

# the diaspora potrezebie

Alumni Newsletter of the American Community School Beirut

Volume XXXIII Number 2

Our 43rd year of publication

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## A Message From The President

This is Alice Ludvigsen's '70 first issue as our Potrezebie Editor. We are most excited to have her on board and thank her profusely for taking on this responsibility. In addition, Glen Grubbs '71 (of the annual ACS/Jeddah reunion fame), has agreed to take on the updating of our contact records. Any changes to names, addresses, or email should be directed to him at ggrubbsjr@gmail.com. I once again want to acknowledge Linda Handschin-Sheppard '68 for having held up most of this work for the last few years. I'm grateful that she's been able to get a much-needed reprieve from those responsibilities.

In this issue, we continue to publish more Parents/Family stories from all of you. The response to our last issue was great, which is extremely gratifying. Alice kept it going by bringing more interesting journey stories that our parents took to get to Lebanon and ACS.

It's also the time of year for our fundraising drive. We continue to strive to fill the small gap of the Malcom Kerr Endowment Fund and I'm confident that we will achieve that this year. Then we will be able to fund one student for 5 or 6 years. It's a great achievement and we should all be proud of having made a difference in so many deserving students' lives. In addition to the MKE Fund, we are fundraising for the Faculty and Staff Emergency Relief Fund where all donations will support the ACS Faculty and Staff while they navigate the devastating financial effects of the devaluation of the Lebanese Lira.

Lastly, we have officially determined a location for our next Triennial Reunion. It will be in Baltimore, MD and with Elizabeth (Betsy) van den Berg '74 stepping up to be Reunion Chair. She has assembled a great team to support her in the planning and execution of this event. We are finalizing the hotel contract at this writing, so the dates and location will be announced soon. I'm looking forward to seeing everyone there.

I remain grateful for the opportunity to give back to our beloved school, and thank you all for your continued support.

My best,



Gina Kano '73

President AA/ACS

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# The Diaspora Potrzebie

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All correspondence should be sent to AA/ACS, Glen Grubbs, 20 Franklin St., Salem NH 03079. Our legal address is: 3 Dag Hammarskjöld Plaza, 8th Floor, New York NY 10017-2303. *The Alumni Association of the American Community School Beirut. (AA/ACS) does not take positions on religious, political, social topics, or issues and does not endorse the positions or opinions given from time to time by contributors to this newsletter.* © 1990–2021 Alumni Association of the American Community School Beirut.

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## A message from your new editor:

First of all, I want to thank Linda Handschin-Sheppard '68 for all the wonderful Potrzebie issues she has been responsible for, and for trusting me to take over this job. I am quite nervous about this my first issue, and will be very happy when I see it in print (electronic version, in my case). As I hope you all will be.

Here is a little background information on me so that you know who you're dealing with:

I was born in Sidon, Lebanon in 1952, where my brother, Børre Ludvigsen '64, was already living with our parents. Our father was working for Tapline. I came to ACS in 8th grade in the fall of 1965 and spent five years at this amazing school as a boarder. Friendships I made there are still going strong, much of the credit going to Peter Gibson, Fac., for his effort to gather us all when he started The Pot in his garage in California, and not least to Facebook. I highly recommend our Facebook page: **ACS, Beirut - Alumni**

The family stories have continued to come in, and I have truly enjoyed reading them and getting in touch with the authors. For those of you who don't find your story in this issue they will be included in the next one. For the next issue there are some great articles to look forward to: An interview with the new Head of School, Tom Cangiano, and an article on Jay Bruder '74 and his amazing music project, among other things.

There is more news on the upcoming 2022 reunion in Baltimore, which you will find by following this link: **ACSReunion.com**

Finally, I hope you will enjoy this issue of The Diaspora Potrzebie, Volume XXXIII, Number 2. Please send your feedback, news, stories, memories and photographs to me at:

[alice.ludvigsen@gmail.com](mailto:alice.ludvigsen@gmail.com)

Alice Ludvigsen '70



## Follow us on ...



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# Alumni Notes

**Gregory Bloom '65** Came to Beirut - summer of my sophomore year 1964 to join my family where my Dad was the Ford Foundation rep. Graduated ACS 1965. Father stayed on and later became President of BCS till leaving due to war. The two years at ACS the most formative and fun. Very proud of what my Dad and family did. Greg

## How people find each other on Facebook:

Comments under a post about something completely different:

Tom Dinney ('61): Harri, You hit the nail on the head!!! I noticed a "Monroe Pastermack" in the comments above. I remember a Monroe Pastmack at ACS in 1952. He was a junior when I was in the 4th grade. I verified this in my ACS 1952 year book. Can this be the same person?

Monroe Pastermack ('53): It's me still alive! You can see, on FB, most of the things I have done (left out some of the really dumb things) since 1953.

Tom Dinney: Monroe, What a pleasant surprise to hear from you after all these years. I did spend a few hours looking at your FB. I enjoyed seeing the picture of the dancing bear outside the BD. I do remember those entertainers, some with monkeys and some with a little dancing girl. You have had a very interesting life. My education was somewhat disjointed... After my 1952 year at ACS my father moved me to a Lebanese boarding school in the mountains. I was not a happy camper, being the only American kid in the school. But I quickly adjusted and by Christmas I was speaking Arabic just like all the other kids. I spent 3 years there and treasure those years...I appreciate the wisdom of my

father. Now, at the age of 13 I was running the streets of Beirut with other Lebanese boys my worried parents decided that I needed more structure and discipline so I was sent off to a very strict Catholic boys boarding school in Nicosia, Cyprus. How in the hell they found that school I'll never know! It was run by Franciscan monks and they did not "spare the rod and spoil the child" I took quite a few beatings over the 3 years that I was there...I can't say I didn't deserve most of them. At the end of the 1958 school year I was back home in Kuwait and begged my parents to send me back to ACS, and that is how I ended up graduating in 1961 from good old ACS. After university I worked for GE & Phillips retiring in 2003 and now live with my wife and daughter in Columbia, South Carolina.

Monroe Pastermack: Yikes! When I returned to the Kingdom for the last time -- I met Francine Roy on the plane and we became friends. She spoke French and Arabic; attending school in ; I think Bhamdoun-- her parents did not like ACS. What grade were you in in the 51-52 year? So far I cannot find you in the annual. You were probably running around Beirut in 1957; when I last visited.

