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Beekhuis Leaves AOC

The retirement of KAREL H. BEEKHUIS as President of Aramco Overseas Company brought to a climax a career of thirty-two years in the oil industry, one which began at Socal's Richmond Refinery in 1931 and eventually covered a large portion of the globe. He and Avice Eicholz were married in 1936 and the following year they moved to New York, with Karel a part of the Caltex organization in charge of Bapco's accounting. In 1939 he joined Caltex-Indonesia and served a year in Djakarta, Java and in Medan, Sumatra. Next step was back to the United States to Casoc (later Aramco) as Chief Accountant in the San Francisco office. He was subsequently appointed Assistant Secretary, Assistant Treasurer, and Comptroller, moving to Dhahran in July 1952. He was elected Vice President of AOC and transferred to The Hague on January 1, 1955, becoming President of AOC two and a half years later.

The Netherlands Government honored Karel when he was appointed Officer in the Order of Oranje Nassau by Queen Juliana in June 1958. Karel was born in San Jose, California but his parents both hailed from the Netherlands — his father from Leeuwarden, his mother from Amsterdam.

Karel and Avice sailed for Kingston, Jamaica aboard the *Oranje Nassau* out of Amsterdam on October 18. A month later they reached New York, picked up a car and nosed their way into warmer climes (they thought). Next report came from Sea Island, Georgia the middle of December where it had been cold enough to keep them off the golf courses for a week. From there they headed for a tour of Mexico with plans to arrive in California shortly after the first of January. Their most recent communique reported contact



Karel Beekhuis

having been made with many old friends and the purchase of a home in Santa Barbara, California at 1828 Olive Avenue — moving date dependent upon the arrival of household belongings, but hopeful of April 1. In the meantime Karel and Avice were house-sitting the Bob Keyes home while they were off on a junket to Mexico.

Karel had the following to say when queried about future plans before leaving The Hague. "Possibly writing, but *not* about business. I may also do some work in community affairs and, apart from that, plan to do some things I have always wanted to do but never had any time for. We will travel, in the U. S. or abroad if circumstances permit. Though we have been around quite a bit there are still many places we should like to visit."



Angus and Jennie Dakers

How can one continue a seagoing career in a spot like Saudi Arabia without having to leave home? Sound impossible? It proved to be the ideal solution to the problem of frequent separations for ANGUS G. DAKERS and his wife, Jennie, back in 1947 when he accepted an assignment as Harbor Pilot with Aramco in Ras Tanura. He became Chief Harbor Pilot in 1954, then doubled that job with Foreman, Pier Operations from 1957 to 1959 during the reconstruction of South Pier and construction of the extension to the North end of North Pier. Upon their completion he dropped the second role and continued as Chief Harbor Pilot until leaving for vacation and retirement the end of January.

Captain Dakers received his high school education in Dundee, Scotland, then completed special courses at the University of St. Andrews, followed by four years as a midshipman with Messrs. Alfred Holt and Company of Liverpool, England. Although receiving an Associate Membership in the British Institute of Naval Architects, he continued with his seagoing, qualifying progressively for Second then First Mate, and Master of ocean-going vessels, and

ultimately as Extra Master, a rating obtained in 1930. During World War II he served on vessels of the British forces in the Mediterranean and Red Sea areas. It was upon becoming a United States citizen in 1942 that he met Jennie, whom he married in 1946.

The Dakers hurried home in order to help daughter Barbara with arrangements for her February wedding, postponing further travel plans for the time being. They expect to find an almost unlimited field for their interests when they get settled down in California, close to the San Bernardino Mountains, at 2484 Page Drive, Altadena. Jennie became quite a gardener while in Saudi Arabia, particularly in the development of indoor plants. She also resumed her painting and sculpture, in both of which she had received earlier training. Although also interested in photography, the Captain's primary hobby is carpentry and as he puts it "generally fixing things" — always plenty of both in the process of getting settled.

ORVIS K. BIGELOW'S retirement from Tapline as Chief Accountant became effective on January 1, more than fifteen years after joining the organization in California. Bud, as he is best known, first arrived in Beirut in October, 1947 to serve as General Accountant (Construction). He also served as Senior Accountant, Assistant Chief Accountant, Supervisor-General Accounting and Superintendent-Accounting, before being named to his last post in March, 1955. He was born in Amarillo, Texas, and is a business and accounting graduate of Amarillo College. For seven years before joining Tapline, he was affiliated with Consolidated Vultee Aircraft Corporation in Downey, California as Accounting Supervisor. Bud and his wife, Olivia, are both excellent golfers and racqueteers, winning many Tapline golf and tennis tournaments. They also contributed greatly in the organization of sports activities in Beirut while there. Bud and Olivia remained in the Beirut area until February 25, then began a six-month tour of Europe. When they return stateside they can be reached at P.O. Box 305, La Quinta, California.

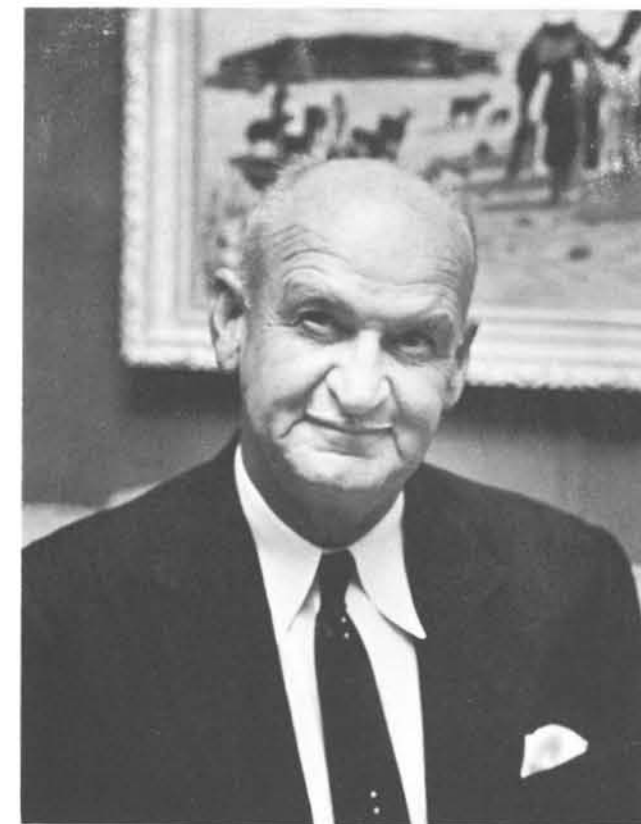
ROY R. SANDERS of the Materials Supply & Traffic Department, General Office, has departed from Dhahran after seventeen years with Aramco. His assignments have varied over the years, including accountant, head stockman, orderman, assistant storekeeper, storekeeper, assistant storehouse superintendent, and after March 1955 he served as Assistant Coordinator, Storehouse Operations.

Sandy has a sincere dedication to the out of doors, is a hunter par excellence, and according to those who know him best literally eats, lives and sleeps hunting adventures. And so it has been since he was a boy in Ohio where he spent all pocket money and spare time in perfecting a rifle aim or pursuing fish along the Ohio River. Spurred by the tales of a neighboring sea captain, Sandy headed for Australia while still in his teens — he got as far as San Francisco, liked what he saw and settled down. It was here that he married Nell and their children, Yvonne and Gary, were born. Nell, of course, has been entertaining Sun and Flare readers for quite some time with her excellent articles in the travel column "Short Comings and Goings".

No need to guess what Sandy has in mind now that time is his own — he's roaming some of the world's choicest hunting and fishing areas, many for the first time, adding to his collection of rare trophies from previous trips to India, Ceylon and Africa. His plans called for a freighter trip to Mombasa, Kenya, East Africa where he will spend a few months on a big game safari. Motor-ing through Africa he will head for Capetown and board a freighter for Australia and New Zealand. From there they (oh yes, Nell is with him) will sail for the West Coast and continue to engage in good hunting and fishing. Of course, too, there is Sandy's photography, reading, golf, banjo playing, barbecuing and talking about the grandchildren. And if you want to get in touch with the Sanders, you should do so in care of Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Kortum, 146 South Clark Street, Los Altos, California.

In case you thought someone was kidding just a little, here's part of a letter that Sandy sent to Phil Hassan in the New York Office the middle of February.

"If you want to get away from it all, come



Roy Sanders

down to Nairobi and spend a few weeks with us. It is a beautiful country and we will certainly show you a good time. Loma (*that would be Mrs. Carter McMullen*) is spending a few days with us and really enjoying herself. This morning we had Kenya bacon, Thompson's gazelle liver and kidneys for breakfast, and gazelle roast for dinner is on the menu for tonight.

"With a few connections here in Nairobi I've been assisting one of the official hunters in the Criminal Investigation Department to shoot game for the Police Dog Section. I go out every week and shoot from 15 to 20 Kongoni, zebra, etc. In between times I hunt for the 'pot'. Shot eight gazelles yesterday and hung up five for leopard bait — the balance are for the pot.

"The bird shooting is out of this world. Don't know why I should ever leave here for Australia and New Zealand — will give it some searching thought in the next couple of months before making a final decision... We all send our best."



Roy and Peggy Beals

ROY BEALS and his wife, Peggy, who list hunting and fishing as favorite pastimes, are looking forward to this manner of indulgence when they begin rediscovering the beauties and wonders of their homeland. Their travel plans before returning stateside, however, included visits to Holland, Ireland and Scotland. They have no definite plans for settling down except that it will likely be in one of the western states. In the meantime they will be collecting their mail c/o General Delivery, Tucson, Arizona.

At the time he left Abqaiq the end of February, Roy was M&S Relief Foreman. Roy, a native of California has been associated with the oil industry for most of his career, including a contract as pipe welder at the Ras Tanura refinery for Bechtel McCone Corporation. He was with Baker Oil Tools, Inc. for over sixteen years and with Nicholson Welding for a time before joining Aramco. Upon arrival in Saudi Arabia, Roy was assigned to Ras Tanura as a welding instructor in the Maintenance and Shops Division. He later transferred to Abqaiq and has held his most recent position since 1958. Peggy, with son Terry, joined Roy in 1952 and since then has enjoyed the active part she took in the Women's Group and the Choral Group. Terry, now 21, attends State University of San Francisco and is majoring in Educational Television and Television Direction. The Beals plan to visit

Terry and attend his graduation this summer.

Roy and Peggy, in addition to knowing how much they would miss their friends, were in a reminiscent mood on the eve of their departure. Peggy particularly was recalling her great and pleasant surprise upon arriving in the zone of operations: the comfortable and attractive homes, the many facilities—clubs, schools, commissary, etc. — the tall green trees, grass, and the variety of shrubs and plants.

That recollection brought forth another story, one which could no doubt be told a hundred times and more. . . As Peggy was preparing for her first trip to Saudi Arabia and awaiting Roy's long vacation, she received letters from the New York Office inquiring when she would be ready to depart for the ZOP. Having not the faintest idea about the ZOP development, she delayed her reply until she could discuss the matter with Roy. Before that was possible, however, she received a call at her home in California from a rather impatient Aramco representative in New York requesting a reply to the ZOP question. Peggy carefully explained that she was scheduled to go to Abqaiq, not ZOP. Amid gales of laughter, she was given the explanation and her first introduction to Aramco's long famous "zone of operations".

Then Roy remembered their pampered Tree of Paradise that bloomed and was doomed, all in one day. After several years of care, their tree was growing, really growing, and as though in appreciation of their tender ministrations, it offered its first blossoms one bright morning. The Beals were elated. But not for long. That was also a day for hords of hungry locusts to sweep upon the camp and their tree was stripped. Even the cape jasmine hedges were fodder for the swarming black clouds of insects that year. Roy viewed the bare tree in astonishment, then said wryly, "Well, they must have found it food of paradise."

ALLEN H. RICHARDS, Staff Engineer, General Office Maintenance and Shops Department since 1955, had spent fourteen years in Saudi Arabia when he left for retirement. Al



Allen and Hope Richards

arrived in Dhahran in November 1948 along with Sam Shultz, Art Sundberg and O. D. Fine. He was assigned to Headquarter's Engineering under K. R. Webster, but was soon transferred to Abqaiq, one of the first three engineers under John Lunde's newly organized District Engineering Division. In January 1952, he was named Assistant Superintendent, Abqaiq Transportation.

