

# Al-Ayyam Al-Jamila

"These Pleasant Days"

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

NEW YORK, N. Y.

MARCH 1964

Vol. 8, No. 1

400  
30

## Our Newest Distaff Member



Frances G. Wyers

FRAN WYERS, who retired the first of March after more than fifteen years in the Saudi Arabia Organization, is another of those inveterate travelling gals, never tiring of seeing the world. And much of its face she has seen - Africa, the South Seas, New Zealand, Australia and its Great Barrier Reef, Cambodia's Angkor Wat, and ten trips to India! That's not all. Before she settles down, Fran's itinerary includes a trip to Nepal, then back to the Punjab in India, to Kulu and the Beas River area, and in the summer joining friends from Mangla for a camping and fishing trip to the Kaghan Valley in Pakistan

Jimmy Cricket  
Here...

Look to  
The center  
Spread for  
a Very  
Special Announce-  
ment!!



not far from Gilgit. She will attend the Baalbek festival in Lebanon in August, followed by more travel in Europe. If and when she has travelling out of her system, she plans to go to Mexico; but if you're looking for her in the meantime you had best contact Elinor Craig, 624 Lincoln Boulevard, Apartment F, Santa Monica, California.

Fran was born in New Brunswick, Canada and is a graduate of the Ottawa Ladies College. She went to Los Angeles in 1927, joining the Bank of America. In August 1948 she boarded a Pan American Charter flight for Dhahran, making

emergency repair stops in Rome and in Damascus, where a revolt lent unscheduled excitement to their stay. Fran was first assigned to the Dhahran District Purchase and Storekeeper's Office. Two and one-half years later she became secretary to the General Manager of General Office Materials Supply and Community Services. Following reorganization changes in 1955, she became secretary to the General Manager of MS&T. Her most recent position, which she has held since 1958, was that of secretary to the Vice President and General Manager - MS, CS&T . . . Oh yes, Fran is also a good cook, likes to garden, read and hike.

The departure of REGINALD B. STRANGE with his wife, Ruby, removed from the Saudi Arabian scene one of its leading artists, whose talents and hobbies include work in all of the usual media, as well as etching, woodcarving, art metal, clay modelling and photography. Their new location is Indian Lake Estates, Florida (where mail should be sent to Box 423), which

will make it easy to indulge also in fishing and a game of golf when the spirit so dictates.

Reg was born in England, serving as an apprentice for seven years with the London & South Western Railway, during which time he worked on and eventually received a degree as Mechanical Engineer from the University of Southampton. He joined the Cunard Steamship Company as Marine Engineer in 1927 aboard the R. M. S. "Mauretania", emigrating to the United States two and a half years later. He spent seven years with Borden's Farm Products, Inc. in New York before going to the West Coast and settling in Portland, Oregon. He was employed by the Iron Fireman Manufacturing Company from 1940 to 1948 with four and a half years out during World War II with the Maritime Service. Reg taught Industrial Arts in the Portland schools for three years and a half before joining Aramco in 1951 as a Vocational Instructor, Training Division in Abqaiq. He transferred to Ras Tanura as Vocational Analyst in 1954, later setting up the Industrial Training Shop for the instruction of Saudi Arabs. Reg was its supervisor at the time of his departure. The Stranges' daughter, Heather, is working toward her doctorate at New York University under a fellowship.



Reg  
and  
Ruby  
Strange

CLARK CYPHER and his wife, Mary, left Jiddah the end of February following more than twenty-four years of service in the petroleum industry. He was born in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, spent his early years in southern California, and received his BA degree from Stanford University, teaching in the Palo Alto High School for several years before returning to his Alma Mater for graduate work and his LLB. He and Mary were married in 1929. Clark practiced law and served as councilman in Palo Alto until joining Socal's Foreign Producing Department in 1939. From their Land Lease Division he transferred to Aramco in 1944, serving as Company Representative in Jiddah for a couple of years. Mary joined him in 1945. Then as Assistant Manager, Government Relations in Dhahran, Clark's activities varied from organizing preparations for an entourage of 2,500 who accompanied the late king on a visit to Dhahran, to organizing the Surface Rights Division, Concession Affairs. He opened the first AOC office in Cairo in 1948 and the following year he moved to Beirut with a transfer to Tapline. During the next two years he worked on satisfying the land claims for the Tapline's right-of-way, as well as acquiring the necessary property for the Sidon Terminal. After returning to Dhahran in 1951, he assisted in reorganizing the Home Ownership Plan for the Saudi Arab employees, served as Assistant to the Vice President of Concession Affairs, then as Secretary of AOC and Assistant Secretary of Aramco. The Cyphers moved back to Jiddah when the Concession Affairs Department was reorganized in 1958 and Clark was appointed Aramco Representative, the position he filled at time of retirement.

Clark and Mary collect stamps, play golf and enjoy travelling. They plan to sail from Beirut



Clark Cypher

to Marseille, then drive to Spain and Majorca. Mary's sisters from San Francisco will meet them in Madrid for more travel, particularly through Italy. They plan to sail into either Quebec or Montreal then tour the northern United States, ultimate destination California about September. In the meantime, E. J. Barbieri, 1016 Louise in Menlo Park, California is collecting mail and messages for them.

## BOAT IS NAMED AFTER COL. EDDY

The United States embassy in Jiddah has recently christened one of its plush motor boats *Col. W. A. Eddy* in the proud memory of the late Colonel William A. Eddy, former Tapline and Aramco consultant who passed away in Beirut, May 3, 1962.

The one-time distinguished soldier, wartime

intelligence officer, diplomat, educator and administrator had become in 1944 the first U. S. Minister Plenipotentiary to Saudi Arabia and in 1945 was the sole interpreter for the meeting between President Roosevelt and King Ibn Saud aboard a cruiser in the Suez Canal.

*Periscope - February 1964*



# out of orbit

*How To Win Friends, or My Friend Bessie. . .*

*Scribby (Mrs. W. R. Scribner to those who haven't read vignettes one and two from her experiences) had become pretty well established in Trailer Park #1 by the end of her first year:*

Early in the summer of 1956, our Park had doubled – more trailers arrived every few days. I could understand now the behavior of those with their necks out (recalling my Flamingo's advent), but I forewent imitating them. I amassed any gossip though that might pertain to the next incoming trailer and its inhabitants. Being forewarned (but unknown) can save face.

There were many more retired widows now, along with an occasional widower or bachelor who had strayed into this "fold". The population also included a sprinkling of retired married couples. Max said our group was perfect. . . Well, I'd say almost perfect.

There was still no Rec Hall. The weather was ideal, so we were having Pot Lucks every two weeks, usually on Max's lawn. Those were high-lights for me – I didn't have an Abdulla to do the cooking.

A few silly disputations occurred, as they would on the distaff side, e.g., like whose turn to wash – politics not considered a subject for debate. Everything was running smoothly, but I had a botherment in my bonnet. A retired couple, Bert and Bessie Badger (we'll can them) had come into the Park a while after my Flamingo and me. I didn't like her from the beginning and she didn't like me. I guess really I was afraid of her. But I wanted to be friends with everybody, so I had to win her over – but how?

