



IC Newsletter SPRING 2017

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Dear friends,

As Moufid will happily tell you, we have just completed a visit to our enthusiastic, warm-hearted and generous groups of alumni in seven different cities across the USA. To a newcomer like me, and one who likes to joke that, as a Brit amongst Lebanese and Americans, he is a neutral onlooker (the British historically have not been known for their neutrality), it was quite a spectacle.

The bond that ties us all together is remarkable. I asked and asked wherever I went and everywhere I received the same reply: yes, it is special; yes, it is different from anywhere else; no, it is not simply about being Lebanese, Mediterranean, caressed by the warm sun or weaned on rosewater or anything regional, or geographic, at all. We are not all Lebanese, to start off with, I was told. Quite so. I met Iranians, Syrians, Turks, Algerians as well as one or two citizens of the USA.

It is of course the IC "Spirit" of which I write. Unique, different, lasting. Moufid likes to say that if you talk to a teenage alumna or an 80-something alumnus, you get the same reply. I thought this was perhaps a little fond, idealistic or even wishful. Not so. Simple observation it would appear.

So what is this IC "Spirit"? One might as well ask what is "education"? That is the precise, accurate and correct response. All the people I met were celebrating the quality of their education and I was struck with how they were using it, to advance medicine, engineering, technology, finance, higher education, high school education for the disadvantaged and many other fields.

Not only have alumni of our school helped build government and industry in the Middle East, finance and trade in Europe, Africa, Central and South America but, also, they are making their contribution to the USA. Long may that continue.



A handwritten signature in black ink, which appears to read "Chris Greenwood".

Christopher A Greenwood, PhD
Vice President & Director for Advancement

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For comments or suggestions, email us at rhaddad@ic.edu.lb

The Adventures of Alexander MacLachlan:

Alexander MacLachlan



Rahmi Bey (The Guiffrey family photos)

As WWI progressed, food and supplies were becoming increasingly limited in Smyrna. Still, residents who remained in the city's cosmopolitan society led somewhat normal lives. While the Armenians across the empire were being brutally targeted, the

Armenian community in Smyrna was left intact. For it was the Smyrna Governor himself who stood between the Turkish authorities and his Christian Smyrniot subjects: Rahmi Bey. Tall and straight and dressed in his frock coat and his silver-topped cane, he cut an imposing figure in the streets of Smyrna. Multilingual and highly educated, he felt a particular affinity for Smyrna's European and Levantine communities. Rather than closing foreign schools, as ordered, to establish a Turkish monopoly on education, Rahmi let all schools continue to operate.

Even though he was one of the leading figures of the 1908 Young Turk movement, he shrewdly managed to refuse to deport the Christians under his care. And so it was that Smyrna became a haven for many fleeing Armenians. But many got intercepted in their flight. And so they turned for help to none other than Protestant Minister and IC President, Rev. Alexander MacLachlan.

Turkish Troops Riding past the Gate Lodge from their camp on the grounds of International College. In the background is the wall of the IC Gymnasium.



Smyrna

(Part XV)

Rev. MacLachlan had always been on excellent terms with the Turkish authorities. He spoke the language fluently and had, over the years, come to be regarded as a good friend by the Turks. He was especially on good terms with Vali Kiamil Pasha, the Grand Vizier from Cyprus, who was known as the “English Kamil” for his love for the British. MacLachlan knew quite well that the Vizier would help out if asked and he indeed, bowing to the Protestant Minister’s request, saved several Armenians who were imprisoned under the guise of suspicion of collaborating with Armenian Revolutionaries.

It was to him, yet again, that MacLachlan turned when an Armenian matron from IC’s sister school, The American Girls’ School in Smyrna, appealed to him for help. Her nephew, she explained, had been arrested by the Turks. He had just arrived from Diarbekir on the French Messagerie Steamer. The ship was on its way to the US but landed briefly in Smyrna. That was when the Turkish Police apprehended him and took the sixty gold Liras he needed to enter the US. He had managed to escape the Armenian massacres by converting to Islam. He changed his name from Garabet to Abdul Kerim and, as a Moslem Turk, had no difficulty in securing a travelling “teskara” to visit an aunt in Smyrna. He travelled by land to Alexandretta in Northern Syria and then by sea to Smyrna. As the steamer, which was destined to go to Marseille then to New York, remained in port, Garabet – thinking that he had outwitted the Turks so far – suddenly decided that he would visit his aunt after all.

Somehow, he had secretly managed to get a message to his aunt from prison, describing the situation and begging her to have his case brought to the attention of the British Consul in Smyrna. The distraught aunt immediately sought out MacLachlan.

The Protestant Minister turned to his good friend, the British Consul Henry Cumberbatch. The Consul listened sympathetically but felt that



Vali Kamil Pasha

the religious element in this case may very likely incite a diplomatic incident. So MacLachlan went directly to the Governor’s Palace and laid the case before the Vali Kiamil Pasha. Without hesitation, he brought about the issue of religion.

“Your Highness is doubtless aware that because some of the recent troubles in the interior some of the Armenians changed their religion,” he said and waited for the Pasha’s reaction.

A faint smile and a nod was his only response as the Pasha listened patiently to the rest of the story. Towards the end, he called in the Police Chief.

“You have an Armenian prisoner from Diarbekir who arrived from there two or three days ago, named Garabet--ian. Bring him to me.”

Ten minutes later, the Chief returned saying that there was no such person in the prison adjoining the police department where Armenian prisoners were kept. Maybe he was placed in another prison suggested the Chief.

“In any case, find him and bring him to me,” replied the Vali.

But fifteen minutes later, the Chief returned again empty handed. The Vali then ordered that MacLachlan himself be taken to search the prison cells. The Armenians in prison were suspected of being part of the Armenian Revolutionaries.

“I found quite a large, frightened crowd of Armenians in a room under the guard of policemen, and spent considerable time looking them over

and talking with them, until I was fully satisfied that the man I wanted was not among them,” wrote MacLachlan in his 1937 memoirs, *Potpourri of Sidelights and Shadows from Turkey*.

Just as he was about to give up, he suddenly remembered the man’s alias and asked the Chief to search for “Abdul Karim”.

At this point, the Chief got somewhat excited. “No one is allowed to see the man you want. He was arrested on a wire from Constantinople. We have strict orders from there regarding him, and he is under special guard.”

Fortunately, the Vali did not seem to share the Chief’s excitement. “Just leave the matter in my hands,” he calmly told MacLachlan.

The next day, the aunt shows up at IC with the news that her nephew has been released. Moreover, he was relieved of the tarbush (an insignia of Muslim religion), and in possession of his old Armenian name and religion. He also got back his 60 gold Liras.

Garabet never did continue on his way to New York. He stayed in Smyrna where he was given a post as in one of the large Armenian firms of the city.

As for Rahmi Bey, who protected his beloved Smyrna and its inhabitants from the massacres and deportations, he was imprisoned at the end of the war by the Allies and exiled to Malta. Levantine friends and families put up a huge fight to finally get him released.

