

Al-Ayyam Al-Jamila

" These Pleasant Days "

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

NEW YORK, N. Y.

MARCH, 1960

Vol. 4, No. 1

We are welcoming seventeen new members to our alumni organization this time, the largest single group to date . . .

Another Cover Girl

Nearly everyone will recognize the newest member on the distaff side of our Refugee family. We're happy to welcome CARLITA PLUMB, who joins our ranks on April 1 after more than fifteen years with Aramco. Carlita was born and educated in Colorado, and later moved to California with her family. She first worked for Union Oil Company, then spent fourteen years with Texaco in Los Angeles. She joined Aramco in San Francisco in 1944 and was one of the first five women secretaries to transfer to Saudi Arabia the following year when World War II tensions began to ease in the Middle East. Carlita started that portion of her career under Floyd Ohliger and for the past several years was secretary to R.A. Eeds.

Travel and theater have held high interest for Carlita over the years, her activity in the latter having involved both acting and directing, and provided enjoyment for many a Dramaramco audience. On her way to southern California, where she plans to make her home, Carlita stopped in New York for a look at the new Broadway offerings. The weatherman was quite uncooperative, however, and her stay was shortened somewhat in favor of a balmier climate. For the time being Carlita may be reached in care of Dr. H. C. Alward, 4224 Francis Avenue, Los Angeles 5, California. From there she reports that the weatherman was much more hospitable.



Carlita Plumb



FLASH! See page fourteen for an important announcement.



Harold E. Cross

HAROLD E. CROSS is a Tapliner who joined our ranks on January 1 after more than twenty-six years of consecutive service, much of it in overseas locations. Hal was born in Pennsylvania but attended school in Pasadena, California. He is a graduate of Culver Military Academy and of the University of California at Berkeley where he received his degree in Business Administration. Hal worked for Socal in California from 1933 until his transfer to South Mediterranean Oilfields, Ltd. ten years later. He spent three years in this, his first foreign assignment, then transferred to Richmond Exploration Company, Caracas, Venezuela, where he spent another year. He has been with Tapline since 1947. After his first two years in San Francisco he went to Beirut and to Saudi Arabia, spending the last four years as Administrative Assistant to the General Manager in Turaif.

After spending some time in Washington, D.C., Hal and Nellie went to Florida where they planned on staying for about six weeks before going on to California. There may still be time to reach them c/o General Delivery, Sarasota, Florida.

LOUIS G. KURTZ became a fellow Refugee on March 1 after twelve years with Aramco in Saudi Arabia. His most recent assignment was Supervising Craftsman (Boilermakers) with Engineering and Mechanical Services, Dhahran. Louis was born in Missouri and moved to California where he attended school. He worked for Union Oil Company for ten years, as well as for other West Coast concerns for several years. His first introduction to the Middle East was a tour of duty with Bechtel International on Bahrain Island in 1944 and 1945.

Upon leaving Dhahran, Louis planned to pick up a Mercedes-Benz SL-190 in Stuttgart, drive through Germany, Austria, France, Switzerland and Italy, eventually going to Sicily where Mrs. Kurtz' family resides. Their plans called for leaving Sicily via Italian liner for New York, then driving through the Middle West in search of a place to settle. In the meantime they may be reached in care of Louis' son at 6135 Woodlake Avenue, Woodland Hills, California.

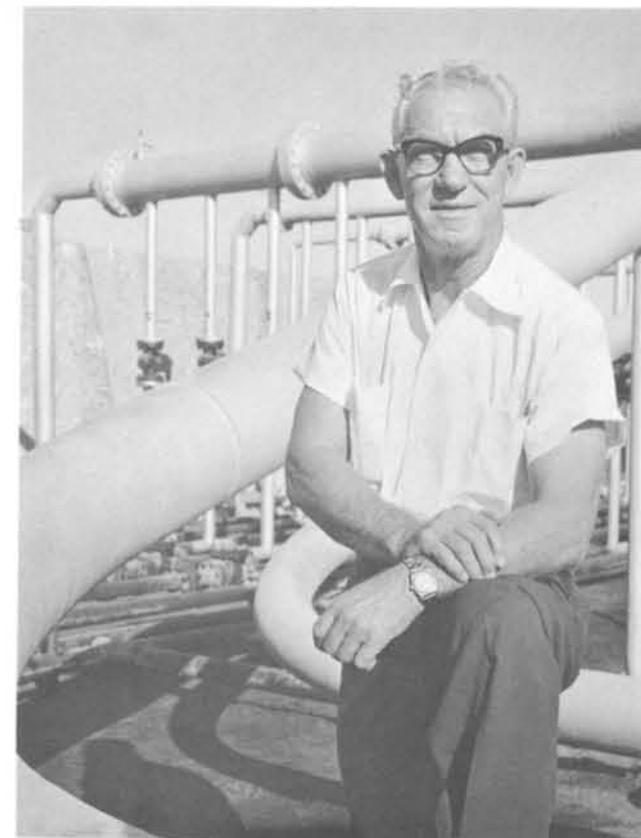


The Kurtz Quartet

ARTHUR R. MANSON retired from Aramco on January 1 after thirty-five years in the petroleum industry, all but three of which have been continuous service with Socal, Caltex and Aramco. Art was originally from Pennsylvania but grew up in El Segundo, California, where he made his home for many years while with Socal.

Art's initial foreign assignment was on Bahrain Island in 1934 when he was first loaned by Socal. He practically commuted between the United States and the Middle East during the next few years - back to Bahrain for work on the Bapco refinery, then on the Caltex bunkering station at Suez, and back to Bahrain again until the 1940 bombing of the area. His transfer to Aramco in 1947 took him to Saudi Arabia, where he served as Equipment Inspector, Dhahran District Engineering. Art's wife, Hazel, and daughter, Ardith, joined him in 1948, Ardith herself to later become an Aramco employee.

Art hasn't reported on any plans for the future, but we'll bet that he won't be taking it so easy that his bowling score suffers from lack of practice. The Mansons are at home at 403 West Aliso Street, Ojai, California.



Arthur R. Manson

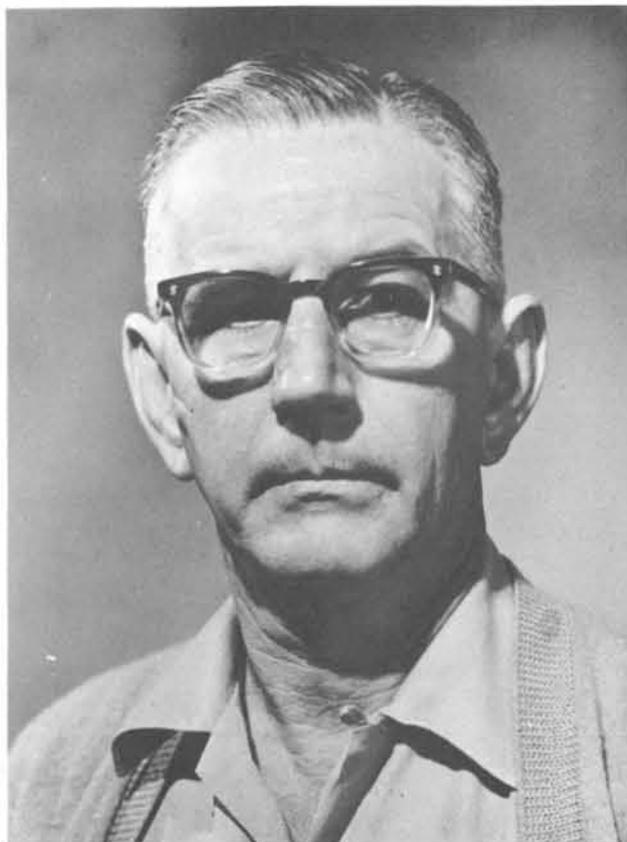


Albert L. Corry

We welcome ALBERT L. CORRY to the Refugee ranks as of February 1. Al's retirement from the Accounting Office Services Division in Dhahran comes after fifteen years in Saudi Arabia. For the past few years Al has been Supervisor of Building and Office Services.

Al was born and attended school in Butte, Montana. Al began his career in the construction field when he first went to work for the Anaconda Copper Mining Company in Butte, where he stayed for more than five and a half years. The next ten years he spent in Seattle, Washington, leaving to accept a job as marine pipe-fitter at the U. S. Navy Yard in Honolulu. It was during his year and a half in Hawaii that the attack by the Japanese on Pearl Harbor occurred.

We have no definite indication of future plans for Al and his wife, Jean, but they may be reached for the time being at 314 East 14th Street, Davis, California. This just might be permanent, they having migrated southward from Oregon a few weeks ago.



Vonzant H. Stoughton

We are happy to welcome VONZANT H. STOUGHTON as a fellow Refugee on April 1, after fifteen years in Saudi Arabia, most recently as Foreman, Field Machinists. Von has made his home in Ras Tanura ever since his arrival in 1945. A native of Pennsylvania, Von was educated and gained his skill as journeyman machinist in that state. He gathered most of his pre-Aramco experience in or near Oil City, much of it with public utility companies and in the petroleum industry. His first overseas job was for the Panama Canal in 1942; a few months later he went to work for the Navy Department at Pearl Harbor, returning to the United States early in 1945.

Von enjoys traveling and expects to spend considerably more time at it before selecting a permanent spot to settle down. He picked up a new Mercedes Benz 190 in Stuttgart, Germany and began his vacation with a trip through Europe before sailing for the states. After visiting with his three children and their families, getting acquainted with his six grandchildren, he plans to again take to the road. He would like to stop off in the warmer areas of the country, relax here and there in order to give his neglected golf game another chance, and perhaps enjoy some swimming in Florida. His temporary address will be 1015 West 3rd Street, Oil City, Pennsylvania.

RAYMOND C. HENNIG has shaken the desert sand out of his shoes and is back in the States, further increasing our annuitant population on the West Coast. Ray joined Aramco in 1948 as a physical therapist for the Medical Department in Saudi Arabia. His more recent assignment has been Supervisor Housekeeping. (*Housekeeping? Mops, dustpans? Titles can be a bit disconcerting at times.*) It was Ray's responsibility to assure the order, cleanliness, and sanitary maintenance so vital to medical facilities as prescribed by the American Hospital Association, down to the last sheet and pillow case.

Ray literally developed his career (in his native Chicago) from the ground up, starting as

a licensed Chiropractor — teaching for six years and practicing for thirteen. For three seasons he was in charge of a small hospital for the Pacific American Fisheries in Naknek, Alaska — faced with everything from an emergency appendectomy to embalming fishermen accidentally killed in line of duty.

