

Al-Ayyam Al-Jamila

"These Pleasant Days"

For Aramco, A.O.C. and Tapline Annuitants

New York, N. Y.

September, 1957

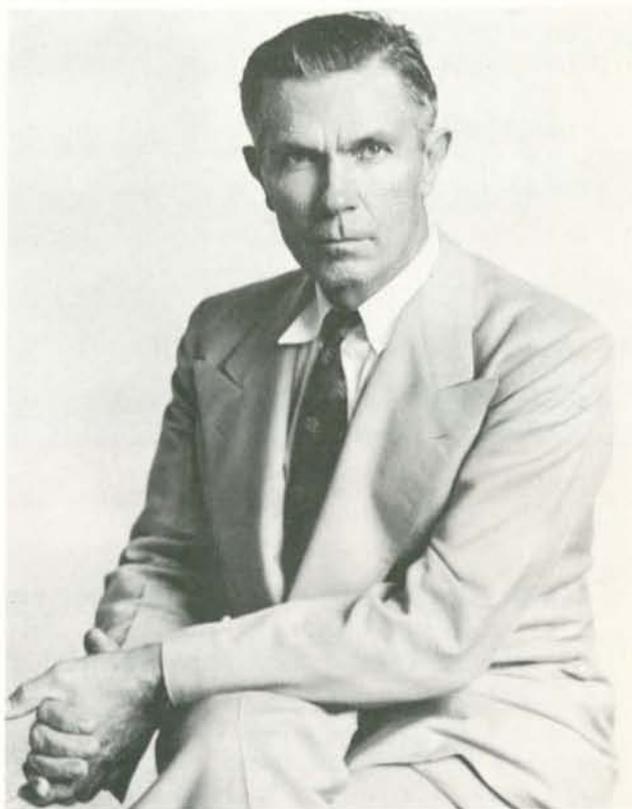
Vol. 1, No. 4

OUR RANKS ARE GROWING

With each passing month and with each new issue, the number of annuitants grows and grows. Here we are giving you the names of eight new members and, believe it or not, these bring the total to 129 alumni. A look at the records shows that Isaac B. Smith was the very first annuitant when he retired on December 1, 1946. He has had many former employees join him since that time. Here is a brief introduction - or reintroduction - to those who have just become eligible to enjoy "the pleasant days" of retirement.

Another fellow who has seen a good bit of the world with the oil industry is ARTHUR H. STEPNEY, who joins the Alumni on October 1, 1957. Art has a service date of June 23, 1926 when he joined Socal as a storekeeper. Art has had service with the Bahrain Petroleum Company and the Richmond Petroleum Company of Venezuela. He spent ten years with the Texas Company before coming to Aramco in July, 1950. He worked for a while in Dhahran with Materials Supply and Community Services and then transferred to AOC in mid-1952. He has been a purchasing agent in London and The Hague as well as the Assistant to the Vice President, Purchasing and Traffic Division.

CHARLIE HIGGINS joins our distinguished ranks in September, 1957 even though he has been in the United States for medical treatment for almost a year. Charlie started with Socal in October, 1944 but transferred to Aramco in April, 1945. At the time he left the Field he was the Record Center Custodian in Dhahran. Charlie and his wife, Edrie, are spending their time at Shady Lane Court, Box 105, Lucerne, Lake County, California.



Roy Haug

ROY HAUG joins the Alumni on November 1, 1957 after almost 37 years in the oil industry. Roy started with Socal in December, 1920 and went to the Middle East with Bapco in June, 1938. He came with Aramco in early 1939 but returned to Socal in June, 1941 because of the war. He could not be kept out of the Middle East, however, and returned to Egypt in early 1943 and worked in that area until July, 1945, when he came back to Aramco.

Roy and his wife, Pauline, plan to head for Missouri where Roy looks forward to some leisurely fishing and hunting. His friends can contact him at General Delivery, Camdenton, Missouri, until he gets a more permanent address.



Cal Ross

HARRY F. TYNER is a former Aramcon who will be retired from Caltex on November 1, 1957. Harry will also become an Aramco annuitant on the same date and therefore, we wish to welcome him to our ranks. Harry has a service date of November 6, 1919 and came with Aramco in April, 1939 as a Driller. In June, 1941, he returned to Socal but put in another tour with us from February, 1942 to December, 1944, when he transferred to the Richmond Exploration Company as a Drilling Supervisor in the Venezuelan operations. We hope Harry will have an opportunity to renew old acquaintances with his friends from Arabia.

We have another former Aramcon retiring from The Texas Company on August 1, 1957. Because of his service with us he also becomes an Aramco annuitant on that date. He is JAMES J. CLEMENTS whose service dates back to July 15, 1925 with The Texas Company. Jim spent two and a half years with Aramco from April, 1945 to October, 1947 at which time he returned to the West Tulsa Works of The Texas Company. Jim's old friends can reach him at 1332 North Elwood, Tulsa 6, Oklahoma.

CALVIN W. ROSS is retiring December 1, 1957 from his job as Assistant Coordinator of Arab Industrial Development. Cal has a service date of February 27, 1934 when he joined Socal as a rigbuilder. His continuous service in Saudi Arabia amounted to 21 years in July of this year and Cal states that he has never had a dull day since he has been there, except for two or three months in 1938 when everyone was sweating out Well #7.

Marie, his wife, arrived in the Field in January, 1940 and except for a period during the war she has been there with Cal on every tour. Marie has been active in the Fellowship and sewing activities and says that the days there are just too short to do everything she has wanted to do.

While they hate to leave their friends in Saudi Arabia, they are looking forward to seeing their friends among the present annuitants in the States.

