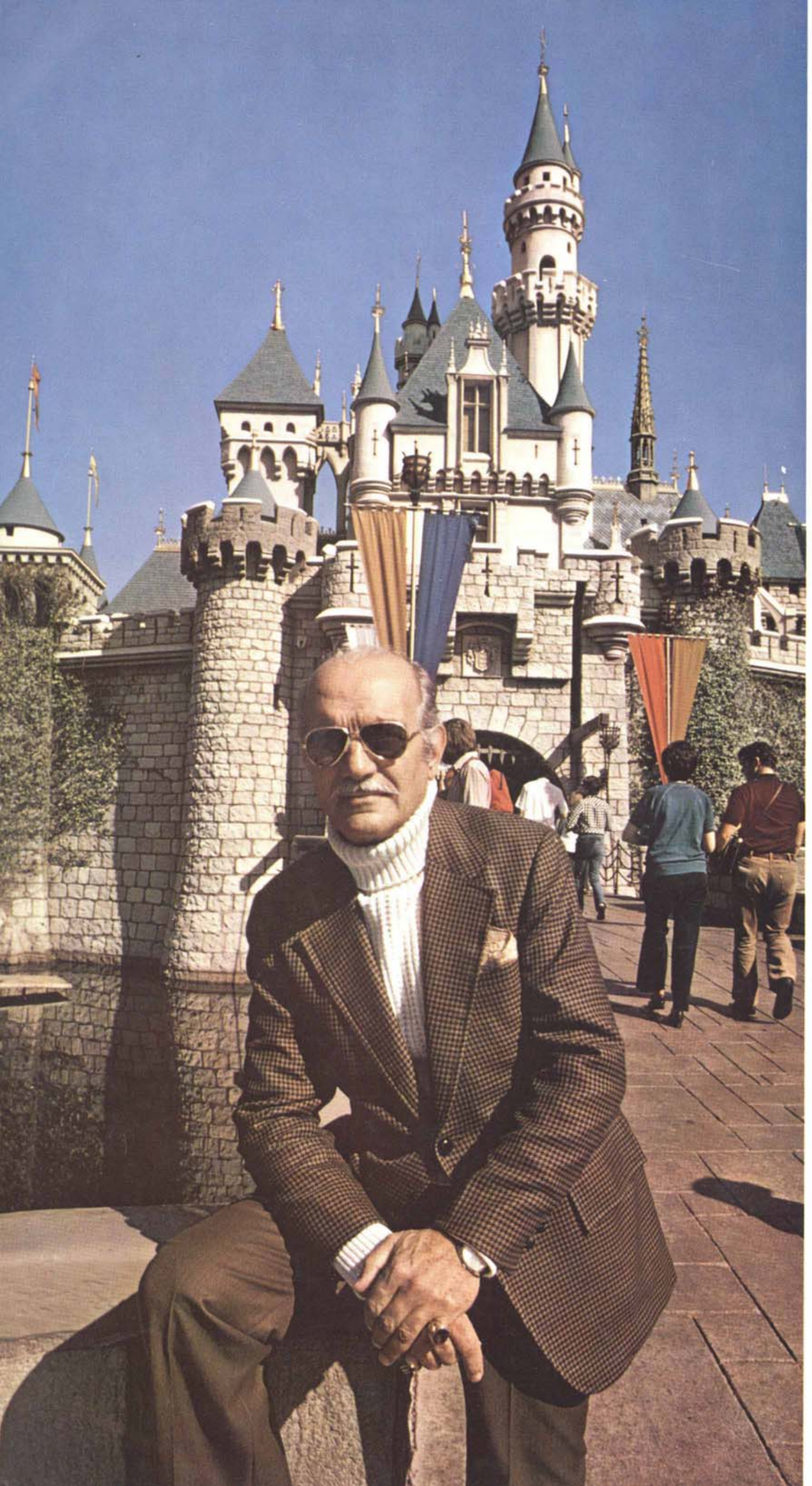


ARAMCO WORLD
magazine
1345 AVENUE OF THE AMERICAS
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10019
ADDRESS CORRECTION REQUESTED
RETURN POSTAGE GUARANTEED

ARAMCO WORLD magazine

MARCH-APRIL 1975

Arabs in America

ARAMCO WORLD magazine

VOL. 26 NO. 2 PUBLISHED BIMONTHLY MARCH-APRIL, 1975

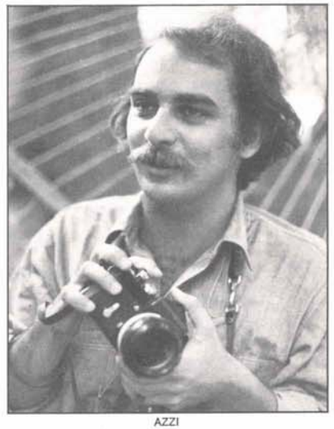
SPECIAL BLUE BINDERS DESIGNED TO HOLD 12 ISSUES OF ARAMCO WORLD MAGAZINE (REGULAR SIZE) ARE AVAILABLE FROM EASIBIND LTD., 4 UXBRIDGE STREET, LONDON W8 7SZ, ENGLAND, FOR $5 EACH. BINDERS FOR SPECIAL ISSUES (SIZE 10" X 14") ARE ALSO AVAILABLE FOR $5 EACH. MAKE ALL CHECKS PAYABLE TO EASIBIND, LTD.

HARSHAM

The chief contributors to this issue, Philip Harsham and Robert Azzi, are in Mr. Harsham's words, "native sons," but both their fathers emigrated from Lebanon.

Mr. Harsham, a veteran reporter, writer and editor, has worked for or contributed to the Louisville Courier Journal, *the* New York Times, Time, Life, *and* Money. *Midway in his career he took time out to study Middle East affairs at Columbia's Advanced International Reporting Program.*

Mr. Azzi, who mixed reporting with photography in criss-crossing the U.S. for this issue, now represents Magnum in the Middle East, contributes often to the National Geographic *and appears regularly in* Aramco World. *He has also free-lanced for* Time. *Katrina Thomas, is best known in the Middle East for her photography in* Aramco World *on Arab Women.*



AZZI

Published by the Arabian American Oil Company, a Corporation, 1345 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10019; F. Jungers, Chairman of the Board and Chief Executive Officer; R. W. Powers, President; J. J. Johnston, Secretary; B. C. Marinovic, Treasurer. Paul F. Hoye, Editor. Designed and printed in Beirut, Lebanon, by the Middle East Export Press, Inc. Distributed without charge to a limited number of readers with an interest in Aramco, the oil industry, or the history, culture, geography and economy of the Middle East. Correspondence concerning **Aramco World Magazine** should be addressed to The Editor, Box 11-4002, Beirut, Lebanon. Changes of address should be sent to T. O. Phillips, Arabian American Oil Company, 1345 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10019.

Cover: Dr. Michael DeBakey, shown during a heart operation, is perhaps the best-known Arab-American. With other leaders such as consumer advocate Ralph Nader, former Pan Am President Najeeb Halaby, comedian Danny Thomas and Senator James Abourezk he represents the achievements of one of America's least-known ethnic groups. Back cover: Emile Khouri, a designer of Disneyland.

← Ann de Zogheib, wife of singer Paul Anka and formerly a model who has graced the cover of **Vogue,** was born in Alexandria, Egypt.

William Kassar, New York designer and businessman, and his wife view the American scene from Riverside Drive.

He had left Lebanon at the age of 14, my father, an almond-eyed stripling sneaking aboard a westbound cargo ship near his Tripoli home. He wanted desperately to come to America, even then acclaimed as the land of plenty. And he was ready to work for his passage when inevitably the ship's crew would discover him. For life in Lebanon, then ruled by the Turks as part of Syria, was difficult; and, as he confided to me a half century later, "We imagined New York's streets to be paved with gold." But the overriding motivation for his runaway act at that moment in the 1880s was a deep-seated hatred for Turkish rule and, I suspect, a determination to escape conscription into an Ottoman Empire army notorious for its brutality. Often he spoke of his homeland's beauty, of his love for the Mediterranean and the mountains beyond it. But he seldom dwelled on his Lebanese past; it was far behind him, after all. And when I urged him to teach me Arabic, he replied: "I'm an American now. You're an American. We'll speak English."

My father, in sociological terms, was an assimilationist. He was the type of Arab that Palestinian Ibrahim Abu-Lughod, professor of political science at Northwestern University, would call an "Uncle Ahmed" today. But he's been dead for 20 years.

And times have changed.

No longer does the Arab in America strive to maintain a low ethnic profile. He's an assimilated American for the most part, yes. But he is also a Syrian-American, an Egyptian-American, a Palestinian-American, or what have you. And more and more today he is an *Arab*-American, preferring to downplay the individual country of ancestry in favor of an Arab cohesiveness. He's still America's least vocal ethnic minority, without a doubt. But he is determined to shake off the stereotype that for years has portrayed the Arab as a hawk-beaked heavy, a sinister *djellabeh*- or *abaya*-clad figure typically dealing in hashish or slave women. And his efforts are bearing fruit. Today one Arab-American is the nation's foremost consumer advocate, another is a top-ranked scientist helping to explore the moon, and another excels at mending perhaps the most delicate organ known to man—the heart. Still others are achieving national and international acclaim in other forms of medicine, in the arts, industry, education, entertainment, literature, and professional sports—in virtually all fields of endeavor. And countless thousands pride themselves on being independent shopkeepers and restaurateurs. The Arab presence in America is indeed making itself felt, and—the irrational violence of a Sirhan Sirhan excepted—making itself felt positively. Sana Hassan, an Egyptian who last year was studying for her doctoral degree at Harvard University, puts forth a plan for bringing peace to the Middle East, and the country's major publications give it worldwide dissemination. Stockholder Sam Maloof, a Lebanese-American, protests in New York to the vast

Arabs in America:

AN INTRODUCTION

WRITTEN BY PHILIP HARSHAM

American Electric Power Company that its advertising is demeaning to Arabs, and the leading financial newspaper headlines his charge. Lebanese journalists Clovis Maksoud and Ghassan Tueni, visiting major United States cities, are pressed for Arab views on Middle East politics and economics. Arab communities in Washington, Los Angeles, Detroit, Houston, and New York erect major Islamic cultural centers, and the Muslim faithful in Chicago plan to follow suit. San Franciscans work toward a center that will perpetuate all aspects of their Arab heritage. The University of California at Berkeley proposes a program to teach Arabic at the secondary-school level in the San Francisco Bay area. And in Largo, Fla., a Syrian-American delicatessen popularizes *kibbeh* to such an extent that it's now a fast-food take-out snack.

Spurred by the Arab-Israeli confrontation of 1967 perhaps more than anything else, politically and socially minded Arab-Americans have in the last few years been stepping up efforts to organize toward greater Arab understanding. Late in 1967 a group of educators and professionals founded the Association of Arab-American University Graduates. Five years later, the National Association of Arab-Americans came into being. The aim of each: To counter anti-Arab propaganda with facts and informed opinion so that the American public might better understand the Middle East conflict. On a more political plane is the Action Committee on American-Arab Relations, an anti-Zionist activist group "dedicated to the establishment of a democratic non-sectarian state in Palestine." And on almost purely a social and fraternal plane are literally scores of regional and local organizations—a majority calling themselves Syrian-Lebanese-American Clubs—that keep alive old-country ties among third and fourth generations, even, of Arab-Americans.

Nobody knows precisely how many Arabs and Americans of Arab descent there are in the United States. Government statistics pertaining to incoming Arabs are disappointingly incomplete, particularly those compiled prior to World War II. A generally quoted estimate, however, places the total at 1,500,000 and there seems to be little reason to doubt that figure—unless it's to call it low. The Arab community in Detroit alone, said to be the largest, is estimated to number 75,000 to 85,000. Even relatively small Portland, Ore., lists more than 400 families as members of its Syrian-Lebanese-American Club. And when the Southern Federation of Syrian-Lebanese-American Clubs held its most recent annual convention, in Fort Lauderdale, Fla., more than 1,100 members—representing 62 clubs in 42 southern cities—showed up just for the banquet.

But statistics and numbers are the least important aspect of the Arab presence in America. It is individuals and the accomplishments of individuals that count. Tour with us through Arab America and see why.

Arabs in America:
THE TRANSPLANTED ONES

BY PHILIP HARSHAM
WITH ROBERT AZZI
PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROBERT AZZI

They embrace the past but look to the future.

Joseph Howar was born on the Mount of Olives near Jerusalem. A devout Muslim as well as a contractor and builder, he realized the dream of his life by helping to build the Islamic Center in Washington, D.C., his adopted home.

But if in your thought you must measure time into seasons, let each season encircle all the other seasons.

And let today embrace the past with remembrance and the future with longing.

— Kahlil Gibran (1883-1931)
"The Prophet"

That bit of advice from Kahlil Gibran, the widely quoted Lebanese poet-philosopher who lived the last 20 years of his life in the United States, should be quite useful to most people. But Gibran's fellow Arabs who have chosen to become Arab-Americans might well shrug their shoulders and ask, "Who needs it?" For it is inconceivable that anybody can embrace the past with more ardor than can the Arabs who have immigrated to America; nor is it likely that any people looks with more anticipation to the future. Most emigrated as youngsters, following their star. Many have become old, still following that star. But practically all have endeavored to nurture something from their past, even to reach back and contribute materially to that past.

Farouk El-Baz is among those who've lived well by that philosophy. A geologist who delves into the earth's past by studying rock formations, he's already spoken for a seat on the first civilian space shuttle to the moon. Dr. El-Baz is 36, a native of the Nile Delta town of Zagazig, Egypt, and since 1970 a naturalized American. He very likely will be aboard that first civilian moon flight. For, as supervisor of lunar exploration for Bell Laboratories, he was one of those who chose the landing sites on the moon for the Apollo lunar-mission astronauts. It was he who taught the moon explorers what geological specimens to look for and photograph. And it was he whom the astronauts were addressing when from outer space they radioed such messages as, "Tell the King we're bringing him something from that little crater." (What else but "the King" would American colleagues call an Egyptian whose first name is Farouk?)

Farouk El-Baz left Egypt in 1963 to obtain a master's degree in geology from the University of Missouri and a Ph.D. degree from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He's now assigned to the National Air and Space Museum of the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, D.C., where his primary job is to study, evaluate and write about the scientific findings from the Apollo moon flights. But at the same time he's helping to plan the next major earth-orbiting mission—the American-Russian joint venture in July that should have space ships docking for an extended stay in outer space. El-Baz is certainly looking to the future. But he has made sure too that some aspects of the past will not be forgotten: he's officially named one area of the moon Arabia, because it "looks like sand dunes and approximates the shape of Arabia." He's named another one Necho, to honor the Egyptian pharaoh who launched a naval expedition to prove that Africa was surrounded by water. "Moon craters have from the beginning been named for contributors to astronomy, mathematics and other sciences," he says. "There already are craters named for ancient Arab scientists, and I wanted to continue that practice. There were, after all, so many great Arab scientists at the height of the Islamic civilization who were not fully honored." El-Baz is doing his part, too, to spread the Arabic language. Along with several books on geology and lunar exploration, he has published a little phrase book, "Say It in Arabic," for use by English-speaking tourists. It grew out of Arabic phrases he'd compiled to help his American-born, Irish-descended wife on their trips to Egypt.

