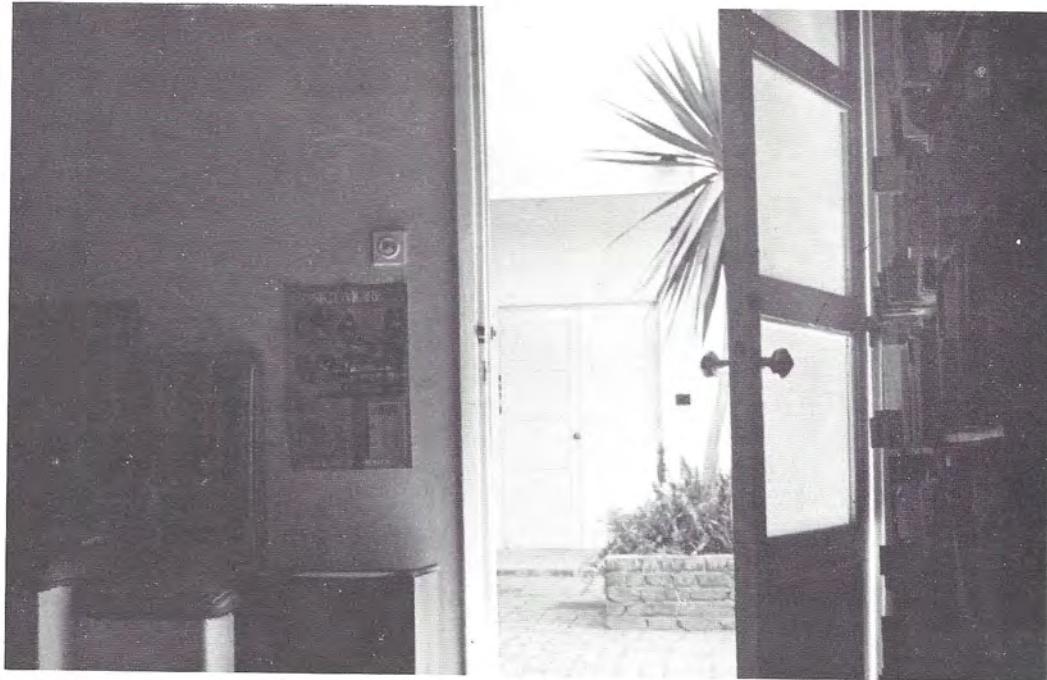




KALAM '79



SCHUTZ AMERICAN SCHOOL  
ALEXANDRIA EGYPT  
KALAM '79



## A UNIQUE YEARBOOK

You have seen yearbooks from other schools before. You might even own one yourself. Some yearbooks are pretty plush. Some are pretty plain. But all are most meaningful to the owner because almost every picture and word brings back memories - and what do any of us have that are more precious than memories?

As you brouse and dream through this yearbook - the KALAM - letting it talk to you as the meaning of "kalam" indicates - think of things deeper than those that meet the eye. Think of the fifty-five year history of Schutz and the hundreds of Schutzites who have passed through our gates - even though it has moved a couple of times. Think of the dozens of teachers (a couple hundred really) who over the years have given so much for others.

Think of the dozens of nationalities and cultures that have been brought to Schutz mixing to form a Schutz Way, and how you have learned of the Schutz Way, which is a bit different than all others.

You have become a different person since you have been to Schutz. You have learned that learning can be fun. You have learned that doing is better than sitting back. You have learned that participating and helping out is better than being passive. You have learned that helping another person is about the best thing in life.

Keep looking at this Kalam for the next fifty-five years and think about what Schutz stands for.



SCHUTZ

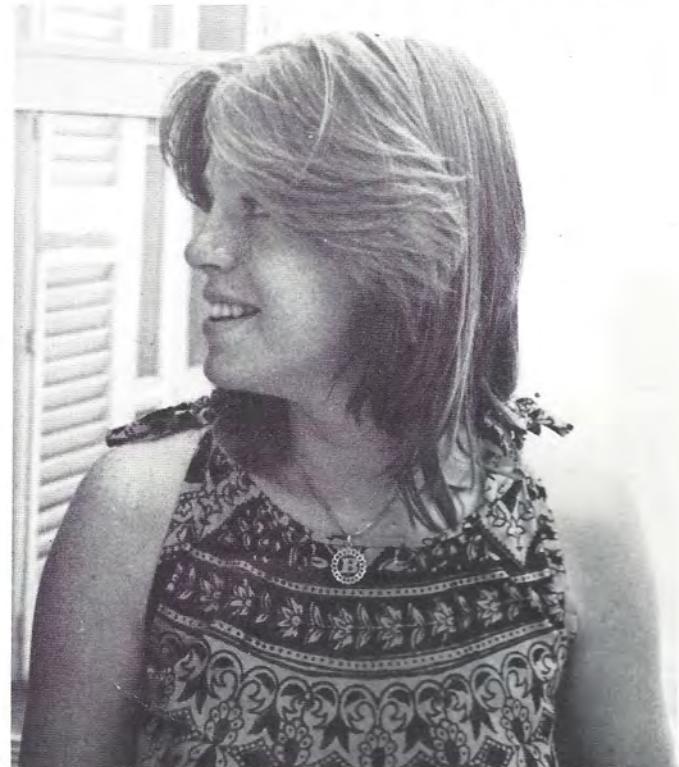


# Seniors



Andrea Thyssen - USA

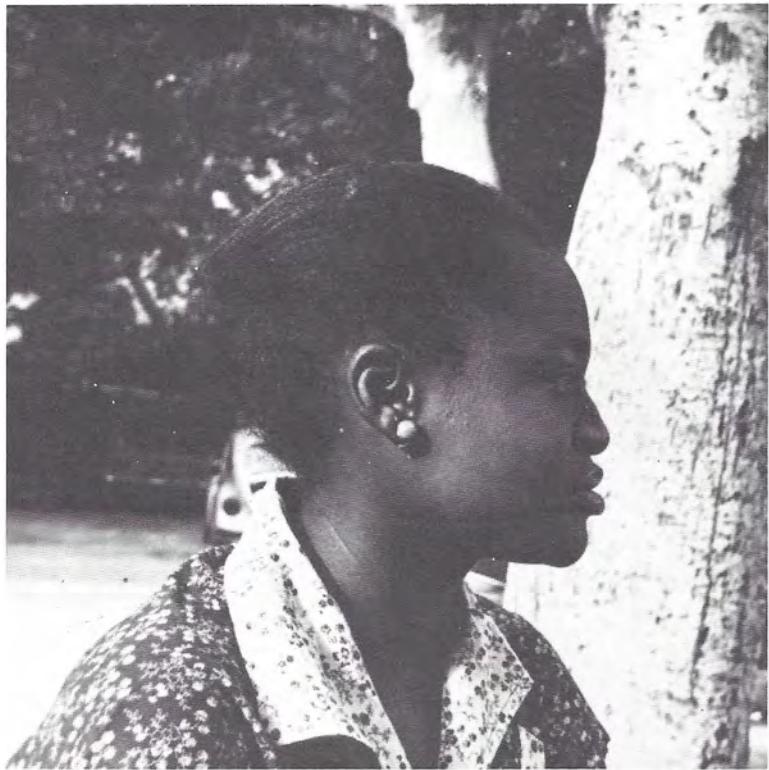
Beverly Beisang-USA



Kathy Armstrong  
CANADA



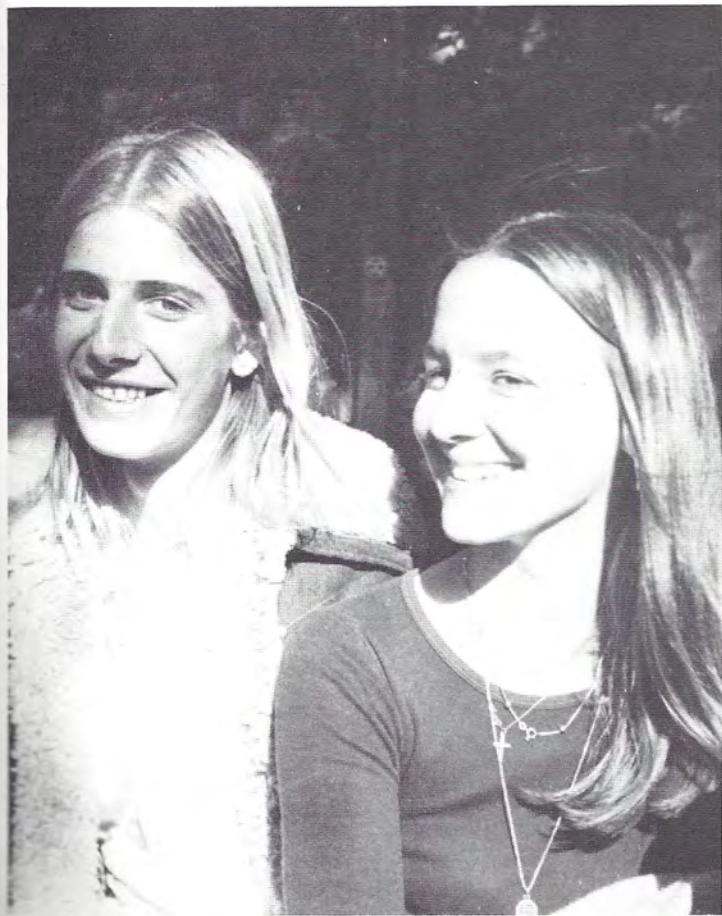
Joni Campbell - USA



Abimbola Akinyemi - NIGERIA

Fran Williams  
ENGLAND





Jennifer Peerson - USA  
Mitch Griffith - USA

Lauryl Kays - USA



Jessica Agulló - SPAIN - USA



Mike Zsarko - USA



Karen Cain - USA

complained how early it was.

