

NEW YORK, N. Y.

SEPTEMBER, 1961

Vol. 5, No. 3

ARAMCO



Paul Case

ARAMCO



John Covell

ARAMCO



Isabel Krieg

ARAMCO



Harold Turner

ARAMCO



Don Holm

ARAMCO

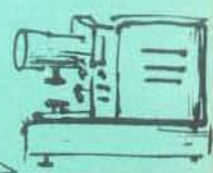


U. V. Stewart

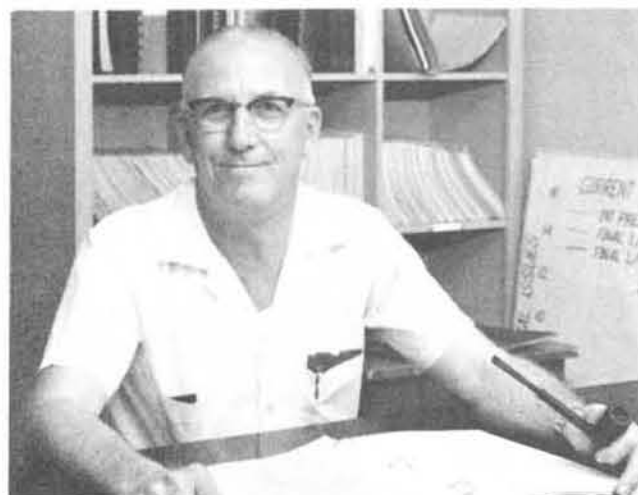
ARAMCO



Thomas Hercus



Quick Change - Engineer to Baby-Sitter



Robert H. Lockbaum

There are four lucky tots in California because now they have a full-time set of grandparents just arrived from Saudi Arabia. ROBERT H. LOCKBAUM and his wife Virginia left Dhahran June 1 to establish a home near their married

children. Their daughter Ramona has two children, Andrew Robert and Sandra, and their son Robert has two girls, Pamela and Linda.

Bob had been in Saudi Arabia for fifteen years. His first assignment was in the Maintenance and Construction Department in Ras Tanura. Later, as a member of the Arab Development Department, he took part in planning the Dammam townsite. Following that, he worked in Abqaiq on housing construction. At the time he and Virginia left, Bob was a construction engineer with the construction division in Dhahran.

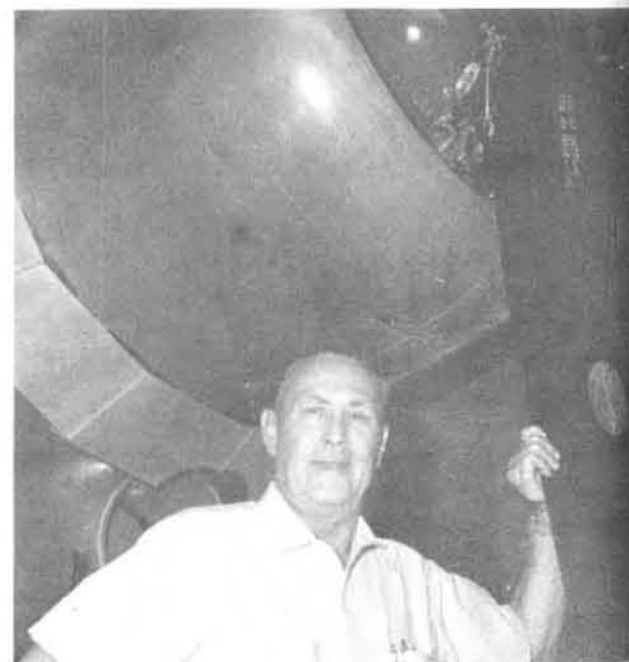
Bob first started in the oil industry in 1926, when he was employed by a contracting service firm. After advancing from tool dresser to driller to drilling foreman, Bob left to strike out on his own. For ten years he ran his own service company in California. Between 1940 and 1946, which was the year he joined Aramco, Bob was employed by the Western Pipe and Steel Company as an assistant superintendent of ship construction.

Whites Blast Off On Homeward Trip

Aramco's Aviation Department has always enjoyed an enviable safety record. Air safety begins on the ground, as any airman will tell you, and is the result of care and ability of the ground crew. A member of this group, RUSSELL E. WHITE, joins our ranks this month. Russ was foreman of the aircraft services of the maintenance and inspection section, Aviation Department.

Russ joined Aramco in 1946. He went first to Ras Tanura where he was a heavy duty mechanic. Later he transferred to the Aviation Department in Dhahran.

Russ grew up on a farm in North Carolina.
(continued on following page)



Russell E. White

Has Cello, Is Traveling

Many of ISABEL KRIEG'S memories of her twelve years in Dhahran are scored for ensemble, full orchestra and solo cello. Training and a life-long interest in music made it natural that Isabel would be one of the pillars of Dhahran's musical activities.

Born in Warsaw, Poland, Isabel came to the United States when her parents immigrated to Ohio. She received her schooling in that state and also attended Ohio State. She was a cellist with the Columbus Symphony under Izler Solomon. Among the guest soloists appearing with the Symphony when she was a member were Igor Piatogorsky, Isaac Stern and the late William Kapell.

Isabel also worked for a while in a Los Angeles office and was a member of USO troupe that toured Korea, the Philippines and Japan for seven months.

In 1948 Isabel wanted to investigate the Middle East and embarked on what was to have been a two-year career with Aramco. She arrived in Dhahran in September as a housing clerk. What started as an informal session of interested performers soon developed into the Dhahran String Ensemble. This group gave its first concert in 1951 and eventually became the Community Orchestra. Isabel also worked on the Nativity pageants and gave violin lessons in Dhahran.

RUSS WHITE (continued from page 2)

Typical of farm life, there were many pieces of machinery waiting for a growing boy to tinker with, make adjustments on and generally improve. This was how Russ got started. He served his apprenticeship with Turner Manufacturing Company and Machine Shop in Statesville, North Carolina. He also worked for the White Company in Atlanta. Rounding out his pre-Aramco experience were jobs in garages, factories, an airline and an airplane equipment manufacturer.

Russ and his wife Jessie have a son Eugene, who is married and lives in Dhahran. Russ is a dedicated gardener and, for the hours when it is too dark to garden, is an avid reader.



Isabel Krieg

Perhaps most widely appreciated was Isabel's contribution to the Aramco record library. She was in charge of the project of revising and cataloging more than 60,000 records. She was also in charge of music programming for the radio station.

First item on Isabel's agenda when she left Dhahran in June was a 17-day tour of Russia and a visit to her homeland. Then back to the States with all possible speed to see her daughters, Mrs. Walter McCaslin of Yellow Springs, Ohio, and Mrs. Edward L. Compton of Whittier, California, and her four grandchildren.

Hansen's Rolling Home

WALTER HANSEN is on the road again for his annual trailer trip. He dropped us a line from northern California where they were camped on the Klamath River. BOB and PAULINE KING live nearby and Walt stopped in for a visit. The Kings returned his visit at the trailer site on Lake Shasta. At the time he wrote, Walt was waiting for the salmon and steelhead to start running. We hope the wait was successful. Knowing Walt, we're sure it was.

Presenting the Squire of Riverwood Farm



Paul E. Case

In seventeen years with Aramco, PAUL E. CASE has made important contributions to his host country, Saudi Arabia. Now he and his wife Eleanor are at their home, Riverwood Farm, in Peach Bottom, Pennsylvania, where Paul plans to continue writing. In the past his articles have appeared in *House and Garden*, *National Geographic* and other periodicals and technical journals.

Paul was born in Brooklyn and is a graduate of Jamaica (Queens) High School. He majored in Industrial Relations and Training in the School of General Studies of Columbia University. Among the positions Paul held after completing his education were in construction and in the training department of R. H. Macy in New York.

Paul first went to the Middle East in 1942. He was in charge of transportation for a construction firm building docks and railroads north of Abadan, Iran. He also worked for the Iranian Department of Irrigation, developing projects to improve crop production.

After this introduction to the Middle East, Paul joined Aramco in September, 1944, and was

assigned to the transportation division in Dhahran. Shortly after his arrival he was put in charge of a twenty-truck convoy carrying essential food and fuel to Riyadh. The trucks traveled from Ras Tanura, Qatif and al-'Uqair, following the ancient caravan routes. South of Khurais, about 150 miles from Dhahran, they established a base camp at al-Hani.

