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Crossing Boundaries : Beirut and Beyond, Remembering 1964-1968

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The College at Brockport

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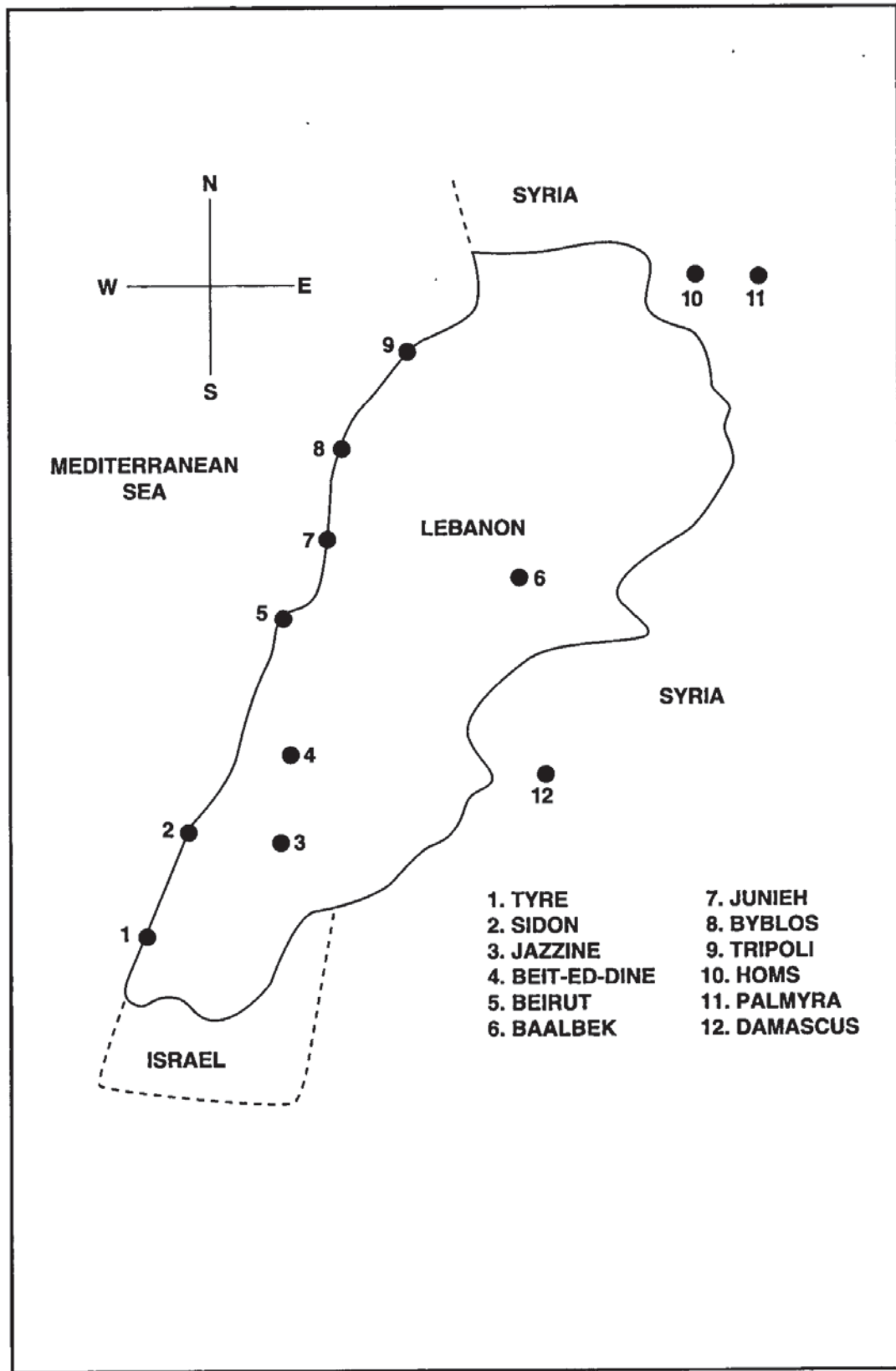


Fig. 1 Map of Lebanon

CROSSING BOUNDARIES

~BEIRUT AND BEYOND~

REMEMBERING 1964-1968:

~AMERICAN UNIVERSITY OF BEIRUT

~ARAB/ISRAELI WAR

~AROUND THE WORLD TRAVEL

ROSA LA SORTE RICH

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Printed in the United States of America

This manuscript is dedicated to all those
seeking exciting adventures while
crossing their own boundaries

TABLE OF CONTENTS

MAPS AND ILLUSTRATIONS

<u>PROLOGUE</u>	1
<u>INTRODUCTION</u>	2
A surprising phone call	
Brief history of AUB	
<u>PART I - FROM BROCKPORT TO BEIRUT</u>	3
Sailing off to the Middle East	
Arrival in Beirut and AUB	
Meeting with Director of Men's Physical Education	
<u>PROFESSIONAL CHALLENGES</u>	6
Equipment and facilities	
Building the facilities for women's sports	
Planning the curriculum	
The students	
Hostel ("Hostile") meetings	
<u>STUDENT TEACHING PROGRAM IN BEIRUT</u>	10
Presenting a plan to Brockport	
Jackie Hill registers for classes	
Student teaching requirements	
Christine Rider rescues beginner swimmers	
<u>OTHER PROFESSIONAL EXPERIENCES</u>	12
Acting Dean of Women	
Conference in Cologne, Germany	
Demonstrations and workshops	
"Mayday" folk dance festival	
Talks with American students about dating	
Slimnastics classes	
<u>PART II - DIVERSITY OF CULTURE</u>	16
<u>RELIGIONS</u>	16
<i>Ramadan</i>	
Iranian New Year	
<u>BEIRUT - THE CITY</u>	16
Beirut – the city	
Restaurants, dining and the Arabic cuisine	
Shopping	

Movies – twice a week?
Communication – the telephone or lack of
The weather

BEIRUT - THE PEOPLE

22

Beirut – the people
The Arabic language
Dating and marriage for Middle Eastern men and women
Servants
Clothing

ON CAMPUS

24

Relationships with students
No shorts in public
Student uniforms
Election of “Miss AUB”
Mary Bushakra, Minnie and Nora Katibeh
AUB professor expelled from Lebanon?

CURIOUS EVENTS

27

Be careful where you park...your car may be towed!
An unsolved murder

LIFE OUTSIDE OF CLASSES

28

My own apartment!
Foreign International Group
Hectic social life
The beach and pool as a get-away
I don a blonde wig
Strawberry shortcake dessert party
Progressive dinner
Celebrating American holidays
Dating
Rosie on horseback?
Jack Mann taken hostage
Lunch with Princess Muna
I'm an extra in a movie!
Choreography
Ballet lessons? What a joke!
I am arrested!

A knock at the door – a freshly caught fish!
A visit to the gynecologist because of a sore back
A two-day stay in the hospital
Give blood and get a free breast exam
I lost and won the tennis tournament
The sailors came to town

<u>PART III – CROSSING BOUNDARIES</u>	38
<u>BOUNDARIES WITHOUT BORDERS</u>	38
Professional boundaries	
Cultural	
Personal boundaries	
<u>TRAVEL IN THE MIDDLE EAST</u>	39
Lebanon	
Cyprus	
Egypt	
Greece	
Iran	
Jordan	
Kuwait	
Rhodes	
Syria	
<u>TRAVEL OUTSIDE OF THE MIDDLE EAST</u>	52
Austria and Hungary	
Canada and London	
Italy	
Portugal and Spain	
Kentucky	
Soviet Union	
<u>PART IV – THE SIX-DAY WAR</u>	55
<u>MIDDLE EAST PROBLEMS ~THE SIMPLIFIED VERSION</u>	55
<u>MAY 22, 1967...EMERGENCY MEETING IS CALLED!</u>	55
A phone call at 9:00 A.M.	
The President’s office	
A committee is formed	
A dilemma	
“Rewrite your plan”	
<u>DEMONSTRATIONS BEGIN!</u>	56
May 25, 1967	
May 26, 1967	
May 27, 1967	
June 2, 1967	
<u>MONDAY, JUNE 5, 1967...WAR IS DECLARED!</u>	57
Phase I – An emergency meeting	
Phase II arrives quickly	
Phase III – Evacuation of 5,000 Americans	

Riot groups protest against Americans
Chris Rider meets resistance in Jewett Hall
Getting caught in the middle of a rock fight!
My evacuation to Athens and Hydra
Refugee life on the island of Hydra

RETURN TO BEIRUT AFTER THE SIX-DAY WAR **62**

A new contract
Rationale for accepting two jobs
Alma visits Beirut

JUGGLING TWO JOBS **64**

Acting Dean of Women at International College
An additional job offer

PART V – TIME TO LEAVE BEIRUT **66**

The trip home – the problems begin
My luggage is lost!

AN AMBITIOUS ITINERARY **66**

BEIRUT IS LEFT BEHIND **67**

Teheran, Iran
New Delhi, India
Bangkok, Thailand
Singapore, Malaysia
Djakarta, Indonesia and Denpasar, Bali

An unplanned landing in Saigon
Manila, Philippines
Hong Kong
Taipei, Formosa (Taiwan)
Tokyo, Japan

The problems continue – robbery in Hawaii
Hawaii – robbed the second time
Hawaii police are uncooperative
The Royal Canadian Mounted Police (RCMP)
Brockport, New York

APPENDIX

81

- I. An interview with *Mademoiselle* magazine
- II. *Outlook* newspaper article, “The Beast Within”
- III. Jackie Hill’s article for the *Stylus*
- IV. A writer attacks – *Outlook*’s letter to the editor
- V. Christine Rider’s response to the *Outlook*
- VI. *Daily Star*’s articles re: Teachers’ “sick days”
- VII. ’67 War – Evacuation details
 - A. Evacuation packet received by all American citizens
 - B. Evacuation kit enclosures
 - C. Evacuation Committees
 - D. Information Station
 - E. Equipment
 - F. Shift Schedule
- VIII. Letter from AUB Vice-President, Dwight C. Monier (July 6, 1967)
- IX. Letter from AUB President, Samuel B. Kirkwood to Rev. Romain Swedenburg, Community Church of Beirut (July 27, 1967)
- X. My letter of resignation to President Kirkwood, May 22, 1967

GLOSSARY OF NAMES

91

WITH HEARTFELT APPRECIATION

96

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

97

MAPS AND ILLUSTRATIONS

<u>Fig. 1</u> Map of Lebanon	...
<u>Fig. 2</u> Map of AUB campus	2
<u>Fig. 3</u> AUB athletic field and Mediterranean Sea as viewed from the upper campus	3
<u>Fig. 4</u> Farewell: Jeanette Banker; Rosa Rich; Evelyn Del Rosso; Ann Uhler	5
<u>Fig. 5</u> Modern dance demonstration	14
<u>Fig. 6</u> Blondes have more fun!	31
<u>Fig. 7</u> Trolley car in mountain town of Aley	41
<u>Fig. 8</u> Egyptian bellydancer with chandelier	42
<u>Fig. 9</u> Druse with autographed photo of Peter O'Toole	46
<u>Fig.10</u> Genevieve Maxwell and Rosa Rich with Jordanian police	47
<u>Fig.11</u> Petra, Jordan: Riding horseback through <i>El Siq</i>	48
<u>Fig.12</u> Petra, Jordan: The narrow passageway, <i>El Siq</i>	48
<u>Fig.13</u> Petra, Jordan: <i>Khazneh</i> or Treasury building	49
<u>Fig.14</u> Evacuees on the island of Hydra	61
<u>Fig.15</u> Island of Bali: Dancer piercing chest with blade in "Sword Dance"	72
<u>Fig.16</u> Island of Bali: Dancers being restrained in "Sword Dance"	73
<u>Fig.17</u> Saigon Tan Son Nhut Airport	

PROLOGUE

Why after more than forty years am I writing an account of four years of my life? When I returned from Beirut to Endicott, New York in 1968, I was asked to speak at a luncheon for one of the service organizations about my involvement in the '67 Arab-Israeli war. After that, I was often encouraged by various friends and acquaintances to write a book about my four years overseas. The basis, I was told, for recording the events of my life during this period was three-fold. First, I broke new ground in International Education by initiating the first full-year student teaching program overseas for State University of New York at Brockport (SUNY); second, traveling alone around the world as a single woman was unusual at that time; and third, the experiences I had encountered in those four years were extraordinary.

Publish? My answer to publishing my memoirs was always NO! I did not want the hassles of publishing and who wanted to read it anyway? I also felt that 5000 other Americans in Beirut had had the same experiences as I. No, I was told, my experiences were mine alone.

In January 2002, I was asked to speak to a Women's Studies class at SUNY Brockport. Some things they wanted to know were: How was life different for a Middle Eastern woman? What did they wear? Did they date? What did they do for social life? What types of jobs did they hold? Was it safe? etc. The hour-long class went by quickly but I was frustrated because I had more information to share with them. After class the professor, Dr. Kathleen Hunter, stated very strongly that I should publish. Again, I answered NO! Publishing frightened me and the limited reading audience was not worth the time put into the writing. She answered "Well, then do it for yourself!" That made perfectly good sense to me, so I went home and started writing. Those four years proved to be a most exciting and wonderful experience both professionally and personally for me. And, thanks to Kathleen Hunter, I have enjoyed reliving the time spent in the Middle East.

I did not keep a personal diary. So much occurred each day that it was too tedious for me to keep a log. Instead, I wrote to family and friends weekly and asked them to keep the letters for me. Those letters and the student teachers' professional diaries were used to recall my experiences.

This account is simply a diary of what I experienced during those four years. Some readers may find that some experiences I had were not unusual. But, keep in mind that in the 1960s, it was not common place for single women to venture out alone as I did. This narrative is not meant to be political. I am not taking a stance on the situation in the Middle East. I am stating the facts as they related to my experiences and observations. And, I am not a polished writer. What you read is what you read.

Basically there are five parts: 1) The student teaching program and the curriculum in physical education and health for women at the American University of Beirut; 2) Beirut and its culture and my personal involvement in it; 3) Travel while in the Middle East; 4) The Arab-Israeli war of 1967; and 5) My trip home, completing my journey around the world.

I am hoping to give copies to the SUNY Brockport archives as well as to family and close friends. Other interested parties are welcome to read it.

INTRODUCTION

A surprising phone call After teaching at Brockport State Teachers' College for six years (1958 - 1964), I was granted a sabbatical. It was later disclosed that the sabbatical was granted in error. I had taught only six years, instead of seven as was required, but since it was the error of the college and not mine, the sabbatical was granted. The provision was that I return to teach for at least one more year at Brockport. My plan was to travel around the world to visit different schools and to compare their physical education and health programs with those in the United States. But all of a sudden this plan changed drastically!

In the middle of August 1964 while at home in Endicott, New York, I received a phone call from the Near East College Association in New York City. Apparently someone had given my name as one who might be interested and available to start the first health and physical education program for women at the American University of Beirut (AUB) in Beirut, Lebanon. "Sure," I said, "Where is Beirut?" Today that sounds ridiculous, but in 1964, many people were not familiar with Beirut.

I drove to New York City for the interview. On August 15, I had a second interview at the Castle Restaurant in Olean, New York with the Dean of Women at AUB, Mary Robinson. She offered me the position and I accepted on the spot. It would be a three-year contract. When I returned home to tell my mother where I was going, she exclaimed, "I spent all this time trying to get to the United States, and now you want to go back!" (To help her understand where I was going, I told her that I was going to Italy). I promised my mother that I would return every summer for a visit.

There was much to be done. I immediately resigned my position at the college, obtained my credentials for overseas duty, made arrangements for travel, packed a trunk, footlocker and a couple of suitcases, said my good-byes and was ready to set sail on the *Independence* on September 9, 1964.

A brief history of AUB AUB was established in 1866 as a private independent non-sectarian institution of higher learning. It was chartered by the State of New York and was governed by a faculty Senate under the administration of a Board of Trustees with offices in New York City. Dr. Daniel Bliss founded AUB with an enrollment of sixteen students. A rented house was used for instruction. In 1924 the first female faculty member was hired, and in 1925, the first female student (veiled) was accompanied by her husband to all classes.

Constitutionally, the AUB president must be an American. Today, six faculties lead to Bachelor's, Master's and MD degrees. In 1964, 59 different nations and 24 separate religions were in attendance, and the faculty and student body maintained a ratio of 75% Arab and 25% American, Canadian, European and other. At that time there were 3246 students enrolled, 812 of them women. It was decided that 1964 was a good time to start a program in health and physical education for women since the university was to celebrate its 100th anniversary in 1966. Thus my position was established.

The 75-acre campus was beautifully situated off the Mediterranean shores. The architecture and landscaping were memorable with beautiful buildings and colorful flowers everywhere. The campus was one of the few areas in Beirut that had trees. The university buildings, all made of local sandstone and constructed by hand, stood at the top of a hill overlooking the athletic fields and the sea. More than two hundred steps led from the women's hostels (dormitories) to the classroom and office buildings above. The men's hostel, Penrose Hall, was located at the opposite end of the campus.



Fig. 3 AUB athletic field and Mediterranean Sea as viewed from the upper campus

PART I - FROM BROCKPORT TO BEIRUT

Sailing off to the Middle East Friends, Jeanette (D'Agostino) Banker, Evelyn (D'Aurizio) Del Rosso, and Ann Uhlir drove me to New York City to say goodbye. It was wonderful, fun, exciting, and scary. I was leaving on my first oceanic voyage alone for this unknown adventure on September 9, 1964. Wow! But all tears and fears disappeared as soon as the *Independence* set sail, because I had found others who were traveling alone also.

I first met Jeanette Banker at a meeting for new faculty members at SUNY Brockport in 1958. It was obvious that Jeanette knew some of the people there. As a newcomer, I approached her about having lunch together. We did and thereafter, became fast friends. Shortly after that meeting, "J" introduced me to my future husband, George. Evelyn Del Rosso taught physical education in the college's Campus School, and we enjoyed a close friendship also. Ann Uhlir and I taught in the

physical education department, and shared an office together at the college. The four of us were housemates while we taught at Brockport.

On board ship were six Teaching Fellows who were going to teach for one year at International College (IC) in Beirut. IC, a preparatory school for males only, was founded in 1891 in Smyrna, Turkey and was later moved to Beirut in 1936 as an affiliate of AUB. Its buildings were adjacent to AUB and were divided only by a stone wall and gate. (A bombing destroyed IC in 1988, resulting in the construction of a satellite campus in Ain A'ar, Lebanon). During our time in Beirut, the Teaching Fellows and I spent many enjoyable moments together. All were Yale or Princeton graduates: Thomas "Mac" De Ford, Fred Crawford, Charles Layne, George O'Dell, Bill Moran, Peter Tague, Rick Sterns, Kent, and Jim. George O'Dell had a lead in *The Boyfriend*, a musical that I choreographed. George had "two left feet." I remember spending extra time with him to learn the tango. He was determined and learned it flawlessly!

Stops at Casablanca, Morocco, Gibraltar and Algeciras, Spain were short but interesting. I feasted on *couscous* topped with meat and vegetables in Casablanca. I also visited the *Grand Mosque*, a Jewish synagogue, *Old Medina*, the *Lido* and open-air markets. All of the women I saw in Casablanca were veiled. The *Strait of Gibraltar*, linking the Atlantic Ocean and the Mediterranean Sea, separates Europe from Africa. The huge limestone rock had over 100 caves, where animals could dwell. Algeciras, because of its location as a port city, had both Arab and Spanish influences.

The ship landed in Genoa, where I arranged to transport my trunk and footlocker to Venice on the same train that I was taking. After arguing in Italian (as best as I could), it was agreed that \$25 would be the cost of transporting the goods. At the time, I thought that was expensive! The uncomfortable train trip from Genoa to Venice took seven hours!

In Venice, I boarded the *Ausonia* a deluxe cruise ship, much smaller and more luxurious than the *Independence* - but I was traveling first class. This was a restful trip, one that I had looked forward to before arriving in Beirut. On board was an American male who would be teaching English at AUB. Our stops at Brindisi, Italy, Cairo and Alexandria, Egypt were introductions to life in Beirut. Alexandria, known as the "Pearl of the Mediterranean," and the second largest city in Egypt, was busy and teeming with many vendors. It was fascinating to watch the locals play flutes while snakes curled upward out of handmade baskets.



Fig. 4 Farewell: Jeanette Banker, Rosa Rich, Evelyn Del Rosso, Ann Uhler

Arrival in Beirut and AUB The ship arrived in Beirut on September 24, 1964, fifteen days after I left New York harbor. I didn't know how I would be met, nor did I know for whom to look. There was a lot of confusion, but then I saw two men in porter's uniforms wearing black armbands inscribed with AUB, screaming "AUB! AUB!" Using sign language, and yelling back to them, I managed to figure out that they wanted to know my room number so that they could pick up the luggage. The porters spoke no English, which added to the confusion. Customs were no problem.

One of the graduate assistants and Mary Robinson, Dean of Women, were waiting for me at Jewett Hall, the hostel where I would live for the first semester. My apartment in the hostel was well furnished, complete with fresh flowers. The ground floor apartment consisted of two large rooms with a full bathroom in the middle. There were a refrigerator, gas stove, two couch beds, a typewriter, two desks and other attractive furniture. My view from one window faced the Mediterranean Sea and beautiful plants and flowers. A courtyard in front of the dining hall could be seen out of the other window. I was impressed!

The hostel was on the airplane route, so roaring planes were something to get used to during sleeping hours. A rooster outside one window woke me every morning while dogs locked up in the University Medical School could be heard just 50 yards away. Across the street on the waterfront side about 500 yards away was a "belly-dancing" establishment, which remained open throughout the wee hours. Arabic music was loud and clear! Before I left Beirut for good, I managed to visit that establishment. I remember someone warning me not to order anything already mixed in a glass. We ordered bottles of beer, which were opened at our table.

I was directly responsible to Mary Robinson. She was a very supportive "boss," accepted my curriculum and never questioned any changes that I planned for the women's activities. I dined at her home frequently and we sometimes socialized and traveled together.

The two graduate assistants for Jewett Hall, Armine Demirjian and Hana Khalaf were responsible for the hostel, which was under the direction of Miss Chaghaizbanian, head resident. I had little to do with regulations, unless there was a problem. Late permissions and counseling would be my main responsibilities. Women had 10:30 P.M. curfew each weeknight and Sunday, and 12:30 A.M. on Saturdays. Six late permissions until 1:00 A.M. were allowed each semester. Hana, a 21 year old Jordanian majoring in Sociology, taught me Arabic, one word a day. We often had discussions concerning the Arab/Israeli situation. Armine, a 26 year old Armenian, was an English major working on her Master's degree and hoped to study in the United States after graduation. (Armine did later marry and settle in California). She and Hana took me to lunch the first day. On the way back, I bumped into a pole directly outside of the hostel. My eyebrow started bleeding profusely, typical of head injuries. I had to insist that I not be taken to the emergency room.

Meeting with Director of Men's Physical Education Shortly after my arrival, I met with the Director of Men's Physical Education who had been on staff for 38 years. Apparently he had not been aware that I had been hired. My meeting with him was very disturbing, as our philosophies were vastly different. Since he was Lebanese, he felt that women should not be in the profession, nor would they be capable of teaching physical exercise. "During your first classes I will sit behind you so that I can direct you and advise you as to how to teach your classes." This is but one of the statements he made. He also inquired as to how many trophies I had won. When I answered in the negative, his body language seemed to indicate that he questioned my ability to teach.

Before I left our "interview," for that was what he was doing, I made it clear that I knew what I was doing and I did not need direction from him. I also presented him with a detailed outline of what I would be teaching. He agreed to give me some equipment and supplies until mine arrived from the United States. Our meeting lasted three hours. Apparently he accepted me, because when I left he gave me a gift of a wooden Viking which when pulled apart had a corkscrew and a can opener. According to Mary Robinson, he liked me and was overwhelmed by the extent of my planned program. Many Middle Eastern men finger prayer beads while they are in conversation or just sitting. The Americans call them *worry beads*. The director used them during the entire meeting. Did I make him nervous?

PROFESSIONAL CHALLENGES

Equipment and facilities I faced many challenges professionally. I was hired with no office, budget, equipment, facilities or schedule. It was my job to establish a full program in the first year. Volleyballs and basketballs were the only equipment available to me. There was no gymnasium. Therefore no walls for skills work and no indoor facilities were available for the rainy season. There were tennis courts on the "men's" field, but none for the women. Without question, I would not teach anything on the fields used by the men, nor teach swimming on the AUB beach - not in the Middle East! However, during the first year, I was forced to use the men's facilities for track and field. Even though I did not use them often, men would surround the areas and gawk at the girls while they were performing, embarrassing them, and making it difficult for the girls to concentrate.

Later I was able to have a pit dug behind the hostel for some jumps. I had to arrange to have tennis courts built and a field or court for team and individual sports. The areas around the women's hostels seemed to be the most logical place. Since it was necessary to order equipment from the United States, it would take at least a year for anything to arrive. In the meantime, it was necessary to "borrow" individual pieces of equipment from students, faculty or others.

Building the facilities for women's sports Meetings were held with the construction engineer to plan and build a combination volleyball and basketball court and an area for track events and archery. Converting feet and yards into the metric system was close to impossible for me. This area of the world continued to be very frustrating. I asked for portable volleyball poles, which could be removed from the ground easily to convert the court for basketball. I was told that this would be no problem. Unfortunately the poles were placed in cement and were impossible to move quickly. I had to make arrangements with the maintenance crew every time I wanted them removed. It often took a couple of hours for them to show up!

One morning when the basketball standards and nets were being built, I went inside for a few moments. When I returned, I could not find the workman with whom I had been talking. I looked all around - then I looked up, only to find him sitting cross-legged on top of the basketball ring, lacing the net by hand, and grinning from ear to ear. Without a ladder, the man had shimmied up the ten-foot pole. I discovered that I was a "novelty" to the workmen. Apparently many of my requests did not make sense to them.

Construction of the tennis courts and the combination basketball and volleyball courts involved meeting with the woman on campus who was in charge of "trees." Trees were smack right in the middle of the areas where both courts were to be built. She refused to cut down the trees and insisted that tennis and the team sports could easily be played by dodging those obstacles. However, my arguments were more convincing, and the trees came down! The tennis courts, built behind Bustani Hall, were lined by hand. Whenever it rained, the clay courts needed at least three days of sunshine to dry. Then the courts had to be relined and rolled.

Planning the curriculum With little or no equipment, my creativity came into play. Classes began the first week of October. All women on campus were required to take physical education and health during the freshman year. Activities for the students in 1964-1965 included: volleyball, basketball, tennis, bowling at a local alley, swimming at a local hotel pool (some with salt water, which helped the students with floating), a few track and field events, ballroom and modern dance (using a room that I will describe later), and Personal Health. Men were encouraged to join the dance classes. In the following three years, synchronized swimming, archery, badminton, field hockey, soccer, dry land skiing, stunts and tumbling, officiating, square dancing, and horseback riding were added. The students requested ice skating, but the Bristol Hotel skating rink was not open the first year. When student teacher, Jackie Hill skated at the hotel in January 1966, she remembers a small indoor rink with many instructors.

After the first rain, most students prepared themselves for winter by wearing heavy woollens. With temperatures in the high 60s and low 70s, I intended to take the classes outside for activity, but the students and I did not agree. They were not prepared for class, as I was. Those days were not

my favorite. I was given a schedule to teach two days a week with about eighty students in each class. Impossible! I quickly provided more sections with about twenty-five students per class. I then taught classes four days per week plus instructional intramurals for two hours on each weekday and on Saturdays.

The grading system for classes was Pass or Fail. In order to receive a passing grade, the student was allowed no more than two absences and must pass all exams with at least 60%. Being unprepared for class constituted an absence. Classes could be made up in any regularly scheduled class for those who had more than two absences. Written exams were given at the end of each physical education unit and in Personal Health classes. The students were given two chances to re-take each exam because English was the second language for most.

Most of the intramurals included formal instruction before any competition. To encourage the women to engage in intramural activities, athletic representatives were elected from each hall. They were a huge help in communicating with the girls about what was offered and the importance of joining. I sent notes to all intramural participants weekly as reminders of the activity and the scheduled time. This was necessary due to poor attendance during the first few sessions. The girls lacked a sense of responsibility and did not understand that their lack of interest caused their team to forfeit games.

Approximately one hundred students participated in the intramural program each year in each season (fall, winter, spring). Twenty different activities were offered to both men and women. From 1966-1968, an average of forty male students participated in the dance classes. Students received intramural credit if they attended a sport 75% of the time. Awards such as AUB sport emblems, and different sized cups were given at the end-of-the-year banquet. Tennis tournament winners received racket covers.

The room in which I taught modern and ballroom dance and Personal Health was on the ground floor of one of the hostels, Bustani Hall. It measured 60 feet by 15 feet. This was also the sewing room for the maids. Teaching dance classes in that space worked, but trying to teach Personal Health while the old peddle type machines were running, along with the maids chattering and giggling was close to impossible. However, no other venue could be located for these activities - so as my voice rose so did the voices of the maids!

I soon knew that I was going to need help with the program. Another teacher???

The students All classes on campus were taught in English. Because students received pressure from their parents to succeed, they took their academics very seriously. More than once, drugs (“uppers” to stay awake to study and “downers” to sleep) were misused and could be purchased “over the counter.” I remember one late afternoon when a student threatened to jump off the balcony of Jewett Hall onto the women’s athletic field. It was suspected that she had taken too many pills. She decided it was best not to jump after being persuaded not to by other girls and me. It was only a drop of twenty-five feet.