The Badgers were a couple of Titans. She was around 65 and a little more titanic than he. He was about thirty, had back trouble, and wasn't hard to take – Bessie was really good to him. She wasn't very popular, but kept herself busy, mostly in the laundry department. In fact,

she practically policed the place, seeing about her own appointments and others. (I wasn't the only one afraid of her either.) Names of those who expected to use the washers or clotheslines were kept in plain view on the bulletin board. (Might as well wire Washington, otherwise, then fight your opponents.)

Bessie seemed to have a passion for keeping those clotheslines full all the time – her things and Bert's, when hung to dry, looked like rows and rows of Arab tents. Most of us singles sent our washing out, and I personally hadn't used the utility yard at all, even to air my bedding.

Finally, one evening I told some of my friends I was going to take my bedding out for an airing next morning at eight o'clock. They laughed, or tittered, but without mirth – they knew I was apprehensive. They told me Bessie had been an R. N. for years (no need to tell me that she was a big woman). We knew she was well educated – but not too refined to wipe me up with the earth (or vice versa) if I got in her way, and if she cared to. She just might care, too.

I was the first one in the utility yard a few minutes before eight o'clock the next morning with my bedding, and hung my two bed pillows at the end of the sunniest clothesline. It boded a beautiful day. I'd soon have plenty of company, but nobody would bother me – except one!

Then the chips were down, and I could feel Bessie's presence – it weighed upon me. She was up at the pillow-end of the line I had appropriated. Everyone was quiet and gawking, and I was in a state of scare. I honestly believe that those hussies (my pals) wouldn't have helped me out if Stella had torn me limb from limb. They were

afraid of her too, but my concern was for ME. I was out of orbit alright.

Yes, there was Bessie at her post, arms akimbo and bare – a monstrous woman (and it wasn't my imagination). Her face was crimson as a forest fire, and I knew my face was red. I glanced away long enough to finish hanging up the last light blanket. I wasn't about to say anything. She must draw first blood.

Then her voice boomed, "SCRIBBY!! You've seen my name on the bulletin board. I've been told that you can read and write."

"That's a moot observation. . ." Just one more pin. The bedding was up.

"This is my turn to use the lines!" With arms still akimbo, she gave an upward jerk to her sagging chins. "Take your clothes down!"

"That would be indecent." I was trying to be facetious. No – actually, I was trying to move, but was too petrified. I'd never had a fistic encounter – and this was the day for our Pot Luck. Geeze!

Then all of a sudden an idea and I saw the light! Stars bursting in splendor, the universe

ablaze. Never had a brighter day dawned.

"Madam X!" (Was that MY voice?) "I'm going to show YOU something." (And I could move now. . . wasn't that odd?)

Bessie hadn't moved a muscle and I braved again, "I'm going to show you something, MADAM." She still didn't move, and from beneath her very nose, I took down the two big pillows. (Either Bessie or I was under a spell.) Then deliberately, I removed all of my bedding, folded and smoothed it, shied awkwardly in and out through our attentive audience and gained the utility yard exit. I cast a sickly smile toward Stella, "The lines are all yours, Mrs. Badger."

Thank Heaven, I escaped (respectfully, I hope), and as I turned away from all of them, added, "The defense rests."

\* \* \* \* \*

That was a memorable day. I escaped a beating, by the grace of god, and I know that I proved myself a coward – but nobody ever made fun of me. At the Pot Luck that night I was the guest of the Badgers, and as time went on I never had a better friend than Bessie. As for airing my bedding, that was done regularly and I didn't have to carry it in and out. Guess who?

## Important Reminder

Are your beneficiary designations up-to-date? If not, don't delay changing them. It could be very important!

Beneficiary change forms for Group Insurance and Retirement Income Plan are available from Aramco's New York Office, Personnel & Administrative Services Department. Write for needed forms and when completed, send the Group Insurance Beneficiary Designation form via AIR MAIL to:

Mr. G. A. Kellenberg  
Comptroller's Department  
Arabian American Oil Company  
Dhahran, Saudi Arabia

and the Retirement Income Beneficiary Change form to:

Aetna Life Insurance Company  
Hartford, Connecticut



H. C. Hotchkiss

H. C. HOTCHKISS and his wife, Eleanor, are another Aramco couple who have selected Florida as their preference for retirement. Hugh had spent nearly thirty years in the petroleum industry. He is a native of Michigan, taking his BS in Civil Engineering at the University of Michigan. He was a member of Tau Beta Pi, honorary scholastic society and president of the student branch of A.S.C.E. In 1935, he joined Texaco in Houston, Texas as a seismic surveyor and computer, spending part of the time in the wilds of Colombia. He started to work for Tropical Oil Company in Bogota, Colombia in 1944, shifting to Aramco in 1950 and alternating between New York and the SAO. He filled such positions as geophysicist (seismograph), senior geologist (geophysics), and lastly in 1961 staff geophysicist. Hugh and Eleanor have two daughters, one married, the other working on her BS in Nursing at Emory University. Both Eleanor and Hugh enjoy square dancing; she is an amateur gem cutter, he likes carpentry and cabinet making. Hugh started building their home in Lake Worth, Florida (6699 High Ridge Road) during vacations quite some time ago and is completing its construction now that he's retired. Their property fronts on Lake Osborne and is only two miles from the ocean. So it won't be surprising if Hugh decides to add fishing to his hobbies when they get through building and are settled.

GEORGE DAVISON's itinerary upon leaving Abqaiq the end of February included Athens, Geneva and Genoa, where he boarded a ship for New York. In nearby New Jersey he planned to visit sons, grandchildren and one great-grand child. From there he's headed south to look in on his brother in Silver Springs, Maryland before going to the West Coast for a reunion with his sister and oldest son in California.

Dave, as he is best known, had worked for the U. S. Navy Department on Guam and then at the U. S. Naval Dry Docks, Terminal Island, San Pedro, California as well as with various construction and power companies. He joined Aramco toward the end of 1947, and was assigned to the Maintenance and Shops Division in both Dhahran and Abqaiq during his nearly seventeen years' service in Saudi Arabia. His most recent role was that of Senior Specialist, Power Lines. Dave hasn't divulged his retirement location as yet (if he's selected it), but in the meantime mail will reach him if addressed in care of his brother, Louis Davison, 9920 Grayson Avenue, Silver Springs, Maryland.



George Davison

## Beyond the Walls of Jericho

BOB KING, from "The Project" in Jordan, killed two birds with one stone in sending the accompanying report to Phil McConnell first. Phil's introduction in passing it on began, "Further word has been received from King Robert of Klamath concerning his sojourn in the desert beyond the walls of Jericho. Of course, Jericho has no walls today, but the two words go well together; and when we talk about the King of Klamath, it's only natural to give him some walls." But, Bob to Phil. . .

