



# IC Newsletter WINTER 2019/20



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# TOGETHER

#togetherwewill

# We Will

Dear fellow IC alumni,

It is a pleasure for me to serve as Director of Advancement for IC, my alma mater. I'm an IC Ain Aar and Ras Beirut alumna and joined the team of the school in March 2019.

A few years post graduation and currently working directly with my previous teachers, I realize the amount of work and dedication that goes into educating generations of young people. I am seeing firsthand the great efforts that IC administrators and faculty are making to equip our students with the much needed 21st century skills. More importantly, I now understand how instrumental IC has been in forging my own personality by building my self-confidence in ways I hadn't imagined.

There is no doubt that the school is under constant evolution as new ideas and projects are continuously discussed. Students are always encouraged to be in charge of their own learning. It is thanks to the generous support of our donors, many of them IC alumni, that IC is able to constantly innovate, be it through state-of-the-art buildings or through programs such as the newly inaugurated Ali Ghandour Center for Leadership and Civic Engagement.

The recent events in Lebanon mobilized IC into quick action: IC President, Joel Peinado, communicated constantly with the IC community while faculty insisted on keeping the learning process going using google classrooms. A special thank you goes to parents who also guided their children through this unusual situation.

As you know, the current situation is very delicate and many parents are afraid that they will not be able to afford an IC education for their children in the coming years. The school has encouraged them to apply for tuition assistance prompting an increased demand on our Annual Fund. That is why we launched the "Together We Will" Campaign for tuition assistance. We ask parents and alumni who can help, to lend a hand to fellow parents who are facing financial difficulties. This way, no child would be deprived of an IC education as it truly is a gift for life.

I hope you enjoy our first newsletter of the year 2020 and I wish you all a wonderful year ahead.

And remember, IC is your school so always keep in touch,

*Kim Issa '05*  
 Director of Advancement



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# Contents



## FEATURES

Q & A with Joel Peinado ..... 4  
 The Ali Ghandour Center for Leadership, Diversity and Civic Engagement ..... 6  
 The Artist ..... 10  
 If you are old enough to remember IC fifty-five years ago... ..... 12  
 The Battle for Culture ..... 16  
 'Yawmiat Hanna' and The Law of Positive Attraction ..... 18

## DEVELOPMENT NEWS

London ..... 22  
 USA ..... 23

## ALUMNI NEWS

Letters to the Editor ..... 24  
 Reunion 1970/1979 ..... 28  
 Reunions (1994,1999,2000-2008) ..... 30  
 In Memoriam ..... 31

## Class Reunions

**2<sup>ND</sup>**  
**JULY**      **1985** (35 years)  
                  **1990** (30 years)

**3<sup>RD</sup>**  
**JULY**      **1970** (50 years)  
                  **1975** (45 years)  
                  **1980** (40 years)

**9<sup>TH</sup>**  
**JULY**      **1995** (25 years)  
                  **2000** (20 years)

**10<sup>TH</sup>**  
**JULY**      **2005** (15 years)  
                  **2010** (10 years)

For tickets or information please contact the IC Advancement Office at  
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## Q & A with Joel Peinado, IC's 18th President

### Where are you originally from and where did you study?

I was born in France, but I am of Spanish descent on my father's side. I studied in France and received a degree in biology. I then received a scholarship to study piano with a professor from the Mannes College of Music in New York. I moved to the US with my wife, Helene, who is a teacher. To support myself, I started to teach French as a second language at the French Institute/ Alliance Francaise in New York City. That is when I fell in love with teaching. I discovered that it was my calling and I decided to dedicate my professional life to my passion for education. I was especially interested in the American way of teaching. It was very different from what I had been exposed to in France as a student. In the US, leadership, engagement, and creativity were part of a well-rounded education. The relationship between teacher and student was closer and more personal. It was based on mutual respect, not a hierarchy - teachers were mentors and supported students while holding them accountable. I believed in that. I went on to work at American independent and bilingual schools and eventually became the headmaster of the French American School in New York, a bilingual, international school offering the French bac, the IB and the High School diploma.

### What brought you to IC?

After thirty-four years spent in the world of education in the USA, and with our grown children out of the nest, I began to take an interest in overseas jobs. At first, I looked at Asia, a continent my wife and I always enjoyed visiting. I was also solicited by a school in Switzerland but I was not really interested in that job. When I found out about the president's job at IC, I was intrigued by this possibility. I knew many Lebanese people from the school in New York, be it teachers, or parents and Helene and I felt a special connection with them. So we came for a visit.

Beirut seemed like a fascinating city and the International College, with its 4 curricula, 3 of which I was familiar with, its three languages, and the diversity in its students' backgrounds, was just the kind of school I was seeking. I accepted the job, and on July 1st, we moved into the Martin



House.

### A month after your arrival, Lebanon went through an upheaval. What was your reaction?

I had just landed in Jordan where Helene and I went to spend the long weekend, when my phone began buzzing with a million messages about the revolution. I got calls from IC colleagues to stay in Jordan as things may escalate. But I returned on Sunday as scheduled. From then on it was a day-to-day situation. I had learned a long time ago that collaborative work is essential so I never take sole decisions. My colleagues know the country, and I don't. So I was always asking them for advice. But ultimately, the decision to open or close the school was mine. The responsibility was definitely stressful. But I was brought up in the sixties and seventies in Paris which was a well-known hub of demonstrations. I recall quite well the 1968 student demonstrations (a period of civil unrest throughout France, lasting some seven weeks and filled with demonstrations, general strikes, and the occupation of universities and factories). I was still a child then but



my older sister was involved. You don't forget things like that. Schools closed in May and were still closed when the summer vacations started.

My main preoccupation during the events in Lebanon, however, was making sure that our students continue learning while keeping the possibility for them, if such was their and their families' wishes, to learn from what was happening on the streets.

**What are your goals for IC? Where would like to see it in a few years?**

IC is a fantastic school. It provides children with the opportunity to develop their emotional intelligence, their leadership skills, and their creativity while supporting and encouraging them to give their best academically. The fact that students study Arabic, English and/ or French is wonderful. The advantage of mastering two or three languages goes beyond mere language acquisition. One also learns the culture associated with each language, as well as the different ways of reasoning. As a result, one gains intellectual flexibility and adaptability, two crucial skills in today's global world.

I would certainly like to see IC keep on developing on this path as a whole school, with explicit educational goals shared between the 6 schools that constitute IC. I would like to foster even more continuity in the educational experience of our students as they move from one school, one program or one campus to the other. IC has always been a model of education in Lebanon and beyond and I would like to make sure that it continues to evolve and remain innovative.

I have a lot of confidence in IC because the school spirit at IC is strong and the talent is abundant. The teachers, the administration, the staff, the parents, the alumni, the Board of Trustees, and the students believe in the school and its educational model. They are passionate, talented, and dedicated. The recent events in Lebanon were a testimony to our school community's resilience and dedication to teaching and learning.

I am excited and humbled to have joined IC and I am fully committed to helping the school continue to develop on the illustrious and visionary track set by its founding fathers in Izmir at the end of the 19th century!



Fares Ghandour, Asma Zein, Amal Ghandour, Roula Attallah Ghandour, Ali Ghandour, Raghida Ghandour, Fadi Ghandour

## The Ali Ghandour Center for Leadership, Diversity and Civic Engagement

In an effort to reinforce the school's ethos and mission, IC inaugurated the Ali Ghandour Center for Leadership, Diversity and Civic Engagement in November. The creation of a community-based learning center at IC will allow selected students to receive intensive training before being consigned to the 'real' world to apply their newly found knowledge.

