

# Al-Ayyam Al-Jamila

"These Pleasant Days"

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

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## And, The Wheels Went 'Round 'N 'Round



A. C. Mac Kenzie

The desert has always created a multitude of problems for man — whether nomad of 2,000 B.C. or twentieth century Aramcon attempting to cope with the shifting sands. ALEX MacKENZIE began trying to make it a simpler task for the latter back in June 1944 when he first tackled

desert transportation problems under J.C. Stirton. A few months later he arrived in Dhahran and worked with Dick Kerr on the layout of what became the Transportation Maintenance Shops. After a very short time with American Overseas Company (now Caltex, Sumatra), he was back in San Francisco, working as an automotive engineer for Socal on Aramco's transportation problems. After his subsequent transfer to Aramco, he helped develop various types of vehicles for use in desert terrain. He was back in Saudi Arabia by the end of 1949 and, until his recent departure for retirement, was vitally concerned with the movement of vehicles and equipment. He first served as assistant to the Manager of Transportation, two years later becoming Staff Manager, Transportation Headquarters of the CM&T Department in Dhahran. From 1952 on he was Manager, Traffic and Transportation, later known as Transportation Department, General Office.

Alex was born, raised and received much of his education in New Zealand, later studying automotive engineering at Sydney University in Australia and structural engineering at the University of California in Berkeley. The MacKenzies have three children — Malcom is married and lives in Utah; John attends the University of New Mexico, Laurie is still at home. Their trip to the United States will include stops in Beirut, Rome, Copenhagen and London, sailing aboard the Franconia to Quebec then boarding the Canadian Pacific Railroad for Vancouver. Their retirement home is at 1336 Birch Street, Issaquah, Washington, not far from Seattle.



W. G. Heberling

W. G. HEBERLING and his wife, Helen, left Saudi Arabia the middle of July for long vacation

and retirement. Heb, as he is known to all, joined Aramco in June 1948 as District Safety Engineer assigned to Abqaiq. He was made Night Foreman in April 1958.

Heb graduated from the University of Minnesota in 1927 with a degree in Civil Engineering. He immediately put his knowledge to work with various construction jobs up and down the West Coast. He worked with U. S. Steel at Pittsburg, California for a couple of years in the mid-30's and then joined the State of California, Compensation Insurance Fund as a Safety Engineer. In 1945, Heb went into the contracting business in Upland, California, remaining there until he joined Aramco.

After leaving Saudi Arabia, Heb and Helen (who were married in Beirut in 1949) visited Vienna and Salsburg, Austria for approximately ten days and then moved on to New York City to take in the World's Fair. They took a side trip to Washington, D. C. before visiting relatives in Ohio. Next on their itinerary was a drive west to Reno, Nevada where they plan to make their permanent home. In the meantime though, the Heberlings may be reached in care of Ruth Howell, Box 661, Russells Point, Ohio.

## SO NOW YOU KNOW

*JIM STIRTON has been such a busy person, ever since his Aramco retirement, that we've had little report of his activities, save a casual remark here and there from some friend in the know. Word arrived a few weeks ago that Jim was really retiring (again) - this time from his Bechtel Corporation affiliation in San Francisco. A couple of long-time friends of Jim's were recently discussing that bit of news in a "he can't retire... I don't believe it... he'll never sit still" type conversation.*

*A few days later we came across the following item in "Bechtel Briefs". So, for the particu-*

*lar benefit of the two friends and any others interested in Jim's activities, past, present and projected....*

### J. C. STIRTON IN NEW CONSULTING CAPACITY TO INTERNATIONAL DIVISION

James C. Stirton is relinquishing active day-to-day participation in International Division operations, according to an announcement by Senior Vice President J. W. Komes. Stirton will continue to make his extensive experience and

Friends of the A. M. JOHANSENS travelling through Scandinavia will find their temporary latching out at Soren Jaabaeks Gate 6, Oslo, Norway. During the next few months they will be getting a new taste of this country where they both were born and raised and where their two children, both married, are living. They later will travel by ship to California, via the Panama Canal, a route covered many times by Mark during the years he was a chief steward in the Norwegian Merchant Marine Service and later for the United Fruit Company. Mark followed his calling in Glendale, California for a few years, subsequently working out of Costa Rica as Commissary Superintendent for the U. S. Army Corps of Engineers in connection with the construction of the Pan-American Highway.

Mark's first Aramco assignment was Dining Hall Steward in Dhahran in June 1948. Subsequent promotions involved positions as Senior Restaurants Steward, Assistant Restaurants Steward, Head Chef (Restaurant Facilities), Executive Chef, and from February 1961 until his retirement Mark was Supervisor, Senior Staff Food Services. When they get to California, Mark's going to find out where the best fishing is - then they will decide where to settle down.



A. M. Johansen

knowledge available in an advisory capacity.

Stirton's major service for Bechtel has been concentrated in numerous overseas developments for the petroleum industry.

During the last five years he has been associated with a number of important Bechtel assignments on oil production and transportation facilities in North Africa, the Middle East and Europe in close cooperation with client management.

Stirton is particularly adept at analyzing complex situations, conducting appropriately detailed investigations and bringing diverse viewpoints to a mutually acceptable conclusion. In particular he is respected as an authority in

marine terminals and oil field producing and transportation facilities.

Stirton began his engineering career with Standard Oil Company of Indiana in 1919, and joined Standard of California a year later. In 1937 he supervised the engineering of the initial refinery unit built by Bechtel for Standard, a hydrogenation plant at Richmond.

He moved to Arabian American Oil Company in 1944 to organize its engineering department and later became vice president in charge of engineering and construction. In that position he had a leading part developing the facilities that raised Aramco's production in Saudi Arabia from zero to 1,000,000 barrels of crude oil per day.

# Tempus Fugits

The seasons will soon have moved full circle again, and it's time to start checking to see how many Christmas cards we'll send this year and to whom – and by the way, where are they? The annuitants annual mailing list, with the most current addresses we can find, is included as an insert of this issue of AAAJ – look in the center fold. Late changes appear under Mail Call.

We weren't exactly speaking of the holidays, just their greetings, but here's a reminder that messages to be included in the Christmas issue of AAAJ should be in the editor's hands by November first.

Another ardent fisherman has decided to ply his hobby in Florida. THOMAS J. DAVENPORT sent his wife, Helen, on ahead a short time ago (to start getting things squared away, we presume) and until they are all settled, can be reached care of Dan Daly, 1815 12th Street South, St. Petersburg, Florida. Tom grew up and attended schools in New York City. He was first employed by the Power and Maintenance Company, where he learned his trade. He later worked for various construction companies prior to joining Aramco. Tom arrived in Dhahran in January 1951, Helen and their three daughters joining him in 1952. This also was the year he transferred to Landscaping and Gardening, where he helped start the many plants, shrubs and trees now growing in the three districts. Tom transferred to Ras Tanura in 1962 and since that time has served as Craft Specialist Boilermaker, Maintenance and Shops Division, Mechanical Services and Marine Department.