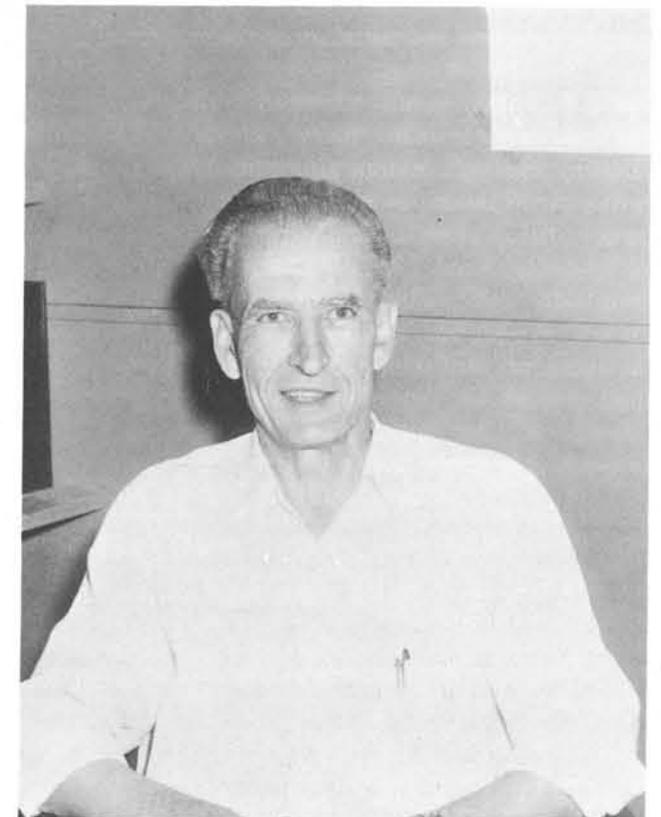
The most pressing project they have upon leaving the Field is to become acquainted with their daughter-in-law and two grandchildren they have never seen. The next project is locating a place to start a new home and Cal says while doing this he is going to see if Mace Freeland is really catching those fish he has been bragging about, or if he is buying them from the neighborhood kids.

SHERMAN O. POLAND retired from The Texas Company on July 1, 1957 and, being a former Aramco employee, also becomes eligible to join our Alumni on the same date. Sherman has a service date of April 29, 1926 with The Texas Company, for whom he performed a great variety of refinery jobs. He came to Aramco in May, 1945 as a Senior Refinery Operator and stayed with us about five years. Then in November, 1950 he returned to The Texas Company and resumed work with his old friends in the Lawrenceville Refinery. His Ras Tanura associates will want to renew old friendships by writing to him at 905 12th Street, Lawrenceville, Illinois.

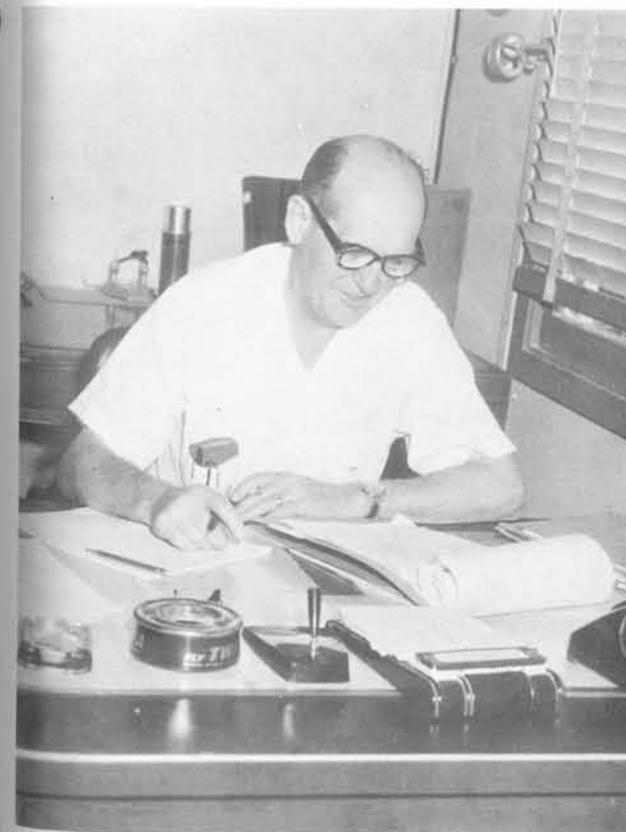
HOMER C. WILSON will retire October 1, 1957, after thirteen years service in Arabia. He came with Aramco on July 10, 1944 and has been an Air Conditioning Foreman and Refrigeration Foreman. His assignment most recently has been that of Acting Area Engineer in Ras Tanura.

Homer served in World War I in the same division as did Harry Truman. Homer met his wife, Mildred, in Oklahoma, where her family was already deeply interested in the oil business. Mildred went to Arabia in early 1947 and has been with Homer on every tour since then.

Their hobby is bridge and if you have ever played with them, you know that they have really gone a long way in their hobby. They plan a bus trip through Europe and expect to cover Italy, France, Denmark and Spain. Then they head for South America to visit in Venezuela and Brazil and then on home to Oklahoma. They do not yet have a permanent address but as soon as we get one we will pass it on.



Homer Wilson



Walt Ismer

In our last issue we welcomed WALT ISMER as an August member. We didn't have a photograph in time for publication in that issue but received this one soon after we went to press.

Walt's main interests have been keeping abreast of current world affairs and reading biographies and autobiographies. He likes to golf and he spends as much time as possible planning and making trips. Walt and his wife, Lilli, whom he married in Rome in 1949, have planned a roundabout trip home from Arabia. They expected to have about ten days in Rome and then to travel by ship to Mexico. They want to find the home of their dreams near Guadalajara in Mexico but nothing definite has come about yet. We should get a lengthy letter from Walt about his travels as soon as he and Lilli get settled.

Cape Town in '58

The worldwide coverage of our annuitants gets a boost with a letter we have received from Cape Town, South Africa. ART HAMILTON dropped us a fine report of his activities and plans. After staying in Arabia for a while he journeyed to Cape Town and was so pleased with life and conditions down there that he plans to return in early '58. For the moment however, Art is returning to the States. His letter in early August outlined his travel plans, including departure from Cape Town on August 13, aboard a Swedish freighter for Gothenburg. Our gazetteer tells us that Gothenburg is a seaport in south-west Sweden, but then again most of the world travelers among us probably know this already. The MS Kungsholm sails from Gothenburg on September 6 and Art will be aboard. One week at sea and Art will be in New York where he plans to spend a couple of weeks.