Communication with the students was difficult in the beginning. Since English was their second language, I was not understood completely when I was explaining technique in sports. I often had to use simple language for clarification since every student was at a different level of

understanding English. During “roll-call” the students would giggle and snicker when I mispronounced a name. I was always happier when I read an American name in my classes. There were about 200 American men and women students on campus, most of them taking their junior year abroad.

Much of the communication in the Arab world is not through the voice but in movements or gestures of the face, hands, or body. One of the ways that one says “no” without using one’s voice, is to raise one’s eyebrows as the chin is lifted slightly. At first, since I did not know this gesture, I would ask a question and repeat and repeat it, until I finally figured out that the answer was “no.” One time, that I remember well, was when I called to some girls who were walking up the steps on the way to the main campus. I asked if one of the girls was coming to class. I thought that they were ignoring me, but in essence they were giving me the “gesture!”

When a girl had her menstrual period, she would insist on going to bed for five days. This caused a few problems as far as physical exercise was concerned. During the Personal Health classes I tried to educate them as to the health benefits of exercise during their periods, but I was unsuccessful. (See Appendix VI: *Daily Star’s* articles re: Teachers’ Sick Days).

Physical Education classes presented a unique challenge. International rules were used for women’s basketball, which meant that players were allowed to cover the entire court. This was new to me, since I had been teaching half court in the United States, where players were not allowed to cross the center line. The girls seemed to imitate the way they had seen men playing basketball. The women’s actions were usually very feminine, but when they were “let loose” with a basketball, they adopted a more aggressive persona. Scratching, pushing, kicking, and clawing were the norm. Frequently I stopped the games and reminded them of good sportsmanship.

(See Appendix I: *Mademoiselle* magazine article and Appendix II: *Outlook* newspaper article, “The Beast Within”).

Hostel (“hostile”) meetings In 1964, there were 95 girls living in Jewett Hall. The breakdown was as follows: 23 Jordanians; 13 Lebanese; 12 Kuwaitis; 9 Americans; 8 Iranians; 7 Syrians; 4 Iraqis; 3 Cypriots; 3 Greeks; 2 Armenians; 1 Adanese; 1 Kenyan; 1 Sudanese and 8 others. There was underlying antagonism among different ethnic groups. After a while I was able to figure out who did or did not speak with each other. Mandatory hostel meetings for all of the girls were held once a month. Generally they proceeded very well with no earth-shattering problems. However there were times when I had many sleepless nights because of their “problems.”

One evening my resident assistants knocked on my door to tell me that we needed an emergency meeting. At 10:00 P.M. I met with all of the girls in the lounge. One could feel the tension in the air. It seemed that the Turkish girls were flushing the toilets by emptying a bucket of water into the toilet after each use. Most of them used the toilets by squatting on the toilet seat, as was the custom in their country. In order for the seat to be cleaned off, they showered it with a bucket of water. So...when a non-Turk used the toilet, the seat was all wet. Voices were raised, and animosity was apparent among the girls. The solution? “Turks or anyone else- don’t throw water on the seats after you squat. If you must throw a bucket of water, wipe the seat off and throw the water in the toilet after you raise the seat!” Problem solved! Or was it? There was a story circulating that one of the Turks in the men’s dormitory fell off the seat and broke his leg. Fact or fiction?

STUDENT TEACHING PROGRAM IN BEIRUT

Presenting a plan to Brockport Because I had planned many activities for the women students, and all of the ordered equipment would arrive from the United States by September 1965, I decided that I would need some help in order to establish a complete program for the women. I wrote to Dr. Pearl Britton and Dr. Martin Rogers at the college in Brockport. Dr. Britton taught Health and was in charge of student teachers. Dr. Rogers was the department head for Physical Education and Health. I proposed a unique plan to have a student teacher come to Beirut for one year. We would share the teaching load and I would teach all of the required activity classes that she would miss in her junior year at Brockport. For example, I taught one-on-one lifesaving and synchronized swimming classes for the student teachers at the Coral Beach Hotel. We swam, we learned and we had lunch by the pool. Who could ask for anything better?

Grades would be sent back to the college and accepted as record. She would be enrolled as a student at AUB and take academic classes, and she would receive credit for those courses at Brockport. Examples of courses that were taken at AUB were Music, History of Religion, Nutrition, Philosophy of Education and Ottoman History. In special instances, classes were taken at Beirut College for Women (BCW) because either AUB did not offer the proper course or there was a scheduling problem. I received encouraging notes regarding my proposal from Dr. Harold Rakov, Brockport's Dean of Students, and Dr. Gordon Allen, acting president at Brockport.

The stipend for the student was \$1050 for the year, with \$100 checks issued monthly. Free medical services were offered at the infirmary on campus. An extra \$400 was allocated for tuition, allowing nine hours of classes per semester. The Physical Education office in Jewett Hall doubled as her hostel room. The office/bedroom was located behind the reception desk. It consisted of one room, which was used not only as an office, but also as a bedroom. Adjoining the room was the bathroom/shower. Often it was necessary for me to use the office, even when the student teacher needed to sleep.

The student teacher was responsible for food, personal expenses and her own transportation to and from Beirut. University cafeteria meals cost approximately \$35/month. Since some tutoring was necessary off campus, the student teacher was advised to allow the following minimum amounts: synchronized swimming and lifesaving, \$10; bowling, \$5; and skiing \$25. After one year in Beirut, the student would return to Brockport for her senior year to complete her college education and graduate on schedule.

The plan was accepted. A committee was appointed in Brockport to select the student teacher. Jeanette D'Agostino Banker was a member of the committee. When I returned to the United States the following summer, I met the first student teacher, Jackie Hill. Jackie had been a student of mine so I knew that the choice was a good one. She came to Beirut from 1965-66. Christine Rider followed from 1966-1967.

This was the first year-long overseas student teacher program instituted at Brockport!

Jackie Hill registers for classes at AUB The following was taken from Jackie's professional diary: "...I handed my papers to one person who checked to see that I had everything I needed. He handed it to the next person who found my IBM card. He handed it to the next person who checked it with a pencil. He handed it to the next person who filed one of the cards. He handed it to the next person who filed another card. He handed it to another person who stamped one of the papers. He handed it to the next person who checked everything again and he handed it to the person who gave me another card. I went through the same procedure when I pre-registered. I'll never complain about Brockport again."

Student teaching requirements One of the requirements for Jackie and Chris was to keep a daily professional diary. Included would be names of those they met professionally, places visited, and observations and impressions in and out of classes. A copy was sent to Brockport, and I kept another.

Each student teacher was responsible for teaching six hours of classes per week, approximately four hours per week of instructional intramurals and six weeks of Personal Health. She was also encouraged to belong to organizations on campus, which would benefit her in her profession (e.g. Folk Dance Committee, Folk Dance Club, Interpretive Dance Club).

Jackie Hill was asked to be Mistress of Ceremonies at the Folk Dance Club's "international meeting" in March 1966. Eight national groups performed – Nepalese, Iranian, Afghanistan, Armenian, Mexican, Caledonian, Lebanese and American. In her diary Jackie said that she was very nervous, but admitted that this was the most worthwhile experience she had had all year.

Needless to say, our days were filled. One of the "perks" of teaching at AUB was that the school closed each day from noon to 2:00 P.M. This was the time for lunch and a rest. These were much needed, since our energy was sapped after teaching in the sun and high temperatures. I reserved Fridays as a day of "catch-up" for us both. On Fridays, we both completed general office work, and discussed and evaluated the student teacher's classes. During this time she would also write lesson plans and change bulletin boards every two weeks. One advantage for the student teacher was that adjustments in teaching could be discussed immediately and the lesson could be rectified by the next teaching session. In addition, each student teacher was required to complete a self-evaluation of the year.

To satisfy the requirements for elementary and junior high school teaching, arrangements were made for the student teachers to teach a class at both levels each semester at the American Community School (ACS) located just south of the AUB campus. All of the students were Americans whose parents either worked at the American Embassy or at AUB. Some students were boarders since their parents lived in other Arab countries. John Schlosser, Mrs. Elsa Turmelle, Mrs. Judith Gill, and Sarah Rich were the supervising teachers who were responsible for observing the teaching by the student teachers. I made an effort to observe a few lessons. Both Jackie and Chris received top performance evaluations from their supervisors. Jackie states in her diary that plastic sticks were used for field hockey class since there was a concern about safety.

The student teachers along with athletic representatives were responsible for planning the year-end banquet for the intramural and competitive teams. They were also required to speak at the banquet. Without question this was not a favorite task for either student teacher. In 1966, Jackie Hill's talk was entitled "Comparison of Physical Education in the United States and Lebanon." Christine Rider's talk in 1967 was entitled "The Important Thing in the Game" (good

sportsmanship) which was appropriate. Both women did outstanding jobs planning and executing the banquets. Expenses for the 1967 banquet were: dinner, \$127; awards, \$59.25; transportation of tumbling mats for demonstration, \$7; and centerpieces, \$2.60 for a total of \$195.85. I have no record of the 1966 expenses.

At the conclusion of the 1967 banquet, I received a set of *Jezzine* cutlery from the students who played in intramurals and on competitive teams. This was a going-away gift since I was expecting to complete my three-year contract in June 1967. Jezzine, a famous summer resort in southern Lebanon, is noted for traditional cutlery and daggers. Although I had never visited the area just 35 miles from Beirut, I was well aware of its reputation for fine cutlery. The set consisted of a carving knife, a long-handled fork, and two serving spoons. The ornate handcrafted wooden handles were inlaid with silver, brass and semi-precious gems and are keepsakes. I still use them today.

Christine Rider rescues beginning swimmers Swimming classes were held at hotel pools that had “sweet water” - half fresh and half salt water. As a result, success in learning to swim was accomplished more quickly. Chris, in her diary, mentioned that twice in her teaching career she had to go into the water to save a beginning swimmer. The girl floated on her back into the deep end and panicked when she tried to stand up and touch bottom. Then on another day the same girl walked directly into the deep end and Chris performed her first rescue. Her second rescue occurred when a student decided to rescue another girl.

OTHER PROFESSIONAL EXPERIENCES

Acting Dean of Women From June 28-July 23 in the summer of 1965, Mary Robinson asked me to take her position as Dean of Women at AUB while she was away on vacation. I worked every morning in the West Hal office, and attended administrative meetings. It was rewarding work and gave me experience in that area. I had the advantage of knowing the female students and since I had been in the hostel as a head resident, I was better able to understand their problems. Many times there was not a solution, but often the student only wanted to be heard.

My office was adjacent to that of the Dean of Men, Robert Najemy, who was assassinated in February 1976. He and Raymond Ghosn, Dean of Engineering and Architecture, were slain in their offices by a Palestinian student of Jordanian nationality. The student was one of a group of 103 students who had been denied admission to AUB in August 1974, by the University Disciplinary Board, following a student strike in the spring of the same year.

Conference in Cologne, Germany In August of 1965, I attended the “Fifth International Congress of the International Association of Physical Education and Sports for Girls and Women” for six days in Cologne, Germany. Because I wanted to attend the conference, I was unable to take the Dean of Women position for the entire summer. The theme, “The Adolescents of Today” proved to be interesting and educational. It was by far the most beneficial conference I had attended to date. The Congress was held every four years in a different city. Scheduled lectures, demonstrations, tours and films filled each day. The exceptional facilities allowed each delegate access to an earphone, giving

simultaneous translations for all speeches and lectures in German, English, French and Spanish. The one-way airfare to Cologne was \$367.10 while the cost of the room at Hotel Regent and food for the entire six days totaled \$76.50! More surprising was the cost of dues - \$3 for individual membership, \$5 for country and \$5 for both individual and country membership. Five hundred women were in attendance and it was rewarding to meet people from different countries and share ideas.

Demonstrations and workshops Because the women's physical education and health programs were new to this area of the world, I was called upon frequently to give demonstrations or to talk to particular interest groups. In October 1966 I gave three workshops to teachers of folk dance. Attendance ranged from eight to nineteen women in each session. Before the first workshop, I asked them to come "prepared" to participate. All of the women wore tight skirts and high heels! My instructions should have been more specific.

After a dinner honoring Dean's List students, I gave a short talk and demonstration on Modern Dance to about 100 people. I had a select number of students demonstrate some moves in modern dance...nothing unusual...just leaps, slides, and exercises. The program was enthusiastically accepted. As with most demonstrations or talks, I received a bouquet of flowers.

Miss Katbeh was the headmistress as well as being responsible for training the teachers in an elementary school in Brummahna, a town in the mountains. She asked me to give a demonstration and lecture on teaching physical education in the grades. Classroom teachers were responsible for this area. The school was one of the most progressive in the Middle East, yet hired no physical education teacher.

Jackie Hill taught a fourth grade class after the lecture. She found the students lacking in basic walking and running skills. Jackie was astute enough that she quickly simplified her lesson. After singing "head, shoulders, knees and toes," and touching the corresponding parts of their bodies, the students picked it up very quickly. But it was obvious that because of cultural differences, they were hesitant to clap or make noise when appropriate.



Fig. 5 Modern dance demonstration

“MayDay” folk dance festival Every year on May 1st, AUB sponsored a spectacular folk dance festival on the huge athletic field in the center of campus. I served on the committee each year and was always surprised at the final results. By November 1st, all dances were chosen and taught in the schools. Approximately 400 high school and university students performed about thirty dances in their native costumes. A colorful May pole decorated the center of the field as dancers wound colorful ribbons around the pole.

Men side-by-side in a line, started by the leader, *ras*, at one end, performed the national Lebanese folk dance called the *debke*. They held hands with arms directly at their sides, kept their upper body stiff and moved only their legs. The dance originated in the Bekaa Valley, and can be performed by men or women only, or both. Sometimes instead of holding hands, the dancers would place their hands on hips with the elbows out. Steps included fancy footwork or simple hops and skips, but always stomping rhythmically. It seemed monotonous at first with its repetition of steps.

Different musical instruments accompanied the dancers. A flute-like instrument called *nay*, an ancient stringed instrument, *oud*, along with the tambourine-like percussive instrument, *daff* and another percussive instrument called a *riq*, completed the small band. Middle Eastern music was uncomfortable for me to enjoy at first because I always felt that the “beat” was off, but after a while it became tolerable. My understanding was that unlike Western music, a semi-tone was used allowing for a greater range of tonal possibilities.

On special days it was a treat to watch a group of deaf boys perform. Using the same body language as in the *debke*, these boys could keep with the beat of the music by feeling the pounding of their feet on the wooden stage.

Talks with American students about dating At the beginning of each year, I spoke with American students about dating in the Middle East. The fifteen Teaching Fellows from International College, members of the Peace Corps, thirty women each from AUB and Beirut College for Women attended different sessions. Beirut was a stopping point for Peace Corps volunteers on their way to their designated countries. The large groups were divided by sex to make it easier for discussion. The purpose was to make them aware of the differences in culture and the problems one might encounter by dating a Middle Easterner, and not to dictate what to do. It was important that they not offend anyone or get into difficulty. (See Part II: Diversity in Culture; Dating for Middle Eastern men and women).

Mary Robinson also met with American women students explaining the difference in living in Beirut and the United States. She warned the girls about taking a *service*, the Mercedes taxi, alone, for it had been known that some men paid the *service* drivers to bring them American girls.

Slimnastics classes Once a week in Mary Dodge Hall, located across from Jewett Hall, I conducted an hour-long slimnastics class for adult women from the community and the colleges. Slimnastics involved modern dance exercises, yoga, and relaxation techniques. I also gave tennis lessons on the women's courts at the university and swimming lessons at hotel pools. Since most of the participants were interested more in the social aspect than in losing weight, it became a fun program. Further interest resulted in my organizing a doubles tennis tournament for both men and women faculty members.

PART II – DIVERSITY OF CULTURE

Adjusting to the Middle East was not a huge problem for me. Perhaps it was the fact that my parents had emigrated from Italy, or that I had traveled a bit, or simply that I had expected some differences. I certainly did not have time to study the culture before I left. However, reading the book *The Arab World Today* by Morroe Berger during the first month, was invaluable in enlightening and acclimating me to the Middle East.

RELIGIONS

Ramadan The religious holiday, *Ramadan*, lasts one month. The beginning of *Ramadan* is dependent upon the sighting of the new moon, and occurs in the ninth month of the Islamic calendar. Most Muslims observe fasting and worship if they are physically able. Fasting means eating the morning meal before sunrise (*Suboor*) and the evening meal after sunset (*Iftar*). Drinking alcoholic beverages, smoking or sexual relations are not permitted while fasting. Evening worship involves reading the *Quran* aloud. A man chanting and beating a large drum in the street awakened me every morning at 2:30 A.M. This was the signal to “arise and cook breakfast!”

Ramadan is the time when Muslims are at their best and the happiest. I remember that Mohammed, the concierge of my building, was very happy during *Ramadan*. He did not shave during that time, and frequently educated me about this religious holiday. Strong fragrant odors would emanate from his ground floor apartment as I left for work in the morning, and when I returned in the evening. Often I was offered some of his family’s delicious food. A three-day holiday called *Eid-Al-Fitr* ends the holy month. During this time, the finest clothes are worn, mosques are colorfully illuminated, crepe paper streamers are draped along the streets, homes are decorated with lights, treats are given to the children, and special visits are made with family and friends. Every able Muslim is obligated to make a *Hajj* pilgrimage to Mecca once during his lifetime.

Iranian New Year The Iranians celebrate their New Year at the beginning of spring. Houses are decorated with grains of wheat and barley and lentils, and kept in the house for 13 days and then thrown into the river. This symbolizes growth and prosperity. A week before the Iranian New Year, bon fires were built on campus and the Iranians danced and sang around them. Jackie Hill, in her diary, wrote of the fire ceremony, which took place on the athletic field where the students jumped across the bon fires to purify themselves for the New Year, in hopes of giving them good luck.

BEIRUT – THE CITY

Beirut – the city Beautiful Beirut, with its prime location on the Mediterranean Sea was totally multi-cultural, and boasted magnificent architecture, with colorful gardens cascading from balconies of private residences. It was fairly simple to accomplish errands, for all banks were situated in one area, hotels in another, and jewelers in yet another. Foreign diplomats, affluent Lebanese, Western

business people, and journalists mingled with the locals on the streets and in the *souks* (open markets). Newspapers were written in Arabic, French and English. Lebanon was 50% Christian (Roman and Greek Catholic, Maronite, Greek Orthodox, and Protestant) and 50% Islamic.

Jackie Hill's first impression of Beirut was not positive. She stated in her diary that "...*the people don't seem to care how their city looks because they throw garbage everywhere.*" As I recall, her impression changed after visiting Cairo, which she felt was more cluttered and not as clean as Beirut.

Beirut's National Museum was a "find." Located downtown, it housed many archaeological artifacts, which had been found in Lebanon. Some works dated back 100,000 years. Of special interest to me were the collection of mummies, some showing layers of wrap used to preserve the bodies. Seeing sandbags piled up outside the museum after the '67 war remains a vivid memory.

Before I came to Beirut, I expected to see many people in native dress and camels in the downtown area. But Beirut was a very modern city compared to other big cities in the Middle East. However, it was backward and old-fashioned in many ways. Men, women and children could be seen carrying very large boxes, crates, trunks, or the like on their backs. Once in a while, sheep, goats, or cattle could be seen along the *corniche* (the boulevard stretching along the sea), but this was not common. All stoves were gas – no electric. There were few automatic washing machines and dryers. Clothes were washed by hand, and hung outside. Many women ironed clothes on the floor, rather than on an ironing board. Clean clothes were draped over windowsills rather than put on lines. There were no zoning laws. A poor unkempt area might be situated next to an elaborate meticulous building. Huts with tin roofs held down with huge rocks were next to a beautiful building with marble steps. Just 15 yards from my apartment building, huts could be seen as described.

One of the biggest adjustments I had to make was trying to cross the street. The traffic on the Beirut streets was unbelievably congested. Driving was very fast and at times, erratic. Crossing the street was taking one's life in one's hands. Little attention was given to traffic signs or traffic lights. After being here for awhile, one just crossed and prayed that the cars could stop on a dime! Few policemen were visible, and laws were not enforced. At one time, a law was considered which would allow cars with even numbered licenses to drive on even number days and odd on odd. But thankfully, it was never adopted.

The majority of cars were taxis or *services* (French pronunciation) that used their horns continually. Surprisingly all taxis were Mercedes Benz cars. It should be noted, that after being there for one semester, I did buy a 1960 used Fiat and found that I was more confident driving than walking. New cars were expensive and delivery could take at least six months. An older used car was more practical because side-view mirrors, hubcaps and windshield wipers were often stolen. One week after I purchased my car, someone sideswiped it during the night and dented the passenger door and hubcap.

Restaurants, dining and the Arabic cuisine I have always had a problematic stomach, so it was no surprise when I became ill one week after I arrived in Beirut after ingesting the local food and water. Because of illness, I missed my first full day in nine years of teaching. The dinner hour was much later than had been my custom. One did not go out to dine at a restaurant in the evening until at least 9:30 P.M. Lunches were at the usual time, and an afternoon siesta was observed by many if not

all of the Lebanese, schools and businesses. An afternoon “tea” with a sampling of food was common at about 5:00 P.M.

There were wonderful reasonably priced restaurants in Beirut. The cuisine of many countries could be found throughout the city. Most restaurants used white tablecloths, many servers, and terrific food, often prepared at the table. In the finest restaurant with wine and a full course meal, the bill might never exceed \$10.00 per person. One of my favorite formal restaurants was on the top floor of the Phoenicia Hotel, where I enjoyed looking out at the city and the sea. Before dinner, one might enjoy a cocktail in the subterranean bar where swimmers could be watched through a window above the bar. Across the way, the Hotel Saint Georges on the harbor was perfect for outdoor dining. This beautiful setting was in sight of the hotel’s Yacht Club. Along the same street, I frequently dined at Bella Napoli restaurant for good Italian food.

Some of the foods that I enjoyed frequently were appetizers such as *laban* (yogurt); *labneh* (cream cheese); *baba ghanouj* (pureed eggplant); *foul* (a delicious fava bean dip); and *hummus* (the popular appetizer made from chick peas). One of my favorite lunches or dinner was to enjoy a *mezza*, a collection of these and other appetizers consisting of anywhere from 50-100 small dishes. Those that I would never try were sheep’s eyeballs, lungs, spinal cords, spleen, lamb’s tongue and others. Most of the appetizers would be eaten by breaking off a piece of pita bread and using it to scoop up the food. Another appetizer similar to the Greek *dolma* is the Lebanese equivalent, *mahshi warak areesh bi-zayt* or stuffed vine leaves. The first morning I was at Jewett Hall, Hana, the graduate assistant, gave me some rolled up pita bread containing *labneh*. Little did I know that she had put olives in it also. I almost broke a tooth biting on the olive pits!

More substantial foods were: *tabouleh* (Lebanese national salad made with parsley, mint, tomatoes and *burghul*, a cracked wheat); *falafel* (mashed fava beans deep fried and eaten in pita bread); *kafta* (a combination of beef, lamb, and spices, which resembled meat loaf and cut into triangles); *lahm mashwi* (the familiar shish kebab made with young spring lamb); and *kibbeh* (ground lamb, formed into an egg-shaped ball with extra meat stuffed into a hole made in the center and fried). A favorite dessert for most people was *baqlawa* which consisted of filo dough filled with crushed nuts, honey and sugar and cut into triangles. It was not a favorite of mine for it was very sweet.

There was bread called *markook*, which was similar to a huge flour tortilla. It was made in the mountains over an open fire on a huge pan, which looked like an overturned round metal bowl. My favorite quick meal was to purchase a whole chicken wrapped in *markook* from “Hilton’s Chicken,” a small outdoor rotisserie grill located across the street from my apartment. The chicken combined with a bowl of *hummus* was an ideal supper.

The very best of all worlds was to enjoy a *shawarma* sandwich on the street. The street vendors or small shops with string doorways served these wonderful flavorful treats. In the United States we call them *gyros*. But I have yet to find a *gyro* as good as the ones I ate on the street in the Arab countries. My favorite was purchased across from the University Main Gate on Bliss Street next to Faysal’s restaurant. The seasoned spiced lamb, cooked on a vertical rotisserie and wrapped in warm Arabic bread was topped with chopped tomatoes and a yogurt sauce. It was delicious! The *gyros* in the U.S. are not as fresh since the demand is not as great. *Arak*, the Lebanese national

alcoholic drink, often accompanied meals. It had a licorice flavor and would turn a milky color when mixed with water. *Arak* was similar to drinks of other Mediterranean countries.

My graduate assistants in the hostel taught me how to make Arabic coffee. I was not a coffee drinker, but it was a challenge to make it “just right” and it also gave me an opportunity to relax with the students. I bought a small two-cup brass coffeepot, and one evening experimented with the girls at my side. Everyone makes it a bit differently, I was told and after many cups of coffee, I was fairly successful with the following recipe. For one person: place water, sugar, and two heaping teaspoons of finely ground coffee in the pot. Bring it to a boil. The froth will rise...remove the pot from the fire and stir. Boil again and the froth rises again. Remove the pot from the fire and stir. Boil again, froth rises, and then pour the coffee carefully into the cup. The grounds will settle to the bottom of the cup. Be sure not to swallow the grounds! Some people turn the coffee cup upside down on the saucer after drinking. The coffee grounds will form a pattern on the saucer and one’s fortune can be told.

When I visited Lebanese friends in their homes, often “rose water” was served as a beverage before dinner. It was non-alcoholic and very sweet. I remember having it at the apartment of Vivian and Peggy Asfar. I spent much time with Vivian and her mother Peggy, who was a medical doctor at the AUB University Hospital. I was a frequent visitor in their home and they in mine.

Shopping What a joy it was to shop in Beirut! One could find anything from almost any country...and pay for it! The Lebanese currency was the Lebanese pound (LL) or *lira*. There were three LL to an American dollar and 100 *piastres* to a LL. I was so excited on my first shopping trip in the international section, a fashionable street called *Rue Hamra*, where I found what I thought were typical Arabic coffee cups. When I got them home, I looked carefully and to my disappointment, found a tag stating that they were made in Italy. I should have known...they were demitasse cups! *Rue Hamra* was just above the university and frequented by locals and the international community. Movie theaters, clothing shops, restaurants, dry cleaning, opera theater, money changers, antique shops, hotels, and travel agencies were abundant along *Rue Hamra*.

My first trip to the downtown area of old Beirut was an adventure. *Martyr’s Square* was busy with lots of traffic, consisting mostly of *services*, and people bustling about. Almost weekly I visited the *souks* located in the *bourg*, the city center. Lamb carcasses were hung in the open, unprotected from flies. Bargains could be found especially if one knew how to bargain, a skill at which I became quite adept after four years. My three Persian carpets were purchased in the *souks*. Chanting and singing were heard everywhere as merchants tried to sell their wares. About fifty gold shops carried eighteen-carat gold and the prices were wonderful. Friends recommended their favorite jewelry store where they maintained that one could bargain for the best price. After a while the gold didn’t look real. I made purchases from my favorite butcher shop, and my favorite vegetable and fruit stand, etc. It was wonderful to see the Lebanese take such pride in their produce. The vegetables and fruits were always arranged in high pyramids or creative designs. After a while the merchants would recognize you and little gifts or *backsheesh* would accompany your order. If you went inside a shop, you would almost certainly be offered hot tea served in a glass or Arabic coffee.

Because of my height, I had the usual problem of finding clothes to fit me properly. I had a personal attachment to the Tall Girls' Shop in Binghamton, New York, and whenever I went home in the summer, I would purchase clothing that I thought I might need overseas. Sue Puglisi, the shop owner, knew my preferences and style of clothing. Twice I had to write to her to send me some formal wear. She was right on target and sent me just what I needed. A black semi-strapless cocktail dress and a red tiered gown that had a removable lower section to turn it into a cocktail dress were perfect. Since there was a huge problem with receiving packages from the United States, one never knew whether a package would be delivered, but I was lucky and there were no glitches. Jeanette Banker and Anne O'Toole, another friend from Brockport came to my rescue when I couldn't find stockings long enough. They used manila envelopes to send one stocking at a time. That was before panty hose. Saved again!

Shopping for alcoholic beverages was very easy and inexpensive. Grocery stores carried a variety of the beverages. American-made items such as Pepperidge Farm bread were very expensive. I did not crave American bread. I enjoyed the Arabic breads too much. Strange as it may seem, when I returned to the States in the summers, I always wanted a bologna sandwich on white bread.

Movies...twice a week? A big social event for the Lebanese was to see a movie at least twice a week. Seats needed to be reserved, and movie theaters were usually below ground level, sometimes three stories below. For the first hour, cartoons and advertisements were shown - then the main feature, but not before an intermission. Conversation was prevalent during the movies and most of the people left about five minutes before the end. It should be noted that any film cast or directed by one of the Jewish faith was not shown in Lebanon. Israel's name was blackened out on the Middle Eastern maps. I suspect that other Arab nations did the same.

Communication – the telephone or lack of... One of the advantages of living in the hostel was the availability of a telephone 24 hours a day. As soon as I moved off campus into my own apartment, I realized how inconvenient it was to live without a telephone. The quality of service I had was dependent upon Mohammed, the concierge of the building. My telephone was connected from about 8:00 A.M. until 9:00 P.M. or until Mohammed retired for the evening, which was often earlier. If he was otherwise engaged during those hours and did not hear my call for a line, I was out of luck. This was not my problem alone but for most of the people who lived in Beirut. Private lines were almost impossible to obtain. Because everyone was in the same situation, friends often made house calls in order to communicate. A knock on the door in the early hours was not unusual.

