

IC Newsletter WINTER 2017

INTERNATIONAL COLLEGE

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An Overdue Graduation



The first to arrive was a woman. She slowly walked down the stairs leading down to the Secondary School area and looked around.

"It's been 50 years," said May Rabah. "It feels odd to come back yet lovely. I don't think I will recognize anyone. They won't recognize me!"

Rabah had arrived from her home in Belgium to attend this very special occasion: the 50th reunion of the class of 1967.

Two men suddenly show up and make their way to the registration table. Then for a second they stare at each other.

"Basam! Is this you?" said one.

"Elias? Could it be?" responded the other. "It can't be! My God!"

But it was, and the two men hug.

More men. Five women. Girls had only just been admitted to IC. More greetings. More exclamations. More hugs. It was beautiful mayhem.

Suddenly, a voice rings out; "look, the 'sectionnes' are here!" (French section kids)

"Well, well, well, ahlan wa sahlan (welcome) to the French," yells out another.

The 'sectionnes' didn't look bothered. "Hey," one yelled back, "no more English and French!"

And there it was. The Peter Pan effect. Gone were the graying hair of the alumni and the age-earned wrinkles of the 60-somethings. Instead stood mischievous teenage boys and giggling girls, mercilessly teasing each other - once again the lords and masters of their beloved IC.

Over 80 graduates walked back into





Ayham Khleif, Wael Arab, Marwan Kabbani



Farouk El Khalil and Saad Captan



Raafat Annan, Bassem Sayigh, Sonia (Nader) Sayegh'75, Nada Annan



Alain Richat hugging teacher Robert Courson



Students again!

the IC gates on the Friday afternoon of October 6th. Many had arrived from the US, the Gulf and Europe to attend the 3-day reunion. One had come in a wheelchair (Wael Arab), another had his son along (to watch him graduate) and almost all had their spouses with them.

Their first visit: their old classes in Rockefeller Hall.

Automatically, they took their seats. It was a step back in time. Except for the floor. "That was in stone," said one. "What happened to the stone floors?"

As the 'students' filed out of class, one remained pensive in thought. "I came here as a Syrian refugee," he explained.

A Syrian refugee? In the 60s? "I am Faisal al-Kudsi," he continued. "My father was the President of Syria. We fled to Lebanon and I came to IC." (Nazim al-Kudsi, served as President of Syria for 18 months between 1961-63, before being ousted in a coup).

Now a resident of London, Kudsi had come back to Lebanon especially for the reunion. "It was a natural choice to attend IC as my father had also been a student here."

Outside, more and more graduates were greeting each other.

Then, for a few seconds, the Peter Pan lens grew distorted as they realized that some of their old friends had passed.

"Let us have a moment of silence for classmates who passed away during these 50 years," said Fouad Bawarshi, the organizer of the reunion, as the graduates stood in Martin House garden, enjoying cocktails under the dwindling sunlight.

Regretfully, some 30 classmates had passed away, including two who were killed during the Lebanese civil war. Sadly, another two had passed away whilst the reunion was being planned.

Almost in disbelief, Bawarshi looked around at the class of 1967. He had been planning for these upcoming days for the past several months. Now here they were.

It all started innocently enough. Bawarshi was at a lunch when someone mentioned that it has been 50 years since his graduation. He agreed. Then it happened: someone suggested a reunion and challenged Bawarshi to the task. It was meant to be a joke.

Until this day, Bawarshi is not sure how it fell into his lap but, six months later, he was glad it did.

The task was daunting. Graduates of 1967 are practically all over the globe. How in the world was he to track them down, let alone invite them to Beirut?

His first stop was the Alumni Office at IC.

The file was pulled out. 1967: the class that did not graduate. Bawarshi, who was in the English section, remembers it well. It was June 5, 1967 – the Six Day War between Arab countries (Egypt, Syria, Jordan) and Israel had just begun.

As fear spread in the country, IC decided to cancel the upcoming graduation ceremony and instead, then President Tom Schuller quickly handed out diplomas at Martin House. The war ended quickly – but an official graduation ceremony was never planned. Students dispersed.

And now, 50 years later, Bawarshi found himself staring at a list of 300 names.

How in the world was he to track them down?

Bawarshi tentatively started with a Facebook page. The response, from all over the globe, was almost immediate. It was like finding long, lost relatives. Some classmates unknowingly lived in the same cities. Soon enough, mini-reunions began to form.

“The ball was set rolling,” said Bawarshi, himself taken aback by the wide response.

And, could it be? French section students joined in.

“It was always the English versus the French,” he said laughing. “So we never really bonded. Even now, 50 years later. It hasn’t changed.”

Finally, to help things along, a French section student, Dr Ziad Kronful – now a prominent physician living in Qatar – immediately flew

in to Beirut, met with Bawarshi, and helped track down and talk to all French section graduates.

Soon enough, a WhatsApp group was started – for both sections. One invited the other and the messages flowed.

Bawarshi laughed. “There is a lot of tah hanak (idle talk) as well,” he said. “It is like we went back in time.”

Now more determined than ever, he continued with his quest. A date was decided. As for the venue: IC, of course.

Now it was up to his classmates. Will they leave work, businesses, practices, clinics and families and travel to Beirut?

Yes. A resounding yes. A lifetime opportunity.

And so the work began. Everything became about the reunion. Three employees in Bawarshi’s own shipping company, were relegated to help him plan for the event – as was the Alumni Office.

A special Torch edition was set in motion. Classmates sent in old photos and grades. Mailboxes were filled to the brim.

“It is like a collection of memories,” said Bawarshi.

Moreover and most important: The class of 1967 was to finally graduate. It will be the real thing: a cap and gown ceremony.

And so on October 7th, at 8 pm, the class of 1967, donning caps and gowns, were called up one by one, and received a certificate from IC President Dr. Don Bergman.

“This is my first graduation ever,”

said Leila Alameddine. “Even at AUB, as we were about to graduate, there was that strike. And our graduation was cancelled.”

(In 1971, students at AUB, angered by a 10% tuition increase, went on strike, occupied university buildings and clashed with rightist students and police).

And like all new graduates do, caps were thrown in the air.

It took 50 years, but they made it. A well-deserved, Mabrouk!

The group headed to Deir al Amar for their third and final day of the class of 1967 reunion.



Omar Shamma, Ayham Khleif



Trip to Deir al Amar



Just like in the old times: Gebran Massoud (teacher), Shawki Sarrou' (cafeteria), Michel Sarrou' (teacher) and Moufid Beydoun '64



Don Bergman and Souad Haj Chahine



Mona and Fouad Bawarshi

The Adventures of Alexander MacLachlan:

Rev. Alexander MacLachlan



Henry Morgenthau, Sr. (American ambassador in Turkey) and Samuel Train Dutton (founder of the New York Peace Society) and Cleveland Dodge in 1916

In 1917, in a strange twist of events, IC in Turkey was saved by none other than the American University of Beirut (then the Syrian Protestant College) – long before either one of them knew that they would one day become next door partners in education.

It all came down to one man: Bayard Dodge.

After graduation from Princeton in 1909, Dodge took a trip around the world and became interested in the Islamic world. In 1913, he was hired as the Director of West Hall and, a year later, married the daughter of AUB's then President, Howard Bliss. (Dodge himself would later become president in 1923).

It so happened that Dodge's father, Cleveland Dodge, a wealthy Christian philanthropist, was supplying a large amount of funding to the university. When the ugly roar of WWI began, the senior Dodge was very aware that a war with the Ottoman Empire would effectively put his son, daughter (a missionary at Roberts College in Turkey) and all American Protestant missions in grave danger.

And so it was that the elder Dodge approached then US President, Woodrow Wilson.....

US President Woodrow Wilson



On April 6, 1917, the United States declared war on Germany.