Art's main purpose in staying in New York will be to contact business firms or individuals who might be interested in establishing a good connection in the Union of South Africa and the Rhodesias. Our Cape Town reporter says that the opportunities in that area are tremendous as the Union of South Africa is just beginning to come into its own and the government apparently is ready to lift many import controls the first of the year. According to Art, American merchandise is extremely well liked down there but the import controls and difficulties in getting dollars have kept the amount of imports to the minimum.

All Art's time in the States will not be strictly for business purposes however, for it will be father-son week in Bremerton, Washington when Art reaches there. Both his sons are there now and this reunion will be the first time in more than ten years that Art and the boys have all been in the states at the same time. His older son has been in the Navy and has only four more years to go until retirement. The younger son, who spent three and a half years in Arabia, has been working in Guam and Saipan for the past four years so it looks like it will be a big time when the Hamiltons get together.

Art's impressions of South Africa certainly

were favorable for after talking about the family reunion he returns to outlining his plans for going back to Cape Town. He points out a very nice feature of life down there and that is the reasonable cost of living. For a little less than \$100 per month Art had a very cheerful room with private bath and three meals a day. For a more permanent arrangement however, Art looks forward to getting himself a small house or apartment in the suburbs of Cape Town. Setting up a home there will be fairly easy for Art since he has shipped all his household effects down from Arabia. The very lovely things he has accumulated during his years with Aramco will most certainly help him set up a very comfortable place to live and as usual, we have another invitation for all Aramcons to drop by at Art's house when they are in the vicinity of Cape Town. Its getting so you can go to almost any place in the world and feel at home in the company of your Aramco friends.

California Snowplows?

Here is another fellow who lets his hobbies govern where he will live. Fishing brings EARNY WICHERN back to Redding, California, for, from his home there, he can get into the mountains almost every weekend. Earny has a number of friends in the Redding area and they are fishing buddies too, so that adds to the attraction of his new home. As an aside, Earny mentions that another reason for the move was to get away from the Los Angeles smog and auto traffic. Lest you should get the impression that all Earny does is fish, he hastens to tell us that between trips to the lakes and streams he manages to squeeze in some work for the state of California in its highway division. Snow plows have entered Earny's life after many years in the sand of Arabia for he now takes care of ordering parts for this equipment.

Other activities which have kept him busy have been courses in accounting and income tax, but his attention to these studies suffered from his strong desire to get next to a trout stream. Earny has promised to send some pictures and we would like to make a bet that they will be photos of his fishing successes rather than of him while studying accounting or placing an order for a mighty snowplow blade. At any rate we'll be happy to print any photos we get.

Chef

Artist

Golfer

In July, STU CAMPBELL was busy spending his leisure hours and "pleasant days" with the hobbies of painting and the barbecue. His wife, Catherine, sent us a couple of photographs for our Al-Ayyam readers but when the call of the golf links was heard, Stu put away the paints and easel and dug out the old golf clubs. These clubs have made their way around courses in the blowing sands of Arabia, they have covered the oiled sands of Beirut and have knocked the ball around the lush greens of England but now they have come out of hiding to help Stu get around the more normal setting of dry hills and narrow green fairways, as reported by Catherine. She, fortunately or unfortunately, has refused to play



Chow's on



Plenty of fine scenery to paint

ever again and Stu is now out on his own and is enjoying the companionship of other golfers who, he says, are trying to keep out of the way of the vacuum cleaner at home.

Catherine comes forth with a very beautiful picture of their leisure hours when she says that being retired in California and in their particular spot in California, is as near to Peace on Earth as it is possible for mortal man to achieve. She goes on to say that they have no weather, only perfection, day after day.

The Campbells undertook an adventure that few would do and they are happy to report that it has worked out very, very well. What is the adventure? Well, they were in London when they decided to buy a house but the house was in California. They bought it sight unseen, and are living in it now with the grand feeling that they could not have found one to suit them so perfectly, even if they had looked for years. Moreover, they don't even have gophers to plague them thanks to their Siamese cat, Ben Johnson. All of these advantages forced them to wonder "why anyone wants to live in Ojai". Oh boy, now we will look out for the reply to that one.

For Sale: Motel, Houses

GEORGE JOHNSON has temporarily put down in Forsyth, Missouri and is operating a motel there. Apparently, George did not plan on making the motel business his full time undertaking, but now that he has bought it, things have been going along pretty well in that line.

His plans for a new home have been postponed until he sells the motel business. When that is done he and his wife, Mimi, will really settle down to getting a permanent roof over their heads. George is also getting into the swing of the house building boom for he says that he and his son have just started their first house in mid-June. They hope to build a number of small houses in the \$10,000 to \$15,000 class. Keeping these homes right in his own group of people, George says that these homes will be for sale principally to retired people who seem to like Forsyth as an ideal spot for enjoying their own pleasant days. As proof of Forsyth's popularity as a leisure spot, statistics show that the town is growing at about ten houses a month, mostly to retired individuals.

George reports that the only Aramcons they have seen recently are Fred and Adele Schauss who spent a pleasant overnight visit with the Johnsons not too long ago.

Anybody traveling through or near Forsyth will certainly make it a point to visit George during his regular motel season. However, this season apparently ends in late September because the Johnsons will be locking up their motel for the winter about that time, and will then be off to enjoy the winter without worrying about the business.

Let's hear more about these business enterprises, George. If you will send us a few photos of your newly built homes, perhaps we can attract some refugees to Forsyth by giving you and your development some free advertising.

