Kurdish coolies that made us stand aghast in amazement.

Later on we discovered that the pine-scented fragrance mentioned above was, quite literally, little more than ephemeral. And when just before the opening of school Father Madaras was making his retreat (contrary to report, he didn't go to Jerusalem), some rather thorough-going repairs were taking place on our sewage system right in the court-

yard; and if you have any idea how the houses are built here, with all the rooms opening on the central court, you will appreciate that his flights to the empyrean were sometimes rudely interrupted by bursts of plumbers' argot—in unintelligible Arabic, fortunately.

We likewise found out eventually that the chimney of our neighbor's house succeeded somehow in discharging a goodly portion of its smoke right through the walls of our adjoining rooms. After long negotiations, that little matter was set right—supposedly: for as we write the smoke is pouring into our room through the cracks in the wall. If flames burst out, we shall do the same: so have no fears for our safety.

Furthermore, and quite beyond our expectations, a remark which we made facetiously in our last issue has turned out to be something of a prophecy. In recounting the difficulties of finding a suitable house, we suggested the possibility of our being obliged to live in a tent. This is fractionally true inasmuch as we are sheltered from the outside elements, when in the dining room, by means of a canvas curtain. But Winter's here, and Spring can't be far away.

### *The Missing Father Mifsud*

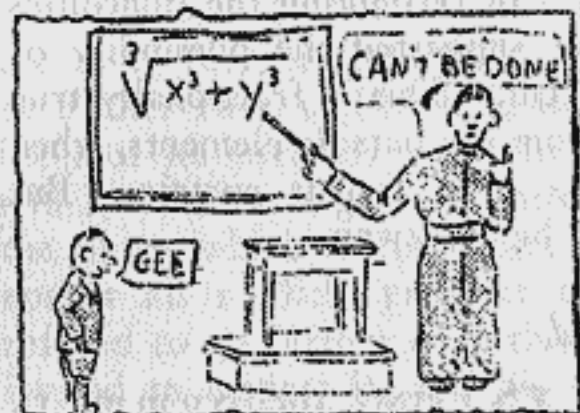


DURING the Summer, Father Coffey journeyed down to Jerusalem from Beirut to make his annual eight-day retreat and to pronounce his final vows, just seventeen years after his entrance into the Society of Jesus. He doubtless little dreamed when he pronounced his first vows fifteen years ago that he should one day have the privilege of laying his final oblation at the feet of his Lord in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. The event was the occasion for more than one celebration in Jerusalem and in Syria.

Father Mifsud, who was entangled in the intricacies of Arabic at Damascus during the Summer, determined to be

present for Father Coffey's Final Vows. The first thing we knew, we had a report from Father Coffey saying that Father Mifsud had left Damascus but had failed to appear in Jerusalem even after several days. For a time we had visions of Father Mifsud being held captive for ransom by the Druses or some other fierce Arab tribe, and we scanned the *Iraq Times* anxiously for several days in the hope that we would read of his release. Then, somewhat exasperatingly, a letter arrived from Father Mifsud saying that he had succumbed to some mysterious distemper on arriving at Nazareth and had put up at the hostelry of the Franciscans until he was well enough to return to Damascus.

Enter—Joseph P. Merrick, S.J.



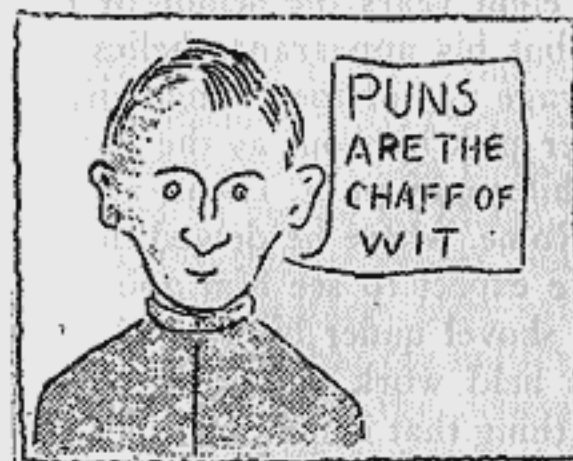
Now let us introduce you to our new arrivals of this year. The first, alphabetically and historically, is Father Joseph P. Merrick, who arrived here on September 27, having prudently waited until the Summer heat had somewhat abated. If you don't know Father Merrick, it's your own fault, for he's practically an international figure by this time. His picture has appeared in *Jesuit Missions* and in the *Holy Cross Tomahawk*—and the *New York Times* (no less) carried a long article just before he left America, telling the world about his solution of a problem in mathematics that has been keeping savants walking the floor at nights, lo! these many centuries. The problem, if you are a mathematician, is Fermat's last theorem, which, as nearly as we can make out, amounts to this: Take two integers greater than one; raise them to the cube or higher; add the products together. Now try to extract the cube (or whatever power you raised them to) and you cannot do so. The theorem is accepted empirically by mathematicians; what they have been searching for is the mathematical proof of the impossibility stated. Of course, Father Merrick in his modest way will not admit that he has furnished this