"It was from my father, an IC graduate, that I knew about IC and the great role it played in shaping his character," said Board of Trustees member, Amal Ghandour, a Lebanese born, who grew up in Jordan listening to her father's stories about IC. "He spoke a lot about the school's ethos."

Funded by the Ghandour family, the Center will annually select six scholars from marginalized areas in the greater Beirut area through a rigorous application process which will not look solely at grades, but at the applicants' leadership skills and character qualities. On top of their regular lessons, the selected students will go through an intensive three-year training program in leadership and civic

engagement led by the Center. As part of the training, they will be tasked with applying their skills in marginalized communities. Moreover, IC will also select an additional six full-paying IC students (who will undergo the same rigorous application process) to join in the intensive capacity-building program. The number of participating students, scholarship and non-scholarship, is projected to increase with each passing year.

In essence, the Ali Ghandour Center intends to create agents of change. And these agents will be IC students. It's all part of an emerging pedagogical approach: transformative education.

While IC is a pioneer in the Middle East in initiating a Civic Engagement Center at the secondary school level, many universities across the world, including AUB, introduced such centers years ago.

"What use are graduating students with brilliant grades if when they go out in the world, they can't even understand it enough to make changes?" said Rabih Shibli, the head of Center for Civic Engagement and Community Service



(CCECS) at AUB, and an IC Board member who was heavily involved in creating the Center. “Yes, we live in chaos and crisis in the Middle East, but there is a logic. To change things, we have to be able to analyze it in order to make impactful change.”

The Ali Ghandour Center for Leadership, Diversity and Civic Engagement will engage students in a phased and methodical program:

The first phase (grade 10) includes intensive workshops to introduce students to the concept of civic engagement. This includes many topics such as human rights awareness, proposal writing, and advocacy.

In the second phase (grade 11), students are sent out for volunteer placements with various NGOs. Through this real-world experience, coupled with guided reflection, students will better understand various approaches to addressing societal problems.

Next comes the moment of truth. In the third phase (grade 12), students identify a pressing need in society and pinpoint the core issues. Next, they design and implement a Community Action

Plan. Now comes the most exciting part: students create a five-to seven-member team and are given ‘seed funding’ to go out and implement their project. This is not as easy as it sounds. It is up to the now well-trained students to develop relationships with relevant stakeholders and local communities to ensure that their work is relevant and sustainable. Furthermore, they will be learning and working in an unstructured environment, deepening their agility in chaotic contexts with every challenge they overcome.

The Center will have its own head and Advisory Board who will be responsible for bringing in trainers including chief experts in their fields and AUB scholarship students from CCECS.

“The Ali Ghandour center will be shaping the lives of those filled with the aspiration to succeed,” said Zeina Zouein, the newly hired head of the Center. “Our students will work as one regardless of their socio-economic backgrounds and will have the opportunity to expand their worldviews, exhibit prosocial behaviors and have leverage for applying to renowned universities that highly value the meaning of civic engagement. Through learning, critically thinking and doing, the students will become agents of change in a divided and fragile region.”

Though not an exact replica, the Ali Ghandour Center is based on the same principles of Ruwwad Al-Tanmeya - a nonprofit organization that works with disenfranchised communities through education, youth volunteerism and grassroots organizing - initiated in Jordan by Fadi Ghandour’78, Amal Ghandour’s brother. Fadi, Amal, and sister Raghida are the Center’s main sponsors.

Ruwwad selects youths from impoverished areas and gives them university scholarships. In return, the students volunteer at the Ruwwad Community Center for four hours every week. Today Ruwwad centers can be found in Jordan, Egypt, Lebanon (Tripoli) and Palestine. All advocate the same principles: Youth Organizing, Community Support, and Child Development.

The idea of Ruwwad is to build the character of these students so that they would eventually have the ability to lead and address their own challenges. “We are not here to take them out of poverty. We are here to help them spearhead their



A young Ali Ghandour



Ali Ghandour today



Graduation class of 1950. Ali Ghandour, second row, 7th from left

own initiatives in the community,” said Fadi Ghandour, “to turn them into activists.”

But the most unique attribute at the Ali Ghandour Center, which he eagerly awaits, is what he has been yearning to see for years: non-scholarship students engaging with, learning from and participating in initiating change with scholarship students—the essence of community-based learning.

“What we are doing here,” he said, “is beyond unique. It will be revolutionary. It will change lives.”

Amal, Fadi, and Raghida are the children of Ali Ghandour – an activist himself. The son of a humble tramway conductor and cobbler, Ali was born and raised in Beirut. Ismail, his father, drove the tramway past the IC gate every day. He had one dream: for his son, Ali, to

Ali Ghandour, Imad Taher in the Center



attend the school. And so Ismail worked double shifts and Ali attended IC. To this day, Ali credits IC for shaping his character.

A brilliant student, Ali went on to earn an Aeronautical engineering degree from New York University (NYU). In 1954, he joined the Lebanese Civil Aviation Authority as Head of Aviation Safety. He then joined forces with Carlos Arida in 1956 to establish LIA, Lebanese International Airways, one of the first private airlines in the Arab World. In 1962, politics compelled him to relocate to Jordan, where King Hussein seized the opportunity and asked the young entrepreneur to establish a new national airline for the kingdom: ALIA, the Royal Jordanian Airlines.

So it was that the Ghandour children grew up in Jordan. As part of a politically active family, they often listened to their father discussing civic duty and commitment to the community’s well being. A keen sense of responsibility was subconsciously implanted in them. A responsibility to make changes in the world.

Thus the inauguration of IC’s Ali Ghandour Center.

“If we are truly a school that insists on nurturing empathetic, responsible, secular, progressive thinking students,” said Amal Ghandour, “then we have to demonstrate this in the academic program itself. And a serious way to do this is by investing and committing to a center like this.”

IC once advocated an education made up of four different parts: teaching, cultivating, refining, and polishing manners. The idea was that IC, and later AUB, would produce students of great character who would lead a new Middle East.

The strong belief in character





development had actually started in Smyrna (Izmir), Turkey – the birthplace of IC. The school had established a “Settlement House” in an impoverished village and IC students were required to work at the House serving the community.

In fact, IC was so well known for its character development program that a Turkish Ambassador to England in 1924, as printed in a brochure advertising the school, commented that “I do not know how much mathematics or how much history, philosophy or science you teach at the College, but I do know this - that you make MEN.”

In 1913, when IC was still a Prep school, brochures were given out to teachers written by the principal William Hall, where he explicitly advised teachers that “a human life is the most real thing that you and I are acquainted with and the training of that into worthy character is the most real thing that you and I will ever have to do or that we shall ever be called upon to give an account before the great judgment seat.” William Hall, IC Principal, 1913 pamphlet distributed to teachers.

The same ethos continued when IC moved to Beirut in 1936 to take over AUB’s preparatory school. The agreement was for it to function as a center for character building as well as a setting of high educational standards. During WWII, for example, IC students were sent out to various parts of the city to help tutor impoverished children.

There was no doubt that IC or, still known then as the Prep, was graduating students of great character. Many ended up as the leading scholars and academics of the early 20th century. They were the intellectuals who wanted to effect change in the entire region. Some returned to

IC as teachers

- wanting themselves to help instill the desirable character traits in new generations. Much like the idea behind the Ali Ghandour Center, students were trained at school then sent off-campus to volunteer in various poor villages.

The stress on character development continued in the 1950s, 1960s and the early part of the 1970s before the civil war reared its ugly head. Pure survival then became the school’s main task. There was a brief suggestion in 1988 to instill a ‘Moral Education Program’ in the curriculum. But that never came to pass.