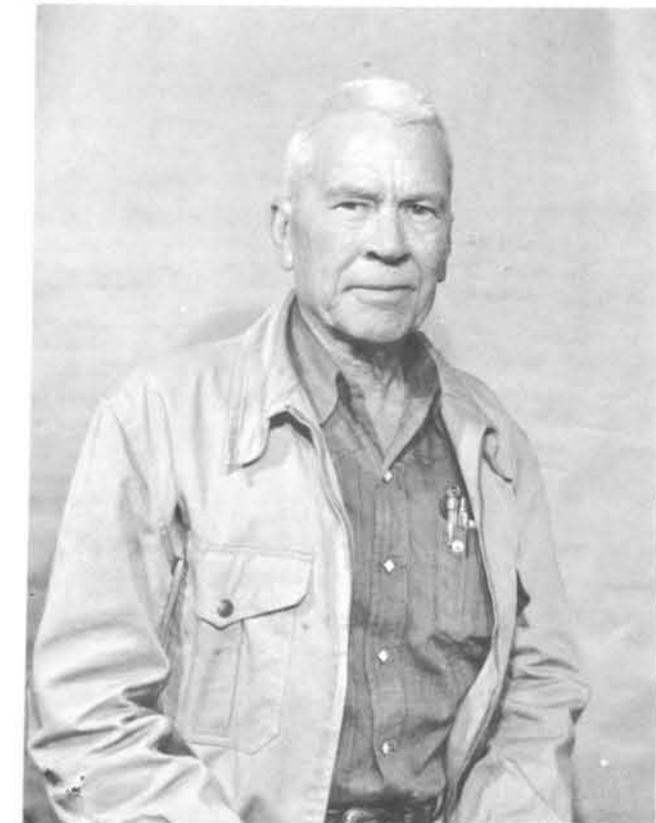
We don't know what Ray's plans are, but wonder if he will resume another phase of his pre-Arabia career and become a member of our annuitant real estate and insurance sales force, or turn again to practicing Chiropractic. Ray and his wife, Alpha, may be reached at 806 Garden Street, Bellingham, Washington, a town where they made their home for many years.

RAYMOND L. PARKER'S retirement became effective March 1 after twenty-eight years of continuous service with Texaco and Aramco. Ray is a native Texan, born and educated in San Antonio, having had twelve years experience in the oil fields and for construction contractors before starting to work for the Texaco organization. Ray, who most recently has been Assistant Foreman, Producing Division, Abqaiq, went to Arabia in 1946 as a production operator. His family joined him the following year.

Ray and his wife, Florence, are retiring to Midland, Texas where they now have their home and where Ray expects to be in the used car business with his two sons. Spare time will be divided no doubt among hobbies, which include fishing, hunting and billiards, and the enjoyment of the four Parker grandchildren. The address is 904 North Edwards Street, Midland, Texas.

Another new member of our club is RICHARD F. PRICE, who left his assignment in Dhahran as Senior Surveyor with Engineering and Mechanical Services on March 1. Dick joined Tapline as a Surveyor in 1947 and worked in Lebanon, Syria, Jordan and Saudi Arabia during construction of the pipeline. He had been with Aramco since his transfer in 1951. Dick's pre-Tapline days contained, among other ventures, seven years with Western Pacific Railroad in San Francisco and over eight years with the Red River Lumber Company in Westwood, California.

Dick is a Californian, born and bred — his wife, Azadouhi, called Mary by her friends, originally was from Turkey and lived for many years in Lebanon. They have two daughters, Stella and Sylvia. The Prices were literally snowbound in New York on their arrival by the worst storm that area has experienced in many years, and had to postpone the start of their trip to Florida for a few days. Their itinerary included the southern states on their way to California, where Dick says they will probably settle. And in the realm of probability, it looks like the San Francisco area has the edge. We're short on further details regarding Dick's plans for the future, but until things get settled friends may reach them at 425 Harold Street, Lodi, California.



Raymond L. Parker

CHARLES J. GONZALEZ officially assumed the role of Fellow Refugee with his retirement on March 1. His most recent position was that of Special Staff Assistant, Data Processing Division in Dhahran. Charlie is a native New Yorker. He has devoted his entire career to different phases of machine accounting, having started working as a key punch operator for the Erie Railroad when he was fourteen. For fifteen years he was manager of different punch card service bureaus, including Statistical Tabulating Corporation. He was with Business Machine World Headquarters for eleven years, then during World War II installed punch card systems for war production plants on the East Coast. Later he was with Hooper Ratings, the organization which serves to measure the popularity of radio and television productions, until he joined Aramco in 1951. Charlie plans to continue with his chosen line of work in the New York area and can be reached at Apt. E-42, Highland Hall, Rye, New York.



William Lund

WILLIAM LUND, Materials Controlman, began his retirement on February 1 after more than thirteen years with the Maintenance and Shops Division in Ras Tanura. Bill was born in Copenhagen, Denmark and learned carpentering from his father. He went to San Francisco in 1923, plied his trade, and became a United States citizen. After a few years back in Denmark, he returned to the U. S. when war broke out in Europe. He did a tour of duty in Panama, another in Greenland, then returned to New Jersey where he married Grace Rita Alkar. Bill joined Aramco in 1946 - Grace and Billy, Jr. arrived in Arabia two years later.

Bill has a large library of tape recordings which includes all kinds of music, entertainment, and recorded Portugese to help in developing a vocabulary for use in their new home. The Lunds are the second Aramco family to select Portugal for their retirement. They greatly enjoy travel, have done much and hope to do more. As for their traveling friends, they are looking forward to their visits at Avenida de Sintra, Casa de Lund, Cascais, Portugal, where the view from their hill top looks out over the Atlantic Ocean.

Leila's Letter

We are happy to pass on this letter from Leila Eyre, received a few weeks ago with a request that we try to fit it into the magazine. No problem at all.

I want to thank all of my friends for their notes and Christmas cards. Several asked for letters to bring them up to date, so I will attempt to do it here.

Last April 30, I left for southern California, spent a couple of weeks with my family there, then went to Lakehurst, New Jersey to visit my other daughter and my new grandson. Well of course he is the "most"! From there I went to Batavia, New York to visit Bill's brother and

then on to Brantford, Canada to another brother. I finally got home July 24th - it was a wonderful trip.

Now I've decided to go south and help my Mother who is not very well. So I've rented my home and plan on leaving about the 22nd of February. Think I may do a little visiting on the way down - Bob and Thelma Loughboro, and of course I'll see the J. D. Tuckers and Needhams and Helen Fox once I get there. They all live fairly close to my Mother - 17061 South B Street, Huntington Beach, California.

I guess this just about covers it. Thanks again for the Christmas cards and all of the kind thoughts that were sent to me.

Following fifteen and a half years with Aramco, ROBERT W. PAYNE joined the annuitant ranks on February 1. Bob began his Aramco service in San Francisco and has filled different positions in Ras Tanura and Dhahran, his most recent being that of Estimating Analyst, General Office Engineering.

Bob was born, grew up and was educated in California, receiving his B. A. degree in Economics from the University at Berkeley. Prior to coming with Aramco he worked with the Department of Public Schools at Berkeley, the Marchant Calculator Machine Company, and Pan American World Airways.

Upon leaving Dhahran, Bob and his wife, Vendla, and daughter, Roberta, indulged in a bit more of their favorite hobby and pastime, traveling, in Europe! They did some touring in a new Volkswagen Micro-bus, then boarded a steamship for the West Coast. When finally selected, their new home will be in a small California town or rural area. In the meantime, they may be reached in care of Dr. Kenneth E. Orr, 8396 Magnolia Avenue, Riverside, California.



Robert W. Payne

JOHN JENKINS PHILLIPS became a member of our club on February first, after several years in the General Office Engineering Department, Dhahran. John was born and educated in Los Angeles, attending the University of Southern California. During his entire career, his work has been related to the surveying aspects of engineering. He was with the County and the City of Los Angeles for fifteen years; he also worked with the U.S. Engineers and the Navy Department. During the two years prior to joining Aramco, John directed native survey crews on Okinawa for the engineering firm of Holmes and Narver.

John's wife is the former Florence Realini of the Medical Department nursing staff in Dhahran. John stopped by the New York Office early in March, indicating that they would soon be going to North Africa where he has accepted a position in Libya. In the meantime their stateside contact address is 35 Oak Street, Westerly, Rhode Island.

EDWARD FOY is retiring on April 1 after having helped to keep the wheels turning in Dhahran and Abqaiq for the past fifteen years. Ed's most recent assignment has been that of Supervising Craftsman, Equipment Maintenance Shops, Dhahran. Ed was born and grew up in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, attending school in that city as well as in Scranton, and later moving to Ft. Worth, Texas. For fourteen years he worked as diesel engineer and millwright engineer, respectively, for Scott Brothers Grain Company and the Ralston Purina Company in Ft. Worth. His first overseas assignment came when he accepted a position with the Africa organization of Douglas Aircraft at Gura, Eritrea as Power House Supervisor. A year later he took a similar job with Hindustan Aircraft, Ltd. in Bangalore, India, where he remained until going to work for Aramco in March 1945.

Ed has provided us with an address of 31 Sunset Boulevard, Ormond Beach, Florida from which we hope before long to have some details about his retirement plans.



Robert N. Pursel

ROBERT N. PURSEL retired from Tapline and Texaco as of March 1, following more than twenty years of continuous service which began with the Texas Petroleum Company as an Engineer. Bob is a native of Pennsylvania, where he grew up and was educated, receiving his engineering degree from Lehigh University. One of his earliest jobs was with the Caracoles Tin Company in La Paz, Bolivia, an assignment that seemed to put the germ of foreign service into his blood. During the next few years he worked in Ecuador for the South American Gulf Oil Company, and eventually he went to work in Venezuela for the Texas Petroleum Company. For five years during World War II, Bob served with the Ordnance Branch of the U. S. Army, holding the rank of Major at the time of his discharge in 1946. Bob's overseas career continued with his transfer to Tapline in 1949. He made his headquarters in Beirut for the next ten years, where his assignments ranged from Party Chief to Senior Engineer (Lands, Roads and Surveys).

Bob may be reached in care of his sister, Miss Elizabeth Pursel, 100 West Market Street, Danville, Pennsylvania.

Refugees, Once Removed

If you turn back the clock some twenty years, you will no doubt remember the Charles M. Potters - Charlie was Drilling Superintendent in Arabia from July 1939 to May 1941, when he transferred back to Socal, and has been retired since April 1958.

Peggy wrote to say how very much they enjoy the Aramco publications and sent their best wishes to "other oldtimers". She went on to say that they live a rather quiet life but that they are thoroughly enjoying retirement. They take trips now and then and do some salmon fishing at Klamath each fall. Charlie reads a great deal,

plays a lot of golf with other retired Socal friends, watches TV until the wee small hours of the morning and sleeps late - then we quote, "Can you imagine his being able to sleep late in the mornings after so many years of getting up at the crack of dawn?" Peggy likes to garden and for the past ten years has been very active as a volunteer Red Cross Gray Lady in their county hospital.

Peggy says that they have so many fond memories of their life in Arabia back in the pioneer days and will never forget the old friends who were with them then. They live at 2643 Spruce Street, Bakersfield, California.

