



# Al-Ayyam Al-Jamila

"These Pleasant Days"

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



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## Two More for Paradise - Abie & Tillie Jones



A. B. (Abie) Jones

ABIE and TILLIE JONES are in Paradise. This Paradise is, of course, the one in California, about 85 miles north of Sacramento in the north central part of the state. With "Guapo," their Spanish parrot, the Joneses have moved into a new ranch home which has Mt. Shasta for a backdrop. The land for miles around is covered with wild flowers, golden poppies and blue bells. Mule deer cross the property in the early morning. Indeed, this must be Paradise. Is there a dissenting voice from the Florida delegation?

Sounds like a perfect spot for Abie who you will remember is an avid gardener. He will be able to let himself go and we expect that California will be even more of a garden spot for his efforts. We're hoping for some pictures of their home, since photography is another hobby of

Abie and Tillie. They have 24 albums of photos just on the changing scene in Dhahran from July 1936, when Abie first arrived in Saudi Arabia, until this year.

Abie began his career in the oil industry with Standard Oil Company of California at Avenal, California, in March 1934. His first assignment was in the Electrical Shop where he worked on lines and utilities.

There were only a few other Americans in Saudi Arabia when Abie arrived in 1936. He was appointed Foreman of the Electrical Shop and began to tackle the work awaiting him. Tillie joined him in Saudi Arabia after his first long leave in August 1939. And it's a good thing that she was on that trip to keep an eye on Abie, the only man on board with 19 wives and children.

In 1941 they returned to California and remained there until 1943 while Abie worked in Socal's Electrical Shop in Taft, California. He returned to Saudi Arabia in 1943 and remained in the Electrical Shop until 1954. Then he was transferred to Fields, Plants and Pipelines as Chief Car Dispatcher. Since 1956 Abie has been Materials Forecaster of Electrical Equipment.

Although Abie has worked temporarily in other districts, he and Tillie have made their home in Dhahran since she returned to Saudi Arabia in 1946.

Abie was born in Fostoria, Michigan, and spent much of his early life in Alhambra, California. He attended Flint Junior College in Flint, Michigan, where, in 1922, he met a girl who was taking a commercial course. The girl,

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## Dallas Delegation Growing By Two



*Ernest M. Blackwell*

ERNEST M. (BLACKIE) BLACKWELL and his wife Evelyn left Saudi Arabia on May 26 for long vacation and retirement which became effective September 1. By then Blackie had completed thirty years in the oil industry, the last fifteen with Aramco in Saudi Arabia.

Blackie was born in Louisiana and, in his words, raised on "jambalaya, crawfish pie and filet gumbo." He spent his early years in Louisiana and attended school there. When he was twenty, he decided to strike out for himself and headed for Texas. For a while he was engaged in construction work. Then, in April 1930, he went to work for Texaco Inc. in Dallas.

For the next fifteen years Blackie worked at the Dallas refinery, first in construction and later in oil operations as a pumper and gauger. It was in 1945, when T. V. Stapleton was recruiting men for Aramco, that Blackie decided to go to Saudi Arabia. At that time getting to Ras Tanura was no easy trick.

He made the first part of the trip to Port Said aboard the *USS Monterey*. From Port Said Blackie got an ATS flight which stopped first at Bahrain and then Dhahran. One of the things he remembers about that first day, July 18, 1945, was the scorching four-hour ride over the sand dunes from Dhahran to Ras Tanura.

At Ras Tanura he started in Oil Handling, testing the tanks and lines for the new refinery. He moved from head operator to shift foreman in 1950, then to shift supervisor (now shift coordinator) in 1954, his position when he left Saudi Arabia.

Blackie and Evelyn were married in 1952. Evelyn came to Ras Tanura in 1953 where she developed into quite a bowling enthusiast. So far she has been unable to persuade her husband that there is anything exciting about this sport. Maybe she'll have more luck in Texas than she did in Ras Tanura. Who knows, Blackie just might turn into a national champion.

Their immediate plans were to spend a few days in London before going to New York to pick up their new car for the trip to — where else but Texas. They plan to settle in the Dallas area where Blackie expects to spend quite a bit of time catching up on his favorite sports, hunting and fishing. And of course there are the three grandsons and two daughters.

The Blackwells have already made plans for next year; they are going to drive to California and look in on some of their old friends. Before they start, we think they should be warned about the persuasive arguments they can expect to hear about the merits of the various places they will visit as permanent homesites. But then, knowing Blackie and Evelyn, they just might bring some California Refugees right back to big "D".

And if any of you Californians want to start your campaigns early, you can reach Blackie and Evelyn at this address: Mr. & Mrs. E. M. Blackwell, c/o Mrs. Mamie Fitzhugh, 1542 East Ohio, Dallas, Texas. And they asked us to tell their old friends that they will be very happy to hear from them.

## Missouri Poses for John Hess' Camera



*John A. Hess*

A friendly welcome on behalf of Al-Ayyam and the group this month also to JOHN A. HESS. The pictures on this page were taken at a luncheon given in his honor before he and Frankie left Abqaiq in April.

At that time John was foreman of the pipe shop in Maintenance and Shops, Abqaiq. Hess joined Aramco in San Francisco in April of 1944 as an assistant foreman, pipefitters, in Construction. He arrived in Saudi Arabia on June 6 of that year aboard a lend-lease bomber bound for Russia, and was assigned to Dhahran for 18 months where he worked on building the stabilizer. He was next transferred to Abqaiq where he worked on the construction of GOSP No. 1.

John was born and brought up in Shannon County, Missouri. He attended school in Joplin, Missouri, and also enrolled in a school to learn steam and pipe fitting. He served his apprenticeship as a steam fitter at the Book Cadillac Hotel in Detroit. His next job was in general construction work in the Midwest, South America and Mexico.

In 1932 John was employed on the Great Lakes pipeline extension from Oklahoma to Minneapolis and East Chicago to West Omaha, Nebraska. (Who said the only way to see the world was to join the Navy. John didn't do too badly, and he's just getting started.) During the War he worked in Rawlins, Wyoming on the construction of the M. W. Kellogg Co's. catalyst unit for making aviation gasoline for the Navy.

John and Frances ("Frankie") met in 1935 in Iowa and were married the following year. As a matter of fact, Frankie was responsible for John's coming to Aramco. John had already been in 40 of the states, and Frankie decided that they should see California. When they got there, John applied at Bechtel and was referred by them to Aramco.

