

**THE  
BOOK  
OF  
OUR  
LIVES**

Schutz American School

Alexandria, Egypt

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# FORWARD

In the early years of The American Mission in Egypt, which was the official title of the United Presbyterian Church of North America doing mission work in Egypt, the education of the children of the missionaries became a matter of concern. Obviously, there were no schools in the country in those early years except for the Islamic schools for teaching the Koran.

Therefore, in most cases the education of these foreign children fell on the mother of each family. There were reports that at times, however, when there were several families living in the same town, one mother took the responsibility for all the children. It should not be too hard to imagine such "schools" - slates and chalk for writing and arithmetic, the Bible for reading and possibly the McGuffey Readers for somewhat more "secular" studies. And later "Calvert" became a familiar name to those using the international postal service.

There have been unwritten reports that a basement room in the Assiut mission hospital complex was used for a group of children in the early 1900's. However, by the 1920's it became apparent that there was a pressing need for a "school" with a full time teacher to work with the numbers of children that were filling the mission family ranks. And so the story here begins with Mrs. Bernice Warne Hutton's recollections of her participating in the establishing and then becoming one of the first teachers in what now is known as Schutz American School, Alexandria, Egypt.

George W. Meloy, Editor

# THE BOOK OF OUR LIVES

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# The Original Schutz: 1924 - 1940

## Introduction: Willis McGill

### Student

For me, a much more plentiful store of school-day memories is to be found in one of Schutz School's historical roots or antecedents. One of these was certainly the school for missionaries' children that was established in Assiut before the time of Schutz. I certainly hope that those who received some of their early education there will record the memories they consider worth sharing.

In Cairo, too, there was such an antecedent of Schutz. But my memory pre-dates even that. I remember attending school first in a little private English school in Heliopolis run by two sisters: Miss Ashton and Mrs. Woodley. It was there that I learned the multiplication tables, complete with a certain sing-song style. And it was there that I learned "William the First, 1066, William the Second, 1087...." and on and on, far beyond what I can recall today. And it was there that I remember one of the great plagues of locusts when, during recess at the little English school, we would all be sent out into its playground with glass jars to fill with locusts and bring back.

But when the School for Missionaries' Children was established in Cairo, that's where Lois and I were sent. Its sponsoring organizations were The American Mission, the American University in Cairo, the YM.C.A., the Bible Society, and the American diplomatic establishment. This was before the USA had an embassy or an ambassador in Cairo. The top diplomat was called the "American Minister". In those days his name was Howell. And his son, a red-head everyone called "Ginger", was one of the bigger boys in school. Another was Jimmy Smith, son of Wilbert Smith, General Secretary of the YMCA. He was a wonderful person. Today we would call him "charismatic". He had lost a leg years before, but got around with the use of a crutch with such agility that you forgot he was one-legged. The most astounding demonstration of his agility occurred on the tennis court where he was no mean competitor. He was also Sunday School teacher for a class of us boys. And I'll never forget the times he took us out to the desert on Saturday picnics. He taught us how to look for and identify flint instruments - arrow-heads, scrapers, awls, etc. - left behind by prehistoric people.

Classroom and playground space for that school was provided by the YM.C.A. I remember looking out a window one time onto the busy narrow street that bordered the "Y" on the back and watching a scene below where workmen were

removing from a big shipping crate a newly-imported American car. It was an Essex. The playground included quite a bit of open space, useful for playing games or just strolling around. Also a tennis court (for the use of "Y" programs) and a boxing ring provided, obviously, for exclusive "Y" use. But somehow there was a time when one of our teachers obtained permission for some of us larger boys to use it. It was my first (and only) experience at putting on boxing gloves and engaging in actual boxing competition with some of my peers under the watchful eye and guidance of our teacher.

Quite a few of those with whom we went to school there remain in our memory. Dr. Watson, founder and first president of AUC and Mrs. Watson had four children enrolled. Libby (Elizabeth) was a year or so older than I. Eddy a little bit younger. Then, younger still, were the Watson twins; Charlie and Margie. The Adams family included Louise, Eleanor, Ruth, and Charles, in that order of age. Jimmy Smith had a younger sister and brother. Then there were Dr. and Mrs. Frank Henry's children. He was the oldest son of Dr. and Mrs. L. M. Henry of Assiut Hospital fame and by this time he was an officer in what was called then the Socony-Vacuum (now Mobil) Oil) Company. Edna was perhaps 3 years older and Eileen perhaps one year older than I. Bobby was closer to my age, just a bit younger, and we were great friends. Dr. and Mrs. R.S. McClenahan also had a son in this school. John and I were also great friends. · By this time, of course, Dr. McClenahan had left Assiut College and was part of the still-young AUC.

The American secretary at the Bible Society was named Boyd and he and his wife had a beautiful daughter who was May Queen the year I remember we had such a performance. The closest of my friends were Harvey and Clarence Birbari grandsons of Dr. and Mrs. William Harvey, pioneer missionaries. They also lived in Heliopolis, not far from our flat. And for a relatively short period the Andrew Thompsons lived in Heliopolis, providing me with still another great friend, Frank. The flat they lived in was in a building in the same block as ours, but at the other corner. It was much too far for either of us to hear if the other shouted. But somewhere we were taught the Morse Code. So we would stand on the balconies of our respective homes and signal messages back and forth. I remember signaling him once, "Christmas is coming soon." By some quirk of memory I have always remembered the year. It was 1923.

The teacher I remember best in that school in Cairo was Miss Wilma Minter. There are many who remember her - and with great appreciation. She was a very fine person. Schutz School shares this antecedent with the present Cairo American College. For although the Cairo School for Missionaries' went out of existence it was, in due time, succeeded by the school now established in Maadi and known as CAC - Cairo American College

# Bernice Warne Hutton: 1924-1927

## Faculty

In the fall of 1923, I was beginning my senior year of college which was Muskingum College in New Concord, Ohio. Next door to my rooming house Dr. R. W. Caldwell, a missionary from Egypt, was visiting his mother. He was apparently observing me as I came and went; and one day he came over to see me and tell me that the American Presbyterian Mission in Egypt needed a teacher for the children of the missionaries living in all parts of the country of Egypt from Alexandria to Luxor. The mission was building an eight-flat apartment building in a residential part of the city of Alexandria which was to be used by missionary families in the summer who came to Alexandria to escape the extreme heat of "up-country" Egypt to the south. The mission board had been considering the opening of a school there for the children of American families most of whom at that time would be "mission kids". In this way the building could be put to use year-round.

The question to me was, "Would I consider going out to Egypt to organize a school?" After many conversations I found that they wished to have grades two through the eleventh year of the high school. It was also to be a boarding school and they were contemplating having a "matron" to oversee the health and welfare of the children as well as to direct the service staff that would be needed. After much thought about the organization of the academic part of the school it became clear to me that a second teacher would be needed and I insisted that such arrangements should be made. I also let it be known that I hoped that there would be a "seasoned missionary" living on the school campus to advise in the overall school operation - a Superintendent. This was accepted and Mark S. Roy was chosen for that responsibility and he and his wife and five children were to live on the top floor of the new building that we were to occupy. Mr. Roy's primary assignment was as General Treasurer of the American Mission with offices in the center of the city. Never-the-less, he would be available as needed.

Before I was able to finish my college work, I had taken two years out to earn some money. In those days one could teach in elementary school after one year of college; so I taught for two years thus gaining valuable experience for the task ahead of me. Fortunately, I had taken quite a number of education courses and our college Dean of Education had recommended quite strongly the Illinois state course of studies for the elementary and high school levels. Those making up the board of the school evidently agreed with this recommendation - and the work began.

First came the task of ordering all the supplies needed to open a new school -

text books for ten grades of an undetermined number of students, note books, paper, pencils, pens, paint, construction paper (all colors), raffia, chalk and erasers, scissors, maps, etc. Nothing seemed to be available in Egypt to any great extent and so it seemed wise to order everything from one place and have it shipped from the USA. Meanwhile, in Alexandria Mr. Roy had hired a carpenter who constructed the chalk-boards of linoleum which was a nice green on the back side. I never did see what the real pattern of the linoleum was. At any rate, we had some of the first green chalk-boards in existence.

I should say that the idea of the school being established at Schutz was not only to make better use of the eight-flat building, but rather more important was the fact that after the children became of school age, they were usually sent back to the States to live with relatives in order to go to proper schools. This was a great hardship on both parents as well as children. Children had been taught by their mothers until then. The Calvert system for home study was most generally used; and when we opened the Schutz School in early September in 1924, our new textbooks really surprised the children. The name of "Schutz" for the school was rat her soon established unofficially by the students. The school compound was located Schutz Street (with the cross street having the name "American Mission Street"). It was also in the Schutz district of Alexandria as there was a "tram" stop with the name of Schutz - everything having been named for an Austrian businessman who had a large tract of land in the area somewhere along Schutz Street east of the school. Keep in mind that "The American Mission" was the official name of the religious/educational/ medical work carried out in Egypt by the United Presbyterian Church of North America.

When I learned that I would be permitted to have another young woman to go out to Egypt with me, I asked a classmate to consider taking that position. She was Miss Elizabeth Kelsey, the daughter of the Vice-president of Muskingum College. This was, indeed, a most wise choice for we worked well together. In a recent letter to me (1986) she said, "I'll never forget what those empty school rooms looked like when we arrived In 1924 - not a single book anywhere except the texts!" Desks had been ordered from America and these had been arranged on strips of wood, securely fastened, to facilitate their being moved out to a storage building in the spring when school closed for the summer. The "flats" would then become living quarters for mission families for these summer months. Then, an exchange of furniture would again take place in the fall. My father had constructed a large, very strong wooden box for shipping out all our extra books, music, reference materials and such that we had anticipated needing in our work. We traveled to Egypt by "long sea" and it took us 22 1/2 days to make the voyage!

But that precious box was not unloaded in Alexandria! It had been taken on to



Beirut; and only after much communications with the "authorities" did we finally receive it three months later. We then started a little "Library" with many of our personal books from that box. I remember that I had a set of twelve COMPTON'S ENCYCLOPEDIAS which were much used since we had no other books of any sort for research. Our library grew very slowly.

Perhaps the most difficult part of getting the school organized was putting the kids in classes. It seemed that each mother, in doing the home teaching, had emphasized different subjects so no two children were on the same level so-to-speak. Beth and I sat up late every night for about three weeks trying to make it work. Beth recalls that every time we got a couple of them together to make a class, one had to go to French or to a piano lesson. Also, the children were from various backgrounds - other than from the United Presbyterian mission. We had two from a Pentecostal mission who had had a bit of French and German; two were from the Church of God Mission; and the father of one was a judge in the Mixed Court. Besides these from Egypt, we had the two Smith girls from 2,000 miles up the Nile where their father was a doctor with the Nuer tribe. We had Dr. Lambie's son and daughter from Ethiopia who had often attended functions at the Emperor Hailie Selassie's palace. They had very few "school" clothes but several dressy things!

At the beginning we had to decide what sort of school this was to be. Mr. and Mrs. Roy were behind us in everything that we undertook. We gathered in the Roys' living room one afternoon to talk and Mr. Roy asked if we could have "a word of prayer". He felt we needed it. I think Mr. Roy must have felt that we were pretty young to have been given this responsibility. But I still recall a part of my prayer that day. It was one that my pastor had used when I was a teen-ager - "Lord, we know that you love us and we love you and want to serve you. Bless us as we seek to serve you here. We know that withholding does not enrich you and that giving does not impoverish you; so we pray for the guidance of your Holy Spirit now and in the years to come." And I remember hearing a sort of sigh of relief from Mr. Roy and he said, "I think we now have a good beginning".

Since I had some experience in teaching and I had two degrees (one a BA and the other a BA in Education) and was about three years older than Beth, I was to be the Principal (or as some said, "The Head mistress") and Mr. Roy was the Superintendent. As for division of instruction I had the English, science, geography, physical education and art; Beth had math, Latin, history and some music; Miss Fidelia Duncan came out to Schutz part time from a mission school for Egyptians in town to help the older music students; and French classes were taught to every grade by a charming young Russian woman. This lady with her family had fled Russia at the time of the Bolshevik Revolution and had established residence not far from Schutz. Her father had been the general in

command of the Czar's personal regiment and always wore quite proudly his general's uniform when we went to visit them. We never saw the wife. She was so humbled by the sad plight of their being forced from their home, country and benefit of all their possessions that she always stayed away from those outside her family.

But Mlle. Barbara Rohr berg was a brilliant teacher and was loved by everyone. She had many interesting stories to tell us as well as the students. One day she chanced to see one of the history texts opened to a chapter on Russia and she said, "Oh, do you see that picture of the Opera House? There is the Czar's box and the one just next to it belonged to our family." We learned that she had studied French in Paris before the "uprising" and had studied music under Arthur Rubenstein. She certainly was a valued member of our staff.

Our first Matron was an English woman, born on the Cape Verde Islands, and tutored by the brother of Lewis Carroll. Her first husband had died and she had married a Greek Alexandrian who had left for the States. She was with us for almost three years but left before the end of the third year to be with her husband in the USA. To finish caring for the children for the short time left that year, some of the mothers in Egypt too turns coming to look after them.

After sixty years absence from Alexandria it seems strange to think of Fairhaven having been a part of Schutz School. I remember receiving invitations to lovely garden parties there given by the English residents. They always included our little staff and we thoroughly enjoy going there.

We had many outings of various sorts for our students and well as extracurricular activities. Quite frequently we had picnics at Sidi Bishr. Sometimes we took the older ones for a sail in the western harbor. The matron took students on hikes. Often Beth and I took most of the school into town on Sunday morning by "tram" to the Scottish Church and on Sunday evenings we had our own vesper services when we had the students answer assigned Catechism questions. We once invited the pastor and his wife to supper and then had a vesper service which the students conducted themselves and the pastor was most astonished at their capabilities.

Looking back it seems that we established a rather good American "prep" school as our aim was to prepare the students to enter schools in America when they had finished at Schutz without feeling that they could not "fit in at home". All students participated in our two "literary societies" and we had programs every Friday afternoon. English classes were assigned writing articles for our school paper which we named the BRIC-A-BRAC because it contained this and that - news of activities, stories, etc. When the parents became aware of this, they all

wanted to receive copies. As I was not a typist, I had to "hunt and peck" on Mr. Roy's big old Royal typewriter making five or six carbon copies of each page. In art classes the students were to choose what they thought would be a suitable design for the cover of the paper for the month. Then we selected what seemed to be the best and transferred these to a suitable color of construction paper, then assembled the pages and tied them together with our colored raffia. No modern equipment - except a paper cutter which I had taken out with me and used until the cutter blade gave out. My fingers are now a bit arthritic perhaps from the pounding on the old typewriter. Two high school students worked together to write the Schutz Hymn. We chose brown and buff as the school colors and made a banner of buff felt with a brown border of which we all were very proud.

There was illness sometimes. One year almost everyone had the measles. Mary Smith was hospitalized in the Swiss Hospital for a few days at another time. She later became a doctor and served as a physician in Ethiopia for many years. On the whole we were reasonably healthy.

At the end of each school year we had a program put on for parents who would come to see what had happened to their children after many months from home. I remember one banquet when students prepared "toasts" using the letter of S-C-H-U-T-Z for each of the six speeches. Best of all was our first graduation. We had a beautiful banquet followed by the orations of the graduates. Beth's father, Dr. H. S. Kelsey arrived from his trip to the Holy Land just in time to give the commencement address. Mary McClanahan's mother, who had a lovely voice, sang a solo and Mr. Roy presented the diplomas. And we had class pins. Earlier I had asked Mr. Roy if pins could be made and he knew of an Armenian jeweler who crafted them in 24 caret gold with S.H.S. on the pyramid shaped pin. I do not know whether another class ever had class pins or not.

# Elizabeth Kelsey Kinnear: 1924-1921

## Faculty

When Bernice Warne Hutton and I sailed for Egypt in August of 1924, the trip was to take 27 days. We stopped several times in the Azores, at Lisbon, Marseilles, and Naples and enjoyed all of it except the night of the fire. Our purser was showing a movie on deck, allowing the old fashioned celluloid film to pile up at his feet while enjoying a cigarette. Of course, the inevitable happened. The blaze was suddenly so hot that it began to crack the windows of the nearby lounge; but it was smothered quite quickly by the use of our big wool steamer rugs. I ran down to knock on the cabin doors of some of our group who had already retired, but learned later that they had slept through all the excitement. We arrived in Alexandria about noon time but could not disembark until early evening because the gang plank was broken. Members of the mission hired a boat and sailed around waving to us but we did not get to Schutz until after dark.

We were a party of eight, mostly short termers; but one older woman who had worked in Egypt earlier gave us a great deal of out-of-date information during the trip. She said we should not go out on the street without a hat, that bobbed hair was not approved (one of our party had already cut her hair) and that short sleeves were not suitable (all of my new dresses were short sleeved). All of these new dresses were packed in one large suitcase which disappeared during customs clearance. After an anxious day or two it was discovered in Cairo where one of the contingent for that city had mistakenly carried it. An even more serious loss was a large wooden box which contained our personal books and music, reference books and teaching helps. We tried to trace it back to New York without success. That meant that we had to open school and work for two or three months without any resources except the children's own text books. When later it was located on the pier in Beirut and retrieved, Dr. Roy pretended to be amazed at its size. We had been bemoaning so many things that we needed he said it was surely the size of a small shed. We were very glad to see it however.

We started school with seventeen pupils ranging in age from seven to fifteen, who had variously attended German or Scottish schools, the French Lycee or had never seen the inside of a classroom, having been taught at home. My job was to handle all the math, Latin, music, and some assorted subjects while Bernice undertook the reading, geography, and history, plus a few others. She had had experience in teaching in a rural school and knew how to handle several classes at once, but I had to learn. We worked until midnight every night the first week or two trying to put together a smooth schedule. There had to be coaching classes after school for the first few months in order to place some of the pupils

at their appropriate grade level in some subjects whether a little behind in arithmetic or much ahead in reading. Many had had no playmates and had learned to read early. Later when Bernice would post a list of titles for outside reading, she would hear, "But Miss Warne, we've read all those!"

I taught the younger piano pupils but we had the help of the music teacher from the Girls' School in town for one day a week who taught the older piano pupils. Our part-time French teacher was a White Russian refugee, a member of the old aristocracy and a wonderfully brave and cultured woman. Bernice and I joked that when we did succeed in getting two pupils together for a class it was time for one to go to French and the other for a piano lesson. Our matron was a Scottish woman who had a very interesting life. She was born in the Cape Verde Islands where her tutor was a brother of Lewis Carroll. When she was about eighteen she went to Egypt as governess in a wealthy Coptic family. She married an older man, a Maltese, and they had one daughter whom she educated in a Belgian convent. After her husband died, she married a much younger man, a Greek, who had trouble keeping a job. We didn't try to use his difficult name but called her Mrs. Harris, similar to his first name. She found some of our American ways rather puzzling. The mothers tried to help her out with suggested menus and recipes but she was a meat-and-potatoes person and she thought some of the food combinations in the suggested casseroles and desserts were weird. Prawns were one of her favorite dishes but it was not very popular with the children. One day Bobby Walker slid his prawns into his handkerchief, into his pocket and finally into a bureau drawer. It did not take long for the aroma to uncover his little plot. The children who had grown up in Egypt were fond of a green vegetable called "mulakhea" but we newcomers found it disagreeable and slimy. On the days when native food was on the menu the small Baird boys were given permission to sit cross legged on their chairs and tackle things like mulakhea with a piece of native bread.

Mrs. Harris handled the housekeeping and servant problems quite well. One day I remember the dining room was filled with a peculiar odor. It seemed that our second servant, while cleaning my room, had decided to help himself generously with what he thought was perfume sitting on my dresser. It was actually citronella oil, an insurance against mosquitos, and he could not get rid of it in time to serve tables. We suspected this man of occasionally using hashish because once he sleep-walked straight into the dining room wall, carrying a large platter of food.

Mrs. Harris was kind to the children, hiking with them to the sand dunes, and bandaging their small injuries. I think she considered us teachers as too strict and was likely to bend the rules a little when we were not on the premises. On Tuesday nights we went with the Roys to station meetings in town. As we

arrived home and waited for the compound gate to be opened we would see the lights going out in the dormitories, long past bed time. It was the habit for everyone to have a brief nap after lunch, and all were supposed to get outdoors for some exercise after school. We had a small area where a basketball board was set up and there was a good tennis court. One afternoon I missed seeing one of the older girls in the garden and I instituted a search, and found her curled up with a book on a high shelf in one of the wardrobes.

On Sunday mornings, decked in our best, the whole school attended the Church of Scotland church. We got some excellent sermons and some of the most beautiful extemporaneous prayers I have ever heard. Once we invited the preacher and his wife to have supper at the school and stay for our regular school Junior Missionary Society which the children were responsible for, though we may have helped with the planning. The minister was utterly overwhelmed by the aplomb and efficiency with which the children ran the program. We realized we had been taking them very matter-of-factly, since they were performing just as we expected they would.

There were some English families in Alexandria who were friendly with the teachers in the mission schools in town and sometimes invited them to their homes. They were considered to be missionaries, but we were never included. Since we were teaching American children, we were in the class of governesses and therefore of a different class of society. We did not mind as we were very busy making our own entertainment -- as sailing the harbor, trips to the catacombs, window shopping in the department stores which were branches of Paris shops, browsing in the Indian shops, swimming at the Sidi Bishr Beach in season, getting a group together for a camel ride along the beach in the moonlight until the government stopped the camel rides when they discovered that drug smugglers were using those beaches. Every Saturday afternoon the mission people in town joined us for tea and tennis.

We were surprised at how cold that stone building could be during the winter months. As we sat at our desks in the small office grading papers or making lesson plans in the evenings, the sea breezes blew so strongly under the French doors that our small rugs were blown across the hall and down the stairs. One evening Mrs. Roy called from upstairs to see if we would like to come up and get warm at their heater. We lost no time in getting there. The heater turned out to be a small electric heater about the size of a dinner plate and with seven or eight of us crowded around it no one really got to the point of perspiring!

I well remember when measles struck the school. Sitting at the table one evening I saw one or two more heads begin to droop, and more sufferers had to be lifted and carried back to the temporary hospital. We were very fortunate as all

recovered well with no complications.

We received the magnificent salary of \$50 a month plus room and board for ten months of the year. In July and August we were on our own. Since the Schutz building had originally been meant as a summer residence for up-country mission people, we had to pack up school equipment to make room for them. For the first summer we stayed at the Sidi Bishr camp and saved our money but during the summer of 1926 we travelled in Italy and Switzerland and had a fine time on a budget of five dollars a day, including travel costs. That was possible because the other short termers kept an eye out for bargains in hotels and pensions and shared their information with the rest of us.

The end of the summer was saddened by the deaths of the Baird and McGill children's fathers in a drowning accident at Sidi Bishr. We were very sorry to see these children leave us to go home with their mothers. The enrollment of the school had grown somewhat by the addition of other children from the Egypt mission and from Ethiopia as well as a Pentecostal family in Alexandria; but the school still remained 100% American.

In our third spring vacation we took the older children, with the help of Dr. Neal McClanahan, for a trip to the Holy Land. We spent Easter Sunday in Jerusalem and were able to attend a sunrise service at the garden tomb. My father was to have joined us but he was delayed. He was then Professor of Bible and Vice-President of Muskingum College and one of his unusual duties was to act as guardian for three Ethiopian students who were wards of the emperor. He wrote to Haile Selassie telling him that someone else would be in charge for a few weeks as he planned to visit Egypt and Palestine. The emperor immediately wrote to invite him to be his guest for two weeks in Addis Ababa. He had a great time there but floods washed out the railway to the coast and he missed his boat. However, he went on to Palestine alone and had a good trip. He knew his Old Testament so well that I think he probably gave some historical tips to the Arab guide he hired. In any case he got back to Egypt in time to be the speaker at our first commencement program. We were proud of how well our students had done and felt that those who would be going home on furlough soon would be able to fit in with classes in the USA. My third year Latin students were reading Cicero almost at sight which I considered a real achievement. On the whole, we thought the students were up to schedule.

My father traveled home with us across Europe. When our boat arrived in New York, a big celebration was going on - fireboats were shooting sprays into the air, and autogyros flew over the harbor. We really had not expected such a welcome! We learned later that Amelia Earhart was returning after her first big flight. But the sight of friends and relatives on the dock was enough for us.

I am sure that the Schutz School of our day was a truly unique institution. The children I had in class came from homes where both parents had at least a college education and they had been surrounded by good books. The parents expected no less than their best from the children, as did we, and the children responded. Those were great years and bring back many happy memories.



# Ruth Galloway Jamison

## Student

In September 1924, when Schutz School started, there were twelve boarders and a few commuters. My twin brother, Robert Galloway, and I were the youngest boarders, seven and a half years old. We were given older roommates to help look after us. But by third grade, we younger girls decided we wanted to be with our own classmates instead. So we petitioned and got the system changed. We promised to keep our rooms neat.