An overseas call was a hassle. A reservation was necessary at least five days in advance to call at Christmas or other major holidays. Calls were radioed so there was at least a five to ten seconds delay in all conversations. On the morning of May 1, 1965, when I returned from horseback riding, Mohammed was hovering over the phone in the lobby. "Where have you been? America has been calling all morning!" But I had only fifteen minutes before leaving for a scheduled appointment. Apparently the whole neighborhood knew of my long distance call and came out to give me support. Drove of children, the kerosene man, barefooted and pregnant women, men in pajamas and others watched me from outside.

The unexpected call that came in the late evening hours from my Brockport friends was a wonderful surprise. I remember when Mohammed yelled to me on the phone, "United States is calling! United States is calling!" before the call came through.

Evelyn and Joe Del Rosso kept me informed in a unique way. Using a tape recorder, they sent me messages on tape and I, in turn, returned a recorded message to them on the same tape. It was a wonderful way to communicate and I enjoyed hearing their voices and laughter. I remember one time my voice was not completely erased before they recorded their message, and the tape I received after that had their voices mingled with mine.

The weather As soon as I emerged from the plane in 1964 and set foot on Beirut soil, I knew this was my kind of weather - hot and humid! Even so, I remember changing my clothes at least three to four times that first day. Movement became slower and chores took longer to complete. However, I adjusted quickly and enjoyed the climate. Between late October to mid March, the rainy season started, during which time one would wear regular winter clothing and raincoats. I had never seen rain as torrential as it was there. The rain came straight down. Usually there was no wind but I do remember frightening lightning and loud thunder. Generally the streets flooded and it became necessary to remove shoes in order to cross the street. Because the university was on a steep sloping hill, the gushing of the downhill streams made the walking even more difficult. One day when Jackie Hill and I returned from lunch at the American Embassy (a three minute walk from the office), it started to rain. As Jackie mentioned in her diary, we hailed a taxi to drive us back to the hostel. It took the cab driver thirty minutes to drive us part way back, but with much difficulty. We ended up leaving the taxi, removing our shoes, and finishing our return by foot! This made high boots a necessity during the rainy season.

The temperatures during the rainy season would plummet to about fifty degrees. This may not sound cold, but when combined with rain and no central heating, that chill went right to the bones. I frequently came home after work and drew a hot bath in order to warm up. I had a space heater in the "winter" and with my balcony doors closed, was able to be quite cozy.

A few times during the spring, dry hot winds (*khamseen*) would come from the desert making breathing extremely difficult. Those with asthma or breathing difficulties were advised to remain home. During that time, all classes were canceled from 6:00 A.M. to 5:00 P.M. I remember holding a cloth in front of my face and mouth so that I could breath more easily while I was outside.

By contrast, an hour drive taking hairpin turns up the narrow mountain roads gave us the opportunity to see and feel snow at Laklouk, one of the popular mountain villages. Skiing was wonderful at the Cedars of Lebanon. Usually the sun would shine even though temperatures were low. (See Part III: Crossing Boundaries; Lebanon).

One evening as I was reading in my apartment, I noticed a shifting and movement in the apartment floor. I looked over at the standing floor lamp and saw it sway, as did my chandeliers on the ceiling. The movement lasted only a few moments, but I knew instantly that it was an earthquake. There was no time to be frightened, but my immediate thoughts gave me a feeling of security, when I realized that I was on the top floor and assumed that this was the safest place to be...or was it? The next day, the newspapers reported an earthquake of 6.6 on the Richter Scale. The only other experiences I had with earthquakes were in Acapulco, Mexico in 1962.

BEIRUT – THE PEOPLE

Beirut – the people In 1964, on the anniversary of John F. Kennedy's death, many students and locals expressed their sincere sympathies to me. I was surprised and moved by that gesture.

Generally speaking the Arabs were relaxed. It was customary to see the local people playing cards or backgammon, lolling around the outside of their homes, and generally not pressured to do anything quickly. One would never expect requests to be completed immediately. Tomorrow was always another day. The everyday high temperatures were no doubt responsible for this behavior.

"Lebanese time or American time?" I soon found out that rarely was someone on time for an appointment. This became very frustrating when meeting someone, for occasionally the person would be on time and other times I would wait an hour or more. Usually Westerners would be on time, unless, of course, they had lived overseas for a while. We had a huge problem with classes but most often with intramurals, when a game had to be forfeited because of "no-shows." Excuses ranged from "I couldn't find the gym" (We didn't have one) or "It was raining" or "I lost my uniform" or "Was it today?"

Beirut was called the "Switzerland (or Paris) of the Middle East." One of the reasons was due to the fact that Lebanon was a country that had not experienced war. Their army was pitiful, as I had noticed at a parade during one of the national holidays. The army looked like the soldiers of the Civil War returning from battle. No uniforms and no uniformity were observed.

Apartment living was the rule. Most Lebanese did not own houses. Apartment buildings had flat roofs on which laundry was hung to dry. Early in the morning, the neighborhood women gathered on their respective roofs and talked to each other. The children used this area to play. Street merchants called out to sell their wares. The *muezzin* called men to prayer. The mornings were full of activity and noise.

President Helou of Lebanon lived thirty minutes away in Beit-Ed-Dine Palace, built in the late 18th century. The rooms were decorated in the Arabic style...low couches, elaborate tapestries, colorful carpets, and even fountains and huge plants growing in the rooms.

The Arabic language Arabic is most difficult with its many dialects. Not only is the alphabet different, but the "guttural" pronunciation is a challenge. I took an Arabic class the first year, and was able to write Arabic, but most times was unable to translate it. The Arabic language used in the newspaper was different from the Arabic that one heard or spoke. In most countries, it is easier to learn the language since one can pronounce the written word. With Arabic, one cannot even read a sign on the road or building. I found that after a few months, I had a vocabulary of about 100 words, enough to get along when I bargained at the *souks* (*adesh?* meaning "how much?") and to speak to the maids in the hostels. Fifi, my maid at the apartment was Spanish, so I spoke to her in my limited Italian and we got along fine. One of the first Arabic words I learned was "*yella*," which means "let's go," a word that became very useful in the physical education classes. *Marhaba* (hello), *mabrouk* (congratulations) and *ahlan wa sahlan* (welcome) were used daily.

Dating and marriage for Middle Eastern men and women As I was being driven back to the hostel one evening, I noticed two people holding hands. I remarked that it was my understanding that dating was forbidden in this culture. My companion replied that the couple was not a girl and boy but instead two men. It was shocking at first to see many of the male students holding hands. It was even more shocking to see the men dancing with each other in our ballroom dance classes when not enough girls showed up. This would not happen in the United States! The women were not allowed to date. Social engagements consisted of girls being in the company of brothers or cousins. It was not uncommon to see groups of boys and girls together, all of them related. However, Jackie Hill stated in her diary that when the Engineering School had a ball, an escort service was provided for all girls on campus.

When ready for marriage, many of the girls and boys were paired by their parents. Often the males were ten or more years older than the women. Discussions in Personal Health classes were very interesting and enlightening when I discussed dating and marriage. But some of the questions from the girls were disturbing. "Is it wrong to kiss a boy if not engaged to him?" "From where does the woman give birth - from the clitoris or the urethra?" "Is it possible to get pregnant if the sexual contact was between two girls or two boys?" I realized that I had much work to do!

Jackie Hill, in her diary, mentioned that some Moroccan girls confided in her that they were dating without their parents' consent. They told Jackie that if they were found out, their parents would send for them immediately. In her education class where dating was discussed, the professor stated that he was concerned about the Arabic girls trying to imitate the Americans by dating often and dating different boys. He felt that the girls were not used to their freedom and didn't know how to handle themselves.

In the mountain towns, where few were formally educated, it was customary for the bride and groom to spend their wedding night in a bedroom of the bride's home. Wedding guests and relatives of the bride and groom would stand outside of the bedroom window. If the groom did not produce a bloody sheet to show that his new wife was a virgin, it was the obligation of the father or brother of the bride to kill her because she embarrassed the family. Rumors circulated among the foreigners, that the repairing of the hymen membrane was one of the most common operations at the university hospital. Fact or fiction?

It was fairly common knowledge that some Middle Eastern married men had affairs or a special girlfriend. However, having affairs was not acceptable for women. The husbands, fathers, or brothers of any woman who had an affair, were obligated to punish her. "Honor Crimes" gave the men license to kill wives, sisters, or daughters who were accused of having illicit sexual relations. Morroe Berger stated on page 100 in his 1964 book, *The Arab World Today*, "*Loss of chastity in a girl is still viewed...as the gravest kind of misbehavior, to be punished by her father and brothers; the penalty varies from severe disgrace to banishment and even to death in some traditional communities.*"

In Beirut's English speaking newspaper, *The Daily Star*, an article stated that a husband found his wife with another man and killed her. The husband was sentenced to "*15 years of hard labor and fined LL 2,000.*" Two thousand Lebanese *lira* (LL) was about \$666 which was given to the parents of the wife. The husband "*...put three bullets through her head while she was sleeping peacefully...*" Earlier in the day, because he complained that she was mistreating him and not paying

enough attention to him, "...hit his wife with his cacao (sic) cup after an argument..." Could this happen anywhere except in the Middle East!

Servants I liked being spoiled by having a maid clean, wash laundry and iron for me. In a way it was a necessity, since there was a different way of performing these tasks in this part of the world. The floors were marble not wood, so they needed to be mopped. Washing machines, electric dryers and vacuum cleaners were rare, probably because of the poor electrical system. Persian carpets were usually draped outside on lines and beaten with a rug beater. My rooms at the hostel were cleaned daily free of charge and I paid the maids \$3 each time they did my laundry and ironing.

Fifi, the woman I hired to clean for me had a bubbly personality and was quite thorough when she cleaned. I paid her \$8 to wash the laundry by hand and clean twice a week. Unfortunately, she was too thorough. I had returned from my first weekend shopping trip to Damascus, Syria with my prize purchase - a large brass table etched with all sorts of Arabic writing beautifully highlighted in black. Two days later, when I returned from work, Fifi was waiting for me, sporting a huge smile. "I got it almost all out," she said in Spanish. "What is that, Fifi?" I asked, thinking that there was a spot on the marble floor or on an item of clothing. "The black on the tray...I scrubbed and scrubbed but I will have to finish it next time." Unhappily, I told her that it was not necessary to complete that job.

Clothing The clothing of the local people was varied. Many men wore business suits in the city, and professional women were always well dressed. However, men could be seen wearing long dresses (*gallabeas*), pajamas or baggy pants, with the center of the pants hanging well below their knees. Some wore a hat called a *tarboosh*. The women might wear a veil and long outfit, but I rarely saw women in the city of Beirut with their faces covered. The men's baggy pants and the women's veils were more common in the mountain towns. Foreigners would buy the long native dresses to wear on formal occasions. I had several of these "costumes" which I wore to parties and even to the opera!

The male students wore shirts and ties for the most part and the women students were always well dressed in skirts and high heeled shoes. When I was not teaching a class I wore dresses and high heels as well. Campus rules prohibited informal clothing.

ON CAMPUS

Relationships with students Students greatly admired and respected those with college degrees. They seemed more mature than their American counterparts, and were well versed in topics dealing with international politics, theater and literature. Discussions were frequent and lively. I was often embarrassed with my limited knowledge of United States history and politics, since they seemed to be more aware than I was in those areas.

Students invited faculty to their homes. On my way back to the States in 1968, I was invited to a student's home in Teheran, Iran. Today, the city is spelled Tehran. I became the "guest of honor" at a family wedding. The wedding and reception were held out of doors and the buffet table was decorated lavishly with delicious and attractive food. I stayed in a hotel, but while there, the

student's male cousin was delegated to escort me. I was shown life outside of the city. A quiet and relaxing evening was spent having dinner at another relative's home in the mountains. From their "outdoor living room," I could see the lights of Teheran.

An unforgettable side trip was to the beautiful city of Isfahan, south of Teheran. When the plane approached the city, beautiful light blue roofs on the buildings were visible from the plane's windows. I stayed at the *Hotel Shah Abbas*, a hotel of luxury. I remember the shower in my hotel room. There were at least eight shower heads, which could be adjusted in any direction. It was the perfect answer for a tired body that spent all day exposed to the hot sun. I visited the mosque and spent much time in the local markets watching the local artisans at work pounding on brass or painting in miniature. I still remember the one man I watched as he sat inside a dwelling at an open window, taking advantage of the sunlight to meticulously paint the miniatures. His brush, handmade, consisted of a single human hair taped to a pencil-thin stick.

On a side trip I saw women washing large Persian carpets in a huge pond and spreading them out to dry on a rocky slope. About ten women stood knee-high in the water. They seemed to be enjoying this social time together as they helped one another. I suspected that they were servants.

Over the four years I received small trinkets and fine gold jewelry from students. I always had to be careful about admiring a possession of a Middle Easterner, for if you did, it was often given to you.

No shorts in public The only time that I wore shorts, slacks, or a bathing suit was when I was teaching or at the beach. It was not appropriate to wear that attire on the streets. When I first started to teach, I wore shorts and a blouse and walked outside to the combination athletic field behind the hostel. Shortly after that I received a telephone call from Mary Robinson. She said that there were complaints about my wearing such attire out in public. I was shocked, because I could see little difference in wearing shorts in front of the dormitory building or behind it. Both areas were equally exposed to the "public." However, I made arrangements to have two "wrap-around" skirts made to wear over the shorts. The students living in the hostel had to do the same thing...wear something over their shorts. Our clothing was then placed on the grass outside the playing area. Lockers were provided for non-resident students in the basement of Bustani Hall.

Student uniforms I decided that the students should be uniformly dressed. There was no problem, except for the Indian students who wore saris. They were not allowed to expose their legs, so the Indian girls were excused from wearing the uniform of blue shorts and white blouses. Instead they played sports in their native attire and went swimming in their saris!

Election of “Miss AUB” A big event on campus in May of each year, was the AUB Garden Party. The garden party consisted of student variety and fashion shows, lawn games and the election of “Miss AUB.” Nominations were based on academic standing, personality, character, elegance, and beauty as well as participation in extracurricular activities. A jury of university professors and students chose the finalists while the student body voted by rating each finalist from one to seven points. Besides Miss AUB, two Maids of Honor were selected. As with any university function, delicious food was available and abundant.

Mary Bushakra, Minnie and Nora Katibeh There were three hostels for women: Jewett Hall (head resident Miss Chaghatzbanian), Murex Hall (head resident Miss Ibish), and Bustani Hall. The one closest to the tennis courts, Bustani Hall, was directed by Mary Bushakra. Minnie Katibeh was general maintenance supervisor of all of the hostels. Both women had delightful personalities, and I spent much of my spare time talking with them and having tea. Mary Bushakra was an American who married a Lebanese in 1937 and spent the rest of her life in the Middle East as a widow. She had a most interesting and challenging marriage. Because she was very much in love with her husband, she was able to meet the obstacles facing her in her marriage as a non-Arab. Her book, *I Married an Arab*, gave me an insight into her life in Beirut. I have searched for a copy of this book in the United States but have been unsuccessful. She had a home in the mountains to which she retreated during the hot summer weather. It was in the village of Ammatour el Shoaf and she called her home Eagle’s Aerie. I visited twice and was delighted with the air quality, the serenity and the vista. I remember picking fresh figs from trees that were just off her porch. My first visit was with the Foreign International Group (FIG) and the second with the Teaching Fellows from IC.

Minnie Katibeh and her sister Nora lived off the main street called *Rue Hamra*. Shortly after I arrived in Beirut, Minnie invited me to her home for dessert. The program on television fascinated me. A movie was starring John Wayne and he was speaking Arabic! I couldn’t stop chuckling. I did not have a television set at my apartment, nor was I interested in having one. There was too much going on...no time for that. None of my friends had sets either. In fact, if we did, all of the programs would have been in Arabic or French. A lot of good that would do.

After I returned to the United States in 1968, I corresponded with Mary Bushakra and the Katibehs. In 1976, Christmas cards that I sent to them were returned with “service temporarily suspended” stamped on the envelopes. The Beirut airport was closed again and international mail was halted. Recently I opened the returned cards and found my message written inside each: “Are you OK? I have worried.” The last time I tried to contact them was in 1976; the Middle East seemed to be always troubled.

AUB professor expelled from Lebanon? In March 1966, I had heard that one of the American professors at AUB was expelled immediately from the country for teaching some of St. Thomas Aquinas’ works, which criticized Islam and the teachings of Mohammed. I did not recognize his name. Squad 16, Beirut’s emergency police squad, was suddenly omnipresent throughout campus, interviewing all professors. I had been at the beach so was unavailable. An article in the local newspaper suggested that all institutions of learning in Lebanon be placed under government

control. However, the following day, it was revealed that the professor was not American after all, but a Palestinian married to an English woman! A special faculty meeting was held to discuss the situation and Dr. Kirkwood, president of the university, stated that the Palestinian professor was deported for his own safety.

CURIOUS EVENTS

Be careful where you park...your car may be towed! Twice, my car was towed from its parking spot. I had difficulty reading the “no parking” signs and often the signs were too far away or non-existent. The first time my car was towed was when Floy De Lancey, a friend and colleague from Brockport, visited Beirut. She and her husband, Blaine, were on the faculty at the Brockport college. Floy and I had a wonderful time touring the downtown *souks* of Beirut, but when we returned to the car, we couldn't locate it. I was not that familiar with the downtown area at that time, and thought I was searching the wrong street. After about twenty minutes of fruitless search, a man who had been watching us, told me in Lebanese that my car had been towed away. It took a while for us to figure out what he was saying, and it took even longer to find out where my car had been towed. Chalk that up to another interesting experience and something for Floy to talk about when she returned home.

An unsolved murder Peggy Asfar, a friend and medical doctor at the university hospital, died tragically in Beirut in the winter of 1966. One afternoon, an intruder stabbed her to death in her apartment. The murder was never solved. Since there was no forced entry, the police decided that the suspect was someone she knew. Edward Monaghan, a Canadian friend, telephoned me about 9:00 P.M. and told me that Peggy's daughter, Vivian, had phoned him and seemed incoherent and very emotional. Because I had a car, I picked Ed up and we drove to the apartment, only to find Vivian hysterical and the apartment spattered with blood. Policemen were there and the body had been removed. The knife was found in a flowerpot on the porch off the kitchen. We drove Vivian to the hospital and it was obvious that she needed more help than we could give her. However, our being there gave her the temporary support that she needed. Vivian stayed a few nights in the hospital, highly medicated. The day after the murder, Ed and I returned to the Asfar apartment and cleaned up the blood as best we could, while Jeanette Banker who was visiting me at that time, stayed at my apartment. When Vivian was released from the hospital, she stayed for a short time with Ed, and later moved to a small apartment.

Before Vivian moved to the United States in 1967, she spent her last two weeks in May as my houseguest. I convinced her to do so, because of my knowledge of impending danger in the Arab/Israeli relations. Even though I was not allowed to disclose any information, I was able to persuade her to leave the country as soon as possible. Because she had dual citizenship in Iraq and Lebanon, she would have had difficulty in leaving Beirut. Vivian was reluctant to leave because of all of her Beirut friends but she finally moved to Ottawa, Canada. Vivian was unique. She had a vast knowledge of other cultures and was conversant in many languages. Her interests included the arts, opera, and writing to name a few. As a child in Baghdad, Iraq, she was an accomplished ballet

dancer. But like many Europeans, she started smoking at an early age. This may have contributed to her early death of lung cancer in July 2000.

LIFE OUTSIDE OF CLASSES

My own apartment The move to an apartment off campus was a big day for me. I needed the privacy and opportunity to have “my own place.” I was lucky to find, within walking distance of AUB, a seventh floor penthouse apartment overlooking the Mediterranean Sea. This seaside district was known as *Ein Mreisseh*, and the building, housing fourteen apartments, was called the *Barrage* building. The area was identified by the buildings in them and the buildings were identified by the name of the builders or owners. Therefore I lived in the *Barrage* building in *Ein Mreisseh*. Generally there were no numbers on the buildings.

The top floor apartment gave me a wonderful view of the sea, the snow-capped mountains, beautiful sunsets, and the street below. Sundays proved to be the best day to watch boats and fishermen out on the water. During the Christmas holiday large boats illuminated with colorful lights added to the festive atmosphere. Some of the United States Marines were billeted on the third floor so I felt safe enough. Across the street on the sea was a mosque, where, according to custom, a *muezzin* called the locals to prayer every morning at sunrise. In some parts of the Middle East, a Muslim would call or sing over a loudspeaker but here, a recording greeted me every morning.

The apartment consisted of a tiny kitchen, two bedrooms (one used as an office), a living room and a twenty by fifty feet enclosed balcony with thirty-two over-sized windows. My maid refused to wash the windows from the outside so I would step outside on the ledge, seven stories up and wash them weekly. The cement ledge, three feet wide, was inlaid with many panels of glass, which made this task even more treacherous. I decorated the living room in the Arabic style and made slipcovers from black and white striped material for the low couches. Antique chandeliers purchased from Damascus, Syria gave off subdued light, while Gaza rugs and Persian carpets covered the marble floors. The university provided every staff member with free furniture, either in an oak or a modern style, which they delivered and then collected at the end of the contract. I selected the oak. Faculty and staff were also given \$150/year for items such as pots and pans, silverware, etc. I was given an additional \$100 to cover food expenses and received an extra allowance to entertain professionally.

I painted one end wall of the balcony black on which I hung photos of Lebanese life. These were small professional black and white photos, which I had enlarged and glued on plywood. The enclosed balcony area included a sitting area, coffee table, and a waist-high cabinet with bar stools. A dining room table was just off the kitchen, which was the size of a large closet, about nine feet by fifteen feet. At one end was a sink with a separate faucet for safe drinking water. Another faucet had water for cleaning and washing dishes, etc. At the other end of the kitchen was the gas stove. The oven door, when opened, reached into the dining area on the balcony.

Just off the balcony was a long narrow closet with shelves for groceries. A Turkish toilet in the floor with spots to show where the feet should be placed, was located just in front of the shelves. No one used this facility but one had to be careful not to step in the toilet. My maid, Fifi, used the

toilet to discard dirty water after cleaning. The main bathroom off one bedroom had a bidet in which I planted flowers. Some curious visiting American turned on the faucet in the bidet and was surprised when plant dirt splashed all over the wall!

The enclosed balcony area was used mostly during warmer weather. During the rainy season, when it was damp and cold, I would close off the sliding glass door to the balcony, and with a space heater plugged into the wall, I would enjoy the coziness of my Arabic room. Most people used space heaters since central heating was rare in Beirut.

Just outside the enclosed balcony was a small open balcony, measuring about six feet by ten feet, where I would sit late at night and watch the activity down below on the street, in the shops or on the sea. This was a perfect spot for a potted garden of rose bushes, orange trees and other flowering plants. A smoky glass partition about eight feet high separated this area from my only neighbors on the same floor.

In warm weather, I always left the windows to my balcony open at night for cross ventilation. Birds were scarce in Beirut, because people shot them and ate them, or so I was told. One morning I awoke to find a bird flying around in my apartment. I panicked, of course, and called Mohammed, the concierge. He guided the bird out of one of the windows with a broom. That was only after I convinced him not to kill it.

One day during the hot summer months, the following notice appeared on the elevator mirror:

“The water in Beirut, these days, is limited, due to less rains, and much using it. Even though, we do our best to assure the water to our building, by paying extra-expenses. So, please:

-Use the water to the very necessary.

-Pay attention not to leave the tapes (sic) opened, for unnecessary loss of water.

Thank you

Barrage Building”

I never met Mr. Barrage, the owner!

Foreign International Group The Foreign International Group (FIG) founded in 1961, was a very active group of non-Lebanese singles who met once a month for social events. A committee planned the events which might be a ski trip, a social, a tea, a dinner, a cocktail party or a beach party. Most members were British, Canadian or American. The social circle was formed to make it comfortable if someone wanted to attend alone. (Members of FIG from the 1960s held a reunion in 1991 in New Paltz, but I did not attend).

The social life in Beirut was very full. It was not uncommon to meet a foreigner on the street, chat, and after fifteen minutes, arrange to have a party for him or her that same evening. Since most English-speaking people were foreigners in Beirut, it was comforting to have another “show you the ropes.”

Hectic social life Generally, classes ended at 5:00 P.M. and unless there was a meeting or cultural event, most evenings were free. The John F. Kennedy Cultural Center on campus was the site for many concerts, plays and art shows. Cocktail parties and dinners in private homes were scheduled on weeknights as well as weekends. The cocktail parties included foreign and local people and often

some dignitary from the American Embassy or another country. Entertaining in one's home was easy and could be planned at the last minute since caterers, waiters and other help could be obtained quickly and at low cost. The only problem was the poor telephone system, but somehow word got around that "so-and-so" was having a party. Most were encouraged to bring friends. Two weeks after I moved in, I hosted an "open-house" for 60 people. I served a variety of hors d'oeuvres. A waiter for the entire evening cost \$3. Because there was no tax, alcohol was inexpensive.

Spontaneity was common. Frequently the doorbell would ring, with someone wanting to go on a trip to Damascus, Syria, or to Sidon, or Baalbek in Lebanon, or to the mountains for a ride.

The beach and pool as a "get away" The white sandy beaches were picture-perfect. I needed a place where I could be away from work and a private beach club was the answer. I joined a club located at the southern tip of Beirut. I would go either by myself to spend the afternoon or invite a friend for lunch. Frequently my student teacher and I would lunch by the pool and discuss classes or have a few lessons in the swimming pool without distraction.

I don a blonde wig One evening in March 1968, Ed Monaghan and I had dinner at a small French restaurant downtown. Later, in conversations with the owner we decided on a plan to attempt to cheer up some of our friends who had been a bit depressed after the '67 war. It was decided that I would don black string stockings, a platinum blonde wig, a dark blue mini-skirt and a blue and white striped top borrowed from a 13-year-old. Inexpensive long pearl necklaces, plastic wrist bangles, a well-padded bra and delapidated white sneakers completed the outfit. In this "get-up" I would be the waitress at my friends' table. My hairdresser was most eager to put on the finishing touches, by applying make-up in the "Lebanese style." Heavy dark eyeliner, bright eye shadow, and a perfectly placed mole to the right of my mouth completed the picture. The platinum wig was shoulder length and one side covered part of my face. I now looked like a high class "hooker!"

I invited 15 friends to join me for dinner at the restaurant. I had informed them that I would be late because of a college commitment. Thirty minutes early, I drove to the restaurant with my head covered, and I wore a long coat even though the weather was warm. I was embarrassed to drive thorough the streets this way, for I thought that I was conspicuous. Arriving at the restaurant, I removed my coat and scarf, and nervously awaited my guests. I sat in the corner of the restaurant, ordered a martini, and listened to the band. Some of the musicians were not aware of the plan, and gave me strange looks. Yes, blondes have more fun!

Ed encouraged everyone to order with the idea that I would arrive shortly. Using a high squeaky voice and a lisp, I took my friends' orders. Surprisingly, only one person, an artist, recognized me. He gave me a nod of recognition but kept the secret to himself. The others were too engrossed in the menu to pay attention to the waitress in front of them. The restaurant waiters delivered the plates to me and I served each person. When everyone had been served, I sat on the lap of one of the men. That drew the full attention of the group who then realized who I was. The plan worked, and the somber mood was replaced by laughter. The next day I received a bouquet of pink carnations from the man who recognized me.

Edward Monaghan, a Canadian, and I met a few weeks after my arrival in Beirut. We started dating and were frequent companions for the four years I was in Beirut. He was especially supportive

when the '67 war started. Ed was a lover of the arts - operas, paintings and antiques. We visited Damascus, Syria frequently and he advised me as to the value of artifacts. It was an experience to shop with Ed. He passed away in May 2003 in Ottawa, Canada, at the age of 74.



Fig. 6 Blondes have more fun!

Strawberry shortcake dessert party One time I invited 25 people to my home for a dessert party. Strawberry shortcake was the only menu item. My British friends were surprised when I invited them because they had never heard of strawberry shortcake. After the evening, I was told that it looked nothing like the shortcake that the English eat. I realized later that in England, the shortcake is a cookie.

It was essential that all fruit and vegetables be washed thoroughly and peeled before consuming them, because human fertilizer was usually used when growing crops. The powdered soap "Tide" was a wonderful "killer" of all germs. My problem – how was I to wash the strawberries so that my guests would not get sick? Tide wouldn't work...so I used a bit of Clorox in some water and made sure that I removed the strawberries before they got bleached. It worked and no one became ill.

Progressive dinner On May 14, 1966, I introduced the "progressive dinner," a format previously used in Brockport. We hired taxis to transport the fourteen of us to all of the courses at the different residences. Since the cost of transportation was so minimal, it was worth having the taxis wait for us at each stop. But we had the same difficulty that we had in Brockport - keeping to the schedule and finishing the evening with dessert. It was a "black tie" affair, men in tuxedos and women in formal gowns. Our goal was for all to finish at midnight, and we did complete all courses by 4:00 A.M., minus ten people. Edward Monaghan, Teaching Fellow, Bill Moran, and I hosted the main course of prime rib at my apartment. I also made a sponge cake, spreading frosting over real sponges, for a "light" dessert. The cost of the progressive dinner was LL 20 per person or \$7 each.

Celebrating American holidays AUB closed for all American holidays. If I wasn't traveling during those times, I would join other Americans or non-Americans and we would get together for dinner and/or cocktails. Generally it was an all-day affair so that no one became lonely. Telephone calls were made back home, but usually this was done before the holiday in order for our calls to get through. On Thanksgiving, Marilyn and Herb Hampson invited Jeanette Banker, Jackie Hill and some American service men to dinner, while I spent the day at Ed Monaghan's apartment with about fifteen other people. American families invited Chris Rider and other American students to their homes for Thanksgiving. Jeanette and I attended Mass at the Maronite Church in Beirut on Christmas Eve 1966. On Easter Sunday, in April 1965, when I was invited to Vivian and Peggy Asfar's apartment, I was introduced to an Iraqi game. We tried to crack the other person's hard-boiled Easter eggs by hitting our eggs against theirs.

