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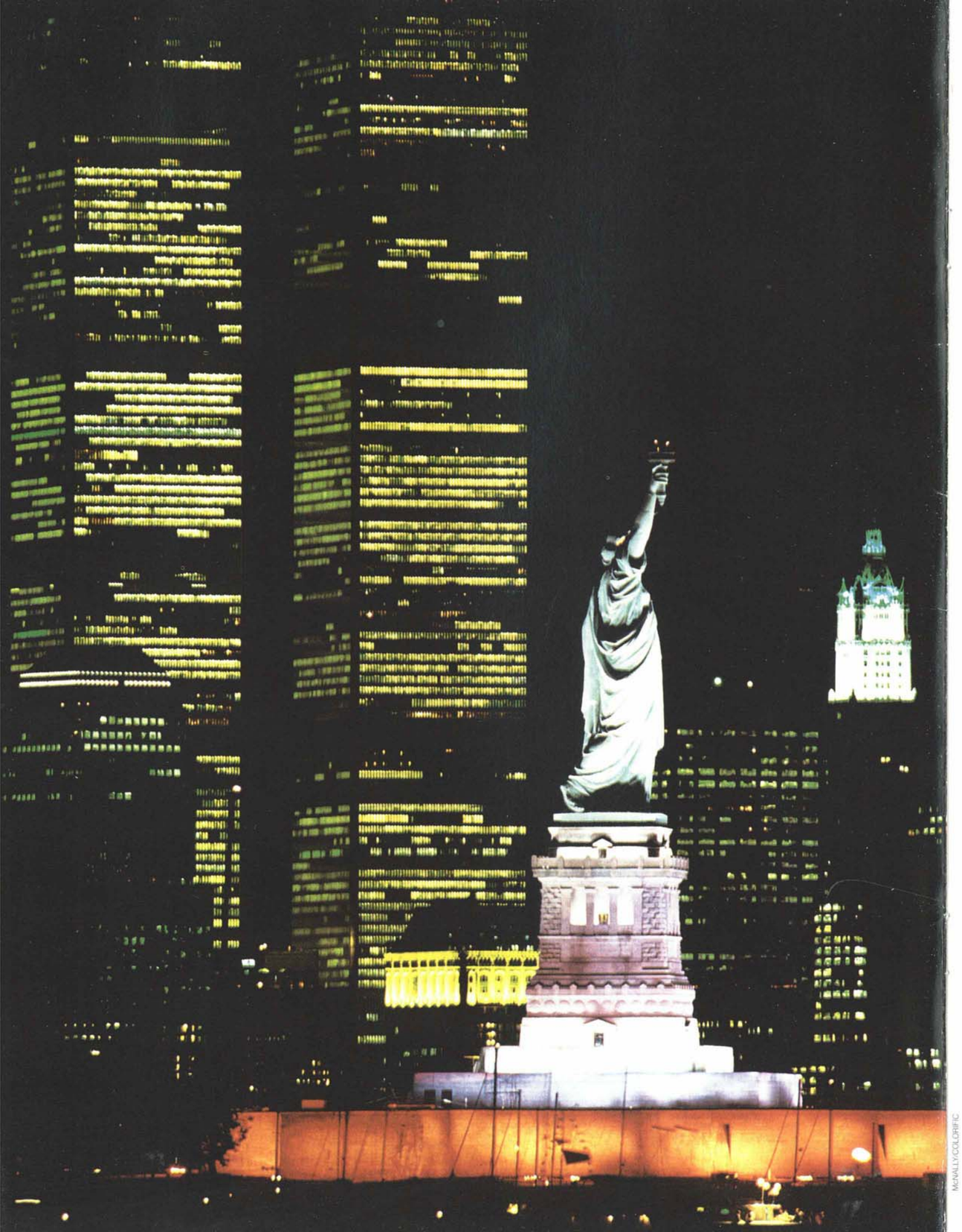
SEPTEMBER-OCTOBER 1986

THE ARAB IMMIGRANTS



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ARAMCO WORLD magazine

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THE ARAB IMMIGRANTS

As 1986 is the Statue of Liberty's 100th birthday, Aramco World *magazine , like many other publications, decided, earlier this year, to mark the event with a special issue. But, while most other magazines focused on the Fourth of July celebrations in New York – marking the unveiling of the* restored *statue* – Aramco World *chose to publish its tribute to Liberty in its September-October issue – because the* original *statue was unveiled in* October, *1886. And, because* Aramco World *is a publication specializing on Middle Eastern subjects, its editors decided to focus in their report on U.S. immigrants and their descendants from that area.*

To interview and photograph Arab-Americans in every *state in the union,* Aramco World *assigned a team who, among them, combined years of research on Arab-Americans in the United States and years of experience in the Middle East. Gregory Orfalea, author of* Before the Flames: An Arab-American Search, *conducted most of the interviews, while Middle East veterans Katrina Thomas and Burnett Moody, Aramco's former chief photographer in Saudi Arabia, along with David Luttrell and Brian Clark, crisscrossed the country with their cameras. Libby Jackowski, a publication specialist at Aramco's Washington office, coordinated their work and wrote many of the interviews herself.*

To research and write the Arab immigrant story, Aramco World *magazine assigned Aileen Vincent-Barwood, a veteran Middle East reporter now living in the United States, while to illustrate it, Robert L. Norberg, of Aramco's Washington office, tapped the archives of the Smithsonian Institution. Meanwhile, in Europe, Joe Fitchett and Yann Layma covered Liberty celebrations in Paris, and Contributing Editor John Lawton and Peter Keenan, the magazine's designer, visited Auguste Bartholdi's birthplace to gather additional material and illustrations for a story by Fred Allen tracing the sculptor's inspiration for Liberty to the colossi of ancient Egypt. And, finally,* Aramco World *Editor Paul Hoye covered Liberty Weekend in New York from an especially appropriate vantage point, the deck of the* Shabab Oman, *which represented the Arab world in the dramatic sail-past Liberty on July 4. The Omani sailing ship had crossed the Atlantic to take part in the celebrations, and, seeing the Statue of Liberty from her heaving deck, Hoye said he "relived the early immigrant experience."* – The Editors

HOYE VINCENT-BARWOOD ORFALEA JACKOWSKI ALLEN MOODY THOMAS CLARK LUTTRELL

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Cover: A montage, designed by Peter Keenan, of early Arab immigrants to the United States – photograph courtesy the Smithsonian Institution – overshadowed by the Statue of Liberty – whose restoration, this year, gave rise to this special issue of **Aramco World**. Back cover: A clay model by Auguste Bartholdi of a colossal statue he proposed be built for the entrance to the Suez Canal – which later became the basis for his design for the Statue of Liberty; photograph courtesy the Bartholdi Museum, Colmar.

◀ Silhouetted against the night skyline of Manhattan, it is hard to imagine that Auguste Bartholdi first planned his colossal statue for the entrance to the Suez Canal.

THE NEW COLOSSUS

WRITTEN BY FRED ALLEN
PHOTOGRAPHS AND ILLUSTRATIONS COURTESY OF THE
BARTHOLDI MUSEUM, COLMAR

A model of the colossal statue that Bartholdi proposed be erected at the entrance of the Suez Canal.

In October 1855, a promising young French sculptor named Auguste Bartholdi accompanied a group of orientalist painters, including Jean-Léon Gérôme and Léon-Adolphe-August Belly(See *Aramco World*, November-December 1984) on a four-month trip up the Nile.

Along the way, they visited the colossal statues at Abu Simbel and the massive temples at Thebes, about which Bartholdi wrote, "We are filled with profound emotion in the presence of these colossal centuries-old witnesses of a past... at whose feet so many generations, so many human glories, have rolled in the dust."

Bartholdi sketched much of what he saw and, in an unusual departure for an artist of that era, also took photographs. In the mid-1850's this was no mean feat; photography, with the cumbersome equipment of the day was difficult and, because of the highly explosive photochemicals then in use, was dangerous – especially under Egypt's blazing sun. But Bartholdi persevered and his carefully recorded visions of pharaonic Egypt's ancient monuments would later influence his future work.

Bartholdi recognized this when he wrote later, "I congratulate myself for having traveled many roads and [having] been to much of the Orient from my very youth. If I have had some success, it is to this that I owe it..."

Though his academic scruples prevented him from imitating Egyptian art directly, its grandiose success in the colossal mode haunted him, and the dream of equaling it became a mainspring of his life. To a large extent this ambition can be said to have been fulfilled, for by far his most successful works – and they did bring him great fame – were Liberty, and the Lion of Belfort, a patriotic memorial to the French town's heroic defenders of 1871, built into the cliffs below the fortress in the form of a 22 by 11 meter (72 by 36 foot) feline – a cross between the Sphinx at Giza and the Lion of Lucerne.

If the seeds of his later achievement in monumental sculpture were sown in Egypt, however, they did not immediately flourish. Returning to France after the summer of 1856, Bartholdi failed to find projects to which he could adapt the monumentality of Egyptian art and so, pragmatically, turned to more modest projects – many of which grace the parks and squares of his native Colmar today (See box).

His interest in the colossi, however, continued to surface, and in 1867, Bartholdi went to see the viceroy of Egypt, Ismail Pasha, who was visiting Paris during the Universal Exposition, and

Above, Auguste Bartholdi, and a photograph he took of the Colossi of Memnon, at Luxor, during a visit to Egypt in 1855.

proposed a colossal statue be erected at the entrance of the Suez Canal, then nearing completion. In the form of an Egyptian female *fellah* (peasant) holding aloft a torch, the statue was to symbolize Ismail Pasha's efforts to modernize Egypt and would be called "Egypt (or Progress) Carrying the Light to Asia."

The statue was also to serve as a lighthouse – recalling the pharaonic Lighthouse of Alexandria, one of the seven wonders of the ancient world, and in appearance drew heavily on yet another ancient "wonder" – the Colossus of Rhodes, which in traditional reconstructions (See *Aramco World*, May-June 1980) appears in a vast maritime setting carrying a flame that was thought to serve as a beacon – and which later was to be a crucial source for Liberty.

The viceroy, apparently, encouraged Bartholdi and, during the next two years, the sculptor submitted various designs for the project and, as a member of France's delegation at the opening of the Suez Canal, spent several months in Egypt, in 1869, seeking support for them.

In between visits to officials and others who might assist him, Bartholdi took time to revisit certain sites, including the Pyramids, where he found the spot where he had inscribed his name in 1856, and proceeded to add below it: 1869.

On a number of occasions, Bartholdi also saw Ferdinand de Lesseps, the builder of the Suez Canal. De Lesseps, an expert on the viceroy's moods and abilities, gave Bartholdi polite encouragement, but also a warning: that Ismail Pasha, even while professing enthusiasm for Bartholdi's proposed statue, did not have the financial resources needed to carry it out.

As it turned out, de Lesseps was correct: the viceroy could not afford a new Colossus and so, his Egyptian hopes dashed, Bartholdi returned to France. Later, Bartholdi was to insist that his Suez project ended there and then – and its manifest similarity to the Statue of Liberty was a mere coincidence. But this clearly was *not* the case.

Earlier, Bartholdi had participated in discussions with Édouard René Lefebvre de Laboulaye, a leading figure in an influential circle of French liberals, during which the idea of commemorating the 100th anniversary of the American Republic – and thereby making a cautious but unmistakable statement against the autocratic Second Empire of Napoleon III – took hold. Now, in 1871, Bartholdi put forward a bold proposal: presentation of a great statue to the United States, a statue that would symbolize freedom and liberty.

The weakness of Bartholdi's attempt to play down his involvement with Egypt and to detach it from the Liberty project emerges when we discover what happened after Suez. According to Bartholdi's own published account, written in 1885, the seeds for Liberty were, in fact, sown by Laboulaye as early as 1865. But the first hints of the project in Bartholdi's private papers appear, only in December 1869, followed by his trip to America in 1871. It would therefore appear that upon returning from Egypt in the fall of 1869, Bartholdi sought to convert failure into success by re-directing his Egyptian project toward the old "American" idea of Laboulaye.

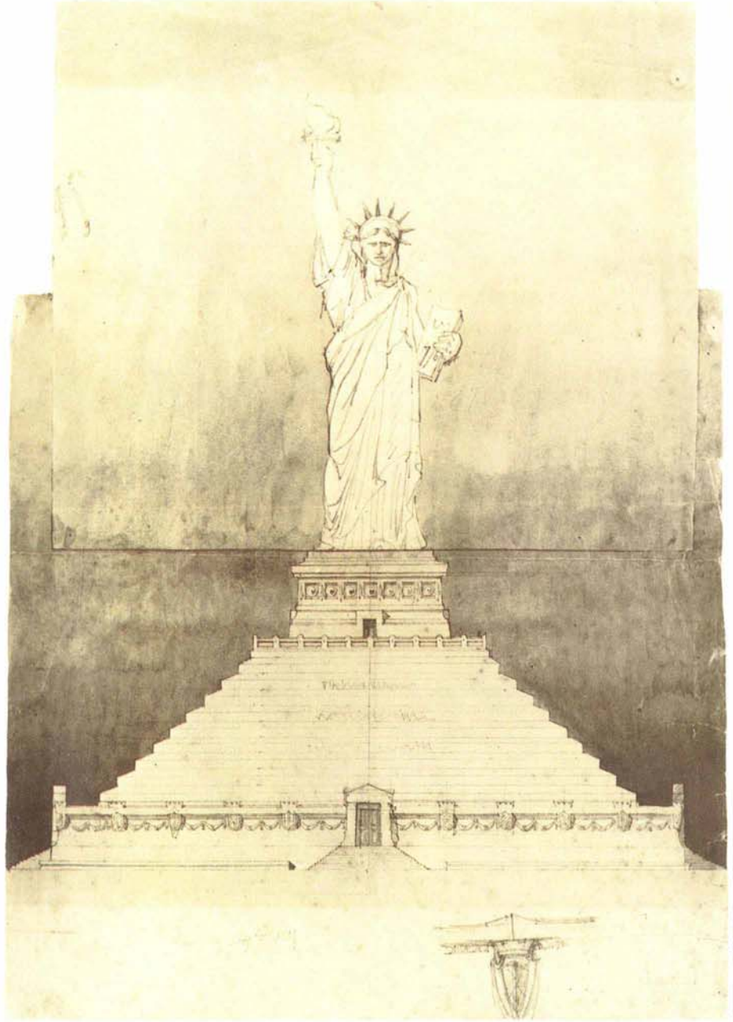
The convergence of Suez Progress and the New York Liberty can be seen in what appears to be the earliest model for Liberty, dated 1870. Its torch-lifting pose closely resembles the Egyptian project, but it is identifiable as Liberty by its classic costume and by the broken fetters at its feet. In a larger and more finished version of this 1870 model, now in the Museum of the City of New York, the radiant crown is already adumbrated, though Bartholdi appears to have been still uncertain about what to put in Liberty's left hand; he substituted a broken chain for the vase of the earlier model. The tablet was to appear only in the final version. Formally, too, this larger model falls between the strong twisting movement of the Egyptian project and the extreme rigidity of the later, more mature model.

When Bartholdi was picked to do the statue – formally called "Liberty Enlightening the World" – he clearly dusted off his abortive Egyptian project, as a comparison of clay models of the Suez lighthouse and the early renderings of Liberty shows.

Further evidence of the Egyptian influence on his thinking is Bartholdi's original idea for Liberty's pedestal – he envisioned his monument set atop a

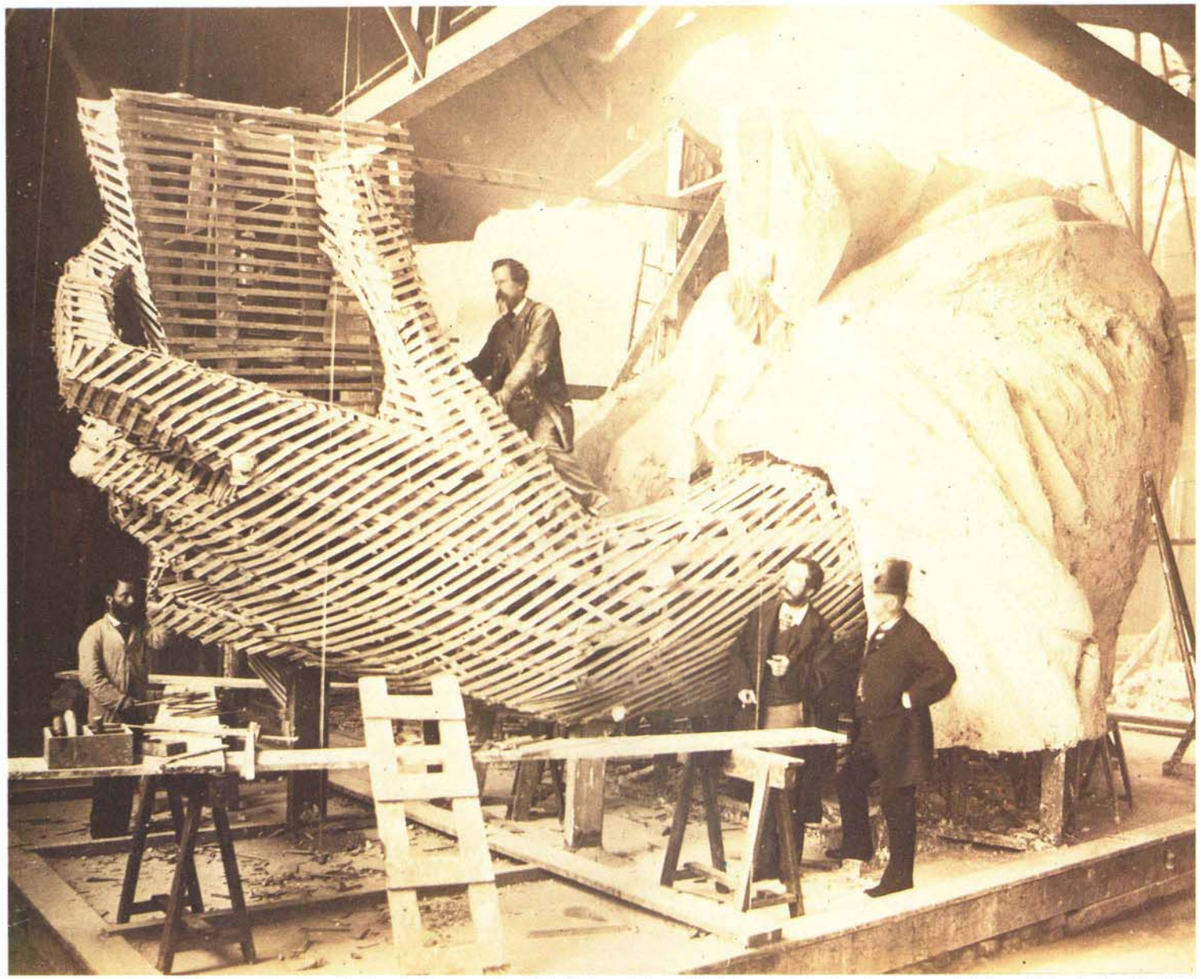
Artists impression of the Colossus of Rhodes, a crucial source for Bartholdi's statue.

A painting by Bartholdi of the statue he proposed be erected at the entrance to the Suez Canal.