We can be sure of one thing. By now John must be busy adding to his collection of colored slides and movies. He has many, many already which he took on a round-the-world trip and in the various places where he has lived and worked. He is also an avid reader. Frankie is very interested in flower gardening and is also an expert dressmaker. All those interests should keep John and Frankie busy in Joplin, Missouri which is where they are now, at 2410 Pennsylvania Avenue.

*John Hess greeting some of the men who attended a farewell luncheon held in his honor in Abqaiq.*





## TALBOTS TOURING U. S.



Clyde E. Talbot

Al-Ayyam Al-Jamila recognizes another delegate from Abqaiq, CLYDE E. TALBOT, who joined our ranks on July 1. Clyde has been with Aramco a little more than 14 years. He spent his entire time in Abqaiq in the Utilities Section in refrigeration and air-conditioning. His first job was as an operator; when he retired, he had been promoted to supervising operator.

Clyde and Ruth Geneva, his wife, had made no long-range plans before they left Saudi Arabia. They were going directly to the United States and pick up a station wagon. Before settling down, they planned to tour around the country. The last we heard, they were giving serious thoughts to two states, Arizona and California, as a permanent home. This area would put them fairly close to all their family. It might be California because that is where their son Gary, who is a landscape architect, is practicing. But the last we heard they seemed to be more interested in Phoenix.

## Jim & Peg Keck in New Home

JIM and PEG KECK have a new address and they wrote to tell us about their new home at 4829 5th Street South in St. Petersburg, Florida. As Jim puts it, "We have finally fallen in line and have bought a house. It's an old house with Spanish architecture, spacious rooms and spacious grounds."

The only drawback as Jim sees it is that the house needs a lot of "fixing up." Peg has assured him repeatedly that it will be fun and she may have Jim convinced by now. His first project was going to be an attempt to install the air conditioner. It seems that the Kecks sorely miss the Trane unit's distinctive whine.

By the way, Jim did mention that he thought the place might be haunted by a ghost who likes

to go South for the winter. But he's an affable ghost and not the least disturbing.

The Kecks entertained BOB and MILDRED WITHEROW who are living in Sheridan, Arkansas. The Gallaghers from Ras Tanura also dropped in for a visit. All of which proves that St. Petersburg isn't so far off the beaten path. They expect to see many more of their friends now that they have a larger place.

Jim does some free lance work from time to time. He is on the on-call list of a local engineering firm and every once in a while he gets an assignment so he can keep his hands in. He just finished designing a luxury beach club which is due to be built for the winter season. Sounds like Jim found the ideal combination, work and work.

## Look Out Fish and Look Out Game

Southern California is gaining another resident when B. ALVIN WHITE arrives to make his home. Al left Dhahran on August 7 with plans to spend time with his grandchildren, and also to get in plenty of hunting and fishing.

Al was born in Vernon, Alabama. After completing his education in Oklahoma, he started to work in the oilfields. Texas, New Mexico, California, he was in all three, and in Alaska with Standard Oil Company of California for a year's stint in maintenance and pipelines.

His last job before joining Aramco was in southern California with the Signal Oil Company. In 1947 he joined Aramco. The first year he spent in Abqaiq in the Drilling and Producing Department. He was next assigned to the Exploration Department in Ras Tanura. He was promoted to drilling foreman and, when the Exploration offices were moved, transferred to Dhahran.

During his thirteen years with Aramco, Al became quite an expert on the Rub' al-Khali where he often spent nine months each year with exploration parties.

Here's how Al sums up his career in the oil industry: "My work has covered almost everything. I started out as a roughneck driller, and ended up as a drilling foreman."



B. Alvin White

After he gets settled in California and gets in some of the planned fishing and hunting, we hope to be able to bring you more news about Al. Note we said "some of the planned fishing and hunting". If we had to wait until he got all of it done, we'd never hear from him.

## "GONE FISHING"

There's a cold drink and a warm welcome waiting for any of you at TOM ENGSTROM's in Monmouth Beach, New Jersey. He said the fishing is excellent, plenty for everyone. Right now Tom's catching fluke and according to him they are just about falling into his basket.

Lucy recently took a job as head telephone operator in the new Montgomery Ward store that opened in the shopping center in Eatontown, New Jersey. Ted wanted us to be sure to mention this center as a must tourist attraction. It's just off the Garden State Parkway, has parking for 4,500 cars, and will eventually have 70 shops and

stores. He said the convenience and free parking offered by the center were hurting other area merchants.

But that shopping center would be a second choice. It would be much pleasanter to visit Tom and give him a hand with the fishing. We've been promised some snapshots which Tom says will back up his claims that fishing is great in New Jersey.

He kept repeating his invitation to come visit, and he certainly made it sound alluring. He all but guaranteed a lifetime supply of fish in a week end.

## Latchstring Out at the Winchells



Charlie Winchell

CHARLIE and LORENE WINCHELL are looking forward to having their friends come to visit now that they are located in Pasadena, California, at 393 Sunnyslope. After being assigned in all three districts during his fifteen years in Saudi Arabia, they have enough friends to make their home look like Grand Central Station, if they all come visiting at once.

Charlie joined Aramco in April 1945 and his first assignment was in Ras Tanura, where he

worked in the Powerhouse for the next three years. The next assignment was in Abqaiq as shift foreman at the Powerhouse until April 1956. Charlie then became power dispatcher in Dhahran, his position when he left Saudi Arabia on August 10.

Charlie was born in Los Angeles and spent his early years in southern California. His first job, as an auto mechanic, was the beginning of his interest in cars. He makes all repairs on his own autos. In both Abqaiq and Dhahran Charlie served as manager of the local Automobile Association.

In 1932 Charlie went to work as a salesman. Then, in 1942, he got his first taste of working outside the United States when he began three years in Ireland with the Lockheed Overseas Corporation. He was foreman of water supply, installation and maintenance in the Utilities Department. In 1945 he returned to southern California and worked for a brief time in Lockheed's plant in Burbank before joining Aramco.

Lorene and Charlie have four children. Their daughter Betty and her husband, James Witherow, and three children live in Abqaiq. Their sons, Robert, Jack and Donald, all live in California. And there's apt to be a slightly spoiled grandson out there for a little while.