Al and his wife, Hope, have been quite active in community affairs. Al held office in the Abqaiq Aramco Employees Association and both of them participated in the first Abqaiq Players production and chorus group. Tennis, bowling, water volleyball and bridge have been favorite activities. Hope has been vacation office-mother to returning students during the summer time. Their daughter, Pat, now Mrs. Stephen B. Smith, lives in Edinburg, Texas; Allen, Jr. is a reliability engineer with the United Technology Corporation in Sunnyvale, California. The Richards can be reached c/o Carl G. Fisher, Ltd. (Sales Office), Box 1236, Nassau, Bahamas. However, at last report, they hadn't decided on the best place to settle—it could be West Texas, California or the Bahamas.

Wide open spaces appeal to the MAURICE E. HOLLYFIELDS and when they get settled on that ranch near Livingston, Texas they expect to start raising cattle. Holly and his wife, Cladie, left Dhahran in December with plans to visit Germany, then travel through Belgium before boarding a ship at Antwerp which would take them to Houston.

Holly joined Texaco's drilling department in 1945, transferred to Aramco a year later, arriving in Dhahran in August of 1946. His first assignment was rigging up Dammam Well No. 40 near the soccer field west of the al-Khobar Road. Transferring to the Exploration department in Ras Tanura, he worked in structure drill parties and assisted in the pioneer exploration of the 'Ain Dar Field. He returned to the Drilling Department in 1947, helped drill in the 'Ain Dar Field, and worked on deep tests in the Abqaiq Field and offshore from the Queen Mary drilling barge in the Safaniya Field. At time of retirement he was Powerhouse Supervising Operator, Mechanical Services and Utilities Department, Dhahran District.

The Hollyfields have a married daughter, Dolores, living in Houston and a son, Maurice, Jr., who was in Dhahran from 1952 to 1954 and who is now employed by Brown and Root in Bahrain. Holly and Cladie may be reached temporarily at 2115 Eleventh Street, Galena Park, Texas.



Maurice and Cladie Hollyfield



Sam and Miriam Shultz

Before leaving Dhahran in December, SAM T. SHULTZ had been Manager, General Office Community Services Department since 1955. Sam joined Aramco in 1948 as a paint specialist in the General Office Engineering Department, serving over the years as a Maintenance Engineering Supervisor, Assistant to the District Manager, and Supervisor of Construction. Sam is a native Pennsylvanian and a graduate of Lehigh University at Bethlehem. Prior to joining Aramco, he spent eighteen years with Texaco at Port Arthur, Texas, where he was associated with such present and former Aramcons as R. S. Hatch, T. V. Stapleton, W. R. Cooper, K. R. Webster, C. A. Johnson and N. A. Scardino.

Sam's wife, Miriam, and their two daughters joined him in Saudi Arabia in 1949. Frances, now married to Dave Skory, lives in Rome with their five children. Anna is Mrs. Don Wasson, living in Dhahran with their three children. Sam and Miriam visited with Frances and her family in Rome after leaving Dhahran in December, then traveled through Europe enroute to their home in Danville, Pennsylvania. Mail will reach them if directed to P. O. Box 163.

ORLIN O. THOMAS, Miscellaneous Services Supervisor, Maintenance and Shops division, left in November for vacation and retirement after fifteen years of service with Aramco, all of which was spent in Ras Tanura. "Double-O", as he was always called, arrived in Saudi Arabia on Christmas Day, 1947, and was assigned to what was then known as the Labor Section of the M&S Division. With the exception of five years in the Security Section, he has spent all of his time in M&S. Lillian and their two daughters arrived in Saudi Arabia in 1949. Beverly, now married and the mother of two children, lives in Tulsa, Oklahoma. Pamela is in her senior year at San Marcos Academy, Texas.

The Thomas plans called for a leisurely trip through Europe, then sailing on the S. S. United States from Southampton to New York. They expected to spend the winter traveling through the warmer parts of the U. S., renewing old acquaintances. Double-O is an ardent golfer and played for thirteen years on the inter-district teams, always managing to score a few points for his home team. Now, however, he's no doubt trying out the greens in and around Tulsa, Oklahoma, where they are making their home at 2503 South Sandusky Avenue.



Raymond and Edith Angell

RAYMOND E. ANGELL and his wife, Edith, visited with old friends in Wiesbaden, Germany on their way to the United States and retirement. They will be at home to friends at 17 Fifth Street, East Providence, Rhode Island.

THREE SCORE AND TEN

Had there been engraved invitations for the occasion, they could well have started out, "Mrs. James Terry Duce requests the honor of your presence at a luncheon . . ." We really don't know a thing about the wording of the invitations — our reporter didn't say. In fact, the reporter even wishes to remain anonymous.

What we do know, though, is that on December 29, TERRY DUCE celebrated his seventieth birthday and in honor of the event, Ivy gave a very nice luncheon for him at the Mark Hopkins Hotel in San Francisco. The entire

guest list was not provided but our reporter mentioned such names familiar to Aramcons as the Dale Nixes, the Fred Davies, the Duces' daughter and her husband, the Corrinets, the Ted Huggins, the George Parkhursts and the George Ballous.

JTD: Late they are, but we offer our best wishes and are sure that it was a very happy day. We understand you're feeling quite chipper these days, including enough vim, vigor and vitality for a recent business trip to Saudi Arabia.

Slaven and Singelyn via Webster

We surely do like it when folks such as Ken Webster give in to their reporting instincts and pass to us letters like this one he received from JIM SLAVEN at Christmas time.

Just a line to let you know we have built a new home here in Pompano Beach and have just moved in.

Alice suffered a severe illness when she arrived from Honolulu last March, was hospitalized for several weeks, and has been under the doctor's care since. A very rigid diet and rest schedule do not permit any travelling on her part. So I cannot be sure when I can get north again. It certainly knocked our plans awry.

Our new home is right next door to Von Stoughton. You can bet he and I have some great old sessions. Situated on a canal that connects with the Intercoastal Waterway, we have only to step out doors and put a line in the water and make like fishermen.

This is going to be ideal for leisure living and I haven't yet acquired ambition to do anything but loaf. I'll send some pictures along when the landscaping work is done and give you a good look. Of course if you come this way, I expect you to stop by.

Alice and I both send our best wishes for a

very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Then there was the other one Ken received from AL SINGELYN a little earlier in the month which reads in part . . .

Have been "busy" at the office, but then on November 13 I had to do the same thing that so many have done — had a mild heart attack. I've never really felt bad. After spending two and a half weeks in the hospital, have been home now for over a week but still taking it easy, etc. Can return to half-time work after the first of the year, according to the present thoughts of the Doc. Have lost eighteen pounds of course, and am just being lazy around the house.

Will have to take a different approach to my working, however, when I go back and not let things bother me as they have — guess I've been too conscientious.

Bill Squires saw Al when he was on long vacation recently and reported that he looked fine, had gone back to work after the first of the year, then decided to leave the organization in February. We understand, however, that Al's health had nothing to do with the parting of the ways.



Charlie and Dorothy Cain

We know of one more former Bronx-New Yorker who plans to take up residence in Florida.

Mediterranean Isle

Here are more details of life on Mallorca, this time from those who live there. Our first contribution, from TOM and VERA MCMAHON:

We both enjoyed our dear friend Bonnie Ray's letter in Al-Ayyam Al-Jamila of December, 1962, and its pleasing reference to our island. Thanks to Bonnie for shaking us up - if she can do it so can we.

For a number of vacations we searched different countries, including the U. S. A., looking for the ideal retirement spot. Several times we had come to Mallorca, but were not too impressed because of the touristy atmosphere of Palma and its immediate seacoast. Granted, the low cost of living made a favorable impression.

Several years ago on one of our trips, in looking for houses, we found Finca Els Pins

(Statistics, anyone?) And who could blame CHARLES A. CAIN and his wife, Dorothy, for such a decision, even if the weather hadn't been pretty lousy this winter? Florida puts them a lot closer to the rest of the family, what with daughter Patricia and her husband, Robert Schieferstine, in Orlando, Florida with their three children; daughter Sheila, married to Jay Stone Gay, living in Port Arthur, Texas with their young trio; and daughter Kathleen attending school in San Antonio. Charlie and Dorothy have asked their friends to visit them at 260 Agua Vista Drive in De Bary when they are down Florida way.

Charlie arrived in Dhahran in June 1948, beginning his Aramco service as a crew supervisor in the Light Car Garage. In 1950 he started the first training unit in the Transportation Division and continued as the Unit Trainer until 1957. He then spent two years working as an inspector in the Light Car Garage. From 1959 to 1961, he was employed in Refrigeration and Heavy Equipment Shops, M&S Department, returning to the Transportation Department as a Light Car Garage Inspector, the position he filled at the time of departure from Dhahran the end of December.

(Mallorquin for "The Pines", in Spanish it would be Los Pinos). From the first it was just the place we had always been looking for, high on a mountain, away from the sea, with a beautiful view from all sides. On the property were numerous large pine and fruit trees. Unfortunately the house was a mess, other than its attractive exterior.

Upon retirement, negotiations were started with architects, contractors, utilities, etc. It can be understood that at that time our knowledge of Spanish was not too good. However, we "made do", and got along the hard way. Actual work started the first week of January 1962, and we were able to move into the house in July. It was a wonderful six months filled with confusion and problems.

As to the original house, we saved the walls,
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R. F. MAMBOURG had been Abqaiq Night Foreman since 1948 when he left in January for retirement. Rudy joined Aramco in December of 1945, arriving in Saudi Arabia the following month. His first assignment was Operator at what was called GOSP #1, followed by Assistant Foreman in the same department, and later by promotion to the position held at time of departure. He also filled a few special assignments during the completion and startup of the stabilizer and pump station #4. Rudy was born in Chicago, later moving to Denver, Colorado where he was educated in the local schools. He started working for the U. S. Reclamation Service after graduation, and spent the next several years traveling around the western states. He was employed by Morrison Knudsen Company as an electrician, then for seven years by Wunderlich Construction Company as Chief Electrician. He went to Panama in 1939, and until joining Aramco was associated with the Army and Navy, traveling around the Central American Republics.

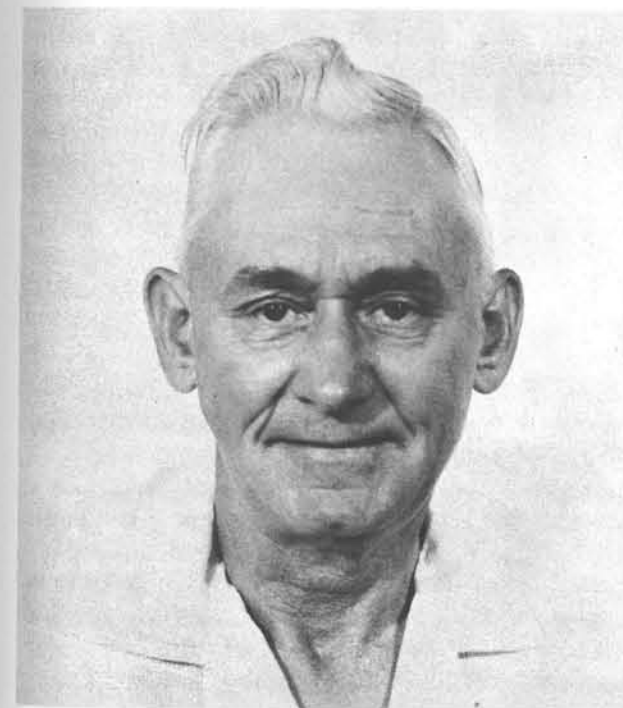
One of Rudy's two sons recently graduated from college, the other is in military service. Rudy's plans called for some traveling around the U. S., renewing a few old friendships, before settling down at 1260 Oribia Road, Route #1 - Box 340, Del Mar, California.



Rudy Mambourg

D. E. HUNT, Heavy Duty Mechanic in the Abqaiq field service of Maintenance and Shops, left for long vacation and retirement the early part of March. Whitey, as he is best known, was born in Princeton, Minnesota, where he started to school. Upon completing his education, by way of Science Hill, Kentucky and Gadson, Alabama, he joined the Illinois Central Railroad Company in 1922 as a fireman. From 1925 to 1940 he worked as a mechanic with various implement and motor companies in the South and Midwest. Since 1941 he has served stints as a heavy duty mechanic with construction firms in Guam, Afghanistan and with IBBI in Saudi Arabia. He joined Aramco in February 1955 and upon arrival was assigned to the Abqaiq Heavy Equipment Shop, M&S as a mechanic.

