

the diaspora potrezebie

Alumni Newsletter of the American Community School Beirut

Volume XXXX Number 2

Our 40th year of publication

July 2018

Summer in the City

7th Annual Grubbs Jeddah/ACS Reunion and BBQ on July 21

The main event is a BBQ at Grubbs home, 20 Franklin Street, Salem, NH 03079, on Saturday, July 21, 2018 starting around noon. They get a big tent, tables, and chairs so the event is "rain or shine". Glen's preferred email is ggrubbsjr@gmail.com or you may call 603-560-1954. There is no actual need to call, although an RSVP would be exciting, because then he could tell everybody you are coming! There are so many locals from Jeddah and Beirut, and so many people fly in the day before, that there is also a small get-together at Margarita's at the Holiday Inn in Salem on Friday night, July 20 from 6 to 10, which serves as a pretty good ice-breaker. **Marke Baker** and **Maureen Beurskens** host this gathering with lots of food and drink, lots of laughs, nice and noisy.

A lot of the locals (and the faithful attendees) bring Arabic/Lebanese food, (and sometimes Almaza beer). Nobody is obliged to bring anything, but the variety of Lebanese foods is a real blast. There is a "Donation Jar", to help defray the costs. The party is catered by Jocelyn's Restaurant, a terrific Middle Eastern establishment in Salem.

The Carolinas August 4

ACS alumni living in the Carolinas, southern Virginia, eastern Tennessee, or northern Georgia, are invited to the regional Summer in the City gathering at the home of **Marke Baker '73** and **Maureen Beurskens '73** in Charlotte, NC. We will gather on Saturday, August 4, from noon till 5:00 pm. Anyone wishing to attend or wanting more information please contact **Jeff Hutchins '65, BOG:** jeff@jeffhutchins.com

Pacific Northwest October 5-6-7

While there is no official Summer in the City planned to date, the class of 1968 is inviting other ACS alums to join us. The Hospitality Suite will be available to any alum wishing to drop in Friday through Sunday at noon. Registration is also open for the two catered events, a reception at the Crowne Plaza on October 5 and a dinner at Daniels' Broiler Lake Union on October 6. Contact **Linda Handschin-Sheppard '68, BOG** at lhshep@gmail.com.

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The Diaspora Potrzebie

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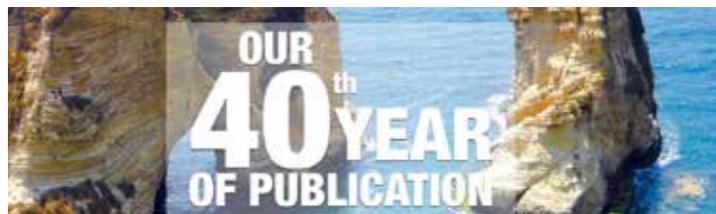
Malcolm Kerr Endowment Update

By Maria Bashshur-Abunnasr '84, Fac, BOG

In the last newsletter I reported on the Malcolm Kerr Endowment Fund. Over the past year the AA/ACS Board of Governors has been discussing how we might increase the impact of the fund. We have settled on an initiative to admit an upper school student on a four-year, merit-based scholarship which would provide all annual tuition and fees. Both ACS and Mrs. Ann Zwicker Kerr have expressed their support for our plan. Last year the alumni community donated \$20,000 towards the fund so that today it stands at over \$421,000. We need to increase the basis of the fund by another \$200,000 so that the principle will generate enough income to fully support a deserving new student at ACS. This coming August we will launch a multi-year fundraising initiative for the Malcolm Kerr Fund with the annual donation letter from the alumni association. We will ask you to earmark a significant part of your donation towards the Malcolm Kerr Fund.

Diaspora Potrzebie Scanning Project Complete

We owe a debt of gratitude to **Hasan El Masri Fac**, Executive Assistant to the Deputy Head & Curriculum Coordinator / Webmaster, who has uploaded the Pot archives (1981-2018) to the school's secure webpage: www.acs.edu.lb/POT. This document is searchable. Use the password Alumni_Pass_ACS



POT
DIASPORA POTREZEBIE

The Diaspora Potrzebie (POT) is the oldest newsletter compiled by the Alumni Association. Alumni contribute different stories to the newsletter that is released on a quarterly basis.

POT ARCHIVE 1981-2018

LATEST ISSUES

- Diaspora Potrzebie April 2018

My Older Sister, Mary Frances “Muffin” Isely, Goes to the ACS BD (Boarding Department), 1935

PART TWO

During the winter we had a very rough storm and water splashed across the boulevard and left water in the tunnel we used to get to the rocky shore. One afternoon four of us girls, **Marjorie Dickson, Dot Huskey '38, Margaret Freidinger '39** and I decided to go swimming. On two days a week the swimming was for ACS. The rest of the time it was for the AUB students. I also liked to go to Middle Beach where there was a lot of sand and a little island you could almost walk all the way out to.