The day continued much the same as the other days: teachers lecturing occasionally interrupted by a curious voice; awed silence during tests; a determined voice starting "I'm getting the darkroom!"; pleading students asking "...will you let us out of class early today?"; the spattering sounds of hamburgers cooking at the canteen; the hollow, eerie call of the Meuzzin drifting into classrooms; the drizzling rain patterning down like a miniature drum; the rustling of the trees with the wind was like millions of mischievous, murmuring voices; and then finally the ringing of the bell announcing the end of the day.



Tony Tilley - USA



Nemat Sharik - EGYPT - USA



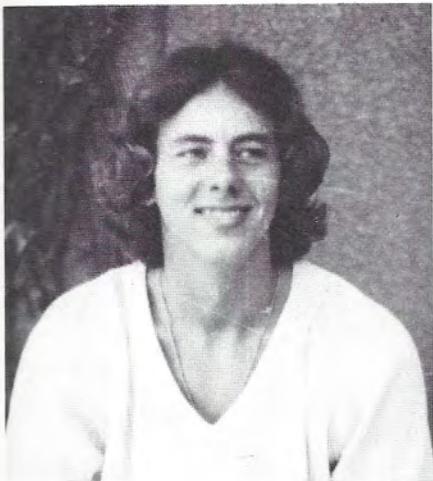
Zeinab Partow - IRAQ

Take a walk

Nasseeer Idrisi - IRAQ



Feel the broken, uneven pavement under your feet. Careful there, step around the pile of litter. Walk into the street now for there's a funeral in session, don't stare but you may steal a glance at the brightly colored red appliqued tent, the lights, the rows of straight backed chairs. Walk through Bacos and push your way along undulating mobs of people, cars, animals, all fighting for the right-of-way. Walk to the ocean and feel the humid fingers of the Mediterranean stroke your face. Walk into the relentless August sun. Walk into the chill January air. Walk.



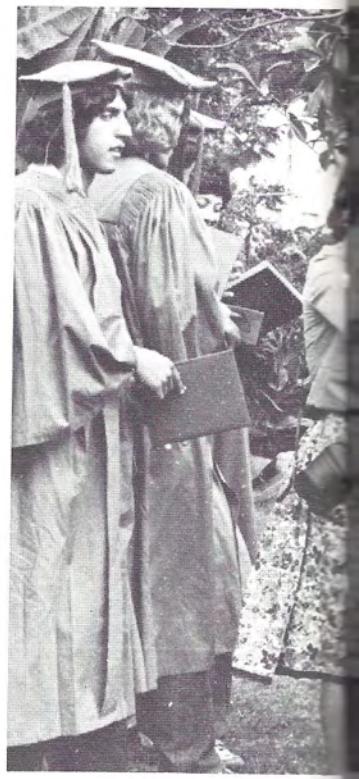
Mike Foucault - USA

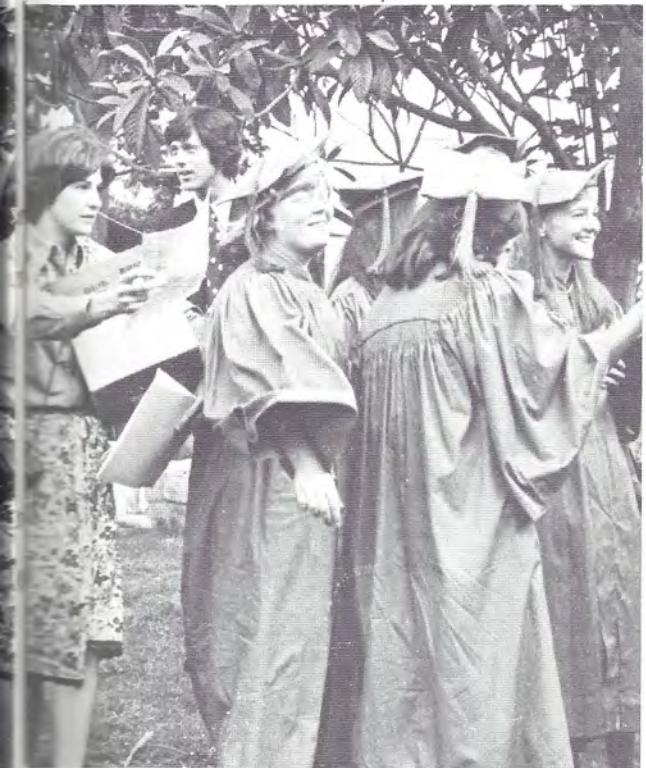


Osama Abdi  
SAUDIA ARABIA



Sonny Haggard - USA







Bree Jefferson - USA

## Juniors

Nancy Moehle - USA





Clive Rooney  
USA



Susan Porter  
USA



Heidi Bear  
WEST INDIES

Take a long look

Children, children everywhere.  
Take out your camera and in the  
time it takes to adjust the focus  
fifteen or twenty of Egypt's  
children will appear as though  
sprung up from the ground. Look  
at the donkeys — poor little  
creatures with untrimmed hooves  
struggling with excessive loads.  
Look around you and see an  
architectural assortment of  
twentieth-century high-rise  
apartments, and peeling,  
crumbling villas. Look at the carts  
of goods: oranges, carrots, loaves  
of fat, round bread, greens. Look  
at the middle-aged woman  
dressed in black uniform of  
poverty balancing a case of soda  
pop bottles on her head.



Connie Flythe - USA

Karen Shelton - ENGLAND



Philip Halladay  
CANADA



Jan Fox  
ENGLAND

Salim Saab  
LEBANON

Nicole Cummins  
USA



Glen Tilley  
USA

Being a junior here at Schutz in this past year has proved very interesting with all the different sports and of course Mama's. It's hard for one to be bored.