Three children and three grandchildren await Whitey's return to the U. S. Dewitt Nathan lives in Indianapolis, Indiana; Deloss Lloyd is in the Army; and daughter Iris Lynn attends high school in Savannah, Georgia. Tentative retirement plans include building a home in Florida, fishing and pleasant interludes of travel, and just looking around. Until the Florida adobe materializes, friends may reach Whitey at 2216 Norwood Avenue, Savannah, Georgia.



Whitey Hunt

Most travelers in the Middle East or those in residence there for any length of time are familiar with the Marie Theresa "Dollar". Many have come to possess one, more if they were fortunate — perhaps still in its original form, perhaps made into a piece of jewelry, a paper weight, or other decorative or useful object. We are grateful to the Editor of the AOC Reporter and to the author of the following story, which we reprint here as it appeared in the October 1962 issue of the Reporter. (Hope there are a few things here you didn't already know about this beautiful coin.)

A MOST REMARKABLE COIN:

THE MARIA THERESA THALER

BY LOU ANNEGARN

The Maria Theresa Thaler or Levant Thaler is the name of a popular silver coin bearing the image of the Austrian Empress Maria Theresa who reigned from 1740 to 1780. The coin weighs approximately 430 grains of silver .833 1/3 fine, so that it contains approximately 355 grains of fine silver; its diameter is 1½ inch.

The obverse depicts the sovereign wearing a pearl diadem and widow's veil. The silk robe is fastened by a clasp on the right shoulder which also holds the ermine. Underneath the effigy are the initials S.F. of the Mint Officials Schobl and Faby.

The reverse shows a double eagle without scepter, orb or sword. Underneath is a shield divided into quarters bearing the crowns of Hungary and Bohemia. On the right are the arms of Hungary, on the left those of Bohemia and under them the arms of Burgundy and Bavaria. In the center, below the ducal coronet, the arms of the Austrian dynasty. The imperial crown is above the eagle heads. Due to these eagle heads, the Arabs also call this coin the *rial-abu-tair* or bird thaler.

The inscriptions are: *Maria Theresa, by the Grace of God Roman German Empress, Queen of Hungary and Bohemia, Archduchess of Austria, Duchess of Burgundy, Countess of Tyrol*, and the legend says: *Justitia et Clementia* — Justice and Clemency. All coins minted in or after 1780 bear the same date.

The coin illustrated was used as legal currency in Austria from 1780 to 1858, after which it remained in circulation in Austria for another 34 years until its withdrawal in 1892, the year in which the Austro-Hungarian *krone* became monetary unit.

Nobody could have foreseen at the time that this coin, though no longer legal tender in its country of origin, would continue to be current money on the Arab Peninsula and in North East Africa for many decades. In fact, after the withdrawal of the 70 million coins minted in the period when they were legal currency in Austria, more than 260 million of them were subsequently minted in seven different countries (including the Netherlands), both for economic and for political and military reasons, as will be seen later. Because of the war the 116,500 thalers minted in Utrecht in 1939 could not be shipped and were consequently melted down to bars again.

The first flow of coins to the Middle East was a result of the fact that Austria had a passive balance of trade with these countries and was required to pay the deficit in hard cash. This hard cash became so popular there in due course that the thaler itself became an Austrian export article. The pacification and development of North East Africa went hand in hand with the propagation of the expansion of trade between Arabs and African Negroes, who gladly accepted the coins as objects of exchange and as ornaments. One can therefore say that the territory of



the Islam in Africa is practically the same as the area where the thaler was or is used as currency.

The foreign country where the thaler was first introduced was Yemen, where it soon controlled the entire coffee trade, as it does to this day. In 1924, the then ruler tried to introduce a Yemenite thaler as legal currency, but failed in his attempt. In the first place the number of new coins issued was much too small, and secondly both the people and the trade refused to place their trust in it. Twice in the past ten years efforts were made to modernize the Yemenite monetary system (also via UN missions), but that is as far as it went, so that the thaler is still in circulation in Yemen today, together with the East African shilling, English and French gold coins, sovereigns and Louis d'Ors. In Saudi Arabia the thaler was a great favorite both as coin and as ornament. People had confidence in its weight and fineness, neither of which have altered for nearly 200 years. In 1833, the Royal Ottoman dynasty forbade the use of the thaler in Hejaz and Yemen, a prohibition that came to nothing: the thaler simply would not give way.

When King Ibn Saud began to reorganize his country's monetary system in 1928 and introduced the Saudi Arab Riyal, the demand for thalers, previously much used by Mecca pilgrims, showed a sharp decline. Yet in 1930, or two years later, some 500,000 of these coins were shipped to Jidda, whence they found their way to the interior. However, since the rise of the oil industry in

Saudi Arabia, Kuwait, Bahrain and Qatar, the thaler has practically been ousted as means of payment and has been replaced by national currency or other foreign coins or bills.

The Maria Theresa thaler was already known in Ethiopia in 1790 or thereabouts, and from the early part of 1800 until its withdrawal during the Italian Occupation (1936–1941), the thaler was the official coin of Ethiopia. Just as the Dutch in World War II hid their silver coins instead of surrendering them, the Ethiopians retained their thalers until better times. Early in 1936, the Italians themselves coined 18 million thalers at the Milan Mint, which were paid out to the occupation forces in the beginning. Also the Allied forces who subsequently liberated Ethiopia from the Italians brought thalers with them that had been coined in England.

At one time Ethiopia issued a national thaler, i.e. the Menelik thaler, named after the Emperor Menelik II, but so few of these coins were put into circulation that they in no way endangered the position of the Maria Theresa thaler. Moreover, the Ethiopian Government also issued bills in Maria Theresa denominations, while no such bills were available for Menelik thaler. In 1945, when the East African shilling had been circulating in Ethiopia for some time, the country's monetary system was entirely revised and the Ethiopian dollar (approximately \$0.40) was introduced, after which the thaler was no longer

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J. J. Johnston and L. O. Gray

The Metropolitan Club in New York on January twenty-first was the scene of a luncheon given in honor of LEONARD O. GRAY's retirement from the Manufacturing & Oil Supply Department. It also was the occasion for J. J. Johnston, General Manager, United States Offices, to present Leonard with a forty-five year service award in the presence of friends and associates.

Since Leonard is a native of Lawrenceville, Illinois, it was only natural that during high school vacations he worked as a helper at the old Indian Refining Company in his own home town. He went to work in the Purchasing Department there on a full time basis after attending the University of Illinois. He joined the Refining Department in 1932 and by early 1943, when the Indian Refining Company officially joined The Texas Company, Leonard was Supervisor of Production, the job he filled until his transfer to Aramco in 1944.

During the years which followed he served as Coordinator of Operations (Refining Department), Supervisor of Crude and Products Supply Division, Assistant to the Manager (M&OS) and

performed different special assignments. Although Leonard made several business trips to Saudi Arabia, all of his Aramco service was with the U. S. Organization, starting in San Francisco and moving to New York in 1947. In 1952 he attended the University of Pittsburgh's Advanced Management Program.

Leonard and his wife, Lucille, are spending the rest of the cold weather in Tampa, Florida. With them are son Joe's family while he is stationed in Iran with the Air Forces. Daughter Marilyn and her family are living in Denver, Colorado. The Grays may be reached through Box 585, Highland Lakes, Vernon Township, New Jersey.

MORE FLAMINGO SCRAPBOOK

We've been able to tie together a couple more loose ends with notes received from Alice Palmer and Grace Hackett and forwarded their copies of the Scrapbook.

Alice (Mrs. Karl S. Palmer) has been living in San Francisco since 1957 when Dr. Palmer passed away and may be reached at 3033 Franklin, Apartment 2. In her note she reported having spent Thanksgiving with the Wagners in Orinda, then had headed North for a two or three month visit with her daughter, Janis, in Vancouver B.C., Canada.

We are sorry that we had misspelled Grace Hackett's last name and, adding insult to injury, also her mother's first name — it should have been Lucy. But the Hacketts now have their Scrapbook (thanks to Bob King's good turn) which we forwarded to 1915 California Street, San Francisco. Grace, as many will remember, worked for the Saudi Government Railroad for four years as Jim Gildea's secretary in Dammam. Today, her correspondence is on Secretarial Service letterhead and emanates from the Jack Tar Hotel at Van Ness and Geary in San Francisco.

The Werners' new home — the way it looked before it snowed.



GREETINGS

We're not trying to qualify as weather scientist or season-changer, but how about a little Christmas-and-New Years-in-March to take care of the holiday messages that didn't arrive in time to make the December issue deadline? We've scattered some of them about, so look elsewhere for the Fitzpatricks, the Pinkneys and the Rushes.

For a starter here, though, is the Werners' letter, postmarked Steubenville, Ohio,

Dear Friends — We sincerely appreciated the invitation to attend the Third Annuitants' Get-together and regret not being able to be there. We enjoyed seeing so many friends in Al-Ayyam Al-Jamila and it brought back many happy memories. We enjoy reading Al-Ayyam from cover to cover and thank you for sending it to us... See you at the next get-together party in two years (we hope)... We are now settled in our home in beautiful Ohio and invite all our friends to visit us. Right at the present time, we have four inches of snow and the scenery is beautiful... Seasons greetings and good wishes to all of you for happiness in the New Year — Joseph and Anne Werner.

and the note to Phil and Gertrude McConnell from El Paso, Texas,

May I ask you, Phil, to do a favor for me? That is to send a note to Al-Ayyam Al-Jamila for me. I didn't send greeting cards at Christmas time. I have been very ill for eight months, spent five and a half months in the hospital, and came home a week before Christmas... I enjoyed hearing from all my old friends. They seem closer and dearer this time of year... Phil, do you have Milk Weed in your lawn? I never heard of the pesky stuff before, but I'm thinking of moving out and let it take over... It's cold here but we haven't had snow yet, so different from last year, with snow November 13. Then in January there was a big freeze and lots of snow. I lost so many shrubs, plants and roses... My best wishes to you and to all my friends. Nettie Hoffman

and the Smiths, Sun City, Arizona,

To all of our friends, just an old-fashioned greeting that's bright with good cheer — Merry Christmas to you and a Happy New Year. Milt and Jeane.

and the Perrys, Fresno, California,

To all of our Aramco friends: The nicest part of Christmas is the welcome chance it brings to wish you very heartily the season's finest

things — Merry Christmas, Happy New Year. Archie and Audrey

and Irene Osborne in Santa Barbara — Christmas Greetings and best wishes for the New Year.

and Jack Mahoney, New York City — Sincere Greetings to you and best wishes for the New Year.

and Charlie Gonzalez, Rye, New York — Sincere good wishes for the holiday season and the New Year.

then from Bill Wilson, Cookson, Oklahoma,

With many good wishes for Christmas and the New Year... This is a picture of white bass caught in Tenkiller Lake on December 12, 1962.



When I went out it was 30° above zero and when I got back in it was 50°. I had twelve bass, weighing 2½ pounds each. Thought this might be some interesting information and picture for the Periscope. (Bill will no doubt be quite surprised to have it show up in AAAJ instead. Tapline thought, generously, and we agreed, that his message and the catch could be more widely circulated this way.)

and the Gees, Boulder Creek, California, with Casper doing the writing,

Dear Friends: Here it is 1963 with much to be grateful for in America when we see all the

trouble spots in the rest of the world. The New Year lies before us, unspoiled and unsoiled — 365 days of golden opportunity. It affords us a chance to take stock of our selves and to see whether our spiritual resources are sufficient for the demands of the new year.

As we approach the new year we should appraise life's values — let us live with a fresh sense of eternal values and spend every day with them in mind.

As we stand at the door of 1963 we need a sense of the importance of time, one of God's most cherished gifts. Time is the dressing room of eternity. We can waste it in idleness and unprofitable gossip and excessive attachment to worldly material things... OR we can redeem our time by using it wisely and healthfully and by character building, rather than appetite pleasing... AND by meditating upon all the blessings we have received throughout the years.

I try to use my spare time telling people through my lectures about the Arabian American Oil Company's fine partnership, of the great job that Company has done to strengthen Arab-American relations — of all the opportunities afforded the Arab employees for retirement, home ownership, training programs, scholarships. I deem it a privilege and a pleasure to have been a part of this program even in a small way. People have asked me if I would do it over again, and my answer has always been a big "yes".