Beautiful California

CASPER GEE has come through with his regular contribution for Al-Ayyam. Among the items he enclosed was an excerpt of a letter to Casper from Shaikh Turki al-Utaishan. This Saudi official wrote Casper, "I wish that I can visit your beautiful country, especially your home, California, about which I have heard many nice things. It is said that California is to some extent similar to Arabia, and what you have said in your letters confirms it." Apparently Casper has been acting as an informal Chamber of Commerce in his letters to his friends overseas. This is just another example of former Aramcons' seeking to return the hospitality they enjoyed in their dealings with the Saudi Arabs.

As for the fine arts, Sophie has been doing some more modeling for an art group in Pomona but she finds it somewhat tiresome because of the long stretches of just sitting doing nothing. Casper himself has handled the "Makeup" for "Sabrina Fair", a four act play put on by the Fontana Theatre Guild. Sam and Tina Dragonov dropped in for social visits with the Gees in late June. Casper, in turn, planned to drop by to see the Millers, the Luckenbaughs and the Stu Campbells during late July.

Ever the one to reminisce about some almost forgotten episodes in Saudi Arabia, Casper relates the story of the first burial in a Christian cemetery. It was in Al-Hasa province in July, 1945. Casper undertook to conduct the services because the regular visiting clergyman from Bahrain Island was unable to come due to a quarantine. After that, Casper had the job of preparing all graves prior to burial and this he did until a registered mortician arrived in the Field. Casper had some previous experience along these lines during World War I when he had a similar assignment at the Humes Cemetery near Langres-Marne in France, and thus, was quite qualified to help out in Arabia.

Casper apparently finds it is time to renew his invitation to his fellow refugees as he ends his letter by sending his best wishes to all his friends with the request that they stop in and see him and Sophie whenever they are near Pomona.

High Sierra Sweeneys

A long letter comes from the land of the Forty-niners. RUBY SWEENEY speaks both for herself and LEONARD in reporting on life in the foothills of the High Sierras. Leonard is employed by Aerojet, and has recently returned to work after an illness of some importance, although Ruby doesn't elaborate on that point.

The Sweeneys own fifty-seven acres in the old Mother Lode country, in the hills between Coloma and Placerville, on Highway 49. This is about two and a half miles from Highway 50 in Placerville, in case you're in that part of the country. During the two years that Leonard has been in America, he has: 1) helped build a house and a garage (seven months), 2) rebuilt a tank-house with a penthouse (another seven months), 3) planted an orchard and a garden (no time limit attached as orchards and gardens are never completed).

The Sweeneys have a deep freeze and are filling it with garden products such as peas, green beans, carrots, corn, eggplant, etc., which are expected to gain added charm as the winter progresses. Meanwhile, tomatoes and cucumbers balance the diet. The landscaping isn't completed, and a major grading project starts this



Home in the Mother Lode Country



Winding through the front acreage

fall, with Leonard's own tractor doing the work. If nature is kind, the Sweeneys will be able to point with pride at the gardening and landscaping. If she isn't they'll keep trying anyway, until she gives up and cooperates. Ruby recognizes some problems, as she adds that in the early days, their property was known as "the old slate dump". But her pictures show no hint of the dump, only attractive hills and the mountains in the distance. To the east, rise the Sierras; to the west, the Coast Range, with Mt. Diablo (a good eighty miles distant according to the map) visible on clear days.

The Reg Faulkners, formerly from Ras Tanura, also have settled in the Placerville area, and Reg is cited as an actual witness of the small bears that inhabit the Sweeney property. The following Refugees and Aramcoites have journeyed to the Sweeney home site, drawn, no doubt, by the Sweeney hospitality as well as by the small bear phenomenon: Harold and Martha Barton, Sam and Blanche Myers, Mace and Edith Freeland, Lucky and Lois Luckenbaugh, and the Bob Zimmermans.

Ruby concludes that building a home, improving it, living and laboring with it, even through long periods of disappointment, add something to the growth and development of the men and women who build and labor. She looks on the experience as an adventure from which all who share it profit in some way. And she closes with the reminder to all ex-Sand duners seeking to reestablish themselves on a plot of land, that even though the going is rough for a while, it is never forever.

Ole of the Andes

The typewriter of our El Salvador reporter, OLE SJOLIE, has been hard at work giving us another report from the hill country of Chile. Actually, it is hardly "hill country" since Ole points out that he's working at an elevation of about 10,000 feet and is not too far from snow-capped mountain tops. Despite the elevation, there is plenty of sunshine which apparently reminds Ole over and over again of his days in Dhahran.

Flashing back not too many years to the early days in Arabia, Ole finds himself again experiencing certain shortages of necessities, to say nothing of luxuries. The commissary is not too well stocked and the need to ship things



The hill-country

like cows' milk and vegetables a long distance makes these items scarce at the present time. Good substantial transportation is also lacking but the donkey, "this patient and stubborn thing", as Ole says, is rapidly being replaced by the automobile as the roads improve.

There is plenty of construction going on and Ole appears to be right in the midst of it. A permanent housing project is planned for the immediate future but temporary houses are now being put up to take care of the personnel already there and for others arriving regularly. Ole is on a two-year contract and expects to get about the same vacation as he had with Aramco. Apparently the inflation and expected increase in taxes could get to be really bothersome "inconveniences" as Ole made a point of mentioning these in his second letter also.

The accompanying pictures Ole sent us certainly give us a good idea of his pioneer days in the Andes. The photo of the living quarters will bring back many memories to other Refugees from the "Sands of Arabia". We look forward to getting another narrative and pictorial report from Ole in the near future.



This looks familiar

The SAND PILE

My passionate pleas for your assistance broadcast in the June issue, have yielded a goodly harvest: not what you'd call a bumper crop, but sufficiently encouraging to keep me working the ground. As a result, I have decided not to publish portions of the multiplication table, as I had threatened. I can start talking about people immediately.