In Smyrna, there seems to be no indication that residents, most notably Protestant Minister Dr. Reverend MacLachlan, were aware of the move. The lines of communication within Turkey and abroad had been cut. Missionaries who remained in Turkey were dependent on the official Turkish bulletins for news of the outside world. Meanwhile, the atrocities continued. The world was in a state of flux. "Not since the barbarian invasions of the Middle Ages has there been such a general shifting of populations," reported the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions in its 1917 Annual report.

It was only natural that the US declaration of war on Germany would soon be followed by a declaration of war on Turkey – a move that would threaten the very existence of every missionary school in the region, and, most notably, MacLachlan's beloved International College.

US President, Woodrow Wilson, had every intention of declaring war on the Ottoman Empire, a key partner in the Central Powers. In fact, he declared that "Turkey should cease to exist" in a postwar world.

And, while he went on to lead what was at the time the largest war-

Smyrna (Part XVI)

mobilization effort in the country's history against Germany, he never did declare war on Turkey.

In public, he explained that the people of the empire had to be liberated from the 'misrule' of its government, which was in turn under 'the impudent and alien dominion of the Prussian military and commercial autocracy'.

In private, however, the reason was soon revealed: lifelong friend and greatest financial patron, Cleveland Dodge, had exerted his biggest influence in convincing the US President not to declare war on Turkey. Doing so, he said, would jeopardize American missionary work in the area and indeed put the lives of the missionaries in great danger.

And among the missionaries facing danger would be Dodge's very own two children: his son and his daughter, currently posted in the Ottoman Empire.

On April 20th, seeing that a declaration of war was not forthcoming, Turkey broke diplomatic relations with the US - a tiny slap considering the alternative.

Still, the slap forced the withdrawal of all official representatives of the United States in Turkey, closing the Consulates and Embassies and passing over to the Swedish Legation and Swedish officials in Turkey the responsibility for the protection of American interests there.

Much of the missionary work came to a standstill. In the US, the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions (ABCFM) encouraged all



Girls from the ACI, IC's sister school. MacLachlan had to bend the rules and let in a few girls to IC during WWI.

missionaries who are not working to have their furloughs.

In Smyrna, only eight missionaries remained. Among them was MacLachlan who was determined to find ways to keep IC open and functioning. With a skeleton of teachers, IC was forced to eliminate many classes offered, including International Law, Commercial Correspondence, Physiology, and Chemistry. Arithmetic, however, was kept and was offered in English and in Greek.

MacLachlan was also facing a new, rather different kind of problem: girls.

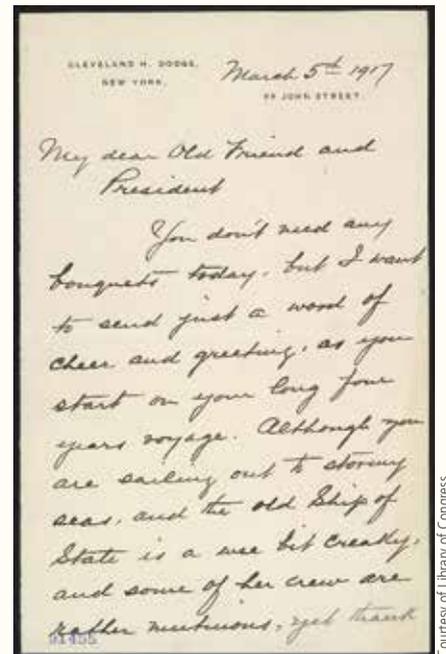
Since many of the girls from the American Collegiate Institute, IC's sister school for girls, could not get to their campus, MacLachlan agreed to admit them at IC. Nine altogether showed up at the campus.

MacLachlan was not too thrilled. "It seems impossible to prevent a degree of attention unfortunate to all concerned where girls in their early teens are admitted with so many boys, particularly in the larger classes. The admission of girls, a concession granted primarily on account of the difficulty of our campus girls going to Smyrna, must always be considered a privilege not a right and must be limited carefully. But it is only fair to say, however, that in general both girls and boys have conducted themselves with gratifying propriety," he wrote in the 1917 report to the Board.

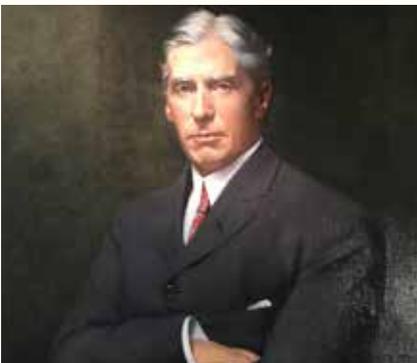
Despite the lack of communication between the missionaries and the Board, MacLachlan continued to write his reports in the hope that they would somehow make it to the Board. For no one coming out of Turkey was allowed to bring any written or printed matter. Any communication to Turkey was now only through Switzerland, and correspondence was limited to matters pertaining to the business of transmitting funds for relief purposes and for the support of missionaries...

To be continued.....

Historical information based on: The Annual Report of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, v. 107 (1917), Woodrow Wilson papers, 1786-1957, Library of Congress, America's Forgotten Middle East Initiative: The King-Crane Commission of 1919 by Andrew Patrick, personal interview with Dr. Howard Reed (summer 2011); Potpourri of Sidelights and Shadows from Turkey, by Alexander MacLachlan, 1937.



1917 letter from Cleveland Dodge to President Wilson at his second inauguration. "Although you are sailing out to stormy seas, and the Old Ship of State is a wee bit creaky, and some of the crew are rather mutinous, yet thank God, you have an heart of oak, and must feel today, as never before, that you have with you the wishes and prayers, not only of nearly all your own people, but those of nearly the whole world. May God grant that your voyage may be prosperous and that after four years you may land safely and happily in a peaceful and spacious harbor."



Cleveland H. Dodge

An Unusual Director

Bruce Knox. Some may know him as an avid surfer. Some as a musician. Others, as a rock band performer.

Many listen to his compositions – yes, he is a songwriter and recording artist.

But IC students simply know him as Mr. Knox, their new Secondary School Director.

This unusual director sits rather unobtrusively in his glass office in the Secondary School in Rockefeller Hall. Behind him is an enlarged photograph of a sandy beach. A little girl stands to the side. A woman is in the background.

His family. His ‘heartbeats’, as he explained, and proudly shows off the tattoos on his arms. One spells out the name of ‘Jodi’, his wife (counselor at the Elementary School), and one of his little one, Katrien.

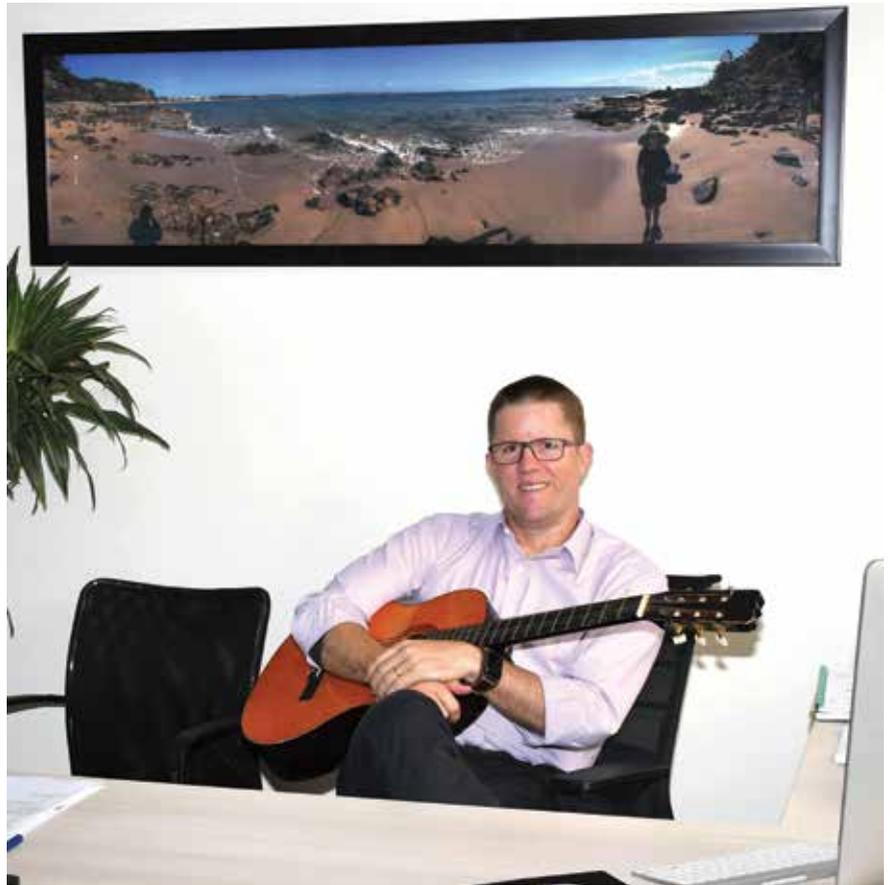
The beach in the photograph is his favorite in his home country of Australia. It is there that he spent endless hours surfing, a fervent passion that began as a teenager. He has already spotted waves he could ride in Lebanon – a small reef break to the south of the city beckoned him. But all in good time. Now, he has to learn his way around this new job.