Mrs. Harris, our matron, had a daughter living in Alexandria, Maisie, who was an excellent musician. Mrs. Harris also enjoyed music and took the whole school to the Russian ballet at the Alhambra Theatre in Alexandria. What a wonderful experience, even in "peanut heaven"! We were then taken to a restaurant for refreshments. Also we saw our first film, "Sonny Boy" that year.

Mrs. Austick and her two daughters, Vera and Renee, came to Schutz after Mrs. Harris left and were with us for several years before she went back to England. Katherine Roy Short has kept up a correspondence with Vera all these years.

Mothers of the students would come and substitute as matrons for a short time after Mrs. Harris left and before Mrs. Austick took over. Then Miss Sturgis, a nurse, became our next matron. Miss Sturgis had hours for giving out medicines for colds, doing dressings for sores and cuts and checking on sick students. The Anglo-Swiss Hospital was where really sick students were sent for care. I was there with scarlet fever over Christmas vacation one year. Mrs. Nolin, the wife of the school principal was there at the same time with her new baby daughter, Nancy. Ron Askren, one of the students, had a big boil on the back of his neck which was dressed every day. Since I usually helped Miss Sturgis when she became sick, I did the dressings. No antibiotics then! I cringe when I think what could have happened!

Mrs. Austick had a group that met Wednesday evenings or afternoons to do the mending and darn socks, Not only did I have mine to mend but brother Bob's as well. It was easier to be all mending at once and chatting together as we did it.

When Schutz School started, in the garden there was a pond with an island in the middle where calla lilies grew. The boys were always making rafts to get to the island or playing over the water inlet which was two or three feet wide. It seemed wider when one tried to jump it. Of course the water was not clean, and we were all told not to get wet because hookworm or other parasites would get

us. As you might expect, the raft sank, and all the boys fell in the water. When Dr. Roy our principal at the time, found out, all the boys were summoned to the top floor where the Roys lived, and all got a spanking. Brother Bob thought it was inconsiderate of Dr. Roy to spank him first, since he was the youngest. He would rather have been last when the arm and hand of Dr. Roy were tired! We girls tried to give comfort as the fellows came back down stairs. Some of us had gotten wet, too. Later the pond was drained and a new tennis court took its place. That ended the temptation to play in the water.

Roller skating on the cement tennis court was fun. And then with two tennis courts, we all started playing tennis. Swimming at Stanley Bay was great. We kept up our swimming skills during the school year and came back sunburned. There were Saturday night parties, birthday parties, plays and play practice, music recitals, study halls, warming peanut butter sandwiches on the potbellied stove, going to the Scots Church on Sunday mornings in Alexandria, and then to the Givens and Campions in the afternoon followed by Christian Endeavor In the evening. There were street car rides into Alexandria to the dentist or for shopping and then .stopping at the Brazilian Coffee Shop on the way back. We were busy and happy and made lasting friends.

# Willis McGill: 1926

## Student

My sister Lois and I were kids in Schutz for only a short period. Our father's accidental death occurred In August 1926. Our mother was on health-leave In Austria with Davida Finney at the time. It took her - even with lots of help from friends - until November to close down our home in Heliopolis and to pack up for our return to America. So Lois and I were in Schutz from September to mid-November 1926. One event that clinches that specific time in our memory is the fact that we can recall the celebration of Thanksgiving Day aboard the Dollar Line ship that took us home and the very special Captain's Dinner.

But of course our Schutz experience, brief though it was, did leave us with some memories. Three of us Freshman High School fellows were assigned to share a bedroom. It was the one at front corner (north-east) in the main building) one floor up from ground level. My roommates were Henry Russell and Frank Thompson. I had just turned 14. Henry was a trifle older and Frank a trifle younger. But although only Freshmen we were the oldest boys in school. Martha Roy's father, Dr. Mark Roy, was Principal - and a big, strong, imposing one he was. He stood so tall that when a picture of him wearing a top silk hat was taken he made Miss Bernice Warne, standing beside him, look hardly bigger than a grasshopper. And he was the one to stand in awe of in case you violated any of the school regulations. (At that time there was a pond on the Schutz grounds. It was 1n the remote north-east corner beyond today's tennis court. Tempting though it was we were strictly forbidden to bathe or even wade in it. The most we could do was launch our wooden rafts and manipulate their movements with long poles or branches. But alas! Several of the younger boys got caught actually In the pond one day. They found out the hard way that Dr. Roy's reputation as an exceptionally good baseball player was based on solid fact. He could wield the Headmaster's cane as effectively as he could a baseball bat.

# Elizabeth Walker Hershey 1922-1934

## Boarding student

I first arrived in Egypt in 1921 when I was a year and a half old. My parents lived in Benha. Those days were pleasant with all the family together. Schutz School didn't exist at that time, so our schooling began at home. My Mother used a correspondence course that came to us from Baltimore. It was designed for American children and I remember some stories about American Indians which didn't interest me then. I had a good friend named Fatima who came to play in our yard, which was also the school yard between the girls' and boys' schools. My father was the principal of the prep school. Fatima and I were about the same age. I missed her a lot when we went to the States on furlough.

When Schutz School was started, my sister, Dorothy Walker, was in the first graduating class. My brother, Bob, was there too. I do remember visiting the School when I was four. Dorothy Walker and Mary McClanahan liked to "mother" me. The school seemed very large to me.

Later on I attended Schutz for five years, between 1929 and 1934. Trying to please Mrs. Austick, the first English matron in my experience, was an interesting and somewhat intimidating experience. I don't remember that rules were very strict. Our classes were small. Usually I had only one classmate. I looked forward to those evenings after supper and before study time when Becky Needs, our piano teacher, would entertain us with her piano renditions of the latest jazz numbers from the States. We had piano recitals at the end of the school year. I performed with the usual anxiety while awaiting my turn. One year I played my part of a duet - I don't remember who my partner was. When school was out, I was eager to perform my part of the music for my parents. It gave my father great pleasure. I played the bass part with great aplomb and assumed that he could visualize the melody line.

A favorite teacher was our French teacher, Madame Barbara Demidoff. She was a refugee from the Russian Revolution. She told us wonderful stories and I can remember her long fingernails clicking on the desk for sound effects. We learned French songs and games. One year we had a French entertainment program made up of a play and songs sung by our classes. There were seven tableaux. One of them was "La Belle et la Bete", related by Charles Adams and acted out by Betty Walker, Ruth Galloway, Elinor Todd, Donald Moore, and Wallace Jamison.

As I remember, life was pleasant, without too many adjustments. We had only one experience with death in the school. We followed carefully the reports of the illness of our friend, Neal McClanahan, who was in the hospital with an infection.

He seemed to be better, but we were shocked when he died, It was my first experience in attending a funeral.

Since the school walls were confining, we were taken outside for special occasions-- picnics, church in Alexandria, a walk, a movie -I think it was "Ben Hur".

My sister, Helen Walker, was teaching in the girls' school in Alexandria while I was at Schutz. She treated me to a weekend in the city occasionally. Sometimes we went to Groppi's for ice cream or tea and delicious cream puffs in some lovely tearoom along the waterfront.

In my mind, Schutz School and Sidi Bishr were closely related. Sometimes we spent a summer at "Sidi". Those were lazy days--going to the beach in the morning and walking back on the hot sand. I remember Christo, the Greek, who came out from Alexandria on his donkey, loaded down with wonderful fresh rolls and bread. On the Sabbath, we went to church in the mat-covered meeting house. It was the only time I put on sandals. One time I was fascinated to watch a small scorpion creep down the center aisle.

In the evenings, I hurried over to the "young ladies" house for the story hour. Dr. Owen told wonderful stories. As I remember, they were continued stories lasting into the night, but at a critical point, a point of high excitement----to be continued! He had a great voice for storytelling. Then there was the camel ride, sometime during the summer. If the load was too heavy, the camel refused to get up! At the end of the summer and getting back to school, I remember hurrying back to the tree house. I climbed the gnarled vines into the tree and was greeted by a large green chameleon who had used it for his summer residence. And so -  
BACK TO SCHOOL!

## Charles C. Adams 1930-1933

Boarding student from Cairo

Mrs. Adams reminds me that in the far-away years of World War II we once ourselves managed an improvised mini -Schutz evening at our then Manhattan apartment. I no longer recall how we had encountered Ruth and Wallace Jamison nor how they had rounded up others -- Earla Hoyman, say, non-Schutz but certainly Assiut'30. Equally adventitiously I came across traces of Donald Moore in the South Pacific in those years. I shared a room with him at Schutz: the association clings.

# Ralph Galloway: 1930-1936

## Boarding student

Schutz School, when I went there, was a school for mission kids. The only non-mission kids there were H. Earl Russel, Chuck Adams, and girls like Mary Russell and Irene Nelson. These were from the U.S. Embassy, the American University in Cairo or the Chicago House in Luxor. "Alchy", as we called H. Earl Russell, was in our gang and was always coming to school with new-fangled cap pistols that his State Department parents got for their son.

Schutz evokes memories of kneeling for evening prayers after supper and the high schoolers going to their rooms for study hall, while we grade schoolers had to stay downstairs and try to study under the stern glances and shushing of Miss Dixon, Miss Evans, the Sharp twins and Miss Burringer.

Schutz was the first experience of home sickness. I remember staying awake at night and thinking of home, which in those days was Bent Suef, south of Cairo. I remember the Muezzin's calling at night. I looked out of the window at the moon, thinking, "My mother and father can see that same moon." It was a measure of comfort to my first experience away from home

The totem pole was made by our Scarabeus Beetle Patrol. We were a Boy Scout patrol formed by Wallace and Paul Jamison, when they came back after a year of furlough in Steubenville, Ohio. Rev. Brainerd Jamison was our scout master. When I got to the place where I was earning merit badges, my mother graciously helped me pass the merit badge for cook. That is when I learned how to make baking powder biscuits. Harry Hutchison helped me pass the first aid merit badge.

I'll never forget our five-mile hike out on the Aboukir Road. It had rained and some of the fields had flooded. The flood made the cobras in the field cross the road, and as a result, several large snakes had had their backs broken by passing traffic. They would hiss as we walked by, but couldn't move. I distinctly remember our Scout hike out to Sidi Bishr. The British Army was again camping out beyond Sidi Bishr. Several Tommies came over to see what we were doing, and one was on the verge of giving us a bad time, when another soldier said, "C'mon, let's leave the chaps alone." Later that day, Fred McGeoch got hurt. A palm thorn had pierced his foot. So we carried him all the way back to Schutz.

My worst experience as a member of the Scarabeus Beetle Patrol was when we decided to decorate our headquarters in the "Old Fort," which was then in the lower garden, near where the present entrance gate is now. I thought that I could

get an undetonated shell of World War I that I'd seen in a moat at one of the forts at Abukir. So Bill Adair and I went by bike to Abukir and found the shell. But when I tried to pick it up, the Egyptian children nearby began yelling, "Elharam el bomba." They apprehended us, and took us to an army officer. I tried to explain in my broken Arabic, that we wanted it for our scout headquarters. Of course, the request was refused, and I went back to Schutz, chagrined and chastened. I probably couldn't have lifted it anyway. I'll never forget the bike ride to Abukir and back.

My sister, Ruth, was Miss Sturgess' assistant. She put the boiling hot packs on the skin burns we got from falling on the old dirt basketball court. Today, the playhouse and old basketball court are parking spaces near the new gate. I call the gate "new" because it didn't exist there in my time at Schutz.

Sundays were always remembered as the time the little Greek Orthodox Church North of us would ring its bell in a cadence that seemed to say, "Come to church, come to church and say your prayers." Sunday afternoons were special when we were invited to the home of Dr. Peter Campion, the Australian orthodontist, who tried to straighten our teeth. At his home, the Crusader's Union met. That was a great experience. I still have my Crusader's Union badge and Bible. Going down from Schutz to take the tram on Sunday afternoon, I distinctly remember walking down the street to the tram station and thinking it was paved, but it turned out to be darkened by swarms of flies instead. I thought then, and still do, that one of the plagues inflicted on Egypt in Moses' time had never left. Schutz was where I saw hail one year the size of baseballs. All the trees were denuded of leaves. The rubber trees all had gashes, out of which oozed latex. This became a precious commodity among the boys, to see who could make the biggest ball.

I learned to swim while at Schutz School. When it was still warm in September, our teachers would take us to Stanley Bay to swim. The big kids would swim from rock to rock, urging the youngsters on, until they could finally make it. One winter storm came that wrecked all the bath houses as far up as street level. It was an awe-inspiring sight to see those huge waves, covered with shattered pieces of wood, breaking on the beach where we had been swimming earlier in the year. In those days, the water was a clear blue, and there was no menace of typhoid fever. Whenever I have to multiply, I think of the times that Miss Davidson made me stay after school and write the multiplication tables on the blackboard. What a chore that was, when others were playing baseball or skating on the cement tennis court! I'll never forget the times a young RAF pilot used to come to Schutz and drive his motorcycle around the court, with all of us on our skates, being pulled around the court. That young officer came quite often to keep us all amused with volley ball or following on skates behind his motorcycle.



In those days, the world was edging closer to war. In 1937, we were made aware of the Spanish Civil War, and the Italian invasion of Ethiopia. The British fleet was in Alexandria Harbor. Dr. Champion took all the boys of the Crusader's Union to visit HM.S. Revenge. That was the first Navy ship I visited in my life. From time to time we would hear, and could see from the roof, battle ships firing at targets. We'd see the flash of a salvo, and then a few seconds later, hear the shock wave of sound coming through town. I didn't know in those days, that later in World War II, HM.S. Revenge would be one of the British ships that cornered the German battle cruiser Sharnhorst. I can still see, in my memory, the huge breeches of those 15-inch guns they showed us on the Revenge.

Dr. Champion will ever live in my memory, as one man who influenced my life for Christ. He was a hero, because after tea, served at his villa, he used to show us his sword collection from World War I. He was also the orthodontist, who took a personal interest in every youngster. I can't forget the time he walked with me on the Macadam drive and talked about living for Christ, and what was important in this life.

I left Schutz after my freshman year in high school. In that last year, I had beginning Latin and Algebra. Bill Adair was the best in our class, when it came to Algebra. He seemed to understand what was incomprehensible to me. The only influence Latin had at the time, was to set us to dividing up and fighting sword duels with wooden swords we'd made in the carpenter's shop. I remember my shield that I'd tried to fashion with the same design I'd seen in a picture in my Latin text book. When I think back on those days, when we held pitched-battles between Romans and Carthaginians, I marvel that none of us got our eyes punched out. A close call did cool my ardor for that type of game.

My last year at Schutz, Grant McClanahan had become very interested in archeology. He even learned how to read hieroglyphics. We used to explore the old catacombs that are seen from the tram line, on the way to downtown Alexandria. Those caves were often inhabited by homeless Egyptians, dogs, and fleas. But with flash lights, we explored those caves, as far in as we dared to go. Grant McClanahan, with Scott Hoyman, found a slim vase in one of the recesses, that had a gold Roman coin in it. It was always a mystery why it hadn't been found sooner. My only discovery was a pottery handle, with a Greek letter stamped on it. Grant McClanahan and Scott Hoyman were the collectors of better antiquities. The Roman coins, I still have, were traded from Grant McClanahan's collection.

In those days, Schutz didn't have interscholastic sports. We played basketball, volleyball, tennis and soccer among ourselves. Dave Thompson, who had played football at Assiut, was the powerhouse on the soccer field. One had to be willing

to sacrifice one's shins to oppose him. The many cuts and bruises developed into a carbuncle that was later lanced at Sidi Bishr during summer vacation.

One of my interests was birds. I discovered a wren's nest in the sweet pea patch, which I kept an eye on, and was able to see the eggs become baby birds, that learned to fly. With my six-cell flashlight I discovered a barn owl, that came every evening and roosted on the roof parapet above the west window of the room we lived in. This owl was discovered one night when we were expecting the senior girls, who'd gone to town, to lower down to our window the baklava that we had asked them to get for us. Shining my flashlight up towards the girls' floor level, I spotted the barn owl sitting on the ledge looking down. For the rest of my days at Schutz, I could spot the barn owl. The Schutz roof was one of his favorite perches.

One year, when Dr. Hutchison came to Schutz from Tanta to give us all our typhoid shots, I reacted with a terrible case of asthma. He had to administer adrenalin shots. Then, he took me back to Tanta and I was hospitalized. After a few days at Tanta, I was allowed to go out of my room. One morning, I noticed a pack of crows, circling over the deserted cigarette factory grounds next to Tanta Hospital. Burning with curiosity, I climbed up and looked over the way. The reason for the commotion was a young crow that had fallen out of a nest, and was too young to fly. I took it to my room in the hospital.

'When the British nurse came with my noon meal, which I was going to share with my crow, she was horrified and screamed, "Get rid of that horrid creature immediately!" But just then, Dr. Hutchison looked in the door and said, "Oh, let him keep it. I had a pet crow once that I taught to say a few words." He came back with a large shoe box, for me to keep the crow in.

The next day, I was put on the train for Alexandria. With my bag, I also had the crow in a shoe box. It became our roommate. We'd sneak bread from the dining room for it. Robb McLaughlin and I would shoot sparrows with our BB guns, to provide the crow with fresh meat. For as long as we could, we kept it a secret from Miss Sturgess. As soon as someone warned us that she was coming, we'd take it out on the back balcony. So when it learned to fly, it understood the warning and would fly down the hall to the back porch door. The school year ended without Miss Sturgess raising a fuss about the crow in our room. That was in 1936. After that school year our family left on furlough and I never knew what became of our pet crow until years later when I saw Robb McLaughlin.

None of us who were at Schutz School in the early 1930's can forget our housemother, Miss Sturgess. In those days, then we went to the Crusaders' Union at Dr. Campions and went to St. Mark's Church in Alexandria, there was no

question what nationality we were. We were "the brigands, the ruffians", who'd voluntarily fell the British Empire. If we were invited to stay for tea at Dr. Champion's, after the Crusaders' Union meeting, it was announced that the "brigands" were welcome to stay for tea. Every time Miss Sturgess came up to see what was going on in the boys' hall, she would shout, "Stop the racket, you brigands! When will you learn to be decent". In spite of these times we were called "brigands and rebels," Miss Sturgess was full of tender care. She looked after our health diligently and kept us all in fairly good health. In the days before my tonsillectomy, Ovamaltine was given to those of us who were underweight. So, although we lived in the atmosphere of the British Empire, visiting Royal Navy Ships and seeing sailors and Royal 1<sup>st</sup> Marines march to and from St. Mark's Church in Alexandria, Miss Sturgess always reminded us that we were Americans and not British subjects.

These are some of the memories of Schutz School in the years 1930 to 1936 when I was there. One last thing I always remember was Paul Jamison's reading "Microbe Hunters." He was on the lower bunk and I, the upper. When I left Schutz in 1936 to go to the U.S.A.; it was not surprising to see Paul Jamison again as an intern in the hospital at Washington, PA after the war. It was many years later that we were together again. That was at the Schutz Reunion in 1988. There were four of us in my class at Schutz that last year, Mary McLaughlin, Bill Adair, Paul Jamison and myself. Mary is the only person I have not seen again since leaving Schutz. Perhaps that's because she married an Englishman and lives in England. So now we are all scattered and retired.

# Ellen McFeeters Turnbull 1930-1933

Boarding student from Assiut

The Fall of 1930 brought three freshmen, all from Assiut, to Schutz - Neal McClanahan, Barbara Whitcomb, and Ellen McFeeters. In the sophomore class there were also three - Bill Askren, Anne Moore, and Janet Caldwell. Mac Roy was the lone Junior-senior, and Martha Roy was taking a year of extra study so that she and Mac could go to America together. Alice Evans was principal and taught English and history. Caryl Evers taught Latin and math. Ruth Davidson had all the grade school kids. Each of them put in about a 168 hours per week, being on duty day and night to teach, supervise, discipline, serve as head of the family at each table in the dining room, and to counsel and comfort. I believe each teacher did get one week-end a month off. Besides these live-in teachers were Madame Barbara Demidov, the French teacher, and Genevieve Gore, piano, who came daily from Alexandria. Gore -- a bloody sounding name, but that was just the beginning, for the Commercial School in Alexandria was also served by Bob Bone, Leslie Speer, and Mildred Lantz!

The whole school was housed on the first, second and third floors of the six-flat Schutz building. The Nolins lived on the ground floor. Mr. Nolin acted as superintendent. On the first floor, left, were the kitchen and pantry and the two dining rooms. In the main room of the right side flat we assembled for morning chapel before classes, for evening worship, for Sabbath School, and for Christian Endeavor. Someone had to play the piano for each of these meetings. Everyone must have been wearied by the limited number of tunes some, like myself, could play. During the class day the assembly room became the study hall, unsupervised except when we would get too noisy and Miss Evans would have to pop out of her door and settle us down. The kitchen was the French room and the piano was in the small room across from it.

Boys lived on the second floor. Since there were only three high school boys, they shared the flat above with the grade school. Miss Sturgess, the Matron, had the room above the music room and used the kitchen for first aid supplies. The rooms above the dining area housed the grade school boys. Girls were on the third floor, grade school on the assembly side and high school above the dining rooms. As early as I can remember the rising bell rang at 6:30. At live to seven Basheer rang the line-up bell, and the breakfast bell five minutes later when we all marched into our assigned places. Basheer placed the food at the head of the table, in front of the teacher, who served it up. One hated to be placed next to the teacher because he or she had to pass the dishes on. We didn't leave the dining room until both tables were ready to be excused. There probably was a reason

why the teachers held an extra-curricular class in Emily Post one day a week for six weeks!

The warning bell for chapel came at 7:55. The one whose turn it was to play the piano had probably spent some time getting the two hymns from the leader and practicing them. At recess at ten we got a slice of bread and jam and a few minutes outside. In the afternoon, after classes, we had tea (bread and jam and lemonade). Then, unless we were on the clothes folding team and it was laundry day, we had free time until dinner. Evening worship was followed by an hour and a half study hall, another free half hour, and bed time. At first I hated the regimentation. How fortunate my parents were that I could direct my teen-age rebellion toward rules and bells instead of toward them!

Schutz food was adequate and we survived; but I doubt if many of us later grumbled much about college dining hall fare. Never in college did I see anyone with Basheer's skill in clearing a table. He would hold one dinner plate in the fingers of his left hand to catch the scrapings, then stack the other nine one by one on his left wrist. Never dropped one. Or even a chicken bone....

Under Martha's leadership we five high school girls organized ourselves into the Fearless Five. We had our own song and held planning meetings. I can remember only two accomplishments -- a midnight feast and cutting school. We got permission to cut on Washington's Birthday and packed a lunch out to Spouting Rock. It was windy and cold but we knew all the others were envying us. Not long after, Spouting Rock was the scene of a more serious drama. One Sabbath morning a group of us got permission to go out to the beach to see the surf. There had been quite a storm. We found the rock not spouting; the big waves were coming from the east, so we went on to this less familiar arm to see them.

Up beyond where we stood was a higher crest of rock. It looked dry. I decided to go on up there. The view was great. Waves came crashing in, foamed up the rocks safely below me, and slid back. Then I saw a bigger wave coming. Would it reach me? There was nowhere higher for me to go. It surged up within a few inches of my feet and slid back. Then I saw that wave's big brother! The great green wall loomed, crashed into a mass of white, and I felt myself bumping over rocks. The water drained on down the landward side. I scrambled to my feet, to the relief of the others watching. "Now they'll never let us come out here again," they mourned. I felt worse about that than about my ruined watch or my bumps and scrapes. Bill and Maurice Gephart wrung the water from my sodden coat and carried it back. Janet lent me her raincoat, and we two jogged back to Schutz to keep from freezing and to give me time to change for Sabbath School. We made it. No one saw us come in. I changed, combed my hair down over the big bump on my forehead, and let Miss Sturgess tape my torn knuckles. "I fell on the rocks,"

was all the explanation I gave her and we were not penalized.

A dark shadow on that spring was Neal's illness. He had not felt like going with us to the beach. Then he was sick in bed. When I went to visit him, he showed me his new tennis racquet. "But will I ever be able to play with it?" he asked. "Of course you will, I encouraged. Miss Sturgis appeared, fussing that I was in the boys' room, and made me leave. Two days later they took Neal to the Anglo-Swiss Hospital, We hung over the balcony rail waving as they carried him down the front steps on a stretcher. His answering wave was so weak! Day by day the news was grim. Bacterial endocarditis is still extremely serious; back then, before antibiotics, doctors were helpless. Neal died the day before Easter. At the funeral that afternoon five different ministers spoke, and each choked up and had to stop.

