

CHANGING LIVES
ONE AT A TIME ²⁴

Al~Ayyam Al~Jamilah

الأيام الجميلة



Reunions Abound 10
Recalling the Road Less Traveled 16
The Wide World of Warren Boudreaux 18
Rogue and Rider—A Tale of Two Spirits 22

10

Reunions Abound

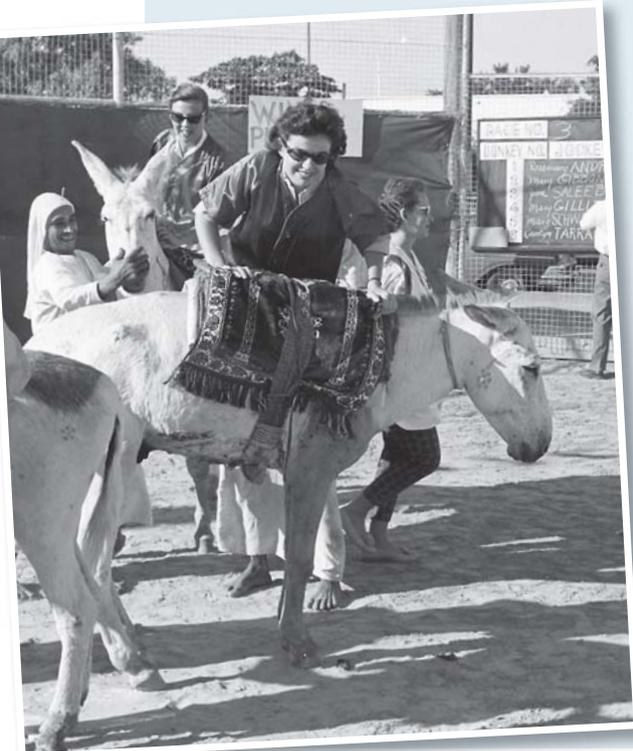
Aramco offspring joyfully reunited this spring and summer: The Aramco Brats held their 14th reunion in Tucson, Ariz., in May; and a number of Aramcons who attended the American Community School (ACS) in Beirut met in San Diego, Calif., in July. Right (l-r): Wendy Nine (DH'68), Kevin Haug (AB'68), Crystal Riley-Brennan and Kimberley Craver-Hammond (DH'70), and Osama Mikhail (DH'61) relax at the Brats Reunion. Far right, ACS students pose on the tarmac on a trip to Jerusalem in 1952. Aramco students include Bill Tracy and Jerry Smith, front row, third from right and far right, and Monroe Pastermack, back row, ninth from right in jacket and tie.



16

Recalling the Road Less Traveled

A young Mary Gillis took her first steps along the road less traveled—from New York to Dhahran—55 years ago this November. She retraces her journey and that of a still-young company, describing discoveries in the place that would become her home for 30 years. The author (shown boarding a donkey at the November 1959 Dhahran "County Fair") is deeply grateful she followed that road. Borrowing a phrase from Robert Frost's famous poem, she says, "And that has made all the difference."



Cover: Like a modern-day Pied Piper, Kinda Hibrawi greets children at Camp Zeitouna in northern Syria. Her project is one of three involving individuals with company connections that are profiled in "Changing Lives, One at a Time." Photograph by Mohammed Ojeh.

Al-Ayyam Al-Jamilah

"Pleasant Days," is produced for annuitants, families and friends of Aramco, now Saudi Aramco, and its associated companies by Aramco Services Company.

FALL 2013. ISSN-1319-1512

ADDRESS CORRESPONDENCE TO

The Editor, Al-Ayyam Al-Jamilah
Aramco Services Company and Aramco
Overseas Company, P.O. Box 2106
Houston, TX 77252-2106

arthur.clark@aramcoservices.com

PRESIDENT Nabeel M. Amudi

DIRECTOR, PUBLIC AFFAIRS DEPARTMENT Ali M. Al Mutairi

EDITOR Arthur Clark

DESIGN Graphic Engine Design

TOP: ©SVOTEC/DREAMSTIME.COM, BOTTOM: COURTESY AMJAD GHORI, OPPOSITE, TOP LEFT (BOTTOM): ARTHUR CLARK, (TOP) COURTESY DOUG BRICE, BOTTOM LEFT: BERT SEAL, BOTTOM RIGHT: ROBERT BANTA

18

The Wide World of Warren Boudreaux

Warren Boudreaux sailed to Zanzibar, where “the whole island smelled of cloves,” prior to joining Aramco as an English teacher at the Ras Tanura Industrial Training Center in 1959. He traveled much farther and wider at Aramco and after he retired in 1981. He’s now visited more than 170 countries, by plane, boat, train and on horseback, and he recalls his peregrinations with the pleasure of a connoisseur.



22

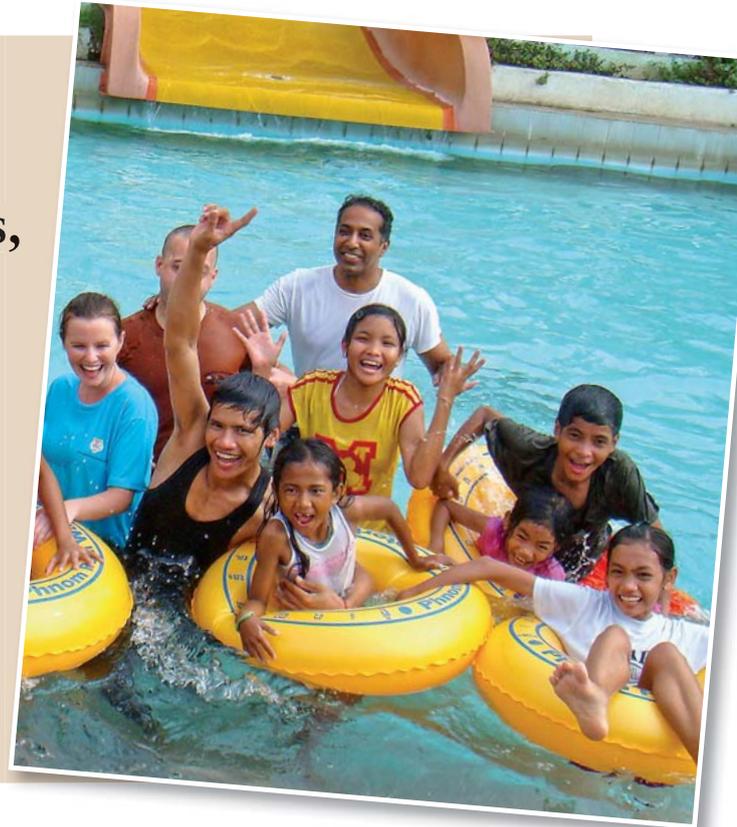
Rogue and Rider —A Tale of Two Spirits

In 1984, eleven-year-old Angelique Banta befriended an injured pony named Rogue at the Abqaiq Stables. Rogue and rider, both novices, quickly became a prizewinning team. Robert Banta, Angelique’s dad, watched them interact with surprise and satisfaction, while making new friends at the stables: René and Scrabbit.

24

Changing Lives, One at a Time

Banker Amjad Ghori, pictured with children from Aziza’s Place as they frolic at a water park in Phnom Penh, has something in common with artist Kinda Hibrawi and photographer Wendy Levine. All three are the children of company retirees and each has undertaken a personal project—in Cambodia, Syria and Uganda, respectively—to help those whose prospects otherwise look bleak.



Find Us on the Web

To view the current issue and archived issues of Al-Ayyam Al-Jamilah dating back to 1956, go to: www.aramcoservices.com → Publications → Al-Ayyam Al-Jamilah.



'Aramco Did Itself Proud'

March 4, 2013

The writer, who is 95, receives Al-Ayyam Al-Jamilah because she formed Aramco links during her time in Jiddah—1952-53 when her husband was with the U.S. Agency for International Development and 1968-72 when she worked for the U.S. Geological Survey. Last fall, she sent the "first half" of her memoirs about her years in Saudi Arabia, Liberia and Iraq. This spring, she wrote that old age would prevent her from completing her work. Here's what she said about Aramco, from her time in Jiddah in the '50s.

The Fourth of July Celebration was just that. A real celebration. Aramco had flown in fireworks. All the people gathered on the edge of the Red Sea. The sky was completely dark except for stars, with no city lights. When it was time to start the fireworks, all our flashlights were extinguished.

It was spectacular to watch the fireworks go out over the Red Sea.... Aramco did itself proud with the display offered that night. Everyone "oh'd" and "ah'd" and clapped. It was so much fun.

The final display was placed in a rowboat and pushed out into the water and lit. As it got started, the small waves and the wind kept pushing the boat ashore. Finally, someone got a rope on the boat and tugged it out into the water out of harm's way.

To me, fireworks in the city have never been the same or as good.

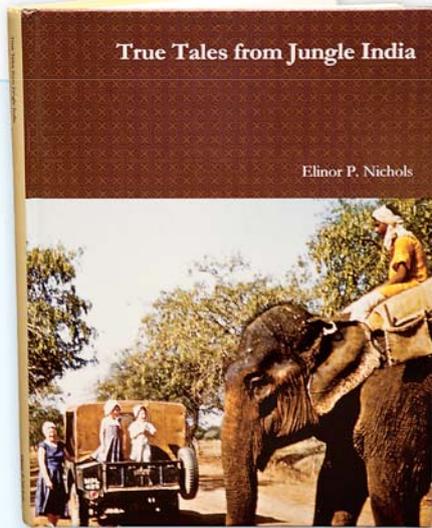
Phyllis K. Kennedy
1174 Matador St.
Abilene, TX 79605

Royal Correspondence

March 16, 2013

Here are some assorted articles and items, including a letter-exchange with Queen Elizabeth that delighted me. My memoirs have been self-published.... It has been fun sharing it with family and friends all over the world, including an Indian missionary doctor in one of our original hospitals out in the jungle.

Elinor P. Nichols
140 Lincoln Rd., #3
Lincoln, MA 01773



Elinor Nichols published *True Tales from Jungle India* last year. To it, she could append a story about meeting Princess Elizabeth in London in 1938.

NOTE: Elinor Nichols wrote to Queen Elizabeth II in September 2012 to remark on their meeting nearly three-quarters of a century earlier. In January, she received reply. She had shared memories of visiting London en route to America from India, where her father was a missionary, on her family's "once-in-seven-years" furlough.

She wrote: "My memories of that trip [in 1938] when I was 11 and you were 12 ... are still vivid. When we heard that the little princesses would be leaving one afternoon to a birthday party, we waited in front of Buckingham Palace hoping to catch a glimpse of you. Shortly you appeared in a grand, horse-drawn carriage waving your white-gloved hands at the crowd. As you drove past us our eyes met and we exchanged smiles. It was a magical moment...."

"You became queen of England. I married a hardworking Iowa farm lad [Roger Nichols, an employee who led the Aramco-Harvard campaign to eradicate trachoma from 1957-70]; we struggled together to put him through medical school. He moved on to become a department head at Harvard and then director and president of Boston's Museum of Science.

"He was serving in this capacity when Your Majesty's government invited him in 1987 to

share his experience on how to better enable museums to become fiscally self-sufficient. I accompanied him on this trip to England....

"With Roger, I met many distinguished scientists and world leaders—the Aga Khan, Thor Heyerdahl, Dr. Stephen S. Gould, the last queen of Egypt and your Sir David Attenborough. But 74 years ago, two little girls smiled at each other in front of Buckingham Palace—a special moment I will never forget.

On Jan. 3, Queen Elizabeth's lady-in-waiting thanked her for her letter, apologizing for being late to reply "because of the enormous number of letters, cards and messages received by The Queen on the occasion of her Diamond Jubilee." She wrote:

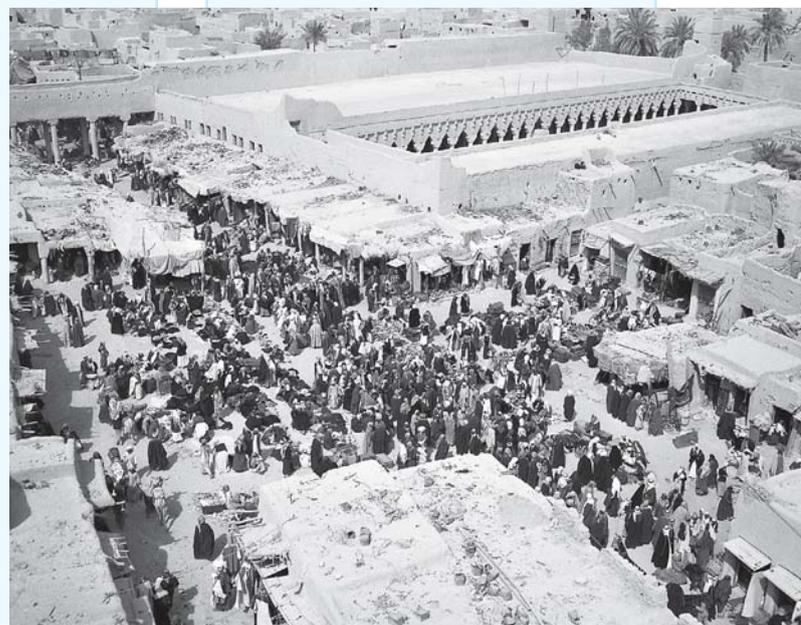
"Her Majesty greatly appreciated your kind thought in writing as you did and was interested to hear about your life and your fond recollections from all those years ago...."

Dining Out in Riyadh

March 18, 2013

Recently, we dined with a lady who said she and her husband were in Riyadh around the late '50s. He was either military or a diplomat and they were

Riyadh, whose bustling city center consisted of mudbrick buildings in 1949, is now a metropolis built of concrete, steel and glass highlighted by the nearly 1,000-foot-tall Kingdom Tower (below, right).



BELOW: T.F. WALTERS; OPPOSITE: ABDULLA Y. AL-DOBAYS

"chaperoned" by one of the princes. She could not remember his name. Her husband has been dead for some time.

She couldn't believe me when I informed her that Riyadh now has a skyscraper and I had seen a picture of it in the last year. Embarrassingly, I can't find the resource. It would be nice to show her a circa 1950's view plus a 2010 view. Any possibility you can help me?

John Hodge
8040 Frankford Road #222
Dallas, TX 75287

Dhahran Arrival: 1948

May 6, 2013

I wanted to share a photo of my father Syed Zamir Hassan arriving in Dhahran in 1948. Notice the giant Aramco bag in his hand?

I was born in 1972, after my dad's service with Aramco, but have wonderful memories of attending the Annual Fair at Aramco. Now I live in Washington, D.C., and work for the Saudi Embassy as an information officer.

Rima Hassan
Rima@saudiembassy.net

NOTE: Rima Hassan also sent a photo of her father posing by the family's Opel Kadett in 1966. (This was his second car. His first, a Dodge he bought in Dhahran, cost \$8!) Aramco recruited him in India in 1948 to work



Syed Zamir Hassan arrives in Dhahran, Aramco bag in hand, in 1948.

in the Transportation and Traffic Dept. He transferred to the Product Distribution Dept., under W. S. Kelly, in 1950, and he and Kelly moved to Petromin in 1959. He retired from the Arab Petroleum Investments Corp. in 1990. Now 84, he and his wife live near Rima in Washington, D.C. "To this day, my father regrets leaving Aramco," she wrote. "He says his best days in a work environment were at Aramco."

The Joy of Keeping Up

May 6, 2013

I'm writing to request that you place my name on your list of subscribers to *Al-Ayyam Al-Jamilah*. I was an employee with Aramco in Dhahran from

1977-90 and would enjoy keeping up with friends through your publication. We have relatives who receive it and have recommended it to us....

We look forward to receiving your publication and the many memories it will give us.

Martin Pfothauer
2108 20th Ave. NW
Aberdeen, SD 57401

Shard 'Painter' Remembered

May 7, 2013

I have just received the Spring 2013 issue of *Al-Ayyam Al-Jamilah* with the "Mail Center" artifacts story of glass shards, shells, etc. The picture of this hung on wall at Peg and Fred Lucas's home; she had made two of them. Their home in Winchester, Tenn., was like going into ... a picture, with jewelry and the like all from Arabia. She and Fred were dear friends of ours in Dhahran.

I have one of her paintings ... of an eagle with wings made from glass bracelets, broken pottery etc., and a picture of an Arab man.

Gloria W. Gentry
403 Churchill Ct.
Smyrna, TN 37167

NOTE: See related letter, "More Peg Lucas Art," on page 4.