**Jeff Hutchins '65** Saturday, August 14, Marke Baker and Maureen Beurskens, both ACS '73, hosted a regional Summer in the City mini-reunion at their home in Boone, North Carolina. Fifteen people, including spouses, gathered for conversation and a catered Lebanese mezza. Some attendees left before we had a chance to pose for the photos.

**Back row left to right:** Jeff Hutchins '65, Diz Caldwell '61, Jay Williams '61, Tom Dinney '61

**Middle row:** Trish Caldwell, Muffy Williams, Irma Beurskens, Susan MacNeill Grover '65

**Front row:** Julie Dinney, Carol Leuzinger Cothorn '65, Maureen Beurskens '73, Diane Hutchins

**Missing:** Jack Sommer '56 and Diane Renfer Sommer '56, Craig Lichtenwalner '70, Marke Baker '73



**Russel Wahl '70** From ISU's FB page in May: Here's a question to ponder: Can a philosopher ever fully retire? Today we mark the retirement of Prof. of Philosophy, Russell Wahl.

Dr. Wahl earned his Ph.D. in Philosophy from Indiana University and came to ISU as an Asst. Prof. in 1982. Dr. Wahl is known for his dedication as a teacher and his good judgement and good humor as a colleague. A specialist in early modern philosophy and early twentieth-century analytic philosophy, Dr. Wahl has published in major journals and continues to make lasting contributions to the field. He was named ISU Outstanding Researcher in 2009. In an environment where resources are scarce, it is people like Russell who are the truly scarce resource. The Department will host an in-person celebration to mark his retirement in the fall.



*Continued on page 4*

## Alumni Notes Continued

### The 8th Glen Grubbs Annual ACS/Jeddah Reunion BBQ, August 28, 2021

A weekend of happy reunions, hosted by Glen Grubbs '71 and his wife Debra at their home in Salem, NH.



Photo by Donna Harms Hansson '73

**On the ground;** Gina Canarella 71, Leslie Jones 71, Bourbon Killgore McInerney 71, Paige Gayuski 72 (kneeling with Luna the Rescue Dog, behind the plant). **Front Row:** Glen Grubbs 71, Ginny Ward (Wayne's wife), Cindy O'Leary 71, Kelly Mackiewicz Barney Fac, Mi Robertson 71 (with Lady Nelson the Poodle), Juliette Beurskens Parker 71. **Second Row:** Donna Harms Hansen 74, Lugene Grubbs Pitman 74, Evelyn Lambert Saunders 71, Wayne Ward 72, Sandy Smith Bickford 71, Hardee Brown 71, Mary Kelberer Rehnquist 71, Nancy Salem 71, Thelma Catalan Rusack 71, Dorothy Howard 72, Lalena Porro Goard 71, Maureen Beurskens 73. **Third and Fourth Row:** Kevin Handly 71, Robert Reeves 70, Ron Bowman 71, David Williams 74, Peter Putnam 74 (hat only), Dudley Smith 73, Elisa Wilson Ellsworth (Jeddah), David Whitney 71, Sara Lambert Whitney 73, Dragan Grebovich 71, Paul Ferwerda 74, Frank McCrary 71, Herman Lammerts 73, Julie Johns 71, Bob Salem 74, Marke Baker 73, Michele Moloney-Kitts 71, Pete Canarella 73, Clare Lammerts (Herman's wife)



Photo by Robert Reeves '70

#### The class of '71 and distinguished faculty.

**Front row l-r:** Glen Grubbs, Juliette Beurskens Parker, Cindy O'leary, Clyde the Camel, Kelly Mackiewicz Barney (Fac), Mi Robertson and Lady Nelson; **2nd row l-r:** Evelyn Lambert Saunders, Leslie Jones, Kevin Handly, Roberta (Bourbon) Killgore McInerney, Gina Canarella, Hardee Brown Klitzman, Mary Kelberer Renquist, Nancy Salem, Thelma Catalan Rusack, Lalena Porro Goard; **3rd row, l-r:** Frank McCrary, Sara Parrott (Fac), Dragan Grebovich, Michele Moloney-Kitts, Sandy Smith Bickford, David Whitney, Julie Johns. Not in picture but attended: Ron Bowman.



Photo by Donna Harms Hansson '73

**The class of '73. Back row l-r:** Marke Baker, Herman Lammerts, Pete Canarella, Dudley Smith, Sarah Lambert Whitney, Maureen Beurskens, Bob Salem.



Photo by Donna Harms Hansson '73

**The class of '74, l-r:** Donna Harms Hansson, Peter Putnam, David Williams, Paul Lopston Forweda, Lugene Grubbs Pitman.

# In Memoriam

**Robert F. Bates '61** Robert Franklin Bates ('61) passed away on April 6, 2021, in Winchester, VA. He was born in San Francisco, CA in 1944, the son of Marjorie and Franklin Bates. They moved to Beirut, Lebanon, in 1947 when his father was appointed West Coast Counsel for Tapline and the Arabian American Oil Company (Aramco). Bob attended grade school at the American Community School/Beirut until his father was transferred to Aramco's New York City office in 1955 for two years.

In 1957, the family moved to the Aramco district of Dhahran, Saudi Arabia, for two years. Two additional years were spent in The Hague, Netherlands, where his father worked at the new Aramco Overseas Company law department. From there, they were transferred back to Dhahran, and remained there until Frank's retirement in 1969.

When Bob graduated from the ARAMCO school's 9th grade (1958), he could not attend high school at ACS due to the Lebanese civil war. Instead, he went to L'École Nouvelle in Lausanne, Switzerland. From there, he furthered his education at Williams College in Williamstown, MA and Wyndham College in Putney, VT, before getting a legal degree from Denver Law School. He returned to Vermont and established a private law practice in 1969, and after several years moved to Winchester, VA, where he passed away in April of heart failure. He is survived by a son Lucas Bates and his wife and two granddaughters, and his sister Carolyn Bates Bonner ('68), her husband and their daughter and son.