That year in the spring we put on a play that was specially written for us by one of the dads. **Anne Byerly '40** was the Arab bread “boy”, barefoot, carrying a bread tray with Arab flatbread “khubz”. She tripped over some people sitting around a table playing backgammon and the bread went all over the place.

Also in the spring the boys played basketball games with several other schools, but, except for several of the older boys, the boys were all small and so we lost most of the time. Once we played the Sidon school where Anne’s father was principal.

We went on a number of excursions that year. We had a busload of kids from seventh grade and up and one Friday in the spring headed to Aleppo with **Miss Rhoda Orme Fac 1930-32 and 1934-40** and **Mr. Hawkins Fac 1935-37** as chaperones. Our first stop was Krak des Chevaliers and mid-morning we hiked up to the castle and went exploring on our own. I was with several girls who seemed to know where they were going and we found ourselves walking in a tunnel; it was not too long nor too dark. After we assembled again, we had sandwiches, fruit, and water before driving north again. Several times we stopped for a rest stop and, pointing, Mr. Hawkins would say, “The sheep go in that direction and the goats go in this direction,” and the girls would go one direction and the boys another. We also stopped at Hama, under the water wheels, and watched the water fall out of the irrigation buckets into troughs and then into irrigation ditches. We got to Aleppo about mid-afternoon.

In Aleppo we went to the Arab crusader castle and walked around the walls and into part of the inside. We walked through the Aleppo bazaar and then went to the Markham house, Eleanor’s home. Finney Markham was the principal at the boys’ prep school for the Aleppo College. We were to sleep on mattresses on the floor, the girls in one room, the boys in another. That night we went to a native house – it probably was an Armenian home. It was a nice home with Arab furniture, and

after visiting, the family showed us their four basements. This was a home where they had hidden Armenians from the Turks during World War I. The three lower basements had hidden entrances from the first.

The next morning we headed to Antioch, stopping on the way at Simon (Simeon) Stylite’s Column. Saint Simon (Simeon), who lived from 390 to 459 AD, for thirty years made his home on top of this sixty-foot pillar. There was a church and other buildings nearby, all in ruins. This was a spot on the map called Dayr Simon (Simeon), not more than thirty miles from Kelis (Kilis), Turkey. We then went on to Antioch where the first people who called themselves Christians had lived, the place where Saint Paul had spent a lot of time. We first came to the Hippodrome which is still standing, but is in need of restoration. I had read the book, *Ben Hur*, and I could visualize him driving chariots there. We also went to a church there which was located on a hill in a cave but had a front made of stone with windows and a door that made it look like a building. The church, which goes back to the 2nd century AD, had an altar and pictures of saints but no seats for a congregation as was common in churches of that period.

We began our return trip, stopping for lunch, and again at Dog River to look at the “calling cards”. I mentioned before, that earlier we had seen Alexander’s “card”, but this time we also saw inscriptions left by Pharaohs and some Persian kings.

At Thanksgiving, the time off from school was too short to go home to Turkey so I was invited to vacation with my roommate, Anne Byerly. Mr. Byerly came to get us in his car and took us back to Sidon for the holiday week. They were very gracious and I had a very good time there. Sidon also has an ancient castle right on the seashore so we could walk right to it. From there we walked into the town along streets that twisted in all directions. The children, Anne and **Warren '43**, had grown up there, spoke Arabic like natives, and never got lost. The streets were very narrow with balconies on their second floors that made some of the streets almost into tunnels. At the end of our vacation Mr. Byerly drove us back to Beirut.

At Christmas time Helen Dodd and I went home to Turkey, through Aleppo as usual, but from there we went to Gaziantep by car. At the border I was told that the bananas I had bought to be a Christmas present for my family could not be imported into Turkey and they were confiscated. We returned after Christmas

My Older Sister Continued

the same way we had come but without any incidents.

I don't remember exactly when it was, but on one weekend I went with Margaret's family to spend a weekend at their home in the Sablah Mountains, east of Beirut, where many people spend their summers, because it is cooler. In the colder weather it is a very nice place to go skiing.

Easter recess was somewhat unusual as my father was in Beirut for meetings with one of his mission boards so I traveled back with him by car all the way. One night while he was in Beirut, he came to the Boarding Department and we both sat at the housemother Miss Stokes' table. She was from Germany and said that her two brothers had joined Hitler's youth organization and she might be going back home soon.

Driving up the east coast of the Mediterranean, past the "calling cards" we came to the town of Byblos which has extensive ancient ruins along the shore. Byblos is a place where the ancients made parchment and some of the early Bible scriptures were written. Byblos is the origin of the name Bible. Our driver continued taking us north where we stopped over night with the Markhams before proceeding on to the border. When school was out that year, I returned home, travelling with Helen Dodd, to join my family as we were intending to spend the next year in the United States where I would attend ninth grade.

Submitted by **Bill Isely '43** who notes his older sister **Mary Frances Isely '40** wrote, after her retirement, a 50-page summary of her childhood, up through high school. Parenthetical comments are the editor's. Bolded names and class year notations are the editor's. Some names are not recorded in our archives.