Operating on a more personal plane, the Ramallah Federation also embraces the past and looks to the future. Ramallah is a town now numbering perhaps 25,000 inhabitants which lies just north of Jerusalem, many of them descendants of Rashid Haddad who founded the settlement there near the end of the 15th century. Ramallahans remain Ramallahans wherever they may be. Today some 10,000 of them are scattered across the United States—carrying names such as Ayyash and Kawwas into Michigan, Ibrahim and Bateh into Florida, Salameh and Zabak into Texas, Sheraka and Nasrah into California, and Saah and Tawil into the nation's capital.

"We have the largest family in the world," says Ramallahan spokesman Michael Saah, of Falls Church, Va., who left Ramallah 28 years ago. "I can go to any big city, find another Ramallahan, and be assured of room and board for as long as I like." That suggestion of magnanimity is not exaggerated. The Ramallah Federation, made up of local and regional Ramallah social clubs in the United States, annually provides college scholarships to deserving Palestinians (all so far have gone to Ramallahans). And the recipients may choose to study in the Arab world or elsewhere. The Federation is now planning a home for the aged. It sends money each year to support the schools begun in Ramallah by American Quakers more than 70 years ago, schools that have fallen on hard times since Palestine's partitioning. A Ramallah Foundation has financed the building of a library and a 60-bed hospital in Ramallah, and it maintains Boy Scout troops there.

Ramallah clubs help newcomer Ramallahans establish themselves in the United States, the San Francisco clubs perhaps distilling that effort to its most functional level. Realistically reasoning that newcomers aren't ready for sophisticated business ventures, the clubs guarantee them bank loans and seed money for mom-and-pop-type grocery, liquor and variety stores. The newcomer repays the loan with proceeds from his business, then kicks in a small percentage to the club so that it may help Ramallahans yet to come. It's estimated that Ramallahans now own a quarter—perhaps more—of San Francisco's small convenience stores. With them they're preparing their children for the more sophisticated businesses, building their future with help from the past.

Helping the newcomer always has been an Arab-American duty, self imposed. Often sparked by civil-liberties activist Abdeen Jabara, the 34-year-old attorney whose defense of Sirhan Sirhan attracted international attention, Detroit Arab-Americans try to speed the adjustment of some 3,000 Yemeni and Palestinian workers. They provide employment referrals, usually to the automobile plants; help with housing; offer classes in English and set up recreational opportunities. "You can't get community support for broader goals," says Jabara, "unless you first deal with the basic issues that touch members of the community personally."

Egyptian-born Abdulmunim Shakir looks to the future with more longing probably than even Gibran intended. "I owe a debt to the Muslim world, from which my spiritual and cultural roots sprang," says this naturalized American. "And I owe another to my adopted country, where my intellectual growth has been nourished." Dr. Shakir—he holds a Ph.D. degree from New York University—came to the United States as a student in 1943. While attending Columbia University and N.Y.U., he taught Arabic and the Islamic religion to young American Muslims at a Brooklyn, N.Y., mosque. Today, he heads a one-of-a-kind scholastic program with which he hopes to further pay those "debts."

Shakir is director of Muslim-world studies at Ricker College, a 126-year-old liberal arts institution in Houlton, Maine, that has the country's only undergraduate Muslim-world department. He teaches the Arabic language as well as basic courses dealing with Islamic culture, institutions and government. Beginning the program in 1969, Ricker graduated its first two Muslim-world majors last year. Both are "full-blooded Americans," as Shakir puts it, with no previous contact with the Muslim world or Arabic. Now both, having taken their junior year at the American University of Cairo, are studying —in Arabic—toward master's degrees at Cairo's Al-Azhar University. They're expected to go on to careers in foreign service or international commerce.

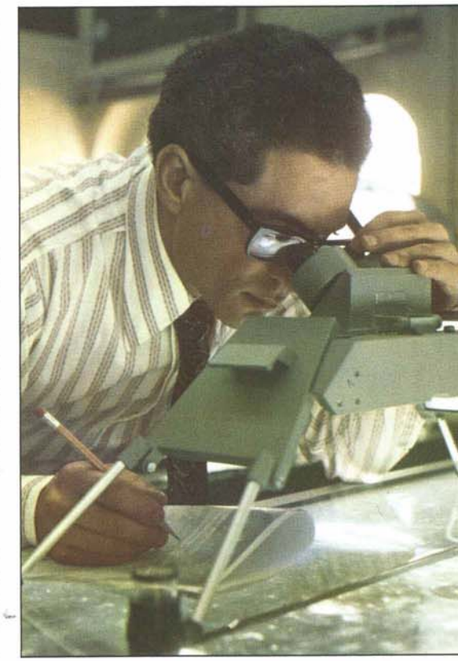
Shakir's idea for a department of Muslim-world studies was readily accepted by Ricker's president, Dr. C. Worth Howard. Now retired, Howard was for 32 years a faculty member or acting president of the American University of Cairo. But there remained a need for funding. What better source, Shakir reasoned, than enlightened Arabs themselves? He paid a visit to King Faisal of Saudi Arabia and came away with a $50,000 grant for the new department. The Arabian American Oil Company added $10,000, and the Government of Kuwait $8,000. Now Shakir and Ricker College have plans drawn for an Islamic studies center—a building that will be financed, Shakir feels sure, by Arabic-speaking countries. "We're just starting," Shakir says. "We plan to build a bridge of understanding between the people of America and those of the Muslim world." That's also a bridge linking the Arab-American's past with his future.

Others build their bridges in other ways. Nathan Haddad, for example, came to the United States from Lebanon in 1910 and soon owned a thriving clothing store and real estate interests in Madison, W. Va. Then, to honor a son killed in World War II, he built a swimming pool and a recreation center which he dedicated to the town of Madison. And remembering his past, he built a church and social hall for his native village, Jib Jenine.

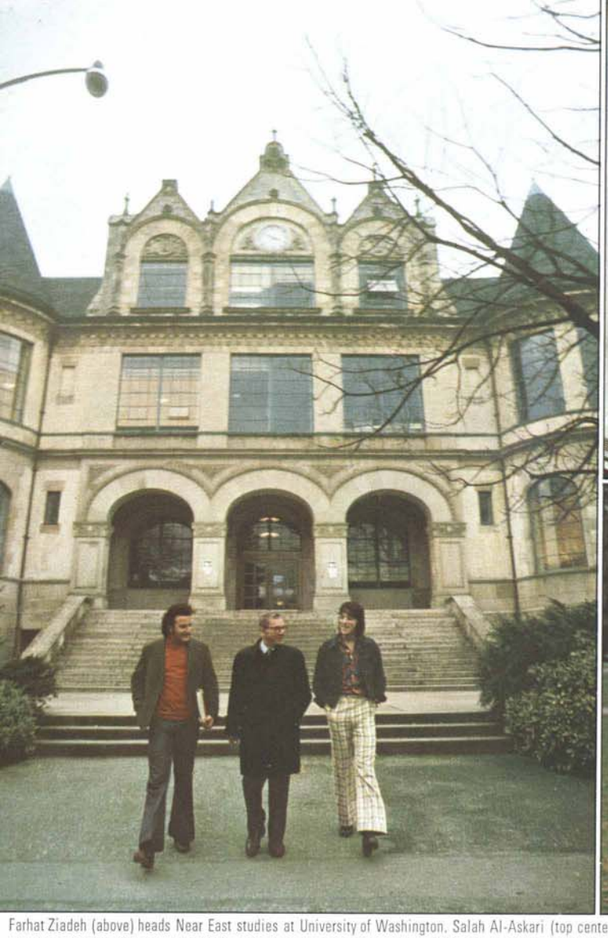
Arab immigrants arriving in the early migration waves, whether Christian or Muslim, had nobody building bridges in their behalf. The lucky ones were those with known predecessors who could introduce them to the dubious wonders of backwoods back peddling. Arab back peddlers, like the more mobile peddler immortalized in the musical "Oklahoma!," played a big part in opening up some American frontiers. Nathan Haddad started that way. So did countless others who walked the wagon tracks across Kentucky and Tennessee, Arkansas and Mississippi, with tinware, notions, laces and ribbons. And their names—Coury, Khoury, David, Johns, Rahall, Joseph, Jamail, etc.—are today respected names on the American business scene.

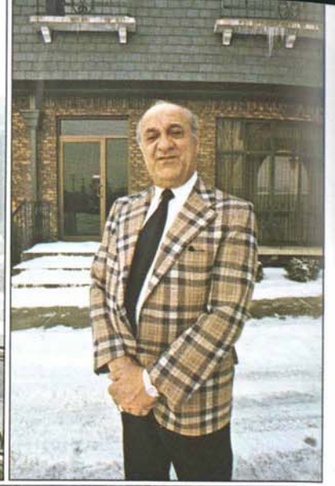
Latecomers were more fortunate. Some arriving even prior to World War I came complete with degrees from universities in Beirut, Cairo and Baghdad. Usually they moved into academic communities to work toward advanced degrees, and more often than not they stayed on to teach. Senior among those scholars was Philip K. Hitti, the now-ailing professor emeritus of history and Semitic literature at Princeton University. Americans who have made even a cursory study of Arab history have to have read at least one of Dr. Hitti's books. They

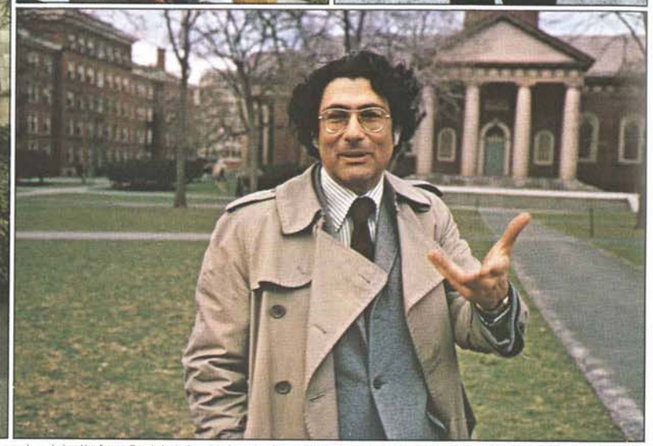
continued on page 10



Farouk El-Baz (top), Egyptian-born geologist, helped plan the Apollo moon landing and is now evaluating lunar mineral findings. Dr. Philip Hitti, dean of U.S. Arab studies and professor emeritus of Princeton University, was born in Shemlan, Lebanon.

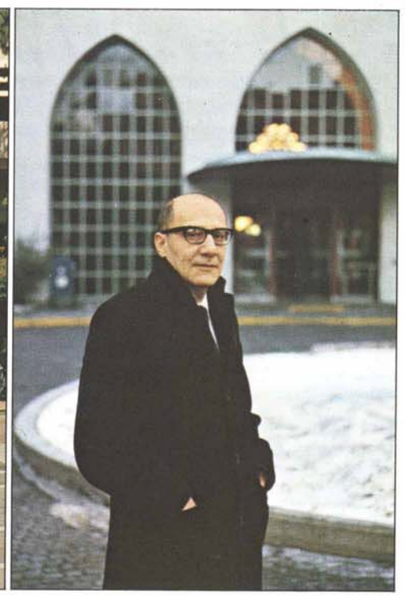


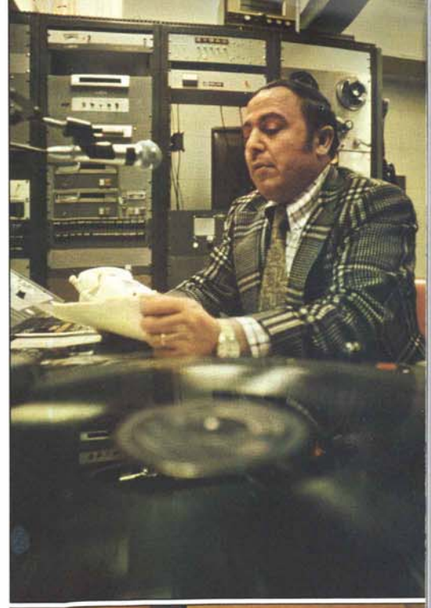




Farhat Ziadeh (above) heads Near East studies at University of Washington. Salah Al-Askari (top center), originally from Baghdad, is chief urologist at Bellevue Hospital, New York. (Top right) Woodrow Woody of Lebanon rose from newspaper delivery boy to car salesman to owner of Boca Raton Country Club, Florida. Jerusalem-born Edward Said (lower right) is professor of comparative literature at Columbia University.

Born in Cairo of Syrian and Lebanese parents, Charles Issawi (above) teaches Middle East economics at Columbia University. Egyptian-born Afaf Sayyid (right) acquired her Ph.D. at Oxford University, now teaches Middle East history at UCLA. Radiologist Zuheir Mujahed (far right), of Syrian origin, specializes in gall-bladder, teaches at Cornell University School of Medicine.





Chemist Ray Irani (left) was born in Lebanon, now lives in New Canaan, Conn. He holds patents for over 50 products. Iraqi-born Feisal Arabo (top), a successful insurance salesman, broadcasts a weekly radio show in Detroit. Faruk Abuzzahab (center) lectures in the departments of psychiatry and pharmacology at University of Minnesota. Interior-architect Gamal El-Zoghby (bottom) of Egypt designs total environments for his clients. He was voted one of top ten designers in US by Progressive Architecture Magazine in 1974.

continued from page 7

might also have read at least one by Iraqi-born Majid Khadduri, an authority on Islamic law. Dr. Khadduri received his Ph.D. degree from the University of Chicago in 1938. Returning to Baghdad to teach, he was made a member of Iraq's delegation to the 1945 San Francisco conference that gave birth to the United Nations. But two years later, he was back to stay; he has been a professor in the Johns Hopkins University School of Advanced International Studies since 1949. Ramallahan attorney Farhat J. Ziadeh, formerly a member of the Princeton faculty and since 1966 a professor of Near East studies at the University of Washington, serves as something of a two-way communicator between Arabs and Americans. He's written a history of the American people for Arabs, and an Arabic primer for Americans—these among several other books.

"We are not just educating American students," says Ziadeh; "we're creating better understanding by having them weigh Arab culture within the context of world culture, as one of the mainstreams of world culture."

The academic world builds its bridges in many ways. Iraqi-born Abdul Karim Khudairi, for example, is a botanist and professor of biology at Northeastern University in Boston. But one of his major projects has to do with agricultural improvements that could make desert areas—particularly the Arabian Peninsula—self-sufficient in certain crops. Egyptian-American Abdo A. Elkholy, professor of sociology at Northern Illinois University, DeKalb, since 1965, recently returned from Abu Dhabi. Headquartering there, he made a year-long study of life in the Arabian Gulf states—a study financed by a United States Fulbright grant. Jaffa-born Ibrahim Abu-Lughod, a professor of political science at Northwestern University since 1967, is a founder and past president of the Association of Arab-American University Graduates. He has written and edited a number of articles and monographs to promote understanding of Middle East issues. Economist Charles P. Issawi, born in Cairo of Syrian and Lebanese parents, teaches Middle East economics to American students at Columbia University in New York. Syrian-born Noury S. Al-Khaledy teaches Middle East subjects to students at Portland, Ore., State University—and Arabic to the American-born children of Portland Arabs. M. Cherif Bassiouni, professor of law at Chicago's De Paul University (and like Abu-Lughod a past president of the AAUG), is an Egyptian who studied law in France, Switzerland and Egypt before emigrating to the United States. Now one of his several books, *Criminal Law and Its Processes: The Law of Public Order*, has become a standard text in more than 20 American law schools.