A few months ago, with the assistance of Sophie who operated the slide projector, I lectured in Santa Cruz. Afterward, a Mrs. Durant came up and said, "Do you remember me?" It had me stumped, and then she said, "I arrived in New York City on the same ship you were on, the Holland-American Line's *M. S. Maasdam* in 1955." Mrs. Durant, by the way, is related to my good friend, Charlie Rodstrom, in the New York Office of Aramco. No need to say we had a lovely conversation.

Recently in one of the local papers, there was a big ad about a new liquor store being opened in the Wilson Building, Highway 9, Felton, California by a former Aramcon, R. R. "Rob" Smith, formerly of Ras Tanura and Dhahran. Now I see him often and when we have finished with our Sun and Flare we pass it

ALLEN W. GARLINGTON had spent fifteen years with Aramco before leaving Ras Tanura for retirement. Upon his arrival in Saudi Arabia in December 1947, Al was first assigned as a Maintenance and Construction Engineer in Ras Tanura, but was soon made Superintendent of Maintenance and Shops responsible for the maintenance and repair of all plants, equipment and supplementary facilities of the Refinery. In 1959 he was made District Program Engineer as staff advisor to the District Manager and Department Heads on matters of organization, industrial engineering, capital expense programs and budgets — a position held until his departure.

Al was born in Washington, D. C. and received his degree in Mechanical Engineering and Business Management from Tulane University in 1932. He began his career in the petroleum industry with part time work for Shell Oil Company while attending college, and upon graduation joined their Narco, Louisiana organization as an Engineer. When he later moved to California, he held positions as Engineering Superintendent and Manager in the Mid-Coast Oil Company and Pacific States Oil Company.

Al and Charlotte were active participants in community affairs. Both are ardent golf and bowling enthusiasts. Al was president of the Ras Tanura AEA in 1950 and the Golf Association in 1959, while Charlotte was very active in the Women's Group promoting community social events. The Garlingtons with their three children — Christine, 10, Diana, 8, and Mark, 6 — have



Allen W. Garlington

joined the rest of the Aramco Clan in the Arizona Territory and occupy a new home at 801 East Edgemont Avenue, Phoenix 6. As young Mark says, "Arizona is the place to go. It has cowboys, indians, horses and Aramco people." So, if you are passing through that area with your golf sticks or horses, plan to visit the Garlingtons.

on to Rob.

Not long ago, I also met Andrew Anderson, who operates the Chevron Station in Boulder Creek. He's formerly from Ras al-Mish'ab where he was with International Bechtel Company. How about that?

Well folks, this is all for now and the Gees wish you all a very happy, healthy 1963. Do stop in to see us when you are near here. Sincerely, Casper and Sophie (Pepsie).

and postmarked San Francisco, From our house to your house, Merry Christmas and Happy New Year. Bertha and Fred. That card, of course, was from the Hamanns, joined in their greeting by Dolph and Falla complete with picture, the same one that appeared in our last issue of AAAJ.

and from Russell E. White, Statesville, North Carolina, Best wishes to all of Aramco for a very, very Happy New Year.

THE SAND PILE

The mail continues to provide excitement for my declining years. I just returned with a large fistful, including one unwanted periodical, three requests for money, two "introductory offers" of magazines, one of which we have already, two requests that I write letters to my Congressmen urging the enactment of a law to control halitosis (or perhaps it was to wipe out female skunks in Salome, Arizona), an invitation to do something or other, a bill — and a letter I truly welcomed.

If I were a well balanced person, I wouldn't complain. Presumably, I am retired from the turmoil and the anxieties of the world. Any unique diversion, such as a broken water line, a three alarm fire or a stuffed mail box, should provide me with an opportunity to sample again the world's struggle from a position of safety. Instead of showing irritation and tossing it (the letter, not the irritation) in the waste basket, I should reply favorably to this attractive offer for a suit with three coats and one pair of pants made from corn husks in Waverley, Iowa. I should ask for a catalogue and some free samples of the corn husks (or it may have been corn silks. It's not important.) I've lived long enough in Iowa to know that they have corn husks and corn silks, too, for that matter. After the catalogue and the corn husks (or silks) arrive, I could sit around for a couple of days contemplating my distinguished appearance in a suit with three corn husk coats and a pair of pants. After a period of enjoying this corny dream, I can toss that one

aside and try the next in the pile.

For example, I can go after this one, which causes me to wriggle with excitement each time I look at it — and if I seem a bit fluttery, I hope I'll be pardoned. Chances such as this don't come my way often.

The letter is from the XYZ Beach Estates — and I'm not going to give you the name because this is a special offer to me, and I can't afford to take the chance that some one of you might try to beat me out of it. You are pleasant people, honest in the main; but under the stress of temptation, how can I be sure that I can trust you? Anyhow, this XYZ outfit has sent me an attractive letter with a yacht club emblem at the top, together with little sketches of bathing girls, racing boats and soaring divers and a couple on horseback. I'm not sure how we get the horsemen into this unless they pull the boats when the water runs low; but I'll learn all about this when I get my new lot.

Yes. That's the point of the story. The letter is addressed to me in Ojai — and there isn't another McConnell in Ojai, so I'm practically positive that I'm the lucky man. It starts, "Dear Mr. McConnell" with a colon, and then continues (and I quote),

"You have been selected by our advertizing department to receive one of three unsubdivided

parcels of land near the multi-million dollar XYZ development."

Now again, I don't believe that I should tell you just where this place is, for as I said, I have to be careful. Some of you might try to get there first. But I will tell you this much: it's down by the Salton Sea. Gertrude and I drove through that area about New Years time. Most of what we saw was marsh land and barren desert; so naturally, we couldn't have seen any part of the impressive XYZ development with its paved streets, electricity, et cetera, et cetera, et cetera. For my letter states that the owners are confident that I will be an enthusiastic booster after I visit "this beautiful resort area with its sandy beach, protected harbor, complete marine facilities and panoramic mountain, sea and desert view."

A little farther on, I am told that, "The unsubdivided parcel to which you are entitled has been valued by a qualified appraiser at \$895.00, and can be yours for a cost of \$195.00, plus membership in the XYZ Beach and Yacht Club. The above price to you is, of necessity, a cash consideration. . ."

Think of it! Out of 190 million people in this great country, I am one of only three to be selected. Those are odds greater than the Irish sweepstakes — and I'm the lucky guy! It's just like being handed a check for \$700.00. I put in \$195 and get \$895 back. I have considered thanking the XYZ people and suggesting that they simply send me a check for \$700, thereby saving the trouble of writing two checks. Or perhaps they can sell my membership in the XYZ Beach and Yacht Club for \$195 at the same time they're selling the lot, and send me a check for the full amount.

But after further thought, I think that I'll go down to the XYZ Estates and pay my \$195, and just sit on my lot for a few weeks while I watch the poor people drive by, people who don't have a lot in the XYZ Estates. They'll probably stop to look at me with envy as I sit there on my lot; and their children will push their sticky fingers into Papa's face and cry, "Look, Papa! Look at the man sitting on his lot. Why don't we have a lot to sit on, Papa?"

All this is going to make Papa pretty sore; so he's going to come over and fool around, trying to get me to sell my lot for less than \$895.

But he'll get no place with me. I might even boost the price to, say, \$899, just to name a good round figure. So he'll go back and start to climb into his car with his sticky-fingered children, and they'll be raising such a racket by this time that his wife (I almost forgot he had a wife) will say, "For heaven's sake, George. Go back and give the man his \$899, and let's see if we can make these children stop squalling."

After that, I'll move into the Beach and Yacht Club, of which I still will be a member, and eat their complimentary table d'hote dinner, for which I have a ticket — even two tickets if I don't eat on Saturdays and Sundays.

I may never get back to Ojai.

* * * * *

After such a vivid day dream, you'll pardon me if I have trouble getting back to earth — so I'll return indirectly by way of the sea, where conceivably we might be able to have a chat with some dolphins.

You are aware that dolphins can be trained with relative ease, provided, of course, that you want to do something that appeals to a dolphin. I'm told that dolphins possess a wide range of interests, which causes them to enjoy jumping through hoops and playing baseball in a tank. I haven't known one which cared to weed the garden or carry in the wood or vote for Pat Brown — though I admit that I haven't known many dolphins. But it's generally recognized that these mammals-turned-fish have unusually large brains and generally show a high degree of intelligence. Scientists contend that dolphins have a language of squeaks and grunts by which they communicate with each other — and if a dolphin can talk to a dolphin, why can't a man do the same? Well, why can't he?

So the scientists have gone to work with their accepted tools plus a computer (to add the modern touch) into which will be fed all the collected information on dolphin squeaks, snorts, grunts and rumbles. From these, a pattern of communication will be developed, we hope.

But why bother to talk to a dolphin? What would it be able to tell you about the Common Market, for example, that the TV commentators

(continued on page 19)



Franklin D. Weaver

Vacation From Retirement?

Dear Friends,

The Holiday Season is here, and time to send our fondest regards and Season's Greetings to all our friends.

We completed construction of our new home in late January (1962) and received our household goods out of storage. To our pleasant surprise there was little damage in shipment. After we were settled Dal got itchy feet and in March took off on a six weeks business trip to London, while Neta stayed home landscaping and planting the garden.

In late May we took a vacation from retirement, driving to San Diego to visit Jerry and family, then on to El Paso, Texas, sight seeing in Juarez, Mexico, stopping in Ft. Worth for a short visit with Cordelia Nelson Wetsel, then to Dallas to attend the graduation and wedding of Beverly Brown.

We also went to Missouri to visit my mother and brothers in Camdenton and Dal's brother in Wasola, with some good fishing at Bull Shoals Lake. On our return trip to California we toured

FRANKLIN D. WEAVER, Senior Staff Personnel Advisor, and his wife, Helen, left Abqaiq on December 19 for long vacation and retirement. Although Frank's experience in the petroleum industry began when he joined Aramco in 1948, he has been in Personnel work and other specialized areas of the Industrial Relations field for many years. Immediately prior to employment with Aramco, Frank spent nineteen years with the Boeing Aircraft Company at Seattle, Washington. His service with Boeing included assignments as Personnel Manager, first at the Renton, Washington Plant and then at the Seattle Plant. Frank and Helen spent a vacation period in southern France and Italy before their return to the United States via freighter, landing at one of the gulf ports. They expect to build a home in Fort Lauderdale, Florida, but in the meantime may be reached in care of D. C. Babcock, Jr., Route 11, Box 294, San Antonio 1, Texas.

Yellowstone Park, stopping in Salt Lake City to visit the Rattle's in their lovely new home.

In September we went to Santa Rosa to attend the Third Annuitants' Get-Together. We enjoyed reminiscing about the good time we had had in various places. About 268 annuitants and friends were there. Neta and Dal won two out of three door prizes and there were some remarks about collusion. In late September Dal had a business assignment in Canada so we drove the Mercedes to Calgary, stopping on our way back by Seattle and thoroughly enjoyed the World's Fair. In October Dal made a flying trip to Fort St. John, Canada, and was there during a storm which deposited two feet of snow. In between times Neta enjoys the garden and flowers, and Dal is still trying to improve his golf.

The latch string is always out at our home; do come to see us, 861 Bates Avenue, El Cerrito, California.

News of friends is always welcome.

Our warmest wishes for a "Happy Holiday."

Neta & Dal Pinckney

SAND PILE (continued from page 17)

had failed to report — though possibly it could provide some timely hints on winning the Olympic swimming events. The scientists reply that if we learn how to communicate with dolphins which utter sounds not formed by man-type tongue, lips and teeth, we may acquire significant background for communicating with other living forms which we might encounter on the planets out in space. So a wild idea suitable only for a science fiction yarn a few years ago, becomes a serious possibility.

* * * * *

In my recurring attacks on the dictionary, I've encountered another word which bothers me. I hasten to explain that this word, like most others, is acceptable so long as it is used properly and not too often. But for several years, I have been increasingly concerned with the word "fun". I find myself saying, "Have fun"; and I hear my friends saying, "We've had so much fun"; and the ads carry such slogans as *Fun For the Family* or *Make This a Fun Trip*.

Apparently, Leo Rosten, the highly effective author of the series, "The Education of Hyman Kaplan," shares this distaste for FUN. In an issue of the magazine, THIS WEEK, he lets go with both barrels.

"I know of nothing more demeaning," he writes, "than the frantic pursuit of 'fun'. No people are more miserable than those who seek desperate escapes from self. . . The word, 'fun', comes from the medieval English 'fon' — meaning fool.