“What makes the Ali Ghandour Center different,” said Shibli, “is that we are targeting the students as they enter secondary school. Imagine the power of change these students will have after completing both high school and university civic engagement training.”

Indeed, the ramifications of the Center are potentially enormous. The hope is that other secondary schools across Lebanon will follow IC’s lead. The changes this could bring to the country in the years ahead are promising. In fact, Shibli even goes so far as to predict that it could halt the brain drain that sees some of the country’s most promising graduates seeking careers and opportunities overseas, to the detriment of Lebanon’s development.

“We are looking at a new breed of graduates able to analyze how complexity works in order for them to initiate credible and sustainable changes in their communities,” said Shibli. “And these real positive changes in the region can only happen through a young generation whose education includes experiential and community-engaged learning.”

**Middle: US Harvard speaker and professor Marshall Ganz, Amal Ghandour, Fares Ghandour**

**Top right: Joel Peinado presenting Fadi Ghandour a Plaque of Appreciation**



## THE ARTIST

**R**ana Sawaya Ryan '82

hesitantly made her way into the curator's office at the University of Pittsburgh. Hugging her precious bundle to her, she rapped softly on his door.

The curator bid her in and invited her to state her business. Ryan slowly unfolded her bundle and displayed three watercolor paintings: one of a woman's figure, one of a brightly colored flower arrangement and one of an Atlanta café scene completely painted in pink.

Would the curator consider displaying one of these paintings in the upcoming art exhibit that the university was holding?

The curator raised his eyebrows. Ryan felt herself sinking. What in the world was she doing here? She wasn't an artist. Or was she?

Her thoughts quickly went back to Lebanon, to her second-grade class (she was not at IC at the time). She had doodled in her notebook during class. The livid teacher scolded her harshly. Do not doodle, said the teacher. It's a bad habit.

But Ryan couldn't help it. She kept doodling. Then drawing. She loved drawing little girls. Then women figures. Her artist mother used to give afternoon art and craft classes to local children. Ryan attended every class faithfully, soaking up all her mother's techniques. Still, she never considered becoming an artist and instead went on to study advertising and marketing in the US. She married and moved to New York, Connecticut, then Pittsburgh and got a job in retail. But at the end of each day, she would rush back home to paint. It was all just fun. She was certainly not an artist, she thought.

Still, she enrolled in a watercolor class and took figure-drawing lessons. She discovered that she loved to draw

female figures. She called them her "Women for Peace".

"It was then that I started feeling something," she said. "I was 35 and a mother of three, much older than the other students but I felt that this was what I wanted to do."

A friend suggested seeing the curator at the University of Pittsburgh, where two artists are picked every year to display their work.

So Sawaya-Ryan headed there and presented a few paintings to the curator. She stood silently as he carefully contemplated them. Suddenly, he turned to her. "You want to display one of these paintings?" he asked.

Ryan nodded shyly.

"Well, I don't want you to display one of your paintings," he said. "I want you to display all your paintings. I want you to do a solo exhibition. I absolutely love your women paintings. I've never seen anything like that."

A solo show?

"You have nine months to get ready,"





said the curator.

It took some time for the shocking news to sink in. But when it finally did, Ryan was elated. I guess I am an artist after all, she thought.

She wasted no time as she threw herself into her world of color. It was almost trance-like. Nine months later, Ryan had produced about 30 pieces – each marked with her special love of bright colors.

Opening night. Her first art exhibition. Her first art anything, really. Ryan's heart was beating fast. Was she really an artist? Will people actually buy her work and display them in their living rooms?

By the end of the evening and to the amazement of Ryan, and even the curator, 17 of her pieces were sold – a whopping number for an opening night.

This was in 2005. Other shows followed. More opening nights. More sales. Ryan was now a confirmed artist among artists.

In 2013, the family moved to Washington, DC. There, she got involved in a fundraising drive for the Children's National Hospital. It was to be a big art exhibit. Ryan, who was doing her Masters of Arts in Liberal Studies at the time at Georgetown University, asked the design class to join her. Students and their professor displayed their artwork alongside hers, as did her children and their

friends. She herself displayed different paintings, watercolor, and acrylics that reflected the last 15 years of her journey in art.

On the opening night alone, dozens of artwork were sold. A sizeable amount was collected. A thrilled hospital threw a grand reception for the artists.

A year later, Ryan was browsing shop after shop looking for the perfect pillows for her living room. Much to her dismay, she found none to her liking. Suddenly, it dawned on her to simply reproduce her own artwork on pillows.

Visiting friends loved them. Could Ryan make some for them too? But

perhaps in blue to suit their living room. Or maybe green. And how about creating some mugs, totes and beach bags while she's at it?

Out came the paintbrushes. A thrilled Ryan entered her world of colors yet again. Soon enough, she opened the Rana Ryan's Artist Shop and found herself delivering her products worldwide.

She was, after all, an artist.

*For more information about Rana Ryan's Artist Shop, go to: [www.ranaryan.com](http://www.ranaryan.com) or [Ranaryan.threadless.com](http://Ranaryan.threadless.com). Rana occasionally travels to Lebanon and displays her work. If interested, contact her at: [ranaryan5@gmail.com](mailto:ranaryan5@gmail.com)*





“If you  
are old  
enough to  
remember  
IC  
fifty-five  
years ago...”

If students of the 1960s were to look closely at the current list of IC’s Board of Trustees, three familiar names might jump out at them: T.M. (Mac) Deford, Anthony Jones, and Frederik Crawford.

Recognize them? Yes, they were three of the many young Americans who spent a year or so at IC during that decade as part of the Teaching Fellow Program, the brainchild of then IC President, Thomas Schuller.

The idea was to bring young US college graduates to IC to raise the standard of English language instruction – at minimal cost. Basically, in return for free room and board at IC plus surface transportation to and from Beirut, Teaching Fellows would teach English classes, live in either Sage or Thomson Hall dormitories, supervise students in residence, coach athletic teams or help organize intramural athletics, and serve as advisors to a wide range of student-run activities and clubs. They received no real salary to speak of, only a modest stipend plus meals, (at the IC cafeteria) and a laundry allowance.

Schuller himself traveled to the USA to interview potential candidates. And so in 1964, a soon-to-graduate Princeton English major, Fred Crawford, found himself face to face with the rather hearty and robust Schuller (a graduate of Yale University, Princeton’s most fierce rival). The interview went well, an offer was made and accepted, and Crawford readied himself to set sail for Beirut at the end of the summer. With the exception of a post-commencement tea at the Princeton home of Bayard Dodge (former AUB President and, not at all incidentally, grandfather of present Trustee Bayard Dodge) and his wife Mary, Crawford’s contacts in and knowledge of the Arab world were limited.

However, Crawford read extensively over the summer and took advantage of the 1964 World’s Fair in Flushing Meadow (New York) for a lengthy visit to the Lebanese Pavilion, where he stuffed his pockets with various travel leaflets about the natural and historic wonders of Lebanon.

And with that, early in September,



Crawford headed to New York to climb aboard the USS Independence - third-class - excited about his first steps on another continent and the impending mysteries of the Middle East. Joining him for the voyage were four other fresh Ivy League graduates, including Mac Deford from Yale University.

Ten days later, after six stops in the Mediterranean, his ship docked at the port of Beirut. Waiting for them on the pier was one of the first teaching fellows, Anthony Jones, who had arrived a year earlier and thus confident he had figured out most of the ropes of this teaching fellow experience. It was a quiet Saturday afternoon when they pulled into IC and were introduced to Thomson Hall's Boarding Supervisor, James "Sully" Sullivan.