And so he is often seen with students, high-fiving, talking, joking around and having his lunch with them. Other times, he is in various classes taking notes, participating in debates or even looking lost and perplexed in some of those upper courses. Sometimes, he joins in jam sessions.

Soon enough, Knox was approached by the band members and asked the ultimate question: would he lead their IC rock band? Knox didn’t need to be asked twice.

Meanwhile, Knox is focusing on the Secondary School system and operations.

“There are things that are wonderful here and things that can be better,” he explained. “So the challenge is to know what to change, what to maintain and how to make sure that these changes become rooted in the institution and not the persona of the Director.”



His main preoccupation, at the moment, is to make sure that students at the Secondary School have all the support they need from Faculty and Staff to ensure their success. “It should always be students first,” he said. “Engagement is the key word here. Engaging with students, engaging with parents.”

It was pure chance that threw Knox into the world of education. He had never fancied himself as a teacher. No, architecture was his first choice of a major.

It so happened that his neighbor and friend had chosen education as a major. Knox indifferently signed up as well.

In the first week of college, he and his classmates were sent off to a third grade classroom.

By the end of that day, many of his classmates changed majors.

But not Knox. He was hooked. “I fell in love with it,” he said simply. “I really enjoyed it.”

With an uncanny ability to pick up and play many instruments (guitar, bass guitar, flute, drums, keyboard, mandolin, ukulele, harmonica) and being one of those hard core athletically driven people, PowerPoints and blackboard lessons soon gave way to lessons through music and sports.

“I recorded songs with my students about photosynthesis and the planets,” he recalled. “Writing these songs would help them remember. And now, 20 years later, my students still have the CDs and are listening to them with their own kids.”

Eventually, he began longing to teach abroad.

His first mission was in Laos. Knox and his wife moved to the impoverished country to teach at the Vientiane International School. Knox ended up launching an annual 500 km bike ride over 3 to 5 days to raise funds for various NGOs serving the country. (In spite of economic reforms, Laos remains a poor country highly



dependent on foreign aid). It was there that Katrien was born.

In Laos, he drifted into the world of technology and was asked to take over Middle and Secondary technology classes - eventually becoming the school's Director of Educational Technology.

Seven years later, Knox was recruited as part of the start-up team of a school in Saudi Arabia, the King Abdullah University of Science and Technology School. With a budget of five billion dollars ("yes, you can do a lot with that!" he said) the state-of-the-art research university and accompanying school were built and opened, and quickly thrived. Knox was the school's Director of Educational Technology.

Next came Seoul, South Korea where he spent three years as the Principal of the Asia Pacific International School. "It was a highly efficient, highly functional country," he said but lacked the soul and character which he found in Beirut. Last year, he was accepted as the Secondary School Director at IC. A wonderful change if one wants a more 'Byzantine'



existence. Knox did. "It makes life a bit more interesting," he said.

At every stop, music accompanied him. His trusty guitar by his side, he moved from position to position.

And even now in his Rockefeller office, a guitar sits by his side. He instinctively reaches out to it when he needs to think through something or just relax.

"One of the reasons that I love my job is that I can do all the things I love through education," he said. "I can think in my office, I can play rugby, I can play in a rock band, I can sit in a math class, I can socialize with kids, I can lead teachers by example. All these different things make every day so interesting."



OUZVILLE AND THE HARD KNOCK LIFE

Forty-seven years ago, a little boy was born in the modest area of Ouzai. One day, the mother abandoned her family and ran off with another man. The distraught father married another woman and produced five more children. The little boy was left to fend on his own. Feeling unloved and unwanted, he dutifully attended school in a country now plunged in the darkness of the civil war. To the quiet and introverted child, the world seemed cold and unfriendly. Neighbors looked upon him with pity. For they knew quite well that the child would amount to nothing...

Ayad Nasser couldn't wait to take visitors on a tour of his new glory: Ouzville, previously known as Ouzai. Sadly, it is often noted for its slummy appearance and impoverished residents.

Nasser leads the way. All around him, houses were sparkling with bright colors. The streets were meticulously clean. Even the planting pots glittered. Graffiti art pieces adorned many of the walls.

Nasser grinned delightfully. "Welcome to Ouzville," he said.

Gone were the drab, dirty walls. Gone was the litter. People, even some tourists, were actually strolling through Beirut's forgotten ghetto - a luxurious coastline turned impoverished when thousands of refugees from the south poured into the area during the Lebanese 16-year civil war.

At the moment, it is still only a cluster of

buildings that have come to life, but Nasser is still at the beginning.

"I want all of Ouzai to become Ouzville," he said simply.

It was an unthinkable project to most. But not to Nasser, the IC father of two students, Nabil and Sarya. "Why not?" he said simply. "It is the responsibility of every citizen to help out."

He pauses. "The problem," he continued, "is that everyone here is selfish. They think only of themselves."

By the time he was 17, the boy was tired of living with his father in war-torn Lebanon. He dreamt about his mother, now remarried in France. He convinced his father to pay



the airline ticket to France and showed up at his mother's house. He envisioned a grand reunion, but instead received a cold, dutiful greeting. Yes, he could stay with her and finish his last year of High School here. She will provide him only with meals. But he is on his own for any kind of stipend. A useless boy, she likely thought, a very useless boy.....

His original idea had nothing to do with Ouzai, instead it was about the trash build-up in the city's streets during the 2016 garbage crisis. Nasser wanted to turn garbage into art.

He enthusiastically turned to wealthy friends and business associates fully expecting them to be as enthusiastic. He suggested bringing over international and local artists to Beirut.

Eyebrows were raised. Heads shook. No. Nasser became increasingly frustrated. "I mean these people had watches worth thousands of dollars on their wrists and didn't want to give a pound to Lebanon," he said. "What is the point of having a fancy home if it is surrounded by dirty streets?"

At 18, his mother showed him the door. As he stood contemplating all the slamming of doors in his young life, he came to a sudden realization. He doesn't need anyone. Not his mother. Not his father. He moved in with friends and took up a job as a waiter. Soon enough, he was able to rent a small place of his own. Never look back. Keep moving forward. One day, you will amount to something.

At 21, he moved back to Lebanon and dabbled in many odd jobs, mostly in real estate. The man fell in love and married. A marriage, which produced children.

Still, he knew that people looked at him as useless. "You are a loser, an ignorant," one said to him. "You will never succeed in your life."

Undeterred, Nasser decided to foot the entire bill. Artists, airfares, hotels and all. The first task was to hold an art exhibition – for local and international artists. Held in October of last year, Urban Dawn II was the largest urban art exhibition to take place in the region. (The first Urban Dawn took place in 2015 in Almaty, Kazakhstan). Both exhibitions were organized by Victoria Latysheva and Curator19.90.