Vali Kiamil Pasha was eventually put under house arrest and surveillance because of his participation in the Freedom and Accord Party (opposing the Young Turks). Upon his death, Sir Ronald Storrs, British governor of Cyprus, had a special memorial carved out for him: “A Great Turk and a Great Man”.

To be continued....

Historical information based on: An interview with Dr. Howard Reed (summer 2011); Potpourri of Sidelights and Shadows from Turkey, by Alexander MacLachlan, 1937; Paradise Lost, by Giles Milton.

BILLY EIDI, PIANIST

By his own admission, pianist **Billy Eidi '73** was a lazy student at IC. Well, maybe. But a brilliant one. So brilliant that he came among the top placed students in Baccalaureate exams in Lebanon in physics and math.

If it wasn't for his music loving mother – who recognized a musical talent in one of her seven children and dutifully enrolled him in Mrs. Dabaghi's (one of the most prominent Ras Beirut music teachers at the time) piano lessons – he may very likely be a physician today. It seemed like a natural career choice after two years in Medical School at AUB. But two things came into play in young Eidi's life.

First, he hated biology. True, he was top in physics and math – but “not biology,” he said laughing. “Until now, I can't see a drop of blood without turning my head.”

Still, he went to Medical school. Only 15% were admitted. It was an honor after all. So he went.

Two, the civil war erupted. It was now 1975.

Fortunately, two years earlier, a French pianist was giving a master's course at the Conservatoire National Supérieur de Musique in Beirut. Years of paying for little Billy's piano lessons had paid off. Under Mrs. Dabaghi's strict supervision at the Conservatoire, Eidi had thrived. Although, he admits, “I barely practiced. I would just practice for three hours before my lesson. I much preferred hanging out with my IC friends.”

His talent had not gone unnoticed at the Conservatoire and certainly not by the visiting French pianist. “If you ever want to continue studying piano, come

to Paris,” he had said.

Now, it so happens that Eidi had developed a fascination with French culture during his secondary school years at IC – despite being in the English section with a very limited French vocabulary. “I couldn't get enough of French cinema and French music,” he said.

With the war now in full swing, Eidi remembered the visiting French pianist's invitation. And so, with his parents blessing, he packed his bags and hopped on the plane to France. Still only 20, he thought life would be as ‘lazy’ as his was in Beirut.

“I still wasn't serious about anything,” he recalled.

But not for much longer. For upon his arrival, he was given 19 days to prepare for his audition at the Conservatoire in Versailles. It was, Chopin 3rd Scherzo. Eidi stared at the 15-page score with apprehension. The other Conservatoire students had been preparing this for months and he had only 19 days?

It was a wakeup call. He felt the change within him. “That day I completely shifted to a serious attitude,” he said. “Completely. I have not known laziness, not one single day, since then.”

For the next 19 days, he spent five hours practicing on the piece. “This was a horribly difficult music and I knew that if I wanted to be ready for the audition, I could not bluff my way

through it,” he said. “So I worked and worked. Something that I had never done before.”

Needless to say, Eidi was admitted into the Conservatoire. Since then, he has given concerts all over the world and produced more than 20 CDs. He has been awarded high distinctions, amongst which are the Grand Prix de l'Académie Charles Cros, the Nouvelle Académie du Disque Français, the BBC “Music Choice,” and in 2009, the



“Grand Prix ‘Gerald Moore,’ by the French “Académie du disque lyrique” after a new release of Guy Sacre’s songs.

He is currently a professor at the Conservatoire à Rayonnement Régional (CRR) in Paris and the Schola Cantorum and gives regular master-classes at the International Summer Academies in Nice and Nancy, as well as in Spain, China, Japan and South Korea.

“I never put it in my mind that I am going to record CDs one day or win competitions and awards or even get my teaching job at the Conservatoire,” he said. “Things came to me just like that. I was and am living a dream without even realizing it. I have loved every second of it.”

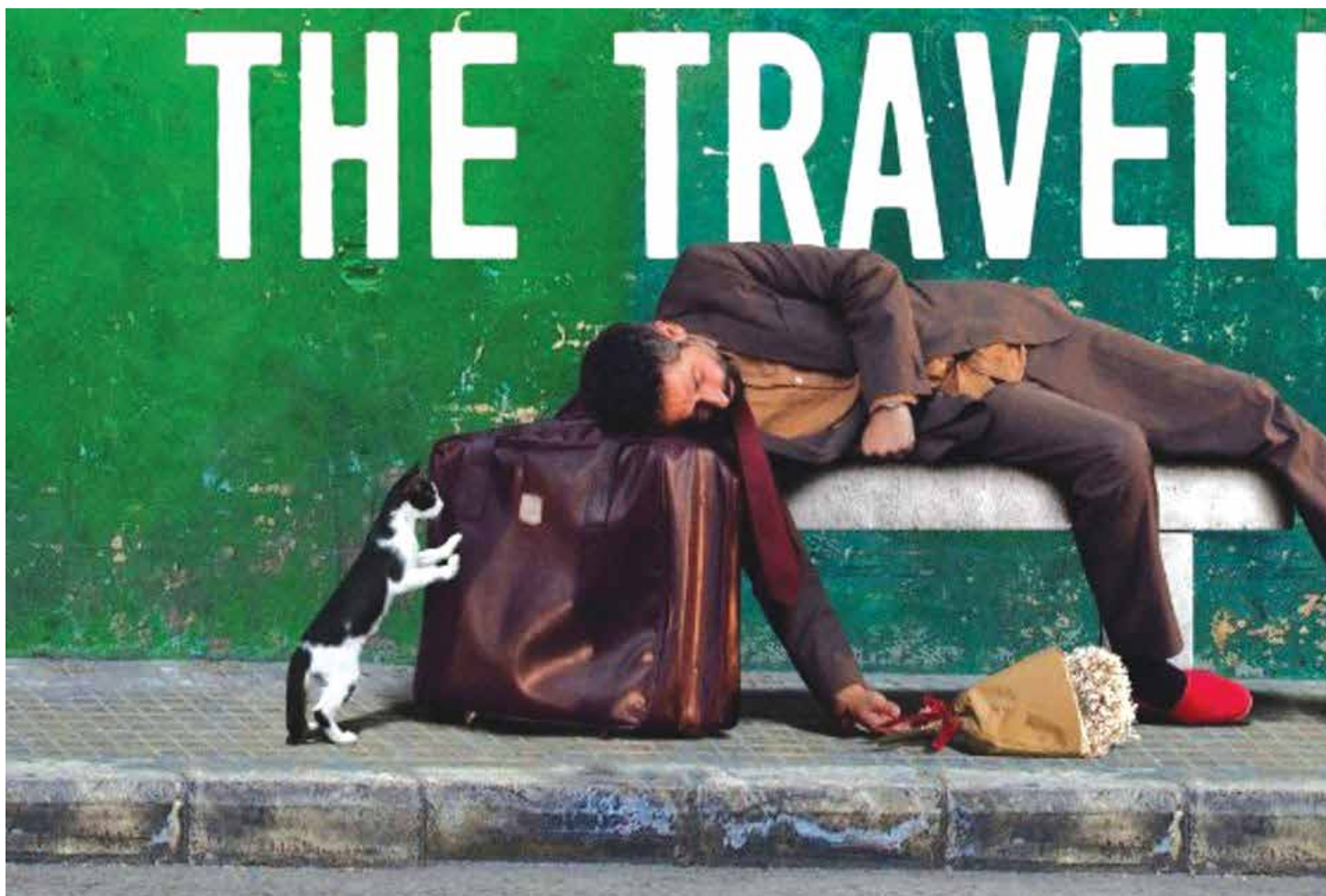
But still, there was one thing he really wanted to do. Give back to IC. “My years at the Ras Beirut and then at Meshref were the best years,” he said. “I thought life would end once I graduated. In fact, on my last copybooks, I used to write: 1955-1973. The end.”