September 1931: a new school year. Ruth Davidson had completed her term and the new grade school teacher was Janet Sharp. Miss Evans stayed on a fourth year. Si Valenga had another year as short termmer in Assiut. He loved to watch her blush when his name was mentioned. Our new music teacher was Becky Needs, interesting and creative. Mary Russell, back from a year in New York where she had skipped a grade, now joined Barbara and me as sophomores. Freshman girls included Ruth Galloway, Frances Hickman, Mary Caldwell, Edna Thompson, and Crystal Neff, a day student. Maurice Gephart, David Thompson, and Charles Adams were freshman boys. I think this was the year the high school attended an English stock company production of "Hamlet". And we saw the movie "All Quiet on the Western Front". In the spring, 1932, we honored George Washington's bicentennial as the theme of our annual banquet, decorating place cards with sketches of Mt. Vernon, Wakefield, or the Monument. We girls all had long dresses for the banquet, a nice change from the skimpy styles of the late twenties. The repaired Salamlik made a place large enough for presenting our plays. We always had a play at graduation time. And Madame Barbara also had us put on a French play with a lot more originality and enthusiasm than we appreciated. Barbara, Mary Russell, and I were deeply chagrined when we fumbled "Le Farce du Cuvier" in front of her French guest.

1932-1933; eight new freshmen: Mary McFeeters, Mary Thompson, Martha Adair, Irene Nelson, Elinor Todd, Wallace Jamison, Frank McClanahan and Don Moore. Now we had seventeen in high school. Replacing Alice Evans was Jo Gerringer. Schutz continued to be fortunate in the teachers.

Sometimes Mr. Nolin referred to us three seniors as "the three graces". We thought we were pretty smart. Too smart. Two of us tried smoking a couple of cigarettes in our room. Smoke curling out under the door gave evidence. The reaction - horror, earnest lectures, sharp rebukes - were heavier than we had

dreamed. What about graduation? They did let us graduate, but would Mr. Nolin, in presenting diplomas, speak of us as 'Disgraces'? He didn't. Everything went off smoothly, and there my first hand memories of Schutz conclude.

# Mary Frances McFeeters Robinson 1932-1935

Boarding student from Assiut

In the fall of 1932 the Freshman class was unusually large - six of us M.K.s (Mary Thompson, Martha Adair, Wallace Jamison, Frank McClanahan, Don Moore and Mary McFeeters) as well as two non-mission girls: Irene Nelson and Elinor Todd. Certain features were part of the fabric of our lives. For instance, all of us who took piano lessons, which in that double-standard era meant all the girls took turns playing the piano for morning chapel and evening vespers, according to a posted schedule. I well remember the panic I always felt as my turn drew near, as I practiced hastily on the selections chosen and as I failed miserably. What an ordeal for accompanist and singers alike!

A less traumatic job for us girls was sorting the laundry. We worked out an efficient method of matching what seemed like hundreds of socks. Miss Sturgess was so particular about stacking sheets and towels folded side out and I learned that lesson so well that I still shudder at the sight of linens piled sideways.

An outing we all looked forward to once or twice a year was going to the movies. The movie was carefully chosen you may be sure; and our seats were reserved in advance. We went in a group, all the high school (and sometimes the grade school as well), properly chaperoned by the teachers, of course. The feature, the cartoons and the whole event provided table talk for days afterward.

Students took turns planning special music for Christian Endeavor frequently recruiting singing groups of various sizes. If the committee couldn't put a group together, it could always find a record to play. One evening we listened respectfully to a recording of "Poor Wandering One". Did any of us know that this was a Gilbert and Sullivan creation of dubious religious meaning?

A tradition which came as close as anything to dating occurred on Sunday evenings. After Christian Endeavor we all went up to the roof to stroll around, enjoy the evening air and chat. Girls walked with girls and boys with boys. But sooner or later, a couple of boys would get up their nerve to overtake the girls of their choice and walk with them - sometimes even arm in arm! Since there were more girls than boys at Schutz, we girls were always in a private tizzy, wondering if a boy would take our arm, and if so which one - and when Ellen has mentioned midnight feasts. In the two years after her graduation, these events were gala affairs, planned with much whispering and note passing and visits to nearby grocery stores. On the appointed night, about 10 or 10:30, we girls would gather in a room as far away from the teachers' rooms as possible. With delighted giggles and whispers, we spread out the edibles and passed some



down to the high school boys in a pulley over the balcony. I don't remember the menus although once it included watermelon (for which we had no adequate knife). We thought we were putting one over on the teachers; but the next day they always seemed to have a special twinkle in their eyes and no doubt knew from the beginning what we had been up to.

In case anyone concludes that we never had a serious thought, let me hasten to add that we frequently had lengthy discussions on religious topics, as often as not on what were acceptable activities for the Sabbath. One year one of the boys, Grant McClanahan, I believe, received every week from the States a bundle of comic strips, which of course he passed on to the rest of us. The problem was that the bundle usually arrived on Sunday. Much soul searching as to whether it was permissible to read the funnies on Sunday, or did we have to wait until Monday! You can guess that most of us found a reason to allow Sunday perusal of the comics!

In 1933-34, to fill the gap left by the "three graces," we had four Freshmen: Betty Walker, Grant McClanahan, Scott Hoyman and Margaret McLaughlin. We Sophomores were still the same eight. The Junior-Senior class had lost all its boys and was reduced to three boarding girls: Edna Thompson, Ruth Galloway, and Frances Hickman and day-student Crystal Neff. Margaret McLaughlin returned from the States with a permanent wave - a real innovation for us; and Betty Walker came back with a saxophone. They made us feel really avant-garde.

As a scheduling necessity, the Sophomores and Junior-Seniors were combined in advanced algebra and geometry classes. Our Sophomore year the plane geometry class came right after "quiet hour," i.e., from 1 to 2 pm quiet hour that year was an unquiet, hurried, harried race to understand the theorems, complete the problems and compare notes before class time.

In 1934-35, there were five in the Junior-Senior class: Wallace Jamison, Don Moore, Martha Adair and the two Marys. But the Sophomore class was small and I am not sure there was a Freshman class. Jo Gerringer, Becky Needs, Janet Sharp and Mme. Demidoff continued on the teaching staff. We four high school girls formed our exclusive MAR club, the name chosen because all our names began with MAR (Margaret McLaughlin rounded out the foursome). It was a club with grandiose goals - physical, mental and spiritual, as I remember. The one activity that I recall was our taking turns reading David Copperfield while the others darned socks or sewed.

On our graduation, Don Moore left to enter Wheaton College. But in the fall of 1935 the four others, rejoined by Frank McClanahan, made their way to Assiut to study science, French, music and such, as special students at Assiut College and

the PMI, before entering our respective colleges in 1936.

Now I will pass the memory torch to anyone from subsequent classes who wants to reminisce.

# Ruth L. Nolin 1932-1942

With parents in Alexandria

Boarding student when in Assiut

When I think of Schutz, the first series of memories are always about the garden. As a little girl, it was even then a place of fascination and prohibition. There was some kind of a fish pond in my memory below the sand tennis court and I was forbidden to go barefoot outside because the irrigating of the garden would have hookworms in it. But the garden -- it was always a place of beauty. I remember long curving sandy paths between green grass plots, carefully planted and tended garden beds. Mother encouraged me early to pick and arrange flowers -- roses, perennials, bridal wreath, poinsettias. Trees were pepper berry, ficus and especially eucalyptus.

The "initial tree" was the most famous - many initials carved high and low on its long and graceful trunk. There was another in the lower part of the garden I liked better, for its various offshoots formed a sort of hidden sitting place where I could hide with a book. Solitude was always a great need. Summers there was a hammock where I spent lazy afternoons with a book and my imagination. I would make up stories about people I imagined in the buildings "outside". Books were a large part of my memories. I tried to read every book in the library and anything else I could get. Then music...I always played piano, took lessons on it and the violin. We had an orchestra put together and conducted by my mother. I didn't sing much because I had been told by a misguided teacher that I couldn't sing. Luckily someone asked me to sing in the Schutz chorus and, lo and behold, I could sing alto! I have enjoyed singing ever since.

Then there were the games we played. I did not enjoy the running and competitive games, but games of imagination- that was something else. We played Robin Hood, King Arthur's court etc. Sardines and Murder are the group games we played that were fun. Sunday evenings we walked on the roof and sang CSSM choruses and looked at and learned the stars and the constellations.

As I grew older the school grew smaller and the war approached. I remember going for walks to and by the sea, often by myself. When I would come back at dusk, I remember the lamplighter lighting the gas lamps in the streets.

The school moved to Assiut in about 1940. We had been blacked out in Alexandria and had air-raids and a bomb shelter and gas masks. I remember sirens in the night and stumbling out of bed to the shelter to lie in fear hearing planes and guns, waiting for the all-clear. The next day we would find shrapnel in

the garden. I still have a piece of it. Back to the garden, there were memories of romances and weddings and plays and outdoor thanksgiving dinners and tennis games and long evenings in deck chairs in the darkness, watching the dusk turn into night and the bats circle and the stars come out. The grassy square in front of the "salamlik" was the site of many events--plays, French and English, orchestra concerts, graduation ceremonies and even weddings. Behind it and above the sand tennis court was a large bed of roses, a delight to me. Climbing on the fence around the tennis court were vines of blue morning-glories. I wrote the following at some time:

"When I was younger and careless of the worlds' burden of woes and disappointments, I had time-- once in a while--to look about and enjoy the beauties of Nature. I remember running out before breakfast to see the morning-glories. Out the door, across the driveway into "my garden". Down the winding paths, flanked by green grass, flower beds--these I passed unseeing in my haste until I reached the tennis court fence where they, grew. I remember the cool dampness of the morning air--the way the dew sparkled over all and the quiet beauty of the whole--but there were the morning-glories--cups of blue holding the tears of the night gleaming ready to brim over. Nothing can replace that picture for me, and, in an occasional moment of solitude, this returns to me and I feel again as I did then, that the world's a little brighter, work is easier, burdens lighter for that glimpse of Nature's creating. Perhaps there will be morning-glories in Heaven. Maybe that's what makes the sky so blue."

When we left Egypt in the Spring of 1942, it was in the garden I said my last goodbyes. The garden of my memory is gone, but I left a large part of my life there, and it is to that garden I return in my dreams and memories.

# Ken Nolin 1933 – 1942

With parents in Alexandria

A boarding student in Assiut

Schutz School was quite different for us Nolins, than for most kids, because we lived there. Daddy was part-time principal in those days, the rest of his time spent as Treasurer of the American Mission, with an office in downtown Alexandria. Mother taught music, and perhaps other subjects as needed. One of my vivid memories is of all the boarding kids leaving for the summer vacation, and leaving us alone. . . and lonely! I remember how very quiet the place was then, and wishing we could travel away to a home somewhere else, like the others!

Our folks may have sensed this (or had some other need to be rid of us??), and arranged for us to visit Tanta Hospital and the Hutchisons for some vacation period. Rosella still doesn't believe I had my eye on her from then on, as I toddled along behind her everywhere. It took a while, but I finally caught up with and married her, and our two oldest children, Susan and Sharon, were born in that hospital many years later.

I've often wondered if the situation affected me personally, so that I've always felt like an outsider. It may well go back to that feeling we couldn't really be in on the boarding school and its inner-group experiences. We lived in the whole ground floor level, a long apartment with living room at the right, as you faced the building, and bed rooms off it, toward the front of the building. How well I remember waking up one Christmas morning and wondering why it was so dark, and then realizing Daddy had thwarted our early-morning exploration of the stockings and tree by closing the shutters, to ensure a bit more sleep for the parents! The dining room was the corresponding large room at the other end, with a room off it that Daddy had for his office or study. I have no clear memories of it, except the time he taught me some knots for Scouting. I still remember the bowline as a rabbit coming up out of its hole, around the tree and back into the hole again. But the dining room was of course used regularly.

In between the two wings was a hall, opening on garages, front and back, which became our air raid shelter during the war. I don't think we used it much, preferring to be out under the porches watching the fireworks-like explosions of anti-aircraft shells. And of course we loved to collect the shrapnel fragments in the garden afterwards.

Wally and I invented a golf course around the building and garden, with cans dug

into the ground, and carefully raked sand or dirt around them for the "greens. The only golf we'd known was out on the sand behind the Sidi Bishr property, where every shot was teed up, usually on a rolled- up cylinder made of discarded match holders or other cardboard. And in that course there were no holes; we had to hit a cement block formation, or a palm tree, or a railroad tie set on end. It must have been from reading we came to know that a golf course had holes and greens.

Another summer game was croquet, played on the hard-packed dirt in front of the main building, with heavy iron wickets and large mallets. As I remember (and this is very vague) it was Dr. Hickman who taught us all the tricks-of hitting another ball, and then sending it on in front of the next wicket to use again. There was a real science to it for him, something I've rarely seen elsewhere with croquet.

Sometimes we had a house at Sidi Bishr for the summer, along with other families from farther away. I remember being proud of the way our Dad could zip all the way to the parking area, through the soft sand, without ever getting stuck. It was a true haven then, with nothing but sand anywhere around it, and an easy walk to the nearby beaches, nearly deserted, compared to crowded conditions now. And games at night, or the magic of some older gentleman whose name I can't remember, telling stories in the dark. And the dueling board, and swings, and golf course out behind. But most of all, no shoes for the entire summer, and the wonderful feel of the clear, white sand to run in.

One summer I ran an errand or message service between Sidi Bishr and Schutz, walking by way of the railroad tracks to take a letter, or to bring things back. For a piaster a time, I think, though I can't be sure. One vivid memory is of knocking on a door upstairs somewhere at Schutz to deliver a letter, and being shocked by the long, long white beard of Dr. Alexander. Another summer I was allowed to plant some corn in the lowest part of the Schutz garden, and when it matured, I would deliver batches of it to folks at Sidi Bishr. And I remember spending a lot of time by myself with a tennis racket and ball. In those days there was a small building out away from the main building; I remember very little about the inside of it, but its back wall, away from the school, was solid, with a ledge along about the height of a tennis net. So I'd stand on the hard clay surface of the basketball court, and spend hours slamming away at that wall.

There was a lot of tennis played at Schutz, with people gathering on summer afternoons, mainly on the lower tennis court, which was always clay. I watched the old-timers with their doubles, and felt honored when invited to fill in, if they needed an extra person. Two players stick out in my mind, both from here, and later, in Assiut: Neal McClanahan a dignified, tall, white-haired gentleman, who

when he served, threw the ball at least twice as high as necessary, waiting for ages it seemed, until it came down, and then hitting it with great power; and Scott Thompson, who threw the ball about level with the top of his head, and then served with a short little stroke from the elbow. I remember Daddy playing in the doubles, and that he loved to slice the ball for trick shots.

In singles I tried to find anyone better than I was. Willard Galloway taught me most, as I remember. I had an eagerness to excel at it, and worked hard to improve, often alone against the wall, as mentioned above. Proof-reader's note - "The natural limits of this Schutz memory-trip preclude recording a tennis tid-bit which Ken would probably be too modest to mention even if there were a way to slip it in. Ken's determination to develop a superior quality of tennis bore fruit. When he returned to Egypt as a missionary, there came a period when so many Americans were playing it that an elderly fan of the game, one-time Judge Brinton of the Mixed Courts, offered a championship cup for the best singles player. It was Ken who won the 'Brinton Cup'."

But there were also pick-up group games that I remember fondly. Like softball, played right there in front of the school building, with home base toward the outer gate, where the yard slanted down toward the street. Another favorite was hockey on roller skates, on the upper or cement tennis court. We didn't know anything about rules; we simply marked a goal at each end, used an old tennis ball and any straight sticks we could find, and then would whang away with what seems to be now as incredible violence to the ball, and to each other. Many the skinned knees that had to be treated after an afternoon of that hockey!

Another pastime on that same court was to ride our bikes and see if we could make someone else stop riding and put a foot down, while the winner stayed up and rode off to find another victim. There was no violence against bikes; our strategy was mainly to force the other person against the fence, going slower and slower, while he'd try to speed up to get away, or slow down suddenly to escape behind.

And of course there were group games we invented, like "Robbers and Plain People." I haven't the least idea of the rules; only the name sticks in my memory, perhaps because I've used it frequently in later years to refute the idea that some Christians are called to be missionaries, and all the rest are "plain people". Another was "Kick the Can" which we've used in our family and in youth groups ever since. And one night a week (Saturday) we were allowed to stay up late and play group games in the semi-lighted darkness of that large dirt area in front of the main building. "Prisoner's Base" was a favorite of mine, but there were many others. It was a magic time.

Our youth group experience was with some British missionaries at some distance from the school, with separate meetings for boys and girls. Ours was called "Crusaders." I've only become embarrassed by the name later as I've come to realize that that time was not the most glorious for Christian Church history. I loved the singing, and some of the choruses have stayed with me ever since. It was a great Sunday afternoon adventure, because we were allowed to walk there, much of it along the sea with its winter waves crashing endlessly against the large stone barriers or the reefs jutting out.

But sometimes there were youth meetings at Schutz. Not chapel, though they were in the same meeting room as daily chapel, for which piano students (taught by Mother, I think) would prepare a hymn to play, I made sure I never got good enough! As you can imagine there was a fairly limited repertoire of hymns, the ones in the key of C, or with the least number of sharps or flats! But what I'm remembering was some kind of youth meeting in that same room, where I prepared my first talk and gave it, on "Walls", as I remember. I suppose I've been preaching at people ever since!

Mother did a lot with music, even organizing and directing an orchestra for a few years. I played the trumpet in it and remember going on the tram by myself to take lessons from a man. I watched people jumping off the tram while it was still slowing down to a stop, and it looked so easy that I tried it once, misjudging the distance and speed so that I ended sprawled on the cement station platform, trumpet case flying! Most embarrassing!

Wally played cello and a White Russian gentleman, Mr. Oumov, came to the house to give him lessons. I remember joking with Ruth or someone, about the way he would sing along with the tune to show Wally how, inserting, "Very good!" in heavily accented English, which we of course had great fun imitating to each other. Wally went on in music, making it his life work later. It's always been a most enjoyable hobby for me.



# Janet Sharp Reid 1932-1936

## Faculty

While in a class taught by Dr. Kelsey at Muskingum College I heard a great deal about the wonderful experience his daughter, Elizabeth, and Miss Bernice Warne were having in Schutz School in Alexandria. That same year Martha Roy, a freshman at Muskingum, gave some first-hand information on life at Schutz. I remember when I asked Martha what the teachers did for their social life, she replied, "Well, Mr. Nolin, the headmaster, drives them into Alexandria for prayer meeting each week." That was fine but I later found out there was much of which the students were not aware. When Mrs. Brainerd Jamison announced that she was interviewing prospective teachers for the fall, I decided to apply.

On August 9, 1932, we new short-termers (on three-year contracts) sailed for Egypt on the S.S. Excalibur namely Josephine Gerringer from Tarkio College, to teach high school English and I, from Muskingum, to teach the first five grades at Schutz. Headed for Assiut College were Gordon Parkinson from Erskine College and Ben Shawver of Parsons College to teach science courses. Three missionaries returning to Egypt gave us daily lessons in Arabic for about two weeks. As the boat docked in Alexandria, we were met by several missionary families who were spending their vacation at Sidi Bishr. What a treat it was to make the acquaintance of the many missionary families in the informal Sidi Bishr setting (cottages on the sand by the sea): the Nolins, Hutchisons, Dr. Owen, Helen Brownlee, Adairs, Heastys, Grices, McFeeters, Andersons, Russells and many others who would leave their young children in our care. What faith they had in us young college grads!

What a great place Schutz was! Caryl Evers was the principal my first year there, Becky Needs, the music instructor, Madame Barbara, the French teacher, and Miss Sturgess, a British lady, was the small but mighty housemother. Each of us short termers served as hostess at one of the four dining tables.

We Schutz teachers not only taught eight hours a day; we were also substitute parents for 24 hours. I often remember finding some homesick little boy or girl waiting outside my door when I stepped out of my room. However, each soon became integrated into his or her own age group and Schutz became home to all of us.

Classes were small -- often two or three in a class. I remember being surprised as I began my first grade reading class to have Kenny Nolin come up to where I was seated, put his arm around my neck, and sit down on my lap. Such was the informality of the classroom. His sister, Ruth, surprised me just as much when

she read the word "rheumatism" as easily as if it were the word "cat". Many bright youngsters have gone to Schutz. However, slow, average, and excellent pupils received individual attention.

Freddie McGeoch, in the 4th grade, raised his hand one day in the afternoon to ask, "Miss Sharp, why are you so cross after naps each afternoon?" That gave me something to think about!

During this four year period Helen Godfrey came out to teach Latin, and Jean Sharp, my twin sister, came to teach high school English and literature. I remember being concerned that Jean might have some discipline problems with two high school boys, Grant McClanahan and Scott Hoyman; but before long she and they were great pals much to the surprise of some of us other teachers. Scott and Grant were two fine young boys, just normal challenging teenagers.

To me Schutz was home for four wonderful years where we lived as brothers and sisters who have remained as family for life. Many of the short-termers found their mates in Egypt. I married Malcolm Reid from Assiut College, and my twin sister married Ben Shawver.

# Ada Margaret Hutchison 1933.1939

Boarding student from Tanta/faculty

Marian Jamieson (Eddy), Margaret Anderson (Stock), and I share two ways of remembering Schutz, As missionary kids we were once students and later we were short term teachers. Rosella Hutchison (Nolin) and I started to Schutz as 4th and 5th graders and as boarders classed among the "little kids." Our teacher was Janet Sharp (Reid), a graduate of Muskingum College, who taught grades 1-6 in a classroom on the second floor of the main building. She made a profound influence on all of us both in personality and in the realm of books. Although she never censored them, she supervised our weekly writing of letters to our eager parents.

Mr. W. W. Nolin was superintendent of the school though his principal job as treasurer of the mission with offices in downtown Alexandria, he and his family lived in the ground floor apartment of the main building at Schutz.

Our housemother, or matron as she was called, was a strict little Britisher named Miss Sturgess. She doled out allowances, patched scratched knees and made sure we took the proper scrubs on bath night. Cleanliness and proper table manners were next to godliness in her book. If one's dresser drawers were messy or beds not made, play time at recess or on Saturday was limited. We learned much from Miss Sturgess that was not in the books. Remember the home-made peanut butter on balady bread at recess time?

May Bailey (Acker) replaced Janet Sharp and though I had no classes from her, she was a real role model for all of us. Other teachers I remember as a profound influence on my academic pursuits were Jean Sharp (Shawver) who taught us the intricacies of diagraming sentences, Florence Funk who stimulated my interest in ancient and medieval history, and Jane Finney who directed translation of Caesar's writings. Madame Barbara Demidoff did her best to teach us to write and speak French. She produced and directed elaborate French plays each Spring as part of commencement activities.

We were musical. Mrs. Nolin directed a rather unique orchestra, mostly strings. She gave violin lessons. Rebecca Needs, Crystal Neff and Jane Finney taught piano. Included in each lesson was one hymn tune so that we could take our turns at playing for chapel. The mission folks in Alexandria graciously attended our piano recitals in the "Salemlak", an auditorium which has been replaced in the New Schutz campus. Scott Hoyman and Grant McClanahan edited the Bric-a-Brae, our yearbook one year. They took pictures, developed them in the sunlight on the back porch. Even though I was just in junior high at the time, they let me

rinse hundreds of those little brown prints that made up the picture story of the school year. How proud we were of the finished product!

Vacation trips home saw a major exodus from Sidi Gaber railroad station as we took the train for Tanta, Benha, Cairo, Fayoum, Beni Suef, and Assiut. Heastys, Adairs, and Doughertys, with parents in the Sudan or Ethiopia, spent Thanksgiving and/or Christmas with our families in Egypt. Often we took over the upper deck of the street car (tram) in excursions from Schutz to Alexandria or back.

There was a special graduation ceremony for those who completed eighth grade and made the big transition to high school. My classmates were Rebecca McKnight, Willard Galloway, John Grice, Robb McLaughlin, and Ann Adair.

As high schoolers we indulged in some romance. Our favorite game on Saturday night was Sardines. The Schutz garden had wonderful places to hide. And the roof of the main building was the traditional place for walking in the starlight on a Sunday evening after we had come home from church in town. We watched with interest as Edward Chorlian courted Caryl Evers, our high school teacher. They generously invited the Schutz kids as family to their wedding held out of doors on the "Green Plot." Once or twice we even had dates for movie in town!

Rumblings of war reached Egypt in 1938 and we were all fitted with gas masks. Often at night we would watch the searchlights fan across the sky trying to pin point a little plane in their beams. British warships regularly visited the harbor in Alexandria. Our family came home to Pennsylvania on furlough in 1939. Schutz moved to Assiut in 1940, a place less likely to be a bombing target than Alexandria.

# Helen Baird Branyan

Boarding student

I certainly have vivid memories of the boarding school experience: playing "last couple out" and other games in the evenings, climbing trees, hating to help fold sheets and roll socks in the laundry room, and hating the classroom after having been taught by my mother at home in a much less rigid environment.

# Marian Jamieson Eddy 1935 - 1942

Boarding student/faculty

My first year at Schutz, when I was in the fourth grade, chicken pox made the rounds. When pink spots began appearing on my abdomen, my roommates called Miss Sturgess, who put me to bed in the sickroom up in the boys' flat. Shortly before being allowed to return to normal life, each patient was allowed to get dressed and go up to the roof to play. Peg McLaughlin, who was an eleventh- grader, was already on the roof when I got there. A long piece of rope was tied to the flagpole, and Peg generously turned the rope for me to jump. The next day she went back to school and Bill Anderson joined me on the roof. He and I had a good time talking down the drain pipe in one corner to a group of kids down on the ground. A day or so later I was one of the kids at the bottom of the pipe shouting up it to Bill on the roof. The next year whooping cough struck Schutz. I don't remember much about that except coughing a lot.