Later Paul worked on providing transportation and supplies for the construction camps along Tapline. Bedouin guides led these convoys through the roadless terrain.

Paul was in on the planning stages of Aramco's first driving school which was established by the Transportation Department in 1949. He also helped develop the training course for mechanics in the light car garage in Dhahran.

When the Training Department was formally organized, Paul was put in charge of setting up the training materials workshop and the Training Department Library. The latter has grown into an impressive research center comprising some 25,000 books in Arabic and English and a hundred specialized periodicals.

In 1954 Paul organized the Saudi development section in the Training Department. Working under ROY LEBKICHER, Paul stayed on to become staff advisor to the section. He also served as secretary of the Saudi Development Policy Committee.

Eleanor and Paul were married in Flushing, N. Y., and have two children. His family joined him in 1947 and both children graduated from the school in Dhahran and the American Community School in Beirut. Their daughter Nancy is married to Charles Hurst and the mother of a son, Kenneth. Their son Sherwood attends the Art Students League in New York.

Eleanor and Paul planned first to travel to Germany to visit relatives and then tour the Outer Hebrides Islands. Then they were to sail from Scotland to Montreal and drive to their home in Peach Bottom.

Esther and Don Holm Leave Dhahran



Don Holm

Welcome to another member of the group this month, DON HOLM, staff geologist with the Exploration Department. Don joined the company in 1946 and was first stationed in the Dammam and Qatif areas. He assisted in making a water-well survey, recording and mapping the locations of existing water wells.

In 1947 Don worked in the central Najd, mapping surface geology. That fall his work took him northwards towards Buraidah. The following year he explored the area around the fortress of Hayil.

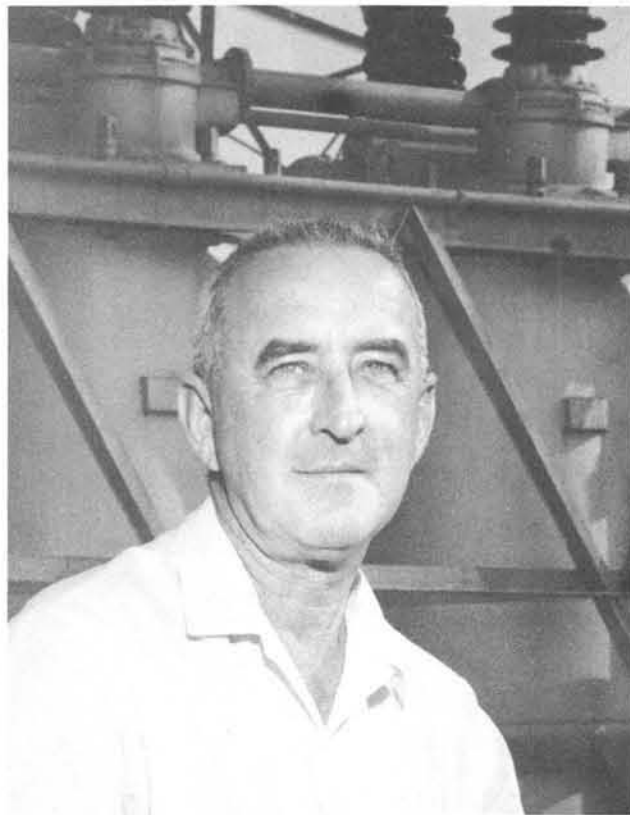
From 1949 to 1952 Don led a surface geology party mapping the Turaif area. As it happened, 1952 turned out to be an important milestone for Don. He presented his first paper to the Nineteenth International Geology Congress in August. His topic was "Deserts of Saudi Arabia." It was also on this trip that Don met Esther Aberdeen who became his wife the following year.

Don spent the 1953-1954 season with a seismograph party. Following this he was appointed a staff geologist specializing in economic geology.

Don was born in Jamestown, New York. He matriculated at the University of Michigan. His studies were interrupted after the third year of a course in chemical engineering. When he returned after a year, he earned a B.A. degree in geology in 1926, and the following year he completed the requirements for an M.A. degree. (Rounding out the academic degrees in the Holm household is Esther's PhD.)

Don is an active member in a number of professional societies and the Explorer's Club of New York. His career with Aramco has afforded him many opportunities to pursue his interest in the natural history of the desert. He has studied particularly the migratory and desert birds along the Gulf and in the Najd.

Presenting John Covell,



John H. Covell

A few miles from Syracuse, New York, is a pleasant little city, Canastota, which provides the background for the first few chapters of the biography of JOHN H. COVELL. He received his education in Syracuse and studied business administration at Syracuse University.

In 1928 Jack was hired as an apprentice by the Niagara Mohawk Power Company in Syracuse. When he left that company fourteen years later he was a power line foreman. Shortly after World War II began, Jack and his family, which now included his wife Marian and their daughter Mary, moved to New York where he had accepted a position as foreman of the cold roll metal department of S. H. Pomeroy Company.

Jack's next position was with Bapco. He arrived on Bahrain in August, 1944, where he was supervisor of construction and maintenance of power lines. Six years later Jack transferred to Aramco to work first on the construction and

maintenance of the power lines in Dhahran District. In 1955 Jack was assigned to field electrical supervisor of field electricians.

Jack's wife, the former Marian Peterson, was teaching school in Central Square, another community near Syracuse, when they met. They were married in 1930. Their daughter Mary is married to Philip Morehouse and they live in Dundee, New York.

Willard Goodwin,

Patty Goodwin has been a busy young lady this year. First she had to complete her fifth grade studies in Dhahran. Then came the packing and planning for the trip which would take her to Europe for two weeks, across the Atlantic and finally on a motor trip through the United States. All too soon it was time to say good-byes and



Willard B. Goodwin

see that her mother, Mary, and father WILLARD B. (GOODY) GOODWIN departed on time. Because all this attention to detail can be strenuous for one of Patty's tender years, she was lucky to have Goody to rely on.

Goody was born in Loveland, Colorado, and attended school there. In 1921 he went West — actually further west — to California. He became

an apprentice electrician and did electrical work in the Los Angeles area until 1936, when he joined Socal. He worked briefly at the Richmond Refinery and then joined a group of men being transferred to Bapco on Bahrain. (At his retirement, Goody was the next to the last of the original group of 22 remaining in the Middle East. Only Al Rutan, now in Abqaiq, is still there.)

In 1937 Goody installed the first air-conditioning on Bahrain, as well as other electrical facilities. He went to Saudi Arabia the following year to assist ABIE JONES in mechanical-electrical work. He was on this assignment until 1940 when he returned to the United States for a year. He arrived back in Saudi Arabia late in 1941. In addition to work in Dhahran, Abqaiq and Ras Tanura, Goody also did electrical work in Jiddah, al-Kharj, Qaisumah and Riyadh. In September, 1953, he was appointed electrical inspector in the engineering division of the Engineering and Mechanical Services Department in Dhahran.

When he wasn't fixing gadgets around the house, Goody enjoyed working on his collection of foreign stamps. He also became quite a camera marksman specializing in color photography.

and Lynval Fletcher

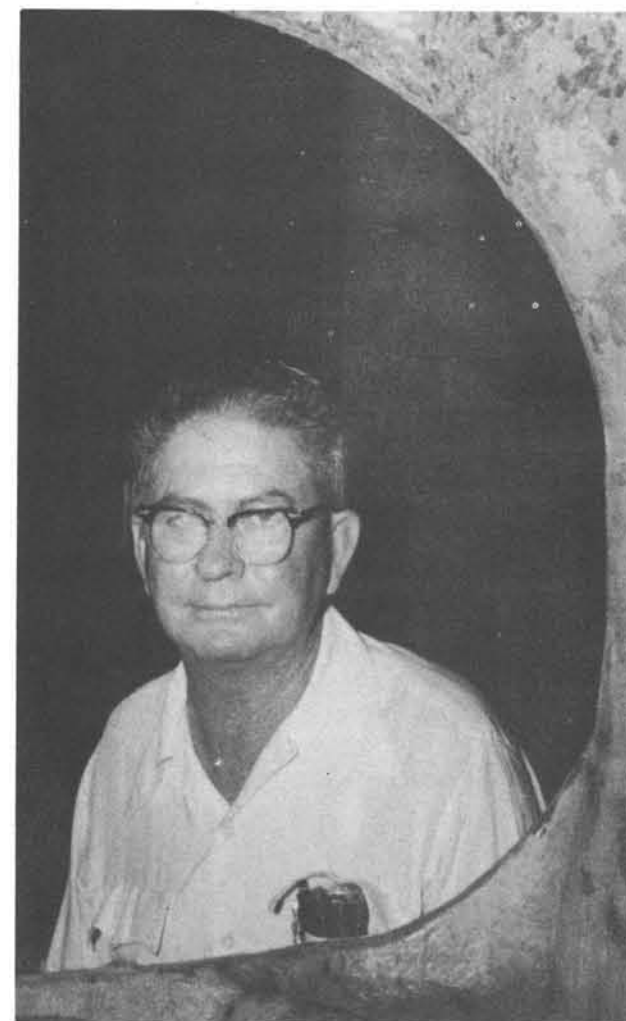
LYNVAL C. FLETCHER is doing his share to help Florida's agricultural boom. He and Florence left Dhahran June 1 and their eventual goal was a farm in Florida. Two persons who could coax such a varied and luxuriant garden to bloom in Saudi Arabia should experience little trouble in Florida. In Saudi Arabia they specialized in growing exotic shrubs.