# Athens to Istanbul

*The following letter bore colorful Turkish stamps and was signed "Roy & Zerrin", the James R. Tallmadges.*

This little note will inform you of my change of address, which may be only temporary, as it is the address of a good friend. We hope to have our own apartment within a month or two. In the meantime, we can be reached c/o S. Kestelli, Ihlamur Yolu, Cehreli Apt. 65/3, Topagci Nisantasi, Istanbul, Turkey.

Naturally we want to keep currently informed about good old Aramco, it's employees, and our

friends who have retired. So please keep Al-Ayyam Al-Jamila, Aramco World and Sun and Flare coming – we enjoy them very much.

We have had a very good life in Greece for the past year. Another year in Turkey, we hope, will be even better. Then we will probably return to the States (as far as we know at this time).

At the present time we are as busy as the cat on a hot roof, and don't have much time for letter writing. But I promise to write more about Athens soon, and to send a report on our life in Istanbul, where we have many friends. Also, some of Zerrin's family live there, so we won't be complete strangers.

We are all in excellent health and wear a

dark tan from the hot sun and swimming at the beautiful beaches.

The twins have attended Greek schools for the past nine months and speak Greek as well as the children who were born in Greece. We have to continually tell them to speak English at home. We will enter them in an English school in Istanbul, so they will be ready for the second grade when we return to the U.S.A.

I'll knock it off for this time as we have to start packing a house full of furniture to be shipped a thousand miles by truck. We will go ahead with the car. The roads are good so we will make it in two days.

Best regards to all our friends.



T. J. Davenport



N. W. Larsen

NIELS W. LARSEN left Abqaiq the end of July for vacation and retirement. Prior to joining Aramco, Bill worked for various employers in California, the last being the Naval Supply Depot at Oakland. He started with Aramco in August 1945 as a machinist assigned to the Construction Department in Dhahran. Four years later he transferred to Abqaiq and in June 1962 he was promoted to Sr. Specialist Machinist, the position he held when he left the SAO. Bill's travel plans included a week in Madrid, Spain enroute to the Canary Islands. Here he plans to stay until the end of December during which time he will be looking around for suitable property on which to build a home. Once that is settled and the holiday season behind him, he will visit his son and two grandchildren in San Francisco for a month, returning to the Canaries for permanent residence. Until Bill is settled, he may be reached in care of L. W. Larsen, 200 Garden Lane, Daly City, California 94015.



W. L. Mc Wood

Two-thirds of BILL McWOOD'S nearly twenty-nine years of continuous service has been with

Aramco, the last fourteen in Saudi Arabia. Bill is a native of San Francisco, attending both Stanford University and the University of Southern California. Following graduation he went to work for Socal. He spent a couple of years during World War II with the U.S. Navy as a deck officer aboard a mine sweeper in the Pacific. He transferred to Aramco after his discharge in 1944, working in the Employee Relations Department until heading for the SAO in 1950. There, in the Industrial Relations Department, he filled such positions as personnel analyst, Supervisor of Personnel Policy Development, Supervisor of Employee Services, acting coordinator of Employment and of Personnel. From 1960 until he left, he was Employment Administrator.

Bill and his wife, Marion, have been married since 1937 and have four children – the two oldest girls are married to sons of Aramco employees and each has two children. Young Bill, 16, and Peggy, 4, are still with their parents. Their trip from Dhahran to San Francisco, where they plan to settle down, included stops in Beirut, Cairo, Rome and New York. Their new address, just received, is 40 Maywood Drive, San Francisco, California 94127.

## For People Not Interested In Politics

Perhaps that does or does not mean you. But whatever your interest, you can't escape the fact that November is around the corner, and for those who will, it is time to exert one of the most cherished of our remaining freedoms. We have let a lot of them, knowingly or unknowingly but carelessly, nevertheless, slowly slip away from us. There is little chance that we will ever recover the ones that are gone, but we can on November 3 do our own small bit in helping to dam the stream down which the rest would float away.

We all are kin, to some degree, when it comes to forgetting or ignoring things that carry responsibility – particularly if it is possible to

let someone else assume it. Responsibility is just not one of the things we normally reach for, revel in, or cling to – we have to be prodded, unfortunately.

Perhaps you have come face to face with the bold statement, "They can beat you this year, unless you change your ways". And it is true – sadly enough! They have done it before and they can do it again. Who are *they*? *They* are the people who will elect your State, Local and Federal Government officials – the people whose candidates are elected because you failed to elect yours.

We have heard the wailing, "Why don't *they*

do something about government spending? Why don't *they* do more about taxes? Why don't *they* do something to help the working man, or the retiree? The housewife or the property owner, etc., etc.? Why don't *they* pass a particular law, or why don't *they* repeal a law?"

Why don't *they*? Because *we* and *they* are the same people – the American public. If we are not satisfied with the job *they* do, then it is our job to elect better officials.

Of course, it is our time-honored *right* to do as little as possible toward electing good government in the Local, State and Federal contests. We don't *have* to think, to listen or discuss, to support or oppose, to register or vote. And after election, we can spend more time talking about government than we spent on the candidates and

Before going to Saudi Arabia for Aramco in 1947, OLIVER E. JOHNSON had travelled, studied and held jobs in a lot of other far places. He was born and grew up in Salinas, California, served a tour in the Army and graduated from West Point Preparatory School. He then worked as a construction foreman with Western Pipe and Steel Company of San Francisco on the West Coast, in Honolulu, the Far East and East Indies. During a stint with the Navy, which began in 1930, Ollie attended Nanking University in China, receiving a degree in philosophy. He later served as a construction superintendent for the New China Dry Dock Company, Ltd. in Shanghai, travelling to various points in the Far East and Siberia until the Japanese invasion in 1938. This was followed by work in Bethlehem Steel's Union Iron Works in San Francisco, then at the Pearl Harbor Navy Yard during World War II.

Ollie's first job with Aramco was that of boilermaker in Dhahran. He transferred to Ras Tanura in 1956 and later became supervising operator in the Chemical Cleaning Unit – the spot he held at the time of retirement. Ollie and his wife, Florence, have a daughter, Thalia, who has been in school in England. They picked up Thalia following a short stay in Italy, then headed for the United States, their destination Charlotte,

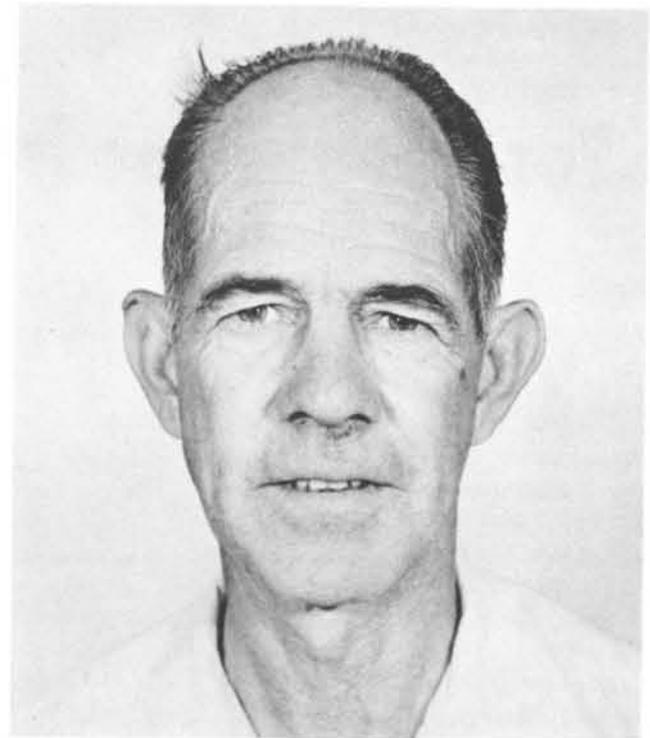
issues before the election. And us? – we can then qualify as the "typical American blockhead".