Sully immediately summoned one of the young boarding students and sent out his "runner" to the nearby popular Marrouche café on Bliss Street for a bag of their famous garlicky chicken toasted sandwiches. Crawford vividly remembers

that after the first bite, he fell hopelessly in love with Lebanon.

Three of the Fellows were to report to American teacher Tom Weaver who oversaw the boarding activities at Sage Hall dormitory from his garden apartment on the ground floor. Crawford and Deford were given two spartan, but adequate, rooms on the top floor looking west over the Mediterranean.

Among their tasks at the dorm, they were told, would be to look after the older Sage Hall students, a deceptively straightforward assignment until they learned that some of their new charges were up to 28 years of age, considerably older than themselves. Many were young men from Saudi Arabia sent by Aramco (then the Arabian-American Oil Company) to finish their secondary school education before resuming their executive development positions at the company.

It was not surprising that some of these older boarding students had already discovered the "temptations" of Beirut in the '60s were women not only went

**Top left: Fred Crawford and the Teaching Fellows**

**Top: Mac Deford and Fred Crawford today**

bareheaded but wore attire that was relatively “revealing” especially to the young men from Aramco. One of the Teaching Fellows’ routine responsibilities was to ensure that all students (regardless of their age) were in their beds each night as the IC boarding curfew dictated. Some of the larger dorm rooms held up to 10 beds which the Aramco “boys” often lined against the walls in a “majlis style” configuration. As curfew approached, the Fellows dutifully made their rounds, “tucking” in their charges and making sure the lights were turned (and stayed) off.

Early one Sunday morning, however, Crawford and Deford were summoned to Tom Weaver’s apartment. “It appears,” said Weaver, “that three of the ‘boys’ you put to bed last night are missing this morning.”

Weaver had managed to squeeze out information from some of the remaining students as to where their roommates had disappeared. The destination was revealed to Crawford and Deford who stared quizzically at Weaver.

“Is it, ah, perhaps an establishment which might be considered, ah, ‘unsuitable?’” asked Crawford.

“Why yes, I believe it is,” replied Weaver calmly. “Now, go find them and bring them back. I’ll be waiting for you.”

The 22-year-old Crawford and Deford looked at each other. How were they to induce these three 28-year-old men to return to school on a Sunday morning?

An American IC colleague, Bill Tracy, offered a ride on the back of his motorbike, but for only one of the two Fellows. They threw fingers to decide; Crawford lost, and he and Tracy set off on the Honda. In 15-20 minutes, they had reached the Bourj, and Crawford dismounted in front of the suspect address. Hesitantly, he knocked on the weathered door. No response. He tried again, and the door opened a crack. “We’re looking for three of our students,” said Crawford (with Tracy helping him in his halting Arabic).

“Closed. Not here...” came a voice. “Mish hon!”

“You may be closed, but we know they’re here,” replied Crawford. “We are from International College. Tell them to return immediately to Mr. Weaver’s apartment or IC will have to inform Aramco.”

Half an hour later, three meek young men were sitting sheepishly in front of a stern-looking Weaver. Needless to say, they were unlikely to repeat this transgression during their IC stay.

“In general, the Aramco boarding students were polite and respectful,” recalled Crawford, “but I came to IC

primarily to teach the English language; supervising frisky young men older than I, was completely new to me – a challenging work-in-progress.”

Most of the Teaching Fellows did, in fact, teach English classes as promised. Crawford was assigned the 9th grade French section, ‘3ème B’. Prior to his first day, Crawford was summoned by teacher Tanyus Bikhazi, to provide him with some practical teaching advice. “Just remember, Mr. Crawford,” he admonished. “Don’t show your teeth (to your students) for six months.”

Crawford nodded, but puzzled, he later sought out Weaver for an explanation. “It’s the French system,” explained Weaver. “He means don’t smile; be firm. Language students are expected to memorize a lesson, recite it when called upon and then wait until their next turn comes around. That’s how English is taught in the French system.”

But that was completely counter to Crawford’s language learning and limited teaching experiences in America. “We are going to do things a bit differently in this class,” Crawford told his students on his first day, showing widely his “teeth”. “Because that’s not the only way to learn English. I won’t ask you to memorize, only to recite when called on. My goal is to help you communicate. When I ask you a question, I want your reply to be spontaneous.”

Crawford admitted that, initially, his methods produced mixed results. Most



of his students adjusted positively to the change. But some saw in a less structured classroom, an opportunity to pay little attention. Getting them to engage in a new language learning process wasn't easy. "Maybe the not show your teeth metaphor had some merits to it," said Crawford.

Outside the classroom, the various Fellows helped to establish several student clubs and to coach some athletic teams. Deford even helped create a student newspaper, *The Sun* (modeled after his hometown's Baltimore Sun newspaper). Weaver, an ardent and talented musician, encouraged some of the Fellows to join the IC choir and to take part in the school's theatrical productions.

Still, it wasn't all work. Weekends and holiday breaks offered time to travel within Lebanon and nearby countries as well. Crawford, Deford and two other Fellows spent the Christmas and New Year holidays touring Egypt, by ship, train, felucca, and airplane. Over the Easter break, Crawford, Deford and two AUB friends made an 11-day, 2,530 km road trip from Beirut to Tehran via Damascus, Amman, and Baghdad. Crossing the Iranian border near Kermanshah, they continued on to the Caspian Sea then over the mountains to Tehran. There Crawford remembers attending (without incident) a traditional Easter Sunday service in a small white church in a Tehran suburb. Their 3,940 km return journey would pass

through Isfahan, Persepolis, and Shiraz, skirting Basrah to Kuwait City for one night before returning to Baghdad and back to Beirut. It was an adventure of a lifetime, which Crawford still vividly remembers in detail.

The IC teaching fellowship ended with the close of the Spring term of 1965. Crawford's brief time at IC labeled him a "Middle East expert" which he freely admits was exaggerated. After graduate school and three years in the US Army, he was offered a place by Citibank in their rapidly expanding organization in the Middle East. To his delight, it began with a six-month training stint in Beirut. Over the course of 38 years in banking and finance, he held posts in Karachi, Riyadh, London, Athens, New York, and Jeddah. In the mid-1990s, he, Deford, and Jones joined the IC Board of Trustees which he values as an important commitment to support IC and Lebanon.

"In 1964 I accepted the teaching fellowship at IC as a one-year opportunity to live in a part of the world of which I knew little and to gain insights into its culture. My IC experience turned out to be far more. It was an introduction to the Middle East which was seminal to my personal and professional development; it shaped my career, and gave me a lasting global mindset, for which I shall be eternally grateful."



Kent Mulligan, Fred Crawford,  
Charlie Lane, Jim Mitchell and  
Mac Deford



## The Battle for Culture

**I**n 1997 it was cultural awakening. Today, it is a cultural rebellion. At least it seems so to former IC director and teacher, Antoine Boulad.

“How can society advance without its people reading?” he stated emphatically. “How can citizens become critical thinkers without the necessary knowledge? Reading brings knowledge. Knowledge is power. Without this power, society becomes a slave to anyone who wants to rule us.”

Now retired, Boulad is back doing what he does well: activism. “I tried doing nothing for a year,” he said. “It didn’t work. I can’t just sit back. The battle must continue. Staying status quo is not bearable.”

In his case, it’s a cultural battle to continue building public libraries in the city.