The Cachot Noir

By Tony Glockler '53

Billy and I were in the first grade at College Protestant Pour Jeune Filles. Yes, yes, I know that *filles* is girls; so what was I doing there? Well, the College allowed pre-puberty boys and anyway, it was a great way to learn French painlessly. College Protestant was only a 15- or 20-minute walk and I was too young to ride the tram to the American school across town.

Billy, a classmate, was a bit of a rascal. One day Billy was naughty and the teacher threatened to put him in the *cachot noir*. We kids were not sure of what the *cachot noir* was, but we all knew that people went into the *cachot noir* but nobody ever had come out of the *cachot noir*. Billy continued his naughty behavior leaving the teacher with no alternative. Off she went with Billy to deliver him to the *cachot noir*. We were all sure that we would never see Billy again.

Recess time came and we all went out into the playground. We were busy playing when astonishingly Billy appeared. A resurrection! We rushed over and crowded around him. "Billy, Billy what happened?"

"Well", he said, "she put me in there and closed the door. It was dark and couldn't see a thing so I stood there and waited for it to happen. I waited and waited and nothing happened. So I reached out a hand and I felt some shelves. And I felt around some more and found more shelves with lunch boxes on them. I opened a lunch box and found some cookies, so I ate them. Then I found some more in another box."

We were never threatened with the *cachot noir* again.

Save The Date!

ACS Triennial Reunion

August 8-11, 2019 in Salt Lake City, Utah!

Website: acsreunion.com

We are looking for someone to help update the website.

If you are interested, email sona.hansen@gmail.com

Facebook page: 2019 ACS Beirut Reunion

Registration will open this summer!

ACS Alumnus Inspires Students around the World

By Jeffery Hutchins '65

Not every alumnus success story begins with rousing success at ACS. For **Michael Johnston '64**, his years at ACS were tough. "I felt unworthy, adrift, and afraid at ACS. I was afraid of failure. I avoided learning the joys of digging in deeply to a subject, keeping a safe distance from everything except performance, drawing, and sculpture."

Now Mike can look back at an incredible career and see how ACS helped shape him in ways he could not appreciate at the time. He says that his roommate, **Børre Ludvigsen '64** "wrote a paper on Munch's Cry, and watching him gather his thoughts has stayed with me to this day. So I got glimpses. I stuck with it and finished. Then I studied theatre and art at Kenyon... and learned I loved teaching at the Navy Boat School in Saigon."

Mike and his wife Jean Bernard founded Spectacle Learning Media spectaclelearningmedia.net to consult in educational materials development. In the U.S. and in many developing countries, Mike and Jean help launch projects that foster learning. For example, last year, Jean was in Amman, Jordan, with UNRWA running a workshop on constructivist approaches with refugee children. Mike also teaches video production at Nackey Loeb School of Communication and at Southern New Hampshire University.

"Education as I now understand it," says Mike, "is about finding yourself, and I found my way into theatre, music, art, film, and finally video. I finished graduate school and earned a doctorate in structuring educational experiences that involved artistic expression. I found what I really wanted to do, which is help people communicate in a multiplicity of ways by making cultural artifacts from their lives - hence video. Material culture as a teaching vehicle was one of my favorite courses in graduate school at UMass Amherst.

Mike's years as a Third Culture Kid, living in the dorm at ACS, helped him to feel at home in other countries. "I count my time as a Senior Language Fellow at the University of Bobo-Dioulasso in Burkina Faso where I taught language-teaching faculty to make materials including videos for their students as one of the most interesting I have had."

ACS classmates remember Mike as a good-natured fellow who was a natural at the piano, able to play classical music and boogie-woogie with equal skill and panache. Few of them knew his private struggles to achieve in the rigorous academic environment.

"My message is persistence and being open and honest with yourself. Not giving up but rather finding your solution to



challenges will carry you through. You do not have to be a star, just keep going. Find your solution and trust that you will find it. If you say you can't, you can't. But if you say you can, you can. The solution may not be what someone else wants, but it will be yours."

Mike reflects, "I have been lucky in many respects. I am in good health, enjoy bicycling, drawing, and playing the piano and have two incredibly wonderful kids, a strong and lovely marriage and a delightful granddaughter." He is now proud of his years at ACS and stays in touch with fellow alumni. He is an inspiration to many.

Mike can be reached at michaeljohnstonart@gmail.com



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Some Memories of ACS and Beirut

By Tyvin Rich '65

I became proficient in identifying aircraft by their engine sounds since we lived on the top floor of a building overlooking Raouche Rocks beneath the flight path to the airport. This was an exciting place as there was always activity on the street below with people promenading or going to Restaurant Nasr or taking in the sunsets while overlooking the cliffs. I would be dispatched down there every once in a while, to buy wholesale ground up chickpea mixture from the restaurant and would gladly bring it home where my purchase would be combined with exotic ingredients. Although we had a small kitchen, there was a live-in cook, an Armenian seamstress for the family clothes and laundry, and a housecleaner who was quite protective of me. She startled us one day when my father, Abu-Ty, reprimanded me, and she being like one of the family in a way, felt this attitude was not the best for child-rearing. She was a feisty, petite Druze woman; we insisted that she allow us to escort her home by car on evenings after work. She so appreciated our offer we could tell it bought a smile to her lips even though she always wore the veil when she left the apartment.