This is a major election year. We'll have the *privilege* of picking people to serve in many capacities. *There are no unimportant offices. One should give as much thought to a vote for local and state officials as a vote for the President of the United States.* This is the year we can correct the wrong or reward the right, as we see it. This is the year we can "stand up and be counted."

What's more, this is the year *we* can become *they*!

**But** resolve to be informed and register and vote as a representative citizen doing his best to share in the opportunity for citizenship.

North Carolina where they may be contacted for the time being at Post Office Box 836, zip code 28201.



O. E. Johnson

At the time the accompanying picture was taken, we understand that JOHN V. TORRES, Tapline's most recent addition to the retiree rolls, was telling W. R. Chandler where he planned to settle down – it might even be Mexico. We'll supply an address, and perhaps more detail, later on when John and Henrietta have gotten some traveling behind them and their settling down becomes something other than a dot on the map, as yet unidentified (to us).

John first went to the Middle East in May 1950 as a heavy duty mechanic for International Bechtel, Inc. After serving five months at Ras el-Misha'ab, he joined Tapline at Turaif as pump station operator. He subsequently served other stations along the line in such positions as shift foreman, station mechanic, lead diesel mechanic, lead diesel gas turbine. At the time of his retirement in April of this year, he was Supervising Technician, Diesel Gas Turbine in Turaif. John was born and attended school in Arizona, and made his home in the Los Angeles area for a number of years. His career has been devoted to the operation or care of transportation and construction equipment, including time spent as a mechanic for the U. S. Engineers in the Panama Canal Zone during World War II.

## Wear vs. Rust

Dear Friends:

The other day I told Sophie I was about ready to retire, but the more I thought about it the less I thought of the idea. I just couldn't be idle – I would rather wear out than rust out.

We have a small garden in our back yard and among the other vegetables, there were about eight rows of corn. One of our neighbor's children came in one day to see our family of kittens and when he spotted the corn he remarked, "Oh Mother, look at the corn field". 'Guess he had never seen very much corn growing.

Not long ago we went to Desert Hot Springs for a week, just to lie in the sun, enjoy the mineral pool and cool fresh water plunge – it was great. Drove to Palm Springs a couple times just to look around and had dinner one evening at an Italian restaurant known as "George's in Palma Springsa". More recently, we drove up to  
(next page)



Messrs.  
J. V. Torres  
and  
W. R. Chandler



The Shaws,  
Tom and  
Dorothy

It is not every couple who can celebrate their thirty-eighth wedding anniversary by heading for long vacation and retirement as TOM SHAW and his wife, Dorothy, did. They left Abqaiq for the United States on July 16 eagerly looking forward to visiting with relatives, their four children and particularly the six grandchildren. After getting some of the visiting behind they may be reached at 4326 Castleton Road, Charlotte, North Carolina 28211.

Tom joined Aramco in July 1950 as a Machinist assigned to the Construction Department, Abqaiq District. In May 1957 he became Supervising Craftsman, Machinists. He held this position until early 1962 when he transferred to the Training Division as a Vocational Instructor. Before coming to Aramco, Tom had worked in the Philadelphia area with the Lansdowne Steel and Iron Company and the Reyburn Manufacturing Company.

our former home in Boulder Creek, on to San Francisco for a few days, back to Bakersfield for a couple days, and home.

A few weeks back we had as our guests for dinner, Blanche and Fred Sands and Bill Bressler. No need to say we had a lovely visit, and they are all well and enjoying life.

Well, it is less than a month until we will all meet at Disneyland. We certainly are looking forward to this reunion. It's really fun meeting all

our old friends from good ole "Sandy Arabia" – just like the Surf Room where we used to get together over there. Incidentally, we took a guest from Northern California to Disneyland not too long ago, spending a day and evening there, then on to Lake Arrowhead in the San Bernardino Mountains.

I guess this is all for now – and when you are near Pomona, please do come and see us.

Casper & Sophie Gee

# ALTERNATIVES TO COMPULSION

There's no way of telling just what is going to happen during the next few weeks to the Administration's proposal that medical care for the aged be made one of the features of the Social Security Act.

It may have received final Congressional action in the negative and remain an issue for further consideration, or it may have been passed – to the satisfaction or consternation of many, depending on which way you feel. If it doesn't pass as presently being pushed by the Administration, it gives those not in its favor time to act and the others an opportunity to think – to take another look at the situation and be sure which side they wish to take; and for those on both sides to express themselves accordingly.

The question of course is not whether older people should receive or be denied some assistance when necessary to defray the ever-rising cost of medical and hospital care. The real question at this point is whether the help when needed should be made a part of Social Security.

Much noise (accusations, distortions, and denials in an effort to clarify a stand) is being made along the political campaign trails around that matter of "need", which is pretty close to the crux of the whole thing.

An accusation leveled at one of the presidential candidates has been that he's in favor of voluntary social security. Voluntary social security per se would be pretty ridiculous of course, and the candidate under fire has emphatically said so. His contention, which appears to have much merit, is that the individual who has paid into Social Security over the years has a right to his retirement benefits in dollars which he can spend or use at his own discretion and according to his need – that he should not be forced to accept medical care, for which he may or may not have actual need, or forfeit a portion of his overall benefits (just because he is fortunate enough to be in good health.)

A portion of the argument also holds that to begin medical care payments now to millions of

persons whose contributions to Social Security made no past provision for such additional benefits would rapidly reduce the fund to a dangerous level long before it could again become self sustaining. Added to this would be the inequity to those still working who now would have to make greatly increased Social Security payments, not just to assure their own future medical benefits, but to help carry the suddenly sprouted crop of "free riders".

There will always be people who through misfortune or improvidence reach old age in need, and they must be helped; there is no dispute about that. What can be disputed is the contention of Federal officials that no alternative exists to the Administration proposal for Social Security financing of medical care for the elderly regardless of need. Alternatives to that costly piece of compulsion plainly *do* exist.