Ever since the Christmas issue of AAAJ reached me over here I have been trying to construct in my mind adequate words in response to your "open letter" to me in that issue and to thank you for the complimentary things you had to say.

Tonite I lay on my bed - actually it is more like a bunk - reading the December 14 issue of Saturday Evening Post with its enlightening and glowing word picture of our new president. In the last paragraph I found the inspiration for the response I'd been seeking - to quote, "I don't quite know why it is, but whatever Lyndon really wants, he gets in the end." Now please don't misunderstand my meaning. I'm not likening myself to Lyndon B. Johnson - I don't belong in the same league. But I was struck by the similar words of two writers in two publications about two different people. In AAAJ, you had said to me, "I have known you for many years as a hardy character who knew his own mind and usually accomplished what he set out to do." Thank you, Phil, for inserting that word "usually". Anyway, the article served as a reminder and inspiration to set my own pen spilling ink on paper.

With the glowing and promising send-off by you and the editor of AAAJ, I wish I were able to report back that I have lived up to and exceeded the reputation that has been built up for me. But, as of now I regret to say that, at least in my own mind, I have fallen far short of my own expectations. True, I have been here only three months and have only barely become well enough acquainted with the project to see inside and

learn what makes the wheels go 'round. I have met with unexpected difficulties and frustrations, but don't gain the impression I'm about to throw in the sponge. I'm kept going by the knowledge that I'm helping those on the project who are really deserving and need help most. My contacts and responsibilities are primarily with the first line supervisors and a group of the boys from the school who have finished their academic training and are now engaged in various vocational training pursuits.

I am not unhappy. On the contrary and for the most part, I'm really enjoying my life and work here in spite of the frustrations. They are no doubt typical of and probably no worse than problems encountered on other worthy philanthropic ventures of similar type. After all, I did not expect that this would be a beautiful path strewn with roses down which to stroll and find nothing to stumble over. As well as imparting bits of know-how here and there, I am learning a lot of things which in the past have been foreign to my experience.

The operation here is not too far removed from our experience in Saudi Arabia, although on a miniscule scale. We have a drilling rig (donated by Aramco), Peerless deep well pumps (both electric and diesel driven) and pipelines, all for water of course; steam generators, diesel electric generators, water treaters, cooling towers, refrigerating machinery (ammonia and freon), refrigerator storage, quick and deep freeze rooms, etc., supported by machine, wood-working, pipe, and masonry shops. There is a central kitchen and messhall, guest house, houses for the management and supervisory force, and barracks for the school boys.

There is a large poultry farm - mostly chickens for eggs and broilers, and turkeys for meat. Beef is a by-product of the dairy herd. Until recently there was a herd of Santa Gertrudis cattle, but now a breed from Holland, Holstein or Friesian, is depended on for both milk and beef. The dairy herd is headed by two

bulls and consists of about seventy-five cows and some thirty-odd calves, all registered stock.

As a boy I grew up on a small farm in Illinois, and at one stage my father operated a dairy farm of some thirty-five head of milk cows. That was back in the days when the milk was extracted from the bovine anatomy by certain dexterous manipulation of the hands, fingers, and wrists. I became quite adept at the art (and it really is an art). My father rewarded me by assigning to me the major part of the milking. By the time we finished the morning milking, filled the cans and delivered the milk to the customers, we barely had time for lunch before the evening session began. Now, with the vacuum-type mechanical milkers in use here, the job of extracting ten to twelve kilos of milk per cow averages about two minutes.

After the milk is extracted, it is cooled and processed in a modern dairy plant – consisting of chill tanks, pasteurizing, homogenizing and bottling equipment. A steam generator, vacuum pump, milk and water pumps, and refrigerator machines and storage, make this a sizeable and complicated operation in itself. No cheese is produced at present, and butter is made only for table use in the project. Ice cream manufacture is planned for early this year.

I have little to do with the care and feeding of the animals. There is a young Dutchman and a local veterinarian for that area. The Dutchman is on sort of a Holland "Point Four" deal. He is perhaps my closest friend, and even more so because he spent a period as an exchange worker on a dairy farm on the Smith River in my part of California – just over the hump of the Siskiyou from the Klamath. My primary function is in the mechanical field, operation and maintenance. One of my major objectives is to institute a program of planned or preventive maintenance. Thus far, however, all I have been able to do has been little other than "put out brush fires".

Crops consist of alfalfa for cattle feed, fruits and vegetables. Fruits are mostly citrus, although some dates and figs are produced. Vegetables consist of lettuce, celery, cabbage, cauliflower, carrots, squash, melons, and tomatoes, with lesser amounts of a few other varieties. Eggs, frozen poultry, fruits and vegetables are marketed as far away as Beirut and

Kuwait, with the major part going through outlets in Jerusalem and Amman. Milk is marketed only in Jordan. A refrigerator truck (donated by Aramco) is used for the longer hauls and in the summertime for all hauls. Some experimental shipments of fresh vegetables have been made to the markets in Europe by air. The economics of this phase of marketing is yet to be proven, but presents excellent possibilities since the principal growing season here is the winter time when local production in Europe is nil.

Although the project occupies some 6000 acres, only two to three thousand are under cultivation, due to the shortage of water. Drilling of more wells is prohibited by the government because of lowering water tables, but deepening and cleaning of present wells is permitted. Further expansion of cultivated area will depend on development of other water sources, such as the Jordan River development, wells in other aquifers, or sea water conversion.

There is a constant parade of important and interesting people from many countries at this time of year. It is like "director's weather" in Arabia. I am told that as the temperature climbs toward a maximum of 120° during the summer months, visitors become conspicuous by their absence. Many of the visitors are interested professionally in the project's welfare, such as those from the U.N., FAO, U.S. State Department and foreign aid representatives, Ford Foundation and other private and public philanthropies located in the U. S. and European countries – notably Britain and Holland. The Holland government is also an important backer of the project, through direct aid and supplying technical assistance. Other visitors are writers, TV and newspaper photographers, church groups, tourists and what have you.

I have had a few excursions to points of interest in the Holy Land. Notable was a visit to Bethlehem on Christmas Eve. I missed out on the Pope's visit by reason of having planned previously to be in Beirut during the time he was scheduled, and before learning of his itinerary. As it turned out, I was just as well pleased that I was absent. You people sitting at home saw far more on TV than anyone directly on the scene. Besides, I am allergic to crowds.

Early in February we had planned on spending  
*(continued on page 10)*

The ROWLAND P. CORRYS left Ras Tanura the middle of December and it didn't take Rol long to get started in his new job at Hill Air Force Base in Utah. A note from Claire reports that he is working with a very choice group of men, likes his boss and is very fond of the job – he is still in wage and salary work. One of these days, schedule permitting, he may try his hand at teaching. Claire is having her own busy schedule these days, what with getting settled in their home at 4401 Jefferson Avenue in Ogden. When that is behind them maybe they can find time for their favorite diversions – dancing, swimming and golf. In any event, they are happy to be near son Larry, who is working on his masters degree at Brigham Young University and their daughter, who lives in Salt Lake City with her husband and seven-month old son.

