

Al-Ayyam Al-Jamila

"These Pleasant Days"

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

NEW YORK, N. Y.

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Class of Fall, 1959

This issue of Al-Ayyam Al-Jamila, more than any prepared thus far, takes on the appearance of a college yearbook — the "annual" which contains the graduates' pictures, their campus affiliations, and sometimes predictions as to their future. This issue's "class" is the largest yet.

Sixteen graduates have just received their Aramco (or Socal) diplomas and moved into that ever growing fraternity of alumni, affectionately referred to as "refugees from the sand dunes" or as annuitants. In lieu of a commencement address, let's just say best wishes for lots of happiness in your newest venture and please keep us posted on how it feels to be a member of this large but very select club.



Dr. GRACE V. YOUNG retired on September 1 from her position as Clinic Supervisor after twelve years with Aramco in Dhahran. Vickie, as she is known to her friends, adds one more member of the fair sex to our alumni rolls. From her own pen comes this word about her future.

"Ahlan wa sahan bikum! Father time has decreed that I join the ranks of the Aramco annuitants, so I folded my tent and like the Arabs stole away in the night. I really have no plans. There is only one firm date on the calendar, late



Grace V. Young

November — the 25th Anniversary Reunion of the Class of 1934, Medical School of George Washington, D. C. Between now and then I shall travel leisurely in Europe; after that, I shall pick up the trail in the States. For an indefinite period, I want to enjoy the feeling of complete independence — no schedules, no deadlines. If I tire of this, there are many things that I have wanted to do and for which I have never had the time. There are no plans for the practice of medicine within the foreseeable future, but several dormant interests are germinating and in-Shallah may materialize. My temporary mailing address will be c/o Mrs. E. L. Young, 37-30 83rd Street, Jackson Heights 72, New York."



Allen G. Gleasner

ALLEN G. GLEASNER retired on September 1 from Aramco and Socal after nearly 37 years of continuous service. Al joined a Socal labor gang in 1922, but promotions came quickly. He had spent several years in the Organization and Cost Control Department by the time he transferred to Aramco in 1950. Al's assignments in Saudi Arabia were quite varied, the most recent of which was that of Supervisor, Oil Handling.

Al and his wife, Jo, are both natives of Illinois and will soon celebrate their thirty-third wedding anniversary.

Al and Jo began their slow and circuitous trip back to the western hemisphere in June when they boarded the tanker Jeanne Marie at Ras Tanura, bound for Japan. Their final destination will be Old Mexico, where friends may reach them after the first of October at Calle Morelos 2261, Guadalajara, Jal., Mexico.

Correct Us If We're Wrong

Grapevine reports have come in on just what new annuitants, the AL GLEASNERS, have in mind for the near future. The vine is not always wholly reliable but here's what we heard. It seems that Al and Jo made their way from Hong Kong to San Francisco aboard the "Flying Fish", a twelve passenger cargo liner of the Isbrandtsen line. They are picking up a station wagon in the city by the Golden Gate for the drive to Mexico, destination Guadalajara.

It's beginning to look as though Guadalajara may become a minor suburb of the Southern California colony of Aramco annuitants — what with the long established WALT ISMERS and the more recently arrived WALT DUNTENS awaiting the Gleasners.

Al and Jo expect to first rent the house formerly occupied by the U. S. Vice Consul in Guadalajara, then later purchase their own home. Whatever else the latter may be, it will have

ample space to properly display the many souvenirs and mementos which Jo has gathered during their travels throughout the Middle East. As her friends know, Jo was a frequent visitor to the brass work vendors and suqs from Turkey to Teheran to al Khobar.

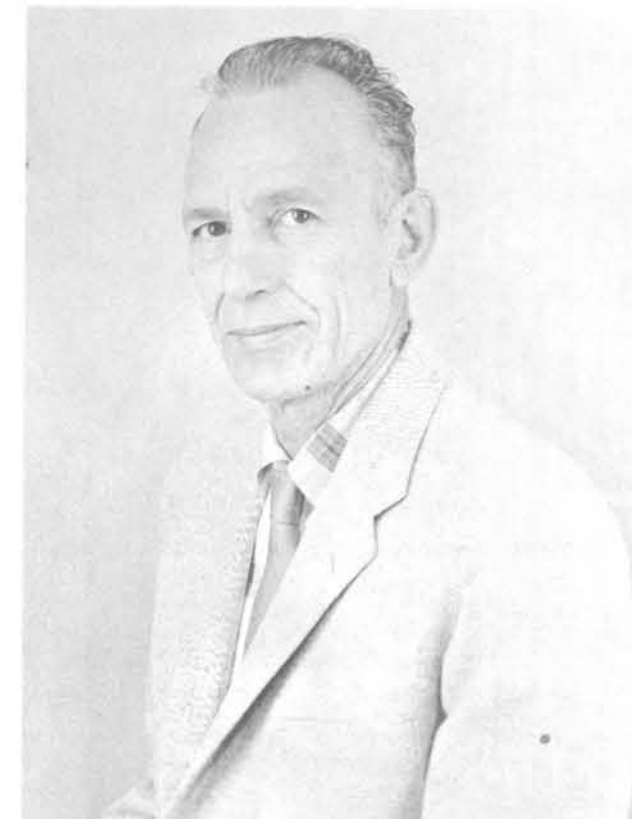
Al's plans have not yet been worked out in detail. Of certain things he is sure, however — adequate time to fish and play golf, then sort and catalogue a footlocker of colored slides accumulated over the years. After that, or as a sideline, he might engage in some business activity that appears attractive.

We'd all like to hear from this growing clan down Mexico way. It's been a long while since we've had a report, and at that time there were only Walt and Lily. Seems as though the group is getting large enough for the appointment of a community spokesman.

ARTHUR E. NICHOLS joined the Refugees on August 1 after fifteen years in Saudi Arabia, most of it in Ras Tanura. His first assignment was that of power plant operator, his most recent, Foreman, Air Water Plant, Utilities Division.

Art, who was born in Colorado and attended school in Idaho, was a resident of the San Francisco Bay area for over twenty years. His first taste of what could then be called foreign service came while working as a steam and electric plant operator for the U. S. Navy Department at Kodiak, Alaska. He joined Aramco a year later.

Art's hobbies of hunting and fishing have on several occasions taken him to Africa, India and the Far East during the past fifteen years. Art's wife, Peggy, who also spent several years in Ras Tanura is an enthusiastic gardener. They expect to devote much of their time for the next year or so to the completion of their new home on a site they have selected in Salem, Oregon. Their temporary address is 175 Stoneway Drive in Salem.



Arthur E. Nichols

Delighted to See You Again

From time to time we are indebted to employees who, on long vacation or business trips, have been in touch with annuitants and are kind enough to report on their visits. Bill and Daisy Cooper saw many of their retired friends during their recent vacation and Bill has sent us the following on them and a few others.

We spent three or four hours visiting with the OHLIGERS at their home in Bucks County, Pennsylvania — inquiring about each other's health, what we were doing, etc. FLOYD seemed to take a good deal of pleasure in showing us around the house and the surrounding grounds. He has a very beautiful place, and I cannot help but conclude that he and Dorothy are leading the lives of "country gentleman and country gentlewoman". They both look very fine indeed. We actually met Dorothy at the little country store about a mile from their house where I had stopped to inquire as to where they lived. She was returning from some kind of a collection campaign —

Red Cross, Cancer, or something of that type. I was very interested in her relating how much pleasure she derived from going around collecting money. By this device she became acquainted with many of the neighbors, and as in any country settlement such as they are in, they learned all the other residents' business.

At Scottsville, Virginia, we visited with BELA and EVELYN BARNES, who also looked very fine. I had to go a quarter of a mile to the fields to find Bela. He was out there with a hired man chopping undergrowth from the land, and he sure was hot and tired. His theory was to clear the land, then he proposed to raise and sell beef cattle. He said he would buy them at 400 pounds, fatten them to 800 pounds, and then sell them. At that time Bela was not doing much other than some hunting and just general loafing; however, he is getting ready to start raising dogs and took me out to show me where he is building kennels. As his friends know, dogs are

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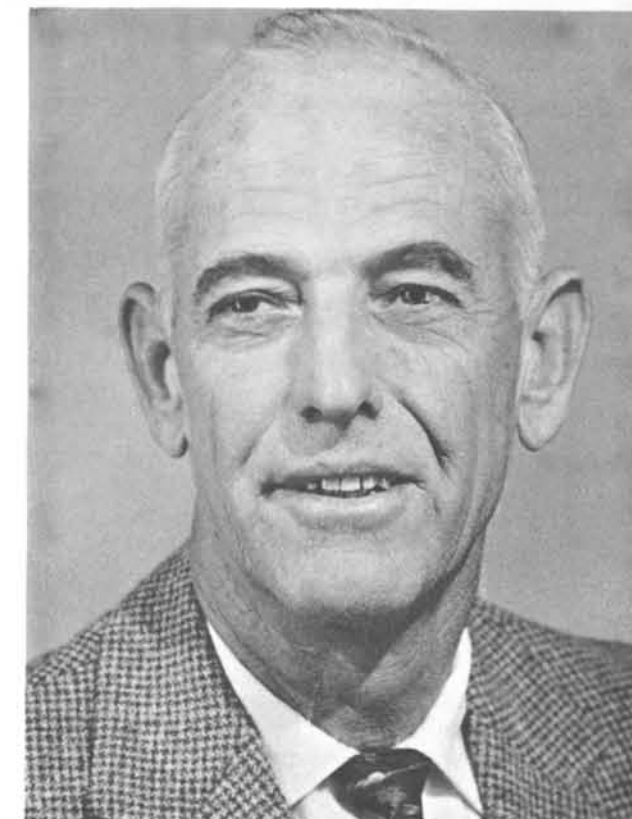
T. J. Carson

T. J. CARSON's retirement on October 1 climaxes a thirty-seven year career in the oil industry which began at Socal's Richmond Refinery. Ted held a wide variety of positions before his transfer to Aramco in 1946. Since that time he has been Superintendent, Maintenance and Shops at Abqaiq.