Lynval began his career in the oil industry thirty-five years ago when he joined Texaco Inc. For the next fifteen years he worked at the West Tulsa Works in Oklahoma. Then, in 1941, Lynval transferred to The Bahrain Petroleum Company. World War II caught up with him on the trip to Bahrain when he ran afoul of the Japanese forces in the Pacific. He spent the next two years as the unwilling guest of the Japanese Government at Santo Tomas in Manila. It wasn't until 1943 that he began working for Bapco.

One of Lynval's first assignments after he joined Aramco in 1946 was to assist in organizing the machine shop in Ras Tanura. Among his later positions were assistant foreman (machinists), foreman, acting night foreman and reclamation supervisor for the Purchase and Stores Department, all in Ras Tanura.

In September, 1951, Lynval was transferred to Dhahran as an inspector in the Construction Department, General Office. In this capacity he supervised the settings and installation of machinery and procured supplies for some projects. Starting in 1954, he worked for a year and a half with maintenance and shops division of the Engineering and Mechanical Services Department. Lynval was also foreman in pipes reclamation until June, 1958, when he became supervising craftsman in the machine shops. It was from this position that he retired on June 1.

Lynval C. Fletcher



THE SAND PILE



I like men of action — such as the farmer who erected the sign: NO TRESPASSING. SURVIVORS WILL BE PROSECUTED. But at the moment, when I should be attacking this job with fire and vigor, I feel more like taking a nap. Obviously, I was born too soon. Had I had the foresight to wait fifty or sixty years, I would have found myself growing into a world of automation where the machines did the work.

I understand, for example, that planes are equipped with computers which keep track of the distance from the ground or other planes. What the computer does when it suddenly finds a bit of land such as a mountain, just ahead, or another plane coming its way, hasn't been explained to me.

Automated Medicine Ahead?

In time, your medical record will go on a card file which, along with the old X-ray pictures, can be passed to the next doctor — if you are so fussy as to insist on a doctor. Because there will be a computer into which will be fed your old record plus your new symptoms, and from which will emerge another card which will tell you what's wrong with you and what to do about it. This machine will offer the present advantages of the old magazines in the waiting room, but probably will be unable to hold your hand and look sympathetic.

When you shop in a department store, the record of various purchases will flash to a common point where the machine will determine your bill and whether your credit is good enough to take the strain. But there will be troubles, even as now. Have you been caught in one of these electronic miscalculations? I heard of one man who received a bill from a machine after he had made payment. He called the store and was assured that all was well and that the mistake would be corrected. But next month he received another bill from the machine and another demand for payment. The following month, the machine threatened to sue. Now the poor fellow is in a quandary. Every time he calls the store, he is assured that he has nothing to worry about; but the machine continues to threaten. Shall he pay the bill twice or lose his credit rating? He fed his problem into another machine, asking what to do, and received an answer on a neat yellow card with one corner cut off. The answer was: MY BROTHER HAS BEARING TROUBLE.

Another McConnell Crab Grass Cure

I've been moaning again to a friend concerning my gardening troubles, telling him that when I plant a lawn, crab grass comes up. His suggested action is so enlightening that I feel that I shouldn't keep it to myself. He says to plant crab grass and maybe lawn will come up.

The world moves on. I'm told that some of

our youth, more alert than the average, are discovering new ideas in gracious living — which is encouraging. It is only right that the new generation should forge ahead, leaving behind them the outworn ideas of their predecessors. For example, I'm told that youth is going for this new feature in automobiles: gear shifts — which gets away from the old-fashioned automatic transmission. And some forward-looking young couples are adding an innovation to their homes: a fairly large room located near the kitchen, capable of holding a number of chairs, even a table, where the family can assemble on occasion. They're calling this new area the dining room.

Oh, Brave New World

But the most startling discovery that has come to my attention was developed by a boy not even out of high school. As the result of persistent experimentation coupled to an expanding appetite, this boy has found how to prepare a new and pleasant concoction. He places a mixture of cream and sugar in a container and packs the container in ice and salt. This draws the temperature down until the stuff in the container actually freezes. And moreover, the boy has found that if he agitates the container vigorously while the freezing is in progress, he gets a product that tastes quite a bit like ice cream.

Youth marches on!

The Singer not the Song

And in the field of so-called music, a new concept is developing, which indicates either that the teen-agers aren't too keen about their rock 'n' roll, or that all rock 'n' roll tunes are so similar that the listeners can't tell one from the next. Under either condition, popularity goes not with the tune but with the titles or the names of the performers; for if the tunes aren't exciting, the names of the performers must be. A recent highly popular platter was offered by a young man with the improbable name U. S. Bonds (which certainly sounds reliable.) I note that Gabriel and the Angeles are cutting them, also Ceasar and the Romans. But the prize goes to those pathfinders who term themselves, Francis X and the Bushmen.

Are you interested in inventions? Consider for the moment, the man who invented compound

interest, also what can be done with it. I am not directly involved since I can never leave interest alone long enough for it to compound. I like to spend it before it gets out of hand as visualized by a certain Jonathan Holdeen of Pine Plains, New York. (If you Easterners know this story, just turn the page, for I have to tell it to my Western associates, anyhow.)

It Beats Working

Jonathan Holdeen, a 79-year-old lawyer, has determined that a penny (or rather, one cent), invested at 4 per cent for a thousand years, will grow into one thousand trillion dollars. (I take his word for it; I'm not going to check the calculations.) But Jonathan, being an impatient character, decided to cash in after five hundred years; and instead of one cent, he started with a million dollar trust fund to do nothing but sit idle for that time and accumulate interest. The Internal Revenue Department appealed to the courts, claiming that if such a fund were not taxed as the years rolled by, it would have accumulated all the money in the country by payoff date. The Internal Revenue boys felt that such a situation, while beneficial to Mr. Holdeen, might be contrary to the best interests of the rest of the country.

In spite of this prospect, the United States Court of Appeals denied the Government request for tax levies. Jonathan is pleased. He says that the Government is overly excited and that he doesn't anticipate that the fund will grow to more than a trillion dollars.

But I wonder whether, after five hundred years, Jonathan is going to enjoy a trillion dollars. As I realize the possibility that he might die before that time in an automobile accident, I wonder how he knows that he'll like the fellow who finally does enjoy it.

Jumbled Inheritance Laws

I have no idea how many of you take *Harper's Magazine*, but I'm urging every one of you to go to the library and ask to read an article in the August issue, "Your Unknown Heirs," by Murray Teigh Bloom. If that doesn't cause you to think concerning the problems of passing your property to those whom you wish to have it, nothing will. The discussion deals with the rackets that have

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Turners Take California in Stride...



Harold J. Turner

One of the Night People of Dhahran, HAROLD J. TURNER, is joining the Day People in San Luis Obispo, California. Hal had been night foreman in Dhahran since 1951. He and his wife Erlene and their daughter Paula Kay are now living at 295 Del Mar Court in San Luis Obispo.

Hal was born in Mansfield, Missouri, and was brought up in Southern California, where he began his career in the oil industry. His first job was on a rotary drilling rig for the George F. Getty Oil Company. Starting in 1923, Hal worked for the firm in Maricopa, Bakersfield and Long Beach, California. Two years later he went to work for the Moore Construction Company during the building of the high school in Maricopa.