On February 27th, the IC Alumni office (in coordination with AUB) was proud to invite Eidi to give a piano recital at AUB’s Assembly Hall. All proceeds went to the IC Scholarship Fund. He was joined on stage by the IC Middle and Secondary school choirs for the first few pieces.

In the audience were many of his 1973 classmates.

It was great being back.





THE TRAVELLER

Hadi Ghandour's journey began when still a teenager. Somewhere out there was a brilliant story idea. So brilliant that a film had to be made. And he, **Ghandour '99**, was the only one who would be able to conceive, write and film it.

For years he sought after the brilliant idea. And - as all self-discovering journeys must include - there was a sort of a 'coming of age' period of depression and self-evaluation. Then, as most ideas happen, it suddenly dawned on him one day while visiting his girlfriend in Paris. A travel agent who never travelled. He thought it was funny. Funny enough to write a story.

He even had the character in mind: a Lebanese man he had met whilst he was working through a summer job in the US. It was the man's first trip outside of Lebanon and for some reason he wouldn't talk, he only smiled. "I sensed there was a fire inside of him that he couldn't express," said Ghandour. "He was feeling things he had never felt before and he was dealing with these feelings."

In his mind, the setting of his story was in Paris. And so he moved there and things just fell into place. With a character and a clear story line - and a favorite Parisian café - Ghandour began writing. Only three

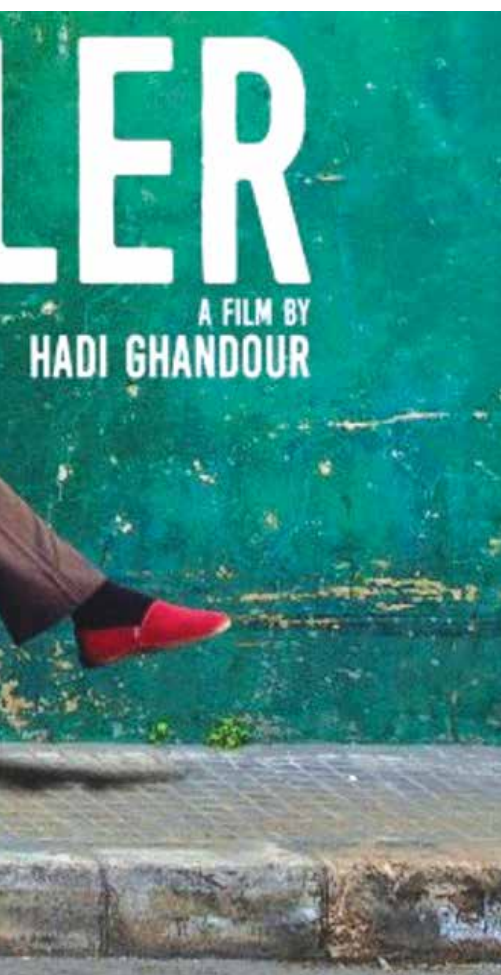
weeks later, he had his full script. Two years later, it was finalized.

And so it was *The Traveller* came to be.

"This was it," he said. "This was the script that I was looking for."

As luck would have it, he met his producers through a friend. The men hit it off. A grant from the French government - the Ile de France - largely paved their





financial way.

The men began looking for a cast. That was easier said than done. It took a full year to locate the characters that Ghandour was seeking. But the main role remained open. It took Ghandour two years to finally find the actor for the leading role.

"And all this time, he was under my



Hadi Ghandour behind the scenes

nose," laughed Ghandour. "When I first met him, I knew he fit the character."

Rodrigue Sleiman was flown in from Lebanon and cast as Adnan, the leading male role.

The filming began. Five weeks later, *The Traveller* was completed. The post-production took another six months.

Ghandour finally felt he had answered his calling.

It was a calling that began during his years at IC. It was not the most thrilling news for Ghandour's parents. Everyone knows that Lebanese students, especially IC ones, are supposed to become engineers, doctors, scientists or whatnot. But certainly not actors. It was a resound no to a degree in theatre. And since parents have to pay the tuition bill, Ghandour had to comply. Finally, there was a compromise: Filmmaking.

Stories fascinated Ghandour. In fact, he had always loved to write and spent much of his IC years doing just that. Towards the end of his time at IC, he got interested in filmmaking. The mix of acting, writing and filmmaking appealed to him. He was very intrigued by video games throughout his childhood and teen years – to which his family concluded that their child was destined to learn Computer Science.

But not so. As it turned out, Ghandour was interested in the plot and characters behind the video game and not the actual software.

And so it was that Ghandour received his parents' blessing to go, after only one year at AUB, to Los Angeles to study Communication and Film.

"I still took acting classes on the side," he said.

After graduation, he moved to DC

and directed a series of documentaries for Al Hurra Television.

Fun but still not his calling. "If I stayed there, I would do documentaries and not write my own film."

He went back to his apartment, dumped his belongings into garbage bags and left. He decided to take a break in Beirut and think of his next move.

The year was 2006. A few days later, he escaped to Dubai as Israelis continued with their onslaught of the Lebanese capital.

That was not exactly his idea of taking a break, so he moved to London and took a filmmaking workshop.

"I still didn't have a specific story I wanted to write," he said. "I knew I had a story inside of me, but I just didn't know what it was."

He soon found himself back in Dubai working for Maktoub – a web portal – working as its Head of Production. The job took him to spend a year in Cairo. And here is where he met "so many amazing and interesting people," he said – characters who later show up in his films. "They stirred something in me."

A year later, he moved back to London and earned his Masters from the London Film School.

It was there that a feature story came to mind but he just didn't know how to start. Finally, things fell into place.

"When you really have a story that you want to tell, that nothing will stop you," said Ghandour. "Every story is a journey and it will take you places with it. *The Traveller* was my journey."

Ghandour is currently in the process of working on his next film script.



40th anniversary (July 2016) held at Dr Issam Ma'louf Villa at Baskinta:

Sitting: Issam Ma'louf (in green shirt), Nabil Shehade, Karim Mroue, Beba Eid Hamati, Ihab Jizi, Roula Bassila Ma'louf, Bassam Nassar, Bassem Fakhry, Hala Farah Younis, Marwan Haffar, Amer Takiyyeddin, Nabil Hamade

Standing: Tanya Zaroubi, Nada Sinno

THE GIFT

The class of 1976 did it. They promised a \$250,000 donation and they delivered the \$250,000 with explicit instructions to create a Class of 1976 Endowed Scholarship Fund and to name a class in the new Elementary School after them.