Before leaving Saudi Arabia, Lorene had one sad chore to perform. She had to give away most of the plants in her collection. It won't be long, we'll bet, before she gives her expert green thumb plenty of material to work on. And where would be a better place to raise flowers than in Pasadena, the home of the Tournament of Roses?

and struck up an acquaintance with the people in the trailer next door.

Two years ago, this couple, Oscar and Mae Overgaard, began their retirement, she from teaching and he from carpentry. They decided that they wanted to see the country and take their time doing it. Now, some 26 months later, they were returning to their home in Paso Robles,

## TRAILER TOURING

Ed Koterba, a syndicated columnist, had an extremely interesting article last month about a couple he met on a vacation in Colorado. The Koterbas had parked their trailer for the night

## DESTINATION CALIFORNIA



Charles E. Goranson

If this keeps up, they're going to have to rename Santa Barbara Aramcoville. There must be something about the place that has an irresistible attraction for Aramcons. Maybe it's the wonderful people who have already settled

in the area. It looks like there might be two more any day now. CHARLES E. (CHICK) GORANSON and THELMA left Saudi Arabia on September 1 for long vacation which will eventually bring them to Santa Barbara.

They had planned for a long time to return to the States by way of the Congo, Johannesburg and Capetown. Because of the situation in that part of the world, they had to make other plans. Chick and Thelma stopped off in Barcelona and then they plan to go on to Buenos Aires and Rio de Janeiro. They also expect to see Brazil's new capital city, Brasilia, before returning home in November or December. For this part of the trip, they may either sail "round the Horn" or the Caribbean. By then, Chick and Thelma should be glad to see Santa Barbara. In the meantime, their address will be 1617 Loma, Santa Barbara, California.

Chick came to Saudi Arabia in the earlier SARP (Saudi Arabia Refinery Project) days. He was with Aramco from November 1944 until April 1946. Since September 1947, he has had continuous service. Chick has been affiliated with Government Relations, and, when he retired, was a deputy company representative in Abqaiq.

## TRAILER TOURING (continued)

California after covering 14,215 miles and seeing 42 states.

Koterba was interested in why and how the Overgaards were able to do what so many people only hope to do. Mrs. Overgaard explained that it took courage, even more than confidence, to overcome worry about straining the budget and the fear of leaving old friends and not knowing how to make new ones.

The Overgaards found that it cost them a little more than \$300 a month to travel in their 27-foot trailer. The cost was just about half

whenever they stayed in one spot for a month. In addition to their retirement checks, the Overgaards could also count on the rent of their home to pay a good share of their expenses. They did, however, have to take some of their savings to buy the trailer. Even this, they felt, was an economy since any other means of transportation would have cost them at least double.

Mr. Overgaard summed up their philosophy. "When some people retire, they crawl into a shell. They stop living. You've got to have a purpose in life to keep you going."



## THE BROADBENT SAGA

Our plea for letters in the last issue of Al-Ayyam Al-Jamila did not go completely unheeded, and one of the most generous responses came from TRAVIS and MARION BROADBENT. They thought it was about time to make some sort of a report to let their friends know how they are faring under the hardships of retirement, what they have done so far, and what they plan to do in the future.

"Maybe the beginning would be a good place to start, and the beginning of retirement was late September of the year 1959. We were neither anxious nor reluctant to leave Saudi Arabia, but the time had come and we were off on the Company plane to Rome and very appreciative of the wonderful send-off and the extra courtesies shown to us between Dhahran and Rome. Somehow, the Alitalia flight from Rome to Milan suffered somewhat in comparison to the luxuries of the 'Camel'."

In the next couple of months, Marion and Travis picked up a car in Switzerland, toured northern Italy, Austria, Germany and Belgium, and then crossed the Channel to England. There, they spent three weeks sweeping snow off the front of their Volkswagen and waiting for their freighter, which had been delayed by shipping strikes on both sides of the Atlantic.

### Broadbent vs. Florida

By the first of December, Marion and Travis were in Jacksonville, Florida, wearing their heavy coats and long underwear. ("And me with a fur cap in the trunk on its way to California.") It seems they needed some protection against the icy stares of those Floridians Travis met and tried to encourage to move to California. Luckily for Travis, they **thought** he was kidding.

They spent a month in Orlando and a couple of months in St. Petersburg. And note what a truly dedicated Californian had to say about Florida. "From the places we visited, we got a fair picture of most of Florida and, all in all, we **enjoyed our stay there very much.**"

"On the first of March the urge to get going West became too strong and we packed all our suitcases we had when we started from Dhahran,

plus several hundred pounds of odds and ends we had accumulated, into and onto the Volkswagen, sang *softly* a couple of lines of 'California Here We Come' (after all, there is no use asking for trouble in Florida) and set our compass for Santa Barbara."

### On to Santa Barbara

"Santa Barbara" worked magic on the Volkswagen. If the car seemed to be complaining under the heavy load, all they had to say was "Santa Barbara," and the car would leap forward like a gazelle. In fact, the car got so worked up, that Marion and Travis had to pass up many worthwhile attractions along the way. The one thing Travis regretted was not being able to stop long enough in Texas to find out how the cowboys learned to speak such fluent Arabic as they do on television in Dhahran.

By March 10th they were hard at work in Santa Barbara looking for a house or an apartment, and finding what to do and what not to do from others who were already settled in that area.

"The biggest problem seemed to be how to pass the time away. This only applied to the husband. The wife seemed to have simply changed the scene of her labors. After all, housekeeping and cooking go on forever, no matter where you are (within reason, of course), but when a man has no office to go to, he can easily get under foot. And you know what happens to things that get underfoot."

To insure himself against this eventuality, Travis got a new set of golf clubs which he is enjoying. He plays a round of golf almost every other day with "STEP" STEPNEY. He claims not to have completely mastered the game as yet, and modestly brushes aside a score in the low 80's every once in a while. One reason for his enthusiasm for the game seems to be the chance to walk on all that grass without having to cut it.

Travis has also found a lawn bowling club. What with a little gardening and a little housework, he says that he has no trouble finding things to occupy his time. If it ever gets to the point that all these activities get too tiring or

### BROADBENTS (continued)

too time consuming, Travis said he will have to cut back on the gardening and housework since he can't afford to let his golf and bowling deteriorate.