Bumping into Old Friends

May 12, 2013

What a great magazine.... It's remarkable. I might bump into someone I remember on the very next page!

I shall drop Marie [Degnan] a line and see how she is. We were in the Photolab for a long time together. She was a nice lady.

Adrian Waive
16 Humber Road, Great Sutton
Ellesmere Port
Cheshire
CH66 2SH
England
www.photographyforindustry.com
adrianwaive@btopenworld.com





Bernhard Morse and an "elf" helper prepare to cast tin soldiers at a recent holiday fair in Oslo. He received his first casting set for Christmas in 1938.

Tunnel Invitation

May 12, 2013

Adrian Waine shared this message, received in response to his letter in the Spring 2013 issue of Al-Ayyam Al-Jamilah.

I have read about your industrial photo work ... and your desire to photograph tunnels. Since you photographed one of our tankers—*The Jahre Viking*—why not photograph one of our tunnels? Norway has the most operating tunnels in the world and many new under construction. Some are very unique.

I worked in Bahrain and Arabia from 1962 until 1977 and as a consultant



for Aramco in Houston from 1983-86. Then for the U.N. Development Program and the government of Botswana as an oil and gas advisor in southern Africa until 2005. I am 83 years and enjoy my life here in Norway....

My hobby is making tin soldiers, teaching schoolchildren to make them, etc. I have 650 different forms.

Bernhard Morse
nesvegen 473
1514 moss
Norway
nilssara@frisurf.no

NOTE: Bernhard Morse joined Caltex in 1960, began working in Bahrain in 1962 and transferred to Aramco in 1967. When the Project Management Dept. was established in 1974, he was among five project managers. In 1983, he joined a group in Houston working to reduce spare-parts inventories.

In a letter to Toy Soldier & Model Figure magazine in 2013, Morse wrote about his hobby: "What I cast ... are children's play toys, not figures to set in a cabinet. For little money, they can create a tin army. If a figure gets broken, they know that I will repair or replace it."

More Peg Lucas Art

May 13, 2013

We have a framed horse made from broken bangle and pottery pieces found in the desert and made by our friend Peg Lucas in Dhahran, probably in the early '60s. I'll ask my mom if she remembers more specifically when she did the work.

Suzanne Dejong
garry.n.suzanne@gmail.com

NOTE: The Spring issue of Al-Ayyam Al-Jamilah ran a letter from Dr. Robert Pokorney about a 1965 Peg Lucas artwork made from shells, glass shards and pieces of ancient bracelets. Suzanne DeJong, daughter of Dorcas



Smith and the late Dr. Cecil Smith, who retired 1981, sent a picture of another piece of Lucas's art. Her sister Sarah had been in touch earlier to discuss how to donate pen-and-ink artworks from the Eastern Province to the King Abdulaziz Center for World Culture in Dhahran. Because of the archeological nature of Lucas's work, the Saudi Commission of Tourism and Antiquities in Riyadh asked to receive Lucas's artwork.



Stewart Booth Photo Query

May 14, 2013

... My father was an electrical engineer and worked for Aramco from the early 1950s until his retirement, but (aside from business trips to Saudi Arabia et al.) was always based in The Hague. My brother and I grew up in Holland.

If you ever come across a photo that happens to include our father Stewart F. Booth, we would love to have access to it.

Cathy Baudar
catbaud@comcast.net

Wedding Story a Hit

May 23, 2013

Thanks immensely for the bold feature of Didi's wedding in the latest edition of the magazine. I can't wait to see his

face when he sees it on Sunday. (We're all staying at a farm in Kent for a whole week starting on Saturday!)

Chika Udezue
chikanorah@yahoo.com

Tapliner: 'It's Been A Long Time'

June 10, 2013

This is not exactly a voice from beyond the grave, but it has been a long time.

I finally found the ... photos I lost when I sent the other Aramco photos ... along with several others for friends, filed among the recipes.

Betty Davis
1923 E. Joyce Blvd., #220
Fayetteville, AR 72703
Bldavis2001@gmail.com

NOTE: Betty Gosfield joined Aramco in 1963, met Robert Davis in Dhahran and they married in 1965 after he joined Tapline. (The April 1965 issue of Tapline's Pipeline Periscope remarked



Robert H. Davies takes a coffee break, probably in the mid-1950s. He worked first for Aramco and joined Tapline in the 1960s, becoming manager of Industrial Relations.

that the Davises had embarked "on the ship of matrimony" March 26 in Beirut.) Bob retired in 1972 and died in 1999, and Betty recently donated his photo collection to the King Abdulaziz Center for World Culture in Dhahran.

'Small World Story'

June 13, 2013

Small world story of interest: My daughter Renell's son, Logan Bourne, who has been to Saudi Arabia and met many Aramcons and enjoyed thrilling days of experiencing the dunes, Half Moon Bay, al-Khobar, etc., has been in Detroit temporarily, and has worked this week on the new Aramco Services Company Research Center building in nearby Novi, Mich. He is hoping to witness the arrival of Saudi Aramco President and CEO Khalid Al-Falih and other Saudis....

I'm watching the *Detroit Free Press* for news on the opening of the research center, one of the three new ones mentioned.

Bev Swartz
c/o Carter Swartz II
5348 Huntingwood Ct
Sarasota, FL 34235

NOTE: Bev Swartz, who kept in close touch with Al-Ayyam Al-Jamilah, died July 13 and this was her last correspondence. ASC's research center in Novi, Mich., opened in July. Its focus is on carbon capture from mobile sources and fuel-technology research, as well as research on fuel and engine development. Other ASC research centers are being established in Houston, Texas, and Cambridge, Mass.

Bev loved exploring the Saudi countryside, where she discovered a number of archeological objects. On July 11, her son Carter II wrote to say that he had visited "Roads of Arabia," an exhibition of ancient artifacts from the kingdom, in Pittsburgh, Penn. "One of her last wishes was that one of us would be able to visit the exhibit while it is in the States," he noted. "She was thrilled when I brought her the exhibition book."

JUNGERS REVEALS SECRETS & SUCCESS

CARROTS to KINGS CONVERSATION
BY ARTHUR CLARK

Frank Jungers, the CEO who guided Aramco through its most transformative period, returned to Dhahran late last year and discussed topics ranging from carrots to kings at the inaugural Intergenerational Dialogue in the offices of the King Abdulaziz Center for World Culture.

Jungers said Aramco had an exceptional cross-cultural heritage, enabling the company to grow with the kingdom. "It started from zero and moved up to where it is today," Jungers said of the enterprise, bringing Americans and Saudis together under one hat. The North Dakota native joined Aramco in San Francisco in 1947, moved to Ras Tanura two years later and served as CEO from 1973-77, retiring the next year. On Dec. 9, he spoke to center staff and members of Saudi Aramco's Accelerated Transformation Program (ATP) Youth Leader Advisory Board (YLAB), sharing thoughts about his career and emphasizing the company's good links with Riyadh. "We had a good relationship with the government," said the sprightly 86-year-old, the last living American CEO. "We were respected, as you are today." But Jungers also said Aramco had to work hard to convince its four shareholder companies in the United States to undertake some landmark projects they considered too expensive or too demanding for management to handle. Fortune magazine called his job "one of the most delicate positions in all industry." Jungers was CEO at the time of the 1973 oil embargo, presided over the first phases of the Master Gas Systems and oversaw the establishment of the Saudi Consolidated Electric Company (SCECO) in the Eastern Province—the template for today's

'Carrots to Kings' Was Tasty

June 24, 2013

Let me congratulate you for "Carrots to Kings." The essay improved and increased my knowledge about Aramco, SCECO and the character and behavior of Frank Jungers, the then-CEO, toward Aramco and the company's Saudi employees.

Shahid Husain
755-Zaidi Society
Meerut (U.P.) 250002
India
husainshahid@rediffmail.com

Time Marches On

June 24, 2013

Thank you for sending me *Al-Ayyam Al-Jamilah* for so many years; I enjoyed receiving it because I recognized most of the people. But now, at age 89, I do not recognize anyone! So please save yourself the effort and cost of sending me any more copies.

Best wishes to all the Aramcons! I have very fond memories of all the years I spent in Saudi Arabia.

Mary Baumgartner
3510 Bahia Blanca
W Unit 2G
Laguna Woods, CA 92637-2959

Former Aramcon ‘Thrilled’ by Kenya Sponsorship Success

Former Aramcon Alice Hastings-James, executive director of Kenya Scholarship Fund (KSF) International (www.help-to-kenya.org), travelled to Kenya in July with her daughter Cynthia and Cynthia’s family to meet KSF students and see how KSF scholarships had affected their lives.

They also distributed 216 pairs of donated shoes and socks to orphans in Ngong as a KSF community-outreach project. The donations came from Greater Love Church in Houston, Texas.

Hastings-James spent seven weeks in Kenya, where she was born. She and her husband Richard, who retired in 2005, live in Houston.

Hastings-James said she was “thrilled” to meet Sophie Aura Knight, who graduated from State House Girls High School in Nairobi in 2011 and received a KSF scholarship to attend Moi University in Eldoret. Ladies of Arabia (LOA), a group of ex-Aramcons in the Houston area founded by Judy Thomas, sponsored Knight’s junior and senior years in high school.

“Nothing I can offer will be able to measure up to the help you ladies gave me,” Knight wrote to LOA members last

year. “Thanks to you, I saw reason to continue ‘cause oftentimes I would pity myself and wonder why the other students had fees and I didn’t.”

She pledged to use her education to

help needy children and said she hoped “we will meet face to face ‘cause you have inspired me to follow the path you followed.” With Hastings-James’s visit, part of that wish came true.



Kenya Scholarship Fund (KSF) International Executive Director Alice Hastings-James, right, and KSF’s Nairobi director, left, flank recent KSF scholarship recipients including Sophie Aura Knight, right.

Bratts Bloom in Minnesota

John and Mary Bratt of Eveleth, Minn., are growing prizewinning blooms at their home by Ely Lake, where they retired in 1994 following John’s career as an engineer in Ras Tanura and Dhahran and at Aramco

Services Company in Houston, Texas. Mary was a nurse at the Dhahran Health Center from 1973-76 and in Houston.

The couple’s two children, Glen and Merilee, were five and 2 ½ when the family arrived in 1965. “We can say we have the ‘real’ Bratts,” Mary quips.

The Bratts have two acres of gardens and won the Community Service Award of Merit from the Minnesota State Horticultural Society in 2012. Eveleth is 65 miles north of Duluth, Minn.

This year they won 17 ribbons at the Eveleth Fayal Flower Show. In addition, Mary’s suggestion, “Everything’s Coming Up Flowers,” was selected as the title of the show.

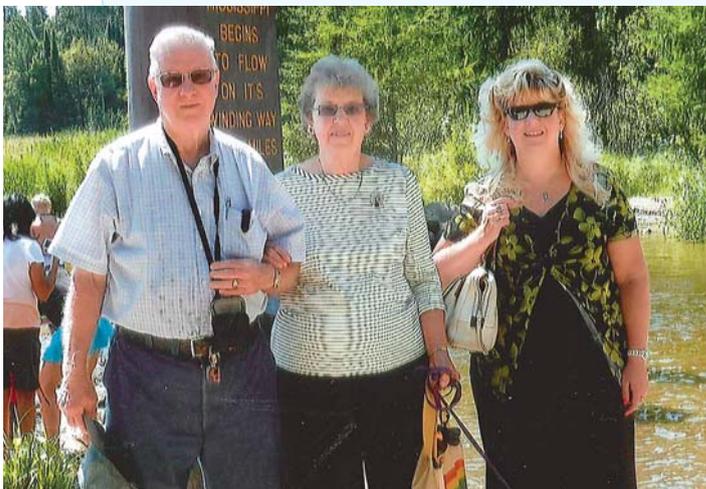
The 2012 horticultural award recognized the Bratts for “efforts and services [that have] contributed toward improving horticulture and the quality of life

in your community.” Mary, who is vice president of the Eveleth Fayal Garden Club, says she and her husband “find it very satisfying to share our knowledge, extra bulbs, etc.” with others.

They also share their garden with bear cubs and nesting robins, she notes.

A flyer for a local garden tour in 2012 says that the Bratts’ “specialties” are dahlias and hydrangeas.

The Bratts’ white dahlia invites smelling.



John, Mary and Merrilee Bratt pose by the source of the Mississippi River in their home state of Minnesota. Merrilee was 2 1/2 when she arrived in Saudi Arabia in 1965.



MARY BRATT; OPPOSITE LEFT: BARBARA BLEUER

Bobb Races to 5th-Place Finishes

Fred Bobb (DH'72) finished fifth in the 100- and 50-yard breaststroke races in the men's 55-60 age group at the National Senior Games in Cleveland, Ohio, on July 20 and 22. There were 26 entrants in each event.

Bobb, 56, clocked 33.41 in the 50 and 1:17.07 in the 100; that compares with his times of 33.37 and 1:15.93 at



Rusti Moore, center, former director of Nursing Education at the Dhahran Health Center, and her daughter Leah, a returning college student in 1984 and 1986, cheered Fred Bobb to a fifth-place finish in the 100-yard breaststroke at the National Senior Games.

the senior games in Houston, Texas, in 2011. He said the Cleveland State University Natatorium "ran a good meet—on time and fast-paced."

Although he did not medal, Bobb was happy to touch out the sixth-place finisher in the 50, who had topped him easily in the senior games in Stanford, Calif., in 2009.

The Palm City, Fla., resident got support from his fiancée Barbara Bleuer, former Aramcon Rusti Moore and her daughter Leah, from Cleveland, and friends from his *alma mater*, nearby Oberlin College, including the men's varsity swimming coach.

Spencer Trades Kids for Bison Babies

Lou Spencer, who retired from the Dhahran Schools in 2007 after a 27-year career, traded fifth and sixth graders for bison babies at Yellowstone National Park in Gardiner, Wyo., this spring.

"Wildflowers are out and the park is greening up," he wrote from Gardiner in May. "Bison babies started appearing two weeks ago.... The babies are called red dogs because they look like Irish setters or golden retrievers."

This was Spencer's third tour of duty in Yellowstone as a volunteer. He spent January-March at Lamar Buffalo Ranch in a valley in the park's northern range.

He wasn't far from teaching at the ranch: It's the site of the Yellowstone Assn. Institute, where visitors study everything from photography to wolf-watching to park ecology. The ranch has cabins and a bunkhouse for cooking and classes.

Spencer did "camp duty" and served as program assistant for the instructors. The former role "meant cleaning and helping out at the camp," he said, and the latter included piloting a 15-passenger bus, often on ice and snow.



Lou Spencer, right, pauses with pals on a hike in Yellowstone National in March. The near-freezing temperatures that day were almost balmy compared with the -24°F reading that greeted him on his arrival Jan. 1.

A highlight of his ranch stay was watching wolves. "We were able to observe mating, inter-pack rivalry, hunting and killing of prey, and darting and collaring of Alpha males and females," he said.

Spencer headed home to Signal Mountain, Tenn., early in June. But not for long: The indefatigable traveler led a Dhahran Outing Group trip to Kenya in August, with plans to lead a trip to Iran in September and Myanmar in October.

Walkers Teach Kids about Kingdom

Bill and Judy Walker donned Saudi dress July 28 to make a presentation about Saudi Arabia to children at the Wildflower Unitarian Universalist Church in Austin, Texas, of which Bill is a member. The Walkers, who retired in 1995 after 16 years in Dhahran, gave a similar presentation at the church in 2008.

The activity was part of the church's World Travelers program. It introduces children to other countries and cultures, and to world religions and spiritual practices "in a fun, relaxed setting that includes a lot of age-appropriate, participatory activities," Bill said.

In addition to showing some of

their Saudi souvenirs and talking about life in the kingdom, the Walkers read a story and gave each child a coloring book, two storybooks, an ecology DVD and a CD of Arabic music, provided through Aramco Services Company. They capped the event by handing out Arab sweets.

'Kids' Meet for First Time

Don Homewood and Fran Fobes Turner, whose dads shared a house in Dhahran in the 1940s, met for the first time at Homewood's residence in Santa Rosa, Calif., in July. She called on him during a trip from her home in Georgetown, Texas.

Charles Homewood and George Fobes traveled separately from California to Dhahran in 1938. They lived at 1635A Gazelle Circle from 1943-45, when Homewood moved out so that Fobes's wife Margaret could move in.

The house is still there, a few steps from Steineke Hall.

Homewood came to Dhahran as a radio operator. Jean Homewood arrived with the couple's daughter Katherine in 1946, and Don was born in Dhahran in 1948.