"It feels really good," said **Marwan Haffar '76**, who attended IC's English section track. "It would be great if each class works out a similar group effort."

1975. The beginning of the Lebanese civil war.

"They were difficult years for us you know," he said. "The class couldn't even formally graduate."

It was a poignant year for the entire country. One day, life was normal – practically heaven in Beirut's "Golden Days" and the next, Lebanon was plunged into turmoil.

"It was our first ever encounter with war "face to face" at that time" said Haffar. "We were just teenagers enjoying normal life in Beirut and at IC."

1960 to 1975. Beirut's Golden Years. The Lebanese capital had become a tourist destination and the region's financial hub. It was a glittering, vivacious city with the latest fashions and luxurious lifestyle competing with the cries of street sellers and crowded

tramways. With its vibrant French culture, Beirut had become known as the "Paris of the Middle East."

And it was in this "Paris" that Haffar and his friends grew up. He and four of his IC friends were saving their money to buy a secondhand Volkswagen tourist van to travel around Europe right after graduation. They started saving in 1974. A year later, they located the perfect van. It was orange and parked on Bliss Street. They amassed the needed funds. It was now just a matter of buying it and prepping it for their post-graduate summer adventure.

"They were amazing days," he said. "We loved Beirut, IC, our teachers, activity clubs, our freedom. Many times during those days, IC teachers would stop lessons just to have an open discussion about some emerging contemporary event such as the moon landing, elections, civic rights and other. Lessons could wait. We debated enthusiastically and passionately enjoying the well-orchestrated dialogues and freedom of speech."

The campus at the time was in Meshref (today, it is the Hariri Canadian University).

"It was an amazing, picturesque and scenic campus, where we enjoyed

a wide range of activities and clubs meeting all interests and nurturing talents augmenting the premium education we received," he recalled. "Buses would wait for us until we finished our activities after school, in my case athletics, and bring us back to Beirut in the early evening. We even had a horseback riding club and we could enjoy swimming sessions at the nearby Meshref club. It was such an enchanting atmosphere. No wonder IC stayed so much dear to our hearts."

On the morning of April 13, 1975, life as they knew it suddenly stopped.

Haffar refers to it simply as the "bus day." Over 20 people were killed as militiamen opened fire on a bus passing through the district of Ain Al Rummaneh. It would prove to be the catalyst which would plunge the country into a vicious civil war for the next 16 years.

Suddenly, IC students were going to school over a din of gunfire and shells. Parents panicked. Some hastily sent their children abroad. Day after day, students in the 1976 class began to dwindle. Haffar's post-graduate plans were shattered.

"We felt confused, unsettled and at a loss during those days," he said. "My parents finally decided to pack me off to a boarding school in the UK. Most of us were dispersed while means of communication were interrupted and we virtually lost track of each other."

Haffar returned to Beirut in 1977 and enrolled at AUB while more than 80% of his classmates remained dispersed all over the globe. After graduation, he left to the Gulf to work.

Perhaps it was to find some kind of



Meshref - Arabic Club 1976

Standing: Marwan Tabbara, Ammar Sakkal, Suheil Haddad, Gayyath Ismail, Kamel Baroudi, Talal Chatila, Mr. Mousa Suleiman, Ziad Khoury, Iman Shashaa, Fadi Juez, Mazen Bizri, Sani Nassif, Vahe Avedissian, George Fadda.

Kneeling: Issam Ma'louf, Sumaya Mamish, Saleh Agha, Karim Mroue, Nibal Saadi, Hani Beyhum, Naseem Haffar, Ziad Mneimne

closure for the sudden 1976 bolt or for an unfulfilled teenage summer dream but it was during his time in Saudi Arabia that he felt this gnawing need to locate and reassemble his classmates.

He decided to track them all down and connect them back together. He started what he called "The Golden List" and began to painstakingly write letters (pre-email days!) to track them down.

One by one, the list got filled up as classmates enthusiastically wrote back.

"I saw it as a jigsaw puzzle," he explained. "I just kept collecting the pieces."

Finally, he managed to track down 135 classmates out of around 155 – with today a few more still "on the radar". Sadly, 10 have passed on.

Haffar's "Golden List" includes the coordinates of each member of his class spread across 28 cities worldwide and is updated and shared with them regularly.

Today, the 1976 classmates are on email and WhatsApp with reportedly dozens of daily messages going back and forth. The close-knit group holds continuous reunions in various countries. In a ritual-like fashion, any 1976 classmate is ceremoniously given a 'mini-reunion' upon arrival to Beirut.

"We feel now even closer than we were at school," said Haffar.

In 2009, one of the class members, **Bassam Badran '76**, came out with an idea: why not open an Endowment Fund at IC in the name of their class instead of contributing individually?

A mass email suggesting the idea was well received. A plan was devised: \$150,000 for the Endowment Fund and \$100,000 to go towards naming a class at IC. Over 50 members pledged to pay systematically over a period of five years.

In December 2016, the Class of 1976 presented IC with the entire sum of \$250,000.

"IC is very dear to us," said Haffar. "We cherish the enriching days of our prime spent there with the remarkable teachers and enchanting campus. We felt that we owed it something. It was time to give back. Now we know that perpetually (even after we pass away) each year the IC 76 fund will cover the full fees for a needy, eligible student to be able to attend IC."



A mini reunion held at Vendome Hotel (2015)

Standing: Maher Sidani, Hisham Fanous, Ghassan Awar, Amer Takieyyddin, Kamel Baroudi, Bassam Nassar, Marwan Haffar, Tarek Kawwa

Sitting: Rima Ezziddine AlKadi, Hala Farah Younis, Lina alaFranji Azzouni, Rima Douany Musallam, Tanya Zaroubi, Nada Sinno Saoud



THE CHRISTMAS CAROLERS

The children were a little subdued on the way back to IC in Ain Aar. One little girl was even tearful. They knew that they had been part of something special but did not really fathom the real meaning of their gift.

The IC second graders had just finished giving a performance of several Christmas Carols which they had been working on for the past five weeks. Their audience were the ones they had chosen themselves: a handful of elderly women at the Bon Pasteur Home.

Initially, they thought they would sing at the municipality building, but that somehow didn't seem right. Not many people around there. Then a supermarket. But that also did not bode well with the youngsters. Finally, they remembered that their homeroom teacher, during a reconnaissance mission through the village of Ain Aar (as part the PYP theme How we Organize Ourselves), pointed out an elderly home in the village. Now that seemed the right thing to do. The class unanimously voted for the home. This, they decided, would be their action component for the PYP theme. The timing was perfect. It would be Christmas. And this would be

their Christmas gift.

The students turned to their music teacher, Celine Rahal, for help. Together, they decided on the Christmas carols they would sing at the home. Could she get them ready in only 10 music sessions?

The practices began.