"Where was it ever promised us that life on this earth can ever be easy, free from conflict and uncertainty, devoid of anguish and wonder and pain? Those who seek the folly of unrelieved 'happiness' — who fear moods, who shun solitude, who do not know the dignity of occasional depression — can find bliss easily enough: in tranquility pills or in senility.

"The purpose of life is not to be happy. The purpose of life is to matter, to be productive, to have it make some difference that you lived at all. Happiness in the ancient, noble sense, means self-fulfillment — and it is given to those who use to the fullest whatever talents God or luck or fate bestowed upon them.

"Happiness to me," Rosten concludes, "lies in stretching to the farthest boundaries of which we are capable, the resources of the mind and heart."

I quote Mr. Rosten extensively because I cannot express myself as well as he. Also, I would expect to be accused of being an extremist if I made the same statements. I suggest that his words should be written where all could read, and read frequently. Rosten is not a Puritan. He is not saying that life should be hard and stern and should avoid all frivolity and pleasure-seeking, but that it should include a sensible balance between the serious and the frivolous, and that in wealthy America of today, there is entirely too much search for fun and not enough for accomplishment and self-fulfillment.

Let us hope that we can get back into balance.

* * * * *

And while we're with the dictionary, I enjoy this definition of a neurotic as a person who worries about things that didn't happen in the past, instead of worrying about things that won't happen in the future, like normal people.

Not to ignore this comment overheard in a Hollywood night club, "You and your suicide attempts! Did you see last month's gas bill?"



Four of us, Zella and Roy Lebkicher, Gertrude and I, took a trip to Arizona over the New Year holiday. We ventured into Palm Springs and were caught in the traffic jam, which apparently is created so that the tourist will give up in disgust and get out and spend something. We escaped into the open spaces and renewed acquaintance with the sand dunes near Yuma, visited the photogenic San Xavier Mission out of Tucson, drove along the spectacular valley of the Salt River and spent New Year's Eve with Dorethy and Bill Pearson in Sun City outside of Phoenix. Between Palm Springs and Indio, we stopped to inspect the Senior Citizen community of Palm Desert. Because such communities are being scattered rather generously throughout the

West, and because Palm Desert appears to be typical of such developments, I am including a brief report on what we saw. Some of you may be mildly interested in either this or similar developments.

Palm Desert is a large and rather impressive project. Ultimately, it is expected to include some 1800 homes along with the needed shopping centers, restaurants, recreation halls and facilities for various sports, dominated by golf. As in most of these projects, the golf course runs through the area, providing both recreation for the golfers and an attractive setting for homes placed along the fairways.

The surroundings beyond the community are desert and lots of it. If you feel a homesickness for sand, here is a setting to cure the condition. If you seek green valleys and running streams, better look elsewhere. However, within the boundaries of the tract, all plans appeared to be aimed at creating broad areas of greenery on which small homes can be placed in long curving rows, with an occasional palm tree to break the horizon line.

The placement of the homes in relation to each other and the golf course, appeared satisfactory. The great majority were separate houses surrounded by small lawns; there were a few apartments. Where homes bordered the golf course, the lawns merged into the fairways, creating a feeling that the fairways were but extensions of the lawn. We gained the impression that the apartments weren't selling well.

The interior arrangements also were pleasing; and with seven floor plans to choose from, most preference could be satisfied. A model home built on each floor plan and professionally decorated, was available for inspection. Arrangements seemed satisfactory and offered opportunity to create desirable homes. A visitor has little chance to determine the quality of a building; but I talked later to a man who had helped in some of the earlier development. He assured me that the construction was sound.

Prices range from about \$13,500 for a two bedroom, one bath construction to somewhat over \$17,000 for one containing three bedrooms, two baths and a living room, plus a leisure room off the kitchen. For homes bordering the golf course,

add \$3,000 to all prices. Preparation and maintenance of the small lawn is up to the owner.

I have been mildly amused in recent weeks to read of the uproar caused among the residents when the developers announced their intention to remove the restrictions requiring an owner to be at least 50 years of age and to bring in no children under 18. Apparently, the developers wished to speed the sale of homes. But the residents rushed to defend their rights, demanding that the young upstarts be kept out. Feeling ran high, and oratory was cheap. So, the developers backed down and changed restrictions only to the extent of lowering the age limit from 50 to 45 years.

Whether one wishes to live in a community devoted only to older people, is a matter of personal preference, to which everyone has his or her inalienable right. I admit considering that a possible objection to Palm Desert or any other Senior Citizen community might be the presence of too many old codgers such as myself. Enjoyment of people who are one's own age seems reasonable; but does that require segregation from all other ages? Isn't there something to be said for living with a cross section of the population? And if this is true, wouldn't those residents of Palm Desert have been wiser, rather than to protest the lowering of the age limit, to have made a small donation, if necessary, to persuade the developers to drop it?

Sun City, where we enjoyed the hospitality of the Pearsons, is another Senior Citizen development of similar character. The homes are attractive, the place is neat and clean, and the long sweeps of the fairways create space and a green belt area. The Pearson home stands on the edge of a wide and long fairway with palm trees marking the progress of the struggling golfer. A large pond not far from the back yard constitutes a hazard and an excellent storage area for golf balls. Bill implied that there were boys who dove for the loot at periodic intervals; but I suspect that Bill is keeping his snorkel outfit in working order. The ball I put in the center of the pond was cut, anyway.

I noticed that in Sun City, a significant number of homes had shifted from a lawn of grass to one of crushed rock arranged in attractive colored patterns. Now there is a practical application of the old idea of covering the yard

(continued on page 33)



Wilfred C. Haug

WILLIAM F. BANKERT and his wife, Mary, are collectors of cups, spoons and dolls. Their three trips around the world since Bill joined Aramco in 1947 have added to the assortment from many and unique quarters of the globe, and their most recent trip through Germany has no doubt further increased the size of the collection. Upon arriving in the U. S. they planned on picking up a car in the Midwest and driving on to the West Coast where they can be reached in care of daughter Marilyn and her husband, A. E. Rehse, Box 30, Artois, California. Their son, William, lives in Valparaiso, Indiana. The third generation consists of three grandsons and one granddaughter.

Bill Bankert attended school in Wisconsin and after three years apprenticeship went to work as a journeyman welder at the Allis-Chalmers Manufacturing Company in Milwaukee. From there he worked as Welding Inspector for Harneschefeger Corporation, and in 1938 went to California as a Civil Service appointee with the Navy Department, assigned as power plant welder at Mare Island Naval Ship Yard. Bill continued his college studies during evening classes while in California. He joined Aramco in September 1947 and went to work in the Welding Shop in Dhahran. He transferred to the Exploration Department in 1951, living in a tent for the next five years, waiting for air conditioned

When WILFRED C. HAUG left for retirement, he had served as an Aircraft Inspector in Dhahran since 1957. He joined the Aviation Department as an aviation mechanic in 1948. He had also served as an aviation mechanic in the Pacific area while in the U. S. Navy during World War II. Following discharge, he attended the Sparton Aircraft School in Tulsa, Oklahoma.

In 1959, the former Veronica Dejno, a nurse at the Dhahran Health Center for two years, became Mrs. Haug in a ceremony at St. Peters in Rome. They have two daughters, Theresa and Annette, whom they adopted in Lebanon last year. Veronica and the girls will stay in Winona, Minnesota, where they have been for several months, until school is out. At that time they will join Wilfred in Senaca, Kansas, where they will make their home. Mail should be directed in care of H & H Motor Company, U. S. Highway 36, in Senaca, the organization with which Wilfred is now associated.



William F. Bankert

quarters to become standard equipment. Bill was transferred to Ras Tanura in 1959, where his last assignment was Supervising Craftsman Welder, Maintenance and Shops Division.



James F. Corrigan

When JAMES F. CORRIGAN retired recently as an Aircraft Pilot with Tapline, Beirut, he had been taking them up and setting them down

lightly for nearly thirty years. Jim is a native of New York who managed his father's business in Brooklyn, after attending Pratt Institute, until finally succumbing to the urge to fly. He piloted and taught flying at Floyd Bennett Field for about seven years until the U. S. entered World War II. During the War he was a Pilot with Pan American Air Ferries and the Africa-Orient Division of Pan American Airways out of Miami, Florida; then with Consolidated Vultee Aircraft Corporation in California until the Army's ATC contract was completed in 1946 and he returned to New York. He continued flying locally and the following year joined Aramco as a First Officer and member of one of the earliest crews to be assembled for the then new transoceanic operation between New York and Saudi Arabia. He transferred to Tapline as Aircraft Pilot in December, 1960 when Aramco stopped flying the big planes to the Middle East. Jim's wife, Wylma, and their children, Jim, Jr. and Ruth Ellen, joined him in Beirut the following month. They are back in the U. S. now and can be reached at 3573 Roger Drive, Wantagh, L.I., New York.

We Wouldn't Call It That Either

Dear Friends:

We have finally finished our travels, unpacked our suit cases and settled down to Stateside living. It sure feels good to walk into the bedroom and take clothes out of the closet and not have to dig thru a suitcase to find a mix master pressed pair of pants or a beat up dress.

Our last trip home was wonderful. We saw a lot of the world and visited with lots of friends and relatives along the way. Among the friends we visited are names which are no doubt familiar to many of you. Among these: Grace and Glen Buettner, Al and Doty Kruse, John and Louise Pfister, Beck and Mae Beckley, Dal and Neta Pinckney, Weldon and Jean Harris, Frank and Georgette Fletcher, Pres and Billie Graham, Floyd and Najha Wellman, Connie (the III) Beard, Ted and Kim Kroner, Alex and Mary Mackenzie, Al and Arelia Kleeman, Ollie and Barb Grimes, Paul and Anne Caesens, Vic and Julie Anderson, Kenny and Lilian Curran, and Pat Hughes and

his lovely wife in Honolulu. Pat is the son of Jim Hughes.

Our travels included a month in East Africa, a few days each in India, Ceylon, Malaya, Vietnam, China, Japan and Hawaii, a stop-over in Vancouver, B.C., four days in San Francisco, four days in Los Angeles, a week in Texas, a week in Utah, two weeks in Idaho, a week in Washington (which included the World Fair in Seattle), a week in Oregon, and a leisurely trip from Oregon to Long Beach, California with visits along the way with friends and relatives.

We have looked at homes and places to retire all the way from Seattle to San Diego and have finally decided on Sun City, California. This is a new city started by Del Webb and is located about half way between Los Angeles and San Diego on Highway 395. Our little grandson asked his folks: "When are grandma and grandpa moving to the Old Folks Home?" Contrary to his description it is just a wonderful recreation city, and you will all agree after you have visited us there. The house in Sun City will not be com-

GARRISON I. TYLER, formerly Supervisor of Intermediate and General facilities, Community Services Department, Dhahran District, and recently on special assignment, left for retirement in December. Garry arrived in Saudi Arabia in February, 1948. All of his time has been spent in Community Services, with stints in all three districts. He has held positions on relief assignments such as Assistant Superintendent, Food Services and Assistant Superintendent, Residential Services. Garry was born and received his early education in Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania and later attended the University of Buffalo in New York. From 1941 to 1945 he was stationed in Cairo and London while working with the War Shipping Administration. From then until joining Aramco he was with Harwarth and Harwarth, hotel accountants, in New Haven, Connecticut, Buffalo and New York City. Garry is an enthusiastic golfer and holds a lifetime membership at Rolling Hills Golf Club. He and his wife, Alice, may be reached at 6026 Merrimack Place, S. E., Washington 22, D. C.



Garrison Tyler

FEELING BETTER?

As a number of their friends know, ARTHUR KESSINGER, with sons Ronald and John, were involved in a serious automobile accident in South Carolina a couple of days after Christmas. Neither of the boys was badly hurt, but Art's injuries kept him in a South Carolina hospital for nine weeks before he could be moved back to Florida. Along with other injuries, his sight and hearing are affected, but the doctors are hopeful

for improvement shortly and that he will be going home before long.

Beatrice is happy to have the girls, Ethel and Jettie, at home and Ronald, who has been stationed in Panama with the Army, was due for discharge on March 11. John is a senior this year at the University of Houston. In trying to see the brighter side, Beatrice says that they look back with pleasure on the trip they had last Fall which took them to the West Coast, the Seattle Fair, and gave them a chance to visit with so many friends along the way. They couldn't quite make the Get-Together at Santa Rosa though because of seasonal commitments in South Carolina where they own a few cottages.