JEROME E. ROSEMEYER joined the annuitants on January 1. His most recent position was that of Material Identifications Man, MS & T Division, Ras Tanura, where the Rosemeyers made their home for several years. Jere's wife, Mary, will be remembered for her many activities in Aramco's art circles.

After reaching the United States, Jere and Mary moved westward by car, via southern climes, and appreciated every bit of sun the weatherman was willing to provide entree - mostly in Florida as it turned out. Jere, ever the archaeologist by hobby, found Arizona particularly fascinating and revealing because of its Indian history. He was surprised at fast-growing Phoenix, which had been only "cow country" ten years ago. At that time he had been able to rent a saddle horse for two dollars a day to go into the desert to hunt burros.

Jere and Mary have purchased a home in Saratoga, California at 20296 Saratoga Vista Court - a spot suitable for family operation: close to their son in school, convenient for Mary with her paint brush and palette, and good headquarters for Jere with his Jaguar and shovel handy for digging. *~~~~~*

From King's Kastle

From Klamath River, California there's a note from BOB and PAULINE KING. They still think that they are very lucky to have found "the funny old house", as Pauline refers to it, in such beautiful surroundings. It seems that Bob is working harder than he ever has before - there being no end to the repair, maintenance, and improvement needed.

They have had visits from many of their Aramco friends and are happy that so many of them have vacations or are settled on the West

Coast, making frequent contact possible. Joining our club on April 1, following twelve years in Saudi Arabia, is GEORGE B. HOLMES, Sanitarian, Medical Department, Dhahran. George joined Aramco in 1948 as a Sanitation Specialist and has filled this and similar assignments, such as Supervisor Preventive Medicine, in both Dhahran and Abqaiq.

George is a native of Texas, born in Blue Ridge, and was raised and educated in Trezevant in western Tennessee. He took special work at the University of Tennessee in the field of sanitation. During the next six years he performed malaria control work and served as inspector of sanitation for city and county health organizations in that state. He went to California in the middle thirties, was in military service for three years during World War II, and for over six years before joining Aramco was with the City of Santa Ana as a road inspector and surveyor.

George spent a day in Paris enroute to New York, coming from Dhahran via one of the new all-jet air schedules, picked up a new Chevrolet which was waiting for him, and headed south. He expects to spend about a month in Tennessee before going on to California. His plans for the future are specific only in that he will be looking for something to keep him busy. For the time being George may be reached c/o Mrs. L. H. Holmes, Trezevant, Tennessee. *~~~~~*

Coast, making frequent contact possible.

Pauline says that her health continues to improve generally, in spite of an occasional setback. They made a trip to Boulder, Colorado last June for Jerry's graduation from Law School, then on to visit Bob's mother and sister in Charleston, Illinois. The high altitude didn't agree with Pauline too well and she had some "motor trouble" as a result. She was feeling fine by holiday time, when she sent the note. Their wish: That the New Year would bring peace, good health and happiness.

From Here and There, but Mostly California

From Arroyo Grande, California CARL WASHBURN sends regards to everyone and reports that he and his wife, Pat, are really relaxing and that their weather is wonderful. (That of course was a November report, but we haven't heard of any major climatic changes for the area.) 🌸

In a short but ecstatic note from KEN and LILLIAN CURRAN in Concord, California, appears a long story in few words, "We are very happy with our new place and we have been very busy painting, buying furniture, etc. It's a lot of work getting set up, but it's fun since it's our real home now... Please come and see us." 🌸

We were sorry to hear, through his correspondence with friends in New York, that CHARLIE HODGE had suffered a serious and extremely painful accident early in December. It seems that carpenters working on some back stairs in Charlie's building had left off a six foot length of hand rail. Not aware of the situation, Charlie went down the back stairs after dark and received a very bad fall. The result: four broken ribs front, four broken ribs back, fractured shoulder, fractured vertebra and fractured skull, several weeks in the hospital and many months of painful convalescence. That was the picture back in January and we've had no further details.

Charlie said that he and SERGEI TESAR see each other about twice a week. In fact, Sergei had dropped by the night before Charlie's letter was written and had served him his coffee in bed... *Charlie: We could tease you about taking it easy and having your friends serve your coffee in bed, but we'll refrain. Instead, we seriously hope things have improved a lot since January and that by this time you can laugh without it hurting at every point of a broken bone and all points in between.* 🌸

We have just discovered that two more alumni, the WILLIAM J. MACKAYS, have taken refuge in Florida, leaving behind the blustery weather around Niagara Falls in upstate New York. Bill reports that they actually moved down to Tallahassee in December a couple of years ago. He says that they are both getting along fine and very glad to be away from the ice and snow. 🌸

One of our pioneers, EUGENE WEIR, sent a holiday message to his old friends for publication in Al-Ayyam Al-Jamila. Unfortunately, we didn't receive it in time for inclusion in the Christmas issue but are happy to pass it along now.

He extends an invitation to pay him a visit at the Standard 11-C Club in Taft, California whenever any of his old friends are in the area. Gene reports that his good friend, Cal Townsend, another early timer in Arabia, is now superintendent at Socal's Kettleman Hills Division. 🌸

Another note received too late for previous printing came from DICK and PHYLLIS KERR, sending greetings and best wishes to all their old friends. At time of writing they were getting everything ready for their move from New York to Arlington, Virginia the middle of January. Reason for the move, of course, was Dick's appointment as Chief Scientist of the U. S. Army Transportation Corps, to be on the staff of Major General F. S. Besson, Jr. (an assignment already reported by Phil in the Sand Pile). Phyllis said that they were both delighted with their new River House apartment, with its sweeping view, located in a beautiful area quite close to Dick's office. They should be pretty well settled by now and are looking forward to seeing their friends when they visit the Washington, D. C. area. 🌸

There are certain handicaps to issuing a quarterly publication. The news as it has come to be known in this day of instantaneous communications is seldom, if ever, fresh. On occasion, Al-Ayyam Al-Jamila may be the first to print an item, but timewise it's usually had ample time to grow a nice thick coat of moss. In the case of our item in point, AAAJ is not the first to print it, nor is it "new news" any longer. The reporting instinct, however, plus the esteem in which we hold the subject . . . well, wishing we could have had the scoop, we're happy to include it anyway, late or no, and with all our congratulations.

On December 3 of the year just past, the Kern County Land Company announced that FRED A. DAVIES had been elected to that organization's board of directors. In making the selection the company felt that his long and distinguished experience in the oil industry here and abroad would contribute greatly to its expanding activities. The Kern County Land Company owns and operates extensive agricultural, cattle and oil properties in California, Oregon, Arizona and New Mexico. 🌸

Early in February we had a rather breathless communique from GEORGE BROCK saying that things had been moving so rapidly he hardly knew whether he was coming or going. It seems that when his company of accident control engineers and consultants incorporated the first of the year, they invited George to become Executive Vice President and Member of the Board. There was a string attached to the offer, however—that he and Helen move to Atlanta, Georgia—a string which George quickly snapped. He says that the situation was so attractive, including the fact that no age limit was involved, that they immediately sold their home and at time of writing were awaiting arrival of the packers.

This, of course, tells only part of the story and we will have to wait until they reach Atlanta before getting details about their activities at that end. It looks as though Helen may have embarked on a career of her own—selecting, decorating and furnishing homes.

George says that they had recently seen JIM and PEG KECK, the BROADBENTS, Chuck Mead and his family and that they all seemed well and happy. 🌸

The WALTER GOODWINS have purchased a new home at 6214 Stefani Drive in Dallas, Texas. The situation seems to be having definite therapeutic value—Bud says that he is feeling fine and that his blood pressure is lower than it has been for a long time. Now that they're settled at last they are looking forward to welcoming friends whenever they are in that part of the country. 🌸

When GRACE V. YOUNG returned to the States last summer, she began looking for the best spot to retire. After checking the East Coast and Florida, she decided on California and has just purchased a home in Palo Alto. Grace reports that having been an American nomad for six months wasn't very rewarding. Now she is looking forward to planting roots and becoming a part of a community again. 🌸

"We will send a picture of our home for Al-Ayyam Al-Jamila as soon as we have some finished." That was the closing of a note announcing that the WAGNERS, CURLY and Fern, had once again (*their terminology, we don't mind*) changed their address and hoped that the new one would be final for some time. They expected that the home they were building there in Santa Rosa, California would be completed soon. 🌸

Then from three other brief notes, these too involving new addresses in California, we strained the following: That BILL WEISS doesn't mind at all saying that he misses Ras Tanura and all of his friends over there very much. That A.P. and CHRISTIE SHELL have bought a home in Van Nuys and send regards to all. And that JOHN RAMIREZ has recrossed the state line between Nevada and California and is in San Jacinto. 🌸

FITZ FITZPATRICK took a moment out from minding the General Store in Williams, Oregon to say, "This year of 1959 has been a wonderful one. We've been extremely busy, but could always find time for visiting with friends who came our way. I've enjoyed 'These Pleasant Days'—helped me keep tab on many people with whom I was associated years and years ago. Regards to all."



HOME FROM THE SEVEN SEAS

Here's another member of our Aramco refugee family who fills the roll of collector of retirements — STANLEY E. ALLEN, Captain by sea and by rail. The combination is a bit unique, but many of his friends will recall the important part he played in the development of the Saudi Government Railroad, particularly the port facilities at Dammam, from 1948 until he left Arabia in 1951.

Since we weren't privileged to announce his first retirement, we can provide a little biography. Captain Stanley went to sea as a boy (literally) and was an experienced seaman by the time he started to work for Socal at the age of seventeen. His other than marine education was acquired by dint of much effort on a before and after hours basis, and ran the gamut from self taught shorthand to a bachelor of law degree.

His progress throughout the years has been continuous and ever broadening, including such posts as port superintendent, Commander in the Navy, and since 1951 with the Overseas Tankship Corporation he has headed up the safety program for the combined Caltex fleets, one of the largest

tanker fleets in the world today. Although headquartered on Bahrain Island in recent years his assignments have taken him to various parts of the world, one of his more recent portrayed by the accompanying pictures.

In a letter just received the Captain announces that after forty-eight years with Socal, Aramco and Caltex, he will shortly retire for good and head for California — the land of sunshine, fruit and flowers. He would like to extend greetings and best wishes to all of his old friends and tell them not to be surprised if they see Old South East Allen coming down the road with a fish pole on one shoulder, his shotgun on the other and his hunting dog at his heels.

We have it on good authority that fishing and hunting will share time with the practice of marine law and the compiling of a handbook of safety and marine regulations as a reference for young officers. Somewhere along the line, this ever-young "old salt" expects to also head for our forty-ninth state because, as he puts it, "There are going to be great things in Alaska, and that's why I'm off there."



South East Allen in Tokyo, Japan with the family of Capt. Takata, Port Captain for one of the Caltex affiliates.