Don told Fran that his dad earned \$150 a month working for Standard Oil of California in San Francisco while waiting for a job in Saudi Arabia. He got a raise to \$250 a month in Dhahran.

Charles Homewood retired as chief safety officer in 1973. Don, who had left to attend boarding school in 1963, returned as an employee in 1981 and retired himself in 1998. He lived in Dhahran with his wife Ellie and their children Erin and Andrew.

George Fobes worked first in the carpenter shop and later with meters and precision instruments used in the refinery. He



Fran Fobes Turner finally met Don Homewood in July. Their fathers, Charles Homewood and George Fobes, shared a house in Dhahran from 1943-45, before Fran and Don were born.

"100 men" who manned the company during the darkest days of World War II.

Fobes traveled to the United States in 1941 to take instrument and

refinery training. He returned to the kingdom in 1943 after getting married.

Don and his wife Ellie hosted Fran's mother Margaret in Dhahran when she returned in 1990 after a 44-year absence. She and George had intended to make the trip, but he died before it could be planned. Fran's brother, also named Don, accompanied her instead.

During the visit, Margaret recognized the house in which the couple had lived in 1945-46, but said that the community where she'd spent two years had changed vastly, Fran noted.

and his wife departed in 1946 and Fran was born in California in 1947. She taught at girl's school in Jiddah, but never visited Dhahran.

Don said his father returned to the United States on home leave in November 1941. He took a British flying boat across India and on to Hong Kong, transferring to a DC3 that could fly low and island hop to Australia. There, he caught a ship to San Francisco, the last peacetime sailing on that route.

To start his return trip to the kingdom in 1942, Don said his dad had to be given the rank of an Army captain to travel by train. He was among the famous

Abqaiq 'Daughter' Earns Ph.D.

Samia Khan, the daughter of former Abqaiq residents Mrs. Imtiaz Jehan Khan and Qamar Khan of Karachi, Pakistan, received a Ph.D. from the Miller School of Medicine at the University of Miami (UM) early this year.

Qamar Khan retired as a contract advisor in 2012 after a 37-year career.

Samia Khan enrolled in the Interdisciplinary Biomedical Sciences Program at UM in 2007. She lives in Chicago, Ill., with her husband Imran Khan and is doing postdoctoral work at the Rush University Medical Center.



Samia Khan

SAEEA Voters Return Most Officeholders

Ninety guests celebrated the third anniversary of the Saudi Aramco Ex-Employees Assn. (SAEEA) in Karachi on Aug. 31, and 53 members voted in an election that returned all but one of the organization's original officeholders to their positions.

The reelected officers are: Kamal A. Farooqi, president; Iqbal Ahmed Khan, vice president; Ghulam Qutubuddin Khan, general secretary; Mohammad Abdulmatin, coordinator; and Shafiq Ahmed Khan, joint secretary. Salim Hamid ran unopposed for treasurer, assuming the job held by Sher Ali.

At the group's previous meeting, April 21, Farooqi named Naghma Manzoor Shaikh, wife of retiree Manzoor Ahmed Shaikh, and Razia Younus Sheikh, wife of Mohammad Younus Sheikh, to share the duties of SAEEA ladies representative.



Mrs. Razia Younus Shaikh and Mrs. Naghma Manzoor Sheikh, left and right, were named SAEEA ladies representatives this spring.



‘Texas Evening Under the Stars’ Draws 300

Retiree Verne Stueber strikes a round-up pose with his daughter Kathy Green at “A Very Special Informal Texas Evening Under the Stars” April 23 in Hockley, Texas. Saudi Aramco President and CEO Khalid Al-Falih hosted the event, held in conjunction with the Saudi Aramco Board of Directors meeting in nearby Houston. Some 300 guests enjoyed a night with board members and company executives past and present. Stueber, of Tomball, Texas, joined Aramco in 1952 and retired as manager of Manufacturing and Oil Supply in 1986. He met his wife, the late Becky Stueber, in Dhahran in 1953 and Kathy was born there in 1968.

Golden Celebration

Retirees Bob and Jane Grutz traveled from Houston, Texas, to Alexandria, Va., to celebrate their 50th wedding anniversary May 4 with their daughter Heidi Rebecca Grutz Karsten, her husband Tom and grandsons Eric and Elliot. They met with fellow former Aramcon Herta Ellerbe, also of Alexandria, whose daughter Elizabeth Ellerbe Agar took the photo below. The Grutz’s daughter and Elizabeth were classmates and good friends at the Dhahran School.



Jane and Bob Grutz, left, pose with Herta Ellerbe on a 50th-anniversary outing in Alexandria, Va.

Dr. Amna Asif Mirza Marries in Karachi

Dr. Amna Asif Mirza, daughter of former Aramcon Asif Mirza and his wife Yasmin, married Dr. Fahad Bin Zulfiqar in a colorful ceremony in Karachi, Pakistan, on March 1.

The bride graduated from Ziauddin Medical College in Clifton and her husband graduated from Dow Medical College in Karachi.

Asif Mirza worked for Southern Area Office Services in Abqaiq from 1973-87.



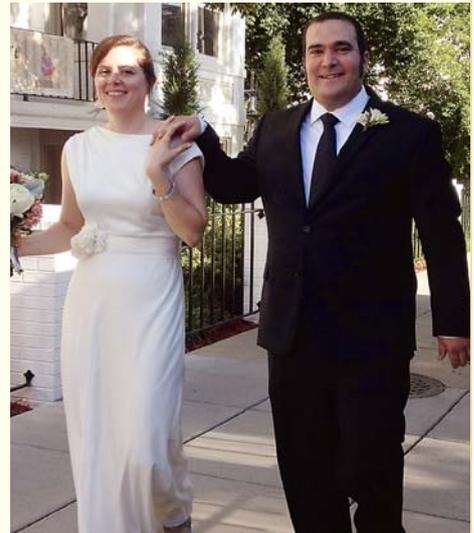
Dr. Amna Asif Mirza poses with her husband, Dr. Fahad Bin Zulfiqar.

Banta Wins Harvard Honors; Weds Beth O’Brien

Marlon Banta (DH’88), son of Aramco retirees Robert and Grace Banta and brother of Angelique Banta Antonic (DH’86), married Elizabeth “Beth” O’Brien on July 6 in Washington, D.C. The wedding took place two blocks from the U.S. Capitol in Florida House, near the bride’s childhood home.

The couple met at Harvard’s graduate school in Cambridge, Mass., where Banta graduated *summa cum laude* in May with a master’s degree in environmental management. He delivered the student address and won the Commencement Speaker Prize, and is now a manager at Dassault Systèmes SolidWorks Corp. in Waltham, Mass.

His wife is a mental-health counselor at Newton North High School in Newton, Mass.



Marlon Banta and his bride stroll in Washington, D.C.

Couple Celebrates Valima Reception

Faraz Salim, the son of Salim Hamid and his wife Bano, married Samia Baig in Karachi, Pakistan, in June. Hamid worked

in the Fixed Assets Accounting Dept. from 1976-87. The newlyweds celebrated their *valima* reception June 24.

BY JENN HARBERT (AB'75)



Attendees from classes 1957 to 2012, plus family members and guests, gathered for a photo at their reunion resort in Tucson, nestled in the foothills of the Santa Catalina Mountains.

Our Reunion Committee couldn't have picked a better venue for the 14th Brats Reunion, held May 23-27 in Tucson, Ariz.

The setting selected by Erica Ryrholm (DH'72), John Prugh (RT'66), Colette Philip (DH'69), Hirath Ghorl (DH'75) and Alex Yiannakakis (RT'74) and Donna Yiannakakis for our semiannual gathering was perfect: the Westin La Paloma Resort, nestled in the foothills of the Santa Catalina Mountains.

Desert breezes played around a beautiful facility filled with southwestern arches, colored tiles and a friendly staff. My favorite Reunions (I habitually capitalize the R

because each of these events is the Mother of Reunions) are held in the desert and this get-together—which drew around 630 Brats, spouses, parents, offspring and teachers—goes down as one of the best ever!

I have to admit that planning for Reunion this time around was bittersweet: I'd lost my mom (Marjorie Harbert, an elementary-school teacher in Ras Tanura and Abqaiq from 1962-77) the previous November, and one of my favorite Reunion tasks had been sharing stories about how former students of hers were doing. She loved her students and that was one way to keep up with a few of them. And I loved making this happen for her.

So this time, I decided to

Karen Fallon (AB'58) "dresses up" with ornate henna designs.

tackle Reunion a different way. I signed up to be a *suq* vendor.

I'd noticed in years past that the vendors seemed to have a great time. They said they'd become acquainted with all kinds of wonderful people they wouldn't otherwise have chanced to meet. I wanted to see what the experience was like.

First, I had to figure out what to offer. I decided to bring along some photo greeting cards that I make and sell at home in Arlington, Wash. While the cards are nice, they have nothing to do with our life in Saudi Arabia, so I racked my brain for other ideas.

Two weeks before I left home to drive to Reunion (with my horse Shurooq in tow) I finally hit on what might go over well. My father John Harbert, who retired in 1977 after a 27-year career in Abqaiq, always had a camera with him and had considerable photographic talent, too.

I took some of his old slides, scanned them, fixed them up in Photoshop and made prints to see how folks liked them. As it turned out, they sold well.

But that wasn't the best experience that came out of the exercise. Dad has been gone





Left: Michael Grimes (AB'75) has fun with old classmates, author Jenn Harbert and her husband Wayne Harms, in the *suq*. Right: Mark Rines (RT'70), his sister Gail Rines-Leathers (DH'62) and their mother Marjorie, 90, reconnected at the reunion.

for more than eight years and I had allowed myself to forget some things about him. As I went through hundreds of his Kodachrome slides, I began to see through my father's eyes some things that were important to him.

He loved history, meeting new people as well as enjoying old friends, and gentle

Eighty-five-year-old Betty Hesrick, who taught kindergarten at the Ras Tanura school from 1957-68, shared fond memories of days gone by with former students in Tucson. She brought along her 1962 Aramco ID card.

humor. I remembered anew his talent to make people laugh and be comfortable in his company. Going through his slide collection became a labor of love and I was so pleased that people who visited my table enjoyed his work. He lives on!

It is true that *suq* vendors meet wonderful people. Among my new acquaintances are Randy and Lynn Miller (DH'60). I love meeting married Brat couples because my hubby Wayne is from my own class (AB'75). I feel like these marriages "stick" and some day I'd like to do some research on whether they last better than Brat/non-Brat unions.

For now, it is only my theory.

I also met a Ras Tanura teacher affectionately known as "Mad Betty." Betty Hesrick, 85, knew my mom and told me stories about her I had never heard before.

What a treasure Betty was, and such energy! I saw her everywhere, and enjoyed watching her talking with her former students and happily meeting people new to her. Sadly, she died a few days after the reunion. But I know that Betty cherished the chance to see so many old friends.

A little later, a lady came by whom I hadn't seen in more than 40 years: Barbara Beckley Heffington (DH'73), the first Dhahran kid I remember meeting! My parents

were very good friends with her folks, Walt and Dorothy Beckley, and in the late '60s my family traveled from Abqaiq to their inviting home for visits.

Dorothy had an amazing, infectious smile that I adored and Walt was the kind of host who made even a kid feel welcome. As Barbara and I looked over my father's photos, memories of our visits to their home

"My favorite Reunions are held in the desert and this get-together—which drew some 630 guests—goes down as one of the best ever!"

came flooding back, and when she smiled it was like seeing her mother again. The similarity was wonderful to behold!

Of course, Reunion wasn't taken up completely by time in the *suq*. On one of my many trips through the hotel lobby, I happened upon a Rines-family mini-reunion. It had been years since 90-year-old Marjorie Rines had seen her children Gail Rines-Leathers (DH'62) and Mark Rines (RT'70) together. Mark was so busy photographing the two ladies I could hardly talk him into joining them for a



REUNION

by the numbers

478

Brats

6

teachers

8

parents

138

spouses/children/guests

Largest class:

1975 and
1984

(25 each)

Oldest class represented:

1957

(4)

Youngest class represented:

2012

(1)

quick photo.

What a happy family. Seeing them made my heart sing!

I learned that Mark's father Douglas came to Dhahran as an instrument technician in the 1940s. In 1970 he was reassigned to Ras Tanura as superintendent of Northern Area Materials. He retired in 1980, but couldn't stay off the job—so he worked as a consultant on a major parts-acquisition project at Aramco Services Company in Houston, Texas. Five years later, he "really" retired with Marjorie, his wife of 55

years, to Tempe, Ariz. What a wonderful 35-year-plus Aramco career!

Not long after seeing the Rineses, I spotted my former math teacher Joseph Sprietsma! A group of his former students corralled him to see how he was doing now. "Very well," he said.

He is 81 and claims to be retired, but he still teaches, right there in Tucson! This time, his subject is English as a second language. He is also a member of the Tucson Community Justice Board, applying what's called "restorative justice" to help youth who have committed minor offenses straighten out their lives. I can't help wondering if teaching Aramco Brats helped him prepare for his current career.

When he arrived in Dhahran in 1959, he taught Saudis preparing for college. In 1961, he transferred to the Dhahran School to teach science and math, and he moved to Abqaiq in 1972. I was in his eighth-grade math class in 1973. He retired

1 "Abqaiq crew" members Karen Fogle and Gina Hess-Tanner ('76) Una Hess-Johnson ('77) teamed up early on. 2 Robert Doody (left) and Rory Redwood hadn't seen each other since they were 11-year-olds in Ras Tanura in 1961. Their reunion was a surprise! 3 Former teacher Joseph Sprietsma, 81, is retired in name only: He's an active Tucson community member. 4 Joe and Thomas Haughey (l-r, RT'57 and '65) display photos of their father Jack, a boilerman at the refinery from 1947-63. 5 Retiree Ali Baluchi, smiles with banquet tablemates Jan Michele Philip-Bramstoft (DH'77) and her daughter Elliana, who came from Denmark.

from Aramco in 1974. (I hope not because of me!)

In the hall outside the *sug* we welcomed a new activity this year: a henna table. It was busy every time I walked by, with people choosing their pattern, others chatting while they waited, and others simply watching the beautiful creations that were being drawn on their friends. I was told the henna tattoos would last about a week. What a fitting addition to our normal range of activities!

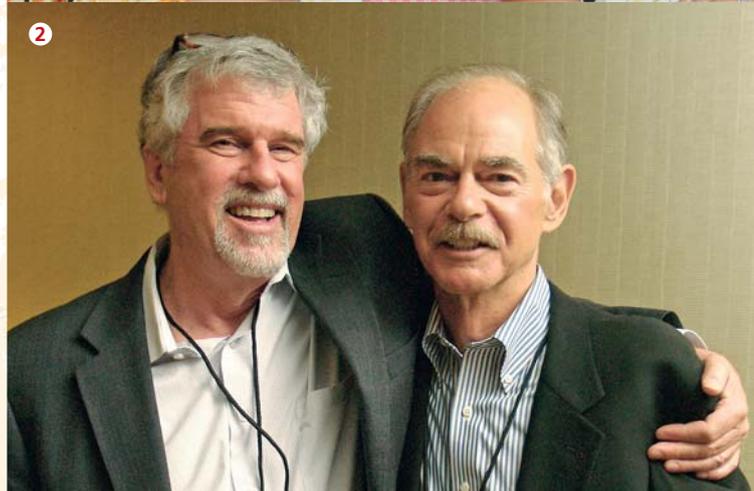
No Reunion is complete without spending time with my Abqaiq crew, including friends like Karen Fogle and Gina Hess-Tanner ('76), Una Hess-Johnson ('77) and Tor Hermannsson ('74). We got together Friday night—and still had the whole weekend before us!

Nor is one complete without the election of AramcoBrats, Inc., officers. The team taking office Nov. 1 is: Hirath Ghori (DH'75), president; Duane Hoppel (RT'79), vice president; Gina Hess-Tanner, secretary; and Tom Littlejohn (DH'84), treasurer. Our time together went by so quickly. Before I knew it, we were dressing up for the banquet Sunday night, and then checking out Monday morning. I asked the front-desk staff how they'd fared with more than 600 people from our group running around the place for four days.

"We have never seen such a happy group of people who get along so well and



1



2



3

4



5

obviously love each other," replied one, and her colleagues wholeheartedly agreed.

Yeah. That's us. See you in two!

