he was the principal of the Armenian school in Ghazvin. I recently found those letters in a well-preserved folder. They are romantic and passionate. My father entreats my mom to take his love seriously and consent to marry him. He is lonely and miserable without her.… Life has no meaning without her.… He cannot go on without her.… It took two long years and dozens of letters to finally persuade her to reach the decision to reciprocate his love.

The jobs my father was assigned to after he returned from Prague are illuminating. Apparently, he placed himself at the disposition of the local ARF leadership in accordance with the pledge he had made before accepting his scholarship. He was assigned to Armenian schools in Rasht and Ghazvin before he was finally transferred to Tehran. Was it a case of the decision makers' former schoolmate, fresh back from Europe and equipped with an incomparably higher education, cautiously being kept away from the center? For my father, no job was too menial or unworthy. In all modesty, he went where duty called. While in Ghazvin, he brought together a group of young high-school students and taught them advanced chemistry and biology. My mother, a lively eighteen-year-old young woman, was one of his students before she returned to Hamadan, her birthplace. That contact sparked the flame in my father's heart and became the origin of his life-long love and commitment.

My mother's memories of that period give further insight into Baghdik as an educator. As the principal of Ghazvin Elementary School, he was actively involved in the practice of instruction. He did not sufficiently trust