Bridge builders to the future they all are. So is Edward Said, born in Jerusalem, educated at Princeton and Harvard, and a professor of comparative literature at Columbia. But Said—labeled "our one true genius" by fellow Arab-Americans—would like to see some shoring up of the past as well as the future. He laments that even Arabs are neglecting Arab literature. Said calls for greater diffusion of Arab studies, diffusion that would help restore some of the past's acknowledged virtues. The Middle East today emphasizes medicine, engineering, and commerce, he says, while "ethical and spiritual values go untended."

If medicine has been overemphasized in the Middle East, however, that overemphasis has been the United States' gain. For the number of transplanted Arabs in medicine is quite large, and some of them have made—and are making—substantial contributions in their fields. Consider just a sampling:

— Lebanese-born Adel Assad Yunis, M.D., chief of hematology at the University of Miami School of Medicine, has isolated a substance in cancer cells that destroys fibrin, the protein that makes possible the clotting of blood. This could lead to development of new clotting and anti-clotting agents, as well as to an understanding of the causes behind cancer's rapid spread.

— Another Lebanese native, Sami A. Hashim, M.D., is director of the laboratory for nutrition and metabolism at St. Luke's Hospital Center in New York and of nearby Columbia University's Nutrition Institute. Considered a leading researcher in his field, Dr. Hashim has published more than 150 articles on metabolism and nutrition. He's currently working toward ways to control the build-up of cholesterol in man.

— Egyptian-born M. Hadi Salem, M.D., practices thoracic surgery in Los Angeles while working with the Egyptian Government to establish an international medical rehabilitation center in Cairo. Dr. Salem and his wife, a nurse, spent three weeks in Afghanistan last year doing volunteer surgery and lecturing at a C.A.R.E.-maintained teaching hospital.

Iraqi-born Salah Al-Askari, M.D., is a professor of urology at New York University School of Medicine. Lebanese-born Faruk S. Abuzzahab, M.D., Ph.D., is a clinical professor of psychiatry and pharmacology at the University of Minnesota Medical School, Minneapolis. Another Lebanese physician, Victor A. Najjar, is professor of pediatrics at Tufts University Medical School, Boston. And there is Egyptian-born Abdel Kerim Shaalan, M.D., a general surgeon in Detroit, who's a man with a dream. He'd like to find a way that Egyptian-born physicians in the United States—he estimates there are 100 or more in Michigan alone—could build a hospital in Egypt. They'd make it a replica of a typical American hospital and run it in a typically American way. Then the Egyptian-American physicians would volunteer to staff it, each giving perhaps a month of his time each year. They'd be providing a needed facility, using their knowledge of both Arab and American ways, and bridging their past and future.

Two transplanted Arabs, Palestine-native Sami Mayyasi of Ramsey, N.J., and Lebanese-born Ray Irani of New Canaan, Conn., are recognized achievers in medicine-related fields. Mayyasi, who holds a Ph.D. degree in virology from Ohio State University, Columbus, is assistant director of cancer research at Pfizer Cancer Research Center. Having contributed to the development of Pfizer's oral vaccine for polio and to other vaccines for influenza and measles, Mayyasi now heads a team that's researching the relationship between viruses and cancer. Irani, with a Ph.D. in physical chemistry from the University of California, is vice president for research and development of Olin Corporation's chemicals division. He held at last count 50 United States patents for products he's developed.

Botanist Abdul Karim Khudairi of Baghdad is professor of biology at Boston's Northeastern University, specializes in arid zone problems.

The Arab presence is being felt increasingly in sophisticated fields that would have astounded the early-immigrating back peddlers, successful though many became. Even 67-year-old Woodrow W. Woody (born Shikhany), an Arab-American whose 1912 departure from Lebanon ties him closely to both eras, might be astounded. But Woody himself has astounded a few. Starting as an automobile-factory assembly-line worker, he moved on to become a car salesman, a used-car dealer, and in 1940 a franchised Pontiac automobile dealer. He still owns the dealership, one of the country's largest, and he's added some other possessions—the Hillcrest Country Club in Mt. Clemons, Mich., a motor inn in Miami Beach, Fla., the Boca Raton Country Club on Florida's Gold Coast, and 5,000 acres of raw land near Daytona Beach, Fla., to name a few. And looking to the past, he's built a school and clinic in his native village (Bejderfel) to honor his parents' memory.

Woody credits his success to his adherence to the Golden Rule, not to any expertise in high finance. Iraqi-born Raymond Jallow is another story, however. He's chief economist of the United California Bank. And as senior vice president as well, he keeps interested customers informed about financial goings-on in the Middle East. Egyptian Mohammad Haki, until 1972 foreign-news editor of Cairo's *Al-Ahram*, spreads his knowledge of the Middle East further. Now in Washington as head of the Middle East public affairs office of the World Bank (International Bank for Reconstruction and Development), he explains financial aspects of the West to the Middle East and the Middle East—particularly large World Bank contributors Saudi Arabia and Kuwait—to the West. In Houston, Egyptian-born Fayez Sarofim applies a knowledge of finance at the person-to-person level. He heads his own investment counseling firm, one of the largest in the Southwest.

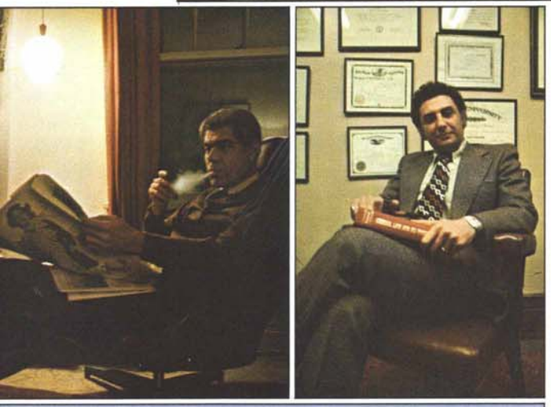
In Chicago, engineer Nasuh Khatib, a 43-year-old native of Syria, heads Katib & Associates, designers and installers of vast heating, ventilating, and air-conditioning systems for shopping malls and high-rise buildings across the country. In New York, interior architect Gamal El-Zoghby, a 37-year old native of Egypt, exhibits a style that has earned him *Progressive Architecture's* acclaim as "one of the top 10 interior architects in the United States." In Los Angeles, Egyptian-American Fouad Said (*Aramco World September-October, 1971*) revolutionized motion picture making with his development of fully self-contained mobile filming units. Now he's carried the concept further, designing a "video wagon" that can transmit television signals from a video camera directly to orbiting relay satellites.

And there's every indication that the work of immigrating Arabs will become more sophisticated, that the impact of their efforts will become even more greatly felt. The newcomers are starting with more education than most of their predecessors; they enter at a higher social level, and with more financial wherewithal. Says a faculty member at Portland State University, where some 75 young Saudis participate each year in an English-study program, "They come with generous allowances, and they seem to adjust awfully well to their new environment."

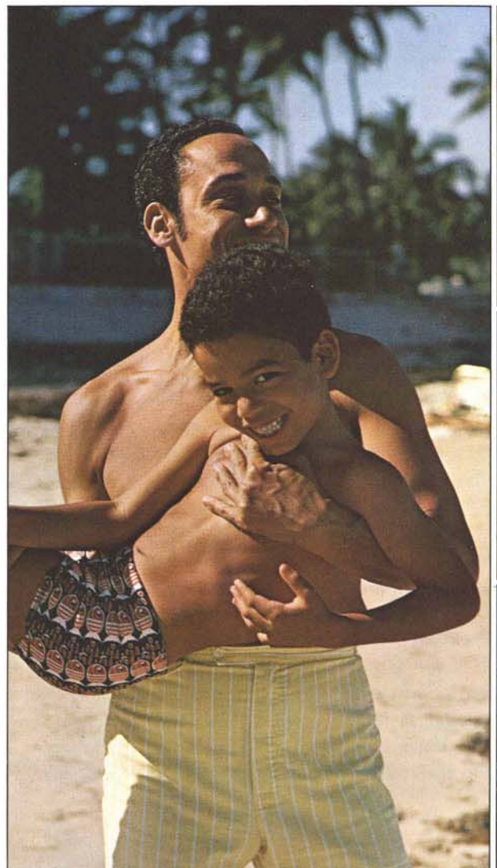
Economic trends suggest that more and more of the newcomers will choose to return to the Middle East after completing their education in the United States, or even after making a niche for themselves in one of the professions. Mahmoud Shahbandar could be a case in point. Shahbandar, son of a former Iraqi ambassador to the United States, is studying architecture and urban planning at Massachusetts Institute of Technology. His primary project: redevelopment plans for Baghdad, the city to which he plans to return. Even radiologist Zuheir Mujahed, M.D., who's been teaching at Cornell University School of Medicine for the last 19 years, will return. "I'm still an Arab," he says. "And when I retire, I'm going home to Syria."

For Dr. Mujahed, Kahlil Gibran's remembered past and longed-for future seem to have become one.

George Simon, son of immigrants from Damascus, builds factories in Latin America from his base in Detroit.



Ibrahim Abu-Lughod (top left), born in Jaffa, Palestine, teaches political science at Northwestern. Cairo-born M. Cherif Bassiouni (top right) of De Paul University is an authority on international criminal law. Attorney Michael Berry is active in the Detroit Muslim community.



Egyptian-born Sherif Shafey (far left) is neurologist in Key Biscayne, Florida. Miki Sarofim (left) from Cairo is investment banker in New York.

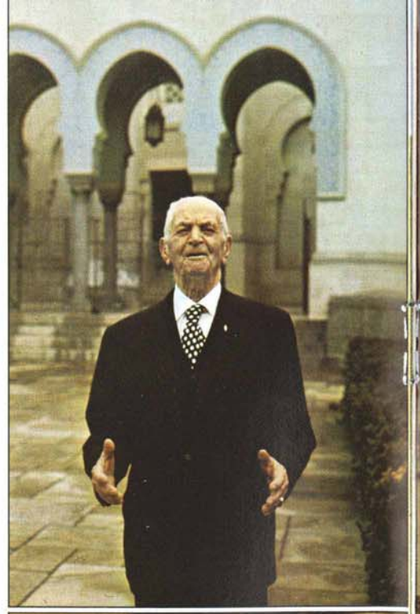
Born in Nazareth, Kamal Yacoub (left) is chairman of electrical engineering department of University of Miami.

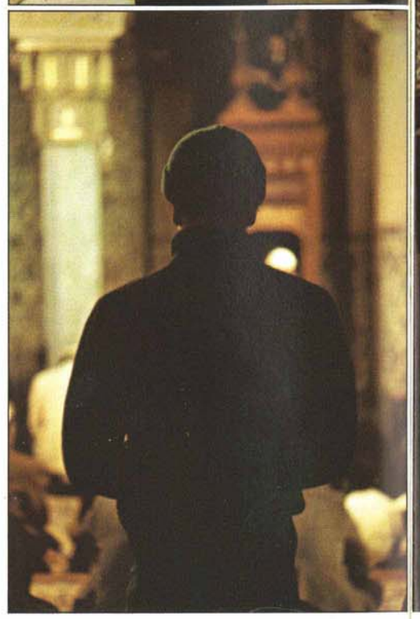
Lou Farah (left) is supervisor of service at Sheraton Motor Inn, Portland, Oregon. Damascus - born Nasuh Khatib (right) installs mechanical systems in buildings like this one in Chicago.

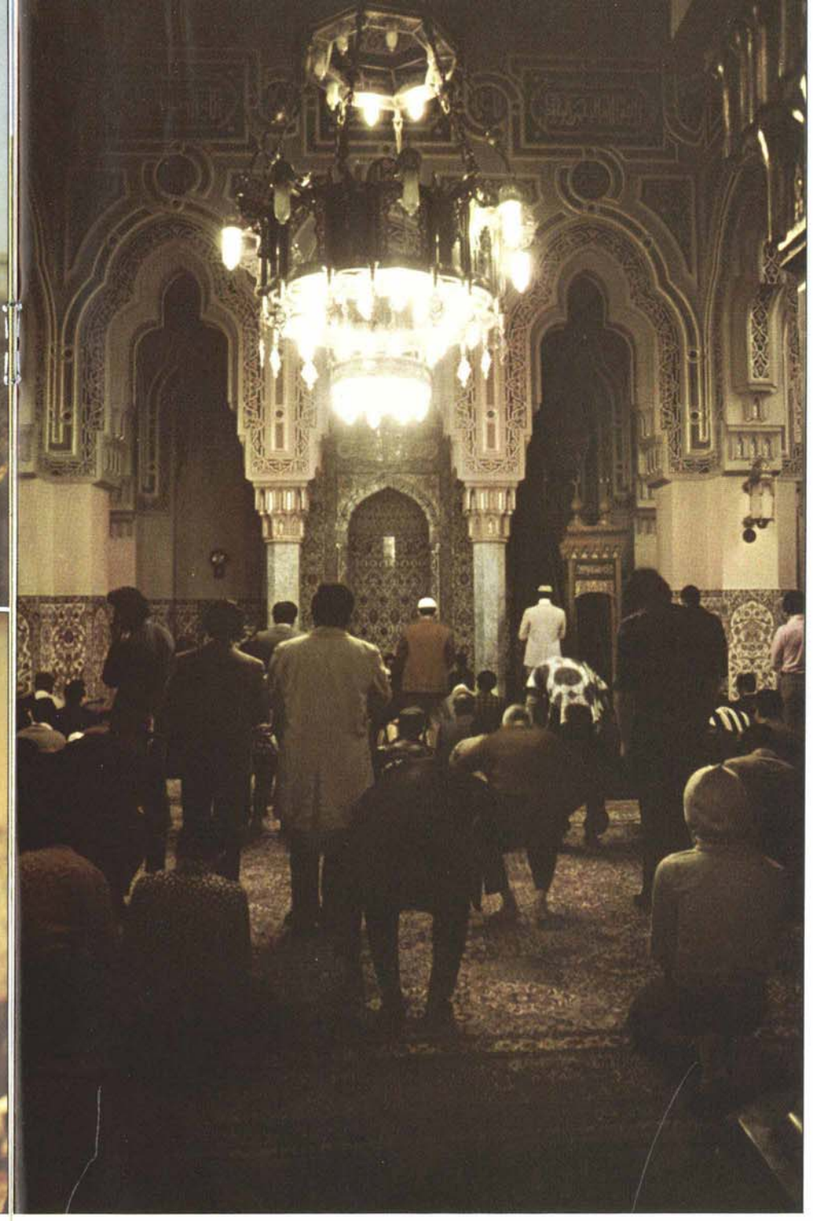
Arabs in America:

ONE ARAB'S IMMIGRATION

WRITTEN BY PHILIP HARSHAM / PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROBERT AZZI







Joseph Howar (top left) stands before the Islamic Center in Washington, D.C., which he helped to plan and build. The mosque inside the Center provides a place of worship for over 4,000 Muslims in Washington and a religious center for approximately 35,000 Muslims in North America.

Today A. Joseph Howar is 89 years old, or perhaps it's 90; he isn't sure. A retired contractor and builder, he is a wealthy man. He can boast that he built the first high-rise apartment house in Virginia—and many, many more in Washington, D.C., after that. He has provided a mosque, a school, and a cemetery for his native town on the Mount of Olives, just outside Jerusalem. But Joseph Howar takes greatest pride in the part he played in building Washington's striking Islamic Center, the focal point in North America of Islamic instruction and worship since its completion in 1949. It was Howar, a devout Muslim, who initially pushed for the Center and who took the lead in providing financing for it. It was he too who guided construction of it. Now he can say: "I love this place. It is mother and father to me."