AMERICAN COMMUNITY SCHOOL STUDENTS Reunite

WRITTEN AND PHOTOGRAPHED BY WILLIAM TRACY (ACS'53)

Every three years U.S. alumni of the American Community School (ACS) at Beirut hold an all-class reunion. Not surprisingly, given the history of the school since the late 1940s, many Aramcons were among the some 275 ACS-ers, spouses and friends who gathered in San Diego over the July 4 weekend for this year's event.

From its early days, Aramco provided education for the children of its U.S. employees in Saudi Arabia, first through eighth grade and then, starting around mid-century, through grade nine. As the company expanded operations after World War II, it looked for a place nearby to satisfy its growing need for high-school classes outside the kingdom.

ACS had earned a reputation for excellence under the sponsorship of the American University of Beirut and the Presbyterian Mission. Aramco and the Trans-Arabian Pipe Line Company (Tapline) became a third sponsor.

They agreed to provide funds for a new and larger school building near the university and the Mediterranean, land for playing fields and future expansion and, importantly, a dormitory for boarding students with spaces reserved

ACSers and spouses from the mid-'50s, most with Aramco connections, enjoy dinner. Far side (l-r): Paul Schmidbauer, Cynthia Swanson, retiring ACS headmaster George Damon, Renate Graham, Marilyn Bunyan Wilkens and Nick Graham. Near side: Bob Wilkens, Bob Swanson, Joanne Yohe Rosenthal (hidden) and Dave Engen and his wife Kasia.

for Aramco's use. The company continued to support ACS through the mid-1970s, when civil strife in Lebanon forced the boarding department to close.

ACS celebrated its centennial in 2005. Although today's student body of more than a thousand is primarily Lebanese, nearly 50 countries are represented.

The reunion at San Diego's Sheraton Harbor Island began Thursday evening with a reception and dinner

around the hotel swimming pool, followed by spectacular fireworks on the waterfront.

Friday offered opportunities to visit some of San Diego's historic and scenic attractions, with individual class dinners at local restaurants and a variety show featuring alumni singers and musicians. Saturday saw a formal business meeting, followed by a

gala banquet with dancing that evening and a farewell breakfast Sunday.

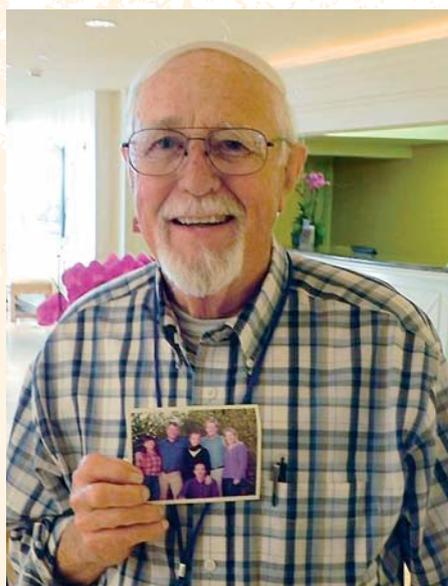
The Aramco connections at the reunion were particularly fun for me because whenever I walked through the hotel lobby someone spotting my nametag would recognize me as an *Aramco World* contributor. Then they'd either mention how much they'd enjoyed the magazine over the years or ask how they might get on its mailing list.

Another treat was the presence of three friends who'd lived next door to my family at various times during my Ras Tanura childhood.

One was Marilyn Bunyan Wilkens, whose engineer father Matt Bunyan worked in Ras Tanura from 1944, during the construction of the refinery, and then in Dhahran until he retired in 1968. Her mother Esther worked for awhile at the Dhahran Airbase.

Marilyn and I graduated from RT's first ninth-grade class in 1950 and went on to graduate from ACS in 1953. She and her husband

Tom Ball, whose father first went to Saudi Arabia in 1938, attended ACS, as did his four children when he later worked in Beirut.





Touring the battleship *Missouri*, anchored in San Diego Harbor as a Navy museum, one-time naval officer Dave Engen (ACS'54) spotted the familiar Ras Tanura headland on a map of the Arabian Gulf.

Bob have attended many ACS reunions. During Aramco's 75th anniversary in 2008, she and her daughter Karen visited Dhahran and shook hands with King Abdullah. She was one of 29 "returning children" who in 1947 met and shook hands with Saudi Arabia's first monarch, Abdullah's father King Abdulaziz.

Another Ras Tanura neighbor was Judy Mandaville Lipman (ACS'56). Judy's older brothers Jim and Jon also attended ACS and Jon is an ASC alumnus. Her father Paul Mandaville worked with Ras Tanura Community Services from 1944 until the mid-'60s and her mother Maxine was a teacher at the RT school.

In 1963 Judy and her husband Jim traveled to Saudi Arabia to visit her parents. In 1999 they visited again on a Stanford University alumni tour.

My third former neighbor was Myles Jones, whose father Merlin worked at the RT Marine Terminal from 1946-60. Although Myles didn't attend ACS, he came to the reunion with his wife Susan Kellenberg Jones, who was a day student there while her father George Kellenberg was comptroller,

then vice president, of Tapline in Beirut in the 1950s and '60s. Myles was among the kids who returned in 2008 with Susan to meet King Abdullah.

Aside from alumni who attended ACS when their parents worked for Aramco, Tapline or Aramco Overseas Company (AOC), others came to

the reunion as spouses or had adult connections with the school while Aramco employees or as employees of contractors doing business with the company in Saudi Arabia. I visited with several during our stay in San Diego:

Tom Ball has multiple links with Aramco and ACS. His father Dan went to Saudi Arabia in 1938 and in 1940 evacuated around the tip of Africa as World War II began to impact the Middle East. He returned to Aramco from 1945-47 and then worked for Tapline in Beirut and Sidon until 1953.

As an 11th-grader in 1947-48, Tom was among the vanguard of "oil kids" to attend

ACS. When he worked with the U.S. Agency for International Development (USAID) in Beirut from 1969-76, his four children attended ACS, three graduating there. During his final year at USAID, he served on the school's board of trustees; later, a daughter and her husband taught at ACS.

Gary Cody was only at ACS for the 10th grade, in 1954. His father Orville ("Dick") retired from Drilling in Abqaiq in 1962. From 1970-75 Gary worked for Aramco and AOC in The Hague.

He met his wife to be, Cathie Bresenham Cody, on a plane en route to Saudi Arabia when he was a young employee and she was a returning student. Her brother Damon attended ASC and her father Elton Bresenham worked with Maintenance in Dhahran and also at AOC.

Bill Crays studied at ACS from 1953-56. His father Glenn worked in Exploration in Abqaiq and then in Dhahran, where he later worked in Government Affairs. Bill married Nancy Scafer, another Aramco Brat.

David Engen (ACS'54) grew up in Ras Tanura, where his father Joe worked at the refinery from 1945-62 and his mother Doris taught at the RT school. Dave met King Abdulaziz in Dhahran 1947 and returned with his wife Kasia to meet King Abdullah five years ago.

Linda McCarthy Schick (ACS'57) returned to Dhahran in 2008, too. Her father Richard worked in Ras Tanura from 1946-48, in Dhahran from 1948-56 and at AOC in Beirut until 1958. He rejoined Aramco from 1958-61.

Linda Handschin Sheppard attended ACS from 1965-68 and edits its newsletter. Her father Richard Handschin was medical director in Dhahran from 1958-68 and "his name

was on our shot cards for many years," she remembers. She studied Arabic at the University of Washington in Seattle and married attorney Ken Sheppard, who worked in Dhahran from 1974-78.

Patrick Hinds graduated from ACS in 1956. His dad James worked in Ras Tanura from 1953-57.

Mug Kelberer (ACS'73) was born in Beirut and attended ACS as a day student her entire school career. Two sisters (not at this year's reunion) also studied at ACS: Barbara

Mug Kelberer, who attended ACS as a day student her entire school life, volunteered to help sell books with articles by ACS alumni at the reunion. Paul Schmidbauer gives one a look.



Lightning Strikes Twice

BY ARTHUR CLARK

Lightning struck Aramco Brat and ACS student Doug Brice twice in May. Chance rendezvous in Maryland brought back a flood of memories of his days in Dhahran, al-Khobar and Beirut, and put him back in touch with an Aramco-ACS pal with whom he hadn't spoken in half a century.

Brice (DH'50) is the son of Arthur and Helen Brice. His dad joined the Materials and Stores organization in Dhahran in 1947 and he and his mom arrived in 1948. Arthur Brice later became supervisor of Dammam Pier; he retired in the mid-1960s.

Doug Brice lives with his wife Kitty in Columbia, Md. He volunteered to help more than 5,000 museum professionals from 50 countries navigate the extensive exposition at the American Alliance of Museums conference in Baltimore May 19-22, where Saudi Aramco's King Abdulaziz Center for World Culture, now rising in Dhahran, had a major booth. He spotted the booth, introduced himself and sampled the dates and cardamom-flavored coffee on hand.

A few days later, Brice and his wife were out for a drive and stopped by a hotel just across the Potomac River in National Harbor, where they came face to face with a Saudi Aramco Job Fair.

"I almost fell over," he wrote. "Here were 100-plus Saudis applying for Saudi Aramco jobs. I met a fellow named Faisal who seemed very interested in knowing my father worked for Aramco and I was one of the first students to graduate from Dhahran's ninth grade....

"I couldn't get over how crowded it was. I thought I had awakened and was back in Dammam or al-Khobar."

After that, Brice contacted his ACS classmate Monroe Pastermack, son of Monroe and Ruth Pastermack, who lives in Oakland, Calif. Pastermack's dad worked as a pipefitter at the Ras Tanura

Refinery in the 1944-45, then left the company and returned to work for the Saudi Arab Government Railroad in 1949, and finally rejoined Aramco. He retired in 1966.

Ruth Pulliam, Monroe Pastermack's sister, also worked for the company for a time.

Pastermack was a high-school student when his mother joined his dad in Saudi Arabia in 1951, so he

stayed in Beirut and visited Dhahran as a summer student.

He sent photos of Aramco students performing in *Arsenic and Old Lace* at ACS in 1953. He and Brice, along with Aramcons Bill Tracy, Jim Mandaville, Rich Howard and Dave Jervis, had roles in the play, which was directed by James Akins, a well-liked ASC chemistry teacher who later became U.S. ambassador to Saudi Arabia.

Brice roomed with Tracy his first year at ACS and with Harry Bolton, another Aramcon, the next. He transferred to a school in Geneva, Switzerland, in 1953.



Top: Aramcons (l-r) Monroe Pastermack, Jim Mandaville, Doug Brice and David Jervis (along with Bill Tracy) starred in *Arsenic and Old Lace* at ASC in 1953. Bottom: Doug Brice chats in Saudi Aramco's booth at the American Alliance of Museums Conference in May.

TOP: COURTESY MONROE PASTERMACK; BOTTOM: CHAD WYATT



Passing their reunion hotel on a San Diego Harbor cruise are Paul Schmidbauer, Bill Tracy and Kasia Quillinan, who attended the event with her husband, Dave Engen.

McDonald (ACS'75) and Elizabeth Kerr. John Kelberer, the girls' father, was a long-time member of ACS's board of trustees. He worked with Tapline, both on the line in Saudi Arabia and in Beirut, and later served as Aramco's CEO.

Gladys McWood, whose father Bill McWood worked in Aramco Personnel, attended ACS from 1956-58. From 1980-85, after marrying Mike Woodruff of Ras Tanura, she worked for Aramco Services

Company in Houston, Texas.

Paul Schmidbauer (ACS'55) attended the 2000 and 2009 Expatriates reunions in Saudi Arabia. Paul's father Bill worked in Drafting in Dhahran from 1945-61.

Carlene Snyder Howland attended ACS from 1946 until her graduation in 1950. Her father Harry Snyder worked with the Near East College Association in Beirut, then from 1947-49 at the Dhahran Airbase teaching Saudis to fly, and from 1949-68 in Aramco's Training Dept. He worked at the College of Petroleum and Minerals in Dhahran from 1969-72. Carlene's mother Olive worked in health education at Aramco from 1967-68.

Bob Swanson, who attended ACS from 1951-54, and Joanne Yohe Rosenthal (ACS'53) rounded out my "visited with" list at the reunion. Bob was both a boarder and a day student while his father Oscar worked for Aramco in Dhahran and Tapline in Beirut.

Joanne was a boarding student from Abqaiq where her father Sterling Yohe worked at the powerhouse from 1951-68.

NOTE: Bill Tracy arrived in Ras Tanura in 1946 with his mother Margaret and his siblings to reunite with Frank Tracy, who'd been working at the refinery since 1945. Bill was assistant editor of Aramco World from 1967-77 and editor of Al-Ayyam Al-Jamilah from 1990 until he retired in 2000.

Linda Handschin Sheppard, ACS alumni newsletter editor, lived in Dhahran as a child in the 1950s and '60s and as a spouse in the '70s. Jim Richards, (ACS'68) lived at the Dhahran Airbase as a child.



RECALLING

THE

Road

less traveled

BY MARY NORTON



I am not certain, at this point, why I joined Aramco 55 years ago. Perhaps it was the gentle persuasion of a friend, travel, adventure, the possibility of a job in TV. Or maybe it was all of the above.

But I well remember that balmy, sunny day in November 1958 when *The Flying Oryx* landed at Dhahran Airport after a fun-filled journey from Idlewild Airport (now JFK) in New York, with stops

in Amsterdam and Beirut. The Dhahran International Terminal did not exist then and we were directed to long, open-air tables under a palm-frond roof, where Saudi officials inspected our luggage, their curiosity clearly piqued.

I knew that the Eastern Province was on the path to modernity, but as we drove toward our new home, the desert felt uncomfortably close, its dried brush and chunky rocks scattered on a sea of sand. No one could survive so harsh a landscape, I thought. Yet there he was, a young Bedouin herdsman, stick in hand, chasing a flock of black goats scampering among the limestone outcroppings near where King Fahd University of Petroleum and Minerals now stands.

To enter the Main Gate was to move from a sepia to a technicolor world, as much a shock as the desert we had just left. The cottages along King's Road and other streets were framed with pink oleanders and periwinkles, rich-red bougainvillas and grass that was actually green. We would not stop here,

though—my destiny lay farther down the road and to the right, a room in a barren, five-girl portable that had once housed 10.

Never mind, thanks to the support of my housemates and Steno Pool colleagues, I soon felt at home in my new lifestyle, and when the job in TV came through a few weeks later I was walking on air. Aramco's Channel 2, the Photo Unit and Communications Unit were located outside the Gate, in an old building that looked out over Jabal Dhahran and Well No. 7, where it all began.

The ambiance of Aramco TV was less formal than that of the Administration Building, perhaps a nod to creativity as programming was prepared with an eye to educating and entertaining a Saudi audience. Each night the telecast opened with a reading from the Qur'an, followed by programs on safety, health, the Arabic language and sports events, among others.

Hollywood movies and TV series such as *Rawhide* and *Perry Mason* were translated and dubbed-in for the primary audience. Americans could enjoy the English-language programs if they turned down their TV sound and tuned in on their radios.

Many of our young Saudi employees walked a fine, but difficult, line as they balanced specialized jobs and studies in a foreign language with the needs of their families in neighboring towns. With patience, goodwill and humor, they persevered and did well; some went on to establish thriving businesses.

Nineteen-fifty-eight was a big year for Aramco as it celebrated the 25th anniversary of the signing of the Concession Agreement and subsequent exploration of Jabal



HAVING FUN? Mary Norton puts on a brave face as Bill Morrall of Aramco TV prepares to perform a magic trick with a gayly painted guillotine at the division's holiday party in 1961.

Dhahran, part of the Dammam Dome. The year also marked the 20th anniversary of the discovery of oil, when Well No. 7 proved commercially viable.

But the Olympian accomplishments of those two decades speak most to the extraordinary vision and teamwork by Americans and Saudis. Since expansion did not get under way until the end of World War II, the time frame was even briefer. Between 1946 and 1958, Aramco discovered numerous oil fields including Safaniya, the world's largest offshore oil field, and Ghawar, the world's largest oil field. Amazingly, it had built the myriad complex facilities to enable a flow of more than 1 million barrels of oil a day.

It could also take credit for the construction of Dammam Port facilities and the Saudi Government Railroad from Dammam to Riyadh. Where family housing had been limited in Dhahran in 1940, now fully equipped and vibrant family communities were in place in Dhahran, Ras Tanura and Abqaiq.

The high level of energy and enthusiasm of this can-do culture did not stop with the sound of the shrill whistle at the end of the workday; rather, it seemed a call to action after-hours.

I soon realized this was no country for couch potatoes, as people fanned out to the playing fields, tennis courts and other recreational facilities, pursued hobbies and participated in groups such as Dramaramco and the Art and Garden groups.