More recently, the Broadbents have spent a lot of time looking over the Santa Barbara area, taking in the shows - horse, dog and flower - and deciding what to do next. One thing they are sure of is that Santa Barbara is the right spot for them. Now they're getting ready for the next big plunge, mobile home (trailer) living. They have the trailer, a 41 by ten-footer; the place, a beautiful spot six miles south of Santa Barbara, just off U. S. Route 101. Travis expects to keep watch of who is and who isn't working on Socal's offshore drilling platform when they move in. He can do this with his binoculars right from the trailer's front steps.

They expect to be moved in after the first of October and hope to have friends visiting in the area stop in. The name of the trailer park is Summerland and it is the only one in the town. It may be necessary to get their telephone number from Information since the new directory will be issued before they move in.

## Charlie Gonzales Takes New Job

CHARLIE GONZALES is sure the busy one. Since June 6 he has been manager of operations for Design Service Company, which is a small punch card service bureau here in New York. Then, on the 15th of August, Charlie became a systems analyst and IBM specialist for the Union News Company also in New York.

His grandchildren account for a lot of his time. His son Charles has two daughters and they live in Ansonia, Connecticut. The Andersons - Mrs. Anderson is his daughter Genevieve - have a son and daughter. They live in Bayport on Long Island. Charlie's younger son, Jimmy, is 18 and plans to go into the Air Force this month. And Charlie will be father of the bride on November 26 when Pam is married in St. Gregory Church in Harrison, New York.

Perhaps you have a feeling that poor Marion has been left out of all this fun and is just pursuing an unending round of household chores. Not so at all. Marion has taken up bowling and Travis said that was another good reason for going into a trailer. According to him, if she ever takes up golf, they might have to move into one of those retirement homes like the one PHIL McCONNELL describes in the "Sand Pile." "I know I couldn't get along very long on my cooking. After all, you can only eat ham and eggs once in a while. As a steady diet they have their deficiencies (and sufficiencies)."

### A word of advice

Travis closed his letter with a word of advice to anyone who might be a little hesitant about retirement. "Get yourself a set of golf clubs, a set of bowls (Sir Walter Raleigh style) and head for Santa Barbara." There's nothing to it.

If you have any particular questions, be sure to check with Travis at the Miramar gathering.

We've been promised a picture of their mobile home as soon as possible. And maybe we'll be even luckier and hear about their actions and reactions as trailer dwellers. That would be even better.

Charlie said that he was enjoying life, even though he now finds himself one of New York's daily commuters. He makes his home with his sister, Mrs. George Spurr, at Highland Hall in Rye, New York. Charlie wanted us to be sure to send his best wishes to all his friends in Aramco, and said he would enjoy hearing from them.

JIM DUNCAN dropped us a note telling that he was visiting his brother in Windsor, Ontario for a few days before going to Montreal. He left Montreal on July 8 for Scotland, where he thought he might stay for six months or a year in Invergowrie Dundee.

# THE SAND PILE



So far, Ojai has proven to be a place where a retired man or woman has no trouble in finding a new activity. Like most Aramco Annuitants, I have been separated from American communities for so many years that I am no judge of what makes one of them typical or average. I do know, however, that the Ojai Valley has more clubs, more drives for donations, more appeals for old clothes, more meetings and more hot arguments concerning what is good for the Valley, than I had imagined could be collected in one small area.

With all this open field before him, a man possessing leisure can get rid of it with alarming speed. Last night, for example, I was supposed to attend three meetings, a situation that threatened to emphasize my split personality. Next week, I'll not be able to remember which meeting I attended. Does this ever happen to you?

Consider what happened to me about six months ago. I awoke one gloomy morning feeling as low and depressed as the weather. Several seconds passed before I realized that my depression was caused by the fact that on the previous evening, I'd become involved, in a small way, with running (of all things) a newspaper!

Now please understand that I have no interest in running a newspaper. I know about as much about such a venture as I do about the mating habits of the yellow-bellied rhinoceros; but a

group of my neighbors had convinced me that we needed either a new paper or a change in the existing sheet. As there appeared to be no hope for the change, a new paper to alert the community concerning its problems as well as covering the local news, seemed the next best answer. There were a few minor difficulties, such as finding the considerable sum of money needed, finding the equipment, and finding the professionals with the know-how, such as editor, printer and such. So what? Knowing practically nothing about publishing newspapers, we lacked the judgment to be scared.

## Ojai's Do-It-Yourself Paper

But we are learning. We are learning of the headaches that develop in the effort to place on your doorstep those pages that tell all today and are so handy for lighting fires tomorrow. The project might have been dropped and we might have been spared our present situation, if we hadn't stumbled over a broken-down printing press in the area. This collection of loose bolts was of special interest because it was cheap; but its main attraction was a devoted owner who was able to operate it and knew where to replace the various pieces that fell off during each run. He is one of those peculiar people known as a dedicated newspaper man; and he is happy only when he has been able to persuade his ancient machine to drop an occasional printed sheet from its trembling metal fingers.

About the time that we acquired the press and its owner, we also hired an advertising man. An editor completed our key personnel soon thereafter. The advertising man departed first; and we still are trying to work our way out of some of his peculiar deals with the advertisers. The editor lasted longer — until the printer and his crew suggested that either they or the editor had better depart. The second advertising man was an amateur who showed promise. After a few weeks, he ceased to show even that; so he went to join our other casualties.

From the above experiences, we arrived at a great truth: that a newspaper lacking either an advertising man to bring in the money or an editor to present the news is in trouble.

## Wanted: One Good Indian

Then there was the matter of money to start the venture and to keep it going until costs and income could break even. When I was enticed into this deal, I had demanded to know who in the Ojai Valley would be sufficiently impractical as to risk considerable cash in a venture that offered no profit, but only a chance to talk to people concerning their community problems. I was surprised to find that a considerable number were willing to be so classified. Without too great an effort, we collected about seventy owners — which has brought us to our second great truth: that seventy owners, particularly seventy high-minded individuals, will have difficulty doing *anything* together, outside of breathing — and there will be minor arguments even about that.

So here we are with a worn-out printing press, no editor, no advertising man and seventy assorted owners. Whenever our peculiar organization comes to the attention of a real newspaper man (as happens occasionally), he regards us first with contempt, which gradually changes to pity, then to wonder and finally to confusion. We violate all the rules. We have no right to continue to exist — but still we are here. Either we must fail, or the rules of the newspaper business must be revised.