We all hope for Art's speedy recovery, and if you want to drop him a line, send it to 1629 Sunset Point Road, Clearwater, Florida.

pleted until next June and in the mean time we will be living at: 941 Vanowen Street in Orange, California.

Clarence and Denece Rush

Wishing you all a Very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.



Walter "Jack" Bubb

WALTER J. BUBB'S assignment at the time of his January departure, and for eleven years prior, was Supervisor, Hospital Food Services, Dhahran Community Services. When Jack joined Aramco in 1948 he was put in charge of the various club houses in Ras Tanura, transferring to Dhahran two years later in charge of club houses and recreation. For seven months in 1951 he served as camp boss in Riyadh during the construction of the Saudi Government Railroad.

During World War II, Jack was with the U. S. Navy and participated in landings on Guadalcanal, New Guinea and through the Solomon Islands. Just prior to joining Aramco he was with Adler Enterprises in southern California. Jack is another golf enthusiast, holding life membership cards at Dhahran's Rolling Hills Golf Club and the Santa Rosa Golf and Country Club. He has chosen Santa Rosa as the location for his retirement, but until he gets settled he may be reached in care of his sister, Mrs. Florence Swindler, 545 Bloomfield Road, Sebastapol, California.

SURPRISE! SURPRISE!

At the time of ED FIELD'S retirement in 1959, he was eligible for a 35-year service award, but somehow never received one of Aramco's shining emblems to prove it. *Never*, that is, until Sunday Afternoon, December 16, at the home of Fred and Amy Davies in Lafayette, California. The Davies were having a few friends in for cocktails before the holidays, unbeknownst to Ed that he and Irene were other than just part of the invited group. It was quite a party, also with Ernie and Willette Schulze, Skipper and Fred Russell, Mrs. Sam Myers, her son and daughter-in-law, the Tom Walters, Lucky and Lois Luckenbaugh, Al and Alice Haskell, Bob and Gladys Underwood. And travelling the farthest for the occasion was Bob King who came down from Klamath.

Fred presented Ed with his 35-year lapel pin and Bob regaled the gathering with memories of the old Saudi Arabian Refinery Project construction days. Bob wound up by presenting a pen and ink sketch to Ed, showing him bouncing over the sand dunes in a jeep with his pipe clenched tightly in his teeth — all-in-all, a good

representation of how it was back in 1944. (*Wonder who the artist was. . . Bob?*)

After the presentation(s), as many of the guests as were not otherwise engaged stayed on for a buffet supper.

Come to think of it, among Fred Davies' many other activities in retirement, this business of presenting delayed service awards to other annuitants is becoming quite a thing.

(We understand there were some pictures taken at the party and trust we will receive them eventually.)

Libya Bound

There was another name to add to our overseas mailing list when Carl M. Rodarty's note of January 14 arrived from Tripoli in Libya asking that publications be sent to him c/o Oasis Oil Company of Libya, Engineering Department, P. O. Box 395. No other details, however.

...And Please, No Matches

Dateline: December 1962
Williams, Oregon

Dear Friends,

This has been an eventful year for us.

Al came home to attend Southern Oregon College, met Betty Johnson and they are now happily married and living in Oakland, California. We had the pleasure of attending their wedding in Portland.

John came home from Ft. Campbell, Kentucky to be Al's Best Man, but his leave was cancelled before the wedding and he was ordered to return immediately. We were all disappointed, but are looking forward to his early release before Christmas. He plans to attend Southern Oregon College in January, and we are glad, as he will be nearer home.

In May, Lucy attended the annual Home Extension Conference at Oregon State University in Corvallis, as a member of the Josephine County Advisory Committee.

Coy and Roger visited us in June and took us, as their guests, to the World's Fair in Seattle, and to Victoria and Vancouver B.C. We had a wonderful time. On our way we stopped in Portland to meet Betty's family.

In September, we attended the third reunion of Aramco Retired Employees at the Flamingo Motel in Santa Rosa, California. Dozier enjoyed the "hand shaking" and renewing of acquaintances and friendships. We came home by way of Crescent and stayed two nights at Castle Rock Resort (Ship Ashore), and Dozier fished in the surf.

Gertrude and Phil McConnell stopped to see us on their way north, after the Aramco reunion. The Al Rutans called on us during their vacation from Arabia. They have purchased property near Gold Hill, Oregon, and plan to build a home in the near future. We had a pleasant surprise when Lusil and Arthur Barton, from Glendale, California, stopped by. We were delighted, as we had not seen them for many years.

The Bob McConnells, Classens, and Harding Fergusons had planned to see us, but we were away at the time. The Merle Moores stopped on their way home to Cottage Grove, Oregon, from a trip south. The Todds called on their way north and we were pleased to see them at the wedding and reception in Portland. Others who stayed overnight on their return from Canada, Washington and Seattle were: our niece and nephew, Ann and Ralph Mansfield; Norris, Ann, Kathy and Janey Howe; and Pat and Ross Higgins, who had been on a pack trip in the Cascades of Canada.

Several nice families have moved to Williams from California for which we are grateful.

Our store is now the only one in Williams, as our competitors burned to the ground. Yes, Dozier has been kidded about being a fire-bug.

The Bartons like it here so much that they plan to return and stay awhile.

How about you? In 1963?

Wishing you and yours a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Lucy & Dozier Fitzpatrick

THALER (continued from page 11)

legal tender. The State Bank bought the thalers at their bullion value (approximately \$0.70).

In the course of two centuries some 330 million thalers were coined, as is evident from statistics. How many of them are still in circulation today? How many are closely guarded by hoarders or collectors? How many were melted? How many were worked into ornaments and articles of use? How many were securely buried but never recovered because their owner died or forgot where he had put them? How many were lost in fires or shipwrecks?

I cannot answer all these questions, but I can affirm that, even if the number of coins still in circulation is small, the Maria Theresa thaler played an essential role in the life and history of many peoples and tribes in the Middle East. Even today the thaler is still current money in some countries. It is a coin that is not only remarkable for its beauty, but one that due to its constant intrinsic value and great exchangeability contributes to the economic development of the countries of Asia Minor.



The McMahons' retreat, looking toward the center patio with chairs at the foot of an olive tree.

fireplaces and outside doors. (We are sorry, Bonnie, to correct you, but the walls are only about two to three feet thick.) We replaced the roofs, floors, wiring, and plumbing, added central heating, modern kitchen and several rooms, etc. Tom, accustomed to U. S. standards, almost went loco (crazy in Spanish) with Spanish construction methods. He was finally convinced that the ways they use must be OK and it was useless to change their centuries-old habits. We were satisfied with the results, so everyone was happy in the end.

Little by little things went along easier toward the last. Tom went to Berlitz for five months and passed along his Spanish learnings to Vera. All in all it was a wonderful experience. We wouldn't recommend the chore to everyone, but if you have patience, a sense of humor, and a friendly feeling toward people of other than your own nationality (our experience in Arabia was a wonderful training for this), it is not too difficult to build a house in Spain.

Now, as to the reason we like living here so much. First, the people — in our village they are solid and dependable. Above all they are honest and extremely friendly to us. The Majorcan is the mildest of persons. They teach us daily lessons in courtesy, in how to respect other people.

Then there is the charm of the island, up our little road the only traffic jam is two mule carts meeting. Mallorca is a very beautiful and peaceful place. It has magnificent mountains, lovely green plains irrigated by the pumping of thousands of windmills, and seacoasts that are breathtaking.

Its city of Palma is one of the most attractive towns in Europe, and its harbor is the cleanest in the world.

Summer extends from May to November. Only January and February can be called winter. However, this past December was probably in the unusual category, as it was in our opinion winterish, down to 35° at night, but so far no damage to our oranges, lemons, etc. Old hands inform us it very rarely freezes.

Summers are never hot in our valley, with its constant gentle breeze. Temperatures never get over 80°F.

Mallorca has gained the reputation as a cheap place to live. This is true in part. We feel it is much less expensive to live here well than any place we know.

Many people have requested from us a run down as to this cost thing, and we are challenged to give them all the reasons why they should also live in Mallorca. We have tried in every way possible to avoid answering them specifically, as we know that everyone has different tastes and requirements. For example a modern apartment in downtown Palma and eating in restaurants will cost a pile. On the other hand living in villages, and more or less living off the land can be extremely reasonable.

It must be pointed out firmly that most of the houses that are for rent will not have the amenities they are used to as to kitchens, central heating, bathrooms and etc., and it could be they wouldn't

Another and similar view but taken at closer range, and showing the right wing, almost hidden by the towering evergreen in the other view.



like it if they were not used to roughing it. Our stock answer to inquiries regarding living in Mallorca is "try it and see". That is, spend some time on a leave or a trip and look into all the problems that any foreigner would expect in living in Europe. We just don't have the ability to give the answers to individual desires and requirements, much as we would like to.

As to our activities, Tom is up to his ears in doing with our fruits, vegetables, pigs, turkeys, chickens, rabbits, pigeons, goats, along with the hundreds of handy-man chores that always require immediate attention. Vera equally occupied with the house, teaching our cook the way we like our food, growing flowers, looking after her menagerie of one dog, 3 cats, 4 goldfish, and canary.

Palma, about nine miles from our house, is a city of over 150,000 and offers about every attraction one might desire in the way of night clubs, bars, cinemas in English, concerts, operas, yacht club and almost any other manner of diversion. With all the bright lights so near we still find it hard to get away from our charming Village of Esporlas.

Every day we live here we enjoy it more and gain a new experience in good, gracious living. To answer Phil McConnell's request for a run down as to all the snares, pitfalls, snakes in the grass, and other things that one must put up with in order to live here — we can only dash his pessimistic presumptions by saying we have yet to run into them. Small problems there are, yes,

but they can be taken in stride.

Our sincerest best wishes to all our Aramco Friends, and Happy Retirement.

More Mallorca

Then there are HENRY PERRY'S brief and pointed comments about retirement in general and more detailed remarks about conditions and opportunities in Mallorca. Henry killed two birds with one stone — one letter, that is, written in December to an inquiring friend, which he suggested we might like to read and perhaps use, in part. That was in return for supplying the friend's missing address and forwarding the letter. (Real easy!) So, on the assumption you are interested in experiences of another annuitant living outside the U. S., or think that Mallorca might make a nice sounding address, we are passing on details of how Henry's found this attractive island off the coast of Spain.

I note your comment that "It is dead around here". Personally, I think that lacking an occupation of some kind, most people find retirement a pain in the proverbial what have you. Also, I think that no matter where you are you might find the same condition unless you have a reason to get up in the morning. Having got that piece down, I will try and let you have some idea

about local conditions and how I get along.

As you know, I left Arabia in January '61 and went to Ethiopia on behalf of myself and others as stockholders in the Afriko-Ethiopian American Coffee Company set-up. I spent six months on the plantation, then left when the rains made the place so isolated. I came to Mallorca in June, spending most of my time there until returning to Ethiopia in November. Remained until the following March, when I left for a variety of rather complicated reasons.

During my June visit to Mallorca, I had met an Officer in the Spanish Marines who speaks excellent English. I discussed employment possibilities in Spain and was told that if I happened to be a technical specialist, who was good, it was very probable that some of the local business houses might be interested; and if I wished he would carry me around.

He did, and we visited the largest AC and Refrigeration people in the Island. The eventual net result was that they locked the door and would not let me out. I have had a free hand, go in when I please and leave when I please, attempt to solve their problem installations, develop sources of new materials, write the initial introductory letters regarding new activities when the suppliers are English speaking, etc. Although I get expenses, the actual monthly pay is very low. Of course I get all kinds of discounts for local purchases and they gave me a Coldspot Freezer (for nothing) and so on. Actually I feel that I am well off, as the salary, while little in dollars, is a great deal here. The Chief Engineer for the Company, I think, gets only about 60% more than I do, and has to work at least ten hours a day for six days a week and has all the responsibility, etc. I really can't complain.

As for occupations generally — if you have mechanical abilities, i.e., are a Specialist in AC, Refrigeration, Television, Electronics, etc. or could teach English, there would be good opportunities.