Lloyd Harvey  
USA

Raad Ben Halim  
LIBYA



John Owler - USA



Dawn Roe - USA



# Sophomores



Bob Zsarko - USA

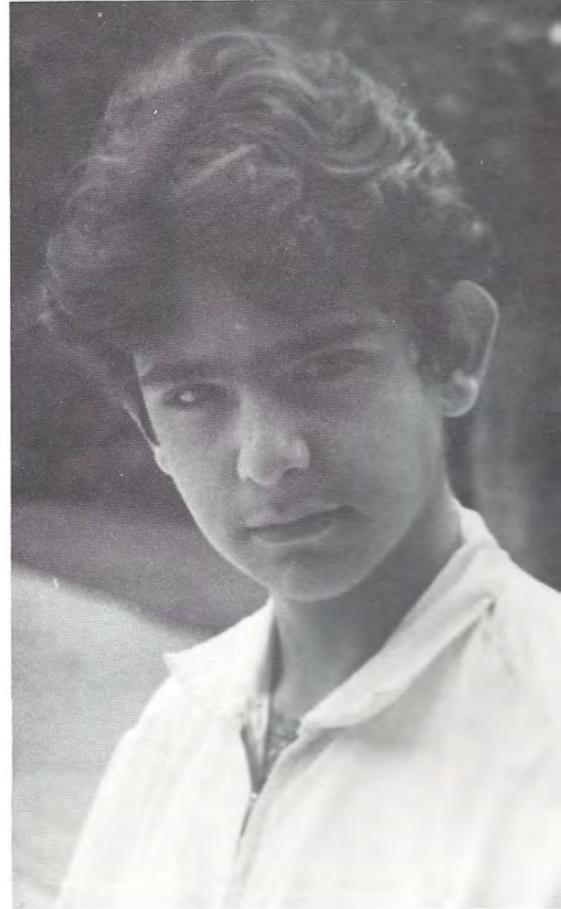


Brigitte Shidrawi  
LEBANON

Ray Shidrawi  
LEBANON



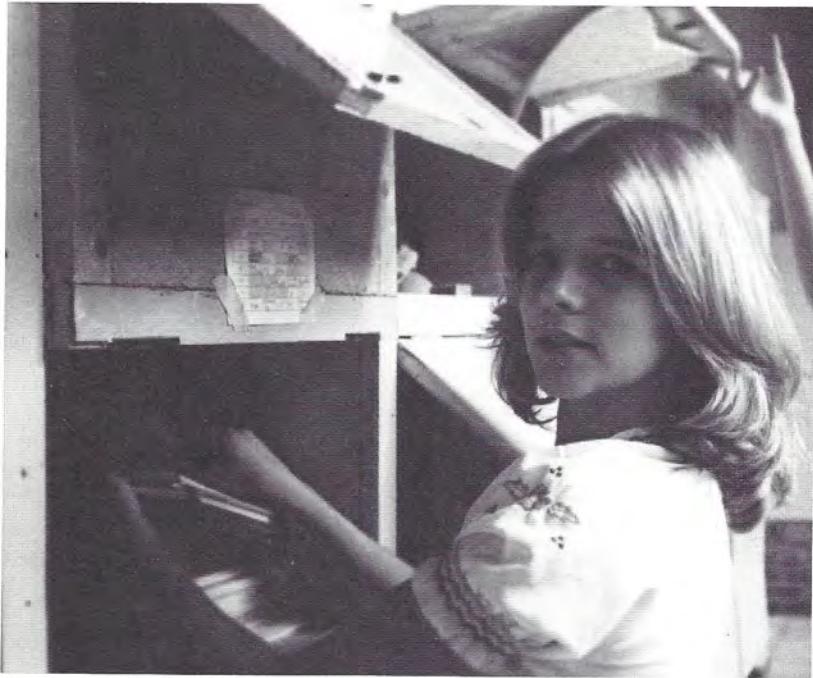
Lani Warwick - USA/CHINA



During free periods it's nice to play tennis or some other sport and then take a dip in the pool. Some of the high school students spend their free time in our smoking lounge and play cards or just lay in the grass, read, or enjoy the sun.



Nazli Shafik  
EGYPT/USA



Brenda Halladay  
CANADA



John Paul Hass  
USA



Joseph Chammas  
LEBANON



Saba Bahar  
IRAN



Billy Al Alawi - YEMEN/USA

Take a deep breath

Can you smell the sea? Did  
Diocletian, Cleopatra, Lord Nelson  
all stand here in their allotted time  
and savour the same wet  
fragrance? Can you smell the  
garbage, the animals, the dirt?  
There's dust in the air, in your  
hair, in your eyes. Take a deep  
breath and fill your lungs with the  
rich, pungent air of a dirty, exotic,  
fascinating, country; breath in  
Egypt.

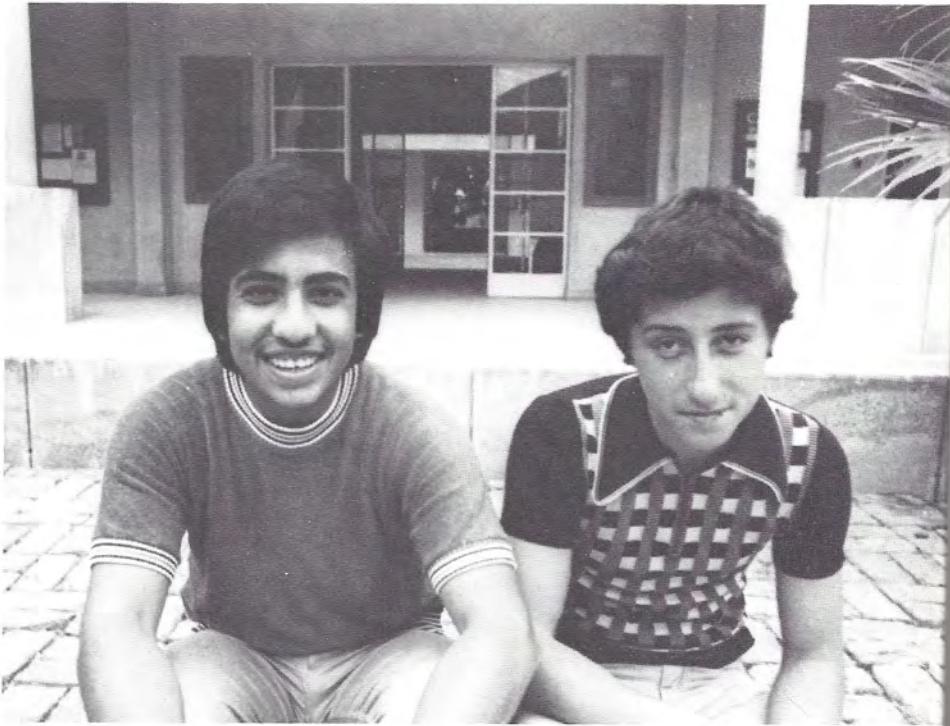
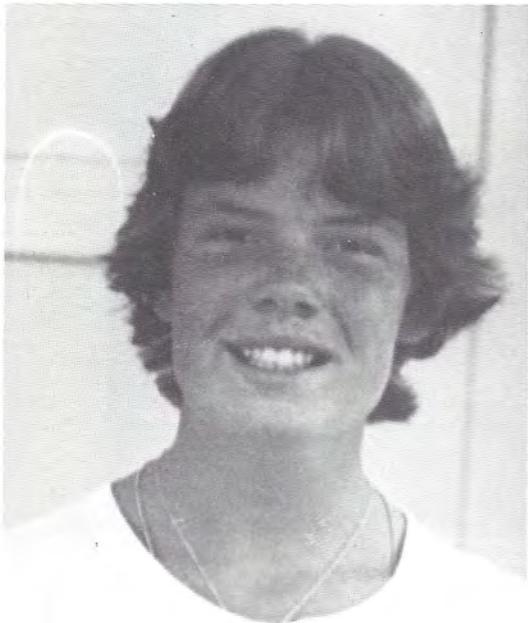


Dimitar Ginchev  
BULGARIA



Khaled Djazairy - ALGERIA

Pat Owler - USA



Gaby Pamboukdjian  
GREECE

Massimo Laterza  
ITALY

Rob Cosgrove - USA



a  
terza  
ITALY



Hillevi Baar - WEST INDIES



Schutz street; a world of its own.

Let us begin at the tram tracks. There, the short dark man warns drivers of the trams approach. He bears his red stop sign, his symbol of authority, proudly, for without it he would be just another short dark man getting in the way of traffic.

A little to the right is the local haven of gourmet taste buds. Daily, the inhabitants of Schutz line up with a melange of pots and pans in wait for a ladleful of the nourishing brown beans, foul.

On the other side of the street stretch the seemingly endless

butagaz lines. This area has become a center of neighborhood gossip, exchanged by the women as they precariously perch their rather substantial forms on a "bumba", the local butagaz tank.

Further down the street is the fruit and vegetable stands. The fresh lemons, oranges and tomatoes are often the only splashes of color on the street which at times appears drab in its unchanging colors of brown and gray.

Moustafa's is a tiny canteen which supplies our students with everything from buttons to teabags to cigarettes. In an amazing feat of what can only be

described as resourcefulness, Moustafa manages to fit all of these items and his own person in a room no larger than the average closet.

Crossing the gate into Schutz American School is like walking into a different world. At the gate, Egyptians pretend to be aimlessly loitering when actually they are like children at a candy store, gaping in awe and trying to absorb something terribly fascinating in one glance.

Our school is a part of this world of color, laughter, music, pride . . . Get to know it, don't let the gate be an impenetrable barrier.



# Freshman

Mona Adawi - EGYPT/USA



Robert Jay - ENGLAND

Doug Tilley - USA



Melo  
USA

Melody Hollingsworth  
USA



Sayed Adawi  
EGYPT/USA



Robert Burnett  
USA

Stop. Listen.

Listen to the raucous, electronic call to prayer from the mosque down the street. Take advantage of the reminder and call upon God yourself. Listen to the startling boom of the guns announcing the beginning of a new day during Ramadan. Listen to the excited cackling of chickens mingled with the blatant honking of a hundred cars. Listen to the beautiful language of a kind, gentle people. Listen to the sounds of Egypt.