The chief force that keeps the project going is the determination of certain of the owners that the paper *will* continue in order that we will be able to talk to the community concerning the

threats presented by the fast buck boys who would destroy our pattern of living in this boom time. When the editor left, one of our housewives assumed the full-time job, doing such housekeeping as was demanded at various odd hours when she should be sleeping. When she took a short vacation, another woman left the tasks of her home and family and became the replacement. A dentist and a retired geologist are moderately successful in collecting advertising; and once a week, after the paper is printed, some dozen or more of the owners assemble to fold and address.

We are encouraged by certain evidences of community backing, such as occurred last week. A grocer who had placed his first advertising with us, was hit one morning by upward of fifty telephone calls protesting his action and threatening to stop trading if he continued — which had all the earmarks of an organized pressure drive by some of our opposition. Within twelve hours, the report of this action had spread, starting a counter drive which, I understand, gave the grocer one of his biggest days plus a counter flood of congratulations for his new advertising.

## The Start of Success

So the poor grocer, who started his day deciding that he'd have no more to do with us, shifted around noon to the belief that he'd better split his business between us and our competitor, and finished the day by declaring that, by golly, he was going to stay with the new paper.

There are indications, however, that we will not continue to defy the publishing laws by existing where we should fail. A new advertising man is on his way, and we are negotiating with an editor; and our seventy owners (although reserving the right to disagree without notice) show a commendable willingness to be governed by an executive board.

Want to join a screwy newspaper? Come to Ojai.

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Mother of small boy (to psychiatrist): "Well, I don't know whether *he* feels insecure, but everybody else in the neighborhood does."

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Wood Glen Hall is a residence for senior citizens in Santa Barbara, California

After considerable delay, I managed to check on a story in the March issue of *Retired Living* (one of the magazines sent to us annuitants by Aramco) concerning a retirement home in Santa Barbara, known as Wood Glen Hall. The story stated that this home was designed for "the active man or woman who in maturity wants housekeeping chores cut to a minimum." As I have completed my post-graduate course in trying to make this acre of clay and rock behave like soil, and feel that I have not benefited greatly from the experience, I am ready to investigate anything that promises relief. So, when we were in Santa Barbara recently, I drove out to Wood Glen Hall to learn more about it.

#### A Visit to Wood Glen Hall

The buildings and grounds are attractive, as the picture in *Retired Living* indicated; but I found that my concept of "the active man or woman" was not in complete accord with that of the Hall. The average years of its present residents are somewhat over eighty; and at that age, relatively few people are running foot races or digging ditches. "Activity," from a physical standpoint, has changed the room intended for arts and crafts to a place for card playing or just sitting. TV watching, a sewing circle and a bit of shuffle board complete the athletic events.

But the Hall looks desirable for the elderly single man or woman who has a modest but

The garden patio at Wood Glen Hall



steady income and doesn't want to maintain a house or an apartment. He or she pays \$155 per month for a single room, three meals a day, and the use of the various facilities. These include recreation and companionship, also laundry equipment and kitchens for the occasional meal that the resident might wish to cook while entertaining friends. Residents make their own beds, but actual cleaning is done by employees. The Hall does not provide medical care, but a visiting nurse is available in the area. A nearby bus line provides transportation.

The present Hall accommodates forty-seven residents, and has a steady waiting list of applicants for rooms. Accordingly, an addition for twenty-one more is about to be built. Most of the rooms are for single people; and at present, most of the double rooms also are occupied by singles. Presumably, most couples will prefer more than the one room allotted to them except when they use the public areas.

The low cost is possible because the Hall was built by a public-spirited couple, Mr. and Mrs. Adrian Wood, who gave it to the Senior Citizens of the area. It offers attractive living for the elderly individual who is pretty much alone in the world, who is able to care for him- or herself, and would enjoy the company of others in similar circumstances. If you reside in this part of California and are interested, you might inquire further from Wood Glen Hall, 3010 Foot-hill Road, Santa Barbara, California.

But though I may not be quite ready for a room or an apartment with someone else doing the work around the place, I can have the pleasure of thinking about it, even as the weary soldier can dream of the day when he no longer will have to march forth to battle. For I have been forced to the realization that life close to the land, at least in our part of the world, is a constant and losing fight against great odds. From time to time, I read discussions of the possibilities of man's future defeat by the insect world. Future defeat! It's already here!

#### Sitting up with a Sick Oak

A large oak stands by our garage, a tree that has withstood the elements, fire and pillage for generations. But only a few weeks ago, the tree man came, pulled a few leaves and shook his head. (When the tree man shakes his head, it costs anywhere from five to twenty-five dollars.

I'm thinking of buying him a neck brace so his head will remain stationary.)

"Oak leaf worms," he said. "If we don't get them now, they'll destroy the leaves."

He sprayed (only five dollars this time) and went away. Four hours later the tree had assumed the look of Christmas, with long streamers of webs hanging from the branches, each web decorated by a frantic worm bent on escape.

A couple of weeks later, the tree man returned to check on his work. He held his head steady until he came to our new elm tree.

"Have you noticed the worms on this limb?" he asked.

I hadn't. (I never do until it's too late.)

"In another day, that limb will be bare of leaves," he said cheerily. "But it's a small limb. Don't worry." He moved to the other side of the tree. "Here's another one," he crowed.

No doubt that these were a different kind of worm. After they had received their spray, they didn't come down on webs; they just fell off — in showers. They covered the ground and wiggled.

#### Then the Ants Came

Two weeks after the worm invasion, the ants moved into the house. They do this periodically, so we have developed a certain hardiness concerning their attack, much as our ancestors must have become accustomed to the raids of hostile Indians. When the ant man came, he took me on a tour of our property. He showed me that our house was an island of relative isolation, so far as ants were concerned. Out across the land they were moving in broad black streams — from here to there and back again. Ant traffic columns divided, merged, crossed, waited for signal lights to go green, then moved forward again. I can only conclude from what I saw on that trip of inspection, that our knoll has been selected as the Rockefeller Center of the ant kingdom. Our hope seems to lie in trying to keep the house as a sort of Central Park, out of the line of the main stream. The ant man agreed and stated that he thought he could hold back the traffic temporarily for fifteen dollars.

This brief relief will permit me to concentrate on other enemies, such as powdery mildew,

black spot, rust, canker, slugs, leaf hoppers, aphids, galls, borers, snails, midges and mites — and the birds. Our hard labor of the past four years has resulted in our first major crop of fruit. The scarlet nectarines are delicious, the russet plums are the same, the peaches are beginning to turn yellow. On the grape vines, the seedless fruit hang in gleaming clusters. Of course, we'll not be able to eat much of it; but for a few days we will admire the haunting color — just before the fruit reaches the edible stage. For at the first hint of sweetness, the birds move in. They leave the pits and the grape skins, so that we can gain some idea of how much fruit was there at the start.