When he co-founded the ASSABIL, Friends of Public Libraries Association in 1997, things couldn’t have been more optimistic. The library in Bashour was the first ever-public library to be opened in Beirut. It was a historical moment. Two additional public libraries followed: one in Jeitawi and one in Monot. The fourth and most exciting one was soon to open in a five-story building in the Tarik al Jadeedeh neighborhood. The building was allocated by the municipality solely for the ASSABIL and underwent renovations to turn the construction into a library. It was to be the association’s pride and job. Boulad envisioned thousands of Lebanese

with books in their hands.

But in 2006, in the wake of the Israeli attack, the building was given to a war relief group who stayed for several years. When they finally left, the building remained unused and ignored – much to the ASSABIL’s disappointment. Their library project seemed to have been shoved aside. ASSABIL was dismayed.

It was Albert Abi Azar, a priest, who had insisted back in 1997 that as Lebanon was reconstructing the war-torn country after the 16-year-civil war, someone had to ‘reconstruct’ its people. And so he gathered friends who themselves gathered other friends. Among them was Antoine Boulad. The group brainstormed. They met in each other’s homes. How were they to create public spaces where the divided people of Beirut could reunite? How can they broaden minds?

Finally, the ASSABIL was born. Running it was five very active members. After two years of intensive meetings, the group was ready to launch its first library. Fortunately, a new municipality council was elected. It was the first election in thirty-four years and its members were eager to improve the city. The municipality allotted for the ASSABIL an empty flat in the Bashoura area. As luck would have it, the Region Ile De France pledged to support this new Beirut municipality and was willing to allocate funds for a public space project.



It was a case of being at the right place and at the right time. ASSABIL was given the French funds enabling them to buy hundreds of books. Then still a teacher at IC, Boulad also asked students to donate books (as well as helping out in the library as part of their Social Service Community requirements). They obliged. Finally, in 1997, the first public library in Beirut opened.

“A library is not just a place to borrow or read books,” said Boulad. “It is a place for culture for all. Samir Kassir (author and journalist, assassinated in 2005) once told me, ‘a public library is a social need’. He was right.”

The Old and young floated into the library. All too soon, the library offered story-telling hours, writing workshops, book clubs, a cinema club, debating club, speakers, and various activities.

It had become what the ASSABIL had always envisioned: a meeting place for all. Any dividing lines between people disappeared once inside. Two other libraries followed. A reported 30,000 people per year visited the libraries.

The Tarik al Jadeedeh building was to be the icing on the cake. But two municipal councils have come and gone in the past few years and the building remains empty despite ASSABIL inquiries. The building was part of a plan to open 10 libraries in 10 areas. Everything was ready to be implemented. ASSABIL waited. Nothing.

They continue to wait.

“We were told that a library is not a

priority,” said Boulad frustrated. “But the building is still empty.”

Refusing to give up, the ASSABIL branched out in other ways: a mobile library ‘Kotobus’, special school programs offering library orientation sessions and research skills. The NGO partnered up with various libraries and is currently supporting seven Palestinian libraries (through the Taawen NGO). ASSABIL also launched various programs including training of librarians across the country.

A few months ago, the ASSABIL elected a new Administrative Committee and Boulad noted with much pride that among them were an IC graduate (Rania Kassab ‘95) and two IC parents (Maud Hashem and Rana Jubayli).

Not one to sit idly by, Boulad has various ideas to involve IC into the work of the existing public libraries. For its part, IC is no stranger to Boulad’s ideas – all of them implemented with great success. Among them is the highly successful annual International Day, the Art Festival and the famous centennial 1991 photo of hundreds of IC students forming the letters “I” and “C”.

Now, he’s back with a new idea. This time it involves the libraries, their neighborhoods, and the environment.

As for a new public library, “I guess we have to wait for new municipal elections,” he said wistfully. “What else can we do?”

*For more information about ASSABIL, go to <https://www.assabil.com/en/index.php>*



# 'Yawmiat Hanna' and The Law of Positive Attraction

Board member John McCarthy doesn't know what hit him. It all happened so fast. One day he was taking Arabic lessons, the next he had become the author of an Arabic short story bestseller, "Yawmiat Hanna" [Hanna's Diaries – Coming of Age in the Land of the Cedars] – a paperback which has taken the IC community and various booksellers by storm.

Reviving his Arabic was only meant to be a pastime after retirement. And so he signed up for Arabic lessons near his home in Geneva and dutifully attended lessons every Tuesday at 11 am.

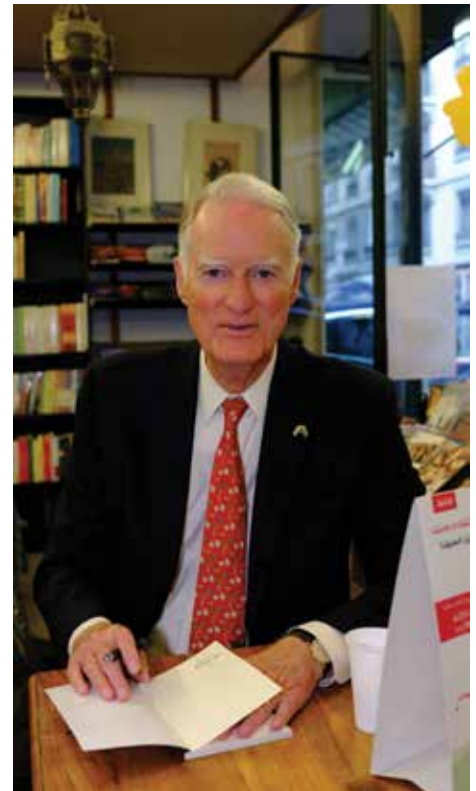
But the usual Arabic lessons bored him. Instead, he envisioned dialogues involving an adolescent boy at IC, called Hanna, and his adventures – all taking place in Lebanon. He wrote up a few stories hoping that his new Arabic teacher would like them.

However, his strict Tunisian teacher, Besma, wanted to enforce the traditional Arabic lessons. Finally, McCarthy handed her a file containing his Hanna dialogues. Just look at them, he asked her. Besma passively took the file.

When McCarthy reluctantly showed up to his next lesson, Besma greeted him warmly.

"If you could put 'wasaf' (colorful descriptions) into your dialogues," said Besma, "you can be an author."

And so he set about writing the first episode. More stories followed. New



characters emerged. McCarthy began emailing his beautifully handwritten manuscripts to Lebanese friends. What do they think?

The reaction overwhelmed him. They loved them. Write more please.

And so for over two years, McCarthy wrote up his much researched Hanna stories, corrected by Besma, and sent off to Lebanese friends for comments.

Finally, he had enough for a book. Why not print them?

Why not indeed. McCarthy smiled. Even past retirement, things still sort of fell into his lap. It was rather uncanny. But then so is his life story. A life, he described, which epitomizes the Law of Positive Attraction - the belief that positive or negative thoughts bring positive or negative experiences into a person's life. McCarthy had always held dearly to this belief. It has never let him down.

It all began right here in Lebanon in the 1960s during the 'Golden Days'. Foreigners floated in and immediately took to the flashy Beirut cosmopolitan lifestyle. It was into these glorious times that a young John McCarthy landed in Beirut



## Testimonials

"The stories are wonderful and would appeal to any age group. They are a good read because they have important messages behind them. I find the stories that deal with love – especially unconditional love – very touching."

Nada

"I am beyond impressed by your extraordinary prose and poetry. You are a wonderful storyteller mixing historical facts with anecdotes and emotions so well."

Maya

"What a beautiful cultural trip! Simple, funny, informative!"