But only a handful of paintings were sold – a considerable failure for Nasser's fundraising efforts. Meanwhile, the garbage crisis was

resolved and Nasser found himself staring at the now idle artists.

Another brainwave hit him: why not paint some of the city's walls?

Four areas were chosen: Ouzai, Burj Hammoud, Ashrafieh and Cola. The artists were dispersed.

What exactly do you do Daddy? The man's 3-year-old boy asked him once. And then it hit him. What did he do exactly? So he started a real estate company with a new twist: lofts. The man was bold. He took risks. Big heads turned. Who was this young real estate developer who suddenly appeared out of nowhere?

But then a blow: a major mural in Ashrafieh which took painful hours to create, was suddenly whitewashed.

A new plan: concentrate only on Ouzai and eventually move on to other areas. Again, Nasser spearheaded new fundraising efforts. Again, a resounding failure. "No one wants to give back," said Nasser dejectedly.

Stubbornly, Nasser personally doled out the necessary cash for needed material and sent 'his' artists to their task. In a matter of days, Ouzville was born. Long after the artists have returned home, Nasser continues to finance the painting of buildings.

Moreover, he has hired three men to keep the area clean, his 'musketeers' as he refers to them. Before long, Ouzville residents themselves were seen stooping and picking up litter from the streets. "It's like a chain effect," said Nasser. "Residents liked what they saw. They themselves want to keep it clean and pretty."

The man was now worth millions of dollars. He had made it. He had proved that he was not useless. He had money. Plenty of it. He had houses. Several of them. He himself lived a most envious jet set life. His name was often on the lips of the Lebanese rich and famous. But this glitzy life, at first intoxicating, was now smothering. Something was missing. Something was wrong. He felt let down....

"You should have seen this place before," said Abu Mohamed, smoking a narghileh as waves crash on the now concrete coastline at Ouzville. "It was like living in a coffin. It's a much happier atmosphere now."

Nearby, Im Youssef, in her late 60s, welcomed Nasser warmly as he passed her small dwelling. "Who would have thought someone would look at us? Who would have thought?"

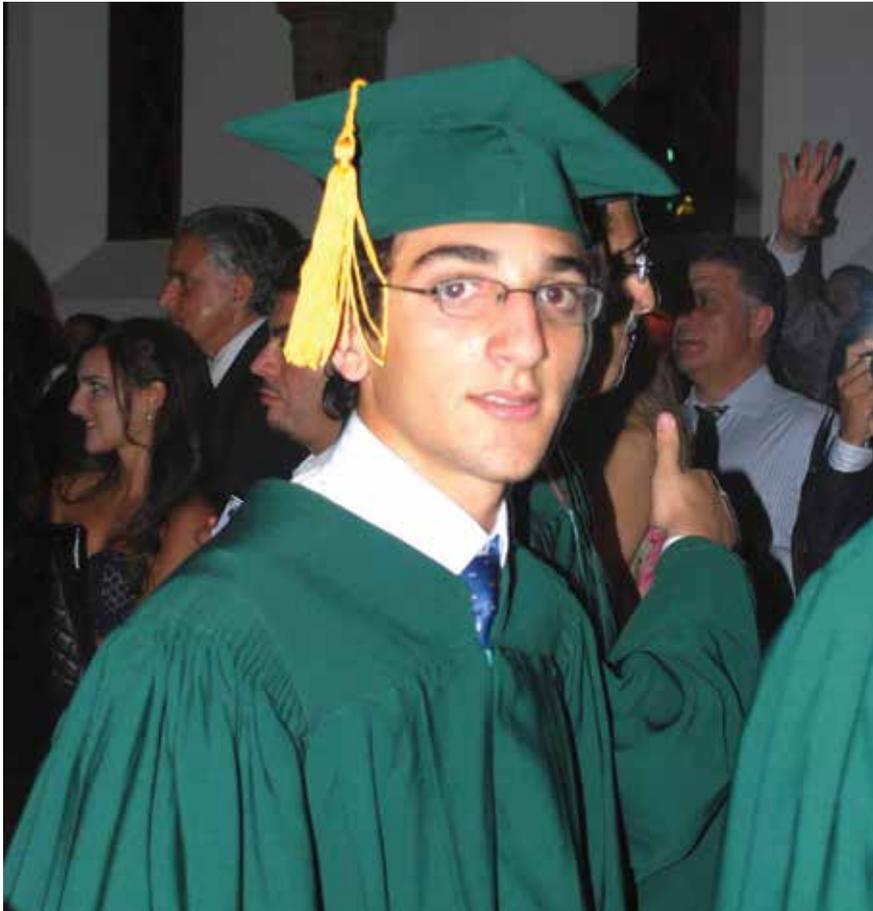
And so Ayad Nasser decided to give back. The time had come. His first project would be 'Ouzville'.....

To keep up the work in Ouzville and move on to other areas, Ayad Nasser needs help. For donations:

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PLEASE LISTEN



Remy Rebeiz '10

On March 23, 2013, the unthinkable happened. Remy'10, the youngest child of John '68 and Sylvia Rebeiz, collapsed as he was walking in downtown Beirut. He could not be revived. The cause: a hidden genetic & hereditary type of heart arrhythmia called Long QT Syndrome (LQTS) – which hits young people between the ages of 12 and 35.

It was a shock for the family. Remy never showed any signs of heart problems or physical fragility of any kind. In fact, he lived the ideal healthy lifestyle. Unfortunately, the carrier never knows he or she has it.

The entire family immediately underwent tests. All came out clear except one: John Rebeiz himself. He was the carrier.

In his 60s, he is well above the age of danger. But he feels that he owes Remy a fight to save other young people who may unknowingly be carrying this faulty gene. The family launched the RRYH Foundation (Remy Rebeiz Young Heart Foundation) in an effort to raise awareness of the importance of testing for undetected heart rhythm abnormalities.

But little did Rebeiz ever imagine that his quest would turn into a battle to be heard, a battle to overcome resistance.

The following is a simple plea from a father to parents, schools, universities and well, everyone. **Please listen.**

PLEASE LISTEN

“Sudden Cardiac Death” (SCD) is an umbrella term used for the many different causes of cardiac arrest in young people (age 12-35). These conditions can be structural or electrical, both affecting the natural rhythm of the heart.

PLEASE LISTEN

One in every 250 Lebanese people carry one of many types of hidden mutated genes (among them is LQTS). Your children may be one of them. It can, without warning, suddenly stop their young hearts. No, you cannot rush them to the hospital. It would be too late.

PLEASE LISTEN

SCD is NOT a heart attack. It's worse. The heart goes into arrhythmia and stops pumping blood due to a malfunction in the electrical system.

A heart attack is something different: the heart is still beating but

To all Schools, Universities, Parents & Students

Back to School Checklist

- Buy textbooks
- Pay tuition fees
- Haircut
- Heart Screening

RRYH offers 2 solutions

1. FREE EKGs at Khoury Hospital to anyone 12-35 years old, every Saturday & Sunday between 9am & 3pm. Large groups: contact RRYH to take appointments.
2. Inviting RRYH to your school or university to raise awareness & offer FREE EKGs to students.

Contact us:
 rryh09@gmail.com
 03-322159 or 03-273174

vessels are blocked which will not allow the flow of blood to the heart.

In a heart attack, the person has a chance of survival if taken in time to the hospital. In SCD, it is sudden death. The only onsite treatment would be CPR and the immediate use of a defibrillator (AED). There is no time to go to the hospital.

PLEASE LISTEN

A simple EKG will tell you if your children carry rhythm abnormalities that cause SCD. Our foundation comes regularly to IC to screen your children. We come to offer free EKGs and offer CPR trainings. Please do not ignore our campaigns. Send us your children.