Our seventh grade year, Patty Henderson and I were roommates. The next year we two and Fay McLaughlin shared a back corner room on the other side of the girls' flat. Bill Anderson and Jimmy Adair lived above us. That spring, on Saturday and Sunday afternoons we put pillows out on our small side balcony and spent rest periods out there. One day we caught Bill and Johnny trying to pull up one of our pillows with a Sudanese fishhook on the end of a long string. From that evolved the practice of sending little things up and down to each other in a small box attached to the string. We ransacked our closets and drawers for things to trade: a marble, a stick of gum, a safety pin, any little thing of little value.

The culmination of all this took place at April Fool's. The night before, after lights-out, Kay, Patty and I became aware that a large, dark shape was being lowered onto our little balcony. Investigation showed that it was a large basket full of shoes. Johnny and Bill had sneaked into all the rooms on both sides of the boys' flat and had taken all the shoes out of the closets, leaving only tennis shoes. There was a rule that tennis shoes were to be worn only for P.E. classes, or after school for play, or all day Saturdays. On April Fool's Day all the boys would have to wear tennis shoes to school. We three girls hid the basket of shoes at the back of the linen closet by the bathroom. The next morning all the boys appeared at breakfast wearing tennis shoes. How long would it take for one of the teachers to notice? The school bell rang and we all lined up in the front hall. No longer being able to stand the suspense, my little brother, Donald, blurted out, "Miss Kinney, did you notice that all the boys are wearing tennis shoes?" Miss Kinney demanded to know who was responsible. Patty, Fay, and I went up and brought

out the basket of shoes. A few minutes of scrambling through the pile of shoes on the landing resulted in the boys all being properly shod in school shoes, and the morning got off to a belated start.

Slightly over a month later it was time for the annual Schutz high school banquet. The grade school and junior high school pupils had supper in the dining room as usual. The "little kids" had gone to bed and were mostly going to sleep. All the high school students and faculty and guests had gone over to the salemlik to the banquet, leaving the school building to us junior-highers - Bill, Johnny, Patty, Fay, and I. What fun! The two boys climbed down the drain pipe onto our back balcony. Then the five of us sneaked out to the landing and down the stairs.

What if somebody came along and caught us? Screwing up our nerve, we crossed the big front hall, and went out the door and down the front steps to the garden. The sixth junior higher, Kenny Nolin, who lived with his family on the ground floor, was already wandering around outside, so he joined us. At the back of the salemlik, tables had been set up on the pavement, and servants were going in and out with food and dishes. They seemed amused to see us sneaking around. We didn't dare get close enough to hear what was being said inside the salemlik for fear someone would come out to check on the serving and would see us; so before long we got tired and went back up to the girls' flat, Kenny with us. A few minutes later the flat doorbell rang! There stood the cook with a big bowl of ice cream, six spoons, and a big grin on his face! We went into the bathroom, where, we dared turn on the light, and sat on the floor by the bathtub eating ice cream. Then Kenny went downstairs again, Bill and Johnny climbed back up the drainpipe which, of course, was more fun than walking up the stairs and we three girls got undressed in the dark and got into bed. By the time our elders returned to the building everything was as usual. The next day we girls sneaked the bowl and spoons back to the kitchen. As far as I know the servants were the only ones who knew what we had been up to, and they never told.

From a letter written by Marianna Jamieson from Sidi Bishr in August 1940:

"Annette Bailey went in to Alexandria with us, and she and I did some shopping for Schutz School. We bought 100 meters of sheeting and ten meters of material for pillow slips. We also bought some bath towels for guests; the children furnish their own. Then yesterday a number of the women got together and made up all the sheets and cases. They got 38 sheets and a dozen pillow cases."

I could hardly wait to go to Schutz. At home in Fayoum there were only my younger sisters and brothers to play with plus occasional visits to an Egyptian home where the two little boys were considerably younger than I. At Schutz I

would be with my Sidi Bishr friends every day. I had known nearly all the other Schutz kids for as long as I could remember. For most of us M.K.'s, Schutz was truly "a family affair". I don't remember ever being homesick.

My fourth grade classmates were Billy Gordon and "Billy Bik" Anderson. Helen Louise Baird and Mary McGeoch were my roommates. I think it was the sister of Miss Sturgess who had written a book titled, "Dowshah", about an Egyptian donkey. At night when we "little kids" were ready for bed we would all gather in one room and Miss Sturgess read aloud a chapter of "Dowshah". One night she would read to the girls and the next night it was the turn of the boys upstairs. The saying was, "If we don't make "Dowshah" after study hall, we'll have "Dowshah" at bedtime."

Climbing trees was one of the greatest joys of life. The easiest to climb was the Monkey Tree, which had a tree house in it. On bicycles we swooped down around the paths that separated the various grass plots between the two tennis courts. We played Dens, or "workup" softball in front of the building, roughhoused on the grass, or played "Robbers and Plain People", which could become deliciously scary if played after dark. We roller skated on the cement tennis court, walked on stilts, or sat talking on the Old Fort, which stood where the entrance gate and bowab's house are now. There was no end of things to do, both indoors and out. Coloring books were the rage for a while; then we switched to playing Authors with two sets of cards that didn't entirely match. Every year there was a Jacks tournament.

Peggy McKnight and Johnny West were my fifth grade classmates. I roomed with Fay and Elizabeth McLaughlin. May Bailey was the new grade school teacher; Miss Godfrey became principal. The seventh grade consisted of Bill Anderson, Patty Henderson and myself. Jane Finney and Florence Funk were the upper grade teachers. Some time during the previous year while my family and I were on furlough Miss Sturgess had left. Being in Junior high school meant becoming a member of the Student Body, being a proctor at scheduled times in the library-study hall, and staying up later at night. It was frightening having to take my turn leading prayers in the library after supper. Having to give a current events report in front of all the other upperclassmen was also terrifying. I always chose the smallest news item I could find. Schutz life had its catastrophes now and then.

The one I remember most vividly happened to Alfred Heasty. A strong rope with a loop at the bottom had been tied to a branch of the large rubber tree next to the Monkey Tree. We took turns getting into place in a crotch of the Monkey Tree, putting a foot into the loop, holding on with both hands higher up on the rope, and pushing off to swing out past the trunk of the rubber tree. When the rope stopped swinging the passenger got off and tossed the looped end up to the next



person in the Monkey Tree. One day I was one of several kids swinging on the rope. It was Becca McKnight's turn. Just as she launched forward into space, Alfred came running from the direction of the greenhouse, and as he passed the rubber tree he and Becca collided violently. I don't remember how Becca fared. She must have had at least a few bruises but Alfred's jaw was broken. He was taken to a doctor in town and had his jaw wired together, and for some time after that he drank all his meals through a big straw.

Bill, Patty and I were together again in the eighth grade. Evelyn Smith was the new grade school teacher. Mothers continued to fill in as matron until Miss Della Frenger arrived in February to take charge of things. Miss Jocelyn Kempner taught piano.

## SCHUTZ IMPRESSIONS

### SIGHTS

- girls and boys on bicycles swooping down the paths around the raised grass plots between the two tennis courts
- the boy scout totem pole in the lower garden
- Saturday morning chores; collecting one's clean laundry, putting it away, changing sheets on the bed, lining up to get one's weekly allowance from the matron
- round beds of many-colored phlox in the middle of the raised grass plots
- royal acacia trees in flamboyant scarlet bloom along Khazzan Street
- running past Assiut College in May

### SOUNDS

- someone playing Chopin's Valse No. 10 on the piano
- shouts of "Beware the bears!" during recess outdoors
- the rising bell
- the boys and the girls in turn vying to see who could sing the loudest "(so many) more days till our vacation" right after the rising bell every morning
- in December, out on the front balconies
- the muezzin's call, "Allahu akbar!" every evening
- at sunset from the mosque across the canal from Assiut College

### SMELLS

- the clean, pungent fragrance of eucalyptus leaves
- the powerful, but fortunately short-lived, odor of fertilizer on the grass plots every spring

- the tropical scent of the small white flowers on the frangipani tree
- the schoolroom smell of books, desks, chalk, and ink
- the fragrance of orange, lemon, and grapefruit blossoms in the Assiut College garden

#### TASTES

- the slightly tangy, spicy taste of a small pepper tree
- twig when chewed
- adz soup and little green onions for supper on Sunday nights
- beladi bread
- fig jam, of which we were all sick and tired because someone gave a lot of it to Schutz and it had to
- be eaten up
- guavas for lunch in Assiut

#### TOUCHES

- the soft, velvety texture of the small white leaves of the dusty miller plants
- the wind in one's face and hair in early spring
- the itchy sting of nettles in the Garden of Doom
- spontaneous games of "touch last" between two kids, sometimes even in class when the teacher wasn't looking
- the heat of April days in Assiut

## John West: 1936-37

Boarding student from Ethiopia

I have a wood clothes hanger my mom gave me for the dorm at Schutz, and that has been about the only reminder I've had down through the years. My brownish, paper-bound annual and photos are in a trunk somewhere in San Diego. When I think back on our childhood, I thank the Lord for the heritage - the Psalms Mom made us memorize - the table manners enforced by the Schutz redheaded matron and her Saturday morning cathartic clean outs. I remember the happy times at school and the sand dunes of Sidi Bishr - the salty air, the kites, the warm clear water - the Johnny Apple seed skit etc. etc. I'm grateful for the Crusaders group in Alexandria. I'm thankful for the SIM founder who spoke to us there and I. praise the Lord for the true witness of men like Don McClure that had an impact on my life.

# Myra Vandersall Siegenthaller 1938 - 1941

Boarding student from Maadi

When I was thirteen in the fall of 1939 I loved Schutz with all the passionate intensity of a convert, which in many ways I had become. That intensity was magnified by a sense of impending loss as the safe world we had known was closing in. My Schutz classmates and I began high school the day War was declared in Europe. Ten years later on a farm in Italy I read Cyril Connolly's words, "It is closing time in the gardens of the West ..." and I remember thinking then of that sunny afternoon in the garden at Schutz when in saying goodbye my worried father told us that the war which had threatened all summer had indeed begun.

I was at Schutz for three years, in grades eight through ten, between September 1938 and May 1941. But the Schutz I loved was in Alexandria and for me lasted only two years. The third year, in Assiut, with the melodrama of adolescence we often mourned the loss of the "real Schutz. Once during that winter Madeline Dougherty and I planned to take the train from Assiut to Alexandria for a long week-end. My mother's telegram refusing permission suggested that we might come to Maadi instead. We didn't. It was Schutz in Alexandria we missed and had hoped to recapture.

Several of us faculty children from the American University at Cairo were new at Schutz in 1935, including my older brother Lloyd and my best friend from AUC and Maadi, Ann Cleland. I was not quite twelve, at once eager and apprehensive. As all our parents had known one another for years, we were not entirely outsiders, though our group was clearly seen as "University" rather than "Mission". In subtle ways we were made to feel the difference. For some time I didn't understand the rules and so could not predict approval or reprimand in advance. At home in Maadi, Sunday morning was family time, a day we had a special breakfast, often went swimming at the Sporting Club, and looked forward to the weekly mail from the States, with my parents reading aloud letters from family and friends "at home". Church came in the evening, followed by a formal dinner at which there were always guests. Family time was then over and children were once again expected to be seen and not heard.

Not so at Schutz. On my first Sunday I was reprimanded for knitting (which I had just learned to do and was very proud of). After hastily hiding the knitting in my room, I was reprimanded again, this time for playing the piano. Hymns would have been acceptable, but I only knew a few pieces from a songbook. Neither of these activities was deemed an appropriate way to keep the Sabbath, though that was not explained to me and it was some time before I dared to try knitting

again. Many things were bad but some were bad only on Sunday, a distinction I had not learned at home. It was also soon obvious that church school at the Anglican pro-cathedral in Old Cairo was no preparation for the competitive Bible games played at Schutz. I knew more of Greek and Roman mythology than Bible stories. The ones I did know didn't seem to contain the obscure names called for in a biblical version of "Trivial Pursuit". This ignorance provoked from one of the teachers the never-forgotten comment about our generally inadequate upbringing, "But what can you expect? They're University!" I was determined to live that down.

The real joy of Schutz for me was being part of a group for the first time in my life. I had been to school for only two years - at age six at the French Lycee in Cairo and at nine for a year in Chicago. Other years my brother and I were taught at home with books and lesson plans from the Calvert School in Baltimore. There were music lessons and outside activities but no regular interaction with other children. Schutz gave me roommates, classmates, a structure to the school day, and eventually a sense of belonging. Team games like "Kick the Can" and "Red Rover" were new to me. I especially remember an ongoing version of "Cops and Robbers" which resumed every afternoon after classes, ranged all over the garden, was never won, and was simply disbanded temporarily when we were called to something else. We talked in our rooms after lights-out and planned elaborate, secret, midnight feasts to celebrate birthdays.

Most of all I loved the school orchestra. Music, like so much else in my life, had always been a solitary endeavor. To be part of the violin section, even as a relative beginner, was more than a dream come true. It was a joy I had never ever imagined.

But the war was closing in on the old privileged world. In one summer the new threat of civil disturbance swept over us. The glass-paned door of our Maadi house was replaced with a solid one; shutters were closed at sundown, there were new locks on doors and windows that had always been left open to catch the breeze. No longer was our group of girls in cotton dresses and sandals allowed to take the tram in to Alexandria on a Saturday to explore little shops and stuff ourselves with goodies at the Brazilian Coffee Shop. We saw apartment buildings damaged in the first bombing of Alexandria, but having no Coventry or Dresden to measure against, did not know how relatively minor the destruction was. There was talk of moving the school to India; but the riots of Gandhi's "Quit India" campaign put an end to that. Families were leaving for the States. No one was returning. It was closing time in the garden. Schutz moved to Assiut for two more years; but one phase, the one that was so important to me, was over.

# Donald G. Jamieson: 1939-41

## Boarding student

In God's providence I spent two years at Schutz, from September 1939 to May 1941. Third grade was spent at Schutz in Alexandria with Miss Evelyn Smith as teacher. Knowing that World War II was coming, we all speculated as to when it would begin, and it did right when school started on Sept. 1, 1939. Four of us younger boys shared a room on the top floor. During rest times we often used a number of mirrors to try to see into other rooms down the hall.

Other fond remembrances in Alexandria were climbing the trees in the area behind the Salamlik; on Sunday afternoons playing with little china dogs under one of the large eucalyptus trees; and singing on the roof after Sunday evening services. I remember the large gong used to call us to meals. Sometimes it was used so often and hit so hard that it cracked. A week or two before vacations we sang on the balconies --

"Ten more days until vacation,  
When we'll leave Alexandria Station  
Back to the land of civilization,  
Back to our father's door."

I was impressed with the older students who gave devotions after evening meals and/or on Sunday evenings. I was also impressed by the masks and other things from the Sudan that John Adair and some of the "older" boys had hanging on their bedroom walls. One of the negative things was that we could not ride our bikes on the Sabbath Day. Halloween night and the "Hall of Horrors" was looked forward to with delight.

# SCHUTZ IN ASSIUT: 1940-56

## Marian Jamieson Eddy : 1939 – 41

Boarding student

In 1941, the first year of Schutz-in-Assiut, measles struck just in time to disrupt commencement. For the sake of easier isolation we patients were taken, one by one, in town to the hospital. Mary McGeoch, Nancy Nolin, and I shared a room; Fred McGeoch, Kenny Nolin, and another boy, I forget who, were in a room down the hall. I was supposed to play "Minuet in G" on a little pump organ in the commencement play, and several of the other measles patients were also in the play. Fred was one of the eleventh grade graduates. By the time the six of us were released from the hospital and were taken back out to the college, commencement was over, and to this day I'm not sure if the play went on without us or not. Everyone had gone home except for the Sudan kids, who were waiting to make their long trip home up the Nile. Mrs. McGeoch was also there, and a day or so later took her three children and me on the long, hot, dirty train trip home.

Easter in Assiut the spring of 1941 was an event I shall never forget. In music class "Aunt Jane" McClanahan taught us several special numbers. "Oh, Morn of Beauty" was set to the tune of "Finlandia", the first time I had ever heard it; and ever since then whenever I hear that melody, I think of, "Oh, Morn of Beauty". On Easter Sunday the usual evening service in English at the Prep was a special musical program, with Schutz School taking part along with students from Assiut College, the P.M.I., and the Prep. We Schutzites, being the smallest group, sat on the platform. Each group sang its own special selections - ours being, "Oh, Morn of Beauty" and the others all in Arabic. At the end all the student groups stood together and sang the thrilling anthem "The Heavens Are Telling" - we in English and the Egyptians in Arabic. What an exalted, uplifting experience it was to be part of such a group, singing in two different languages but the same tune, the same message of praise to the same God! Never have I felt more strongly or understood more clearly the meaning of, "We are all one in Christ".

Schutz-in-Assiut was very different from Schutz-at-Schutz, but we settled in and soon felt at home. Mary McGeoch and I were roommates. I was the oldest girl in the girls' flat, with no responsible adult in residence, so at night the younger girls came to me with their problems: "Marian, I can't go to sleep", or "Marian, I just threw up in my bed!" Miss Frenger and most of the boys lived in the two flats in the middle building, which also contained the Schutz kitchen, dining room, and

living room. Two older boys and the four older girls roomed with families in the other flats. Windows weren't screened, so we all had to sleep under heavy mosquito nets. During the last six weeks or so of school in the spring the weather became terrifically hot. Schutz was assigned several classrooms in Biology Hall. Miss Funk had the junior high and high school pupils in one room, and Miss Smith and the grade school pupils occupied a room across the hall. We went upstairs for French with Miss Kempner (no more Madame Barbara!) and for algebra or Latin with Mrs. McFeeters. Mr. McFeeters taught high school science in Science Hall next door. Mr. Janssen (a college short termer) taught sophomore history. Lois Sturgeon (Willis McGill's sister and a short termer) gave piano lessons; Mrs. Neal McClanahan taught singing. Bill Anderson was my only classmate -- we were in ninth grade.

Saturday nights we played games in the garden, as we had done down at Schutz-in-Alex. On some of those nights Helen Walker came over from the P.M.I. and taught us singing games, and the Virginia Reel. Sunday evenings we all dressed up and walked into the church service at the "Prep School. Ralph Reed's father died, and we all walked in to the funeral. For most of us it was the first time we had ever known anyone who died, and it was very sobering. We all felt sad for Ralph.

During the summer of 1941 nearly all the American Mission women and children left Egypt because of the threatening war situation in North Africa. Schutz held forth in Assiut one more year with a depleted enrollment consisting mostly of Sudan kids. Bill Anderson was the lone sophomore. He attended Schutz more years than any one of the rest of us in the class of 1944. After the spring of 1942 Schutz School was "closed for the duration".



# Ada Margaret Hutchison: 1946-49

## Faculty

In 1946 Dr. Grice at the Board of Foreign Missions in Philadelphia wrote to me that a new post-war Schutz was needed and that, as an alumna, I could serve to reopen the school. It would reopen in Assiut since a number of American children lived there and several families at the Assiut College would house boarders. Since the school had been moved to Assiut in 1940 some equipment was stored at the college and that would provide a starting point. Thus in September of 1946 I started in a one-room school setting with Gordon and Isabel Parkinson to superintend. We used the middle residence at the college for our classroom.

Sara Parkinson started first grade that year. In third grade were Mary Parkinson, Eunice Brown, and a little British boy, Peter Tyndale. Chic Laughead was in fourth, Charlyn Laughead and Esther Brown were sixth, and Evelyn Brown as a lone seventh grader. By Christmas, Patsy and John Lowrie Anderson had joined the student body.

Schutz in Assiut grew in 1947. A memorable Christmas program boasted 15 "characters" - Andersons, Parkinsons, McClanahans (Paul and Neal), Peels, Browns, Watkins (Charles and Franklin), and Nancy Nolin. Nolins had been transferred to Assiut that year so Mrs. Nolin took on the main high school responsibility with Nancy and with Ruth Anderson. I did get to teach them biology (my major) and Sally McKee (Millison) taught them shorthand and typing. Margie, Donnie, and Polly McClure added to our student body. Because of the varying arrival dates of missionary families, I taught percentage in seventh-grade arithmetic class three times that year. Peggy Musser, short termer at PMI, took on piano students.

By 1948 Marian Jamieson joined the staff. Mrs. Nolin still did much of the high school curriculum. Marian and I shared the grades and we moved to quarters in the basement of the third residence at the College.

That year we developed quite a talented rhythm band. Tennis was part of the curriculum as was Arabic. George Meloy, teaching at the College, did P.E. with the older students. First grader Judith Hare, whose father worked for Barclay's Bank and who was very British, had problems with our American reading workbooks. A picture of a can in a series of words such and fan, pan, and man gave her pause as she called it a "tin." Language!

# Marion Jamieson Eddy: 1948-51

## Faculty

Ada, Margaret and I each had a room on the roof and had all our meals at the College Club with the short termers. Ada Margaret ran the Club as well as being both teacher and principal at Schutz.

On Sundays Ada, Margaret and I taught Sunday School classes at the P.M.I. Mary Lou Lash (later to become Mary Lou Meloy) came to the college from the P.M.I. and had Sunday School for the Schutz kids. Sunday evenings we all went to church at the Prep.

There wasn't as much "Schutz life" as there had been in pre-war days; on the other hand, the Schutz kids were more involved in the life of the American Mission community and other missions as well as Egyptian friends than we had been down in Alex in our own self-contained environment. There were station picnics in the desert, piano recitals at P.M.I. in which Schutz pupils took part, and the big Thanksgiving dinner each year in the College garden between two of the houses, with all the Americans and Canadians in town invited.

As a group we were sometimes asked to tea at someone's house in town, and to several Halloween and Christmas parties in addition to our own.

1950-1951 enrollment went up to twenty-three, eleven of whom were boarders. Willard Acheson (class of 1945) and his wife, Pat, were the houseparents. Margie Anderson (class of 1947) came as a second teacher. Pat taught a few classes. Dot Turnbull had gym class with the kids two days a week. Mrs. Neal McClanahan and Paul McClanahan had choir with them on Fridays. I had to teach Latin II, which was a real struggle - my two years of Latin in high school were eight years behind me. We all got through it, but I don't think the girls ever did really understand the "ablative absolute". Study hall was held in the classrooms for about an hour before supper each weekday. After supper each night prayers were held in the living room, or around the stove in the dining room in the winter months. On Friday and Saturday nights the kids stayed up later and one or another of us adults read to them. There were several boarder parties, at which the games usually got quite noisy!

Sunday mornings the girls were taken to the P.M.I. for Sunday school, while George Meloy had Sunday class for the boys at the College. Ruth McClanahan had scout meetings for the girls, and Willard had Cubs for the boys.

At the end of April the Schutz High School Banquet was held for the first time

since before Schutz had closed down. It took place in the College Club. Isabel Parkinson, Ruth McClanahan, and Mrs. Nolin took care of arrangements for the meal. There were only four high school students, but it was a festive occasion none the less. Evelyn Brown graduated from eleventh grade.

In her commencement speech in 1949 Ruth Anderson spoke about how much her years at Schutz had meant to her, quoting Psalm 16:16: "The lines have fallen unto me in pleasant places; yea, I have a goodly heritage." Yes, Ruth, that is exactly how I have always felt about it, too.

# Janet Sharp Reid: 1951-1952

Housemother

Malcolm and I returned to Egypt on a Fulbright assignment In 1951and I became the housemother at Schutz. Our five children soon became Schutzites.

Margaret Anderson and Wilma Duff were two wonderful teachers at this time. They both married missionaries and have continued mission work in Asia and Africa. Mr. Nolin was still the superintendent of Schutz. "Nuss" was a very good cook. The children looked forward to his famous shepherd's pie.

# Kenneth Nolin 1941-42

Boarding student from Alexandria

We were in the group which moved to Assiut during the war. And finally I felt I belonged. John Adair and I shared a room in someone's home, the corner room in the third building (away from the College), where we ourselves lived later as a family. One of the funniest things we did, endlessly as I remember, was to play our private one-on-one soccer game in our little bedroom. This was our first contact with soccer, as we watched the college boys compete at it, and some of our bigger boys even joined their team.

My first interest in a girl was there. Sally Shields and I had quite a thing going, with the kind of tag games or note-writing typical of that age's flirting. The only other one I remember in my class was Mary McGeoch, but each year classes changed, depending on who was boarding that year, who was on furlough, etc. Earlier at Schutz, Helen Baird was in our class; she was always said to be a "twin" of mine, since we were born on the same day.

I have very little memory of anywhere else but the College area of Assiut, at least until we were assigned there later with our own family. We must have been pretty much limited to the College campus except when I had my first hospital experience and had my tonsils removed. And we met all the other missionary people for afternoon teas, and lots of tennis.