South East playing Santa Claus for the Caltex children in Sumatra, Indonesia

Down Mexico Way

ELLIS and JULIA LOCKETT have made good their intent to settle in Mexico. Their new address is Calle Chapala #100, Vallarta Poniente, Guadalajara, Jalisco, Mexico. In his short note, Ellis reported that their household effects were still on the U. S. side of the Rio Grande at Laredo, Texas, but were expected in Guadalajara soon. They find the climate there very much to their liking and feel that they are going to enjoy their retirement in this city with its growing Aramco population. We hope they are all settled by now.



Did you know that the EARL BECKWITHS were joining our colony in Mexico? We're waiting for word that all the details have been completed and that they have crossed the border. They may even be there by now, since the event has been imminent for quite a while. The first inkling came at the end of a delightful letter from Isabel reporting on a party in Greenbrae, California the middle of November. Unfortunately, the letter arrived just a shade too late to be included in the Christmas issue, but here it is, better late than never.

After a wonderful get-together last Saturday at RUSS and EV NELSON'S, I feel that someone should report on it, so I will try. The George Kellenbergs, on vacation, were there, both looking wonderful; Dorothy, enthusiastic as always about new hobbies and projects for their forthcoming "hitch". The FIELDS, EDDIE and Irene, with new house keys in their pockets and "that gleam" in their eyes when talking about dogwood trees and a white Christmas... HAROLD and FRANCES BOLTON, both looking fine, and so happy and proud of their grandchildren... Matt Schau and family... The Ted Beekhuises, too, were there and joined at buffet time by their handsome Japanese canine.

It was a lovely party and so like the old days in Arabia I felt I should don a scarf and not forget to empty the sand from my shoes.

I think Russ Nelson is deserving of some special title, Ambassador, Consul or such; and

Ev as an Elsa Maxwell. They always manage to locate whoever is in town and do something about it — there is always a surprise every time the door opens and old friends arrive.

Earl and I are awaiting final information, facts and forms on another Mexican Holiday — possibly this, our third, as "residentes" — but since our last visit there, in April (1959), requirements have become very complicated and a lengthy affair...but perhaps Manana? We've moved around so much since retirement, I'm sure some of the Nomad rubbed off on us.



Caballeros, señoritas, dinero, tortillas, manana! Whatever the attraction, JEAN BURCH is going on down to Mexico, too, to see for herself. She's being a little cagey, though, on the length of her stay, saying it will be short or long, depending on how she likes the country. And it looks like she can stretch it at will — she's not been working since leaving Los Angeles and moving to National City, California, 436 G Avenue, this month. When Jean gets back from Mexico, perhaps she will let us know something about her trip and how she liked what she saw.



LUELLA KERR, writing from Peralta Hospital in Oakland, California, reports that the past year was an extremely busy one for her, both at the hospital and from a personal standpoint. She says that she did manage a couple of weeks in Mexico during the Christmas Holidays and was much intrigued by their celebrations and decorations — and much in need of a good rest by the time she got back home.

Luella, as have so many others, says that the Aramco publications reach her regularly and keep her in touch, more or less, with friends still in Arabia as well as those who have returned to the States — even though she hasn't had much personal contact with many of them recently. To all she sends best wishes for everything good during 1960.

Here It Is - Just What We've Been Waiting For

Remember the annuitant party at Castlewood in 1958? Oh, but yes! — along with the hope so oft expressed that other parties would follow. Those hopes are about to be realized!

The second Aramco annuitants' gathering is to be held this fall near Santa Barbara, California. The day: Thursday, September 22nd. The place: The Miramar Hotel, located about three miles south of Santa Barbara on the main coast Highway Number 101.

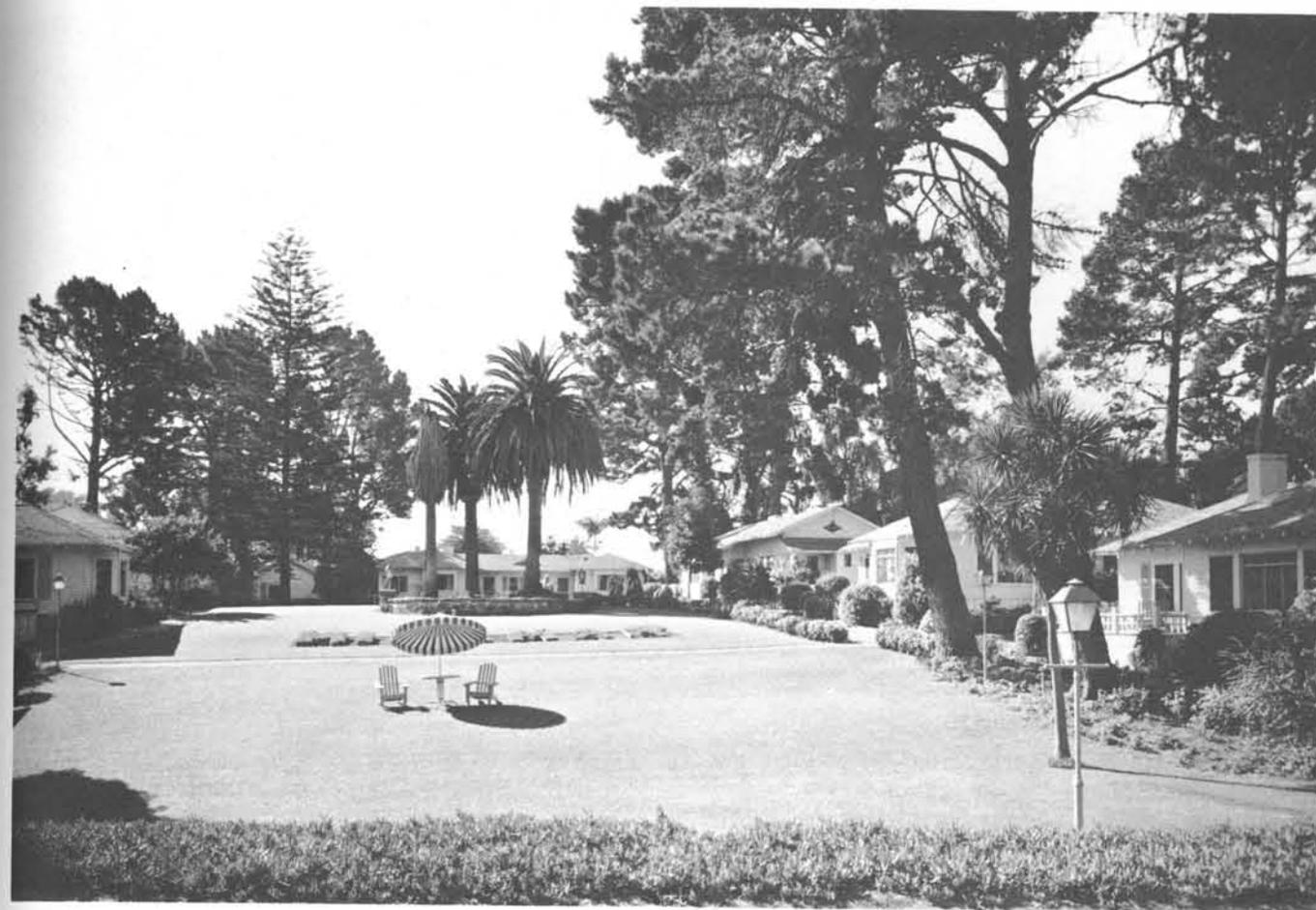
Santa Barbara presents several advantages for the festivities. It is one of California's more attractive communities, noted for its old Spanish atmosphere and pleasant relaxing surroundings. Its seashore climate will be delightful in September. An outstanding attraction will be the absence of city traffic problems. Those coming from Washington, Oregon, and northern California can reach Santa Barbara easier than Los Angeles,

although the distance from the Los Angeles Basin is so short as to present no problem to those coming from that area.

The Miramar Hotel specializes in the convention type gathering. It offers large banquet rooms, a large central building plus an extensive spread of cottage-type living quarters scattered beneath tall trees, both the seashore and a swimming pool, tennis courts, shuffle board, and even horseshoe pits in case anyone feels energetic. The golf course of the Montecito Country Club is five minutes away; boats for channel fishing are available at the Santa Barbara pier. This is a good place for those who come from remote points to loaf for several days, or even for the week.

The sponsors of the gathering have completed what they believe is a satisfactory arrangement with the hotel management regarding costs. The

The swimming pool and the beach at the Miramar Hotel



Some of the cottages at the Miramar Hotel

members of our party will be given a special flat rate of ten dollars per day for a room for two, with meals extra. The banquet will be six dollars per person. Pre-dinner drinks for those who wish them will be extra. This is not very different from the charge at Castlewood — and we've had two years of inflation in the meantime.

Soon after reading this announcement, all annuitants will be contacted by mail and asked to indicate whether they hope to attend. An affirmative reply to that inquiry will not be a commitment, but will give the sponsors an idea as to how many to expect. Later, probably in July or August, annuitants will be asked to make firm commitments.

The sponsors wish to emphasize that although this will be an annuitant party, they are anxious to welcome all people who wish to renew contacts with the annuitants. This includes Aramco, Tapline, Aramco Overseas, and Bapco

employees on home leave, ex-employees able to meet with us again, parent company employees who have been associated with Aramco personnel, etc., etc., etc. Part of the success of the Castlewood party was due to renewed contact with these old friends.

So, you are urged to spread the news of the gathering to anyone who you think will be interested in participating. Tell them to write to Phil McConnell, P. O. Box 832, Ojai, California, for information. Arthur Stepney, who lives in Santa Barbara, will head the arrangements on the ground, supported by those other annuitants residing in the area.

Here is a chance to repeat the pleasure of Castlewood gathering. Here is the opportunity to visit with that old associate you haven't seen for years. Plan to be in California this fall, and above all, plan to be in Santa Barbara on September 22nd.

THE SAND PILE



I seem to be experiencing more than my normal amount of trouble in raking up something of interest for this column. Could it be that life in Ojai proceeds too smoothly to furnish the material that might interest you? Sunshine fills our valley today after a few welcome rains, people go to church, gather in clubs, and wreck automobiles, the local Red Cross chairman hunts for clothing for a family of six transients with the seventh on the way, and the high school students parade past the foot of our hill, holding aloft their noonday repast of milk shake or coke. The girls duck and scream in mock alarm as some dashing pilot of a stripped '43 Ford roars around the turn. I'm thinking of erecting a sign:

WATCH OUT FOR SCHOOL CHILDREN!
(Especially If They Are Driving Cars)

I know that it would be heresy to suggest that they all would be healthier and would reduce the town's driving hazards and would be less expense to their parents if they rode bicycles. Of course, such a suggestion would be wholly impractical, as any child over the age of fourteen caught riding a bicycle in Ojai would be ostracized and cast into outer darkness.

Well, here's a quip that carries some appeal:

Wife, reading husband's fortune from a penny scale: "You are a leader of men, have a magnetic

personality, and are a strong character. You are intelligent, witty and attractive to the opposite sex. . . It has your weight wrong, too."