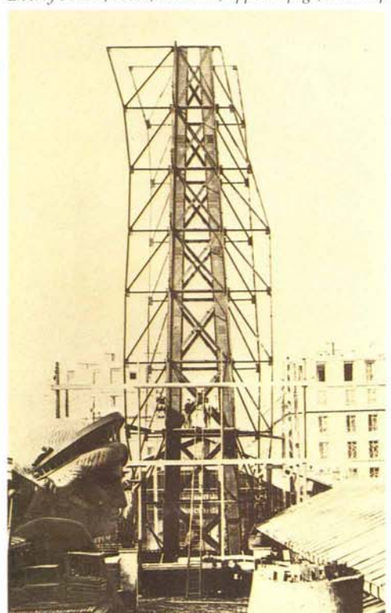


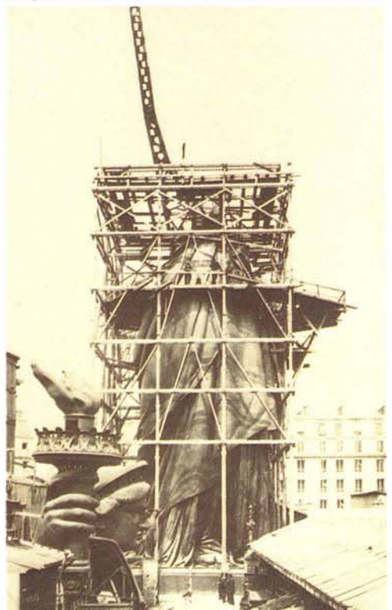
Bartholdi's early designs showed Liberty on a pyramidal pedestal – further evidence of Egyptian influence.

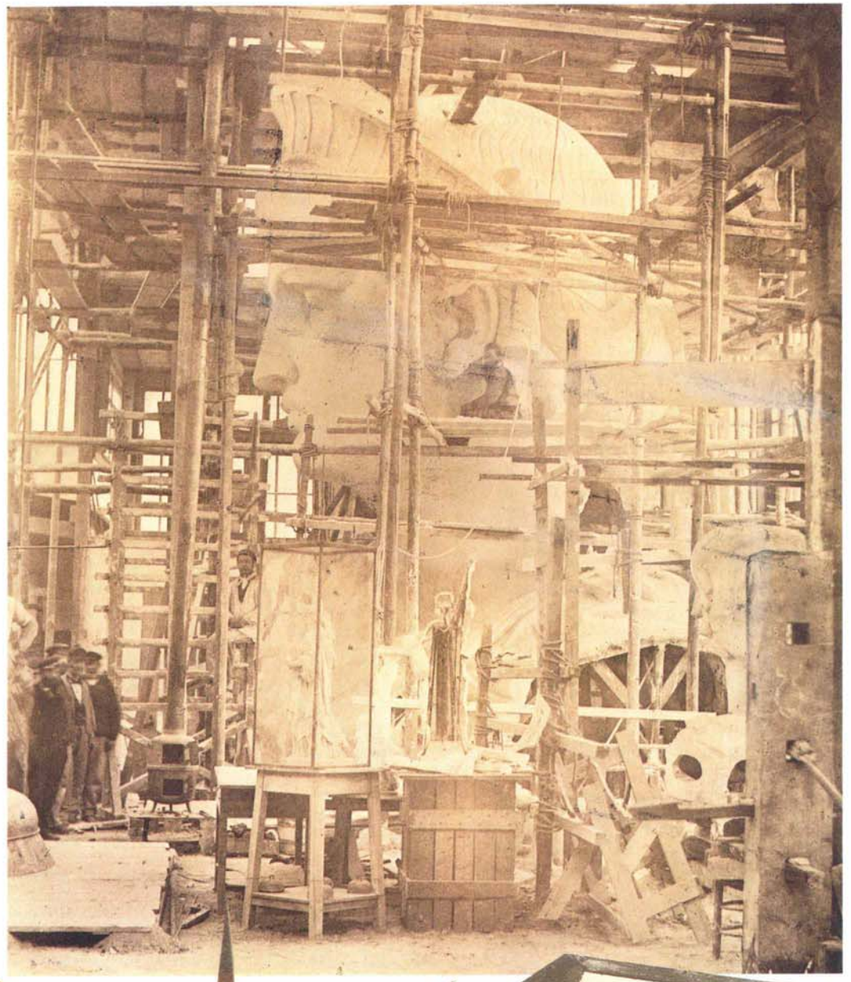
Another painting by Bartholdi of one of his final statue designs for Liberty.



Liberty's hand, above, and head, opposite page, take shape in Gaget and Gauthier's Paris workshop, while below, her body rises slowly around the iron skeleton designed by Eiffel.







Bartholdi and Richard Butler on Bedloes Island.

THE COLMAR CONNECTION

WRITTEN BY JOHN LAWTON
PHOTOGRAPHED BY CHRISTIAN KEMPF

Over the years thousands of Americans, including GI's fighting to liberate Europe, have paused briefly in Colmar, in northwest France, to pay tribute to the city's best known native son – Auguste Bartholdi, creator of the Statue of Liberty.

But, ironically, this year – the 100th anniversary of the French gift of the statue to the United States – there were fewer Americans than normal among the crowds of tourists thronging Colmar's narrow, cobbled streets and pretty, tree-lined squares. "There are very few Americans this year," lamented the souvenir seller at the entrance to the Bartholdi Museum, which had been specially spruced up for the occasion.

Even a group of Hawaiian dancers scheduled to take part in celebrations in Colmar timed to coincide with the unveiling of the restored Statue of Liberty in New York, on July 4, pulled out. Town officials blamed a variety of reasons for the shortfall in American visitors – ranging from fears of fallout from the Soviet nuclear disaster and attacks on Americans in Europe, to the declining value of the dollar.

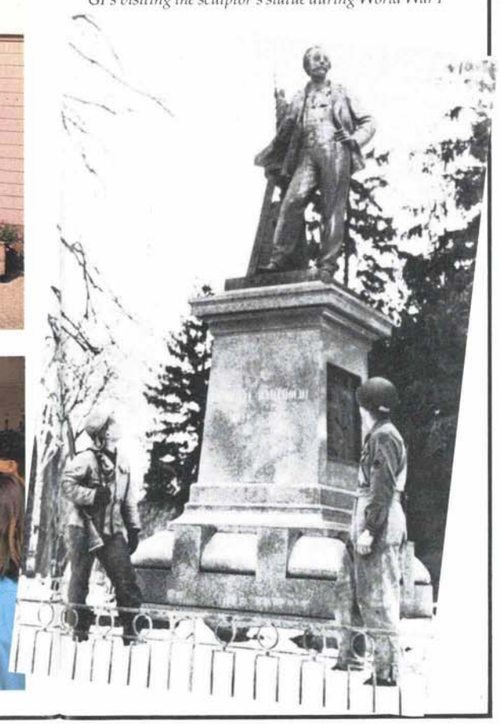
The American flag, however, flew bravely outside the Bartholdi Museum and, with the hotels, restaurants and sidewalk cafes full of European tourists anyway, few locals complained; Colmar's tribute to Bartholdi went on regardless.

Colmar is proud of Bartholdi. An imposing statue of the sculptor – leaning against a pedestal on which rests a miniature Liberty – overlooks a busy intersection from the corner of a small park. There is a Rue Bartholdi, a Bartholdi Lycee, the inevitable Bartholdi restaurant and examples of his work in most main squares.

This proliferation of statues stems from the fact that the people of Alsace – living in France yet speaking a German dialect – were especially eager to preserve their cultural uniqueness. One way of doing this was to commemorate local heroes, and another – which gave Bartholdi his chance – was to employ local artists for the purpose.

Thus, when the city fathers decided to erect a monument in honor of General Jean Rapp, a Colmar native who became one of Napoleon's marshals, they chose young Bartholdi to design it. The monument, unveiled in 1856, when Bartholdi was only 22, made his reputation.

The Bartholdi Museum at Colmar, and, below, American GI's visiting the sculptor's statue during World War I



massive pyramidal base. Curiously, in view of his own recognition of the importance of his exposure to Egypt, Bartholdi was at pains to distance Liberty from his Egyptian proposals.

He claimed in a newspaper interview that, "At that time my Statue of Liberty did not exist, even in my imagination, and the only resemblance between the drawing that I submitted to the Khedive and the statue now in New York's beautiful harbor is that both held a light aloft. Now… how is a sculptor to make a statue which is to serve the purpose of a lighthouse without making it hold the light in the air?"

Bartholdi conveniently ignored the fact that in the case of both the Suez Progress and the original idea for the New York Liberty the lighthouse beacon was not planned for the torch, but was to radiate from the forehead of the figure; the torch was to be purely symbolic. He also evaded the glaring similarity of the two programs; colossal, robed, torch-bearing females as lighthouses, sited at key points astride major waterways of the world, symbolizing twin deities in the 19th century pantheon – Liberty and Progress – in both cases actively passing their message from one continent to another.

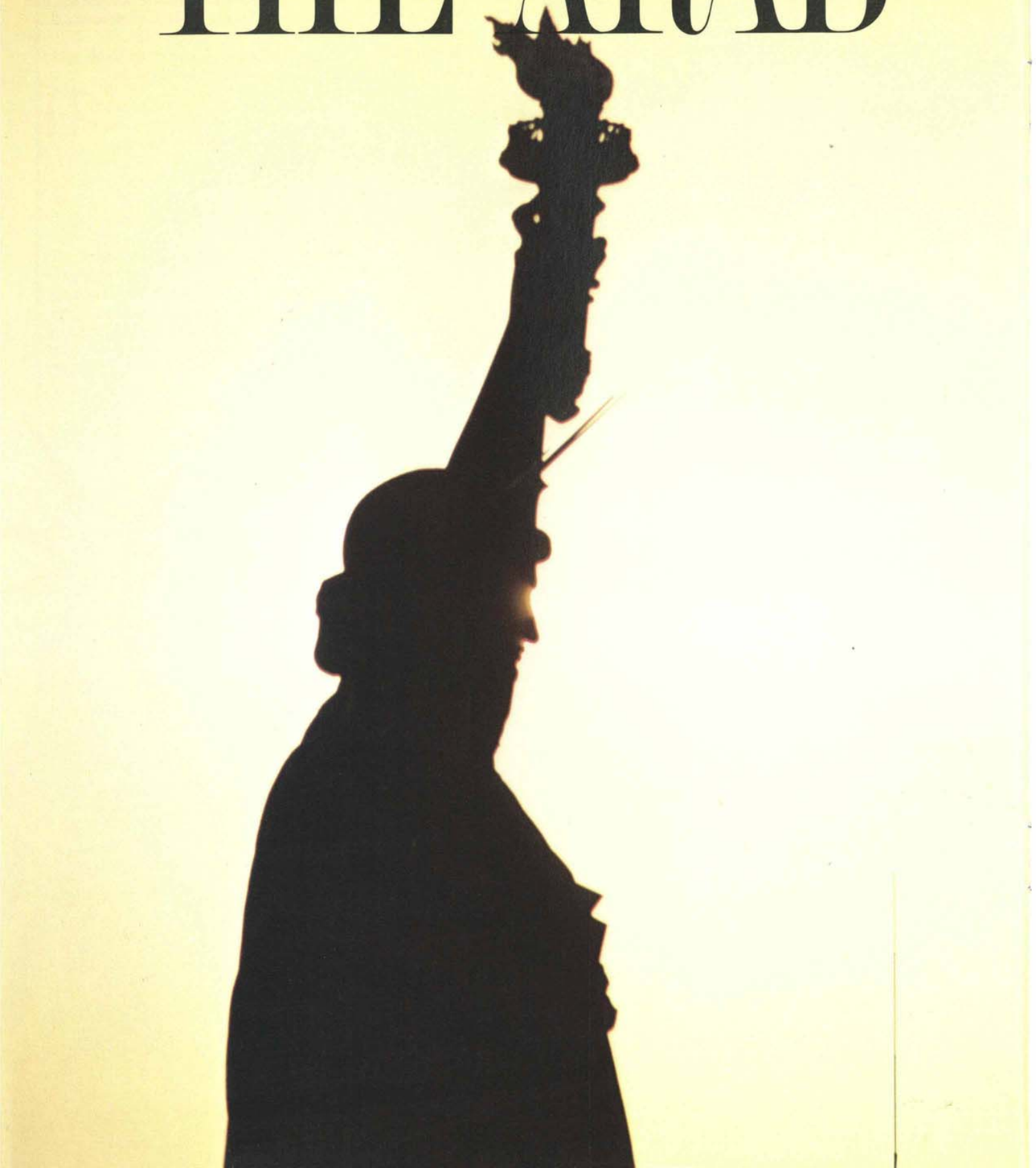
Bartholdi even claims at one point to have "never executed anything for the Khedive, except the features of a female *fellah*…" and in another statement insists that he did only "a little sketch which has remained in his palace…" failing to recall the series of models done over a two-year period; his trip to Egypt primarily to obtain the commission; and his stubborn insistence on pushing the project.

All this might suggest that Bartholdi merely exploited the opportunity offered him by Liberty's patrons to satisfy his obsession with the colossal. His words and deeds demonstrate, however, that he too was a genuine partisan of liberty. Bartholdi's choice of the ardent republican Ary Scheffer as a master perhaps revealed and surely reinforced his political leanings. He was patriotically involved in the Franco-Prussian war – serving as chief of staff of the Paris National Guard and coordinating the unsuccessful defense of Colmar. He served as aide-de-camp to Garibaldi, and then joined the army of the Vosges, which, under the command of the famous Italian Condottiere, attempted a last ditch stand at Côte d'Or.

The French defeat and the annexation of Bartholdi's native Alsace by Germany upset the sculptor deeply. His sentiments found direct expression not only in the Lion of Belfort but also in other commemorative works, particularly the 'unknown soldier's' tomb at Colmar from which a hand reaches out to a sword beside it.

For Bartholdi, liberty signified a cause as well as an opportunity, and there can be little doubt that it was political idealism – as well as artistic or professional ambition – that impelled him to devote himself for more than a decade to what often seemed an all-but-hopeless project, which, although it finally brought him fame, was to prove financially profitless.

THE ARAB IMMIGRANTS



WRITTEN BY AILEEN VINCENT-BARWOOD
PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY OF THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION
AND ARAB-AMERICAN MEDIA SOCIETY

On May 5, 1903, a bronze plaque was unveiled on what was then called Bedloe's Island, site of the Statue of Liberty. On it was inscribed a sonnet whose concluding lines not only summed up the spirit of the United States then, but have since become one of the best known pieces of American poetry ever written:

Give me your tired, your poor,
Your huddled masses,
yearning to breathe free,
The wretched refuse of
your teeming shore.
Send these, the
homeless,
tempest-tost to
me,
I lift my lamp
beside the
golden door!

At the time it was written – 1883 – the flood of immigrants that would pass through that "golden door," and transform America, had yet to crest, but Emma Lazarus' poem, *The New Colossus*, captured, nevertheless, the conditions that eventually drove so many in the Old World to immigrate to the New World.

In the following years, immigrants, fleeing religious persecution and economic deprivation in their homelands, poured through the reception facilities on Ellis Island. But unlike those who flooded in from Italy, Russia, Germany, Ireland, Poland and Scandinavia with the idea of making the United States their permanent home, early Arab immigrants apparently did *not* go to America with the idea of settling.

Before 1905, in fact, they almost invariably went to America to engage in peddling for two or three years before returning home with, they hoped, a financial stake large enough to permit them to buy

Right: a peddler's son, circa 1900.

Below: peddling in North Dakota.

more land in their ancestral villages or to set up their own shops.

Because entire family groups went to America to work side by side – and had each other for company – and because peddling required little English or capital – it was organized by fellow Arabs who operated as suppliers, extended credit and showed newcomers the routes – the need for the early peddlers to adapt to America did not occur.

These early arrivals did, however, establish a model for the residence and assimilation of later Arab immigrants escaping Ottoman conscription after 1909, or in political protest against French occupation of the Levant after World War I. The later arrivals settled along the old Arab peddlers' routes – establishing trading networks in the cities and small towns across the United States.

Perhaps the first Arabic-speaking person to land on America's shores was Luis de Torres, the Spanish interpreter who accompanied Christopher Columbus in 1492 on his voyage to the New World. Some speculate that Columbus may have undertaken his voyage after reading *The Sea of Darkness*, an account by ash-Sharif al-Idrisi of eight Arabs who sailed from Lisbon to discover what lay beyond the Atlantic; a book known to be much read by Columbus, it was found among the explorer's possessions after his death.

Two hundred and eighty-five years later, in 1777, Emperor Muhammad III of Morocco gave de facto recognition to the newly-declared independent United States of America, and 10 years later – the first foreign head of state to do so – officially recognized American independence, securing his alliance with the new country by signing a Treaty of Friendship and Cooperation with George Washington.

Although early immigration records are frequently misleading – all identification papers of Arab immigrants were issued by the Turks, who then ruled much of the Middle East, to "subjects of the Ottoman Empire" – the first officially recorded Arab immigrant to the United States was Antonius Bishallany. A Syrian who went to study in New York in 1854, he died of tuberculosis soon after arrival and is buried in Brooklyn's Greenwood cemetery.

From 1880 to 1920, there followed successive waves of Arab immigrants – mostly Orthodox, Maronite or Melkite Christians, but including Muslims and Druze – from Mount Lebanon and Greater Syria, a province of the Ottoman Empire which included today's Syria, Lebanon, Iraq, Palestine and Jordan.

As many have testified, the journey was not undertaken lightly. America was a vast, unknown continent which offered

A drama group formed by Arab immigrants in Utica, N.Y., around 1910.

To open this shop in Spring Valley, Illinois, a Syrian family went peddling.

A Detroit autoworker from Lebanon, left, and, Lebanese cousins, circa 1925.

Arab-American entry in 1917 parade, and, right, U.S. soldier Najjar.

not only potential prosperity, but risk and danger as well, and setting out required boldness and faith.

The journey itself was hazardous, for after undergoing the long sea voyage – often under deplorable conditions – suffering seasickness, overcrowded conditions, dirt, pestilence and meager rations, some immigrants arrived at the huge red brick buildings on Ellis Island only to be denied admittance to the country.

This possibility – of being rejected and sent back – was a common fear, though in fact only two percent of the nearly 12 million who immigrated between 1892 and 1924 were rejected, usually for medical or political reasons. Still, most of the immigrants remember the inspection at Ellis Island as the most terrifying part of the journey.

Sometimes whole families were held there for days, even weeks, while one member was placed under observation in the island's immense infirmary. Some of the Arab immigrants who arrived with their families had harrowing tales to tell. One young man, terrified that his four-year-old sister would be returned because of her glaucoma, smuggled her through wrapped in an oriental carpet slung over his shoulder. Others, fearful that an unpronounceable Arabic name would be enough to reject them, Americanized their names on the spot. Thus Butros became Peter, Haddad became Smith and Peter Smith was born.

Some Arab couples left their children behind with relatives until they could afford to send for them. There were young unmarried men who hoped to earn enough money either to return home and settle down in fine style, or to go back, marry a local girl and return with her to the States. Whatever the plan, almost all earnings were sent to the "old country."

Gradually a pattern was established. One family member brought over others, until entire family networks and then whole village networks were recreated in such New World urban centers as Brooklyn, New York, Boston, Detroit – now holding over 250,000 Americans of Arab descent, largest in the country – Pittsburgh and Birmingham, Chicago, Houston and Los Angeles. In New England they worked in the textile mills, in Pittsburgh and Birmingham the steel mills and in Detroit on automobile assembly lines. Few spoke English, most were discriminated against for the mere fact that they were foreigners – and almost all were desperately poor.

In most places Arab immigrants lived peaceably among other immigrants – Irish, Jews, Poles and Russians – equally poor, equally alienated from mainstream America. But, homesick, cut off by language,

THE NAFF COLLECTION

WRITTEN BY AILEEN VINCENT-BARWOOD
PHOTOGRAPHED BY KATRINA THOMAS

Resting in the permanent archives of the Smithsonian Institution's Museum of American History, in Washington, D.C., since 1983, and now viewed by well over a million people, is "The Faris and Yamna Naff Family Arab-American Collection" – a labor of love that took over 20 years of research and travel to amass.

Begun in 1962 by social historian Alixa Naff, of Falls Church, Virginia, while she was a student at the University of California in Los Angeles (UCLA), the work and its research came to include a book, Becoming American: The Early Arab Immigrant Experience, *two children's books on Arab peddlers, the Arab section of the* Harvard University Encyclopedia on American Ethnic Groups, *and one woman's greater appreciation of herself, her life, and her cultural heritage.*

"Until I started my research," says Dr. Naff, "my ethnic consciousness was as remote as my parents' homeland. Oh yes, my father used to tell us tales of his early days as a peddler in rural America, but I felt that had nothing to do with me.