#### You Can't Win

One of these days, we will move out, leaving our trees and roses to the insects who love them so, our fruit to the birds, and our crumbling walls to the ants and the spiders.

Who claims that mankind rules the world?

And speaking of our natural enemies, there is the man who took his great Dane to the vet.

"My dog does nothing but chase sport cars all day," he complained.

"Well, that's not so bad," the vet replied. "Most dogs chase cars."

"I know," the man agreed. "But mine catches them and buries them in the back yard."

#### Even Vegetables Get in the Act

This loss of our nearly ripe fruit reminds me that insects and birds are not the only rising forces in our world. Consider the new personalities developing within our vegetables.

I understand that an American scientist announces that tomatoes feel pain — and don't like it. He used a skin galvanometer (same as a lie detector) and registered a tomato's objection when it was penetrated by a nail. And two learned men from the University of Wisconsin claim that plants can suffer strokes and the equivalent of heart attacks from clots in their veins. If the vegetables in your garden suddenly curl and die, it may not be due to either bugs or drought. Perhaps the pea vine had a coronary failure.

### **This Could be Cure for Crab Grass**

If you think that this sounds pretty silly, listen to my experience of a few months ago when I visited an exhibit at our local high school. On a table were placed three flower pots, each containing a vine that wound around a vertical stick as it grew. The visitor was assured that the three pots contained identical soil identically fertilized; that the three seeds, planted one in each pot at the same time, were as nearly identical as possible; and that each seed and plant had been watered and given air and sunlight in exactly the same manner as the other two. The only apparent difference in the treatment of the three was that each day the experimenting class gathered around the plants and wished with all their collective might that No. 1 would grow. At the same time, they agreed that they didn't care whether No. 2 grew, but that they hoped intensely that No. 3 would *not* grow.

Now it is obvious to sensible people such as you and me, that these wishes would have no influence on the growth of the plants. However, the facts were: that No. 1 was twice as tall as No. 3, and No. 2 was in between.

Crazy — isn't it?

And a doctor in the Air Force announces that injured plants can strike back by poisoning the air with carbon monoxide. So, if you don't want trouble around the house, remember to be kind to the vegetables.

And there was a sweet young lady at a mink farm, who asked, "How many skins do you get from each mink?"

"Only one, lady," was the reply. "If we try to skin them twice, it makes them nervous."

### **"And now, a Few Words from the Candidates"**

The national political conventions have slipped into history, and the months of political yak-yak and bias are with us. Again, we are treated to the spectacle of capable and presumably responsible leaders promising everything conceivable to everybody, knowing that these promises cannot be kept, but hoping that half-truths will draw the votes. How wonderful if we could have elections in which candidates honestly admitted that they would be able to improve on the past administration only a little, but that

they sincerely intended to work for that small improvement.

But few candidates ever will do this because, in most cases, such action would be political suicide. The distortions that you and I hear are caused not so much by the politicians who state them, as by the public (you and me) who have indicated to the politicians that this rigmarole will draw the votes. Whenever the public refuses to support those who deal in distortion and exaggeration, or those who spend their efforts in vague criticism of the other party, or those who beat their breasts in agony over the lot of the farmer or the laborer or the little business man or the senior citizen or the pickle growers or the green cranberry tasters, or any other special group with a large vote — then will the politicians cease to exaggerate and distort and criticize unduly and beat breasts. Then, perhaps, they will get down to facts.

### **Partly the Public's Fault**

But it isn't going to happen — at least not for a long long time. The same old pap will continue, for the very good reason that the public, the collective you and I, love it. The error lies within ourselves who study campaign promises in the hope that they will benefit us as individuals, rather than the United States as a whole. "God bless me and my wife — and my son, John and his wife — and let the rest care for themselves."

I suspect that the political bombast that pollutes our atmosphere can be regarded as a fair indicator of the public's progress toward or away from democracy. So, when the speech is filled with wild promises, or with complaints about the other party, don't limit your objections to the speaker. Remember that the public who supports him is the true offender.

*Phil McConnell*

## **Progress Report From Portugal**

There's something about "Nosso Sonho," Avenida Saboia, Monte Estoril, Portugal that gives us a bad case of the day dreams whenever we see it in print. We're still recovering from the most recent attack occasioned by a "progress report" from the people who live in "Nosso Sonho" (Our Dream), LEDA and DON MAIR.

Somehow, they had the idea once they got settled, the garden planted, the car licensed, and all the other chores connected with establishing a new home done, that they would have lots of time to relax. It turned out to be not quite that simple because they overlooked one thing — that gardens grow and flowers must be picked. For once Leda finds herself in the happy situation of having too many flowers. This is the result of an extremely wet winter. Not that the Mairs have any complaints about the profusion of flowers.

They have found an answer to the usual question about what do you do with your time after retirement. They find that the days are just barely long enough to do all the things that must be done and a few of the things they want to do.

Life in Portugal has turned out to be all they anticipated — and more. The home is just what they dreamed about for so long, and life is very pleasant. "There are just enough small frustrations to keep us on our toes, but nothing that can't be put off until tomorrow."

Late in June Don and Leda joined BILL and GRACE LUND as guests of a new hotel and restaurant in Nazare, a quaint Portuguese fishing village, and they had a wonderful time. They joined the village people in some strenuous folk dances that lasted until the wee small hours. It

seems to have been the equivalent of a 15-hour workout with the bar bells.

Leda and Don planned to spend August and part of September on a motor trip to Germany, where they expected to see many Aramcons at Heidelberg and get caught up with the latest happenings in Saudi Arabia. They also planned to attend the Oberammergau Passion Play.

Their only regret was that they will not be able to attend the reunion in Santa Barbara this year. "We hate to think of how many 'oil wells' will be dug that day on those beautiful grounds." They may be able to attend the next gathering, and in the meantime they are waiting to hear all about this one. (There is a plan afoot right now to issue a special edition of Al-Ayyam Al-Jamila just on the Miramar party so that all those who couldn't attend will at least have some idea of what happened.)

The letter closed with a warm invitation to their friends. "Needless to say, we will be glad to hear from any of our old friends and to welcome them to 'Nosso Sonho' should they be passing this way."