We left after two years in Assiut. Mother took us children and we were evacuated in early spring of 1942 before school was out on an Egyptian ship, the "Al-Nil". We headed south out of Port Said through the Suez Canal, watching and waving as Daddy drove along beside the canal for a ways, waving goodbye to us. He was one of the few who stayed as Rommel moved across North Africa, very nearly accomplishing his mission to take Egypt. Whereas we went on a two-month adventure around South Africa and up the other side to Trinidad and New York in total blackout all the way. Others on the ship were the Andersons; so we spent hours playing Rook or other games. We even learned to dance from some gentleman on board and felt very "naughty" doing it! Mother did her best to finish our school courses whenever she could catch us.

We moved out to be with her sister and family near Seattle, Washington, where we were for three years - Daddy joining us after one, I think. We had a rugged first winter in that we were living in a partially finished summer home on Vashon Island where the only way to heat or cook was with wood we had cut and stored through the summer. And since Wally and I far preferred to play with our friends along the beach, we didn't store enough for the bitter cold of that winter.

But that's another story, far from the Schutz for which memories were requested!

# Donald G. Jamieson: 1939-41

## Boarding student

Things were quite different in Assiut. The school room was in the lower floor of Biology Hall on the College campus, and when going upstairs for special classes we enjoyed looking at all the "pickled" items in bottles.

Special note is made of trips to the dairy to view the marvels of milking and other dairy chores. An afternoon was spent visiting the Lillian Trasher Orphanage and then taking a boat ride across the Nile or a canal for a picnic supper.

One time we watched Jim Adair play tennis in a Men's Tournament. As we were not allowed down by the courts, we watched from the roof of the girls' house.

Mr. McFeeters let us watch eggs develop in an incubator and then see the chicks hatch in an area in his basement and I believe below the outside stairs. On occasion in the afternoons when we should have been resting we sneaked out to the outdoor thermometer to see how hot it really was. We also on occasion soaped up our bedroom sink to see how many suds we could accumulate. Sunday afternoons we had services upstairs in Biology Hall where someone often requested we sing, "I Come to the Garden Alone", and then we often went to the English church services at the Prep in town Sunday evenings. We walked into town but usually got a ride back to the College.

Because the war was getting "hotter" for Egypt we left for the U.S.A. in July 1941 and never returned. But I thank God for those whom He used in my life at Schutz School.

# Ken Bailey: 1940-42

## Boarding student

It was my privilege to be a part of the first "Babylonian Captivity" of Schutz School during the Second World War. As a "little kid" (translate: Grade School) we began in Alexandria and with the approach of Rommel and the German army the school was moved to Assiut. During 1940-42 we were housed in those grand and gracious Assiut College mission residences and held classes in the upstairs of the Science Hall of Assiut College. Two short term teachers and a French teacher made up the faculty. Obviously there was only one teacher for all of the grade school. There were only two of us in my class. Each "class" had a corner or side of the one room and we worked quietly away as the teacher moved between the "classes" and gave us what help she could. The most exciting thing that happened in those two years was when the two main teachers (that is 66% of the faculty) announced that they were engaged to two Australian soldiers. Tennis was the big sport and at recess it was always soccer. One of the adjustment problems I had as a twelve year old in America in the Midwest in 1942 when we evacuated was that was advanced in each of those two sports and the Americans in an Illinois public school had not at that time heard of either of them.

We knew there was a war on, but it was a long way away until we went to Alexandria to the Sidi Bishr camp the summer of 1942 and endured the frequent bombing raids that the Germans inflicted on the city.

As I look back to fifty years ago the most memorable occasions were when we went out to the barn with Mr. McFeeters to visit the cows, or when we were allowed to spend over-night with Mr. Mac at the Assiut American Mission Hospital and help him with his hospital tasks or when "Uncle" Neal McClanahan would drive us back in his old Ford from church at the hospital and demonstrate his own tender compassion for each of us. Making friends with the Assiut College students was also an important part of our life together on one campus and participating in the supporting of the soccer team of the College in its matches.

When I entered the sixth grade in America the fall of 1942, I found myself, if anything, ahead of the others academically in spite of (or was it because of our one room Schutz School with one teacher for six classes? They were good years and rich years, happy years in spite of war - and above all, unforgettable years.



# Bradley Watkins: 1946-66

Parent /faculty/ board member

Our family was stationed in Luxor 1946-49, but Martha spent considerable time in the Mission hospitals at Tanta and Assiut. Our daughter, Virginia, was born at Assiut Hospital December 6, 1945. Walter and Clara Skellie kindly offered to board our two sons, then aged six and eight years, while Brad stayed in Luxor; Charles and Frank would join the student body at Schutz, then located on the campus of Assiut College. Ada Margaret Hutchison was the teacher at Schutz. One Christmas while Martha was a patient at Tanta Hospital, Dr. Harry Hutchison, the chief of staff there, and Mrs. Hutchison invited me and the boys to spend Christmas with them. I left Luxor, stopped at Assiut to pick up the boys, then the three of us took the long train ride to Tanta. When we got to the Hutchison home and opened our suitcases in their guest-room, Frank asked, "Dad, are we packing or unpacking?"

The children of the Sudan missionaries customarily travelled from the Sudan to Assiut by Nile steamer and train. One year when yellow fever was epidemic in the Sudan, Egypt required all travelers entering the country to have yellow fever shots. For some reason Ruth, Patsy and John Lowrie Anderson did not have their certificates, and were held in quarantine at Aswan for a week or more. I was notified in Luxor, and went to Aswan to visit the children, taking them candy, etc. I was able to get their detention reduced to three days. That was enough for John Lowrie who asked me, "Is this what concentration camp is like?"

Our family was stationed in Assiut, where I was chaplain at Assiut Hospital. Virginia and Marilyn had joined our family by then, but were still young. Charles and Franklin were regular students at Schutz School. Margaret Anderson, Wilma Duff, Jacqueline Martin, Lucy Soule and George Meloy were teachers there during that period.

We were fortunate to sign on Jacqueline Martin the way we did. We were short one teacher well into the summer. That was the summer that a group of Egyptian and American work-campers constructed the first unit of Agamy Conference Center, on the shore of the Mediterranean west of Alexandria. Jackie had just graduated from Knoxville College, where her father was Dean, and she had not yet landed a job. We invited her to join the staff at Schutz School and she accepted. She had come to Egypt for a month or two and stayed for three years. Mrs. Sarah Cooper was house-mother for three years. She was a friend of my mother's, over 70 years old at the time. When August came one summer with no house-mother yet in sight, Mrs. Cooper, hearing of our plight, asked my mother, "Do you suppose I could till that spot?"

She did quite well. Wilma Duff married Otis Rowe in Assiut. Otis was on the staff of the Agriculture Department of Assiut College.

I organized a Boy Scout troop. We went on several overnight hikes in the desert or at Al-Afadra, a Wissa family farm rented by the College Agriculture Department. Frequently on Sundays when I was visiting an Evangelical Church in a village in the district, I would take four or five boarding students with me. One year I taught a communicants' class. There were about eight children who joined the church that year, including Charles and Frank. I was chairman of the School Committee for several years.

Three different winters, during the Christmas holiday and following the annual business meeting of the Mission Association a group went on a four-day camel trip into the desert. Beside older Schutz School students, the group included short-term teachers from Assiut College and the P.M.I. Just before the first trip, Mrs. Cooper asked me if she might join the group. Trying not to show my concern for her age (over 70), I said, "Sure. Why not?" When everyone returned to Assiut safely, Martha asked Mrs. Cooper how she enjoyed the trip. "To speak frankly", she replied, "I enjoyed it fine after I took my girdle off."

Later, our family was stationed in Alexandria, and we lived on the third floor of the large, old Mission building In Attarine, downtown Alexandria. Schutz School had returned from Assiut to Alexandria, its original location, the preceding fall. We had left our boys in the U.S.A. Virginia and Marilyn lived downtown with us and were day students at Schutz. Martha filled in as teacher of the first grade, as need arose. I taught Bible to the Juniors and Seniors and also a Communicants' Class each spring. The young people would join the Palais Evangelical Church, located just a mile from Schutz School.

While we were in Alexandria the central class-room building, with auditorium on the ground floor and boarding rooms on the top floor, was erected and occupied. George Meloy was on furlough and Robert Sisley was acting principal.

Martha's father came out to stay with us. Unfortunately, he died on board ship just 24 hours before it reached Alexandria and was buried in the Protestant Cemetery in Alexandria. Very near him is buried Joe Roode who was killed in a fall into a dry cistern at Abu Mena, the ruins of an ancient Christian city in the desert west of Alexandria.

Our family was stationed in Tanta, 1963-1966, where I was chaplain at the American Mission Hospital. Virginia and Marilyn were boarding students at Schutz and would come home on weekends bringing friends with them. On one occasion the Schutz School choir gave a concert in the auditorium of the Mission School for Girls in Tanta. On two occasions two micro-buses of boys from the

school came to Tanta, from hence we proceeded to Tanis, in the Eastern Delta, which archeologists identify with Rameses, one of the two store-cities which the children of Israel built for Pharaoh - (Exodus 1:11) .

By this time Charles had graduated from law school. Before beginning practice, he wanted to teach at Schutz for a year. He and his wife, Peggy, taught there in 1965-66. Ginny graduated from high school in May 1966. It is apparent that Schutz has been a large part of our lives. We are thankful that it continues its vital ministry.

# Carolyn Kraft Pollock: 1954-66, 1971-73

Boarding student from Assiut, 1954-66 Faculty, 1971-73

To those of us who have been privileged to spend a certain portion of our lives at a place called Schutz, I am sure the memories are as diverse and numerous as the people who share its history and continue to forge its unique existence. Going way back to 1954 when Schutz was in Assiut where my parents lived, my brother Bob and I attended as day students on the campus which was part of "the College". There were just two classrooms with the elementary in one and the high school in the other. After our family's furlough during attack on Egypt by the British, the French and the Israelis, we came back to Schutz as boarding students as the school had now expanded and moved to Alexandria. I adjusted well to boarding school without too many bouts of home sickness except for when I got hepatitis and was eventually sent to Tanta Hospital. Even though we spent the usual amount of the school day on academic pursuits, most of my memories are of extra-curricular activities. I do remember in the sixth grade participating in what George called "the guinea pigs class" where four of us were put in a separate classroom and had assignments like drawing ants and a scale model Martin Hall. I was always jealous that Bill Pollock was so much more talented in those areas than I was. He still is!

A typical day began with work crews. Not being a "morning person", that was not my favorite thing to remember; but it sure is fun now to say to our kids, "Now, when I was your age, I had to get up at 6:30 and sweep the basketball court..." I remember sitting through devotions before breakfast and snickering as Mrs. Whitted tried to pronounce all the various missionaries' names and mission stations listed for that day in the Mission Year book of Prayer. I enjoyed George's challenging chapel talks, and after singing some of those hymns time and time again, when he would announce the number, I could generally tell which song it was, or vice versa. Who can forget morning recess and lining up for a banana or a handful of peanuts'? Then the mad dash to get in line for the tire swing, tether ball or foursquare. Then the great smells coming from the kitchen as Abdel Samieh and Nuss served up lunch. After school we'd play pom-pom pull-away, kick the can or grab a tree, until we were older and joined organized sports like track or basketball.

Of course we had to recharge our batteries with those silver foil packages of Nabisco cookies first. After dinner the high school kids had study hall for an hour and a half, and probably most of us made an attempt at doing what we were supposed to do. At least Mary Lou kept us quiet. After another brief chapel service, we made a mad dash for evening snack - usually an 'aish balady

sandwich, or left-over desserts from dinner. The couples would then take their evening stroll around behind the tennis court, or through lovers' lane, and the rest of us would have a few more rousing games on the basketball court before heading off to our dorms.

Friday night cookouts were a tradition. One evening when our picnic dinner was served on the balcony of the first floor, I was leaning over the balcony, and accidentally wedged my knee between two of the wooden posts. After much struggle and agony, the knee began to swell so there was no way of getting it out. George sent someone for a saw, and for a few horrified seconds, I thought they were going to cut my leg off. To my relief, one of the posts was sawn instead and I learned never to put my knee in there again! Friday nights also meant sleeping on the balconies. Most of the time we begged for permission, which was usually granted, and then we hauled enough equipment out for our "camp-outs" until it looked like we had taken up permanent residence. It was nice when screens were installed so we didn't get as many bug bites. One night we sneaked out without the housemother's permission, and when she came around for bed check, we all lay there with our eyes scrunched tightly pretending we were asleep as she shone the flashlight on us. I don't think we fooled her. There were other times we put glasses of water on top of the door, or a pillow, to fall down at the appropriate moment. Sometimes they landed on some other unsuspecting soul.

Saturday mornings were spent cleaning our rooms for room inspection. I generally lived with very tidy girls who took pride in our room, and we almost always got a blue ribbon. We even combed the lassies on the rug. Our reward was a coke and candy bar during Sunday afternoon "rest time". Sometimes Saturdays brought special trips down town, or even field-trips. Our standard allowance was one piaster per week for each year old we were. With cokes costing 1 ½ piasters, and a Royal chocolate bar 2 ½ piasters, you could blow your whole allowance on two snacks. Occasionally we would save up enough to go to a movie for 14 piasters), but things like tickets to the ballet were subsidized by our parents.

On a few weekends a year we would go on big trips like a sailboat ride in the harbor, to Rosetta, Abou Mina, El Alamein, or even a weekend retreat at the Pathy Villa. Sundays were filled with Sunday School, followed by the ride in the V.W. bus to Stanley Bay Church. Usually a group of students would walk back along the Corniche, and there were sometimes competitions to see who got back the fastest. The afternoons were generally quiet. Some years different folks would organize a youth group for the older students and the big treat would be going to the Leonard's home and having American treats, like Hershey bars. In the evening some students would go to the evening service at Palais Church, or take the tram to the LaFonts' Church of God. Who could forget Arabic class with

Ustaz Ahmed and students' efforts to get him off the lesson and tell "Gooha" stories instead ... "this is the broth of the broth of the broth of the chicken that Ahmed brought." Tennis lessons with Hafiz were always a challenge, and if we learned nothing else, hopefully, we learned to look at the ball!

Some traditions worth remembering were Thursday night dress up night with a never ending abundance of hilarity and entertainment given during the talent shows afterwards. Each family took turns planning the programs, but we never seemed to tire of singing "John, Jacob, Jingle Heimer Schmitt" and "Sipping Cider Through a Straw". Our ticket to Sunday supper was a letter home, but I have a sneaking suspicion that sometimes those envelopes the housemother collected contained nothing but blank sheets of paper from those who were not thrilled about being coerced into such activities. Other fond memories include the very clever costumes dreamed up at Halloween time, the celebration of International Day with the flags held by students for each country represented in the school that year and intramural competitions with the entire student and faculty divided up into four teams. Other highlights were basketball games with Maadi, singing in chorus with Mr. Tony, and the end of the year piano and ballet recitals. Although I always enjoyed the square dances, I remember the big debates about allowing other kinds of dancing, and then finally being allowed to go to off campus parties and dancing to The Beatles and Chubby Checker.

Although as girls we weren't allowed to venture freely off campus unescorted, we still got a flavor of living in a different culture. The muezzin calling from the mosques in the wee hours of the morning, or the weddings in the tents behind the back wall which lasted 2 or 3 nights, and hoping to catch a glimpse of the belly dancers are not a typical part of everyone's education.

How can anyone capture in a few pages the essence of Schutz and the right heritage we experienced by being a part of its life? Going back as faculty from 1971-1973 showed us that although so many things from the physical plant to the make-up of the student body and faculty had changed from the time we were there as students, that unexplainable factor that each of us remembers as being unique to Schutz will never change.

# Bob and Dot Turnbull

Faculty/ board members/parents

Our relationship with Schutz started in 1950 in Assiut. We remember teachers Margie Anderson, Marion Jamieson, Wilma Duff, Janet Reid and others. Housemother, Mrs. Cooper came to Assiut at age 70+ and accustomed to being in a position of decision making felt she needed her own transportation. Her desire to have her own car was discouraged so she asked Bob about the possibility of having her own "Arabiya", horse drawn carriage, and boarding her horse at the dairy barn in Assiut. We also remember a camel trip to the desert. Mrs. Cooper reported on return that it only took three people to help her on and off her camel. She loved the trip. A favorite game in Assiut Schutz days was "catch or tag a tree". Later when the school moved back to Alexandria, George and Mary Lou were back in Egypt to make the move. Bob remembers helping to evacuate the Sudan boarders in 1956, driving them to Luxor, memories of George include a stunt night at association meeting when George was master of ceremonies and performing "magic tricks" and he took a pair of scissors and cut Bob's necktie off. But Janet didn't know it was a tie George had given Bob for the occasion and she yelled, "You leave my daddy alone!". Another time George put a generous helping of mayonnaise on Bob's ice cream. Bob didn't notice anything wrong. George finally asked how the ice cream tasted and Bob said, "Great!"

Our children went to Schutz beginning with Ann about 1961 in 4th grade followed by Carol and Janet. We moved to Alexandria 1964 and Lee and Nancy attended Schutz also. Nancy wasn't old enough to attend 1st grade so she audited the class on many occasions. Our last year in Egypt our children lived at home and although they were included in many activities felt it was a sacrifice not to be classified as boarders. On occasion we served as a "half-way house for boarders needing a change for a few days. We loved all the Schutz kids and are always glad to see any of them again. We remember with pleasure the wonderful choir of Tony's in the '60s.

I was on the Schutz Board and was chairperson for several years. One worthwhile project was the swimming pool completed after we left Egypt in 1966. Discussions at Board meetings included, dancing pro and con; long hair; non-mission boarders include-exclude; compulsory chapel and church; and from then until now - should we buy the property next door! we should have 15 years ago!

We remember and appreciate Mary Lou's flare for interior decorating and how attractively she kept the school and their home. She deserves credit for her many ideas and looking after details that kept Schutz operating smoothly. Both George

and Mary Lou dared to dream and to make many of those dreams come true. Their guidance through impossible situations has saved the school many times. Superior educational opportunities are the result of recruiting gifted dedicated staff and then allowing staff members to use their talents. George maintained discipline in his "laid back" but sometimes direct way. I recall a problem of local students driving recklessly into the compound and after they ignored requests and orders, a baseball bat hitting the windshield got their attention and stopped the problem.

Schutz is a happy memory for all of our family. When we left Egypt in 1966 the children said, "We don't care where in the world you go but we are going back to Schutz!" It didn't work that way and they finished high school in International School Bangkok but still consider themselves "Schutzites".



## Ed Pollock: 1950-60

Boarding student from Sudan

As my contribution to "Memories of Schutz" I thought I would concentrate on the "BM" years, "Before Meloys". My first year at Schutz was- in 1950-51 when I was in third grade. Miss Margy Anderson and Miss Jamieson were the two teachers and the Willard Achesons were house parents. I think there were about 20 students in the entire grade school and high school. About ten of us were boarders. Actually even that year was not really before the Meloys since they were short termers and I can remember George taught us boys Sunday School.

Does anyone else remember "Little Assiut?" That year Patsy Anderson and Peggy McClure organized the school into a little town. I remember it as a rather autocratic organization as they decided who would be married to whom and what each person's career should be.

I was in the States for fourth and fifth grade. When I returned for sixth grade, the school was down to about 13. There were still two teachers - one was Miss Wilma Duff (later Rowe) and I think the other was Miss Martha Sisley. Mrs. Cooper was housemother that year.

In those years since there were three or four classes in the same room, the teachers had to juggle instruction and work time. I can remember listening to the reading classes of the upper grades rather than doing my own work. Of course when I got to the next year the stories were boring since I had heard them all before. I especially remember spelling tests when the teacher would give the test to all of the grades at once reading out the word for each grade in turn.

I have fond memories of Saturdays when we were allowed to visit the Assiut College farm. If the donkeys were not being used, we used to ride them bare back. There was an old black one that they used to haul the manure from the barns. He was really mean and so it was the dream of us boys to prove our bronco riding ability by trying to ride him. Most of us were bucked off. Those who stayed seated were knocked off by low branches or had legs scraped as they ran up close to the stucco barn walls. I think we decided to give it up after he bucked Charles Watkins off and then stepped on him in the middle of his back.

The best holiday of the school year was Thanksgiving. All of the American community and our Egyptian friends gathered at the college for dinner at noon. Tables were set up on the lawn and the cooks from all of the mission organizations of Assiut helped prepare the food. We kids would ride around the mission compound on our bikes all morning to build up our appetites. After

dinner we had a group sing while the food was digested and later in the afternoon the men and boys picked up teams for a touch football game. Another favorite time was right after Christmas when the missionaries from all over Egypt gathered at Assiut for the annual association and we all had meals together at the college.

In the spring there was Shem el Nassim when one of the Egyptian families had us all out to their villa for lamb roasted on a spit and a swim in their pool. In the afternoon we would all gather around for one of Paul McClanahan's famous stories.

There are many more memories that keep coming back as I write this. The picnics on Assiut mountain when we looked for mummies and mummy beads, sail boat rides on the Nile; swims in the pool at the orphanage; the mission Halloween party; basketball games against the orphanage teams; soccer games on teams integrated with the boys Prep school teams; camping trips in the desert or at the Alfadra agriculture project and the annual fund raiser at the YMCA for the orphanage, when we could buy our fill of peanut brittle for a few piasters.

Since the school was so small the entire school did lots of things together. Even at recess and after school for games like "Tom, Tom pull-away", "Prisoner's base", and "Kick the can", all ages participated together. After we saw the movie of the "Three Musketeers", we invented a game of sword fighting using the center shaft from the date palm branches. We drove the staff crazy with worry about the possible loss of an eye or other injury. To their credit they did not make us stop the duels, but they did insist that we modify our swords by taping wads of cotton on the tips.

Alex was a great place for high school, but Assiut was a wonderful place to be during the grade school years.

# Bill McGill: 1949-51

Boarding student from Cairo

My memories of Schutz and of Egypt are inextricably intertwined. In late summer of 1957 I watched the skyline of Alexandria recede over the wake of the S.S. Exeter, and I knew that I was leaving not only those four dwindling figures of my family on the dock but my extended family which since 1949 had been the Schutz family. As I sit here, memories flash through my mind, some merely snap shots, others full feature films. My earliest memory of Schutz predates my time as a student there. The snap shot is of a small boy accompanying parents to "Association" in Assiut and of Schutz students who teased him for the red snow suit he wore.

The "early years" at Schutz probably began the following year, September 1949, when I attended as a third grader. Fading memory tends to blend third and fourth grade to almost indistinguishable homogeneity. I do remember flying to Assiut in the company of an Egyptian friend of the family, Halim Doss and landing at Mangabad. Not long afterwards air service was discontinued so subsequent travel was by train - seven (or more) hours, smoky, dusty and usually late.

I believe Miss Jamieson was one of our teachers. Miss Mason was our housemother. The school was confined to the last building of the "American" compound at the college. Boarders lived on the first floor and class rooms were on the ground level. The other boarding students were from the Sudan - McClures, Pete Roode, Roys, Webbs, Dennis Hoekstra while most of the Egypt student body were locals (Assiuti) McClanahans, Watkins, Parkinsons, Eva Kenny, the Brown sisters. In those early years I remember Hans Shaffner as the only other "Egyptian" in the boarding department and he was really Swiss with his parents working in an Aswan mission hospital.

My earliest memorable event was to learn to ride a bike. Paul and Neal McClanahan took it upon themselves to teach me on their mother's bike. They convinced me of the safety of the enterprise by showing me that if you lost control or wanted to stop, you just ran into a hedge. That not only stopped the bike but also kept it upright. One traded skinned knees and elbows for total body scratches.

We must have had a lot of aggression to release since one of our favorite pastimes seemed to be throwing things at one another. Of course all students of the era will remember the Bombat (Bombax tree blossoms) fights. A frequent scene was Eva Kenny or Frank and Charles Watkins riding bicycles up to the

school door in a hail of bombax blossoms. More vivid in my memory of those early years were the grapefruit fights. This usually involved the "big boys"- Don McClure, Neal McClanahan, Charles Watkins against the little boys -- Paul McClanahan, Bill Roy, Frank Watkins and myself. Somehow, by the time I was sticky and soaking wet and being chased not only by the big boys but also bees and fruit flies, I seemed to be the only one left on my team. I was a slow student; my teammates had discovered that if one was conspicuously in the company of adults the other team wouldn't smash you with a rotten grapefruit. Tattling, of course, was not an option since tattle-tales were lower forms of life, even then.

We did enter into more constructive and less aggressive pastimes, but alas, some of them were also "illegal". These included hydraulic engineering and ship launching in the irrigation ditches, in spite of warnings of the damage of Bilharzia. We all understood the practicalities and theory of a siphon by the end of third grade. This was essential to make a boat basin out of a square of land that the farmers had set aside for cultivation. Bill Roy and Hans Schaffner were the most industrious and committed hydraulic engineers. Tell-tale soaking trousers gave away their infraction of the rules and justified denying them their dessert after dinner as punishment.