proof; he merely says that he wishes someone would point out the error in his demonstration. But thus far no one has done so.

An interesting feature about this whole thing is that the University of Göttingen offered a prize of one hundred thousand marks for the solution of the problem, but that was before the war, and it is hard to say how much is left of that one hundred thousand marks now. Father Merrick has done nothing towards claiming the prize, and the rest of the Fathers here are beginning to get a trifle impatient.

Proving Fermat's last theorem (apparently he had others) is not Father Merrick's only claim to fame. He has taught in such widely separated places as Holy Cross in Worcester and at Vigan in the Philippine Islands. His chief preoccupation last year was teaching physics and mathematics to the East's elite at Holy Cross. At present he is conducting the course in general science here, with classes of algebra and geometry thrown in for diversion—his diversion, we mean, not that of the boys.

The Chaff of Wit—Father John J. Scanlon, S.J.



NEXT in the alphabet comes Father John J. Scanlon, of whom Syracuse, New York, has every reason to be proud. Father Scanlon comes to us from Rome, where he spent the last two years studying all manner of things at the Oriental Institute, among them being Arabic, Chaldean, Russian, Armenian, Georgian, Coptic, Hebrew, Greek, and for all we know, others that have not come to light as yet. Father Scanlon is not the kind to flaunt his attainments, and so we can only conjecture that during his stay in Rome he succeeded in picking up a certain (or uncertain) amount of Italian. We can, however (with four years of Valkenburg behind us), testify that his German, acquired during a four years' sojourn in Austria (where he learned to know Father

Hubbard, the Glacier Priest, intimately) is both fluent and elegant. His main interest is Oriental Rites, and so he is right at home here in Baghdad, where we have most of them. Just at present he is occupied with broadening and deepening his knowledge of Arabic and imparting more than a smattering of English, history, and Christian Doctrine (from Father Cassilly's book) to the students of second high. His one besetting weakness is a fondness for puns, which he throws off with ingenuous and exasperating nonchalance.

*Out of Iowa—Father Augustine C. Wand, S.J.*



FATHER AUGUSTINE C. WAND, who first saw the light of day in Iowa, comes last in this enumeration only because his name begins with W. If seniority and gravity were our principle of classification, he would head the list. If he does not mind our saying so, he is fifty years old, eight years the senior of the next oldest man in the house; but his appearance belies his age. In a house where the average age of the Community is not quite forty, you would never pick him out as the oldest. Yet he was once professor of philosophy in St. Louis, and he has spent the past six years in Rome, where he delved deeply into Christian archaeology. We expect to see him going off furtively into the desert with a shovel under his cassock and beginning to do some vigorous field work almost any time now. We suspect that the only thing that is holding him back is the fact that in addition to having relieved Father Madaras of the office of Minister, he is in charge of the house library and is spending most of his time classifying books and magazines. Nor is this a mere sideline of his. He was librarian in Rome: was summoned from America for that very purpose in fact, whence his name had already gone abroad. In addition to all the foregoing, he is putting the finishing touches to his doctorate thesis during his odd moments.

All in all, you will agree that Baghdad College has not fared so badly this year, and that our little institution ought to begin enjoying a certain amount of prestige in educational circles of the city. We don't mean, of course, that we have no prestige at present, but there is always room for growth in that respect.

Need we remark, by the way, that the above comments on the new Fathers are inspired by the highest motives, and spring from no spirit of retaliation?