Ted and his wife, Mae, began their leisurely trip home the latter part of May. Their plans called for a Linjibus trip from Rome to Copenhagen with a visit to Denmark, Norway, and Sweden. Enroute they planned to pick up a car in Stuttgart for shipment to San Francisco. Following a boat trip to New York, their plans included a drive across the northern United States, revisiting Yellowstone and Glacier Parks. We're looking forward to hearing some of the details of their trip and what Ted thought of the San Francisco Giants' performance. Ted and Mae can be reached at 1608 California Street, Berkeley 3, California.

Another October 1 retiree is JAMES G. KECK, former District Program Engineer at Ras Tanura, who has completed fifteen years with Aramco. A native of Florida, and graduate of the University of Florida, Jim first worked at overseas assignments in La Paz, Bolivia and Maracaibo, Venezuela. There followed a few years in New York before heading for Saudi Arabia with Aramco. All of Jim's time has been spent in Ras Tanura, where Peg, his wife, and small daughter joined him in 1946. Their son was born three years later.

Jim's hobby is golf and he hopes some day to break 80. His other leisure time activity is electronic tinkering, of which he hopes to do quite a bit when he gets settled. In the meantime, the Kecks are looking around among the mid-eastern seaboard states for a spot to establish their new home. Their latest address is 1229 75th Street North, St. Petersburg, Florida.



James G. Keck

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dear to Bela's heart, particularly hunting dogs. They have a practically new house, which is very nice indeed. As we were leaving, they inquired if we knew of any further visitors who would call on them; they seemed most anxious to see people.

Our third visit with retired friends in March was a two-day stay with the RENFERS in Winter Park, Florida. When Carl had left here last year, they proceeded to buy a house which is located fairly close to a lake. They both look pretty well, and Carl was still full of the old vigor — always wanting to go somewhere and do something. They, like Bela and Evelyn, are most anxious to have visitors. On leaving, we made a date to see them again in Royalston, Massachusetts in June.

In April we went to Dallas, Texas, to spend a few days with the STAPLETONS. They are looking healthy and VIC is brown as a berry. Both are dieting and Vic is down to 130 pounds but

feels fine. He is still very much interested in his flowers, and puts quite a bit of time on them. While I was there, we made a trip to town to buy fertilizer. Vic is very much interested now in the Bible, and is concentrating on learning all about it. I think he has bought about every version there is, and can recite a lot of the contents by heart. He spends a good deal of his time in the library in Dallas seeking things to read. Vic is also a member of the Dallas Zoning Board, which takes up about one day a week. I think the Board consists of three members, and their job is to pass on requests for building permits. He can tell some very interesting stories. As happened the previous time we visited them, they were reluctant to let us leave; however, they seemed somewhat pacified when we assured them we would be back in a few weeks.

Having left Daisy in Texas, I arrived at the BOB KING reservation on the Klamath River up in Northern California on Sunday, April 26. Bob has quite a place, and he has done a remarkable

job in fixing it up and making improvements. You should hear him tell the story of air conditioning the place. Both Bob and Pauline look fine, and I gathered that they also are looking for visitors. In the animal world, Bob has two dogs which follow him all over the place. Bob and I went into town one day, and he apparently is quite well known by almost everybody.

A couple of days later, in Paradise, California, I ran into BOB COONEY, who is operating a gas station in the middle of town. He took me to their house to see Mrs. Cooney, their daughter, son-in-law, and grandchild. We visited for quite a while and had some coffee, then the son-in-law drove me over to see the CAL ROSSES. I caught Cal in his overalls painting the trim on his house. Although my time was pretty short, Cal insisted that I stay overnight. Before leaving, I tried to find some of the others who live in Paradise, like the GIB ZUMWALTS and the WAYNE BROWNS, but they were not available.

The following day I ran into JIM STIRTON in San Francisco, where he is working for Bechtel. We had lunch together, then spent a couple of hours looking through the stores — I don't quite know why, just curiosity I guess. Then there was a short visit with Gaga Fitzgerald, who was enjoying San Francisco very much. While there I also saw Al Singelyn's son, Mike, and daughter, Mary Pat. Mike is working nights in a parking station to help earn money for his college education. Mary Pat was all dressed up for some special occasion and looked very nice.

Later I had a visit in Los Angeles with Esther Souders, her daughter, and son-in-law. Esther was all enthused about coming back to Saudi Arabia and was making plans. During the afternoon, they took me around and showed me the sights of Los Angeles.

The next day I lunched with JEAN BURCH. She is working nights in an aircraft factory and

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Paul Combs

PAUL COMBS' retirement on August 1 spells the end of twelve years in Aramco's drilling operations in Saudi Arabia. His long career as a driller, however, began with the Hancock Oil Company in California in 1934. This was interrupted for a period during the war years when Paul worked in the shipyards.

When Paul and his wife, Isabel, left Dhahran, where they have made their home since 1948, they flew to Bahrain Island. Their plans for the next two months included visiting through India, Ceylon, Singapore, Hong Kong, Japan and Hawaii. They will arrive in California late in October, then start looking for an acre or two so they can keep busy when not "Gone Fishing". Paul's hobbies also include photography and wood-working, which he plans to take time out to enjoy. Their welcome mat will be out for anyone who would like to visit with them at 432 Ximeno Avenue, Long Beach, California.

With Apologies To The Bard

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has some kind of a special contract. Jean is fine, but is getting a yen to travel — to which I suggested that she just go travel.

We spent another week with the STAPLETONS when I returned to Dallas to rejoin Daisy. During this time we ran into Kerry Fox, who, as many will remember, left Aramco to join Collins Radio in Dallas. We had quite a party one night when they invited us to dinner in their brand new home.

We were sorry to miss the DAVIES retirement party in New York, but didn't receive the invitation until the day following the party. Later in June, on our way back to Saudi Arabia, we spent three days with the Gildeas in Paris. Nanette is still the same, and Jim still worries about something to do. While there I learned that Jim and Nanette plan on selling their house and leaving France.

Here a strange situation which must be akin to a long time between courses of a meal — but who ever heard of nine years between salad and dessert? There are many, however, who will recall the occasion of GEORGE VIVIAN's retirement in 1950 and the role his battered but beloved fedora played in the festivities just before he and Josie departed.

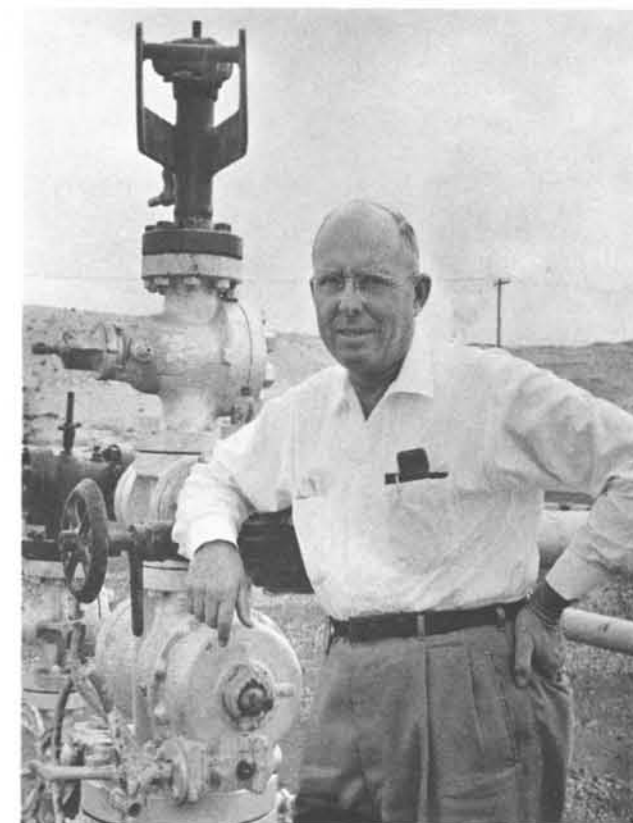
JACK MAHONEY was cleaning house the other day and came across this poem, which we understand was written for that final gathering but not presented. (Jack suggests that Shakespeare might have done better, but . . .)

A HAT AND A FRIEND

For years this hat did grace his head,
It was cocked at any angle,

The retirement of NICHOLAS E. BIBBY on August 1 followed fifteen years in the Middle East. Nick joined Aramco in November 1945, transferred to Tapline in 1950, then returned to Aramco five years later. He was Production Foreman of Oil Operations, Producing Division in Dhahran at the time of his retirement. Prior to joining Aramco, Nick had already spent more than twenty years in the oil industry, most of it with Richfield Oil Company in Taft, California.