I've received some pertinent ideas from Scribby Scribner concerning this column. She starts by assuring me that she's fed up with my comments on gophers -- thinks I've run them into the ground (her pun, not mine.) I'm inclined to agree; but about the time I make a resolution to desist, some Refugee comes along with another gopher comment that I feel honor bound to publish because it has its humorous side. Even Scribby, after her admonition, adds two wise cracks concerning the dear little rodents. Scribby, if you and the others will lay off, I'll do the same.

Then she takes aim at my title, THE SAND PILE. She suggests SHIFTING SANDS or even THE DUMP. Doesn't like the pile part; feels that the dump would give me something to work on, and would throw the burden of guilt on the Refugees (for not writing, I presume). My own reaction is that I can work on a pile as well as a dump. Does anyone disagree? Does anyone else have a suggestion? Does anyone else give a hoot?

She questions our willingness to convert our study into a bedroom for guests, and hints that altho she might come visiting, she would never dream of using the study as a resting place. It's cynicism such as Scribby's that pains me. Why doesn't she come to Ojai and investigate? She admits that the weather in Orange, California isn't anything to brag about, and that all the old hens (including Scribby) are too hot to cluck as they drag their outspread feathers thru the dust holes while their tongues droop from their toothless red gums. (Now, you see why the gal can speak with some assurance concerning this column's organization. She packs a fair ability with the language.)

And then I heard of a speaker who was trying to impress the young people before him with the economic value of an education. "It will be a great help in improving your financial position in later life," he assured the youngsters. "Take the case of my old Uncle Radoski. When he came to this country, he had to accept a poor job as a garbage collector, because he lacked education. But he was ambitious. He was determined to better his condition. So, he attended night school, and after years of great effort, graduated from one of our leading universities. Now look at him! He's the only garbage collector in town with a college education!"

Andy Anderson, the Sage of Saratoga, comes forth with a report on his recent activities. He starts with some comments on gopher culture. (See what I'm up against? Once we get started on gophers, we can't stop.) He includes a clipping from the Saratoga News, discussing the theories of two leading gopher authorities of the area. One says that rotten fish dropped in the runways will send the gophers to investigate bushes in the other fellow's yard, and the other man assures us that moth balls will have the same effect. Thanks for the tip, Andy, but say no more about it while Scribby's listening.

Andy has a new job -- but no pay. He's a public servant -- member of the Saratoga Planning Commission. He's been active in the Commission since last January, has met a number of interesting people as a result, has found the work stimulating, and is enjoying this opportunity to participate in community affairs. Congratulations, Andy. I can't think of a more constructive activity for a retired citizen. You others who have the opportunity for such service shouldn't miss this satisfying experience. Apparently, Saratoga is experiencing many of the same problems that we face here in Ojai: rapid expansion and the need to direct that expansion if the community is to retain its rural and residential character. Come to Ojai, Andy, and we'll compare notes.

Saratoga isn't far enough from the main high-

ways to keep other Refugees and Aramcoites from visiting there. Andy has enjoyed distributing hospitality to Edna and Jim Stirton, Ethel and Gene Hughes, Tibby and Lu Weber, Helen and Bud Sanburn, Gladys and Vic Stapleton, the Merle Moores, and the Luckingbaughs. (Perhaps we should all visit the Andersons. I understand that the food isn't bad.) The Andersons have decided to go visiting, too; for when we rang their door bell in late August, we learned that Evelyn and Andy were absent for several weeks. Incidentally, the yard looked disgustingly neat for a place with an absentee owner.

News from Ruby and Leonard Sweeney justifies comment. I want especially to draw your attention to the influence of the June issue of Al-Ayyam Al-Jamila. There was Leonard, flat on his back when the paper arrived. He received it, ill as he was, and read it from cover to cover. Thereafter, he arose from his bed of pain and went back to work, either so stimulated or upset by what he had read that labor appeared to be the only outlet for his emotions. I admit that Ruby did not report the course of events exactly as I have. She simply stated that when the paper arrived, Leonard was flat on his back, that he read the paper, and that he went back to work. The fact remains, that if you have some ailment that you can't correct otherwise, read Al-Ayyam Al-Jamila and note the remarkable results. Your case is not hopeless. What we have done for others, we can do for you.

Ruby also mentions the construction of a penthouse on a tankhouse — which worries me somewhat, as I have long presumed that penthouses are for city men of great wealth and small morals. I can only hope that Leonard can support the ideas that come to him up there in the back country. Ruby also reports that they are in fish and game country, even tho the fish, as well as the bears, are small. The word about the bears is reassuring, altho Ruby fails to explain how small a bear should be to be considered a congenial neighbor. Each winter, Leonard has been bringing home the deer the law allows him, but so far, he has failed to produce a pair of antlers that Ruby is willing to hang above the fireplace. Leonard should throw back those little ones in the future.

A letter has arrived from that old master of the snappy word, Earny Wichern, now of Redding. He notes that Shasta College, being a place of

higher education, is built on a hill, that the married women of the community follow the old Indian custom of working, that the restaurants are still so old fashioned that they serve acceptable food at reasonable prices, that the populace don't go much for dress, and that everyone has a boat in order to stay in the swim. He cites the experience of an old timer from the hills (probably a misplaced Refugee) who came to town on election day and, after much discussion, was persuaded to drink water in the absence of other beverages temporarily unavailable. After taking a long pull, the old fellow lowered his glass, blinked his eyes, and explained, "If I'da knowd it tasted as good as that, I'da started drinkin' it twenty years ago!"

Earny's reports on fishing, like those of other addicts, should be accepted with reservations. For what his information is worth, he contends that in the Redding vicinity, they permit only one fisherman per fish, in contrast to the two and a half per fish in southern California. The one to one ratio gives both fish and fisherman something of a sporting chance. When he arrived, he was given a map showing the location of the big fish in the area, but later found that the fish were using a different map. However, he contends that fishing is not so expensive as around Tahoe and the Nevada slot machines, and that at times, it has its exciting moments. Recently, he started to cross a stream on a fallen log; but when he was about a third of the way over, he observed a large bear (not one of the little Sweeney bears) starting across from the opposite side. In spite of this coincidence, Earny assures us that no argument developed concerning the right of way. The bear eventually decided to fish up stream, so Earny agreed to go down stream.