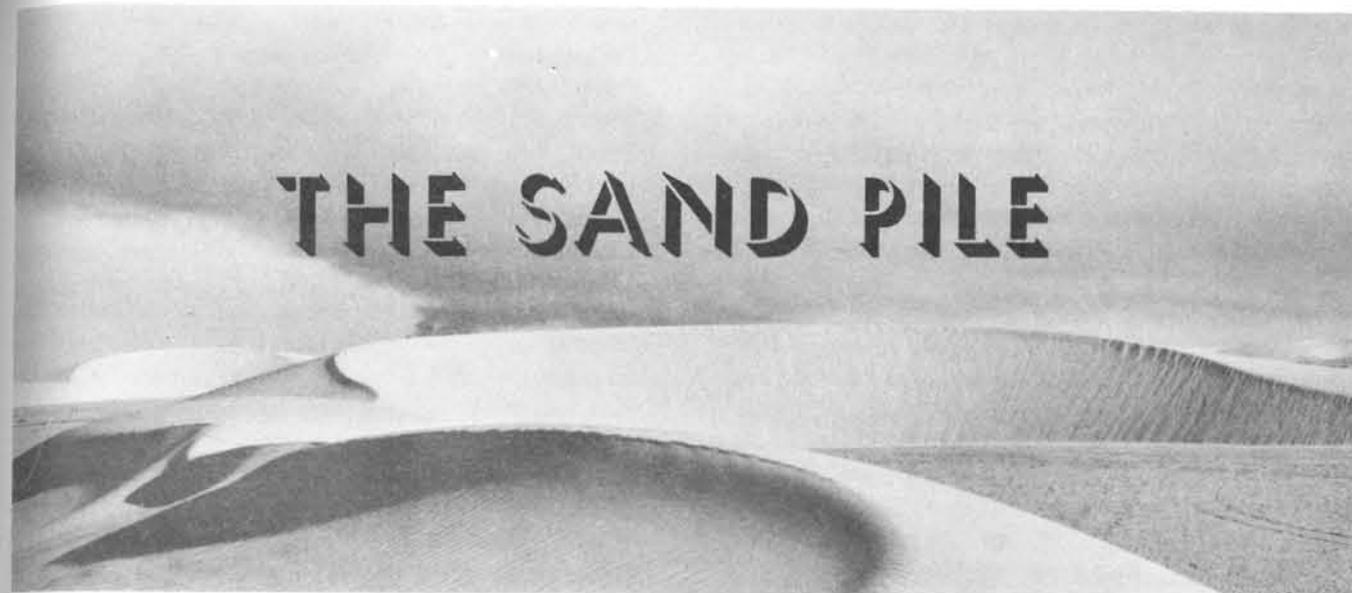
The number of older people covered by private health insurance programs continues to steadily increase. Last available figures indicated that between 10 and 11 million persons over 65 had some such coverage – over 60% of all Americans that age or older. Indeed, the growth of private programs for people of all ages has been dramatic – from 42 million in 1946 to an estimated 147 million today.

At the same time, the number of people covered by the Kerr-Mills program keeps on rising. This is the Federal-State plan to help those over 65 who need medical aid they can't afford. For those lacking both health insurance and money, communities and private organizations are still providing their charitable services.

All of these together, impressive though the package is, do not represent a complete answer to the problems of sickness among the elderly. What they *do* point up – clearly, logically, and emphatically – is that there *are alternatives*, workable, equitable, and not devastatingly costly.



Civilization is a system under which a man pays a half a dollar to park his car so he won't be fined two dollars while spending a dime for a nickel cup of coffee. – *Mueller Record*



## THE SAND PILE

This edition of the Pile will start with an announcement. Some of you will receive it with joy – some, I hope, with mild regret – some (and this will hurt the most) will receive it with complete indifference. But, nevertheless, I feel duty bound to make the statement.

For this issue only, I will refrain from commenting on the current political situation (there's too much talk about it anyway), recent revolutions in scientific thought or what I discovered in the last issue of True Confessions. I will say nothing – absolutely nothing – concerning events in Ojai that are affecting the lives of its citizens, including my favorite snails and gophers.

I make this promise for the reason that my sources of information on these subjects has been cut off and will continue to be until I forsake the Swiss mountains, Italian lakes and the Austrian highlands, in which I am wallowing at present, and fly back to California.

It is quite possible that I could get a clearer concept of the American political situation from the Swiss than I'm gathering from the American newspapers which come my way; and the European farmer may have some fine ideas about exterminating gophers and snails – but I'm having enough trouble communicating with these fellows while trying to learn the cost of a double room and how to wangle two glasses of orange juice for break-

fast. Let someone else report their ideas on politics and horticulture.

Even at the simple level of conversation that I try to achieve, my lack of education is painfully apparent. Back in Ojai, I could forget that I'm a one language person; in this Babel of tongues, I frantically throw forth my few words of backyard French and then fall back on signs.

But signs have their limitations. I go through practically the same set of gestures when I announce that I'll be back in half an hour for the American newspaper that may not arrive, as when I ask to be directed to a place that washes cars. In both cases, I use a waving sort of motion accompanied by small chirping cries such as come from a rabbit in pain. However, some observers have interpreted these gestures to mean either that I want to be introduced to the daughter of the man who sweeps out the drugstore – or that my back aches. The resulting problems are obvious. I understand that our American Indians used to employ signs quite effectively; but I neglected to bring along an Indian on this trip. I was overweight as it was.

There is a common belief running loose that all European hotel porters speak fluent English. This may be true along the heavily travelled tourist paths; but in spite of the crowds, I am finding that these paths are rather narrow and can

be lost quickly if we drive our car up a side road. Most of the circulating English is spoken by desk clerks; but I grow tired of leaning on hotel desks. There is that occasional urge to slip into the open and walk down an alley or possibly become lost in the ladies washroom. Under such conditions, actions speak louder than words – but may still be confusing.

At this stage, I feel that I should explain the problems I encountered in renting a typewriter, but because in acquiring the machine, I also was permitted a pleasing experience.

On the day that Gertrude and I landed in the Swiss town of Bad Ragaz, I started the typewriter search. In accordance with good tourist practice, with which all of you are familiar, I first asked the concierge. His English was just sufficient to send me to the town's information center. (Don't get the idea that we were lost in a jungle of ignorance. Bad Ragaz is a highly civilized community that simply isn't greatly interested in the development of its English.) The woman at the information center had advanced about as far as the concierge in her English classes and not at all in her knowledge of who was renting typewriters. But she did have an inspired thought, suggesting that I contact the local Sekretärschule at the other end of town. Armed with a map, I started hiking toward the Sekretärschule, which all you non-English speakers will recognize as a school for training secretaries. (I know, because I had to look it up.)

The school was housed in a vast ramshackle building set in some unkempt pines. The only sign of life was a clothes line of wash flying from an upper story window. I worked through the lower two levels of gloomy halls until I met a young man who pointed at a door when I said, "Director," with a question in my voice.

A young woman answered the bell. My first break came when she spoke English. She listened to my plea and called her father. The professor, who also spoke English, explained regretfully that he couldn't rent a typewriter because every machine in his school was used by a particular student (who was apt to be particularly particular about his or her machine). He was most sympathetic, but firm – so I thanked him, told him that I understood and rose to leave.

Just then, the professor came up with his own inspiration. The man who repaired his students'

typewriters might be able to help. Immediately, the daughter grabbed the phone. So sorry. The repair man had just left his place of business. Again, I rose to leave, and again, the professor came up with an idea. The daughter thumbed through the telephone directory, dialed a number and came up with a winner. A dealer had been found who would rent a typewriter.