**Walter William Beebe '57**, known as Bill at ACS, was born in Gary, IN, on March 9, 1938 and died of pneumonia February 22, 2021. Bill's wife of 56 years, Carol Alldredge, continues to live in Colorado. They have three children, Shane, Jason who married Wendy, and Suzette. Granddaughters are Elle and Haley.

Bill's parents are Marguerite and Charles Beebe. His sisters are Marguerite Beebe Ramsay, known as Pegge '54 and Elizabeth Beebe Crane, known as Bette '57. In 1953 the Beebe family left New Jersey for Abqaiq, Saudi Arabia. Bill's dad worked for ARAMCO, the Arabian American Oil Company, for twelve years. Bill finished high school at Gould Academy in Bethel, ME. He loved skiing there and visiting Pegge at Colby College in Waterville, ME. Bill graduated from Parson's School of Design, affiliated with New York University. He became Assistant Art Director for San Diego and Point Magazine. He was drafted into the Vietnam War (Army) but stayed stateside at Fort Ord, CA, as Medical Illustrator for the Surgeon General. Bill next worked for Sweet's (Architecture) Catalogues in San

Francisco, where he met and married Carol Alldredge and where their three children were born. Moving on to Colorado, he worked as Art Director for Gates Rubber Company in Denver. He once commented, "Do you know how hard it is to make 5,000 rubber products look glamorous?" Many times he enjoyed skiing and hiking to the top of fourteen of the 14,000 foot mountain peaks in Colorado. He also enjoyed photography and was a member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, becoming a Bishop for five years. He is buried at Fort Logan Cemetery in Denver, CO. A great guy and we miss him.

Submitted by Carol Beebe.

**Patricia Deines-Marquart, ACS '65.** Patricia Marquart was born July, 1947 and passed away on February 14, 2021 in Santa Barbara, California. She is survived by her children, siblings, and countless friends and loved ones. She was buried at the Santa Barbara Cemetery surrounded by her family.

Patricia was born overseas before coming to the United States. After moving to Los Angeles for college, she became a true Californian and loved being near the beach and in the sunshine. Despite this, she always held on to her love of travel, interest in world events, and maintained a strong connection with the network of friends and cohorts from her youth that spanned across the United States.

Throughout her career she worked passionately helping and advocating for young children with autism and other developmental disorders. Through her devotion and work she touched the lives of countless individuals and families in the community.

She loved the Santa Barbara community and cared deeply about issues involving politics, the environment, homelessness, and other local issues. Patricia was a loyal friend, passionate advocate, and above all was an incredibly loving and devoted mother.

In lieu of flowers please consider making a donation to the Profectum Foundation for Autism or the Dana-Farber Cancer Institute. A memorial and celebration of life will take place at a later date based on health and safety considerations.

Jeff Hutchins, ACS '65, writes: Pat died on Valentine's Day after a long illness (not Covid related). Pat was one of the most popular people in our class, and rightly so given her intelligence, beauty, and friendly nature. She was an Aramco Brat as well, having lived in

## In Memoriam Continued

Dhahran and finishing 9th grade in Abqaiq (AB '62). She attended many ACS reunions and was an enthusiastic supporter of the school.



**ACS Reunion in 2010. Everyone pictured is ACS '65. Back row L-R** are Lynn McIntyre, Martin Crane, Tom Bakewell, Jeff Hutchins.

**Front row L-R** are Patricia Deines-Marquart, DeLoris Lowman Crane, Diane Hutchins, and Carol Barnard Ormsbee.

From Kathleen Cornett '70 on FB: **"Sally Funke Lawrence '70** died rather unexpectedly in January. She was living in Eugene, Oregon, and she and I had reconnected. We were roomies at ACS in 69/70. We both lived in Kenya and only attended ACS for a couple of years. I miss her."

Nancy Muller: "Kathleen, I am so sorry to hear of Sally's death and your loss of a good friend. I do remember her. We were all part of the small group of ACSers whose families lived in East Africa (we were in Uganda). Sally's brother was killed in Vietnam while she was at ACS. It was shocking and so sad."

**Ron Forsythe '70 9th June 2021** A message from Evelyn Lambert '71: Ron Forsythe, class of '70, passed away today, June 9, 2021. His daughter informed me and I thought I would pass it on to the ACS family.

I know as a child he grew up in Saigon, Vietnam and left after political upheaval forced the family to evacuate. He and his family then moved to Pompano Beach, Florida. His father subsequently took a job as an airline pilot in Saudi Arabia and he followed his father to Jeddah and enrolled at ACS. He came to ACS in either 10th or 11 grade. He said he absolutely loved ACS and that he got a far better education than in the US. He had the opportunity to

visit ACS in 2019 and enjoyed seeing it again but was so surprised by the changes especially no boy's BD and the blocking off of the AUB steps. He got to see a lot of Lebanon in 2019, something as a boarding student he didn't have the opportunity to explore.

He also visited Vietnam in 2018 and loved seeing Saigon and his old home. Since he was there as a child, he took the opportunity to visit places in the north, including Hanoi that had been off limits when he lived there. He was really excited about revisiting another childhood era.

After graduating in 1970 from ACS, he enrolled in the University of South Florida in Tampa, Florida and obtained an engineering degree and then went on to get a Masters degree in engineering from Georgia Tech. He spent years being employed by various companies that developed top secret items for the military and he thoroughly enjoyed the challenges he encountered doing that.

He remained, lived and worked in the Atlanta area after his schooling in order to be close to his family, including his mother..

From his marriage, he has one daughter, Stefani who he adored. He had recently become a granddad for the second time, and spent a lot of time with his beloved granddaughters. They were his pride and joy.



Private photo Ron Forsythe

**A friend commented on this photo from Beirut in 2019: "You look so happy!" His reply: "I was the happiest I can remember....ever."**

**Michell (Shelley) Seiberling Hughes '71** Glenn wrote: "Sadly I had to write Shelley's obituary long before I ever imagined it would be necessary."

Shelley passed away peacefully at Cates House, a hospice in Ocala, Florida on December 30, 2020.

She was born to William Chase Seiberling and Jeanne Michell Seiberling at Camp Gordon, Georgia on June 3, 1952. She was raised as an expat in Colombia, Turkey and Lebanon. Her father worked for Goodyear in the international division during Shelley's school years.