An elderly woman in the Home reaches out to a child

“It was completely their choice of songs,” said Rahal, who together with the other music teacher, Rabih Natour, were only too eager to placate their charges. “They were so excited and couldn’t wait for the day to come. As for me, I knew that this would be the best

gift I could ever give someone.”

Finally, the day did arrive and despite the torrential rain, the children filed into the buses. They eagerly clutched their music folders that they had painstakingly put together. Except that they couldn’t use them as the space at the home was just too tight. But never mind. They somehow managed to fit in the tiny hallway. Most of the women were on wheelchairs. At the sight of the children, they erupted into smiles. It had been a while since they had seen so many youngsters. In the beginning, the women gazed at the students in admiration. But then, some began tapping and clapping along.

Then came some tear-jerking moments as one woman in her wheelchair slowly began to reach out desperately trying to grab a child’s hand. The children eyed her warily as they sang on, unsure of what to do. But then suddenly a child’s hand reached right back. The woman smiled widely and kept reaching out to the children as if wanting to pull them all on her lap. (We later found out that she had six children

herself. Their whereabouts are unclear).

In the midst of another song, another elderly woman – who was clapping along – suddenly bursts into tears. “It’s my son,” she confides to an accompanying adult. “I miss him so.”

Her son died four years ago.

With their repertoire over, the children began filing out of the room. But not before receiving many blessings and praise from the women. Too young to comprehend the memories and emotions they had just evoked, they filed out of the room.

“I know we gave them joy,” said Antoine Assaf, 7. “They smiled at us.”

“I smiled back,” said Carly Joy Abi Raad, 8. “We made them happy, didn’t we?”

As for Alexander Romano, 7, he wasn’t looking too thrilled. His task seemed harder than the others. “I kissed every woman there,” he said uncertainly. “My mother told me I had to.”

The second graders gave another performance later that same day to visiting students from IRAP, a school for auditory disabled children.





THE **TREE** THAT HAD TO BE **CHOPPED**

It was a cold November day when the tree was declared sick. It was a beautiful Jacaranda tree standing grandly to the left of Rockefeller Hall. But, sadly, it was sick. It was declared to have “fungal decay” and had to be chopped. Secondary School students were aghast. The Environmental Committee was upset. But still, the Physical Plant department had to do their job.

In the olden days, (i.e. last year), the tree would have been hauled off to the big trash dump. But these are no longer the olden days and IC, after all, is striving to become an environmentally friendly school. In fact, the Environment Committee was formed to make sure that the IC community does indeed walk its talk.

Hauling off the dead tree was out of the question. Then, as thoughts do, a wonderful idea struck. How about upcycling the dead trees branches into some kind of art and craft project? Furthermore, the end results could be sold and proceeds donated.

Christmas time was just around the corner. The crafts could be sold in a

Christmas-like market right here at IC. The Community Service Department will gladly take charge.

It was a cheerful thought. Things were looking up. But Christmas break was almost here and a lot of work had to be done.

And so it was that for the next two and half days, five Physical Plant carpenters – who took the unusual request in their stride – practically whittled around the clock working the dead branches into the designs chosen by the Secondary School students. It was certainly a change from the mundane repairing of door hinges, school desks or cupboards around the campus. Still, they seemed to have caught the spirit and whittled away cheerfully.

Finally, over 100 carved pieces were delivered to the Secondary School. An impromptu atelier was immediately set up in Rockefeller Hall and a call was sent out to all Community Service students to help out in designing and painting the wooden objects. But non-Community Service students, staff and teachers had no intention on missing

IC carpenters working away

out on all the fun and many showed up as well. The work began in earnest as the Christmas holiday break clock counted down.

Somehow, they made it. Just before Christmas break, a table was set out on campus with a dazzling display. Before the day was even over, every single item was sold. Secondary School students had amassed 538,000 LL. The recipient of the donation has yet to be chosen.

Back at the Physical Plant department, the workers themselves didn't have the heart to throw away the bits and pieces leftover from the dead tree after production. Suddenly throwing out tree parts seemed wrong. And so they collected leftovers and donated them to a needy family to use as fuelwood during winter.

As for the Secondary School, a 'Christmas-market' of upcycled projects has been declared to become a yearly tradition.



The High Schoolers and the Apple Crisis

A newly implemented high school program has paved the way to help a Lebanese apple farmer in the northern village of Kfardebian sell the season's otherwise unwanted produce.

The farmer was taken aback yet pleasantly surprised when Robert Farjalla, Grade 12 (HS), showed up at his doorstep wanting to buy some apples. The farmer led him around to the storage where hundreds of bright red apples were carefully shelved. "They will soon rot away," he explained sadly.

The farmer selected 300 apples and practically gave them away to Robert – at 300 LL per kg. In the background, two small children watched their father. The family was on the brink of poverty. The apples were their only livelihood.

The farmer's story – and countless others – were a wakeup call to Robert and his classmates back at IC. They had to admit that they really didn't fathom the full impact of the apple crisis in the country.

In an effort to bring light to their plight, farmers held demonstrations across Lebanon last year demanding government assistance. The Syrian crisis has prevented the usual exporting of Lebanese produce (by Syrian roads) to

the Arab and Gulf states' markets. In addition, foreign apples have infiltrated the market.

There were reportedly more than 750,000 boxes of apples stacked in different farms across the country. According to the Agriculture Syndicates Union in the Bekaa, 30,000 farmers live on the income from selling apples.

It was sobering news for the high schoolers. Technically, a project of their choosing was to be done towards the end of the year. But this was an emergency. What role could they play?

They noted that a few weeks earlier, apples were distributed to students in both IC campuses. But the high schoolers were not convinced that the urgent message got through.

"It was up to us to help them understand that we can all help these farmers," said Lucia Najjar, Grade 12 (HS). "We needed to do something which was bigger, more effective, and more attractive to students. The whole class got really excited and motivated and we all started brainstorming."

None was more pleased that Rindala Abdel Baki, Head Coordinator of Student Matters and Community Service Coordinator.



The apple project falls right into the Service Learning component that she had introduced into the Secondary School's High School curriculum only last year. She had come across the concept through many educational websites and found herself attracted to the idea.

Simply, Service Learning goes a step more beyond Community Service and requires that students use their academic knowledge and skills to address a community need. In other words, they would have to rely on their other basic classes, such as economics, math or sociology, to identify a problem and produce a plan of action. "There is a lot of reflection involved," said Abdel Baki. "Why are we doing this? What is the impact of this on society? How do we investigate this need in society? How do we research and conduct field research? How do we link it to the different classes we are taking? Only then can they come out with an action to change the situation."

The theory part of the program typically takes place throughout Grade 11 (HS). By Grade 12, students are





ready to launch their own projects.

With the enthusiastic support of Paula Mufarrij, the Secondary School Director, Abdel Baki launched the course early last year in the high school program despite the lack of resources available in this new field. “We made do,” she said. “The internet was a huge help.”