My older sister **Elena '62** and I were students at ACS and loved the school and the teachers. Classes were small in 1958, and that spring we thought of nothing but another season of relaxed beach visits to romp in the waves. There I learned to body surf and take up the paddle board. Actually, swimming was thrust upon me abruptly on the first family visit to Bain Militaire when my father threw me into the water and I had to swim back to the dock. I could do it! And thus, began my love of the blue waters and the beach clubs along that part of the cityscape for endless hours of swimming in the ocean or sometimes in the salt water pools all while listening to popular music that infused the scene. Then came the revolution/civil war, so called, that stopped our school early that year. It lead also to "bombings" next to the resistant girl's school up on a hill in Ras Beirut where we knew there would be an explosive detonated almost like clockwork on Friday afternoons. We stayed in Beirut for a while after the fighting broke out then got evacuated on a slow freighter back to the US that early summer, only to return by fall. We then became "embassy people" with my father now working for the USOM ("us old men", I was told) as part of an engineering consultant team to aid in the construction of superhighways to the Casino du Liban on the Jounieh Bay and also a nascent bold project to build eventually an interstate-like highway over to Damascus. It was because of the construction of the costal road that as a scout, under the direction of Mr. **Harold Sutton**

Fac, that we hiked (with the help of a "loaned" Marine from the embassy) to my father's job site at the newly constructed tunnel/bridge at the mouth of Nahr El Kalb. That day I saw the plaques on the sides of the gorge left by the invaders over thousands of years and was immediately attracted to finding out more about the history of this fascinating land. We visited Byblos, Baalbek (awesome foundation stone work!) and many castles. On one of these family outings we were almost machine gunned during a ruckus at a watering hole along the road up to a newly discovered grotto on the upper Dog River.

Mr. Sutton was one of ACS's physics and math teachers and taught the scouts many things. One memorable project he supervised was how to track the earth's rotational position by placing permanent paint marks each month of a shadow cast by a pole on the school's roof to make a figure 8 symbol. It still may be there in fact. It was a simple exercise but he made us discover its meaning and talk about it. A lot of time though we shared his indomitable spirit on camping trips in his beat-up '40s yellow Packard sedan up into the mountains. One trip was to the Cedars of Lebanon for a few nights to tent unobtrusively and where he admonished us to be respectful of such a historic place. It was there one night that my tent mate, an Australian boy named John McDonald, woke me up with his shaking and shivering. It turned out that he was having a bout with his "malaria" and that it would pass. Needless to say, I didn't have much desire to venture out that night into the wind and snow so I covered him with my blankets until the episode passed. I wondered all night and by morning he was fine but I think this stoked my interest in medicine. All this thanks to one of my outstanding mentors, Mr. Sutton, and the ACS community.

Editor's Note: Tyvin is a newly found alum who contacted us through the ACS website.



Follow us on ...



ACS Knights



ACS Beirut



ACS Beirut



ACS Beirut

Why Beirut?

By Tony Glockler '53

I was born in Beirut, Lebanon. "Why would you do that?" you might ask.

My answer goes back to the US Civil War. My great grandfather, Samuel Jessup, resigned his commission as a chaplain in the Union Army and left for Lebanon to join his brother Henry as a missionary. Both brothers had attended Yale and Union Seminary and had been ordained as Presbyterian ministers. Samuel had two children, Fanny Mulford and Stuart Dodge, my grandfather, who, after also attending Yale, returned to Lebanon as a missionary. Stuart's first child was Annie who did not attend Yale but Wilson College and returned to Lebanon as a missionary. After marrying Henry Glockler, she became my mother. That is why.

It was wonderful, as in full of wonder, growing up in Lebanon. We lived during the academic year in Beirut, a city both exotic and sophisticated. *Muezzins* chanted the call to prayer from minarets, our milk was delivered by a man with a donkey, and our bread dough was sent to the bakery for baking. There were several universities, the best known being the American University of Beirut, AUB. French was widely spoken and current model cars, both American and European, were on the streets. Men in business suits walked the same sidewalks as men in baggy pants wearing *fezzes*, *tarbush* in Arabic. Many religions were present and usually tolerated: Maronite Christians, Greek Orthodox, several other smaller Christian denominations, Sunni and Shi'ite Muslims, and Druze. Most of the time I did not know the religion of the person with whom I was interacting. Initially there was a small community of English speakers, mostly faculty at AUB and missionaries. After WWII and the development of the Middle Eastern oil fields, there were many more expats as businesses opened Middle East headquarters in Beirut.