The beginning of some school years was marked by the anticipated arrival of the Sudan contingent (in other years they arrived early depending on the vagaries of the Sudan- Egyptian transportation systems). I always envied them their two week adventure getting to school. Don and Polly McClure always had the best stories. Their two weeks of traveling down the Nile by launch, jeep, post boat (paddle wheel steamer) and train was decidedly more exotic than my own seven to ten hour train ride. I can still conjure up images of Akobo, Doleib Hill, Malakai, Omdurman, Khartoum, Wadi Halfa and Shellal almost as easily as the mundane Beni Suefs and Minyas which were my interim stops.

Desks were assigned for a year. Each desk carried the carved initials and otherwise bore the logos of previous tenants. The most important unofficial task of the first day of school was to determine its pedigree. The following recess was the time to brag ( though in hushed and awed tones) of the previous tenants many of whom were legendary figures of Schulz's hallowed past - Andersons, McClures, McClanahans, Roys, Nolins, Baileys, etc.

Weekends were as welcome a relief to us Schutzites as to students anywhere. Among other things, weekends were the time for ice cream (Saturday nights), "odds" soup, Sunday night and pancakes (Sunday breakfast). I won the pancake eating championship of Egypt when I was only a 4th grader, against a formidable opponent, the legendary Donny McClure (a seventh grader). He had two important disadvantages. He had to resort to Black molasses when we ran out of

regular syrup. Don hated black molasses. And Nuss and Abdu Samiah, discovering that we were in contest, conspired to serve me smaller pancakes. Weekends were also for excursions, usually to locally famous sites. We took hikes up the desert mountains to the east of the city where giant caverns had been carved into the cliffs in ancient times. Legend had it that these were the "Caves of Joseph" built to store the harvest during the Biblical "Seven Years" of Plenty. We always returned with some ancient artifact: mummy beads, flint arrowheads, pottery, shards, etc. Paul McClanahan usually had the best finds which included a mummy.

The most exotic and exciting excursions for me were the Camel trips to Wadi Assiut. These required a full week. I remember two on successive years that had been organized by Brad Watkins and Paul McClanahan. They involved 15 to 20 Schutz students, teachers and others with a similar number of Arab drivers and guides along with twice that number of camels. Lessons learned: 1. Take plenty of water 2. Desert nights are cold so a warm coat and sleeping bag are absolute necessities 3. Camp upwind of camels. Exciting moments included: 1. Scorpion crawling up Eva Kenney's leg 2. Cold enough to find ice in the canteens in the mornings 3. Bareback camel racing (Otiss Rowe winning) 4. Mahmoud, the Arab chieftain putting all six rounds from his old WWII army rifle through a Coleman fuel can at 100 yards. The ambiance: 1. Sharing stories with the Arab drivers around the camp fire 2. The traditional bread cooked in the camp fire coals 3. Mahmoud sharing his cigarette and tea glass with his camel the first night when we didn't know enough to camp upwind of camels.

During the final year that Schutz was in Assiut, George Meloy organized a week long field trip for high school and junior high aboard the dahabiya, "Ibis". The plan was to board it in Balyana and sail north as far as we could go in a week. Because of strong contrary winds we were unable to set sail but the boat served as our base of operations. Regular classes were held in the mornings. The afternoons were for travel and sightseeing. Makram Habashi was our local host.

Again snap shot memories: On a walk through Balyana the local urchins followed calling us among other things "Ibn el Kalb". After greater familiarization with us, they began asking George for bakshish addressing him as "ya Khawaga" (foreigner). George's retort: "Ana mush Khawaga, ana ibn el Kalb". Makram's Citroen had no muffler. Asked why he didn't get it repaired, he responded that it was much more effective than his car horn in clearing a path through crowds and he proceeded to demonstrate. Trips to the magnificent temple of Abydos, meeting Um Seti who was the reincarnated mother of the Pharaoh. The "possessed" man who crushed flint in his bare hands and ben ta 10 piaster coin in his eye socket.

Other snap shot memories of Schutz in Assiut: Dormitory and school buildings were unheated and very cold in winter. In high school Bill Roy, Andy Reed, Hans Schaffner, Ed Pollock and I took turns being the early man up to ring the wake-up bell and light the space heater. At piano recitals the performers had to sit around a kerosene heater warming hands to keep fingers supple.

Bill Roy, Pete Roode, and I attempted to sneak out of the dormitory and go into town one Saturday night. As we passed the garage/ pump house we were recognized by the guard who escorted us back to the dorm - then ratted on us. This we only discovered Monday when Uncle Brad administered the yardstick treatment.

Ed Pollock and Bill Roy built a giant terrarium in which we planned to house the cobra which we were sure we would capture. We only managed to find a garden snake. The snake charmer who was called in to clear the area of cobras refused to turn over his catch to us!

I left Schutz in Assiut and have never been back to that city. The following September Schutz reopened in Alexandria at its pre-WWII site. The Sudan and Ethiopia contingent no longer required two weeks of travel; air travel was now common. 1956 promised to be an exciting year. The student body was expanded by American and European children living in Alexandria. Alexandria was a cosmopolitan, almost European city. It had theaters, museums, a zoo, the ocean, department stores. It was a real city!

Alas, the promising year of '56-'57 was cut short by the Suez Crisis. First, there was the assembly that October afternoon in 1956 to announce we were to be evacuated. We said our farewells to one another that night. Huddling around the radio while Bill Roy tuned in the BBC and VOA, we heard the news of troop movement, ultimatums and war. The next morning there were many destinations: McClanahans, Jamisons, Ammons, and others to the Alexandria docks to depart by sea. Webbs, Parrs, McGills, Roys, Eva Kenny and others journeyed by train to Cairo, Upper Egypt and points south.

In time, the Schutz story resumed, students returned, the school flourished. But it was never the same. For me it remained a memory and a place far away but yet very close.

# Gib McGill: 1954-61

Boarding student from Cairo

I began my career at Schutz as an academic failure; I had just flunked the second grade at a British school in Cairo. But the first thing that happened to me in Schutz was that I got the opportunity to redeem myself. By doing some extracurricular work--namely, by reading the book "The House on Smiling Hill, under the supervision of Miss Duff, I advanced almost immediately to the third grade.

My memories of Schutz are divided into two parts. The first two years, beginning in 1954, at Assiut, and the remaining years at Alex. I left in the spring of 1961. One of the first things that come to mind when I reminisce about the Assiut Schutz is the bombat trees. These were gigantic, as I remember, and they dropped scads of bombats, large red flowers which resembled shuttlecocks from the game of badminton. We kids used them, naturally, to throw at one another during "bombat fights". Another thing we did with them was to collect the dew that formed in the stem of the bombats. Contemporary wisdom held that this made an excellent glue, although I can't remember a single instance in which the glue was ever used. Another product of these great trees, during a different season (or maybe in an alternate year, I'm not sure which), was kapok, a cotton-like substance. This kapok would get blown from the trees much as dandelion seeds do, floating down on the breeze. Each little piece of kapok contained a seed; we would remove the seeds and combine the pieces into as big a wad of kapok as we could. We didn't know then that kapok is used in expensive pillows and sleeping bags! Another tree which gave us great fun was a walnut of some kind. I remember that when someone first discovered the walnuts, we kids began spending every recess scavenging around under that tree. It was at least as exciting as any Easter egg hunt! There was a large grapefruit orchard on the school grounds, but we kids knew that it was generally off limits. However, one time someone secured permission to hold a rotten grapefruit fight. It must have been after the season when nobody got around to picking them. All I know for sure is that I was sick in bed at the time and very disappointed that I had to miss this great event.

Being among the younger Schutzites at the time, my brother Kim and I were always getting duped by my older brother Bill and his cronies. One night they took us all out on a snipe hunt. Boy, were we excited, each little boy with his own bag in which to catch the snipe. Well, I guess just about everybody knows what a snipe hunt is, but I think I was the very last one to catch on. Then there was that great place of high adventure, which the older boys would refer to only in

whispers, called "Foxafibia" . This was said to be the place where all the foxes resided, and only a few privileged people knew about it. I and others, including Glenn Jamison, begged to be taken there. Finally, the day came for us to be taken to "Foxafibia". We were led blindfolded over fences, under gates, through ditches, and down paths. When our blindfolds were removed, we were in a dark crawl space under a building. It must have been one of the Assiut College buildings, because I remember hearing lots of footsteps, like thunder, up above, then some talking in Arabic. I never did see any foxes though! Then there was the annual exhumation of the buried canary. Someone, possibly Bill Roy, had a map marking a spot near the wall on the Nile side of the school. We dug in the prescribed place and, sure enough, found a box containing the "mummy" of a dead canary and some "papyrus" burial documents.

Another strange annual phenomenon was "ladybug season". Each year at a certain time ladybugs would appear in abundance, like an Old Testament pestilence. But we saw the ladybugs as very cute, each with its own design and number- of spots. We collected and brought them into our room by the hundreds, where we let them loose. But I think the housemother made us get rid of them. Another type of pet we often tried to acquire was minnows. But the problem was, we weren't supposed to play in the irrigation ditches where the minnows lived because of the danger of getting "bilharzia". We thought up all sorts of stratagems for getting at the fish without getting our hands wet with the loathsome canal water. But I think we always did manage to get wet anyway. I do remember that I once just fell in. And the minnows we caught never seemed to survive more than a day or two.

A favorite weekend activity was to visit the college farm, just a few minutes' walk from our school along an irrigation ditch. Bob Turnbull was the much-feared master of this farm, where one of the main attractions was the haystack. The big kids, including my brother Bill, Charles and Frankie Watkins, Bill Roy and Hans Schaffner, began burrowing a system of tunnels all through the haystack. Although I don't think we smaller boys were able to do much tunnel digging, we sure enjoyed crawling through the tunnels the big boys had made. It was quite a large haystack, and the tunnels went all the way through it, connecting here and there to lead off in different directions. I remember worrying about smothering in case the tunnel were to cave in. I also remember the sensation inside my clothes after a day of playing in the haystack!

One day a snake charmer came to school, and the teachers let us out of class to watch him work. I think Mr. Meloy had hired him to get rid of some of the cobras that were thought to haunt the grape arbor. A week or two earlier Wagee Effendi of the farm had killed a 6 foot cobra. Well, the snake charmer had a basket with him, and he walked off into the grape arbor, singing and chanting. When he



returned he was holding a cobra which someone estimated to be six feet long. He disappeared into the arbor a second time, returning with another cobra, this one 6 1/2 feet long. He set the snakes on the ground, then kicked at them as he sang and chanted. This made them perform a sort of dance, with their heads up high and their hoods puffed out. I remember suspecting later that the snake charmer had brought these snakes with him in his basket, because my friends and I could never find any cobras, or snakes of any kind, in that grape arbor no matter how hard we looked. I do recall an incident, though, when Alice McClanahan and a friend had been pulling twigs from an overhanging bush when one of them reached for a twig and it moved. It turned out to be what was referred to as a "ten-minute cobra". After it bites you, you have just ten minute to live!

A number of fads came and went during my Assiut days and one of these was sword fighting. There was a period of time when every recess would find all the boys involved in swordfights with wooden swords, most of them just sticks, but some much more elaborate, with carved points, hilts, and handles. Then there was a bow and arrow craze. Again, most of these were crude - just sticks bent back and held with a piece of twine. But some were more elaborate, like the one Paul McClanahan had had custom made for him from lemon wood. Then I remember watching as he notched an arrow and drew back. I think he was aiming high, shooting for the distance record when one end of the bow snapped and fell to the ground. Another fad was ping-pong. I remember being no good but some of the bigger kids would let me play; and somehow I finally got better at it. At first all the balls were white. Then someone found a source of colored balls. Those brilliantly-colored balls--yellow, red, blue-- are one of the visual images that remain poignant and clear in my mind, as vivid as if I'd just played ping-pong. By the way, I have finally gotten pretty good at it!

One last item I remember from Assiut was the principal's paddle, mainly because it was used on me. In this connection, I have a questions for you, George. The paddle was perforated, and it was said that the holes had been intentionally drilled to make the paddle swing with less wind resistance. Is this true, or was the paddle really, as I later suspected, just a converted dusting brush, the holes being where the bristles had been?

Schutz Alexandria still lives in my mind in a sentence from Mrs. Sisley's English class: "On warm September evenings we played Pom-Pom Pullaway." She had been teaching us sentence structure and this sentence, she said, would forevermore evoke for us the mood of Schutz. I was already pleasantly familiar with Alexandria by the time Schutz moved back there, for this was where we spent summers at Sidi Bishr running barefoot and shirtless through the sand all summer, living in houses of straw and wood. You could always tell when you were in Alex by the orange and black taxis (versus the blue and white ones of

Cairo), and the fresh Mediterranean sea and air. The early rage of Schutz Alex was treehouses. The best tree house of them all was the one built on the ground where the "new building" (I'll bet it hasn't been called that in a long time) later stood, by Bill Roy and perhaps Ed Pollock. It was a regular room, with four walls and a ceiling, and I remember that somebody, perhaps Bill Roy himself, set an all-time Schutz record for treehouse sitting, staying up there continuously for 48 hours or 50. But the treehouse I liked best was the one that I built along with other members of my "club -- Bobby Kraft, Don Wilson, Pete Parr, Eddie Adair, and Larry Small. This treehouse was no architectural marvel. It was no more than a plywood floor with a few planks and palm branches for a roof. But the great thing about it was that it was secret, camouflaged in the upper leaves of the tree. We could hide there and even, on occasion, eaves-drop on people. At first, we had this treehouse in one of the trees bordering the property next door, near the tennis court. One time, when I knew that the foul mouthed gardener boy from the next-door property, who used to yell obscenities at us in Arabic was lurking nearby, I left two bottles of Coke at the base of the tree. Bobby Kraft was in the treehouse, so I pointed out that I was leaving the bottles there and going away, and that he should watch to see if the boy, whom we later christened "Mohammad the Thief" would climb over the wall and take them. When I returned ten minutes later, Bobby reported that, yes, the boy had come over and taken the Cokes. Well, why didn't you yell and stop him?" "Oh, I thought I was only supposed to check and see if he would take them!"

One day our worst fears were realized: one of the girls noticed our treehouse, and suddenly it was a secret no more. Everyone was talking about it and we club members were faced with the challenge of moving it surreptitiously. We decided it had to be done early in the morning, before anyone else was up and about. I remember Pete Parr awakening me at about 4am. I also remember Miss Murdock's voice saying, "Peter, what are you doing outside at this hour?" when she caught him trying to get back into the building after we'd finished the job. But Pete must have done some smooth talking, because I don't remember having been caught myself, nor that our secret project was ever divulged. The next location of our treehouse was overlooking the main street (Sharia Schutz) and this gave Bobby Kraft and me the opportunity to launch into a new avocation called "freak watching". We would watch the passersby, looking for physical oddities. Then we would try to condense each one's "freakishness" into a word, or title which would send us into paroxysms of laughter (we were easily amused). Fortunately, none of the objects of our hilarity ever knew what we were doing.

Another rage, which lasted only a couple of weeks, was foxholes. Every boy who could wield a pick or shovel started digging. Again, some foxholes were more impressive than others. The one with which I was involved turned out to be one

of the less Impressive -- maybe 6 or 8 feet deep by 6 by 6. But my brother Kim, Joe Roode, and Glenn Jamison were among those who dug a pit of mammoth proportions, perhaps 12 by 15 by 15, complete with a wooden ceiling, trapdoor and ladder. I remember noticing that when they would emerge from hours of digging, they looked like coal miners with dirt leading into their nostrils.

Another great event in my memory of Schutz was the day my older brother, Bill, inaugurated the rope swing. This was a thick rope tied from a 60-foot high branch of a eucalyptus tree. My brother was the first to swing with this rope from the roof of the building, with just a knot in the rope to stand on. Glenn Jamison was the second in line to swing, but when his turn came, he "chickened out". Then it was my turn. Boy, did it look like a long fall from the roof to the ground, and I wanted to follow Glenn's example, but my brother shamed me into upholding the family name and being the second to swing from the roof. Boy, was that an exhilarating ride, making you feel light in the pit of your stomach!

Years later, rope climbing became a popular activity. Everyone wanted to be able to climb hand over hand (not using feet or legs). I was pretty good at this, but there were others who were far better, among them Bobby Kraft and Joe Roode. I remember that one of the teachers, perhaps Mr. Small, offered 5 pounds to the first person who could climb to the top of a certain rope upside down. I remember being surprised to hear that Joe Roode had won that prize because I had tried climbing upside down and found it to be impossible. How ironic, then, that just a week or two later it should be Joe Roode who was the one killed in a mishap at Abu Mina which involved climbing by rope down into a well! One evening during supper Mr. Small announced that nobody was to leave the dining room until Mr. Meloy had made an important announcement. It was quite a while before Mr. Meloy came, and nobody had an inkling as to what the announcement was to be about. I remember that after Mr. Meloy had announced Joe Roode's death nobody could finish eating.

Some of the names of people, when I recall them, are just as evocative of Schutz as the "Pom-Pom Pull away" sentence: Abu Bukr, the tall Nubian who kept the gatehouse; Ashoor, who was suddenly dismissed and jailed after someone discovered that he had been a kleptomaniac for years; Miss Tadros, the French teacher who wore low-cut necklines and came to school on the back of her boyfriend's motorcycle; Utaaz Ahmad, the Arabic teacher with his perennial sunglasses, who taught us things like, "baa, bee, boo, ba' ara" (something I still recite from time to time); Miss Terzian and Mrs. Katchedurian of the laundry room; Abdu Samiah and Nuss of the kitchen.

Two final anecdotes, both with a theme of crime and punishment memories of Schutz - the first began when the kitchen staff complained to Miss Murdock that

someone had stuck a piece of chewing gum on the bottom of his or her dinner plate, and this had fouled up the dishwasher terribly. Well, Miss Murdock confronted us students at breakfast the next morning with the news that the perpetrator of the deed had better fess up, or else. The "or else" was that no student would eat another bite until the guilty party stepped forward. Well, we all sat around the breakfast table looking at each other; but nobody opened up, so we went to class hungry. I don't remember whether Phil Roode confessed at lunch time or waited until after supper. But I do remember him saying privately that he hadn't really done it. He had only confessed so that everyone would be allowed to eat again. The second story began when Miss Jaspers returned unexpectedly to the classroom and caught Bobby Kraft and me talking. We had to see her after class, at which time she posed us each this question - "If you were the teacher in this situation, what kind of punishment would you mete out?" I had to answer first. In my eagerness to avoid another beating, I didn't think very clearly, I said I would assign the offending student some extra homework. Bobby's reply was that he would make the student stay late in school after class. We received our sentences: Bobby was to stay in the classroom for two hours after school the following day and I was to write an extra six-page term paper.

There is a song that comes to mind when I think of Schutz. It's a song I used to hear emanating from Martin Hall on sultry afternoons when the glee club practiced. And what an appropriate song it was! "Enjoy yourself, it's later than you think. Enjoy yourself, while you're still in the pink. The years go by more quickly than a wink. Enjoy yourself, enjoy yourself, it's later than you think!"

# Jessie Webb McCallum: 1948-50, 1956

Boarding student from Sudan

One of the advantages of growing up in a small boarding school is that there are always enough people to make games worth playing. Of course we played the usual group games as baseball, dodgeball, volley ball and basketball; but there were those "other games" that were played with fanatic zeal at recess, after school and on weekends. "Cops and Robbers" was one such game. The high hedges around the walkways were perfect in adding suspense as we tore around on our bicycles. Others were "Kick the Can", "Sardines" and "Murder in the Dark" which we played in the dormitory basement. Seasonal games gave new challenges. The Halloween "Hall of Horrors" extended for many weeks. We became quite creative with horrors to per pet rate on unsuspecting staff or students. Our favorite themes seemed to center around "The Operation" complete with a live toad for the beating heart, jello for brains, ketch up for brains, Parmesan Cheese for maggots, spaghetti for entrails. The "Pirate" theme was also popular • taking the unsuspecting through gymnastics blindfolded ending up by walking the plank and made to jump off into the sea which was a sotl mattress a few feet down. Amazingly, all participants lived through our exploits!

To me, "Little Assiut" was our most creative game. Patsy Anderson and Peggy McClure designed it to simulate small town life. Each Saturday we were each assigned a profession. We gathered outside the bars on their windows to receive our salary in "munchas." These we could spend on snacks or use at the market made up of "white elephants" we had each donated. Some of us were cops, teachers, thieves, a judge, bus driver ...all kinds of professions. I still get a chuckle when I remember how Sarah Parkinson as nurse and myself as doctor fixed up a bed room in her house as the hospital. Donnie McClure was our first patient. His stomach ache performance was truly a spectacle. Sarah took pity on his woeful face when he bravely swallowed our medicine of powdered mustard and pepper wrapped in pa per. She gave him a candy bar which proved an instant cure!

Meal time was always a favorite with me. I enjoyed the Egyptian and American dishes. Usually, Saturday night was "left-overs" and we were allowed to put together any wild combination of food that we wanted. The only stipulation was that we had to eat it all! Sunday night we had white rice with milk, sugar and cinnamon. Then after the evening church service we were served apple pie with cheese.

Obviously the classroom work was not my first priority! Still, I am amazed how much we learned under challenging circumstances. In the fall of 1955, the high

school which consisted of Andy Reed and Willis McGill in ninth grade and Charles Watkins and myself in tenth, had to meet on the porch of the boarding department with Miss Lucy Soule. As the weather grew colder we just moved out into the sun on the lawn. George Meloy, our principal and English Teacher, put us all together in one class assigning us to make Research Papers out of Miss Soule's work in Plato, Socrates, Shakespeare and Aristotle. We groaned and complained then, but truthfully, this was the best preparation I could have for my college assignments later, and I thank George.

French we learned from a local businessman's wife who only spoke French and Arabic. What we did not understand, Charles Watkins translated from the Arabic! In reflection one of the most important things that I took away from Schutz was a sense of the "larger" family and a belonging to God's Family. Sure, there were lonely times, the tights, and bad scenes but there were happy times, too, I think it is up to us to choose what we will remember, treasure or forget. Friendships and loyalty have deepened over the years as I have met fellow Schutzites. How quickly the Schutz bonds are renewed! My deepest thanks to all those who made Schutz possible so that my parents were able to continue their ministry and I could still have solid preparation for life.

## BACK IN ALEXANDRIA: 1956 - 1990

### Norma Insley: 1962-1964, 1981-82

#### Faculty

Most impressive to me during my Schutz years was the quality of life enjoyed by staff and students. Twenty five years later I realize this was due to the caliber of the students and the constant efforts and leadership of George and Mary Lou Meloy. It was a good time for Americans to live in Egypt. We were welcomed by the people of the country. This was evident at the time of the assassination in November 1963 of John Kennedy. Our Egyptian friends demonstrated their concern for us in many ways; especially I remember the huge number of participants at the Memorial Mass attended by Muslims and Christians in the Cathedral in Alexandria,

I was aware of the feeling of security the students and staff had. An effort was made to meet the needs and desires of all living at the school. Everyone was assured of having an interested listener when needed. What a wonderful place it was to grow and work in! A warm enveloping feeling of love pervades but it was also expected that one would live by the values developed in his home and at the school. Few offended.

The need for spiritual guidance was recognized and met daily, through example of the leaders, the qualities of compassion, tolerance, integrity, love, and concern for others were developed. Church attendance was a high point of the week. Most of us went in the van but many walked home along the beautiful Corniche on fine Sundays.

Although family life could not be duplicated, family ties were maintained by visits of parents to the school, mail, and the background of common interests of the students. There was a sense of freedom at Schutz. The need for recreation, personal development in artistic areas, friendships outside the school, and opportunities to learn more about Egypt and its people were recognized.

# Charlotte Weaver-Gelzer: 1965-1967

Boarding student from Cameroun

In the spring of 1967, the kids from Cameroun were the last of the departing students to leave Schutz. That year, we were James, Ruth and Philip Sandilands, Ruth Robert and Bonnie Gallaway, Debby Neely, Paul Brook, my sister Rebekah Gelzer, and myself. The night before we left, Ruth Sandilands and I repacked our suitcases twice over, trying to decide what to take and what to leave behind us. We knew even then, without saying so, that we were not coming back to inherit our senior year. I left notes inside the lid of the trunk I couldn't take, with instructions to the finder for disposing of the things among the Schutzites I knew who were younger than I, and would return to the school when the fall-out of the Six Day War had been cleared away.

In the morning of the last day, I walked around campus alone, before breakfast, looking hard at what I saw, because I wanted to remember the small things about being at Schutz. But now, I cannot see what I looked at so carefully and with such love. I can only remember the last moments, in the school van, as we drove down to the gate past the trees along the left hand wall, when I wrenched my neck looking back over the seats at the main buildings and the basketball court.

Our going was filled with an urgency and an insecurity which no adult around us tried to disguise. The flight from Cairo to Accra and Lagos was not certain to leave, or perhaps it would depart before we got to the airport. So, I remember the departure from Schutz as the ultimate, and my first experience, in trusting what cannot be controlled.

Hussein was my last sight of Schutz on Egypt's ground. Pleasant and calm, he helped us get our baggage out of the van, onto the broad sidewalk outside the Alexandria train station, and then we all said goodbye to him, and he smiled at us and drove away as though everything were quite ordinary, as though we would be coming back in three months. I watched the van moving through the chaotic traffic of carts and busses, bicycles, honking autos and plodding donkeys; and felt myself cut off from Schutz forever, when the van went out of sight.