The Dhahran Outing Group was keen to "See Arabia First" and many of us tagged along for memorable trips to Qatif Oasis, Tarut Island and Hofuf, where the old ways prevailed.

In such places, it was not uncommon to come across a man and his donkey cart, the henna-marked beast wreathed with turquoise beads, or to witness the donkey-powered water-uptake system of ropes and sheepskin bags that irrigated the oases. In Hofuf, we bargained for jewelry and baskets with brightly costumed, black-masked Bed-

WELCOME HOME! The author and her late husband Howie stand second from left, front and back, in Dhahran during a 2003 visit by a group composed mainly of former Aramcons, arranged by the National Council on U.S.-Arab Relations (NCUSAR) in Washington, D.C. Among the friends they met were the late Ismail Nawwab, center, and his daughter Ni'mah, second from right. Visitors to the Nortons' left are Greg Dowling, Tim Barger, Hugh Renfro, Bill and Marjorie Tracy, the late Joe Mahon, NCUSAR President John Duke Anthony and Bob Norberg. An advisor to the Council of Saudi Chambers of Commerce and Industry stands left.

“The energy and enthusiasm of this can-do culture did not stop with the sound of the shrill whistle at the end of the workday; rather, it seemed a call to action after-hours.”

ouin women, visited the famous potter and explored the fabled caves.

Al-Khobar was a standby and on Thursdays we would often take a bus or taxi to King Khalid St. to poke around and see what was new. Many open-air stalls from earlier years had been replaced with two- or three-story buildings that had ground-floor shops displaying gold jewelry, household items or Middle Eastern crafts.

Everywhere, we were treated as guests by the shopkeepers. My favorite was Jamil's General Store, a jumble shop where the kindly Jamil, who never forgot a face, presided over the chaos with dignity and calm as customers rooted high and low for hidden treasures.

I have saved my best memory for last.

By the numbers, bachelorettes had a definite edge over bachelors—not by the same ratio as when the first five secretaries arrived by launch in 1945 to find 200 men waiting at the pier to greet them, but significant enough to inspire a competitive spirit. A few days after my arrival, I was persuaded to go on a date with a tall, lanky Texan with a southern drawl and a dry wit.

We went to a party in a nearby bachelor

portable, which was fun but as crowded as a New York subway during rush hour. That night, the young man asked for a date for the following night and the night after that.

Years later, long after we had married, I learned why. Evidently, among bachelors there was a gentlemen's agreement: If one

were seen in public more than twice with the same woman, the others would step back to give him a chance. Thus was my fate sealed.

Nowadays, the smallest room in our home is also my favorite—the *majlis*, once a sunroom and now repository of memories and artifacts, proofs that my dreams were fulfilled beyond imaginings. Almost everything is Saudi in origin or from elsewhere in the Middle East.

Each morning, the sun sends narrow bands of gold through the slatted louvers to rest upon the gleaming coffeepots and the glass hookah, the unglazed Hofuf jug and rosewood scribe chest. In this room, I am home.

Along with so many dear friends who shared the journey, I am deeply grateful for my 30 years in Saudi Arabia, deeply grateful that I took the road less traveled. And that has made all the difference.

NOTE: Al-Ayyam Al-Jamilah asked Mary Norton to recall her early days in Dhahran to mark the 55th anniversary of her arrival. A longtime contributor to the magazine, she lives in Austin, Texas.



176

Countries and Counting



The Wide World of **WARREN BOUDREAU**



by Jane Waldron Grutz

Annuitant Warren Boudreaux hasn't visited every country on Planet Earth, but he has been to more than most. In fact, since he began his peripatetic ways in 1950, he's set foot in 176 countries, and possibly more.

He has crossed the Atlantic 181 times and the Pacific 42 times. 'Round-the-world flights? Boudreaux has taken 14, including three by chartered jet. Theater trips to

London and New York have become regular occasions. He has visited London 37 times.

Other favorite destinations are Switzerland (19 trips) and France (18 trips). And though he's been to Italy *only* 17 times, it holds a special place in his travel memories.

It was to Rome that Boudreaux made his first overseas trip 63 years ago. A recent graduate of Louisiana University in Lafayette, Boudreaux joined a group of young teachers on a six-week trip to Italy and quickly discovered that, while he was traveling on his own time, his shipmates were traveling on their three-month summer vacations. Boudreaux decided to add a few teaching qualifications to his chemistry degree and join the ranks of those with a little more time to travel.

Two years later, Boudreaux and his twin brother Marvin began three-year teaching assignments in Ethiopia. They never regretted their decision. The students were

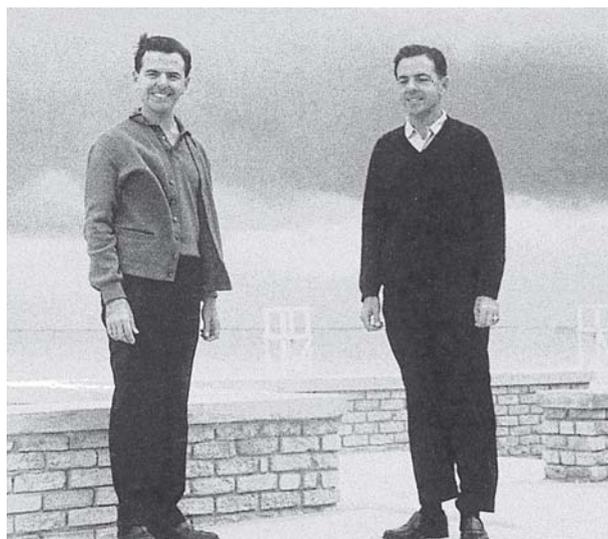
young, fun and interested in learning. And the travel was wonderful.

The brothers visited most of East Africa—by plane, train and, on one memorable occasion, by a cruise ship that took them to Kenya, Zanzibar, Tanganyika and Mozambique. "At that time, 99 percent of the cloves in the world were grown in Zanzibar," Boudreaux remembers. "The whole island smelled of cloves."

When his Ethiopian assignment drew to an end, Boudreaux signed on as a technical writer with Douglas Aircraft in California. It was interesting work, but it was not overseas, and in 1959 he joined Marvin at the Industrial Training Center in Ras Tanura to begin a career he loved: teaching English to young Saudi employees who, like his students in Ethiopia, were eager to learn.

Boudreaux also loved the opportunity to travel, eventually visiting most of the countries in the Middle East. Long leaves took him farther afield.

On his first long leave, in 1960, he flew around the world, visiting Singapore, Australia, New Zealand and Fiji on his



Warren Boudreaux (right) poses with his brother Marvin in Ras Tanura in 1970. Already tested travelers when they joined Aramco in the late '50s, the twins soon found many new horizons to explore.

way to the United States, and stopping in Portugal, Spain, Switzerland, Liechtenstein, Austria and West Germany en route back. Other circumnavigations followed in quick succession, interspersed with travels to such far-flung places as Venezuela, Yugoslavia, Burma, Japan and—one of his favorite destinations—Darjeeling, India.

Boudreaux was particularly drawn to the high Himalayas. So when he discovered that Lindblad Expeditions was planning a trip to Bhutan in 1977, he knew he had to go.

Bhutan had been off-limits to non-Buddhists until 1974 and even then few Westerners ventured into the back country. That changed in 1977 when Lars-Eric Lindblad arranged to take a small group deep into the Himalayan kingdom. Boudreaux flew to New Delhi to meet the group and proceed by Land Rover into the mountains of Bhutan.

Roads were lacking in Bhutan then. Although the highways that existed were paved with asphalt, they were narrow. “Every time a produce truck came along we had to pull over and let it pass,” remembers Boudreaux, which made for slow going.

The tepid pace did allow the group time to enjoy the extraordinary scenery and explore the ancient monasteries, including the Taksang Monastery, known as the Tiger’s Nest. Like most Buddhist monasteries in Bhutan, it is located high in the Himalayan cliffs, in this case nearly 3,000 feet above the valley floor. The only way to reach it was to climb up the narrow, near-vertical path, or ride a horse.

On the 1977 trip, horses were the *mode du jour* and Boudreaux says it never occurred to him that his sure-footed pony might lose its footing. When he revisited Bhutan in 2006 he discovered that, for safety reasons, tourists were no longer allowed to ride horses to the top. Now, he admits it was a little dicey in 1977, when he had to rely on a swaying rope bridge to cross the nearly half-mile-deep chasm separating the path from the monastery.

Boudreaux did not have to cross any rope bridges when he joined a Dhahran Outing Group (DOG) trip to Hunza, Pakistan, the following year, though he did run into other problems. With its towering cliffs and narrow passes, Hunza is subject to frequent rockslides, such as one that blocked the DOGs on their way to Islamabad.

Ever intrepid travelers, the Aramcons simply got off their rickety school bus and spent the day “wet and muddy, picking up rocks,” followed by a memorable night “trying to sleep on those hard little wooden bus benches,” Boudreaux relates.

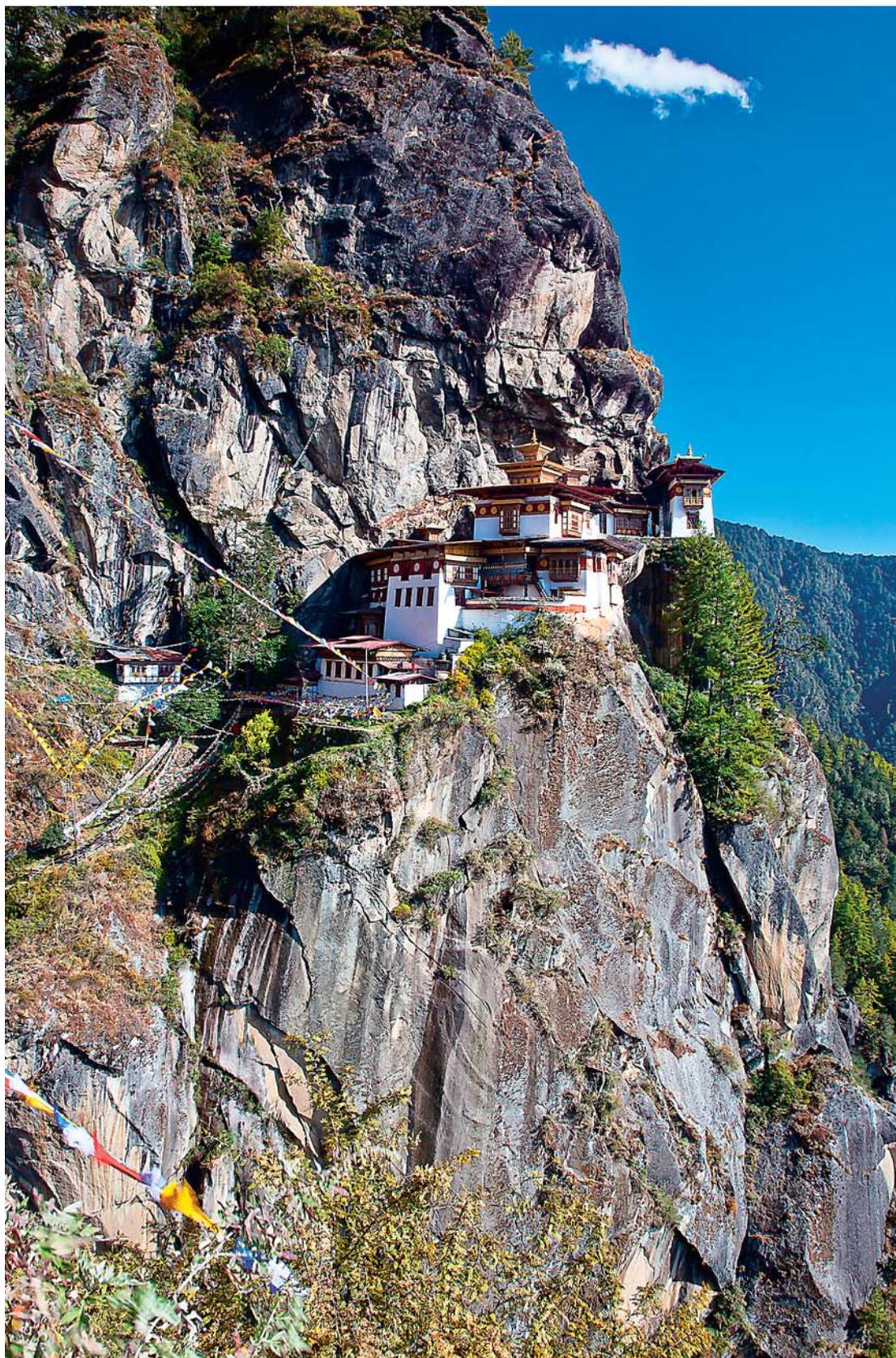
The mishap did have a silver lining: Instead of traveling west, as planned, the group traveled east, visiting the fabled

Khyber Pass and the breathtakingly beautiful kingdom of Swat. “There you were, high above the clouds,” remembers Boudreaux, “just like Shangri La.”

In 1981 Boudreaux retired from Aramco, but not from his life of travel.

Over the next decade, he explored such out-of-the-way destinations as Siberia, Central Asia and Outer Mongolia, as well as the Galapagos Islands. But it was only after Marvin died in 1991 that his travel schedule really accelerated.

Boudreaux rode a horse up the near-vertical path to the Buddhist Taksang Monastery—the Tiger’s Nest—in Bhutan in 1977. That was the easy part: After that he had to cross a swaying rope bridge over a half-mile-deep chasm.



"I had to travel, or I would have gone berserk," says Boudreaux.

"Between years 1991 and 2002, I made 128 trips in 150 months, including 73 trips abroad. I would be home less than a week when I took off again. I don't know how I did it."

Some trips were close to his home in New Orleans, La. Others were to the far corners of the globe. Some were quite extravagant—such as one to the North Pole.

In July 1997 Boudreaux flew to Murmansk, Russia, where he boarded the 20,600-ton nuclear-powered icebreaker *Sovetskiy Soyuz*. He and the other passengers were housed in the five-story foredeck, offering a spectacular view of the giant ice sheets that began to appear.

"At first we saw polar bears and other Arctic life," Boudreaux reports. "But once we neared the North Pole all that changed. There were no polar bears there. It was solid ice, 10 or 15 feet thick. Much too thick for the polar bears to break through and catch any fish.

"Everywhere you looked there was nothing, nothing but snow and ice, and, if the company hadn't put up a bright red wooden pole, there was no way to guess if you were at the North Pole or somewhere else."

Nevertheless, the landing at the "pole" turned out to be a festive occasion. Dressed in bright red parkas given to them by their travel agents, the passengers waited in turn to be ferried by the ship's helicopter to the front of the vessel's bow, to take pictures "of the ship coming toward you," and then to the stern, to take more pictures "of the ship sailing away from you," recounts Boudreaux.

"We had a barbecue on the ice and some people took a dip in the icy water. The crew had a special ladder to pull you back out," he says, noting that he passed on that feature of the trip.

Antarctica, which he visited in 1988, had its moments too.

"We didn't go to the South Pole. You couldn't do that then," he says. "Instead we



In Jaipur, India, travelers "danced on the three levels of terraces" of the old maharaja's palace in which Boudreaux had a suite.

went to a nearby research station. There was snow and ice there, and penguins, too. Every foot of ice was covered with penguins. You were afraid to put your foot down for fear of stepping on a penguin."

Or for fear of slipping on the huge amount of penguin droppings. "One woman did slip and break her ankle," remembers Boudreaux. Nevertheless, she went on with the others to the Falklands and Patagonia in

*At the North Pole,
"we had a barbecue on the
ice and some people took
a dip in the icy water."*

Chile—with her leg in a cast.

In 1994, Boudreaux tried another form of transportation: He took the Venice Simplon Orient Express from London to Venice. He calls it "a beautiful train," but he was a tiny bit disappointed that only the dining car was decorated in true Victorian style.

Boudreaux was far happier when, in October 1997, he boarded the Eastern and Oriental Express to travel from Singapore to Bangkok. It was "Victorian-style all the

way," he says. The only blemish was that the much-vaunted observation car was not on that particular run.

That deficiency was more than made up for when he took the American Orient Express from Denver, Colo., to Portland, Ore., and then on to Glacier National Park in Montana.

The trains on that line originally served on the Capitol Limited, the Santa Fe Super Chief and the famed 20th Century Limited—"the train used by the movie stars to travel from New York to Hollywood in the 1940s," Boudreaux notes. The observation car in particular looked the part with its huge, wraparound glass window and sleek cocktail-bar atmosphere.