Dating I made a decision that I would not date Middle Eastern men. The reasons were many. American movies gave the men the impression that all American women were like the movie stars who fell in bed frequently and easily with their costars. They then tended to proceed accordingly. Some men were demanding and authoritative - one could be "hounded" with their attention. I was not looking for that type of attention.

Rosie on horseback? I have never been a lover of animals but I took the challenge and was introduced to horseback riding by Edward Monaghan. A very colorful British woman, Sunnie Mann, was the owner of the *Horse and Hound Riding Academy* and was my instructor. My fear of the horse was evident to everyone - even the horse! As a result I was on a "lead rope" for three months before I decided that I could do it alone. The scenery was beautiful and serene especially when we rode and galloped on the beach. I offered horseback riding intramurals for my students with Sunnie, as instructor.

I took riding lessons on the same Arabian horse three days a week for the four years that I was in Beirut. It finally came time for me to jump with the horse. I was frightened! The horse sensed it and decided he didn't want to go over one of the obstacles. I fell off. I was furious! I realized that the horse, after all these years, was controlling me, and I was the one who was to be in control. I remounted the horse, dug my stirrups in him, used my crop like a pro, and successfully jumped a couple of hurdles. Then I dismounted and quit horseback riding on the spot!

Jack Mann taken hostage On May 13, 1989, Sunnie's husband, Jack Mann, while on his way to the British Bank of the Middle East in Syrian-policed Muslim West Beirut, was taken hostage and held by *Hezbollah* in Lebanon. Later, at the age of 77, Jack was released on September 25, 1991 by the Revolutionary Justice Organization, a Shiite Muslim group. Jack died in 1995 and according to his obituary, felt that he was unimportant at age 74 and would not be considered for abduction. Jack was as interesting as his wife was. He sported a huge handlebar mustache, at least 4 inches on each side of his face and curled up at the ends. He was a Royal Air Force Squadron leader in World War II and was shot down six times by Germans. Evading capture, he flew his burning aircraft back from Germany to a forced landing in England resulting in burns on almost 80% of his body. An article in the November 7, 1991 issue of the Rochester, New York *Democrat and Chronicle* newspaper stated

that the Manns had moved to Cyprus. I wrote them a letter, but did not receive an answer. Because it was not returned, I assumed that the letter was received.

Terry Anderson, born in Batavia, New York was the longest-held American hostage in Lebanon. He was a journalist and was abducted in Beirut on March 16, 1985 and released on December 4, 1991.

Lunch with Princess Muna I was invited by the Women's Club of AUB to have lunch with the second wife of King Hussein bin Talal of Jordan. Her name was Antoinette "Toni" Gardner, a British army officer's daughter. She was given the Arabic name of Princess Muna. They married in 1961, had two sons and two daughters, and divorced in 1972. King Hussein was married four times. His third wife died in a helicopter crash, and his fourth, an American, was Queen Nora (Noor).

The lunch was held in a very nice restaurant near a picturesque tourist area on the sea. One could look out at *Pigeon Rock*, a huge rock with a hole at water level, through which boats and water skiers would pass. This area was called Pigeon Rock because the ancient Phoenicians supposedly used the rock as launching pads for carrier pigeons sending business messages to other countries.

Our meal consisted of a *mezza*. It was fascinating to watch the waiters bring out little dishes of food, a few at a time, and place them on the table. There were more than 50 small dishes and they were placed artistically in a pattern around the center of the table. Animals' brains, liver, sheep's eyeballs and other delicacies were served as well as other foods, which were unfamiliar to me. I had seen sheep's eyeballs in bowls at the *souks* in Beirut and Damascus.

I'm an extra in a movie Overlooking the Bay of Junieh is the Casino du Liban, located about 10 miles north of Beirut. This was a popular gambling casino, restaurant, and nightclub. The road leading to the casino was impressive with high arborvitae lining both sides of the highway. Glittery, high-class floorshows were spectacular in the nightclub. I was an extra in the movie *Twenty-Four Hours to Kill*, starring Lex Barker, Walter Slezak and a third actor. It was being filmed at the Casino, and I thought that it would be an interesting experience to be an extra in their movie, besides an opportunity to make a bit of money (\$30.00). The experience proved anything but exciting - in fact it was very dull! I was in a gambling scene, sitting at a bar in my champagne-colored silk dress. The scene was about three minutes long but took four hours to shoot! I did not have a chance to socialize with Lex Barker and found Walter Slezak to be very nice and personable but the third actor was obnoxious. Years later, Walter Slezak committed suicide. The third actor spent much of his time at the gambling tables and the crew always had to wait for him. He couldn't remember his lines and they had to re-shoot his scene over and over. He appeared to be drunk most of the time. Whenever he returned from the gambling tables to the set, he would push his stand-in aside forcefully. Seeing him this way was disappointing because I had always enjoyed seeing him in many movies, not only as a very talented adult but as a child actor as well. The next day, I was called to reshoot the scene, but I declined. I did see the movie and if you look closely, you can see a champagne-colored dress through a screen, which separated the bar from the adjacent room! That's me!

Once on my return to Beirut airport, I encountered another Hollywood actor - Dana Andrews. He was ahead of me in line to reclaim luggage and was having difficulty being understood.

I helped him by speaking Arabic to the worker. Dana Andrews turned to face me, smiled, and thanked me. That made my day!

Choreography Frank Ford, an Australian who taught in the American Community School, directed plays and musicals in the community. I worked with him by choreographing *The Fantastics*, *West Side Story*, *Guys and Dolls*, *Peter Pan* and *The Boyfriend*. *Dark of the Moon* was not a musical, but I was asked to block the actors' movements in the play. Frank was easy to work with and I helped him in some of the plays that he directed. The plays and musicals were all sell-outs, perhaps because the casts included members of the community. The review of *The Boyfriend* by Alvarez Bulos in the May 22, 1967 issue of Beirut's newspaper, *The Daily Star*, praised the musical. To quote: "In general, the most successful scenes were those in which all or most of the cast appeared. With delightful choreography by Rose La Sorte and direction that highlighted the flavor of the twenties, slick timing, and ebullient spirits, the singers and dancers zoomed through their scenes, nearly causing pandemonium of appreciation among the audience that packed the theatre."

Before opening night of *The Boyfriend*, Frank and I were interviewed on the local radio station. When asked about my background, I mentioned that swimming was my "field." The interviewer became confused with my use of the word "field" as it related to swimming. Later this became an amusing recurring story among my friends and me.

Ballet lessons? What a joke! I don't know why I even gave ballet a thought. In January 1967, Chris Rider and I were accepted into the "Ladies' Class." They should have called the class "misfits!" I was totally uncoordinated. Was I inspired by seeing Rudolph Nureyev in Vienna? My body just doesn't bend that way! I lasted four classes. I don't remember how long Chris lasted.

I am arrested! As I was driving along the seaside boulevard (*corniche*) on my way back from horseback riding at about 9:00 A.M. one morning, I saw a construction site ahead of me. Men were working on the road, and as I approached I slowed down. One of the men walked to the side of the road, and as my car came closer to the working zone, he changed course and walked back to the center of the road, right in front of my car! I hit him and his body landed on the hood of the car. I stopped immediately. The injured worker stood up and I helped him to the side of the road.

Police arrived quickly. The other workers became involved in what they *thought* they saw. Loud discussion ensued. One would not believe the emotions among the crew workers. "I saw her hit him on purpose!" "She intentionally drove to the side of the road to hit him!" "It wasn't her fault!" That was stated by the man I hit! I explained to the best of my ability what I thought had happened. The police told me that I was to return to the police station, located across from the main university gate. I drove my car and the police followed. All I could think of was that I had a class at 2:00 P.M., and I would not have to cancel because I could call the American Embassy and they could get me out of this jam. When I got to the police station, I explained the situation again and then realized that the Embassy was closed because it was Memorial Day! I also realized that I was under arrest!

The man was sent to the hospital to be checked for injuries. In the event that he would miss work for one day, I would be arrested and kept in jail. The police brought me coffee and were very

nice to me. I think they were getting a big kick out of the fact that I was a woman, an American and on staff at the university. Twice I decided that I was getting nowhere and left the station to walk back to my car which was on Blair Street adjacent to the university. And twice a policeman followed me out to my car and politely escorted me back to the station...more coffee.

As it happened, the man was not seriously injured and would not miss work. I can't remember how many cups of coffee later, but I was told I could go, thanked the police for the coffee and left just in time to teach my two o'clock class!

A knock on the door – a freshly caught fish Ramsey, the young Lebanese male, who guarded the university gate next to the hostels and taught tennis lessons on the side, knocked on my apartment door one evening. He had in his arms a fresh fish wrapped in newspaper. This was a gift. I had told him earlier that I was entertaining that evening. I thought he was kidding when he said that he would catch a fish for me for dinner. Before I accepted it, I insisted he scale it and clean out the insides. Ramsey left the kitchen a mess - fish scales all over the place! I cooked the fish as an hors-d'oeuvre, head and all, and stuffed it with clam stuffing. It was delicious! When I saw him the next day, and told him how tasty it was, he said that he would bring another over that night. I convinced him not to.

A visit to a gynecologist because of a sore back After an unbearable upper backache in November 1967, I visited the university infirmary. The doctor in charge could find nothing wrong with me, so he sent me to see a gynecologist. I did not understand how an upper sore back would require seeing a gynecologist, especially since a single woman in Lebanon who saw a gynecologist risked a bad reputation. This would be my very first visit to a gynecologist, so I asked a nurse friend, Grace Murabito Thomas, what I should expect. She told me about the procedure so I was prepared for the examination. But nothing she told me could prepare me for what happened in the waiting room.

The waiting room was packed with pregnant women. The receptionist came up to me and in a loud, clear voice asked,

She: "Mrs. La Sorte, what is your husband's name?"

I: "I'm single."

A gasp could be heard from all present as heads with arched eyebrows turned up to look at me. One can imagine how I felt.

She: "You mean you aren't married?"

I: "No, I'm not married." (I thought I was whispering, but it came through loud and clear).

She: "You've never been married?" (Eyes wide open...mouths too!)

I: "No, never."

You could hear a pin drop as I sat in the waiting room for another ten minutes before being called into the office. Then we went through the same routine again. The doctor was an American, but the ordeal was embarrassing. Grace did follow through for me by repeating the incident to her superiors at the university hospital. Grace arrived in Beirut a few years after I did. We often spent time together, lunching, shopping and traveling.

A two-day stay in the hospital Upon awakening one morning, I discovered that I had blurred vision in my left eye. I was unable to read out of that eye and could only see shapes. After one full day experiencing this problem, I visited the university infirmary and as a result spent two days in the university hospital undergoing numerous tests. The tests were exhausting and each came back negative. I was released from the hospital with the diagnosis of “neuritis.” Because I needed a change of scenery, I decided to travel to Athens, Greece for the weekend to rest up. When I was flying in the airplane, the vision in my left eye became clear. But upon landing in Athens, the blurred vision returned. Again on the return trip perfect vision in the airplane and blurred upon landing in Beirut. The doctor could not explain why this was happening. Within a week, eyesight in my left eye returned to normal. Could this have something to do with air pressure?

Give blood and get a free breast exam There were ways to earn extra cash, and a popular one was to give blood. The reimbursement was LL 40 or \$13. Chris Rider needed additional money but had recently visited the blood bank, so she could not return for a while. She asked me to give blood and give her the LL 40. Giving blood was a good cause, so I didn’t hesitate. However, while I was lying on the table, about five male interns from the university hospital came in and gave me a thorough breast exam. When I questioned the doctor, he said that this was routine procedure. Of course, I had been had! The interns needed a victim and I was it! After checking around I discovered that I was the only female who got a free breast exam after giving blood. Chris got her money anyway.

I lost and won the tennis tournament I can teach the basics of tennis, but personally I am a poor player. I often played doubles with some of the IC Teaching Fellows, but always at the net. Long arms are my advantage. In May 1968 my name appeared to play in a singles tennis tournament. Against all of my protests, I was seeded first! The men had the philosophy that if one teaches a sport, one must be an expert. I thought of forfeiting, but realized that it would not be a professional thing to do. I was scheduled to play against a male student. I didn’t realize that this tournament was a very important event, for when I arrived at the court there were at least 75 people prepared to see me play, and probably get beaten. I was not a happy person and I was nervous, to say the least. My opponent served first. The serve went outside. The next serve was good. I returned it and immediately charged the net. The courts were clay and had a foot wide ditch under the net to take care of drainage when it rained. My foot caught in the ditch and I fell and sprained the ankle on both sides. Because I was unable to continue, the game was canceled. My prayers were answered. I was happy! Since I would be leaving Beirut for good in a month, I knew that I would not be asked to replay the match. And that’s how I won.

The sailors came to town In December 1965, ships were docked in Beirut harbor, and Steve Bohrer, the son of good friends, Betty and Bill Bohrer, was a sailor on board USS Forestall. He contacted my guest, Jeanette Banker and me. We were delighted to see him and went on tour of his ship. We also attended the canteen sponsored by the American Embassy held in the ballroom at the beautiful Intercontinental Phoenicia Hotel. It was wonderful for both Marines and sailors to be entertained. American girls 15 and over were encouraged to attend as long as they had permission

slips. Transportation was provided for the girls, and the sailors were not permitted to take them home. Sailors played in a band and there were floorshows and plenty of food available. Jeanette and I invited Steve and his friend to my apartment for dinner. I will never forget Steve's reaction when he entered the apartment and saw my orange tree, three feet high, decorated with Christmas bulbs and tinsel. "See, I told you it would look like Christmas!" Steve exclaimed to his friend. We had a wonderful time together and everyone was teary-eyed when we had to say good-bye. I remember the sailors being very young and homesick.

Jackie Hill attended the Canteen for a few hours. She reports in her diary that the servicemen that she met wanted to show their appreciation but did not know how. One sailor told her that everyone had made a special effort to be friendly and to make the sailors feel at home. The next day, Jackie had a large audience during her basketball class. The class was observed by many of the sailors and Marines, causing the female students to be very self-conscious and embarrassed. Generally, I discouraged Middle Eastern men from observing my classes because of this. Christine Rider reports that she attended a United States Navy canteen in October 1966. She found it very social and mentioned dancing and the wonderful food.

PART III – CROSSING BOUNDARIES

BOUNDARIES WITHOUT BORDERS

It seems that many of my experiences in Lebanon involved crossing boundaries in one way or another. Besides the obvious border crossings of my many sojourns during this time, other activities involved challenging the artificial boundaries set for women by a male dominated culture. Professionally, culturally and personally, I encountered and achieved numerous “firsts,” as reported in other sections of this manuscript. These risks and other unique first experiences involved crossing real boundaries, although there were no physical borders to delineate the crossing.

Professional boundaries Was I crossing boundaries when I established the women’s Physical Education and Health program at AUB for the first time in 100 years? This was SUNY Brockport’s first full-year student teaching program overseas. Were these firsts for both Brockport and Beirut unequaled? Had any other school of higher education provided a similar opportunity at that time? By creating this program I established my competence in a “man’s world,” and exposed a variety of physical activities to the female students. I did not falter when confronted with the idea that to teach, one must be a “trophyed” athlete. Developing and giving workshops gave teachers an awareness of the importance of physical education and dance for women. By instituting the first career day at International College, the women were given choices – marriage did not have to be the only option. Exposing Middle Eastern women and other nationalities to the “American way” may have opened some doors and eyes for them.

Cultural boundaries Was I crossing boundaries when I came as a single woman to the Middle East where differences in culture were apparent? Was I crossing boundaries by wearing shorts to the athletic field or when I traveled alone within the Arab world? Was I crossing boundaries by being seen with men other than a relative, or dating more than one male? Was I crossing boundaries by standing up for what I believed in or by teaching about dating and marriage in the Arab world? I was not successful in educating the female students that it was not necessary to remain in bed for five days when they were menstruating. These were often artificial boundaries of a different culture, religion, and social structure.

Personal boundaries The embarrassing experience in the gynecologist’s office would certainly qualify itself as a cultural difference. Subjecting my breasts to being involuntarily examined by more than one doctor at a time was obviously a first and a learning experience for me. Being under arrest did not stop me from leaving the police station twice because I did not agree with their laws. Dressing “incognito” to waitress for my friends while still employed at AUB, and working in an outdoor restaurant in the mountain town of Aley might be considered crossing boundaries by some. Sleeping in the home of a Druse family and overnight in a Jordanian police station were obviously unusual incidents. By not placing personal boundaries upon myself when I traveled, gave me the advantage of encountering more than the everyday traveler. That, I would not change!

TRAVEL IN THE MIDDLE EAST

The most apparent boundaries were those crossed into other countries. Before traveling outside of Lebanon, a visit to a moneychanger in Beirut was customary to obtain currency at a better rate. This was illegal, but we did it anyway! For example, it was illegal to take Egyptian currency into Egypt.

It should be noted here that one could not travel from an Arab country to Israel or from Israel to an Arab country. This procedure was not allowed by the Arab countries. If a passport were stamped from Israel, the traveler would be denied entrance to the Arab country. If one wanted to visit Israel, travel must begin from a non-Arab country. Some people flew to Cyprus from Lebanon and then from Cyprus to Israel as an alternative, and then back to Europe or to the United States

Lebanon Shortly after I arrived in Beirut, I joined a busload of students to visit the Bekaa Valley, situated between Mount Lebanon, the Anti Lebanon ranges, and Mount Herman, where agricultural students at AUB had an experimental farm. The first Lebanese town I visited was Baalbek, a popular visitor's destination, located midway between Byblos and Damascus, Syria. Baalbek was the site of an International Festival of Music held in July and August, where a breathtaking *Sound and Light* program was held. The immense Roman ruins were more impressive and better preserved than those in Rome. Most famous are the *Temple of Jupiter*, with six columns 65 feet high, *Temple of Bacchus* and the *Temple of Venus*.

Byblos, about thirty miles north of Beirut, claims to be the oldest city in the world. It is said that this is where the Bible got its name. Byblos is now known as Jbeil. The city is situated on the Dog River and has buildings dating back to 3200 B.C. A Crusader castle and Roman ruins were also nearby. I ate a delicious lunch at a restaurant on the water with Mac De Ford, an International College Teaching Fellow. The restaurant was noted for its fresh shrimp. I can still remember and taste that bucket of flavorful shrimp that we picked at and slowly devoured. What a treat! Nearby, I observed salt beds for the first time.

Later on a trip with Grace Murabito Thomas we observed a group of women smoking water pipes (*narguilehs*). Americans called them "hubbly bubbliies." Chris Rider, in her diary explains the process for preparing the pipes. "*Tobacco is chopped and soaked in water for thirty minutes to one hour. Press the tobacco into the shape of a small cone, and pierce the cone 7-8 times with a needle for the smoke to be drawn through. Hot coals are placed on top of the tobacco, which sits on the water pipe. Puff.*"

North of Beirut on top of a mountain in Harissa stands the huge statue, Our Lady of Lebanon. Vivian Asfar and I took a ride up the *telepherique* (cable car) to enjoy the spectacular view of the Mediterranean Sea, Beirut and Jounieh's Bay.

I had heard it said that one could swim and ski in Lebanon on the same day. Well, one could! The Cedars of Lebanon was a "get-away" on weekends. The Teaching Fellows from International College rented a cabin for the season, and I was occasionally invited to join them. The Cedars was a beautiful "escape," with terraced land that was blanketed with snow. It was a treacherous drive up the mountain taking hairpin turns, but the views were breathtaking. The ski

trails were labeled beginner to advanced. I was definitely “labeled” beginner to mediocre. The “fellows” were experienced skiers.

On one of our outings, I felt pressed to follow them to the top of the mountain, even though I insisted that I was not as skilled as they. I was at the end of the “line” of skiers. “Just follow us,” they shouted. As I looked down the mountain, I could not see bottom, and I started to taste bile in my mouth. I knew that I couldn’t make it down the hill, and there was no way to get to the bottom except to ski. So I followed them and turned when they did. But part way down, I panicked, fell and twisted my right knee, causing a medial ligament injury. I was delighted! I lay there unable to get up. The ski patrol came after me, strapped me in the sled, and took me down the rest of the way. I waved to my friends and smiled as I passed them. I was taken to the chalet and placed in front of the fireplace. With ice on my knee and a brandy in my hand, I was quite content.

One hot lazy Sunday afternoon, International College teacher, Bill Tracy, and some of the IC Teaching Fellows, knocked on my door and talked me into a trip to Sidon. This famous city is about twenty-five miles south of Beirut on the Lebanese coast, and is the third largest city in the country. It boasts of the Castle of the Sea, a fortress built on a small island in 1227 by the Crusaders. We climbed to the top of the castle to view the city and port. The harbor was quiet, and not as busy as it was in historic times. But Sidon had interesting *souks* in the Old Town where merchants still made their own sweets, manufactured glass items, and made purple dye. It was here that I purchased some homemade musical instruments – a *rababah*, a stringed instrument made out of a hollowed out gourd, and another stringed instrument which was crudely crafted.

Tyre, about forty-five miles south of Beirut was the fourth largest Lebanese city, where excavations uncovered remains of Arab, Byzantine and Greco-Roman cities. Tripoli, about forty-five miles to the north was the second largest city and founded by the Phoenicians in 800 B.C. There we enjoyed seeing beautiful mosques and walking through the busy *souks*.

While planning a party, we decided to pick mimosa, a pretty plant having small yellow and white flowers. Ed Monaghan and Teaching Fellow Bill Moran and I drove up the mountain to Yartze where they were plentiful. On another occasion we went there to pick pinecones with Jeanette Banker and noticed mimosa growing in the same area.



Fig. 7 Trolley car in mountain town of Aley

The mountain villages were popular in the summer, as it was a way to escape the torrid temperatures in the city. At the end of my four years in Beirut, I decided to accept an offer from an acquaintance who had opened a restaurant in the mountain town of Aley. I was asked to be a waitress, this time without the blonde wig! When I completed all of my work at the university, and had prepared my belongings for my return to the United States, I stayed in the hotel at Aley for two weeks. Beirut used a trolley car for transportation in the city before the 1960s. A gentleman friend and his wife located the old trolley car and had it transported up the mountain to Aley. They then transformed a wooded area to an outdoor restaurant. The trolley was the bar and stools were placed outside the windows for bar customers. Round tables were scattered throughout the woods and each had an umbrella above it advertising some sort of beverage. Subdued lighting set the scene. The idea was unique.

Cyprus UN troops were apparent throughout the island of Cyprus, which I visited on my way to Rhodes during the Easter holiday of 1966 with Charles Layne, IC Teaching Fellow. Women often traveled out of town with male friends for safety reasons. Unfortunately, because of the holiday, all shops in Cyprus were closed. But a cabaret in the evening featuring a bellydancer was very much alive in the modern capital city of Nicosia, which had a wall and gate to protect the ancient city. Charlie and I agreed that the show was one of the worst that we had seen to date.

In order to travel between Kyrenia in the north and Nicosia, it was necessary to be escorted through the Turkish sector by a UN convoy. There were two regular convoys every day. Turks were permitted to travel anywhere on the island but Greeks were not allowed to enter the Turkish sectors. It would take two and one-half hours to drive around the Turkish sector but it took only forty-five minutes for our taxi to be escorted through by the UN troops.

The walled-in port city of Famagusta in the Turkish sector, noted for The Citadel, was situated on the harbor. According to tradition, it was the setting for Shakespeare's tragedy of *Othello*. But apparently this was inaccurate. Othello was the name of a Venetian governor in 1506. Shakespeare knew little about Cyprus and had never been there. The Cathedral of St. Nicholas, now a mosque, is a 14th century Gothic building in Famagusta.

Egypt In February 1968, I was asked to chaperone a group of ninety students to Cairo, Egypt. I had never been there, and felt that this was a good opportunity to travel with others who could not only speak the language, but also help with bargaining, getting through customs, etc. Two other AUB faculty members were supposed to join the group, but at the last minute, decided not to. One of the faculty members maintained that he went to Cairo with the group and never left them alone. I never saw him at all. I ended up being the only chaperone for ninety students! To complicate things further, the two tour guides from Beirut and Cairo who were supposed to accompany us in Cairo, ended up in jail! The organizations that sponsored the trip went before the disciplinary committee at the university, but I never found out what happened. The students ended up being my best guides and mentors on this trip.

Shopping was wonderful and exciting. I purchased a fake diamond and pearl-studded gold *gallabya* gown and a champagne colored *abbya*, both of which I added to my wardrobe of formal clothing. One of the perks for living in Beirut was that frequently I would dress formally and have fun doing so. While in Cairo, some of the male students and I visited a cabaret featuring a well-known bellydancer. She was one of the best that I had seen – in one number she danced while balancing a candelabra on her head. I have a photograph of her standing behind me, complete with candelabra.



Fig. 8 Egyptian bellydancer with candelabra

Also while in the *souks* of Cairo, I was able to find some prints of David Roberts' lithographs. Roberts was born in Scotland in 1796 and died in 1864. He started out as a house painter and then went on to scene painting. The drawings concentrated on scenes in the Middle East. There are six volumes of prints, totaling 247 lithographs, published between 1842 and 1849. I could kick myself! I had the opportunity to purchase one of the volumes. I can't remember whether it was an original, but I think it was. And I do recall trying to justify the price of \$150. At the time, the price sounded high, even though I was trying to convince myself that the value of the separate prints far exceeded the \$150. Today, using the Internet, I found that the prints ranged from \$20 to \$825, depending on size, whether deluxe, subscription edition prints, or first edition. I am the owner of some large framed prints, namely 1) *Chapel of St. Helens, Crypt of the Holy Sepulchre*, May 1, 1841 2) *Mosque Elmoorisian, Cairo*, January 1, 1849 and 3) *Evacuation Mansions of Petra; Excavations at the Eastern End of the Valley*, March 7, 1839. I also own some smaller framed prints.

The visit to the pyramids in Giza was an experience. The Sphinx, carved from a huge block of limestone, was smaller than I had pictured. It always appeared much larger in photographs. Because it stands in front of the pyramids in most photos, it seemed larger than the huge pyramids behind it. While there, I did ride a camel and I did climb about thirty steps up the outside of the Great Pyramid. I remember vividly making my way to the chambers underneath that pyramid. It was very awkward, especially because of my height. The hardest part was going down the steps to get below. I had to go down the narrow steps with weight on my heels facing the center of the pyramid. Once at the bottom of the steps, I had to hunch down and walk forward until I reached a room where I could stand. The passageway was very narrow and dusty, and the atmosphere was hot and stuffy. I noticed a string of small lighted bulbs on the ceiling of the passageway, which did not give off much illumination. Then I noticed air being pumped into the area on another string. It was a good thing that I am not claustrophobic! I passed the Queen's Chamber and then came upon the King's Chamber. This was the final destination - a small room by my standards. Getting out was easier for I could face the right direction and walk up the stairs normally.

I wanted to visit the Valley of the Kings where King Tutankhamen was entombed, but when I inquired about airline tickets, I was told that the airport in Luxor was closed. I was given no reason.

Greece Athens, Greece was an hour away by plane. I had met Americans from the American School in Athens, who often came to Beirut for weekends in need of a change of environment. The same seemed to be true of foreigners in Beirut. I never tired of Athens and its history. People were interesting and the streets buzzed with activity. Besides, the food was outstanding and, if lucky, one could find a restaurant that was casual enough, and stayed open late enough for one to observe some great Greek dancing and dish breaking. Vania Catalani, a Greek friend who lived in Beirut, hosted the most exciting parties. Before guests left at the end of an evening, she led them in a dance where they threw all of her dishes onto the marble floors. Vania shopped frequently for inexpensive dishes to replace the broken ones. A favorite entrée, which I still enjoy today, is *moussaka*, a combination of layered eggplant, onions, lamb or beef, tomato, spices and bechamel sauce. And I can not forget the spinach pie called *spanakopita* as an appetizer.

The Acropolis was breathtaking, especially in the evening when it was lighted for all in the city to see. When I visited the Parthenon, I was able to walk right up to it and have photos taken inside the columns. But on a recent trip in 2001, I was surprised to see a huge renovation and modernization of the area, preventing visitors from entering the column area.

In March of 1967, I visited the island of Corfu with my Iraqi friend, Vivian Asfar. We enjoyed the island very much especially since it was relaxing and quiet. By hiring a taxi, we were able to see many of the sights in a few short days. For the first time I visited some old Greek churches and was fascinated with the icons and paintings inside.

A visit to the Greek island of *Rhodes* is mentioned separately below.

Iran See Part II: Diversity of Culture; Relationship with Students.

Jordan The capital city, Amman, was a big contrast to Beirut. The seven hills, on which the city is built, were terraced with either houses or farmland. King Hussein's palace was located in the city, but we did not visit it. An impressive mosque, Ashrafieh, was newly built and allowed women to enter. As with any mosque, shoes were left outside near fountains, which were used for cleansing one's feet before entering. Beautiful Persian carpets covered the floor in the huge room. An hour's ride southwest of Amman, brought me to Jerash, a well-preserved town with Roman ruins including a forum, theater, colonnade and temples.