"Then I set out on 'my summer of discovery.' I traveled across the U.S. and eastern Canada and I discovered a mother lode of Arab life histories, a living record of the vitality of Arab immigrant life in America. The experiences of these people, and their delight in relating them fascinated me. Only much later did I develop the wit to perceive that this rich folklore was a valuable part of my ethnic heritage."

Dr. Naff soon realized how rich her heritage was. She found that her parents' Old World traditions and customs, beliefs and rituals, folk remedies and fairy tales, fables, lullabies and folk songs, added depth, meaning and color to her life too. But not until 10 years later, when she came to Washington, D.C., to consult on a documentary film about Arabs in America, did she realize the importance of her research.

"Very little had been done on the subject of the Arab immigrant experience," she says now, "and much of what I did find conflicted with what my pioneer informants had told me. Not only that, but I knew that much of the early artifacts, books, personal documents, photographs, and other items which the early Arab immigrants had brought with them had been – or were being – thrown out. How often I heard, 'oh, we threw that old stuff out after my parents died!'"

As a result, in 1977 Dr. Naff planned her study on the history of the Arab immigrants and in 1979 the work found a home with the National Center for Urban Ethnic Affairs. In 1980 it was funded by the National Endowment for the Humanities, and in 1985 her book on the early Arab immigrant experience resulted, along with the family gift to the permanent Arab-American Archives at the Smithsonian Institution.

The gift from the Naff children – Wedad, Alixa, Nicholas, George, Thomas, and Faris Naff's daughter Nazha – to the Smithsonian contains over 300 tapes of oral history garnered by Dr. Naff from 16 different communities in the U.S. and Canada.

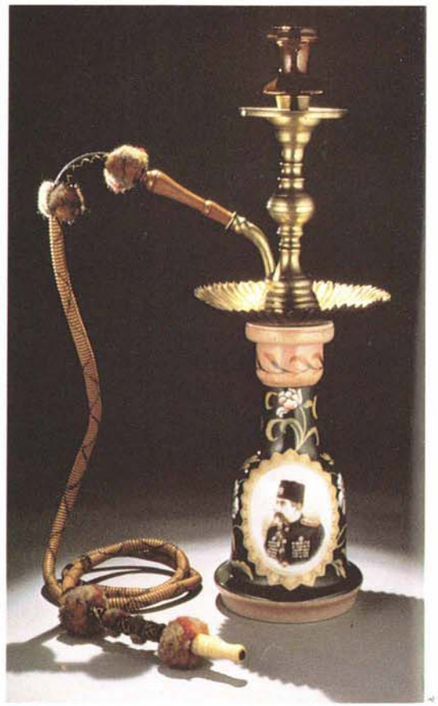
During her journeys she tape-recorded the stories of a number of elderly people, some of whom arrived here in the 1880's and have since died.

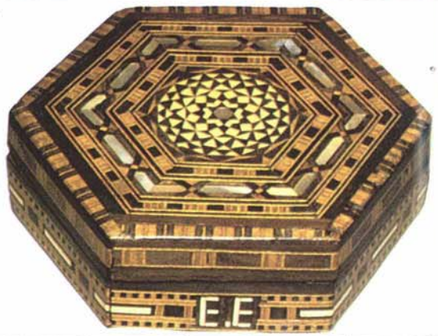
A sizeable number of photographs, everyday artifacts, documents, manuscripts, and books about the Arab-American immigrant experience swells the collection, along with 100 rare items of jewelry, wedding gowns, textiles, embroidery, and peddler's wares.

For groups able to fund the transportation and safe display of the collection, the Smithsonian will assemble the Naff Collection as a traveling exhibit and send it wherever it can be displayed in a secure location.

Dr. Naff hopes it will inspire other Arab-American families to augment the collection with gifts of their own family treasures, or start a collection of their own.

She comments: "Knowledge of one's cultural heritage – in all its various dimensions – fashions not only individuals, but groups. It informs the present and guides the future. Knowing one's beginnings is healing and uniting. It implies 'roots', and thus adds depth, strength, commitment, credibility and respect to one's life."





An Ottoman bracelet and brooch, above, hand-painted water pipe and Syrian jewelry box, below, and lady's eye liner, right, brought to the United States by Arab immigrants and now part of the Naff Collection.

custom, race and religion, they also strove to preserve their identity, dignity and heritage by forming cultural clubs where they could eat familiar food, speak a familiar language, listen to familiar music, teach and practice their religions – and celebrate weddings, births and funerals in traditional ways.

Despite their problems with English, many of these early immigrants became peddlers: at least 40 percent of them according to some figures, 90 percent according to others. A few were women. Some bought their wares on credit and others had sponsors – dry goods wholesalers, often earlier immigrants, who relied on the new immigrant to sell the dry goods door-to-door in small towns and villages in America, simultaneously adding to *his* prosperity and their own.

From a backpack or a two-wheeled cart they sold needles, thread, pins, ribbons, lace, mirrors, yard goods, scissors and buttons. Some carried oriental rugs, fine linens and leather goods and, sometimes, confections and cakes baked by a willing wife. With a strong back, sturdy legs, a willingness to work and an ambition to get ahead, peddling could – and often did – lead to economic prosperity. Backpacks and carts gave way to trucks, later a small dry goods store, then to a department store and, perhaps, a chain of stores.

One early peddler, now a man of 92, remembers, "in the beginning all the English I knew was 'please to buy' and 'thank you,'" but at that time, it was enough. It was the turn of the century, rural America was still a raw, new country and out in the hinterlands the Syrian peddler was often an important visitor. One elderly American-born woman who grew up on a remote farm in Iowa fondly remembers her childhood excitement over the Syrian peddler's twice-yearly visits.

"It was something my mother and I looked forward to from one visit to the next," she recalls. "He brought not only the notions and dress goods we needed for our dressmaking, he brought gossip, news of the outside world, tales of the exotic East, and the latest word in fashion. He always stayed for dinner, but though we tried to persuade him to stay longer, he never did. He gave me a gold thimble which I still have, 80 years later."

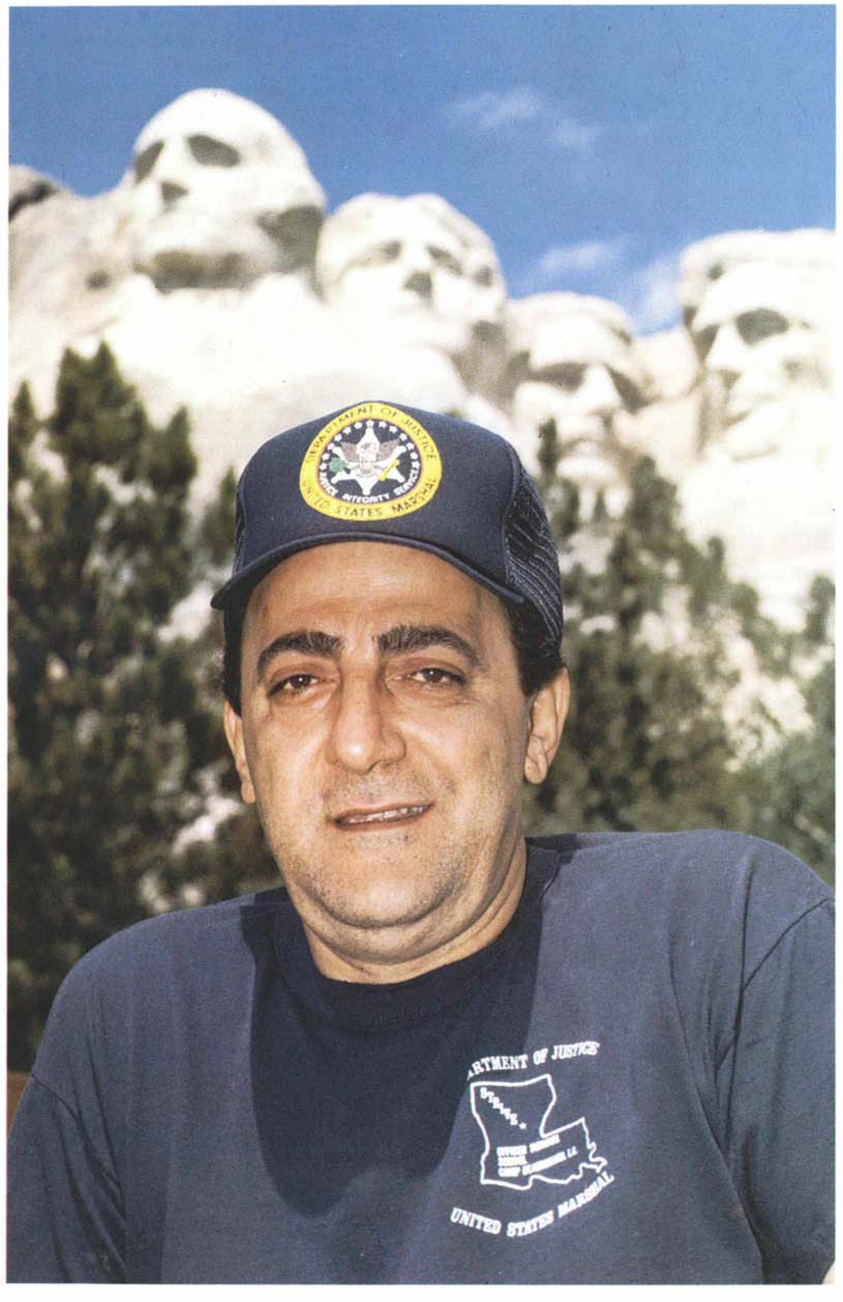
By 1910, as immigration was peaking, all newcomers could expect to meet some degree of discrimination and opposition. Feelings eventually became so strong that various state legislatures and even Congress began to call for a halt to immigration and in 1924 new laws began to reduce the flow of "huddled masses" to whom the great hall at Ellis Island really was a golden door.

THE ARAB AMERICANS

WRITTEN BY GREGORY ORFALEA AND LIBBY JACKOWSKI,
WITH BRIAN CLARK AND PATRICIA MOODY
PHOTOGRAPHED BY BURNETT H. MOODY, KATRINA THOMAS,
DAVID LUTTRELL, BRIAN CLARK, DAVID PREDEGER,
AND BRUCE ASATO

Today, Arab-Americans number about three million. Businessmen, entrepreneurs, doctors, lawyers, professors, philanthropists, authors, journalists, engineers and entertainers, they head large corporations, influence the arts, play important roles in all levels of government and help make national policy. They farm, fix shoes, repair cars, deliver mail, and work as stenographers, bank clerks, nurses, cooks, teachers, librarians, waiters and shopkeepers. But, as the following profiles demonstrate, whatever their jobs, Arab-Americans make positive contributions to life in every state in the union.

S. DAKOTA



For a short time recently, dramatic Mount Rushmore National Memorial, in South Dakota's Black Hills, became the site of ***Gene Abdallah's*** office. He opened the court and announced the presiding judge at one of several naturalization ceremonies around the country during Liberty Weekend, that together swore in over 25,000 immigrants as United States citizens.

Abdallah, 50, is the U.S. Marshal for South Dakota. From Sioux Falls, he manages a statewide district with four offices and 22 employees. His mandate is to enforce federal laws, protect federal officials, witnesses, property and lands, and serve as custodian of federal prisoners. He and his staff also escort missiles from Ellsworth Air Force Base.

Abdallah's parents were Syrian, his father from Butlahea and his mother from Seidneia, and they came to America around 1894. After settling in Sioux Falls, his father dug basements with a slip (a kind of wheelbarrow without wheels) and a team of drays. Later he had a grocery store. Abdallah remembers that his father was very patriotic. During World War II, he would invite soldiers from the nearby army base over for dinner every Sunday.

Abdallah is conscious of his heritage, but not involved in it. There are no local Arab-American organizations. "If there's a minority here," he says, "I'm it. There are probably fewer Arab-Americans in this state than any other minority." But, he adds: "It's not a disadvantage. I've never been discriminated against in any way. The opportunity to succeed is there for everybody, if they want to go out and do it."

Before his appointment by President Reagan in 1982, Abdallah's career included stints as deputy sheriff, political candidate, car dealer, and sales executive. Abdallah is active in civic and charity work and enjoys South Dakota. "I like the four seasons, the hunting and the fishing, the people, the small-town atmosphere."

Mount Rushmore, says Abdullah, was a perfect location for the Liberty Weekend event, for as many times as he has seen the carved granite faces of Presidents Washington, Jefferson, Theodore Roosevelt, and Lincoln lit against the night sky, he has never failed to be moved. And though he was also supervising 12 deputies as they protected the senator, congressman, and seven federal judges present, he had time for a thought for those immigrants being naturalized and how pleased they must have been. "It touches pretty close to home," he said.

MISSOURI

When ***Dr. Laila Gabrawy*** traveled from Egypt to the United States in 1970, her first impression of America was a good one – a woman stranger at the New York airport gave her the money to make a long-distance phone call.

Things were "tough" in the beginning, says Dr. Gabrawy, a graduate of Cairo University who had come to the United States to continue her education in the fields of ophthalmology and eye surgery. But after spending one year at Washington University, St. Louis, and returning to Egypt for another year, Dr. Gabrawy decided she would like to live in the United States. She was back, in St. Louis City Hospital, in 1973 and quickly learned that if one "works hard, things get better." She won a fellowship to Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore and finally, her training completed, was able to start her own private practice in St. Louis.

Dr. Gabrawy and her 17-year-old son became U.S. citizens in 1978 and while having a very full work schedule, she finds time to enjoy swimming and aerobic dancing, the theater and symphony on a regular basis.

In 1982, she went briefly to Saudi Arabia to help establish the King Khalid Specialist Eye Hospital (KKESH) in Riyadh (See *Aramco World*, September-October 1984), and carried out some of the hospital's first eye operations.

NEW YORK

REX FEATURES

Though a number of Arab-Americans, such as Danny Thomas, Michael Ansara, Vic Tayback and Jamie Farr, made names in television, none ever won an Academy Award. That is, until ***F. Murray Abraham*** won the Best Actor Prize in 1985 for his role as Salieri, the jealous rival of Wolfgang Mozart, in *Amadeus*.

Born in Pittsburgh in 1940, Abraham grew up with tales of the World War I famine in Syria – his father was the only son to survive – and stories of a grandfather who was a legendary village singer. Actor Abraham's own resonant voice, no doubt, owes to his Syrian grandfather, but he is as proud of his mother's Italian family, as he is of the Arab ancestry of his father.

The Abraham family lived for a while in El Paso, Texas, where Murray worked at the Arab-American-owned Farah slacks factory. In Brooklyn, he lives with his wife and two children, and is emphatic about what counts most: family.

Having recently completed a lead role in *Naming of the Rose* in Italy, Abraham – whose baptismal name was Farid Mu'rah Ibrahim – has traveled the world, lived in Spain, even visited Antarctica.

On return to the States, however, he is ebullient about feeling at home in America. This summer he celebrated that feeling with New Yorkers: playing Shakespeare in Central Park.

MICHIGAN

It's not often that a private eye becomes a social worker, but it happened to ***Aliya Hassan***. Licensed as a private detective in the state of New York and a specialist in store security, she moved to Detroit in 1972, and began volunteer work for ACCESS, a new social services center for Arab factory workers in the Dearborn area. Soon, she became the director.

Since then ACCESS' work has grown to offer medical aid, interpreting, help with workmen's compensation and social security to the community at large including the 20,000 Arabs who comprise one-fifth the population of Dearborn. Many are Yemenis who immigrated since the 1960's to work in the car factories.

Hassan herself was born and raised a Muslim, of Lebanese descent, in Sioux Falls, South Dakota. Her father was one of the earliest Arab immigrants to America, in 1878. He peddled for a while, homesteaded in the Black Hills, and finally started a construction business with his brothers, putting in most of the highways in Sioux Falls.

Having pilgrimaged to Makkah (Mecca), Hassan's favorite story from the Koran concerns a weary Virgin Mary pregnant with Christ, lying down under a palm tree in Bethlehem. She hears a voice which comforts her and tells her to shake the tree to cause fresh ripe dates to fall (Sura 19: 23-25). In the Koranic version of the story of Jesus' birth, Mary is a strong presence and, to Hassan, a true inspiration.

OHIO

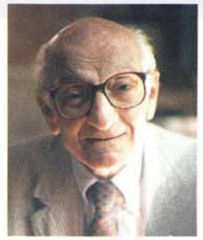
His friends claim that ***George Tanber*** has nine lives. One was spent photographing sharks in the Red Sea, another trying to get an interview with Idi Amin, one was used up on the death walk with the starving in Ethiopia, and another covering the war in Lebanon. But most remarkable, for someone who has reported on events in 50 countries, Tanber, of the old Arab-American community of Toledo, is only 35!

With a masters degree from nearby Ohio University, Tanber first worked in public relations. He did most of the award-winning promotion work for the Vietnam War Memorial, and worked closely with its architect, Maya Linn. Joining the *Toledo Blade* newsstaff in 1984, Tanber was nominated for the Pulitzer Prize for his reportage on the famine in Africa and won first prize in the AP/Ohio Awards enterprising reporting category. The *Blade* has sent Tanber on the tough assignments: South Africa, Ethiopia, Lebanon. With grandparents hailing from Zahle and Damascus, and familiarity cultivated when he worked for the *Beirut Daily Star* in the mid-seventies, Tanber often gets interviews with controversial Middle East figures most American reporters can't reach.

An accomplished photojournalist who often combines a sharp camera-eye with gripping copy, Tanber has photographed Alaska for *National Geographic*, and the poor in Burma for *Christian Science Monitor*.

For all his travels Tanber's sense of being American is acute. "One thing you learn when you travel in the Arab world (when you've grown up Arab-American) is that you're an American first. The difference in mentality is severe."

MARYLAND



When ***Sammie Abbott's*** five-year term as mayor of Takoma Park, a quaint suburb of Washington, D.C., came to a halt in 1985, the *Washington Post* said it was the end of a "singular era" for the town of 16,500 citizens. During his term, Abbott upgraded the town from its earlier seedy status as "Tacky Park" to a community which restored its historic charm and is a model of resident involvement. The 78-year-old Abbott lost his race to a Yuppie, but had no regrets.

Abbott's lifelong ambition has been the search for social justice. Born to an immigrant Melkite Lebanese family in Ithaca, New York, Abbott was deeply shaken by a bank's foreclosure on his father's store in the Depression. He rode the top of boxcars across the state of New York, organizing unemployed councils, Work Projects Administration workers, the Congress of Industrial Organizations, and the farmers, while barely making a living as an itinerant artist. He even helped prepare the Abraham Lincoln Brigade of American volunteers who went to fight fascism in Spain in the 1930's.

Abbott volunteered for the U.S. armed forces right after Pearl Harbor. "I was a believer in the cause, which was the defeat of Hitler and fascism," he said, "I thought that was a just war and I still think it was a just war. I was a perpetual volunteer. If there was any gung-ho man, it was me."

A resident of Takoma Park since 1940, Abbott worked as a bricklayer and hod carrier until he was fired during the McCarthy era for his efforts on behalf of the Bertrand Russell peace petition to ban the bomb. He later scratched a living as a free-lance commercial artist.

"I took the Declaration of Independence literally," says Abbott, "I took seriously that all men are created equal."

UTAH

Dr. Aziz Atiya has received scores of national and international awards during his long and distinguished academic career. But the honor the 88-year-old professor of Middle Eastern studies is most proud of was given to him just this year. It was the Egyptian-American Organization's first "Outstanding Achievement Award," and was granted on April 20 for his work as "An Egyptian-American whose career has been, and continues to be, devoted to distinguished research and teaching in Arabic, Medieval and Coptic Studies." Among other achievements, Atiya created the respected Middle East Center at the University of Utah in 1959. Today, the center has more than 100,000 volumes and is considered one of the finest Middle Eastern libraries in America.