Francis Harvey - USA



Christian Durzi  
JORDAN

Joe Porter  
USA



Kyros Melas  
GREECE

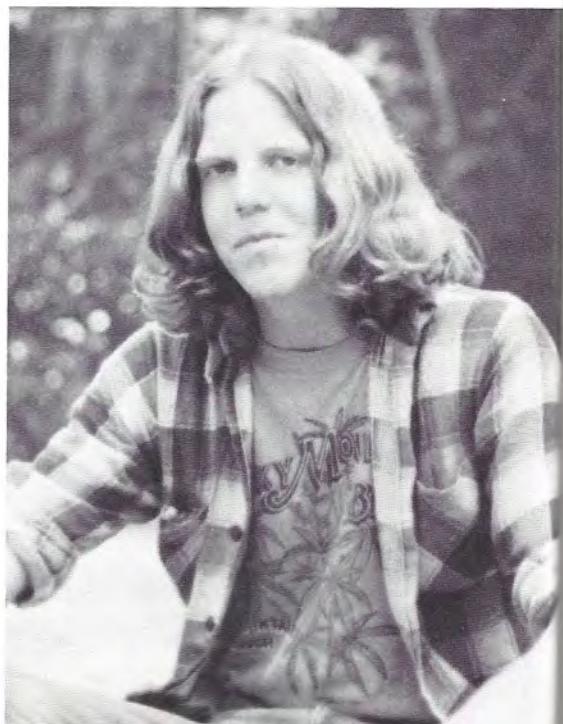


Yoko Kikushima  
JAPAN

Cathy Creasor  
CANADA

Sunita Jagannath  
INDIA

Chris Carlson - USA



What's it like being a 9th grader? It's when you're in the ninth grade that you get so much homework. It's when you have your first crush. It's also a time of laughter, happiness, and fun. The ninth grade is full of "What homework?", "I lost it!", "Can we go?". It's full of Yoko's giggle, Huw's wit, Robert's mournful whistling, Cathy's grin, Joe's refusals and Sunita the bookworm. English class is a severe test for concentration: "Allaahh, now class! woa ccbbar Allah! Shut up Doug!" But it's in Social studies class that you really clear your throat and roll up your sleeves. It's here that you're buried in homework, and Len in the next classroom doesn't let you concentrate either. The ninth grade class is where you live,

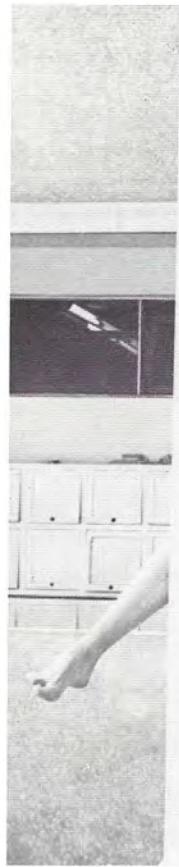
laugh, love, learn, write long letters and reports, make friends and lose them again at the end of the year and look back at the whole thing wistfully.



Adi Husseini  
JORDAN



Huw Williams  
ENGLAND



Iwa Al Sha  
SAUDI ARABIA



Salwa Al Shaer  
SAUDI ARABIA

Eighth Grade



Jaleel Partow  
IRAQ

## EIGHTH GRADE

It's funny how our minds adjust to different levels that we have during our lives. For instance, when I was in first grade I wondered how I would ever learn such hard things as fractions, but now that I'm an eighth grader, I wonder how I am going to do calculus, but now fractions are easy. So I wonder what is going to be hard after I finish calculus. That's what I think about the marvel of learning.



Annie Hooper  
ENGLAND

Dana Bahar - IRAN/YUGOSLAVIA





Scott Darling - USA

Tomi Sikic - YUGOSLAVIA



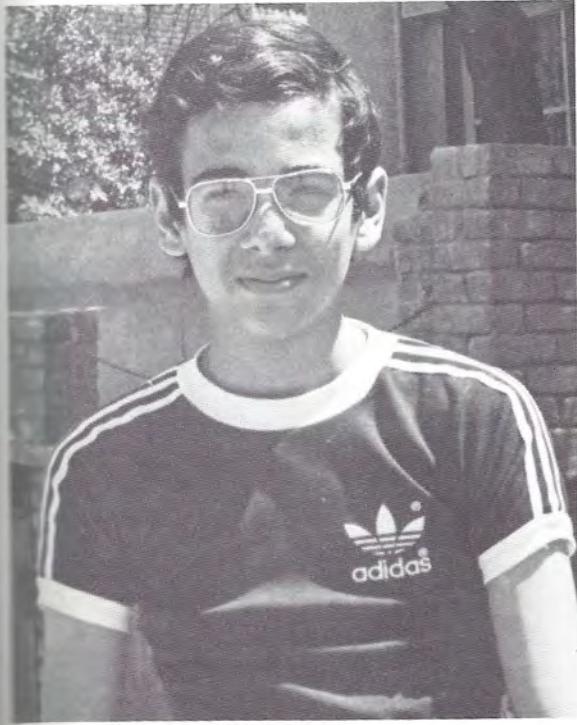
Bim VonDer Mosel - SWITZERLAND



42



Ed Born - HOLLAND



Ziyad Ben Halim  
LIBYA



# Seventh Grade



Taymour Ezzat  
SCOTLAND/EGYPT



Csaba Szalai  
HUNGARY



Miranda Born - HOLLAND



What it means to be a  
seventh grader.

That means to me here that I'm a little boy because if I see a twelfth grader boy I say, "Oh, he is so big", so then I am small. But in Hungary I think I am big because there is only fifth through eighth grade in the high school, so I'm bigger than everybody (except eighth grade).

Michelle Porter - USA

Who? are the kids who are happy to come to school every day, even if recess and lunch are more fun than working?

Who? read and read and read and meanwhile earn Schutz "coined" money and thus "own" every piece of furniture in the room, including walls and ceiling?

Who? have their own loft for students only?

Who? have their own classroom pets?

Who? have bookworms and "whizzies" in the Math, reading, and story-telling?

Who? are eager to tackle assignments and finish them on time to become "Super Kids"?

Who? work ahead on assignments, and even ask for more?

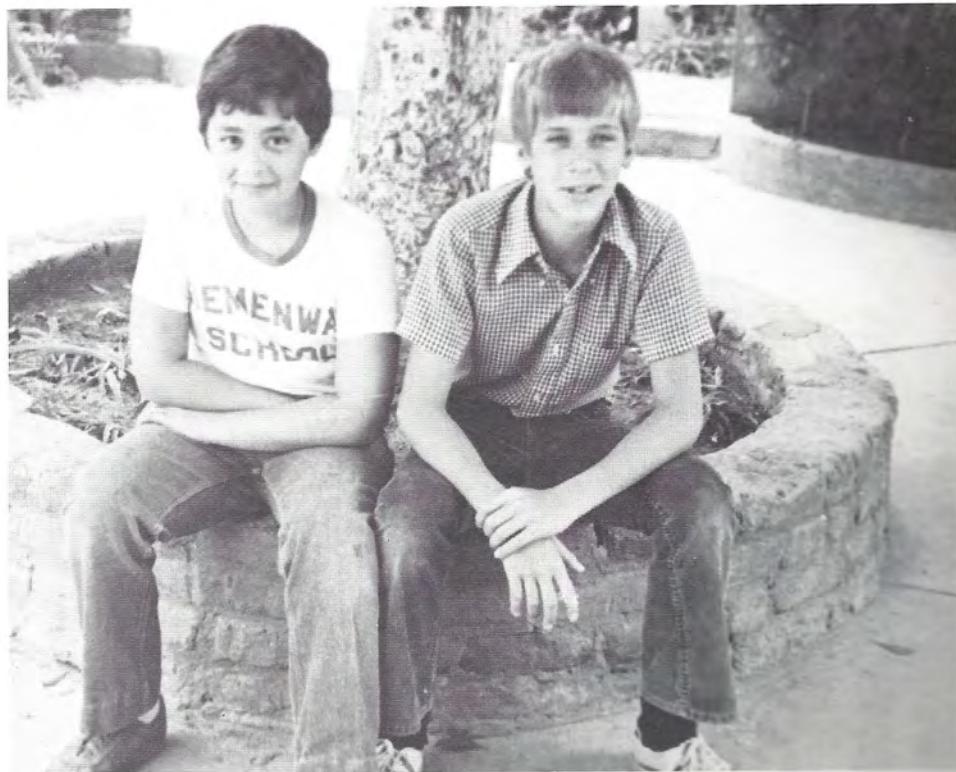
Who? of course, the sixth graders!

And Who? is the lucky teacher?  
ME! and I love it!