I always enjoyed my trips to Jerusalem, Jordan. The best time to visit was either during the Easter or Christmas holidays. Jeanette Banker and I had a wonderful trip there for 5-6 days at Christmas time while she visited me in Beirut from November 6, 1965 to January 6, 1966. Jeanette was happy after purchasing a beautiful large wooden creche. I also bought a creche, but mine was crudely carved and very small. The carved animals were much larger than the wise men. Mine was purchased from a street vendor, while J's was bought in a curio shop. It was there that we met Moses, the shop owner who took us to visit the Dead Sea, where I waded up to my knees.

Close to the hotel was "Jerusalem Pottery," a factory noted for its tiles. Friends in Beirut had shown me their purchases and I was impressed with the fine quality and workmanship. I purchased two tiles to use as trivets. One has a floral design and the other depicts an Arab sitting on a stool smoking a *narguileh*. Later we rode a bus for a nine-mile trip to Bethlehem. The bus driver suggested that if anyone wanted to walk the last half-mile by foot, we could disembark and walk. And we did, making that last approach to the town more significant for us. When we arrived, we visited the Church of the Nativity, the site of Christ's birth. When Jeanette left Beirut in January, there was a huge void in my apartment and in my life. It was suddenly very quiet. To ease the loneliness, I threw a huge party!

I visited Jerusalem in January 1965 with some of the Teaching Fellows from International College. It was necessary for Fred Crawford and me to take a later flight than the others. I drove to the airport in record speed only to find that we took the wrong road. Finally as we approached the airport, one of the car's front tires became flat! The day before, the other front tire had gone flat! Only minutes remained before flight time, so we "thumbed" a ride to the airport. I threw my car keys on the counter and asked the flight attendant to call my auto mechanic to fix the tire. Never

could this be done in the United States. It worked! When Fred and I returned to the Beirut airport, my car tire was fixed, the keys were at the desk and the car was ready to be driven back to the city!

A treasure find in Jerusalem included two silver *Crusader crosses*, one very ornate. The Crusaders carried these crosses to the Holy Land by armies from England, France, Spain, Italy and Germany. The heavier ornate cross has floral etchings on the reverse side while the other contains a rose colored semi-precious stone centered on the front.

It was on this trip in 1965 with Fred Crawford, that I walked The Via Dolorosa, or *The Way of the Cross*. It was the path that Christ took as he carried the cross on his shoulders. Especially noteworthy in Jerusalem were the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, Mount of Olives, Gethsemane Gardens and the Dome of the Rock Mosque.

Other than Jerusalem, we visited the towns of Hebron, Jericho, Nablus and Ramallah. Christ was said to have performed many of his miracles in Jericho. Ramallah was a summer resort. Chris Rider visited there in winter and was not prepared for the very chilly temperatures. She mentioned in her diary that she slept with all of her clothes, a hot water bottle and three double-folded blankets.

Also in 1965, Genevieve Maxwell and I traveled to Jordan by car in my "new to me" 1960 Fiat. Genevieve was 58 years old at the time. She died July 8, 2004 from heart failure at the age of 97! Genevieve came to Beirut in 1953 and was the gossip columnist for Beirut's English language newspaper *The Daily Star*. Later she wrote guidebooks on the Middle East and was employed as an international journalist for AUB, IC, and Beirut University College. In five days, we visited Amman (my second visit), Shaubak, Narak, Aqaba, and Ma'an and spent three more days visiting desert palaces.

Besides riding a camel, we drank coffee with the *Bedouins* in their tent, slept in the desert, and visited a school for boys in the desert. We were invited to stay overnight at a *Druse* home. This was very unusual since the *Druse* was a private sect and didn't socialize easily with foreigners. During the evening, I had to use the facilities. Outside there was a small domed hut about five feet high, with an entrance about four feet high. Using a dim flashlight, I carefully made my way out to the hut. I bent down and entered it, turned around slowly, and stared face-to-face with a cow! Screaming would be futile. I closed the door, completed my task, and then nervously went back to the house. It was wise to always carry a lot of tissues when traveling, since newspapers were often substituted for toilet paper.

The family showed us their prized possessions - photos and memorabilia from the movie *Lawrence of Arabia*. They had met Peter O'Toole and he presented them with an autographed picture of himself. Our feeling was that they "idolized" Peter O'Toole as a "substitute" T.E. Lawrence. T.E. Lawrence (Lawrence of Arabia) marched with a Bedouin army against the Turks in 1917 through Wadi Rum. This area of sand and rock seemed endless, and reminded me of that scenic film. Before this trip I was shocked by the desert, which I had always imagined to be white and sandy throughout, like picturesque beaches. Most

deserts that I saw during my stay in the Middle East were vast open land, laden with stones, rocks and low growing vegetation. So much for my romantic dream!



Fig. 9 Druse with autographed photo of Peter O'Toole

One evening in our travels, we were unable to obtain a room for the night because we were in the desert, where there was no housing. Genevieve and I found the police station and persuaded the officers to let us sleep on their cots in the station. Genevieve had a jar of peanut butter and convinced them that it was American *hummus*. One of the policemen took a shine to me and gave me his red *kafiyah*, the head dress worn by Arabic men. It makes a good tablecloth.



Fig. 10 Genevieve Maxwell and Rosa Rich with Jordanian policemen

Hebron was an arid, dusty town, noted for its glass production. I visited on a very humid day and purchased a beautiful large blue bowl, a green cruet set, a small creamer, and a number of colored drinking glasses, some of which are still in my possession. I was spellbound watching the merchants make the glass products. Today, Hebron is known by that name to the Jews, but Al-Khalil to the Arabs. In the middle of town was a huge stone structure built by Herod the Great. It served as a Crusader church and mosque, but today contains both a mosque and a synagogue. The structure is believed to hold the tomb of Abraham, father of Judaism, Islam and Christianity.

One of the most interesting and fascinating places I visited was Petra, about one hundred miles south of Amman. The city, totally carved out of a rocky mountain, was complete with temples, palaces, homes, tombs and caves. Petra dates back to the fifth century B.C. and is known as the “rose-red” city because of the buildings made from pink sandstone. It is located about half way between the Dead Sea and the Gulf of Aqaba. It is not very accessible since the entrance to the valley, *The Siq*, is very narrow with rock cliffs on both sides towering up to 300 feet. Entry must be made on horseback, with the last two miles on foot. As we neared the very narrow end of *El Siq*, we could see the city of Petra for the first time. The forty feet high façade of the *Khazneh*, or treasury building carved out of the pink sandstone was spectacular. Grace Murabito Thomas, an American who taught at the university hospital, and I stayed at Nazzal’s Camp, along with the 12 others who were on the trip in November 1967. This was the only accommodation available at that time. We rode camels during our stay. There were no private baths, but public showers were available with cold water only. Simple meals were served and the place was clean. We “camped” there for a long weekend.

Petra’s history is unusual. Earthquakes leveled the city in 350 A.D. Crusaders built a small fort to watch for caravans, but then the city vanished. It was rediscovered in 1812 by a Swiss explorer named Johann Burckhardt. I remember being told that there had been a “flash flood” that killed a number of British tourists who were on horseback entering through *El Siq*. As I recall, this occurred in the early 1930s.

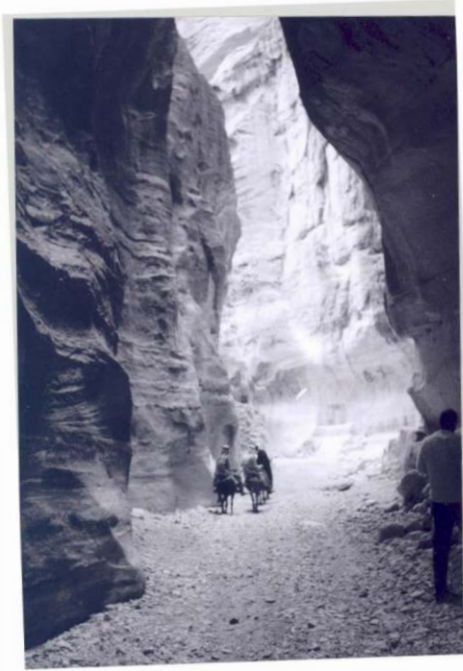


Fig. 11 Petra Jordan: Riding horseback through *El Siq*

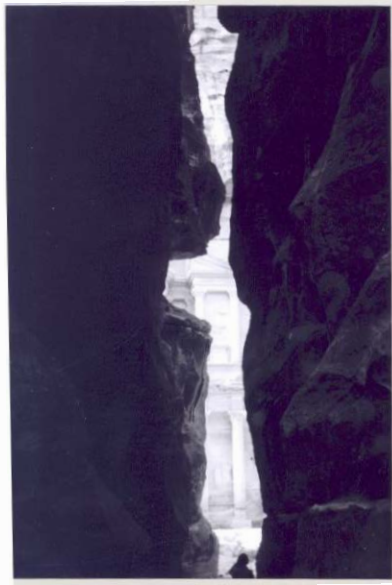


Fig. 12 Petra, Jordan: The narrow passageway, *El Siq*



Fig. 13 Petra, Jordan: *Khazneh* or Treasury building

Kuwait One weekend, I chaperoned about twenty-five students to Kuwait to attend an international table tennis tournament. I will never forget the plane's bumpy landing. On a later flight, Bill Tracy experienced a crash landing at the same airport! I was delighted to see the white sandy desert, but the reflection caused by the sun hurt my eyes. From the plane's window I saw working oil wells everywhere. As was customary, I was the guest of one of the American teachers in her home. The first thing I was asked was whether I had brought any whiskey with me. I did not. Kuwait was a "dry country" and I was not informed that I should bring any beverages. Alcoholic beverages were very inexpensive in Beirut, which boasts being a "free port." My host's homemade alcohol was available but it tasted like 200 proof! Kuwait was very hot and very dry. The downtown area was not too

impressive, but it was obvious that there was wealth in that country. Since the purpose of this trip was to act as a chaperone, I attended all of the tournaments. I cannot remember if AUB won or not.

I had a personal encounter with someone from Kuwait. I waited for my Fiat to be serviced in a garage in Beirut, and a short, stocky, dark-haired, mustached male about forty years old, was having his huge new luxurious car serviced at the same time. Large cars were not common in Beirut because of the narrow streets, so I suspected that this man was important or wealthy. He initiated a conversation with me, and told me that he was a sheik from Kuwait. He said that I should not be driving such an old car and that he would purchase a new and better one for me. He then proposed, saying that he would take me back to Kuwait with him and build me a large residence, with many servants. I could have anything I wanted. I had no difficulty refusing the offer, thanked him, but told him that I was happy owning that awful old car and liked Beirut enough to stay awhile. Too bad he was so short!

Rhodes When I arrived in the Greek island of Rhodes after visiting Cyprus in 1966, shops were open and the vendors were active. Many servicemen representing different countries were enjoying their “R and R” at the time. The old walled-in town of Rhodes, dating back to the 14th century, is the largest inhabited medieval town in Europe and its fortifications impressive. A side boat trip to the island of Symi to visit the Monastery of the Archangel Michael was very interesting and the Acropolis on top of a cliff overlooking the bay in Lindos was breathtaking. Lindos was the original capital of the island of Rhodes.

My return to Beirut from Rhodes was delayed because high winds had grounded the planes. Two days later, and after reading many paperback books, I arrived back in Beirut nervous and tense. So much for a relaxed holiday! To add to the confusion, a telegram sent to friends in Beirut arrived too late to inform them of the delay. They came to the airport and became worried because I was not on any flight. To make matters worse, they called Mary Robinson to ask if she had heard anything. Then she became worried.

Syria Shortly after arriving in Beirut, Mary Robinson drove me to Damascus, the capital of Syria, to obtain my working papers. I was surprised to learn of No Man’s Land, a barren stretch of desert about five miles long, separating Lebanon and Syria. I was told that it provided a barrier between the two countries, and that the only inhabitants were nomads. I am not aware that it still exists. Beirut was so situated that it allowed easy access to other areas for travel. I traveled at least one weekend each month to Damascus. A *service* could be hailed on the street and two and one-half hours later, one could be on *The Street Called Straight* in the covered *souk* bargaining for wonderful artifacts. The border was always a hassle. It seemed as if no one ever heard of orderly lines in the Middle East for pushing and crowding were the norm. However it was worth the \$2.00 trip one way. The dining was wonderful and the hotels comfortable.

Why Damascus once a month? The walled-in city was so quaint and old. The shopping was great! Brass was one of the items that tourists wanted - old or new. The heavy brass was placed in the trunk of the *service*, or, if there was no room, it rested on our laps for our return trip. Small or large trays, old pitchers, and brass and copper pots were some of the unique items I looked for to decorate my apartment or to take home to the States at the end of my contract. The first “big”

purchase from Damascus, was the large hand-made brass tray with wonderful inscriptions outlined in black – very striking. Folding wooden legs were used to support it. (Remember what my maid, Fifi did with it? If not, refer to section on “Servants” in Part II: Diversity of Culture).

Embroidered tablecloths made of cotton were intricate and Damascus silks, called “damask,” were a treasure and fairly inexpensive. On one of our trips there, Jeanette Banker purchased a beautiful oversized tablecloth and had it mailed to the United States. Colorful dresses could be made from the fine silk cloth. I purchased “damask” for my sister, Francesca Cohen, and mailed it to her in a manila envelope. Because I wrote “printed material” on the outside of the envelope it was not expensive to mail. I also sent red brocade to my sister-in-law, Diane La Sorte.

Stunning inlaid tables were handmade. It was very educational to watch the process of gluing “mother of pearl” onto the tables. I had thought that the gems were glued in separately, but discovered that there was a simpler way - long “straws” of mother of pearl and other gems were glued and tied tightly together. Then cross-sectioned slices of these bundles would be cut and then glued to the tabletop, forming a mosaic pattern. Ingenious! I purchased some small inlaid boxes and two tables - one antique and one new.

Unique and precious were paintings on glass. The artist was an old man who had several wives, and lived near the covered *souks*. He painted on the reverse side of the glass and often painted beyond the border. When entering his courtyard to do business with him, the wooden shutters above would move, and giggling could be heard as his wives peeked out to watch the purchasers. Because of the difference in humidity in the United States, the paint on one of the paintings crumbled soon after I returned.

After the '67 Arab/Israeli war, It was necessary to obtain permission from the Syrian government to visit their country. The United States government did not consider traveling to Syria a problem for American citizens; however, a temporary visa was required from Syria. This inconvenience resulted in my visiting Damascus less frequently. The border became chaotic. Pushing and shoving were expected. Being a woman and much taller than others gave me a slight advantage. However, I never looked forward to the hassle at the border. Entering Syria was the most difficult...leaving was never a problem.

In April 1965, Marilyn Hampson and I went on a car trip together. I met Marilyn at a gathering at the home of Genevieve Maxwell, when I first arrived in Beirut. At Genevieve’s seaside penthouse we ate a wonderful shish kebab dinner, where I met many new people, who would become important to me during my next four years in Beirut. The purpose of the party was to celebrate the recent marriage of Marilyn and Herb Hampson. Marilyn was Herb’s secretary at the American Embassy in Beirut. They had just returned from the United States after being married there. The Hampsons and I became close friends.

I enjoyed traveling with Marilyn. We had similar tastes in dining. We purchased freshly baked bread, tomatoes, and cheese and stopped each day by the water or in a park in the middle of a town, and quietly enjoyed our wine and lunch. Marilyn and I drove along the coast to Latakya, Syria. Latakya is Syria’s main port situated on the Mediterranean Sea and is noted for the Pillars of Bacchus, and the Roman Arch of Triumph. We then drove through the Black Hills of northern Syria to Antioch (Antakya), Turkey. We used an old map of Syria and thought that Antioch was in Syria. As we came to the border of Turkey and Syria, we found out that Syria still claimed the land,

but Turkey felt it was theirs when they *thought* they won the last little battle against Syria. We continued on into Syria to Aleppo to visit The Citadel, one of the most important fortresses of the Middle Ages. Homs, pronounced “Humps,” was home to the Castle of the Knights and Crusader Castle or Crak des Chevaliers. Once the center of Queen Zenobia’s realm, Palmyra included Mesopotamia and Syria. We enjoyed two overnights there to view the interesting ruins including colonnades, temples, statues and fortifications. On our way back to Beirut, we stopped at the ruins of Baalbek, Lebanon.

FIG sponsored a trip to Aleppo using Syrian-Arab Airways. The flight on the viscount jet was unforgettable and frightening! When I stepped up to enter the plane, it settled abruptly. The other passengers looked up quickly and nervous jitters could be heard all around. Then as I settled into my seat and started to put the seat belt on, it came apart in my hands. There was no connection to the side of the seat. I was starting to wonder if the plane was fit to fly. I changed seats and the plane took off, but I am certain that some were wondering if we were going to make the trip safely or not.

Chris Rider, in recalling the trip, remembered that breakfast consisted of three chocolate “rocks” and tea. The tea, typically served in tiny glasses, was so cold that the cubed sugar wouldn’t dissolve. For dinner, she said that we were served orange juice. She also remembered dirty windows and bugs and moths flying around inside the plane. Well, we did land and return safely the same day. Today I wouldn’t have taken the trip. Compared to Beirut, we saw few women on the streets in Aleppo, and those we saw wore veils covering their noses, mouths and foreheads. Donkeys and horses pulled wagons on the city streets. The covered *souks*, as always, made shopping much more interesting.

TRAVEL OUTSIDE OF THE MIDDLE EAST

Austria and Hungary During Christmas and the New Year in 1966-67, I spent six days in Budapest, Hungary celebrating Christmas and six days in Vienna, Austria celebrating the New Year. Budapest was quiet and most people wore very dark clothing. Because of that and the lack of sunshine, the mood seemed somber. However, Christmas was celebrated festively in Vienna.

Vienna seemed to have more to offer. I attended an opera or ballet almost nightly. Rudolph Nureyev danced superbly in *Don Quixote*. In fact, I literally ran into him. It was in the afternoon when I was looking at the posters outside of the opera hall, and there he was. He seemed to be in a hurry and as I turned away to move in another direction, we almost bumped!

New Year’s Eve, celebrated at the Hotel Imperial, was much fun especially after we met a couple who were carrying piglets in their arms. Apparently piglets were a tradition and nothing unusual on this special evening. I remember the food being outstanding and the desserts sweet and sticky. Lots of gayety and dancing filled the evening. I purchased a decadent *Sacher torte*, made famous by the Sacher Hotel and had it sent to Beirut. The next day, a side trip by train to an Austrian ski resort, Semering, was a soothing change from the busy life of the city.

Canada and London In order to retain my status as a United States citizen working out of the country, I could only remain in the United States for a short stay during the first summer. I did not

have to pay United States taxes as long as I remained out of the country for a certain period of time. Of course, I was responsible for Lebanese taxes, which amounted to less than \$100 per year. I visited Ed Monaghan at his home in Ottawa, Canada for one week. We also visited his friends in Picton, Ontario. On my return to Beirut, I traveled alone for five days in London, England. I never could figure out their currency!

Italy I had promised my mother when I left for Beirut in 1964, that I would return to the United States every summer. As often as possible I visited my relatives in Alberobello, Italy on my way back to the States. Alberobello is unique with its many *trulli* seen throughout the village and countryside. These unusual dwellings made of stone and masonry have conical shaped roofs painted with symbols and topped with pinnacles. It is certainly a delightful and charming place. It was nice to touch base with cousins and my maiden aunts Cosmina, Galerana, and Trisolina La Sorte who in their own ways crossed many boundaries.

Portugal and Spain On my return to Beirut in September 1966 after visiting in the United States, I stopped in Lisbon, Portugal and Madrid, Spain. Both were delightful and charming and inexpensive!

Kentucky Ann Uhlir invited me to present a synchronized swimming workshop to graduate students at Eastern Kentucky University in Richmond, Kentucky from July 11-22, 1966. Ann was Director of Physical Education at the university and provided me with travel expenses, a dormitory room and a stipend of \$350 for the two weeks. It was necessary to bring files back to the States with me from Beirut. George Rich helped me to mimeograph copies of a manuscript that I had written on synchronized swimming. I received permission to use the facilities in the physical education office at SUNY Brockport. Unfortunately, my synchronized swimming materials arrived a day late in Kentucky. It was fun to teach the girls who had pronounced southern accents. When I left I also spoke with a pronounced southern accent!

Soviet Union Over Christmas vacation in 1967, I visited Moscow and Leningrad (now called St. Petersburg) on a thirteen-day tour with 20 friends and acquaintances from Beirut. It was my understanding that in order to visit Communist Russia, one must take a tour. I loved it! I was thoroughly impressed with the beauty and massive size of both cities. The weather, however, was seventeen degrees below zero when we arrived and it didn't warm up a bit! Christmas Eve was spent on the overnight train (*wagon-lit*) from Leningrad to Moscow. There were lots of laughs when one of our tour members decided to dress as Santa and parade through the narrow aisles. We each bought a two dollar gift for Santa to distribute, uncorked champagne, and sang carols until 2:00 A.M. Fortunately, one area of the train was reserved for our group. As I recall some people who were not part of the Beirut clan joined us. In contrast, New Year's Eve in Moscow was dull because there was nowhere to celebrate.

In Moscow, we enjoyed opera, ballet, folklore programs and concerts each evening. The days were packed with city and palace tours and museum visits. The ballet, *Francesca da Rimini* was superb! I purchased a number of items, including books, records and memorabilia. The coffee table volume of the *Hermitage*, the museum in Leningrad, is a prized possession.

The food was good but very heavy. Cold cuts and eggs in the morning, besides the delicious creamy caviar, were our mainstay. Soup at other meals was very watery and meat was scarce. The vodka was delicious served ice cold and straight. Most people wore black, gray or other dark colors. The whole atmosphere and mood were depressing, and generally people did not look happy. In 1967, the country was Communistic and red stars could be seen everywhere especially on the tops of buildings. There were limitations. We, as tourists, were allowed to shop only in special tourist shops with American currency. Russian currency could be purchased from money changers, but it was necessary to obtain written proof of the exchange.

Strolling through the local stores of Moscow was an unusual experience. It was Christmas time but there was a lack of joy and excitement. Coats were to be removed after entering the department stores, probably to discourage shop lifting. Very little merchandise was available and I saw very few buyers. The shoppers looked - just looked. Shoe stores had only a few pairs available in certain sizes. Bread stores and meat counters were sparsely filled. Long lines were everywhere - each person hoping to purchase an item...any item.

I wanted to shop for linens. I obtained the name and address of a store a bit south of the capital and asked my tour guide to write the information in Russian. Taxis were to be ordered from the hotel, not to be hailed from the street. I ordered the taxi the night before as instructed, and about thirty minutes before it was to arrive, I received a phone call in my room. I was asked quite pointedly not only my destination but also the purpose of my trip. I felt this was quite intrusive, so I refused to give out that information. Surprisingly, I found the taxi waiting for me outside the hotel and off we went. Do you think that I was followed? The taxi delivered me to the store as planned, but because of regulations could not wait for me. The driver was kind enough to show me where the bus stop was for the trip back to the hotel.

After shopping for some fine linen, I proceeded to the bus stop, only to find that I was confused as to which bus to take. People standing in line seemed curious about me and helped a great deal by motioning me onto the correct bus. They seemed to know where I was staying. After I was seated, I held Russian coins in my open hand, and a woman passenger took the correct amount and put the money into the receptacle for me.

As English speaking tourists on a tour, we were invited to be "guests" at a civil marriage ceremony. It seems that on special days, marriages could be performed in the courthouse. There were so many couples wanting to wed that they were required to sign up at least a year in advance. Bridal gowns were loaned, with the brides having a choice of two or three styles. After the uneventful ceremony, the couple adjourned to a large banquet room where champagne and a few simple hors d'oeuvres were available. The whole ceremony took about thirty minutes at the most. We were told that each pair of newlyweds would share their new home with their parents or other couples.

PART IV – THE SIX-DAY WAR

MIDDLE EAST PROBLEMS -THE SIMPLIFIED VERSION

The history of the Middle East is complex. In 1917, Sir Arthur James Balfour, the British Foreign Secretary promised Palestine to the Jewish people as their “national home”(*Balfour Declaration*). It was not until 1948 that the state of Israel was established. Because Arab land was taken, the Arab countries retaliated and invaded Israel. Border violence continued.

The Palestinian students told me how their parents and relatives were “driven” out of Jerusalem when Israel was formed. Many were professionals (doctors, lawyers, etc.) and left by foot with only what they could carry. When I asked if they were forced out, the answers were always the same: non-Jews could exist side-by-side with the Israelis, but they would not be able to own land, work, vote or have any other privileges. As a result, the Palestinian refugees settled in Jordan, Syria, and Lebanon. Farmers were evicted from their homes when the World Zionist Organization bought up tracts of Arab land in Palestine. Israelis and Palestinians alike believed that Palestine was their home. Yes, they felt they were forced out of the old city of Jerusalem. The Palestinians referred to Israel as “Occupied Palestine.” It is interesting that after all of these years, the situation doesn’t seem to have changed.

MAY 22, 1967...AN EMERGENCY MEETING IS CALLED!

A phone call at 9:00 A.M. On Monday, May 22, 1967, I was informed by a phone call from the office of the university president to attend a meeting at 5:00 P.M. that same day. Previous commitments were to be canceled. I was not concerned but instead was curious. I had to cancel intramurals but knew that my program was in good hands with my student teacher, Christine Rider.

The President’s office As I entered the president’s conference room, there were seven other faculty members present, all men. Some were familiar to me, but none were close friends. We questioned each other as to why we were summoned together. I was especially curious as to why I was the only woman present.

The president of the university, Dr. Samuel Kirkwood and a representative from the American Embassy called the emergency meeting. The American Embassy representative stated that the information we were about to hear was to be totally classified - in other words, no one was to be informed about anything that was discussed at this meeting. Before divulging anything, the representative told us that if we were uncomfortable with that, we were to leave immediately. There was no way that I was going to leave the meeting - nor was anyone else.

A committee is formed On May 22nd, Egypt closed the Straits of Tiran to all Israeli shipping. This sea-lane passing through the Gulf of Aqaba shut off Israel’s route to Asia, thus preventing the

country from obtaining oil from Iran, its main supplier. Tensions had been building between Israel and the Arab nations for about six months, from January to June. The Arab states were supporting Arab guerrillas who were raiding Israel on many borders. There was a possibility that Lebanon would be in danger if war were declared. Our committee was formed to evacuate in 24 hours, the 5,000 Americans who were living in Beirut. (Every country foreign to Lebanon had its own plan). We were each given an assignment. I was in charge of the Information Committee, which would be responsible for announcing flight times, providing first aid supplies, and dispelling information about all of the committees. We were to have on President Kirkwood's desk by 8:00 A.M. the following morning, a complete description of our committee's responsibilities, including the names and phone numbers of those assisting us on each shift, the captain of each shift, and the best location for the evacuation area. We were given no "clue" as to how to proceed. Supplies and materials that we would need at our station were also to be listed. At no time were we to collaborate with other members of the committee on this project! We could not even check with each other as to our choices of faculty members for our own committee.

A dilemma I had a conflict! That same evening Christine Rider, my student teacher, and I were to have an end-of-the-year celebration. I had planned to take Chris to a special restaurant for dinner, then return to my apartment to evaluate the year. We had both looked forward to it. But unfortunately, I had to make some excuses and cut the evening short. Because the information was classified, I could not reveal anything to Chris. But I knew that I had a sleepless night ahead of me. By using a portable electric typewriter and carbon sheets for copies, I began work about 11:00 P.M. I worked all night and submitted my copy by 8:00 A.M. Tuesday morning as instructed.

"Rewrite your plan" Another phone call during that same day summoned me to the president's office. I was told to rewrite my plan and resubmit it by 8:00 A.M. the following morning. Red marks were throughout crossing off many of the committee names that I had selected. The evening was spent revising, and again I submitted a corrected copy. This scenario was repeated once more. My third draft was finally accepted on Thursday, May 25, 1967!

DEMONSTRATIONS BEGIN

May 25, 1967 Demonstrations by students and citizens were new experiences for me. There was a lecture scheduled about the Arab-Israeli conflict given by a popular AUB Political Science professor. I do not remember his nationality, but I attended in order to gain some insight into the problem. The site was Mary Dodge Hall which had a large conference room on the second floor. I sat in the back row near the entrance and exit. As far as I could tell, I was the only American there. The political situation was explained and the professor was very animated and powerful. I began to become quite uncomfortable when he started talking about the United States and how the U.S. was backing Israel and was against the Arab nations. Soon his voice rose and he got the crowd to chant slogans against the United States. It was very frightening. I left quickly and quietly and returned to my apartment, shaken.

May 26, 1967 Two demonstrations, one in the afternoon and one in the evening, against the United States occurred outside the campus library on the upper campus. Even though I was in my office on the lower campus in Jewett Hall, I could hear the chanting. I came out to the reception desk and was informed by a resident that it was a student demonstration against the United States. She said, "Please leave. We like you Miss La Sorte, but please leave Lebanon." It was obvious that the students were very concerned about our safety.

May 27, 1967 The American Embassy in Beirut was bombed in the evening resulting in blown-out windows in the back of the building. The American Embassy was located next to the campus and the women's hostels.

June 2, 1967 (From the diary of Chris Rider):

"A silent demonstration protesting U.S. Policy on the Middle East crisis was followed by chanting. Five members of the student body presented the following letter to the American Ambassador:

We, the undersigned citizens of the United States residing in Lebanon, have closely observed the Arab-Israeli crisis and wish to urge our country's restraint and impartiality in order to keep the crisis localized. In addition, we urge the government and news media to do their utmost to inform the public fully that it is not in the American interests politically, economically, or morally to intervene on the side of Israel."

Chris didn't waste much time. She became aware of the seriousness of the situation. She packed her trunk that evening, prepared to leave at a moment's notice. At this time, Chris was not aware that I was on the evacuation committee.