Howar's immigration to America is typical of the moves made by thousands of Arabs around the turn of the century. Here in greatly telescoped narrative is his own account of it:

It was around 1900 that I first started thinking of leaving the Mount of Olives. I was perhaps 15—certainly not older. Palestine was under the Ottoman Empire then, you know, and the Turks were taking all the young men into the army at about age 17; I was too young for conscription, thank God. And I was very small for my age—I've always had a slight build. Looking back, it probably was the Turkish army and my size that prompted me to leave home. I wanted to avoid conscription. And I was tired of being told that I was too small "to be worth the skin of an onion" as a worker in the fields. Very quietly I made my plans. And when I had saved the equivalent of two British pounds, I took a carriage to Jaffa and stowed away on a ship.

That ship went only to Port Said. I had no money left, so I found work as a servant in a wealthy family's home. A few weeks later I boarded another ship, thinking I would work my way to England or America. But that ship went the other way—I ended up in Bombay. Through the mosque there, though, I again found work as a servant. But that Indian family liked me too much; they wanted me to stay until I was old enough to marry their daughter. The ship on which I'd arrived returned to Bombay after about six months. This time it was headed for England, and this time the captain welcomed me aboard. I worked for my passage to Southampton, found work as a servant there and stayed on long enough to earn money for steerage passage to New York. I reached New York in 1903 with $65. I was a rich man!

My true name is Mohammed Asa Abu-Howah. But people I met on the boat told me I'd better change my name. They said it labeled me as a Muslim, and no immigration officer would allow a Muslim to enter the United States. I had two cousins who'd become American citizens. One had taken the name of Abraham and the other Joseph. So I took both those names, and since the British had pronounced Howah as if it were Howar, I made my American name A. Joseph Howar. That's how I was naturalized in 1908.

When I reached New York, one of the immigration officers asked me where I was going. I didn't know. So I asked him, "Where does your king live?" He laughed at me. "We don't have a king in America," he said; "we have a President, and he lives in Washington, D.C." "Then I'll go to Washington, D.C.," I told him; "if it's good enough for the President, it's good enough for me."

I had to find work in Washington, of course. I saw a man peddling bananas from a pushcart and asked him to start me as a pushcart peddler. But he said I was too small to push the cart. I then found work in a hotel kitchen, cleaning silver and doing all kinds of jobs. One night, though, I walked outside the hotel and heard two men speaking Arabic. They told me they were back peddlers and agreed to let me join them on their trips into Virginia and Delaware. I began selling women's clothing, door to door. But I soon found that my "partners" were cheating me. They'd jack up the wholesale prices on my goods and still take half my profits. After a few months of peddling, though, I'd learned what the goods should cost and where I could get my own. I decided to go it alone. When summer came, I took my goods up to the New Jersey shore. The pretty ladies would be sitting on porches and I'd joke with them—tell them funny stories—and they'd buy from me. I was 17 or so, and very small and peppy and smiling, and they liked me. So I soon had many friends and many customers. I made enough money to open a store in Washington with another man. We sold only women's clothing, and soon we were earning $30,000 to $40,000 a year—and that was in the early 1900s!

About that time, an architect talked me into becoming his partner to build an apartment house. I had $27,000 to put into it. All he had were the plans he'd drawn, but he would supervise the building. We built two buildings, and made about $50,000 on them. But the architect took so long to build them that I told him I'd do any further building on my own. "How are you going to do that?" he asked. "You can't even read and write." I answered that I could sign my name, and my signature along with my reputation for honesty and hard work would get me just about everything else I needed. It did, too.

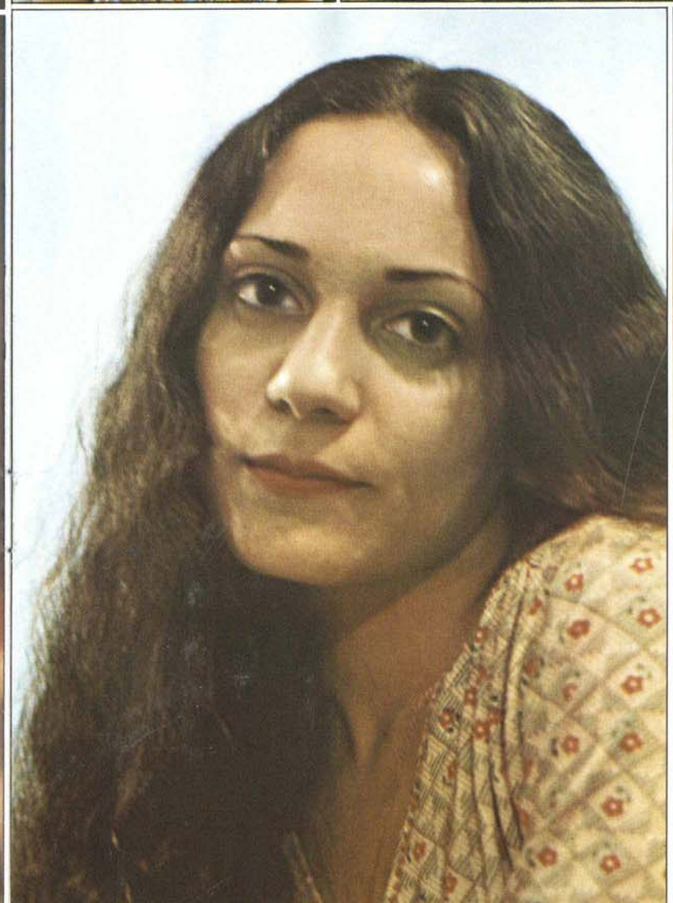
I began completing in three or four months the type of buildings that took others nine months. I'd build them quickly and sell them quickly. My secret was simple: the others used a foreman of laborers, a foreman of carpenters, a foreman of steelworkers, and so on; they were always at odds. I used one foreman—a contractor. And we both worked very hard. I made a $69,000 profit on the first big apartment house we built. When my banker saw that I could do that, he said, "Build all you want; my bank will provide the credit you need." I knew then that I was in the building business for good.

Howar was indeed in the building business, and it was big business. He went back to Palestine in 1927, found a wife and returned to Washington in time to lose about everything he had in the Great Depression. But with an $18,000 nest egg, he started again. Now his sons Edmund and Raymond are carrying on the work he started. And A. Joseph Howar, once Mohammed Asa Abu-Howah, has fulfilled an American dream.

Arabs in America:

THE PRETTY ONES

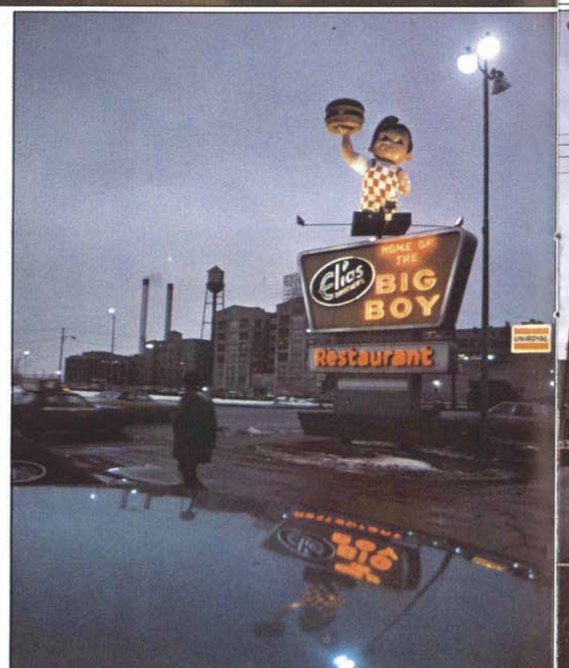
PHOTOGRAPHED BY KATRINA THOMAS
AND ROBERT AZZI

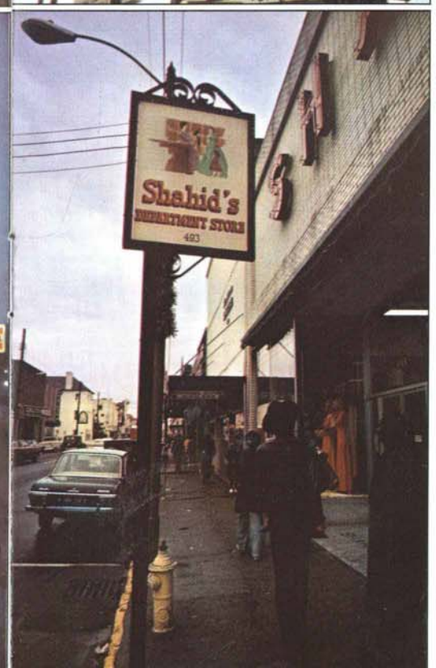


Arab girls seem to blossom in America. They look good on their native soil (***Aramco World Magazine***, March-April 1971) but the bloom of American youth enhances their exotic good looks. Although the strict rules of Middle Eastern society are somewhat relaxed in the United States, family life among Arab-Americans remains warm, close and supportive. You can see the results in the faces of these students, career girls, and "girls-next-door." Middle Eastern styles, popular in the United States for the past few years, look particularly attractive on the girls whose mothers and grandmothers first wore them.

In America now, Arab food is 'In.'

From the simple **falafel** (the "vegetarian hamburger") eaten on the street to an elaborate dinner at New York's Cleopatra restaurant, Middle Eastern food is fast becoming as familiar to America's palate as pizza, sauerkraut or enchiladas. And not only in restaurants. Americans are buying the raw materials in Arab grocery shops and supermarkets for such things as kebabs, **tabbouleh** and those great cocktail dips—**homos** and **baba ghanouj**. Right and below are some Middle Eastern eating places across the country—a snack bar in Ann Arbor, Mediterranean House near Chicago, San Francisco's Omar Khayyam's, Ali Baba on Sunset Strip in Hollywood, Mama Ayesha in front of her Washington, D.C. restaurant, and Detroit's Big Boy. Below right and opposite page are three Arab grocers: Sahadi of Brooklyn, N.Y., Abraham Ali and his daughter of Detroit and Jamail's supermarket of Houston, Texas.





Arabs in America: THE IMPACT

WRITTEN BY PHILIP HARSHAM
PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROBERT AZZI

At least 19 towns in the United States are named for Lebanon, six for Jordan, four for Egypt, and three for Palestine. There are four Cairos, six Damascuses, two Arabis, at least one Baghdad and one Mecca. Undoubtedly, some of those place names were perpetuated more by Americans who knew their Bible than by incoming Arabs or Arabists. But they're there, nonetheless, American monuments to a respected region.

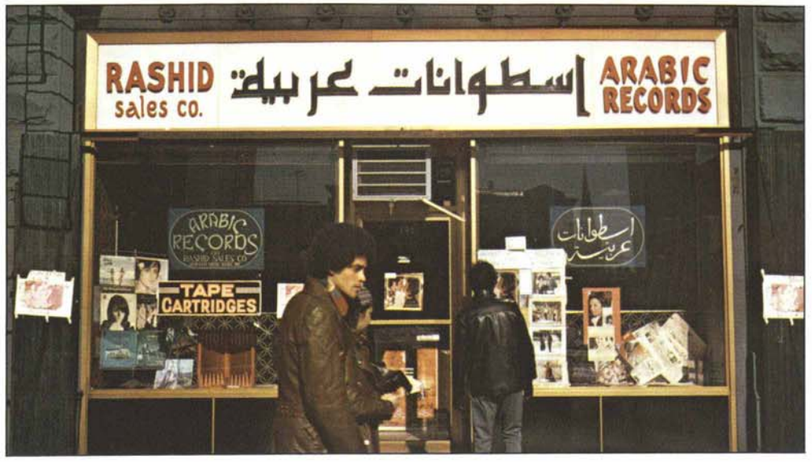
More pointed evidence of the Arab presence in the United States are the Islamic mosques and Islamic centers in such cities as Washington, Detroit, Houston, San Francisco and—still to be completed—Chicago, and the Maronite, Melchite and Eastern Orthodox churches that have sprung up wherever even a few Christian Arabs have concentrated.

Americans use Egyptian camel-saddle stools as footrests, wear Syrian "harem" robes as beach dresses, and play backgammon on Lebanese mosaic-inlaid boards. They serve stuffed grape leaves as cocktail-party canapes and buy frozen *baklawa* to have on hand for Sunday-dinner dessert. Some have even become competent players of the *'oud*.

But nowhere is the Arab presence more distinctly felt than in the restaurants that try to recreate some small corner of the Middle East. Adhering conscientiously to authentic Arab bills of fare, they're keeping alive *mahshis* and *kebabs* among Arab-Americans while spreading a taste for those exotic dishes to non-Arabs.

Best known of the Middle Eastern restaurants is without doubt San Francisco's Omar Khayyam's. There, George Mardikian, who emigrated from his native Armenia in 1922, plays host to gourmets from all parts of the world, is known as a prolific writer of patriotic essays, a friend of American past presidents, and as an art collector. But he is known primarily for his Middle Eastern dishes, and deservedly so.

Omar Khayyam's is in a class by itself. Good Middle Eastern restaurants, however, have in the last few years sprung up across the country. In New York, the newest and most pretentious is the Cleopatra, an uptown spot whose owner and chef is Egyptian-born Attiah Mohammed (he gave Egyptian architect Gamal El-Zoghby complete freedom in designing the building). A little further along Broadway is Amir's, a tiny *falafel* shop from which Lebanese-born Yusif Abdul Samad serves some 300 customers a day—several of them his former classmates at nearby Columbia University. In the Washington area is Abdo's in Arlington, Va., operated by Palestinian-born Abdul Abdo. In Miami Beach it's Omar's Tent, where Lebanese-American Bob Hanna serves—along with traditional Middle East dishes—a surf-and-turf kebab; that's a combination of African lobster tails and



Atlantic Avenue in Brooklyn, between Court and Clinton streets, could be in Damascus or Beirut to judge from the names of the shops and the merchandise. Sahadi Importing Company, offshoot of a company founded in 1890s, sells 12 kinds of olives. Other shops sell Arab records, handicrafts, confectionery. The tray of baklawa is in Los Angeles. The Style Shop is in Charleston, S.C. Names of restaurants like Sinbad, Cleopatra, Ali Baba, the Caliph's Table promise oriental delights.

young lamb. And in the Chicago area, it's the Mediterranean House in suburban Skokie and the Kebab East in Morton Grove, both operated by Hebron-born Abdel Hamid El-Barbarawi.

Fanciers of the Middle East cuisine can toss out many more restaurant names, usually suggestive ones. There's the Red Fez in Boston; the Caliph's Table in Hollywood; the Cedars of Lebanon, the Phoenicia, and the Uncle Tonoose (Uncle Tonoose is a character made famous by comedian Danny Thomas) in New York, and the Iron Gate and Mama Ayesha's Calvert Restaurant in Washington, D.C. In Dearborn, Mich., Lebanese-born Sam Mallad operates Uncle Sam's Restaurant, an Arab-American favorite that Mallad has had to enlarge three times in the 10 years he's owned it. In Lawrence, Mass., Lebanese-American brothers Abraham, Charles and Joseph Bashara operate Bishop's, a 400-seat restaurant with an adjoining lounge that seats 250. Bishop's keeps nine Arab-American cooks busy serving Lawrence's large Lebanese-American community and patrons of the nearby Rockingham Race Track, as well as others from Boston and its suburbs.