We moved to a house in the mountains for the summer to avoid the heat of the coastal plain. Our house in the village Aley overlooked Beirut and the Mediterranean Sea. The view was glorious with the city stretched below and a view of the

sun sinking into the sea every evening. The weather was ideal, comfortable temperatures and it never rains in Lebanon from June to September. There was a great array of fresh fruits available, grapes, apples, pears, peaches, figs, and apricots, and more. I have a clear memory of going to a fig tree orchard early one morning and picking figs at just the right degree of ripeness with the dew still on the fruit. We took hikes along mountain paths almost every day. A favorite was the gun road, a road built by the Ottomans in WWI just to the east of the summit so that guns could be moved without being seen or shelled by the British Royal Navy just off shore. On Saturdays we would walk through the neighboring village of Souk el Gharb to Shemlaan where the **Dorman** family hosted a softball game. Everybody played and the little kids ran the bases if an old man got a hit. Summers were idyllic.

We stayed in Lebanon during WWII. The French Army in Lebanon was Vichy French, so the British from Palestine bombed Beirut and subsequently defeated the French. There was a big victory parade when the British marched into town. We got to know many British officers who would come to our home and sometimes bring us goodies we could not get locally. Throughout the war, Daddy would always park on a slope so he could the car by popping the clutch; batteries were scarce. Every evening, everything in the house stopped as we listened to the BBC for the latest war news.

I learned French the easy way, at a French school for the first few years of school. By fourth grade I was old enough to ride the trams alone so I transferred to the American Community School and learned to read English.

After WWII, in 1947-48 we spent a year in the US, mostly in New York City. When school was not in session, we did travel some including visits to Maine, Chautauqua, New York, Massachusetts, and Princeton in New Jersey. Four years later I came the US for the rest of my life.

Fifties Era Grads Go Cruising

By Patrick Hinds '56 BOG

Seventeen ACS alumni, spouses, and significant others sailed from Boston on May 12 for a seven-day cruise along the coast of Maine and the Canadian provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. These friends decided some time ago that three-year intervals for reunions were just too darned long. So, now it's more of an annual event.

The ACS alumni cruisers were from the classes of 1956, 1957, and 1959. The 1956ers were **Bill Crays, Norman Gray, Pat Hinds, Ken Lebsock, Judy Mandaville-Lipman, Harry Parnell, and Bill Brown**; the 1957ers were **Betty Ann Calloway-Rogers, Linda Jane McCarthy-Schick, Harry Parnell, Barbara Knapp-Parnell, and Wally Richman**; the lone 1959er was **Gladys McWood-Birdsong**; and the spouses were Evelyn Hinds, Carolyn Lebsock, Jim Lipman, Jerry Schick, and Larry Birdsong.

Observant readers will note that Harry Parnell appears both as a 1956 and 1957 graduate. How could that be? Well Harry was to graduate in 1956, but a serious illness caused him to miss most, if not all, of his senior year at ACS. However, he was able to return to school the following term and graduate with the class of 1957. Thus, there has been a continuing debate among the 1956ers and 1957ers as to which class he truly belongs. Harry wisely removed himself from the debate and claims both classes. Note that in the two accompanying class photos, Harry graces both. Also note that sadly Gladys McWood-Birdsong's photo is missing.

We plan on gathering like this as long as body and spirit permit.



Class of 1956 Cruisers from left to right: Bill Brown, Harry Parnell, Norm Gray, Judy Mandaville-Lipman, Ken Lebsock, Bill Crays, and Pat Hinds



Class of 1957 Cruisers from left to right: Harry Parnell, Barbara Knapp-Parnell, Betty Ann Calloway-Rogers, Linda Jane McCarthy-Schick, and Wally Richman

Alumni Notes

Charlotte Gossens-Mitchell '55 writes: What a delight it was to open my *Pot* and see the picture of **Gail Chandler-Hawkins '63** on the front page. Gail grew up in the building right next to mine in Beirut and was a classmate of my brothers, **Gerry '51, Phil '60, and Peter '64**. Our mothers were good friends and bridge partners! I was at ACS from 1947 until I graduated in 1955. I wait for my *Pot* to arrive to hopefully hear news from my "era" but as I begin my eighties this year, there is often none. ACS was the school of my three brothers, my sister in law **Nancy James '51** and her brothers Tom and **Bill '63** in a totally different time. I started school in an apartment building on the second floor when the whole student body fit in the large back yard. My dad was very instrumental in the building of the school where it is now, but it has grown greatly since then. I would love to hear from any of my classmates still around! I live on an island off the coast of Maine where I am a potter and lighthouse keeper islesboroclaygirl@yahoo.com.

Richard Hellmann '60 took time to send his change of address and commented: **Borre (Ludvigsen '64)** was "that pesky little kid" up the street from us. Now we are the same age. He came up with that and I thought it was clever.