MONDAY, JUNE 5, 1967...WAR IS DECLARED!

"Phase I" - an emergency meeting War between Israel and the Arab World was declared at 9:30 A.M. on Monday, June 5, 1967, two weeks after the initial committee meeting, when we were informed of the closing of the Straits of Tiran. On the morning of June 5th, Israel attacked airfields in Egypt, Jordan and Syria, destroying most of Egypt's air force on the ground.

At 10:00 A.M., an emergency meeting was called with the evacuation committee, AUB President Kirkwood, and an American Embassy representative. AUB was named the *safe haven* of Beirut and the staging area for the evacuation was to be located on the lower campus in the Agriculture and Physics buildings. The committee was told to be available at all times and to be at a location where we would have access to a telephone 24 hours a day.

"Phase I" also meant that we were to contact our own committee members as to what was transpiring and to give them their shift assignments. (See Appendix VII: C. Evacuation Committees and D. Information Station). Information was no longer classified. The American Embassy notified all Americans throughout Beirut in writing at their apartments exactly what was happening and were given directions for evacuation. (See Appendix VII: A. Evacuation packet received by all American citizens; and B. Evacuation kit enclosures).

Chris Rider stated in her diary that on this day, students on the upper campus stood outside of West Hall listening to the radio over the loud speaker. Classes were not canceled, but students were not attending them either. No one came to our afternoon swimming class.

“Phase II” arrives quickly After the declaration of war, all last minute preparations were made and time flew quickly. At 7:00 P.M. on June 5th, Beirut was under darkness. A “light curfew” was announced and all cars’ headlights were painted blue, in order to prevent any aircraft from seeing the cars on the roads. Campus lights were turned off and girls were instructed to close the blinds in their rooms. Chris Rider said that the girls in the hostel huddled together in the lounge around the television set. I was on 24-hour call and duty. Because my apartment did not have 24-hour telephone service, I stayed in the hostel for a few hours the first night.

Since Ed Monaghan had 24-hour telephone service, I moved to his apartment which was close to one of the university’s entrances. There I received a phone call at 3:30 A.M. on June 6th to gather my committee together and to report to the staging area at 4:30 A.M. “Phase II” had begun. After I called all of my committee members, Ed escorted me in total darkness to the university gate near the hostels. On the way we saw, silhouetted in the moonlight, a huge tank with soldiers holding guns outside of the American Embassy. This surprising sight was close to the women’s hostels and the women’s athletic field. An eerie feeling gave my stomach a jolt. A gun-bearing soldier was also located at the gate and Ed helped me to enter by speaking Arabic to him.

Earlier that evening we heard a loud explosion. By looking to the north from Ed’s balcony, we saw huge flames lighting up the sky. We later learned that an oil reservoir had been blown up, miles away.

“Phase III” – Evacuation of 5,000 Americans Organization was at its highest. Mary Robinson met with the American students at the evacuation center in the afternoon of June 6th to explain the situation to them. The American community women and children were on the priority lists and first to be evacuated. Next were those who had no dependents, followed by classified personnel, American Embassy staff, and finally the rest. It was preferable that husbands leave with their families but it was impossible in many instances. Two males became panicky and asked to leave before their wives and children. Since we realized that panic is contagious, they were put on earlier flights as soon as possible.

Four flights left on the 6th at 6:30 A.M., 11:45 A.M., 4:00 P.M. and 5:45 P.M. Pan American jets seating 160 persons each flew out to Rome, Italy or Athens, Greece. On Wednesday, June 7th, the emergency evacuation began with twenty-six flights scheduled out of the Beirut airport starting at 6:00 a.m. and leaving every fifteen minutes. During the night, thousands of Americans packed one suitcase apiece, locked their apartment doors leaving all of their possessions behind, and advanced to the AUB staging area to be evacuated. Not all Americans decided to evacuate, even though all were strongly encouraged to do so.

Both Pan Am and Middle East Airlines planes were used, plus one ship to Cyprus. Most flights were sent to Athens, Greece; some, however, left for Ankara or Istanbul, Turkey, Rome, Italy or Frankfurt, Germany. No one knew exactly where the flights were going until the planes were in

the air. Future arrangements for meeting friends and family became close to impossible and very complicated.

I remember being told that the Jews living in Beirut were being protected in the homes of Lebanese. I do not recall who gave me that information, but I believed it to be so.

Riot groups protest against Americans Beirut was relatively calm during the emergency. We had some “peaceful” pro-Nasser and anti-American demonstrations on campus. At 11:30 A.M. on Tuesday, June 6th, a riot group (non-university) staged a protest at the American Embassy and stoned the embassy building with rocks and soft-drink bottles. They also threw Molotov cocktails, but to my knowledge no serious fires broke out. The university was adjacent to the American Embassy – in fact the girls’ hostels, tennis courts, basketball and volleyball courts were used during this riot since it offered a direct target to the embassy. Chris Rider said in her diary that the women’s tennis courts were filled with trash and debris. Both tennis nets were down and trampled upon. A photo in the April 19, 1970 issue of the *New York Times* newspaper, showed Lebanese students hurling stones at the American Embassy to protest the visit of Joseph J. Sisco, U.S. Assistant Secretary of State for Near Eastern and South Asian Affairs. Those students were using the women’s tennis courts! So much for my huge sign prohibiting street shoes on the courts!

While my shift assistant was overseeing the evacuation committee on June 6th, I returned to my apartment to pack and took Chris Rider with me. While I was busy getting some important papers together, I asked Chris to pack my luggage with casual clothing. We heard lots of noise coming from the beach in front of the American Embassy. We could see the beach area from my apartment. The Beirut riot police, squad #16, drove on the pavement and fired guns at the rioters seeking refuge on the rocky beach. None were hit and we learned later that real bullets were not used. Down below my apartment, people were yelling and marching in the street. My main concern was to get to campus and to make sure that Chris was safe. She was scheduled to leave Beirut on a 4:30 P.M. flight. I also was anxious to get back to the staging area. So, with the help of a neighbor, we placed my two suitcases in the car. Because I had not yet received the evacuation packet with instructions, I was not aware that only one suitcase was allowed per person.

Chris Rider meets resistance in Jewett hall Chris and I drove through the unusually quiet streets for our three-minute drive to the main university gate. Once there, I sensed relief but was quickly mistaken. There were armed Lebanese ground police stationed every 100 feet. We were stopped at least ten times but managed to convince the police that I was in charge of one of the committees for evacuation and had to get through.

Before I arrived at the evacuation site, thinking that the hostel was a safe place, I dropped Chris there to pack. From Chris’ diary, June 6, 1967:

Most of the girls were rather upset. A few were screaming hysterically. It was at this time when the entire dorm was in an uproar, that the most unforgettable experience of my entire stay in Beirut occurred. I started down the stairs to the basement to get a footlocker for a friend. I encountered a Saudi Arabian student on the landing. She had some coke bottles clutched in her arms and one in her hand. When she saw me she screamed (most likely something anti-American) and came after me with a bottle. In that one split second that my eyes met hers I saw

unadulterated hate. It was as if she were an animal. I easily disarmed her, but my attempt to calm her was in vain. Luckily for me another girl came to my aid and took her away.

The bitterness that arose today can be explained. The only information that we knew about the war was coming from Cairo. Cairo was broadcasting that the Americans and British forces were fighting with Israel against the Arab Nations. Those girls had families in Amman and Jerusalem and they were being bombed. Naturally they were upset and emotional.

Getting caught in the middle of a rock fight! I discovered that the rioters stoning the American Embassy were now at the British Embassy doing the same thing. The British Embassy was adjacent to the university and only one hundred feet from the evacuation area. As I approached this area in my car after leaving Chris at the hostel, I encountered a rock fight going on between college students and squad #16. I observed this situation quickly and knew that I had to get out of my car and somehow get to the evacuation building, but the rock throwing was in my way! I had no choice but to drive through the rocks, rioters and Squad #16. I then made a dash to the “safe” Agricultural and Physics building, which was the evacuation site. But first, I locked my car and scaled a stone wall, six feet high - in a skirt! I ran as fast as I could and saw a number of people beckoning to me through the huge glass frontage of the building. I reached the window and frantically searched for the door handle, with no success. Then suddenly an arm reached out from a side door and pulled me in. There was no door from the front, as I had thought. Once inside, I broke down, but was able to calm myself within a few moments. I learned later that the rioters did not intend to harm any Americans or British, but were demonstrating against those two governments because of their stand with the Israelis.

I managed to get Chris on an earlier flight. This gave me a huge sense of relief, for now I felt responsible only to myself. Chris was instructed by me to go directly home to the States and to call my family upon arrival. She later informed me that Pan American Airways sent her a bill for the flight home. With the exception of the two men who panicked, evacuation was fast and efficient and all evacuees were cooperative and orderly. Most were not too worried, but there was concern for our families hearing reports about the area and what they must think. Communication could not be sent out of Beirut since the airport was closed to commercial flights.

My evacuation to Athens and Hydra I left on an 8:15 A.M. Middle East Airlines flight to Athens, Greece on Wednesday, June 7th. This was the last flight out of Beirut. My first sleep in 72 hours came during take-off. An untouched boxed-lunch remained on my lap throughout the flight. High organization was on the other end also. Buses picked us up directly from the plane and delivered us to pre-arranged hotels.

A group of about 20 AUB and International College faculty and families agreed to meet on the Greek island of Hydra, since some of the faculty had homes there. Bill Nystrom, head master of International College had a home on the island. I used his address to receive mail from family and friends. When word was released to the Americans about the possibility of danger in Lebanon on June 5th, James Sullivan (Sully), an American, and his Lebanese fiancée, Samia Khalaf, were married in the Catholic Church in Beirut on the spur of the moment. The reason for the rush was that there were no evacuation plans for the Lebanese, but if one was married to an American, evacuation

became a reality. Word spread quickly that they were being married. I attended the wedding - no formal clothes - in fact some people were not well dressed at all. Some women even had curlers in their hair. Unfortunately, any formal wedding plans were immediately put on hold. The Sullivans also evacuated to Hydra.

About a week before war was declared, I took out some money from my banking account at the British Bank of the Middle East in Beirut because I did not know if or when a war would occur. I left \$800 in the account. When I left Beirut, I had \$70 cash along with LL 150 (\$50) and \$100 given to each faculty member by AUB. Our flight to Athens was charged to our accounts. As soon as I arrived in Athens, I cashed a check for \$800 and received American dollars in return! It was a lucky move, for others who tried to cash checks were unsuccessful. Previously on March 2, 1967, a rumor had circulated that the bank was going bankrupt. I immediately went to draw out my savings, but the bank was so crowded that I couldn't get through. My paycheck was automatically deposited into my savings account. Luckily the bank did not fold at that time.



Fig. 14 Evacuees on the island of Hydra

Refugee life on the island of Hydra At last I felt secure, safe and out of imminent danger. The group of twenty friends and faculty from AUB and IC became very close. Hydra is a small beautiful Greek island, with a monastery on top of a rocky hill. The island was also used as the location for the film *Boy on a Dolphin*. The local Greeks welcomed us with open arms and did not demand any money for housing. We stayed in pension-type hotels, and with the cash I had, we were able to pay the owners a nominal sum. We hiked often since there was no public transportation, but donkeys were used everywhere on the island. The only way to get to the island from the mainland port city of Piraeus was by ferry or hydrofoil. We chose the fast hydrofoil, and arrived in 1½ hours. The ferry also stopped at many of the Greek islands, namely Poros, Methana, Aegina, and Spetses.

I had asked Chris Rider to pack my suitcases for me when we were at the apartment in Beirut. "Pack casual clothing," I had told her. When I opened my suitcase in Hydra, I found not only a few items of casual clothing, but also high heeled shoes, jewelry and dresses suitable for evenings out! As a result I had to purchase tee shirts and shorts on the island. In a letter home on June 9, 1967, I wrote, "The two suitcases I have with me are filled with useless stuff."

Activities during the day included meeting the ferry twice daily hoping to see if any of our friends were aboard. It was always exciting when someone we knew was arriving. It was a reason to have a celebration in the evening. The wonderful lively cafes were perfect for Greek dancing, singing, and drinking the local wine.

Swimming and sunning on rocky beaches, hiking, taking the ferry to one or more islands for the day, writing letters, taking naps and having wonderful leisurely lunches were the norm. Lying on the flat roofs at night looking up at the stars was an activity enjoyed by all. We were always amazed that some of the same constellations we saw had also been visible in the United States.

The water was unusually clear and a beautiful green color, which made swimming even more delightful. At night we experienced glowing lights around our bodies as we swam. We got to know the café, restaurant and shop owners during our stay. I will never forget the Greeks on the island. They were so supportive of us and seemed genuinely happy to have us there. And in some cases we were unable to pay for the service we received. It is something for which I will be forever grateful.

RETURN TO BEIRUT AFTER THE SIX-DAY WAR

I returned to Beirut taking the first flight back on Wednesday, June 28, after receiving information that there was less danger and hostility and that it was safe to return. It had been three weeks since I had left. More planes came in that same day, with three flights per week scheduled thereafter. I arrived at the Beirut airport late at night and immediately went alone to the apartment of a faculty couple who had never left. They lived on campus in one of the faculty apartment buildings, located near the evacuation center. Previous to evacuation, they had invited me to stay with them until I felt comfortable returning to my apartment. I slept on their couch. I remember the quiet and darkness of the campus and the eerie feeling I had as I found my way to their apartment.

The Lebanese welcomed the Americans and foreigners with open arms. They were so happy to see us. They had heard rumors that foreigners would not be allowed to return. Since there was no industry in Lebanon, the locals depended upon the foreigners for their livelihood. All of the hotels and most of the restaurants were closed. Tourism was their livelihood.

A new contract In February of 1967, when hearing that I was not renewing my contract that June, Robert Najemy, Dean of Men, begged me to reconsider. I told him that the job was no longer a challenge. He said that he would send me to two-week workshops during the year in Middle Eastern countries. He also wanted me to set up a six-week workshop in the summer of 1967 for Middle Eastern women, an idea that I had mentioned in 1966. After a bit of thought, I decided to submit my resignation effective June 1967.

While on the island of Hydra, I was again offered a chance to renew my contract with AUB. I was also offered a part-time position as Acting Dean of Women at International College, the same position I had been offered in January 1967 but refused. IC, the secondary all-boys school adjacent to AUB, would be accepting girls for the first time in both the English and French sections in September 1967. Taking on two jobs was a big decision for me, but it was more advantageous to stay another year in Beirut than to return to the United States. I knew that there was no such thing as a part-time job, and I realized that the year would be extremely busy. Because of lack of funds, I would not have a student teacher. However, the experiences would be valuable, and this seemed to be the challenge that I needed at the time.

Rationale for accepting two jobs I knew that my family would not be too happy about my decision to stay another year in Beirut. Justification was as follows:

1. Those returning to AUB after the war were fully reimbursed for the transportation and expenses for the three weeks that were spent after the evacuation. This would amount to about \$400, but keep in mind that money values were different in the 1960s than they are today.
2. I would suffer a loss of approximately \$1500 by not being able to sell my car and personal belongings.
3. I had great pride in the program that I developed at AUB. It would be most difficult, if not impossible, to hire a qualified person to take over as the Director of Women's Health and Physical Education. As it was, those who had applied for my position were no longer interested. In fact, it had been decided before June 5, 1967 that two women's physical education teachers would be hired in September 1968. It was felt that in one year's time, Americans should not be as afraid to travel to the Middle East.

Alma visits Beirut I had promised my mother before leaving for Beirut in 1964 that I would return to the United States every summer. During the summer of 1967 while in Endicott, New York, I encouraged my close friend, Alma Bustamonte Maloney to return to Beirut with me for a visit. Alma and I both received our undergraduate degrees from Cortland State Teachers' College. She was granted permission to take a fourteen-day leave from her position as a physical education teacher at the Maine-Endwell school system. We had a wonderful time touring Amsterdam, Holland, and Vienna, Austria before going to Beirut. Classes at AUB did not start until the first week of October, so it was easier for me to entertain in September while Alma was visiting.

When Alma returned to the United States, she planned to spend two days in Rome, Italy before continuing on to New York. She inadvertently left her raincoat behind at my apartment. I found out that two female friends of mine were leaving for Rome on the same flight as Alma. I gave them the raincoat, described Alma to them and they returned the coat to her on the plane. Her correspondence later revealed her surprise at this coincidence. Alma passed away in 1984 from lung cancer.

JUGGLING TWO JOBS

Acting Dean of Women at International College There were thirty-eight different nationalities attending IC during the 1967-68 academic year. Besides Christian and Muslim, other religions represented were Bahai, Buddhist, Hindu and Jewish. It might be interesting to note that there were thirty-five Jews enrolled in the French section. Two women were hired part-time to assist me. Mrs. Leila Almaddin and Mrs. Elizabeth (Betsy) Harding would carry some of the burdens of the position. Mrs. Harding and I both worked in the office nine hours a week, while Mrs. Almaddin worked twenty hours per week. They assisted me in keeping records for the seventy-nine girls enrolled at IC, and were available to chaperone coed and all-girl social activities. Coed activities included a ski trip, a visit to the Beirut National Museum, and bus trips to cities outside of Beirut. I even planned a coed spring dance at Mary Dodge Hall on the AUB campus. Generally the girls danced together and the boys watched. My job description focused mainly on acting in an advisory capacity for the seventy-nine girls in the areas of academic and personal problems and general counseling. Written evaluations were necessary for students who were interested in attending a university.

While working at both AUB and IC, I taught 28 hours of physical education classes per week in addition to administrative duties, office hours and meetings. Along with this I scheduled parent conferences, student conferences, planned social events and teas, and planned a career day for the IC girls. When I received my final contract from IC for the Acting Dean of Women position, I was given a raise of \$500. The two positions were very taxing, but manageable. I went to the office on Saturdays and often on Sundays to complete office work for both jobs. Taking work home was a common practice.

Six skiing trips to the mountains were planned as extra-curricular activities for the IC girls and boys. Another of the social events I remember at IC was a trip to the mountains to swim. Seventy-nine girls and I had a successful afternoon at one of the hotels. Many of the girls did not swim well, so part of the afternoon was devoted to teaching some basic skills. I never had difficulty controlling or disciplining them, since Lebanese girls seemed more mature to me than the American girls of the same age. They always held a high respect for persons with professional degrees.

Most of the girls I spoke with felt that they didn't have a choice in their plans after graduation. I sensed a lack of direction from the parents. In most cases the only option was marriage. This inspired me to plan the first Career Day for women in Beirut schools. In February 1968, I arranged to have ten professionals speak with the attendees, giving information about the education required, on-the-job experiences, and salary, etc. By dividing the girls into small groups, each girl was able to get personal attention and ask questions freely. I encouraged attendance at all of the sessions, even though they might not be interested in that particular profession. As a follow-up, I sent summaries of all of the professions and their presenters to the forty girls who attended. The careers were: airline industry; accounting; banking; journalism; health professions; academics; legal profession; travel agent; secretary; and the arts.

I maintained an office at IC and two offices at AUB. Besides my office in Jewett Hall, I held office hours once a week in AUB's Dean of Women's office on the upper campus, for the convenience of students who might have questions for me. During the first three years, office hours were held three times a week in the Dean of Women's office.

A staff meeting was called to discuss the dress of one of the girls at IC who wore "culottes" to school. The director of the French Section wanted the girl expelled. I personally felt that this type of apparel was less revealing than the mini-skirts that were in fashion. The result? There was no expulsion; instead the girl was instructed to wear skirts when attending school.

An additional job offer In May 1967, I had the opportunity to accept a position as Director of Women's Physical Education at the American University of Cairo, Egypt at the end of my Beirut contract in June 1967. After I turned down that position, I was offered the Dean of Women position at the same university. I declined that also. I envisioned the possibility of residing overseas forever if I didn't.

PART V – TIME TO LEAVE BEIRUT

The trip home - the problems begin It was not going to be easy to leave Beirut, especially since I had been a part of such a close community of locals and foreigners since September 1964. I was fortunate to have had an extra year in an area of the world that I came to love. My contracts, both ending in June 1968, culminated four years of every experience that I never thought I would ever have or want professionally or socially. So with mixed emotions I started packing and said my good-byes. In early May 1968, I sent three trunks and one footlocker to my home in Endicott, New York. But I still had many belongings to pack, so found it necessary to purchase six more trunks. Much of those last days were filled with finalizing my work and selling some of my possessions. Since my apartment was rented starting July 1st, I left in June for my stay in the mountain town of Aley. (See Part III: Crossing Boundaries; Lebanon). It then came time to make arrangements to return to the United States to an uncertain future.

I had previously decided to travel east and complete my journey around the world. But I had difficulty on the day of departure from Beirut. I arrived at the airport on July 10th, checked my baggage, and then was told that I could not leave Beirut because my visa had expired on July 1st. Apparently I had given my visa little thought because of the commotion in preparing for departure. Ed Monaghan was with me at the airport, and with his command of French and Arabic, we finally convinced the authorities that I was not returning to Lebanon so there was no need to hold me back to obtain another visa. I was leaving not arriving. I had only a few minutes to catch the plane that was held up for me. Off I went to Teheran, Iran.

My luggage is lost! When I arrived in Teheran, my luggage was not on the plane. For the next twenty-two days I checked at the airline offices daily for my lost luggage. In those days, one did not carry a flight bag on the plane. So I had to purchase every single item that I needed for my trip. I had worn high-heeled shoes and a red dress on the plane. To make a long story short I had to have clothing and shoes tailor-made and am certain that because of this, my feet have never been the same. I tried to have an outfit made in every big city I visited.

AN AMBITIOUS ITINERARY

It was exciting to plan an itinerary to complete my trip around the world. I had no time restrictions, nor did I have any qualms about traveling alone, for friends had given me names of contacts in some of the cities that I was planning to visit. The original itinerary was as follows: Baghdad, Iraq; Teheran, Iran; Karachi, Pakistan; New Delhi, India; Colombo, Ceylon; Rangoon, Burma; Bangkok, Thailand; Singapore, Malaysia; Djakarta and Bali, Indonesia; Manila, Philippines; Hong Kong; Taipei, Taiwan; Tokyo, Japan; Honolulu, Hawaii; San Francisco and Los Angeles, California; Endicott, New York!

Stops I did not make were: Baghdad, Iraq; Karachi, Pakistan; Colombo, Ceylon; Rangoon, Burma; and Los Angeles, California. My Iraqi friends, Peggy and Vivian Asfar, had earlier

discouraged me from visiting Iraq for they felt that it was not safe for a woman to travel alone there at any time. However, Peggy and Vivian were always a bit conservative and sometimes overly protective. At this time I cannot remember why I did not visit the other cities but I would suspect it had to do with scheduling or the fact that I did not have my luggage. A postcard to my sister, Francesca Cohen, indicated that I could not travel to Rangoon because of difficulty in obtaining a visa. Perhaps that was the reason for not visiting the other countries.

BEIRUT IS LEFT BEHIND

Teheran, Iran My trip to Teheran was eventful. Today it is called Tehran. (For details, of that stop, see Part II: Diversity of Culture; Relationships with Students).

For the rest of my journey, I did not have the advantage of letters for reference, but have had to rely on travel guides, my memory and photos to remind me of some of my experiences.

New Delhi, India The five days in New Delhi, India did not prove to be the most enjoyable. I decided early not to stay in American hotels, if at all possible. I felt that in doing so, I would miss a lot of the local color. Well, in India, I probably should have stayed in an American hotel. The only time I make hotel reservations ahead is at the first stop of a journey. Thereafter, I make my arrangements before departure or after I have landed in the airport. There are usually hotel reservation desks available at the airport and for me, this is more convenient. I would not have to stick to a particular schedule, and if I wanted to stay in a city longer I could and if I decided to leave earlier than expected, I could do that also.

In New Dehli, realizing that conditions may not be prime, I asked for the best hotel. It was huge, in the middle of town and apparently the stopping place of persons with means. As far as I could tell, I was the only woman registered. The hotel was full, so I was offered a room in the rear of the hotel on the ground floor. I was led to my room by a porter, who later came with a tray holding hot tea. Strings of beads greeted me as I entered the room. A door also separated the room from the outside. The room was bleak and hot, for there was no air conditioning. A low $\frac{3}{4}$ bed was in the corner of the very large room. The cement floor was covered with a small carpet. On the opposite end of the room was the bathroom, where I had to step up about one foot onto the cement bathroom floor. There was no bathroom carpet. This was “roughing” it!

I had little to unpack, so, along with a city map, I went for a walk. The smell in the air was unpleasant to me. I noticed that many people had a red substance in their mouths. I assumed that this was the reason for the odor - perhaps a food or herb that was chewed by the locals. I saw poverty everywhere. The city was crowded with young and old, vendors and beggars, many of whom were crippled or sightless. Was it true that children were maimed intentionally so that they could beg for their families? I was amazed how this ethnic group, young and old, could sit on their haunches all day long without getting tired or feeling pain. There were not too many foreigners around, nor were there many women alone, so I became the object of many stares.

I had some pressing goals in mind. First, I found the airline office to check on the missing luggage - no luck. Then, I needed some shoes and some clothing. I purchased men's sandals and I

did find a tailor who made me an Indian outfit – a cotton dress fitted over baggy pants. He also made me an Indian silk dress fashioned from material used to make saris. And finally, I needed a suitcase to carry my belongings. I found a black leather zippered suitcase which I thought would carry me through my entire trip. It was heavy but sturdy. However, it didn't last long. The zipper fell apart before I arrived in Hawaii, so I had to hold the suitcase together with belts and strips of material.

The first evening meal was taken in the hotel dining room, which was filled with men. I assumed that they were traveling businessmen. I was hungry, and ordered the beef soup along with meat as my entree. Both were inadequate. The soup was watery and contained tiny bits of meat (beef?); the meat entree was tasteless and tough, and I think, boiled. I had had a long day, so retired to my room to read. I felt it necessary to close the door and even though there was no air conditioning, I was comfortable with the hot weather. Lighting in the room was not satisfactory. There was one small bulb in the ceiling, and the bulb in the bedside lamp was so dim that I had difficulty reading.

Even though it was warm, I placed the sheet over me and as I was reading, I sensed something towards the foot of the bed. I looked up and saw a HUGE cockroach about two inches in diameter, crawling up the sheet and onto the top of the bed. I froze! I quickly pushed the roach off the bed and brought the rest of the sheet up on top. I checked carefully to see that no other roaches were on or in the bed. How was I going to sleep with these creatures in my room and on my bed? You can imagine that I didn't sleep very well. I turned off the light but had a restless sleep. In the middle of the night I had the urge to visit the bathroom. That meant I had to walk across that spacious floor and hoped no roaches were in the way. When I entered the bathroom, I turned on the light, and all of a sudden swarms of roaches and insects scampered out of the walls. No, I did not use the bathroom. I turned off the light and walked quickly to my bed, but first looked for anything that might be in my way on the floor or that might be occupying my bed. In the morning, I complained to the hotel manager, and the room was sprayed. It seemed to solve the problem, but I still couldn't sleep well. And believe it or not, I did not change hotels.

I found an American hotel in another part of the city, an area cleaner than where I was staying. Daily I went there to read the *Herald Tribune*, the English speaking newspaper, which was available only at the hotel and not in the stores. I also took some meals there, even though meals were included in the price of my hotel. However, I did not want to change my residence. I still felt a need to experience the local environment.

I was anxious to visit the famed Taj Mahal, a wonder of the world. The two hour "Taj Express" train ride to Agra was adequate, but temperatures were very hot, and scenery barren. In contrast, the Taj Mahal was breathtaking – more beautiful than photos that I had seen. The building, 213 feet high, mirrored in the oblong reflecting pool, was bordered by sculpted trees, and gardens and fountains on the bend of the Jamuna River. Mughal Emperor Shah Jahan had the Taj Mahal built in memory of his wife, Mumtaz Mahal, and wanted it visible from his personal palace at Agra Fort, upstream. She married him when she was twenty-one years old, bore him fourteen children, and died in childbirth at the age of thirty-nine. Four sons and three daughters survived.

It took 20,000 laborers and twenty-two years to build this mausoleum which was completed in 1653 A.D. White, yellow, and black marble, and red sandstone were used. Semi-precious stones

included crystal and jade from China, lapis lazuli and sapphire from Sri Lanka, and jasper, carnelian, turquoise, corals, garnets, agates, onyx and amethyst from other countries. Verses from the Koran were carved in calligraphy around the entrance arches and on the two headstones. The grave of Shah Jahan was added later, next to his wife's in a crypt in the lower chamber. From a distance I was awestruck with the Taj Mahal's beauty, but as I neared the mausoleum by foot, I was disappointed to see that semi-precious stones, previously imbedded in the walls, were missing as high as one could reach.

From the Taj Mahal, one could see the dominating Agra Fort, or Red Fort. The massive walls, gates, courtyards and baths in this ornate marble palace were designed for the ladies of the harem. Underneath the palace were chambers for siestas during the heat of summer. It was overwhelming for me to see such massiveness of structure and detail in the architecture in this and other buildings. I thought that I had seen it all in my previous travels, but India proved me wrong.

Bangkok, Thailand Bangkok, the capital of Thailand had many canals (*klongs*) throughout the city. My seven-day stay there, arriving about July 22nd, was a drastic change from New Dehli. There seemed to be less obvious poverty and the streets bustled with people of different cultures in formal and casual clothing, all hustling to get to their destinations. I really liked Bangkok – there were many exciting things to do. I visited ornate temples, shrines and monasteries - so many in fact that I soon tired of seeing Buddha after Buddha. Proper attire was required in most cases in order to enter a temple and see the Buddhas. Shorts were forbidden and men wore shirts and ties. The monks, in their yellow robes roamed near the temples. Some of the temples that I visited were: Wat Po (reclining Buddha); Wat Traimit (solid gold Buddha); Temple of the Emerald Buddha (the most sacred temple and shrine where the emerald Buddha is draped in a different garment, symbolizing the changing year); Wat Arun (The Temple of Dawn which was decorated with broken pieces of porcelain); and Marble Temple (built of Carrara marble, along with a collection of bronze and stone Buddhas).