Nick and his wife, Mildred, spent two weeks in Paris and London enroute to New York. From there, they went to Detroit, picked up a new car and drove to Los Banos, California, where they plan to retire. They expect to be kept very busy for the next several months with house plans and hope that their new home will be completed by Christmas. Until that time, Nick and Mildred may be reached in care of H. W. Busse, Box 25, Los Banos, California.



Nicholas E. Bibby

And the head that it did cover
Any problem could untangle.
Its band bears sweat of summer heat,
Its shape long since has vanished,
Yet the head that it did cover
For good thoughts never famished.

Some folks would say this old hat
Rates space within a "drum"
But the head for years it covered
Will remember in years to come
That here he left his hat one day,
For another he would find
To cover up that head of his,
Full of thoughts so kind.

He leaves this hat with his old friends
To be a symbol of his thought,
On kindness, cheerfulness and such

Aye, gifts that can't be bought:
That unto ourselves we can say
Richer by far we'd be
If our outlook on this life
Was the very same as he
Who wore this hat, a battered wreck
For nigh so many years,
You can surely bet without regret
We'd have so little fears.
With hope and even a silent prayer
To George we'd like to say,
And Josie, too, who shares his joys
May you be as happy as today . . .
And as you travel on though far and wide
There's a spot in our hearts for two;
This thought begat from a battered hat
That once was worn by you!



H. F. Wright

Retirement of H. F. WRIGHT from Aramco on August 1 completed twenty years of service which began with Socal at Taft, California in 1939 and was soon followed by a transfer to the old Casoc organization. There were alternating assignments between Arabia and San Francisco before Foss and his wife, Ann, returned to Dhahran in 1950. For the past two and a half years Foss has been Supervisor, Cost Accounting at Abqaiq.

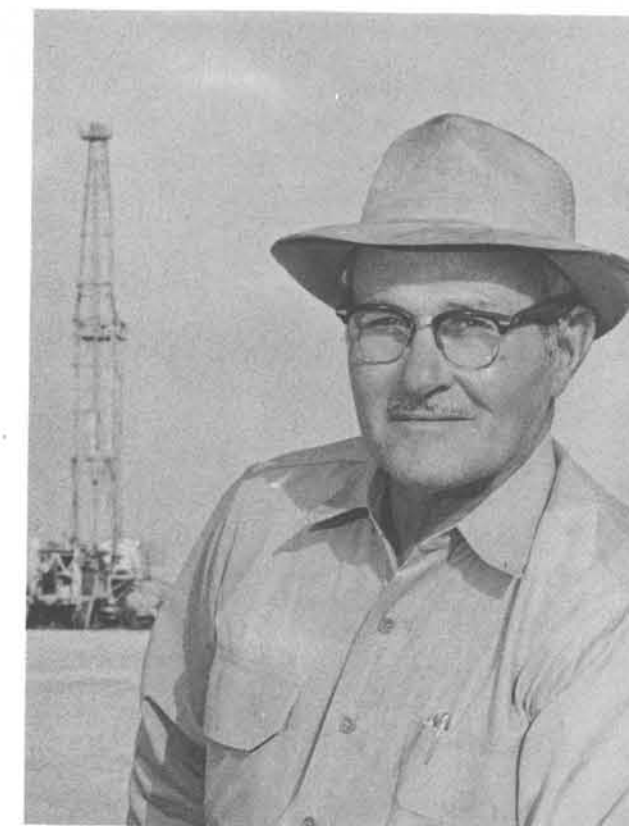
Foss is a native of Illinois and attended college in Ohio and Arizona. He temporarily forsook his business administration major for music, touring Europe and the United States with different orchestral groups for five years before returning to the world of business.

The Wrights plan to tour Italy, Germany, and Austria and pick up a car before sailing for home. Enroute to San Francisco they also plan stops in Spain, South and Central America. Then there will be more stateside touring while exploring a suitable place for retirement. Their contact address for the time being is c/o Spencer Brush, Brush, Slocomb and Company, 465 California Street, San Francisco, California.

CARL A. WASHBURN joined the Aramco-Socal alumni on September 1, rounding out forty-one years in the oil industry, with the last twenty-six representing continuous service. Carl's last assignment was Drilling Foreman, Oil Operation, Producing in Dhahran. Before returning to Aramco in 1943, Carl had played the rolling stone in many parts of the world — the Philippines, South America, Middle East.

Carl and his wife, Pat, will soon celebrate their thirty-first wedding anniversary. Pat first joined her husband on Bahrain Island in 1935 and has spent most of the time since with him in the Middle East.

Enroute to the United States, Carl and Pat plan to spend time in Holland, Denmark, and Germany, taking a boat for New York the end of September. They will travel to California by way of Lexington, Kentucky, arriving some time in November. Their time for the next several months will be devoted to building a home and planting shrubs and flowers on a beautiful acre of ground at Arroyo Grande, close to Pismo Beach and good deep sea fishing. Until ready to greet friends in their new home, they may be reached c/o Mrs. F. P. Williams, Cayucos, California.



Carl A. Washburn

Not Long, Really

To nature belong the mighty oak and the tiny acorn. To civilization as seen by man this day belongs the oil industry with its almost infinitesimal beginning of a century ago.

Today, petroleum is our third largest industry, outranked only by agriculture and public utilities. It in turn exceeds railroading, iron and steel in size. It ranks first as this nation's source of energy. It has revolutionized industry, transportation and agriculture as a source of light, heat, power and lubricants. It has contributed immeasurably to the growth and strength of our society, economy and government, and plays an integral part in our national security.

Yet only one hundred years ago, the world's first commercial oil well was drilled near Titusville, Pennsylvania, in a wild and lonely spot along Oil Creek. Little could "Colonel" Edwin L. Drake even dream of the ever faster rolling snowball which his tiny well would set in motion. In an era when communications were hardly beyond the primitive stage, the speed with which word of Drake's well travelled was phenomenal. In less than a day's time hundreds of persons were milling around the area like excited ants. All seemed to feel that a new future of wealth and opportunity lay ahead for those who could buy or lease a piece of land and sink a well. With a fever akin to that which had propelled men

westward in search of gold, thousands entered the oil business, without knowledge or experience of drilling, refining, moving or marketing of the fluid.

The first tiny refineries grew up like mushrooms in the shade. Most were housed in a rude shack, an iron drum as a still, and a spiraling "worm" for condensing the vapor. Kerosene was their major product for nearly fifty years, popular here and abroad for heating, lighting and cooking. In the early days teams transported most of the oil from well to refinery to shipping point — Oil City about sixteen miles from Titusville. Barges were also put to use along Oil Creek when the

water was high enough to float the oil downstream. The year 1865 saw construction of the first tank car — a flat car on which had been placed two forty-five barrel tanks — for transporting oil to New York. That year, too, the first pipeline was run from Pithole to Miller Farm on the Oil Creek Railroad, in face of ridicule and teamster opposition — the teamsters fearing that unemployment would result.

The die had been cast and the infant industry grew, slowly at the beginning and confined primarily to Pennsylvania during its early years. Then oil was discovered in Ohio and Indiana, in the South and in the West — and the parent could no longer recognize the child.



Edward Field

EDWARD FIELD is retiring on September 1, after thirty-four years of service which began as an analytical chemist with Socal in June, 1925 at the Richmond Refinery. He transferred to Aramco as Chief Chemist in 1944 and has spent the past fifteen years at the Ras Tanura refinery.

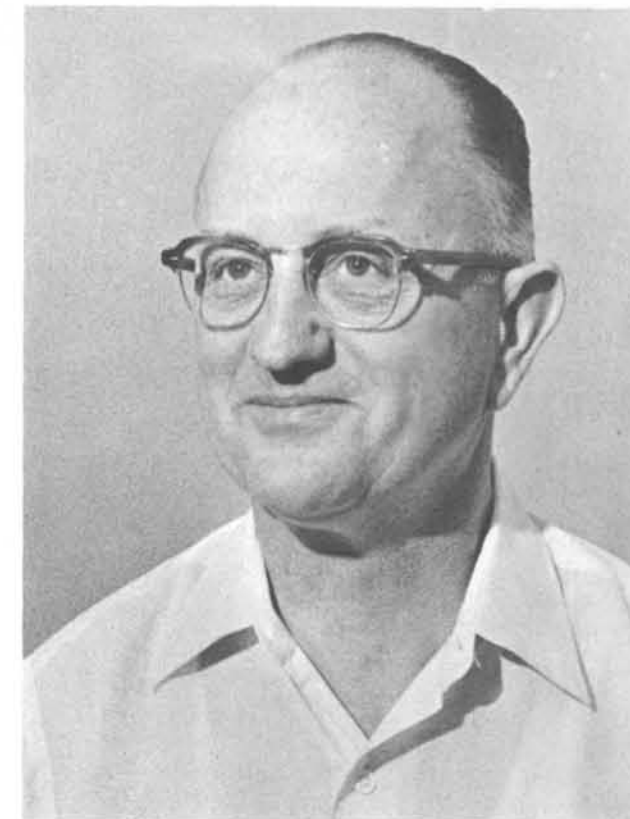
Ed was born and attended school in England, graduating with honors from the University of Birmingham, following which he taught in North Wales for three years. He continued his teaching for several years after reaching San Francisco, conducting evening classes in petroleum technology at the Samuel Gompers Trade School.

Ed and his wife, Irene, are planning an extensive tour through Germany, Austria, and Denmark enroute to the United States, where they expect to continue traveling for a while before settling down. Their temporary mailing address will be 857 36th Avenue, San Francisco, California.