Tyvin Rich '65: I attended ACS '57-'61, leaving at the end of 8th grade while my sister **Elena '62** completed her junior year. BTW, we then went to Madrid, Spain, and we both graduated from Torrejon High School (AFB). I have many fond memories of the teachers. I would love to hear from anyone who knew **Mr. Sutton Fac**, our scoutmaster, and who shed an infectious enthusiasm of physics and earth sciences to us. He was an American who came to the Middle East as

a Christian missionary, married a British woman, and landed a physics teaching job at ACS. As our scoutmaster he would take us on lots of camping trips to the rivers and mountains (including several memorable tenting episodes beneath the Cedars of Lebanon). He had a '40s yellow Packard sedan that we would all pile into and try not to be too distractive or mischievous while on the road. He mentored me and an Australian buddy in building a stone terrace on his property that over looked the city, half way up to Aley - back-breaking actually.

I have never been to an ACS event and live close enough to DC to attend one. I could arrange for a small meeting at the Cosmos Club where I am a member.

Editor's Note: Tyvin Rich is a recently reconnected alum. He is an MD and Professor Emeritus, University of Virginia and a Staff Radiation Oncologist, Hampton University Proton Therapy Institute.

Ayse Carim-Coussidis '68 was recently located as the class of 1968 plans their 50th reunion. She emailed: I was very surprised to receive a telephone call this morning from the Turkish Consulate in Athens saying that they had received an email from their counterpart in L.A. concerning a class reunion.

Your email message hosted such memories! The only yearbook of ACS I still have in my possession dates back to 1966. I have lived in Athens, Greece for many years now with my husband (who is Greek) and two of our daughters, the third one is living in India for the moment. We travelled for over 20 years with UNHCR, living in quite a few countries along the way. We still love to discover new places both in-country

and out. The world has become one accessible home to all.

I don't know if you have been having these class reunions often but a 50th reunion sets quite the standard. I don't know if I will be able to attend this one in October...but who knows?

David Whitney '71, Frank Angiulo '71, and Jim Kirkendall '70 all became friends during the 1969-70 school year that was Jim's last year at ACS. I think Frank and David had another year after that. In questioning the other two, none of us can remember an incident that brought us together but at some point during that year we had three T-shirts made up with "Goon Squad" printed on the front. I don't think there's any pictorial remembrances of the shirts. We have remained friends low these 48 years. Frank and David would get together and Frank and I would get together and David and I got together once after 45 years but this is the first time all three of us have been in the same room since school was out in 1970. Frank lives in Florida, David lives up in Washington State and Jim lives on the Gulf Coast of Mississippi. David made a comment that oh, the stories we could've told but shouldn't and I reminded him that at our age I don't remember many of the stories.



Alumni Notes Continued

Gina Kano '73 BOG notes that the San Diego reunion committee had a mini reunion at the home of **Karim Cherif '75**. It was so much fun - **Mark Lathrop '72, Joe Sirgy '75, Jamie Parker-Nelson '75, Karim** and me.

Joel Stelling '84 and his brother **Andre Stelling '86**, visited ACS with their dad, mom, and Andre's wife, on Monday, April 30 reports **Nivin Rawda Fac**, Administrative Assistant, Development & Alumni Relations. He later emailed Nivin to say: I wanted to write and say thank you for your kind hospitality in giving us a tour of ACS upon our visit to Beirut. After being gone for 39 years my family and I were able to come back for a short visit during the spring. A lot has changed and much has remained the same. It is exciting to see the growth in ACS and how the faculty and staff have continued to do a wonderful job teaching the kids. We were happy to discover how safe and international the city of Beirut is and how much more modern it has become with all the new development. It is always fun to be able to go back to your roots, thanks for making our visit special.



Greg MacGilpin Head of School with Joel Stelling '84 and Andre Stelling '68

Ali Chahine '93, on the left, and **Elias Rifka '93** visited ACS on June 6. Ali planned the visit as a surprise for Elias since it was Elias's birthday. Ali is planning the Class of 1993's 25th year reunion in Beirut too.



Rola Khayyat '00 was recently featured on Sound Cloud in an hour long interview about her documentary "From Brooklyn to Beirut" which details a community of Lebanese Jews in Brooklyn and their connection to Lebanon. She also discusses her life growing up during the war. From apexart.org: Rola is a Lebanese visual artist and curator. In 2016 she graduated with an MFA in photography from Columbia University. Her work explores new dimensions on the representation of war, memory, and identity. Rola has curated shows in Beirut, Thessaloniki, and New York, such as the BEYroute for the third Thessaloniki Biennale, Lattice Work at the Black and White gallery, and Simmer at Kunstraum LLC. Her work has been exhibited extensively both nationally and internationally. Light in Wartime

Organized by Rola Khayyat, the photographs in this exhibition address themes of displacement, war, and the silent stories of the aftermath of conflict.