Lina

## تهديات تقدير من القراء

"الفصل رائعة، وتناسب أي فئة عمرية. فإنيها هامة لأن فيها دروساً جيدة يمكن التعلم منها. أجد القصص التي تتكلم عن الحب - خاصة الحب غير المشروط - مؤثرة للغاية."

نادى

"أنا معجبة جداً بشرك وشعرك غير العاديين. أنت راوي قصص رائع تجمع بين الحقائق التاريخية والحكايات والمواقف بشكل جيد."

مايا

"إنا لنا من رحلة ثقافية جميلة! بسيطة ومضحكة وغنية بالمعلومات!"

لينا



to take some Arabic classes at AUB in the summer of 1964.

His only 'connection' in Beirut was Thomas Schuller, president of a school called International College. Armed with a letter of introduction, McCarthy contacted Schuller. The IC president immediately invited the young American to IC and showed him around.

It was really providence that landed McCarthy in Lebanon. Born in the US, he moved to Paris at the age of 12 when his father was sent to represent the US at the OECD (Organization for Economic Co-operation and Development). At 15, McCarthy went back to the US and boarded at St. Mark's School in Massachusetts. In grade 12, he joined the school's student exchange program.

His destination: Izmir (formerly Smyrna), Turkey.

And so in 1962, McCarthy moved into the family home of Anneh and Baba (mother and dad), Hüsnü (their son) and Dilec (daughter). Anneh's obvious objective soon became clear: to feed her young American guest. McCarthy happily obliged. Yet somewhere between the frequent feedings, McCarthy developed a deep interest in the Turkish culture.

He loved it. In fact, he loved the Near East. He made up his mind then and there to study Turkish and move to this enchanting country.

But it was his father who guided him to the Arab world. "Turkey is a sideshow," he said. "If you are interested in the Near East, look to the Arab world. Go learn Arabic. The place to start is the American University of Beirut."

Two years later, the university freshman landed in sunny Lebanon for summer school at AUB where Arabic teacher, Sami Makaram, insisted that his students master the Arabic penmanship. It was a skill that would serve McCarthy well years later as he wrote up his Yawmiat Hanna stories.

But back in Williams College, McCarthy found himself increasingly frustrated. He had chosen history as a major for lack of a Middle Eastern studies program. As luck would have it, Princeton University initiated a "Critical Languages Program" headed by Lebanese historian, Philip Hitti. McCarthy immediately enrolled in the program and after a year on campus, Princeton sent McCarthy to study at the Middle East Center for Arab Studies, a British government-run language school, in Shemlan.

McCarthy was now back in Lebanon. Exactly where he wanted to be. The Law of Positive Attraction. On arrival, he excitedly



John McCarthy, Shemlan language school, 1967

climbed into the back of a taxi and eager to employ his Arabic, conversed with the taxi driver – proudly using the formal pronunciation of the "quaf".

The driver looked back at McCarthy oddly. "What are you? A Druze from New York?" but nevertheless deposited him at his host family home in Abey.

Despite a daily diet of Koussa Mehcheh (stuffed Zucchini) and swarms of mosquitoes, McCarthy managed to pass the 10-month grueling Arabic course. He immediately hit it off with his youngest teacher, Chahine Nemr.

During his stay, he met a former British Navy commander, Hugh Stowell, who ran the Middle East region for the Rover Company, makers of Land and Range Rovers. Stowell invited McCarthy to join him and two companions in a drive across the desert from Aqaba to Jeddah, in two Land Rovers. Craving for a Lawrence of Arabia experience, McCarthy accepted.

It was now 1967. The group camped in the harsh desert. At every village, the 'zaim' would request to meet these strangers. McCarthy was the interpreter.

By the end of the trip, McCarthy was fed up with his Lawrence of Arabia adventure. Not my natural habitat, he decided firmly.

Soon after his return to Lebanon, the five-day war broke out. The Shemlan school students were ordered to immediately evacuate. Instead, McCarthy headed to Ras Beirut and moved in with

يوميات حنا  
في طريقه الى بن الرشد  
في بلاد القدس



John McCarthy, 1967



Foreign students, Shemlan, 1967



the Stowell family.

Soon enough, McCarthy and Stowell's daughter fell in love and got engaged. McCarthy returned to the US to finish his degree and started searching for a job that would send him back to Beirut and to his awaiting fiancée.

It so happened that a brokerage firm was opening a branch in Lebanon and needed an Arabic speaker. McCarthy got the job and was sent to Beirut. The Law of Positive Attraction.

In October 1968, McCarthy got married at the Evangelical Church downtown.

Shortly after, the brokerage company faced problems and let McCarthy go. But almost immediately, he was offered work with a Middle East oil consultancy company. The Law of Positive Attraction. McCarthy not only became their interpreter but also learned the ins and outs of the business quickly.

During a meeting in Qatar, one of the government ministers complained to McCarthy about the company's reports in English. Can't they be done in Arabic?

Back in Beirut, McCarthy searched for a company that specialized in business translations. He found none.

McCarthy knew he had stumbled onto an empty niche. What if he started his own professional translating company – specifically aimed at foreign businesses?

And so he quit his job and started a company. His first hire: former Shemlan school teacher Chahine Nemr.

His second step: the rental of an office in Verdun. Oddly, McCarthy was told to go to the women's prison to sign the lease. The landlady had apparently been arrested for some bribery charges. McCarthy went into the prison cell and found himself facing the obviously powerful 'mama' of the prison.

By now it was 1974. Business was booming. The work was incessant. Dozens of foreign companies were moving to Beirut and wanted their brochures translated and printed to suit their Arab customers. By now, McCarthy had three translators, two secretaries and even two additional partners on board. The Law of

### Positive Attraction.

April 13, 1975, civil war erupts.

By October, it soon became obvious that the business could no longer thrive under war conditions. McCarthy took a reconnaissance mission to Europe. In Zurich, he came across a small printing company and struck a deal with its owner insisting on an immediate \$20,000 cash advance and Swiss work permits for his team in Lebanon. The printing company obliged. The Law of Positive Attraction.

McCarthy returned to Lebanon and sent his family to London. He then gathered his 15 employees. Pack up, he said, you are all going to Zurich. And bring your families. I will pay for everything.

In Zurich, the business thrived. The Law of Positive Attraction.

In 1976, McCarthy and his wife separated. But The Law of Positive Attraction wasn't about to abandon its protégé.

On a spring Monday morning, McCarthy entered his office to see a pretty new female American employee. Hello, she said, I am Mary, the new secretary.

By the end of the summer, they were a confirmed couple. (They married in 1979).

A year later, at only 32, McCarthy was hired to head the Middle East recruiting practice of Russell Reynolds Associates. The Law of Positive Attraction. Leaving the translating practice to the ever-capable Nemr, McCarthy moved to London (eventually, Nemr bought the practice from the Swiss printer).

In 1993, McCarthy established his own headhunting business in Geneva, aptly called John McCarthy Associates, which would flourish for the next 21 years. The Law of Positive Attraction.

That same year, then IC president, Gerrit Keator, approached McCarthy with the offer of joining the IC board.

McCarthy was intrigued. Reconnecting with Lebanon was a dream. What better way than through education? Yes, he told him, he accepts.

In 2010, he was appointed Chairman of the Board's Development Committee overseeing IC's Campaign for Excellence which, in five years, raised \$50m.

By 2015, McCarthy had retired and started his Yawmiat Hanna stories. As he was still toying with the idea of an American printing a book in Arabic, The Law of Positive Attraction distracted him with yet another venture.