Born in al 'Aysha, Egypt, on July 4, 1898, Atiya was awarded his doctorate in literature from the University of Liverpool, and a Ph.D. in history from London University. For the next 20 years, he was a globe-trotting professor, teaching at universities in Bonn, Cairo, Alexandria, Zurich and Beirut.

Ironically, Atiya never planned on settling in the United States. But after he led an astonishingly successful expedition to the Monastery of St. Catherine at Mount Sinai for the U.S. Library of Congress – which resulted in the discovery and microfilming of two million pages of manuscripts in 12 languages – he was asked by the library to come to the United States and edit the work.

Atiya and his family kept their Egyptian citizenship for many years, but in 1974, after more than 18 years in the U.S., they became American citizens. "We were reticent about changing," he said. "But we did it out of our appreciation for America and American liberties and all the wonderful opportunities that we have had here."

N. CAROLINA

Larry Williams is convinced he descends from Algerian traders who, in the 18th century, ran aground on the shoals of the Outer Banks of North Carolina with a boatload of Arabian horses. Wild horses run in various sections of the Outer Banks today and, in the 19th century, South Carolina laws distinguished between "Negro" and "Moorish" residents – before there were any documented records of Arab immigrants to America.

One of the earliest purchasers of land on colonial Okracoke Island was a James Wahab. Larry Williams is owner of the oldest hotel on Okracoke, the Island Inn, which has been in the Wahab family for nearly a century. Williams' mother was a Wahab.

Williams directs the curious to the island cemetery, which is filled with Wahab tombstones dating back to the early 19th century. Many Wahabs intermarried with the Williams and Howard families. One headstone of a Salina Ballance Williams has an Arab term of endearment carved in it, "Baba."

Larry Williams noted that a Ph.D. thesis done in the mid-1930's at the University of North Carolina confirms his beliefs about Arab ancestry. Williams scoffs at the U.S. Park Service's token attempt to disprove his theory when they examined the skeleton of one wild horse and concluded none of them were Arabian in origin.

In the meantime, Larry Williams continues to run the lovely, quaint Island Inn, pointing out to visitors a daguerrotype of his Wahab grandmother – a dark-eyed, dark-skined woman with a beak of a nose.

OREGON

The "Pennyless Aristocrat" – the odd name of a popular women's apparel store in downtown Portland – reflects ***Farida Derhalli***'s view of herself. "That's how I've always thought of myself," says the former Palestinian refugee.

Derhalli's father, Munib, was a native of Jaffa and a supervisor with the old Palestine Railroad in Jerusalem, but, in 1948, he and his family became refugees in Lebanon. Munib worked with other refugees for the Swiss Red Cross and later UNWRA on the West Bank of Jordan, while his three sons were sent to the United States for college.

They attended Walla Walla College and Oregon State University, and became successful: Sami, with Portland General Electric; Zoudhi, with Cascade Corporation; and Farouk, as a stock-broker. Little by little, the rest of the Derhalli family followed the path to America, Derhalli in 1969 from Ramallah on the West Bank.

Two years ago, Derhalli went into debt to open the "Pennyless Aristocrat" store. She had worked a number of years in the Jantzen and Nike Corporations – and has a master's degree in marketing – but a layoff turned her into an entrepreneur. She decorated the store with her own antique furniture and though people from her neighborhood chipped in to help paint, many bet she wouldn't make it. They're losing. Business is up 20 percent.

COLUMBIA

George Atiyeh presides over a collection of more than 100,000 books in Arabic. "By providing primary sources of information on the Arab world," says Atiyeh, head of the Near East Section of the African and Middle East Division of the Library of Congress for the last 19 years, "we believe we are contributing to the possibility of better understanding."

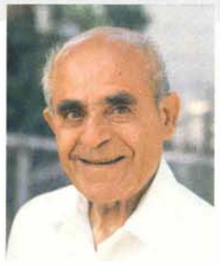
He is particularly proud of the Arab-American literature collection he has assembled, especially newspapers and periodicals. "These I collected from different parts of the United States – some I even went into cellars of old houses to collect," says Atiyeh.

As a result, the Near East Section is an important source of information on the Arab-American community. "We found the first Arab-American newspaper, *Kawkab Amrika* (The American Star), published in the early 1890's and we have the entire collection of *al-Hoda* (The Guidance), which started in 1898 and is still published."

Atiyeh was born in Amioun, Lebanon, in 1923, came to the United States in 1951 and became an American citizen in 1969. He received a B.A. and M.A. at the American University of Beirut, and received his Ph.D. in oriental languages and literature at the University of Chicago. He taught at the University of Puerto Rico, Rio Piedras, for 13 years, rising to chairman of the humanities department before leaving to take his job at the Library of Congress.

Besides his work as a librarian, Atiyeh serves on the board or advisory committee of several Middle East studies organizations, has written a book, *Al-Kindi: Philosopher of the Arabs*, and prepared a well-respected bibliography on the Middle East.

RHODE ISLAND



Mixing "vicerol" at Woonsocket Dye, sweating at the Lafayette textile mill, fighting for Uncle Sam in World War I, ***Elias Joseph*** has done it all.

Born in Maara, Syria, in 1901, Joseph at age nine hauled hundreds of pounds of figs to market in Damascus. In 1912, aged 11, he traded in one passport that was to have taken him to Russia, for another to get him to America.

His first exclamation on Ellis Island was "*bayt al-hurriyah*," or "Land of Freedom!" But work called quickly: "We land nine o'clock in the morning, six o'clock I go to work in Woonsocket."

He was an American doughboy in the First World War and on return to the States, opened his cab service with the first closed-car Ford in Woonsocket; he was known as "Taxi Joe" and served the town for 60 years.

About America he is certain: "This is the best country on earth."

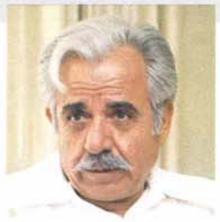
DELAWARE

Lily Bandak's parents brought her from Bethlehem to Newark, Delaware, in 1960. She says her late father was born in Bethlehem on December 25, his name was Jesus, he was a carpenter, *and* his mother's name was Mary.

A professional photographer, Bandak, 36, studied in Paris and has a Fine Arts degree in photography from the Philadelphia College of Art. Her first job was serving as private photographer to Jehan Sadat, when Egypt's first lady accompanied her husband to the Camp David peace talks. At the invitation of the Egyptian Embassy, she subsequently went to Egypt to take photographs for an exhibit in Washington, D.C.

The White House director of photography saw the exhibit and invited her to present Mrs. Jimmy Carter with a picture. America, Bandak says, "has given me a chance. In 1978 I graduated and by 1980 my work was in the White House."

GEORGIA



Abdullah Najjar of Georgia has spent the past 20 years helping the world fight epidemics and contagious diseases. Najjar, who from 1969 to 1980 was International Services Director of the U.S. Government's Center for Disease Control, in Atlanta, has traveled to dozens of countries as an American specialist in epidemiology. He was head of the malaria section of the U.S. mission to Ethiopia, and did extensive work in health care in Iran.

Najjar came to the U.S. in the 1940's with his parents from Baakline, Lebanon. Now retired, he remains actively involved in Middle East affairs as a member of the Executive Board of the American-Arab Anti-Discrimination Committee.

An expert on Druze affairs, Najjar once typified the Druze as "a traditional, conservative, God-fearing, closely-knit community akin to the Amish and Quakers in some respects."

KANSAS

Fran Jabara is founder and director of the Center for Entrepreneurship and Small Business Management at Wichita State University in Wichita, Kansas. He owns oil, real estate, and consulting businesses, and is a member of several company boards of directors.

His involvement in business isn't surprising; he grew up in the world of commerce. His father came to America at 15 and sold sundries out of a pack on his back while walking through Indian country in the Oklahoma Territory. At age eight, Jabara started working in his father's grocery store in Burden, Kansas.

Entrepreneurship is part of Jabara's community participation. He is chairman of the Kansas delegation to the White House Conference on Small Business, president of the Kansas Coliseum, and president of the Wichita Rotary Club, the 18th largest of the 21,000 clubs worldwide.

ARIZONA

Shortstop ***Sam Khalifa*** of the Pittsburgh Pirates is playing his first full year in the major leagues.

Born in Fontana, California, Khalifa, 22, grew up in St. Louis and Tucson, Arizona – his current residence. Young Khalifa fielded grounders in 1974 in Tripoli, Libya, "on a sand field which was watered until it was real tight, and then steamrolled." His father, a chemist from Egypt, had taken a job there as a United Nations advisor. Back in Tucson, Khalifa tore up pitcher after pitcher in high school, batting .550 his senior year to lead Sahuaro H.S. to the Arizona state title. Khalifa himself garnered the Arizona Player-of-the-Year-Award as well and became a high school All-American.

Khalifa's coach says, "Sammy's the greatest player I've seen in my 23 years of coaching. He made plays in high school I hadn't seen before. He has what you call come-through ability,an innate drive."

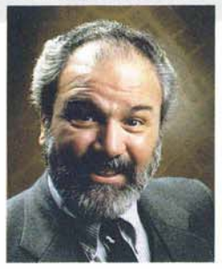
VIRGINIA

Joseph Awad is both corporate executive and poet, family man and artist, Arab and Irish, a Northerner by birth and a Southerner by choice.

"It was not until quite recently that I ever thought of myself as an *Arab*-American," Awad said. Although his paternal grandparents immigrated from a village near Beirut at the turn of the century, Awad's father "took pains to impress on me that we were Americans. I've never known anyone who appreciated more deeply the freedom and opportunity of our country."

Though born in Shenandoah, Pennsylvania in 1927, Awad has lived in Richmond, Virginia since 1963. In addition to his book of poems, *The Neon Distances*, he is author of *The Power of Public Relations* (Praeger, 1985). In 1982, he served as national president of the Public Relations Society of America, and says poetry is not the "exclusive preserve of academicians."

MINNESOTA



St. Paul is a leafy, old factory town on the northern Mississippi River that was designated an All-American City in 1983-84 for, among other things, its unique solar-heated downtown project and novel Neighborhood Partnership Program. St. Paul also won the Sixth Annual Livability Award in 1985 for its use of urban arts to improve the quality of life. And in 1984, St. Paul's mayor was made president of the National League of Cities. That man is ***George Latimer***.

The 51-year-old-son of a Scots-English father whose heritage traces back to 17th century colonial America, Latimer credits his mother, whose parents were Lebanese peddler immigrants, for much of his self-confidence. "Whether she was smothering you with love or all over you about something you were doing," he says, "you never got the feeling you were unimportant."

An activist liberal Democrat with a deep love of candor, initiative, and independent thinking, Latimer was born in Poughkeepsie, New York, in the Depression, and grew up in Schenectady where he helped run the family store.

Clearly in love with St. Paul since he took his first job out of Columbia Law School there in 1963, Latimer became mayor in 1976 and has won reelection five times. He has made the city a model mix of tradition and innovation, restoring the loss of 95 percent of the city's trees to Dutch elm disease, as well as saving energy by converting street lamps from sodium to mercury lighting.

Married with five children, Latimer is a Democratic candidate for governor of Minnesota in 1986.

MAINE

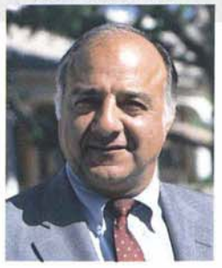
Senator ***George Mitchell***, of Maine, is chairman of the Democratic Senatorial Campaign Committee – a high tribute from peers for a first-term Senator.

Mitchell was born in 1933 in Waterville, Maine, to a Lebanese immigrant mother and an Irish laborer. His mother, Mary Saad Mitchell, worked in the area's textile mills as did many early Syro-Lebanese immigrants in America's northeasternmost state.

Senator Mitchell graduated from Bowdoin College in 1954, and took his law degree from Georgetown University in 1960. From 1954-56, he served in the U.S. Army Counter-Intelligence Corps.

In the 1960's, Mitchell served as aide to Senator Edmund Muskie, and as Democratic State Chairman for Maine. When Senator Muskie vacated his seat, in 1980, to become Secretary of State, Mitchell was appointed to complete the term, and two years later was elected in his own right.

FLORIDA



Alexander Simon, 47, heads his own real estate development and investment company, Simon & Associates, in Delray Beach, Florida, where he and his brother Roy, an architect, are currently developing Atlantic Plaza, an $8 million shopping and office center.

Simon's mother is from Damascus, Syria, and his father from Douma, Lebanon. His grandfather, Abraham Simon, was the first family member to settle in Florida. Though later a well-known architect he sold clothing along the Florida railroad track to earn passage for the rest of the family.

Today the Simons are well-established and accepted members of the community.

Simon is chairman of the important Delray Beach Planning and Zoning Board and he and his brothers – Roy, Charles and Ernest – are active in civic and community organizations, often in leadership roles.

ALABAMA

Soad Helmi, professor of accounting at Birmingham Southern College, Alabama, works hard to create excellence – devoting her free time to "reading, reading, reading," to provide her students with the latest information.

A native of Giza, Egypt, Helmi, 53, became a U.S. citizen in 1974 after coming to study in America 11 years earlier. She and her Egyptian-American husband, an associate professor of accounting at the University of Alabama, have three sons. Helmi, a Muslim, believes you have to reflect your religion in what you do.

She says, "I feel that Arab-Americans have really a lot to contribute to the American life. We have our culture, we have our assets. On the average, the Arab who emigrates to the United States is a special breed. As people, we have a high ratio of creative people, hard-working people, people who are able to contribute."

COLORADO

William Abu Assaly, 40, of Denver, Colorado, combines his hobby – theatrical makeup – with his profession – pharmacist – by owning a drugstore that is probably the largest distributor of theatrical makeup between Chicago and Los Angeles.

Born in Beiruit, Assaly came to the United States to attend college in 1965, and became a U.S. citizen 10 years later. He received a B.S. in pharmacy from the University of Wyoming, and now owns Hatch's Drugs, across the street from the University of Colorado Health Science School, which includes his theatrical makeup shop.

Assaly is an active political party member and president of the National Association of Arab-Americans' Denver chapter. He feels achievement is part of the Arab's value system. "Within the Arab community, if you don't succeed, you feel like a failure. It's expected of you to be above average."

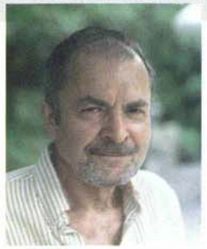
NEW HAMPSHIRE

John Sununu's interests extend beyond the ski resorts and fishing towns of New Hampshire – of which, at 46, he is governor. His concern for world peace and development has prompted work with the National Academy of Science's aid mission to Africa and advocacy of a comprehensive Middle East peace settlement.

Proud of his heritage – he is the son of Lebanese immigrants to New Hampshire – he was the keynote speaker at the 1984 convention of the National Association of Arab-Americans.

Tall, fair-haired Sununu has a Ph.D. in mechanical engineering from Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and served as associate dean at Tufts University. Until his election as governor in 1982, Sununu was president of JHS Engineering Company and Thermal Research Inc., and is now chairman of the Coalition of Northeastern Governors and Republican Governors Association.

CONNECTICUT

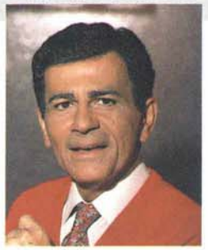


One day at a flea market in 1963, ***Abe Ajay*** was struck by Connecticut River Valley cigar molds. "I was entranced with the way the sun would hit them, then fall, and the interesting shadows they made," Ajay said.

The rest is history – art history. Ajay – a self-described "maverick" in the family of a Syrian candy store owner – left a career as a political cartoonist and commercial artist to, in his words, "go straight." The result is that Ajay's sculptures and paintings are in the permanent collections of the Guggenheim Museum and Smithsonian Institution, to name just a few.

Ajay, born in Altoona, Pennsylvania, has never been to the Middle East, but he says, "Somewhere in my genes is an affinity with Islamic architecture, the tradition of Islamic craftmanship, silversmithing, goldsmithing." Like the Arab artisans, he said, "I like to to break down forms and reassemble."

CALIFORNIA



"Slightly breathless, ever so polished, anxious to please... without regional accent, thereby coming to you from everywhere and nowhere at once. Call it Americaspeak."

Thus one critic characterized the voice of Kamal Amin Kasem, better known to millions of fans as disc jockey ***Casey Kasem***. Heard over 1,000 radio stations around the world with the program *America's Top 40*, Kasem has also done several thousand radio and television commercials, over 2,000 cartoon episodes, and his television show, *America's Top 10*, is offered by 150 stations. In 1981, Kasem became the first disc jockey to have his star placed on Hollywood Boulevard's Walk of Fame, and recently was admitted as the youngest member to the National Radio Broadcasters' Hall of Fame.

That voice comes to you by way of Detroit and Lebanon. Kasem was born in Detroit in 1932, the son of a Druze immigrant grocer from al-Moukhtara, Lebanon. Married to actress Jean Kasem – he has three children from a previous marriage – Casey is a vegetarian and peace activist. Dark-skinned, Kasem said he "always felt I was different" growing up, but that "I was never led to feel anything but pride for my heritage and religion."

Jesse Jackson's most successful fundraiser for his history-making presidential bid in 1984 was hosted by Casey and Jean Kasem. Kasem admitted, he was attracted among other things, to Jackson's understanding of the Middle East. "The key to solving the nuclear problem is to eliminate the fuse where it is the shortest," Kasem noted.

There is, in short, a serious man behind that voice of "Americaspeak."

MISSISSIPPI

At age 48, ***Judge John Ellis*** is one of the youngest senior circuit court judges in the country, administering to four counties in Mississippi. He fell in love with politics when, as a youth, he organized the area for John F. Kennedy's presidential campaign. "Kennedy showed me politics is a matter of working with people and their problems and not being selfish in the way you do it," Ellis said. "I like that."

Judge Ellis' family, like many of Vicksburg's old Lebanese, immigrated to the Mississippi river town from El Munsif, Lebanon, in the 1880's.

In no other U.S. city outside of Detroit, have Arab-Americans achieved such extensive political, as well as economic, prominence as they have in Vicksburg. When asked the key to the Lebanese' successes in Vicksburg, Ellis hinted at a century-long salubrious relationship with blacks, who form the majority of the town's 25,000 people.

HAWAII

Alice Kuroda, 49, is president of Minerva Research Inc. of Honolulu, Hawaii. The company, named after the Roman goddess of wisdom, does election polling, market research, and attitudinal surveys in the United States, Japan and the Middle East. Prior to forming the company in 1981, Kuroda taught sociology, economics, and quantitative methods courses at the University of Hawaii at Manoa and at Chaminade University in Honolulu.

Born in Jerusalem, Kuroda has been in the United States since she was 20, and a citizen since she was 31. She still has family in the Israeli-occupied West Bank of Jordan and she and her Japanese-born husband, Yasumasa, frequently speak out and write about Middle Eastern issues. In 1978, they wrote the book, *Palestinians Without Palestine: A Study of Political Socialization Among Palestinian Youths*.

ARKANSAS

Raouf Halaby, an associate professor of English at Ouachita Baptist University, says his students are intrigued at having an Arab immigrant teach them English.

Halaby, 40, a native of Jerusalem, became a U.S. citizen in 1976. A researcher and prolific writer, he collects and writes about documents, letters, and publications preserved from the early waves of Arab immigration in the late 1800's, and is working on a book about Dr. Michael Shadid, the father of the modern insurance health plan – the Health-Maintenance Organization.

He thinks the older generation of Arab-Americans "assimilated well into American society...because they truly believed in the American ideal." But it saddens him that the Arab has become the subject of ridicule in the media. All Arab-Americans, he says, have a responsibility to change that image by getting out and showing that Arabs are contributors to American society.

VERMONT

Samir Abed-Rabbo runs a commercial printing company, which publishes two magazines about Vermont, and a book publishing company, which, in 1985, published the first American – English translation of the Koran.