Following jobs with several small oil companies, Hal joined his brother, who was a drilling contractor in Seminole, Oklahoma, in 1928. Two years later he returned to Maricopa where he was variously a member of a well gang, a catskiner building roads to Richfield Oil Company leases, and a garage service man for Richfield.

In 1934 Hal joined Socal. After five years he was transferred to Saudi Arabia as a derrickman. His work took him to all three districts, and

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And So Do Tom and Claire Hercus

THOMAS H. HERCUS, with his wife Claire, left Dhahran in June for a leisurely trip to San Pedro, California, with a visit to relatives in Cologne, Germany, as one of the stops. For Tommy this marks thirty-three years in the oil industry, including service with Socal, Casoc (the predecessor of Aramco) and Aramco.

Tommy was born in Denver. When he was thirteen he moved with his family to Long Beach, California. He completed his education there and worked in a garage for three years. From 1928 to 1938 he was a Socal man, as a heavy engine mechanic and operator in the natural gas plants at Huntington Beach, Kettleman Hills and Taft.

In 1938 he started on his first assignment for Aramco, and the experience made him a seasoned traveler. He traveled by bus, car, train and ship. He sailed across the Atlantic to

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Thomas H. Hercus

Keeping up with the McKeegans

There's an easy solution for anyone who wants to live life at roller coaster pace. Just apply for adoption into Clan McKeegan, which is presided over by HELEN and BARNEY McKEEGAN.

Barney has passed the second examination for his renewal license and is probably now studying for his real estate broker's license. With Sharon also hitting the books for her summer school session at Contra Costa Junior College, Helen and the dachshund "Peanuts" expected to tire soon of going on tiptoe around the house. They were considering the merits of retreating to Peanuts' dog house for the duration. But there was a ray of hope. Once Barney gets his broker's license, Helen will probably be pressed into service to take over his correspondence.

To keep in practice, the McKeegans joined the Elks' roving summer mixed bowling league. The league alternates between two alleys and meets every Thursday. The McKeegans were on the second-place team when Helen wrote, but by now they are probably leading the league. The first night they bowled with the league, they noted a bowler with the map of Saudi Arabia on the back of his shirt. The wearer was "Red" Smith, formerly of Abqaiq, and his wife Roberta. It was the first time the McKeegans had met them.

Marjory Najar and Pammy visited the McKeegans on her way back from taking Gordon, a former Aramcon, to Travis Air Base, where he left for a week in Honolulu before taking on his new assignment in charge of industrial relations on Kwajalein. Marjory and the children left to join Gordon later on. Marilyn will return to her classes at the University of the Pacific this fall.

Small World Department: Edee McMurphy wrote to Helen to say that Frank was also working on Kwajalein. And Alan McKeegan expects to be going there soon. He has closed his photographic studio and is working temporarily for Montgomery Ward until Texas Transport is ready for him. Alan will be returning to work he enjoys, water distillation. His wife Kimiko and their son Mark will stay for a little while with Barney and Helen before going to Japan to visit her family. When housing becomes available, Kim and Mark will join Alan on Kwajalein.

Bob and Maureen (McKeegan) Lansing expect their first child the middle of September. That will make either the eighth grandson or first granddaughter. Helen is making the christening dress and expects to be with Maureen when the baby arrives, which will mean leaving her plants and flowers to the tender mercies of Barney and Sharon. This will be the first time Helen has been on hand for a grandchild's arrival. She admits: "Maureen wants me to help her learn how to take care of a tiny new baby. Help her learn? I'll have to learn all over myself!"

The McKeegans garden flourishes. All except for the Arabian cucumber seeds BOB KING gave them. One of three survived, and then only because of what amounted to a 24-hour guard posted by Helen against things that creep and crawl and Peanuts. It seems that dog is a practicing floweretarian. "She dotes on carnations, roses — almost any flower — as well as dahlia or glad roots." Helen has started to collect pelargoniums, a species of geranium, odd-flowered geraniums and fuchsias, all of which are hanging in baskets to make a unique obstacle course for Barney to negotiate. To his protests of imminent danger, Helen points out that the low level of his gardening interest will keep him well out of harm's way.

Of interest to other gardeners might be Helen's solution to the work involved. Very simple. Get a job and hire a gardener. At the time she wrote, Helen was waiting to hear the results of an interview for saleswoman at Capwell's El Cerrito Plaza Store.

"Don't know how Grandma Moses gets all her oil paintings done. Grandma McKeegan needs months to get one lesson done. Perhaps if I didn't spend time varnishing tables, chests and other pieces, I'd have more time. Right now I'm waiting for Alan to come for lunch, with a can of varnish for me to get going on a chest of drawers. It's all sanded and waiting to be done."

Helen's mother died in April at the age of 82, and we send our sympathy to her.

Except for that sad news, you see why we enjoy receiving a letter from the McKeegans. There's always plenty happening with the Clan.

Osbornes Make Happy Landing

Enough is enough, and when it comes to winters in Connecticut it's too much. That pretty much sums up the reasons for OZ and IRENE OSBORNES' move to Santa Barbara, California. But their route was a round about trek across the country of Old Saybrook, Connecticut.

They started a year ago August to explore the West and find a place where they would be content to settle. Their first stop was Cleveland to see their daughter and four grandchildren, and they stayed until the first icy winds off the lake indicated that winter was near.

The next part of the trip was a water hop on the excursion boat that goes from Cleveland to Detroit. Oz and Irene danced instead of having to drive. There was also a fashion show for Irene and five publik rooms to keep Oz hopping.

Detroit? Too cold and too busy. Even a possible job on the *Detroit Free Press* couldn't induce Oz to put up with the cold weather and hustle bustle. So it was on to the next stop, Chicago. The steaks were magnificent, and the people friendly. But there was still that icy wind. "We went fast and the sheriff wasn't chasing us, either."

It was almost curtains for the footloose Osbornes in Omaha. "It was only by the agility of an old ball player that I escaped working in the stockyards." And then came Santa Fe and a crisis: "Broke in Santa Fe ten days before the next pension check, and was forced to take a job (drat) searching land titles. It lasted several months before I realized that I wasn't cut out for that kind of work."

And yet Santa Fe almost caught them. "There was something about Santa Fe that made us feel

young and warm and wonderful again. The weather was salubrious though November, and one walked the ancient streets, visited the wonderful museums and art galleries, and consorted with artists along the Asequia Madre. A charming, quaint and lovable place, with Indians pursuing gentle larceny, selling bangles, gewjaws and trivia for fetching prices."

But all good things end, and the Osborne caravan moved on to Phoenix. This was meant to be only a break on the trip to Palm Springs, but they became involved in the Drew Pearson-Senator Goldwater exchange and decided to back their man, the Senator, by shopping in his store. Phoenix they found to be "amazingly clean and nerveless. No neurotics in Phoenix. Great space to grow in, and it is growing without bounds in all directions." But there is a drawback. There is a great deal of irrigation which makes the area quite humid and its summers reminiscent of the Persian Gulf. For a dryer climate, the Osbornes recommend Tucson. Flagstaff is refreshingly pine scented, but its elevation of 5,000 feet makes newcomers gasp until they become acclimated.

But the winters in Arizona were more to Oz and Irene's liking than any place they had been, so they moved on to Scottsdale, that new playground twelve miles from Phoenix. Known as the West's most Western Town and "while extremely touristic, is not bad to tourists. The bars are fashioned after the old Wild West. The Lulu Belle Bar and Restaurant was moved piece by piece from San Francisco, whose loss was Arizona's gain. Horses, horses, horses. Horsey people in Western clothes. Every Saturday morning a bank gets robbed, and any hombre found on the streets in eastern clothes gets thrown into jail until he is bailed out with a bolo tie."

Oz had a chance to watch the Boston Red Sox in training and cheer the Dodgers on in the practice games. Ty Cobb was also at the training camp. By now March was ending and with it the winter. But this meant that summer's heat would soon be along. So what could the Osbornes do but hop in their car and head for California, Santa Barbara to be exact.

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Dorseys Vacation in Colombia

"DUTCH" and MARIE DORSEY should be returning this month to their home in Fresno, California, from an extended visit in Cartagena, Colombia. Then Dutch will return to his duties as a crossing guard at the Sierra Junior High School, a job he likes because "believe me, those kids keep a person feeling young."