And as for your own business — if you have the capital for risk purposes, there are many of what I would term excellent openings and requirements, mostly associated with services for tourists of which there are over a million a year. Things that are needed: golf courses, foreign

language cinemas, travelling ice cream trucks of the Mr. Softee Ice Cream type, home delivery ice cubes, water well drilling by some one who knows how and with modern equipment, or frozen food locker plants to deal chiefly in fish caught locally.

Then there is something that I have noted as a result of my work. It appears that a big problem in business is for a buyer to know where the seller and manufacturer are and vice versa — something that the Commercial Attache in a Consulate is not set up to handle. I think what might be termed a Reference Library, located in selected cities, stocking nothing but catalogs of subscribing manufacturers from any and all countries in the world, might be a very profitable operation.

As I view it, a manufacturer would pay each library a sum of money. The library stocks his catalogs, has bilingual attendants, and advertises in the local papers that they have the literature covering the various activities. To begin with for example, two libraries, one in Palma and one in Madrid, could accommodate 1000 foreign companies which wish to introduce their products and literature. They pay \$10 per annum to each library, for which the library stocks their literature and has attendants who are familiar with the material. If a local business man wishes to import toasters, he goes to the library, is shown catalogs as are available, and receives a form letter to send to the Sales Department of the supplier he selects. From there in he is on his own.

The buyer has located his material source at no cost and the supplier has his local advertising at the very low cost of \$10 per city per annum. Of course it would require an agent in each country to assemble the subscribers and he could charge what he chose above the rate required by the library for its operation and profit at the foreign location. Actually, I can see this as an international possibility.

In general I feel that the cost of living in Mallorca is quite reasonable unless you must have imported foods. Climate in summer is very nice, in winter rather damp with temperatures as low as 40° F., but not too often.

As to how much money you need — I feel that \$300 to \$350 a month will support two

people in reasonable comfort in their own apartment or house. Perhaps a little more in a pension, which would of course include full and adequate board. Liquor is very cheap and often causes a real problem for the unoccupied. Cigarettes (all smuggled) may be had in any quantity for about 15 cents (U.S.) per pack. Taxes are nil.

Locally, housing is tight and it is very difficult to get a place that is any good unless you are prepared to spend some money to make yourself as comfortable as you would like to be. Heat is needed November through March, though in not too great quantities. Usually it is deficient, but definitely required. Rents are about \$60 and up for furnished places, but they are not furnished well. Usually the supplied furniture is poor and very uncomfortable. House purchase runs about \$10,000 and up. To anyone interested I can provide the address of a good ethical Real Estate Agent who handles all kinds of work for the foreigner.

But a final word of advice. Anyone considering settling here should be like the man from Missouri — I wanna be shown — come for a visit and keep your money in your pocket until you've investigated well.

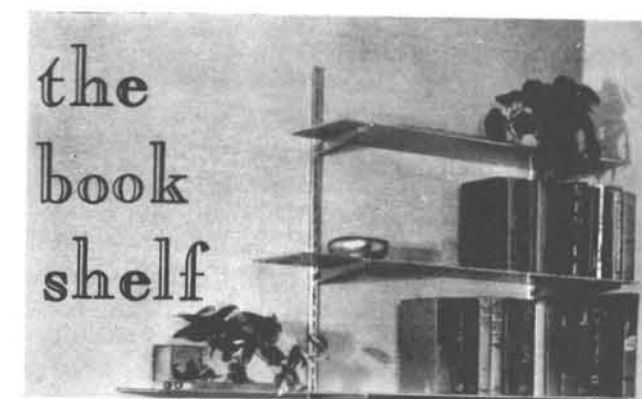
PERRY POSTSCRIPT

In his December letter, Henry also let us in on another project, which at the time was still in pretty much the q-t category. Said he had been in correspondence with a firm in Tripoli, Libya, where a new Refrigeration and AC Department was going to be created. In all probability Henry was the man for it. Their primary business would be with Oasis Oil Company and the Ex-Aramcons there, and perhaps something at Wheeler Field, with most of the equipment secured from the U.S.

We had just started getting material ready for the March issue of AAAJ, when Henry Perry appeared at our door here in New York and brought us up-to-date. His business card confirmed that he had worked our arrangements to represent Hadi Senussi, P.O. Box 218, Tripoli, Libya. His mission of the moment was to secure both air conditioning and refrigeration equipment for Oasis Oil. About a month or six weeks would be required to complete that part of the assignment, at which time Mr. Senussi expected to open the

Refrigeration and AC office. Henry's title would probably be Technical Consultant and he would be in Tripoli around March 30.

Henry was quite enthusiastic about the outlook for the future — said it looked extremely bright in fact, considering there are 17 oil companies trying their luck in Libya and with no AC and refrigeration specialists floating around... Good luck to you, Henry! Our wish for success in this newest venture, and please keep us posted. We know you'll be busy, but we would like to hear about your experiences in Libya too. And thanks for dropping by.



We usually comment here on things that are already off the press. Not so this time. Here we're suggesting that you reserve a spot on your book shelf for a volume which we are told by the author will be out in October. Jose' Arnold is well known to most Aramcons of the nineteen-fifties. For a number of the years he spent in Saudi Arabia he was Caterer to the Royal Family. What better source for literary material? — and in his "Golden Swords and Pots and Pans", Jose' has drawn on his experiences while in Riyadh. Could be we'll find out just what being Royal Steward was like when the publishers, Harcourt Brace & World, Inc., release it this fall. There are some tentative plans afoot to have the story also appear as a series of magazine articles; but these details have not been worked out as yet. Don't be surprised to have it show up in one of your favorite periodicals, though, some fine day. In the meantime, hold the thought for an on-schedule release in book form in October.



How Legislation is Enacted *

THE MAIL BOX ranks close to the ballot box as an essential safeguard of the American system of government.

After all, we have the opportunity to vote only at intervals. The opportunity to write to those who make our laws, however, is always available to us, as a means of participating more fully in government and enabling the people we have elected to function more efficiently on our behalf. By means of letters, we may even modify the stand of those we have opposed unsuccessfully at the ballot box, or in certain cases address our views to legislators who do not directly represent us.

First, the letters a legislator receives concerning a particular problem may prompt him to introduce a bill. Once a bill is introduced, the expression of public opinion becomes a major factor in determining whether it will be enacted into law or be rejected somewhere along the line.

For examples, let us look at the lawmaking procedures of the United States Congress.

Except for tax legislation, which must originate in the House of Representatives, a Federal bill may be introduced in the House or in the Senate. In either case, the general procedure is the same.

By following the path of a hypothetical bill introduced in the House of Representatives, we can see various stages at which interested citizens may influence the action on any piece of legislation.

Upon its introduction, our hypothetical bill acquires a designation—H.R. 4321—which means that it is the 4,321st bill to be introduced in the House since the beginning of the session. (In the Senate, the number indicating the order in which the bill was introduced would be preceded by the letter S.) Our bill may also be known informally by the name

of its sponsor or by some popular title.

As the first step, H.R. 4321 is referred to the proper committee. "Congress in session is Congress on public exhibit," said Woodrow Wilson, "but Congress in its committee rooms is Congress at work." Committees are specialized units, each dealing with a particular type of legislation. They make it possible for Congress to screen the thousands of bills that are introduced each year and take knowledgeable action.

In the House there are 20 "standing" or permanent committees, ranging from Foreign Affairs to Science and Astronautics. The Senate has 16 "standing" or permanent committees covering a similar range. There are also a number of subcommittees that report to the permanent committees and help to carry the work load.

The Public Works Committee, to which H.R. 4321 is referred, makes a preliminary study of the bill's merits. If it does not simply shelve the legislation at this point, the committee or one of its subcommittees may hold public hearings, perhaps lasting for weeks, at which it will listen to facts and opinions presented by experts and other interested persons.

Once all the pros and cons have been heard, the committee meets in closed executive session. If you have strong views for or against H.R. 4321, it is critically important to express your views *before* the committee begins these deliberations. The members will debate paragraphs—even single sentences—of the original proposal. Sweeping amendments may be added; sometimes an entirely new bill emerges from a committee's executive sessions. Also, the committee may kill the bill at this early stage.

YOU CAN WRITE to committee members whether or not they represent your district. While Congressmen have to be most responsive to their own constituents, they have a duty to the entire electorate, particularly when serving as members of a committee or subcommittee, and they give due attention to all carefully reasoned letters concerning the bills that are before them.

It is desirable, also, to write to your own Representative at this point, even though he may not be on the committee. He will have more time to consider your arguments if he receives them before the bill is before the House for consideration.

If the bill passes the House, it is then sent to the Senate, where it is again referred to the proper committee, and from that point must pass through the same stages that it did in the House, and with the same opportunities for citizens to make their views known along the way.

The Senate may make alterations in the bill it has received—possibly as a result of a flood of mail that is prompted when passage by the House calls the public's attention, belatedly, to provisions that are opposed.

In the case of major differences, the two bodies appoint a joint Congressional committee to try to reach agreement.

If the joint committee can frame a compromise bill that both the House and the Senate will accept in its entirety, it is then signed by the Speaker of the House and the President of the Senate, and then sent to the President of the United States.

The President has 10 days (excluding Sundays) to sign the bill into law or veto it. If Congress is still in session and he has not acted within the time allowed, the bill automatically becomes law. On the other hand, a "pocket veto" occurs when the President refuses either to sign or veto the bill and Congress adjourns within the 10-day limit; then the bill is automatically killed.

If the President returns the bill to Congress with a veto message, it is sent to the body that originated it—in our hypothetical case, the House of Representatives—where his objections are read and debated and a roll call vote is taken. If the bill receives a two-thirds majority, it is then sent to the Senate for a vote. Again a two-thirds majority is required. If it receives that, the veto is overridden and the bill becomes law.

This slow and deliberate progress of a bill from the time it is introduced in Congress until it is signed means that lawmaking is a difficult, wearying, often frustrating job. But it reflects the determination of the founders that our government should be responsive to the will of the electorate.

The story is told that George Washington and Thomas Jefferson once were discussing legislative philosophy while having tea together. Suddenly, Washington said that Jefferson had just proved by his own actions the superiority of a lawmaking body composed of two houses rather than one. When Jefferson asked what he meant, Washington replied, "You have just poured your tea from your cup into the saucer to cool. Now a measure originates in one house and in heat is passed. But the other house will serve as a wonderful cooler; by the time it is debated and modified by various amendments, it is much more likely to become an effective law. We need the bicameral system to cool things; we can't get along without the saucer in our system."

To continue Washington's figure of speech, you as a citizen must swallow the legislative tea once it has cooled. Making your views known to the men who represent you helps you to get it brewed to your taste. ★

WRITING YOUR CONGRESSMEN

IN THE DIFFICULT JOB of weighing the pros and cons of a complicated piece of legislation, a Representative or Senator certainly wants to know the opinions of his constituents (and other citizens, too, particularly if he is considering the bill in committee).

What he needs, however, is not a show of hands, giving him a simple yes or no. Although he certainly considers any expression of support or opposition, he is more impressed—and very possibly aided in reaching his own decision—by letters that give sound reasons for the position they advocate.

A member of Congress has to do an enormous amount of "homework"—reading widely, asking questions, studying reports—to be able to meet the demands of his job satisfactorily. Before voters express their views, it is important that they also do their homework. Fortunately, their task is less arduous than his.

It is to be assumed, by the fact that a voter is writing a letter about a bill, that he has read the newspapers carefully enough to be interested in the outcome of the bill, and to know who is considering it in committee or when it is scheduled to come up for debate. Keeping informed of events is the first demand an alert citizen must meet. You do not have to qualify as an expert, however. Personal experiences and observations are useful. Literary style is not important, but facts should be presented as briefly and to the point as possible. This is an excellent exercise, for it helps to clarify one's thinking, thus giving greater assurance and forcefulness.

There are a few tips to keep in mind when writing to a member of Congress. If you are referring to a bill, use its number or popular name. Watch the news, to keep up with the status of legislation that interests you; time letters to arrive when they will do the most good. *And, most importantly, your letters should reflect your convictions. Write as an individual. Various sources may be helpful in providing information about legislation that interests you, but the opinions you express should be your own. Form letters, or letters written as part of an organized campaign, have a minimum effect.*

* From "Texaco Topics" Sept.-Oct. 1962

Pet Pix Are Fun

So ran the title of an article which appeared in the Photography Corner of the AOC Reporter recently. If you're ex-AOC and/or on the Reporter mailing list you will also recognize our picture.