PLEASE LISTEN

IC now has several AED's on both campuses. An AED is the ONLY life saver. All schools and institutions must have AEDs on hand and all personnel must be trained to use them. And I mean ALL personnel. Yes, guards and workers, even students too. Lobby your school, university, clubs and office to get AEDs and for all personnel to be trained on them. Three AUB students have so far been saved with AEDs.

PLEASE LISTEN

A heart attack is a plumbing issue whereas SCD is an electric issue. It is highly advisable that all EKGs are read and interpreted by specialized cardiologists.

The detection of these genes needs an "electrician" (electrophysiologist).

Some of you preferred to ignore us and go to your own cardiologists. Don't; unless he/she is an electrophysiologist. Always consult with a specialist.

One IC student was screened at a reputable private clinic. The cardiologist declared the EKG clear of any defects. Fortunately, the EKG was sent to us and our electrophysiologist detected a faulty gene. This child, barely 12, could have suffered a SCD at any point. He is now on medication and barred from competitive physical exertion.

A young life saved.

PLEASE LISTEN

When we first came to IC in 2014, we spoke to an audience



IC students waiting their turn outside the IC infirmary.

of 1,200. We asked you to send your kids to be tested. We expected hundreds. Only 20 showed up. In 2016, IC sent out 450 messages to the parents of athletes, only 25 responded. So now IC made it mandatory for all athlete students to be tested. This is how we were able to test more than 500 of your children.

But SCD actually kills more non-athletes than athletes. If he or she are carriers of one of these genes and, depending on the type, its immediate death can occur.

The IC infirmary has been fully equipped and trained to run these tests. Our team of electrophysiologists will read them.

PLEASE LISTEN

We are not just targeting schools. We sometimes set up work areas at malls and are now targeting villages. Bring us your children. Otherwise, come to BMG-Fouad Khoury



Hospital (ER) in Abdul-Aziz/Bliss Street. We are there every Saturday and Sunday, 9am to 3pm, offering FREE EKG screenings. It only takes 5 to 10 minutes.

This is not a game.

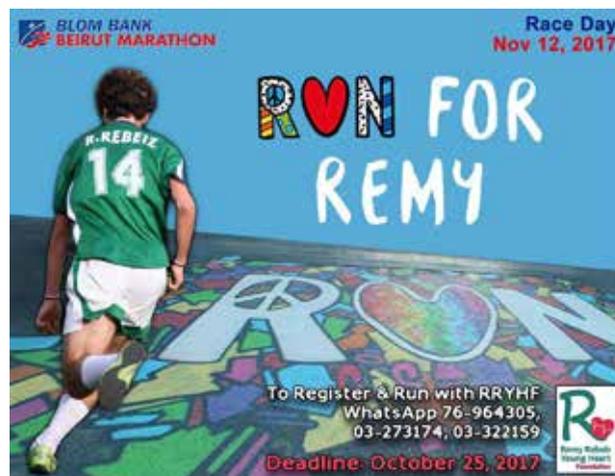
We have so far screened close to 3,700 young persons and detected 15 cases.

We have lost our child.

Don't lose yours.

For more info go to: <http://www.rryhf.org/>
For donations to help buy AEDs for impoverished schools (and train personnel), contact John Rebeiz at johnrubeiz@hotmail.com.

The Remy Rebeiz Young Heart Corp is registered in the USA and it is a 501(c)(3) non-profit organization. RRYHF also offers CPR/AED courses in cooperation with the Lebanese Red Cross. For more information go to <https://www.facebook.com/RRYHF/>





REEM ACRA COMES TO IC

Confident. It's the first word that comes to mind when meeting international fashion designer, **Reem Acra '79.**

Even confident isn't the word. Oozing with confidence perhaps. Ultra focused. Self-assured. Self-possessed.

"I have always been this way," she said matter-of-factly.

Not for her, the idle girlish chitchats during her youth. Not her style, was the Lebanese lifestyle of endless social dinners.

"I didn't have a social life to speak of," she said simply. "It didn't interest me. I was focused on my passion and filled my

after school hours with all the painting and design classes I could find."

Acra was in Lebanon recruiting would-be future fashion designers from the Middle East and serving as the judge of the Arabic version of 'Fashion Star', the reality television show that airs on Dubai One network. The idea is to give talented designers from the Mideast region a chance to shine.

During her six-week stay in Beirut in November, Acra visited IC to meet with Secondary School students. As the youngsters hung to her every word, the designer recounted her path to stardom.



Reem Acra '79 meeting with secondary school students

Her message was plain: stay focused. Stay focused. Stay focused.

“Dreams happen, yes,” she said. “But they won’t happen if you don’t know yourself. Know what you are good at it. Know who you are. Be very confident. Be focused. Believe in your destiny.”

In fact, it was right here at IC that she got her first inkling of a budding talent. Even though her main interest was in maths, she began sketching on the side. Eventually, she included those sketches at an IC art exhibition. To her surprise, all her sketches were sold.

She went on to pursue a BA in Business Administration at AUB. On the side, Acra was creating her own little ‘fun’ line – and dressing up in her own creations. She was eventually introduced to AUB’s Fashion Club.

In 1982, she held a fashion show that attracted 2,000 people. Soon enough, nothing could dissuade or defocus Acra from her goal: becoming a world renowned fashion designer.

Without even a glance back, the newly graduated AUB student put herself on a plane to New York. She enrolled in Manhattan’s prestigious Fashion Institute of Technology and went off to Paris to study at the École Supérieure des Arts et Techniques

de la Mode design school. After graduation, she took mainstream fashion design positions in Hong Kong and Taiwan. By the age of 25, she was overseeing a \$30 million project.

Seven years later she quit.

It just wasn’t her. She knew she was good. She knew she would succeed. She didn’t need to know anything else.

In 1995, back in New York, she opened her own bridal wear line. Six years later, her company had become a multi-million dollar establishment.

And, as they say, the rest is history.

But the journey hasn’t been easy.

“My life and my career have been very difficult,” she said. “It all sounds like a cool story but there have been a lot of difficult days and times, a lot of disappointments. And every day, I have to decide if this disappointment will end my career or enhance it.”

Out there, she is Reem Acra, the renowned international fashion designer who was voted by Forbes last year to be the Seventh Most Powerful Arab Woman and who designed dresses for various celebrities including Christina Applegate, Halle Berry, Beyoncé, Jane Fonda, Selena Gomez, Angelina Jolie,

Jennifer Lopez, Madonna Kristen Stewart, Taylor Swift, Reese Witherspoon, Catherine Zeta-Jones and Melania Trump. Moreover, in August 2007, a limited edition Reem Acra Bride Barbie doll was released.

But here at IC, she was a student again. Her eyes lit up as she walked across the campus. In fact, soon after her Q&A session with students was over, she excitedly went searching for her old classrooms and just like any alumna – walking down memory lane.

“I feel that I have done something in my life,” said Acra. “Whether it is for me or the Arab world, I think I paved the way. And that is plenty.”



Photo courtesy of the silk museum

THE BSOUS SILK MUSEUM

George Asseily '54



It was never about the silk or the factory or even heritage. In fact, when Edward Asseily senior brought his son, **George '54**, to the site in the village of Bsous (near Aley) in the 60s and asked him whether he thinks the Asseily family should buy the defunct factory and rework it, George responded with a resounding 'no'.

"Silk isn't it anymore," newly graduated George had declared, critically eyeing the 19th century factory then owned by the Fayad family, a distant cousin. It had closed some years before in 1945.

Asseily senior dropped his idea. The empty silk factory – years before, thriving with cocoons and threads – was left to decay.

It wasn't until years later, in 1969, that the newlywed George and his wife, Alexandra, stopped to look at the site on their way to Aley. By then, the place had become home to countless sheep and goats. Alexandra immediately fell in love with the house at the top of the factory. Wouldn't it be a great summer place?

George Asseily agreed. A beautiful summer place. He gave little thought to the empty factory on the lot.