I presume that we all received Jack Hosmer's letter of last October enclosing an up-to-date list of the annuitants and their addresses, up-to-date, that is, for the moment. Our group is growing so fast that no record can be reliable and all-inclusive for long. Jack's organization is to be complimented for its policy of supplying us annually with the correct mailing addresses of our old associates — and at a time of year when we need them in sending our Christmas messages. (It also helps in spotting the location of free meals when you're travelling.) Too, it gave me the opportunity to note the increase in the number of annuitants since I joined them in late 1954.

At the start of 1955, when we first launched the Refugee letter, we sent it to approximately fifty addresses. In mid-1956, the New York office prepared a map showing that our numbers had increased to eighty-six. The October, 1959 list carries two hundred and forty five names. In less than five years, we have increased five hundred percent. Talk about a growth organization!

While I haven't the records to back this statement, I believe our numbers have increased so rapidly in recent years because many of the people who had a part in the early operations of

the Company, were about the same age when they came to the Middle East. Usually, they had ten to fifteen years of experience behind them, for experience was one of the important requirements for the job. The Arabian operation, then possibly even more than now, seldom could devote much time to developing the imported American in his specialty. He was expected to carry his share of the load soon after his arrival; he was there to train rather than to be trained.

Inasmuch as most of the earlier group arrived in Arabia well established in their industrial careers, they came to the age of retirement after a relatively short foreign service period. Although an important segment of the Old Guard remains very much on the job (as shown by a recent Sun and Flare report of Skinny Daniel's anniversary party), the major portion have departed during recent years.

The 1959 figures also showed an interesting change in our distribution through the various states. I've lost the original mailing list of 1955, but I remember that three fourths of the addresses were in California — which was normal, as the first employees came from Standard of California. The preference for California as a retirement spot still persists, but we are spreading. The 1956 list showed that the number willing to battle California's onrushing hordes and suffer drought in the south and deluge in the north, had dropped to two thirds; and the 1959 tabulation shows the California portion reduced to three fifths. But even three fifths is one hundred and forty-nine, three times the total number five years ago.

Texas claims the second largest group of seventeen, which is quite a drop from one hundred and forty-nine and doubtless is a source of extreme irritation to Texas authorities who are unaccustomed to being second in anything. New York has thirteen; Florida, eight; Oregon, six; and Washington, five. Our group is scattered over a total of twenty-seven states and five foreign countries. Watch out for Mexico. Four of us are gathered there — which may indicate the start of another movement to take over the country and form a second Texas. And there's that concentration at Paradise, California, nine of them (if you include Bill Eltiste, who didn't make the October roster.) If you add all those in the Bay Area and all those in the Los Angeles Basin, you can develop some imposing numbers,

which I plan to avoid for the moment. If you feel inclined toward such mental gymnastics, bring out your own list and make any groupings that appeal to you.

This distribution of annuitants brings me to the question toward which I've been aiming from the start: how many of this widely spread population will pack the bedroll, hitch onto the trailer, step on the starter, mount the groaning camel, or start hitchhiking, in order to gather in the fair city of Santa Barbara, California on Thursday, September twenty-second of the current year? Not only, how many of the above, but how many of the home leavers of that moment, as well as our many ex-Aramco friends who aren't annuitants but who share the experiences of Arabia, Bahrain, Beirut, Lebanon, The Hague and way points — how many of all these will converge on Santa Barbara for the second grand gathering of the Aramco annuitants?

For the die is cast, the reservation has been made, and the plans are progressing for the hoe down. Here is an opportunity for you unfortunates who missed the first affair at Castlewood two years ago, to catch up on the fun. Whether we can stage as earth-shaking a party as Anderson and Company presented in the initial effort, will be determined next September. We think that we can make a pretty fair attempt to equal that colossus if you attend and join in with the enthusiasm displayed at Castlewood. It's not difficult to do so; it comes naturally if you let yourself go. It will be a memorable party if you and the others come and make it so. Elsewhere in this issue, you will find a more comprehensive announcement of our plans. Read it carefully and prepare to act according to its suggestions.

Humans bother me.

I realize that this news may not be considered sufficient reason for calling out the Marines or starting a Congressional investigation; but within my own skull, this attitude of mine is a cause for some concern. I admit the remote possibility that I, in turn, may bother humans; but that is a phase of the problem that humans will face with courage, I hope. My attitude toward certain of my kind is no more complimentary than that of the barber who surveyed the slick hair of the young man who had just seated himself in the chair.

"Do you want it cut," asked the barber, "or shall I just change the oil?"

Take the stew in our local political pot, for example. As we have an election for a couple of councilmen coming up in April, I asked a group of acquaintances to drop around to discuss the situation. I asked them whether they were satisfied with the evident viewpoints of the candidates who had declared their intention to run for the job. Would they be happy with the decisions that they could expect from these noble representatives of the people? No, said my acquaintances, one after the other in proper rotation going clockwise around the room. They were positive in agreeing that someone else with a more suitable performance record should try for the positions in order to protect our community from the fast buck boys within and the shysters without, two groups who could be expected to cooperate in decorating our wooded hillsides with two bit subdivisions, and our ancient oak trees with neon signs.

Excellent, I said. Obviously, if they all felt that way, we could proceed to the next step: that of selecting two of our group as candidates.

No one said anything.

I remarked that inasmuch as I already was a councilman not up for re-election, I felt that I should take no prominent part in the campaigning, but should fade into the background after I had reminded them that it was time to get busy.

The room was quiet.

I said that I realized that each of them might feel some reluctance to speak up before he or she was asked. Therefore, I would start around the room in a counterclockwise direction, asking each how anxious he or she was to carry our standard for better government.

Mr. A explained that he would love to run, but he was planning to take a long trip back east and wouldn't be available during the campaign. Mr. B stated that he hadn't lived in the community long enough to be well known, and anyway, he came to Ojai to retire and to relax. Mrs. C argued that after she spent time with the children, sending them to school, after she cooked the meals, and after she finished her chores as secretary of the PTA, there was no time for

being a councilwoman. Mrs. D just didn't feel up to it, Mr. E felt that it might interfere with business, Mr. F claimed that his feet hurt, and Mr. G merely grunted and went out to the kitchen for a drink. This confirmed my earlier belief that Mr. G hasn't much originality and has trouble thinking up a quick excuse.

A bright light appeared, however, when Mr. H, a neat and energetic young man admitted that he might run. He wanted to consider the problem for a few days. He'd let us know. Everyone suddenly smiled, both in clockwise and counter-clockwise directions, conversation brightened, and a number of people were heard to exclaim that that was fine, just fine.

But, I reminded them, how about the second candidate. Who was going to carry the other torch?

That stopped the animated discussion. Very well, I said. If no one present were willing to be the second candidate, whom would they suggest? They rallied slowly to that one, but eventually they recalled four possibilities: a woman who lived alone and pretended to like it, a back-to-nature addict who goes barefoot and lives in a lean-to that is adorned with the name of I LOVE LUCY, a woman folk dance teacher, and a lawyer. They finished their coffee, agreed that we'd have another meeting after these various citizens were contacted, and went home.

The next meeting was almost as successful as the first. Half the original group failed to appear, the live-alone-and-like-it lady didn't like it, so was about to start travelling, the Nature Boy said he didn't believe in government, the dancing teacher felt that the work would be too confining, and we found that the lawyer was electioneering for the other side. A few newcomers to the group listened sympathetically, but declined gracefully.

At our third meeting, the energetic young man sent word that his boss had turned thumbs down, feeling that a councilman in the organization would be bad for business — something like harboring an ex-convict. And so, he reluctantly withdrew.

Thus, our local ship of state drifts slowly toward the rocks, caught by haphazard currents. My friends express concern that the craft is about to be taken over by the pirates who will run it onto the beach and convert it into a hot

dog stand, but none of them appears willing to make an effort to grab the helm. Which brings me back to my original statement that humans bother me.

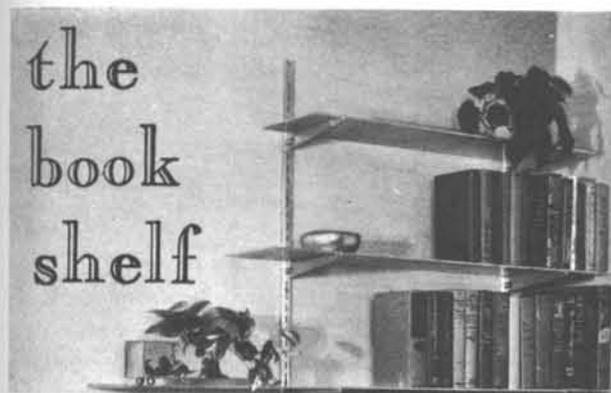
But they don't always bother me in the same way; and I suppose that their variety is one of their interesting features. In contrast to my recent political experience, was my opportunity to observe a small incident in human affairs which gave me a different viewpoint on the people who live around me. And it didn't happen out here in Ojai where the mountains and the valleys are supposed to bring out the best in men and women, but down in the struggle and jam of Los Angeles, down in Mexican town.

The story starts with a young woman whom I have known since she was a baby and whom we will call Jane, chiefly because that isn't her name. She has trained herself to be a teacher of

backward children, children mentally retarded, emotionally upset, children who need special care and understanding and guidance in order to avoid the grim future of grey institutional walls and to become useful and dependable citizens. In Jane's school, the children have to contend not alone with the handicaps of the mind, but also of poverty — for Jane's pupils come from the poor Mexican quarter of Los Angeles.

Jane came to her calling with professional training in photography. She saw the possibility of helping these groping minds, of giving them a special interest, even a possible future vocation, in the excitement of creating pictures. The school authorities rather reluctantly allowed her to establish her class in photography.

It was a success from the start, with the children eager to belong to it although its equipment was far from adequate. They came with



"Kings and Camels" is the title of Grant C. Butler's new book on the Middle East, which should be of particular interest to Aramco people, whether past or present.

Grant Butler will be remembered by some as having headed Aramco's Public Relations office in Dhahran in 1949 and 1950. Others may have become familiar with his published articles and stories, and with his more than a thousand lectures on the Arab World which have been frequently on the West Coast since his return to the United States.

Mr. Butler has felt for a long time that many of today's global frictions could be eased through

better understanding of the Arabs, their religion, their customs, their country and their problems. Toward this end he presents to his readers the Arabs as he has known them — from the ever-roving Beduin of the desert, to the businessman of the city, to King Saud and his late father, King Ibn Saud. His clearest picture, however, has been drawn of his good friend Sami "Hussein," the first Saudi Arab to achieve U. S. citizenship, and it is through him, his reasoning and philosophy, that much of the new understanding comes.

Woven into the book is the story of Aramco, its people, and the efforts to which many have gone to secure a bridge of friendship between Americans and the Arabs. A number of the names which Mr. Butler has used are fictitious, for obvious reasons; but those of Davies, Ohliger, Sam and Blanche Myers, from among our annuitants, along with Snyder, Rentz and Richards, will all have a familiar ring.