The professor explained that the dealer was located in a town about eight miles distant. He started to draw a map to guide me to the shop, then decided that his map was poor or I was dumb. He announced that the easiest way would be for his daughter to act as my guide. I protested that I had taken too much of their time already and that I could find the shop without further aid. Nothing doing. I explained that I had walked to the school and that my car was back at our hotel about a mile up hill. Very well; the daughter would drive her own car. Finally, we compromised on the idea that she would drive me to the hotel and that we would proceed from there in my vehicle.

We had travelled about two blocks in the daughter's car when she announced that getting mine would be too much trouble. We would go all the way in hers – and as she was driving, that settled the matter. I soon learned that while she wasn't quite ready for the Indianapolis Speedway, she didn't waste any time on the road. She indicated that I could strap myself into the shoulder harness lying on my seat, but she also indicated that there would be none of that soft stuff for her. She charged out of town over a viaduct, onto and off of a freeway and down a side road while she told me that she lived in Zurich, was married and was visiting her father as a vacation. She expressed surprise that I was an American, as she had understood that Americans "mashed" their words. I admitted that we gave them quite a beating.

At the shop selling typewriters, no one spoke English, so the professor's daughter again took charge, making all the arrangements and explaining to me the terms of the rental. I asked whether the dealer wanted a deposit on the new machine that he offered me. When my question was translated to him, he looked at me carefully, then at the professor's daughter and then announced that he would trust me. I can't say whether he did this because of the influence of my guide or because of my honest-looking face – but it was the first time that anyone had indicated that my face

was worth that much.

My guide completed her mission by bringing me and the typewriter back to our hotel. As I tried to express my thanks, I reached into my pocket in search of a card on which she could write her name. She thought that I was reaching for money and let out a scream of protest. After I managed to calm her, she gave me her father's name. The only time I was able to get ahead of this young lady was on the final day of the agreed rental period. She came around to our hotel prepared to return the typewriter, thus saving me the trip and eliminating the probability that I would get lost on the journey. But I had delivered the machine a couple of hours earlier.

In recent weeks, I have devoted some thought to this incident, which I find embarrassing – and not merely because of the trouble I made for the professor and his daughter. I ask myself what I would have done if the situation had been reversed. How much effort would I have expended on a stranger and a foreigner who came by chance to my door seeking to rent something of mine. Would I have scoured the country trying to help him? After I had located the article, would I have used my car to drive a total of sixteen miles to bring the stranger and the article together, and would I then have returned the stranger to his home with my blessing?

I'm afraid that I don't rate too high on this questionnaire, certainly well below this Swiss professor and his daughter. (And I've been told for many years that the Swiss are cold blooded – a nation of unemotional merchants and hotel-keepers.)

\* \* \*

For most of our journey, we have been travelling through and living in the sort of country that caused us to make this European pilgrimage: the Alpine Province which includes geologically those portions of Germany, France, Italy and Austria which are near Switzerland, plus Switzerland itself. This is the country of snowy peaks and wide mountain valleys where the grass sweeps upward till it hits the grey rocks of the mountain. Harvesting has been in progress, and the green slopes show square patches where the grass and flowers have been mowed and lie defenseless while the sun turns them to hay. Much of the grass has been piled in small bunches, or shocks, on various arrangements of sticks,

which permit the air to pass through and speed the drying process. The effort of the journey from California has been fully repaid by these views of green Alpine hillsides checkered with squares of brown, decorated with ordered rows of hay cocks and an occasional broad-roofed barn or home, bordered with dark masses of pine and sweeping up and up and up toward clusters of houses and a church steeple tall and sharp as a knife thrust.

Some of you dream of finding a three point buck in the sights of your rifle, or of feeling a pole bending to the rush of a frantic trout, or of watching your golf ball arch high and beautifully onto a small sand-trapped green. All of these I acknowledge; but please include the view from high on a mountain side into an Alpine valley after a moderately hard climb – for I still claim that nothing easily acquired is a great deal of fun.

We have mountains just as rugged and delightfully brutal in America, but rarely does our climate and the needs of our farmers permit the color that blesses the Alps.

Hay harvest in Europe is changing, even in the mountains. Here and there, Swiss and Austrian farmers still mow the grass and flowers with a hand scythe as they balance themselves on hillsides steep enough to worry an acrobatic goat. But in the main, the scythes are being replaced by small power-operated mowers light enough for the farmer to push them over the steep hills. The entire family still comes out with pitchforks to turn and toss the drying grass – but here, too, mechanization is getting in its dirty work in the form of hand-pushed power-operated devices (we called them tedders back in Iowa) that kick the grass into the air.

The mechanization of the Alpine hay fields is but a minor phase of the general industrial boom in which western Europe appears to be wrapped. Building is on the rampage. Even in small mountain villages, three and four story piles are being raised, and in the towns of the broad valleys, the pleasing patterns of the old roofs are being broken by modern apartment houses. To the east of Innsbruck, what appears as a new town of high rise buildings has shot up in the five years since we visited the area.

And then there's the traffic.

I still contend that travelling through Europe

by automobile has many advantages. You can go where you wish; you can stop when you wish – and for a photographic nut, this is important. You don't have to meet the schedule of any trains or airplanes or buses; you can spread your luggage in the back of the car; if the hotel you investigate is full, you can drive to another.

But in today's Europe, I also must admit to some handicaps that the motorist must face. There's traffic; and there are narrow roads where you miss the passing car by the thickness of an eyebrow; and there's traffic. There is that helpless feeling as you drive into a large city where you don't know the location of the hotels nor enough of the language to make an inquiry; and then there's traffic. And after all the other objections have been listed, there still is, above and around it all – TRAFFIC.

I have made one important discovery. Europe's great and pressing problem is not the Common Market or divided Germany or even de Gaulle. It's the answer to the question: Where do I park the car?

Even on country roads, a motorist may travel a mile or so in search of a spot to pull off the road; in the larger towns, he may drive indefinitely. There are parking places, all right, carefully marked with a large P. But all the spaces are filled; and always a number of the smaller cars are parked in prohibited areas. Cars adorn the sidewalks, the alleys and parts of the main lines of travel on the streets. They fill areas carefully marked with Parking Prohibited signs. In Lausanne, I ask an old compatriot, Burt Beverley, whether I was wrong in believing that those red circles with the diagonal red lines through them, meant No Parking. He assured me that my belief was correct, but that people paid little attention to the signs. Occasionally, the police stuck a traffic violation ticket on a car; but in the main, even the police gave up. There was just so much space in that part of the world, and most of it was needed for the automobiles.

For example, in that same city, I parked my car for three days on a part of the sidewalk in front of our hotel on one of the busiest streets. I tipped the hotel porter liberally for the privilege, recognizing that this was his own private

source of income. He maintained control of the area right on the sidewalk, without police objection. After all, where else were the hotel guests going to park?