The Grand Palace was the residence of the Royal Family and housed several palaces and temples within the compound. In the Thai House, Asian and Thai art were displayed in the seven houses of the architectural unit.

Probably one of the most unusual things I did was to ride a boat in the Floating Market. The ride was taken in the early morning when trading and selling was at its highest. Not only were fresh fruits, vegetables, fish and meats sold, but also household items such as kitchen utensils, pots, pans, and in some cases, furniture, making the boats very heavy. Selling occurred between the boats while the people who lived on the shores bargained for their purchases. From the boat I was able to watch the way people lived along the canals. Their houses, on stilts, would abut the water, and piers or wooden planks made it easier for the inhabitants to reach the water for different purposes.

The size of the boats varied, but generally they were larger than the standard canoe. Traffic on the canals was congested, and maneuvering the boat was a skill. Women wore large round hats to shield the sun from their eyes. They wielded long sticks and sat or stood in order to propel the boat along the water. Occasionally friends would pass one another on the water and exchange greetings. The water was not clean, yet locals could be observed using the canal water to wash laundry, take baths and even to wash the baby!

Oh yes, I checked again with the airlines and there was no news concerning my luggage. So, I visited a tailor and had two dresses made. One was in the Asian style with a mandarin collar, a dress that soon became a favorite of mine. The Indian-made men's sandals from New Delhi were still holding up. I had sent mailing addresses in care of The American Express Company to family and friends in the event that they had to contact me. It was a nice surprise to receive a dress in Bangkok from my sister, Francesca Cohen, who lived in the United States.

Singapore, Malaysia On the city tour the first day, I met Katherine Burke, whose husband was in the army. We decided to tour the city together. Singapore is a beautiful port city, very clean, civilized and organized. I was delighted to share experiences with another person for the three days that I spent there. Kathy and I visited the Botanical Gardens where monkeys roamed among the orchids and other blooms. The Haw Par Villa (Tiger Balm Garden) featured hillside gardens, which had many plastic figures from Chinese mythology, fairy tales and history. The House of Jade was a show place of small and very large jade, delicately carved. Some of the pieces were carved so ornately that it was hard to believe that the gems were real. I had never realized that jade came in colors other than green.

The Chinatown Tour took us through a very colorful part of the city. There were markets showing off bountiful fruits, vegetables, seafood and meats. We were taken to a factory where women were weaving beautiful cloths to be made into clothing. We saw the area where villagers lived on the water in houses built on stilts. While on tour, we observed a funeral procession on the street. Our tour bus stopped behind it. My photo shows the casket high on a truck, followed by villagers, all carrying umbrellas. I assumed that the villagers were shielding their eyes from the glaring sun and were protecting themselves from the hot temperatures – or was it a sign of mourning?

We passed the restaurant district where we were told the best Chinese dinner could be purchased. Kathy was not interested in testing the local cuisine but I was, so later that evening I went alone to the restaurant, only to find that I was the only Westerner and practically the only woman. All of the menus were in Chinese and the only utensils were chopsticks. I had not yet seriously tried my luck with chopsticks, so this was going to be a new experience for me. The food was toted on tiered carts in covered wooded boxes. I watched very closely as customers were served after pointing to one or more of the cartons. None of the waiters spoke English and I did not know their language. So, I pointed to a box and received...I have no idea! The waiters saw that I was struggling with my chopsticks and from what I could understand searched in vain for a fork for me. I cannot tell you what I had nor can I describe it at this time, but I do remember not having a good experience with the taste or texture. I also remember having cramped fingers after trying to pick up small pieces of food with those sticks. The best part of the meal was the tea which I drank throughout.

Later that evening, Kathy and I saw the movie, "The Graduate." We then stopped for some dessert, for I was hungry. We discussed our plans for the next day. I will never forget returning to the Raffles Hotel about 11:00 P.M. on August 1st to see my "lost" suitcase all by itself on the floor in the middle of the huge lobby! It had mistakenly been sent to the Cairo airport instead of to Teheran, my first stop. I realized that it had been unlocked the entire time. Surprisingly, nothing was missing. The next hour was spent looking through the suitcase and being comforted and thankful that I now had my own clothes - but two or more of everything!

Djakarta, Indonesia and Denpensar, Bali I had not planned to spend much time in Djakarta, the capital of Indonesia, but was more interested in the Island of Bali. I did spend one night in the Indonesia Hotel, which was modern and central. Djarkarta was large and congested, with both cars and bicycles crowding the roads. As soon as possible, I flew to Denpensar, the capital of the small island of Bali. Since construction of the new Bali Beach Hotel was not completely finished, I stayed in a cabana-type structure on the beach. It was very adequate, meals were taken at the hotel, and I was able to take advantage of all of the hotel's facilities. Hotels were few since the island was not yet a popular tourist area. Beautiful Bali – unspoiled by hoards of tourists. Trucks drove us daily from the hotel into the main part of the city. The uncovered truck with a wooden deck held about eight people and sometimes our legs hung over the sides while we rolled over the bumpy dirt roads. That was an adventure in itself.

Most of the natives were Hindus and had dark and weathered skin from the tropical temperatures. Men and women wore native costumes or simple wraps. Many of the older women wore nothing from the waist up. I noticed that one breast of many of the older women was significantly lower than the other one. I was told that this was the result of always breast feeding from the same breast. Women could be seen wearing turbans on their heads to help balance filled baskets as they walked along the road or in the marketplace. Even small children performed this balancing act! The markets were more primitive than I had seen in the larger cities. The produce was in baskets on the ground, as women and men squatted beside them. Artisans worked on cement figures outside or inside shops. Some of the figures were grotesque, much like the masks I had seen worn by those who performed the native dances. I saw women working on looms, laundry being washed in dirty streams, and men steering teams of oxen while working in the rice fields. Young and old alike as well as males and females worked the lush fertile fields together barefooted. Picturesque terraced land sloped down from the rice fields to basins of water to help with field irrigation. But wherever I was, there was always a smile to greet me.

Like Singapore I observed a funeral procession in the street. But this one was very different, for the body of the deceased was on top of a high pile of wood and straw. About eight to ten men, balancing wooden poles on their shoulders, carried the pile. Groups of mourners followed, walking silently behind. I was told that the "pile" would be ignited later in the day.

Entertainment on the island was abundant, unusual and fun to watch. The sound of the musical bands was very different to the Western ear. Homemade drums and shakers and high pitched flutes carried tunes while exotic dancers using angular movements played out their stories taken from folklore. Colorful costumes and exaggerated makeup completed the picture for the beautiful women and handsome men. Festivals, dances, processions and rituals were a daily occurrence, which made life other than boring on this enchanting island. There was little time for relaxing on the white sandy beaches, but I did manage to squeeze in a few hours.

I will never forget the "sword dance" where men, after dancing for a few minutes, placed the point of the blade of a long dagger on the right side of their breastbone and slowly plunged it into their chest. Blood would be drawn and their faces showed pain but determination. To prevent the dancer from plunging the blade farther into the chest, one or two persons would stand behind him and forcefully prevent him from pushing the blade in too far. The dancers were glassy-eyed and in a

trance-like state. I suspected that they had taken a drug prior to performing. Also famous was the Monkey Dance, where a number of male dancers moved in unison encircling dancing girls in colorful costumes.



Fig. 15 Island of Bali: Dancer piercing chest with blade in “Sword Dance”



Fig. 16 Island of Bali: Dancers being restrained in “Sword Dance”

A huge sign at the entrance to a cemetery greeted me. Translated into English, it forbid women who were menstruating from entering the holy grounds. I remember taking a photo of the sign, but have not been able to locate it.

The temples I saw on the island were more crude than those that I had seen in Bangkok. There were more than 10,000 temples on this island of 2000 square miles. Many were simple coverings held up by stilts. Under the coverings might be statues or wooden structures which resembled birdhouses. High gates served as entrances to some temples that were about twenty feet high. About forty steps bordered by statues led up to a temple on a small hill. There was one that was built into a tree and looked something like a tree house. Sadly I left the island and felt that I had experienced more in my brief visit than the average person would ever encounter in a lifetime.

Fig. 17 Saigon Tan Son Nhut Airport

An unplanned landing in Saigon I left Bali on a flight to Djakarta in order to make my connection to Manila. I was taking Thai Airlines for the first time and was highly impressed. This was the best airline flight that I had ever taken. All seats were first class and the food and service were superb. However, when I made arrangements for my flight, I mistakenly did not ask for a non-stop flight. The man sitting next to me on the plane was an off-duty airline pilot and we became so engrossed in our conversation that I did not realize how long we had been flying. I said, "We should be landing soon. I was told it would take only two hours to fly to Manila." "Look out of the window," he replied, "We are landing in Saigon now for a thirty minute stop. Then we fly for another two hours to Manila." I can't express my emotions. I don't know if my mouth dropped but I was surprised – or perhaps shocked is a better word. This was 1968 and we were in the middle of the Vietnam War! As I looked out of the window I saw something that I had never seen before from the air. Airplanes were stacked below waiting to land – MANY airplanes. It was frightening, exciting, awesome, and unbelievable all at the same time. The topography of the land was different. I never saw so many rivers winding around on, what seemed to be, barren land. In a way it was beautiful. I don't know what I expected to see - fighting? No, but what? I took photos from the plane, knowing full well that taking pictures of the airport after landing would not be allowed.

It took a long time to land. I was surprised to see a gift shop in the airport terminal. It was small and offered little, but then I remembered that Mac De Ford, former Teaching Fellow at International College in Beirut, was working at the American Embassy in Saigon. I asked a clerk, who spoke English if I would be able to use a phone. I was directed to a public telephone and was given a phone number, but was unable to get through. I tried more than once. I had the feeling that because it was the American Embassy I was calling, there was no way that I would be able to connect with him.

I wanted to buy something in the gift shop as a keepsake. I bought six pieces of 4" by 6" notepaper made in Hanoi, Vietnam. They were handcrafted. On the front cover of each was a square of colorful silk fabric hand-painted with a floral design. They have since been given to close friends on special occasions. I have only one left, which I'll keep. The thirty minutes flew by, and we were called to reboard the plane. If it took a long time to land, it took even longer to take off. But finally, off we flew to Manila, and I started to breathe normally.

Manila, Philippines It was past dinnertime when I arrived in Manila, and registered in the Swiss Inn, a hotel recommended by the pilot I met on the plane. That same man and I decided to have dinner together since it was late and he was familiar with the city. While in Manila, I rode a *jeepney*, a small bus painted in bright colors, unlike the uncovered trucks that I rode in Bali. Also serving as transportation for visitors were horsedrawn *calesas* touring the city. In the center of Manila was a Spanish walled city dating back to 1571, the Intramuros. The war in 1945 damaged it and left it in ruins except for the 350-year-old Church of St. Augustine. I also visited Malacanang Palace, the official residence of the president, and Santo Tomas University, founded in 1611. Quezon City, a residential suburb and official capital, is the site of the University of the Philippines. I took a tour two hours south of Manila to beautiful Tagaytay, 2250 feet above sea level where I could see Lake Taaland, a volcanic island, the China Sea and Manila Bay.

I was excited when I saw an ad “to enjoy the thrill” for a day to “shoot the rapids.” Pictures advertising this tourist attraction looked so adventurous - just what I was looking for. So I took a one and one-half hour bus ride to Pagsanjan Falls, with bathing suit, towel and change of clothing. There were only two of us, another American girl and I, who signed up. We thought we were lucky to have our own guide who maneuvered the canoe on the river. We passed beautiful cascades of water from the hills above. We kept asking where the rapids were. He kept assuring us that they were coming...soon. Finally we arrived at the spot for the rapids. The rapids were practically DRY! Our guide had to get out of the boat and push us around and over some of the rocks through the “rapids.” We stayed in the boat so it was quite heavy for our guide. Then we entered a “quiet” pool of water. That was it! We went through the same procedure going back, but in reverse.

I accomplished quite a bit in my three-day stay and was looking forward to my next stop – Hong Kong.

Hong Kong My planned stay of one week in Kowloon and Victoria City, the capital of Hong Kong, was well worth it. So much to do...so much to see...so many temptations in the shops. I loved the city with its congested traffic since I didn't have to drive. I was fascinated with the shop owners' colorful signs, in English and Chinese, jutting out over the noisy crowded streets. This was a “shopper's paradise.” I could not resist buying Asian outfits for toddlers, teacups, teapots, dishes, and decorative spoons. Mailing purchases to the United States was fairly reasonable and convenient. Quality was good and prices were inexpensive. I had two pairs of sandals made, knowing that they would last – and they did! I purchased a gold-leafed hand carved wooden hanging, where the prices were fixed. I returned to the large warehouse-type store near the Star Ferry Pier to look at the hanging three or four times before I made the final decision to purchase it. At this time in 1968, the United States Government prohibited the importation into the United States of merchandise originating in Communist China or North Korea. Because China was under communistic rule at the time, and the hanging was made in China, I sent the wooden hanging to Edward Monaghan in Ottawa, Canada, where Chinese goods could be sent easily. Then later, on a return trip from Canada, I transported the hanging on the back seat of my car under clothing across the border at Niagara Falls. There was no problem mailing the other purchases because they were made in Hong Kong.

The United States Military was very visible in Hong Kong for their “R and R.” I do not remember the name of the hotel in which I stayed, but many of our servicemen were staying there also. I do remember how lonely the boys were for American female companionship. All they wanted to do was to talk with someone who understood them. I was a guest of about five servicemen one evening at the Golden Crown, a nightclub that had a dance band and a floorshow. We were staying at the same hotel and had such a wonderful time that evening, dancing, eating and enjoying the entertainment.

The next day, as I recall, there was a typhoon warning. The hotel windows were boarded up and we were warned to return to the hotel by a certain time. Some of the servicemen and I decided to attend a movie, and I remember being “blown” across the street on my way back to the hotel. That evening, being boarded up was uncomfortable for we couldn’t look outside or hear anything that was happening. But we knew that there was going to be destruction. We sat around, talked and had a few drinks. At first it was an experience and fun but then it became boring. There was nowhere to go. The next day, when we were allowed to go outside, we saw damage everywhere. Not only were the streets littered with debris, but we were told that some of the homes on the hill overlooking the bay in Kowloon had been destroyed. These homes were poorly constructed shacks, which housed refugees.

Some of the places I visited in Victoria City were City Hall, Tiger Balm Gardens, and the Chinese Cemetery. A visit to Aberdeen, a floating community where 120,000 people lived on their fishing boats, junks and sampans, was fascinating. I toured on a boat through the waters and later I remember having a delicious seafood dinner in the floating restaurant, Tai Pak. I took a bus twice to Repulse Bay, where I swam and sunbathed on the beach.

Across the bay from Victoria City was Kowloon, which was noted for its hotels, shopping district, and impressive residences. I took the Hong Kong WaterTours that included some of the islands and the harbor. The sampans where families lived on the water were a contrast to the beautiful residences on land. I was surprised to see the amount of construction; high apartment buildings were everywhere. On top of one of the buildings was a huge red star – a reminder that I was in communist territory. After riding an elevator up to Castle Peak, I took advantage of the spectacular view and took photographs of the mountain ranges and the surrounding area.

Fifty miles from Hong Kong, is the Portuguese colony of Macau. I traveled there by hydrofoil, spent a day with a tour, and walked about the island to enjoy its beauty and serenity. The big attraction was gambling at the “sea palace” on the harbor, but I did not visit it.

Taipei, Formosa (Taiwan) I can remember little of my three day stay on the island of Taiwan, then the capital of the Republic of China. I do remember the beauty of the land and that much of what I saw was very similar to the likes of the past few weeks. The biggest memory is the tramcar ride. I did not realize until I was in the car that it was going to be pushed up the mountain on tracks by one man. Many of cars were inhabited by one person, and others by two. When we got to the top of the mountain, the view was spectacular...rice fields, mountain ranges, etc. I do not recall how I got back down, but I have a photo of cars going up and of a pedestrian walking down. So perhaps I walked.

Tokyo, Japan I was looking forward to a Japanese adventure, especially since I had a few “friends of friends” to contact. In Tokyo I dined at a *geisha* house with a Japanese man who knew a friend of mine. There were thin wall divisions and the floors had some sort of covering, possibly bamboo. Small pillows were at each person’s spot around a low table. I sat on the floor cross-legged for a while, until my legs got in the way and then sideways and then in whatever position that was comfortable for me, but there were not many. A *geisha*, wearing a beautiful long Japanese outfit gracefully knelt on the floor and served us our food in courses. I remember that soup was the first course. It was a hot broth, and I “swear” that live creatures were swimming in it! However, I was brave and ate it all, but never mentioned my discomfort in eating it to my companion. Between each course we were given a hot towel which was soothing. The *geisha* kept the conversation going; it was almost like she knew us, but of course she did not. Apparently they are well trained to make their customers feel at ease.

Another eating experience was the complete opposite of the formal *geisha* house. I was taken to a “fast food” Japanese restaurant in the busy city center by an American contact. There were no doors and we sat at the counter. We ordered our lunch and watched the chef prepare our food in front of us. This was a diner-type restaurant where someone on a short lunch break could get a fast but delicious meal. We also enjoyed watching people and traffic outside. Everyone seemed to be in a hurry.

Then, an American businessman who was a member of a “gentlemen's club” took me to lunch. We sat in a living room that reminded me of a formal British library. Shelves on the walls were filled with books. Men were smoking and drinking in comfortable overstuffed leather chairs and reading the newspaper or doing paper work. When lunch was ready, we sat at a table in the same room. The atmosphere was rather “stuffy.”

My seven day stay in Japan included visits in Tokyo to The Imperial Palace, Diet Building, Ueno Park, Asakusa, Gokokuji Temple, Japan Folkcrafts Museum, and Tokyo Tower, which is 1093 feet high affording spectacular views of the city and its surroundings. I also attended folk dance and fashion shows, where the women’s ornate outfits were explained and demonstrated.

I took a train to Nikko, ninety miles north of Tokyo to visit the 347,000-acre national park. At The Sacred Bridge and Toshogu Shrine I saw lavishly decorated Shinto shrines and finely carved Buddhist temples. About ten miles from Nikko was Lake Chuzenji where there were facilities for boating, swimming and fishing. I did not take advantage of those activities but instead found the area perfect for relaxing. The view of the Kegon Waterfall was spectacular. I saw the falls after I took an elevator to a ledge to overlook the drop of 330 feet at the outlet of the lake. I stayed for three days at the Lake-Side Hotel, which was located at Lake Chuzenji, near the waterfall and the village.

Japan lacked something for me. I have always referred to Japan as a “man’s country.” Men I had met seemed to consider Japan as a prime place to visit and to live. Men were catered to in Japan...women were not.

The problems continue - robbery in Hawaii! I enjoyed my planned “trip around the world” very much. While in Hawaii I sunbathed and swam on the beach, attended a luau and enjoyed the nightlife. I also toured some islands on a tiny airplane. The ones I remember most of all were the Orchid Island and the Lepers’ Island. Traveling alone was not much of a problem. I did have a list of

people to contact and found that my enjoyment of a city was dependent upon being shown around by someone who was familiar with the area. Soon after I arrived in Hawaii, I contacted Joe Belle-Isle, a former student and friend from SUNY Brockport. He was kind enough to take me around the island to show me the sights. On my last day we toured the island in Joe's Volkswagen, and stopped frequently to swim, since temperatures were hot and muggy.

Toward the end of a wonderful day, we stopped at one of Joe's favorite spots to watch the sunset. After leaving our valuables and locking the car, we walked to the beach and were gone for approximately ten minutes. When we returned to the car, Joe suggested that we stop at the next rest stop to change back into our street clothes so that we could go to dinner. After dressing, I discovered that all of my money was missing from my wallet except for five dollars and \$130 in traveler's checks. Joe mentioned that there was a drug problem on the island and no doubt someone broke into the car while we were watching the sunset and stole the items. He was also missing cash. Because we were upset and out of cash, we were forced to call it a night.

Hawaii - robbed the second time I went back to the hotel and packed for my trip home. I packed my suitcase and put it in the closet, placed my purse with passport, extra money and other traveler's checks on the dresser along with my camera, a carton of cigarettes and airline tickets. Because I was acclimated to the warm temperatures, and did not like air conditioning, I left the balcony doors open in the second floor room. I removed my watch, eighteen-carat gold ring and bracelet and placed them on the end table next to the bed. After reading until midnight, I turned off the lights, removed my clothing and fell asleep on top of the covers. I awoke with a start at 1:00 A.M. and heard a swishing sound and a door close. Thinking nothing of it I turned over and fell asleep again.

The next morning on Friday, September 13, I sensed that something was wrong when I noticed that my watch, bracelet and ring were not on the bedside table. Panic set in! I looked on the dresser, and my purse was gone, along with the camera, carton of cigarettes and airline tickets! I was robbed for the second time in 24 hours! I cannot describe my emotions. I called the front desk immediately, expecting some understanding of my situation. I received absolutely no support. It was as if I made up the story. The only thing the manager was concerned about was that I owed them money and I didn't have any! Credit cards were non-existent in 1968. I called Joe Belle-Isle. Joe couldn't help me. He told me that he didn't have any money, but he did come by and give me \$10.

The police came to my room and I explained my situation. They did not seem very sympathetic but made a record of my losses along with their value. I knew I had to get some money, so I called my sister, Francesca Cohen, and tearfully told her what had happened. We decided that she would wire me \$300 to take care of the hotel bill and provide extra cash for the rest of my traveling. Because I had no money, I walked to the post office to pick up my money order. It was very hot and the post office was 30 minutes away. When I arrived and asked for my money order, the clerk asked me for identification. I had none! I now felt like a lost soul and at that point didn't know what to do, but to go back to the hotel, where I also had no identity.

When I returned to the hotel I opened my suitcase which had been in the closet and searched everywhere for some sort of item that might identify me. I couldn't believe it, but in one of the side pockets of the suitcase, was an expired international driver's license with my photo and signature along with my birth and baptismal certificates. Hoping that this would be sufficient, I

walked back to the post office at 7:00 P.M. and was successful in picking up the money order for \$300. It was a weekend and the banks were closed, but I was able to cash the money order at the Western Union Office.

All offices including airline ticketing and police record offices were closed on weekends. I had cabled the airline offices in Beirut and Teheran on Saturday to see if they had a record of my around-the-world airline ticket. But I had to wait until Monday, September 16 to check with them, and sadly I had no luck in solving the ticket problem. My sister wired another money order for \$300 on Tuesday, September 17 to cover an airline ticket and additional expenses that I might incur. Since I could not yet leave Hawaii, I spent time writing letters concerning the losses of my driver's license, passport, social security card, etc. There was much to do.

The following day an article appeared in the local newspaper about some men who scaled the outside of one of the plush hotels on the beach, entered a room on the twelfth floor, and stole jewelry from the room of a police chief. That robbery occurred the same day as mine. A policemen's convention was in town at the time.

Hawaii police were uncooperative I asked the police for the list of the stolen items I had given them and their value so that I could submit it to my insurance company. They told me that it was against their policy to give me such a list. I was told that I could submit my own list to the insurance company. I was not happy with that answer and contacted Norma Belle-Isle, Joe's ex-wife, for some help. Her boyfriend worked for the police department. He obtained the stolen property list from the Records Department, and we discovered that the list was totally incomplete. The values of the items were inaccurate. Everything was listed at about one-third to one-half of the value that I had given to the police. Her boyfriend was unable to make a copy of the original list for me without jeopardizing his career. My hands were tied. Norma was nice enough to let me stay with her and to feed me for a few days. Shortly thereafter I left for the mainland.

I stopped briefly in San Francisco, California. I remember that when I was in the hotel I consciously placed any valuables that I had left in my pillowcase at night. Later I stopped in Tucson, Arizona and visited with Mary and Jack Furrier for about three days. Mary is Ed Monaghan's sister and she and Jack were anxious to hear about Ed and his life in Beirut. Because of lack of funds, I flew back home to Endicott, New York. Since I had a record of my traveler's checks, I was able to obtain a refund from American Express for the stolen checks.

While I was home, I received a letter from Genevieve Maxwell addressed as follows: Rosie La Sorte, Beirut evacuee, Endicott, New York. Even though the address was incomplete, the letter was delivered in record time. Shortly after that, I received an invitation from one of the service organizations in Endicott to speak at a luncheon about my experiences in the 1967 war.

The Royal Canadian Mounted Police (RCMP) After spending some time at home with my parents and visiting with friends and family, I decided to apply for a teaching position at Bayshore Public School just north of Ottawa, Canada. I was offered a teaching position in physical education for grades K-8 as well as Personal Health for grade 8 from February 1 to June 30, 1969. After a few weeks in Canada, I received a strange phone call at my rented apartment in Ottawa. The caller asked for me using my proper name, Rosa Angela Maria La Sorte. Then he said that he was with the

RCMP and asked if I had lost some traveler's checks. I now thought that someone was playing a trick on me. I joked around with him until the caller told me the identification numbers on the checks. I was very familiar with some of the numbers and realized that this was no joke.

The caller wanted to visit me to verify the signatures on the traveler's checks. I became very curious about this visit because I couldn't figure out how the RCMP found me in Canada. I anxiously awaited the RCMP. Would he appear riding a white horse? All I could think of was Nelson Eddy in a red RCMP uniform. My apartment was on the second floor and I peeked out of the window awaiting my visitor. A broken down old dirty car pulled up to the house and out walked a young fellow wearing jeans. Was this my knight in shining armor?

The young RCMP showed me the traveler's checks all signed with my name on the reverse side. It was required at the time of purchase that I sign all of the checks on the front side. The signatures on the back of the checks did not resemble mine at all. It was obvious that someone had forged the checks. I was told that my visit to Canada was recorded at the border when I applied for a work visa. It had been fairly easy for officials to find me.

Brockport, New York My return to Brockport occurred in 1973, some time since my departures from there in 1964 and Beirut in 1968. During those five years, I was searching – I needed a challenge but did not really know what I wanted to do. After I left Canada, I was unemployed for a while and because I needed some money, delivered telephone books in Westchester County. That was not the challenge that I needed! In fact, the telephone books were so heavy, the resulting damage to my car cost more than what I made delivering those books. I substitute taught in the schools, but found it not professionally satisfying. I became a travel agent, then Director of the Travel School, but realized I was not happy working in New York City. I enjoyed the position of Assistant to the Dean of Students at St. Francis College in Loretto, Pennsylvania, but it did not offer enough variety. I volunteered at SUNY Binghamton in Career Plans and Placement, but needed a change in venue.

Then I finally found what I was looking for. My search ended when George Rich proposed on February 4, 1973, fourteen and one-half years after we first met. Rev. John Quinn officiated the brief wedding ceremony. We eloped on March 2, 1973 at the Newman Oratory, which served the college in Brockport. At last I found my dream and my knight in shining armor!

APPENDIX

I. An interview with *Mademoiselle* magazine Gertrude Buckman, a writer for *Mademoiselle* magazine, interviewed me for an article she was writing on the Middle East and the American University of Beirut in particular. The article entitled, "Grinding in English, Unwinding in Arabic" contained information she gleaned from professors at AUB. On page 186 of the February 1967 issue is the following:

The general feeling in the dormitories is reported to be warm, considerate, and sisterly. But these gentle, submissive, and mild-mannered girls do lose their cool it seems in the course of such games as basketball and volleyball. Release from a centuries-old tradition of repression, and exposure to the competitive excitement of games, makes them occasionally resort to scratching and hair-pulling. They come here, one learns, for the most part untrained to physical activity of any sort and lacking even elementary motor skills. "Some don't even know how to walk properly," says the director of the physical-education program, an American. "They've never run or jumped like Western girls or used their bodies in any way for sport." And good sportsmanship is an unknown concept.

The program was inaugurated a few years ago with borrowed equipment, and the additional handicaps of a tree growing in the middle of the dirt basketball court, another interfering with the tennis court. There was also some initial resistance to wearing suitable clothes. All that is now changed. Shorts and swimsuits are the order of the day, 14 sports (more than in many American colleges) are offered. And physical education is a freshman requirement.

Growing interest in social-dancing classes, too, is indicative of a somewhat more relaxed attitude toward physical activity and social mingling. Although a course announcement last spring listed such out-moded dances as the cha-cha, lindy (!), merengue, and samba, the presence of Americans on campus, along with the influence of U.S. films shown in the neighborhood (most of them carrying subtitles in French and Arabic) and rock-'n-roll recordings, have left their mark. Dances like the monkey and the frog are now tackled as well, though one would guess fairly hesitantly and not by many.

II. Outlook newspaper article, "The Beast Within" Lori Lindgren, columnist for the AUB newspaper, *Outlook*, wrote the following article on Women's Sports. (Copied as written)

The A.U.B. co-ed is elegant, graceful, chic, well-mannered and demure. Over 700 of this species step daintily across the campus each day. These lovely creatures have been the subject of much study and discussion. Their clothes, make-up, hairstyles, eating and dating habits have been investigated in detail. Their frequent appearance on the Deans' List has been noted. Their organizations and activities have been observed and analysed. The A.U.B. co-eds have been praised for their intelligence, charm and pleasant personalities.