"Kings and Camels" has been described as providing a badly needed balance in information about the Arab Middle East, bringing understanding to the Arab refugee problem and other vital issues facing that part of the world. This it does, for which Mr. Butler and his publisher, Devin-Adair, are to be congratulated. The style is easy and interesting and clear — hope you like it too.

such simple devices as they could beg or borrow. In Mexican homes, the pennies were saved carefully so that Manuel or Jose could be given the cheapest Brownie available on the drug store shelf.

Juan was one of the older boys, nearly fourteen. He promptly indicated his desire to join the class in photography. Did he have a camera? Well, no. But he was going to have one. Next week, maybe the week after, his father . . . So, Jane enrolled Juan in the class. He couldn't take pictures, but he could listen and learn and watch the other children happily snapping shutters. And sometimes, he would be permitted to hold some other boy's camera, maybe even aim it, see the image in the finder, press the button and hear the magical click that signaled the capture of the picture somewhere in the mysterious insides of the black box.

At the end of the first two weeks when Jane asked when he would have his camera, Juan explained that his father had not been able to put aside the extra few dollars, but surely, next week . . .

Months passed while the class marched forth each week to learn more and more about the secrets caught in the magic film, and the hidden wonder that would grow on the white paper. And each week, Juan brought forth a new excuse why his camera had not arrived – but it always was almost there, and please would Jane not take him from the class because he had no camera. Once, Jane permitted him to hold her two hundred dollar Rolleiflex briefly. He held it as though his soul were in his hands; gently and reverently. She told him to take a picture. Yes, she assured him, go on. Carefully, properly, he made the shot. Thereafter, Jane would hand him the camera occasionally.

"You're on your own," she would tell him. He didn't disappoint her.

Then Jane found a camera, or rather, a camera found her. One of her friends had heard of Juan and his problem. She had organized a search party in her attic and uncovered a battered device that once took pictures but had been discarded because of various ailments, including a broken shutter and a bent back. "Perhaps someone can fix it," the friend suggested.

Jane took the camera to a repair shop, explaining her problem. "Eight dollars," said the repairman. "The camera isn't worth it, but that's what I'll have to charge."

She took it to another shop with the same explanation. "For a special case like yours, I'll do it for cost," the man said. "Four dollars."

She took it to one of the large photography shops, where the proprietor knew something of her work. She told the story of Juan. "We'll fix it for two dollars," the proprietor said.

"I'll help Juan save the nickels," Jane promised, "but I'll not tell him until we are sure it's going to work."

"I'll have it ready the first of next week," the proprietor promised.

Two days later, Juan came to Jane in sorrow. He had to leave the school, had to be transferred. He must leave at the end of the following week. There would be no more camera class. And Jane could see the darkness falling again on the stumbling mind that for a little while had looked upon a new world of light.

"And Miss Jane," Juan said, "my father he cannot buy. He could not buy before; but I wanted so much to be in the class . . ."

I went with Jane to pick up the repaired camera. The proprietor hustled to serve the customer ahead of us, hustled to the back room, hustled back holding the neat black box. It looked like new merchandise. He checked the mechanism, ran a test film through it. Everything worked as planned.

"There!" he announced triumphantly. "Good as new." Jane extended the two dollars.

"Not a thing!" exclaimed the bustling man. "No charge."

"But he ought to pay something," Jane protested. "He can find some way . . ." And she laid two one dollar bills on the counter.

The bustling man picked them up, grabbed Jane's hand, and folded the money into her palm. "Can't I do my part?" he asked.

And so, an attic has lost a broken camera, the camera man has lost the cost of some skill labor, Jane has lost a pupil, and Juan has lost a dedicated teacher. But the camera has gained a repaired shutter, the camera man has gained satisfaction worth far more than his labor cost. Jane will continue to gain in her knowledge of these children to whom she has given so much. Juan has gained a camera and a hope for the future – and I have gained new respect for people.

Humans don't bother me as much as before.

Phil McConnell



Casper and Company

CASPER GEE sends us a note whenever something happens and by press time we usually have quite an accumulation of assorted communications from this California correspondent, so . . .

The Gees took the children, Steve and Lilly, up to northern California as part of their first Christmas holiday season in the U. S. They saw SAM and BLANCHE MYERS in Walnut Creek, LUCKY and LOIS LUCKENBAUGH in Danville, talked with AL HASKELL and with the JAMES TERRY DUCES. They attended a pleasant New



Sophie Gee on the right, as she appeared in a recent Pomona observance of the World Day of Prayer. She represented Pakistan as one of the Women of Other Nations.

Years Eve party at the Charley Miller's home in San Mateo.

Bill Bressler spent a recent Sunday with the Gees and asked to be remembered to all. In connection with a real estate listing one day not long ago, Casper unexpectedly met George Cooper of International Bechtel Company. They had a nice visit and an opportunity to catch up on a bit of Arabic. A few days later in a local cafe, Casper encountered Carleton Johnson, in this country on leave from Arabia . . . small world.

Casper, incidentally, joined the Martin S. Peterman realty office in Pomona last December. In February he passed the examination for his permanent real estate salesman's license, and is all ready to lend a hand whenever anyone is interested in settling down in his area.

A, Adventure -

B, Baker - C, Caravan

No camels in that caravan, however.

This is a previously promised and long delayed report of the wonderful trip that ROUGHHOUSE and EFFIE BAKER had last summer with their trailer. The first time the Bakers were part of a Wally Byam Caravan, they had a fine tour of Mexico. The itinerary for this second one, which started from the Wisconsin Dells the first week of July, covered eastern Canada for a near two-month period.

Roughhouse and Effie left home in Santa Ana, California on June 12, visiting with relatives in Oklahoma, Kansas and Missouri enroute to Wisconsin to join the caravan. By departure date, there were 216 trailers at Wisconsin Dells all gassed up, stocked up, and ready to go.

A very concise itinerary had been worked out by the Byam organization with stops planned well in advance - utilizing a city or county park, a baseball field, or a farm, since there are very few regular trailer parks large enough to accommodate such a great number of trailers arriving at one time. Two, three or four days were spent in the most interesting localities. The schedule called for travelling about forty to fifty miles per hour and with the longest day's drive during the trip not over 225 miles. Drivers' meetings

They made several ferry trips like this



were called each morning before starting another leg of the journey for purposes of briefing, routing, reporting detours, etc.

Their first stop of consequence was Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan, home of the Soo Locks, busiest canal in the world, and point at which they easily crossed into Canada. While sightseeing in Sault Ste. Marie they saw Queen Elizabeth and Prince Philip aboard the royal yacht Britannia following their visit to Chicago. They had first seen her in London several years ago before she became queen, and they saw her again a few days later at Prince Edward Island.

They drove through the most beautiful part of Ontario enroute to Ottawa, spending a couple of days at Algonquin Park. They had three days in Ottawa, Canada's beautiful capital. Here the Mounties could be seen in their colorful red coats and visits to the Parliament buildings and the Peace Tower were arranged.

They reached Montreal on July 12, a visit which recalled pleasant memories of time previously spent there upon their arrival by ship from London during long vacation in 1949. Montreal, often called "The Paris of North America," is also the world's largest inland seaport. Here, the Bakers' caravan was camped in a spot overlooking the newly completed St. Lawrence Seaway and the bridge where President Eisenhower had met Queen Elizabeth a week before to dedicate the Seaway. There were many things to see and do in Montreal, from a visit to Mount Royal to the Sailors' Chapel - it is a city steeped in history and surrounded with beauty.

Their next stopover was for four days in Quebec, the only walled city in North America, full of old world charm, French speaking citizens and foreign customs. One of the interesting side trips from Quebec is to St. Anne de Beaupre, with its Shrine of Saint Anne and the Cyclorama of Jerusalem, masterpiece of panoramic painting 45 feet high and 360 feet in circumference. Another such trip is to the Isle of Orleans, a small rural paradise, where customs and habits of the early French settlers are still maintained.

The Bakers were particularly impressed with the parks of both Montreal and Quebec and found the Changing of the Guard in both cities more fascinating than the ceremony as they had seen it performed in London.

Wherever they stopped, town and county officials turned out to greet the travelers and usually soon had them feeling right at home. The Byam group also arranged activities in addition to sightseeing, depending on the locale or the specialty of the community. The caravaners found themselves enjoying a chicken barbecue, a corn-broil feast, or a lobster dinner.

They began their drive around the picturesque Gaspe Peninsula on July 25 and the next eight days were spent in enjoying the natural beauty of New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island. The caravan was taken to the island by modern ferry designed for ice breaking during the winter months. Cars must be driven on and backed off the ferry or backed on and driven off. Roughhouse tried it both ways and says it is no problem either way when you are accustomed to handling a trailer under all circumstances. Prince Edward Island is called Canada's Garden Province, and Charlottetown where the caravan stopped for four days is known as the birthplace of Canada, having been founded in 1763.

Then for nearly three weeks they explored Nova Scotia - wild, rugged, charming and beautiful, southernmost of the Maritime Provinces. It extends out into the Atlantic Ocean and is separated from New Brunswick and the coast of Maine by the Bay of Fundy, at times one of the most tempestuous bodies of water on the globe. Nova Scotia held one thrill after another, with its breathtaking views, fishing villages, Cape Breton with its thriving seaport of Sydney and the only Gaelic College in North America. There were the competing Bagpipe Bands, complete with all the gaiety of the highland fling and the colorful flare of their uniforms, especially the kilts.

At Halifax they found Peggy's Cove, a must for artists and well known as the most painted coastal village in Canada. And Lunenburg, where they say "any time is fishing time" and many artists come to paint The Blue Rocks. Here too, Byam Caravaners are always guests for the yacht races. And Yarmouth, home of the largest scallop fleet in the world.

Before returning to New Brunswick they visited Port Royal Habitation, site of the oldest white settlement north of the Gulf of Mexico; then the Evangeline country, immortalized by Longfellow's poem; and Minas Basin which has



A Nova Scotia bagpipe band

the highest tides in the world during July and August, 45 to 90 feet. Back in New Brunswick they had a cruise on the St. John River, often referred to as the "Rhine of America". Then there were the famous Reversing Falls and Magnetic Hill at Moncton - where you drive down hill, put your car in neutral and shut off the motor, and roll back up the hill.

The caravan broke up at Calais, Maine on the last day of August, and the Bakers said goodbye to their traveling companions, most of whom were retired folk, providing a great deal of mutual interest and friendliness. Roughhouse and Effie then started down the East Coast of the U. S., having had not a speck of trouble thus far. They wisely travelled light as possible and were able to negotiate even steep gravel inclines without difficulty - not so with many of the other drivers who at times had quite a problem in getting back on the road from stopover parking areas. Their perfect record was broken only once - when they reached the Connecticut Turnpike and blew a tire on the trailer. They had a spare, then picked up another in New York.

After saying hello to friends at Aramco in New York, the Bakers visited Charles and Babe LeDoyen in Baltimore and had an enjoyable time of seeing Washington, D. C. for the first time. In North Carolina they visited a neighbor from Santa Ana, a Major in the U. S. Marines who had been transferred to Jacksonville. They dropped in to see ED and ERMA HOSKINS in Biloxi, Mississippi, then visited with more relatives in San Antonio, Texas.