Even the late Abraham Sahadi would be surprised to see how widespread the demand for Middle East foodstuffs has become. And he had a big part in creating it. Sahadi, a Lebanese immigrant, founded A. Sahadi & Company back in the 1890s to import the olives, the sesame seeds, the pistachio nuts, and the *bulgur* wheat demanded by New York's then small Arab-American community. Now located in nearby Moonachie, N.J., and owned by the purveyors of Lipton's tea, the company is a major supplier of Middle East foods to the entire United States.

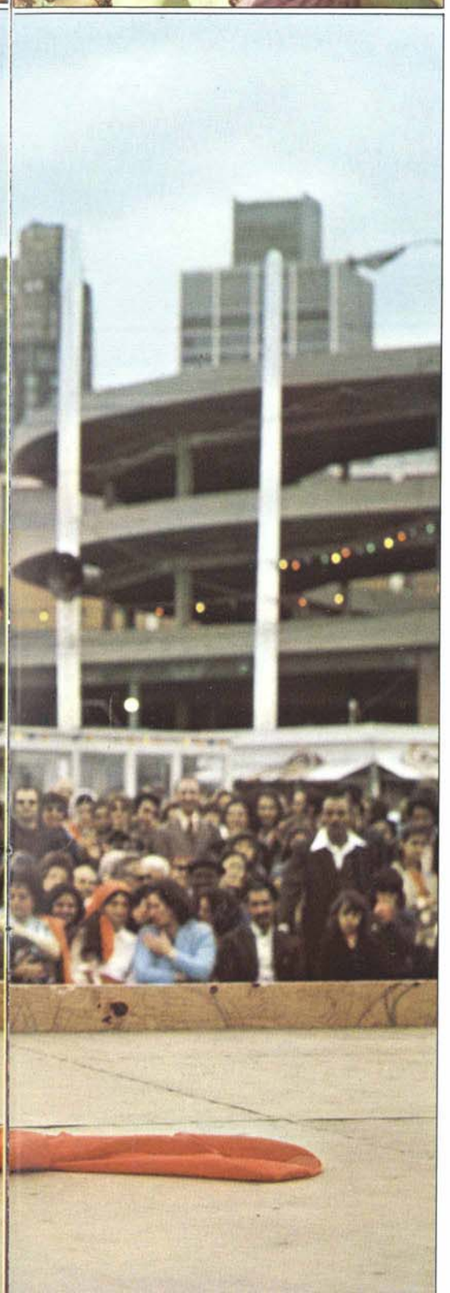
Effectively serving as an unofficial distribution aide to the Sahadi firm is an area known to most Arab-Americans—wherever they might live—simply as Atlantic Avenue. Atlantic Avenue is in Brooklyn, N.Y. Walk along its 100 block, between Court and Clinton streets, and you're transported abruptly into a business community that's solidly Arab-American. There's Sahadi Importing Company, founded by Wade Sahadi, a nephew of old Abraham Sahadi. It's now headed by Nicholas Sabah, Wade's partner, and Charles Sahadi, Wade's son. And at almost any time of day both can be found scooping *bulgur* or olives from vast containers or relaying dried okra, eggplant, and squash to customers crowding elbow to elbow among the goodies. ("You'd be surprised how many non-Arabs we serve," says Charles Sahadi, portioning out dried mulberries to a young Japanese-American housewife. "Arab food is smart now; it's in.") Sahadi's displays 12 different kinds of olives and culinary exotica ranging from a *falafel* mix "for vegetable burgers" to a French-fabricated *couscoussiere* for making couscous. From a next-door adjunct it sells brassware, mosaic-inlaid boxes, water pipes, woven goods and other items typical of the Arab countries. And through a thriving mail-order branch, it ships its foodstuffs and wares to retail customers across the country. A few doors down the street is Damascus Bakery, where Syrian-American Tony Mafoud and Lebanese-American Henry Halaby turn out Arab baked delicacies that are shipped to wholesale and retail outlets in 25 states. Sitting in a row with Sahadi's and Damascus Bakery on Atlantic Avenue are Malko Brothers & Cassatly Company, Alwan Brothers Confectionery, and Near East Bakery. Across the street are Malko Importing, Beirut Bakery, and Tripoli Bakery. All dispense much the same foods and bric-a-brac as the larger outlets but there's heated competition on quality and price.

Much of the popularity of Middle East foods among non-Arabs in the United States can be attributed to Helen Corey, a Terre Haute, Ind., Syrian-American who wrote "The Art of Syrian Cookery" (Doubleday, $5.95). That handsome volume details scores of recipes taught to Miss Corey by her Damascus-born mother. But it doesn't stop there; it adapts those recipes to American cooking habits, then laces in enough Middle East folklore and Arabic translation to pique the interest of even the most non-Arab cook.

Just as non-Arabs have turned to Arab foods, some Arab-Americans are profiting by going the other way. One of the country's most distinguished food stores, for example, is Houston's Jim Jamail & Sons, sometimes called a "carriage-trade supermarket." Founded in 1905 by Najeeb (Jim) Jamail, the store now is run by three Jamail sons —Joe, Albert, and Harry—and sells the highest grades of fresh fruits, vegetables, and meats, all strictly American. But if the Jamails haven't contributed much Arab food to Houston they've contributed Jamails: there are now more than 500 of them in the Houston area, all springing from Najeeb and two early-immigrating cousins. Yemeni-American Abraham Ali operates the Chesterfield Market in a predominantly black Detroit neighborhood. He sells a little Syrian bread, but more popular with his customers is his selection of such "soul" food as the South's chitlings. It's just possible, though, that Lebanese-American Esser David's business establishments are more familiar to the average American than all those others put together. Formerly a nightclub owner in Akron, Ohio, David now operates a string of restaurants ranging north from Clearwater on Florida's west coast. But even David must go elsewhere for his Middle East foods. His seven franchised restaurants are called Mc Donald's. And McDonald's in the United States is synonymous with hamburgers.

Arabs in America:

Baghdad in Michigan: the Detroit skyline gazes down on an Arabian Nights entertainment, one of many enjoyed by Arabs from all over the U.S. at the Arab World Festival last fall.



A FESTIVAL IN DETROIT

WRITTEN AND PHOTOGRAPHED BY
KATRINA THOMAS

In Detroit last fall the Middle West became the Middle East.

The occasion was the Arab World Festival, an annual event that brings together close to 250,000 American Arabs for a weekend-long display of Arab dancing, Arab food, Arab fashion and—a recent phenomenon—Arab unity.

Until recently the Arabs in America provided a true reflection of the Arabs in the Middle East: a complex mosaic of sharply differing cultures brought together by common language, but held apart by the echoes of past differences.

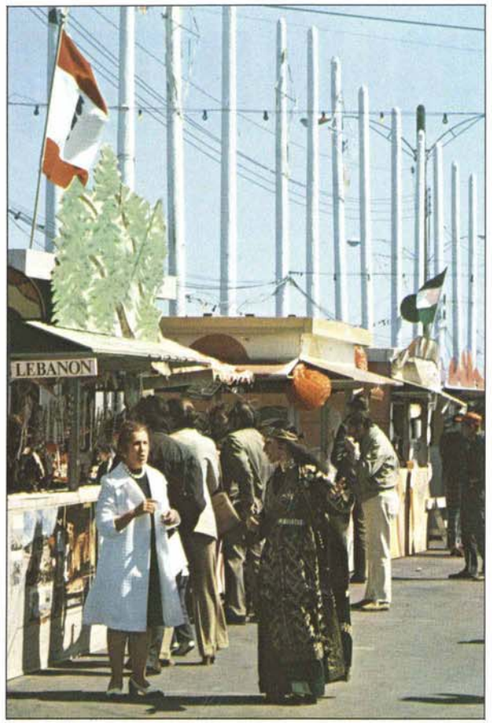
But this is changing. Today the Arabs of America are gradually beginning to close ranks and the three-year-old Arab Festival is at least part of the reason. There, for the last three years, Muslims, Christians, Druzes from such countries as Lebanon, Syria, Palestine, Jordan, Egypt and Saudi Arabia have joined forces in a sparkling re-creation of the Arab East as they remember it.

What they seem to remember best is Arab food and in the rows of decorated booths set up by Detroit's 28 Arab clubs, Arab women showed why. These women, representing such groups as Detroit's Sunni Muslims, the Women's Society of Dearborn's Islamic Center and the Sands Club, comprised of immigrants from Homs in Syria, offered to the surging crowds a variety of regional specialties : shish kebab, hot and spicy from a smoking fire and served in pockets of Syrian bread; *khubz*, round, thin sheets of bread flipped onto a domed griddle; *zabeh*, a kind of doughnut baked and packaged beforehand, spinach pies, stuffed grape leaves, *kibbeh*, *falafel*, *tabbouleh* and, for dessert, *baklawa* and *katayef*.

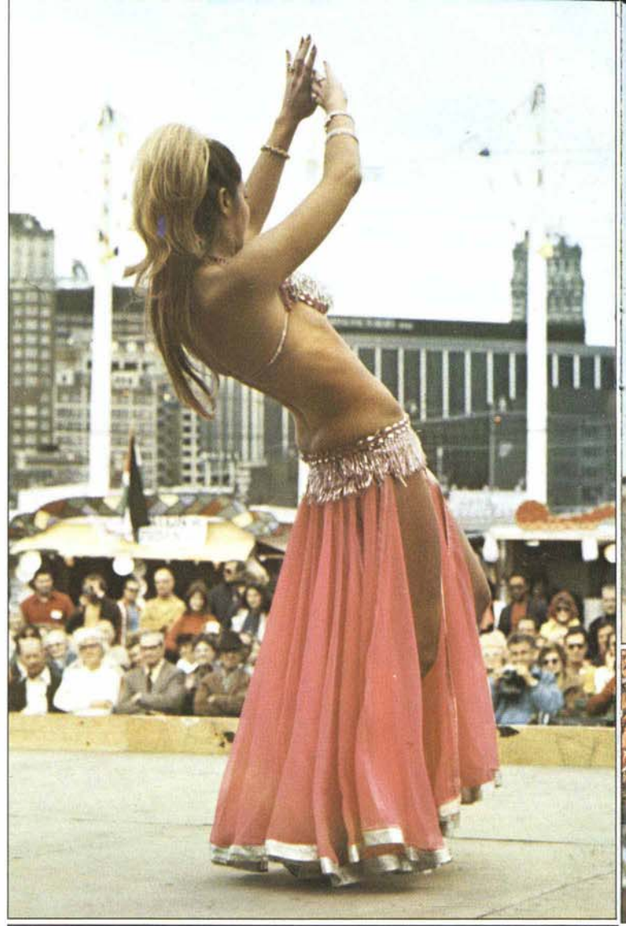
Music and dancing, however, were nearly as popular. From the opening Friday night to the closing Sunday night, the festival throbbed with beating drums and clapping hands as lines of dancers linked arms with spectators to stamp out the familiar patterns of the *dabkeh* and young students in gossamer skirts tried the ancient oriental dances. Performers included agile 76-year old Alex Acie in an Arab sword dance, singer Badrah Awad of Yemen and Chris Shaheen, a 24-year old student of nursing at the University of Michigan, whose belly dancing brought cries of enthusiasm from spectators. Young girls representing the Palestinian Red Crescent sold out a supply of records titled "Let's Belly Dance," and folk-dance troupes from northern Iraq, Jordan and Palestine packed the halls.

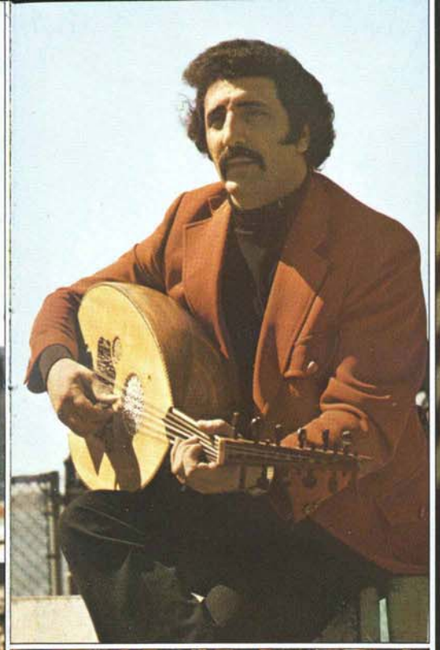
The event that best illustrated the diversity of Arab culture in America was a fashion show of traditional costumes assembled by Mrs. Jamilia Okab of the Arab Women's Union. Included were a hand-woven gown of black silk from Petra modeled by Maha Fakhouri of Jordan; a red chiffon dress from northern Yemen, hand-embroidered in gold thread and modeled by black-eyed Zena Abbas; and—the hit of the show—a hundred-year-old bridal gown mixing linen, silk, satin, velvet, moire and brocade. This gown, modeled by Helen Salmy who came to the United States from Ramallah, near Jerusalem, in 1941, was last worn by Helen's mother at her wedding 40 years ago.

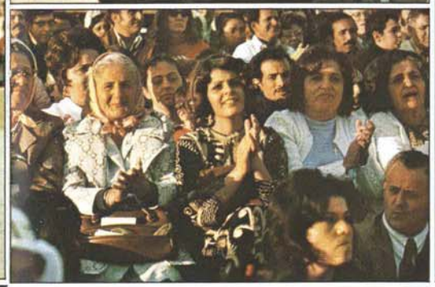
For most of the Arab-Americans the festival is essentially good fun. But for some it is proof that the Arabs in America still have close ties to the lands of their fathers and that they can unite in more serious understandings too. As Paul Salamy, festival president since its inception, said: "Although our numbers are small we can be a force in America. That is what we are learning: that although we are from many different cultural, religious and national backgrounds we have more in common than our native language and America."