## In Memoriam Continued

In Beirut, Lebanon at The American Community School she met the love of her life, Glenn Hughes. They were high school sweethearts knowing each other for 51 years and married for the last 46 years. Many of their life-long friendships started there at ACS. Shelley attended Ashland University in Ohio while Glenn went to the University of Akron. They were married at Stan Hywet Hall & Gardens in Akron, Ohio, the same place where her parents were married and a part of her family's legacy.

When asked by his father-in-law where they were going for their honeymoon Glenn told him they had one-way tickets to Beirut. While on their honeymoon Glenn was interviewed and hired as an engineer for ARAMCO in Saudi Arabia. So they moved to Arabia and spent 10 wonderful years there. Shelley was a teacher's assistant in the elementary school in Dhahran. She loved to cook and a typical evening included feeding 6 – 8 of their bachelor friends and playing ping-pong while listening to rock and roll music. She always loved their vacations often times visiting their family or exploring the Middle East and Kashmir, India. They began collecting hand knotted oriental carpets and other artisan works from Turkey, Lebanon, Syria, Iran, Saudi Arabia, Pakistan, Afghanistan and Kashmir. These hand made works of art have adorned their homes throughout their lives.

Upon leaving ARAMCO they returned to the USA and after short stops in California and Florida they ended up in New Jersey where Shelley went back to school and earned a degree as an RN. She worked in a nursing home while Glenn worked for The New York Times. Eventually Glenn's work took them to New York City where they moved into an apartment on Lexington Ave. and 27th Street in Manhattan. Here she changed her nursing focus from the elderly to very sick children. During this period they went on a number of vacations with good friends to Aruba, Spain, Greece and Turkey and attended their high school's 100th anniversary party in Beirut, Lebanon where she wore her old prom dress that still fit!

After 18 years in New Jersey & New York City she retired and they moved to Upper Peninsula, Michigan. They built their dream log home overlooking Lake Huron and Les Cheneaux Islands. She had deep family roots in Les Cheneaux Islands going back to 1898. She loved the area but most of all she loved her new friends and reconnecting with family. Their time in the UP was difficult for Shelley because of her chronic feet problems, which diminished her mobility and independence especially during the many winter months.

So the next adventure was her final move and this time back to Florida. Living in The Villages, Florida restored Shelley's

independence, being able to drive wherever she wanted and walk from the parking lots to whatever premises or friends residences she wished. From The Villages she and Glenn embarked on three great last vacations together visiting Australia twice, New Zealand and the high plains and natural monuments in Utah and Colorado as well as Bainbridge Island in the Seattle area.

Preceding her in death were her father, William Chase Seiberling and her brother, Thomas Seiberling. She leaves behind her loving husband, Glenn; her mother, Jeanne Seiberling; her brother, Bill Seiberling; her sister, Penny Seiberling; her niece, Courtney Seiberling; and, nephews Paul Seiberling and Michael Seiberling.



**These two wonderful women passed away within months of each other. This is a photo from the 1970 ACS yearbook, taken with lots of laughter in the Girls' BD, and how many of us remember them. RIP Shelley and Toni .**

contributor: Alice Ludvigsen

### **Donna Elaine Egan Donahoo, Fac.**

21 October 1941 - 17 June 2021

Friday Harbor, Washington - Donna Elaine Egan Donahoo left us on 17 June 2021. She passed away peacefully after a long and hard struggle with cancer. Donna was born on October 21, 1941 in Joliet, Illinois the daughter of Donald and Annabelle Reed Egan. She is survived by her husband Larry Donahoo, of Friday Harbor Washington; sister Shan Egan of Foster City, California and her brother Thomas Egan of Spokane, Washington and many loving nieces and nephews.

Donna graduated from Pasco high school and received her bachelor's degree from Eastern Washington State College and later a Master's degree from Bank Street College in New York City. She



## In Memoriam Continued

then participated in the Bank Street Day Care Consultation Service and traveled all over the USA gathering material for a book she and two other members wrote.

Donna had a unquenchable appetite for travel and spent her life in other parts of the world. She started her travels with a University year abroad in Denmark and after graduation taught in Birmingham, England. From Birmingham, Donna moved on to Beirut, Lebanon to live and teach in the American Community School of Beirut. She continued to teach in Beirut until the civil war made it impossible to live in Lebanon and she moved to New York City to attend Bank Street College. Donna later went to teach and live in Dhahran, Saudi Arabia where she and Larry met. They were married in 1987 on the Island of Cyprus and lived in a village home she bought and renovated while working in Saudi Arabia. Larry and Donna then spent the next 10 years in Saudi Arabia with ARAMCO with posting to Pasadena and San Francisco California. They retired and moved to Friday Harbor, Washington in 1996.

**Larry Harris, Fac. - 1930-2020** Larry (Maynard Lawrence) Harris left this earth peacefully Oct. 17, 2020 at the generous age of 90. He was a man who loved travel and adventure — and seemingly had nine lives. It is not hard to picture him in the afterlife having a grand adventure. He was a lifelong educator and volunteer for many causes. His experiences, contributions and lessons will continue to enrich the lives of family, friends and communities for many years to come.

Larry's full and adventurous life began May 14, 1930 in Plainfield, N.J., where he was born to Maynard and Edith Harris. He and his younger brother Chris lost their mother when they were young and became a part of a much larger family when his father remarried Caroline Harris, gaining three stepsisters, Caroline, Ellen and Edie, and a stepbrother, Andrew.

He grew up in historic Concord, Mass., attending Middlesex High School, with summers in Randolph, N.H., where he worked clearing hiking trails in the White Mountains and developed his love of the outdoors.

He graduated from Yale in 1953 with a degree in history. He was an ensign in the Navy at the end of the Korean War, following which he worked at U.S. Shipping Lines. He earned a master's in European history from Columbia University in 1958 and, fascinated by the complexity and diversity of human culture, later pursued graduate work in anthropology at the University of Washington, receiving a doctorate.

Larry had an insatiably curious soul and pursued a lifelong career in education in the United States and around the world.

He married Sally (Sarah) Robinson in 1956. Together they and baby son Jeffrey moved to Michigan, where he taught history and coached ice hockey (one of many sports he loved to play) at Cranbrook School, and where his daughter Rebecca was born. Following that were teaching positions at the Makere College School in Kampala, Uganda, where son Nicholas was born, and then at Athenian School in Danville, Calif. Next he became principal of the large American Community School in Beirut, Lebanon, which he described as the highlight of his life as an educator, leaving only when war drove his family out.