By the time they reached home they had travelled 13,453 miles and most of the distance the trailer was following along right behind them.

DID YOU EVER SEE A BLACK ONE?

We have recently discovered the fascinating hobby enjoyed by FRED and BERTHA HAMANN in Twain Harte, California. Anyway, they are fascinated with it and so were we when we began learning enough about it to pass on the whole story. It will be a little different and interesting, we hope. It is no secret, of course, to fanciers of dogs how technical and how engrossing their showing and breeding can be . . .

So much for beating around the bush — Fred and Bertha are conscientious working members of the Black Miniature Schnauzer Fanciers Association and are seriously engaged in making their contribution to the breeding of the rare solid blacks rather than the better known salt and pepper variety. Public familiarity with the latter is not too great in many areas; but once seen, even the casual observer on the street is not likely to forget these well behaved little fellows — their off-hand manner, the leash a mere formality as they trot along strictly minding their own business.

A year and a half ago, Fred and Bertha bought their first pure bred miniature schnauzer in solid black from a retired U. S. Army colonel,



Bertha, Fred, Falla, ribbons and trophies at Pleasanton, California.

who had brought his breeding stock from Germany, where black seems to be the true color of the breed. This little male they named "Hamann's Falla" and when he was 7½ months old they started him in obedience training school. He wasn't enrolled alone, however; Fred and Bertha were schooled as handlers and found their education a pleasure and very interesting.

When Falla was a year old he had finished his C.D. degree, for which the American Kennel Club presented him with a certificate — C.D. for Champion Dog, and he earned it in three consecutive shows back last August with scores of over 193 out of a possible 200, the highest obtainable score. After training him for open work — jumping, retrieving, off leash heeling, etc. — he earned the title of Champion Dog Excellent in three more shows in November. This brought him a bit of fame, since he was the second black minschnauz in the U.S. to earn a C.D. degree and the first to earn a C.D.X. Falla is shown frequently and keeps bringing in the honors wherever he appears. He is soon to be started on utility work which involves scent discrimination, directed jumps, and hand signals for commands. They have several shows lined up for him and feel that he has great possibilities, being so alert, smart and fast thinking, and such a willing and obedient worker.

Fred and Bertha obtained their first female a little less than a year ago and call her Patch, in lieu of her registered name of Burkuhls Black Fury. Patch too is black but came from black and from salt and pepper stock. They bred Falla and Patch and excitedly awaited the first litter, hoping for a reasonable showing of black. At 2 A.M. on February 4, after a caesarean operation, Patch became the mother of two solid black puppies with coats that shone like patent leather (a male and a female) and a salt and pepper male — a better proportion of black than they had even hoped for. These puppies, which weighed only a few ounces at birth, grow in size as the weeks pass as well as in the affections of Bertha and Fred, who will find it no easy matter when the day comes to part with the members of this first litter. Although motherhood is Patch's greatest claim to fame at the moment, she too has contributed to the family honors at several shows. Sometimes she appears alone and some-



Fred, Falla and First Place at Medford, Oregon

times in combination with Falla.

As a means of further building up their breeding stock, the Hamanns purchased a second black female. Her papers carry the name of Valentina Anfiger but they call her Rapsie, short for Rhapsody. Rapsie's mother is a champion, owned by a well known author and authority on miniature schnauzers from Massachusetts. Rapsie is hardly out of the puppy category and we'll probably hear more about her in time.

Fred and Bertha are very proud of their "little people" and work hard to keep them happy and healthy, regardless of the trouble or cost. They feel that schnauzers on the whole make wonderful pets, are excellent show dogs in both conformation and obedience, and a breed that is winning the hearts of the public. At many of the shows, they find their dogs drawing the attention of a great number of the spectators and have acquired the names of many people interested in securing a puppy. In a number of instances Falla was the only black entered in a group of minschnauz, and they have been surprised to learn that many of the Judges in the ring were seeing a solid black for the first time.

They were happy to meet TED and MAY CARSON at one of the dog shows in San Mateo. The Carsons were there as spectators in hope

of finding a dog of a breed which would please them and greatly enjoyed watching Falla in the ring. We have not heard whether they have picked out their dog yet.

Fred and Bertha sold their house in San Rafael and for the time being are living in a rented house with their growing family. They have purchased over half an acre of land in "Peaceful Pines" Tuolumne County, about twenty miles out of Sonora on Highway 108, where they expect to build a year-round house before long.

One of the things they are planning for their new place is a trophy room, in which they will hang all the winners' pictures, A.K.C. awards, ribbons and rosettes, plus the trophies won. Already they have an excellent start. As of the first of February, Falla had won 22 trophies and ribbons in his shows of Conformation and Obedience. Patch was shown in Redding, California a while back, coming out Winners Bitch and on to Best of Breed Opposite. Then she and Falla took first place as a Brace. He came out second in Obedience the same day. They returned home after two shows with eleven ribbons and three trophies.

To quote Bertha, "It's really more fun than it sounds." Oh, ah don't know about that — it sounds like pretty much fun!



Falla and Patch with Fred at the Redding show

HOMeward BOUND

FLORENCE HAMM had completed only part of her African trek when we gave our last report on her travels back in September. Several things have happened since and we're happy to pass on the latest received.

Leaving the Congo, I crossed Lake Albert by steamer to Butiaba in Uganda and went from there by launch to Murchison Falls up the Victoria Nile where you can see elephants, rhino, crocodiles, hippo, etc. The launch is small and sleeps only six people and meals are served on the deck, but the trip is very interesting. Returning to Butiaba the following day I went on to Entebbe on Lake Victoria and stayed at the lovely Lake Victoria Hotel for a week to relax before starting off on the five day trip around the lake (the second largest in the world) to Kisumu on the Kenya side. From Kisumu it is an all day trip by bus to Nairobi, crossing the lovely Rift Valley.

After a few days in Nairobi I took another bus north to Nyeri, near Mount Kenya, for a visit to the famous Treetops Hotel, which is a house in the treetops, from where you can look down at the animals at night when they come to a pool near the tree for salt and water. Queen Elizabeth, who was then Princess Elizabeth, was staying at Treetops the night she received word that her father had passed away and she was now Queen of England. That Treetops burned down and the present one is larger and can sleep eighteen people comfortably (although no one sleeps much if there are many animals about, as that is what you come to see). The Outspan Hotel at Nyeri operates Treetops and transports guests the ten miles to the game reserve by safari wagon and a white hunter accompanies the group in case of trouble with any of the animals.

Returning to Nairobi, I continued by bus south through the Masai Reserve and the Amboseli Game Reserve to Arusha where I hoped to make arrangements to visit the Ngorongoro Crater, but I could find no other tourists interested in making the trip, and as it was 120 miles from Arusha by car one way, it would have been too costly for one person.

I went on by bus to Moshi and Mt. Kilimanjaro, where I spent several days at the Marangu Hotel on the slopes of Kilimanjaro, and then on by bus again to Mombasa where I boarded a Union Castle ship for Beira in Portugese East Africa. We stopped at Tanga, Zanzibar and Dar-es-Salaam on the way down the coast, with time for sightseeing trips at each place.

From Beira I proceeded by train and plane (having sent some of my luggage on to Capetown) to Bulawayo and Salisbury in Rhodesia and then on to Victoria Falls for several days. The falls are quite magnificent but the gorge is very narrow and the best view is from a small plane. I had not been in a Piper Cub since my first plane ride many years ago, and I was a little nervous the first few minutes, after being used to much larger planes.

From Victoria Falls I flew to Johannesburg (the train service in Rhodesia is very slow). I was disappointed in not being able to visit one of the gold mines, but the tours were booked for months in advance. I joined three other people and with a car and driver we went to Kruger National Park and spent four days doing the park from one end to the other and stopping at night at the comfortable rest camps.

Returning to Johannesburg, I flew to Durban on the Natal Coast in South Africa, a beautiful place, and I enjoyed a week of touring to interesting places nearby, such as Zululand. From Durban I came to Capetown by bus along the south coast, known as the "Garden Route". It is a five day trip through lovely country and magnificent scenery. Capetown is beautifully situated with its famous Table Mountain towering over the city, and breathtaking views of sea and mountains in the surrounding countryside.

As I write this, I am staying at Sea Point, an attractive suburb on the sea only ten minutes from town. The coast winds in and out forming small bays, each with its own community and all lovely. I never tire of watching the surf and sometimes the breakers are tremendous. There is

Charles F. Bevan Dies



Charlie as he appeared in 1949

Friends of CHARLES F. BEVAN were saddened to learn of his passing on February 4, 1960.

Charlie, who was born in Baltimore, Maryland began his long service in the oil industry in 1922, coming to Aramco from Standard of California in 1946. Charlie will be remembered as District Manager at Abqaiq until his retirement late in 1953, at which time the Bevans returned to California.

We all extend our heartfelt sympathy to Charlie's wife, Lyda, in her bereavement. Friends may reach Lyda at 435 South Curson Street, Apt. 12-E, Los Angeles, California.



We also wish to extend our deepest sympathy to JIM DUNCAN upon the death of his wife, Jessie, January 15. Jessie joined Jim in Arabia in 1947 and for the next several years they made their home in Dhahran until Jim's retirement in 1954. The Duncans were living in Castro Valley, California at the time of Jessie's passing.



a magnificent swimming pool, one of the finest I have seen, close to my hotel on the seafront and I enjoy a swim or a long walk along the beach.

I have decided to give up my plans to go on to Australia and New Zealand, etc., and leave that trip for another time. Instead I will go from here to the Canary Islands, arriving there January 25th and after a week or ten days, go on to Madeira where I can make connections with a Portugese ship that makes a cruise to some of the Caribbean ports and then calls at Miami, Florida, arriving there on February 24th.

I have two married sisters living in Florida and will spend the remainder of the U. S. winter with them, going north in the Spring to Buffalo, New York to visit a sister, brother and friends there. Sometime next fall I plan to go to California and look around for a place to settle down — for a while, at least! I know some of you think I will never be content to stay in any one place for very long as "Those Far Away Places" get into your blood, but I really must establish a base and get my personal effects out of storage, if only for the satisfaction of having a place of my own — even a home without the "heap a livin'."

Architecture, Danish Style



A few months ago, INGULF FLADAGER sent us his new address saying that he had bought a home in Hørsholm, Denmark about fifteen miles north of Copenhagen. A little later there came a picture of this attractive split level house, with a nice letter describing it and certain Fladager activities.

As you can notice from the picture, it is a unique house, with garage, located on a corner lot 120' x 165'. It has a large living room with open fireplace, a large modern kitchen with dining room adjoining, entrance and hall on the first floor. Half a flight upstairs is the bathroom, toilet, children's bedrooms and a large guest room. Another half flight up is our large bedroom with a veranda. Downstairs from the hall is a short flight of stairs to the basement, where I have a large 15' x 18' room that I use as a hobby, tool and storage place. In the basement is also located the oil furnace and a washroom. It's a nice house.