## Sixth Grade

Kim Bloquist - USA



Sherif Anis  
USA

Billy Porter  
USA



Michel DeGroot  
CANADA

Hans Baar  
USA

Khalid Khogali  
SUDAN

Valia Ginchev  
BULGARIA

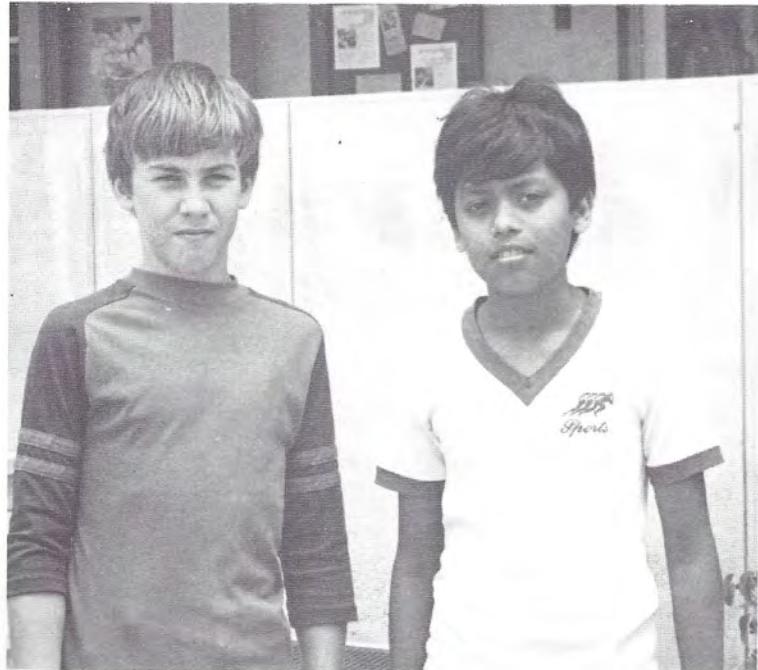




Malak Ben Malim  
LIBYA



Janos Opoldusz  
HUNGARY



Greg Walters  
USA

Mahmoud Hussain  
PAKISTAN

Wael Abou Amara - CANADA

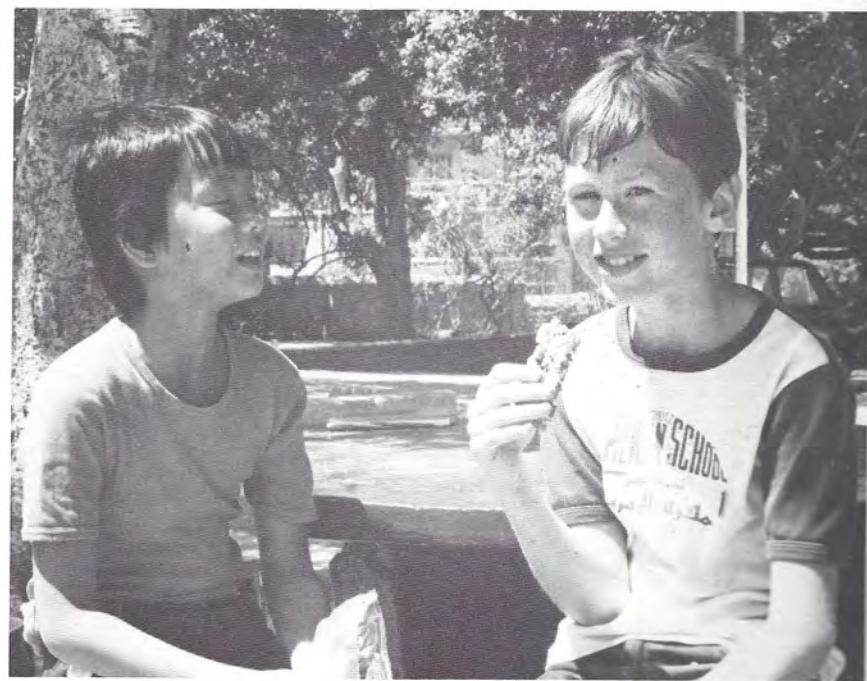


# Fifth Grade

Michael Doran  
USA

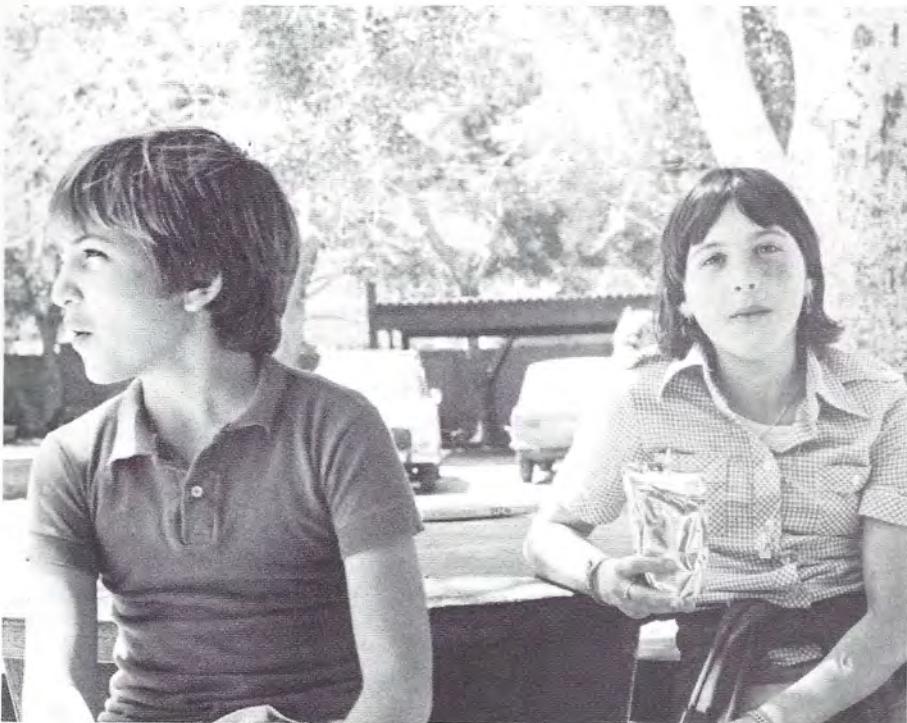


Neil Whittaker  
ENGLAND



Lewis Hooper  
ENGLAND

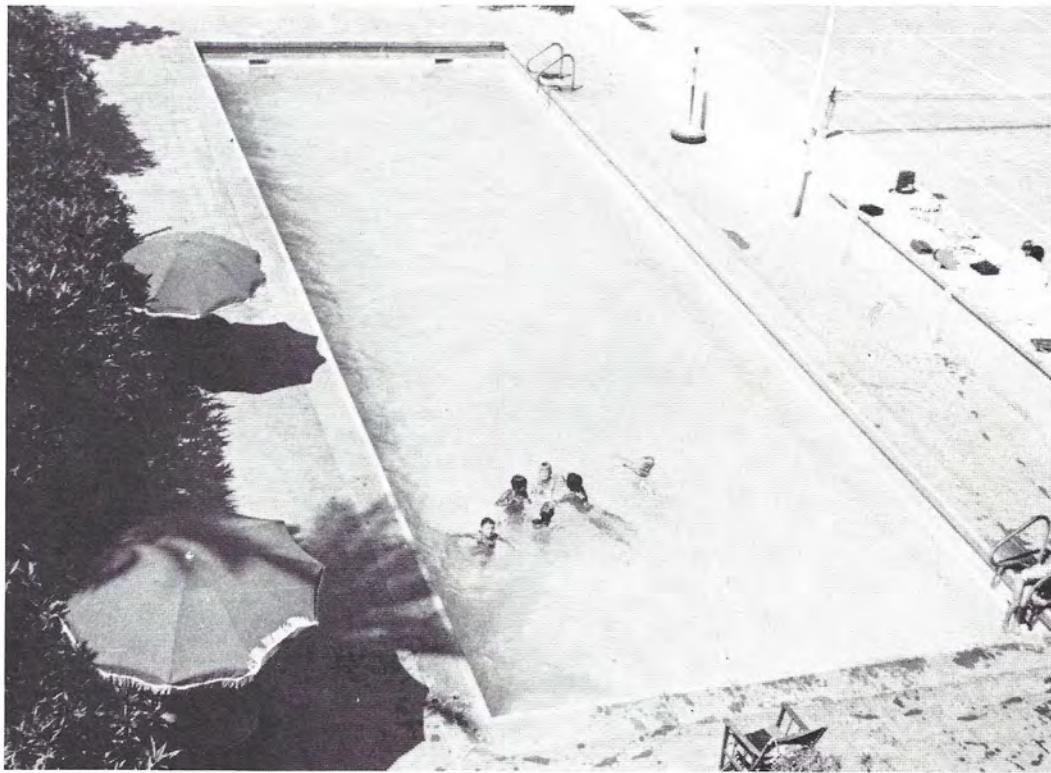
David Cottenden  
USA



Nebojsa Milutinovic  
YUGOSLAVIA

Shanon Cannon  
SCOTLAND

I am going to the Schutz American School. In the middle of the school we have a canteen. Around the school is a tennis square, basketball square, volleyball square, and a room for table tennis. In the fifth grade there are six pupils. There are five boys and one girl.



# SCHUTZ FACULTY

Top row: Carl Hodgman, George Meloy, Phil Hart, Jean Harlow, Ron Walters, Gale McKiddy, Betty Williams

Second row: Karen Barrett, Ragaa Hussan, Jessie Kline, Len Millison, Patty Johnson, Margaret Edwards

Third row: Vici Theisman, Linda Redmaster, Bob Kraft, Dave Seal, Janie Walters, Kirk Lindly, Ellen Durkee

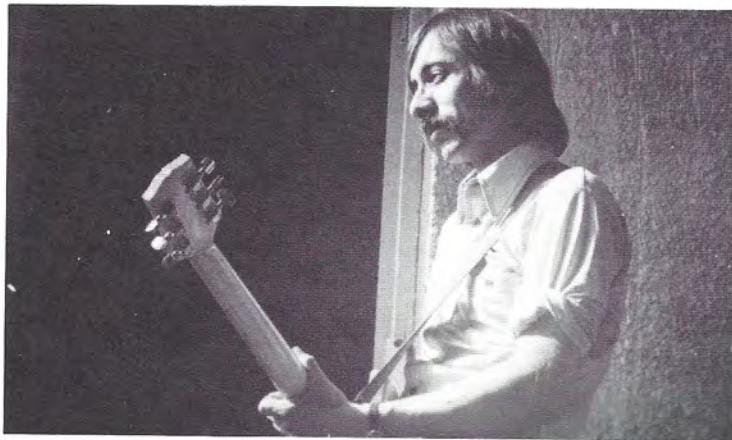
Front Row: Sara Stevens Oot, Gary McKiddy, Leah Pollack





# . . . Another Side . . .











KITCHEN STAFF

Left to right: Tazi Ahmed, Habib Faraq, Abdu Ushalla, Mahmoud  
Abdel Razak, Mostafa Massoon, Sayed Ahmed Zaki.