*Down from the Mount of Vision—  
Mr. William J. Casey, S.J.*



MR. WILLIAM J. CASEY, S.J., made history here in Iraq. He was the first Scholastic to teach at Baghdad College. Owing to the late arrival of Father Scanlon, who was unavoidably detained in Rome digging out some obscure point of scholarship, Mr. Casey was summoned from Beirut, where he was deeply immersed in the study of Arabic, and put at teaching second year high. Needless to say, his pupils were enamored of him from the start, and when it came time for him to return to Beirut, some of the boys, according to well-authenticated report, found it difficult to restrain their tears. The Fathers were sorry to have him go, too, for his leaving meant that the multitude of odd jobs that customarily fall to the lot of the Scholastics would once more devolve upon them: such things as reading at meals, for instance; or acting as sacristan. The last we heard of him he was far removed from the moiling and toiling of this workaday world, musing upon the mysterious Arabic in the ethereal atmosphere and golden sunshine of Bikfaia, atop the Lebanon Mountains. But he will return to us some day a full-fledged Arabic scholar heavy with forgotten lore, and our present loss will mean an immeasurably greater future gain. Now get to work, Brother Casey.

*Victory Paeans*

WERE you ever caught in a knife parade? Probably not, and so from our own personal experience we assure you that the gamut of emotions which you run through is both extensive and diversified. When the victorious Iraqi soldiers

returned to Baghdad from the operations in the north last August, some of the local natives decided to hold a demonstration to celebrate the victory of the Government troops over the Assyrians. Father Madaras was driving along the street the morning of the big day, when he suddenly found the way blocked by a milling crowd of running men, most of them brandishing daggers or clubs and chanting a paeon of triumph. He had to come to a halt, and soon found himself engulfed in a sea of highly enthusiastic celebrants. As they flourished their gleaming knives past the open window of the car, the Father's thoughts were not altogether comfortable. But he soon saw that the natives had no design on his life, and his misgivings changed to interest. He got away unscathed.

It is too late now to allay any fears that may have been entertained for our safety during the past Summer. But for the future reassurance of those who are inclined to suspect the worst when rumors and reports of an untoward nature begin to pour in, let us say that the scene of last Summer's troubles lay far to the north of here, in the neighborhood of Mosul. Those who conjured up scenes of Baghdad's streets running red with blood and possibly of Jesuits hying at full speed across the desert with yelling mobs in pursuit were doing our peaceful citizenry here an injustice.

Doubtless, since the matter was aired at Geneva, the facts are sufficiently well-known to the outside world to make unnecessary any lengthy exposition of events on our part. But in order that any misconception still lurking in the minds of those who do not read the papers may be removed, let us

give a brief résumé of what happened as far as it is possible to do so. We cannot say that we have read all the reports assiduously; and we wish to remind you, too, that the BAGHDADI is not a political journal and has no desire to give any offence to the parties concerned in the dispute by the recital of atrocities, real or alleged. Our attitude is rather that of the historian, and where the knowledge of the facts is doubtful, we shall not hesitate to confess our ignorance.

*Britain's Smallest Ally*

HISTORIANS of old went to begin their works with the creation of the world. We shall be content to go back only a few thousand years. At that time the inhabitants of Mesopotamia (or Iraq) were known as Assyrians in the north and

Chaldeans in the south. For our present purpose we are not interested in their predecessors, nor have our studies in ethnology been sufficiently deep or accurate to say how far these two peoples were related. Suffice it to say that with the lapse of centuries and at the present time the name Chaldeans has come to be reserved for those of the above-named peoples who are Catholics, with a special rite of their own. The name Assyrians is applied to the followers of Nestorius (a Syrian bishop of the fifth century who held that there were two persons in Christ, the Divine and the human). The Chaldeans, therefore, are Catholics, and the Assyrians are Nestorians. The nomenclature is consequently more religious than ethnological.

Before the war, the Assyrians lived for the most part on the northern side of the mountains which now form the boundary between Turkey and Iraq. During the war they became allies of Great Britain, and the end of the war found them, or the most of them, in the territory of Iraq. A large number of the men were hired by the British as soldiers to supplement

their own troops in the mandated territory of Iraq. At present they form the guard for the Royal Air Force Cantonment at Hinaidi, just south of Baghdad.