Rol was born and grew up in Ogden, he graduated from Occidental College in Los Angeles, California and subsequently studied at American University and the Department of Agriculture Graduate School in Washington, D.C., while working with the Federal government there in the early forties. He returned to the government following military service with the U. S. Coast Guard during World War II, and joined Aramco's wage and salary administration staff in San Francisco in September 1948. He moved to New York the following year and in 1952 transferred to the SAO as a Senior Job Analyst, later becoming Superintendent, Wages and Salaries in the Ras Tanura District. In 1961 Rol transferred to the Personnel Department, working there as Personnel Supervisor and as Acting Superintendent of Personnel.



*Rowland P. Corry*

ALBERT H. ROLOFF and his wife Anna selected New Jersey as the location for their retirement and headed in that direction upon leaving Ras Tanura last October. It meant returning to their native state for both, as well as providing a favorable spot for their hobbies of boating and fishing, and a good point of take-off for the travelling they hope to do. Their address: Route 9, Box 208c, Englishtown, New Jersey.

Al had been Maintenance Supervisor in the Crafts Department, M.S. & M., M. & S., since his transfer to Ras Tanura in 1962. He was assigned to the Heavy Duty Garage in Dhahran upon joining Aramco in 1948, transferring to Exploration in 1953. Most of his time for the next several years was spent in the Rub' al-Khali, supervising field and camp equipment. Al brought nearly twenty-five years of maintenance experience with him to Aramco. Upon completing his education, he was employed by the Standard Shipbuilding Corporation in New York, followed by the Chevrolet Division in Terrytown, New Jersey. He also spent eleven years with International Harvester Company in Elizabeth, New Jersey before going into business for himself.



*The Roloffs, Anna and Al*



William H. Otto

WILLIAM H. OTTO, who left Dhahran in December, makes no bones about his enthusiasm for Florida as a retirement location – his new address, 680 N.E. Broadview Drive, Boca Raton.

With so many ex-Aramcons settling in Florida, Bill hopes to form an Eastern Division of the already going group on the West Coast and entice more to settle under Florida's sunny skies. He has a nucleus of around fifty to start with. Bill has been quite active in Masonic work abroad, being a Life Member of Lodge Bahrain St. Andrew No. 1431 on Bahrain Island, Seneca Consistory in Frankfort, Germany, and the Aahmes Temple, Oakland, California. He is looking forward to continuing his work in Boca Raton.

Bill is a native of New York, attended Cornell University and Virginia Mechanics Institute. He worked abroad as a chemist with the American Tobacco Company and its subsidiaries. During World War II he served as a bomb disposal officer to both the British and American armies, followed by a period as civilian personnel officer at Raritan Arsenal in New York. He joined Aramco in 1946 as a personnel specialist, devoting most of his time for the next several years to the problems of housing different groups in Dhahran and Ras Tanura, subsequently followed by the Special Programs Studies project, an assignment he held at the time of retirement. Using a combination of air, surface and water transportation after leaving the Middle East, he stopped over in Beirut, proceeded to Lausanne, Switzerland and leisurely toured Europe, embarking for Florida from the port city of Lisbon... Anybody want to head for Florida? You're invited.

**KING** (continued)

a couple of days at Petra and the Gulf of Aqaba. We made it to Petra but not to Aqaba, since the road was closed by slides caused by the heavy rains.

In Beirut, I had a most pleasant visit of ten days which spanned the New Year Holiday. I saw many old friends from Aramco days – Hank and Anne Smith, Dick and Molly McCarthy, Bill and Mrs. Robinson, Brick and Helen Brickhouse, and many others. Carter and Loma McMullen and Joe and Hazel Hall were there on holiday from Dhahran. Tom Barger was up for the funeral service of Sandy Campbell. Bill and Claire Chandler were guests of the Brickhouses while I was in Sidon. I also had a pleasant visit with Dr. Rafiq

Hunanyi, former port doctor in Ras Tanura and now one of the leading citizens of Sidon.

Some time during early April, I hope to have a short visit in Saudi Arabia, proceeding there via Beirut and the Tapline milkrun plane down the line. To say I am looking forward with pleasure to that interlude would be the rankest kind of understatement.

*And Phil added the thought: "With other desert years behind him, Bob should be well prepared for those projects where sometimes the wheels go 'round and sometimes they stop." Then, expressing a majority and likely unanimous opinion, "We'll be interested in the future chapters of his story."*

# Just Think .... No Grass To Cut!

*BOB UNDERWOOD says they have enjoyed the magazine so much that they're desirous of doing their bit.*

Dear Friends:

I've been full of good intentions to write, in return for the pleasure we've had reading letters from so many of you who have written. And now I've finally gotten around to it. One reason for holding off was to get my dark room built and in operation so I could make some pictures of our home in Berkeley. And this is now in operation so I'm including a couple of prints.

Berkeley seemed so much like home, we decided to look around here for a house we could move right into, rather than endure the delay of building on our lot in Sonoma (there was a carpenters union strike when we arrived in California). We were lucky enough to find a place that just suited us so we took it and settled down in late June, 1962.

The house is – well let's say different – Japanese in style. There is not a blade of grass, just decks all around, with at least one door outside from every room. (Only trouble – there are nine doors to check whenever we go out.) There is a nice large living room, so the organ and piano fit in without taking up all the space. We are on top of the hill in Berkeley, facing East, so we miss most of the fog and cold wind. And the previous owner had spent a young fortune on shrubs and landscape gardening – almost too much, as we are doing nothing but cut out and prune to get some semblance of order.

As we lived out of our suitcases for six months getting to California from Arabia, and since we were anxious to see around the calendar once to learn what flowers we had inherited, we did no travelling the first year – relaxed and sought out pre-Arabia friends around the Bay, plus the numerous ex-Aramcons. We did enjoy very much the get-together at Santa Rosa in 1962, and hope we have many more of these events.

Last fall we decided to see some of the U.S. we had never visited and of course, see our daughter and the grandchildren in North Carolina. We were able to get Randy Miller (Betty and Homer Miller's son), who is a Freshman at the University of California to water our yard, and we took off early in September.

We visited friends in Boise, Idaho and Bozeman, Montana, with Yellowstone Park on the way. Then we hit the Trans-Canadian Highway at Regina, and followed it to Montreal and Quebec. From the Gaspé Peninsula we went south through New Brunswick into New England, and were just about the right time for the fall foliage. We cut through Bucks County, Penn., and saw the Ohliger's place, (unfortunately they were not at home), and then down the Blueridge Parkway and to Greensboro, N. C.

After spending a couple of weeks, we took off again for New Orleans, and west to California, stopping on the way for a brief visit with Adele and Fred Schauss in Tucson. 10,200 miles in all – very pleasant – but Berkeley looked mighty good to us.