There are and always have been a lot of photographers among Aramcons, some good and some not-so-good, serious and not-so-serious, the frequent, the occasional, the now and then, the color enthusiast, the black and white specialist, the takers of people, of places, of things. . . What have you been snapping lately? Any time on your hands? Maybe you'd like to dust off the shutter cage and tackle the family cat or dog

(all Judo holds barred). The following comments were suggested by the Reporter article and are mentioned for benefit of those who haven't tried taking pictures of animals before.

Photographing pets can be a pleasant and rewarding pastime. Patience and ingenuity are needed, but it's fun because it's different.

Remember this and you're on your way: You're dealing with live subjects, real characters with a will of their own. They are highly photogenic but don't give a darn — as real characters should. Furthermore, they know only one thing, that a dime's worth of sausage is more valuable



To quote the Reporter's Editor: *If you had any doubts that cats are great characters, just look at this bunch. And don't worry about number two from the right — he just went a little out of hand and had to be called to order.*

Our own admission: *We don't know a cotton pickin' thing about arranging a row of kittens like this; but then, we don't own five cats.*

than a \$1,000 Leica, and infinitely more desirable.

Now for some hints. Your pet may be friendly, angry, wild, haughty, playful, proud, clumsy, bossy, disobedient, disciplined, reserved, spontaneous, philosophical or just plain silly. You're in luck if he's a ham! Anyway, don't boss him around, it will just make him obstinate or nervous and waste your time.

Plan your picture carefully, including choice of background to emphasize your subject and provide appropriate contrast.

Have your camera as close as possible and at the same level — standing over Rover to shoot makes him look unnaturally small. Good effect, however, can be had by perching him on something (a table inside, or a wall outdoors, etc.) and taking your picture from below, camera tilted slightly upward.

SAND PILE (continued from page 20)

with cement and painting it green. I must look into this.

Said the husband just returned to the home fires, "At dawn the birds began to fly. Surrounded by the icy cold water, I raised my gun in the soft morning light. It went off with a roar — and there in front of me lay a dead duck."

Said the wife, "How long had it been dead?"

Several paragraphs back, we were considering the science fiction idea of communicating with dolphins and possibly other-planet life forms. But this would be a milk-toast adventure as compared with the possible developments associated with the laser (rhymes with razor). The laser was invented in 1960; and its possibilities have been recognized as being so tremendous that about 40 companies in this country alone are working to produce it, and about 400 are engaged in research and exploitation concerning it. Our military is devoting many

Those who use flash have learned to stand a little sideways to avoid harsh shadows and the flattening which comes from a flash aimed straight.

Use a fast film; and supplement your indoor light if need be with reading lamps, etc.

All set? Now animate him! You want him a la natural, with pricked up ears and eyes gleaming. Make a noise, a movement, or maybe he'd like a look at the sausage about now.

Oh, it will take understanding and *patience*; but unlike the old saying, it *will* have its rewards. Animals, like children, are born actors but a lot happier than some because they don't get stage fright. Come to think of it, how about trying them all together for a picture, too — they're wonderful in combination.

millions to determining its combat possibilities; and the Russians (who, like the poor, we always have with us) are pushing their own intensive experiments.

Those of you who read the science magazines must know much more about this invention than I have been able to gather. (After I've finished with the so-called comic books and True Confessions, I have little time left for this heavy reading.) But because I have not seen much general description of the laser, I am including this brief report gleaned from THE EXCHANGE and THIS WEEK magazines, in the hope that many of you may not have read even this much.

Laser is short for Light Amplification by Stimulated Emission of Radiation; and if you feel up to pursuing this concept further, you shouldn't bother with my superficial explanation. The laser is being developed in several forms; but a common one is a synthetic ruby rod, silvered on both ends to form mirrors, and surrounded by a spiral flash lamp. The lamp excites chromium atoms whose light is synchronized as the atoms are forced to act in unison. One mirror is formed so that a minute amount of this light is permitted

to escape in the laser ray.

The laser effect is this concentrating and synchronizing of light rays in a beam, in contrast to the ordinary spread of light in all directions, as from a light bulb illuminating a room. This beam can be as fine as four hundred thousandths of an inch in diameter.

What can be done with this beam? It is believed to have the capacity to carry all of the telephone conversations in the world as well as all the television programs. It has drilled a hole through a diamond in one two thousandth of a second at a temperature about twice as hot as the sun's surface. It can be used with fantastic delicacy. Surgeons in a New York hospital removed a tumor on the retina of an eye with a laser beam lasting one thousandth of a second. After the application, the tumor was gone. The beam can cut human tissue with great accuracy, which may make it valuable in brain surgery.

A laser beam has been aimed and shot at the moon. Two and six tenths seconds later, part of the light from this beam was reflected back to earth in another 1.3 seconds. It can be used for flashing communication between earth and future satellites.

From the laser, the military are attempting to develop the actual counterpart of the fictional death ray gun. It might be small enough to be worn as a pistol, or large enough to reach and destroy ICBM's before they could reach their targets. It will greatly refine radar. In recent years, we have been amazed by the performance of cameras developed for aerial reconnaissance; but we are assured that the use of lasers in satellite cameras would make our present instruments rate as Brownie cameras by comparison.

Like so many of our recent great discoveries or inventions, this one could become a major force in benefiting humanity or in destroying it. Again, we face the fact that man continues to expand his scientific knowledge without developing his understanding of his fellow men or his capacity to live with them. The laser furnishes another warning that men had better hurry to learn to live with each other if they expect to continue to live.

* * * * *

In reviewing what I've written for this issue,

I feel that I have been true to the title, PILE. If I haven't attacked and mangled something of interest to you, at least I have tried. I have poked into the overloaded mail box, vented my spleen on shyster promoters, talked with dolphins, criticized words, looked at senior citizens (always senior citizens) and confused the concept of the death ray. If you have a better subject for discussion, produce it, and I'll maul it around. Meanwhile, don't place me in the position of the druggist who was asked, "Are you sure one bottle will cure?" To which the druggist replied with confidence, "It must - nobody's come back for a second."

Phil McConnell

STRICTLY FOR TRAVELERS

When BILL WEISS sent us his new street address in Downey, California recently, he also included his telephone number - Walnut 3-1895 - just in case any friends from Saudi Arabia, past or present, happen to be in the area.

Then in another note, ROY F. PRESTON said, "I would be very glad if any of my friends would stop and visit with me - the coffee pot is always on." But so there won't be too much confusion about finding Roy, we thought it best to pass on his explanation of how they do things to Grand Prairie, Texas; at least in his particular neighborhood. "My residence is 1111 North Belt Line Road or 1111 Northeast 8th Street, depending on whether a person approaches from the North or the South. North of me is Belt Line Road, South it is Northeast 8th Street, but it is all the same place. But there is no mail delivery so I use a Post Office box and pick up my mail twice a day. Mail sent to either address is put in my box, #194." Maybe we should have left well enough alone.... Anyway, so travelers using the address lists won't have too much trouble partaking of that cup of coffee and Roy's hospitality, we made no change in Mail Call except to add "Road".

In Memorium

We regret to report the death of CURTIS D. THUE in Beirut on January 14. His wife, Madeline, may be contacted at Rue Agrippa, Imm Zakaria Kronfol, Beirut, Lebanon.

Also the death of GEORGE W. ROGERS on January 25. Friends may get in touch with

Matilda at their home address, 21760 Ramona Avenue, Apple Valley, California.

Friends of Reka (Mrs. Walter E.) Richards were saddened to learn of her sudden passing on December 2 aboard ship enroute to South Africa.

Mail Call!

The following changes, corrections or additions have been received since December, 1962:

ARAMCO-AOC

William E. Albritton
Arnold Allen
Raymond E. Angell
Foster J. Badgley
Roy W. Beals
Karel H. Beekhuis (AOC)
Howard F. Brown
Bliss B. Butler
Charles A. Cain
Angus G. Dakers

William M. Darling
Maurice Emery
Ralph B. Fleharty
Melchar Fogelman
Leroy Gibbert
Challie Andrew Gray
Leonard O. Gray
Bernard G. Gribble
Thomas C. Hall
Thomas P. Hanley

William C. Haug
Daniel V. Healey
Thomas H. Hercus
Maurice Hollyfield
Dewitt E. Hunt
Robert E. Lockbaum
James A. McGuinness
Rudolph Mambourg
John Edgar Martin
Leslie A. Meadors

% J. E. Groven, 67 Placito Del Saco, Tucson, Arizona
728 N. Market Street (#24), Inglewood, California
17 Fifth Street, East Providence, Rhode Island
Shangri-La, Equinunk, Pennsylvania
% General Delivery, Tucson, Arizona
1828 Olive Avenue, Santa Barbara, California
1305 N.E. 69th Street, Portland 13, Oregon
1118 Citrus Terrace Drive, Harlingen, Texas
260 Agua Vista Drive, De Bary, Florida
2484 Page Drive, Altadena, California

245 Seventeenth Street, Oakland, California
7120 Santa Fe Street, Houston 17, Texas
Overall Post Office, Page County, Virginia
Standard 11C Club, Taft, California
581 General Knox Road, King of Prussia, Pennsylvania
734 Mission Avenue, Chula Vista, California
Box 585, Highland Lakes, Vernon Township, New Jersey
196 4th Avenue North, Tierra Verde 6, Florida
104 Grace Terrace, Pasadena, California
2960 Grand Concourse, Bronx, New York

% H&H Motor Company, U.S. Highway 36, Seneca, Kansas
4589 North Glenn, Fresno, California
6 Bronco Drive, Rolling Hills, California
2115 11th Street, Galena Park, Texas
2216 Norwood Avenue, Savannah, Georgia
787 N.E. 12th Street, Grants Pass, Oregon
5 Apple Street, Highland Park, New Jersey
1260 Oribia Road, Route #1 - Box 340, Del Mar, California
68045 Monterico Road, Desert Hot Springs, California
6109 E. 18th Street, Tulsa 12, Oklahoma

(continued on page 36)

MAIL CALL (continued)

William L. Moss	577 30th Street, Richmond, California
Henry W. Perry	Teniente Mulet 88, Terreno, Palma de Mallorca, Spain
Roy F. Preston	1111 North Belt Line Road, Grand Prairie, Texas
Robert P. Reynolds	Box 4425, Carmel, California
Glen M. Rudicil	1745 North Kingsley, Los Angeles 27, California
Roy R. Sanders	% Mr. & Mrs. R. L. Kortum, 146 South Clark, Los Altos, California
Sam T. Schultz	P. O. Box 163, Danville, Pennsylvania
Louis E. Schlosa	3076 Panorama Road, Riverside, California
Thomas A. Scholl	501 9th Street, Modesto, California
James N. Slaven	420 S. E. 8th Avenue, Pompano Beach, Florida
Orlin O. Thomas	2503 S. Sandusky Avenue, Tulsa, Oklahoma
Harvey L. Thompson, Jr.	3324 St. Cloud Circle, Dallas 29, Texas
Garrison I. Tyler	6025 Merrimack Place S. E., Washington 22, D. C.
Harry F. Tyner	29071 Desert Hills Road, Sun City, California
Russell C. Walker	22211 Leadwell Avenue, Canoga Park, California
William Weiss	9720 Manzanar Avenue, Downey, California
Robert Witherow	Route 1, Box 200-A, Sheridan, Arkansas

TAPLINE

Orvis K. Bigelow	% Tapline, P. O. Box 1348, Beirut, Lebanon
James F. Corrigan	3573 Roger Drive, Wantaugh, L.I., New York
John R. Jones	P. O. Box 1033, Berkeley, California
Walter H. Koehler	8111 Willow Street, Whitfield Estates, Sarasota, Florida
C. G. Rush	941 Vanowen Street, Orange, California

WIDOWS OF ANNUITANTS

Mrs. Elizabeth K. Ismer	B/Ikier, Marienstrasse 77, (43) Essen-Kray, West Germany
Mrs. Hazel Leo	650 Waverly Street, Palo Alto, California
Mrs. H. A. Mills (formerly Eyre)	P. O. Box 751, Bellflower, California
Mrs. Larkin F. Payne	9401 Drift Way, Orangevale, California
Mrs. George W. Rogers	21760 Ramona Avenue, Apple Valley, California
Mrs. Leonard Saulmon	5030½ West 36th Avenue, Denver 12, Colorado
Mrs. Curtis D. Thue	Rue Agrippa, Imm Zakaria Kronfol, Beirut, Lebanon

AL-AYYAM AL-JAMILA

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