And even during those periods when the car doesn't have to be parked – when you are on the move – other problems arise. Get off the main highways as promptly as possible. For Europe has added to its appeals of scenery and ruins and art galleries and cathedrals one more spectacle, one observed far more frequently than all the other attractions added together: the view of the other fellow's rear license plate.

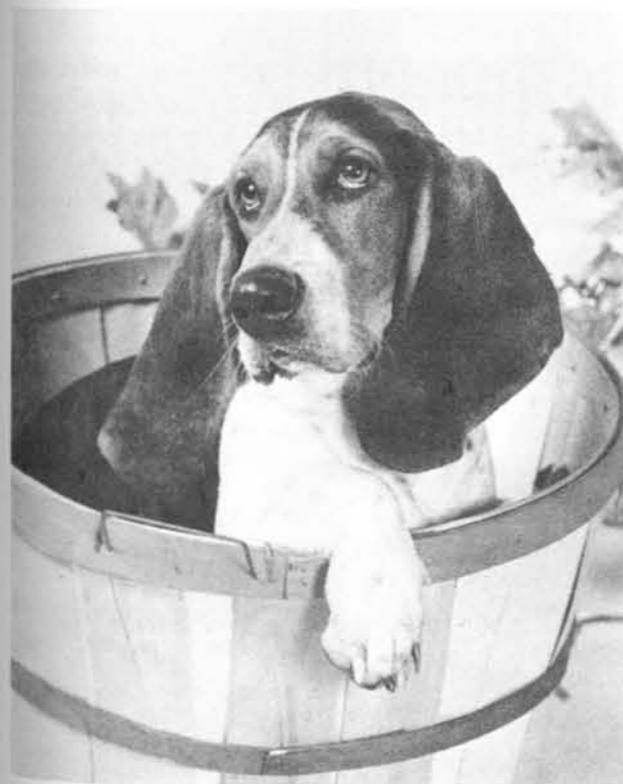
My estimates show that the European motorist spends ninety-six and a half percent of his time on the road observing the rear license plate of a car; bus or truck just ahead of him. Here is an area where European governments have failed miserably to take advantage of a captive audience. As the motorist spends most of his time gazing intently at these plates, why not give them appealing decoration? Instead of a commonplace arrangement of letters and numbers, why not add some mountain scenes, pictures of Venice by

moonlight, shots from the Lake of Lucerne? The motorist would have a far better chance to study these sights on a license plate than he ever will have if and when he views the original. Because on the main highways today, he rarely has more than thirty feet between him and one of these rear end decorations. If he leaves thirty feet, some screwball will ram his automotive device into the opening.

Buses and trucks are the basic curse of these roads, to which must be added the hazards of the speed demon in the miniature car. You have left your hotel and have been out on the road a good three minutes when you spot a large bus up ahead, a gigantic affair filling all of its half of the narrow two-lane road and spilling well over into the other half. The bus carries its normal "tail" of six cars seeking an opportunity to get ahead. As you catch up, the grade steepens and the bus starts shifting lower and lower in its gear combinations. For three quarters of a mile, it grinds slowly upward, always carefully hiding the strip that might permit its followers to escape; then the curves disappear momentarily, permitting the first following car to make its dash

*(continued on page 17)*

## CALENDARART - 1964





"Blackfeet!"



"Why certainly, what sort of favor?"

## This is an Emergency!

Many persons have medical problems which may endanger their lives during an emergency in which they are unconscious or otherwise unable to communicate and thus receive improper treatment.

We have in mind such problems as diabetes, glaucoma, tracheotomy, epilepsy or colostomy; the regular taking of medicines like cortisone or ACTH, heart drugs, anticoagulants; dangerous allergies such as to common foods, antibiotics, horse serum (as in tetanus antitoxin); or items like the wearing of contact lenses.

One way to avoid mishaps of the above nature is to carry an emergency medical identification card outlining the problem and alerting persons rendering aid or treatment. (Aramco included such

information on its identification cards issued to employees a couple of years ago.) Another school of thought holds that in addition, an emergency medical signal device should be fastened to the person at all times since, in an emergency, the individual may be separated from the card. Perhaps something happens to purse or wallet, or perhaps an accident occurs while one is swimming. Such a signal device should be of some durable material and worn around the neck, wrist, or ankle in a way that it will be present at all times. It should be fastened to the person wearing it with a strong nonelastic cord or chain, so designed that it does not become an accident hazard in itself.

Are your problems identified in case of emergency?

### SAND PILE (from page 15)

for freedom. About that time, the road drops into a village where six bicycles and a load of hay provide the traffic congestion in *that* community. Three miles further on, you've progressed to the second spot behind the bus and are hoping that the next opening will permit both you and the leader to pass. But just then you are lifted three inches off your seat by a screaming blast committed by one of those speed nuts in a miniature space vehicle as he violates all the rules of traffic and common sense and charges past you on a blind curve. Suddenly, a car appears on that curve — which worries the nut not at all as he heads into your left front fender. You avoid disaster by slamming on the brakes and cursing. I'm not sure which action is the more effective.

Within the next mile, you make your own dash as the road opens. You are free! And you're pretty happy about it for the next five minutes — until you come up to six more cars and two trucks grinding along at ten miles per hour.

Vienna has provided the high light of our city traffic experience to date. I was so unwise as to take my car for servicing to an outfit near the edge of the city at the time of the morning rush. How I longed for the peace and quiet of a Los Angeles traffic jam! Within fifteen minutes, I concluded that that was no place for a country boy trained to the relative serenity of southern California motoring. Who ever complained about the hazards of freeway travel? On a freeway or American city street, you usually know which way the cars will dash as the opportunity arises and you can prepare for the charge, but not in Vienna.

The small foreign cars add to the confusion by darting into any available crack that opens momentarily. You see one shoot into a whirl of machines; you see flashes and hear the rising howl of motors in low gear — and there goes your midget, squirting out of a mass half a block up the street. But you haven't time to look, for just then you hear a screech on your left and as you swing away in panic from that menace, there's a squeal on the right.

But relief does come, for at about that time, when your nerves can't take any more, everything stops and you sit there in a sea of idling motors. Before anything resumes motion, you have time to write a note to your undertaker and one to your lawyer concerning alterations to your will.

Finally, after five minutes, the truck in front of you moves off, but you are too late again — for just as you start to push on the gas and follow, one of these two seated hornets charges ahead of you into a space that would comfortably accommodate an oversized wheelbarrow. Again, the race for life is on.

But this automotive struggle has certain advantages. It replaces all the other worries I might otherwise be tempted to assume. The surge of adrenaline that hits my system every time a bus misses me by the thickness of the paint stimulates the nerves and keeps me alert and healthy. I'm not sure as to how long I'll stay that way; but until something hits me, it's all very exciting.

Another pleasure of our journey has been the meeting with a few Aramco friends. First came the stay at Baden Baden with the Karel Beekhuises; but inasmuch as we had bid them farewell in Santa Barbara only a couple of months before and hope to see them there again in a couple more, this could hardly be rated as the renewal of ancient contacts. This situation did not detract from the pleasure of the occasion, nor did it reduce the agony with which I watched my golf balls habitually sail into a rough reminiscent of the Sumatran jungle.