June 7 - July 28, 2018

291 Church Street, New York, NY

Majd Maksad '00 launched a website Status Money which aims to match individuals to an appropriate, deidentified peer group based on several factors including income, geography, and age to compare their finances. Before co-founding the website Maksad became curious about the question, 'How do you get people to change behavior?' An early look at the increased savings of users of the website suggests the powerful influence that watching others in a similar situation can have on our own decisions. See the complete article here: <https://www.forbes.com/.../how-peer-pressure-could-help-boost-savings>.

Summer in the City - Denver

On June 2 three Denver area alums gathered at the first Summer in the City of the year.



Bob Sample '56 and Dave Williams '74 standing. Leonard Smith '67 and friend seated.

Where We are Headed?

UNITED STATES

- Brown University
- Carleton College
- Columbia College Chicago
- Columbia University
- Embry-Riddle Aeronautical University
- Georgetown University
- Harvard University
- Knox College

UNITED KINGDOM

- Architectural Association School of Architecture
- Guildhall School of Music & Drama
- Hult International Business School - London
- King's College London
- Regent's University London
- The University of Warwick
- University College London
- University of Sussex

SWITZERLAND

- Ecole Hoteliere de Lausanne

SPAIN

- IE University - Madrid
- IE University - Segovia

NETHERLANDS

- Universiteit Maastricht
- Universiteit van Amsterdam

LEBANON

- The Evergreen State College
- The University of Iowa
- University of California, Berkeley
- University of Chicago
- University of Massachusetts Amherst
- Wheaton College MA

EGYPT

- The American University in Cairo

CANADA

- Concordia University - Montreal
- McGill University
- Simon Fraser University
- University of Toronto

School Report to Board of Governors Conference Call on May 20, 2018

by Greg MacGilpin Head of School

Greg reported that there are four more weeks of school and that the Board of Trustees and leadership team are keeping a close eye on the regional situation and any possible repercussions on Lebanon and the school. So far there has been no direct effect on the school, except that there are a number of returning Lebanese expats from the Saudi Arabia looking to enroll their children at ACS. Admissions numbers have reached a record high (1170 enrollment for AY 2018-2019). There are also more faculty vacancies with the increase in enrollment.

End of the year events at ACS include: a school wide Art Celebration day from Nursery to Grade 12, involving theater, music, and visual arts and on June 1 the 107th commencement exercises for the class of 2018. The IB Exams and the mock Lebanese Baccaulaureate exams are now complete.

There were two more major ACS events in Beirut: the 2018 Alumni Induction Ceremony where AA/ACS governor **Yasmin Agha '04, BOG** talked to graduating seniors and the Summer in the City event on June 20.

Lost and Found Alums

Lost Alums

Patricia Giles-Machart '53
 Charlotte Dennett '65
 Ed Vormwald '67
 Joseph Dakour '76
 Alexandra Mattson '78
 Yahya Siblani '06
 Gigi Roche Fac

Found Alums

Tyvin Rich '65
 Ayse Carim-Coussidis '68
 Paul Cassir '74
 Barry Gribbin '74
 Frederica Lauder '76
 Leigh Lauder '77

In Memoriam



Susan Elizabeth Webster-Slavin '59 age 76, died on July 25. Born in Shelby, Montana on January 27, 1941, she led a life of drama and adventure and made an indelible impression on people wherever she went. The daughter of an executive with the Arabian American Oil Company, she grew up in Dhahran, Saudi Arabia and

attended boarding schools in Europe, the Middle East, and the U.S. She graduated from Rosemary Hall in Greenwich, Conn. in 1959. In 1962 she married Charles F. Slavin, a member of the U.S. Coast Guard and brought up three children in nearly a dozen homes in seven states. In 1979, Slavin began a successful career in jewelry sales and management. In retirement she focused all of her energies on helping to raise her grandchildren and enjoying favorite pastimes, including creating beautiful heirloom Christmas wreaths. She was a fabulous cook, dancer, gardener, animal lover, homemaker, and conversationalist and had friends from all walks of life. Her sense of humor, vivacious personality, and bright red hair lit up a room. Most of all, she fiercely loved her family and there wasn't anything she wouldn't do for them. She was preceded in death by her husband and survived by her children, Kenneth, Albert, and Alice Gaiser, and sister, **Judith Webster-Bauer '55** of Seattle.



Bob Thomas '63 age 73, of Edgecomb, died April 9 at his home after a long illness. He was at ACS from 1953 to 1958 and '61 to '63.

From brother Rich: The four of us were born to a very American couple. Bob Thomas Senior was - relatively - a little rich boy: prep school and college. And, as Bob would gladly

tell you, stolen from the priesthood - as his crazy Irish aunts expressed it - by mom. She, decidedly less so on the prosperity. But these two were hellacious strong together! When dad's company asked him to go to Lebanon in 1953 his family said, "NO! You'll live in a tent in the desert!" Mom's response was: Whoa! Cool! Go for it...And they did.

They joined a cohort of Americans who'd just won World War II and ventured abroad. The US was ascendant. We had the H bomb. The Marshall Plan. Point Four. Mom was one of the extremely few women who drove there then. She turned Beirut heads on a daily basis. We were raised thinking we were graced.

