Hovhannes Hakhnazarian were the only students who followed the difficult road to the end and graduated from the university, Baghdik with a PhD in Natural Sciences with a specialization in Chemistry and a Certificate in Philosophy and Pedagogy (Bachelor of Art), and Hovhannes with a PhD in History and Philosophy.[11]

To keep the memory of my father alive while he was gone, my mother used to tell us stories about his life, both happy and sad experiences. One of those stories was about my father as a struggling student in Europe. His scant stipend often arrived late and sometimes he went to school hungry. That was the case on the day he went before a committee of distinguished professors to defend his dissertation (his subject was the respiration of plants and the effects of chemicals on that function). Halfway through his defense, as the professors were blasting him with questions, Baghdik realized that his nose was bleeding. Then he felt his head spinning, his vision went dark and he almost fainted. He was terrified—fearing he was about to lose all those years of hard work—but the professors understood. They calmed him down, gave him a glass of water and waited until he recovered and felt able to continue.

Baghdik successfully completed his education in June 1928 and returned to Iran immediately. He took various

11 Born in 1900 in Agulis in the Goghtan region, Hovhannes Hakhnazarian settled in Tehran after he returned from Prague. He lectured at the State University of Tehran and taught at the Davtian-Kooshesh Armenian School and was later appointed school principal (1946–1964). He was an influential and respected intellectual in the Armenian community and maintained good relations with Iranian authorities. He died in Tehran in 1978. Incidentally, he was best man at my father's wedding.