In Switzerland, Burt Beverly gave us council and assistance, then along with Barbara and the kids, entertained us in their attractive apartment with its views of Lake Lemman and the French shore beyond. We left with regret.

In Majorca, where I am writing this, we have been welcomed by Vera and Tom McMahan who had made the necessary arrangements for our housing — and that's no small achievement in Majorca today. In fact, Palma, Majorca's capital, is experiencing one of the biggest booms in which we have been caught. Call it bad or good, depending on whether you're a landowner benefiting from the property inflation, or a beat-up tourist seeking to rest your weary head. Tom just showed me a news item announcing that over 22,000 tourists hit this place *in one day* — and that was the day we arrived. Since we were here twelve years ago, hotels have covered the hills surrounding Palma, but still not a room is available.

The McMahans are only slightly affected by this splurge, as they are renting a house well re-

moved from the tourist path while they build a new home even farther from the congested part of the island, where tourists never come. The new home is located on a steep hillside with all the rooms commanding delightful views of the small town and the valley below them; and Tom is building with steel and concrete that should withstand the attacks of even the atomic age. For some reason, I was surprised to find a house being fitted with all the most modern conveniences at a spot in the Majorcan hills; but such will be the McMahan estate.

Our biggest surprise to date was finding our old Aramco friends, the George Hammonds, resting in their impressive new yacht in the harbor of Palma. We learned that George had retired recently from Standard of New Jersey operations in Iran, and had designed and contracted the building of this yacht preparatory to retirement. As a hundred percent land lubber, I couldn't judge the quality of the new Hammond home which sleeps six and appears to be equipped with every reasonable comfort.

Gertrude and I spent an evening aboard, rocked by the night breeze drifting over Palma's harbor, watching the shimmering reflection of the shore lights, filling the hours with good talk. We left for the shore, again with regret.

We had planned to work our way down to Rome and possibly to Capri in order to join hands again with some of our old Aramco friends vacationing from the field; but a heat wave has hit Europe and we expect to head back for the mountains as fast as possible. Toward the end of August, assuming that we've survived the attack of other motorists, we hope to find more ex-Aramcoites in Paris, specifically Pat and Fred Hilton and Tom McDowell.

What charming people you meet when you travel!

*Phil McConnell*

# chuckles

The man who laughs at a woman trying to drive through a twelve-foot garage door usually sobers up when he tries to thread a needle.

The father played possum while his youngsters tried their best to rouse him from a Sunday afternoon nap to take them for a promised walk. Finally, his 5-year-old daughter pried open one of his eyelids, peered carefully, then reported, "He's still in there."

... And then from the younger set in the classroom (as they appeared in *This Week Magazine*):

The Grand Canyon is located in Arizona at the present time.

The denominator is a fraction's bottom.

Latitude tells you where you are and longitude tells you how long you have been lost there.

Friars were short order cooks in monasteries.

White elephants are valuable articles of no worth.

A circle is a straight crooked line.

Genetics explain why you look like your father and if you don't why you should.

Daniel Webster was a noted oracle. He should not be confused with Noah Webster, a king from the Bible who reigned for forty days and forty nights.

The international scientific system of measurement is hips, waist and bust.

Lent is a period of fast ones before Easter.

Sydney Porter wrote good short stories. He served in the pen. His pen name was O. Henry.

Nathan Haley said: "I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country." This has come to be known as the famous Haley's comment.

*Bernice Hogg as she appeared in the traditional red and white regal garments of Saint Barbara, carrying the symbols of the saint whom she portrayed for the Old Spanish Days Fiesta in mid-August.*

## Patroness St. Barbara

*It's been quite a while since we have been able to include much about the JIM HOGGS - but thanks to Florence "Hommy" Hamm who provided the information, we have a story about Bernice. It will not come as fresh news though to those who were around for the Old Spanish Days Fiesta which was recently held in Santa Barbara. Portraying its patron saint, St. Barbara, Bernice presided over the five-day fiesta. As described in a clipping from the Santa Barbara News-Press*

St. Barbara was a Christian martyr of the third century, daughter of a pagan ruler in the Middle East. According to the legend her father, enraged over her conversion to Christianity, beheaded her with his sword instantly. From a cloudless sky a bolt of lightning is said to have struck and killed him. The girl martyr has since been named patroness of all in danger of death from thunder, lightning, storms at sea and explosions, and patroness of architects, seafarers and artillerymen.

It was as patroness of seafarers, it is said, that St. Barbara came to be patroness of the city that took her name. In 1602 the ship of the Spanish voyager, Viscaïno, was endangered by a sudden tempest while sailing along the California coast. The sailors prayed for the intercession of St. Barbara, and were delivered from shipwreck on the saint's feast day, Dec. 4. In thanksgiving the sailors named the channel in her honor, and later the city of Santa Barbara and the mission were both given the name. Her feast



day continues to be observed by the fathers at the Old Mission.

*Bernice is a member of the Native Daughters of the Golden West and has been active in its Reina del Mar Parlor 126 in such rolls as recording secretary, outside sentinel, chairman for the California Herald magazine (official publication of NDGW) and member of their La Fiesteras dance group. The latter is not surprising, considering that before she and Jim were married, Bernice somehow combined performing in professional ballet in the San Francisco area with her secretarial job. When she and Jim were living in Connecticut her outside activities ranged from helping to establish a local Welcome Wagon Newcomers Club to sitting as a portrait model for students at the Silvermine Art School near New Canaan.*

*Now, if someone would just let us know something of Jim's activities, there'd be no question as to why the Hoggs don't have time to prepare communiques for AAAJ.*

## HERE AND THERE

When the R. M. HENDERSONS changed their address back in July, Pearl added a little note to say: "At long last, we have completed construction of our new home here in Salinas. Not all of the boxes, etc., are unpacked as yet but we are at the stage where we can relax and sit back and enjoy our view of the Gabilan Range and surrounding countryside."

Another busy globe-trotting retiree, OTTO LESSING, whose note came this time from Los Angeles in a Fluor Corporation envelope, said: "Please arrange to have all your fine publications sent to the new address. I am temporarily in California in connection with the design of the new refinery for Kuwait National Petroleum Company in Kuwait, where I shall be stationed eventually. It seems I am destined to spend part

*of my retirement in the Middle East."*

Shortly after returning from five months in Mexico — which she's promised to let us hear about one of these days — Hommy (FLORENCE HAMM) attended Santa Barbara's annual dog show. She saw and enjoyed visiting with BILL and ESTA ELTISTE, who brought some of their salukis to show. Two of them took second prizes. The Eltistes were still mourning the loss of fourteen of their valuable dogs — one of the salukis had contracted an infectious disease at the vet's and brought it back to the kennels. Hommy says that Bill and Esta have purchased a forty acre farm in Fallon, Nevada, not far from Reno, and plan to move as soon as their affairs in Paradise are settled.