Each school posting abroad allowed for adventurous explorations with family, friends and students throughout Kenya, Syria, Jordan, Greece, Egypt and Turkey, in the early days by way of a little VW Bug and often on uncharted roads.

After Beirut, he returned to the United States to become director of the Upper School at Lakeside School in Seattle, Wash. His last job in education was as principal of the American Embassy School in New Delhi, India, with second wife Cathy Harris and stepsons Andrew and Ryan.

Larry was a "Renaissance man." In addition to his full life as an educator, he was an experienced hiker, skier, tennis player, furniture maker, wood carver, house builder, carpenter, gentleman farmer, extensive reader, writer, political junkie, gourmet, actor in local theater, and opera lover.

He was a proud father and grandfather, taking an interest in and encouraging their varied interests in poetry, music, literature, and farming. He will be remembered lovingly and gratefully by his children for teaching them to hike, ski, play tennis, and do woodwork. He generously supported his grandchildren as they furthered their education and, taking after him, found their callings in the arts and environmentalism.

A message from Larry Harris's daughter, Becky:

Hello, my father Larry Harris, ACS High School Principal 1971-1975 passed away Oct 17 2020. I don't know how to put this information in the Diaspora Potrzebie...is this the correct contact location? I am also an Alumni, there 1971-75, grades 6 through 9, graduating class 1978, named Becky Harris at the time. My mother Sally (Sarah Harris) was an Art teacher for the Elementary School. We loved our time at ACS! Thank you!

## In Memoriam Continued

**Paul Dubois (Fac.) - 1943-2006** "Paul Dubois (Fac) has passed on."

This short message was reported by Phillip Hanna'73 in the September 2009 issue of The Pot.

In March this year, we received a letter in the mail from **Kelly (Mackiewicz) Barney (Fac)**, with the following:

March 25, 2021

Dear Alumni Association of ACS Beirut,

I am a 1967-70 Fac. of ACS. Going through some old papers yesterday, I was astounded to find this article and photograph about my dear friend and ACS faculty member, Paul Dubois, from the same years at ACS. I thought I had sent this to you long ago!!!

I didn't know if I should send this to you now, but then I thought you should be the ones to decide. Sadly, Mrs. Krystyna Dubois has also died, about three years after Paul. He was a member of the PE Dept. at ACS, and worked with my husband (at the time) Leon Mackiewicz. Together they had a very successful wrestling program, and held the very first Near Eastern Mediterranean Wrestling Tournament, including nearby countries such as Syria, Cyprus, Egypt and Jordan. It was well attended, not only by ACS parents, students and staff, but the surrounding community as well.

Paul came back to the States and taught and coached at Brockport State College in Brockport, Mass. He was a much loved wrestling coach and faculty member there until he died after a long fight with ALS. His college named one of their gymnasiums after him, part of the commemoration ceremony with his family, in the enclosed photo. It shows his wife Krystyna, his daughters Marjanna and Camille, and of course Paul.

I hope you can use this belated information at this time, but if not, I understand. Once again, my apologies, as I thought I had sent this long ago.

Sincere thanks for your consideration on this,  
Kelly Barney (sign.)

(In addition, the faded, photocopied article from the Daily Times Chronicle (not included here) announces the following:

Dr. Paul E. Dubois, PhD, 63, of Easton died October 12, 2006 at home after a lengthy illness.)



**Gladys Hershberger, Fac.** My mother, Gladys Hershberger (Cone) loved teaching at your school (1945-1948) and being a part of the community life there. She passed away January 16, 2020. She always remembered her time in Beirut fondly.

In the summer of 1945, as a 28-year old, she had boarded the "Gripsholm", one of the first passenger ships after WWII to leave New York harbor for overseas. Although she already had some years of teaching experience in the United States, she noted, "It was an education for me to teach globe-trotting children in an international setting - different culture - different everything." She had a 3-year contract, and wrote, "I just thought the end of the world had come when I went home. Oh, I wanted to stay! There was so much to do and things to see and experience. I was interested in people, and I had made so many friends." She went home with plans to return to Beirut when she had additional education. Following completion of her Master's Degree she did return in 1952, planning to stay for a while. Due to family issues at home, her plan was cut short and she only stayed for one year.

Beirut, and especially her experiences at the American Community School there, played a significant part in my mother's life.

Thank you.  
Elizabeth Hohman

# Parent Dedications

Submitted by Karen Hajj '77 (Marilyn Sutton Loos' niece)  
You Had Such an Unusual Childhood  
Essays on Growing Up in the Middle East during World War II

## Marilyn Sutton Loos '49

ACS alum, Marilyn Sutton Loos, has written a memoir about her life in the Middle East. "Unlike thousands of other Americans who never leave their neighborhoods until high school, by the time Marilyn was four, she had lived in Palestine, England and America. By the time she was fourteen, she'd been evacuated once, lived in the Middle East unscathed through WW II, and had added Trans-Jordan and Lebanon to her countries called home. Marilyn writes from memory (unembroidered) about how she lived, learned, traveled and vacationed in the Middle East.

Born in Jerusalem, Palestine to Anglican and Quaker parents, she was raised by a British governess, attended ACS as a boarder and later attended AUB for her MA in Arab Studies. She worked as a translator and editor. She is now retired and living in Haverford, PA.

Marilyn is the daughter of James Sutton, former chemistry teacher and Boy Scout Scoutmaster at ACS, and Phyllis Sutton, former teacher, professor and lecturer. She is sister to Patience (Penny) Hajj (Class of 1946) and brother, David Sutton, (Class of 1952) both of whom attended ACS.

A passage from the autobiography reads...

"When dawn happened to coincide with breakfast during the Muslim month of Ramadan, this gave me a front row seat to see the flash and puff of smoke that warned that the old Ottoman Turk guns on Jebel Weibdeh were about to boom out their signal that the night of eating must stop. For an entire month of the spiritual discipline of fasting, beginning with the exact moment separating night from day –determined by whether a black threat is distinguishable from a white thread–nothing, neither food, nor cigarette, nor even water, must pass the lips of a devout Muslim, until those black and white threads are no longer distinguishable at nightfall."