The couple bought the place and began thinking of renovating the old house. Life was good after all. Work was great. Armed with a specialization in non-wovens, George Asseily had joined the family's thriving business. Soon enough, Asseily opened his own factories in Chiyah and Shouweifat. In 1965, he opened a retail shop Domtex, (his mother Charlotte's idea really) and the family basked in the golden 60s.

But tragedy loomed ahead. In 1975, as the war reared its ugly head, Asseily became the Head of The Industrialists Association and turned to then Minister of

Industry and AnNahar newspaper owner, Ghassan Tueni, for help in convincing the government to send the army to protect the industrial areas.

Asseily's plea headlined in the morning paper. At 11:30 pm that same night, Asseily's phone rang.

"Your factory has just been torched and is burning," said a sarcastic voice. "Now go tell your army to come and protect you."

The factory in Chiyah burned for three days to the ground.

Another blow came in 1982, when the Shouweifat factory took a direct hit by the Israelis.

Not one to give up easily, Asseily went on to open another small factory in Bauchrieh (still in operation today) and continued with business though on a much smaller scale.

Meanwhile, renovation plans for their summer home were abandoned as the family moved to London. It was during those dark war years that Asseily found a sudden interest in the factory and indeed in the silk industry itself.

"I felt myself drawn to understand how silk played a role in the country, both economically and socially," he explained, and visited silk museums in England and France.

He began making plans to turn his factory into a museum.

"I really felt it wasn't mine to keep," he said. "It belongs to Lebanon. It is part of our heritage."

With the war over, Asseily immediately began thinking of ways to save the factory.

It so happened that French nationals, Thierry Huau and Francoise Le Noble Predine, were working on a landscape project in the late 1990s in the Solidere area when they came across the silk

factory. They drew up their own plans of the place and showed it to Asseily.

The family enthusiastically agreed to it and work begun.

The factory, in dire condition, had to be completely renovated and returned to its old glory. Missing stones were painstakingly replaced. The garden was meticulously replanted with local shrubs and plants – which would eventually attract its own share of tourists.

Meanwhile, the Asseily family established the ‘Memory and Development Association’ “not only to look after the property and museum but to encourage people in the village to preserve their heritage,” he explained.

Finally, in 2000, the museum opened its doors. Today, it remains the only former factory out of 194 factories that once dotted the country and at one period brought great prosperity to Lebanon’s economy - counting for 62 percent of all exports between 1872 and 1910. The factories created a social revolution in Lebanon as women – at a time when females were relegated strictly to the house – made up the main workforce.

In 1914, it was estimated that there were roughly 120,000 textile workers in Syria and Lebanon. Most of them worked in the silk industry. In that golden period, the Silk Office was set up to manage the region’s silk industry. According to a 1968 study by AUB professor Ilmir Maurice Shihab, Lebanon and Syria were producing around 524,000 kilos of raw silk, most of which was for export to Lyon, France.



Photo courtesy of the silk museum

Now nineteen years after Asseily began his renovation quest, he is still asked the same question: Why did you do this?

His answer remains the same: “We owe this country to show the young what Lebanon was, what it was in all its aspects: its industrial, social and agricultural side. We owe younger generations at least that, and also to show them how silk opened Lebanon to the outside world, with its exports of silk yarn to the West.”

In addition to the Bsous museum, George and Alexandra Asseily also co-founded,

with a group of young Lebanese in London, the British Lebanese Association, and the Centre for Lebanese Studies at Oxford University in 1984, an independent academic research institution that aims to promote international understanding of Lebanon and its related issues and challenges. George Asseily is currently its Chairman of the Board, and the Centre is now active in Lebanon especially in the education field.

For more information, go to: <http://thesilkmuseum.com/>

For the Centre for Lebanese Studies go to: <http://www.lebanesestudies.com>



Photo courtesy of the silk museum



AIN AAR FUN DAY







Secondary school students prepare Christmas gifts to give out to families in need. The initiative is the brainchild of the Ras Beirut Parents' Committee and the Physical Plant.



IC students visit Ouzville

*Many apologies for our graduates, **Maher Abdel Samad '17** and **Andrew Bismar '17** for inadvertently switching your pictures in the Spring Newsletter 2017 issue. Here they are again: right names for the right pictures!*

*Maher Abdel Samad
Accepted at UPenn, Columbia and Johns
Hopkins*

My 'thing' is my ambition and energy. I love to be a leader. I was a class representative for two years. I also helped organize and headed the MUN trip to India, where my team won the best delegation and I received a trophy. I am also the Vice-Captain of the IC Varsity Rugby team. I teach English and SAT to underprivileged kids and teenagers. In my spare time, I help out the guidance counseling office here at IC. I like to help other kids find their passion. On the side of all this, I am also a professional DJ. I trained to be a DJ at a music school and earn my own pocket money by being a DJ at parties.



*Andrew Bismar
Accepted at McGill, Toronto
University, and British Columbia*

My 'thing' is effective time management. I do sailing, tennis, ping pong and swimming as hobbies as well as scouts. I am on the IC Badminton team and am also the class representative. I also volunteer with an NGO that cares for disabled children.



The new Preschool and Middle Schools





STARTING DATE: MAY 2016
TARGETED COMPLETION DATE: FEBRUARY 2018

Preschool building: two car parking basements, a bus parking at the ground (street level) floor, three floors for classrooms and administrative functions, a playground and multipurpose room on the roof.

Middle School Building: three car

parking basements, a bus parking at the ground floor level, six floors for classrooms and administrative functions, and a landscaped/planted roof.

The two buildings are connected at all parking levels and at the first, second and third floor levels.



Dinners & Events



Imad Taher '58, Fouad Malouf '56, Bill Turner



Talal Jundi '86, Imad El Khalil '81, Don Bergman, Don Selinger, Susan Shammass, Issam Shammass '63, Anthony Jones, Walid Daouk '76

Honoring Fouad Malouf

A farewell dinner in the honor of Board Member, **Fouad Malouf '56**, was held at the Mosimann Club in London on June 12th. Mr. Malouf was a member of the Board for more than 25 years during which he served as its Vice Chairman and was instrumental in gathering support for its various Capital Campaigns. As a student at IC, he excelled at athletics and later became well known for his love and support to his Alma Mater.



Juman Malouf, Bill Turner, Roye Jabre, Fouad Malouf '56, Najla Anderson, Imad Taher '58, Hanan Malouf, Gilbert Jabre '62



Mu'taz Sawwaf '69, Karen Ziadeh, Basim Ziadeh '69



Sophia Crawford, Fred Crawford, Basim Ziadeh '69, Maya Tohmé, Mu'taz Sawwaf '69, Moufid Beydoun '64



Montreal

An alumni dinner was organized by the Head of the Montreal Chapter, **Khaled Hajjar '84**, at the Sirène de la Mer. The event was attended by VP for Alumni and Development, **Moufid Beydoun '64** and Katherine Murphy McClintic, the VP for Advancement & Development (NY) - and by over 85 alumni and IC friends



Khaled Hajjar '84





Toronto

An alumni brunch was held at the Milestones restaurant and attended by over 40 persons. Joining them were VP for Alumni and Development, **Moufid Beydoun '64** and Katherine Murphy McClintic, the VP for Advancement & Development (NY).



Randa Sanyoura '77, Lana Khartabil '90, Nadine Ammache Atweh, Kate McClintic, Lina El Baba '82





Kate McClintic, Lynda Moister, Samia Hazim '72, Roger Moister



Atlanta

A dinner was held at the Maggiano Restaurant and was attended by over 26 alumni and friends. Joining them were VP for Alumni and Development, **Moufid Beydoun '64** and Katherine Murphy McClintic, the VP for Advancement & Development (NY).



Dallas

Over 25 alumni and friends attended a reunion at the Texas de Brazil and were joined by **Moufid Beydoun '64** and Katherine Murphy McClintic, the VP for Advancement & Development (NY).



Khobar

Alumni Dinner hosted by **Fathi Captan '74**.