This picture of J. T. DUCE, on the right, was taken following the June 5 commencement ceremonies at the University of Colorado, where he was awarded an honorary Doctor of Laws Degree. He is shown here conferring with Colorado Governor John A. Love, left, commencement speaker Gordon Ray, president of the Guggenheim Foundation, and University President Joseph R. Smiley. Terry Duce retired from Aramco in 1958 as vice president of Government Relations,

Washington, was a 1916 graduate in geology at the University of Colorado and went on to become a leader in the world search for oil. His honor was given for his service as "...a skilled diplomat, humanitarian... expert on world affairs, especially those of the Near and Middle East... and in recognition of his outstanding contributions toward mutual understanding and cooperation among peoples and nations of the world."

## INVOLUNTARY STOCKHOLDERS

If you own stock in a company that has been losing money consistently there are things you can do. You can sell your stock. You can go to the next stockholders' meeting and quiz the management. If you have enough affluence or allies, you might even be able to gain control of the company and run it the way you think it should be run.

In a sense, because it's your tax money, you are a shareholder in the U. S. Agriculture Department's Commodity Credit Corporation, which is a pretty sizeable operation — capitalized at \$100 million, but with authority to borrow more than \$14 billion (*yes, billion*) to carry out its assignments.

The CCC's chief task is making price support and "stabilization" payments, which leads it to acquire and store a lot of farm commodities. In fact, as of several months ago, it had over \$7 billion "invested" (the agency prefers to call it that) in reserve and surplus farm products. That's only about \$1 million less than its holdings of the previous year. *One one-hundredth of one per cent isn't much of a saving to back up a promise to economize.*

Unfortunately for you and all the millions of other involuntary stockholders, many of those commodities are either sold for less than they cost under the price-support programs, or are given away. Equally appalling are the heavy storage and handling charges. During the last five months of 1963 the corporation *lost more than \$1.2 billion*. And this was about \$300 million more than it lost in the same period of the previous year.

Obviously, in a private operation there would have been a massive shakeup long ago. But the CCC isn't a private operation, and there hasn't been a shakeup!

What are you, we, all who have a stake in this thing, going to do about it? We can't fire the board of directors; it's appointed by the President of the United States. So we don't do anything, *but...*

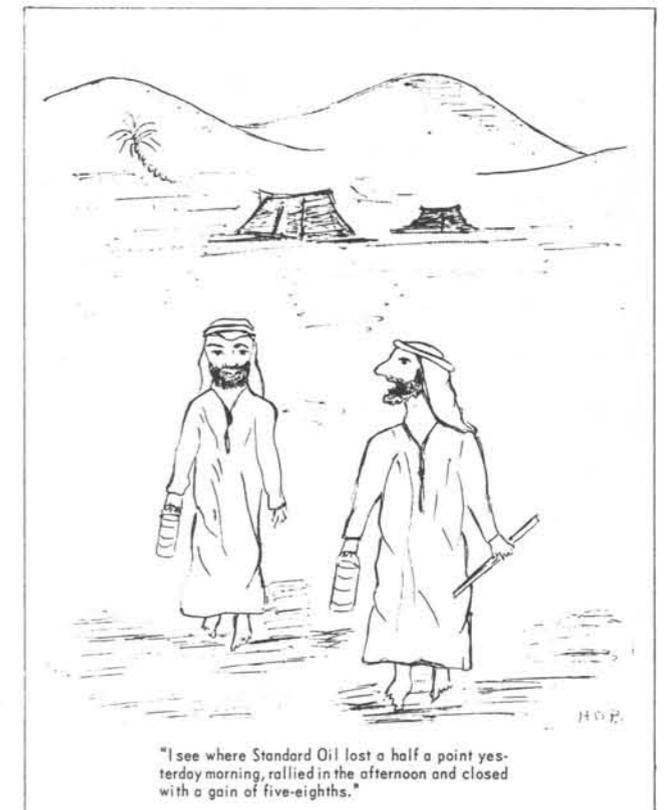
Congress can do something about it. However,

in the absence of protest from those who unwittingly took a flyer in this bound-to-lose "investment," many lawmakers are content to let them (us) go right on being taken.

So, either make your wishes known to your representatives and senators in Washington, or help elect your own men — who will speak for you at the next "board meeting". Keep them advised of how you feel and how you would like to see them vote on this and on the many issues in which you have an interest or a shareholder's stake. Yes, it is your money that's being wasted!

## BREAKING IN

Harry Blackburn



"I see where Standard Oil lost a half a point yesterday morning, rallied in the afternoon and closed with a gain of five-eighths."

# QUOTABLE

I bought a copy of Esquire the other day; they had one of those "what the average man should have in his wardrobe" articles. The only thing I had were the shoelaces. — *Ted Browne*

None of the rules for success will work unless you do. — *Eve Arden*

Every man has the chance to play the fool and generally does. — *William Rotsler*

Never let hope get you down. — *Ned Romine*

To forget your other troubles, try wearing tight shoes. — *Anonymous*

It's sad for a girl to reach the age where men consider her charmless. But it's far worse for a man to attain the age where girls consider him harmless. — *Rotaview*

Social tact is the art of making your guests feel at home, particularly when you really wish they were. — *San Diego Tribune*

An old Indian was standing on the top of a hill with his son, looking over the beautiful valley below. Said the old Indian, "Someday, my son, all this land will belong to the Indians again. Paleface all go to the moon." — *Capper's Weekly*

The pioneers who blazed the trails now have descendants who burn up the roads. — *Anonymous*

## Help! Help! Help!

For quite a few days we've been mulling over an interpretation by a group of legal minds of a section of the Civil Rights Act. They say that beginning next July it will be a violation of the equal employment opportunity provisions of the act if a man advertises for a secretary under the heading (HWF) "Help Wanted . . . Female." It would be discriminatory against males.

There must be some way of getting around this appalling infringement on the inalienable right of a man to advertise for a secretary and to state clearly therein that he wants a dame. One way might be an ad saying (H,W,M,W,S) "Help Wanted. . . must wear skirts." The trouble is that nowadays many women don't wear skirts. They wear pants.

Anyway we predict that this barbaric and inhuman ruling will be violated as widely and gleefully as the Prohibition law. And if authorities try to enforce it, the jails will bulge with business tycoons, industrial magnates and Wall Street brokers. Also editors and publishers.

*(From the N. Y. Journal-American — editorial page)*

# In Memorium

*Friends were saddened to learn of the passing of those named below. We offer our heartfelt sympathy to their families:*

**Martin J. Murphy** — July 4, 1964 — Union, New Jersey

**Margaret F. (Mrs. Clifford M.) Sprague** — August 17, 1964 — Moro Bay, California

**Francis S. Stone** — September 4, 1964 — Arroyo Grande, California

**Fred Graaf** — September 17, 1964 — Paradise, California

*Remembrances in Margaret Sprague's memory may be sent to local cancer funds.*

## Mail Call!

*The following changes and additions arrived after the accompanying address list was compiled:*

### ARAMCO

Theodore R. Bajor  
Harold B. Bolton  
Joseph A. Hayes  
A. C. C. Hill  
W. L. Mc Wood  
C. O. Marlar

c/o Chapman, 2534 Elizabeth Street, Orlando, Florida  
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37 West 10th Street, New York, New York 10011  
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