Abed-Rabbo says, "I have always dreamed of publishing a Koran that is easy and understandable without compromising the beauty of it." This version, by Dr. Thomas B. Irving, dean of arts and sciences at the American Islamic College, Chicago, is rendered in modern English. It is an attempt to translate "the meaning of the Koran," he says, "while keeping the beauty of the Arabic." The first edition was 3,500 copies and nearly 7,000 copies have now been sold. The next step he hopes will be a bilingual edition with Arabic calligraphy on one side and the English translation on the other.

Abed-Rabbo was born in 1956 in a refugee camp, Kalandia, in the Gaza Strip, and he came with an elder brother to the United States in 1974.

While working on his doctorate in international law at the University of Miami, he and 15 students from Arab countries started the magazine, *The Search: Journal for Arab and Islamic Studies*. In 1980, when editor-in-chief of the publication, Abed-Rabbo began to think of the importance of publishing. "It was then," he says, "I decided to get involved in setting up a publishing house that would help people get across their point-of-view."

Four months after earning his Ph.D. in 1981, he came to Brattleboro, Vermont, and started Maple Leaf Press, a commercial publishing company. The books and magazines he publishes now fund *The Search*.

ILLINOIS

While most of the old 1950's drive-ins have closed in the U.S. – the type you'd pull into in your convertible, and have a waitress attach the tray to your window – Lou's Drive-In still plays in Peoria

Forty years ago, before there was a Lou's Drive-In, ***Louis Lahood*** was flying B-17 bombers over Germany. He flew 30 combat missions – in which, miraculously, not one of his crew was hurt – and became, along with America's first jet ace, Jimmy Jabara, one of the most decorated Arab-American veterans of that war. He received the Flying Cross and Air Medal with three Oak Leaf Clusters.

Although Lahood made it home to accolades, he remained acutely aware of those who didn't, and in his unpublished memoirs , *Wings in the Hands of the Lord*, mused about the terrible waste. "You don't have to be a mathematician to realize the hundreds of billions of dollars going down the drain."

IDAHO

Ahmed Araji is a full professor of agricultural economics at the University of Idaho in Moscow. He believes that agriculture "is probably the most important area for the developing countries."

Araji, a native of Badrah, Iraq, has been a U.S. citizen since 1976. He is active in the Republican Party and tries to provide political leaders with a sounding board on issues concerning Arab-Americans and the Arab World.

Araji has been a consultant to the UN's Food and Agricultural Organization in the area of program planning and development, and was recently a Senior UN Economic Advisor to the government of Saudi Arabia. His principal research work for the past eight years has been in evaluating the benefit of public investment in agricultural research and technology. He also provides advice and assistance to both the Idaho and Federal governments.

IOWA

To ***Ahmed Sheronick***, sectarian violence in Lebanon is an error. "For people of good will, violence is never justified," said the top salesman of the Prudential Life Insurance Company in Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Sheronick, who occasionally substitutes as imam for the Muslim community there recalls ecumenical days growing up in Jibjibnine, Lebanon: "Friday – our Sabbath – I'd spend my time evenly between three groups – Eastern Orthodox, Catholic and Muslim – because everytime there was a wedding, Christmas or something."

In 1950, however, Sheronick sought a wider horizon: New York. In those early years in America without permanent residence papers, he would wake in the middle of the night in a cold sweat, thinking, "What if they don't let me stay?" He finally did get his citizenship, and became a successful link in the Prudential chain.

OKLAHOMA

When he has consulting assignments overseas, ***Habib Hochlaf*** doesn't just do his job. He volunteers his time to teach people how his study can be used for future economic development. "Teaching, training people, that's a contribution," he says, "that's not part of my contract, but I feel pretty good about it."

Hochlaf, 43, of Tulsa, Oklahoma, came to the United States from Tunisia. He took English classes at Georgetown in order to earn a B.S. in soil science and agronomy and an M.S. in international rural development and economic development for Third World Nations

Hochlaf, a consultant, has done agricultural studies for the World Bank and U.S. Agency for International Development in East Africa , Egypt, and the Caribbean. He has conducted hazardous-waste and environmental studies for oil companies and national and international pipeline contractors.

S. CAROLINA

When ***Ronnie Barkoot's*** grandfather emigrated from Lebanon to the United States 80 years ago, he probably never dreamed that his grandson would one day be labeled a "Southern Superman." While Barkoot spends much of his time overseeing the operation of three apartment complexes built and run by his father in Columbia, his greatest satisfaction is teaching karate.

Barkoot founded his first school 25 years ago. His long list of accomplishments is headed by the title of undefeated Karate World Champion from 1960-1968. Currently he has the distinction of being the only person in the world entitled to wear the red, white and blue belt denoting head of the American system of karate, worldwide.

Not only is his family proud of his accomplishments, so is his state. In Columbia there is a street named after him and in 1974 he was listed in "Who's Who in South Carolina."

PENNSYLVANNIA

Murray Toney is the oldest living Arab-American – 106 years – 76 of them spent in the Pittsburgh area. About his hometown of B'soma in Syria, he has said: "If you owned a cow, you had everything!"

A pack peddler in Carnegie, Pennsylvania, when he first arrived here, Toney spent a night in jail when he misunderstood a train conductor's English and went to the wrong town.

One of the 15 founders of the Orthodox church and its cemetery in Bridgeville, Toney made his living for many years as the owner of a dry goods store and grubstaked many Syrian immigrant peddlers. Typically, the man who came to America for opportunity was generous with those of his community in need. When people wanted to pay back their loans he said, "I say, no, no – keep it!"

Of his secret of living over a century he said: "Try and do good for people, that's all."

NEBRASKA

When she sees the troubles of the Middle East on television, ***Wanda Skaff*** of Omaha, Nebraska, gives thanks that her grandparents came to America, but says, "I'll always value my heritage and I'll never be ashamed of it."

Skaff's grandparents emigrated to Nebraska around 1895, her mother's side from Damascus, Syria, and her father's from Fih, Lebanon.

This 39-year-old native of Omaha is the hostess at the Crystal Room, Mutual of Omaha's executive dining room. She supervises a staff of 22 in the 52-table dining room.

Active in Arab-American organizations, Skaff loves cooking and enjoys preparing Middle Eastern food. She often uses the bread, and olives, to introduce people to the culture of the Middle East, and to help them begin opening their eyes to the people who came from there. It is her way of countering stereotypes.

N. JERSEY

When he came to the United States in 1956 from his native village of Abou Mizan in Lebanon, ***Philip Saliba*** had no notion that 20 years later he would be named head of the Antiochian Orthodox Christians in North America; he was not even a priest when he became a U.S. citizen.

But his growing prominence after ordination brought him in contact with U.S. Presidents Eisenhower, Johnson, Ford, Carter and Reagan, as well as Pope Paul VI, in search of a just and durable peace in the Middle East.

Metropolitan Philip's love for America and his dedication to his church have been linked from the start. The year he graduated from Wayne State University in Detroit – 1959 – was the year he was ordained a priest, and in his first pastorate in Cleveland, at Saint George Church, Saliba also served on the Mayor's Civic Committee and the Television and Radio Commission of the Cleveland Area Church Federation.

Elected to preside over the see of New York in 1966, Saliba was enthroned at the "mother cathedral" of U.S. Eastern Orthodoxy, Saint Nicholas Church in Brooklyn. In 1975, a holy synod united various Orthodox jurisdictions in North America under Saliba's leadership.

A 15-year resident of Englewood, New Jersey – where many Arab-Americans from the old Brooklyn community have moved – Philip Saliba continues his spiritual work and concern for Middle East peace. He has received many awards, including the Order of the Bush Unburned from the archbishop of Mount Sinai, and the latest – a New York Mayor's Liberty Award – for foreign-born citizens whose accomplishments exemplify the meaning of Liberty.

TENNESSEE

He practised internal medicine for 18 years, was chief of staff at St. Mary's Hospital, and presided over 550 doctors as president of the Knoxville Academy of Medicine. But last year ***Joseph Harb*** gave it up to run his father's 60-year-old Oriental rug store. Main motive? "Heritage," said Harb, "this business is a deep part of me."

And with good reason. For although there are 150 Harbs in Knoxville today, Harb's father, Wadiyah, was the first to come to the area – in 1926 from Ramallah – and for decades had the only store at which a Tennessean could buy an oriental rug.

"At first, my father was not allowed entry at Ellis Island because a doctor thought he had trachoma when in fact he had a common cyst," Joseph Harb recounted. "He was sent back and stayed nine months in France. When I think of him coming over a second time to make it, it reminds me of the Statue of Liberty."

WASHINGTON

Fred Milkie's story is a fishy tale. In 1913, his father, George Milkie, came to the United States from Bishmizeen al-Qura, Lebanon, just to visit relatives in Buffalo, but, when World War I broke out, he figured he'd better sit tight. Two severe winters in Buffalo, however, convinced him to go elsewhere, and he set out to find other relatives in Washington, D.C.; but he ended up in Washington – the state – instead.

There were few Arabs in the northwestern corner of the country at the time. George Milkie worked a while in a steel mill to support the war effort, then turned a different twist on the Syrian peddler tale. Instead of offering notions, he carried fresh fish in a basket door to door.

Later he used a horsedrawn cart, buying the fish at the waterfront where the daily catch came in. His third method of fishmongering was in a Model T Ford and, finally, by refrigerated truck.

WYOMING

For a self-described "fly-fishing nut," Laramie, Wyoming, is about as close to heaven as political science professor ***Sami Hajjar*** will ever get on earth. "I've had opportunities to teach at other places, but I love Wyoming, and the fishing is only part of the reason. It's not Harvard, but the University of Wyoming is one of the finest midsized institutions (10,000 students) in the country," said Hajjar, who is within 20 minutes of some of Wyoming's best trout fishing.

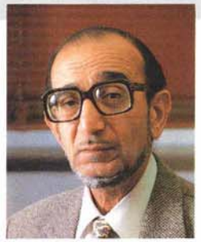
A native of Beirut, Lebanon, he came to the University of Missouri at Columbia in 1963 to work on his doctorate in political science. He began teaching at the University of Wyoming in 1966, received his doctorate from Missouri in 1969, and is the most senior member in the school's 14-man political science department.

Hajjar, 46, said he first came to Laramie to replace a friend who was on a one-year sabbatical, and because he was "fascinated by the West and the 'Cowboy Culture.' It had a special mystique for me, just as the Middle East has for many Americans."

Hajjar said the region's harsh winters are well suited to the life of a professor. "It is conducive to reading, writing and indoor work. When it is cold and snowy, I don't have the itch to go out," he said.

But the academic does more than fish and study. He has served as a consultant for a number of companies, traveling extensively in Asia, Europe and the Middle East. And he has been a member of Wyoming Governor Ed Herschler's staff for more than 18 months, working as director of the Department of International Business. It is his job to promote international trade for the state and to seek foreign investment.

WISCONSIN



Although ***Abbas Hamdani***, 60, of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, was born and brought up on the west coast of India, he grew up surrounded by generations of scholars in his Yemeni father's family who studied Islamic texts and Yemeni manuscripts preserved from the Fatimid period. Today, he puts this early immersion in Middle Eastern history and culture to use as professor of medieval Islamic and modern Middle East history at the University of Wisconsin.

Hamdani, his wife, and two daughters came to America in 1969. Prior to that, after receiving his Ph.D. in Arabic and Islamic studies from the University of London in 1950, Hamdani taught Islamic history at the University of Karachi and the American University of Cairo. The family's first U.S. passports were special bicentennial editions: they became citizens in 1976.

Hamdani notes an increasing interest in the Middle East at Wisconsin, which he attributes to media coverage of Middle East conflicts. But, he says, while students come to class to learn the reasons for the conflicts, they soon develop an interest in the peoples and cultures of the area.

He is a member of several Middle Eastern studies groups and was the second president of the American Institute of Yemeni Studies.

A Muslim, Hamdani participates actively in the Islamic-Christian Dialogue of Milwaukee. He loves America and is saddened that stereotyping and negative publicity have made it difficult for Arab–Americans in the United States. "Things would be wonderful if the Arab-Israeli conflict were solved. It would have a great impact on American life and on relationships between Jewish and Arab–Americans. But that's a long way off."

MONTANA

Ray Risho, 45, of Missoula, Montana, was raised in the Assyrian culture and religion of his immigrant parents. Risho spoke Arabic at home and took classes in Aramaic, the liturgical language of the Assyrian Orthodox Church.

He grew up in Pawtucket, Rhode Island, a block from the weaving factories where his father was a loom fixer. Both his parents were born in Damascus, Syria, and came to America as children at the turn of the century.

He doesn't know why, because there were many other Arab-Americans in the neighborhood, but he found being an Arab-American a source of embarrassment. It wasn't until a few years ago that he felt confident enough about his identity and roots to acknowledge his heritage. "I began to see that my roots are significant for my life, and for my kids, and that I shouldn't be ashamed when people ask me (what I am)." He is now a member of several Arab-American organizations.

N. DAKOTA

When asked how long he labored on the northern railroads of America, ***Arthur Seeb*** was precise: "38 years, 4 months and 13 days." The name of his employer may have changed – Great Northern, Burlington Northern, Amtrak – but the cold north plains and the vast sky he would see as a brakeman or conductor did not. Perhaps more than any American, Seeb "owned" that stretch of track; he only turned in his blue conductor's cap within the past year.

Seeb's parents came to the United States from Ain Arab, Lebanon, in 1906 and were married the next year in Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Seeb's father peddled notions on the northern circuit out of Cedar Rapids and ended up homesteading in Williston, in North Dakota. Arthur was born there in 1918, and Williston was the end of the line for most of his life on the trains.

One of his eight children followed in his footsteps: Joseph Seeb works the counter at Williston station today.

KENTUCKY

A thoracic surgeon specializing in cardiovascular cases, ***Dr. Zahi Masri***, 51, of Louisville, Kentucky, helps many people each year, including some well-publicized patients. One of his partners at the Humana Heart Institute International is Dr. William C. DeVries, the surgeon who has implanted Jarvik-7 artificial hearts in four patients.

Dr. Masri is the senior member of the surgical group that runs the institute and, besides more routine cardiovascular operations, does open heart surgery and heart transplants. He also teaches surgical procedures and the diagnosis of cardiovascular diseases to physicians and medical students from around the world.

Dr. Masri was already a physician when he arrived in America in 1965, but came to train in general, and then cardiac and thoracic, surgery at Misericordia Hospital in Philadelphia and the University of Louisville Hospital.

A native of Nablus, on the occupied West Bank of Jordan, with a medical degree from the Cairo University and several years of experience in general practice in Kuwait, Masri decided that America was not only a good place to study, but an excellent place to settle and to practice. He and his wife Susan, also Palestinian, became citizens in 1976.

"My kids have assimilated better than I – they have pure American accents." Five of the six Masri children are in college studying to be either doctors or lawyers.

Because Masri and the rest of his family are part of the "Palestinian diaspora," he is pleased to note that many Palestinians in the United States are professionals and wishes there were fewer misconceptions about them.

NEW MEXICO

When people in Gallup, New Mexico, have questions about Zuni or Navajo Indian jewelry, statues or rugs, they often go to an Arab-American – ***Mohammad Rasheed*** – for answers. Rasheed, 51, who operates the Desert Indian Traders store in Gallup, is something of an expert on native American art work. The Deirdebwan native has lived in New Mexico for nearly 13 years.

"I love many parts of the Indian artwork. Rug weaving, for example, is very beautiful. But it's also dying out with the older women. It takes many weeks to create a rug and the financial return is not great. The younger ones are not so interested," he said.

Though Rasheed has had his ups and downs during his time in the United States, including three heart attacks and bypass surgery, he said he feels privileged to live in this country. "I love it here, I have worked hard and it is finally paying off for me."

LOUISIANA

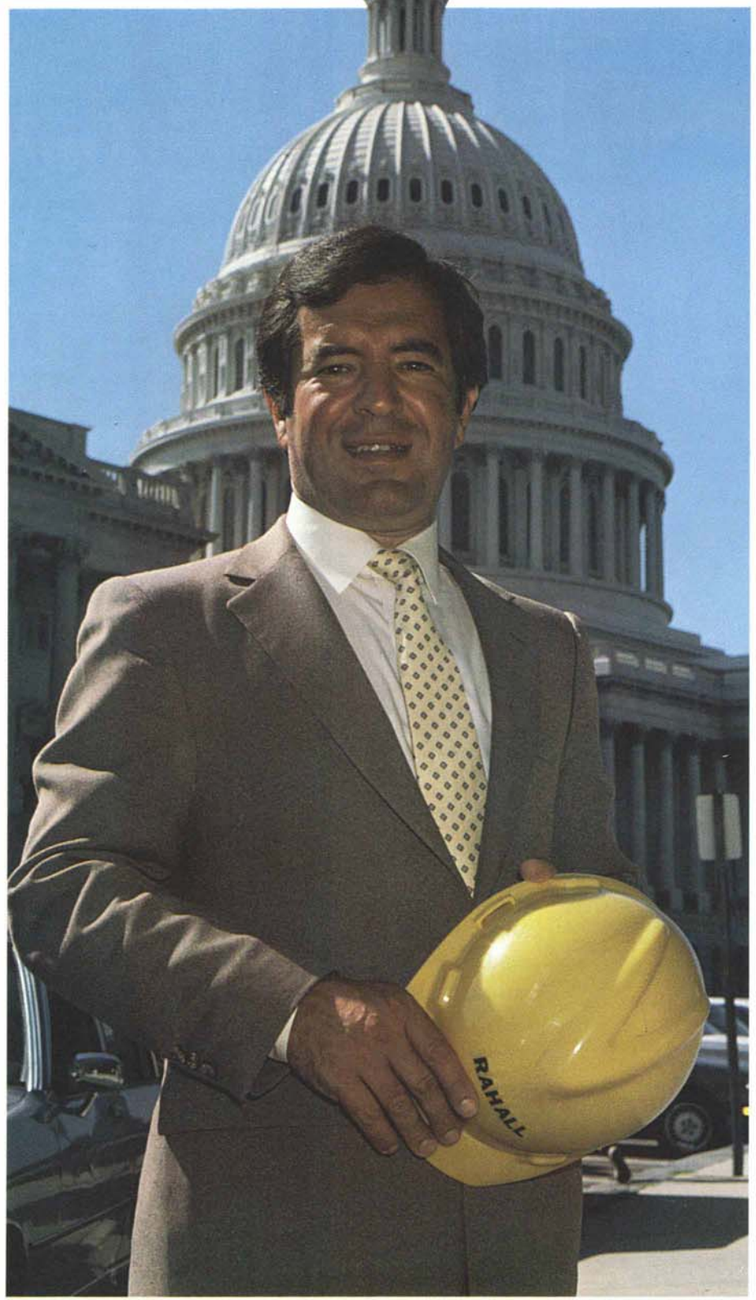
When ***Safi Kaskas*** of New Orleans, Louisiana came to America from Beirut in 1969, he had $68 in his pocket. Since then he has become chairman of Mid-America Holding Company, which is engaged in insurance and finance, established four successful drug stores, founded the New Orleans Polo Club, and co-founded both a university and a mosque.

Though he is a staunch American – he became a citizen in 1976 – Kaskas resists the notion of America as a melting pot. "We should melt into *which* culture?," he asks. "I want my culture to enrich the pluralism of the United States. I feel I should be proud of who I am, or where I come from, but my loyalty should be to the United States."

In keeping with that philosophy, he says, "When my children were born, I chose names that give them an indication of where their origins are." They are called Omar, Yassir, Maha, Suzanne and Miriam.

THE ARAB

W. VIRGINIA



For all the Arab world's involvement with oil, one Arab-American congressman, at least, backs coal. Rep. ***Nick Joe Rahall*** (D-WV) is founder and chairman of the Congressional Coal Group, as well as chairman of the Subcommittee on Mining and Natural Resources of the Committee on Interior and Insular Affairs. His affinity for coal is not accidental: Rahall grew up in the rough mining hills of Appalachia.