A friend, James Breiding, had written a bestseller, "SWISS MADE: The Untold Story Behind Switzerland's Success".

The book was translated in various languages, except Arabic. After buying the rights, McCarthy found himself on familiar ground as he gathered Besma and Chahine Nemr to translate the bestseller into Arabic.

He's not sure how, but McCarthy ended up being the book's publisher. But a publisher needs a company. And so it was that McCarthy found himself the founder of John McCarthy Publishing. The Law of Positive Attraction.

So much for retiring.

With SWISS MADE under control, McCarthy turned his attention back to his newly found love: the Yawmiat Hanna stories which earned him the "Abu Hanna" title.

In 2019, he finally took the bold step of publishing the first volume of 12 Hanna stories (out of 31 written). Since its publication in August, the book's popularity has taken McCarthy completely by surprise.

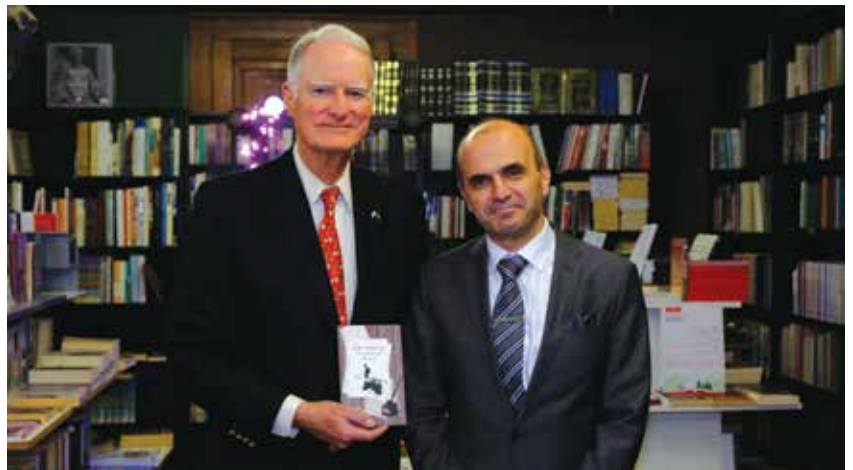
The Law of Positive Attraction had apparently not finished with him yet. The demand for "Yawmiat Hanna" books has not only increased, but requests came in for a bilingual English/Arabic version, which McCarthy duly obliged in September.

They have proved to be yet another success.

The Law of Positive Attraction.

*Yawmiat Hanna books are currently being sold at Antoine bookstore (Lebanon), Readers Bookstore (Jordan) or online at: Antoineonline and Jamalon.com at the price of \$10.*

**John McCarthy with Lebanese Ambassador HE Mr Salim Baddoura at the October 11, 2019 book launch event in Geneva.**



# Dinners & Events



## London

On the occasion of the IC board meeting in London, H.E. Rami Mourtada hosted a reception on November 11 at the Embassy for the Board and commemorated the relaunching of the IC alumni Chapter in London. The reception was attended by over 80 alumni and IC friends.



Rami Mourtada '87



Don Selinger, Rami Mourtada '87



Joel Peinado and Rami Mourtada '87



Rami Mourtada '87 and Rajai Khouri '64

# USA

The IC New York Advancement Office held its first ever two networking events in Dearborn, Michigan and Cleveland, Ohio in November. IC Alumni reconnected and learned about the most recent development at the school and in Lebanon.

## Dearborn, Michigan



Chadi Haddad, Nathalie Haddad '99, Dr. Basim Dubaybo '74, Pamela Tabbaa, Dr. Yasser Tabbaa '67, Fayrouz Saad



Trustee Matt Reynolds, Nour Chams, Mohammad Raad '09, Mohammad Shatila, Farah Afra '06

## Cleveland, Ohio



Rita Obeid, Dr. Fadi W. Karim '72, Sirine Ghalayini '06, Karma Salem '06



Lamis Yehia '05, Randa Karim

# Letters to the editor

Greetings!!

I have no specific news item, but your email triggered a search in my library and I found my copy of TORCH 1952, the year of my graduation from Prep. Section. Looking through the issue I find a number of interesting items which bring back nostalgic thoughts:

At that time Prep Section was considered a part of AUB, and not just IC. In fact, the first page shows the President of AUB, Stephen Penrose and the Principal of IC and Director of the Prep Section, Leslie Leavitt, together as the "Administration";

\*the Faculty list and pictures also brought back some wonderful memories of those who taught me: Charles Addington, Wafik Alamuddin and Shawki Dammus in Athletics, Shafik Jeha, Atef Karam, David Mize (softball), Musa Suleiman, Richard Yorkey, to name a few.

My fellow graduates in 1952 were quite a bunch... we were 115 strong that year and it is funny to read on pages 23 and 40 what the average Fourth Year Man was like, based on a questionnaire we all filled out.....such tidbits like math is the favorite subject!! the most admired famous person in history comes out as Napoleon; our preferred profession was Engineer; our favorite hobby was athletics ( while earlier it is indicated that "he.....has not taken active part in athletics!!"); we had lofty ideas also, such as approving student self-government, believing in co-education, not having a fair knowledge of the arts, certain that the United Nations is not always fulfilling its stated purpose, that a third World War is inevitable !!!, that democracy is our choice of government and professional education our aim for the future !!!!

We came from a variety of countries: other than Lebanon, we had classmates from: Iraq, Palestine, Bahrain, Kuwait, Iran, Syria, Australia, Jordan, Germany, USA, Argentina, Turkey, and Saudia Arabia; A sign of the times: we had 20 classmates from Palestine and 7 from Syria !!!

In those days a large proportion of graduates from IC tended to naturally go on to AUB for their university education. Thus, many of the friendships we cultivated in high school were further strengthened in the additional years we were together in university. In my case, a number of my IC classmates continued their education with me in the Faculty of Agriculture...Nuhad Dagher, David Sion, Joseph Fuleihan, Sabbah Al-Hajj and John Youssef, come to mind.

An interesting factoid which comes back to me: I was born and lived until 10 years of age in Teheran, Iran. In my graduating class there happened to be Samir Nassif Issa, Armen Sahakian, Neron Balassanian whom I had known from previous years

in Iran, a rather unusual coincidence;

Another interesting fact which I remember is that our 1952 class included three who were only fifteen years of age (myself, John Bitar and Salah Dabbagh) ;

Because I was younger than most of my classmates, my closest friendships at IC were with students in the second year including; Shukri Alfa, Ramsay Bisharah, John Shiber, Kamal Bikhazi, Alex Zakharia.

As I read through the Prep Parade, 1951-52, which described the main events of the year, some noteworthy ones sprung to mind: the strike in support of the Egyptian revolution of Gamal Abdel Nasser; the inauguration of our new playground, the Palm Tree Field where many of my friends and I honed our softball skills; the visit to IC of Major James Jabara, the world's ace jet pilot who became famous in the Korean War; the incidents with the famous date palm tree in the middle of the playing field where items got caught in its branches, and which was finally removed; the infamous battle of firecrackers between the IC and ACS on the occasion of the Prophets Birthday which lasted for 3 hours; the visit of Ms. Helen Keller to IC; the fabulous Prep Night show which we all looked forward to every year;

One of my favorite extra-curricular activities was the Stamp Club under the guidance of Mr. Conde. Having collected since the age of seven, I found a great deal of pleasure in furthering my hobby and exchanging with other collectors. I am still much involved in this past-time and am a member of a number of Philatelic Societies in Canada and the USA. Over the years I have both increased and upgraded my collection and have participated in stamp exhibitions on a number of occasions;

Our fourth-year classmates were grouped into four Sections; my section was 4-B and we became known as among the most trouble making but highly entertaining sections among the graduating crowd. We even had our own class motto: East, West- 4B is Best .. among this distinguished group I had some favorites with whom my relations continued for various periods of time after graduation: David Abadjian, Sion David, Guido Gargulio, the late Hassan Ghandour, Sabbah Al-Hajj, Yanal Hikmat, the late Stanley Khoury, Nizar Majzoub, Dick Shaheen, Mubada Suidan and John Youssef.