Fathi Captan '74, Moufid Beydoun '64



Riyadh



Abdullah Hatalani '72, Bassam Badran '76, Farouk Faroukh, George Oueijan '90



Wael El Turk '94, Hassan Turk '65, Randa Abla '93, Lina Alamediine Dada '98, Kareem El Turk '98



An Alumni dinner hosted by **Bassam Badran '76** and held at his residence was organized by Head of Riyadh Chapter, **Randa Abla '93**.



Elementary Graduation 1956

Akram Najjar '63
sent the
following photos:



1957 Jezzine



1957 Jezzine



Graduation 1962

Updates

‘50

Fuad Dagher, MD, is presently retired and married with three sons and six grand children and one great grandchild. “Last July, I celebrated with my wife our 60th wedding anniversary,” he writes.

Dr. Dagher graduated from AUB in 1954 (BA) and 1958 (MD). He then received a Fellowship at the Harvard School of Medicine 1962-1964 and a fellowship in vascular surgery in Cleveland.

He returned to AUB in 1965 as Assist. Professor, then Associate professor. He returned to the US in 1969 for a Fellowship in transplantaion at Johns Hopkins Hospital (1969-1970) and performed the first kidney transplant operation at AUBMC in 1971 between two siblings. He then left to the US and joined the University of Maryland first as Associate Professor then full Professor and head of the Kidney Transplant and Vascular Programs at University of Maryland School of Medicine and Hospital, in Baltimore, Maryland.

He devised a ‘Dagher’ upper arm fistula for Chronic Dialysis, published in 1976, became professor of surgery at University of South Florida 1978-1991, a Professor of Surgery at George Washington, and Georgetown Universities Schools of Medicine and Associate Dean at Georgetown University in Washington DC. He was also a visiting professor at multiple Universities throughout the world. He wrote and published over 85 scientific papers, and chapters and edited a book on wound healing. He was appointed Chief Medical Director and Associate Dean at AUBMC 2001 and 2002.

“I am Proud of the achievements of IC, and its graduates, and its plans for the future,” he writes.

The picture below shows the class of 1950, and “I am the # 7 person above on the left side, beginning with Mr. Fayeze Asa’ad.”



‘75

Robert Rouda wrote a book under his pen name of IB Saab that features IC and AUB called Shake, Rattle and Roll Lebanon 1971-1984

Below is the link and invites anyone with an interest in IC, AUB and Lebanon to read it, especially fellow classmates of 1975.

<http://www.amazon.com.au/Shake-Rattle-Roll-Lebanon-1971-1984-ebook/dp/B005BFXLB4>

‘84

Gaby Katul (Dr) was awarded the 2018 Dalton Medal in Hydrological Sciences. He is currently a Professor of Hydrology and Micrometeorology at Duke University’s Nicholas School of the Environment. The EGU awards the Dalton Medal annually in recognition of groundbreaking contributions to hydrological research. The jury cited Gaby’s impressive body of work in near-surface hydrology, particularly his seminal studies of the soil-plant-atmosphere system that have significantly advanced scientists’ ability to understand and predict ecohydrologic phenomena. Gaby has authored or co-authored more than 270 peer-reviewed papers and eight book chapters. He was awarded the American Geophysical Union’s Hydrological Sciences Award in 2012, was named an AGU fellow in 2002 and also received the prestigious James B. Macelwane Medal from AGU the same year. In 2010, he was named a Fulbright Distinguished Scholar.



‘89

Nada Ghazal is the Founder and Creative Director of Nada G™ Jewelry and has been selected as a finalist for the “Woman Entrepreneur of the Year” category at the Brilliant Lebanese Awards; an innovative initiative by BLC Bank that celebrates successful entrepreneurs and their achievements.

Nada won the award for creating “timeless fine jewelry pieces with an edge, that make up an impressive tailor-made and high-end portfolio in 18k gold, adorned with precious and semi-precious stones,” states the BLA Press release (Brilliant Lebanese Awards run by the BLC Bank).

Nada, refers to her labor of love as “passion translated and transferred into timeless art”.





1965 Gathering

Check our website IC1965.com.
Friends Forever and May God
Protect Them and Bless Those we
Lost.

Marwan Stambuli



Letters to the editor

IC Lost Souls Reunion

The IC lost souls group saw its formation back in the late 90's when a small number that met in 67/68 in the "seconde" (10th grade), French section, started it via emails.

Since, the IC lost souls can be found in Montreal, Toronto, Calgary, Paris, Boston, NY, New Jersey, Arizona, Albuquerque, Istanbul, Abu Dhabi and Beirut of course,

On October 22, 2017 taking the opportunity of the visit to Beirut of **Tullia Molinari '71** from Istanbul and **Mounir Mouraccade '70** from Montreal, the Beirut chapter organized a lunch in Chemlan.

A commemorative picture is attached with the names and graduation years.



Charles Camel-Toueg '71

GOING UPWARDS ON THE STAIRS :

Christiane Haddad, Mounir Mouraccade ('70), Spiro Haddad ('70), Elie Philippe (Pony) Schehade (67 to 69), June Schehade, Hind El Nakadi, Anwar El Nakadi ('71), Tullia Molinari ('71), Zaki Abu Taam, Fetoun Abu Taam Youssef ('70), Malak Camel-Toueg Shurbaji ('70), Charles Camel-Toueg ('71)

Dinners/Save the Dates

Miami	January 28, 2018
Washington D.C.	Feb 1st , 2018
Houston	Feb 3rd, 2018
San Francisco	Feb. 9th, 2018
Dubai	Mid-April, 2018
Beirut	May 5th, 2018

Details to follow

E-mail: icny@ic.edu.lb (US) - alumni@ic.edu.lb (Leb/Dubai)

Letters to the editor

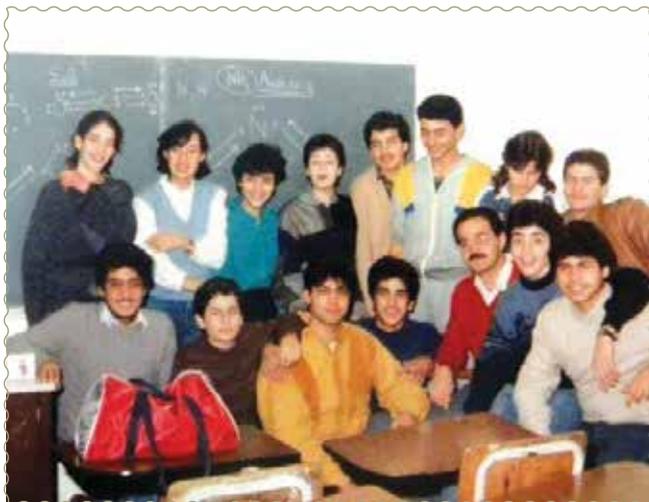
There is a funny incident that happened to me at IC, and I still remember it, was at year 1983, I presume, the year that I joined IC. It was my first week at IC, when I received an invitation for a birthday party, it was the birthday of our friend Zeina Annan.

I didn't know what was expecting me there and I didn't know what parties are like at an international open minded mixed gender school like IC. Me, the somewhat hardworking nerd that came from a conservative "boys only" school, Makassed, with those thick heavy lenses eyeglasses over my nose.

Well, the next week, I went to the address at a very luxurious building, Annan Tower, at Sanai, Beirut, and was at the room with all the friends, high sound music was on and everybody was enjoying himself when suddenly the music changed to a slow toned music, lights were dimmed, and each boy grabbed a girl with his hands around her waist and his head on her shoulder, then both started spinning around slowly.