The Dorseys have been spending the summer in Colombia visiting their relatives. Marie's brother Gene took Dutch on a fishing trip in the Caribbean Sea. They caught plenty of fish, most of which they gave to the crew on the boat. Two that Dutch thought might have been sea bass provided a good meal. Needless to say, they planned to go fishing again. The best fishing is at night when it is cooler. Daytime temperatures average between 80 and 85 degrees.

Dutch also said that he had received his cedula, a permit that is good for two years' residence and is renewable. He would also be allowed to work in Colombia, if he wished.

You may remember that Dutch and Marie invested in a piece of property at Plan Perejo, which is about 20 kilometers from Cartagena. They looked the place over on this trip and found that some nice homes are being built around them. When they make a longer visit, they also plan to start making improvements on their property.

OSBORNE (continued from preceding page)

They were met by one the most vocal of the recent converts, FLORENCE HAMM, who functions as unofficial Chamber of Commerce. While converting them, Hommy also put them in touch with the TRAVIS BROADBENTS, JIM HOGGS, JACK LEMS, and saw that they got to the El Patio Motel and Restaurant operated by Jim and Nanette Gildea. Thus, did the noble experiment of escaping the winter's blast and the summer's bake come to an end. And are Oz and Irene satisfied that they made the best choice? Well, here it is in their words:

"Santa Barbara has more to offer for free than any other place I have ever lived. The



Like a vision of paradise, with special provision for fishermen, is Colombia's tropical Costa del Caribe.

One of the highlights of their trip was the arrival of their trunk with toys for the children. There was a fiesta of no mean size when the sixteen boys and girls received their dolls, guns and other toys.

Dutch is hoping to be able to attend the next annuitants' gathering. He missed the last one because his mother-in-law came up from Colombia and Jim and Gaby Marando arrived on their vacation from Saudi Arabia. They all went to the Dorseys' cabin, which is between Sequoia and Kings Canyon National Parks in California, and had a wonderful three weeks together.

beaches are broad and long with enjoyable sand and gentle surf. Boat landings are maintained by the city. The Botanical Garden is superb. The Art Museum is among the best, and there are five legitimate theaters. Wonderful streets and stores, and no parking meters. And there are parks and bowling and — you name it, we've got it. This is home and we will be happy to help any newcomer become an old settler."

Sounds almost like Irene and Oz found the perfect spot, doesn't it? But there's yet another chapter. The Osbornes are being genial hosts in a motel and assure the red carpet treatment for all Aramcons. Their motel, "the best night's rest between Los Angeles and San Francisco," is Sleepy Hollow Motel in Buellton, California.



All it takes to change a Yankee from Connecticut to a Californian is a fiesta and a big sombrero.

A New Quint Takes a Bow



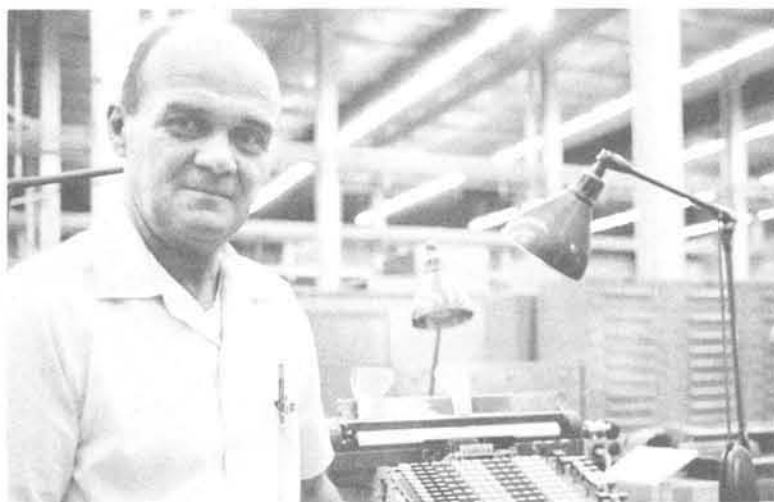
Robert O. Saether



Herb Smith



John J. Lynch



Allan J. Kelly



U. V. (Bud) Stewart

Al-Ayyam Al-Jamila picks up another reader in Anaheim, California, this month. ROBERT O. SAETHER and his wife Zetta have left Dhahran and are now living at 1404 Katella Avenue in Anaheim.

Bob was born in Trondheim, Norway, and came to the United States as a boy. The family lived first in Brooklyn where Bob started his education. He also studied in Tucson and Prescott, Arizona. One of his first jobs was as a construction worker on the subways in New York. Then he joined the U. S. Coast and Geodetic Survey. A stint in the Aleutian Islands during World War II as a civilian employee under Army

status with Morris & Knudsen Company followed. During this time he was engaged on construction projects.

One of Bob's first assignments in Saudi Arabia after joining Aramco was a preliminary survey for the Saudi Government Railroad. He also worked on the extension of the Senior Staff Camp in Dhahran. After Abqaiq became a separate district in 1949, Bob was made senior surveyor for the area the following year, a position he filled for ten years. In 1960 his office was moved back to Dhahran.

Bob was treasurer of the Aramco Employees Association and did much to insure the success of the Fourth of July celebration in 1947. He is also an ardent bowler and golfer. In fact, during his spare time he helped plan the first golf course. Now he plans to devote some time to improving both his golf and bowling scores.

Another Aramcon answers the siren call of sunny Florida this month. ALLAN J. KELLY, who was supervisor of the office machine shop in Dhahran, and his wife Gertrude are in the process of establishing their home in that state.

Al must have scouted the golf courses and found himself some congenial foursomes by now. Such an inveterate golfer would not let much grass grow on nearby tees. An accomplished linguist, Al is adding German to the list that now includes fluent French and Italian.

Al went to the Middle East in 1946 to accept a position with Bapco after receiving his discharge from the Army. Three years later he transferred to Aramco. From 1949 to 1960 he worked in Abqaiq where he was an office machine repairman. He was assigned to Dhahran in April, 1960.

JOHN J. LYNCH, with his wife Hope and their daughter Themaria, left Dhahran August 2 for their new home in Albuquerque, New Mexico. At the time of his retirement, John was mechanical materials forecaster in the Materials Supply and Traffic Department, General Office, Dhahran.

John was born in Tilton, Illinois, and spent his early years and received his education in Louisiana. Later he served in the United States Navy and was stationed in the Asiatic area. He has also worked as a machinist in Buenos Aires and Aden.

When John first went to Saudi Arabia, in November of 1945, about the only conveyance he didn't use was a donkey cart. He traveled by freighter to Alexandria, train to Cairo, and airplane, first to Abadan, then Bahrain. From Bahrain he took a dhow to Dhahran. John's first assignment was in Abqaiq as a machinist. Then he was promoted to foreman of the Abqaiq machine shop. The next move came in 1954 when he was made inventory coordinator and soon afterwards mechanical materials forecaster. In May, 1960, he was transferred to Dhahran.

John and his wife, the former Hope Mouchanian, met in Dhahran. They were married on Bahrain in May, 1953. Their daughter, Themaria, is seven.

John enjoys bowling and fishing. One of his favorite fishing spots in Saudi Arabia was in the waters off Ogair. The party usually set up a camp on the beach for a long weekend of serious fishing. From one of these trips the party returned with 49 hamur, some weighing up to twenty-five pounds.

The career which HERB SMITH carved for himself in the oil industry spans more than thirty-three years and stretches from California to Saudi Arabia. Herb was born in Williams, Arizona, and spent his early years there and in Flagstaff and the Grand Canyon. He moved with his family to California where he graduated from Redondo Beach High School and also attended U.S.C., U.C.L.A. and Cal Tech.

(continued on next page)

Herb reported for his first job with Socal on May 10, 1928, at El Segundo in the Manufacturing Department. He transferred to the Marine Department later that year and spent the following year as assistant engineer aboard tankers.

From 1929 to 1943 was again with Manufacturing Department working mostly in experimental plants and starting new plants. He worked in the cracking division in thermal cracking, catalytic cracking and synthetic and auxiliary plants. Early in 1943 Herb transferred to the General Office at El Segundo. As a member of the organizing and planning division, he was in charge of wages and salaries, operating standards, cost control and policy development. He represented Socal at an industry meeting concerned with organization, wages and salary.