There is also a large garden, where we grow our vegetables and potatoes. Since we moved in about a year ago, I have been busy redecorating the house inside and outside. It's not finished yet, but between paperhanging, painting, plastering, carpentry and gardening in the summer, it sure keeps me busy enough. This with some vacationing and trips to Oslo, Norway, about 375 miles, and touring Norway in the summer, is just about all I can take care of at the present. (Wonder how he has even found time for all of that.)

I am considering in the future putting up another house on part of my property, doing most

of the work myself, even the design and prints. (And in his spare time?)

It's a pleasure to receive the Aramco publications; they bring us right back to Ras Tanura and some of our good friends. Several of them have been here on visits, and it surely has been wonderful to see them again. Sometimes we kind of miss the hot sun and the beautiful beaches — we could stand some of it right now. The other day we had five degrees F. It was really cold, but dry and sunny. There is about a foot of snow here now and yesterday we were out looking at a ski jumping competition, where the Norwegians dominated... You Californians better take a trip to Squaw Valley and look at the Olympics... Greetings to all.

Roving Robertsons

Well, we have finally arrived at our destination, here at Tahoe, after our extensive travels. (You can almost hear BARNEY ROBERTSON'S sigh of relief as he began his letter from California back in December.) We started our trip by plane at Dhahran — from there to Cairo, Jerusalem, Beirut, Athens, Vienna and Munich. In Munich we rented a drive-it-yourself Opel sedan and headed down through Innsbruck, over the Brenner Pass, and past Lake Largo to Venice. From there we drove to Florence, Pisa and wound up at

Genoa where we had passage on an Italian Line twelve passenger freighter to the States.

We stopped at Marseilles, Barcelona, Cadiz, La Guayra, Porto Cabello, Curacao, Christobal, San Salvador on the west coast after passing through the Panama Canal, also at the port city of Guatemala, then on to Los Angeles where we disembarked. The weather was excellent all the way with only a bit of rain around Innsbruck — it was very enjoyable.

In Los Angeles, we picked up a new Rambler 2-door station wagon which I had purchased through the Arab dealer at al-Khobar. We then drove through San Diego, El Centro and Yuma to Tucson to visit my oldest daughter and son-in-law, who is stationed there at the Davis Monthan Air Base. We had to rent a trailer there to transport all our gear to Tahoe. Christine, our youngest, went to school in Tucson last year and had left a load of clothes, etc. there when she came out to Arabia in June to spend her vacation and and travel home with us.

Bertha, Christine and I arrived at our home here in Tahoe in the evening minus our house key — it had been mailed up by my son and we didn't have the combination to the mail box. And we couldn't get in touch with the Postmaster. Fortunately, we were eventually able to get through a window, made a log fire in the fireplace, and finally got a good night's rest. We obtained the keys the next day and were then able to get things organized.

Shortly after the first of November, while we were in Tucson, my son and daughter-in-law in San Leandro, south of Oakland, presented us with a fine 8¼ pound grandson, which we are all very happy about — he made a nice homecoming present.

Needless to say that we are enjoying the Tahoe weather and scenery. There has been nothing but sunshine so far and there is beginning to be concern about the winter Olympics. Have been to Squaw Valley and saw the buildings for the Olympics — the sight is really something... (We are happy, along with Barney and millions of others that the weather finally changed and made possible the success of the Games, held in the United States for the first time in so many years. Wonder if he got back to the valley to view any of the events.)

Foreigners

Once Again

Such was the way DAN and GRACE BALL prefaced their letter, which from the handwriting appears to have been penned by the distaff member of the duo.

We have been in Dacca, East Pakistan since September, 1958 with the U. S. Government, International Cooperation Administration. Dan is Farm Machinery Specialist for East Pakistan. The picture we are sending was taken at Dacca Farm Shops Training Center. These motor bikes and outboard motors were assembled and tested there and presented by the ICA to the Pakistan Government.

Son Tom, who was with us on former overseas jobs is with the education department of the United States Operations Mission in Katmandu, Nepal. We have a twenty-four month contract with the government and will be returning to the States on leave next September. In the meantime, our best wishes to all.

The three men in the center are the Director of Agriculture for the Government of East Pakistan, the Provincial Agricultural Adviser and Dan. The others are workmen and trainees.



Clan at Work

Here is the promised follow-up on the MCKEEGAN Clan of Richmond, California, which we didn't have room for in the last issue of Al-Ayyam Al-Jamila. True to their promise, BARNEY and Helen have kept us informed of their activities — and they are a pretty industrious group.

Upon leaving New York, after Barney returned from Arabia, the McKeegans headed for New England and had a very interesting trip on up into Quebec. They visited the Shrine of St. Anne de Beupre and took lots of pictures in color, movies and still. They stopped at Niagara Falls on their way down to Chicago, which they found hot and humid as Arabia. They went through Wisconsin and South Dakota with stops at Mt. Rushmore and the Badlands. At Badlands Lookout Point Barney ran into the O. B. "Dan" Boones from Dhahran — just another chapter in the small world story. Then they moved west, stopping in Salt Lake City and enjoying the scenery as they went, and finally arrived home one day earlier than expected because California seemed all the more enticing as they neared its borders.

Barney and Helen are very happy to once again have their family close at hand. Sons Alan and Barry have homes in nearby Berkeley. Maureen is employed, lives at home, and Sharon, a senior at Notre Dame High in Belmont (and wanting to become a doctor), is really not too far away. Barney recently took part in a Dads and Daughters event at the school and in the process also "adopted" three of Sharon's school pals whose fathers were absent. It was a happy turn about for Barney after having been absent from such affairs himself for so long.

Helen bemoans the fact that all of her activities don't take off a few pounds. Says she has so many irons in the fire that there is no time to turn them — painting furniture; ironing; sewing (drapes, clothes for the girls, mending and patching for the grandsons); working in the

yard; studying art; keeping up with her correspondence; and in her spare time, making rosaries. They are for profit as well as pleasure, so if anyone is interested in a custom made rosary...

With winter breathing down their necks, Barney finally got their house painted — no small job even with some help now and then from Barry and Alan. On Saturday evening, at the end of such a cooperative venture, the entire clan, fourteen in all, would partake of a hamburger or equally tasty feast.

At last report Barney was planning to join his brother in the real estate business in Richmond. Around Thanksgiving time he began studying to take the state test for his license. Barney's constant shadow these days is their pet toy dachshund, Jamila, who helps in supervising this newest educational venture.

Thanksgiving and Christmas were the truly festive occasions for the family with all their gaiety and the trimmings — complete with carols as they walked about the neighborhood following too big a Christmas dinner. And while imagining these gatherings, consider their United Nations flavor, what with the American, Irish, Japanese and German contributions, the latter from Alan's and Barry's wives. The McKeegans' delight at having all of the brood together for the holidays was unsurpassed.

Helen says there are so many Refugees and other former Aramco people in the area that they will no doubt run out of weekends before they have a chance to visit with all of them. They were in touch with many old friends during the holidays and later — RAY and ALPHA HENNIG, ED and ELSIE CHRISTIANSON (who live close by), CURLY and FERN WAGNER, the Ralph Bowmans, Steve and Marian Gordon, and the Najars who are living in Mountain View. Gordon is working at Stanford University in Administration. Then too, they had a visit from "Tex" and Dave Schaefer, who brought a little box of sand for remembrance. Helen wonders if she really needs any more sand — says her typewriter must still be full of it from the way it always seems to be jumping over the grains.

The McKeegans hope that the New Year brings happiness, good health and plenty of flus to everyone. They were pretty much on time with the wishes but we're pretty tardy in passing them on.

Mail Call!

Stanley E. Allen
Adrien L. Anderson
Daniel Ball
Rolland H. Bender
Mrs. Charles F. Bevan
George W. Brock
Jeannette Burch
Albert L. Corry
Harold E. Cross
William Eltiste
Thomas J. Engstrom
Mrs. Wilfred C. Eyre
Ingulf S. Fladager
Edward Foy
Charles J. Gonzalez
Walter R. Goodwin
Fred W. Hamann
Raymond C. Hennig
Charles F. Herndon
George B. Holmes
E. H. Hoskins
Richard C. Kerr
Arthur G. Kessinger
Louis G. Kurtz
Ellis L. Lockett
William Lund
William J. MacKay
Arthur Manson
E. C. Newberry
Raymond L. Parker
Robert W. Payne
John Jenkins Phillips
Carlita W. Plumb
Richard F. Price
Robert N. Pursel
John S. Ramirez
Byron E. Robertson
Jerome A. Rosemeyer
Stephen B. Ryan
Alexander P. Shell
Vonzant H. Stoughton
Theodore Vanderveert
Darrold A. Wagner
William M. Weiss
Homer C. Wilson
Grace V. Young

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806 Garden Street, Bellingham, Washington
2715 Grand Summit Road, Torrance, California
P. O. Box 1554, Santa Ana, California
509 Wisteria Lane, Biloxi, Mississippi
1111 Army-Navy Drive, Apt. A-12-12, Arlington 2, Virginia
1629 Sunset Point Road, Clearwater, Florida
c/o Louis A. Kurtz, 6135 Woodlake Avenue, Woodland Hills, California
Calle Chapala #100, Vallarta Poniente, Guadalajara, Jal., Mexico
Avenida de Sintra, Casa Lund, Cascais, Portugal
1525 Patrick Avenue, Tallahassee, Florida
403 West Aliso Street, Ojai, California
P. O. Box 1146, Cayucos, California
904 North Edwards Street, Midland, Texas
c/o Dr. Kenneth Orr, 8386 Magnolia Avenue, Riverside, California
35 Oak Street, Westerly, Rhode Island
c/o Dr. H. C. Alward, 4224 Francis Avenue, Los Angeles 5, California
425 Harold Street, Lodi, California
100 West Market Street, Danville, Pennsylvania
General Delivery, San Jacinto, California
Box 687, Al Tahoe, California
20296 Saratoga Vista Court, Saratoga, California
1912 Rucker Street, Everett, Washington
6617 Louise Avenue, Van Nuys, California
c/o J.E. Stoughton, 1015 W. 3rd Street, Oil City, Pennsylvania
3322 Raintree Street, WALTERIA, California
4844 Londonberry Drive, Santa Rosa, California
9813 Muroc, Bellflower, California
320 South Morton, Okmulgee, Oklahoma
2158 Jardin Drive, Mountain View, California

Under New Management

As a result of recent organization changes, the responsibility for publishing AL-AYYAM AL-JAMILA is being moved to the Public Relations Department. Your letters regarding change of address, as well as your activities which are to be included in the magazine, should in the future be directed to Mr. T. O. Phillips, Manager, Public Relations Department.

The Personnel Department will continue to handle problems concerning the retirement, insurance and medical plans, claims, income data for tax purposes, social security, etc., just as it has in the past.

Aramco's regular New York address, 505 Park Avenue, should be used for both the Public Relations and Personnel Departments.