However, criticism has also been showered upon our dainty co-eds. They have been accused of dressing too formally on campus and of majoring in husband-hunting and man-trapping. But never before have the AUB co-eds been charged with cruelty, pugnacity and poor sportsmanship. Underneath the quiet feminine exterior the true nature of the AUB co-ed is well

hidden. Take two groups of five women students each, remove their highheeled shoes give them a basketball and let these lovely creatures show you what they really are. The AUB co-eds are beasts.

To watch an intramural basketball game between any two teams of AUB women students is as sanguinely entertaining as a dog fight or boxing match. The game seems to be regarded by the female players as a free-for-all in which they are at liberty to scratch, bite, kick, grab or pinch in order to get the ball. These base tactics are not even used as a last resort against a girl who has kept the ball for an unusually long period of time. Immediately after receiving the ball from a pass by one of her team-mates, the unfortunate possessor of the said object will be set upon by two of her opponents one of whom will most likely poke her in the solar plexus and the other of whom will pull her hair. These actions persist until 1) the poor girl screams in agony and leaves the court in tears, 2) the referee calls a foul. If the latter course of action is followed, it is of no avail. No one stands much of a chance of scoring a foul shot with a bloody nose and four broken fingernails.

Not only must the co-eds who participate in intramurals succumb to such cruel attacks by their contemporaries, but the entire continuity of the game itself is lost by having to stop every ten seconds to call a foul. It is a disgrace that university women should attack each other like wild animals. One can only blame all the co-eds for perpetrating this bestial behavior in their intramural activities. The women students who play in these games are no different than those who do not. When coeds use recreation as an opportunity to fight and claw one another, it is a direct affront to their status as students in a university, to their maturity and to their femininity.

III. Jackie Hill's Article for the Stylus In March of 1966, Jackie Hill sent a letter to SUNY Brockport's newspaper, the *Stylus*, regarding her impressions of Beirut.

Shu Hada? What is this? Someone leading me by the elbow into his shop says, "welcome" and "it does not cost to look." After stepping into a small incense-filled cubicle, I became thoroughly convinced, with the shopkeeper's help, that what I really needed in my small room at the dormitory was an oriental corner. I pictured myself seated on a pouf, in front of a huge round brass tray, draped in a Damascus brocade gown serving Turkish coffee from a long-necked brass serving pot; then the light came as I opened my purse!!

I hurriedly turned from this shop into a cart full of oranges, bananas, grapefruits and apples and a wizened little man with a black mustache singing at the top of his lungs. Turning around I saw a multitude of similar scenes with all the venders striving to produce the most noise.

Now, being in a situation where I had five pathways to choose from, I closed my eyes and advanced in one direction. What a change! There were no cluttered streets, very few people and shop after shop with gleaming gold rings, bracelets and necklaces displayed in the windows. Shopkeepers beckoned me to their stores but I resisted and continued along the narrow alley to a large open street.

Veiled women dressed in black, pompous old men wearing fezes and Arab headaddresses beside women dressed in the latest Paris fashions whizzed past me as I tried to hail a Mercedes taxi. "Pigeon Rock" I said to the driver, and off I went caught once again in the maze of Beirut's winding, complicated streets.

A large moss and grass covered rock protruded from the Mediterranean with an open center which allowed the many water skiers to pass through. This is "Pigeon Rock" which obtained

its name from the ancient Phoenicians who used to send carrier pigeons to foreign lands from the top.

The boulevard running along the coast was so wide and heavy with traffic that it took me quite some time before I could dart across to a sidewalk café. Hungry as usual, I reclined into a wicker chair with a table full of small, assorted dishes in front of me. These dishes, collectively called "mezzeh" were filled with Lebanese specialties most of which can be eaten with the fingers. A bottle of limpid colored Arak, the Lebanese national drink was served with it. I thought it might be water, although it smelled like licorice but when water was added it turned milky white. It certainly did not taste like water!

All of a sudden I realized what time it was! My freshmen physical education class was scheduled to begin in thirty minutes. A bit in a hurry I took a taxi to the American University of Beirut by way of the Corniche. This avenue runs along the Sea where I could see many people bathing. It would have been lovely to spend the afternoon at the beach, but no - I had a class to teach!

Basketball, men's rules, is the sport I am teaching right now. The very ladylike and sophisticated freshmen girls are quite the opposite on the basketball court. The girls vary greatly in their skill level. One reason for this is that some of them have never previously been exposed to physical education. As I glanced around I noticed many dark eyes peering at my class. It seems that the Lebanese are not accustomed to girls participating in sports. Immediately following this class I taught tennis, a part of our intramural program and one of the favorite sports in this country. Twenty-five students on two tennis courts are certainly not an ideal situation, but we manage.

Six o'clock is already here and I have not done any office work, of which there is always much to do. For a few hours I labored in my office trying to complete my lesson plans, etc.

Off again at nine o'clock to the Casino du Liban for a night of dining, dancing and a floor show. As we circled up a steep incline, lined with tall, stately trees, I could see a brightly lit, elegant building. The long staircase leading to the nightclub certainly added to its atmosphere. Once inside and seated at a small table near the stage, I could hear soft, dreamy music. This was coming from a small ensemble located on a platform in a corner of the room about twenty feet above our heads. Soon the curtain rose and the floor show began. The show which lasted for approximately two hours, was very similar to one which you would see in Paris. The act, which particularly fascinated me, consisted of mermaids swimming in an immense hubble-bubble pipe. The refraction of light by the water gave it a very interesting and different effect.

Back at the dormitory again after a fabulous but tiring day, I proceeded to hop into bed when I remembered that I had to put up a bulletin board display early the next morning. Another couple hours of work and finally I could sleep!

The end of another day in my life as student teacher in a foreign land. I wish that you could be with me to share in my new experiences each day and especially to realize the thrill of teaching many different nationalities and of learning to understand them more fully.

IV. A writer attacks - Outlook's letter to the Editor The following Letter to the Editor, written by John Borinquen, entitled "Poster Pooper," appeared in an April 1967 issue of AUB's student newspaper, the *Outlook*:

Dear Sir: What has possessed the feminine portion of the AUB Community? After less than a year on campus I feel that I must say that if women, as it has often been said, are unknowable, the AUB girl is the most "unknowablest" of all.

In particular I would draw your attention to the posters that regularly appear on the wall of Mary Dodge Hall as one descends (sic) the stairs between Mary Dodge Hall and Murex Hall. There seems to be a contest among the female poster-makers on campus to determine who can come up with the most inane, asinine, and nauseas (sic) creation. My vote goes unreservedly to the genius who concocted the latest masterpiece. This bit of literary lore exhorts the girls to memorize the "Keys of Happiness" (or "success" or "prosperity," or some other worthwhile goal – actually, I nearly had nightmares about it until I was able to forge the Horrible thing). At any rate, all that a girl must do to find "happiness" (or whatever), says this little gem, is: "I unhappily cannot forget the first "Key" to be "Sexually Adjusted."

I'd like to take this opportunity to question our coed artist on just what she meant by "Sexual Adjustment." Is she advocating as some who call for "Sexual Adjustment" do, free love? I certainly hope not...at least not on a cafeteria wall.

The other "Keys" are equally insipid. "Hygiene," "Emotional Stability," "Heredity" (Yes, "Heredit.y." Now how is a poor little coed going to remedy her inherited weak points?)

Really, must young women of university level age and intelligence be told such things – or at least must these things be told in such a primary-school manner?

Let us hope not. It is a much more happy thought that our AUB girls are not so feeble minded as to require puerile guidance of the calibre offered in the posters.

I would, however, like to offer as consolation to those expressive creators that haunt the girls dorms the fact that if they have achieved nothing else at least, they have been the cause of my portentous (sic), powerful, potent, illuminatingly educated epistle to your own putrid, paltry, pendentically (sic) passive publication.

V. Christine Rider's response to the Outlook Below is Chris' brilliant response:

Dear Sir: I would like to reply to Mr. John Borinquen's "portentous, powerful, potent, illuminatingly educated epistle" concerning my own "putrid, pedantically passive publication." (Meaning the bulletin board located on the stairs between Mary Dodge Hall and Murex Hall). I congratulate Mr. Borinquen on his alliteration (or is it illiteration?)

Each and every poster displayed has had a specific purpose and point to make. They may not have been masterpieces of art but then I never claimed to be Michelangelo – he liked to create on walls too! The material presented on this particular bulletin board pertains to activities taking place in the Women's Physical Education Department. Because of lack of facilities, there is no bulletin board in Bustani Hall basement where Personal Health classes meet for six weeks as part of the Freshman requirement of women students. It is necessary to display the material presented in these classes (to whom it has much meaning and is quite clear) in a public place.

The creation that nearly gave poor Mr. Borinquen a nightmare was a summary of the twelve topics that had been covered in our Personal Health classes. From his "educated epistle," I understand that he did not exactly grasp the idea of the poster. From his description of the poster, I tend to think that he did not have his contacts in straight when he looked at it. The theme was "Keys to Personal Health." "Happiness, success, prosperity" were not mentioned on the poster in any way, shape or form. It is reassuring to note, however, that Mr. Borinquen does consider these worthwhile goals. All hope is not lost for him. May I indulge in an old cliché by telling Mr. Borinquen to "look before you leap?"

Your suggesting that I am advocating free love by the words "Sex Adjustment" is going to the extreme (which by the way I found the whole letter to be), but it does show where your mind is. What I meant by sex adjustment was the acquisition of wholesome attitudes and a realistic perspective on the whole subject of sex. Some people regard sex as something shameful or unclean, a not-to-be-talked-about-matter. Their attitude is a denial of a fundamental reality of life. I do advocate something concerning sex and that is positive sex education on any level, university and primary. I would "freely love," Mr. Borinquen, to give you a lecture concerning not only sex adjustment but other "keys" in securing good physical emotional and mental health.

As far as the caliber of my posters, they may not be the greatest but they are apparently high enough to go over your head.

VI. Daily Star's articles re: Teachers' "sick days" Excerpts from an article entitled "Women Teachers Protest Official Attitude on Sick Reports," published in Beirut's newspaper, *The Daily Star*, is followed by excerpts from a response in a letter to the Editor.

Women teachers of government schools have complained against treatment of sick reports by the education authorities...whenever a woman teacher fell sick, the authorities would send a doctor to pay her a surprise visit ostensibly to check on her and see whether she was really sick.

The complaints also protested the Education Ministry's orders to deprive women teachers of the right to any kind of sick leaves including a one-day leave to which they are rightly entitled for a regular monthly indisposition.

Dear Sir:

Your newspaper should have studied our case with more objectivity and understanding, if not with more sympathy. In fact, if the competent authorities are going to deprive us from a monthly day off "on the grounds that we would be making bad use of it like 'going to the hairdresser or around the shops'," as you said, please tell us frankly who would prefer to see us shabbily dressed or without a hairdo?

...we cannot be more honest when we stick to a natural right due to a natural, regular physiological monthly indisposition. Unless the competent authorities want to change natural physiological regulations, they cannot claim we got no right to a monthly day off.

Those of us who are married are entitled to a four-month vacation during the pregnancy period, not a short time, and yet nobody seems to care. Married teachers are accused of getting pregnant only during the academic year and never, or very rarely, in summer.

So, dear sir, you either approve of the authorities bid and criticize all of us without discrimination (you may have been lacking full information) or look at our case with more sympathy and generosity.

VII. '67 War - Evacuation details Below is a partial list of the instructions for evacuation.

A. Evacuation packet received by all American citizens The 5000 Americans living in Beirut received the following packet (Notice No. 1) from the Foreign Service of the United States of America prior to June 5, 1967. I did not receive this packet until after I returned from the island of Hydra, no doubt because I was involved in planning the evacuation.

As a result of current developments in the international situation, the United States Government considers it advisable to alert all American citizens for possible evacuation from Lebanon. This action is being taken for your own safety. Further notice will be sent you if it is decided to evacuate.

Upon receipt of this notice all United States Government personnel are instructed to take the following steps and it is strongly recommended that all other (non-government) Americans do the same:

- 1. Make preparation for assembly on short notice at the American University of Beirut.*
- 2. Pack one (1) piece of hand luggage for yourself and one for each member of your family accompanying you. It is essential that this piece of luggage be small enough for you to carry by hand. It is recommended that each individual include in this piece of hand luggage any special food items that may be required for a 48-hour period. In addition each person should bring two (2) blankets.*
- 3. Be prepared to bring with you such documents as passports, identity cards, or other identification documents. Bring your checkbook and any currency that you have in your possession.*
- 4. Personal transportation should be put in readiness for travel. This includes fueling to capacity and carrying a reserve supply, if possible, for one day's journey. If personal transportation is not available to you, make arrangement for transportation with your Building or Area Warden. If you are unable to make such arrangements, notify the Embassy which will endeavor to make the necessary provisions if possible under prevailing conditions.*
- 5. If not previously done you should immediately prepare an inventory of all of the household and personal effects that you are leaving behind. This inventory should be turned in as soon as possible to the head of the American organization by which you are employed. In the event that you are not affiliated with any organization, you should mail your inventory to your bank, attorney, or a member of your family in the United States for safe-keeping.*
- 6. The government of the United States is not legally or financially responsible for any property you may be forced to abandon and each individual American citizen should make his own arrangements with regard thereto before entering the assembly area. It is suggested if you leave household furniture in your home or apartment, you post the*

notice furnished you for this purpose by the Embassy on the door of your main entrance.

- 7. Complete the above preparations immediately and remain in constant contact with your Warden until you are notified when and where to proceed. This notice is not to be construed as recommending immediate movement.*
- 8. Turn your radio receiving set to Radio Liban (995 Kilocycles) and be prepared to write down any instructions that may be broadcast on behalf of the American Embassy.*
- 9. You are advised to acquire the following items immediately:*
 - 1. First aid kit.*
 - 2. Any special medicines or foods required by members of your family.*
 - 3. One week's supply of tinned food, powdered milk, etc.*
 - 4. Nonbreakable water containers.*
 - 5. Flashlight.*
- 10. This notice is for United States Nationals only and is not to be divulged to anyone not affected by an evacuation.*

B. Evacuation kit enclosures The following items were enclosed in the evacuation packet with instructions:

- 1. Controllidentification booklet and Instructions*
- 2. Check Sheet*
- 3. Form to be executed for disposition of effects and authorization*
- 4. Vehicle Registration Cards*
- 5. American flag label for windshield of car*
- 6. Identity label in Arabic for windshield of car*
- 7. Individual identity tags to be affixed to clothing, such as lapel*
- 8. Notice for posting on American owned or leased properties*
- 9. Inventory booklets*
- 10. Tags for automobile keys, house keys, luggage and trunk keys, luggage to accompany you*
- 11. Labels for effects to be stored or shipped. Labels indicate any property which belongs to U.S. Government, landlord or rented locally giving owner's name and address.*
- 12. Manila envelope addressed to the Administrative Officer, American Embassy, Beirut for enclosing the following:*
 - Vehicle registration card*
 - Keys as tagged above*
 - Copy of residence lease*
 - Disposition of effects and authorization form*
 - Receipts for rent, electricity, water, telephone, gas and other utilities or services*
 - Deposit slips for telephone meters, rented furniture, etc.*
 - Inventory of personal effects and property*
 - Any other documents required to facilitate the Embassy in shipping your effects and disposing of personal obligations.*

C. Evacuation Committees:

Chairman: Mr. John Gill

Liason: Mr. Arthur Whitman

Registration, Assignment: Mr. John Olmstead

Communication and Public Address: Mr. Douglass Phillips

Medical Aid: Dr. John Wilson

Information: Miss Rose La Sorte

Traffic Control: Mr. James Cowan

Formula, Preparation, and Refrigeration: Mr. Michael Cummins

Temporary Housing: Mr. Barbir

(Note: The following sections “Information Station, Equipment and Shift Schedule” were part of my report).

D. Information Station

I. Purpose: *To provide information and direction to evacuees on a 24-hour operation and provide a lost and found department*

II. Location: *In the “breezeway” immediately north of Agriculture Building 58 addition, or west of Physics Building 62*

III. Plan of Operation:

A. *The information station will acquire and maintain on a current basis information that will be of assistance to evacuees, such as:*

1. *Modus operandi of the staging area and operation as a whole*
2. *Schedule of buses to and from airport*
3. *Schedule of incoming and outgoing planes*
4. *Location of toilet facilities*
5. *Location of Medical Aid Station*
6. *Location of Communications and key telephone numbers*
7. *Location of key facilities, such as pharmacies, infirmary, hospital, etc.*
8. *Location of play areas*
9. *Location of infant formula and food preparation facility*
10. *General situation and current information on world and Middle East conditions*
11. *Transportation and housing facilities for physically handicapped individuals*
12. *Where to leave cars, personal belongings and valuables*

B. *The station will also set up and operate a lost and found department, which will keep an accurate record of items to include: name and description of item; name of person who lost or found the item; location of person; approximate place where item was lost or found, etc.*

C. *The Information Station will consist of a General Chairman, Assistant Chairman and a Runner. Besides supervising the committee and making necessary decisions, both the General and Assistant Chairmen will assume duty during two shifts per day or*

twelve hours per day. The Runner will assume duty for six hours per day and be prepared with transportation to attend to any errands when needed.

E. Equipment: *The following items of equipment will be required:*

- A. Two tables*
- B. Four chairs*
- C. Two portable bulletin boards*
- D. Pencils, pads, paper clips, thumb tacks*
- E. Safety pins*
- F. Beirut telephone book*
- G. University telephone book*
- H. Two large maps of the University*
- I. Map of the city of Beirut*
- J. Map of Lebanon*
- K. Temporary installation of a telephone*
- L. Temporary lighting*
- M. Identification signs: "Information"; "Lost and Found"*

F. Shift Schedule: *The station operated on a four shift, six-hour per shift basis*

- A. First Shift: 0800 – 1400 hours*
- B. Second Shift: 1400 – 2000 hours*
- C. Third Shift: 2000 – 0200 hours*
- D. Fourth Shift: 0200 – 0800 hours*

VIII. Letter from AUB Vice-president, Dwight C. Monier (July 6, 1967)

Dear Miss La Sorte:

President Kirkwood has asked me to extend his personal appreciation and the thanks of the University to you for your exemplary conduct and volunteer work that you performed during the recent period of crisis.

I would like to add my personal thanks and appreciation to you for your willing and cheerful voluntary services during the recent crisis and evacuation. Your conduct on the face of nearly overwhelming pressure, and your behavior under extremely trying circumstances is something for which you and your family may be justly proud. It has been a pleasure to work so closely with you and both Lorraine and I are delighted that you have decided to extend your contract.

IX. Letter from AUB President, Samuel B. Kirkwood to Rev. Romain A. Swedenburg, Community Church of Beirut (July 27, 1967)

Dear Rev. Swedenburg:

Your kind letter of the twenty-fourth is a most thoughtful expression of your council and you to our staff who handled the evacuation of the American families from Beirut during this recent crisis. I shall most certainly pass this on to them and I know they will be most gratified to

feel that they were of particular help to your group. It was a trying time for everyone concerned and I know our staff has only the highest praise for the conduct of the evacuees themselves. Many of them have spoken to me about how cooperative everyone was at a time when it would have been easy and understandable otherwise. That such a large group acted so well, I think bespeaks much of the caliber of our people out here.

I hope, with you, now that most have returned, that we may help to bring about the better understanding so necessary for a just solution to the problems out here.

X. My letter of resignation to President Kirkwood, dated May 22, 1967

Ironically, the letter was dated the same day of the first meeting of the evacuation committee. I wrote the letter on the morning of May 22nd, and sent it through the campus mail before noon, prior to receiving the phone call from the President's office.

Dear President Kirkwood:

It is with regret that I must present this letter of resignation as Director of Women's Physical Education at the American University of Beirut effective at the end of the academic year 1966-1967. Without a doubt the past three years have been a most satisfying and pleasurable experience. I feel however, that I must resign in order to seek a further challenge in my field of work. I hope that the program will continue and build in the present diversified manner so that in future years the men and women of the Middle Eastern countries can appreciate more the values of physical education for women.

GLOSSARY OF NAMES

Allen, Gordon: Acting President of SUNY Brockport, 1964-65.

Almaddin, Leila: An assistant in the Acting Dean of Women's office at International College.

Anderson, Terry: American journalist from Batavia, New York who lived in Beirut and was taken hostage in 1985.

Andrews, Dana: Hollywood movie actor.

Asfar, Vivian: Iraqi friend who lived in Beirut and worked in banking. Her mother, Peggy, was a doctor at the university hospital.

Barker, Lex: Hollywood movie actor.

Banker, Jeanette (D'Agostino): SUNY Brockport friend, teacher and housemate; visited Beirut in 1965.

Belle-Isle, Joe and Norma: Friends who attended SUNY Brockport; lived in Hawaii.

Bohrer, Steve: Son of long time Rochester friends, Betty and Bill Bohrer, who joined the Navy and visited Beirut in 1965 when his ship was in port.

Britton, Pearl: Faculty member at SUNY Brockport.

Burke, Katherine: Tourist Rosie met in Singapore

Bushakra, Mary: Director of Bustani Hall at AUB.

Catalani, Vania: Greek friend who lived in Beirut; married to journalist John Cooley

Chaghaizbanian, Miss: Director of Jewett Hall at AUB.

Cohen, Francesca (La Sorte): Sister of Rosie Rich.

Crawford, Fred: Teaching Fellow at International College in Beirut.

De Ford, Thomas ("Mac"): Teaching Fellow at International College in Beirut.

De Lancey, Floy and Blaine: Faculty members at SUNY Brockport.

Del Rosso, Evelyn (D'Aurizio): SUNY Brockport friend, teacher and housemate; husband, Joe.

Demirjian, Armine: Resident assistant in Jewett Hall at AUB.

Fifi: House cleaning person in off-campus apartment.

Ford, Frank: Faculty member at American Community School in Beirut; directed plays and musicals for the Beirut community.

Furrier, Mary and Jack: Sister and brother-in-law of Edward Monaghan.

Gardner, Antoinette ("Toni"): (See "Princess Muna").

Ghosn, Raymond: Dean of Faculty of Engineering and Architecture; assassinated 1976.

Gill, Judy: Fourth grade teacher at American Community School from Canada; husband, David.

Giorgi, Ann and Mario: Colorful couple from South Africa; Mario, an airline pilot for Alitalia Airlines, died in a plane crash.

Hampson, Marilyn: Friend who had worked at the American Embassy in Beirut; husband, Herb.

Harding, Elizabeth ("Betsy"): Wife of Teaching Fellow, Sam and an assistant in Acting Dean of Women's office at International College.

Helow, President: Lebanon's president.

Hill, Jackie: AUB student teacher from SUNY Brockport, 1965-66.

Hunter, Kathleen: Professor of Women's Studies at SUNY Brockport.

Hussein bin Talal: King of Jordan.

Ibish, Miss: Director of Murex Hall at AUB.

Jahan, Emperor Shah Mughal: Ordered the building of the Taj Mahal to honor his wife.

Jones, Anne and Tony: Both met in Beirut and married; Tony, International College teacher; Anne, British.

Katbeh, Miss: Director of an elementary school in Lebanon.

Katibeh, Minnie: General maintenance supervisor of the women's hostels at AUB; sister, Nora.

Khalaf, Hana: Resident Assistant in Jewett Hall at AUB.

Khalaf, Samia: Secretary at International College in Beirut; married James Sullivan

Kirkwood, Dr. Samuel: President of AUB.

Langdale, Elizabeth: American friend from Brooklyn, NY who settled in Beirut.

La Sorte, Cosmina, Galerana, and Trisolina: Aunts living in Alberobello, Italy.

La Sorte, Diane: Sister-in-law, married to Rosie's brother, Mike.

Layne, Charles: Teaching Fellow at International College in Beirut.

Mahal, Mumtaz: Wife of Emperor Shah Mughal Jahan, who had Taj Mahal built in honor of her.

Maloney, Alma (Bustamonte): Cortland College friend since 1951; visited Beirut in 1967.

Mann, Jack: Englishman who was taken hostage in 1989; husband of Sonnie Mann.

Mann, Sunnie: English horseback riding instructor; owner of Horse and Hound Riding Academy in Beirut.

Maxwell, Genevieve: American journalist/writer who lived in Beirut.

Mohammed: Concierge of Barrage Building in Beirut.

Monaghan, Edward: Canadian who taught at International College in Beirut.

Moran, Bill: Teaching Fellow at International College in Beirut.

Moses: Jerusalem shop owner who took Jeanette Banker and Rosie to the Dead Sea.

Muna, Princess: (nee: Antoinette Gardner): Second wife of King Hussein.

Najemy, Robert: Dean of Men at AUB; assassinated, 1976.

Nora (Noor), Queen: Fourth wife of King Hussein.

Nureyev, Rudolph: Russian ballet dancer.

Nystrom, William: Head Master of International College in Beirut.

O'Dell, George: Teaching Fellow at International College in Beirut.

O'Toole, Anne: Librarian friend from SUNY Brockport.

O'Toole, Peter: Movie actor in the film, "Lawrence of Arabia."

Rakov, Harold: Dean of Students at SUNY Brockport, 1964-65.

Ramsey: Security guard at AUB gate near women's hostels.

Rich, George: Rosie's husband since 1973.

Rich, Sara: Teacher at American Community School in Beirut.

Rider, Christine: AUB student teacher from SUNY Brockport, 1966-67.

Roberts, David: Renowned Scottish lithographer.

Robinson, Mary: Dean of Women at AUB.

Rogers, Martin: SUNY Brockport Director of Health and Physical Education.

Schlosser, John: Physical Education teacher at American Community School in Beirut.

Sisto, Joseph: U.S. Assistant Secretary of State for Near Eastern and South Eastern Affairs, 1970.

Slezak, Walter: Hollywood movie actor.

Steensland, Sara: Nutrition teacher at Beirut College for Women (BCW).

Sterns, Rick: Teaching Fellow at International College in Beirut.

Sullivan, James (Sully): Teacher at International College in Beirut; married Samia Khalaf.

Tague, Peter: Teaching Fellow at International College in Beirut.

Takydeen, Diana: Friend and renowned Lebanese pianist; moved to Canada.

Thomas, Grace (Murabito): American teaching nurse at AUB Hospital; husband, Richie, AUB librarian.

Tracy, Bill: American teacher at International College in Beirut.

Turmelle, Elsa: Supervising teacher at American Community School in Beirut.

Uhlir, Ann: SUNY Brockport friend, teacher and housemate.

WITH HEARTFELT APPRECIATION

When I first started to write this account of my experiences, I was computer illiterate. I could send and receive e-mails and research a topic, but beyond that, I did not have a mind-set to go further. But I realized soon enough that I would need a great deal of assistance. Eileen O'Hara, friend and assistant librarian at SUNY Brockport, had the patience to get me started on the computer and help me work through the obstacles that I faced frequently. She was available at a moment's notice through to the finished product. I can never repay her for the number of hours she spent with me in every aspect of this manuscript. I would not have been able to accomplish this project without her.

My friend, Elaine Fahselt tried to cheer me up when I thought I lost information on the computer. She recognized my frustration and panic when something went wrong, and would talk me through my mistakes over the telephone to get me back on track. She also came to my home and retrieved lost material within seconds. She was like a band-aid over a painful wound.

Student teachers, Jackie Hill and Christine Rider, through their social contact with students and their visibility on campus and in their classes saw a different Middle East than I. Their professional diaries which I referred to in this manuscript, gave me a chance to see this area of the world through their eyes. I was very proud to have had these excellent women represent not only SUNY Brockport, but also the United States.

SUNY Brockport gets a huge thank you for allowing me to mentor each student teacher for one academic year overseas. It provided them with an opportunity for a once-in-a-life-time experience that I am sure will be embedded permanently in their memories.

My live-in editor husband, George, spent many hours reading and re-reading, gave suggestions and wouldn't let me place closure on the manuscript until it was *really* completed. I could not have done this without his encouragement and expertise.

My father, Vitantonio, always taught me to be independent. He loved to travel and frequently suggested my next trip. He seemed to enjoy traveling vicariously through my experiences. My mother, Rosa, was forced to acknowledge the fact that I was a wanderer. She hoped that I would remain at home, but understood my restlessness to "see the world." It seemed painful for her to accept my independence. As Italian immigrants, my parents adjusted well to the "American way." Though they are deceased, I owe them both a huge "thank you."

And finally a sincere thank you to those who expressed an interest in hearing and reading about my travels and to anyone who encouraged me along the way.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Rosa La Sorte Rich, the youngest of five children was born to Italian immigrant parents in Endicott, New York in 1933. She completed an undergraduate degree in Physical Education, Health, and Recreation from Cortland State Teachers College followed by a Master's degree in Education from the University of Buffalo. After teaching for six years as Assistant Professor of Health and Physical Education at the State University of New York College at Brockport, she accepted a position in 1964 at the American University of Beirut, Lebanon to establish the first program for women in Health and Physical education.

As the only woman on a committee with seven men, she planned the successful evacuation of 5000 Americans in 24 hours from Lebanon during the six-day Arab/Israeli war in June 1967. Returning to Beirut after the war, she accepted an additional position as Dean of Women at International College.

After leaving Lebanon in 1968, an around the world trip was completed by traveling the eastern route back to the United States. Following a year of teaching in Ottawa, Canada, she worked as a travel agent and director of a travel school in New York City. She then took a position as assistant to the Dean of Students at St. Francis College in Loretto, Pa.

Rosa retired in 1989 after teaching seventeen years in a middle school in Batavia, New York. Volunteer activities include the Brockport village library, George Eastman House in Rochester, New York, committees at the Brockport college, as well as village committees. She and her husband, George, are avid supporters of the college athletic program. Hobbies: cooking, gardening, reading, golf.