When peace and quiet had once more settled on the country after the imbroglio of the great war, and the ensuing disturbances that arose in the endeavor to settle peoples and divide boundaries according to everyone's satisfaction had quieted down, there came the question of a permanent settlement for the refugee Assyrians. It was not surprising that Turkey should refuse to admit them back into her territory, and pourparlers were begun with a view to finding them land for a permanent settlement in northern Iraq.

The head of the Assyrian nation, if it may now be said to have a head at all, is the Patriarch Mar Shimoon, a young man of about twenty-six. He held out for an enclave of Iraqi territory which would enable his people to settle as a unit and allow himself to exercise to some extent the jurisdiction, both spiritual and, to an extent which we do not care to define, temporal. The Iraq Government did not feel that it could grant the claims of the Patriarch, and something of an *impasse* followed. Finally the Government obtained the services of one whose experience qualified him to deal with such matters, Major Thompson by name, and asked him to try to arrange a settlement. He came to Iraq for that purpose in the first part of the present year.

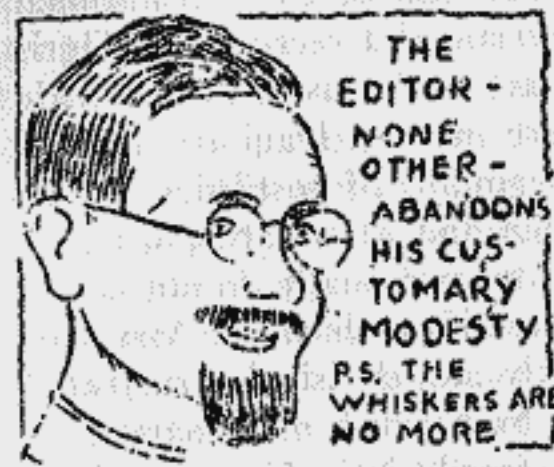
Negotiations had been proceeding for some time, when Mar Shimoon was summoned from Mosul to Baghdad and made to understand that his presence in the north was considered to have an obstructive influence by reason of his attitude towards the negotiations, and he was requested to remain in Baghdad for the nonce. He took up his residence at the local Y.M.C.A.

Not long after this, several hundred Assyrians (most of whom possessed rifles which they had brought from their service with the British by previous agreement) crossed the Tigris and entered Syria under the leadership of one Yaku. What their purpose was in this it is difficult to say, for they were soon wanting to return. The Iraq Government informed them that they could do so only on condition that they sur-

rendered their rifles. The Assyrians objected that they would thereafter be an easy prey to the Kurds, their traditional enemies. At all events, the Assyrians did recross the Tigris into Iraqi territory in the early part of August, near the little town of Pesh Kabur. They were met by Iraqi troops. A shot was fired, and that was the beginning of hostilities. How many were lost on both sides then and afterwards, whether of combatants or non-combatants, we personally do not know. Suffice it to say that any hostile intentions which the Assyrians may have entertained, were quickly and decisively frustrated by the Government troops, aided by Kurdish mercenaries.

Today Mar Shimoon with his family is in Cyprus, where he was brought from Baghdad by a British airplane. Attempts to find a home for the Assyrians in some other part of the world have thus far been fruitless. For a time it was thought that Brazil would afford them a refuge, but that country has agreed to accept no more than a hundred families. Much criticism of the British Government has appeared in English papers and magazines because, in the words of her critics, "Britain has failed our smallest ally." But Major Thompson, working for the Iraq Government, is at present caring for some fifteen hundred refugees, women and children, who are housed in a village of tents in the city of Mosul. We heard that there were two weeks of continuous rain and one week of snow there recently, though that may only be hearsay; it certainly is unusual. At any rate, it is altogether to be desired that a definite solution for the settling of these people be arrived at without unnecessary delay.

We have purposely avoided using the word massacre in giving the above account. In a land where the fortunes of war are governed by principles that differ in many respects from our own, it is safer to refrain from words that contain a note of condemnation. Such, if we are not mistaken, was the burden of a remark made by a member of the Iraqi delegation at Geneva before the League of Nations. For a fuller account of the events which we have related, we refer you (without assuming any responsibility for their accuracy) to *Time* for August 28, and the *Literary Digest* for September 16.