Rahall's paternal grandfather came over on a steamer from Kfeir Hasbaya, Lebanon, in the early 20th century to West Virginia. He peddled notions in the southern part of the state and was successful enough to be the cornerstone contributor to a Presbyterian church there, and ultimately, opened a dress store which later launched his son in business. Congressman Rahall's father invested family earnings in radio and television stations, and Rahall himself owns the number one country-western station in West Virginia – WTNJ Radio.

In 1976, Rahall became the youngest member of the 95th Congress in his first successful election to the U.S. House of Representatives. He is now in his fifth term – reelected by overwhelming margins – and is currently dean of the West Virginia delegation in the House.

Rahall, 37, was bitten by the political bug when as a college student – Duke University and George Washington University – he worked summers on the staff of a close family friend, Senator Robert Byrd (D-WV). He later worked with the Rahall family's radio and TV business before taking his own leap into national politics.

Though heavily involved in coal issues, Rahall ties international affairs to home state concerns. "It affects my constituents when they experience cutbacks in one domestic program after another," he says. "They see increased levels spent on foreign aid . . . defense spending is another example. When there is extravagant or unnecessary spending for policymakers at the Defense Department, that makes West Virginians mad."

Rahall has been a voice of conscience on the agonizing issue of Lebanon – his grandparents came to the U.S. from Marjayoun. He has visited Lebanon on two official Congressional delegations, declaring after the first, "my eyes were opened."

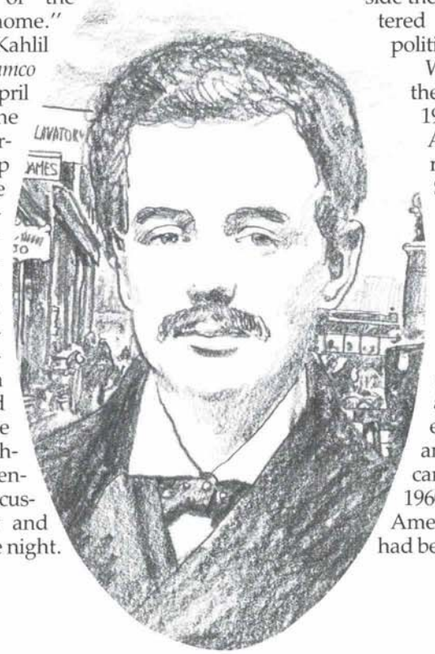
His advice for young Arab-Americans interested in electoral politics is," join community organizations such as the Kiwanis and the Rotary and become known as someone concerned with the community's problems."

INVOLVEMENT

WRITTEN BY AILEEN VINCENT-BARWOOD
PHOTOGRAPHED BY KATRINA THOMAS AND DAVID LUTTRELL
ILLUSTRATION BY NORMAN McDONALD

Despite hardships, lean times and discrimination, by the time World War I ended, various Arab-American communities were beginning to prosper. Orthodox, Maronite and Melkite churches had been built – the first mosque, in Cedar Rapids, was not built until 1934 – and publications in English and Arabic were being started.

After World War I, Arabic newspapers flourished and, distributed nationwide, kept immigrants abreast of the news from "back home." At the same time, Kahlil Gibran (See *Aramco World*, March-April 1983) was at the height of his popularity; he and his group of exile writers – The Golden Link, a literary society organized in Boston – translated and reviewed selections from Arabic classics, as well as writing new works in both English and Arabic. And whole neighborhoods gathered for literary evenings, reading and discussing Arabic poetry and literature far into the night.



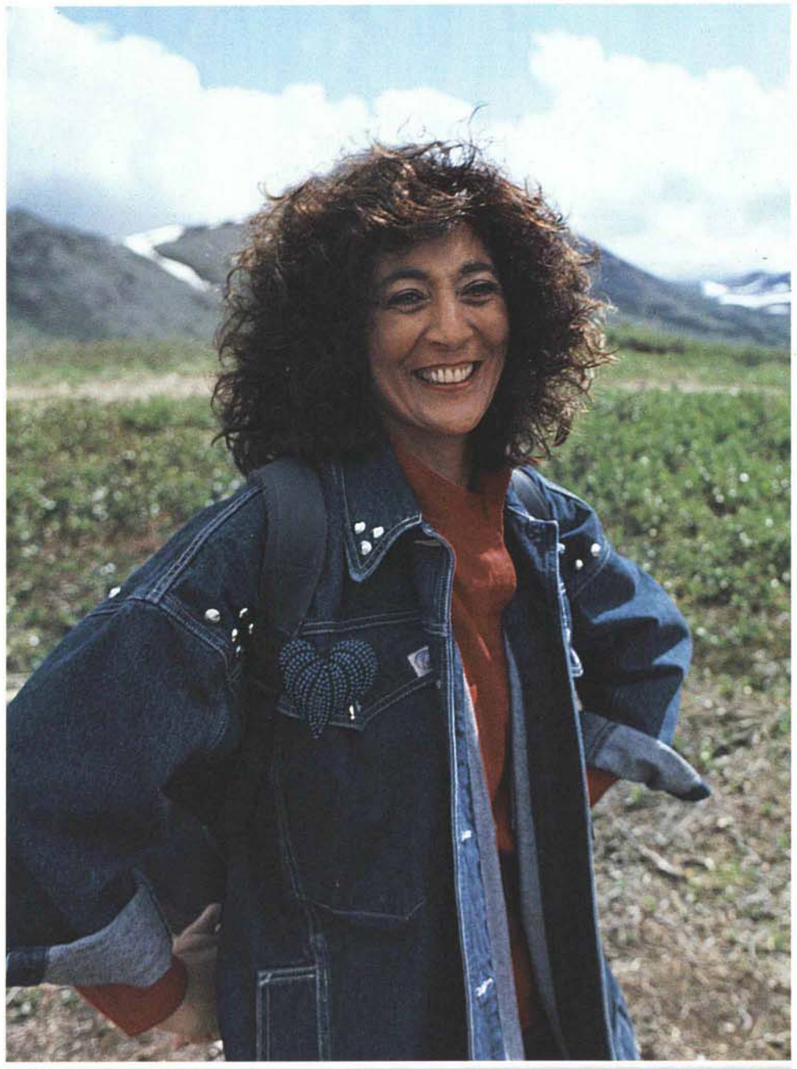
Kahlil Gibran

I believe that you are contributors to this new civilization. I believe that you have inherited from your forefathers an ancient dream, a song, a prophecy, which you can proudly lay as a gift of gratitude upon the lap of America.

July, 1926

By 1930, a second generation of Arab-Americans was growing up, eager to be assimilated and Americanized. They could read and write English, many were high school graduates and some had been to college. By then, they or their parents had entered the ranks of the middle class and in search of a better life, moved out of their "ethnic" neighborhoods into more affluent, ethnically diverse communities. Some gave up speaking and reading Arabic, married outside the community and entered local and national politics.

With the formation of the State of Israel in 1948, a new wave of Arab immigrants arrived in the United States. Because many had been displaced from their centuries-old homeland, they brought with them a new political awareness and a fresh stimulus that awakened a new ethnic consciousness among Arab-Americans. And by the late 1960's, a small Arab-American movement had begun.



ALASKA

Gwen Hendrickson, 49, has been a resident of Anchorage, Alaska, since 1962, and an American citizen since 1958. She first came to America in 1955 as a scholarship student at the Eastman School of Dental Hygiene in Rochester, New York. The daughter of Lebanese Muslim parents, she grew up in Ceylon, Saskatchewan, one of 10 children. Originally a carpet peddler, her father owned the general store, and later the hotel, in the small farming community.

"It was a humble beginning," she says. But it was rich in one way; there was a large family. "My children don't understand what an extended family can do for you as far as security, warmth and guidance," she says. "Arab-American women have a bonus – that Arab background. There's love, there's food, there's music, there's laughter, there's whining, there's wailing. It all goes with an Arab person. Most Arab women I know are exceptionally capable. They are resourceful and the assertiveness is there, but they haven't the confidence to tap it."

Shaken by the death of her 15-year-old daughter five years ago, Hendrickson decided to take advantage of this hidden assertiveness. A dental hygienist for 25 years, today she is an independent businesswoman – a speciality advertising counselor. She is also remodeling her home, working with various charities and lifting weights four nights a week.

Recently she was an enthusiastic volunteer ambassador to the Olympics Organizing Committee, working to have the 1992 Winter Olympics held in Anchorage. She was involved because she says, not only does the Olympic movement stand for peace, but she is entranced with Alaska. "I've lived here 24 years and I still look around awed."

That new wave of mainly Palestinian Arabs was followed by yet another – young, educated, multi-lingual. Often well-to-do, literate and highly skilled, their departure caused a "brain drain" in the countries they left – in 1968-71, Egypt alone lost some 7,000 professionals to the United States – but they were to prove invaluable to their adopted country. More recently, many Arab students sent to the United States to study chose to stay after completing their education.

Arab immigrants did not escape prejudice, but since they were relatively few in number, tended to keep a low profile and mind their own business, they attracted less attention. Since then, however, rising oil prices, the Palestinian question and anti-Americanism in the Middle East have fanned American prejudice not only against Arabs, and the Arab world, but also against loyal and patriotic Arab-Americans. Even as the nation flocks to Bedloe's and Ellis Islands to celebrate the immigrant experience, the Arab-American is suddenly the focus of the kind of prejudices that most Americans had long spurned when directed against other groups – stereotyping.

One of the first of the organized responses to Arab stereotyping was the Association of Arab-American University Graduates (AAUG). Formed by Arab-American intellectuals interested in educating America about the Middle East, the group's name itself was an overt attempt to dispel the myth of the uneducated Arab.

Another national group, the National Association of Arab-Americans (NAAA), is a Capitol Hill lobbying group formed in 1972 to "articulate and communicate" their concerns to the government, promote friendship and cooperation between the U.S. and the Arab world, and encourage Arab-American participation in political and economic affairs at national, state and local levels.

In 1980, another politically active group, the American-Arab Anti-Discrimination Committee (ADC), was formed by a former U.S. Senator from North Dakota, James Abourezk. Both the NAAA and the ADC are now deeply entrenched in political lobbying.

In all, there are now 285 Arab-American groups nationwide proudly proclaiming their Arab heritage. Disparate and far-flung as these Arab-American organizations are, their goals are the same: to give Arab-Americans a sense of unity and pride in their common cultural heritage, to oppose stereotyping, defamation and discrimination, to defend their rights, and to restore respect to a people proud of their heritage and proud of the contributions they have made in America.

"Often, Arab-Americans are discriminated against and not given recognition as an influential community," publisher Joseph Haiek says. "Many of us blame hostile media, popular bigotry, or political intrigues. These are not solely responsible. Historically, we chose to keep a low profile, but until we reach out and initiate a working relationship with the rest of America, our community's interests will continue to be discounted and ignored."

"We must wholeheartedly acknowledge our own historical heritage before we can expect others to recognize our cultural identity," Haiek maintains.

Arab-American organizations meet regularly and several of them hold annual meetings that have now become a combination of heritage festival, political convention and family reunion.

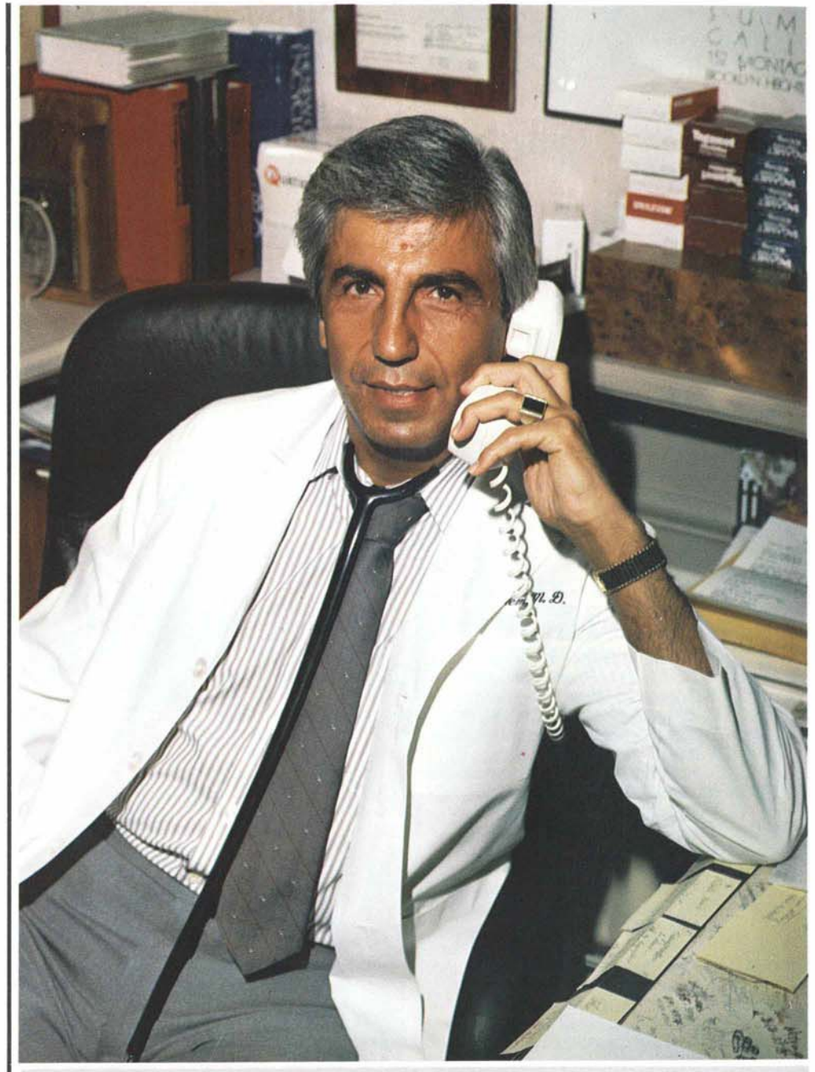
At NAAA and ADC conventions in Washington, D.C., for example, Arab-Americans from all backgrounds and all walks of life met to renew old acquaintances, recognize their achievements, reward their successes, talk, eat, laugh, dance the *dabke*, reminisce, listen to speeches and discuss politics.

They set up media-monitoring groups, launch campaigns, compile mailing lists, establish local and national networks, listen to speeches by some of the nation's top-ranking politicians, and attend workshops and seminars on how to petition, protest, organize, get out the vote and help elect – or defeat – a candidate.

The NAAA, at its fourteenth annual convention in Washington, D.C., in June, this year, focused conference activities on training the 600 attendees to be politically well-informed, active, and organized. The theme, "Campaign '86: Politics and Peace," was a statement of the link between NAAA's aspirations for a just peace in the Middle East, and the realities of getting things done in the American political system.

Started in 1972, NAAA is the largest lobby in the United States looking out for Arab-American interests. Today it has 10,000 members throughout the U.S. organized into chapters and action groups.

The 1986 conference included a Grassroots Workshop providing an in-depth course in political organizing as it applies to NAAA chapter structure. Chapter officials and Washington professionals lectured about principles of fundraising, chapter building, and communications. A Political Action Workshop dealt with the importance of working with elected representatives in Washington as a "grassroots lobbyist," as well as with election campaigns and other political activities. Panel members included political professionals and NAAA staffers.



NEVADA

The man who cured Elvis Presley, Johnny Cash, Kenny Rogers and Paul Anka of "Vegas throat" remembers moving through the fog on a ship into New York harbor his first day in America. It was 1961, and the 18-year-old boy who had left his home-town of Haifa, 15 days earlier, watched the Statue of Liberty's torch rise through the mist.

"The warm feeling I got from that," says ***Elias Ghanem***, "you can't describe it. I stared at it. It gave me a feeling – she really belonged to me. She was welcoming me to the land of opportunity and freedom. I felt at home – strong, safe, calm. That's what I feel about America."

Dr. Ghanem had $150 in his pocket and a scholarship to the University of North Carolina. There were many days when he'd live on chocolate bars and 25-cent hamburgers, sleeping in his car to save rent money. But eventually he graduated from Duke University Medical School, and now owns six medical centers in Las Vegas which specialize in emergency medicine.

Dr. Ghanem has treated most of the big-name performers in Las Vegas at one time or another, including Tom Jones, Englebert Humperdinck, Raquel Welch, Alan King, Kenny Rogers, Donna Summers and Charlie Rich. Close friends are Rich Little, Bill Cosby, Ann Margaret, and Paul Anka, who is of Lebanese ancestry.

Many singers are grateful for Dr. Ghanem's help with "Vegas throat" – a bad sore throat caused by the dry climate, and heavy air-conditioning and tobacco smoke in nightclubs.

"It's still hard to say you were born in Palestine," says Dr. Ghanem, "but that's what it was in 1939."

INDIANA

Mitch Elias Daniels Jr.'s ascent in the world of politics has been nothing short of phenomenal. At age 36, he has a double post at the White House: as the President's chief political advisor and liaison to state and local officials.

From the day in 1967 when he was chosen as Indiana's Presidential Scholar for that year by President Lyndon Johnson – he was the state's top high school graduate – Daniels has had his appetite for politics increasingly whetted. He took leave of absence from Princeton University to help with the Senate campaign of William Ruckelshaus, and for four years after graduation was a chief aide to then Mayor Richard Lugar of Indianapolis.

Daniels managed Lugar's successful bid for the Senate in 1976 – setting an all-time plurality record for Indiana elections – and his reelection campaign in 1982. Daniels was tempted to return to Indiana to practice law, but Ed Rollins, President Reagan's campaign manager, did not have to twist his arm too much to take his present post.

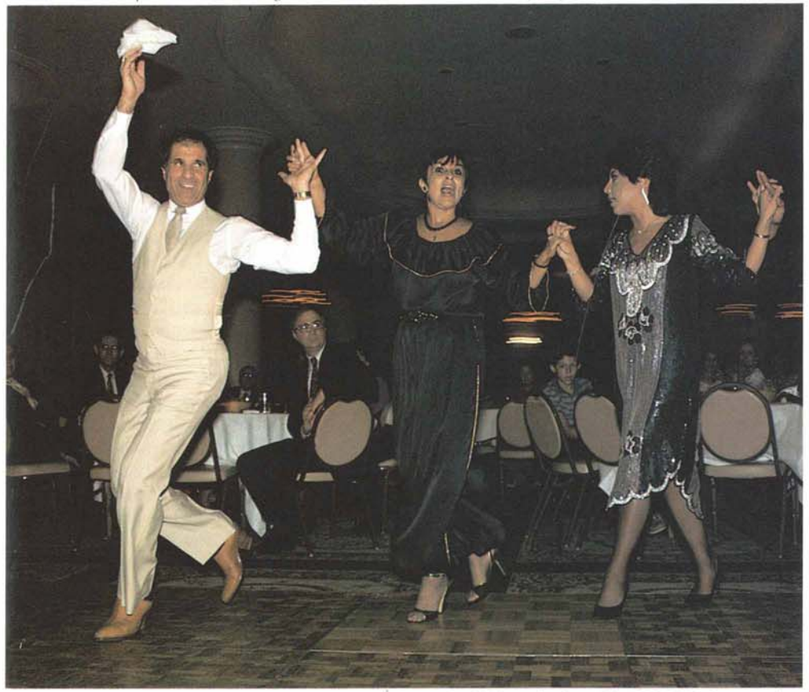
Daniels figures his last name owes to a cousin who came over with his grandfather, Elias, from Khiletiah, a village near Homs in Syria, in 1904. The Ellis Island officer heisted the cousin's name "Ibn Daniel" for Elias' last name when he couldn't pronounce "Ibn Esam", which Elias used. Grandfather Elias established stores in Monessen, Pennsylvania, and ran a billiard parlor. Daniels remembered his father carrying a "big black doctor's bag" as a "detail man" selling pharmaceuticals out of eastern Tennessee. The family settled in Indianapolis in 1959.