But other forms of wild life exist in the area. One of Earny's friends was attacked last week by a Canadian Honker that eventually flew into the friend's oven. Danger from this source is not regarded as serious. Incidentally, his friend also was from southern California, as are many of Earny's associates. His mail man hails from Whittier, one of his new employees comes from Downey, and his barber is from Los Angeles. Just in case you are interested in a job, he encloses a clipping stating that Redding is seeking a new pound master.

Having berated Los Angeles, Earny takes aim at Texas, and considering its size, he's almost

certain to hit it somewhere. He tells us about a Texan visiting an Australian ranch. When he was shown some two-year old steers, he remarked that Texas steers were that big at the end of one year. When he was told that sheep produced an average of eight pounds of wool, he commented that in Texas the sheep averaged twelve pounds. About that time, a large kangaroo hopped over the fence. "What's that?" the Texan exclaimed. The Australian looked at him in pity and wonder. "You mean to tell me," he cried, "that you don't have grasshoppers in Texas!"

As the above gem concludes the information sent me, I drop back to personal experiences. And I'm loaded—for we've been on a trip through the northwest states and Canada. We planned to enjoy old friends and new scenery, and were successful with both. We didn't visit as many Refugees as we expected because time ran out on us. We hope to do better in this respect on our next trip to the Bay Area. A few items may interest you:

Item 1: A stop at the home Pat Hilton has rented in San Rafael for a few months that will include the period of Fred's long leave from Arabia. As the Hiltons are among our favorite children, we had a fine time. Tibby and Lu Weber came down from St. Helena for the afternoon, much enthused concerning their new home. Had dinner with Marion and Ed Austin, formerly of the M&S Department. Ed has a job in San Francisco.

Item 2: Two nights with Pauline and Bob King at King's Klamath Kastle near Klamath Post Office. The Kings are established in a great hunting lodge perched on a side hill commanding a fine view of river and valley and hill country. Bob has a canal of cool water flowing just above the house, all the timber that he can cut and burn, a large vegetable garden in the river bottom across the road, and a house containing an indefinite number of rooms. (Soon after the Kings moved in, Bob was lost in the basement for two days, but managed to cut his way out with a discarded band saw he encountered down there.) All this Bob has, and enough remodeling to consume his energy for an indefinite period. He and Pauline love it.

"When I finish the day's work," Bob said, "and I sit out here on the balcony with a tall glass, and with my feet on the railing — with the river and the hills before me, I can't ask for more. I have what I want."

Item 3: A brief stop with the Freelands at their home near Gold Hill, Oregon. But the stop was long enough to acquaint us with an ideal location for a fisherman and hunter like Mace. A house bright with paint, set in the brilliant colors of trees and grass and flowers, with the land behind the house sloping directly to the swift current of the Rogue River. There's an apartment on the basement level looking on the river, an apartment decorated with guns and fishing rods, and ideal for visiting Refugees. Mace doesn't believe it, but I'm coming back for the salmon run next fall if I can make it.

Item 4: A quick side trip to Williams, Oregon, where Fitz Fitzpatrick has found his objective in a country general store. (We stopped to see Charlie Beck in Grant's Pass, but he was travelling.) But Fitz has an up-to-date country store, with chill rooms, frozen foods of all kinds, daily deliveries of fresh vegetables and bread, a gasoline station, etc., etc. The mountains are all around, and the people have made the Fitzpatrick's welcome. Fitz says that he's come to stay.

Item 5: Orcas Island, one of the San Juan group between Vancouver Island and the Washington mainland. Rocky tree-crowned humps scattered through an inland sea. Small hidden bays into which the ferry boat noses; and at one of them, Helen and Ivan Wilson waiting to take us to their tract of virgin timber set on the water's edge, where trees stand in silhouette like great ship masts against the crimson sunset reflected on the quiet water. Ivan is repairing and remodeling a small house on the property, to make it livable for the winter; but next spring he'll probably start the permanent house he is designing. The Wilsons (and in later years, the Jack Birds, who share ownership of the property) will have a show place set in a clearing surrounded by the mighty timber of the northwest. They are so enthused by their location that they hate to take time to drive to the small town for supplies.

Item 6: Fast action out of Bellingham, Washington. We'd have liked to visit the Tinnins; but Poulsbo was considerably removed from our route. A fine clear afternoon on the main highway. Up ahead, a slow-moving farm truck. I start to pass it; but at that delicate instant when I have no place to go, except ahead on the left side, the truck driver decides to turn left on a dirt road. Washington impressed us; but its truck impressed

our automobile much more -- so much so that we decided to leave the impression, as well as the remains of the car, right there. And so, after four unanticipated days in Bellingham, we departed for Canada in a new car. Gertrude suffered a bad bruise, and I suffered a shock to my ego. No flowers, please.

Item 7: A too brief time in San Francisco on the way home. We saw Dot and Joe Deane (Bahrain prior to 1940), Muriel and Chuck Davis (on home leave from Bahrain), Hellon and Bill Brubaker (on home leave from Japan, returning to Sumatra), Bob Ogilvie (recently transferred from Aramco to Socal), and Melda and Don Wallace and their daughters (on home leave from Aramco Overseas at The Hague). We also stopped briefly at the Pedersens in Mill Valley. Pete has greatly improved the place since our last stop, and still is remodelling -- the living room at present. The place is just as attractive as ever amongst the Redwoods.

Item 8: An overnight stop at Saratoga, a suburb of San Jose. In the hills that form the backbone of the San Francisco peninsula, Zella and Roy Lebkicher have bought a home. A restful setting of trees and shrubs cover the surrounding hills, with pleasant homes dotting the slopes. The Lebkicher home is rambling and roomy, and only a few years old. Most important, it is surrounded by all manner of planting: trees, shrubs, and flowers. The landscaping problem becomes one of what, if any, to remove, not what to plant. Set on a hill, it commands a view into the higher hills and toward the valley -- and extends an invitation to its occupants to take it easy.