In July, 1950, Herb joined Aramco as coordinator of wages and salaries. He arrived in Dhahran in September and was appointed general superintendent of Industrial Relations in Dhahran in January, 1952. Herb was transferred to the General Office in 1957 to serve as relief coordinator in the Industrial Relations Department. He has also fulfilled assignments in Abqaiq and Ras Tanura. A recent project which Herb completed was a special study of Middle East oil companies and also local area surveys.

Herb married a high school classmate, Mae Smith, and they are the parents of two sons. The older, Gerald, has a master's in chemical engineering from Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute and is employed by Caltex in New York. Their other son, Roger, is a graduate of Dhahran Junior High and expects to continue his education this fall at the Menlo School for Boys in Menlo Park, California.

Before deciding on a permanent home, Herb and his family visited Beirut, Rome and London. They also planned to spend some time with Gerald in New York.

Here's a riddle many annuitants know the answer to: Who's the former professional ball-player turned oil man and amateur golfer? Who else but U. V. STEWART, "Bud" to his many friends. Bud, his wife Helen and their boys Tim and Terry are finally getting a chance to use their home at Lake Tahoe, California. And we hope Bud finds the golf course situation there

more to his liking than it was when he first came to Saudi Arabia. (It would have to be.)

To begin at the beginning, Bud was born in Sacramento, California, and attended school in Berkeley. By the time he was eleven, part of his future had started taking shape. Baseball was the dream and a paper route was the means of getting ticket money. Immediately after graduating from Berkeley High School, Bud got a job and started night school to learn accounting and business administration. When he was 18 he tried out for the New York Yankees. Bud spent about ten years playing professional ball with a west coast league and also played guard on a basketball team.

Then, in 1935, Bud joined Socal as a laborer in the Richmond Refinery. He soon transferred to the Accounting Department and then went into personnel work. After ten years with Socal, Bud transferred to Aramco. His arrival could very well have been enough to discourage many others. He made the trip to Cairo in 1945 aboard a troop transport which carried about 200 employees and 600 servicemen. There was a day's sightseeing in Cairo and then an attack of dysentery which necessitated a month-long hospitalization and another week for recovery.

When he was ready to travel, Bud flew to Bahrain and thence to Dhahran and his duties as assistant personnel superintendent. One of his duties was meeting and greeting newcomers at the al-Khobar pier and taking them to their posts, at either Dhahran or Ras Tanura. He served for a year in Ras Tanura and then returned to Dhahran. He transferred to Community Services and in October, 1959, was appointed general superintendent of the Department.

Bud was an ardent supporter of Little League activities, serving as team manager for several seasons. But he will be remembered most for the work he did on behalf of the golfers. He was one of the organizers and planners of Rolling Hills. When the course was established, following the plans he drew up, Bud was elected the first president of the Rolling Hills Golf Association. Helen, who arrived in Dhahran in 1946, and the boys are also golfers. Helen was the winner of the women's finals on several occasions. All in all, it seems a safe bet to say that athletic activities in Lake Tahoe will be gaining four good backers and participants.

developed in this country as a part of settling estates. These rackets rob the heirs of millions of dollars that drop into the pockets of the officers appointed by the courts. On the basis of the information presented, I judge that Capone was a piker. And remember that this isn't a racket that is reserved for your neighbor only; this one hits you.

The Wonderland of Inheritance Laws

The inheritance laws vary markedly by states, the happiest hunting grounds being found in populous New York, California, Texas, Ohio, Illinois and New Jersey. Many appointments for these juicy court jobs, although not all, are made as a part of repaying political debts. The appointee then is expected to kick back a considerable share of his exorbitant fees into the local political machine. Here is cited the case of the special guardian gouging \$6,000 from an estate for twenty minutes' work.

In California, the racket hinges on the inheritance tax appraiser's fee, says Bloom. The "appraiser," appointed by the State Controller, drags down a **percentage of the total estate**. What does he have to do for his cut? In most cases, according to a California judge, "it's just a matter of sitting down to check the value of the estate stocks and bonds in the *Wall Street Journal*."

Why do honorable lawyers submit to this system? Because, says Bloom, the clerk of the local probate court suggests it; and if the lawyer doesn't play along, he discovers uncommon trouble in getting any probate action through the courts. This clerk appoints the "appraisers" and is in line for the kick-back.

A professor of the University of Michigan Law School is quoted as saying that "the vast majority of lawyers and judges in the United States recognize the need for basic reform in our probate courts. But few lawyers and fewer judges are willing or have the courage to speak out."

Yes. For once, I'm plugging a magazine, the August issue of *Harper's*, to be exact. Read Bloom's article, then start figuring what you're going to do to keep the vultures out of your earnings after you die. Then you may want to seek advice from someone whom you are sure you can trust.

So much for the sterner facts of life. We now will pass on to the travel section of this column, which provides me with the opportunity to report that I've been on a journey — across the Arizona desert and down a portion of the Colorado River.

Phil's Trip Through Glen Canyon

You probably are aware that a \$100,000,000 dam is rising on the Colorado near the lower end of Glen Canyon close to the northern border of Arizona. When this structure is completed within the next couple of years, the Glen Canyon area will become a lake (named Lake Powell after the early explorer of the river), and the majestic scenery carved and supported by the river and its tributaries will be flooded.



These cliffs were part of the passing scenery on Phil's trip by rowboat down the Colorado.

Two friends joined me for this wandering for 120 miles through the Canyon in a sixteen-foot rowboat. With our combination guide-boatman-cook, we floated for seven days through gorges and past table lands, overhanging cliffs and delightful side canyons. We travelled slowly, leaving the river at any excuse to investigate tributaries, collect spring water, or poke around abandoned mining operations.

The story of the trip would be a long one; and if I ever find the energy to collect my notes on the subject, I'll bore you with the details in another issue.

To take this trip by rowboat after the lake is formed will not be practicable, for the current will not be there to provide the transportation. At that time, motor boats will dash up and down

the watery highway, covering in a few hours what we traversed in a week. Travel will be much easier, but the rewards will be much less. One advantage of transportation on the lake will be the opportunity for many more people to view the Rainbow Natural Bridge. The present hike from the river to the Bridge over the boulders of Forbidden Canyon (six miles up and six long ones back) is on the strenuous side, suitable for those conditioned to it, but a bit too athletic for others. When Lake Powell is filled, Forbidden Canyon will be flooded and motor boats will be able to dock almost at the base of the Bridge.



Phil was rewarded after a hike through the aptly-named Forbidden Canyon with this view of Rainbow Natural Bridge.

This will have its advantages and disadvantages. On the plus side, many more will be able to see this unique structure. Only between 17,000 and 18,000 have registered as making this pilgrimage since records have been kept. With easy travel by water, many more will be able to appreciate the tremendous sweep of this red stone arch over 300 feet high, gracefully curving across a canyon, with lines that an architect might envy.

Danger from Hordes of Tourists

But on the minus side, many people will come — and it is a demonstratable fact that people in the mass have a consistent record of fouling every natural beauty spot they touch. The few who labor through a wilderness to reach an objective, who arrive at the cost of sweat and aching muscles, seem to develop some respect for the natural settings through which they travel. But the Sunday driver types, who move in crowds without physical effort, labor under the belief that a stand of mighty timber or a spectacular canyon makes an ideal open garbage pit.

In spite of the efforts of park attendants, when gasoline can push boats to the base of

Rainbow Bridge, there is an excellent chance that it will lose some of its stature and will be viewed in a setting of beer cans and orange peels. Will alert rangers be able to repel those morons who believe that the world is waiting eagerly to discover their names desecrating trees and rocks? Even on our recent journey, the sack that our guide carried over his shoulder was there for a reason. On our return trip, we fished newspapers out of otherwise clear pools, cleaned orange peels out of a small cascade, collected wrappers for film and candy bars. What will happen when the Sunday afternoon hordes descend?

But in spite of my dire predictions, make a mental note to take a motor boat trip to the Rainbow Natural Bridge after Lake Powell rises in Glen Canyon. If you enjoy the grandeur of nature, you will not be disappointed.

Monument Valley and the Navajos

As long as we had to travel as far as Arizona, we decided to do a little more sightseeing — in Monument Valley. Most of you are familiar with the pictures of this desert country which show the unusual shapes of the few remnants of a massive layer of red sandstone that once covered the area. On the open plain stand irregular columns and small mesas with vertical walls, easily imagined as the relics of some mighty civilization. It's a country equipped with dramatic rock forms to give the photographer itchy fingers.