## SCHUTZ STAFF



GATE KEEPERS

Abdel Hamid Bekhit  
Abdel Rahman Bekhit



**DRIVERS:**  
Khamis Shihata  
Magdi Moreos

Left to right:

Abdel Rahman Bekhit, Fawzeya Shaaban, Itedal Yacoub, Mansoura Moosa, Abdel Samie Bekhit, Dahab Hassoon





Top row: Phil Hart, Albert Halim, Nasr Saad Bottom row: Azra Morgan, Sally Saad, Jane Meloy, Sonya Hampartzoumian, William Gobran.

Maryse Orfali



Khalid el Adm



Maria Corral

# FAIRHAVEN



Oh, you say you haven't visited Fairhaven? Well, I'm going there now - come along.

We pass through an iron gate, walk a few meters and there it is: a big, yellow "villa", circa 1900. It was a Christian Church retreat until a few years ago but now there is no mistaking it for anything but a school. In the playground to your right there are swings, things to climb on, a playhouse and even an old car to "drive".

Enter the massive front door and you're in the world of Fairhaven. Generally five or more teachers live in rooms on the third floor. The second floor is devoted to classrooms, including an auditorium. Joan Wolf teaches third grade and is also our principal. Joan's room is bright

and attractive and her children are well disciplined and happy. Across from Joan's room is the fourth grade, taught by Hoosier Bill Redmaster. Take a peek and you'll see Bill surrounded by his eight students, reading them a chapter or two from "The Hobbit". Shhh-

On the first floor is the office for Joan and our administrator, Meissa Shafik. Beverly Ford runs the Fairhaven library, a vibrant oasis of colorful books, cassettes, tables and chairs and toss pillows. Opposite the office you may see Shadia Shafik working at repairing library books - but more likely she will be teaching P.E., or dancing.

Barbara Brownlee, from Kansas, teaches her first grade class like a ship's captain with all hands on deck, full speed ahead!

At the moment she has seven children from almost as many countries.

Ed Preneta teaches his baker's dozen with doors flung open, revealing a colorful kaleidoscope of posters, signs, books and pictures. Ed will smile and urge you warmly to come in and see the new reading loft!

In the basement are the nursery and kindergarten rooms with classes of tots efficiently taught by Tissy Chouery, Khalida Noor, and Franna McClelland. Many of the children know little or no English in the beginning.

Jean Harlow, California art teacher, teaches art and music in the basement as well. At the moment she is admiring a picture of a motorcyclist sailing through the air, drawn by fourth grader,

David Delfini. She is assisted by Massachusetts College of Art student Sara Oot.

The dining room and kitchen are also downstairs, presided over by Ali, the Schutz cook of thirty years experience.

Walk out into bright sun and notice the gardener who has suddenly ceased his work to pray, facing Mecca. Linger around the playground and you may find yourself turning one end of a jump rope while little Fairhaven girls - and boys too - jump and chant.

"I'm a little Dutch girl dressed in blue,

These are the things that I like to do . . ."

This is Fairhaven. Come back soon.



Left to right: David Delfini, Rami El Kadri, Damian Bohle, Karim El Kadri, Fiorin Van Krugten



## Fourth Grade



Dawn Walters



Jill Garrett



# Third Grade



Left to right: Nino Balbaa, Richard Paul, Wesley Halladay, Jimmy Porter, Bernadette Szalai, Tammy Doran.

Top: Hisham Khogali, Nuha Absu Amara, Susan Cottenden, Muriel Bernard  
Bottom: Craig Whittaker, Noor Hussain.





Left to right: Mahtab Niyati, Sandra Bohle, Kay Dickinsons, Alejandro McNeil, Joey Anis.

## Second Grade

### A SIMPLE EXPLANATION

Ale . . . We like school this year because when we come we are happy, because we play and when we come in we do show and tell.

Roland . . . But work makes us sad.

Matty . . . The morning is nice because we read.

Plamen . . . Some of us like math.

Katie . . . We like having things to do at school.

John . . . Silent reading in the loft is fun.



Sandra . . . Some of us like science.

Jackie . . . Some people like spelling.

Kay . . . School is good exercise.  
All of us like art.

Richard . . . And then we go home.

Heather . . . As written by

Joey . . . the second grade class

Wenneke . . . for our 1979 Yearbook.

Top row: Roland Harrison, Katie Garrett, Plamen Entchev  
Bottom row: Wenneke Van Krugten, Richard Bedran.



# First Grade



Top to bottom:

Kristina Shimon, Carolian McNeil,  
Kelly Garrett, Hendrick Van Krugten,  
Glene Faradas, Christina Shinnott,  
Alice Nadeau.



# Kindergarten



Left to Right:  
Charles Harrison  
Takahisa Kondo  
Sylvia Zeid  
Khalida Noor  
Petra Wilhelmsson  
Abraham Ismail

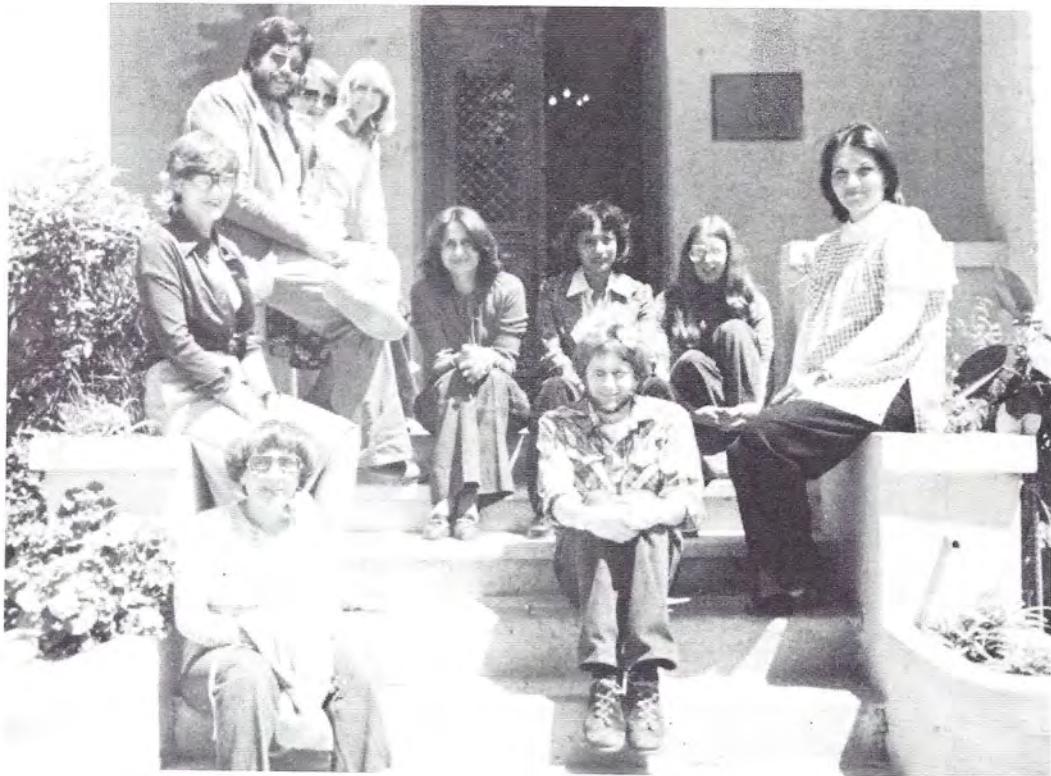
# Nursery



Right to Left:  
Maha Al-Bader  
Alexis Nadeau  
Ahmed Akl  
Alexander Bullen  
Farah Yusuf  
Andrew Aston  
Cecilia Wilhemsson  
Ahmed Mokhtar  
Audrey Bernard



## Fairhaven Faculty



Clockwise:  
Joan Wolf; principal  
Maisa Shafik, Shadia Shafik  
Barbara Brownlee,  
Khalida Noor, Ed Preneta  
Chris Chouery, Franna  
McCelland, Bill Redmaster,  
Beverly Ford