It was a great pleasure to reminisce and relive those wonderful years and to remember so many whose lives touched mine. Cheers,

*Fouad M. Kronfol '52*



# Letters to the editor



Chafic Jaha and  
George Shahla



Boarding  
school students,  
Thomson Hall,  
1950s



Christmas dinner for  
boarding school, 1950s

# Letters to the editor

## AT IC FROM 1948 TO 1954

The success story of IC can essentially be attributed to the calibre of its faculty members, who have always demonstrated excellence and proficiency in their fields. In this write up I shall try to convey my thoughts, impressions and what I know about some key members of the Faculty who shaped the scholastic scene in IC in the early nineteen fifties.

In writing about these superb educators, I am acknowledging the immense role they had both individually and collectively in shaping the formative years of generations of students, fortunate enough to have an IC education.

### Mr. Leslie Leavit

Mr. Leavit became principal of IC in 1947. However when IC separated completely from AUB in 1956 and became independent, IC's newly established Board of Trustees appointed Mr. Leavit President, in which role he stayed until 1960.

Mr. Leavit was an outstanding leader who contributed immeasurably to the success of IC, through recruiting exemplary educators in every field of tuition, in addition to sound administration of a large institution. He was totally dedicated to IC.

Mr. Leavit would always advise us to pronounce words correctly. "Wemen" he would say, not "Women". He would highlight the difference between "quite" and "quiet"

Mr. Leavit often brought speakers from outside, of whom I recollect two. Helen Keller, an elderly American woman who was blind and deaf, yet became an author and educator. She had with her an assistant who would read her lips to convey her thoughts to the audience. That was her means of communication.

Another speaker was the founder of the Lebanese daily AL-Hayat, Kamel Mroueh.

### Mr. Shafic Jeha

Mr. Jeha was the first person in Lebanon to write a book about Civic Education, and to teach the subject. Moreover he was a believer in, and promotor of, Arab Nationalism.

He once asked the class to prepare a daily extract of important news from the press. At the time I thought fit to break up my compendium into three sections: Lebanon, the Arab Countries and the World. He seems to have appreciated this approach and awarded me a high grade.

### Mr. Atef Karam

Although Mr. Karam graduated as engineer from AUB, he chose to have a career teaching mathematics. Mr. Karam was elected as the first secretary general of the then established Union of Lebanese Teachers.

Moreover, he was a poet in the Arabic Language, and his poetry collection "Min Hawana" reflected sensitivity, tenderness and perception.

In class, Mr. Karam would often intersperse his lecturing on a rigid subject with jokes in order to keep the class attentive.

### Mr. Richard Yorkey

Mr. Yorkey really excelled in teaching English literature including plays, poetry, etc...

I still remember how he once asked several of us students to select a poem each and practice to recite the poem. Eventually he took us to his residence where with each recital he provided a suitable musical accompaniment. At the time my choice was for a section of "The Rhyme Of The Ancient Mariner"

A major work which we dwelled on for sometime was Shakespeare's Julius Caesar, some parts of which still linger in my memory.

A precious advice Mr. Yorkey once gave us is : "If you have nothing good to say about somebody, then do not say anything"

Mr. Yorkey later moved to AUB to join the University's English Department.

### Dr. Adel Afifi

Dr. Afifi was a medical student at AUB when he taught us a course in Biology, following an instructor on the subject, by the name of Mr. Basrawi. Several years back I happened to be in New York and attended AUB's ceremony in recognition of Dr. Afifi's distinguished career in medicine by awarding him the "Penrose Award". In his speech at the ceremony he mentioned that if it were not for the fact that AUB at the time allowed him to have a part time job, he would not have been able to continue his medical studies. Dr. Afifi went on to specialise in Neurology, became a professor at AUB and an author on the subject.

### Mr. Alfred Khoury

Teaching Arabic language and grammar, Mr. Khoury tried to enliven his lecturing, always by giving illustrations in order to facilitate the subject and have it presented in a manner as uncomplicated as possible.

Mr. Khoury had excellent command of the Arabic language. In order to give the students a more complete image of himself he once said " I know what you students say about me, that I am only good at teaching language and grammar, But you don't know that my field of specialisation is Arabic literature".

# Letters to the editor



Leslie Leavitt with students, 1950s



Students in classroom, 1950s



Library, 1950s

From IC 1973  
to AUB 2019

Search for serenity in turbulent Lebanon (and modern world)

To understand the universe you have to understand the atom and its sub particles. This is what modern physics tells us.

Probably the same applies to us as humans. To understand humanity, you have to understand yourself. Oneness of human Nature is what makes us understand one another.

Going down into one's soul is for some the real journey of mankind in history. This inner journey was much needed for me; a person who has been living and working in Ras Beirut since 1973. It materialized in the book "A Path Called Serenity" which took me almost nine years to publish.

The book invites you to take a joyful and beautiful walk along a path of serenity. During this journey, you will experience the beauty in art, music, dance, inspiring quotes, and videos -from all over the globe -while diving, through psychology and spirituality, into the depths of your hidden inner beauty.

Along this journey, which can be shared by parents with their teens, you will come across 200 paintings, more than 230 links to music and videos (over 10 hours), and over 800 citations, blended together in a smooth flow of bliss.

You can access the book on [www.solemndolphin.com](http://www.solemndolphin.com)

*Bassam Tabshouri '74*



# Reunion 1970/1979

July 5, 2019





## IC Reunion

July 2019

We meet again after many years  
Once, my friends, we were peers

The world was vast and ours to conquer  
With youth on our side, we grew stronger

The days have passed and I longed for my peers  
We heard the same cheers and shared the same fears

So to IC I return and remember  
Yearning for class to start in September





Class of 1994  
August 10, 2019



Class of 1999  
July 12, 2019



Classes of 2000-2018  
July 6, 2019

Donors'  
Reception  
June 17, 2019



We regret to inform you that Jamil Mansour '55 passed away in May 2019. IC staff and faculty send their deepest condolences to the Mansour family.



We regret to inform you that Dr. Lina Obeid '74 passed away in November 2019. IC staff and faculty send their deepest condolences to the Obeid family.



We regret to inform you that Fadi Rayess '84 passed away in November 2019. IC staff and faculty send their deepest condolences to the Rayess family.



We regret to inform you that Amal A. Akl Abdel Latif '66 passed away in November 2019. IC staff and faculty send their deepest condolences to the Abdel Latif family.



We regret to inform you that Sadik Umar, former teacher and Administrative Vice President (1955-1984) passed away in November 2019. IC staff and faculty send their deepest condolences to the Umar family.



We regret to inform you that Kamal Abu Haydar '80 passed away in December 2019. IC staff and faculty send their deepest condolences to the Abu Haydar family.



We regret to inform you that Ameer Khoury '67 passed away in December 2019. IC staff and faculty send their deepest condolences to the Khoury family.



# In Memoriam



REEM HADDAD

# I AM IC

A SCHOOL'S JOURNEY FROM SMYRNA TO BEIRUT

"I AM IC" is a touching story of a school looking for a place it could finally call home



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