Early travellers into this weird land must have viewed these natural monuments with wonder; and while the rocks remain for today's visitor, the viewing has taken on a commercial tone that detracts from the experience. A considerable number of Navajo Indians live in the valley which is within their reservation. Those we encountered possessed considerably more dignity than the American huckster handling the guests at the trading post where we lodged and from which we departed on a conducted tour.

Whether to take a conducted trip or to go exploring on one's own depends primarily on the preference of the individual. The member of the conducted trip sees more in a short time than the unguided traveller, but under conditions that I dislike. Rather than being natural and spontaneous, the supervised tour was strictly a staged

affair. Perhaps this can't be helped, but I object to being spoon-fed. Indians tending flocks of sheep appeared at just the right spots for a picture with a monument in the background. When the bus stopped, the driver quickly showed the tourist the best spot from which to take the standard picture. I gained the impression that the guide was also prepared to hold my camera and push the button.

The Best Way to See Monument Valley

But this is the way to see Monument Valley if the visitor doesn't object to the atmosphere of the conducted tour. It's quick and easy, and the chief points are covered. In spite of these advantages, if I were returning to the Valley, I would stay over night at a motel in Kayenta and drive about twenty miles to reach the monuments soon after sunrise to catch the early light effects of the desert. There are park headquarters which will not be open at that hour, to which I would return later in the morning to receive such help as the authorities would give me in planning the remainder of my viewing.

Roads are rough in spots and covered with loose sand in others — which shouldn't worry an ex-Aramcon equipped with some gunny sacks, a tire gauge and some common sense. Just for insurance, a second or third man to push in case of emergency might be desirable. The private driver is warned by signs to keep off many of the side roads, presumably because patches of sand might catch the inexperienced. But our bus followed these forbidden roads and encountered sand rarely. The private driver should remember that in case the sand ahead looks dangerous, he always can turn around and go back.

Navajo Settlement a Must

The Navajo residents of the Valley are among its interesting features. They seem to be well indoctrinated in the practices of posing for pictures for a fee; but they earn their quarter or fifty cents. This supplemental income is important in their meager earnings. I was impressed by the fact that they did not beg, that they went about their posing with restraint and dignity. And although staged pictures aren't the most desirable, the colorful costumes of the women particularly, against the background of their hogans and the monuments, made excellent photographic subjects.

We loafed around the Indian country for a couple of days, and I observed certain interesting features in the relationship between husbands and wives. On the surface, the husband is the exhalted personage. He does little or no hard work, leaving the gathering of firewood and the cultivation of crops to the wife. I saw an Indian walk into a restaurant while his wife waited respectfully at the door. She didn't venture to enter until her husband had inspected the place leisurely and decided that he liked it. Only then did he turn and, with a jerk of his thumb, indicate that the wife could come along.

The Navajo Theory of Domestic Economy

But in the world of finance and possessions, the situation changes. During our sightseeing in Monument Valley, we frequently took photographs that included Indians, both men and women. Always when the fees for posing were collected, the wife received them and tucked them away. Never did the man have an opportunity even to look at the money. Once I unwisely extended a coin to a man. He shifted awkwardly and looked toward his wife. I caught on. I paid the wife.

I was told that while divorce seldom occurs in Indian families, it can be effected quite simply. The wife places the man's saddle outside the door. He may depart with his personal belongings, including his horse or horses; but the remainder of the property remains with the wife and the children. During our return trip to California, we stopped at the Cameron Trading Post in Arizona and watched Indians selling their wool to the post owner. Women did all the bargaining, supervised the weighing and received the payment.

After this experience, the thought has struck me that when I am reincarnated, I no longer am certain that I wish to return as a Heap Big Indian Chief. Perhaps I should give more thought to the advantages of being a squaw.

The Analysis of Humor

I've been reading a type of article that appears every so often: an analysis of humor — an attempt to determine what makes people laugh. The author came up with a conclusion with which I disagree. He decided that very poor people seldom laugh. On the contrary, I've seen a Bedouin with only one shirt to his back roaring his head off. I don't think it's a matter of being

poor, but of being scared of being poor. The Bedouin wasn't scared.

The most common cause of humor is surprise — a shock to an easy train of thought in someone who isn't afraid of the shock. Take the little story of the successful door-to-door salesman who was explaining his methods to a novice.

"When I sell ladies' stockings, if the lady of the house is interested, I put them on for her."

"Do you sell many that way?" asked the novice.

"As a matter of fact, no," the salesman admitted. "My legs look lousy in women's stockings."

I close with the author's last thought: that laughter helps you live longer. Laugh when you can; and if you work at it, you'll be able to laugh more and more and will be granted more years in which to do it.

Phil McConnell

In Memoriam



Guy W. Goldsmith

GUY W. GOLDSMITH, who retired from Aramco in May, 1960, died in California on May 22, 1961. Guy joined Aramco in 1946 and arrived in Saudi Arabia on June 6 of that year. His first assignment was in Dhahran District as a derrickman in the Drilling Department. The

following year he was transferred to Abqaiq as an assistant driller. In 1951 he became a foreman, rotary drilling, in Abqaiq. He held this position at his retirement.

Survivors include his wife Ella Mae, who may be reached at 2205 North Greenleaf in Santa Ana, California. Guy's many friends sympathize with Ella in her loss.

WIRT P. BOSWORTH

Word has been received of the death on May 25, 1961, of Wirt P. Bosworth, who was with Aramco from December, 1946, until December, 1951. Until 1949 Wirt was in Dhahran; then he transferred to Ras Tanura. Since leaving Saudi Arabia, he had been employed as a field engineer for Southern Pacific Pipelines in Merced, California.

Survivors include his widow Alice and two children, Judith and Michael. Mrs. Bosworth is living at Apt. 7, 10852 Blix, North Hollywood, California.

Annuitants' Mailing List

Below is the most recent address list of Aramco, Tapline and AOC Annuitants as compiled by the Personnel Department. This list will come in handy for addressing Christmas cards. You might also want to hold onto it for vacation times when you want to drop in on some of your friends along the way. Modesty forbids us to start this list with Al-Ayyam Al-Jamila, but we hope you will keep us in mind and take the time to send us a year-end letter for the December issue.

Adams, Presley M.
Alexander, Dr. T. C.
Allen, Stanley E.
Ames, John H.
Anderson, Adrien L.
Ashford, Harry T.
Aubrey, Will G.
Augello, Joseph M.
Austin, Edmund C.
Bajor, Theodore R.

Baker, Harold H.
Baldwin, Joseph D.
Balfour, Robert
Barnes, Bela N.
Barnett, John W.
Beck, Charles F.
Beck, Earl J.
Beckley, Harold B.
Beckwith, Earl
Bender, Rolland H.

Bennett, Elton H.
Bergan, Olaf
Bettencourt, Edward
Bevan, Stewart
Beverly, Burt
Bibby, Nicholas E.
Bilbrey, Escue B.
Bird, John E.
Blackburn, Harry D.
Blackwell, Ernest M.

Bland, Earl H.
Blewett, Robert E.
Bolton, Harold B.
Bonnert, Frank H.
Bowen, Edwin J.
Bowman, Herman J.
Boyle, John G.
Braun, Charles E.
Broadbent, Travis
Broadwater, Paul N.

6340 Hill Side Drive, El Sobrante, California
c/o Dr. Lin Alexander, 501 N. Morton Avenue, Okmulgee, Oklahoma
2311 25th Avenue, San Francisco, California
Route 2, Quitman, Arkansas
P. O. Box 4, Saratoga, California
1508 Carmel Drive, Walnut Creek, California
1344 East 37th Street, Tulsa, Oklahoma
21-21 46th Street, Astoria, L.I., New York
283 Summit Avenue, San Rafael, California
c/o Sullivan, 424 William Street, Harrison, New Jersey

1322 South Magnolia Street, Santa Ana, California
2850 Lowell Avenue, Richmond, California
2017 N.E. 26th Street, Fort Lauderdale, Florida
R.F.D. #1, Box 16, Scottsville, Virginia
706 South 5th Street, Chickasha, Oklahoma
414 N.E. 11th Street, Grants Pass, Oregon
Skyline Drive, Kingston Heights, Kingston, Tennessee
17210 Mission Highlands, Sonoma, California
216 Paseo de Gracia, Hollywood Riviera, Redondo Beach, California
c/o General Delivery, Forsyth, Missouri

14404 Lime Avenue, Compton, California
1970 N.E. 180th Street, North Miami Beach, Florida
Apt. 4, 3748 State Street, Santa Barbara, California
821 Huckleberry Road, El Paso, Texas
40 Vorholzstrasse, Unterseen, Switzerland
c/o H. W. Busse, P. O. Box 25, Los Banos, California
2553 Santa Cruz, Dallas 27, Texas
R.F.D. #10, Eastsound, Washington
149 East Shiloh Road, Santa Rosa, California
1542 East Ohio, Dallas, Texas

907 Burton Avenue, Orange, Texas
6285 Oliver Road, Paradise, California
185 Oleander Drive, San Rafael, California
1647 N.E. 53rd Street, Pompano Beach, Florida
3007 Vine Street, Orlando, Florida
2620 Sunset Avenue, Bakersfield, California
8052 Meadow Brook Drive, Houston, Texas
206 Claudius Drive, (Rio del Mar), P. O. Box 97, Aptos, California
Box 421, Summerland, California
210 South Olive Street, Hammond, Louisiana

Brock, George W.
Brower, Homer H.