One activity we embarked upon was to join the Hillside Club – a typical Berkeley institution, over sixty years old. It is devoted mainly to the entertainment of members, mainly by the members. They have interesting speakers, musical, dramatic and photographic activities, four dances a year, and a musical extravaganza each spring. This year, Gladys was selected to direct this event, and did she put us through our paces! It was a huge success, and even the local paper gave it quite a write up, and had a photographer come around.

We've begun to get itchy feet again, and are now planning a three weeks trip to Alaska, by bus, train and ship!

Perhaps after that trip, I'll get up enough ambition to write and tell you about it. This is enough for now. Best wishes to all from

Gladys and Bob Underwood



# THE SAND PILE

Has the word trickled down to you that there's a plan afoot to hold a World's Fair in New York later this year? The idea intrigues me — because, up to now, I have failed to attend one of these mob attractors. Having avoided this particular form of pain for so many years, I now feel an irrational urge to investigate it — much as the boy who contemplates sticking his finger into the buzz saw to learn if it really cuts.

Presumably, other annuitants will experience this same form of second childhood, which will cause them to work their painful way into the New York convulsion and to emerge days later minus an arm or a leg or portions thereof. We annuitants are supposed to be mature individuals possessing some degree of balance and sensibility; but some unexplained inner desire to break out will cause a certain number of us to take this unreasoned fling into the world of cold hot dogs, aching feet and long lines waiting for something we didn't care to see, anyway. And that inner desire in itself, may be an excellent reason for taking the plunge.

The New York Fair of 1938 gained some publicity by promoting the construction of a Time Capsule. This was a corrosion resistant cylinder over seven feet long, which was placed in a crypt some fifty feet below ground after being filled with all manner of records to permit some future race to gain an idea of the sort of civilization that existed on the earth's surface in

1938. The announced plan called for the capsule to be opened 5000 years later; but I don't recall just who was supposed to be around at that time to see that the opening occurred on schedule. A minor detail such as this would be handled easily by any New York publicity man.

Now comes the proposal that a second capsule be buried alongside the first during the 1964 Fair. So much additional knowledge has been acquired in the interim — and the idea was such effective publicity the first time — that it should be worth a second crack. So, the public was asked some time ago to submit its suggestions as to items that should adorn the second capsule, said ideas to be sent to Time Capsule, This Week Magazine, P. O. Box 3806, Grand Central Station, New York 17, New York.

I suggest that here is a fine opportunity for annuitants with time on their hands to take part in some busy work. Instead of spending a frustrating afternoon complaining to your Congressman concerning your taxes, why not use it constructively in thinking of those objects which should be preserved in a Time Capsule for those odd descendents of yours who will be around 5000 years hence? To start your train of thought along suitable paths, here are a few irritants.

As we will be dealing with inhabitants of the New York area, how about some issues of

various New York newspapers for the period of last year's newspaper strike? Inasmuch as such issues don't exist, they will occupy very little space. A brief note should accompany them explaining that daily publications were a part of American life back in those days when a free press was considered essential to a country's welfare, but that one day, the head of the typesetters' union decided against the idea, so publication stopped and that was that.

And there is my last month's gas bill. No one will believe it — which seems a good reason for preserving it. The 1938 capsule contained a picture of a ballroom full of dancers. If we include a photograph of modern Twisters, shouldn't there be another note explaining that these persons are not getting a rubdown with an invisible towel, also that that harassed expression on the girl's face doesn't indicate that dancing is not enjoyable but that she suddenly has reason to believe that she's losing her girdle?

Some poker chips and a deck of playing cards were placed in the 1938 container. A 1964 variation could be a stack of pari mutuel tickets on horses that came in last. These would be easy to collect as there are plenty of them around. And we could use a recording of the voice of the man who came home from Las Vegas claiming he cleaned up, followed by his request for a small loan until next pay day.

Be sure to include a gold inlay, merely to show how much money can be squeezed into so small an object. A sample of the junk placed in my mail box should demonstrate why the Post Office Department operates in the red.

But there are other items which I truly would wish to preserve, such as a record of the Battle Hymn of the Republic sung by the Salt Lake Tabernacle Choir — and sunshine after rain — and the light of eager understanding in a young face — and the sense of responsibility that I found in the reply of a widow with very little money, who sat beside her crippled child and refused charity that I was authorized to give her. She thanked me and added, "But we'll find a way." I would want especially to preserve that sentence, for I hear it so seldom any more.

You don't care for my suggested clues to our civilization? Very well. Get busy and collect your own. For example, here is a new invention that may add to your present confusion as well

as contribute to the problems of future scholars who may find it among the sediments of our forgotten era and may try to determine what it is.

A contact lens for a chicken!

The lens is intended to cause the chicken to see less rather than more. The modern chicken is reared somewhat as the modern human. It isn't supposed to run around or to exercise, thus becoming sweaty and excited. It is to be protected and to be kept happy; it is to be crowded in with its contemporaries (just as humans are crowding into cities), sheltered from all decisions and all responsibilities. But even as with humans, all these paternalistic efforts to make it happy do not succeed. The chicken becomes bored because it has nothing to do but eat, so starts fighting with its neighbors, which means pecking at any other chicken it can see. The contact lenses are expected to cloud the chicken's vision so that it can't see its neighbor clearly but still can find its food. Thus, the chicken becomes fat without being henpecked. (If you happen to have a friend who wishes to attain this same condition, you might suggest chicken contact lenses for his wife.)

Would you seek new ideas in the field of thought rather than things? Consider the new morality as practiced in Alabama. Now there is a state that may be backward in its race relationships, but not in matters of high finance!

As I received the story, a man entered an Alabama bank and prepared to make a withdrawal from his supposedly modest account. The teller checked and reported to the depositor that the account contained about \$40,000. The depositor commented that he hadn't realized that the amount was so large and, after a moment's thought, asked whether he could withdraw all of it. Upon being assured that he could, he wrote a check for the total and departed with the cash.

Soon thereafter, the bank discovered that the large credit had been placed in error and that most of the funds withdrawn had not belonged in that account. When the bank officials contacted the previous depositor and requested a return of the improperly credited money, the man said, "What money?"

I understand that the case was taken to court and that in time, a ruling was made to the effect that the bank could not collect because the check

that the depositor presented was merely an "opinion."

Apparently, it is quite proper to present a bum check in Alabama. After all, the check was merely your opinion, no matter how you slickered the bank. And if you caught them when they weren't looking, you don't have to pay back what you got away with. Truly, morality in Alabama is developing many strange and mystical aspects. Perhaps the report of this new trend wouldn't help the picture presented by the material in the Time Capsule.

\* \* \* \* \*

Most of us annuitants are interested in the problems of illness in old age, even though we haven't encountered them. For this reason, you should read a report that appeared in the Journal of the American Medical Association and was reprinted in Reader's Digest last July. I hesitate to discuss the article in detail because the Digest is available to so many of you that there's

a fair chance that you have read the report; but it is too enlightening to be passed without comment.