I was the only boy standing around alone, not knowing what was happening with couple of girls looking anxiously at me. Then I approached the waiter and asked him why each boy is "sticking" to a girl? And what is happening and why they are doing like this? He looked at me weirdly, and told me, this is a kind of dancing, and it is called "slow", and those girls are angry because you didn't invite any to dance with you yet. In a hurry, in order not to be the black sheep of the party, I invited both of the girls, grabbed them strongly, and from that moment on, I only remember that everybody was screaming and laughing, screaming because I pressed on every foot at the room in that darkness, while dancing of course, and laughing at a phenomena that usually happens to a boy like me, at that age, when, for the first time in his life, he grabs, sticks, and feels, the fresh young bodies of two young ladies. I stayed all the party time.....!!!!!!

*Eng. Mhmd Raki-Bakbour
Mechanical Engineer*



**Dr. Habib Ghandour '81
Remembers forty years in front of Thompson Hall.**

I joined IC in 1974 coming from Lycée. At the time the campus was in Meshref, it was totally new and vast, it looked more like a university rather than a high school.

The following year we had to move back to the main campus in Ras Beirut, due to the situation in the country. At the end of that year, I went to a boarding school in England, but by the end of the summer semester, I insisted that my parents send me back to IC, while they themselves went to Saudi Arabia.

This time I was a boarder in Thompson Hall. This building left a significant impact on me. It was a warm welcoming atmosphere, where almost everyone bonded together. It was a safe place to stay in wartime.

I remember gazing from my room's window, which was on the top floor, at the football field in front of me, and I used to watch varsity students practicing football. At night I used to watch the AUB dorms, which were also facing Thompson Hall where I was curious to see what college students did in their late hours, some would be studying behind their desks, others chatting outside the rooms, and even some would be smoking. Nowadays, when I bring my son to school, and we go down the stairs in front of Thompson Hall, the trees have grown so large and bushy after all these years, I guess you cannot see much from behind them.

I can still remember Mr. Sullivan, the art teacher, who also was the head of the boarding section. It is very hard to forget him, the pipe never came down from his lips. He had a very distinguished authoritative voice. One afternoon, he let me drive in his old beige VW Beetle. We both peaked to see that president Reynolds was not around in Martin House, which is right next door. We went with our plan only for a few meters and back, and that made me very happy.

Ford Fraker



It is with great sadness we share the news that our Board member, Ford Fraker recently passed away; Ford was 68 years old. He is survived by his wife, Linda and three grown children. I first met Ford in 1974 when he joined the Chemical Bank management training program as a recent graduate of Thunderbird University with a Masters in International studies. He was also a graduate of Harvard University where he gained fame in the movie 'Love Story' starring Ali MacGraw. Ford was captain of the Harvard hockey team and got to play himself in the movie. After joining Chemical Bank, he was their representative in Dubai and later opened their first branch in the Middle East in Bahrain. Of interest, our new Chairman Don Selinger was the Chemical Bank representative in Cairo at the same time. Continuing his athletic skills, Ford was considered the best tennis player in the Arabian Peninsula. Ford later was in London with Saudi International Bank, a joint venture of Morgan Guarantee Trust Company and SAMA (Saudi Arabian Monetary Fund). Later in

his career, Ford was appointed as U.S. Ambassador to Saudi Arabia. While serving in The Kingdom, he helped IC by hosting a fundraising event at the U.S. Embassy. After retiring from government service, he joined IC's Board and was later appointed Vice Chairman. His extensive knowledge of the Middle East and wise counsel will be sorely missed.

*Bill Turner,
IC Trustee (42 years)
Former IC Chairman (32 years)*

Ford was a banking colleague of many at IC, both on and off the IC board. We first met when

I was with JPMorgan in the late 1980s in London at our then affiliate, Saudi International Bank. He was generous with his time in Saudi Arabia, both when he was US Ambassador in Riyadh and later in 2016, calling on prospective foundations with me while I was on the Board, on behalf of the IC Development team. We spoke on the phone just two days before he suffered a stroke and his last words to me were "see you soon, either in Saudi or NYC". Ford joined the IC board in 2009 and followed regional affairs closely through his associations in DC. He remained an avid tennis player and maintained a busy monthly travel schedule to the region. Ford's insight and wisdom on regional affairs will be missed, as will his wry sense of humor.

*Katherine Murphy McClintic
Vice President (IC NY)*

Howard Reed:

IC's Last Witness to its Glorious Turkish Past

The first thing I noticed were his soft blue eyes. "You have come all this way just to find me?" he said. "I don't know what to say. I am so flattered. IC is still thinking about me. This is an honor."

But the honor was all mine. All IC's. Before me stood the last link to IC's past – the last surviving grandchild of IC's founder, Protestant Minister Reverend Alexander MacLachlan: Howard Reed.

My quest to find him had brought me thousands of miles to a small town in Connecticut. That was in 2011.

Reed and his wife, Shafiga, couldn't do enough for me.

For the next three days, Reed and I became constant companions as he unfolded the rich layers of IC's past and colorful chapters in his own life. "What do you want to know about IC and grandfather?" he asked gently. "I remember him well. I was twenty years old when he died."

I wanted to know everything and he was more than happy to tell me everything.

Reed was born in 1920 to Cass and Rosalind Reed in Smyrna (now Izmir), Turkey. He, his older brother, Lachlan, and younger sister Joan (both now deceased) grew up at the International College in Smyrna, as it was known. Their playground was the 20-acre campus built by the vision of MacLachlan.

Just beyond were the tennis courts. Part of Reed's boyhood chores had been to keep them well maintained.

The Reed family left Turkey in 1934 when the College suddenly shut down. It opened two years later in Lebanon and has since become known as IC.

"It was a sad day when we left IC and Turkey," he recalled. "We were heartbroken."

The Reed family didn't stay to see the opening of IC in Beirut. Reed went on to graduate from Yale University and joined the US Navy just as WWII broke out. After a short stint in Washington DC, Reed found himself sent back along the Turkish coast. Many harrowing experiences later, Reed and his relatively few commandos became known for defeating large enemy forces with little tactical operations. He would be called upon to teach other army units his methods of operations. At one point during the war, he found himself back in Smyrna (Turkey was neutral) for a short break from the incessant bombing from enemy aircrafts.

His wartime experiences could fill volumes



but it was a self-made oath that stands out the most. In 1943, during a vicious bombing cycle, he looked up from his ship to see his potential killer – a German pilot – struggling to eject himself from his fighter plane. The pilot failed and the plane took a direct hit.

It was then that Reed made

his oath. "Dear God, what am I doing here? We are young people trying to destroy each other," he said. "I make a pledge to myself that unless it means the life of another person I will never fire a shot in anger at anyone during my service."

And despite some very dangerous moments, he managed to keep that oath.

The war over, Reed married and continued his graduate studies at Princeton University. In 1955, he returned to Beirut for a one-year stay as a Ford Foundation Representative.

Reed is credited with starting the Islamic Studies at Yale and Princeton Universities and the Islamic and Middle East Studies at McGill University, the Middle East Association of North America as well as authored numerous studies about Turkey and the Middle East. So long is his list of achievements that he was twice listed in the Who's Who.

Reed has three children from his first marriage. He wed fellow professor, Shafiga Daulet, in 1985. On October 10, he passed away at the age of 97.

"Whenever Howard happened to be sitting around friends but especially around ladies, be it friends or family, he always said in Turkish 'I have fallen amongst angels' (çok şanslıyım, meleklerin arasına düştüm). Our sweet, precious Howard has left his body and now he has truly fallen amongst the angels as one himself. In one of my last conversations with him, some of the things he said were 'Universe is perfect and tender and peaceful. Love doesn't end, we are never separated' and he said 'I give my love to everyone and I receive their love'. Lots of food for thought from my one and only Guru. He is and was always larger than life and it is of great comfort to us to know that he continues to live in our hearts and no doubt continues to touch all of our lives," wrote Sibel Gozubuyuk, Reed's stepdaughter.

Reed's nephew, Ian, currently, serves on IC's Board of Trustees. (His niece, Aida, was a former trustee). The IC family sends its deepest condolences to the Reed family – IC's last witness to its glorious Turkish past.

Reem Haddad
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Season's
Greetings!

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