And Bob was a bright guy. Notre Dame and all that. Dad - of five years in the Army - said, "I want you to take ROTC. If after two years you don't want it, okay." Bob did three plus but failed his commissioning physical - bad heart valve that would prove so problematic in the future. His ROTC instructor said it was the best thing that could happen for Bob - and to the Army. And so we lost Vietnam.

So Bob went back to New York knowing he would conquer it. And, like so many, ran into the buzz saw of reality. Bob broke a lot of hearts and promises over the years, but he kept trying. So many times he was on the cusp. In 1989 he was nearing the top of the climb. He was working with a company in Palo Alto advising the Saudi government, which wanted to get into the retail oil business. And Saddam Hussein went into Kuwait. And it all dried up.

The guy was up and down so many times. But up or down, he bought underwear. It's like they guy never met a washing machine! Even Mom commented on it. And, oh, the women loved him, and he them. Not wisely, but too well. Our mom was bewildered by the whole thing, but thrilled at the friends she made that way.

Still, I'd never heard of Lea Wait (Bob's wife since 2003) until I learned from Bill that he had moved to Maine to be with her. And, by the way, they've been in love since the '70s. She just swooped in and rescued him with an offer he couldn't refuse! In my mind's eye I see Lea fist pumping going, "I got your sorry ass. Finally...!" But that's only a fantasy because we all know there's no keeping score in love...

In the past 15 years Bob found his true love: art. His photographs, and then his paintings, appeared in galleries in six states. His paintings combined layers of color and texture, influenced by the old walls of Beirut, and the colors of Maine, the state he had grown to love.

In Memoriam Continued

I know most of Bob's story and I've listened to Lea's. The girl can talk.

But what they created and did with their time - eyes wide open - is a tribute to keeping your dreams alive and chasing them. You have here the result of never forgetting and a lot of forgiving.

Bob lived a lot of places. Some - Buffalo, Kentucky - were the wilderness for him, and I don't mean geographically. But he tried to make them all home. Like many Third Culture Kids he was always from somewhere else.

Bob leaves his wife, author Lea Wait, brothers, **Richard '66**, **William '68**, and **Paul '76**.

Gary McMehen '69 passed away some years ago. **Susan Meade-Sindelar '69** reports: Though I did not know for certain until this week, I had tried unsuccessfully to track him down since we had last spoken by phone, to no avail. He had already died, but I did not know that then. I shall always miss him, his wry sense of humor, sweet nature, and infectious laugh.

Pamela Fullerton '72 It's with great sadness that I announce that Pamela lost her life on Monday May 21. Pam was born in Dhahran Saudi Arabia, moved to Beirut when she was about 4, and lived there through graduation from ACS. She went on to live in Switzerland, Italy, France, Spain, and the US. She is survived by her husband Freddy, three children, Alexandra, Sophia, and Sebastian, and two grandchildren, 5 years and 6 months. There will be a celebration of her life at a lunch at the Salt Lake City reunion. Anyone wanting details, please contact **Hilary Henry-Neff '72** at hilary.henryneff@gmail.com.

Jack W DeWaard Fac passed June 17, 2016. He was the ACS high school principal in the late 1960s and then worked for ARAMCO until he joined World Bank Yemen as a consultant until the early 1990s. He died in Tempe, AZ and is survived by his wife Catherine and three children **Paul '79**, **Kenna '77**, and **Matt '81**. Reported by Kenna DeWaard-Collins, kcollins38@cox.net.



Communications Committee Survey Update

By Andrea Aractingi '09 BOG

We received a total of 248 responses, the majority of whom were pre-1980 graduates (84%)

Among those who read the newsletter, the most popular verticals were: Alumni Notes and articles (historical, current, profiles)

Among those that did not read the newsletter (small sample of 22 people), reasons cited included that respondents were not receiving a copy and that content was not relevant to them.

Suggested improvements included:

- Online blog
- Featuring of younger alumni
- More user friendly layout
- More info on events
- More color photos
- Access to archived editions
- Request for more Alumni Notes

When asked if they were receptive to changing the name *Diaspora Potrzebie*, 54% said no, 46% said yes among the general sample. Among younger pre-1980 alums, 70% were

receptive to a name change

The Communications Committee will be discussing a new online format and ways to solicit more Alumni Notes, possibly by electing alumni to collect these from their classmates.

Diaspora Potrzebie Looking for Contributors and a Middle East Correspondent

Our latest survey confirmed the anecdotal evidence that alums want to see more Alumni Notes detailing what their classmates and friends are doing. Why not send a couple of lines to the editor for inclusion in the next issue? Add a photo if you like.

I welcome anyone who would like to contribute content in a more formal or regular way to get in touch. Ideally, I'd be particularly pleased to recruit someone in the Middle East. The time commitment is small – just send a few texts or emails every month to encourage your friends and acquaintances to tell you what is happening in their lives. You could also forward interesting postings from social media for inclusion.