WALTER R. GOODWIN, Chief Accountant in Dhahran, forsook desert sands for retirement on September 1 after more than twenty-two years with Socal and Aramco. Bud, as he is better known, began his accounting career in Houston, Texas after obtaining a degree in science and commerce at Southern Methodist University. Shortly after joining Socal in 1937, he was sent out to Jiddah as a foreign operations accountant. His first long vacation came thirty-seven months later, and was severely affected when war broke out in the Pacific. He finally reached Dhahran again in February 1942.

Bud and his wife, Vivian, a dramatic soprano who formerly sang professionally, recently celebrated their eighth wedding anniversary.

The Goodwins retirement plans are not yet complete, but friends can reach them in the meantime c/o Miss Lita Mitchell, 5834 Belmont, Dallas, Texas.



Walter R. Goodwin

Enlightened - The Dark Continent

We've had two letters from FLORENCE HAMM, providing further reports on her travels. The first was written on May 15, the second on August 6.

On board SS Sangara enroute
Liverpool to Matadi

I had hoped to have ten days in England before leaving for Africa, but found that American Express had made tentative arrangements for me on a ship leaving Liverpool yesterday, May 14, providing I could get a visa. When I applied for one at the Belgian Embassy, I was told that a passport valid for fifteen months was required, and mine expires December 8th, this year. However, they finally agreed to grant a visa valid to July 1st and I will try to get it extended when

the ship arrives at Matadi on June 9th, as I may want to stay in the Congo longer than two weeks. Our first port of call is Freetown, Sierra Leone on May 24th and I will mail this letter from there.

This is my first trip on a cargo vessel and I am pleasantly surprised by the accommodations, dining room service, quality of the food, cheerful officers, etc. The ship can carry twelve passengers, but there are only ten so far - all very agreeable, so I expect to enjoy the trip. We had engine trouble four hours out of Liverpool, and spent last night and this morning anchored off Anglesey, Wales, while the crew made the necessary repairs. When the engines were started again we circled for an hour to be sure everything was OK before going on. Fortunately,

the sea has been calm; otherwise it could have been unpleasant.

I have a single cabin with a wardrobe, a chest of drawers (the top of which converts to a desk) and hot and cold running water in the wash basin, so I am quite comfortable. There is a small bar, a lounge with radio and record player, games and a small library. The fare is only \$272.00 for the 27 day voyage from Liverpool to Matadi, Belgian Congo, and this line, Elder Dempster Lines, Ltd., is considered to be a very good one. So, I feel I was very fortunate since I had no idea what I was getting into when passage was booked for me in London.

Bunia, Belgian Congo

My ship from Liverpool did not arrive at Matadi until June 30th as we had to spend two

weeks in Lagos, Nigeria for engine repairs. However, that is one of the difficulties you have to expect when travelling by cargo vessel. My visa for the Congo was to expire on July 1st and I was unable to get a renewal on my passport which was due to expire in December of this year. The Belgium Government, as I mentioned before, requires a passport valid for fifteen months, so the American Consulate in Lagos agreed to issue me a new passport and I was therefore able to get a new visa for the Congo.

From Matadi I took a train to Leopoldville where I spent a week and then took a river steamer to Port Francqui on Kasai River. I was unable to get reservations on the steamer for Stanleyville by way of the Congo, but the Kasai River trip was most enjoyable, and fellow passengers told me that the Congo River was not

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Robert L. Huebner

We welcome ROBERT L. HUEBNER to the evergrowing ranks of annuitants as of September 1, after more than fifteen years among the sand dunes of Saudi Arabia. Bob's last position was that of Foreman of the Stabilizer, Plants and Pipelines Division, Oil Operations Department, Abqaiq. His first assignment with Aramco came in 1943 when he went to Dhahran as Assistant Foreman, Production. Bob was born in Texas and went to California as a boy. He worked for the Honolulu Oil Corporation in Taft, California for fifteen years following attendance at Taft Junior College.

Bob's wife, Marguerite, and daughter, Charlotte, joined him in Abqaiq in 1947, where they have since made their home. Their new address is 70 Seaview Terrace, San Francisco.

When A. D. MAIR began his retirement on August 1, it was to complete more than twenty years of service with Aramco. Don had joined the old Casoc organization as Radio Operator in 1939 and for the past three years has been Superintendent of Communications. Don has been a "sound" man ever since forsaking his pre-med training during World War I. His adopted career has provided the excuse for travelling in many parts of the world, and has put him in contact with many famous film personalities during the years he worked for United Artists and Warner Brothers.

It was Don's wife, Leda, who discovered the spot they ultimately selected for retirement in Portugal, her first stopover enroute to Dhahran in 1945. Don became equally attracted and they purchased a site which they've named "Our Dream". They have laid out the welcome mat and hope all their friends will include this sunny land in their travels, where the Mairs can be found at Casa "Nosso Sonho", Avenida Saboia, Monte Estoril, Portugal.



A. D. and Leda Mair

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very interesting. The trip took six days to Port Francqui and I then proceeded by train to Albertville on Lake Tanganyika. After a few days there I took a lake steamer to Kasindu and then went by car to Bukavu on Lake Kivu. Lake Tanganyika is the second deepest lake in the world with a depth of 4700 feet, and Lake Kivu is in the heart of the loveliest part of the Congo.

You may have read the April issue of Holiday magazine which contained many interesting articles on Africa and tips for travelling. I cut out some of the suggested tours and the information has come in very handy. My troubles started, however, when I arrived at Bukavu and learned that the only means of travel to the most interesting points of tourist attractions was by private car — there were no trains or busses. There were no other tourists I could join, as most visitors

either come in large groups, or if they come by themselves they apparently are millionaires! To give you an idea of the cost, a *six day* tour from Bukavu to Bunia (Where I am now) cost \$780.00 for one person! One tour agent made the comment that if Americans can afford to come to the Congo, they should be able to afford the tours after they get here. Of course, once you are here they have you trapped and you have to go by private car.

Well, I was practically in a panic as to what I was going to do in order to get to Uganda. There are plane connections to Entebbe and Nairobi, but I had too much luggage to fly, and anyway you don't see anything by flying over a country. The second day in Bukavu I found a tour agent who was going to Stanleyville on August 3rd and he would bring me here to Bunia for \$60.00 to

pay for his gasoline. It meant waiting a week so I went to Kisenyi on Lake Kivu, where I stayed at a hotel on the beach and swam every day and enjoyed the opportunity to relax.

Kisenyi is in the area where the Watutsis live (the tall men who wear headdresses of white monkey hair — you have no doubt seen films of their dances.) The leader, or sort of king, died a few days before I arrived at Kisenyi — he was quite a handsome man and not very old. The most important of the dancers, the men close to the leader, only perform twice or three times a year. What most tourists see is a group of shorter men, but who dance very well, however.

On the drive here from Kisenyi, we went through the Queen Elizabeth National Park and saw some of the wild animals there. Further

along on the route we saw a village where some pygmies live and stopped to take pictures. The pygmies are inter-marrying with other Africans now, so you see a mixed group, some tall and some small. About six miles from here (Bunia) there is a village where a few of the saucer-lipped women live, and yesterday an American woman missionary whom I met took me there in her car. The young women don't stretch their lips any more, and there are only a few old women left who wear the round disks in their upper lip (the lower lip is not stretched). We found only one of these older women and got some pictures of her. I was also able to buy one of the wooden disks.

From Bunia I am going to Kasenye on Lake Albert (they use similar names for places, like Kisenyi on Lake Kivu and Kasenye on Lake

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A. P. Shell

A. P. SHELL, Drilling Foreman, Exploration Department, Dhahran, shook the sand from his shoes on September 1, after twelve years with Aramco. A.P., as he is known to most of his friends, has had a long career in the oil industry — one which began with Socal in 1919 at Ely, Nevada. Since then he has engaged in drilling operations for Federal Drilling Company, Getty Oil Company, Union, Dutch Shell, and Hancock Oil Companies.

After leaving Saudi Arabia, A.P. and his wife, Christie, are visiting the Holy Land, Turkey, Greece, Egypt, then boarding a boat at Port Said. They will disembark at Bangkok for a few days then complete their trip by air. Their itinerary calls for two weeks in Hong Kong, a short stay in Manila, two or three weeks in Tokyo, and on to Honolulu for Christmas.

They will settle temporarily at 9332½ Olympic Boulevard in Beverly Hills, California, then do some more travelling before selecting the final spot in which to relax and enjoy retirement — fishing, camping, sports, etc.

BERNARD R. McKEEGAN, who officially joins the Refugee ranks on October 1, began his long vacation in July. Barney, Equipment and Supply Supervisor for the Medical Department, left Saudi Arabia after nearly fifteen years with Aramco. He was born and educated in California and spent most of his early warehousing and accounting career in the San Francisco Bay area. Barney was with Metropolitan Life Insurance Company for over fourteen years.

Barney's family joined him in Dhahran in 1948. He and his wife, Helen, are both bowling enthusiasts, she having organized the Dhahran Women's Club Bowling Team and served as its first secretary.

Selection of a spot for retirement was no problem for Barney and Helen, and friends will find them at home at 3137 Benjamin Drive, Richmond, California.