In an entry about her father, Marilyn writes "...after he taught us to drive, and we had found out a bit more about the rules of the road, we could see better his flaws. Having learned to drive in the days of double clutching on sparsely populated Colorado mountain roads, he had a somewhat cavalier attitude, we realized, toward both gears and driving etiquette. Mummy, having been

a driver herself, in England, had this knowledge all along, and was a pessimist to boot. Adding to this the fact that she was in the passenger seat and could not see what the driver could see, driving with Daddy on winding narrow roads was often traumatic for her. We had such confidence in him – he never did have a serious accident – that we were mostly amused by her near-hysteria. In later years we were more sympathetic toward her and toward the Scout Troop parents in Beirut. They finally forbade their sons to ride with him and paid for taxis instead, to transport groups of them to meet him at camp sites, hike departure points, or ski slopes."

Karen can be reached at [mercishukran@gmail.com](mailto:mercishukran@gmail.com) should you wish to reach her aunt. The book is available at Barnes and Noble or on Amazon.

## Monroe Pastermack '53

A simplified version of a very long story.

My father was a gentleman and a kind man who cared for his family. He graduated from high school with no marketable skills. During the Great Depression, he worked as a Numbers Runner and found that work lucrative, but demeaning, and he wanted to be sure that I did not have to make such a choice in my life. With the help of his uncle he learned plumbing skills, which led to his leaving the United States to work in British Guiana (now Guyana), Panama and Saudi Arabia with ARAMCO. Of course, I still had to go to high school, and that's how I ended up at ACS; which was a transformative experience for me.



Private photo.

**One of my most memorable Thanksgivings was sitting around a large table with this group from ACS in 1952. We stayed in Ramallah on a trip to Jerusalem.**

## Parent Dedications Continued



Private photo.

**Monroe with parents on their way to New York from Beirut on the freighter "Cambion", December 1952.**

### **Cordelia Nelson Fields '57**

My Dad, Alan C. Nelson, graduated from Michigan State University in 1933, with a degree in Chemical Engineering and promptly moved to Pensacola, Fl., where he was hired by Pure Oil Company. In 1948 he was offered the opportunity to go to Dhahran, Saudi Arabia, to work for the Trans Arabian Pipeline Co. (Tapline) as a rust expert. I asked him about that and he said it was a great opportunity to advance in his job as well as to "see the world", and that he would figure the rust part out as he went along. Anyway, the company required the men to stay one year before bringing their family over to Beirut. During his first year he was busy helping to build the pipeline and, I guess, figured out the "rust situation". In March of 1949, my mother Janet, my brother Jan, and I arrived in Beirut after 3 weeks of ocean travel. I was 10 and my brother 14. We lived on the second floor of an apartment house almost across the street from the old school that was itself an apartment house. Dad took me to school the first day, and my first class was French: 4th grade! Welcome to my new world!! The following year, we moved to the Saudi Building and also into the new ACS school.

By now the pipeline was nearing completion, and Dad was in the Beirut office. On occasion, during the summers, I would go with him via the company puddle jumper to inspect the pump stations. When all was up and running, his job was to know where there were leaks in the pipeline. It happened that the Bedouins would approach the above ground pipe and believing it to be water would shoot holes in it. I thought he was so smart to always know which pump station was involved and at what kilometer the hole was located.

Dad was a scratch golfer - I think his handicap was 3-4. Anyway, he was instrumental in building the golf course at Sidon back in the very early 1950s. I would always play golf with him and the deal was, wherever your ball landed, you had to pick up any rocks nearby and throw them off the fairway. I loved it. Actually, at one time in his teens he aspired to be a professional golfer.

I have little recollection of what my older brother was up to during all this, but after he graduated from ACS he left and joined the Army. He ended up with a PHD in foreign languages, at the University of Alabama, Tuscaloosa, as a professor of old French. He was fluent in seven languages.

While living in Beirut, the most beautiful city ever (to me), Mom made many friends, socialized, taught me to cook, sew, knit; had piano lessons, ballet lessons, and the famous French lessons. Although I did not formally take Arabic lessons, I picked up enough to get by. I had so many opportunities to travel with my parents, as well as the great school trips. My education was exemplary, and in 1957 I graduated from ACS in a large class of 26 fine students. In 1962 I graduated from Texas Christian University in Ft. Worth, TX with a BS in Nursing.

Dad and Mom stayed until 1959, spent 2 years at the New York Office, then moved to Bengazi, Libya, from where he retired back to Pensacola in 1964. As for me, growing up in Beirut, the Paris of the Middle East, in my formative years, was a true eye opener for acceptance and understanding of other cultures. I loved every minute of it.

Cordelia Nelson Fields, class of 1957 and proud of it!

Private photo

**The Nelson family, Alan, Janet, Jan and Cordelia, in Beirut 1950.**



Photo provided by Alice Ludvigsen.



**The Nelsons (front center) at the inauguration of the Zahrani Country Club, at the Tapline terminal in Sidon, 1959.**

## Parent Dedications Continued

### Chris Lund '64

Parents Christian and Katherine Lund were reluctant to relocate to the Middle East, specifically Saudi Arabia. Some background:

My father had been flying in the region since 1942 with the Army Air Corps' Pan American Africa Corps (PAAC). The PAAC was an early WW2 "arrangement" between the Brits and the Americans (Churchill and Roosevelt) to fight the Germans and Italians in North Africa. The Brits had the pilots, but couldn't build aircraft (lack of an industrial base) and airfields fast enough, so the Americans (my father among them) made the planes and "delivered" them to the British in North Africa. My father and some fellow newbie Air Corps pilots in Texas responded to a bulletin board message about attending a meeting. Once there, George Kraigher, an Air Corps chief pilot and WWI ace, challenged the novice Air Corpsmen: "I can tell you you will go on an adventure, do tough and interesting flying and make a lot of money - and that's all I can say." So naturally my father said, "Yes." He never anticipated that 15 years later he would return to the region, let alone bring a wife and children to the deserts of Eastern Arabia. The next week, he was flown to Recife, Brazil, then to West Africa and spent three years there.