The specially chartered Orient Express trains he took between the Chinese and Russian capitals lacked Hollywood glamour, but they

did offer good service. In April 1996 Boudreaux took the China Orient Express from Beijing to Moscow, traveling via Mongolia and Siberia, and in September 1997 he took the Russian train from Beijing to Moscow, this time via Uzbekistan and Kazakhstan. On both routes, the passengers rode in Russian cars in Russia and in Chinese cars in China. The Russian cars had showers at the end of each car. The Chinese cars had none.

But the Chinese had a contingency plan: when the train was two days out, it pulled onto a siding so the passengers could be bused to a small hotel in the middle of the Gobi Desert to spend the night. The hotel had showers.

Two other train rides that Boudreaux particularly enjoyed were a six-day trip through the Scottish Highlands on the Royal Scotsman and a short journey on The Blue Train in South Africa.

The Blue Train was a mere 12-hour excursion from Johannesburg to Cape Town, time enough for Boudreaux to opt for a room with a bath (one of just three on the train at that time). Admittedly, one could survive without a bath on a 12-hour trip, but remembering the "legged" tub that Queen Victoria had on her train, Boudreaux



ALL ABOARD! Now no stranger to luxury trains, Boudreaux took his first Orient Express trip from London to Venice in 1994.

Instead, the travelers danced on the three levels of terraces that his suite overlooked. One terrace was fitted out with a working Ferris wheel.

Then it was on to Agra and the Taj Mahal by Air India, before heading to Yemen, where the group dined with the head of the Antiquities Department.

Next was Prague, with dinner at the U.S. Embassy, and then to Paris where the group was treated to a night at the Hotel de Crillon. A stop in Marrakech preceded the return to Washington.

Almost as enjoyable was the 22-day globe-girdling trip he took in 1995, stopping in Morocco, the Czech Republic, Bahrain, Saudi Arabia, Thailand, Sri Lanka, South Africa and Brazil.

Of course, travel on that scale is not inexpensive. Each of Boudreaux's three chartered around-the-world trips cost well over \$30,000, while the trips to the North Pole and Antarctica were in the \$25,000 range. Looking back, Boudreaux has no regrets.

"I did most of my traveling in the '90s. And I'm glad I did now. It cost a lot of money, but the stock market was way up then and if I hadn't gone, I probably would have lost the money anyway," he says.

"This way, I had a lot of fun."

decided that he wanted the experience, too. To pro-rate the high cost of the bath (the car cost \$300 a day), he took three baths during the ride, so each bath cost only \$100!

When Boudreaux wasn't journeying on luxury trains, he could often be found flying on luxury airplanes.

His journey on the Eastern and Oriental Express was part of such a trip, and the plane was every bit as luxurious as the train. The Lockheed Tristar designed to hold 360 passengers had been reconfigured to fly just 90 first-class, with the remaining space turned into a separate dining and entertainment area.

The National Trust for Historic Pres-

ervation in Washington, D.C., chartered a similarly configured Boeing 757 for a 33-day 'round-the-world trip that Boudreaux particularly enjoyed. On that 1997 trip, however, the stopovers were the real draw.

Setting out from the capital, the group first flew to Guatemala to view its Mayan ruins, journeyed on to Easter Island, then hop-scotched across the Pacific, via Western Samoa, Australia, Bora Bora, Java, and Angkor Wat in Cambodia, finally arriving in Jaipur, India. There, they retired to the old maharaja's palace, where Boudreaux was assigned a suite with living room, bedroom and a bathroom "large enough for 20 people to dance all night," he recalls.

Boudreaux was among the voyagers to Antarctica in 1988 who found themselves so surrounded by penguins, "you were afraid to put your foot down."



Rogue & Rider

A TALE OF TWO SPIRITS

BY ROBERT BANTA

There, she made friends with Nicole Ardoin, the daughter of Darrell and Julie Ardoin, who was already an accomplished equestrian and had her own horse.

One weekend morning I went to see Angelique and Nicole at the stables, where I watched Nicole carefully direct her horse over adjustable bars called *cavaletti*. Before I knew it, Angelique had traded places with Nicole.

To my amazement, she guided the horse gracefully over the jumps, showing off her just-discovered skills. I almost cried out, "Be careful!" But I hesitated, thrilled to see her controlling the horse so gracefully and naturally.

It wasn't long before Angelique started a campaign to acquire her own horse. Her arguments were quite convincing, but Grace and I agreed to wait to see if her interest would last. We held off for weeks, but as it turned out Angelique had already found her horse—a pony named Rogue.

The largely untrained three-year-old been hurt late in 1983 when an overeager group of men tried to move him into a trailer at the stables. As their pushing, shoving and shouting reached a crescendo, Rogue reared and fell backward on the ground, writhing in pain. When the veterinarian arrived, he sadly announced that Rogue had broken his hip and would have to be put down.

Just then, a stables' regular named Jack Gainey stepped forward. He told the vet of the success he'd seen treating a horse with a similar injury and he asked Rogue's owner if he could try to do the same with the pony. Concerned about Rogue's obvious pain, the owner reluctantly agreed. Rogue became Jack's horse.

Angelique stopped often to check on Rogue's progress. Seeing Angelique's obvious interest in Rogue, Jack asked her



Angelique Banta puts Rogue through the paces, jumping over the *cavaletti* bar at the Abqaiq Stables.

if she would like to help care for him. More than a little excited, she agreed.

About four months after the injury, Rogue had healed enough to stand and even walk a few steps, though he'd often lift his rear legs awkwardly, indicating pain. But he improved as the days went on.

During this time, Angelique was learning the basics of caring for a horse. Because Rogue was not able to exercise enough to maintain optimal health, Jack instructed her to feed him a simple diet of oats and hay to reduce the possibility of colic.

Watching Rogue make progress was rewarding, but Angelique longed to ride daily and compete on weekends as her friends were doing. Finally, Jack told her that Rogue was ready to ride and that, because of her light weight and slight build, she was the ideal for the task. As instructed, she sat very carefully in the saddle and kept Rogue's pace to a slow walk.

After several weeks of walking, Rogue was healthy enough to enter the riding ring, first pacing in simple circles in one direction and then going the other way. Rogue responded well to Angelique's direction; they were becoming a team. To make things more interesting, she alternately used a Western saddle, one with a saddle horn, and an English saddle with no saddle horn.

Mark Webb, the British trainer at the stables, had noticed the pair and asked Angelique if he could teach her the basics of dressage, a form of competition for English saddle horses. Thrilled at the chance to get some riding instruction, she agreed. The lessons included only maneuvers that could be accomplished by slow walking.

Each placement of the hoof, every step in the walk and turn, was carefully measured, becoming second nature for both

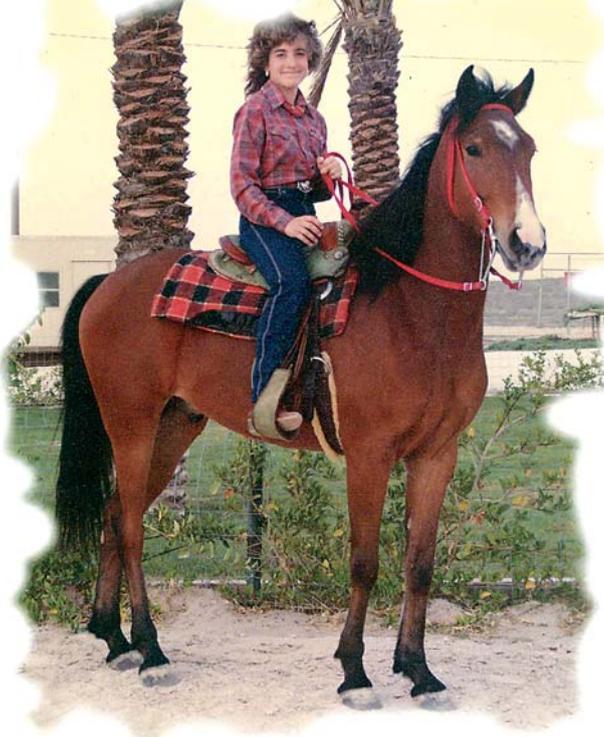
It was 1984. We'd been in living Abqaiq for nearly two years and had just moved from the Aramco Contractor Camp into the main community, making its wonderful array of recreational facilities more accessible and familiar. Soon, my wife Grace, our children Angelique and Marlon, and I had each found favorite pastimes at one or more of those sites.

Angelique, 11, was drawn to the stables, a place she'd been frequenting already.

Rogue and his rider took baby steps on the way to the pony's full recovery, galloping on to trophy-winning performances.



Angelique and Rogue appear in Western gymkhana (top) and English dressage competition styles. They made history in 1985, winning Horse-of-the-Year honors in both categories.



horse and rider. Soon, starting and stopping were effortless.

Rogue was very gentle and easily accepted the attention of others. His graceful Arabian profile, beautiful chestnut coloring and well-shaped white marking on his face made him stand out.

As time passed and Angelique began to feel the pressures of school, I took over some responsibilities for Rogue's care. Angelique showed me how to clean his hooves, curry him, check him for ticks and wash him down. Soon, I couldn't wait to finish work and visit the stables. Angelique still took up most of Rogue's time, however, so I began to look around for something else to do.

It didn't take long before I met René and Scrabbit, donkeys who were more or less the stables' mascots. No one seemed to claim their ownership; they were just there.

The stable hands let them out into the exercise ring each day and soon I got the fun task of rounding them up, putting halters on them and leading them back to their stalls. Whenever Angelique was with Rogue, I was with René and Scrabbit. When I had Rogue to myself, I think they were jealous!

I didn't realize just how attached they had become until Grace and I passed close behind their stalls one evening when we were out walking. René recognized my voice

Robert Banta plants a kiss on René, his new-found Abqaiq Stables' friend.



and began to "hee-hawww" loudly while kicking the back of the stall to get my attention. She got so agitated I had to go in to calm her.

She greeted me with lips comically opened and flapped back revealing her teeth (a smile?), followed by a loud "hee-hawww" or two. She quickly quieted down and Grace and I continued our walk.

By now, with Jack's approval, Angelique had begun to trot Rogue through the dressage course. Then she did the same with the Western-saddle gymkhana. At last, their first day of competition arrived and they won a ribbon. Other opportunities for competing came, and they won more ribbons in dressage and gymkhana as they gained experience.

The next challenge was jumping.



Angelique was almost fearless, just as she'd been that first day when she'd jumped the *cavaletti* with Nicole's horse. Rogue showed a natural ability and trust in Angelique's guidance, and their jumping progressed rapidly.

As the first day of jumping competition began, they sailed almost seamlessly over the jumps and the judges awarded them the novice-level prize! Now they would face off with the advanced-jumping winner—who turned out to be Nicole. My heart was in my throat. I was proud, but at the same time apprehensive.

The horses lined up and lurched forward to the first jump in a circular course with several spaced hurdles. Angelique and Rogue took the lead and then widened it to win! Even Nicole was thrilled and I believe quite proud that she was the one who had encouraged Angelique's interest in horses and riding just a few short years before.

Following their exciting performance in the jumping competition, Angelique and Rogue never looked back, encouraging each other in every competition. Ribbons piled up and accolades accumulated.

At the end of the season, two special Horse-of-the-Year trophies were presented: for English and Western riding. Angelique and Rogue made history by winning both!

That next year, 1986, Angelique left for boarding school. Jack soon had offers for Rogue and, faced with the extra burden of caring for the horse by himself, agreed to sell him.

The new owner bought Rogue for his two children and eventually moved him to the Dhahran Stables. As far as I know, Rogue never competed again.

Around the same time, we also moved to Dhahran. Whenever Angelique came home on school breaks, she visited the Dhahran Stables and Rogue. But Rogue had new owners and things were never the same as those glorious days in Abqaiq.

One day, I hope Angelique will experience as much joy recounting her stories of Rogue to her daughter Grace and son Rudy as I did watching my daughter and her horse make their remarkable journey together. Perhaps she already is.



Watching people struggle to survive on the nightly news is one thing; experiencing what they are up against in person is another. Putting their comfortable lives on hold, three offspring of Aramco retirees have journeyed far from home, at times taking risks, to help others build—or rebuild—their lives in the face of daunting challenges.

CAMP ZEITOUNA



In early June, just a few weeks after car bombs killed dozens of people in Reyhanli, Turkey, Kinda Hibrawi wrote what she thought might

be her final Facebook post. “In less than a week, I’ll be heading to the Syrian-Turkish border to the largest camp for internally displaced people in Syria to launch a project that I’ve been working hard on for the last 10 weeks,” she said. “It’s called Camp Zeitouna.”

Hibrawi planned to use Reyhanli, just north of the border, as a base for crossing into Syria. And the 35-year-old artist who lives in Irvine, Calif., didn’t let the attacks change her mind.

Camp Zeitouna is named after the olive trees under which approximately 25,000 displaced Syrians, including 10,000 children, live in a sea of white tents near Atmeh, Syria. It’s a pilot project that aims to help youngsters remember how to play and dare to dream of better futures in a nation shat-

tered by a civil war that has left more than 5 million people homeless inside its borders, caused more than 2 million to flee to other countries and resulted in more than 100,000 deaths, according to U.S. and U.N. estimates.

Hibrawi, who paints vibrant Arabic calligraphy, normally travels the world exhibiting her work. This time, the daughter of Government

Affairs retiree Khalouk Hibrawi and his wife Khaloud packed her bags, albeit nervously, to return to her parents’ homeland to aid a displaced population unseen by most of the world. She was joined by Lina Sergie Attar, her Camp Zeitouna partner and founder of the Chicago-based Karam Foundation (*karam* means “generosity” in Arabic), which helped raise funds to finance the camp.

Information about Camp

Zeitouna may be found on the foundation’s website, www.karamfoundation.org.

Hibrawi initially planned to travel with 20 volunteers of Syrian heritage, but that number slipped to six after the Reyhanli bombings. Having raised \$70,000 for the mission and not wanting to let the children down, Hibrawi said she “bit the bullet” and boarded the plane.

Put off by the media’s focus on the carnage in Syria, Hibrawi also wanted to document through photos and video the lives of those who had fled their homes and found refuge in a tent city that’s surrounded by mud whenever it rains.

Rather than quickly delivering items such as bottled water and bread, and then escaping the camp’s pervasive despair, she planned to stay long enough to create what she called “leave-behinds,” or lasting resources, especially for the children who will one day have to rebuild their nation.

“People are shocked when they see images of these kids,” she said. “They are bright and beautiful and look just like your average, everyday kid. They are not terrorists or rebel fighters. They are just children caught in the crossfire who need our help.”

Hibrawi conducted dozens of art workshops and taught hundreds of children how to write their names in calligraphy during the June 15-21 camp. Attar, an architect, showed the children how to draw floor plans of the homes they left so they could remember them and remain hopeful about returning to a peaceful life.

“I know how amazing art is for kids,” Hibrawi said. “The reason I’m an artist today is because someone taught me how to

Volunteers at Camp Zeitouna in northern Syria helped build a full-sized soccer field for boys and girls, many of whom played barefoot.



draw when I was five. If we spark inspiration in them, you never know what they might grow up to be.”

In Attar’s eyes, Camp Zeitouna was important because it provided a point for kids and volunteers to link up. “By spending all this time with them, we became part of the group. As Syrians, we connected with them,” she said.

Their message to the children and their parents: “We came from America for you. We care for you. We love you. We are giving you these tools because you are the future of our country.”

They worked with volunteers from England, Syria and the United States, including Yakzan Shishakly, who provides humanitarian aid and medical relief to thousands of

Syrian families through his Maram Foundation (named after a child who was paralyzed when her village was shelled). Shishakly moved from Houston, Texas, to his native Syria a year ago and served as Camp Zeitouna’s ground partner.

“Those people on the other side of the world...don’t have food and they don’t sleep. There are kids with no milk. The only thing they have is hope from us to help them,” he said.

Hibrawi relied on Shishakly to purchase land to build a full-size soccer field and a \$15,000 playground, and Attar bought 1,200 soccer balls, one for every tent, prior to the trip. Mohammed Ojeh, a soccer coach from Boston, Mass., served as the

group’s photographer and videographer when he wasn’t teaching soccer skills to boys and girls, many of whom played barefoot.

“The girls were amazing. They completely rocked it,” Hibrawi said.

The kids got a dose of dental hygiene from Omar Salem, a Boston dentist who handed out packages of toothbrushes.

Since food and water were scarce and because they were so busy, Hibrawi and her team rarely ate lunch. “I couldn’t put my hands down for a second because there would be a lineup of two or four girls on my right and left side wanting to hold my hands or hook onto my elbows,” she said.