When Daniels was born April 7, 1949 in Monangahela, Pennsylvania, his father was given an Arabian stallion *in absentia* in Khiletiah, by way of celebration. His father has yet to collect.

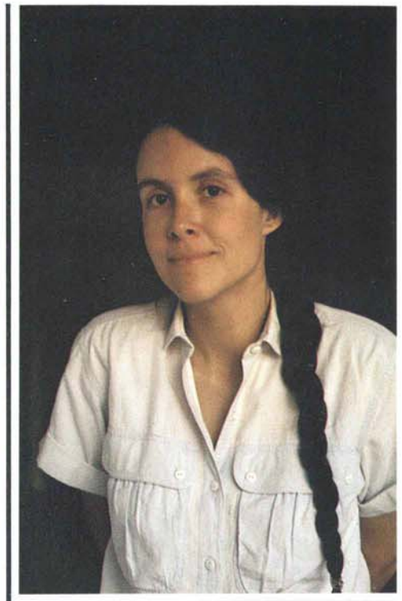
Arab-Americans meet with their congressman, William Bloomfield (D-MI), during Arab-American Day on Capitol Hill.

NAAA Chairwoman Elaine Saliba and TV's Casey Kasem at an Arab-American Liberty Event in Massachusetts.

Film maker Moustapha Akkad addressing the 1985 ADC convention on stereotyping of Arabs in the cinema and on TV



George Cody, executive assistant to an Ohio congressman, dances the dabke *at the close of the 1986 NAAA convention.*



TEXAS

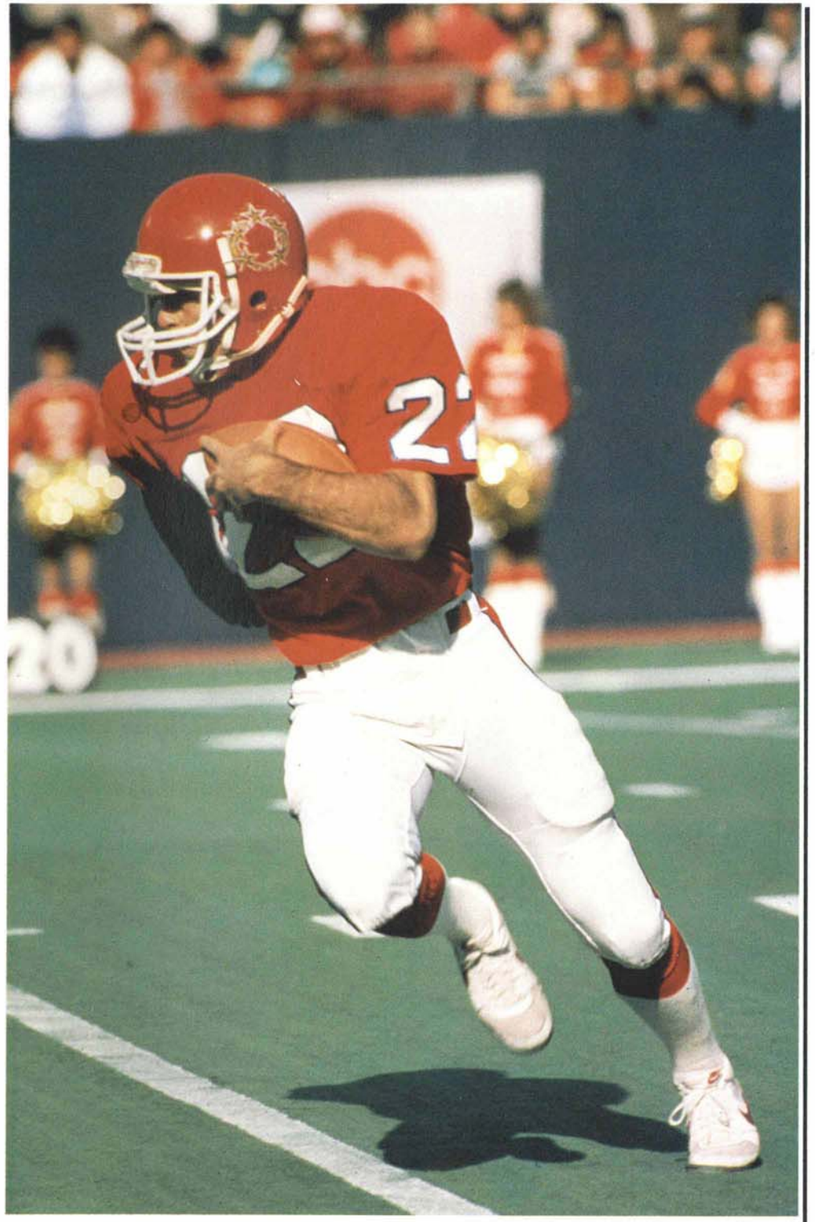
Naomi Shihab Nye, 34, is not only famous in Texas for her laugh, love of Mexican chocolate, and spritely serape-clad figure, she is also one of the most promising young poets in America. She is author of two books of earthy, warm verse: the most recent, *Hugging the Jukebox* (Dutton, 1982), was chosen for the coveted National Poetry Series. Also a noted folksinger, she has cut two albums – *Lullaby Raft* and *Rutabaga Roo*.

Since graduating from Trinity University in San Antonio, Naomi Rye has criss-crossed the state of Texas teaching the joys of poetry to schoolchildren. She has also taught at the University of California, Berkeley, and read her own work around the country, including the International Poetry Forum in Pittsburgh and at Wolftrap Farm in Virginia.

The world at large has both fascinated her and sought her out. She has traveled widely in Latin America, and in 1985, with a grant from the U.S. Department of State, lectured in Syria, Bangladesh, Pakistan, India and the Israeli-occupied West Bank of Jordan. It was a homecoming, of sorts: her father, Aziz, one of the few Arab-American editors of a major daily newspaper, the *Dallas Morning News*, hails from the West Bank village of Sinjil. Though born in St. Louis, Nye lived a year with her family in Sinjil in 1967, and she has written eloquently of the experience of returning there in "One Village" (*Journal of Palestine Studies, 1984*).

"For me," she said, "the primary source of poetry has always been local life... our ancestry sifting down to us through small essential tasks."

For her, roots are like ropes of rescue: "We move forward, confident we are born into a large family, our brothers cover the earth."



MASSACHUSETTS

They told ***Doug Flutie***, whose father is of Lebanese ancestry, he was too small. At 1.75 meters (five feet nine inches), the only big-time college football scholarship offered him was not very big-time: Boston College, a school that had not been to a tournament in 40 years.

Four years and 10,579 passing yards later, Flutie became the first quarterback since Pat Sullivan, in 1917, to win college football's highest award, the Heisman Trophy. He broke the all-time college passing record, and one pass in particular engraved him in legend.

It was the 61-meter (67-yard) bomb – the "Hail Flutie" pass – hurled with no time left on the clock against arch-rival University of Miami, ahead 45-40. Flutie's room mate, Gerald Phelan, caught the pass in the end-zone for a 47-45 B.C. victory.

Flutie signed with the New Jersey Generals of the USFL for a then-record $1 million a year in February 1985. But he had his collarbone broken by a 305-pound defensive tackle in June, and he was out for the season. This summer, however, the little man with the catapult-arm was looking forward to a new General's season.

After receiving briefings on the most important issues to be addressed and the best way to approach the legislators, 75-100 NAAA members visited their elected representatives in Congress during NAAA's Fourth Annual Arab-American Day on Capitol Hill. The day-long program included a Hill luncheon at which Senator Robert Dole (D-KS) and Representative David Obey (D-WI) addressed the group on ways to be more effective in conducting political activities. Representative Mary Rose Oakar (D-OH), herself an Arab-American, was Master of Ceremonies.

Arab-Americans are involved in other ways too. When, for example, architects and engineers announced that the Statue of Liberty needed a repair job, the NAAA inaugurated an effort which raised over $50,000 towards the restoration.

TV's Casey Kasem was honorary chairman of the NAAA campaign, and other top Arab-American entertainers, whose names are household words across the country, also took part: film and TV actor Michael Ansara; comedian Jimmy Goson; actor Vic Tayback, co-star of the long-running TV comedy series *Alice*; and award-winning *Amadeus* film actor F. Murray Abraham.

To help raise the money, a Liberty Event book was devised and Arab-American families were asked to place an ad honoring their immigrant parents or grandparents. "This not only helped with the reconstruction of our history," says Jeff Boshar, one of the organizers, "but recognizes the bravery of our ancestors."

Also, as an additional contribution to this Year of the Immigrant, Arab-Americans were encouraged to go in search of their Arab heritage. Newsletters and flyers distributed nationwide and appeals from the Arab-American Historical Foundation gave instructions on how to record the oral histories of early Arab immigrants, how to find willing participants – grandparents, aunts, uncles, parents, cousins – and how to elicit and record their personal recollections. The Foundation also explained how to find and preserve family letters, documents and photographs, and how to approach and search the records of state and national archives.

"There will be no permanent records unless memories are recorded and shared," says Dr. Evelyn Abdullah Menconi, of the William Abdullah Memorial Library in West Roxbury. "We must reach out and find people who can bring the past alive for us."

One person doing this is Salwa Shatila Kader. She used to live in Beirut, where her wealthy family gave land for a camp for Palestinian refugees. Now living in New Jersey with her husband and three sons, she took her youngest son, Tarick, aged four, to the 1985 convention of the ADC in Washington, D.C.

"I brought Tarick here," she said, "because I want him to know his roots. To know about his ancestors, and to be proud of them and their culture."

Each year, national conventions such as this draw Arab-Americans for the same reasons. At the last ADC convention, for example, there were 1,800 registered participants and more then 2,000 attended. They viewed an art show by Arab painters and sculptors, films by Arab filmmakers and a play by an Arab playwright, and, in the Old World tradition of the Arabs, they listened to poems, songs, and stories by Arab poets, musicians and story tellers.

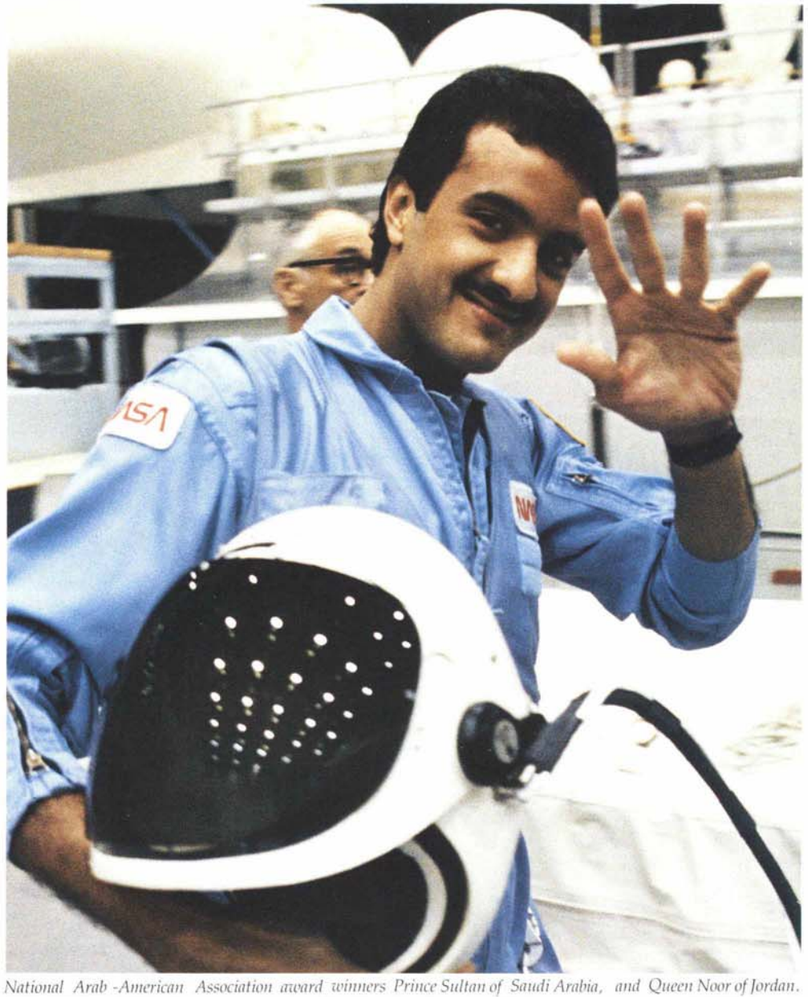
Honored at the same convention were Arab-American media pioneers Michael Haider, Wahid Boctor, Joseph Haiek, Edmund La Hage and Warren David; humanitarians Dr. Amal Shamma of Lebanon, former U.S. Senator Pete McCloskey, filmmaker Moustapha Akkad, and Candy Lightner, founder of Mothers Against Drunk Driving (MADD), now a nationwide organization.

Queen Noor of Jordan, born an Arab-American and now married to King Hussein, received an award and commented: "I'm deeply moved to receive this award for the efforts I've made in our shared goal to counter stereotyping of Arabs."

The award for the most outstanding Arab of the day, however, went to Prince Sultan ibn Salman ibn 'Abd al-'Aziz Al Sa'ud of Saudi Arabia, the first Arab and Muslim astronaut, for the "courage and achievement which he displayed ... while journeying into space aboard the American space ship *Discovery*." Said ADC Director Omar Kadr when presenting the award: "You are an inspiration to young Arabs studying science and engineering who now know they, too, may reach for the stars."

Today, Arab-Americans, more than ever before, are taking their place in the mainstream of American life. They are no longer America's least vocal ethnic minority. As role models, young Arab-Americans now have an Arab who is an astronaut, a Syrian-American who is a queen and male and female Americans from all over the Arab world who excel as politicians, lawyers, journalists, writers, artists, actors, playwrights, entertainers, businessmen, athletes and prominent physicians and surgeons.

"When I'm here," says Salwa Kader, hugging her son Tarick, "I feel the power of the Arab-American community. I feel good." Her large eyes grow proud as she looks at her son. "And I want him to feel that too."



NASA

National Arab-American Association award winners Prince Sultan of Saudi Arabia, and Queen Noor of Jordan.

REX FEATURES

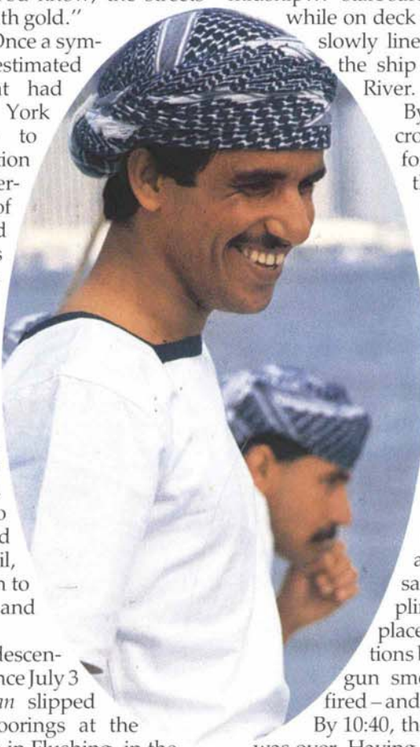
THE ARAB

PARTICIPANTS

WRITTEN AND PHOTOGRAPHED BY PAUL F. HOYE

On July 3 aboard the *Shabab Oman*, the Arab world's sole entry in the dramatic sail-past the restored Statue of Liberty by the most famous sailing ships in the world, a writer summed up America's immigrant experience. Scanning the thousands of yachts gunwale to gunwale across New York's gigantic harbor, he said: "You know, the streets really *were* paved with gold."

He had a point. Once a symbol of wealth, the estimated 30,000 yachts that had poured into New York Harbor that day to mark the re-dedication of the Statue of Liberty, were a symbol of the financial and vocational success achieved by so many of the early immigrants who poured into the United States believing the famous legend that the "streets are paved with gold." They weren't, of course, but they did lead to places that, soaked with the sweat of toil, often yielded wealth to the immigrants and their descendants.



Some of those descendants were in evidence July 3 as the *Shabab Oman* slipped away from it's moorings at the World's Fair Marina in Flushing, in the incredibly clear morning sun, to rendezvous with Small Ships and lead them down the East River as part of Liberty Weekend's Opening Day ceremonies.

Overhead, like darts flung at a target, the shuttles from up and down the East Coast, and farther, came thundering and flashing down onto *La Guardia*'s runways, while ahead, trucks and cars raced across the Triborough Bridge, trying to beat the ban on traffic in downtown Manhattan.

On the ship's bridge, the officers conferred with pilot Craig Massey – their voices quiet and confident as they passed orders to the helmsman: "half-ahead… midship… starboard five… steady" – while on deck the Omani crewmen slowly lined up at attention as the ship eased into the East River.

By then, the early crowds were out in force, crammed onto the balustrades of Gracie Mansion – traditional home of New York City's mayor – packed into the windows of offices and apartment buildings and lined up on rooftops.

Slowly, majestically, the *Shabab Oman* cruised along in the sunlight, fleets of boats swarming behind and beside her, the sailors coming to disciplined attention at such places as the United Nations building, wreathed in gun smoke as salutes were fired – and received.

By 10:40, the Small Ships parade was over. Having passed the newly rebuilt Statue of Liberty, the *Shabab Oman* and its fleet sailed under the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge and dropped anchor off Sandy Hook, New Jersey, amid the other 60 Tall Ships and Small Ships that would, on July 4, cruise up the Hudson River to launch the Independence Day festivities.

Left, the Shabab Oman *arriving in the United States for Liberty Weekend and, above, a member of her crew.*

THE PARIS CELEBRATION

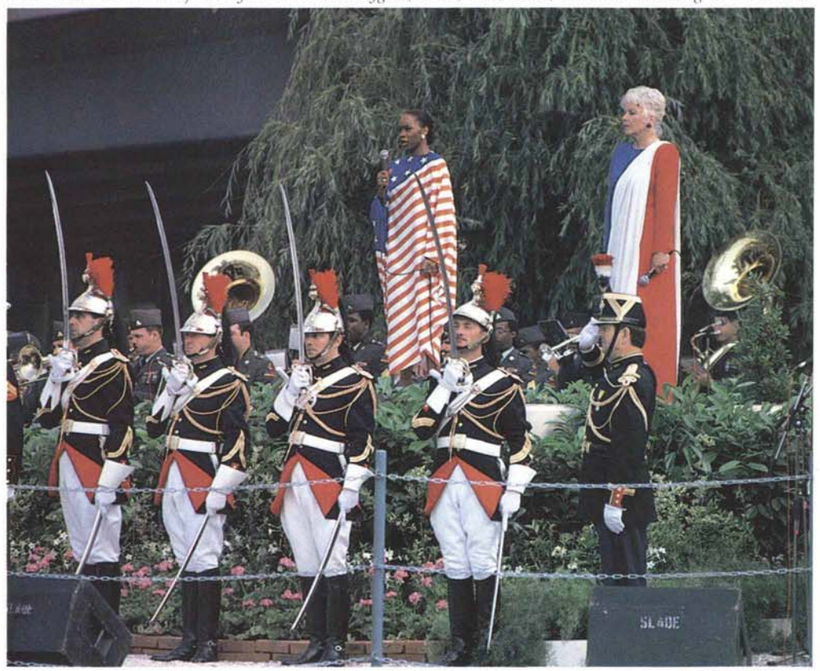
WRITTEN BY JOE FITCHETT
PHOTOGRAPHED BY YANN LAYMA/FOVEA

Just as French talents were present at the Statue of Liberty's birth – French sculptor Auguste Bartholdi designed it, and French engineers Gustave Eiffel and Jean-Baptiste Gaget built it – Frenchmen were again intimately involved with the statue's restoration a century later. Ten artisans from Rheims traveled to New York, in 1984, to help restore the statue: hammering copper and making parts – the spikes, the torch and the flame – like their forefathers. Although the restorers, from Les Metalliers Champenois (Metal-Workers of Champagne), were mostly in their 20's, they were masters in their ancient craft: they arrived in New York with two tons of hand tools, including more than 100 different hammers of their own design.