*With Whiskers*

IF WE seem to be somewhat sparing of our pictures in this present issue, lay it not to the fact that we are averse to the labor involved in their making. The reason is simply this: our stencils of American manufacture have passed through the heat of a Baghdad Summer, and apparently they can't take it. That is the reason why the first two pages of this issue are so poorly printed. Beginning with page three, we used British climate-proof stencils, and although they are every bit as good as the American ones for typed work, they do not yield such good results with the stylus. Maybe we'll make it up in our next issue by adding an illustrated supplement.

*Standards*

IT HAS taken us a long time to get down to telling you something about the school. Please don't think that is an index of its importance in our minds. You see, we try to work up to a climax, and that's where the school comes in. So now let us tell you of its progress. At the present writing there are about one hundred and ten boys in the school, among them four Mohammedans and one Jew; twenty-eight are in sixth primary, thirty-six in first high, thirty-one in second high, and fifteen in third. Fifth primary was dropped this year, and third high added. A number of boys who were with us last year and found the work too difficult did not return, some by request and others of their own volition. The result has been that the standard of excellency or pro-

ficiency or whatever you want to call it has been raised noticeably.

The spirit of work and the observance of discipline is remarkable, and their devotion to the games which our limited quarters have allowed us to introduce is unflagging. Handball, volley-ball and ping-pong are the principal games, and it would warm the cockles of your heart to see how much enthusiasm they work up in inter-class and tournament games. (Parenthetically we wish to remark that if any of the athletic directors have any used equipment that is still serviceable which they wish to get rid of, they may send it to our shipping agents, Dillon & Ralston, 21 West Street, New York City. Basketballs, volley-balls, and others are especially desired.) Just at present there is a ping-pong tournament being held by the Government schools in which the private schools have been invited to participate. Thus far Baghdad College has swept everything before it, and it is almost a certainty now that our boys will walk away with the plaque. If there were any who had not heard of Baghdad College before, they are very much aware of its existence now. The skill and speed of our players, by the way, is positively uncanny in our eyes.

We must not forget to mention the spelling bee which we had at the last reading of marks. The fifth grade boys handled words that would have stopped many an American stenographer. Father Scanlon, who with Father Madaras gave out the words, amused the assembly hugely by his droll remarks.

We mentioned before that we have weekly confession at the school each Saturday morning during the study period. It is left entirely to the boys to go or not as they please; but the record shows that on an average more than half the boys go each week. That would probably mean that nearly all the boys go to confession every two weeks, or three at the most.

*Things of the Spirit*

UNFORTUNATELY, we have no chapel at the school, so that from this point of view the religious activities of the boys are not as well cultivated as they might be. But just up the

street there is a little church belonging to the Carmelite Fathers, and they graciously allow us to make use of it for our



boys whenever the occasion warrants. Thus we have First Friday devotions there each month. And on the feast of the Immaculate Conception we had the Sodality reception, at which the Mass was said in the Armenian Rite by His Excellency, Monsignor Louis Bantanian, who was consecrated

Archbishop but a short time ago. He is a young man, about thirty-six we should say, and he is a warm friend and enthusiastic supporter of Baghdad College. We predict that we shall have occasion to mention his name in connection with the school more than once in the pages of future BAGHDADIS.

There was general Communion at the Mass, and at the end Father Scanlon supplemented the eloquent Arabic sermon of His Excellence by one in our own mother tongue. Then we returned to the school where the arm-chairs, which we ordinarily use for class, were arranged for breakfast in the courtyard. If it was a bit chilly *al fresco*, the boys soon forgot it when they turned their attention to the dates, cheese, rolls and tea which we had provided for them. The capacity for tea possessed by some of the boys would surprise you. The boys themselves were surprised, too, when several of the Fathers appeared to pour tea for them. Some of the boys were almost uncomfortable at the sight, for such menial tasks should, in the general estimation, be reserved for servants. But they are beginning to get our outlook on such things, and they have even learned to carry a chair when the occasion demands that chairs be shifted from the classrooms to the courtyard. This happens almost every Thursday, when Father Coffey holds his hygiene class for the boys of first and second high combined. We have no room large enough to hold eighty boys comfortably, so even during December and January, when the cold is not too unpleasant, class is held in the court. If the cold weather that we are having at the

present moment persists (it has been below freezing for the past several days) we shall have to crowd them into the larger of the two *sirdabs*, where the brick floor is not over pleasant for those who are inclined to suffer from cold feet.