The AMA has been cussed by many retired persons because of its opposition to medical care tied to Social Security. I don't wish to argue the political issues here, but I do believe that when a layman seeks information on a specialized subject, such as medicine, he should listen to the experts; and I haven't found anyone who knows as much as the doctors about illness and who is ill and who needs assistance and who doesn't. Hence, my interest in this AMA report.

In 1956, the AMA established a Committee on Geriatrics to study the particular illnesses of old age. The committee found, to its surprise, "that there are no diseases specifically resulting from the passage of a certain number of years." Certain illnesses, I gather, tend to appear more frequently with age, but these same illnesses are found at all ages. For example, death from heart disease is found in every five year period of life, twenty-five such deaths being reported in



Jorgen Petersen

JORGEN PETERSEN left Abqaiq in early April, destination Long Beach, California to join his wife and son at 2223 Eucalyptus Avenue. There was one very important stop to make en-route, however - that for a visit in Denmark with his father, the only living relative remaining of the Petersen family. Pete (as he is best known) describes his father as being 89 years young who still continues to ride his bicycle in travelling about the Danish countryside. Pete was born in Denmark, attending early school in Aarhus and later the University of Denmark in Copenhagen, subsequently emigrating to the U. S. He spent many years as Chief Engineer with the Maritime Service, sailing the seven seas and visiting practically all of the world's large ports. Pete joined Aramco in 1948 as Maintenance Engineer, transferring from Dhahran to Abqaiq at the end of six months. He was made Foreman of the Machine Shop in 1954, and at time of departure for retirement was Foreman Machinists, Abqaiq Services, M. & S. Department. We have no detail on how Pete expects to spend his spare time, but their new home isn't very far from deep water, which should suit him just fine.

1959 in children under five years of age. At the other extreme, fourteen people over 65 died of measles in 1958.

While many older persons are infirm and ill, about ninety percent of persons over sixty are in average physical good health or better.

The committee learned a few interesting facts concerning suitable behavior for older persons. Regular exercise is a great lengthener of a healthy life and we never grow too old to partake of it to some degree. Older people don't need special diets simply because they are old, although they don't need as many calories as when they were younger.

Here is one I especially like. A certain degree of stress, both physical and mental, is good for all of us. The desire to expend no effort and to encounter no problems is wrong. There are

W. K. WOODRUFF, with his wife, Viola, headed back to their ranch home in Texas the middle of December after fifteen years in Transportation at Ras Tanura. Woody, Texas born and bred, grew up in Belton, attended Southwestern University at Georgetown, then became associated with several different construction companies. He was with the Army Corps of Engineers during World War II, followed by the operation of his own company until joining Aramco in 1948. He was assigned to the Transportation Department in Ras Tanura, today known as Equipment Services, and remained a part of that organization throughout his entire stay in the Middle East. Viola, who joined Woody in 1952, has taught continuously since then, first in the Senior Staff School and for the past five years in the Rahimah I.T.C. School. Their daughter, Carolyn, lives in Chatsworth, California, son, Mike is studying law at the University of Texas in Austin. Woody likes golf but is particularly fond of photography and is sure their three grandchildren will add considerably to this hobby. The Woodruffs flew to New York, picking up a car there for the rest of the trip which would include a stopover in New Orleans to meet Mike and his family. Their contact address is Box 327, Portland, Texas.

indications that many more people die from lack of stimulation and tension than from excessive tension and pressure. The key to health lies in struggle, not in retreat.

These are a few nighlights from a short report that all annuitants would do well to read if they can lay their hands on a copy of the July, 1963 Reader's Digest. The article is titled, YOU MAY BE YOUNGER THAN YOU THINK.

Which brings me to another published article which has considerable significance for us of advancing years. It appeared in the February issue of the woman's magazine Glamour; and if you want to know what I'm doing reading Glamour, I can only say that my efforts to find something to feed to you people in the Sand Pile, leads me into the strangest places.

The discussion entitled NEVER SAY NEVER,  
(continued on page 18)



W. K. Woodruff

# Fourth Annuitants' Get-Together

The suspense is over!

It's been definitely decided that the **Fourth Annuitants Get-Together** will be held on **October 10**. The Committee, headed by **KEN FELTMAN**, has made arrangements with the beautiful and famous **Disneyland Hotel** in Anaheim, California for the affair.

The big day is set for a Saturday, remembering that many of those who will want to attend have business commitments during the week or regular working schedules to consider. So now



*The new 11-story Tower Building with cantilevered balconies overlooking the swimming pool, and spectacular glass elevator to whisk guests to the Top-of-the-Park Lounge.*



*The Pool*



*Gourmet Fare*



*The Oak Room*

you can relax and start making plans for the second weekend in October. Of course, you may have a bit of a conflict if you'd intended to be in Tokyo that day for the opening of the XV Olympiad. . . .

Ken reports, for the benefit of those not together familiar with the seasonal weather cycle, that it should be nice in October and big tourist rush will be over. He has arranged for 135 garden double rooms to be held happy to get the convention rate of \$15 per

We were quite taken with the brochures and publicity material which Ken sent on the Disneyland Hotel - a sprawling combination of accommodations, studded with recreational facilities, in the center of the Southern California resort area. . . . virtually a city unto itself. . . . started as a fifty-room, two-story California ranch-type hotel not too long ago with an orange

drive station, trains, trams, and probably the most unusual of all - the now famous Disneyland Monorail, speeding guests aloft between the hotel and the "Tomorrowland" area of Disneyland itself. (We haven't mentioned it, but is there anyone who didn't realize all this is adjacent to that world renowned playground?). . . . aren't through. . . . an Olympic swimming pool and forty acres for golfing, including an 18-hole, three-par course with water hazards, a large driving range, and a miniature golf course.

For those with more than enough time for "getting together" and soaking up what lies within or adjacent to the hotel combine, there are other interesting things to do and see nearby in the not-too-far distance. Knott's Berry

Farm provides among other things a recreated ghost town from the Gold Rush Days, a multitude of unique shops and entertainment typical of the Old West. Then there's Santa Barbara and Hollywood, Movieland's Wax Museum, a couple or so race tracks, Santa Catalina Island, Balboa, that Jewel of Missions - San Juan Capistrano (to which Ken says the swallows returned the other day, right on schedule), and on to the South, San Diego, and Tijuana in old Mexico. . . . and there are more of course. If you're trying to schedule your extracurricular and sightseeing activities over a several-day period, we understand that Disneyland proper is closed to visitors on Mondays and Tuesdays during October.

The Committee wants to start the ball rolling as soon as possible, and Ken reports that the first of two announcements will go out to an already pretty fat mailing list the early part of May. In the interim, you might begin making your plans. . . . and let Ken know about any others (former Aramcons, friends from the affiliates or similar organization, or just good friends) who might like to attend.