Meanwhile, Paris itself was carrying out a much smaller facelift on its own much smaller version of Liberty – a copy of Bartholdi's statue on a small island in the Seine known as the Île aux Cygnes (Island of the Swans). This 2.4-metre-high (eight foot) version was commissioned by the American community in Paris as a gift for the city in 1886, partly as a token of appreciation, partly as a kind of consolation prize; as Bartholdi's giant figure had risen during construction, Parisians had taken a fancy to it and were reluctant to see it go.

A few days before the celebrations in New York, Jacques Chirac, the mayor of Paris and *prime minister of France, presided over a spirited ceremony to mark the unveiling of the restored Paris miniature version of Liberty. Chirac, who attended Harvard and adores Dixieland jazz, accompanied French and American dignitaries and ambassadors from dozens of nations on a boat trip from the statue upriver to the city hall for a reception – a good-natured, low-key foretaste of the festivities in New York 10 days later, at which French President Francois Mitterand was the only foreign head of state participating alongside President Reagan.*

In Paris, François de Laboulaye – a recent French ambassador to Washington and grandson of Edouard de Laboulaye, leader of the group of French liberals who commissioned Liberty – said that the crowning success of his grandfather's project is that "Americans have adopted this French gift so completely that it incarnates their own dream of their own nation."



Paris' miniature Statue of Liberty on the Île aux Cygnes, above, and, below, ceremonies marking its restoration.

For Captain Prentis and the *Shabab Oman*, the July 3 Small Ships parade on the East River was the climax of a 102-day voyage that had begun March 22 in Muscat – when Sultan Qaboos himself boarded the ship to wish the crew a *bon voyage* ; the first of several highlights that marked their long cruise from the Arabian Sea to the East River.

As ancient Omani ships once did – when Oman's maritime empire extended to Zanzibar – the *Shabab Oman* first followed the southern monsoon coasts of the Arabian Peninsula and then headed north through the Red Sea, stopping at Jiddah. After emerging from the Suez Canal, the ship stopped at Alexandria, crossed the Mediterranean to Gibraltar, entered the Atlantic and, after a stop at Madeira, sailed to Bermuda.

The ship's landfall in America was at Newport, Rhode Island, once a major U.S. Navy installation and the site of the famous summer "cottages" built by wealthy U.S. magnates. Strung along the richly landscaped edge of Ocean Drive on low cliffs above the Atlantic, some of these "cottages" were larger than the original European palaces, chateaux and manor houses which they resemble.

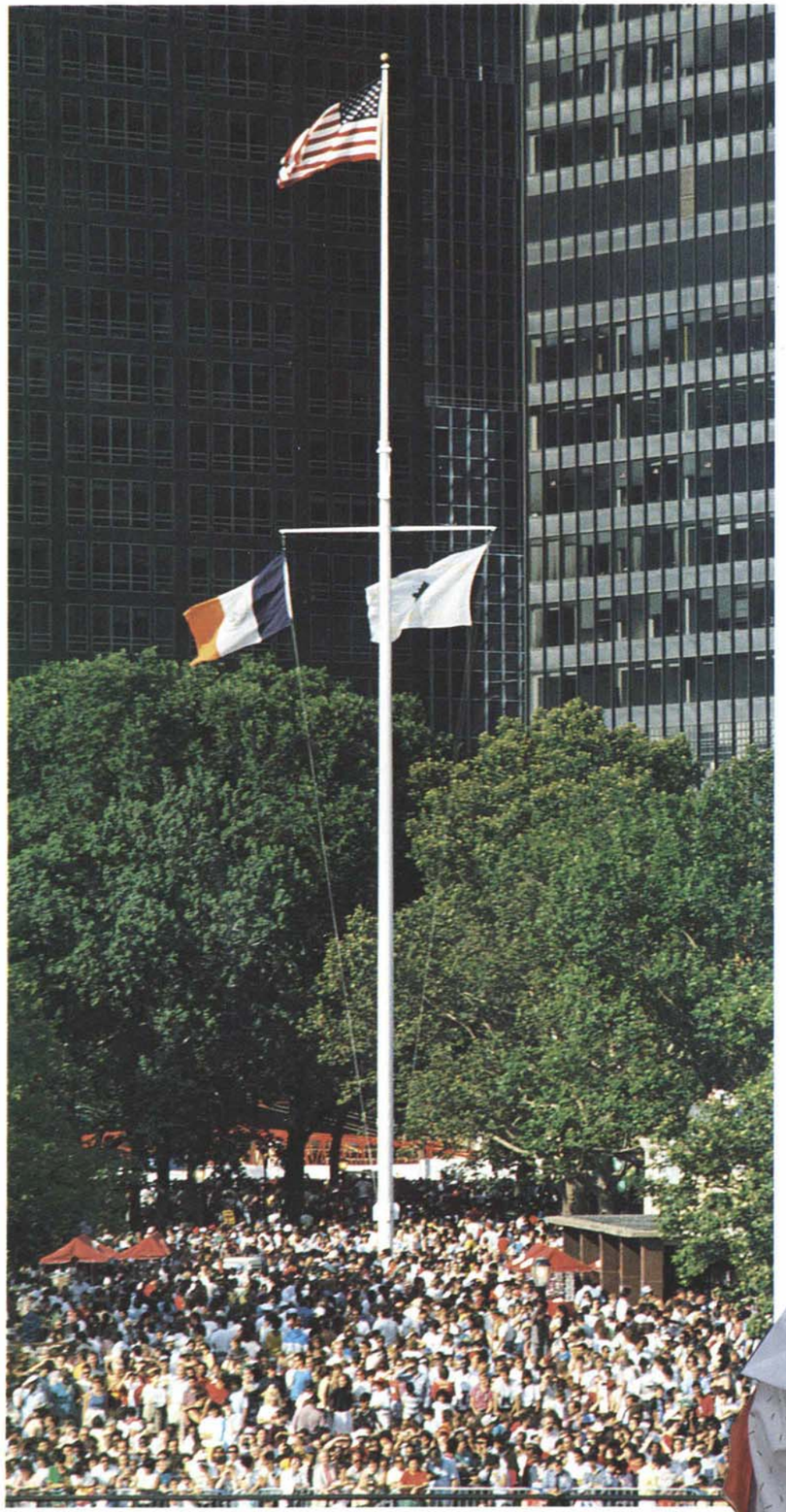
Because of its location – tucked into a fold of Narragansett Bay just off Long Island Sound – Newport was not only a natural landfall, but also a natural jumping-off point for the now famous Tall Ships, which also appeared during America's Bicentennial extravaganza in 1976. And again, on Saturday, June 28, the city and its harbor played host to both Tall Ships and Small Ships. Visitors crowded in to Newport from the New England states and swarmed north from New York, cramming the expressways and jamming the Newport, Jamestown and Mount Hope Bridges that link Newport to the mainland.

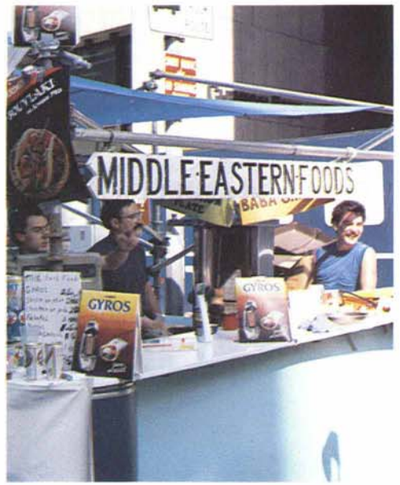
Despite traffic, wilting temperatures and a mid-afternoon thunderstorm, most visitors reported that the trip was worth it. Newport's elegantly reconstructed shorelines and it's magnificent estates are worth a visit by themselves. But on that last weekend in June there was also the panorama of wall-to-wall yachts, yawls, catamarans, schooners and fishing trawlers, the amusing crush of sun-glassed elders, in baggy shorts and colorful caps, squads of girls in striped tank-tops and a thousand varieties of T-shirts, and eager children clutching ice cream cones and long wedges of watermelons. In addition, out in the harbor, there were the square-rigged ships, their flags rippling in the sun-soaked breeze of a perfect day, their soaring masts, reefed sails and flapping pennants rich with history, ripe with nostalgia.

For many of the Omani crewmen, Newport was the first exposure to the free-wheeling, often gaudy, incredibly casual costumes and customs of summertime America – and they seemed to love it. But for Newport and many New England visitors it was also *their* first – and only – exposure to Arabs and the Arab world – and they loved it too. Mr. and Mrs. Donald Rowell, of Narragansett, for example, had tied up beside the *Shabab Oman* and, they admitted candidly, were expecting the usual raucous behavior that Newport, and most of the Atlantic Navy towns have come to associate with sailors on weekend leave. "But not these boys," said Mrs. Rowell. "These boys were nice and quiet."

They were also happy and cooperative, as, during the weekend, some 200,000 visitors lined up in the sun to board one or more of the sailing ships berthed in Newport. Clad in blue, their blue-checked *ghutras* tightly rolled, the Omanis smiled and shook hands and, hour after endless hour, posed for photographs as thousands of tourists tried to record the visit for their albums and slide trays.

Meanwhile, down in his cabin, Captain Prentis was simultaneously arranging interviews with reporters and photographic sessions with TV cameramen, and trying to review the one-and-half-inch thick *Captain's Guide*, an exhaustive outline of schedules, navigational instructions, harbor





New York's Liberty Weekend festivities reflected some of the many cultures brought to the United States by immigrants – including those from the Middle East.

locations and parade procedures in New York. With a 15:00 departure scheduled for June 30, he had little time to spare. Yet he somehow managed to review, with more than a hint of amusement, the circumstances that had brought him to Newport.

Trim, graceful and gracious, Captain Prentis was rounding out more than 30 years of service with the Royal Navy when someone over dinner mentioned that the Sultanate of Oman was looking for a captain with some experience in square-rigged sailing ships. "Fortuitously," Captain Prentis said, "I was then possibly the only practicing master of square-rigged ships in the Royal Navy."

Aboard the *Shabab Oman*, training is important. The ship provides 30-odd training cruises of 10 to 14 days each year, plus one major cruise to such ports as Bombay, for 25 aspiring mariners from Oman and the other states in the Gulf Cooperation Council (GCC): Kuwait, Bahrain, Saudi Arabia, the United Arab Emirates.

Those cruises, interestingly, are not restricted to sailors.They include air force officers, infantrymen, artillerymen, and even Bedouin guides. The point, Captain Prentis said, is to show the often parochially oriented military men the size and variety of the country they serve, by cruising up and down Oman's 1,930-kilometer coast (1,200 miles).

In addition to some British officers, the *Shabab Oman* has, usually, two Omani officers, one of whom during the Liberty Weekend was Lt. Yusuf Ali of the Omani coastguard.

On June 30 , *Shabab Oman* slipped out of Newport and sailed to Long Island for the upcoming "Operation Sail" for Small Ships, and one day later the Tall Ships followed. Unexpectedly, the governor of Rhode Island showed up and requested that the ships circle the harbor, so their departure was delayed. But all along Rhode Island coast thousands of spectators obstinately stayed put – some of them from early morning to late afternoon. Laden with picnic hampers and ice buckets, folding chairs and parasols, they had claimed their spots early and were not to be dislodged. At last, though, the ships hauled anchor, ran out their sheets and, like the fleets of another age, headed for New York.

To modern sailors, used to the rumbling power of diesels, the sight of sails may seem less exciting than it does to landlubbers. But even sailors, sweeping the horizon with binoculars, were moved that day as the Tall Ships, hull-down, inched across the sea under full sail. From Point Judith, whose granite teeth once trapped hundreds of ships much like these, it was easy to see why, in the past, the cry of "Sail-ho!" would send sailors scrambling to the yardarms to see if it were a friend with news and fresh food, or the enemy laden with shot and shell.

With the Small Ships parade, Manhattan settled down to enjoy itself. By evening, expectations were running at fever pitch as President Reagan with French President Francois Mitterrand standing by, pushed the control button on Governors Island that triggered the relighting of the recently refurbished Statue of Liberty. By the time the presidents of the two countries had arrived on Governors Island, an international flotilla of yawls, schooners and ketches joined by cruisers, inflatable dinghies and kayaks, as well as naval ships, tour boats, fishing boats, barges, 350 Coast Guard vessels *Shabab Oman*, and the spectacular Tall Ships were on hand – stepping stones all across New York's vast harbor.

Manhattan island from the stern of the Shahab Oman.

No one was disappointed. First the 20-meter (65-foot) base was drenched in bright red, then red-amber as the light moved slowly up the 27-meter (89-foot) pedestal and finally a brilliant blue light revealed the glorious 46-meter (151-foot) Lady Liberty.

One highlight of the opening night's activities was the swearing-in of 292 new citizens, from over 100 nations, on Ellis Island, as, simultaneously, more than 25,000 others became citizens in various places across the United States – on Ellis Island to the whistles and horns of ships blasting congratulations.

The next day – July 4 – the celebrations continued during what a headline in the *New York Times* called "A Very Special Day." It began with President Reagan boarding a battleship to review an armada of 32 naval vessels – 21 representing 13 foreign countries – and to receive a series of 21-gun salutes.

Meanwhile, the *Shabab Oman* and other Small and Tall Ships, sails unfurled, moved majestically across the harbor in a spanking 10-knot breeze, in a pathway cleared by 10 tugboats, the first two pumping red, white and blue towers of water 30 meters (100 feet) in the air.

On shore, 50 city blocks of lower Manhattan were closed to traffic to provide a pedestrian area for "the party": an enormous street fair called "The Harbor Festival" which began July 4 and lasted three days. The festival featured ethnic food and cultural shows – including Arabic – on eight stages especially erected for the occasion, and, unique to New York, camaraderie evident everywhere as persons of virtually every imaginable ancestry joined hands, and hearts, with hundreds of thousands of visitors, to wave flags and proclaim their patriotism.

As the day wore on, people milled about seeking the perfect spot to view what was probably the highlight of the celebration – the "biggest fireworks display in history" – as it was: a blazing 28 minute barrage of color from booming skyrockets which left awed viewers gasping. "We expected the best fireworks since Nero set Rome on fire, and we got them," bragged New York City's mayor, Ed Koch.

And it still wasn't over. On the next day, Nancy Reagan ceremoniously cut a ribbon to officially open the Statue of Liberty to the public again – after having been closed for a two-year, $69.8-million refurbishing. Meanwhile, the festivities continued with boat races, rowing races, blimp races, a parade of antique cars and visits to sailing and naval ships, like the *Shabab Oman*, which opened their gangplanks to the public. Still others swarmed through the streets of lower Manhattan, eating, drinking and making merry as they witnessed a Salute to Immigrant Cultures – with performers representing countless ethnic cultures – including a Near Eastern Music Ensemble which played traditional classical and folk music of the Arab Middle East.

The final event of the day was an enormous gathering – 800,000 persons – at Manhattan's Central Park for a concert by the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, the Marine Band and an array of artists who interwove classical and patriotic tunes and ended the program by having the audience join in singing *America the Beautiful*.

Could there be more? Yes, indeed! Despite record-breaking heat, the final day of Liberty Weekend opened with a triathlon race of 450 athletes to the Liberty Bell in Philadelphia, and ended with a Sports Spectacular of more than 100 top sports figures at an arena in nearby New Jersey and a three-hour extravaganza with a cast of 6,000. They performed on a 20-tiered motorized stage complete with waterfalls and fountains in a Hollywood-style finale, described, accurately, on one forlorn bumper sticker glimpsed in traffic. It read "Nobody Throws a Party Like NEW YORK."

PAUL F. HOYE

All that is on earth is bound to perish, yet the Face of thy Lord will abide forever, full of majesty and splendor.
The Qur'an

As this issue of the magazine went to press, Paul F. Hoye, its editor for almost a quarter of a century, died of cancer after a brief illness. He was 59.

Visionary and pragmatist, dreamer of dreams and man of dazzling achievements, Paul fell passionately and possessively in love with *Aramco World* from the time he assumed its editorship. His intense dedication to the publication continued unabated to, and through, the time of his suddenly discovered tragic illness. When I telephoned him from Saudi Arabia to enquire about his health, soon after cancer had been diagnosed, all he would talk about was the magazine. Even in those circumstances, he completed an *Aramco World* story at his desk in Leiden, The Netherlands. He was working from his own notes, firsthand impressions and photographs, having just returned from covering New York's gala July Fourth Liberty Weekend for this long-planned "Arab Immigrant" issue.

Paul's last story, and indeed his creation of this special issue, are symbolic in more than one way. First, they typify his deep and heartfelt determination to light a candle of understanding that would help to illumine the world of the Arabs and Islam for the eyes of the English-speaking West. Judging by *Aramco World*'s standing worldwide among scholars, professionals and laymen, Paul has succeeded in realizing this goal. Second, they show the importance he attached to the objective, fair portrayal of Arabs and Muslims in the West, and particularly to the Arab-American connection. Two other special issues that demonstrate clearly his bold and solid achievements as a cross-cultural interpreter are those on the Hajj, the Muslim Pilgrimage to Makkah, and on the Arab woman. Paul's noble mind and tender heart are further attested by his superb conception of – and tireless editorial toil and collaboration on – the much-acclaimed *Aramco and Its World: Arabia and the Middle East*, a volume sponsored by Aramco.

Paul began his writing career as a reporter on the *Providence* [Rhode Island] *Journal*. It was at the *Journal* that he met his wife-to-be Cathy, who, with their daughter, Eileen, and sons Patrick and Matthew, survives him.

In 1963, Paul won a Ford Foundation Fellowship in Advanced International Reporting at New York's Columbia University, where he studied Middle Eastern affairs. On completion of the program, he accepted the position of *Aramco World*'s editor, based in Beirut. That was his home until 1976, when civil war forced the transfer of his editorial headquarters to Europe.

Under him, *Aramco World* winged its way from the confining goals of a run-of-the-mill, black-and-white company house organ, soared to wider cultural horizons, and reached the very heights of world-class corporate journalism. The magazine won several prestigious design and production awards, but the accolades Paul always prized most were the never-ceasing praises of its readers. He was extremely proud when, in a recent reader survey, seven of 10 persons responding rated *Aramco World* an excellent publication, many of them comparing it to *Life* or *National Geographic*. One reader quoted John Keats to describe it: "A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

"I start with the basic assumptions," Paul wrote recently, "that few people outside it know very much about the Middle East, but that many are fascinated by the myths and legends of its colorful past. In order to capture their interest in the Middle East today you have to present each subject with visually exciting color, graphics, layout, typography, illustrations and photography."

Though he used mainly what he called his team of professional free-lance editors and writers, Paul always kept the pages of the magazine open to amateurs and beginners, a policy which brought a perpetual freshness of style and viewpoint to the publication and won him their affectionate thanks for his unstinting help and encouragement.

Although 24 years an editor, Paul never lost his reporter's touch, personally covering such stories as an intercontinental tanker voyage and, for this issue, Arab participation in Liberty Weekend. He also never lost his verve in pursuing the exclusive story, dispatching the first team of journalists to report on Muslims in China and planning, even as he died, to follow up a new lead on the supposed whereabouts of Noah's Ark and, with a missing link restored, retrace the old Silk Road.

In his interest in his readers, his independence of mind, his quest for graphic excellence, his lively humor, his indefatigable energy, and his endeavor to make this a better world, Paul was the thoroughbred editor. Two other qualities were represented in him: great courage and profound religious faith. The first blazed new trails for the magazine, the second sustained him through his fruitful life and his brief but traumatic illness.

Paul F. Hoye's life is now extinguished. The beautiful candle that he lit still burns.

Ismail I. Nawwab
General Manager, Public Affairs

Paul F. Hoye

Right: This selection of issues, from 1964 to 1986 shows, how, under Paul Hoye's editorship, Aramco World evolved from a black-and-white company organ to the very heights of world-class corporate journalism.