Among the Refugees whom we visited on this trip, I have found one common and highly commendable characteristic: each is enthusiastic concerning the home that he has selected; each is busy; each is looking ahead and finding enjoyment and satisfaction. Each seems well adjusted to his new pattern of living and as happy as the young man juggling cars in a Los Angeles parking lot. He was celebrating his eighth year on the job -- but getting his driver's license.

Phil McConnell

Swaney's No. 1

Back in our very first issue, we were happy to run an article about CLARENCE SWANEY's two hobbies. We enumerated them as hobby #1, his wife, Marian, and hobby #2, machine engraving.

Our pictures, however, are going to run in reverse order for in our first issue we showed Clarence doing the delicate work of his new vocation but now we're happy to come through with a picture of his #1 interest. We have Clarence's sincere and profuse apology for waiting so long to send in this picture of Marian. Here's hoping that it won't take him the same length of time to send us in a picture of the two of them together.



Marian Swaney

The snapshot was taken in front of the Swaney apartment in Glendale and Clarence knows his fellow readers will not only enjoy the picture of his wife but also drink in the beauties of this typical Southern California scenery. Statements like that should bring forth a comment or two from our Northern Californians, Washington Staters, Floridians and just about everybody else.

Too Busy to Fish?

MACE FREELAND reports in again and because he feels he's been somewhat tardy in writing, he gives us the solid excuse that he's been pretty busy fishing and taking care of the garden. Acknowledging the unsavory fact that he can't fish all the time, Mace says that they have been able to raise all kinds of flowers and some garden vegetables. Going on to his second favorite subject, Mace gives us the latest news on the snow conditions in Oregon. This time he has sent along a couple of photos to show us what a real snowfall is. One picture shows Edith and her friend at the lodge at Crater Lake, and the other picture shows a snowplow working its way through the huge drifts. These plows handle the unbelievable load of 14 to 16 tons of snow a minute so the highways and byways of Oregon are cleared fairly rapidly. Maybe these plows could be used to move some of the sand from the roads of Arabia after a shamal has hit.

Mace reports that they have swapped visits with the Fitzpatricks, but Mace laments that he hasn't been able to get Fitz out on a fishing trip lately. Again we heard something about Fitz being too busy to fish, but Mace accepts this philosophically by repeating the old Oregon adage, "If you are too busy to fish, you are just too busy." In mentioning that he likes Al-Ayyam Al-Jamila, Mace wonders what's the matter with the people down in California since he notices



Road closed - and how!



Road open

that not too many write in from that state. According to Mace, if they don't have anything to write about down there, they should come up to Oregon. He follows this line of thought when he acknowledges that the Kings write their share, but there again they are almost in Oregon as they are just across the state line.

Come September 1st, the fishing in the Rogue River gets better than it has been during the summer. Then the salmon start to spawn and then Mace really gets his quota of steelhead.

What are the Californians going to do in reply to Mace's challenge? Certainly they can't talk about 180 inches of snow, but perhaps we'll get some enlightening letters about the other glories of their home state.



BOB BLEWETT and his wife have left Paradise - and have moved into Oakland, California. Bob is still working in San Francisco for Pomeroy-Hawaiian Dredging-Bechtel. This outfit, Bob tells us, is engaged in a joint venture on a contract basis for building naval bases in the Pacific, and is expected to continue for another year or two. Although the Blewetts have left Paradise temporarily, they have not given up their home there but plan to return some day.

They had a pleasant visit when Jack and Clair Fisher dropped by to see them recently while on leave from Ras Tanura. There was much discussion of old times in Arabia, and they all spent an enjoyable evening in conversation. Bob extends a friendly invitation to his fellow annuitants to visit him in their new home at 3545 Harrison Street in Oakland.

Really Touring!

CHARLIE and HELEN BRAUN spent the summer traveling through Europe and apparently had a wonderful time according to their reports to friends in the New York Office.

They left the West Coast in late April and drove to New York, after detouring down through Texas. They were aboard the SS Nieuw Amsterdam when it sailed May 10, for Rotterdam. They had American Express lay out an itinerary for them which kept them hopping through places like Copenhagen, Hamburg, Berlin and Cologne. They had a motor trip from Wiesbaden to Mainz and then traveled by rail through Munich, Innsbruck, Salzburg to Vienna. They covered spots in Switzerland and then headed through northern Italy by automobile to Milan. Venice, Florence and Rome were also highlighted in their trip through Italy with a side journey to Naples before leaving Rome for Athens by air.

They hit Istanbul and made a short visit into Dhahran. They then flew back to Rome, stopped

off at Nice, spent a week in Madrid and then headed north through France by rail into Paris.

From Paris they flew to London on August 10 and got to see the sights in Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dublin and, of course, Killarney, before sailing from Southampton on the SS Statendam.

They arrived back in the United States on September 4, stayed in town a few days and then headed back across country by automobile with plans for a leisure trip of about two weeks before they reach home.

Just reading through the itinerary we might think they did nothing but go sightseeing and pack and unpack their bags. However, we have it on excellent authority that Charlie and Helen had a wonderful time visiting old friends all along the route. It goes without saying that they had memorable visits with old friends in places such as London, Rome and The Hague as well as making new friends in all the towns we mentioned.

We hope that either Charlie or Helen will find time to drop us a letter and tell us of the highlights of this very wonderful journey. We are sure that their pictures will also be interesting to our other readers.

George Steinmetz Passes Away



George as he appeared in Arabia

We deeply regret reporting that GEORGE STEINMETZ passed away on August 12, 1957 while hospitalized in Bakersfield. George had entered the hospital in late July for treatment of a condition from which he had been suffering for a number of years.

George, we will remember, was an old timer in the oil industry, beginning in May, 1928 with Socal. He transferred to Aramco in August, 1948 and was a Reclamation Supervisor in Dhahran at the time of his retirement in September, 1955.