Bernard R. McKeegan

NEW LIFE IN A NEW LAND

(continued from page 13)

Albert). I will get a boat this Saturday, August 8th, for Butiaba, on the Uganda side of the Lake, and from there I can take a launch to Murchison Falls and the game park there, which I understand is well worth seeing. Then from Murchison Falls I can make my way by train and bus to Kampala on Lake Victoria. Once I am in Uganda, I will have no difficulty getting places by train or bus; also there are more tourists in Uganda and Kenya. After seeing Entebbe, and perhaps taking the seven day trip around Lake Victoria, I will go on to Nairobi, and then south to Rhodesia and Victoria Falls. My only deadline is to get to Kruger National Park before October 1st when the park closes for the rainy season.

From Kruger I plan to go to Johannesburg and then along the Natal coast to Durban. From Durban there is a bus trip called the "Garden

Route" tour which takes about five days to Capetown. When I get to Capetown I will decide whether to return to New York by boat, or go on to Australia as I had originally planned. (Depends on the state of my finances!) Also, I am getting rather tired of travelling alone. It has been five months since I left Dhahran — doesn't seem possible.

Well, I guess that brings you up to date on my travels so far. Although I did not see everything I wanted to here in the Congo, at the least the trip has not been a waste of time, and I consider myself lucky to have been able to get a ride this far, seeing some lovely scenery along the way.

We trust there will be more when Florence has time. Our appreciation for her efforts in sharing her experiences.

The GEES are now four, CASPER and Sophie having completed adoption of the two children while in Greece. They are of an age to walk and talk and are learning to speak English, but further details we haven't yet received. Their years and names, whether boys, girls, or both, Casper forgot to say.

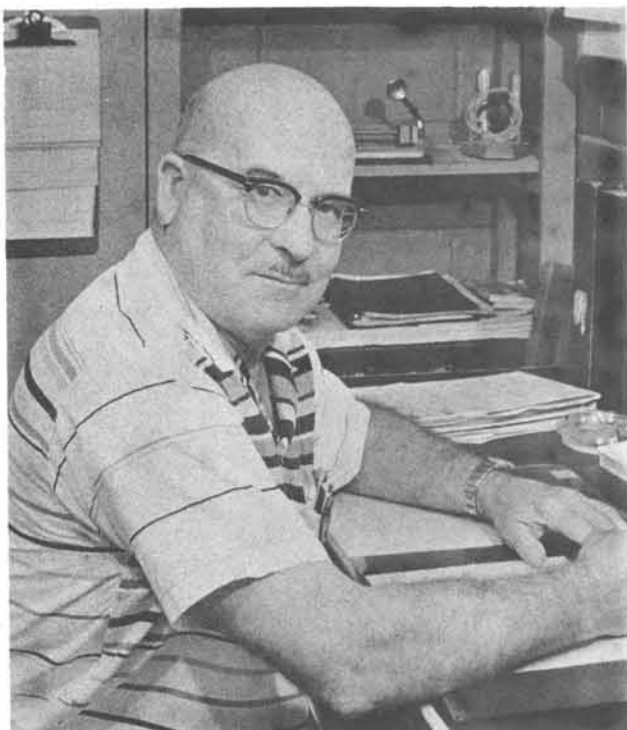
We gather that the adoption of the children was quite an education in itself; and Casper has indicated a willingness to advise, or recommend competent legal assistance to anyone else who might be interested in the adoption of children from Greece.

Casper and Sophie had many interesting experiences during their trip, particularly in Athens. At a banquet one evening, Casper was guest of the Inspector for the Masonic Grand Lodge of Greece. They met a great many very interesting people all along the way, artists, writers, business and professional people. They

were particularly fond of the view from their apartment in Athens which looked out on the Acropolis, lit up each night in soft color.

Casper sent his last letter, and good wishes for all, from Galveston, Texas, where they had arrived aboard the "M/V GREGORIUS" after thirty-five days at sea. There had been a little rocking and rolling due to an empty hold, but the weather was wonderful and the four of them were not brown from having practically lived in shorts and sandals. They were to leave the ship at New Orleans and head for home.

They got loads of new pictures which Casper says he will be showing soon, including some excellent shots of Gibraltar taken at quite close range. Let's hope he has some black and white shots to send along for use in Al-Ayyam Al-Jamila — we'd like to see the newest members of the family anyway.



B. E. Robertson

B. E. ROBERTSON joins the annuitants on September 1 after twenty-five years of continuous service with Socal and Aramco. Barney, who in recent years has been Custodian of Dhahran Senior Staff School, first set foot on Middle East sands in 1934. Since that time he has performed a variety of assignments on Bahrain Island and in different parts of Saudi Arabia. His initial affiliation with Socal, however, came at the age of 13 as an errand boy in the shops during summer vacations. There were also other periods of work with Socal during the next twenty years as Barney moved up and down the west coast, spending much of his time with the big power companies.

Barney and his wife, Bertha, were married in Aberdeen, Washington in 1943. Bertha and their daughter, Christine, arrived in Dhahran early in 1946.

The Robertsons are planning to retire in the Lake Tahoe area of the Sierra Nevada Mountains and can be reached c/o General Delivery, Al Tahoe, California.

Fore!

From the Valley of the Sun, otherwise known as Phoenix, Arizona, comes a note of greeting from MILT and JEAN SMITH, with Jean in the role of correspondent.

They have been more than busy during this past year since leaving Arabia, trying to get their home and yard up to par. Theirs is a large ranch-type house with eight full-size trees in the yard, of which they are justly proud — olive, fig, and pecan. Jean says Milt has worked very hard and has the outside and yard looking beautiful. She has modestly refrained from comment on the inside or her own efforts there, however. Our guess is that her department competes favorably with Milt's and is equally attractive.

They have a good size patio and like most residents of the area, that is where they do most of their living. How about some pictures?

Being ardent golfers, Jean and Milt have followed some of the tournaments in Phoenix, Tucson, and Las Vegas. Shortly after writing, they planned on going to Colorado Springs and to see the Ryder Cup Tournament at Palm Springs. They find these games very exciting. Jean found particular pleasure in watching Bing Crosby make his hole-in-one at the Phoenix Open.

The really big event, however, came when Milt gained admission to the Hole-In-One Club. As Jean puts it, "After all these years, Milt finally had the thrill of making a hole-in-one here in Phoenix."

Milt and Jean enjoy the Aramco publications and particularly hearing what their friends are doing. They miss their friends a great deal and hope that more will drop around for a visit — and the golfers for a game. To them: perhaps you too can make a hole-in-one in Phoenix.

Barney with Miss Kennedy in the garden of the McSparren home in Cusinden where Barney was a guest.

Pleasant Memories



BARNEY McKEEGAN arrived in New York early in August with memories fresh of the experiences which had been crowded into the short time since he left Saudi Arabia for retirement. Barney was still enjoying his farewell coffee — the send-off from friends in the Medical Department, Dhahran Health Center — wishing that he had the opportunity to thank all who had a part in the arrangements.

He left the Middle East by plane, boarding Swiss Air in Kuwait for Cairo, then to Geneva and Zurich. After a day in Zurich he travelled by train to Kassel, Germany, a spot north of Frankfurt in the Province of Hesse. Here he was house guest for a week of Mr. & Mrs. Karl Lepphardt, parents of his daughter-in-law. This was a unique experience and filled with many amusing incidents, since Barney spoke no German when he arrived and his host and hostess spoke no English.

The humor of one situation was best pictured by Barney in describing a minor accident which resulted in his two "knockwurst" toes, so called because of their resemblance to German sausages. It seems that Barney's foot ran afoul of a concrete ledge in the swimming pool — the result, a couple of somewhat painful and swollen, black and blue pedal digits.

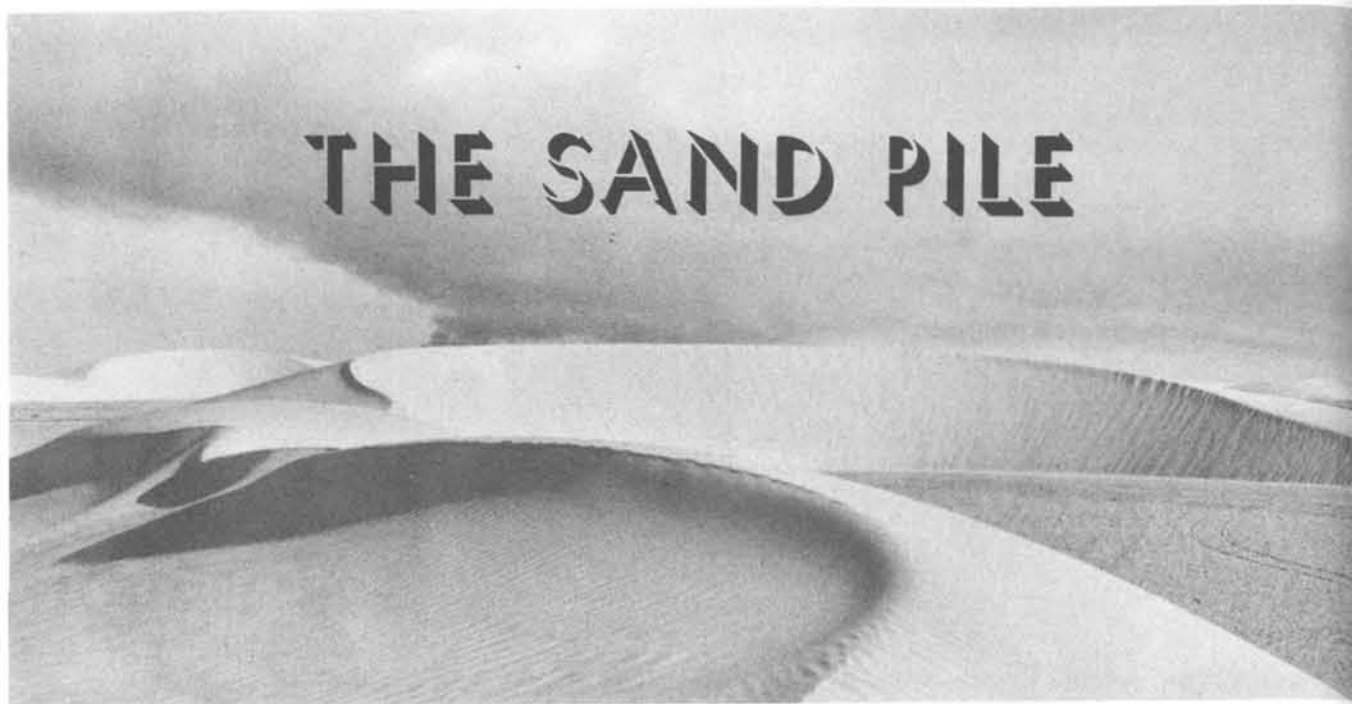
The Lepphardts accompanied Barney to Frankfurt where he boarded Irish Airlines for