# Fairhaven Staff



Left to right:  
Ali Abdel Aal  
Hannah Farigari  
Ibrahim Khafaga  
Fatma Mosoud  
Om el Hanna

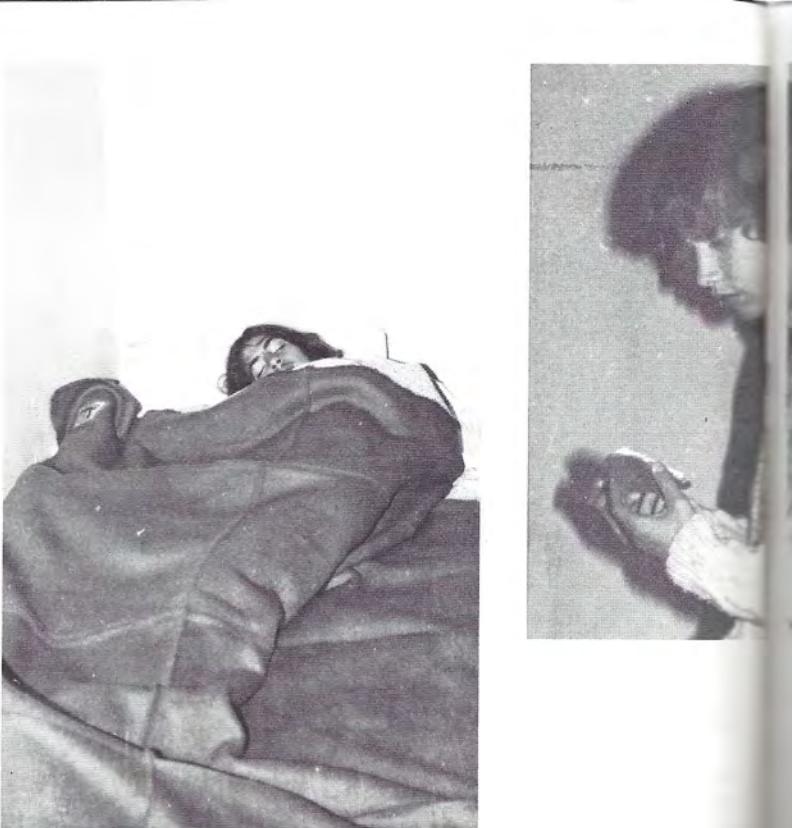


Houseparents:  
back row: Janie Walters, Linda  
Redmaster, Leah Pollack  
front row: Carl Hodgman, Ron  
Walters, Bill Redmaster, Len Millison.

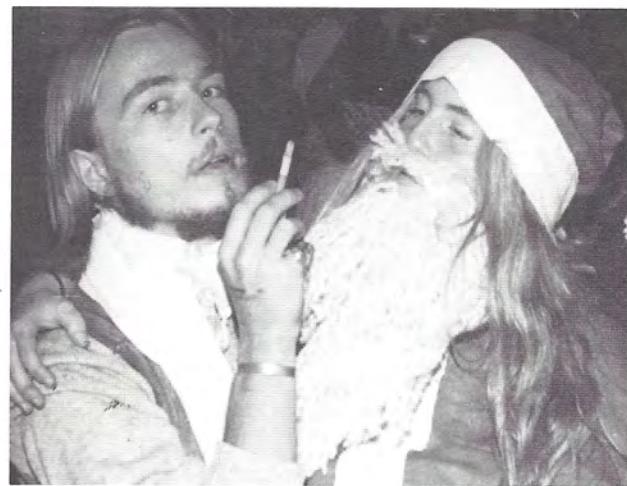
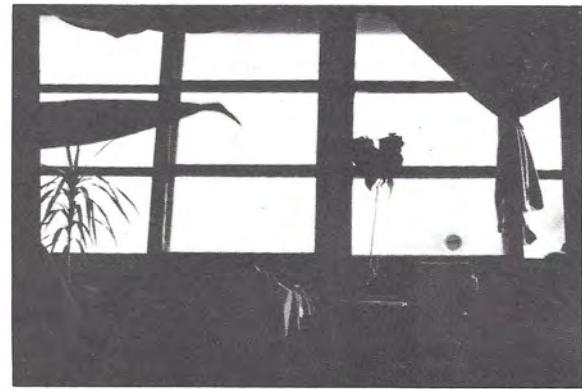
## IS THERE LIFE IN VILLA I?

Now this question may seem a bit  
undone  
To those of you in villa I  
But people really stop and wonder  
What it's like to live with thunder  
I tell them, "Well, at times it's  
mild  
but usually things are pretty wild."  
Even kids will stop and ask,  
"What's it like there? Will you  
last?"  
"Oh yes," I say, "We're doing  
fine,  
just join us some night for  
snacktime  
Or come around when snacks are  
over  
And see the action, don't bring  
your mother."  
Ah yes, life in Villa I there is,  
Two Alka Seltzer please, with  
extra fizz!

## Boarding







## Day trip to Pompey's Pillar

# Interterm

Interterm is traditionally a one week period between terms when normal school curriculum activities are suspended. This year interterm was during the second trimester, February 6-11. This week is designed to enable teachers and students to have a different kind of learning experience than what is provided in the classroom.

Essentially the choice offerings fell into two main categories: on campus courses, ranging from Nietschze to Junk Art, and organized trips, such as the Red Sea, Munich, and Cairo.

Among these offerings, the

key words have to be originality and versatility. What ended up as the Cairo trip, this term, started out as the Upper Egypt trip. However, because of the difficulty in obtaining transportation, several days before their departure the sponsors had to cancel Upper Egypt as their destination and set their sights on Cairo. Most of the original students accepted this new challenge and from all reports and rumors the trip proved to be a successful learning experience for those students and teachers involved.



Joni in a German beer hall



Dave's cooking class

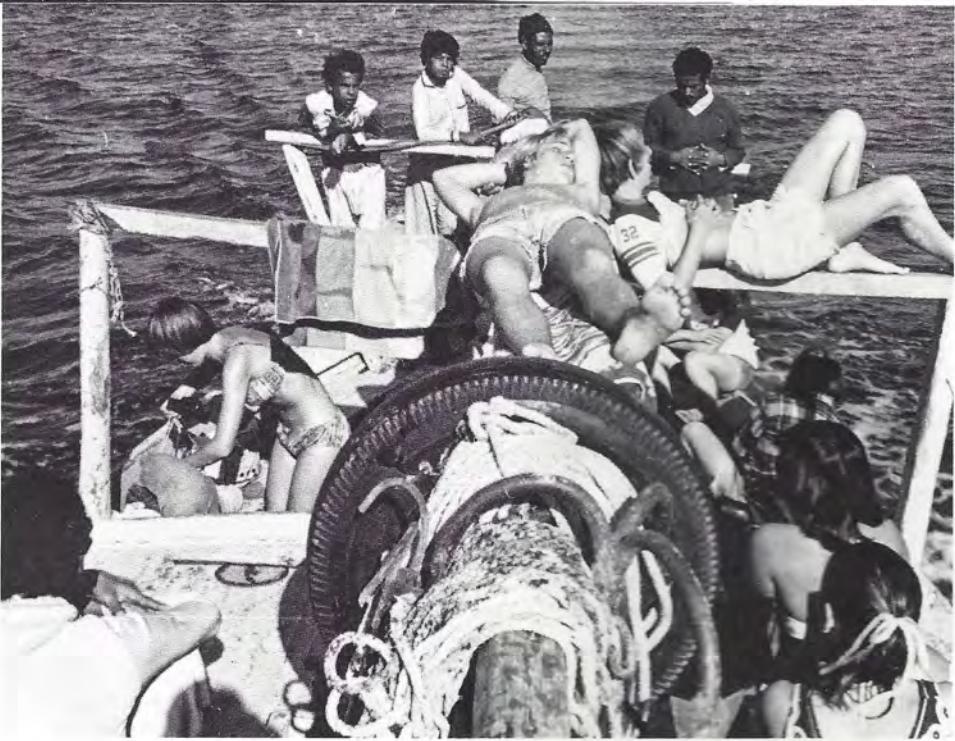




Touring Alexandria



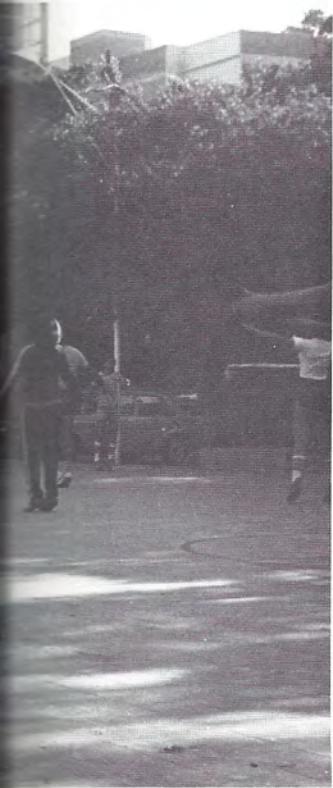
The Red Sea group off for a day of snorkeling.