We know all our annuitants join us in expressing our sympathy to Hazel, his wife, on the sad occasion of the death of this loyal employee and friend. George's friends may wish to write to Hazel at 200 Houchin Road, Bakersfield, Calif.

World Broker

RUSS NELSON, our Greenbrae annuitant, as he calls himself, has taken time out from the Stock Exchange business to pass on to his fellows some "tidbits" about his family and himself. He reports that he and his wife, Evelyn, and their children, Karen and Linda, are all well and he says that he is enjoying retirement very much. Russ expects that you would call his job of selling securities a partial retirement. It looks as though his travels and overseas employment have been helpful in acquiring a world-wide clientele for he's doing business with people throughout Western Europe, and in Morocco, Turkey, Lebanon, Kuwait, and of course, Saudi Arabia. We can't stop there, though, for he represents people in Indonesia, Singapore and in a couple of spots in South America. Russ' correspondence must be a two way street because he keeps pretty much up to date on what is going on in all these countries as well as keeping his clients informed about securities activity.

Because the nature of his work keeps him pretty much in one area, although his correspondence goes out to all parts of the world, Russ is content not to be on the move too much anymore. He caps off these comments about travel by pointing out that the San Francisco Area is a grand place for retirement.

Russ sent along a photograph of his family and promised to send one of himself when he does some reducing. Let's hope that he will be successful in both his photography and his diet.



Our "Greenbrae" Family

Our new annuitant of two months, WILLIAM L. BROWN, checked in with a brief letter to give us his new address. He and his wife, Leona, are living at 663 West Maple Avenue, El Segundo, California. After having had a very good trip across the states, Bill's wife is having quite a bit of trouble with an arm condition but plans to follow the doctor's orders to exercise the arm daily. All Bill's friends join in the hope that this will not interfere with the Browns' enjoyment of the pleasant days of retirement.

CHECK THESE OTHER NEW ADDRESSES

BOB COONEY	6180 Cliff Drive, Paradise, California
HARRY FINSTER.....	1736 Clearview Road, Santa Barbara, California
ART HAMILTON	3303 Ward Avenue, Bremerton, Washington
KRUG HENRY.....	1106 Trestle Glen Road, Oakland, California
WALT KOEHLER.....	314 Nichols Street, Fairhope, Alabama
OTTO LESSING	P. O. Box 1871, Beirut, Lebanon
JOHN MAHONEY	c/o Mrs. T. V. Stewart, 1921 Harrison Avenue, Bronx, New York
EARNY WICHERN.....	720 West Street, Redding, California

Number

Please!

Since our last issue we have had two opportunities to do what Steve Sweet did last May, namely, talk on the telephone with some of our annuitants. During July, "Chuck" Wrenn, one of our recruiters, was on a business trip through the Southwest and put through calls to Vic Stapleton, Roy Preston, Tom Engstrom and Charlie Howze. During August, Hal Heinze, Recruiting Supervisor, was in the Los Angeles Area on business and got calls through to the homes of Jesse O'Brien, Elmer Preston and Roy Green. Thus we have some brief notes on these fellow Refugees.

VIC STAPLETON reports that he has been quite busy just retiring. He has been enjoying good health and was looking forward to a lot of summer activity concentrated around his acre and one-half orchard and yard.

ROY PRESTON's daughter informed us that Roy had been in Europe since March but was expected home in early July. Roy had gone to Paris with the original plan to attend the International Rotary but ended up making a trip through Finland with an old friend of his. Roy's daughter said that he had taken many, many photographs of his travels and therefore we can safely expect to hear from Roy with a few photographs for Al-Ayyam Al-Jamila. How about it Roy -- how about a long letter outlining your travels through Paris and Scandanavia? We'll also do our best to print the photographs that you send us showing the sights you enjoyed.

TOM ENGSTROM seemed to be quite pleased that we had reached him by telephone. Everything is going along just fine with Tom who is another alumni who has been kept busy killing time but mostly doing quite a bit of fishing. Green grass and flowers around his home also have been taking up a lot of his time but also giving him a lot of enjoyment when he isn't baiting a hook.

CHARLIE HOWZE has been putting in a lot of time on the new house which, because it is nicely situated on a hill, manages to gather in a nice, cool breeze quite regularly. Charlie reports that this cuts down on the electric bill since he

hasn't found it necessary to take on an air conditioner, as have most of his neighbors. We were happy to hear that Charlie has been in good health and we want to pass on the message that Charlie would like to hear from many of his old friends from the Field.

JESSE O'BRIEN reports that he is a pretty busy man with his apartment house. Jesse is one of those who is still well in touch with Aramco and Saudi Arabia and the reason for this is that he has a son-in-law, Tom Kennedy, working for the Company overseas. Jesse had some constructive criticism about Al-Ayyam. After the phone call we wrote to Jesse in reply to his comments and we think most of you would be interested in this. We certainly don't want the publication to cover any one group of former employees nor do we want anyone to feel "left out". All the articles have been based on letters sent in by the annuitants themselves. We try to serve only as the clearing house where these letters can be put into one big letter for all to read. Thus, we are only too happy to report on any letter anyone sends in and we actually hope for and solicit a regular letter from each and every annuitant. As we also told Jesse, pictures are the icing on the cake and add a lot to the story so we like to get them as well as letters from our annuitants.

Two telephone calls to ELMER PRESTON's house went to no avail as far as speaking with Elmer was concerned. However, we had a pleasant chat with Mrs. Preston each time and she was happy to report that both she and Elmer have been well. Perhaps Elmer will supplement these comments by sending us a good size letter telling his fellow annuitants just what he has been doing lately.

ROY GREEN's wife reported that he has been working hard and regularly but like a lot of commuters, he was getting a little tired of his daily automobile ride back and forth to the job. They were pretty excited about their vacation which was to start the following day. However, we failed to learn where this vacation will take place so perhaps Roy will fill us in on the details.