Dublin. After having concentrated on pure German for a week, he found it a little difficult to tune his ears suddenly to the Irish brand of English spoken in the land of his ancestors. This was Barney's first visit to the country where the name McKeegan had been famous in Irish history since the 16th century.

It was a pleasant, exciting, and emotional experience, this visit to the home of his forebearers. The land was beautiful, the people friendly, and it made a lump in the throat to see the things he'd heard his father describe many years ago — the great, old family house in Cloney, for example. There were kinsmen in Cushendun and Cushendall who made him welcome. And there was Miss Kennedy, eighty years young and postmistress at Cushendun, who had been a schoolmate of his father's eldest sister and remembered stories that even Barney had never heard. And there were more distant relatives in Dublin to serve as guide in that city and around the scenic Lakes of Glendalough. Barney bid the Emerald Isle goodbye, but says in all sincerity that he wants to go back again some day to enjoy its friendship and its beauty.

Barney was met in New York by his wife, Helen, who has been back in the States for several months — their plans included a trip by car through the New England States, Canada and Seattle, Washington.

THE SAND PILE



As you may remember, the first installment of this travelogue ended with the McConnells comfortably planted in a small hotel (chalet, if you want to be high-hat about it) in the Swiss Alps. And for what it may be worth to some other tourist, I believe that a small hotel in the Swiss Alps is one of the most desirable places that I recall in which to be planted. Gertrude and I agree that of all the countries into which we have stumbled outside the U.S.A., Switzerland gets our vote for overall enjoyment. (And any time your wife and you find that you agree, it's an occasion worthy of comment.)

The plumbing works in Switzerland. The food, always a matter of opinion, satisfies us. The hotels are excellent, the railroads unsurpassed, the scenery magnificent. Tilted green valleys point toward peaks of twisted rock glistening with snow and ice; and high on the mountain-sides, log huts cling to the steep slopes, making pictures fit for a book of fairy tales. This beauty, I admit, spills over into the bordering countries of Austria, Italy, Germany, even somewhat into France; but its center rests in that little mountain republic so dedicated to man's freedom that through the long centuries of European conquest, the land hungry neighbors have reluctantly kept hands off.

But, as I said before I was so rudely interrupted by my own enthusiasm, there we were, sitting in a Swiss hotel where I had completed

with pain my last report to you. The letter had been mailed to our editor and I was breathing deeply, congratulating myself that *that* was finished, when the idea hit me that we'd have to start travelling again if I was to find something to report for the September issue. So we bravely packed the bags and once more started wandering.

We watched a Corpus Christi procession in an old Swiss village, one of our memorable experiences. We drifted down to the Italian lake country, then to Florence, and on to Rome where we attended the high school graduation of Kath and Tom Barger's eldest daughter, Ann. Then we enjoyed a five day get-together with the Bargers (all eight of them) and the Steve Furmans.

Rome, always a spot of outstanding interest to me, acquired a new significance this time. I got lost whenever I tried to drive through it in an automobile. Piloting a car through the Italian capital involves a combination of obstacles, not the least of which is the presence of Italian drivers. Place an otherwise charming, easy-going Italian behind the wheel of a car and he immediately decides that every other object moving on the highway is his natural opponent, intent upon obstructing his (the Italian's) progress. He feels that the highways, and particularly those charming plazas that adorn Italian cities, are areas for open hunting with no game laws applying, and he calls on the spirit of Garibaldi to witness that no man shall beat him

Phil might have done well to adopt this mode of transportation a bit earlier on the trip. Gertrude seems to like it.

to his chosen spot. Who cares about the mangled flesh and cartilage on the pavement? *He* is going through!

The Italians add another element of chance to driving in Rome, namely, the one-way street. One-ways are sufficiently confusing in a town blessed with straight parallel roads; but just try them in a city such as Rome where no two streets go in the same direction for long. In Rome I would study a map with great care and determine the route to follow in order to reach a given place. I would have to pretty much memorize the bends and turns because I knew that once I committed myself to the turmoil of traffic, and started to duck the maddened charge of the sons of Rome, there'd be little opportunity to take my eyes from the road and practically no chance to catch sight of the occasional street sign shyly parked in some remote nook high on the side of a building. I simply had to remember the route from the map.

All would be well until I had travelled perhaps three or four blocks going east, for example. At about that point, I suddenly would be confronted with a big arrow and a big policeman, both pointing south. No more east travel on *that* street. So I would, of necessity, follow the arrow. I would keep trying to turn back to the east, but at every corner the arrows would continue to



point south. They might even point west — but never east. At least, they wouldn't point in the direction that I had come to believe was east when I started. After three or four large bends in the road, I wouldn't know.

But I made progress. After a few days of ending in wrong places, I managed to memorize the route from the Eden Hotel to the Victor Emmanuel monument. Beyond the monument was no man's land where I still got lost. Eventually, I also memorized the route that brought me back from the monument to the hotel. Thereafter, I could travel with confidence from hotel to monument, from monument to hotel; and if I were



Dancing Girls — Young (Thailand) and Old (Angkor Wat)

feeling energetic, I could repeat the trip. I often wished that there had been something near the monument, or even along the route, that justified my taking the trip; but I never found anything there that I wanted. Outside this worn track, I ended somewhere else every time I started for a given place in Rome. Hours later, with the aid of map and many repeated questions and arm exercises, I'd blunder back to the hotel. Then, just to restore my confidence in myself, I'd drive to the monument and back. That trip always was a great satisfaction to me. I still feel that if we had stayed in Rome long enough, I would have a second route, possibly to some place where I wanted to go.

From Rome, we headed back north and stopped briefly in the picture book republic of San Marino which feeds primarily on tourists, but does so in such a delightful setting that you enjoy the experience. We continued north into Germany's Bavarian Alps and charming old towns which we

Phil receives personal protection from a Chinese statue in Bangkok.



Real cool, Mam, real cool

glimpsed briefly through various kinds of rain, all wet and coming out of low-hanging clouds.

Then something happened, something not easily explained. I rolled out of bed one morning, evidently on the wrong side. (Gertrude says that this has happened before, but that is a matter of opinion.) The result was complete confusion. I ordered dinner instead of breakfast, and asked a bellhop for a tip. By the time we were straight again, we found that instead of being seated in our German Ford, we were strapped into a pair of airplane seats. Believe it or not, when we asked where we were headed, we were told - Dhahran.

We've never yet managed to leave a plane in mid-air without creating a disturbance, so we sat quietly. After a given number of hours, there below us was the edge of the Persian Gulf and the Ras Tanura Refinery and the black traces of the pipe lines - then the Dhahran Air Base. As you are well aware, the rules of Arab hospitality demand that shelter be given to the weary traveller - so Betty and Les Snyder said, "Well, if no one else will take them . . ."

There we made headquarters for nearly three weeks while we roamed as far as Abqaiq and Ras Tanura, al-Khobar and Dammam. With Cottie Seager's help, I even managed to bum a ride into the Rub al Khali for a couple of days.



Phil, Gertrude, Betty and friends

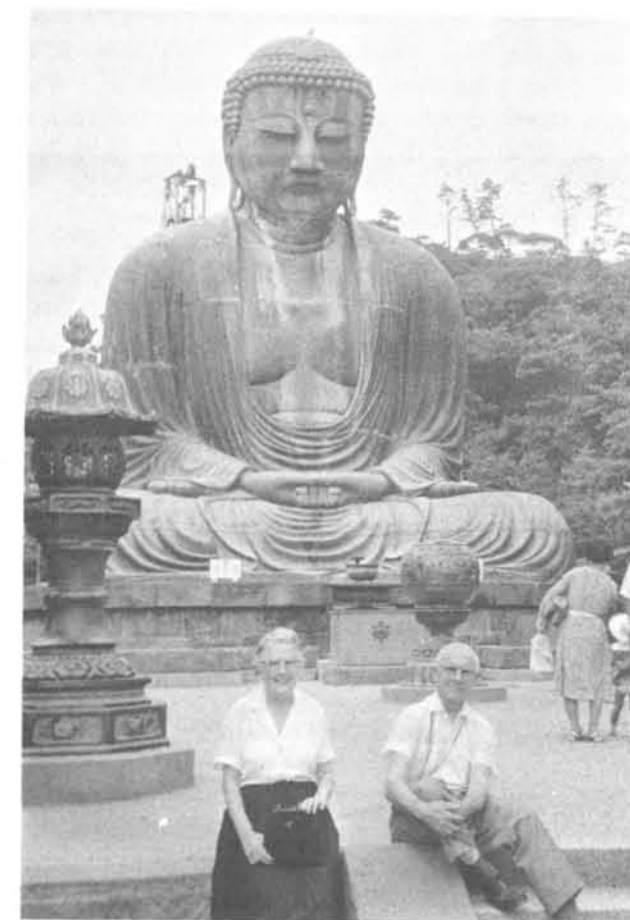
The Snyders met their obligation bravely; but as time passed, the strain began to show. On the nineteenth day they gave up and announced that they had suddenly decided to take their home leave. (And I might add that I think that was an unreasonably drastic action just to get rid of a couple of unwelcome visitors. They could have quit serving meals or burned down the house.) Anyway, by this time, we had become accustomed to the Snyders; so we said, "Fine. We'll go along - and we hope you bought four tickets instead of a measly two."