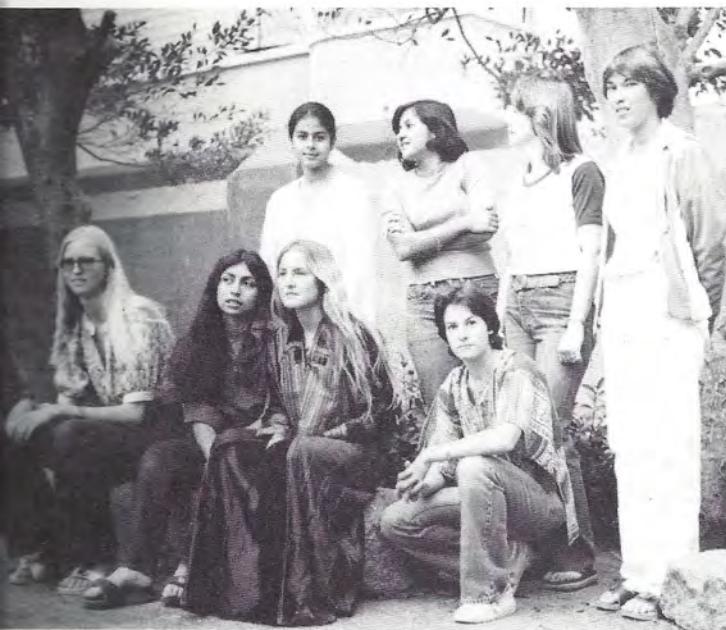


## Sports

This year at Schutz we had a winning basketball team . . . a jumping volleyball team . . . and a rip-roaring cheerleading section, that cheered us all on, whether we won or lost.

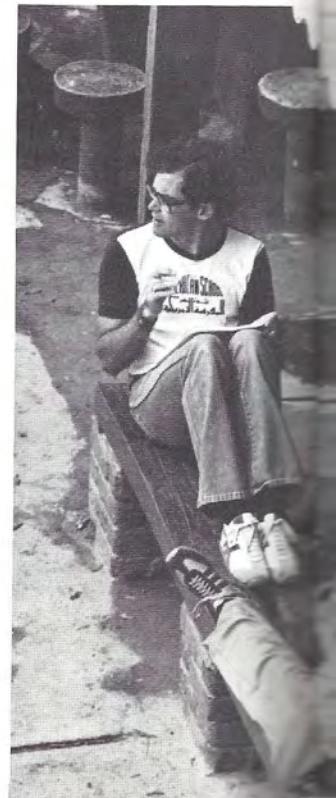


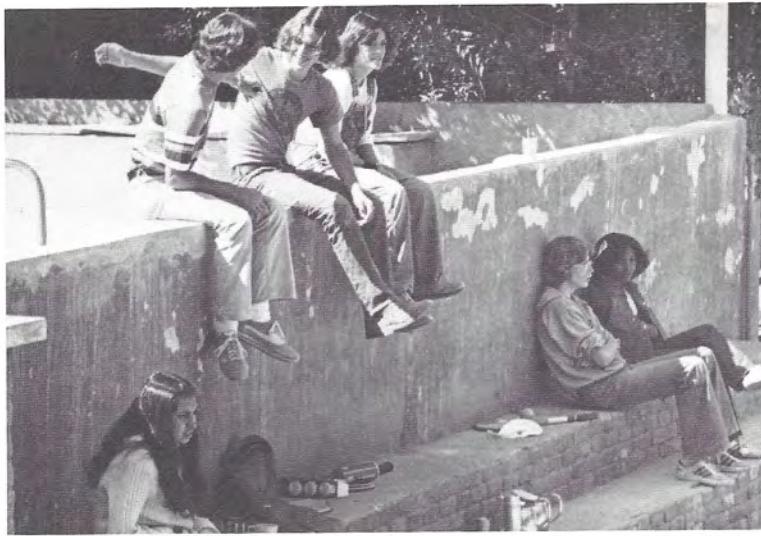






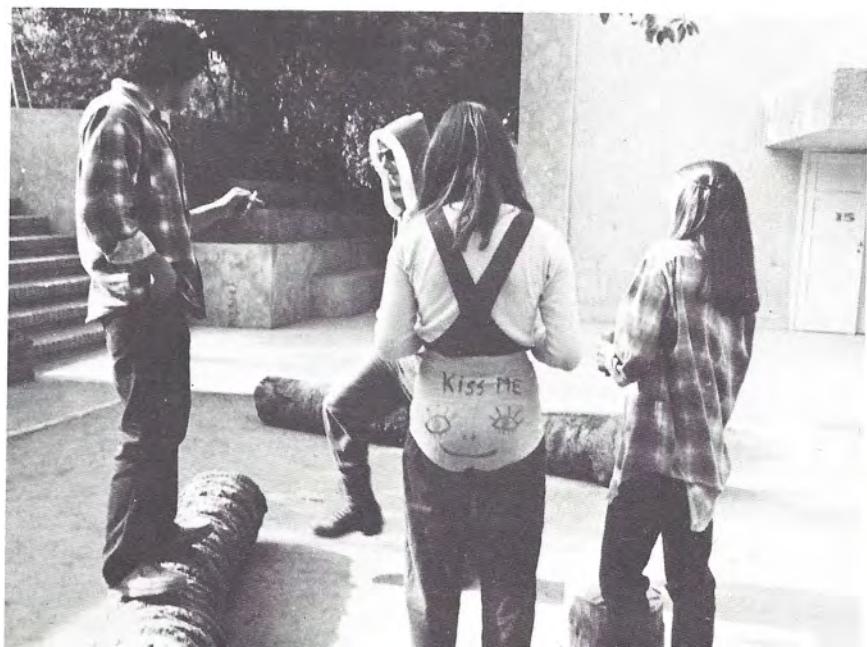
# In Retrospect

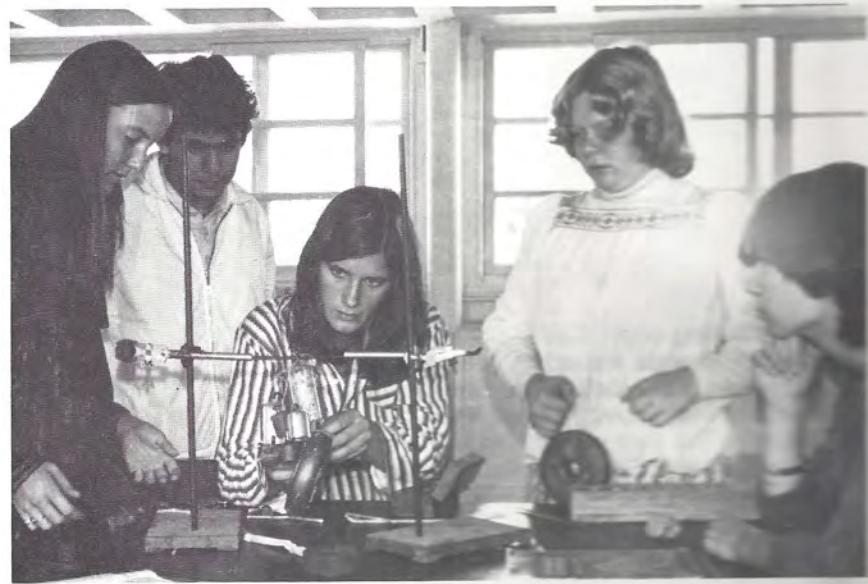
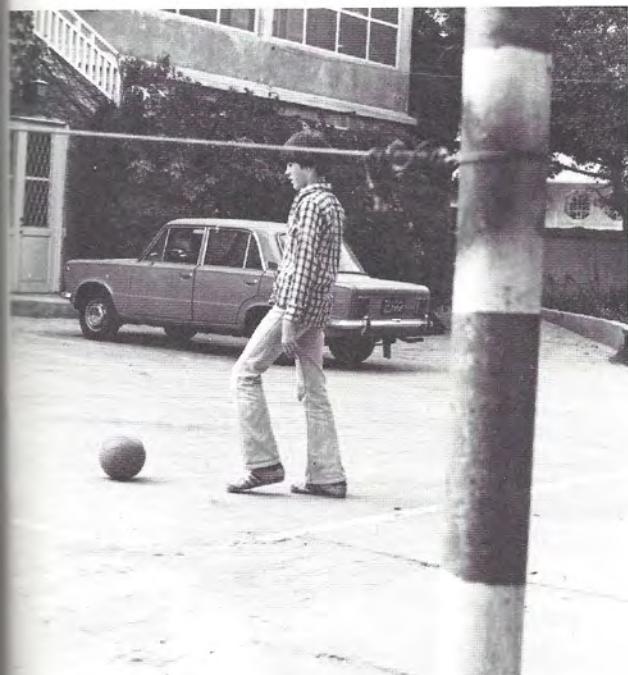












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