Why is my memory of leaving Schutz for the last time, stronger than my memories of being there? The pith of all my Schutz memories is the pain of separation. To get there, I said good bye to people I loved, and to get home again, I said goodbye to people I loved. Most of us carried some degree of that secret aching, all year long. Some of us had grown used to this stretching of the heart from the second grade onwards, but Schutz more than any other boarding school



experience of mine, called out my desire to be whole and alive, to risk making real friends and loving a place. Schutz was the last place I loved completely, knowing there was no other place like it. I will risk people and friendship now, no matter what the chance of separation, but I don't risk place, anymore. Never again to be in a place you have loved, is a loss which time does not fully heal.

Although the journey to Schutz seems to be taken for granted, it was an integral part of the year's experience. When we went to Schutz, we were judged old enough to travel alone. Some of us were just 13, most of us were around 16, and we managed tickets, visas, luggage, passports, taxis, foreign currency, customs inspections, airports, railroad stations, and hotels, some of us traveling through four different African countries, across more than half of the continent. It was the first great adventure of our own. To go to Schutz was to be free, to have our maturity trusted by our elders.

To be at Schutz was to have the promise of that journey fulfilled. What I remember chiefly as a Schutz characteristic, was the freedom we were given to become ourselves. There was no specific mold we were forced into, to be acceptable, We are tempted to imagine that somehow, in Egypt, we were more real than we can ever be again. That's a mistake. At Schutz we learned how to enjoy living with people who were very different from ourselves, and how to live responsibly with freedom. The point was that we could do it anywhere. Only, we didn't know what hard work it really is, because living together at Schutz was such fun.

It was a terrific place to be a teenager. The trouble was, we had to go back to America. Schutz was a pilot experience in American culture, for me. Missionary children there grew up in every way, far from the mother country. There were so many non-missionary students at Schutz that the atmosphere had a strong flavor of what to expect when we went back to the States. Clothes, music, fashion itself, was not so far out of date that we would be living museum pieces when we arrived at our new schools in the U.S.

Even so, we would always be different. Time at Schutz made me value that difference, which is still in me. Because I was always proud of Schutz, I was unwilling to feel inadequate when I discovered how much I didn't know about America. Without realizing it, I was taught what security feels like, when it isn't based on popularity or finances or class, or parental achievement.

There's a longing in me, sometimes, to escape America and get back to the rest of the world, but I don't want to be a tourist, where I once was at home. I belong In America, but lam not limited by her boundaries of continent or mind. Once In a while I think about the rank of flags in the passageway to the courtyard of the

main building. Americans, I find, are nervous about all those flags, if our country can't be in charge of them. I know what it's like to live where my country isn't in power. Nothing about my life was diminished by living in the countries In Africa and the Middle East, where I went to school. That knowledge from Schutz, is what I use most often with the people where I live and work, today.

In the twenty-some years since I left Africa, those are the things I think about most often. I don't let myself remember specific scenes of Schutz with any frequency, because I can still miss everything about those days. But here is what I see in my mind's eye, when I look back.

Blue, blue sky, cloudless, filled with dazzling sun. Darkness and constellations, seen from the flat roof of the girls' hall. Alexandria at night, lit at the sea edge with a faint greenish glow of lights along the Cornish, and black where the desert met the city.

Sitting in the hot, bright sun on bentwood chairs in the school courtyard on the first day when everyone was back, while all the teachers were introduced and class schedules were handed out. Looking along the rows of students there to see what couples still were together after the summer.

Standing at the bottom of the stairs in the main building, waiting for supper and reading a news item on the bulletin board about Mohammed Ali, the great boxer, who was refusing to be drafted for Viet Nam. Going to the dentist downtown, and seeing a parade honoring President Nasser and Marshal Tito. Visiting the El Alamein cemetery and coming home from there in silence.

Standing around the tether ball pole in the dusk, between supper and study hall, listening to music coming from Martin Hall and talking with whoever else was standing around the tether ball pole. Watching Superman with Arabic subtitles on the student lounge TV set. Mango ice cream for supper. Incredible "ful medemis" for breakfast (incredibly). Pomegranates, fresh figs, fresh dates for lunch. Schutz had wonderful food.

Being cold at night, really cold, for the first time in memory. Salt water In the taps at Mariout. Understanding, on sight, that the desert is like the sea. The smell of hot, burning rancid oil, of roasting corn, of rotten garbage in the gutters, of salt-air, of hot sand, hot pavement, hot skin. Listening to the muezzin at night and in the morning, getting used to the spitting sound in the loudspeaker as he cleared his throat before singing, wondering about the people who responded to his call to prayer. Don keys, making harsh creaky sounds beyond the compound walls. Cries and conversation of people I never saw, on the other side. Wondering what they dreamed about, and what they thought of us.

Girls with me everywhere, and the boys we fell in love with always in mind or in sight. Boy-girl intrigue. Friend fighting friend, and their misery infecting the whole girls' hall for what seemed like weeks, so that one longed for the year to be over. Minor diplomatic missions from one camp to the other, meetings in the bathrooms or on the stairs or up on the roof, to obtain truce. Eventual loss of interest in the whole thing, and gradual return of balance on the hall.

Cutting open sheep's eyes in biology. Listening to Dr. Pastides wearily telling us how to spell "parallel". Singing the Animal Farm anthem in Peggy Watkins' English class. Learning madrigals and the Mozart Requiem, a Bach chorale, and Britten's Ceremony of Carols. Singing the Christmas concert in Tanta; singing the spring concert in Cairo after the great basketball ball game against Maadi using stones in cans to make noise to save our voices for that evening. Singing the madrigal concert (in costume--remember those cheesecloth dresses and the paper mache boar's head surrounded by grapes in the new auditorium?) It rained that night, I remember, and the boys hated Mr. Tony for making them wear hose. And, oh, the Ceremony of Carols! I cannot hear any note of that music today without thinking of choir at Schutz - breathing from the diaphragm, sitting up straight, loosening belts, opening mouths wide, watching Mr. Tony only, and he, passionate, dramatic, demanding everything from us while he directed.

It was fun, wasn't it? It was great, being there, in time for those years. What a gift our parents gave us, doing their work in places which made Schutz necessary for us. George Meloy once said to me, "Remember yourself, when you have kids you r age now." I find I can, with pleasure and patience and amusement in spite of the pain and embarrassment of those years, because it was so good to be alive, at Schutz.

# Betty Stearns: 1966-1967

Faculty/parent

Circumstances seemed ideal for teaching and learning at Schutz. Not only could each teacher decide just how to teach in his/ her classroom but even had the opportunity of designing and overseeing the building of it. Examples I remember are Gladys Fox designing her kitchen for cooking classes and my chance to be in on the planning of the new Art Room in the small building by the fence. Teaching art in this interesting little building which included a loll, large bulletin boards etc., was "like heaven". The students spoke English but were from 16 different countries that year. They were primarily from families who cared well for them, and they were eager to listen and to try out new ideas. No wonder I felt I was born to teach! We were in close range of great art subject matter--such as:

Beautiful trees. After drawing a tree from memory (most looked like lolly-pops), taking a walk under the beautiful trees of Schutz to see what real trees were like - then redrawing the tree with hundreds of branches!

Miss Dumreicher's garden - to draw flowers.

Beauty in the ordinary on campus - such as rolled-up napkins in personal boxes, the relationship of the corners of two buildings, etc.

This freedom for the teacher meant good education for the students who learned to get along with all kinds of people and methods of teaching. There was a great deal of freedom. There was no kindergarten that year, so a desk was set up in the back of the first grade room for our daughter, Mary, who was four. She was allowed to leave when she needed a stretch or wanted to see Mom or Dad. Once when she fell off a "tight rope", a group of 5 or 6 very adult first graders escorted her into my art class for a little comfort.

Some activities of our children and many others like them:

- David carrying one large frog at a time up to a tight rope and over to the next tree until the whole frog family was together in the new tree house
- "Swimming" in the tennis courts after they were flooded. (We especially remember Jane!)
- Playing in, watching, or cheering for basketball games. (We remember Jim Hoffmeier plowing down center court!)

- John enjoying the company of Danny Thompson and Jay Lindly playing or practicing for the piano recital, etc.
- Dorothy, as a 3rd and 4th grader, painting many, many eggs in amazing colors on Easter and then taking part in a huge Easter Egg Hunt organized by older students. (She now says that those big buckets of dye and the extent of the hunt were better than any others she has ever experienced.)
- Everyone enjoying the pool. This was the year that it crashed one night and then was built beautifully by George Wartenberg.
- Students being taken to see and enter the Giza Pyramids - a thrill of a life-time!!

# Wally Stearns: 1966-67

Faculty/ parent

Creativity is a marvelous thing to stimulate. It is a major goal of education - and one where Schutz rates very high. Here are a couple of items in which it was linked to fun while I was there. In staging a Halloween prank with Max Dennis we worked very hard together to produce a hanging with Max as the victim. He was President of the student body, known and liked by all. His physical features, especially his height, made him easily identifiable - even with the dim light of a single candle an ideal subject which we arranged to hang outside from the crotch of a tree by a single rope with no visible support from anything at all.

We planned and executed the affair in strict secrecy. Nobody knew anything except George Meloy with whom we shared all safety provisions and back-ups. It "worked like a charm". At the refreshment and party-time which followed, there was great relief and pleasure as was the case with all stunts. But one special feature of ours was this - the more adult a person was, and the more a person mixed critical thinking with his initial shocks the more anxious he was likely to feel at the time and the more relief later.

At the faculty men's entry in a talent show I will never forget the pleasure of working with Gene Ammon, George Wartenberg, Ron Walters, and Wayne Smith when we rehearsed and finally performed as a women's chorus line. Wigs, stockings, lip-stick, rouge, eye-brow pencil, ear-rings, clothing, underclothing, shoulder-pads, falsies, shoes - nothing left out except shaving the legs!

# Diana Antonescu: 1973-76

Day student, Roumania

"THOU DAWNEST BEAUTIFULLY IN THE HORIZON OF THE  
SKY, O,LIVING AMON WHO WAS THE BEGINNING OF LIFE...

WHEN THOU SETTEST IN THE WESTERN HORIZON OF THE  
SKY, THE EARTH IS IN DARK NESS LIKE DEATH!..."

(Hymn to the Sun)

Several days ago I watched a National Geographic Production of "Egypt: A Quest for Eternity". As the incense was offered by the priests to the Sun-God at the temple of Karnak, I suddenly remembered some lines from the "Hymn to the Sun" which I studied for World Literature. Along with these words came a flood of memories, very dear to me....

Closing my eyes for a moment, I brought everything all back, those magic days or my childhood when I was in Egypt. The day when I first saw the Pyramids, stairways to heaven ... the visit to the temples of Karnak and Luxor built on the Eastern side of the Nile where the Sun rises, the mysterious Valley of the Kings and Queens where the Pharaohs were buried in vast mausoleums dug out of the hillside, my first ride on a camel - and finally images of my joyful schooldays at Schutz!

"WHEN TO THE SESSIONS OF SWEET SILENT THOUGHT I  
SUMMON UP REMEMBRANCE OF THINGS PAST..."

- Shakespeare -

Almost twelve years have passed since I left Schutz! But I have never forgotten how happy I had been there. How could I forget the most beautiful years of my own childhood? How could I forget the fun I had with some friends that I may never see again? And how could I ever bring myself to forget the wonderful teachers I had at Schutz?! Unlike most teachers I have known - they were so kind and were always helping us. We called them by their first names too! But for them and all their help it would have taken me much longer to learn English, for when I came to Schutz I did not speak a word of it! But best of all they opened a new door for me: to the world of Literature.... Thus, books became my best friends and have remained so! When I first came to Egypt it seemed to me like a Land of Dreams - Schutz was like a Dream come true!!

"SUME DIEM QUI EST VISUS TIBI PULCHERRIMUS UNUS! "

"Keep for yourself the day which seems most beautiful to you", Lucillius said. But I would much rather share it for then it becomes even more beautiful.

As long as I live I shall always remember the day my blue clay pitcher was given to me at Schutz! It was June 1973 and we were all gathered in the auditorium. Outside it was very warm and everyone was dreaming of the summer holidays. I felt a little sad for I had grown to love our life at school and also, I did not feel left out anymore as I did at first. I wondered why we had all been called down to the auditorium. Then I noticed that almost everyone in my class was being called out and given something. Were they prizes? I thought of our own schools in Romania where at the end of every school year at least three pupils won prizes. Sometimes they were the best in the class but not always and it caused a great deal of unhappiness. Yet, here it was different!! As far as I could see everyone was going to get something. At last my name was called out and I stood up bright-eyed and blushing. Very shyly, I walked up onto the stage. When I looked up someone was smiling at me and saying something. And then the lovely blue pitcher I had been admiring among the many pretty objects made of clay - well, it was given to me! I took it lovingly in my arms as though it might be a priceless possession! There was an inscription on it and I read it to myself:

"YOUNGEST. CUTEST STUDENT TO LEARN ENGLISH Tms YEAR?"

The words filled me with joy for it was so true! Yes, I had learned English that year for when I came to Schutz I did not speak any English. I was the only pupil in my class who could not speak English and the only way out was to learn as quickly as possible! Had I been put in a class with other children, who like myself did not speak the language I would not have been so worried about making myself understood and knowing what was going on around me. As it was, the need to communicate with others really worked wonders. With the help of my first grade teacher, Ginny, I was soon able to catch up with the others. Looking back I see it was the surest way of making us learn a new language - but it had not been easy. Shy and unsure of myself, I wanted to play with the other children and I was hurt when they laughed at my mistakes! Now, reading the words on the pitcher all my past sorrows were forgotten instantly! I still keep the pitcher though it was cracked in 1986 in an earthquake. The writing is almost faded with time. But you can still make out the words if you try... I shall always keep the pitcher. Though Schutz has always been very much alive in my mind, I sometimes like to look at it and remember ...

Thus, I look at my blue pitcher and I see myself as a child once more: learning English, learning how to play baseball or dance four-square, singing Christmas carols with the others in the auditorium or hunting for colored eggs on Easter



Day ... I see myself having fun with my friends at bake-sales or barbecues, or laughing at the contests of who can eat the greatest number of pies blindfolded. The winners were a mess!

Or just swimming or playing tennis or basketball .... Getting stars for good behavior and winning the Reading Contest. The prize was a lovely pair of hairpins shaped as Monarch butterflies which my teacher, Marty, had chosen as they had been one of my assignments at Science!

Memories of a thousand things I've done, for at Schutz we were always busy doing something - we had so many activities, so many new things to learn about, so many ....

### MY FIRST HALLOWEEN AT SCHUTZ

I did not know what Halloween was when I came to Schutz. But everybody seemed so excited and eager that I knew it must be something nice! I tried asking some children in my class but as I did not speak English so well then, I was a bit confused and told them I did not understand what I had to do for Halloween. You must get all dressed up", they said and I wondered what they meant for I dressed every day. Finally, I did find out that I was supposed to wear a costume and bring a paper bag with me.

I went home feeling very excited indeed and I told mother that I must have a lovely costume for Halloween. It was now her turn to be surprised but we soon decided I was to be "Zina Florilor". I wore a long dress of my favorite color - light blue. On it Mother and I had sewn white flowers and on my head I wore a small wreath of sweet-smelling flowers. When I walked into the classroom they guessed at once that I was a flower but I told them I was the "Queen of Flowers" and we all laughed and the teacher smiled and said it was a lovely idea and I looked pretty - just like a flower. Then we went trick-or-treating. I was given a paper bag as I'd forgotten to bring one. It was not necessary to play any tricks on anyone as they all gave us something and soon the bag was full of goodies - candy, lollipops, bubble-gum. We had a Halloween party, too, afterward and it was fun!

### SCIENCE CLASSES AT SCHUTZ

Apart from Reading and Art I loved Science best. At Schutz science classes were really interesting and often we would go outside, notebook in hand, looking for an animal or an insect to watch. We then tried to remain unseen so that we could observe the creatures - and describe their habits later in class. I loved this part best, for I enjoyed watching animals. Sometimes we were even given special assignments. All of us had done something. We had kept ants in a jar so we could

study them better and we had watched tadpoles change into frogs and caterpillars into butterflies! I had observed a Praying Mantis and had wanted to keep it for a pet but my Mother did not like the idea at all! In the end I did have a Chameleon for a pet. And making several experiments both in class and outside I proved that chameleons could not change color instantly, as everyone claimed because it took time for the colored spots to appear! What puzzled me most of all though was the reaction of the Egyptian children to my new pet. It seemed to terrify them and they ran away from it as if it were an evil thing. But we also had more common pets. We all loved Fluffy, one of the school dogs. She seemed to know and came to see us whenever she felt like it.

"TRUE, I TALK OF DREAMS ...." - Shakespeare -

A few years ago I had a very odd dream. I was back in Alexandria and I wanted to visit Schutz. When the taxi dropped me at the gates, I walked in and went up the driveway to the playground, past the twisted tree which we used to climb. I stopped to consider. Where should I go first?

Glancing at my watch I decided everybody would be having classes. So, crossing the basketball court I made my way to where my classroom had once been – up the steps and through the flag hall into the inner courtyard, I walked up to the door and knocked, then I pushed the door open. To my great surprise there was nobody inside! I tried the other classrooms but with the same result. It was very puzzling. But I didn't give up. Maybe they were in the swimming-pool: it was such a lovely day. Yet, when I got there I saw no one. Running quickly to the tennis court below I went out through a little door which led to a wall - separating Schutz from an Arab's garden. For a moment I felt like jumping over and asking what the matter was and where was everybody?! Then I saw the flowers: they looked like orchids and the whole place was simply overgrown with them. The ground there was damp and it was too shady but they were thriving! They crawled on the ground, crept up the wall and clung to the trees filling the air with a sickly-sweet smell... I began to feel really scared. "Maybe I'd better leave", I thought somewhat reluctantly when suddenly I remembered I hadn't been down to the auditorium. Of course I must go there at once.

The fastest way was past the "pyramid" at the far end, I looked at it more closely. It did resemble "pyramids" i.e., cakes made of flour and honey which the ancient Greeks presented to the winners of races. But I did not want to walk by the "pyramid-block" for it would mean stepping on the flowers and crushing them! So, I ran back through the door into the tennis-court, up the steps, past the swimming pool and the bushes, down the stairs leading to the Auditorium. I tried to hear if there was anything inside. The doors were closed and I thought I heard a noise within. I tried the handle. The door was stuck. I pushed and slowly it

began to open, creaking, .. And then somebody caught me and shook me. I screamed and opened my eyes. It was Mother and she was trying to wake me! I hoped to dream it again but I never did ....

"Yet in my dreams I'd be..."

"REMEMBER THIS DAY IN WHICH YE CAME OUT  
FROM EGYPT ..."

(The Bible)

How long ago it seems - and yet even now I remember the day I left! I was so heavy-hearted at the thought of parting from my friends as well as from the teachers I loved and who had always been so good to us!

Secretly I cried but I did not wish to be seen for I thought it might make them sadder too... I wondered if I would ever see them again? I wondered if I would ever see Schutz?

Perhaps it was a very childish thing to do. I was in fifth grade then, after all! But before leaving, I also said "Goodbye" to Schutz and it did make me feel a little better! One by one, I went to see all the places I had loved for the last time. I started with the Library and my classroom, then I walked over to the Art Room and the Music Room, the swimming-pool and the Auditorium! I stopped there for a long time to smell the pink oleander blossoms! Last of all I climbed into the twisted-tree. It was there that I promised myself to come back again someday...

How could I have known that in leaving Egypt and Schutz I was going not "out of" but "into the house of bondage" A terrible bondage that was to last for so many years - until now!

# Marguerite Leishman: 1975-1978

Faculty/ parent

Often times it seems to me that I mentally recorded every hour of each day spent at Schutz. That includes Egypt itself. The two can hardly be separated. Neither can Schutz and Alexandria be separated.

On my arrival at Schutz in August 1973 there were continuous strange sounds, not unpleasant, floating across the compound walls. The clomp-clomp of donkeys in pre-dawn, the roof top roosters, the lilt of sleepy voices calling wares for breakfast, bread and beans. I miss those sounds.

Everyone, all these years, each year asks of George, the same question, "What is it with the dogs?" and in his way he answers, "When you don't hear the dogs anymore you have become acclimated." Can't be, with all that noise! But in the same way that dusk turns soundlessly to dark it happened. Where are the dogs? Filling the alleys, of course, but unheard.

Saturday was special. I climbed to the roof over my area, listened, looked and recorded. Look one way over the tennis court toward the sea, and hear the smack of tennis balls, then look the other, there old faded sails of feluccas, like lazy butterflies, tilted up and down, bobbing in the dirty canal. Closer, in the alley below rose the silent scent of cooked cumin. Powerful stuff for an active imagination. Mary Lou hurrying to the library and what a quiet, pleasant place to read, research and contemplate....

There are a thousand memories, but way ahead is George and Mary Lou and the extended family that circles the globe, bound together by Schutz memories. Yet among the most pleasant memories are the fresh flowers, and a snack Jane always saw were in our rooms on our return to Schutz. Thanks, Jane.

# Mirena Paravic: 1980-1985

Day student from Yugoslavia

A Byte About Schutz - I was asked to write a byte about my years in Schutz, and I will try my best to put down in a couple of words the wonderful memories I have of Schutz. My best will not be good enough for the strong feelings I hold towards Schutz. They are way too strong for an amateur like me to explain.

Schutz was my home for five marvelous years. I spent a lot of time there, more than I did with my parents at home, and I loved every single moment of it. I started going to Schutz in fourth grade. It was actually Fairhaven and Bill Redmaster was my homeroom teacher that year. It was with his help and the help of Linda Seal that I was able to learn English so well that I spoke it much better than my own language. I was, and still am, very proud of it, especially when people I spoke to later in my life couldn't believe that I was not a born American. As I moved on to Schutz my fifth grade homeroom teacher became Don Ytzen. Janie Walters was the sixth grade teacher, and I just must add a wonderful one at that. I have always said that if I ever become a teacher I would be just like Mrs. Walters. She and Ron were like another set of parents to us all. Mrs. Walters had a wonderful way of making us all read a lot and enjoy doing it. I remember very well "Bigfoot" and his steps on the ceiling. With every book that we read, a step was added on to the ceiling. Take my word for it, there were a lot of steps made that year! That year Ron, for the first of many times, wrote in my report -card how careless I was in my work and how much better I could do if I were just more careful. For many years after, my math teachers would be saying the same things to me over and over again. But Ron, I am sorry to say, I never did change. I am as careless now as I was more than seven years ago. Sorry.

As junior high came along, so did Dave Seal with the new classrooms right over the auditorium. We were the first ones to move in, and, boy, were we proud of it! I also remember the "torture" we had to go through in eighth grade when Dave had us learn all the countries and their capitals, all the major mountains and rivers of the world and a lot of other things that at that time we all thought were useless. I do think that by now most of us have realized how useful all those things are to us. If I had known that then, I would have paid more attention to what you w/ere saying, Dave, but I was only fourteen then and didn't really care where Timbuktu was. But I did learn it any way, I think. Thank you.

One thing that I always remember when I think of Schutz was those assemblies that were held every Monday from 10:05 to about 10:30. It's funny, but I can never remember what they were about. I suppose that does not prove how much I enjoyed them, but I went to every single one of them, Mr. Meloy. That's the least

I could do for you.

I could go on like this forever, writing down all the things I remember about Schutz. There are really a lot of great memories, and I think that for the rest of my life I will think of Schutz as the happiest place I have ever been to, can only thank each and every one who was there at the time my brother and I were for making Schutz such a very special place for both of us. I left a lot of people out of this page and a half who do deserve to be there. People like Martha, who taught me to play the guitar, Betty and Glenys, the mother and daughter who made science as fun as ever, and Walt for making actors out of all of us. I think very dearly of my friends who were there all the time I was. Abir Leheta who helped me out when I first got there and was my best friend for a very long time, Kody Modjtabai and Bilel Zeribi who made the rides home on the school bus a load of fun, Joey Anis, Roland and everybody else that made Schutz happen for me. Thank you all very much for being a part of the happiest years of my life. I love you all very much and would love to see you again some time.

# Maxine Erkiletian: 1982-84

## Faculty

Bonnie, Jo and I often hiked the mile to the Schutz campus for a swim after school hours. Our ages ranged from "middle" to my 63 years. One evening George happened past the pool and commented, "I think we're going to christen this place, "Golden Pond." Sadly, our efforts to splash him failed.