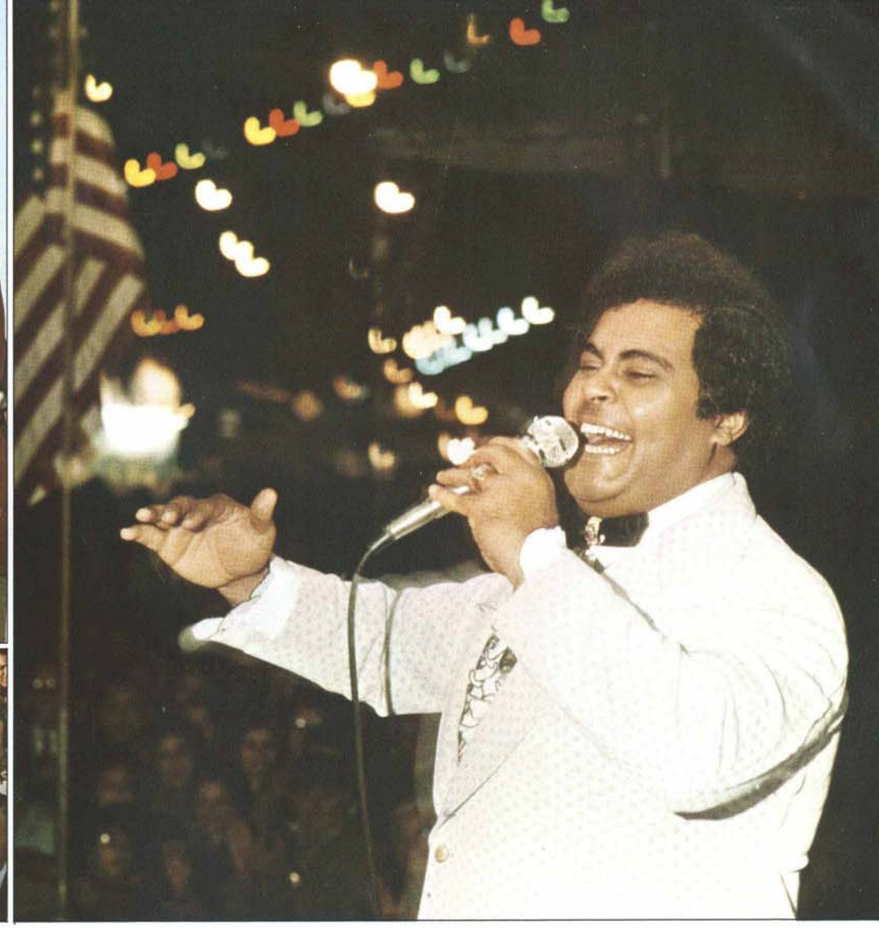


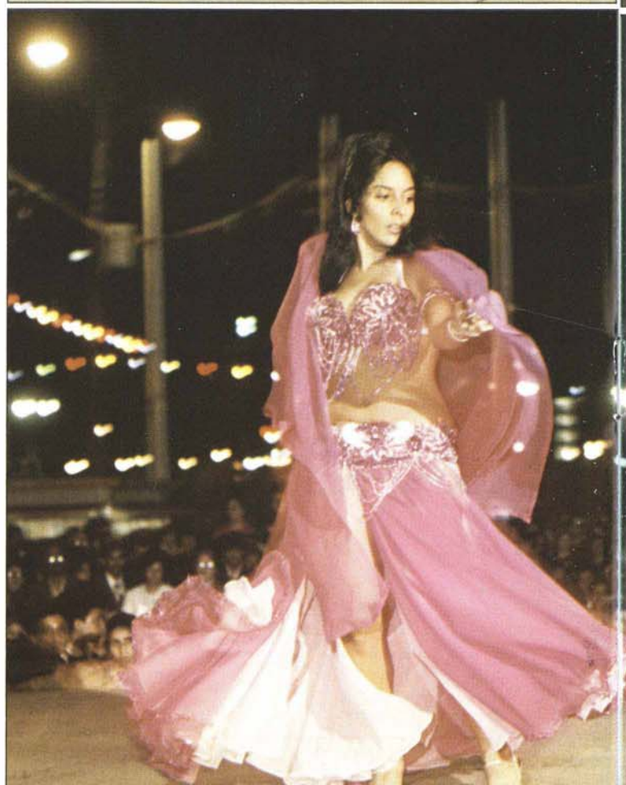
Music, dancing and food were the most popular ingredients at the Arab World Festival. Sizzling kebabs (above) and other Arab specialties were prepared by members of Arab women's groups from different U.S. cities. Janice Abdou (top right), an accountant by profession, and Chris Shaheen (right), a student nurse at the University of Michigan, demonstrated the Middle Eastern art of belly dancing, while Issa Martha played the '**oud** and Badrah Awad sang songs from his native Yemen. In fashion show of traditional Arab dress, Vivian Ajilouny modeled a red silk gown and pointed **tantour** from Lebanon, Julia Gubran a black and purple number from Saudi Arabia. But entertainment wasn't everything: the 250,000 Arab-Americans gathered in Detroit felt a new sense of solidarity, whether they stemmed from Morocco or the Arabian Gulf.

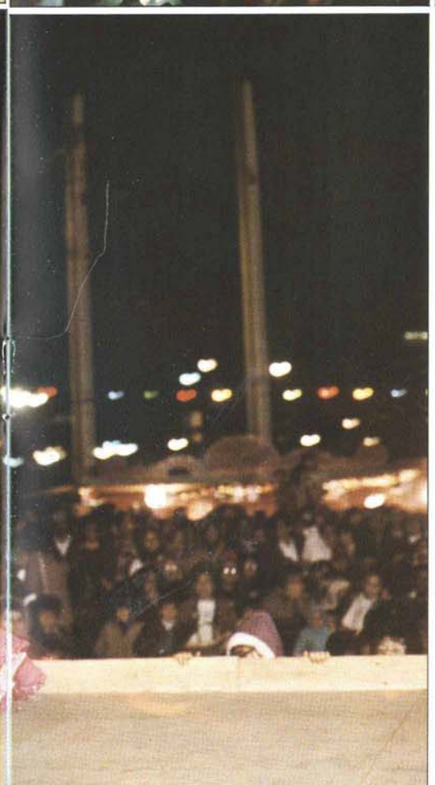


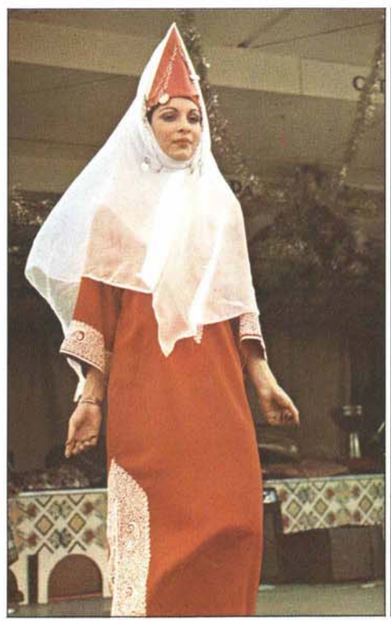












George Coury and wife Amelia sit beside the pool of their home in Coral Gables, Florida. His father came to the United States in 1891, walked to Oklahoma as a back-peddler. George worked up from brokerage errand-boy to first Arab-American member of New York Stock Exchange.

Arabs in America: THE NATIVE SONS

BY PHILIP HARSHAM
WITH ROBERT AZZI
PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROBERT AZZI

Nader... DeBakey... Abourezk... Blatty... Thomas... Halaby... Etc., Etc....

ck Shadyac addresses the National Association of Arab-Americans, a political action group, in Washington, D.C. He is unofficial liaison man between Americans of Arab descent and official Washington.

Attorney Richard C. Shadyac climbed into his powder-blue Lincoln Continental outside his Annandale, Va., offices and turned onto the Beltway leading into downtown Washington, D.C. It was to be a typically busy day for the son of a Lebanese-born supermarket owner. He would keep a mid-morning appointment at the Embassy of Kuwait with popular Kuwaiti Ambassador Salem al-Sabah. He would go from there for a meeting with Helen Haje, the Lebanese-American executive secretary of the National Association of Arab-Americans, and they would lunch at Mama Ayesha's Calvert Restaurant. Then, going to dinner after a long day of legal work back at his desk, he would talk politics over *kibbeh nayyeh* and *kousa mahshi* at Palestinian Abdul Abdo's smart little restaurant in nearby Arlington.

He's *ibn Arab*—a son of the Arabs—Dick Shadyac will tell you, quickly sliding past the fact that his mother was Irish. Born in Barre, Vt., he's also about as American as an American can be. And when it comes to Arab-American affairs, he's involved. "I have a lot of feeling for this country," he says. "I think there's an important contribution to be made to it by those proud of their heritage."

Dick Shadyac, now 45, married to a Lebanese-American wife, and the father of two young sons, leaves no doubt that he's proud of his heritage. And his contribution is becoming more and more discernible as the United States and the Arab Middle East strive to re-knit and strengthen economic and political ties. Articulate, personable, and politically sophisticated, Shadyac has become a self-appointed liaison man between Arab-Americans and official Washington. He's also a behind-the-scenes strategist for many of the political undertakings of Arab-Americans. The reasoning behind his actions: Americans of Arab descent have for too long maintained a low profile, particularly on the political scene. At the same time, potentially influential Arab governments have allowed their interests and ambitions to be misunderstood at the international level, particularly in the United States. That situation gives rise to a unique opportunity for Americans proud of their Arab heritage. It's an opportunity simply to use their own good graces and whatever stature they've attained to promote an understanding in the United States of Arabs in general.

Arab-Americans themselves would be the last to crow about it, but the stature they've attained collectively is considerable. Not surprisingly, greatest strides have been made so far by second-generation representatives, the sons and daughters of naturalized immigrants. "We planned it that way," says 84-year-old Nathan Haddad, who emigrated from the mountains of Lebanon to the mountains of West Virginia in 1910. "Most of us came here with no education, no knowledge of the language, and no money. We didn't expect to reach the top ourselves, but we certainly meant to give our children every chance to do it." Not surprisingly, either, a majority of those second-generation Arab-American achievers has blood ties to Lebanon and Syria. This is partly because some Lebanese and Syrians were religiously oppressed minorities in the Ottoman Empire. But also, as the writings of Lebanese-born historian Philip K. Hitti, professor emeritus of history at Princeton University, suggest, it's because inhabitants of the Mediterranean's eastern shores always have been outward-looking seafarers, even in ancient times when, known as Phoenicians, they ranged to the far reaches of the Mediterranean and perhaps beyond. Commerce-oriented, they always have been receptive to visitors, too. And among their earliest callers were proselytizing missionaries, zealously building churches and establishing church-sponsored centers of learning. It was to be expected, then, that the earliest Arab immigrants to the New World would be those coastal dwellers—the Lebanese and Syrians, and a smattering of Egyptians; they were attuned to seeking distant horizons, to dealing with strangers. And it followed that the vast majority of those emigrants would be Christians rather than Muslims; Christian Arabs could look upon the Christian West with at least a degree of familiarity, but Muslims tended to view it as frighteningly alien.

Sociologist Abdo A. Elkholy of Northern Illinois University, an Egyptian by birth and a Muslim, says in a monograph published by the Association of Arab-American University Graduates that practically all Arab immigrants prior to 1900 were Christians. He notes too that some 250,000 Arabs entered the United States from Lebanon and Syria in the two major migration periods prior to World War II—periods spanning the years from 1900 to 1912 and 1930 to 1938. Most of those were Lebanese, Dr. Elkholy's study shows, and about 90 percent were Christians.

It's the children and grandchildren of those early immigrants—native-born Arab-Americans well schooled in the work ethic and equipped with the education their fathers lacked—who are moving most often now into positions of prominence. Coming up fast, however, is a new breed of Arab-Americans. Increasingly noticeable in the last 15 or 20 years, they are an elite group of well educated young Arabs—Egyptians, Iraqis, Palestinians, for the most part—seeking to become American citizens. Some have come to further their education and have chosen to stay. Others have sprung full-blown onto the American scene, already schooled and ready to vie for leadership in the academic field, in the professions, and in the arts. (See "The Transplanted Ones.")

But in all cases pride in the Arab heritage seems to remain. It isn't always well articulated. "We Syrians are *good* people!" is the way Mrs. Abraham Azar puts it. Mrs. Azar, with her husband and son Victor, operates The Big-Q Delicatessen—the home of frozen and take-out "qibby" (*kibbeh*) in Largo, Fla. And even sophisticated Dick Shadyac steps out of character in trying to express his feelings on that score: "I love Lebanon," he says. "And, golly, I'm just so darned proud of Dad and all he's accomplished since coming over here as a kid."

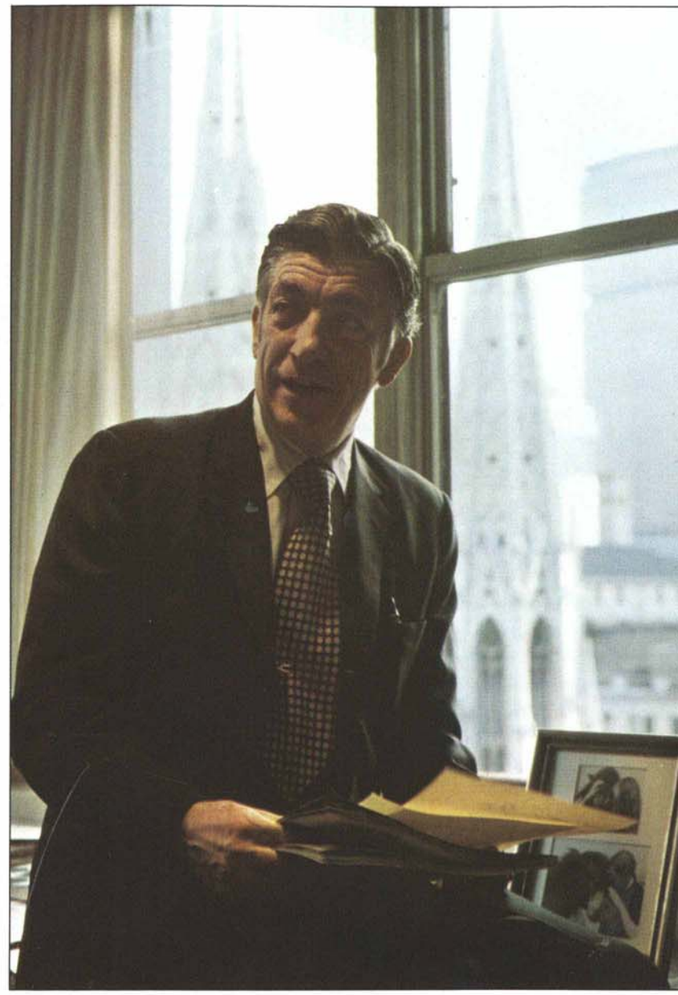
It is difficult to find a field that Arab-Americans have not moved into. Often one family represents several. In St. Petersburg, Fla., for example, Lebanese-American John N. Samaha, formerly with the Trans-Arabian Pipe Line Co. in Saudi Arabia and Lebanon, has a thriving private law practice; his wife, the former Adalia Malouf, is a painter whose work is gaining widespread recognition, and their 15-year-old son Stephen is the fourth-ranked amateur tennis player in a state that teems with tennis players. But difficult as untapped fields are to find, it's even more difficult for the typical American to identify a second- or third-generation Arab-American with a given field. The high-impact entertainment industry may be an exception: ask almost any American to name an Arab-American entertainer and he's likely to come back immediately with "Danny Thomas." That peripatetic singer-comedian, born of Lebanese parents in Deerfield, Mich., 60 years ago, has become almost as well known for his founding of the St. Jude Children's Research Hospital in Memphis, Tenn., (see box) as for his stage and television appearances. And he's made no secret of his Arab blood. Close on his heels these days would be his strikingly attractive daughter, actress Marlo Thomas, whose antics as "That Girl" can be seen on television somewhere practically any day. She, too, often speaks publicly, and fondly, of a Lebanese upbringing. The Thomases are highly visible and in positions to refer to their background. So is composer-singer Paul Anka—born in Ottawa of Syrian parents, married to a model with Egyptian ancestry and now headquartered in Las Vegas, Nev.—whose cavalcade of hit tunes includes "I'm Just a Lonely Boy," "Diana," "Crazy Love," "Put Your Head on My Shoulder" and "My Way." Lebanese-American Tige Andrews is just another American as television's "Mod Squad" detective. And only the true lover of serious music is likely to be able to identify Rosalind Elias, the brilliant Metropolitan Opera mezzo-soprano, as a Lebanese-American. Miss Elias, a Lowell, Mass., native, has been performing on the Met stage for 20 years; her singing in concerts, television appearances, and on records is acclaimed worldwide, but she's been given little opportunity in operatic roles to dwell on ethnic pride.

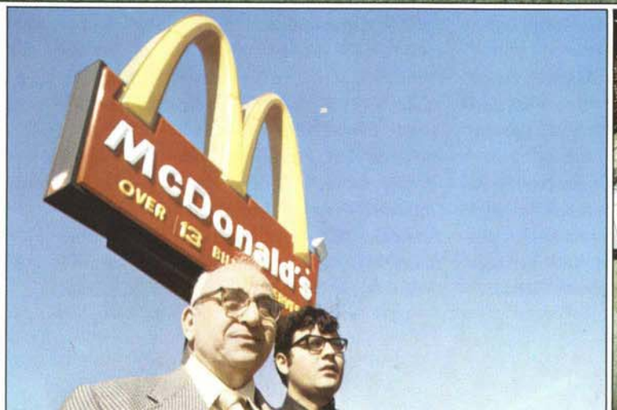
Members of National Association of Arab-Americans meet to encourage political, social, cultural, educational activities.