Officially, it's **Kenneth O. Feltman, 31331 Los Cerritos, P.O. Box 487, San Juan Capistrano, California**. Or should you wish to call, the telephone number is 493-1526, area code 714.

takes a blast at the human tendency to retreat behind what the author calls a wall of negatives. "I can't do that." "I never eat this." "I never ride." "I never walk, never drive on freeways, never drive off freeways, never ride steamships, never ride airplanes."

You may be justified in saying, "I don't eat this because it disagrees with me," or "I try to avoid driving on freeways," or "I don't plan to ride on airplanes." But get away from that word, never, and (more important) the thinking that goes with it. How do you know that a situation will not arise which will make a drive on the freeway highly advantageous to you - or that the need for fast transportation by plane will not be highly important to your wellbeing? But by continuing to block out these possibilities from your experience, you cut off part of your opportunity to have a full life.

The writer states that a famous woman, when asked the most important lessons learned during her rewarding life, said, "All the things you think will never happen, will happen. And all the things you think you'll never do, you will probably do." The speaker may not have intended to include jumping off a cliff or shooting a wife or husband (in spite of obvious justification); but she expressed a basic idea. When you start saying, never, you start to close the doors to experience, you start to turn inward rather than to continue to look outward and to grow. You start to become old.

I once knew an elderly lady who was an outstanding example of this willingness to face new experiences and to stay clear of the word, never. In her sixties, she became a widow and for the first time in her life, had reason to operate an automobile. Although she had not sat behind a steering wheel prior to that time, and although she lived alone in the midst of southern California's swirling traffic, she proceeded to learn to drive the ancient gear-shifting family car. Her son expressed strong disapproval, pointed to the traffic hazards, urged her to take a bus. She smiled and kept on driving.

A few years later, she was in an accident, had her car turned over and her collar bone broken. Her son laid down the law: no more driving. The battered old car was to be sold for junk. She promised to consider this ultimatum.

A few months later, she was back driving the old car. She continued to live a full and stimulating life for many years after her son would have started to erect the walls against new experience. She eventually died of a heart attack, having a whale of a time up to five minutes before her heart stopped. To her, never was a word to be used only in front of, quit.

I happen to know quite a bit about this case. The lady was my mother and I was the dis-senting son.

\* \* \* \* \*

This is my first opportunity to acknowledge the Christmas messages that Gertrude and I received from many of you annuitants. As always, Christmas cards are our most valued holiday reward. These are the gifts of friendship, the gifts that far outweigh all others. Please do not think that because we fail to reply to them that we do not appreciate them. Our thanks and our good wishes go out to all who remembered us.

*Phil McConnell*

**Friendship, friendship. . . . theirs will still be hot!!**

We who have shared the common experience of living and working in Arabia are apt to believe that the friendships formed there have a special significance. The unique character of our lives, we contend, joins us in a manner not appreciated by those who have failed to shake sand from the bed sheets or weevils from the flour. I generally subscribe to this belief; but there are occasions when the behavior of my previous associates tends to strain the bonds developed by this brotherhood. Because I have been rated as an old friend is, I feel, insufficient reason for insulting me.

During the past Christmas season, when I

was engulfed in good will and kind words, I received a message that did much to wipe away that golden haze. The offensive letter came from an ex-Aramcoite whose name shall remain hidden, as I have no desire to censor him publicly. However, I do feel justified in making a protest in the presence of you who can best appreciate these matters.

I am confident that this recent escapee from the sand dunes, whom I shall call, Steve, for lack of a more descriptive name, would not have dared to act as he did had he not believed that he could take advantage of our long association. In keeping with the Christmas spirit, did my old friend place my name at the top of his Christmas card list last December? In his anxiety to wish me well, did he hasten to prepare my greeting first? He did not. Did he place me second, third, fourth, or sixteenth? No. He merely underlined his rudeness by telling me about it. I quote his words:

"By the time I got around to Christmas card writing, all the good, pretty, nice, sweet cards had been used. This left the cheap ones we had purchased for our relatives. I said to myself, 'Self, would you send an old pal a cheap card like one of these? Most certainly not,' I told self (before self got a chance to interrupt). 'You will

write a nice note to your friend and his lovely wife.'"

Even in this last sentence, I sense an insulting attitude. He says, "... to your friend and his lovely wife." He calls her, lovely; but what does he call me? Then he refuses to stick his nose out of doors for what he calls a friend.

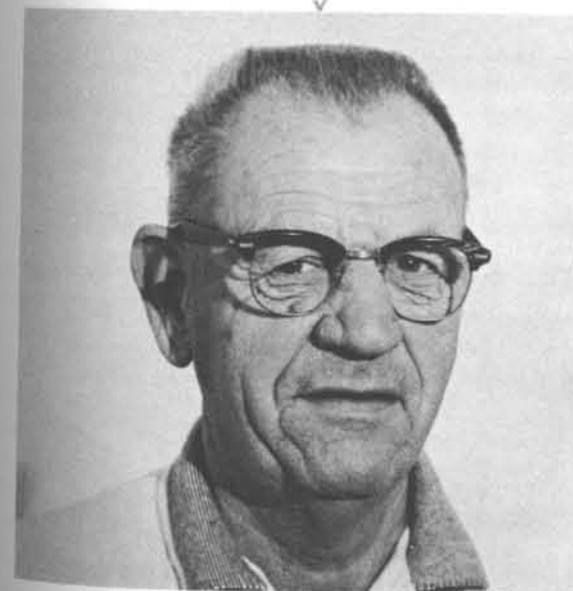
"I simply will not fight this snow, sleet, ice and 90°F wind to go to town for one lousy card. (Note: Who asked him to get that kind of a card?) It's much better that I sit in front of the fireplace, watching the fire and listening to the pecan logs sizzle and crackle. A big Dutch oven of pinto beans is on the back of the stove. Another Dutch oven of homemade chili con carne is simmering up front. A big pan of corn bread sticks is in the oven. My feet are nice and warm. I should drive one and one half miles to buy you a Christmas card. Don't be silly, Philip."

I admit that this fellow whom I shall continue to call, Steve, presents some weighty arguments; but he didn't have to sit there and brag about them. He could have lied a little and explained that he had so much to tell me that he couldn't hope to place it on one Christmas card. I'm not deeply offended because he doesn't care enough for me to buy and send me a Christmas card. A

(continued on page 23)

When GEORGE A. VAN ORDEN boarded ship at Bahrain Island on February 23 for a leisurely trip to Australia and New Zealand, he was fulfilling a long cherished dream. Van is not certain just when he'll arrive in the United States - it will depend on how good the fishing is "down under". In any case, he'll be busy pursuing his favorite hobbies, fishing, hunting and boating wherever he is. He plans to eventually settle in the San Francisco Bay Area, and until then should be addressed in care of Miss Edith Van Orden, 1137 Montgomery Street, San Francisco 11, California.

Van has spent forty years in the oil business, twenty five with Shell Oil Company at Martinez, California before joining Aramco in November 1948. His entire time in Saudi Arabia was spent in Abqaiq's MS&T Division, the most recent of his various assignments being that of Supervising Inventoryman.