The palpable yearning reflected in the children’s eyes tapped a well of tears for Hibrawi and her group. They fought to hold them back every day until the border closed at 5 p.m., forcing them back to Turkey.

“The moment you start to cry, you can’t stop. You can’t hold your breath...,” she said. “You’re trying to give them hope, but you don’t have any answers for them.”

Talking to the children’s parents only compounded her distress. “Don’t think of me this way,” one woman told Hibrawi near her family’s tent. “I used to have a beautiful home and a garden.”

Hibrawi said she cried on the trip home to California. But some of those tears might have sprung from hope, for she and Attar plan to raise additional funds to return to Reyhanli, Turkey, in December to work with Syrian refugee children there in Camp Zeitouna No. 2.

“Those kids are not a number anymore,” Hibrawi said. “I won’t ever stop this now.”

Uprooted by civil war, thousands of Syrian children live in tents behind barbed wire. Kinda Hibrawi and her colleague Lina Sergie Attar hope to return to Syria in the fall to help youngsters “caught in the crossfire” of the conflict.

Kinda Hibrawi is surrounded by youngsters at one of the many art workshops she held at Camp Zeitouna in June. Randa Chichakli (DH’87), daughter of retirees Mike and Pat Chichakli, shot this picture on a visit to the camp.





Amjad Ghori, back row, center, poses with a happy group of Aziza's Place residents and staff members on an outing in greater Phnom Penh.

AZIZA'S PLACE



When Amjad Ghori, 55, lost his 10-year-old daughter in a Jacuzzi accident in a hotel in India in 2002, he remembers feeling so lost

that he just “wanted to go and lie by her grave.” Every time he walked out of her bedroom in his hometown of Dearborn, Mich., he broke down.

There was only one time when the tears didn't flow: the day he packed up her clothes and toys five years later and took them to Aziza's Place in Phnom Penh, Cambodia.

Named after his late daughter, Aziza Yasmeeen Ghori, Aziza's Place is a home and learning center for children. Founded by Ghori, the son of retired industrial chemist Mohammed Ghori and his wife Thaher, the residence is for youngsters who would otherwise work all day alongside their parents

atop giant garbage piles, separating glass from plastic for their livelihoods.

Children can hardly fathom their new lives when they first arrive. “How many of us in a bed?” asked one child when shown the boys' large room, recounted Ghori, an international banker who now lives in London and has a year-old daughter. “He didn't realize he was getting his own bed. The look on his face was like he'd just been given a pot of gold.”

Run on dona-

Amjad Ghori sits between an Aziza's Place resident (left) and the wife of the charity's director at a wedding party in Phnom Penh.



COURTESY AMJAD GHORI

Opening with just four children, Aziza's Place now has 18-20 residents, most from the city's Steung Meanchey municipal dump and nearby slums. Here, they immediately begin learning English, Khmer, math and computer skills. They also take karate, music, art and dance lessons. Some prefer to learn to cook, do videography and play football.

At the heart of Aziza's Place are five core values that all the children can readily recite: respect, honesty, caring, unity and opportunity.

"We pay an incredible amount of attention to them," Ghorri said. "You wouldn't believe the difference from where we found them to where they are today, even in terms of height and weight. It's night and day."

Children who wish to be transported home on the weekend write their names on a whiteboard. Parents who visit on designated family nights are as amazed as their children when they see what Aziza's Place offers.

"One mother was told that her child wanted to be a doctor. She did not know what that meant," Ghorri said. "When we explained it to her, she teared up."

Driven by grief, Ghorri spent years channeling his emotions into constructive ways to help children. Using money from Aziza's college fund, he endowed a scholarship in perpetuity to the Blue Lake Fine Arts Camp in Michigan, where his daughter received a scholarship not long before her death. He and his former wife Fauzia also helped fund the construction of a school in her native Pakistan. Ghorri is originally from India.

In 2004, just when CNN highlighted Aziza's story along with those of other children who had drowned in Jacuzzis, a determined Ghorri found himself in Phnom Penh,

at the suggestion of a friend's wife who had described the plight of many Cambodian children. He arrived Dec. 26, the day the worst tsunami ever struck Asia, drowning more than 200,000 people, although Cambodia was spared. There, he helped make *The Crimson Curtain*, a documentary that debuted in 2006 to raise funds for an orphanage.

That project led to a meeting with the late filmmaker Nader Ebrahimi, who was documenting the lives of children rummaging through local city dumps. After an inspiring conversation one evening in 2006, the two men founded Aziza's Place the following year.

"I'd like to say that serendipity took me to Cambodia," Ghorri said. "But we were guided by Aziza."

Coinciding with the opening of Aziza's Place, the U.S. Congress passed the Virginia Graeme Baker Pool and Spa Safety Act. It was named after former Secretary of State James Baker's granddaughter, who also died in a Jacuzzi accident.

Aziza's Place has seven full-time and 10 part-time employees, the majority of whom are Cambodian. Volunteers from around the world teach English to the children and the staff.

"I had a very comfortable childhood, so it was hard seeing the challenging conditions



In addition to studying and learning life skills, Aziza's Place residents enjoy fun outings, such as swimming, horseback riding and skating.

in which other children grow up. But also it was amazing to know I was contributing to something that had such a direct impact on their lives," said Kaylie Wallace, 23, who taught English at Aziza's Place in 2010. Her late grandfather William Wallace retired from Aramco, and Ghorri and her father Bill were friends in Dhahran.

The eldest child at Aziza's Place recently graduated from high school and is preparing for college. A high-school student there is doing part-time marketing work for the nearby Intercontinental Hotel.

"Their English is excellent. The majority are in the top 20 percent at their school all the time," Ghorri said. "They are confident and beautiful and we can't wait for them to finish and go on and see what they can achieve because they will achieve a lot of great things."

The Aziza Ghorri Foundation, established years earlier by Ghorri, raises funds for Aziza's Place.

Aziza's Place resident Nheb Channy, 17, provided the voiceover for a video produced by the children for the azizafoundation.org website. Images of youngsters sifting through garbage are juxtaposed with those of smiling kids drawing pictures and discussing what they want to be when they grow up.

"Before I came to Aziza's Place, I was shy and never thought I would ever be able to speak English," Channy said. "Now we have so many chances to make our dreams come true. I hope I can help children in need, too."

Ghorri visits Aziza's Place four times a year. "I wish I could say this passion was always inherent," he said. "Unfortunately, a tragedy had to happen for me to live this part of my life that I think I was meant to live out."

A young man who is about to enter his senior year in high school chats with Amjad Ghori in the kitchen at Aziza's Place.





MAPLE MICRODEVELOPMENT



Using her talent with a camera to capture unspoiled moments, both grim and pretty, Wendy Levine traveled

to several cities in Uganda in 2011 to promote a philanthropic project that is helping families financially after decades of civil unrest. At first glance, her photographs appear peculiar: a large, double-padded metal box with small booklets and shillings inside, or two people carefully studying booklets at an old table.

The images are linked by a common theme, however. They document how MAPLE Microdevelopment (Microdevelopment for the Alleviation of Poverty through Learning and Entrepreneurship), a nonprofit at the University of Oregon in Eugene, is helping to develop and enhance

Ron Severson, interim executive director of the program.

Severson, Levine's former peer at Drew University in Madison, N.J., found his old college friend through her website www.wendylevine.com. After seeing her images of battered British wives seeking better lives and other photos conveying hardship and beauty, he asked her to travel to Kampala, Lira and Mbale to help document MAPLE's work.

"I've often used my camera to speak out for those who need to be heard. Part of it comes from my upbringing and from being exposed to things abroad and seeing things that aren't fair," said Levine, 56, who's lived in countries including Italy, Iran and Saudi Arabia, where her dad oversaw the computerization of the Dhahran Health Center. Her parents are Martin and Rosemarye Levine.

Levine's photos focused on Ugandan women, who typically are responsible for their families' finances. MAPLE has helped some start small businesses such as two-table restau-

rants with three main items on the menu.

"You learn to go to the restaurants early because they run out of food. They don't have refrigeration, so they don't cook any food that's going to be wasted," said Levine, who lives in Houston, Texas. One photo captures restaurant-owner Rose Nekesa giving Severson a "high five" over a bright orange table, conveying thanks for the opportunity to secure a loan.

Veronica Seela sells ground-nut butter in Mbale after obtaining a loan to start her own business.

Veronica Seela sells ground-nut butter in Mbale after obtaining a loan to start her own business.



Left: Wendy Levine captures restaurant-owner Rose Nekesa thanking Ron Severson, a founder of MAPLE Microdevelopment, for the opportunity to secure a loan for her restaurant in Mbale, Uganda.

Because it is difficult for people with little collateral to borrow money from banks, which often charge exceptionally high interest rates with short pay-back times, groups of Ugandans have formed small community banks. Each member contributes to a communal coffer, and the group agrees on interest rates and on fees for loans not paid back on time.

Profits are shared among members. Typically, the money is kept in locked metal boxes, which contain calculators and passbooks.

Severson, a professor at the College of Business at the University of Oregon, joined several of his students to start MAPLE in 2008 to help Ugandans improve their communal banking system. They taught them business skills, including how to use Microsoft Excel and how to partner with other community banks so larger loans could be made.

Levine's task was to document not only the specifics of the program, such as the money boxes, but also to show that Uganda has major needs to meet.

"Wendy was fabulous because she has a real strong social consciousness," Severson said. "In many photos, you see the misery. But the people are amazing and resilient and happy. They have managed despite the difficult conflict they've gone through."

Levine spoke about Ugandans' struggles in a *Houston Chronicle* article in 2011. "It wasn't the air-conditioned bank lobby familiar to me," she wrote of a community bank outside Lira, where "women in tribal dress sat on packed dirt in a small circle, some shelling



Villagers gather just outside Lira, Uganda, to engage in community banking, a practice facilitated by MAPLE Microdevelopment.

beans, others breastfeeding their infants." Yet, when a village elder arrived with a padlocked box filled with "Village Savings & Loan" passbooks, it was obvious that banking was about to take place.

Her photos tell even more.

"I think a photo is a way to see things clearly. You can see the underdog version of what's really there," Levine said. "I have an unflinching eye. I can take ugliness and present it in a way that is palatable to look at."

In addition to the banking photos, Levine's website features shots of Ugandan women washing dishes in large tubs on the

sandy ground in Lira at the end of a long day at their restaurant. Another photo captures a woman in a burgundy blouse proudly holding a jar of ground-nut butter, a product she now sells regularly after obtaining a loan in Mbale to start her own business.

Not only have the community banks helped people launch businesses and become more financially savvy, but one helped pay a woman's medical expenses when she was diagnosed with breast cancer, Levine said.

"We saw lives changed," she wrote, and showed how in her photographs.



Wendy Levine attracts a crowd of youngsters near the home of her translator Betty Akullu in Lira, one of three Ugandan cities where she photographed in 2011.



Some may see Levine, Hibrawi and Ghori as "photographer," "artist" and "banker." Look deeper, however, and it's clear their life's work transcends professional boundaries. All three remain humble, not boasting of their deeds, yet one can hear the pride in their voices when they speak of changing lives, one at a time.

IN MEMORIAM

SYED IRFAN AHMED

March 31, 2013

Survived by his wife Khalida Begum, sons Syed Hilal Ahmed and Syed Bilal Ahmed, and daughters Muneeza Samad and Mariam Irfan. He worked in General Accounting in Ras Tanura from 1975-86. Correspondence may be sent to Syed Hilal Ahmed at syedhilal@live.com.

JOAN ALEXANDER

June 12, 2013

Survived by her husband, retiree Bobby Alexander, and daughters Kimberly and Karen. She worked in administrative positions in Dhahran between 1966-81. Correspondence may be sent to Bobby at 7707 W. Britton Road, #1609, Oklahoma City, OK 73132.

ELIZABETH "BETH"

G. ALLSEBROOK

July 1, 2013

Survived by her husband, retiree Eric Allsebrook, and sons David and Douglas. Correspondence may be sent to Eric at allsebro@laguna.com.mx.

VIRGINIA H. BORNEMANN

June 22, 2013

Survived by her daughter Barbara Bornemann. She taught in Dhahran from 1951-68. Correspondence may be sent to Barbara at 3297 McBeth St., Napa, CA 94558.

LEON BURK

April 18, 2013

A retired rig foreman, he is survived by his wife Liz and daughters Angela Westfall and Melody Walker.

ALBERT CSASZAR

March 2, 2013

Survived by his wife Magda and children Andrea, Norbert and Albert. He joined Aramco in 1964 and retired from Reservoir Engineering in 1989. Correspondence may be sent to Magda at 8204 Hickory Creek Dr., Austin, TX 78735.

HARLAND DEBOER

April 24, 2013

Survived by his wife Virginia M. Nelson-DeBoer, and children Dr. Diane DeBoer, Elizabeth DeBoer, Cynthia Pugliesi and Dr. Mark DeBoer from his first marriage to Virginia E. DeBoer. He joined the

Aramco Schools in 1970, working as a psychologist and then as superintendent.

JAMES FITZPATRICK

May 15, 2013

Survived by his wife Kate and daughters Estella Fitzpatrick and Peggy Keifer. An electrical engineer, he joined Aramco in the early 1950s, transferring to Chevron in 1968. Correspondence may be sent to Kate at 235 Stafford Dr., Hanover, PA 17331-7849.

EDNA FORD

June 22, 2013

Predeceased by her husband Joseph Ford, who joined Aramco in 1947. Survived by her son Michael and daughter Suzanne. Correspondence may be sent to Michael at 1200 Barton Creek Blvd. #40, Austin, TX 78735.

SAMIR HASSAN

May 26, 2013

Survived by his wife Ilham Massoud and daughter Mona. A pioneer in power generation and transmission in eastern Saudi Arabia, he joined Aramco in 1961. In 1968, he was among 10 company employees loaned to the Dhahran Electric Supply Company, which was merged into the Saudi Consolidated Electric Company (SCECO) in 1978. He retired as vice president of Corporate Affairs at SCECO-East in 1995. Correspondence may be sent to Mona at mona.hassan@aramco.com.

MARY C. HAUG

April 6, 2013

Survived by her husband, retiree Roy "Buddy" Haug, and sons Jeffrey, Kevin, Rodney and Wesley. The Haugs lived in Abqaiq and Dhahran from 1949-79, and then in The Hague for seven years. Mary managed the executive guest houses in Dhahran. Correspondence may be sent to Kevin Haug at 1478 Spanish Bay Court, Encinitas, CA 92024.

VALERIE A. HEAD

April 29, 2013

Predeceased by her husband, retiree Charles Head, and survived by her daughters Suzanna Friedly and Alicia Head.

BETTY HESRICK

June 10, 2013

Survived by her sisters Thelma VanPoppel

and Donna Forbes. She was a kindergarten teacher in Ras Tanura from 1957-68, and completed a 42-year teaching career in the United States in 1992.

MARY ANN LONG HOSTETLER

April 6, 2013

WILLIAM "BILL" L. HOSTETLER

May 4, 2013

Mary Ann Long met Bill Hostetler in Dhahran and they married in 1975. Prior to joining Aramco, she was a nurse in the United States. Bill worked for Aramco from 1967-89, retiring from the Local Industrial Development Dept. He subsequently taught economics at Sweet Briar College in Amherst, Va., where he wrote *Saudi Arabia: Unique Insight into Economic Development* before retiring in 2006.

DEE HURSH

July 4, 2013

Survived by his wife Roxanne Hursh and daughters Beverly and Madeline. He joined Aramco in 1972 and retired in 1992 from the Drilling & Workover Services Dept. He was the company's expert on well-control equipment. Correspondence may be sent to Beverly Hursh at bannhh1976@aol.com.

JUDY KOZAK

February 2, 2013

Predeceased by her husband, retiree Anthony Kozak, and survived by her daughter Laurel Huiras and sons Christopher and Jason. Correspondence may be sent to Christopher at 1219 E. Madison Park, Chicago, IL 60615.

JOHN KRIESMER

April 1, 2013

Survived by his wife Joyce, whom he met in Saudi Arabia and married in Bahrain, daughters Cindy Peters Carr and Pam Graves, and son Larry. A mechanical engineer, he joined Aramco in 1949, retiring in 1981 as manager, Community Services.

AHMAD LUGHOD

June 14, 2013

Survived by his wife Nawal, daughter Muna and sons Omar and Tarek. He joined the Public Relations Dept. in 1956 and worked in locations including Dhahran, Riyadh, Jiddah, Abha and Tayif, retiring in 1986. Correspondence

may be sent to Nawal at nall4pc@yahoo.com or 4018 Nobel Dr., Unit 101, San Diego, CA 92122.