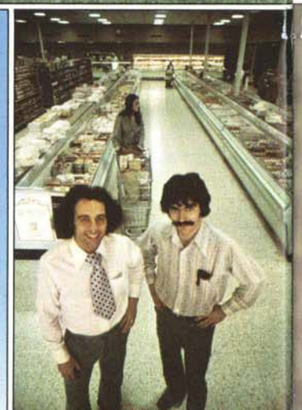
Similarly, most Americans outside the Arab-American community would be hard put to name a ranking Arab-American in the political field. It's the nature of American office seekers, always acutely aware of the danger of losing an ethnic group's vote, to play up their Americanism. That's safe ground; their own ethnic backgrounds might not be, so they're not publicized. Arab-Americans, nonetheless, notably sons of those early-emigrating Lebanese, are more and more assuming political roles of prominence.

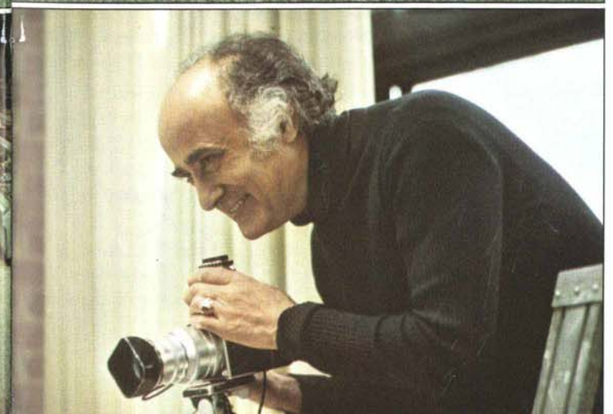
Top-ranking among them, of course, is United States Senator James G. Abourezk, the 43-year-old South Dakota Democrat

continued on page 32

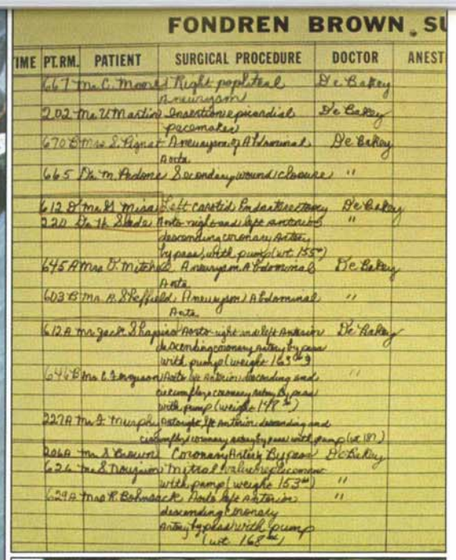


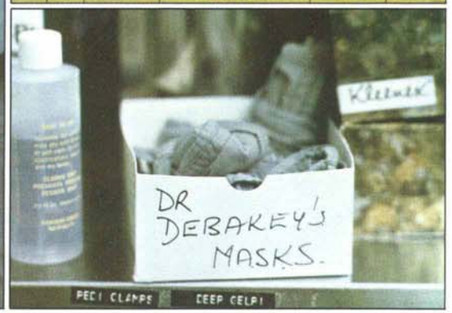


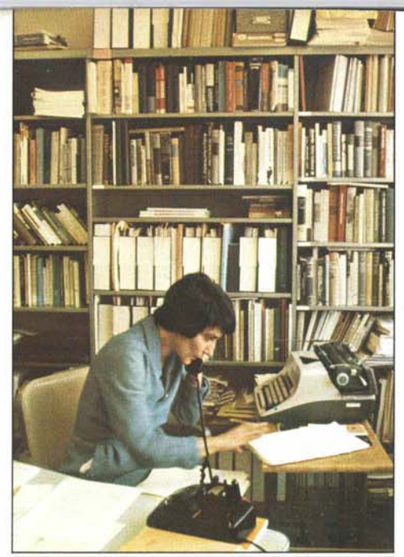




Clockwise from above: Best known for his work in aviation—chief of Pan American World Airways and Federal Aviation Administrator—Najeeb Halaby now heads his own firm specializing in development and finance in the eastern hemisphere. The work of prize-winning photographer Fred Maroon appears in top national magazines. Jerry and Jeff Jamail in family supermarket, Houston, Texas. Esser David and his son James run a chain of seven McDonald restaurants on the west coast of Florida. Abe Gibron, once a pro-football star, is now head coach of the Chicago Bears.







Dr. Michael DeBakey keeps up a busy schedule as surgeon, writer, lecturer, and president of Baylor College of Medicine in Houston, Texas.

The formidable Naders, sister Laura at desk, brother Ralph on TV.

Composer and singer of hit songs, Paul Anka pictured during a performance at Las Vegas. Born in Ottawa of Syrian parents, he is married to model Ann de Zogheib of Alexandria, Egypt. They have four daughters.

continued from page 29

elected in 1972. Touring the Middle East last year as a member of a Senate Interior Committee fact-finding team, Abourezk spoke proudly on his return of the intelligence, articulateness, and political awareness he found among Arab country leaders.

Abourezk, of Lebanese descent, moved up to the Senate after serving two years as a member of Congress, making way for a new man in South Dakota's two-man delegation to the House of Representatives. That new man turned out to be another Lebanese-American. He's Republican James Abdnor, a 51-year-old rancher-turned-politician, who served 10 years as a state senator and two as lieutenant governor in prepping for his present job. So South Dakota, with a population of less than 700,000 has chosen two of its four national spokesmen from among its small Arab-American community.

Across the girth of the country, down in Texas, Democrats have kept Lebanese-American Abraham Kazen Jr. in prominent political offices since 1947. Kazen, an attorney in Laredo, was elected to the Texas House of Representatives at the age of 28. He moved up to the state senate in 1952, and to the United States Congress in 1966, and was re-elected yet again in November. He's still manning that congressional office in Washington. In Florida, there's 50-year-old Republican Richard J. Deeb, a St. Petersburg millionaire contractor, who has served as a Florida state senator for the last eight years.

In Oregon, 51-year-old State Senator Victor Atiyeh, whose Syrian father founded an Oriental rug business in Portland around the turn of the century, made a good try for governor. As, on the opposite coast, did 41-year-old attorney George J. Mitchell —another Lebanese-American—who won the Democratic gubernatorial nomination in Maine. Despite their defeats, Atiyeh, who with two brothers heads the rug business their father began, and Mitchell gained national attention. A member of the Oregon Legislature for 16 years, Atiyeh helped develop the Oregon environmental-protection laws that have served as models for a number of other states. Mitchell, a former executive assistant to Maine's Senator Edmund J. Muskie and one of those helping map the Senator's unsuccessful bid for the 1972 presidential nomination, is a ranking member of the National Committee of the Democratic Party.

Numerous other Arab-Americans hold —and have held—political posts at the state and municipal levels. And, as is the case with those on the higher political rungs, they've fortunately not had to rely on their ethnic strength to attain them.

"*Whatever* our people have done, they've chosen carefully and done well," says Oregon's Atiyeh, commenting on the Arab impact in America. That same sentiment is expressed in various ways by second- and third-generation Arab-Americans across the country. Pride in heritage and pride in achievement seemingly are complementary forces. Achievement among those of Arab descent has been widespread and varied, certainly, and at times of the highest significance. Consider just a sampling of familiar names:

— Michael E. DeBakey, M.D., born in Lake Charles, La., 66 years ago of Lebanese parents, is internationally acclaimed for the strides he's made in cardiovascular surgery. He is often called the greatest authority on open-heart surgery, the "king" of surgeons and, by those doctors who must try to keep up with him in his Houston operating rooms, "the Texas tornado." Abiding by a lifelong practice of working 20 hours a day, Dr. DeBakey manages to write and lecture extensively on medical subjects and to design or improve upon surgical instruments—he has invented more than 50 of them, including the heart-lung bypass pump that first made open-heart surgery possible—even while keeping up his grueling schedule of surgically repairing hearts.

It is perhaps incidental that Dr. DeBakey also is president of Houston's Baylor College of Medicine, chairman of its department of surgery, and director of the Cardiovascular Research and Training Center at the Methodist Hospital, the Houston facility made famous by his work.

While the public attention centered on Michael DeBakey has left little room in the family spotlight, there are three other children of Shaker and Raheiga DeBakey, each making noteworthy contributions to society. Ernest G. DeBakey, M.D., is a 62-year-old general surgeon practicing in Mobile, Ala. Lois DeBakey, Ph.D., is professor of scientific communications in the department of surgery at Baylor, a position she previously held at the Tulane University School of Medicine in New Orleans. Working alongside her at Baylor, while also acting as Dr. Michael DeBakey's personal secretary, is another sister, Selwa DeBakey.

Lois is a prolific writer on scientific subjects, often teaming with brother Michael to publish in medical journals. Very aware of the family's Lebanese roots and the depth with which those roots reach into ancient history, Lois DeBakey says: "We're products of one of the world's finest cultures."

— Ralph Nader, 40, the son of Lebanese restaurant owners in Winsted, Conn., has become known around the world as a modern day Robin Hood—a champion of the little man. Nader is an attorney, having been graduated *magna cum laude* from Princeton University and with distinction from Harvard Law School. But his practice is that of consumers' advocate, or of a national ombudsman. With scores of highly motivated followers, he steps in on behalf of consumers whenever big business or government is in his opinion treating them shabbily. His most notable crusade, of course, has been that waged against the automobile industry. That one began with publication of his book *Unsafe at Any Speed*—in which he denounces the design of American automobiles—and launched him full-time into the field. Now he presides over Washington-based organizations with names such as the Center for the Study of Responsive Law, the Project for Corporate Responsibility, and the Public Interest Research Group. He receives more than 100,000 letters a year asking his help in fighting back against business and government practices the writers deem unfair or fraudulent. And a recent Gallup Poll ranked him as the seventh most admired man in the United States.

Friends of the Naders, though, say Ralph

continued on page 36

KHALIL ABOU EL-NASR

Danny Thomas—Comedian, singer, philanthropist.

Arabs in America: A SPECIAL CONTRIBUTION

WRITTEN BY PHILIP HARSHAM
PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROBERT AZZI

St. Jude Children's Research Hospital is supported by hundreds of Arab-Americans. John Boles (right) is one of the founders.

Arab-Americans in some of their more self-deprecating moods like to say that no two of them ever really got together on anything—unless it was an agreement to disagree. But that isn't altogether true, and St. Jude Children's Research Hospital sits in Memphis, Tenn., as testimony to that fact. For St. Jude's, while it is international, interracial, and nonsectarian, has provided the greatest single rallying point for the Arab-American community; they know that without their help its rocketing expenses—roughly $5,000,000 this year—might never be met.

St. Jude's, named for the patron saint of the hopeless, was founded by Danny Thomas, the Lebanese-American entertainer. Its sole mission is to conduct clinical research into catastrophic maladies affecting children—primarily leukemia and malnutrition—and eradicating them. In operation only 12 years, it's scoring well: roughly 51 percent of the children it's treated for acute lymphocytic leukemia, starting in 1968, have been free of all evidence of the disease for five to six years. That's the form of leukemia most prevalent among children, the form that 10 years ago meant almost certain death within a year. In its fight against malnutrition, in a demonstration area where the infant mortality rate was the country's highest, St. Jude's and a cooperating agency have reduced that rate from 8.4 deaths per 100 births to less than one per 100—and at a cost of less than $100 per year per child. The St. Jude's staff is working, too, on treatments for retinoblastoma, the cancer that causes most childhood blindness, and on ways to stem epidemics of influenza.

And it all began with Danny Thomas, in 1940. Practically destitute, his career seemingly stymied, Thomas turned in despair to St. Jude Thaddeus. "Help me find my place in life," he prayed, "and I will build you a shrine dedicated to the hopeless, the helpless, and the poor." Next day, so the story goes, he was given a small part in a sales-promotion film. It was his start toward the top, and a few years later Thomas was ready to fulfill his promise.

Deciding with the help of his archbishop that the promised shrine should be a hospital—something practical and needed—Thomas began laying plans for financing it. A good starting point was the Association of Lebanese-Syrian-American Clubs (ALSAC), the widespread social organization in which his friends were many. Its leaders were willing to cooperate; and ALSAC—now standing for Aiding Leukemia-Stricken American Children—became the name of the St. Jude's fund-raising arm. Now headquartered in Indianapolis, Ind., it was headed by the late Lebanese-American Michael Tamer.

ALSAC sponsors door-to-door solicitations by teenagers that bring in about $1,500,000 each year. And through benefit banquets, at which Danny Thomas and his Hollywood friends usually entertain, it nets considerably more. One held in Miami, where a number of successful Arab-Americans are concentrated, can be counted on for as much as $200,000 each year, for instance. But for the most part funds come as annual donations from individual families scattered across the country—families with names such as Ajhar, Jamail, Coury, Maykel, Ayoub, Harris, Haggar, Elias, Maloof, and Karam, to name a few. And enough comes in to account for 55 percent of the hospital's needs. The remainder is covered by foundation grants and by federal funds. For no parent of a St. Jude's patient is asked to pay a penny for his child's treatment, nor, says Danny Thomas, will he ever be.