Brown, Hervey
Brown, Wayne L.
Brown, William L.
Burch, Jeanette
Burgess, Clarence R.
Burleigh, William
Burt, James B.
Bushard, Leo E.

Butler, Arthur S.
Campbell, Eugene D.
Campbell, Stuart V. (AOC)
Carlton, Lee B.
Carrier, Franklin R.
Carson, Theodore J.
Carter, William M.
Case, Paul E.
Caswell, Merle R.
Chamberlin, Ralph H.

Chapman, Alexander H.
Christiansen, Ernest W.
Clements, James J.
Colwell, Obert S.
Combs, Paul
Cook, James V.
Cooney, Robert S.
Corrigan, Clarence J.
Corry, Albert L.
Covell, John H.

Crow, Cecil B.
Cundall, Roland L.
Curry, John F.
Davies, Benjamin
Davies, Fred A.
Davis, Charles E.
Dayhuff, Walter C.
De Carlo, Raphael A.
Denham, Harvey G.
Dorsey, Carlton C.

Dowrick, Richard L.
Duce, J. Terry
Duhart, Peter
Duncan, Ernest E.
Duncan, James W.
Dunten, Walter C.
Eddy, William A.
Eltiste, William
Emerton, Gilbert T.
Engstrom, Thomas J.

50 Biscayne Drive, N.W., Atlanta 5, Georgia
30802 S. Coast Highway, Laguna Hills Park 10-F, Laguna Beach,
California

216 Hotiye Avenue, Sebring, Florida
225 Princeton Circle, Paradise, California
429 Altura Way, Manhattan Beach, California
436 G Avenue, National City, California
35 Hillcrest Road, Berkeley 5, California
R. R. #1, Cloud Press Hill, Nashville, Indiana
P. O. Box 21, Morongo Valley, California
Box 201, Wofford Heights, California

405 Southeast 32nd Avenue, Portland 14, Oregon
3345 Ridge Road, Lafayette, California
392 Camino Sobrante, Orinda, California
691 North San Antonio Avenue, Upland, California
61-15 80th Street, Middle Village 79, New York
1608 California Street, Berkeley 3, California
c/o W. M. Carter, Jr., 1410 South Glenco, Denver 22, Colorado
Riverwood Farm, Peach Bottom, Pennsylvania
5218 Foster Road, Paradise, California
825 Bonnie Clare Lane, Concord, California

c/o Williams Club, 24 East 39th Street, New York 16, New York
3087 Stephen Drive, Richmond, California
205 East Echo Glen Drive, Houston, Texas
Route #2, Box 1012-A, Modesto, California
217 Valley View Drive, Paradise, California
731 Chauncey Street, Brooklyn 7, New York
6180 Cliff Drive, Paradise, California
1313 Gale Street, Santa Monica, California
510 East 14th Street, Davis, California
Box T-30, Route #1, Sebring, Florida

1850 Pacific Coast Boulevard, Hermosa Beach, California
17250 High Road, Sonoma, California
4626 Park Boulevard, Oakland 2, California
900 Wadsworth, Pismo Beach, California
3827 Happy Valley Road, Lafayette, California
1011 Hillcrest Avenue, Roseville, California
1525 Caminata Lane, La Habra, California
P. O. 5022, Sarasota, Florida
1725 Bay Laurel Drive, Menlo Park, California
3244 North 11th Street, Fresno 3, California

75 Weaver Street, Scarsdale, New York
Park Lane, Apt. 908, 1100 Sacramento Street, San Francisco 8, California
804 Baker Street, Santa Ana, California
2131 Carrol Road, Walnut Creek, California
c/o Gordon, 131 Denholm Road, Invergowrie Dundee, Scotland
516 South Salinas Street, Spoge 32, Santa Barbara, California
c/o Tapline, P. O. Box 1348, Beirut, Lebanon
6121 North Libby Road, Paradise, California
1026 Grande Avenue, Arroyo Grande, California
P. O. Box 325, Monmouth Beach, New Jersey

Enyart, Bluford C.
Evans, Charles W.
Farmer, Rob R.
Farwell, Marcus M.
Field, Edward
Finster, Harry W.
Fitzpatrick, Albert
Fladager, Ingulf S.
Fletcher, Lynval C.
Fogleman, Melchar M.

Foy, Edward
Fritzie, Herbert W.
Gallmann, Max G.
Gee, Casper T.
Gleasner, Allen G.
Gonzales, Charles J.
Goodwin, Walter R.
Goodwin, Willard B.
Goranson, Charles E.
Graaf, Fred D.

Gray, Challie A.
Green, Roy P.
Green, William E.
Grifall, William J.
Gronde, Waldemar H.
Guion, Wade F.
Hamann, Fred W.
Hamilton, Arthur C.
Hamm, Florence M.
Hancox, George R.

Handy, Jerry A.
Hansen, Walter F.
Hanson, Elwyn L.
Hardesty, Louis H.
Hartman, Clifford C.
Haskell, Alfred F.
Hatch, Thomas E.
Haug, Roy K.
Hendershott, Chauncey D.
Henderson, Ruthvan M.

Hendry, George M.
Hennig, Raymond C.
Henry, Schuyler B.
Hercus, Thomas H.

Herndon, Charles F.
Hess, John A.
Hewlett, James C.
Higgins, Charles R.
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TURNER (continued from page 10)

many of the drilling camps. He did refinery construction work at Ras Tanura in 1940 and 1944. On one assignment Hal, as the only American, quickly picked up colloquial Arabic. He was in charge of dismantling the Abu Hadriya camp and moving it to Jauf. Drilling equipment was barged from al-Khobar to Manifa to be transported to Jauf by camel caravan.

In 1945 Hal was a foreman in the Transportation Department working on road building projects. The men built trails to Abqaiq Well No. 1 and 'Ain Dar, and a hard-surface road

between Abqaiq and Dhahran. They also built airstrips at Fadhili and Haradh. Sometimes the daily routine would be broken when visitors came to camp. FRED DAVIES, FLOYD OHLIGER, BILL ELTISTE and Dan Sullivan made the trip on occasion. Then, in 1946, Hal and Dan were in charge of moving the Jauf rig to Abqaiq.

Erlene is in her way almost as much a veteran as her husband. She was the twentieth wife to arrive in Saudi Arabia. The Turners share an interest in gardening. Hal is also a tinkerer, which hardly describes a man who built Paula Kay a playhouse which even boasted running water.

HERCUS (continued from page 10)

France, then proceeded by train to Basra in southern Iraq where he again boarded ship, the British-India boat, for Bahrain. He made this trip with JACK CURRY.

When he arrived in Dhahran, Tommy first worked as a mechanic. He was named assistant foreman of the machine shop in 1945, and foreman three years later. He remained there until his transfer in 1953 to the Transportation Department.

Until 1957 he was foreman of maintenance. He was then made assistant superintendent of the department.

Claire has lived in Saudi Arabia since 1945. She and Tommy met in 1941 and were married that year. She had planned to join him in Dhahran, as soon as possible, but World War II delayed her trip for four years. They share many mutual interests, especially travel and bridge.

AL-AYYAM AL-JAMILA

Published by

The Public Relations Department

John Mertz - Editor

ARABIAN AMERICAN OIL COMPANY

(A Corporation)

505 Park Avenue, New York 22, New York