A couple of years after the War (1948), Aramco brought in Kraigher to hire former Army Air Corps Africa pilots to create and maintain a small airline to fly Aramco employees to and from New York to Dhahran, KSA. My father left Pan Am to reunite with the flyers he knew from the War in North Africa and the Middle East.

My parents moved us (me, my sister Tina and brother Craig) from California to Connecticut. My father's duty was to take 1 1/2 seven day trips per month to Gander, across the Atlantic, to Ireland, Rome, Beirut, Dhahran and back to LaGuardia in NYC. The Aramco DC 6's (the Camel, Oryx, etc.) were rather luxurious, with a purser and a stewardess, numerous meals on china, and six or eight sleeping compartments.

In 1960, my father was informed that these Aramco International flights would end on Dec. 31 1960. For my 42 year old father, it was either fly out of Dhahran in Arabia and keep his seniority, or look elsewhere for a job. He decided to move to Dhahran and told his children so. We knew there was no other way for him, or us.

Our Dad left (on TWA) and we followed in July 1961. It was 118 degrees F at the Dhahran landing strip (no airport building - just a table for luggage and bags to be opened and marked with chalk). Not an auspicious start. We spent that first blistering summer

reading books at the air conditioned library, swimming in the pool, watching movies, and playing pool. My parents had made the best of what was given (in WW2) and were doing it again; that is, doing what they had to do. Over time, my father had been check pilot, chief pilot, flown a sleek G2 to San Francisco, Amsterdam, London. My father as Aramco pilot came home most days and that key aspect (a pilot) of him became "real" and ordinary to me. He flew me to the Rub' al Khali, Riyadh, and Cairo. He even flew me and 39 other Aramco ACS students to and from school. (ACS reserved 40 places for Aramco high school students.) My mother vacationed and shopped in Hong Kong, Kenya, Beirut. She studied Aramco Arabic - "the wrench" is under the truck" sort of Arabic.

An inauspicious beginning became a mind expanding adventure, lasting 18 years. Tina and I went to ACS, Beirut - a challenging (as you know), small high school in an ancient and multicultural city. We could ski where there were no trees, picnic by Crusader castles and sneak out to "stereo" clubs at night.

I not only made lifelong friends (e.g. Alice and Boerre-Johan Ludvigsen), but have been back to Beirut many times to visit, lecture at AUB, and attend conferences. I even returned to teach in ACS's IB program (2006-08) - a truly great experience. All of these changes started with my family being reluctantly uprooted from the lovely woods of New England. By the time I graduated



from ACS, I had visited Crete and Cairo and had lived in the Levant. My father spent altogether 25 years flying, building airfields and living in Africa and the ME. All of this quite unexpected for a boy who grew up in a Norwegian-speaking Iowa farm community. And all quite transformative for his wife and children.



## Parent Dedications Continued

### Joni Madany Fauvet '73

My dad, Ramsey Madany's birth date was approximately November 6, 1924 (accurate birth records were not kept). He was born in Latakia, in Syria, and was raised in a protestant mission school which was rigidly strict. He got punished once for looking at a girl on the veranda across the street! In 1939, he sailed to Larnaca, Cyprus, to join his brother at boarding school. The following year, 1940, when Cyprus suffered a German attack, Dad and his brother hunkered in darkness for a month, living on haloumi cheese.

Dad's undergrad college years were spent at AUB, then he studied economics at the University of Iowa. There, he met my mom, Barbara Kell, and earned graduate and doctorate degrees. Mom reportedly sat by his study carrel every day, as he wrote his dissertation. Dad needed his green card to stay with her in the U.S., so they got married in secret. Mom had promised her parents that she would finish school before marrying. They had their "family wedding" with all the trimmings when Mom finished school.

Mom and Dad found work at St. Lawrence University in upstate New York, Mom as a university nurse, and Dad as an economics professor. The opportunity to work for Aramco in Saudi Arabia came after he turned down a job for the CIA. The Aramco proposal contained a hitch, however. He had to go alone for a year sans family. Yes! He had a 1 year old baby, Joni Kae. My mom and I spent the second year of my life on the farm in Iowa with Mom's parents.

Eventually, we were all together in Dhahran, and baby Lori completed the family. My parents loved life on the compound, hosting 4-5 large parties a year and playing lots of tennis.



Private photo.

**Joni with her father, Ramsey Madany.**

All Aramco kids had to choose a boarding school to attend after 9th grade. I spent a torturous year at College du Lemman in Switzerland, but happily transferred to ACS for my junior and senior years. Those years were amongst the most memorable of my lifetime and I still miss my friends and the culture of Lebanon to this day.



Private photo.

**Joni with her mother, Barbara, at the fabulous Phoenicia Hotel.**

### The Essoyan family - Cat '73, David '74, Susan '76, Steve '80

(Submitted by Cat)

My parents, Roy and Betsey Essoyan, met in Honolulu when my father was working for the Associated Press, which was housed in the same building as the Honolulu Star-Bulletin where my mother worked. My dad was born in Tsuruga on the coast of Japan after his parents fled from the Russian Revolution. He grew up in Japan and Shanghai. For a time, his family ran a guest house near the hot springs of Arima above Kobe. My dad was a stateless Armenian and although he never went to university he was one of the most educated people I have known. As a young man he impulsively went to sea as a cabin boy for a year on the Maersk line between Shanghai and New York. He then published a magazine similar in format to Life magazine in Shanghai for a year with his friend Anthony Austin (who later was an editor at the New York Times.) He was working as a local hire in the AP office in Shanghai and had the nerve to let AP New York know if there was an opening in the US he was interested, so he could become an American citizen. Luckily for him, they let him know when a job opened up in Honolulu.

My mother was born in Massachusetts and attended 13 different schools by the end of high school as the daughter of a US naval officer who rose to the rank of Vice Admiral. She earned a BA in political science from the University of Texas in Austin to equip her for a journalistic career. Her parents were based in Honolulu which is what brought her there. My father had been married and widowed and had a son, Danny. When they married he made it clear there was going to be one journalist in the family and it was going to be him. My mother certainly missed journalism and was proud to live to see both her daughter Susan and her granddaughter Lorin go into the field. I think she envied both

## Parent Dedications Continued

Susan and me for the professional careers we have had. For a time at ACS she volunteered as an assistant to Peter Gibson, and later in Tokyo when the kids were grown she wrote copy for an advertising firm.