The four of us flew to Bangkok for a few days, where we renewed our contacts with Thai temples, dancing and boxing. I found that although many of the motions of the dancing and the boxing are the same, the final results are different. I didn't see a single knocked-out dancer. Then the other three of the party flew on to Hong Kong while I took a side trip into Cambodia for a look at the ruins of Angkor Wat and Angkor Thom. After I caught the party in Hong Kong, we stayed for another week while we carefully searched the luggage for any stray nickels that had escaped previous spending. I never saw such a place for going broke in order to save money. A charming Chinese business man with whom we established both friendly and financial relations, assured me that when we left, the volume of sales in the city could be expected to drop noticeably.

From Hong Kong, we flew to Tokyo, where Eileen and Vince Maroney of Aramco Overseas presented us with the keys to the country as well as the city. During the next two weeks, we inspected scrolls, screens, lacquer work, cultured pearls, jade, dancing girls, scenery and temples. Any faint hope that I had entertained for returning to America in a solvent condition, was further reduced. I can report with some gratification, however, that none of our party bought a temple.

As the Japanese were expecting a typhoon about August seventh, we let Pan American transport us to Honolulu where we found a hotel room near the famous beach of Waikiki. I should add that I was painfully disillusioned when I tried to propel my aging torso through the famous surf. Fifty feet from shore, my tender feet protested the presence of sharp coral rocks. Much of the sand for this highly publicized playground, I learned, is hauled in and piled conveniently

Attempts to sit like Buddha of Kamahura only partially successful. Looks as though Gertrude didn't even try.



above the water line where it shows best in the pictures.

At the end of two weeks among the tourist traps, Gertrude had acquired a Mother Hubbard called a MuuMuu, and I was aloha and hula saturated. I also felt the breath of home when I paid fifty cents for a shine and had my laundry ruined. These little touches produced within us such a wave of homesickness that we again permitted Pan American to carry us eastward, this time to San Francisco. We stayed there only briefly in order to disengage ourselves gradually from the Snyders before heading back to Ojai; for after two months of close association, the parting was something of a jolt to our habits of living. Whether Betty and Les will bear permanent scars from this experience can be determined only by time. But may I urge that if any of you drop into Dhahran within the next five years, please don't stay with the Snyders. They're going to need a little time to recover.

During the past four and a half months, we have had many experiences that should provide the chaff of which this column is made; but the editor would refuse to give me the space required for such an account. She probably would argue that Al-Ayyam Al-Jamila has a responsibility to a number of other people. But if I'm not permitted to bore you in this issue with all the grim details, I'll probably manage to drag them into this column during the coming year or two. So, as the Boy Scouts say, "Be Prepared"!

The focal point of our journey, the period that gave it significance, was our stay in Saudi Arabia. After thirteen years of residence and five of absence, we looked forward to our return as a homecoming — and were not disappointed. From the afternoon of our arrival until the morning of our departure, we were surrounded by old associates, and experienced the deep pleasure of that finest of human relations: friendship. An important number of our old companions were absent — some on home leave, some retired; but the remaining portion made our stay one of the most enjoyable experiences of our retirement years. It was matched only by experiences in The Hague, where old Aramco friends gave us the same sort of warm welcome. I'm afraid that many of you would not be interested in an account of the people whom we met again or even a listing of their names. You'd have had your own list if you'd been there. So, I'm going to resist a

temptation to talk about individuals but try to summarize the outstanding impressions of a visitor returning after five years.

The communities of Abqaiq and Dhahran present a more attractive appearance than I remember; they seem cleaner, better kept. As I recall, Ras Tanura had that cleaner look in our day, possibly because of its simpler sand problems and smaller area. (No sir, Mister! I *didn't* say who was the best housekeeper. I simply said...) During the past five years, Abqaiq has acquired more paved streets, and the open areas in both Abqaiq and Dhahran have been surfaced so that sand does not accumulate as easily as in the past. There always is danger in comparing a memory of five years standing with the present facts; but my impression is that housekeeping in general is markedly improved

One of the entrance gates to Cambodia's Angkor Thom.



throughout the area of operations. This is a logical result of the communities' greater maturity.

Of course, the new headquarters building in Dhahran is the Company development that hits the eye most forcibly. Located just north of, and connected to, the old headquarters, the new unit is in the form of a great square, two stories above ground and one below, even as you probably have learned from the Sun & Flare. The building is not quite as big as the Pentagon; but at the end of our visit, I still was managing to be lost occasionally. Les Snyder told me that the structure has 128,000 square feet of floor space and can house about 2500 people. An interesting feature is the arrangement for moving the inner walls, permitting changes in size and number of rooms. The fast talker who managed to wangle some extra space may have to continue to show

A section of Bangkok's magnificent temples.



his need for it; otherwise he might look up some bright afternoon to see the walls squeezing in on him.

The transfer of the major portion of headquarters activities into the new building has permitted the district organization to move into the old headquarters unit. This has permitted the clearance of most of the old office area to the north, that collection of gutch and metal structures which housed the company offices in the early years. Most of these have been levelled or removed; and while their passing will produce nostalgic memories among some of the old timers, it greatly improves the community's appearance.

Important new plants, as you know, have been added to all the three major communities. Some have improved refinery performance, others have expanded the oil collection system, still others have added much needed power. They are of interest to those who specialized in the activities with which they are associated, but not the material for this shallow-minded column. Both Abqaiq and Ras Tanura have new club houses that made me slightly bug-eyed. They could take their places in the best recreation centers that I've seen.

The five year physical change most astounding to me does not lie within the Company area, although it springs directly from the presence of the Company. It is the mushroom growth of al-Khobar and Dammam. Remember the gradual drop past Saudi Camp, past the American Consulate and the Air Base? Beyond the air strip rises that ridge we call the Rim Rock; and beyond the Rim Rock, the small community of Thugba used to be the only evidence of human habitation on the open sweep of sand that stretched to the buildings of al-Khobar, clustered on the edge of the gulf far away. The sweep of sand remains, but no longer is it open. It is dotted with houses spread from al-Khobar almost to the Rim Rock. This now is al-Khobar, its western portion represented by compact blocky homes that fit the desert. The area is not covered with buildings as yet; there are spaces — some rather large. But the pattern of the future is established: continuous buildings over what was mile after mile of open dune country a few years ago.

Al-Khobar also has expanded far to the north along the coast. In all directions, except into the



A guard statue in the Thailand Temple of the Dawn. Not angry, he simply looks that way.

sea, foundations are being extended, masonry walls are rising, pipe and lumber are piled, threatened by the drifting sand; and between the piles of material, concrete mixers growl.

I knew where I was in al-Khobar. In Dammam, partially because I hadn't been a frequent visitor in my later Arabian years, I was lost. I couldn't determine where the old town used to be. It was hidden by broad streets, tall buildings, bustling traffic. It was surrounded by houses and more houses, moving farther and farther into what was uninhabited sand and rock in my day. How can I compare the new with the old when I couldn't even find the old?

The Aramco employee housing program is an important feature of Dammam's growth and will

be important to Khobar in the near future. Arab employee homes now form major attractive residential areas in Abqaiq (Madinat-Abqaiq) and Ras Tanura (Rahimah). This is due to the present Company housing proposal that has strong appeal to the Saudi Arabs. As a result, there is a significant waiting list of employees seeking Company assistance in acquiring homes, a list developed chiefly because of the limited number of interested builders qualified to perform this construction.

Certain conditions have not changed in Arabia. The temperature, we discovered, is much as it used to be in June and July; however, the A. C. met the challenge nobly wherever we went. There still is a considerable amount of sand and rock lying around the desert, and an important percentage of it still is piled in the Rub al Khali. Trucks still fail there, as I discovered on my way to the structure drill camp far to the south, when our plane located and reported a stalled convoy. But as in the past, no one was hurt, as the system that has made exploration of the Rub

A couple of tourists being greeted in Nara, Japan.



al Khali possible methodically handled the situation. The Rub al Khali still is a vast silent and implacable fact, sullenly receiving those puny men who dare to enter it. The camp at SD-5 is a minute speck in this vastness; but the air cooled sleeping quarters now added to the air cooled office and dining units, make life comfortable if not exciting.