When it came to the sudden impromptu apple crisis, students were divided into groups – each taking on a certain aspect of the research including the import-export of apples in the country, economic benefits, health benefits and the historical use of apples. A natural self-esteem booster, the Service Learning projects are built around the individual skills of students: everyone gets to shine.

The end result was an Apple Day at the Ras Beirut campus. The two recesses were abuzz with students gathering around various stations playing ‘apple games’ and eating and drinking apple products including fresh juice, apple chips, scrumptious looking apple pies (loved by secondary school

students) and dipping apple slices in an oozing chocolate fountain (a huge hit with middle schoolers).

“Instead of having ordinary, boring apples, we came out with games,” said

Antoine Chbeir. “It made it so much more interesting. People at my station could either buy an apple or get asked a fact about apples. If they got it right, they got free apples. Very few got free apples!”

Another station saw Talia Rizk standing behind an assortment of apple pies. She and her mother baked fresh apple pies (from scratch) for eight hours the day before.

“It was raining but I managed to carry all the trays in,” she said laughing.

Leftovers were quickly devoured by the hard working high schoolers.

By the end of the day, the students had managed to amass 700,000 LL.

A few days later, Robert knocked at the farmer’s door in Kfardebian again and presented him with an envelope. The farmer opened it and to his shock, saw the money. He stared at the teenager in front of him, grabbed the boys’ hands and kissed them repeatedly.

It was a day Robert will never forget. Neither will the rest of the high schoolers.

“This class gives them skills for life,” said Abdel Baki. “They are learning how to investigate, how to design a project, how to come out with a plan of action. These are not skills for a class. These are skills for life.”

Abdel Baki is currently working on making all Service Learning projects sustainable for years to come.





Ain Aar Preschool and Lower Elementary school issued Parents' Square - its very own newsletter full of tidbits and advice to parents.



AT THE CAFETERIA...

MEXICAN DAY



LEBANESE DAY



ITALIAN DAY





Fouad Bawarshi '67 and Mona Bawarshi '67



Zeina Dana, Carla Eid, Rima Soueid, Maya Madi '97, Yasmine Mneimneh, Ghina Jamil



Nadine Akkaoui, Fouad Makhzoumi '71, May Makhzoumi '71, Moufid Beydoun '64



Mohammad Ali, Ghania Osseiran, Nada Halabi, Marwan Halabi '99, Hiba Chamout, Patricia Daou, Don Bergman, Ralph Daou, Amer Hariri, Ghida Hariri



Cynthia Ghattas, Maria Moussalli, Maria Kassabian, Manal Karabajakian



Abed Merhi '96, Wissam Abou Ayash, Inas Abou Ayash



Diana Ghandour, Lina Choucair, Cynthia Farchoukh, Sabine Ali Hassan '95

Standing:
Rima Rizk, DIALA Nicola,
Kalline Yaverian, Roula
Khoury, Carole El Murr,
Loulwa Sarkis,

Sitting:
Joelle Laoun, Daisy Hajj
Moussa, Carla Abou Jawde





Back row:
Karim Baabaki '94, Samer
Doughan '83,

Middle row:
Moufid Beydoun '64, Roula
Doughan,
Rawia Baalbaki '94, Leila Safadi
'94, Bassem Safadi '85,
Sima Abou Chakra

On floor:
Mazen Abou Chakra

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Dinners \$ Events

Alumni and IC friends gathered for reunions across the US throughout January and February 2017. Not only was it a chance to reminisce about the 'good old' school days, but it was also an opportunity to meet IC administrators who came from Beirut and New York to explain about the school's latest projects and its Partnership for Excellence Campaign.

New York

IC Board/Alumni Dinner at the
Harvard Club, NY on January 31st,
hosted by Trustee
Marwan Marshi '79.



Shereen Ghandour '87, Leila Ibrahim Leszyk, Marti Ibrahim, Talal Jundi '86, Derrik Betts, Sophia Crawford, Nicholas Kourides, Fred Crawford



Don Selinger, Marwan Marshi '79



Front: Dr. Nawaf Salam, Sahar Salam
Back: Dr. Nadim Habra '65, Moufid Beydoun '64, M. Irani '64, Hayat Barakat, Mounir Barakat '64, Reem



Amin Arnaout, Mishka Mourani, Hamed Mounla '16, John Makhoul '60, Dr. Don Bergman, Amine Sabra '69, Wissam Omran '78, Tarek Chbalko '98

Boston

Brunch hosted by Dr. **Ghaleb Daouk '74** and Rima Daouk on Sunday, January 29th at their Boston residence.





Mona Houssami, Wael Bayazid '70, Dr. Mazin
n Accra '79, Dr. Nicholas Tabbal '65, Helen Habr



Mounir Barakat '64, Dr. Mazen Irani '64, Wael Bayazid '70



Kate McClintic,
Ghaleb Daouk '74,
Rima Daouk



Ghaleb Daouk '74, Farah Machlab '06, Mishka Mourani, Mary Lana Saade '04, Ramzi Naja '08, Marya Koussa '08, Ahmad Zameli,
Moufid Beydoun '64



Washington DC

Dinner hosted by **Salah Izzeddine '65** at the Texas De Brazil, VA on February 2nd.



IC president Dr. Don Bergman talking about IC's current projects and future plans.



Moufid Beydoun '64, Sana al Haj'86, Don Bergman, Dany Matar '05, Dr. Moustapha Al Amine '86, Kate McClintic



Misbah Ahdab '79, Hind Soufi Ahdab '87, Mishka Mourani, Wisam Yafi '87



Marc Deford, Andre Zakharia, Suhail Sakharia '63, Zehra Deford, Moufid Beydoun '64, Chris Greenwood

Miami

Dinner hosted by **Salah Izzeddine '65** at Texas De Brazil on February 4th.



Left row: Kazem Osman '07, Mohamad Charara '07, Moufid Beydoun '64, Randa Khatib, Dr. Marwan Iskandarani '70, Right row: Talal Jundi '86, Kate McClintic, Dr. Marwan Tabbara '76, Dr. Ziad Khatib '0



First row: Zehra Deford, Andre Zakharia, Marc Deford, Dr. Alex Zakharia '54, Second row: Marie Jane Bensen, Roman Bensen '83, Dr. Don Bergman, Chris Greenwood



Hala Charafeddine '82, Chevine Ghaoui, Chris Greenwood, Tarek Ghandour '78, Suheil Ghaoui, Nizar Charefeddine '82

Houston

Dinner hosted by **Omar Sawaf '73 & Sima Sawaf** at the Pondicheri restaurant on February 8th.



Omar Sawaf '73,
Moufid Beydoun '64, Sima Sawaf,
Dr. Philip Salem '58,
Wadad Salem



Sami Badr '57, Kira Reed, Ian Reed, Fadia Nabhani, Hania Ahmar '92, Omar Nabhani '73, Moufid Beydoun '64, Aref Mikati, Nabila Mikati



Hania Ahmar '92, Mike Ahmar '80

Los Angeles

Dinner hosted by
Mike Ahmar '80 and
Hania Ahmar '92 at
their LA residence on
February 13th.