### An Act of God



WE are hoping against hope that we shall be in our new school next year. In our last number we may have appeared somewhat pessimistic

about the outlook for obtaining a suitable piece of property. But, good Christians that we are, we ended up on a note of faith and hope by saying (as you may remember) that "if we do not act like spoiled children, God will, in His own good time, see that we come out all right." Well, it looks as though that act of confidence is to be rewarded. We are practically certain of getting a fine tract of twenty-five acres on the Tigris north of the city and about ten minutes by machine from the heart of town. It is covered with date palms, orange trees, and other specimens of the plant kingdom which our unpracticed eye failed to classify. It has a frontage of about two hundred and fifteen feet on the river, and widens out to about two hundred yards in the rear. There are paved roads all the way out and additional roads are now being put in. To be true, our bank account is going to be pretty nearly wrecked by the transaction, but the price we are being asked is quite reasonable—the lowest, in fact, that we have yet been able to secure. And just as we feel certain that we have been able to secure this property through an

interposition of Divine Providence (it came out of a blue sky), so we feel, too, that that same Providence will look after the money for the buildings when we come face to face with that issue—which will be very soon.

One building we ought to have, if our influence in Iraq is to be as wide as it ought, is a dormitory building. Many people are sending their sons abroad because there are no boarding facilities at our school and no satisfactory alternative in Baghdad itself. We are located midway between Mosul in the north and Basrah in the south, but as yet we have scarcely begun to draw on these two cities (Iraq has others, of course) because we lack accommodations for boarders. We could have boys from Persia, too, were it not for this drawback. Surprisingly, too, we should receive boarders from Baghdad itself. Many families have expressed a desire to have their sons with us twenty-four hours a day. Whether that is a compliment to us or a reflection on the boys in question we leave to you to decide.

### *The Sharpest Man in Baghdad*



WE HAVE been thinking out all kinds of schemes to make our new school the acme of perfection, not merely from the architectural point of view, but also with regard to the latest advances in building construction and all the necessary and desirable mechanical appurtenances, so as to make the whole a kind of living laboratory and working demonstration to serve the science department of the school. Mr. Philip Johnson of the Museum of Modern Art in New York wrote us last year that he hoped the new Baghdad College would be an architectural milestone. We want to make it that and even something more if possible. How to do it? Where to get the money in these difficult times?

Well, here's our scheme. We have letters and catalogues from many of the leading manufacturers of America, such as the Monel Metal people, General Electric, Truscon Steel,

Frigidaire Air Conditioning, and a host of others that it is impossible to enumerate. We were thinking of writing to these companies as soon as we get our needs and specifications well in hand and suggesting to them that it would be a fine gesture on their part (not a *mere* gesture of course) if they would donate to us what we need. In this way they would be contributing to the worthy cause of education and at the same time putting up a kind of operating salesroom to advertise their products here in Iraq.

We do not think that we are overstating the case when we say that many of the future leaders in Iraq will have passed through Baghdad College, and it is only natural that they should be able to exercise some influence on the trend of building and the choice of appliances and materials that are to go into future Iraqi buildings. Up to now America has been but poorly represented in this field here, but the reasons which might have made that state of affairs quite to be expected are coming to have less and less force.

Maybe when we finish this issue of the BAGHDADI we'll draw a red ring around the above paragraphs and send it on to the manufacturers in question with a polite letter and a "won't you give this your sympathetic consideration, please?" That shows just what manner of person we happen to be. But at least you can't accuse us of not thinking.

### *How to Be Happy Though Holy*



WE HAD a very happy and jolly Christmas here this year. Our celebration in the chapel wasn't very elaborate, nor the decorations very gorgeous, it is true; the size of the chapel precludes that, for it measures about twelve by twelve—feet, not yards—with half the space taken up by the altar and the vesting table. (When we have benediction, we must put a prie dieu out in the court to make space.) Father Mifsud did his best to decorate the chapel with palm branches