Egypt was experiencing trouble with rats when we arrived at Schutz. They were using flame throwers to fight the rats in the fields. The first evening at Fairhaven a rat appeared in the hall. Jo made it to the top of the telephone table in one vertical jump. All seven of the Fairhaven occupants gathered in the hall and there was a consensus of opinion that sleep would be impossible with a rat in the building. Bonnie called George and he assured us that he would be right over. We were still in the hall when we heard him coming up the stairs. At the top of the steps he released a wind-up rat which darted about our feet. He also gave us a ping-pong ball gun to frighten our unwelcome roommate and offered a ten pound reward for any live rat we could capture. Bonnie immediately began rat proofing the building and the only other rat I saw all year was one who ran up Martha's formal dresses and escaped out the window. However, Jo felt eyes upon her as she was reading the paper in the parlor. Sure enough, when she lowered the paper there was a rat sitting in the middle of the rug - (perhaps reading the back pages of the paper). Jo gave a scream that brought everyone to her rescue and frightened the rat so badly that he ran into the butagas heater. Here was our opportunity to collect the 10 pounds. We wrapped heater and rat in my bedspread and secured it with clothesline. All of us piled into the van to give George our prize and collect the reward. Someone alerted George and he piled 10 pounds of books on my back! We celebrated with some of George's fruit milkshakes at his apartment and Donna gave our ten pounds (real money) to the church.

My two year at Schutz were in many ways a teacher's dream. Small classes and a well-qualified aide, no playground or lunch duties, excellent equipment and great administrative support gave me the opportunity to do many things I had only dreamed about. My little kindergartners dressed as penguins for one of our programs is a precious memory. Our puppet theater with Christmas tree footlights and room for three children inside was fun and educational. Our performance of "Froggy Went A-Courting" with the life size puppets made by the children was a great experience - and patriotic.

Walt's musical programs were unbelievably professional. It was such a delight to see colleagues and students exhibit talents that even they not have realized they

had. "Oklahoma", "Walt Disney Melodies" and Walt's original play, "Androcles and the Lion" performed for Egyptian and ex-pat audiences were delightful. Things to remember: Walt Veasy, Donna, Josephine Parrot, Bonnie Cannors, Martha, Painting - red to purple, Parties, the boat, John Meloy Museum, Wedding Reception, Hot Party, rooftop dance.

Since our turn to give a program for Fairhaven came in February I decided we would have a patriotic American theme. We carried flags, recited the Pledge of Allegiance, sang the national anthem and conducted a quiz with pictures of American heroes and well-known sights. It was fun to see the interest children from around the world had in things American. My kindergarten children learned to read in some miraculous way because I had only taught pre-reading skills. Jo was so proud of them that she invited George to visit. The only preparation I made was a casual discussion of "Who is George?". The children knew that George was the headmaster and Shala contributed the fact that George had a cat. I mentioned that George was coming for visit.

Since I did not want the children to be nervous, I made no mention of the coming visit the next day, Just After naps George and Jo appeared at the door. Steven looked up and said, "Hi, I know who you are. You are a monkey!" I was appalled - this was a bit casual! George immediately picked up Steven's meaning and replied, "That's right! And I am curious!" Of course, we had just enjoyed "Curious George" in books and film strips.

The visit was off to a great start. George sat in the big wicker chair with a cardboard box on his lap. Perhaps George had heard of our little game called "How many kindergarteners can Maxine Hug" which consisted of everyone piling on me when I sat in the wicker chair accompanied by my attempts to get my arms around everyone. It took only seconds to perform and left all with warm feelings. It never became a disruptive device since the children watched for an appropriate time and I only sat in that chair at such times. The children ran to the bookcase to select whatever they wanted to "read to George". The spontaneity of the event was quite evident and Jo commented later that it was the only such time she had ever seen when the teacher was able to resist a rehearsal.

Of course among the bonuses of teaching in Egypt were the opportunities for travel. Clare, Andrea and I attended a memorable conference in Athens. We had excellent lectures, met teachers from all over the Middle East, ate delicious food at Japanese and Greek restaurants, shopped, went sightseeing and got better acquainted. One shopkeeper thought the girls were my daughters and offered me eight camels for one of them. I immediately accepted the offer but neither Clare nor Andy would cooperate. Alas my chance to become a camel owner went down



the drain. About 16 of the Schutz faculty went to Rhodes for the NESAs conference. We became known as the "fun-loving group" since we were the first and last on the dance floor and most of us rented mopeds to visit Old Town and the harbor. After the Gala, Walt gathered a crowd at the piano for a great singalong. Walt can play almost anything and took everyone's requests.

We got caught in an airline strike on the way home and had to spend a night in Athens. Ron stayed for 3 days to bring our luggage to Alexandria. Miraculously, not one piece was missing!

Bonnie and I spent five days in Rome on our way back to Schutz for a second year. I detoured through Vienna and Amsterdam on one trip and spent four days in London on another. One Christmas I took a cruise on the Mediterranean with a delightful time in Venice.

There were trains, planes, cars, buses and drivers available at cheap rates in Egypt so many of us took trips to Rosetta, the Fayoum, Cairo, St. Menas and many other places in Egypt. I visited the Club Med on the Red Sea, Luxor, had a feluka trip around Kitchener's Island, saw The Valley of the Kings, Valley of the Queens, Thebes, Tel el Amarna, the Step Pyramid, attended a camel auction outside Luxor, went to sound and light shows at the Giza Pyramids, visited friends at el Minia, and spent many weekends on the boat in Cairo.

## Jessie Webb McCallum: Evacuation 1956

The words on the Embassy stationery danced before my eyes,"...Dwight D. Eisenhower, President of the United States of America to All American Citizens residing in Egypt: Due to...the situation ...no longer safe for Americans.... Therefore, evacuation plans. . .one suitcase per family:...ships...tonight ...transport to Naples, Italy."

My ears buzzed. My heart jerked. I tried to focus on the date at the top of my English paper ..."1956". Vaguely, I was aware of the Egyptian messenger shifting nervously as he waited for instructions from George Meloy, the Principal of the Schutz School for : Missionary Children and my 11<sup>th</sup> grade English teacher.

"Jessie!" Mr. Meloy's steady gaze pierced my panic. "I need your help! The kids are going to react the way you do. Since you are the eldest student in the school, you must be their example. We don't have time for hysterics now! Since you have a half hour head start, go and pack a suitcase for your family."

Shaky legs carried me to the second floor. Questions buzzed in my head. How could I sort all my treasurers in half an hour? What would Nellie and David want to take? How could I get three person's belongings into one suitcase? "Oh, God," I whispered, "help me do the right things...I' m so scared!" Evidently, God understood, for when the noisy group of boarders broke through the bedroom doors, I found myself comforting, scolding, directing with some sense of order.

Later that night, the staff decided that all the "Sudan Kids" would go to Cairo Airport for travel South to be with their parents. Mr. Meloy was to accompany us on the train from Alexandria to Cairo early in the morning. While final arrangements were being made, the girls were to stay at the American Mission College for Girls; the boys at a mission apartment near the airport. All our careful packing had to be rearranged to include clothing for hot weather. Then new plans and we all took the train to Cairo and went to the American College for Girls.

At tea time in the coolness of the College gardens, my world was again shattered. I overheard Mr. Meloy speaking in hushed tones to a fellow missionary, "I was up in the tower just now and saw two planes flying low over the airport. There are huge fires on the horizon and it looks as though bombs are falling." "So it has begun then?" Someone asked. "Yes! I think we'd better get the kids inside." Mr. Meloy caught my eye and I knew that look! "Don't panic. The kids will follow your example." "I'll round them up," I managed to croak. I pulled kids out of trees, from behind bushes, from under beds and in closets! The wail of the Air Raid Siren catapulted the stragglers into the living room as Rev. Willis McGill

shut the last of the drapes. Mrs. McGill called us to sit on the floor while she lit a candle under the coffee table. I know that Rev. McGill answered questions, Mrs. McGill read the Twenty-third Psalm and someone prayed, but my brain would not work. This was real! This was not a movie! Even the "All Clear" could not dispel the uneasy tension that had fallen over the group. I fell into an exhausted sleep until midnight when excited girls crashed into my room. Flashlights were shone into my eyes. "Didn't you hear the siren? Didn't you hear the bombs? We couldn't find you in the dark! We had to go to the basement ..." Their nervous chatter was interrupted by the mournful wail of the Air Raid Siren. This time I went with them! We spent the night with Egyptian girls in the mattress-lined basement hallways of the Girls' Dormitory. · Forty-eight times the siren sounded, traffic stopped and the "All Clear" whistle blew!

There was a drastic change in our plans the next morning because the British had bombed Cairo Airport and the Suez Canal. We must travel South by train to wait at the American Mission College for boys in Assiut while plans were finalized for the Train-Boat connection to the Sudan. However, the Cairo train station was a giant sea of frightened humanity, wailing, shoving, writhing. Trains came and went with people hanging in and out of windows; in fact, hanging on to whatever they could to get out of Cairo! It was a miracle that our human chain reached the platform safely! We soon found out that reserved seats were out of the question. Squashed upright in the crowded aisles, we made the tortuous journey south. By nightfall we were able to unload a frazzled, hungry group on the Assiut train platform. As my turn came to step onto the train, all the lights on the train and in the city went out! An air raid siren sounded. I stepped out into the black velvet of a moonless Egyptian night!

Recalling this episode in my life, I marvel over many things: God, out of His infinite resources, guided, protected and opened up doors for us where there were none. The adults were courageous examples of faith. Their kindness, love concern and sense of responsibility for us even under severe circumstances gave us a sense of security. The "Schutz Kids" had an amazing capacity to cope under pressure; to behave in uncomfortable and trying situations. Mr. Meloy was right when he said, "Kids will act the way you do." He passed on his strength to me. Watching the adults, my faith was strengthened.

When the decree was issued that all British and French citizens were under house arrest, my brother, sister and I were confined to the Mission compound. We had to say goodbye to the "Sudan Crowd" as they journeyed south to the Sudan without us. We wondered if we would ever see our parents again. Walter and Clara Skellie opened up their home to us. John Reed and Paul and Ruth McClanahan created a world of fun and distraction for us. They were part of the skeleton crew left to man strategic positions at the College while the families

were evacuated. It could have been a rather lonely time for us. Even the Egyptian Christians showed their friendship and concern by promising us a place in their homes if it came about that all the Americans should have to leave. I have come to realize personally, God does have a family around the world. He is at work in that family reaching out with multicolored hands -- loving, caring, sharing, sheltering!

## Jean Stultz: 1960-63

### Faculty

On May 13, 1963, twelve students graduated from Schutz School. I gathered with them for their farewell dinner at Santa Lucia Restaurant in Alexandria and that night it was agreed we would all stay in touch by starting a round robin letter. In February 1964, the first call for news of the twelve went out and there were six letters produced that year. In the process, brothers, sisters, and friends of the class of 1963 indicated that they would like to become a part of the communique so it was agreed that anyone who wrote a letter would receive a letter. The mailing list grew each year.

This was also the beginning of the Schutz reunions held the Sunday of the annual New Wilmington Missionary Conference each year. At first the gatherings were small and we would meet at a small restaurant in New Wilmington. As it grew, arrangements were made to meet at the community park. And so it has continued with people gathering with picnic baskets and the "reunion" begins.

A special effort was made in 1974 because we were celebrating the 40th year of Schutz School. Thirty-one came for an overnight at the YWCA in Wilkinsburg and caravanned together to New Wilmington for the celebration on Sunday.

It has been said that if you once visit Egypt and the Nile you will return - it can be said also that once you have been a part of that "special family" of Schutz you wish to return. In lieu of "return", we, at least, are able to "reunion" together from time to time and stay in touch via the news letters.

# Bob Kraft

Boarding student from Assiut/faculty

Due to my long association with Schutz, both as student and staff member, I have many memories which could easily fill a book. All were interesting and most were even pleasant! Going back to the Assiut days in the early fifties, I also remember the bombat tree which provided ammunition for our "snowball fights". But the one lesson I learned very well was that although it was all right to throw them at students, it was not all right to throw them at the gardeners. George's swift response with the paddle prevented this incident from escalating into a Mideast crisis.

After Schutz was moved back to Alex, my fondest memories are of the numerous trips we were able to go on. I remember the monasteries of Wadi Natrun back when access to them required a long walk across the desert from the paved road. It was still possible to get a taste of the monastic life and learn about the early stages of Christianity in Egypt. Our trip to the land of Goshen was another highlight made possible at Schutz. We saw bulrushes, mud bricks made without straw, toppled obelisks, and many ruins dating back to Biblical times. Brad Watkins provided clear explanations and much background information which made the trip very meaningful.

At the end of the day we students would gather together and show off the treasures we found which included bits of pottery, old coins, and other artifacts. Donnie Wilson was usually the best at finding coins and then we would soak them in acetic acid when we got home to remove the corrosion. Another fabulous trip was our search for Celia, the remains of a monastic community out in the western desert. The search was more enjoyable than the find because the microbuses kept getting bogged down in the sand. We would jump out and push and then have to get back in while the bus was still moving, to avoid getting stuck again. After a couple hours of following old maps and asking Bedouins we found the place. The ruins were completely covered in sand and only the tops of the walls were visible on the ground. But we were able to verify our find by digging at a certain place on the floor plan and coming to the arch of a doorway.

El Alamein was another site frequently visited by Schutz folks. While I was a little kid, I remember the big boys would come back with huge bullets, helmets, parts of missiles, pieces of tank glass, etc. When I got to go, the areas had been pretty well picked clean. I went out once in the early '80s with Prof. Chris Buys and his son. He had WWII maps and had been systematically combing the area. His son and I would follow literally in his footsteps just in case there were still some unexploded mines around. Most groups just visit the cemeteries and war

memorials but reading the inscriptions on the thousands of tombstones in the British cemetery is a sobering experience. I have been contemplating the merits of pacifism ever since.

Camping on Nelson's Island was another eagerly looked forward to trip. We went a number of times in April but the water was still a bit chilly. I had heard that people who swim the English Channel cover themselves with grease to keep warm. I bought a jar of cheap hair grease for that purpose but then gave up the idea while considering how I would get the stuff off afterwards. I remember Bill Pollock trying to pass his 2nd class cooking requirements. For some strange reason, he decided to cook his doughboy in a pot rather than on a stick. Then I had to say the sticky gunk was delicious so that he could pass his test. I think the fish enjoyed more of that meal than I. Then there was Gib McGill whose main complaint was that the cooking oil and pancake syrup should have been in clearly marked containers.

Our favourite camping trips were to the ruins of Abu Mena. There we would have the greatest times exploring underground passageways and old cisterns. On one trip the big boys discovered a fox in one of the underground rooms and chased it through the passageways. Denny Hoekstra managed to throw a hatchet and actually killed it. Jackie Jordan then showed me how to skin an animal. Abu Mena continued to be a popular exploring place until the tragic death of Joe Roode. He was descending a particularly deep dry well by rope and then realized he wouldn't have the strength to climb back up. By the time we realized he was in trouble and got the adults to try and pull him up, he fainted and fell to his death. I still remember the day like yesterday.

Yes, I had a great time at Schutz and these fascinating experiences whetted my appetite for studying the Bible archaeology, and my own beliefs. Mention should be made of the many teachers who helped me. The Sisleys took such a personal and caring interest in my development. Mr. Tony encouraged and tutored me on the piano. Paul Fox started me on a trade which has since then earned a large share of my bread and butter. The Watkins practiced and taught me a way of living I continue to follow. Ernie LaFont led a very memorable year in scouting.

I'd just like to thank George Meloy for making this whole Schutz experience possible. Thanks for the many evenings and snacks in your apartment. Thanks for teaching me to take nothing for granted and to think for myself. And thank you Mary Lou for all the help in the Library, for alerting me to new books and relevant articles and discussions about the good old times.

# John G. Lorimer: 1947-1990

Adjunct staff/parent/ board president

I was never a student at Schutz, the Lorimer family returning to the States just after I had "graduated" from Miss Ruth Williamson's kindergarten at Mary Clokey Porter Girls' School in Tanta. Classmates were Ada Margaret and Rosella Hutchison and Jean Pollock. Years were to pass before I would become truly involved in Schutz, this time on the Assiut College campus in 1947 with Ada Margaret (yes, again) as principal. She inveigled me into running a gym class for her little charges. This was a welcome change from my struggles with Egyptian secondary students, but not always easy, especially when John Lowrie Anderson and Neal McClanahan took to swinging punches at each other. I paddled them both and sent them off much to the dismay of protective grandma, Jane McClanahan.

Schutz became important for us again quite unexpectedly in 1956 when Britain, France and Israel decided that the best thing to do for the Middle East was to invade Egypt. The pretext was Gamal Abdel Nasser's nationalization of the Suez Canal, but the BBC kept warning in somber tones about Russian tanks on the streets of Cairo. We were stationed in Mansura when the call came: Prepare to evacuate? Everyone to Alexandria!" It proved to be a week of haste and confusion. Families with children were to evacuate, as well as teachers since the schools were closed. Medical services would be needed so nurses and doctors remained. Those of us who were staying made many a round trip to the harbor ferrying evacuees to board US Navy ships which would transport them to Italy,

The British began bombing the airport far out at Mex, but when they did all the anti-aircraft guns in Alexandria opened fire some of them not too far from the school, In a strange irony the only bomb dropped within the city managed to demolish the post office and the Scotch church. One wonders if the Scots could have been persuaded that it was unintentional. Note - The Archbishop of Canterbury once, with a twinkle in his eye, told George Meloy that that was the way they had planned it!

Blackout was enforced. At night the few cars that were out crept along the streets with their headlights "blued out", an eerie sight. One evening in the midst of all this I made my way to the Sidi Gaber station to meet the Meloy's who were returning from taking children up-country. I found it rather unsettling to stand on that ghostly platform and overhear the porters discussing whether occupation would be preferable under the British or the Russians. The train did not stop at Sidi Gaber that night so my errand was in vain and the Meloy's had to fend for themselves from the main station downtown. Most of the Mission crowd



had first put up at Fairhaven to spare Schutz facilities and staff, but as the week wore on and people evacuated we moved to the school. Fairhaven being British property was threatened with expropriation. Moreover, with staff and students gone there needed to be some presence at Schutz. So Frances Patton, Harold McGeoch and Mary Lou and I became the sole occupants, along with a small fleet of abandoned cars on the basketball court. The military activity did not last long as a cease-fire was established, but the country remained on a war-footing for several weeks with self-appointed air-raid wardens throwing rocks at the closed shutters if so much as a glimmer of light could be seen. One day the army suddenly took a notion that they needed the school as a place to billet troops, but sharp old Bassily our maintenance man, reminded them that this was American property, plus the fact that it was "melyana sittat" -full of ladies!, i. e. Frances Patton and Mary Lou!!

By late November we felt enough at ease to drive to Tanta for thanksgiving. Frances soon went back to Mansura and by January Mr. McGeoch had retired turning over the Mission accounts to me, ill-advised to say the least, but there was no one else available. The winter of '56-'57 proved to be long and lonely for the two of us in that big echoing building. We played a little basketball, a little tennis and took long walks along the deserted Corniche. To keep the extra cars in shape I would drive a different one to town each day. We were grateful for the attentive presence of Bakr at the gate --a good man!

Our more serious involvement with Schutz began with the enrollment of our daughters, Sue and Kathy, in the late 1960s. As we surrendered the care of these 8 and 9 year old girls to Schutz staff suddenly the school assumed a new significance. For most of any given year no longer would they be under our surveillance or subject to our discipline, their minds and wills directed and molded by others. This was the institution which would not only educate but also assume a parental role for tender lives so far from home. Would these others really care enough? Of course they would and did, but the protective instinct is not easily set aside and anxieties would escalate. Parents' expectations and demands at times must have seemed intrusive. I remember at one stage being concerned about the level of religious instruction. Barney Quick and I drove non-stop from Minia -to Alexandria in a VW to interrogate George Meloy on the subject. George, in his laid-back style, was quite open to our questions and suggestions, and sent us back to Minia reassured. I believe there were parents not so easily placated. Kathy had only one year at Schutz and Susan two; but Susan to this day has a very positive remembrance of her education there, especially sixth grade under Janie Walters.

I believe that I can also claim to have been one of the closer observers of Schutz School during the later years of transition. Because the enrollment of missionary

children had declined COEMAR decided in 1968 that the Presbyterian church could no longer support the school and Tarkio College became the responsible body. This lasted until 1977 when it became apparent to the Board that the arrangement no longer served the best interests of Schutz. The severing of the relationship was somewhat painful. During the succeeding period of independence and the creation of a self-perpetuating board I served as a member under such distinguished leadership as that of Nick Ouroussoff, Frank Blanning, Betty Atherton and others. Of the many observations that one could make about those traumatic eras, I would only say that Schutz survived mainly because of the tenacity and creativity of George Meloy and the loyalty of Ron and Janie Walters. It was a privilege for me to be close to the school during that time.

For three summers --'69,'70 and '71 - Schutz was also useful as a base for my summer drama workshop with Egyptian university students. Then with the demise of the Sidi Bishr camp Schutz became our summer haven for many succeeding summers. Janie Walters used to say that they knew that summer had come when the Lorimers arrived. That gave us a nice feeling. The best thing about those summers was that they provided an opportunity to get some church history written far from the clamor, the telephone, the committee meetings of Cairo. Mary Lou Meloy would graciously reserve a corner of the library where I could set up my little workshop and labor away for many an undisturbed hour. With the Meloy's and Walters travelling to the States we sometimes became *In loco parentis* for Schutz which involved nothing much more than just being there. On occasion we would live in the Meloy flat, which was very nice, but it did involve the care of their cat, Ralph. Ralph paid little attention to us except when he would post himself atop the closet in the bed room to keep watch over us during the night. We found this unsettling, but didn't know how to discourage him.

Our special relationship to Schutz School culminated in a sense in our daughter Kathy's presence there in the mid-1980s. I will not attempt to guess what she would have written for this narrative. But we remember and cherish the tributes expressed at the time of her death and that of her close friend, Ann Weir, in 1985. Especially meaningful to us were the words of the cook, Ali, speaking for himself and the whole Egyptian staff during the memorial service in the Palais church.

## MIDNIGHT MUSINGS – George Meloy

Jet lagging (a relatively new concept) once in a while can be of some enjoyment when during the "wee hours" one is willing to lie awake and surf (a newer word) the semi-conscious musings of the brain that resist the dictates of the clock. What fun it was to think the other night or our Schutz reunion the other day. For some of us with some or you it was merely the annual touching again. For others it was, "Could that really be you'?"

These reunions have been a high point of my year. This one seemed especially nice since the Class of 1970 had such a successful time of seeing each other once again. But that is not what struck me in the middle of one night this week. It was a most unusual (I think) concept of the Schutz group. Years ago Landa Cope was making a "film" (pre-video days) of Schutz and was asking one of the boarders (Egyptian whose father was employed by ARAMCO) to describe Schutz. There were several seconds of cogitation; and suddenly she blurted out a new idea to her, "Schutz is family?" Several years later, music teacher, Walt Veasy, wrote the song "Schutz is Family". I think many would agree. Some Schutzites may have lived at 51 Schutz Street even longer than they lived with their blood families.

But the word "family" was not what struck me since I had heard it and sang It, What was the word? Why did it hit me'? It was "Schutz is a society (small "s") of Jesus". For many of you who know me well know that I do not throw around religious terminology very much. And as the thought struck new, I chuckled about another group who use some of those words - our friends, Jesuits Como, Shea and Mulcahy, who were on the Schutz staff in the 1970s.

But my mind was on another track. Schutz is not a one-track organization; and I tried without success to think of other groups that are not. Most seem to be; but.... even the Presbyterians, out of which Schutz grew, love everyone - except if you have a non-approved sexual- orientation. The Republicans love all who are not followers of the Democratic Way. And some organizations won't even accept women!

Who does accept all? I can think of only two. Jesus caught a lot of flak for being accepting of so-called sinners but he stuck to his principles. However, "His Principals" in time got exclusionary. I hope we don't. I had the feeling the other day in our "society" that no one had the least concern about who could be included and who perhaps should not be included. We even had with us those who had never gone to Schutz! Here's a short list of varieties of Schutzites who crossed my mind:

- Went to Vietnam and "Killed for Peace"

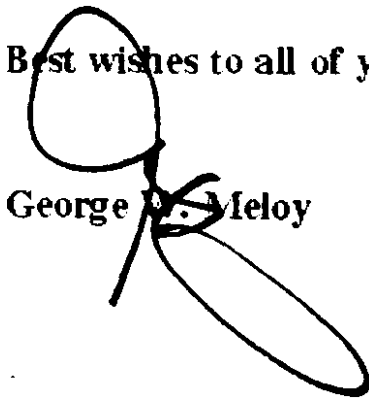
- Went to Canada instead of Vietnam
- Went to Germany, Japan, Korea
- Serving in Jail for convictions of conscience
- Serving in a dozen other countries for convictions of conscience
- Live an alternative life style
- Accept alternative life-styles
- Can't understand an alternative style
- Have lived as good communists
- Studied, taught, governed at Schutz
- None of the above

Yet all love their fellow men and women as much as anyone else and have a clear understanding of "The Word" about as well as anyone else....

Finally I went back to sleep but the idea has stuck in my head.

**Best wishes to all of you and yours,**

**George W. Meloy**

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "George W. Meloy". The signature is written in a cursive, somewhat stylized font. The first letter "G" is large and loops around. The signature is positioned to the right of the printed name "George W. Meloy".