JOHN J. MAKINJE

May 20, 2013

Survived by his sons Benny and Toni. He joined Tapline as a radio technician in 1953 and retired as manager of Operations in 1986. Correspondence may be sent to Benny at bmakkinje@aol.com.

JAN NOVOTNY

Mat 26, 2013

Survived by his daughter Jana Norman. He joined the Training Dept. in 1980 and departed in 1987.

MUHAMMAD ABDUL RAUF

April 14, 2013

Survived by his wife Maimoona, sons Imran and Farhan, and daughters Iram Naz, Anber Mujtaba and Rabiya Saadat. He joined the company in 1974, retiring in 1990 as safety coordinator, Pipelines Dept. Planning Group. Correspondence may be sent to Imran at rauf.imran@gmail.com or Farhan at 526710@emirates.com

IRENE J. SEABERG STOLTENBERG

May 22, 2013

Predeceased by her husband, retiree Donald Stoltenberg.

BEVERLY "BEV" SWARTZ

July 13, 2013

Predeceased by her husband, retiree Carter Swartz, and survived by her children Carter Swartz II, Scott and Rennel Bourne. Correspondence may be sent to Carter II at 5348 Huntingwood Ct., Sarasota, FL 34235.

KEES TROSSEL

December 15, 2012

Survived by his wife Elly, son Dr. Robert Trossel and daughters Zita, Inge and Sabine. One of the first Dutch engineers in the kingdom, he joined Aramco in 1952, assigned to District Engineering in Abqaiq. He moved to Aramco Overseas Company in The Hague in 1960 and returned to Aramco in 1980, retiring in 1985.

LOUIS R. TYLER

April 12, 2013

Survived by his wife Nona, whom he mar-

ried in Lebanon in 1949, and children Ross, Bruce, Gail, Wayne and Jill. A civil engineer, he worked for Aramco for 24 years.

WILLIAM C. WALLACE

December 22, 2012

Survived by his wife Pauline and children Bill, Peter and Jinx. He worked for Aramco for 35 years, in the New York Office, The Hague and then in Dhahran, retiring in 1980. Correspondence may be sent to Pauline at 85 Buffalo Bay, Madison, CT 06443.

PAUL WEBB

May 22, 2013

Survived by his sons Tony and Paul. He joined Aramco as a social-studies teacher in Dhahran in 1964, retiring in 1984 as director of the Secondary School Placement Program, which he established in 1977. He also served as a coach.

MARY WELCH

July 27, 2012

Predeceased by her husband, retiree Forrest Welch. Survived by her daughter Susan Rooker.

RETIRES REMEMBER ABDULLA AL NAIM

Last October, Exploration Vice President Abdulla Al Naim moved some annuitants to tears with a keynote speech at their reunion in which he expressed his deep gratitude for their many years of service. Those who knew and worked with Al Naim were reflecting more deeply on the time they spent with him following his sudden death Jan. 1 on a working trip near the Red Sea. He was 57.

"Abdulla said that many of us had told him that we are the history of Aramco. But then he said, 'You made the history of Aramco,'" said Rick Chimblo, reunion host and former chief geophysicist. "That really hit our hearts and made us feel extremely good about what we did for the company."

Al Naim was often compared to his predecessors Max Steineke and Mahmoud Abdulbaqi, both of whom received honorary-membership awards from the American Association of Petroleum Geologists (AAPG). After learning he would be the third company employee to receive the prestigious

honor, Al Naim had prepared a speech attributing his success to all the geoscientists of the Middle East.

"His death was a loss to the company for sure, but more than that, it was a loss to the community, to the country and to me," said Abdulbaqi, a 2005 retiree who nominated Al Naim for the AAPG award. "He loved his people, and his people loved him."

Al Naim's professional accomplishments included expanding exploration to practically every area of the kingdom, embracing cutting-edge technology to advance the search for oil and gas, and leading a successful exploration project in the Red Sea. He also made Saudi Arabia the first Middle Eastern country to tap its unconventional oil and gas resources.

His relationships with his colleagues were as important to him as his professional achievements. "He was very sharp and sensitive toward how people looked. He tried to resolve people's problems," said Ali Al-Hauwaj, a retired Exploration manager.



A beaming Abdulla Al Naim shows off a gift book received from his old supervisor, retiree Phil Salstrom, at the 2012 Annuitants Reunion.

While Al Naim's passion for exploration and the professional growth and well-being of his colleagues drove him, his family was the pinnacle of his life, said retiree Phil Salstrom, former chief geologist, Reservoir Geology, who once supervised Al Naim.

Al Naim touched on all those points in his reunion address. The "hard work, innovation and creativity ... of husbands, wives and many children" paved the way for today's Saudi Aramco, he said. "We have worked together and we have enjoyed all our success together, and that's what counts for us, so thank you very much."

ED ZINOLA, PROJECT MANAGEMENT PIONEER

Ed Zinola, who played a key role in a several major projects in a career spanning 33 years, three continents and three Aramco headquarters, died July 20.

He joined Aramco in 1947 as a junior engineer in San Francisco, Calif.,



OUTING IN EGYPT: The Zinolas pose for a family portrait in front of the Sphinx and the Great Pyramid in Giza in the early 1970s. From left are: Robin and Ed and children Liza, Edward Peter, Jr., Leslie and Lauren.

transferred to the New York Office in 1949 and in 1953 began the first of many engineering assignments that took him to the Netherlands and Dhahran. He retired in 1980 as a member of the board of directors and senior vice president, Operations Services.

Zinola participated in designing and building projects including Tapline, completed in 1950 and then the world's longest pipeline and largest privately financed construction venture. Later, he managed the Master Gas Program, which included construction camps for more than 40,000 workers, thousands of miles of pipelines, offshore platforms, gas-processing plants and export

terminals on both coasts, barge ports, and housing, offices, dining halls and recreation facilities.

He was recognized as a pioneer in establishing centralized project management as the key system to manage multibillion-dollar projects effectively, making Aramco the leader in the field. He called Tapline "the most fun" and the Master Gas Program "the most challenging" of all the assignments he'd undertaken.

He was predeceased by his wife Robin and is survived by his children, twins Leslie Ann Bosch and Liza Ann Zinola, Edward Peter Zinola, Jr. and Lauren Ann Zinola.

Correspondence may be addressed to Leslie at leslie.a.bosch@gmail.com, or Liza at 504 Oceanview Lane, Chula Vista, CA 91910.



Ed Zinola

LES LEWIS, 'PARTICIPATION' ARCHITECT

Les Lewis, the Aramco attorney who in the 1970s drafted the blueprint for Saudi Arabia and its Gulf neighbors to buy out the international oil companies that had been producing and selling their oil for decades, died Aug. 1.

Colleagues called him a strong leader whose knowledge and social concerns extended well beyond the Law departments in Dhahran and Aramco Services Company (ASC) in Houston, where he worked for 35 years.

Lewis joined Aramco in 1965, worked briefly in the New York Office and at Tapline in Beirut before arriving in Dhahran—where he had earlier served as an economics officer at the U.S. Consulate—in 1966.

In the early '70s, Lewis undertook a legal assignment that laid the groundwork for the OPEC countries in the western Gulf to participate in the activities of concessionaires, including Aramco shareholders Socal (now Chevron), Texaco (now owned by Chevron), Exxon and Mobil (now ExxonMobil).

His framework served as the

backbone of the General Agreement on Participation, signed in 1972. It granted Saudi Arabia a 25 percent interest in oil-concession rights, production and facilities of concession holders at the start of 1973.

Participation increased to 60 percent on Jan. 1, 1974. In 1980, Saudi Arabia acquired 100 percent of Aramco, retroactive to 1976. Aramco continued in a management role until the kingdom established the Saudi Arabian Oil Company, or Saudi Aramco, in 1988.

Lewis moved to Houston to become the top lawyer at ASC in 1979. Despite complications from surgery in 1983 that confined him to a wheelchair, he continued to serve in that position until he retired in 2000.

Retired Saudi Aramco General Counsel Stan McGinley, who worked with Lewis beginning in the early 1970s, called him "by nature an extremely competent lawyer who set a good example for all of his colleagues."

Bobby Horton, whom Lewis hired in Houston in 1986 and who now heads ASC's Law Department, said his boss

approached the law with cool, keen concentration, guiding young attorneys but trusting them to do their jobs and not micromanaging.

Lewis was famous for thoroughly analyzing problems. So thorough, in fact, that in 1991 his preparatory questions for a case going before the U.S. Supreme Court were "tougher than those of any of the justices," said an attorney for the company's principal outside law firm.

Lewis and his wife Lois were strong supporters of St. Jude Children's Research Hospital in Memphis, Tenn., where he served on the Professional Advisory Board.

Along with his wife, he is survived by children Leslie, Kathy, Tony and Mike. Correspondence may be addressed to Lois at 121 N. Post Oak Lane, #1904, Houston, TX 77024.



Les Lewis



Looking 'Fore'ward to the 2014 Saudi Aramco Annuitants Reunion

The hosts of the 29th Saudi Aramco Annuitants Reunion, Linda and Jim Shearon, are pleased to announce that the next big get-together for retirees, family members and friends will be held at the historic Grove Park Inn in Asheville, N.C., Sept. 5-8, 2014.

“Save the dates and plan to join us for a fun-filled, exciting time in the mountains of western North Carolina!” say the Shearons, who live just a couple of hours away in Highlands, N.C.

They are working with co-hosts Judy and Mike Butler and other Reunion Committee members to make the Asheville “Hafla” another very special occasion.

In keeping with the *hafla*, or “family gathering,” atmosphere of the reunion, the committee encourages attendees to stay at the Grove Park Inn for the entire event. Guests will be able to stay two days before and one day after the reunion dates at the special resort rates, providing additional time to enjoy scenic Asheville.

The Grove Park Inn was ranked among the top 20 U.S. Resort Spas in *Condé Nast Traveler’s* 2013 Reader’s Choice Awards

Poll, and its golf course was rated No. 9 among southern links.

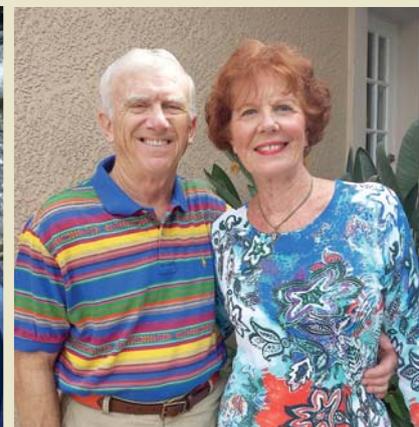
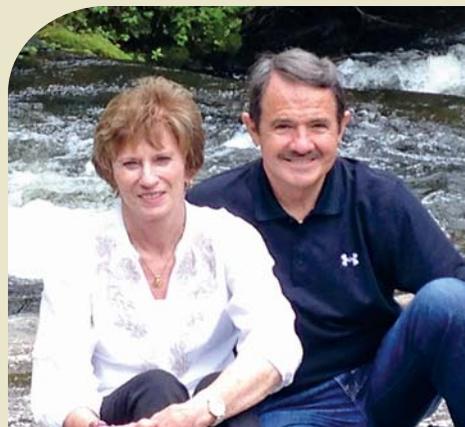
There are many interesting sites to see and things to do in the Asheville area. *The New York Times* has called Asheville an “Appalachian Shangri-La,” saying it “has a Southern appeal all its own. There are lazy cafes and buzzing bistros, Art Deco skyscrapers and arcades reminiscent of Paris, kayaking and biodiesel cooperatives and one of the world’s largest private homes—the Biltmore Estate, a French Renaissance-style mansion with 250 rooms.”

The Aramco Brats held their 2007 reunion in Asheville, and retirees have met

twice in North Carolina—in Pinehurst in 1992 and 2004—but Asheville is a first-time venue for an Annuitants Reunion.

More information about the reunion will appear in the Spring issue of *Al-Ayyam Al-Jamilah*. In the meantime, if you have any questions, you may email the Shearons at lindashearon@hotmail.com.

Linda and Jim Shearon, left, and Judy and Mike Butler, hosts and co-hosts of the 2014 Aramco Annuitants Reunion, invite retirees and family members to celebrate in Asheville, N.C., Sept. 5-8.



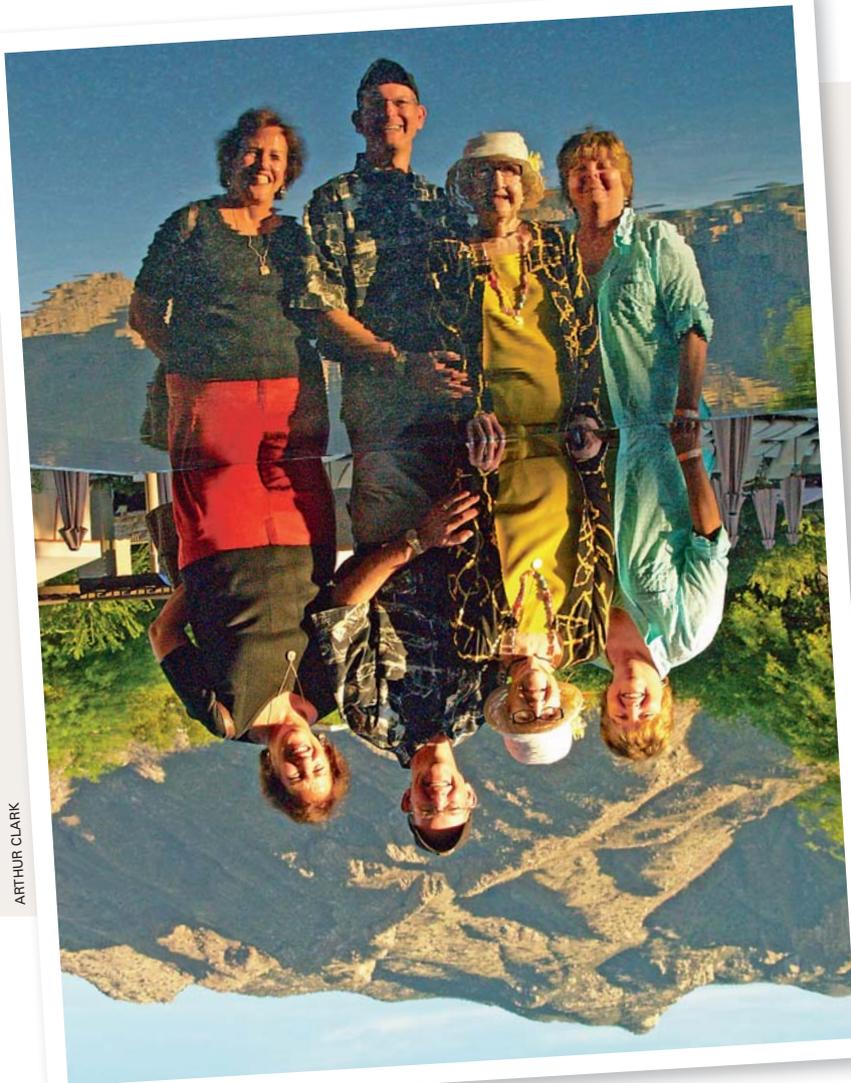
PLEASANT DAYS FALL 2013

Al~Ayyam Al~Jamilah الأيام الجميلة

ISSN-1319-1512

Aramco Services Company
Public Affairs Department
P.O. Box 2106
Houston, Texas 77252-2106

PRSR STD
U.S. Postage
PAID
Houston, TX
Permit No. 625



ARTHUR CLARK

'Reflecting' on Old Times

Rendezvous with old friends came so fast and furious at the 14th Brats Reunion in Tucson, Ariz., in May (see story, page 2), attendees couldn't help but feel topsy-turvy. Captured in this reflecting-pool photo, their mirror images on top, former Ras Tanura kindergarten teacher Betty Hesrick, 85, poses with two of her first students, Sally Vanderhoff-Grunau (right) and David Jessich (both RT'68), and Liz Wood (DH'68). Sadly, Betty, died at her home in Ohio a few days after the gathering. She met dozens of her old students at the reunion—her first. "They make me feel like a queen and I encourage that," she said. She arrived in Ras Tanura in 1957 and stayed for 11 years. "I loved Saudi Arabia," she said, adding, "The kindergartners in Saudi Arabia knew more than my second graders in Columbus," Ohio, where she taught for 24 more years after leaving Ras Tanura.