Shahrokh Alebooyeh '58, Jake Lavelly, Don Bergman, Chris Greenwood, Abba Toubassy, Samir Toubassy '58, Hania Ahmar, '92, Mike Ahmar '80, Spirou Sakr '00, Katia Alebooyeh



San Mateo

Alumni Dinner at the Tannourine Restaurant on February 10th in San Mateo.



Left: Maha Bazzi, Shireen Mourad '91, Shaun Jahshan, Mohamed Mourad '91
Right: Bob Paterson, Betsy Lays, Moufid Beydoun '64, Jibran Jahshan '82



Left: Zahra Salahieh, Kate McClintic
Right: Ayman Fawaz '78, Naji Khabbaz '78



Left: Amer El Hage '73, Khaled Nasr '76, Christina Nasr, Mishka Mourani
Right: Mona Hajj, Mona Haoui, Claudia Ostertes, Amin Haoui '73



Jeddah

Jeddah Dinner on December
6th 2016
hosted by Dina Zameli and
Mohamad Zameli '81 at their
residence.



Mazen Kotob '85, Kate McClintic, Ghida Kahwaji Kotob

Letters to the editor

I started at IC in 1953 and graduated in 1957. We had some very favorite teachers then, including Richard Yorkey and Mr. Basrawi. Yorkey taught English and was a brilliant teacher. He always encouraged us with various assignments to think for ourselves. I don't have to tell you that for teenagers who had grown up in the Middle East, this was a revolutionary approach to teaching. I will never forget one of his first writing assignments which was to write down our thoughts about "progress." That was quite a shocker for a 13-year-old who had been taught to simply memorize what the "wise" teachers of his background said or wrote down!

Anyway, I got to be very fond of Yorkey and he had a major impact on my thinking and approach to many things in life. During our junior year, Yorkey gave us an immense assignment. We were to research any particular subject of interest to us, individually, and write a treatise about it – something akin to the kind of assignment a graduate student might receive while doing their master's degree or doctorate.

I went over to the library at the American University of Beirut which was right next door and started browsing through the various shelves of books. Somehow, my attention was drawn to about 5 or 6 books that dealt with the subject of hypnosis. I checked those out, brought them over to our dormitory, and proceeded to read all of them. In the process I learned about the technique of hypnosis and ways to induce it. I also completed my writing project which consisted of around 80 pages of text and submitted the assignment to Yorkey.

But, the greatest fun resulting from this assignment was that my friends discovered I had been studying hypnosis and either asked me or challenged me to hypnotize them. In accordance with my studies, I knew that some people are more easily hypnotized than others and it was easy enough to identify those to start with. As time went on, I became more adept at hypnotizing even some of the more resistant subject.

In any case, my hypnosis sessions involving various fellow students quickly became a major entertainment source in our dormitory. There were quite a few classmates who smoked and wanted help with quitting. I would use post-hypnotic suggestions to have them think of smoking as unpleasant, etc. and ask them to quit. They would usually quit for one week or so and, to save face, would say they were quitting just to make me feel good. Anyway, it got to be fun to see how long each smoker would quit and what kinds of excuses they would manufacture to explain their susceptibility to hypnosis.

A great many fellow students and dormitory residents asked to be hypnotized and, of course, there were usually a handful of other students present at the time of these sessions. Sometimes, I would demonstrate the power of hypnosis by giving post-hypnotic suggestions that were somewhat dramatic. We had a fellow student who was very meek and mild-mannered. I hypnotized him and told him that when he woke up he would have a very strong urge to eat an orange. When I roused him, he made a beeline to the nearest orange on an adjacent table and devoured the orange, including parts of the skin, quickly and in a rough and aggressive manner. Those present were shocked in the

transformation in his behavior.

The upshot of my experience at IC with hypnosis was that, in the back of my mind, I was always fascinated by psychology. Even though I moved to the US and got Bachelor's and Master's degrees in mechanical engineering from MIT, I somehow ended up getting my Ph.D. in psychology and became a professor of psychology at UCLA at the age of 24.

Now, to get back to the subject of our favorite and only chemistry teacher, Mr. Basrawi, I remember visiting the campus on my way to the US and spending some time with my fellow classmates. I, of course, asked about Mr. Basrawi and was shocked to learn that he had been killed. Apparently, his sister who was married had had an affair and his brother-in-law had stormed into the Basrawi compound and shot everyone in sight, including our dear Mr. Basrawi. I know this is a sad note on which to end my present set of recollections, but it is also very telling of the culture and times where we grew up to become adults.

I have many other fond recollections of my days at IC, but will save those for another time.

I want to end with my warmest best wishes to fellow students who lived through those exciting and enriching times in Beirut, the Paris of the Middle East.

Albert Mehrabian, Ph.D. '57



During the spring of 1970, Dr. Imad Kaddoura (in eye glasses 2nd from the right - experimental science 1970 graduate, currently plastic and cosmetic surgeon in Beirut) in the driver seat with Diya Obeid (Math 1970 graduate, currently CEO of JobDiva in New York City - over the car bumper 1st from the left) in the passenger seat along with couple of other IC students won a Rally Paper race hosted by a car dealership in Ras Beirut. The police looked the other way when the contestants raced through the narrow streets of Beirut intermingled with public traffic.

Diya Obeid '70

Letters to the editor

*To my dear friend, Robert Tomé '72,
With love, Fadi Abdul-Karim '72*

I do not remember where we first met. It was in the late 60's, somewhere between Edward Tabanji flipper machines, Tarazi's Lucky Cream, Tarazi's Sandwiches across the street, the Futowwa Church Floor, and Socrate peach melba. Or maybe it was at one of IC classes, IC Kermes, or the IC soccer field. The weekends were occupied with playing table top cardboard soccer, table top pinball, the movies, or just hanging out at someone's balcony. But let us not forget the "Band", the everlasting dream of every IC kid. We would meet every Saturday to rehearse, but mainly to pose for pictures. I do not recall why we changed the band's name from the "Bombers" to the "Rainbow Riders", but then nothing had to be politically correct. He looked very professional with an electric guitar, though I do not recall ever hearing it being played. A combination of an Engelbert Humperdinck look with a guitar was in.

It was an innocent life and friends were plentiful. But girls were almost extinct, at least that is how we felt when a smile from her face took us to another world and a phone call was an act of courage, especially when they hung up on us. We were young and we shared bonds that we thought would never break, and some never did.

Then there was Brazil. Robert and his mom were moving to live in Sao Paulo for good. Brazil was far but close, as millions of Lebanese lived there, or so we heard. It was the country that produced Pele, the only person to ever drink a bottle of Pepsi in one gulp, right in front of us at the AUB field. It was the country that brought us Roberto Carlos who made us fall in love with every girl we saw, though we never understood a word he sang. We all went to the airport to say goodbye. That was a treat then, to have lucky cream at the airport and to see the planes from the balcony. He was gone, and Elton John played "Daniel" is travelling tonight on a plane, I can see the red tail lights heading for Spain or did he mean "Brazil". And yes, handwritten letters came every month with pictures. Pictures of a nice house, nice 60's clothes, and a real girlfriend. Brazil seemed good for the Lebanese Engelbert Humperdinck. "They say Brazil is pretty though I've never been. Well Daniel says it's the best place that he's ever seen; Oh, and he should know, he's been there enough."