I was born in Honolulu in 1955 and six weeks later we were transferred to Moscow with a stop in New York to wait for visas. Sadly my brother Danny died of a sudden illness there, before we moved to the Soviet Union. We were there three years, and I have memories of my mother smuggling oranges home out of diplomatic receptions, as there was little fresh fruit available. We have an amazing black and white photo of Elizabeth Taylor sitting on the floor next to me and my mother at a party in our home in Moscow. My brother David was born in Bethesda MD in 1957 during our tenure in Moscow. Then, in 1958, my dad wrote an article saying the Soviet Union and China were not getting along before they were admitting it publicly and he was kicked out of the country. Years later, my dad crossed paths again with Khrushchev while covering a story in Indonesia. When Khrushchev teased him about his baseball cap, my dad playfully put the cap on Khrushchev's head: another memorable picture for the archives! We were transferred to Hong Kong where we lived for 6 years and attended Quarry Bay School, where we acquired British accents. Susan (1959) and Steve (1962) were both born in Hong Kong. We lived in Stanley which was walking distance from the beach. While we were in Hong Kong my father covered conflicts in Southeast Asia and was often on the road.

In 1964 my dad told us we were moving to Cairo, and I was upset as I pictured sleeping in tents and going to school on camels. He had to show me pictures in National Geographic demonstrating Cairo was a city. We lived on Zamalek island in the Nile and attended the Cairo American College in Maadi, where I could put my British accent to use as the narrator in A Christmas Carol. I remember my dad used to bring us back peanut butter from visits to Beirut, as supermarkets were better stocked there. After a year, we moved to Beirut where he became the Chief of Middle East Operations for AP. We lived there for 8 years. We first lived in Hazmiye for a year and then moved to Raouche, up the hill from Bain Militaire, overlooking the Mediterranean. I went to the British Community School for one year before moving to ACS. I remember when the 1967 Arab Israeli war broke out, my dad said 'this won't last a week' – and it didn't, it lasted 6 days – and we did not get evacuated but stayed in Beirut. I remember having picnics at Beaufort castle and visiting the Armenian community of Anjar with AP photographer Harry Koundakjian. I remember watching Ella Fitzgerald perform at the Baalbeck festival and skiing in Faraya.

We lived in Lebanon until 1973 when I graduated from ACS and my family moved to Tokyo, where my dad became head of North Asian services for the AP. They lived there until my dad's retirement in 1985, when my parents returned to Honolulu. They ended up living in a great house patterned after a Kyoto farmhouse on the North Shore overlooking the ocean. They were delighted when Susan moved to Hawaii to get married and make her home there, working for the Honolulu Star-Bulletin and raising her family. Since my parents died, David has also moved to Hawaii and now lives in our parents' former home with his wife Eiko. Steve lives in Stockton, CA and heads up the Pacific Region for Knife River construction firm, and I live in Apeldoorn in the Netherlands with Rene and our two sons.



**Roy and Betsey Essoyan with a young Cat and Elizabeth Taylor in Moscow, ca. 1958.**

Private photo

**Roy Essoyan fooling around with Nikita Khrushchev, Indonesia.**



**David Egbert '73 - Beirut bound 1970**

My ACS story starts in Wellesley MA, when I was 15, in August of 1970. My father, an anesthesiologist who worked at Mass General and taught at Harvard, was invited to chair the anesthesia department at AUB/AUH in Beirut.

My mom was not keen on going, so she stayed in the states with my 2 year-old brother and college age oldest sister. That left me, my brother Jim, my older sister Ruth, and Dr. Egbert.

## Parent Dedications Continued

My father, in his polyester suits (or were they linen) and bolo ties, was not cut out to be a single parent, but he did his best. The only things he knew how to cook were toast and, either oxtail soup and pasta, or tuna fish and pasta casseroles. So we ate out a lot, either at Wimpy's on Hamra, or an Italian restaurant in Manara. We lived on Rue Abdul Aziz in faculty housing, which fortunately had a playground where we played capture-the-flag or red-light, green-light with the Miller brothers or Hajj sisters, or both, up until 10 pm on weekend nights.

Our apartment was furnished in a style I would characterize as "late medieval asceticism", and I don't think we did laundry more than once a month. We had no car, no TV, no radio, but plenty of books. To make up for the fact that he left us alone so much at night, on the nights he was home he would play Beethoven on his violin as we fell asleep. My Dad had a lot of nervous energy so he took me and my brother on what I used to call "forced marches"; one time we hiked up to the Jeita grottoes and back to Beirut.

My Dad was good at getting fired from jobs. He had a prickly personality with his bosses and colleagues, and was very impatient with bureaucrats and unprofessionalism. He couldn't understand the "American" in the name AUB, causing a lot of stir with this view and with his wanting to shake up the other hospital policies.

Jim and I went to ACS, our sister to AUB. Since Dad was rarely home we both got into a lot of sports and music. There were so many different activities available after school, such as the swimming, wrestling and cross country team. Even though I was a

B- C+ student I picked up a student's best friend which is curiosity and wonder, and I credit my wonderful ACS teachers for igniting my mind.

There was a dark side to ACS as well, such as the abundance of drugs and alcohol, inappropriate relationships between students and teachers and the general lack of counseling for kids with emotional problems. "Everything is OK", was the attitude, when everything was not OK. There were whispering campaigns, cliques, and fierce rivalries.

I asked my sister one time to give me a little hash and she gave me a quarter pound brick of the Bekaa's finest, which I tried - and coughed for a week afterwards. It did nothing for me so I ended up throwing it out. We had entered a new decade, but the sixties never left. Sometimes I feel as if I never left the seventies.

Somehow, the whole ACS experience worked and was wonderful because of its uniqueness, the time we lived, and the magical nature of teenagerhood. It was a great time to fall in Love for the first time and I have noticed that some truly great love stories began at ACS.

My Dad did get fired in the Spring of 1972, but several of his colleagues thanked him for his courage and for making good trouble. We spent the summer together bicycling from Marseille to Paris, via Monaco, and then flew back to the States. May 2021 saw the fifth anniversary of his death in Baltimore, after a lifetime of making good trouble. I miss him and his violin playing.

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