A young geologist took me riding over the dunes in his WDX equipped with giant size balloon tires which made the loose sand merely a challenge rather than a menace. For an hour or two, I knew the old thrill of charging over these great sand hills, slip faces and all, and watching the delicate shadows touch the pure curved surfaces that only the wind can form. I found a guilty satisfaction in realizing that in spite of all our work on it, the desert hasn't changed too much. And skidding down steep slopes and bouncing over abrupt humps, holding on and watching the sure touch of this kid at the wheel, I knew that the spirit of Max Steineke had not departed from our young men who roam this fearsome corner of the world. Max would have loved to ride a slip face with that lad.

And another important feature has not changed in Aramco, either in desert or shop or office or home. It is the friendship of men and women far removed from their homeland and joined together in a common effort, the friendship that made our visit so significant.

Phil McConnell



HOW TIMES HAVE CHANGED



An office manager in Boston, Mass., was cleaning out an old file the other day and came across these office rules for 1872.

1. Office employes each day will fill lamps, clean chimneys and trim wicks. Wash windows once a week.
2. Each clerk will bring in a bucket of water and a scuttle of coal for the day's business.
3. Make your pens carefully. You may whittle nibs to your individual taste.
4. Men employes will be given an evening off each week for courting purposes, or two evenings a week if they go regularly to church.
5. After 13 hours of labor in the office, the employe should spend the remaining time reading the Bible and other good books.
6. Every employe should lay aside from each pay day a goodly sum of his earnings for his benefit during his declining years so that he will not become a burden on society.
7. Any employe who smokes Spanish cigars, uses liquor in any form, or frequents pool and public halls or gets shaved in a barber shop, will give good reason to suspect his worth, intentions, integrity and honesty.
8. The employe who has performed his labor faithfully and without fault for five years, will be given an increase of five cents per day in his pay, providing profits from business permit it.

The Boston fellow wanted to read the rules to his office force but the members were all out on one of the day's several coffee breaks.



Come on in - the water's fine

This will probably come as a surprise to JIM HOGG - an item which was pilfered from Rod Rodstrom when he mentioned the nice letter he received from Jim back in July. Jim began his letter with a statement that at least in part reflects the situation of so many would-be correspondents - "have been intending to write for ages, but being such a busy man doing nothing after retirement, just couldn't seem to make myself sit down at the typewriter and actually start." Once started, it sounds good, so let's go on reading someone else's mail - from sunny California . . .

We like Santa Barbara just as well now if not better than when we first arrived here last winter. I think one of the best things ever to happen to me was when we decided to move from New Canaan to Santa Barbara. This place is simply ideal for people like Bernice and me. There are more activities here than we can keep up with, as against hardly anything like that in New Canaan.

We have excellent beaches - Bernice and I both like the beach and ocean swimming - and the mountains on the other side of the city. There are several golf courses and we both play - there is one nine-hole course which I particularly like (just my size). Bernice has her tennis games at regular intervals - tennis can be played almost every day of the year.

There is ocean fishing, as well as fishing in Lake Cachuma about twenty-five miles from here. We went deep sea fishing the other day on a regular fishing excursion and caught a mess of sea bass. Then there are all sorts of activities

sponsored by the City of Santa Barbara, all free for the taking.

Life has never been so good to me and we are both enjoying all of these things so much. Of course, the main thing about Santa Barbara that brought us out here is the climate and the outdoor living which it provides, making an ideal situation for comfort and enjoyment.

One would think I was employed by the Chamber of Commerce, but I'm not. Real estate is going to be my hobby. I'm in the process of preparing for an examination for a license. Things are booming around here from a real estate standpoint, and I feel it will be a good thing for me and keep me occupied. My trouble is that I haven't had a hobby to keep me busy and out of mischief, so I naturally get restless sometimes. The real estate deal should take care of that; too, I already have a sponsor (one of the biggest real estate firms in Santa Barbara.)

We have made a lot of friends, since being out here, but they aren't quite like the ones we had back east while I was with Aramco. Every time I use or see the electric drill outfit which was given to me, I think of the gang of fine friends who presented it. (Incidentally, I haven't had to use the first aid kit yet which came with the outfit!)

Well Jim, we hope you don't mind the sneaky approach to gathering news for Al-Ayyam Al-Jamila. We will all be happy now to have another letter about your success as a real estate operator. Lots of luck.



Thinking of You



In addition to its meaning which is held in reverence throughout most of the world, Christmas has become the traditional time for getting in touch with friends. Some are close by, making possible a warm embrace and the spoken word. To some we send a card, perhaps append a note. To others it is an annual letter because there's been scant time for animated correspondence during the year. For many there are only the warm and nostalgic thoughts of those with whom we once worked and played - we wonder what they have been doing and toy with the idea of getting in touch, because they too might like to know about us. Somehow, though, the world is too much about us and the good intentions are lost in the flurry of everyday living. It no doubt happens to each of us, with a twinge of conscience and a hint of regret for the things left unsaid.

It need not be so again, though the card list be too long and our time too short. This year could tell a different story, one which ends with a glow of pleasure as our warmest holiday greetings and good wishes for the coming year are shared by all - annuitants as well as those who have yet to retire. A few moments, one letter, one stamp, and Al-Ayyam Al-Jamila will carry your fondest Christmas message to friends near and far.

Note: One word to the wise. The December issue will be going to press early and we should have your Christmas messages the first week in November, if possible. That too will leave the coast clear for the usual holiday rush - and what a wonderful feeling to know that we've really not missed saying Merry Christmas to any old friends.

ROOM TO STRETCH

GRACE PRYOR dropped us a note to tell us how much she enjoyed receiving the Aramco publications and to give a change of address so they would keep coming along.

Grace goes on to say that retirement is fun and that she is truly enjoying herself. She too has joined the ever-growing band of home owners and has just gotten moved in - says it is such a source of satisfaction to get all of her things unpacked, to use and enjoy them. We gather that she's referring to all of the things one tenderly collects while living abroad and travelling.

Grace and her mother are living in Fresno, California, which they find pretty hot. In fact, Grace says that the temperature is in the range of Arabia. She doesn't say though whether they are air conditioned.

The Pryors live not far from Charles and Emma Steitz and have chatted with them several times. As we frequently hear from others, Grace goes on to say how wonderful it is, the way Aramco folk keep in touch and the satisfaction one finds in the lasting friendships made while so closely associated in a far away country - an experience she will never regret.

Mail Call!

The following changes and additions have occurred in our address list during the past three months:

NICHOLAS E. BIBBY	c/o H. W. Busse, Box 25, Los Banos, California
JEANNETTE BURCH	7047 Manchester, Los Angeles 45, California
THEODORE J. CARSON	1608 California Street, Berkeley 3, California
PAUL COMBS	432 Ximeno Avenue, Long Beach, California
FRED A. DAVIES	Hotel Durant, 2600 Durant Avenue, Berkeley, California
WALTER C. DUNTEN	Mar Jonico No. 20 (Country Club), Guadalajara, Jalisco, Mexico
ROB R. FARMER	3025 Columbia Street, San Diego 1, California
EDWARD FIELD	c/o Mrs. E. Gahlbeck, 857 36th Avenue, San Francisco, California
MAX GALLMAN	Hotel Cadillac, 380 Eddy Street, San Francisco 2, California
ALLEN G. GLEASNER	Calle Morelos 2261, Guadalajara, Jal., Mexico
WALTER R. GOODWIN	c/o Miss Lita Mitchell, 5834 Belmont, Dallas, Texas
ARTHUR C. HAMILTON	Navy No. 117, c/o Fleet Post Office, New York, New York
RUTHVAN M. HENDERSON	203 Encinada Drive, Salinas, California
ROBERT L. HUEBNER	70 Seaview Terrace, San Francisco, California
JAMES G. KECK	1229 75th Avenue North, St. Petersburg, Florida
R. L. KEYES	2201 South Vrain Street, Denver 19, Colorado
BYRON A. LENEROSE	Box 591, Concord, California
ALEXANDER D. MAIR	Casa "Nosso Sonho", Avenida Saboia, Monte Estoril, Portugal
BERNARD R. MC KEEGAN	3137 Benjamin Drive, Richmond, California
SAMUEL A. MYERS	3157 Ebano Drive, Walnut Creek, California
ARTHUR E. NICHOLS	175 Stoneway Drive, Salem, Oregon
HANS NORJORD	2501 Colby Avenue, Apt. 6, Bells Court, Everett, Washington
GRACE PRYOR	127 South Meridian Avenue, Fresno, California
JOHN S. RAMIREZ	P. O. Box 2972, Reno, Nevada
CARL A. RENFER	937 Bonita Drive, Winter Park, Florida
BYRON E. ROBERTSON	c/o General Delivery, Al Tahoe, California
A. P. SHELL	9332½ Olympic Blvd., Beverley Hills, California
ALFRED Z. SIMPSON	1521 Shattuck Avenue, Berkeley, California
CLIFFORD M. SPRAGUE	Box 43, Del Mar Heights Station, Morro Bay, California
FRANCIS G. TALLMAN	2773 North 71st Street, Milwaukee 10, Wisconsin
D. A. WAGNER	1423 13th Street, Santa Rosa, California
CARL A. WASHBURN	c/o Mrs. F. P. Williams, Cayucos, California
HERBERT F. WRIGHT	c/o Spencer, Brush, Brush, Slocumb & Company, 465 California Street, San Francisco, California
DR. GRACE V. YOUNG	37-30 83rd Street, Jackson Heights 72, New York

AL-AYYAM AL-JAMILA

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