It was the summer of 1970, on a Saturday at 1 pm, at the top of the stairs that lead from the upper campus to the AUB beach, where everyone went each day to play trump, meet friends and yes occasionally swim.....when John said "Robert died". I turned around, went back home, slammed the door to my bedroom, and cried all afternoon. A week later, a letter came from his mother. It was written in sad perfect Arabic. It told of a journey of suffering from spreading cancer, and extensive therapy. There was a memorial card with a writing of the Arabic poet Abu Alaa Al Maari "sadness at the time of death exceeds happiness at the time of birth"

The letter ended with a thanks to God that he never knew what was wrong with him and blessings for me. "He loved us till the end". I do not recall if I ever wrote back to her and maybe I like to think that I did. No one heard back. Years went by, and war came and left, and I moved to Cleveland. I kept the letter, every picture, and every memory.



*"sadness at the time of
death exceeds happiness at
the time of birth"*

*Abu Alaa
Al Maari*

Letters to the editor

In early 2016, a physician from Brazil showed up at the Cleveland Clinic. I was somehow assigned or volunteered to give her a tour of our department. I mentioned to her that I thought that there were millions of Lebanese in Brazil, and she smiled and said, "yes and I am married to one of them". On another of her visits, she invited me to give a talk at their conference in Brazil. I said "Yes, but are you anywhere close to Sao Paulo"... they were in San Palo. Maybe I can visit my friend's house, maybe his mother is still alive at over 85 years, maybe and then maybe I can fore fill a promise that I had made to myself to visit the grave site.

Mr. Ricardo Blanco, a Brazilian lawyer that I got connected with through a mutual Brazilian physician friend in Cleveland agreed to try to assist me at finding the grave site. With no information at hand except a name, the date of birth and death (26/10/1953- 26/5/1970), and the mother's name, he searched every possible record in Sao Paulo; a city of 12 million people. The house that stood at the address on

the letter was no longer there, replaced by an office building. Robert's mother had died in 2009 in a town 7 hours from Sao Paulo. A death certificate was found and it stated that Robert was buried in the Cemiterio da Consolacao, Sao Paulo, in the family grave burial of Mr. Ernesto.

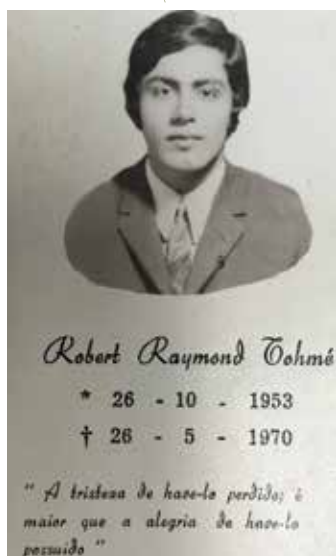
At the conference, they were playing American songs by Brazilian artists. At my request, they played for me a song by Roberto Carlos. He is about 75 now and only seniors in attendance seemed to remember and appreciate. The younger folks said that he now rehashes old songs. But for me "café da Manhã, and Amigo Amigo" could never be recycled always bringing joy and tears, though still I did not understand any of the words. Sometimes that is just not important.

Sunday morning, Mr. Blanco and I walked through rows of ornate tombs at the Cemiterio da Consolacao. And there it was. The grave of the family Ernesto...

All the family members were listed on commertative plaques. Every plaque matched the names on the

certificate of burial at that tomb, but though Robert's name was on that list...there was no plaque with his name on the tomb. I wanted to leave my letter and pictures there but somehow, I could not get myself to do it...He was there but unrecognized. I just held on to them and walked sadly back. And Elton John song plays again "Do you still feel the pain of the scars that won't heal. Your eyes have died but you see more than I. Daniel you're a star in the face of the sky".

Forty-six years later, I know now what is simple to understand from Roberto Carlos song "Amigo Amigo : Não preciso nem dizer. Tudo isso que eu lhe digo. Mas é muito bom saber. Que eu tenho um grande amigo" (I don't even have to tell you. Everything that I'm telling you. But is very good to know. That I have a great friend).... And maybe this song and my writing to my IC friends is my plaque to Robert. But when I switched from my Roberto Carlos CD to the Radio MercyMe was singing "Dear younger me. if I knew then what I know now, would've not been hard to figure out what I would have changed if I had heard....."



Letters to the editor

Reminiscences – IC in the early nineteen fifties

It can be said confidently that IC instills in students high standards of learning in all fields taught so that they become well rounded, standing high above graduates of not only most regional high schools, but most regional universities as well, some of which are better described as “glorified high schools”.

In the early nineteen fifties, Mr. Leslie Leavitt presided very ably and with dedication over the school. Mr. Leavitt liked to point to us the correct pronunciation of words. Among other activities he would often invite notable people like writers, journalists, etc... to speak to the higher classes of the College. One person I will never forget is Helen Keller, an American woman who was blind and deaf. She had a companion who would read her lips and convey her thoughts to the audience. Mostly her speeches centered on the handicapped and overcoming the challenges they faced, as well as on the underprivileged and the poor, whose cause she always championed.

To illustrate the strengths of IC, I will consider here two subjects: English and Mathematics.

For English we had Mr. Richard Yorkey, a competent and able communicator who guided us through so many great literary works including Shakespeare’s Julius Caesar, the Rhyme of The Ancient Mariner, the famous poem by Samuel Taylor Coleridge and in fiction The Bridge of San Luis Rey, a novel by Thornton Wilder.

I vividly recall some key parts of these three great literary works. What recently reminded me of the Ancient Mariner poem is the news about the sea gulls near Beirut airport that threaten aircraft and had to be culled, just as the albatross was shot down by the ancient mariner.

The sea gulls of Beirut are as innocent as the albatross. But whereas the shooting of the albatross brought about the curse on the ancient mariner and on the ship, the sea gulls of Beirut appeared on the scene only after what may be called “the curse of the garbage”.

Turning back to academia, I look at mathematics, taught back then by Mr. Atef Karam and Mr. Yacoub Haddad. The abilities of these two teachers to elucidate and explain the subject matter made comprehension much easier, in both Algebra and Geometry. Such comprehension remains with students no matter what future fields of specialization they choose to follow and would be of immense value through one’s career. Mr. Atef Karam would intersperse his lectures with jokes, by way of diversifying a rather dry subject.

Mazen K. Dajani '54

SAVE THE DATE

We will be celebrating the:

50th Graduation Anniversary for the graduates of 1967 on **October 6-8, 2017.**

35th Graduation Anniversary for the graduates of 1982 on **July 2, 2017.**

25th Graduation Anniversary for the graduates of 1992 on **July 1, 2017.**

20th Graduation Anniversary for the graduates of 1997 on **July 8, 2017.**

All Alumni Reunion on **July 4, 2017.**

All reunions will take place at the Ras Beirut Campus.

For tickets/information contact:

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