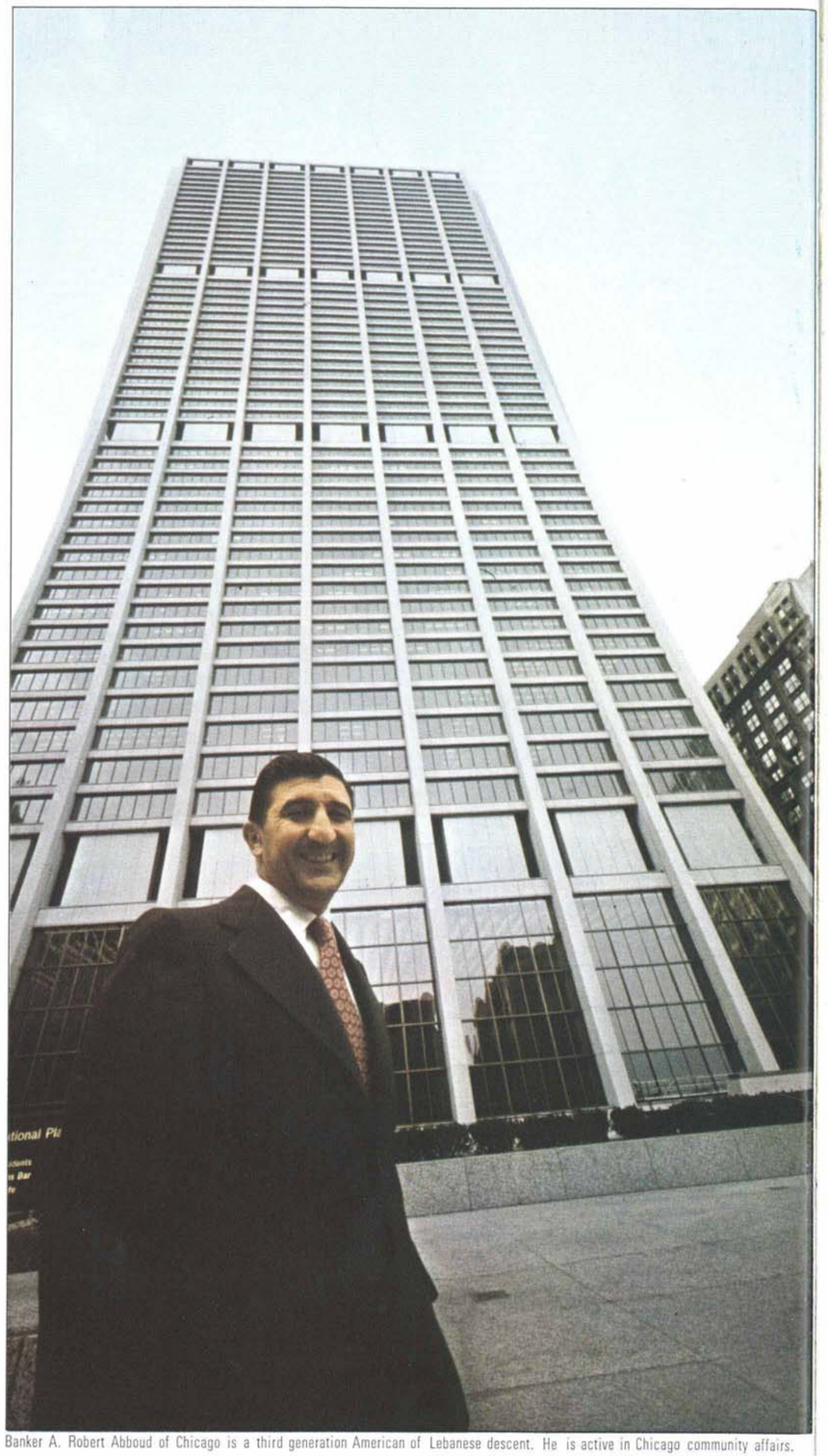
Members of the Arab-American community talk a lot about St. Jude's and the good it's doing for children. A few of the more active ones have even talked a bit about the good it's doing for them.

continued from page 33

is miscast as the family genius. That distinction, they say, rightfully should go to his older sister, Laura, a highly respected professor of anthropology at the University of California, Berkeley, who has taught at Yale and Harvard Universities. Fluent in Arabic and Spanish, she has researched extensively in the Middle East and in Mexico. And those projects have resulted in published studies pertaining primarily to the interchange of ideas between rural and urban societies and to relationships between social groupings and the legal procedures they employ. When speaking publicly, however, Laura Nader (she is also Mrs. Norman Milleron) is most likely to detail the contributions of the Middle East to "this planet" and those of Arabs to the United States. "I use this subject with Arabs as well as with others," she says. "The Arabs often need the reinforcement." Another Nader daughter, Claire, is a social scientist at Oak Ridge National Laboratories in Tennessee; and another Nader son, Shafee, is a Washington businessman.

— George A. Simon, 50, born in Detroit to immigrants from Damascus, has played a large role—with his 48-year-old brother Joseph—in the industrialization of Latin America. He's currently concentrating on Brazil, but his companies have projects going in other parts of South America and Europe as well. The brothers control U.S. Equipment Company, U.S. Manufacturing Company, and U.S. Forge Company, among others, with capability in the automotive, steel, and heavy machinery industries. These provide the bases from which the Simons build and completely fit out factories for such clients as Ford and Kaiser. Their own manufacturing operations range from production of fiber liners and filters for use in cars to heavy piston carriers and industrial forgings for trucks and locomotives.

Joseph Simon has developed and patented a cold-form process for making truck-axle spindles, a process that makes possible greater strength at less than ordinary cost. George Simon, stepping outside the business world, has set world records as a hydroplane racer. But, however far afield their interests reach, the Simons are intent upon maintaining a close-knit home life. George Simon is the father of 10 children, Joseph of nine. Their families live close together in fashionable Grosse Pointe, Mich., with their mother's home nearby. No Simon child may enter the Simon businesses without first having worked at least five years elsewhere—and then, he's told, he will be hired only if he truly qualifies for the job. "You must cultivate your children," George Simon philosophizes in the best tradition of his Syrian upbringing. And he adds a bit of homily on another subject about which he feels strongly: "Successful people are never measured monetarily, but in terms of the happiness their work provides."



Banker A. Robert Abboud of Chicago is a third generation American of Lebanese descent. He is active in Chicago community affairs.

— Najeeb E. Halaby, 58, born in Dallas, Tex., of Lebanese parents, is moving along a career route that might well be the envy of any red-blooded American boy. An attorney who turned test pilot during World War II, he became a deputy assistant Secretary of Defense under President Eisenhower and moved on to become Federal Aviation Administrator under President Kennedy. From 1961 until 1972 he negotiated and helped implement provisions for civil air operations between the Soviet Union and the United States, a task tied to the F.A.A. role and to his later stint as president and chief executive officer of Pan American World Airways. Truly an internationalist, Halaby now heads Halaby International Corporation, with offices in New York, Beirut and Hong Kong. The firm engages in development and finance in the Eastern Hemisphere, including joint ventures in the Middle East. Attorney Halaby also specializes in international law, particularly as it pertains to relations between the United States and the Middle East.

— William Peter Blatty, 46, the son of Lebanese immigrants to New York, is the author of *The Exorcist*, the controversial novel about demonic possession which on film has become the biggest money maker in the history of motion pictures. First published in 1971, the book raced onto the best seller lists and remained there 55 weeks. As "the shocker of the year," it sold more than 250,000 copies in hardback editions, more than 4,000,000 copies in English paperbacks, and then went into French, Spanish, German, Italian, Hebrew, Greek, Turkish, Japanese and Swedish translations. It's still selling, and at last count had grossed more than $1,000,000 for Blatty. Blatty's screenplay for *The Exorcist* won him an Academy Award. Production rights brought him $641,000 outright. And he was assured more than 25 percent of the profits generated by box office queues that for several months appeared to be unending.

The Exorcist, Blatty admits, has succeeded commercially beyond his wildest expectations. It's also overshadowed earlier Blatty novels, largely comedies, which some critics consider superior works. Those include *Which Way to Mecca, Jack? John Goldfarb, Please Come Home* and *Twinkle, Twinkle, "Killer" Kane*. Blatty has also written numerous screenplays, including *A Shot in the Dark* and *What Did You Do in the War, Daddy?*

A recent Blatty book, *I'll Tell Them I Remember You*, reaches back to his impoverished New York boyhood, when his mother sold her homemade jellies on street corners to keep the Blattys eating. Like *The Exorcist*, it too asks the reader to believe in the supernatural—to believe, anyway, that his mother sends him messages from the grave. William Blatty has left New York street corners far behind. He now lives alongside a trout stream just outside Aspen, Colo., where it's pristine Rocky Mountain peaks—not grimy tenements—that he sees outside his windows.

— Helen Thomas, 53, born in Winchester, Ky., to Lebanese parents, is official White House correspondent for United Press International. And after 32 years in Washington, dealing with officials ranging from the president on down, she still can say of her grocer father: "He was the most intelligent man I've ever known."

Television viewers of presidential news conferences have become as familiar with Helen Thomas' face as they have been for years with her newspaper byline. She questions with directness and incisiveness, with a manner that less prepared reporters note enviously. The first woman wire-service reporter ever assigned to the White House, she has dealt closely with Presidents Kennedy, Johnson, Nixon and Ford. Accompanying President Nixon on his historic visit to China, she says, was the most exciting assignment of her journalistic career.

Miss Thomas (she's Mrs. Douglas Cornell at home) takes issue with Arab-Americans who remain more Arab than American. "We should value our heritage, certainly," she says; "but I've considered our ability to assimilate our greatest strength." She'd like to see more Arab-Americans in government, "but they should be there because of their ability, not because of some deliberate ethnic move." Some who are, or were, there, Helen Thomas notes, are the State Department's Philip Habib; William J. Baroody, Jr., special consultant to the president, and Major George Jowan, assistant to former presidential aide General Alexander Haig.

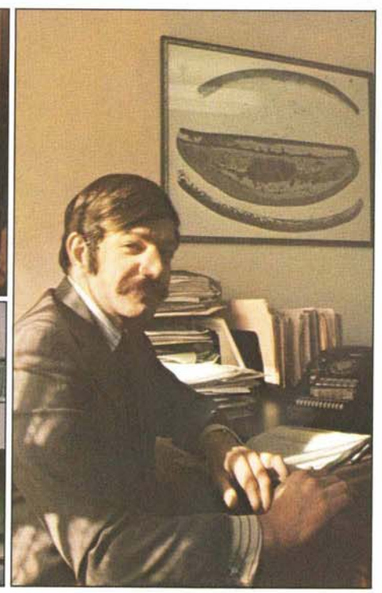
— Joseph Robbie, 58, born in Sisseton, S. Dak., to a Lebanese father and an Irish mother, is the managing general partner —that is to say principal owner—of the Miami Dolphins. That professional football team, worth an estimated $20,000,000, would hold the world football championship, if there were such a thing. Not only did it win last year's prestigious Super Bowl game, it has put two Super Bowl wins back to back. But Robbie is no athlete. He's an attorney and a one-time political figure who just happened to see the possibilities in a Florida football franchise when, in 1965, the National Football League made such a franchise available.

Robbie, who began practicing law in Mitchell, S. Dak., in 1946, was named chairman of his state's Democratic Party in 1948. There followed a sustained drive in which he campaigned, unsuccessfully, for the South Dakota governor's office, won a two-year term in the state legislature, and then lost two bids for a U.S. congressional seat before finding his niche as the financial brains behind one of the winningest athletic teams of all times.

That sampling is of necessity limited, and intentionally varied as to field of accomplishment. Along with Robbie in sports, for example, it might also name Abe Gibron, the 49-year-old head coach of the Chicago Bears professional football team, who himself starred as a player for the Cleveland Browns, the Philadelphia Eagles, and the Bears. And Bill George, 44, an assistant coach of the Bears, who has been voted into the Football Hall of Fame after 14 years as guard and linebacker with the Chicago team. And W. N. (Nick) Kerbawy, a one-time schoolteacher who in seven years as general manager of

continued on page 40

Where will they turn up next? On the floor of the Oregon State Senate: The Honorable Victor Atiyeh (left), state senator and candidate for governor of Oregon. Making sportswear for Catalina: Norman Barakat and Jerry Frazee (above), and samples of their work, of Pasadena, Cal. As trainer for Mohammed Ali: Salameh Hassan (top right), pictured with the boxing champion and his wife. Writing the biggest money-making film of all time: William Blatty, author of **The Exorcist** (lower right). Defending Sirhan Sirhan: attorney Abdeen Jabara of Detroit.



Tony Abraham of Miami—cars, real estate, advertising, insurance.

continued from page 37

the Detroit Lions led the team to three National Football League championship and four Western Division titles. And Salameh Hassan, the Chicago boxing trainer, who works with the world heavyweight champion Mohammed Ali (born Cassius Clay). All are second-generation Lebanese-Americans, achievers, proud of their heritage, yet thoroughly assimilated into the mainstream of American life.

George Coury, the financier and philanthropist living in Coral Gables, Fla., likes to tell how his father came from Lebanon in 1891—at age 18—with a single French gold piece as his grubstake. George himself made it into the financial field by leaping from a job as restaurant busboy to one as brokerage-house errand boy. But it was not long before his financial and real-estate dealings put him in position to be the first Arab-American to buy a seat on the New York Stock Exchange. Remembering those early days, Coury now maintains a scholarship fund to send deserving Arab-American youths to the University of Notre Dame.

Detroit attorney Michael Berry's start was similarly low key. When his father, Mohammed Berry, came from Lebanon around 1913, he considered himself fortunate to find work as a railroad laborer. But he was breaking ground for his son. Now Michael Berry, 54, heads a firm of 16 attorneys (including two other Arab-Americans), is deeply involved in Democratic Party politics, and takes an active role in Detroit's Muslim community.

Chicago banker A. Robert Abboud had a less austere start; it was his grandfather who made the trek from Lebanon. Now Abboud, vice chairman of the board of First Chicago Corporation, the holding company for the vast First National Bank of Chicago, can say: "I started with a distinct advantage—I was part of two cultures." And he's trying to assure his three children the same advantage. His family and his parents share 16 acres in a Chicago suburb, where the parents often speak Arabic and grow the vegetables that go into his mother's Middle East cooking.

International Business Machines' Jerrier Abdo Haddad, too, had something of a head start. His father, Abdulmassih Abdo Haddad, a well known journalist in Lebanon, came to the United States around 1910 with Kahlil Gibran, the brilliant Lebanese poet. (Interestingly, Gibran's works—particularly *The Prophet*—are being rediscovered and widely quoted by U.S. college students, 43 years after his death). J. A. Haddad, with IBM almost 30 years and a vice president since 1967, led the engineering team that developed the first IBM electronic calculator to be mass produced, as well as the first large-scale production computer, the IBM-701. Haddad thinks in terms of science; and while he is the fully assimilated American, he feels a loyalty to his Arab heritage. Not surprisingly, then, he would like to see the development of a pan-Arab institute of technology—an institute designed to train young people to meet the engineering, agricultural, and physical science needs peculiar to the Middle East. "You can't successfully buy technology," Haddad says; "what you buy goes to waste. It's necessary to develop an educated base to support technology."

Down in Miami, Anthony R. Abraham—automobile dealer, real-estate developer, advertising executive, and insurer—offers a prime example of assimilation and loyalty to heritage. Moving south after having had a full career in the Chicago area, he presides over his still-growing empire from an office that might have been lifted intact from Beirut or Cairo. The atmosphere is so Middle Eastern, in fact, that the occasional wall-hung newspaper advertisement proclaiming Abraham's faith in America seems a bit out of place. It shouldn't, however. Tony Abraham bills himself as the world's largest Chevrolet dealer (19,300 new and used units sold in 1972, roughly 23,000 in 1973). At the same time he's serving as president of the World Lebanese Cultural Union, an organization whose aim is to perpetuate worldwide the richness of the Lebanese culture. "Where else but in America?" he asks.

That question could be asked more widely, for would-be fulfillers of the American dream abound. Deep in the heart of Texas, the sons of early-immigrating Lebanese peddlers now put the Farah and Haggar family names on high-quality trousers sold around the world. In Charleston, W. Va., Fred Haddad, inheriting his father Nathan's interest in retailing, started from scratch to build Heck's, Inc., a mushrooming retail complex that at last count included 35 discount department stores and 65 women's sportswear shops stretching from Michigan to Florida. In Miami, cardiologists Richard Elias, M.D., and Eugene J. Sayfie, M.D., transplanted from that West Virginia hotbed of Lebanese-Americans, have become key practitioners in the Miami Heart Institute. In Beckley, W. Va., and St. Petersburg, Fla., brothers N. Joe and Farris Rahall, whose father —like Fred Haddad's—was an early backpacking peddler, head Rahall Communications Corporation, with radio stations in Beckley, Indianapolis, Ind., and Allentown, Pa., and radio and television stations in St. Petersburg.

A great deal of similarity runs through their backgrounds, whether they be doctors, lawyers, or industrial chiefs. And there is that unexplainable compulsion to succeed, to achieve. These are the native sons, the native-born Arab-Americans. Already their names are part of the American amalgam. And some are marrying the Joneses and the O'Malleys and the Tonellis and the Rodriguezes and the What-have-yous. But however disguised the names might become, pride in the Arab heritage remains. As Anthony Abraham asks, "Where else but in America?"

The Honorable Richard J. Deeb, Florida state senator.