We heard recently that EDWIN HOSKINS has been hospitalized and his condition is not too good. We know his wife Erma would like to hear from the people Ed and she knew in Dhahran. You can drop her a line at 509 Wisteria Lane, Biloxi, Mississippi.

### **JONES (continued from page 1)**

Elizabeth Gibson, became Mrs. A. B. Jones, Tillie. After Abie finished his electrical course, he served his apprenticeship in Los Angeles. Then they both went to work for the Borax Company in Death Valley, California; he did electrical work and Tillie worked as a stenographer. Then began Abie's twenty-six and a half years with the oil industry.

On July 3 Abie and Tillie left Saudi Arabia on their way to Paradise. By now they are probably enjoying their home and the views. But we hope they will be able to find a little time for dropping us a line — and maybe a picture or two for us to share with you.



## Casper and Sophie Working on 26-Hour Day

How doth the busy Gees? That's the word for our Casper and his family in Pomona, California: busy. He is writing an article about their travels to Bangkok, Thailand which he plans to submit, with colored photographs, to the *National Geographic Magazine*. He and Sophie also spoke on their world tour and the Far East before the Pomona Uptown Lions Club on August 8. They have lecture bookings into next year, with one scheduled in February for the Women's Club in Hemet, California. Casper also worked on the staff of the Shrine football game and pageant held in the Los Angeles Memorial Coliseum August 5.

Casper and Sophie manage to keep up with many of the people they met in Saudi Arabia. Among those they have seen recently are Virginia Mitchell in San Diego, Kitty Sollinger in Los Angeles and Dick Nue who was with Bechtel. They were looking forward to driving to San Carlos where they expected to visit SAM and

BLANCHE MYERS and LUCKY and LOIS LUCKENBAUGH.

Sophie has been attending night classes studying American Government. It seems she had the idea Casper would be something of a reference book, but as he puts it, "she has me stymied on some of the questions she asks. I forgot all this a long time ago, so I guess she will have to learn it the hard way, STUDY."

The Gees are starting to get the travel bug again. They are in the talking stage of a trip to Hong Kong.

In case you think that with all these activities Casper has no time to mind the store, it's not that way at all. There was a P. S. on one recent letter in which Casper called attention to a horse ranch that he had listed. He said it was a beauty and that other property in the area of the ranch was selling from \$6,000 to \$10,000 per acre.

Other regulations affecting permanent residents from the United States are also being studied. Now there is considerable red tape, expense and, for some, trips back to the United States every six months. These required trips and the charges for official documents can be an expensive item for foreign residents.

The drive for liberalizing the regulations originated in the Mexican Government Tourist Department, which is not unaware of what the 600,000 American tourists who come to Mexico annually contribute to the nation's economy. The Tourist Department is bringing pressure to bear on the Immigration Department and the Ministry of Finance, which are the agencies most immediately concerned with enforcing the regulations. By easing the restrictions, the Government hopes to attract more foreign residents. They also believe that permanent residents from the United States will have many friends who may in time come to visit.

United States officials and consular officers are working with the Mexican Government on this mutual problem. There probably won't be any immediate dramatic changes, but it is a good sign that there is at least the desire to ease the regulations and restrictions.

## In Memoriam



Henry C. Snyder

Funeral services for HENRY C. "HEINIE" SNYDER were held June 6 in Franklin, Pennsylvania. Heinie died of a cerebral hemorrhage on June 4 at 1231 Otter Street in Franklin, where he had been staying with his sister, Mrs. W. L. Lowers.

A native of Pennsylvania, Heinie began his career in the oil industry in 1916 when he went to work for Mid-Continent Oil Fields. Before he came to Aramco, he also worked for the Richfield and West American Oil Companies in Long Beach, California. He joined Standard Oil Company of California in 1934 and transferred to the Bahrain Petroleum Company for his first overseas assignment a year and a half later.

He transferred to Casoc in 1939, and came to Saudi Arabia at that time. He worked as a driller and drilling foreman in both the Producing and Exploration Departments. When he left Saudi Arabia early this spring, Heinie was a driller in the Exploration Department.

His many friends among the Annuitants and in Saudi Arabia send their condolences to Heinie's family on their loss.



Edwin H. Ely

EDWIN H. ELY, who retired January 1, 1959 after thirty-one years' service with Standard Oil Company of California and Aramco, passed away August 12, 1960.

Ed's first job with Socal was as an operator at the El Segundo Refinery. With his transfer to Aramco he was assigned to Ras Tanura as refinery operator. He became stabilizer operator at Abqaiq in 1950, and was then promoted to shift foreman. At the time of his retirement, Ed was administrative assistant, Plants and Pipelines, Oil Operations in Abqaiq.

Since his retirement, he had lived in Lytle Creek, California. If you would like to write to his wife Dorothy, you may reach her at this address: General Delivery, Lytle Creek.

His many friends will miss Ed and sympathize with Dorothy in her loss.

## MEXICO IS STUDYING VISITOR REGULATIONS TO EASE RED TAPE

There was some encouraging news out of Mexico recently for anyone thinking of settling there. According to an article in the *Journal of Commerce*, several agencies of the Mexican Government are trying to find ways of easing the red tape which now makes it inconvenient for Americans to visit or live in Mexico.

One of the biggest headaches for American tourists has been the regulations governing their cars. Tourists can get permits to stay in Mexico for six months, but their automobiles are only allowed for three months. Some visitors have had their cars impounded and been fined heavily for keeping their cars beyond the three-month period. Mexico is reviewing the car permit regulations trying to find ways of making it less inconvenient for tourists to drive to Mexico on long visits.

## In Memoriam



### Mace Freeland

MACE FREELAND succumbed to a heart attack on August 31, 1960, in Gold Hill, Oregon. He was buried in Medford, Oregon, in a memorial park which overlooks the Rouge River Valley and the Siskiyou Mountains in southern Oregon where he had lived the last four and a half years.

Mace retired from Socal on October 1, 1955. He and Edith lived for a while in California before moving to Gold Hill. Edith's plans are necessarily indefinite now, but she does plan to stay in Oregon for the time being. She would appreciate hearing from their friends now. Her address is Route 1, Box 223, Gold Hill, Oregon.

Mace made many friends during his career in the oil industry that took him to Saudi Arabia and Bahrain. They will miss him sorely.

To his family, we extend our deepest sympathy for their loss.

