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**A FULBRIGHT LECTURER IN PAKISTAN**  
**Dr. Mary A. O'Rourke**  
**Senior Supervisor of Elementary Education ( on leave)**  
**Massachusetts Department of Education**

"George Washington yahan soye" does not appear on any of the gate-posts in Pakistan, where I shall teach as a Fulbright University Lecturer for the next nine months. George Washington may have slept at Craigie House but he was too involved with his destiny in the birth of the American Nation to visit any homes in the area which now comprises the new nation of Pakistan. However, the current problems of Pakistan as it struggles to implement with action its avowed ideals of freedom and liberty would be of vital interest to him, were he living today, as they are now to so many Americans.

I saw Karachi for the first time from the window of a BOAC airliner. Sprawled across a stretch of sandy coast along the Arabian Sea, it reminded me of Christmas-card views of Bethlehem. As the plane curved into landing position, hundreds of white, flat-roofed houses, tall business blocks, and the busy streets alive with traffic offered a welcomed sight after my long journey through six countries of Europe. I had reached my destination, my home for nine months. I looked forward to working with the Fulbright "team members" and Pakistani educators.

Immediately upon landing, a Pakistani airport employee came aboard and solemnly sprayed the cabin and the passengers with DDT, a preventive measure aimed at reducing the incidence of malaria and cholera. With no less efficiency, Pakistani immigration officials ushered the fifty or more passengers through a check on health certificates, police registration, and customs. Very chic, pretty Pakistani girl-receptionists, wearing smart uniforms or beautiful saris, assisted us foreigners with baggage arrangements and the numerous questions to be answered. At last we were free to turn to the welcoming group of friends and relatives.



There were two reception committees looking for me. John Bellixia of Arlington, a Sanitation engineer on loan from the Massachusetts Department of Health, and his family were right on hand to extend a real Massachusetts welcome. On the official side, Dr. Kenneth Thompson and Dr. Syed M. Jaffar, representing the United States Educational Foundation in Pakistan, offered gracious greetings, together with one hundred rupees which I would soon place in circulation. Anne Thompson, another member of the Massachusetts Department of Health, said a brief "hello" as she hurried to meet a new arrival from another plane. With the help of Gay Bellixia, Heidie, Mary Gay, and the twins, I stacked all of my "accompanying baggage" into the Bellixia 1955 Chevrolet.

Toting a full-length coat purchased in Rome, while wearing a summer suit of silk and wool, had seemed sensible enough until the door of the plane had been opened in Cairo where we stopped for two hours at midnight. The dark, desert warmth, while not uncomfortable for me in a sleeveless blouse, made me wonder how I would ever exist in Karachi until my supply of cotton dresses, traveling by sea freight, would arrive. The same thought occurred to me as I rode with the Bellixias toward their Karachi home.

My personal worry about clothes ceased abruptly as we passed miles of the most poverty-stricken homes I have ever seen. The families living in these miserable, make-shift huts are refugees who entered Pakistan from India since partition in 1947. Their Moslem beliefs, a central cause of the Pakistani desire to be independent of India where the Hindu religion is practiced on a national scale, made them voluntary outcasts from India. Their poor existence is living proof of their burning religious fervor and their strong nationalistic feeling. To them, Pakistan



must be independent in soul and body even now, if it means for them, hovels for homes, disease, unemployment, and sometimes death. Turning off Drigh Road, across from a patch of the "shanty town" dwellings, we entered an area of large, modern, pastel-hued homes set in gardens of bright flowers and trees.

The Bellizia's home, constructed in the most modern style on six different levels, is one among 7,500 new dwellings built recently in the city of Karachi. The particular section where the Public Health specialists and their families live might well be named "The Massachusetts Colony" since it seems that everyone, from Dr. Allen Kirkwood, the Massachusetts Commissioner of Public Health, to Mary-Jo Brown, a secretary in the Department (Evelyn Cronin, Massachusetts Department of Education, please note.), is or has been over here. There are specialists in Public Health from other states, I am sure, but it seemed good to me to come across so many Bostonians in this far land. Their homes are in the main most comfortable, with plenty of room, modern furniture, colorful window draperies, servants quarters, and convenient garage space.

Mrs. Bellizia has trained the bawarchi, (cook), in fastidious habits of cleanliness, in the preparation of food so that I could relax completely and enjoy the very tasty American and Pakistani dishes served at the Bellizia's home. Staying for five days with John and Gay and their four lively, personable daughters was about the nicest introduction to Pakistan I could possibly have. "The Bay State Envoys" enjoy their lovely home and their Pakistani neighbors to the extent that their enthusiasm is contagious. When the Monday morning sun poked through the bright yellow curtains stretched across the six casement windows of the guest room, I was ready to work in Pakistan for the first orientation session at the



United States Educational Foundation Office.

In "our next," I intend to write about the people of Karachi as I meet them. My work entails helping to organize in a workshop for teachers and administrators at Karachi University during October, after which the workshop team will conduct another workshop at Dacca University, in the "East Wing" of Pakistan, more than 1,000 miles from Karachi. Our schedule of teaching will carry us eventually to Mymensing, Peshawar, Rawalpindi, Quetta, and Lahore. But I realize that, while Boston Sunday Globe readers may not be interested in educational progress in Pakistan, they may wish to know about the land where the International Industrial Fair is now in progress, where the American Government has invested millions of dollars, and where Ava Gardner recently made a picture about India. I think they will be interested in knowing the people who locate in Pakistan their homes, their schools, their hopes and frustrations, their sources of laughter and life. As I become acquainted, may I introduce them to you?

I must leave now, because we are going out to Hawkes Bay, a ringer for York Beach, Maine, for a swim in the surf! Kudah hafiz! (God with you, or goodbye.)