#### MADELINE VANDERVERT

Our deepest sympathy is with TED VANDERVERT whose wife Madeline passed away on June 13. Services were held in Long Beach on June 17 with interment at Inglewood Park Cemetery in Inglewood, California.

Any friends who would like to write to Ted may reach him at 3322 Waltheria, California. We know he'd appreciate hearing from his friends.

## Terry Duce Gets Award

TERRY DUCE is being honored by the Society of Petroleum Engineers. He has been selected to receive one of their top awards, the Certificate of Service, at the Society's fall meeting, October 2-5, in Denver.

The Certificate of Service recognizes Terry's outstanding leadership in developing a section on foreign statistics in the annual volume prepared by the Society, *Statistics of Oil and Gas Development and Production*. He spent 18 years on this volume - nine years as an author of foreign reports and nine years as a member of the Production Review Committee, which was responsible for compiling the volume.

### ALTERNATE REFUGEE FROM BAHRAIN: DICK ROBBINS

The other day we received a very interesting letter from Richard R. Robbins. As he told us, he was never an Aramco employee and thus "can never be a full-fledged Refugee, but having inhaled the shamals of Bahrain Island for fourteen years and knowing so many of the old timers, I should at least qualify as an alternate."

Dick started his overseas career in 1935 when he was transferred to Bahrain by Socal for a "short construction job," which lasted until he retired in 1949 - for the first time. After a few years of ranching in Texas, Dick went to Japan for 18 months with Caltex. He also worked in India and spent 26 months in Sumatra.

On their way home to Texas, the Robbins stopped off to see MACE and EDITH FREELAND in Oregon and LEONARD and RUBY SWEENEY in Placerville, California. They also visited other friends on this trip which ended late in August at the Lazy R Ranch, Route 1, Sadler, Texas.

Dick sent his best wishes to HANK TROTTER and thought he might sneak up to Arkansas to pay a visit to JOHN AMES and his family. He also said he was going to try to attend the reunion in Santa Barbara, "but ranching brings so many strange surprises we can't be sure."

# Mail Call!

Will G. Aubrey  
Robert Balfour  
Earl Beckwith  
Ernest M. Blackwell  
Alexander H. Chapman  
Paul Combs  
Albert L. Corry  
James W. Duncan  
Charles E. Goranson  
Alfred F. Haskell  
Schuyler B. Henry  
John A. Hess  
James C. Hewlett  
Atherton B. Jones  
Arthur C. Kellett  
Walter H. Koehler  
Philip J. Leonard  
James A. McGuinness  
William S. Nash  
Hans Norjord  
Robert W. Payne  
John V. Rafferty

Mrs. Leonard R. Saulmon  
Alfred Z. Simpson  
Milton O. Smith  
Francis S. Stone  
Clyde E. Talbot  
John Thaler  
Luther C. Weber  
Chester A. Wharff  
Ernest A. Wichern  
Walter J. Williams  
Dr. G. Victoria Young

1344 East 37th Street, Tulsa, Oklahoma  
2017 N. E. 26th Street, Ft. Lauderdale, Florida  
4877 Presido Drive, Los Angeles, California  
1542 East Ohio Street, Dallas, Texas  
c/o Williams Club, 24 East 39th Street, New York 16, New York  
217 Valley View Drive, Paradise, California  
100 West 39th Avenue, San Mateo, California  
c/o Gordon, 131 Denholm Road, Invergowrie Dundee, Scotland  
1617 Loma, Santa Barbara, California  
4 Thune Drive, Moraga, California  
2901 Pierce Street, San Francisco 23, California  
2410 Pennsylvania Avenue, Joplin, Missouri  
1630 Orchard Drive, Ojai, California  
629 Wagstaff, Paradise, California  
1655 35th Avenue, San Francisco, California  
c/o Dr. Charles R. Brice, 1179 Green Street Circle, Gainesville, Georgia  
7470 N. W. 30th Street, West Hollywood, Florida  
5 Apple Street, Highland Park, New Jersey  
2224 Myrtle Street, Bakersfield, California  
General Delivery, Abbotsford, British Columbia, Canada  
1022 Yale Avenue, Modesto, California  
12155 Crewe Street, North Hollywood, California  
After Nov. 1: 6997 Lower River Road, Grants Pass, Oregon  
R. R. 3, Willow Springs, Maryland  
Apartment 304, 1001 Pine Street, San Francisco, California  
Box 679, Sun City, Arizona  
1031 West Maple Avenue, Arroyo Grande, California  
1338 West Moreland, Phoenix, Arizona  
20430 Yacama, Detroit 3, Michigan  
3774 Harrison Street, Oakland 11, California  
1905 East Clinton Avenue, Fresno 3, California  
495 South Yale Street, Hemet, California  
150 Brandt Street (Skyline) Oak View, California  
Villa Capri Aire, 544 Guinda Street, Palo Alto, California



## *It's all over now ...*

But the memory will linger on when you get the next issue of Al-Ayyam Al-Jamila, because it's going to be a special edition all about the party at the Miramar in Santa Barbara on September 22nd.

If you were there, you'll want to see pictures of all the friends you visited that day. And probably sneak a quick look at your own picture when no one's looking, of course.

If you couldn't make it, you know that you missed a wonderful time. But, cheer up, the

special issue will be the next best thing to being there.

There'll be group pictures, banquet pictures, informal candid; lists of who was there and people who sent greetings; descriptions of the activities; news of the people who were there.

Al-Ayyam's special issue will be coming your way as soon as possible after the 22nd. It's going to make a fine souvenir of a memorable occasion.

## *Christmas Letter Time Already?*

We know it's too early to start talking about Christmas, but it does come early to Al-Ayyam Al-Jamila. The December issue, which has become a traditional way to send greetings to all your friends and to let them know what you have been doing, will be going to press early in November. We'd like to make this a big issue with letters from just about everyone who receives this magazine. And we'd like to have some pictures, too, pictures of you and your family, your home, or perhaps one taken at work or on a trip. To do this, we'll need your help.

Why not make a note now to write to the editor before the end of October. That way, you can take care of this part of your Christmas long before the rush begins. Then, when you get really busy, you'll have one less worry because you'll have written to all of your Aramco friends.

We're looking forward to hearing from all of you so that we can make the December Al-Ayyam Al-Jamila a spectacular Christmas stocking brimming with good things for all.

AL-AYYAM AL-JAMILA

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