George A. Van Orden

# Watch Those Sneezes

Linda, Evelyn, Karen and Russ



The RUSS NELSONS all seem to be busy from dawn 'til dark, with Russ still a regular commuter from their home in San Rafael to his Montgomery Street office of Walston and Company in San Francisco. Evelyn penned the following in early January:

Karen and Linda are both enjoying school, though Linda doesn't like to admit it. She made an A in Spanish, and as a result was invited to a program by a visiting dance group of Mexican sixth graders from Mexico City.

Karen is in high school and is taking guitar lessons. I still have one piano student. We have acquired a zither and I'm considering taking lessons from a teacher in San Francisco. The only other one in this state is in Los Angeles.

One never knows what will happen because of a little old visit. Russ bought a claviatta a couple of weeks after we drove up to Sonoma to see the Snyders last fall. The girls were so intrigued - I guess we all were - with the one which Betty has and uses along with their organ. It is a lot of fun.

We had a nice holiday season and happily everyone was healthy. It seems our Christmas is usually a time for mumps, chickenpox or a sojourn in the hospital. Not this year! Only problem outside of a slight cold was back in December - I was sitting on a low chair, sneezed and hit my nose on the card table. The nose broke, but I didn't even have a black eye to show for it - sore though.

## After Christmas Catch-Up

on the mail from Santa's pouch arriving too late for the Christmas issue.

E. J. (JACK) LYON

My very best wishes to all annuitants for a joyous Holiday Season, and sincere prayers that the New Year will bring many blessings to all. I gratefully appreciate all the expressions of friendship incident to the recent loss of Mabel.

PHIL KIRCHEM

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. We enjoy reading the magazines very much.

JACK MAHONEY

May the Peace and Happiness of Christmas be with you throughout the Year.

Irene Osborne

Best wishes for Christmas and the New Year.

JACK & LORRAINE JUSTILLIAN

To wish you joy for Christmas and the New Year. . . Yes, we're still on earth and still at the Beach. (Virginia Beach, that is.) Operated

the restaurant this summer, but had no time to play or go on our nice boat. We have five Pug dogs (the Duchess of Windsor has nothing on us.) We keep well, and are now painting the house. Fine time to get involved, through the holidays! Jack's son is working for Westinghouse in Beaver, Pa.

CHARLIE & EDRIE HIGGINS

Just a note to let you know how much we enjoy the magazines. It seems most of our friends have left the field and are scattered all over the universe. We try to contact some of them at Christmas and receive many cards in return. (We always want to get a Christmas message in the magazine, but never seem to make it in time for publication.)

The FRED HAMANNS

May all the joys of this Happy Holiday Season be yours, and it was signed Angel, Adolph

CD, Falla CDX, Bert and Fred.

REGINALD G. SCHROEDER

From his new location in Seal Beach, "May all the joys of this happy season be yours now and always" said the message on the blue and gold card with its cover design inspired by the "Praying Hands" by Albrecht Durer. And added in explanation: "This famed work is a drawing of the hands of a fellow student who sacrificed his own artistic skill by drudgery in the fields so Durer could continue his studies. So revered is this drawing that a legend has grown around it - that the household with a copy of the print will enjoy peace and tranquility. Surely it will inspire thoughts of God."

Elisabeth Ismer, MARCEL SHAW and CHARLIE GONZALEZ

added their Best wishes for a Merry Christmas and the New Year.

MAURICE D. POINTS, until recently Foreman of the Marine Services Unit, Marine Division in Ras Tanura, acquired his fondness for boats at an early age. A native of Nebraska, he moved while still in school to the state of Washington, where after graduation he spent a year on a commercial fishing boat in southeastern Alaska and Puget Sound waters. In 1934 he signed on his



M. D. Points

first ship and spent the next ten years seafaring. Maury was hired as a cargo supervisor by Aramco in San Francisco in March 1944. The first leg of his trip to Saudi Arabia was via train to Miami, Florida where he gave a good imitation of a sun-bum for the next two weeks while waiting for transportation from the Army Transport Command. He finally arrived on Bahrain early in June after several short flights of a few hours each, interspersed with "rest periods" of several days at airfields along the coast of South America and Central Africa before reaching Cairo and the Middle East. Maury's first assignment was at the al-Khobar pier, but after a couple of weeks he was temporarily assigned to Ras Tanura pier to discharge a ship. Temporary? He spent the duration of his Aramco career in that port town and had been in his last job since 1953.

Maury and Ruth Tighe met in Ras Tanura in 1948, they were married in Beirut the following year. Their itinerary upon departure called for a short time in Europe, then picking up a car on the East Coast to start seeing the U. S. Until they decide on the spot to retire, they may be contacted c/o F. L. Tighe, Apt. 52 L, 1461 Merion Way, Seal Beach, California. Maury likes to hunt, fish and play bridge, but says he doesn't take any of them too seriously.

We haven't heard just how actively RICHARD O. RICHARDS is going to be involved with their strain of "Desert Arab" horses when they all get settled back at home, 4728 Riverview Drive, Riverside, California. Even if Dick decides that his golf is the more interesting, Fran and their daughter, Sandy, will see that the horses suffer no neglect. The gals left the SAO in August, accompanying their two carefully bred Arabians to the U. S. aboard ship, along with their two Siamese cats. Dick departed in mid-December and flew home via Hong Kong.

Following graduation from the University of Kentucky, Dick played professional football for a year with the Brooklyn Dodgers in New York. This was followed by eight years with the Civilian Conservation Corps and the State of Kentucky as supervisor of vocational training and recreation activities. He enlisted in the U. S. Air Force early in World War II and was discharged in 1946 with the rank of Captain. He joined Aramco the following year as an employment representative in the Los Angeles, California area. Eighteen months later he arrived in Dhahran to organize and coordinate a company-wide recreation program. It was in connection with his leadership and promotion of sports and athletics in the Middle East that he was given a special Helm's award and commendation by the Industrial Recreation Association of the U. S. Since 1955, Dick had been Supervisor of Senior

Staff Personnel in Ras Tanura.

Fran Richards will be missed for the excellent choral groups and musical programs she staged in all three districts during Easter and Christmas holidays.



Richard O. Richards

## Home Is The Hunter

*The hunter - ROY SANDERS - and home is a new one in Delake, Oregon.*

Nell and I are now back in the states, we hope permanently, for a while at least. With a new address, perhaps our mail can catch up with us. Seems as though I've been chasing mail, or it's been chasing me, for more than a year. . . It's good to settle down for a while and watch TV in the evening, such as it is.

While I had originally intended building a place here, we sort of discarded it for the time being and purchased a house on Delake Heights. It is a wonderful location, gives us a view of the

Pacific Ocean and also the surrounding countryside.

The fishing has been wonderful, but the season for steelhead and salmon closes March 31st. So I'll hang up those rods for a while and concentrate on bear, as they are now coming out from their winter sleep. I've planned a trip to Canada in September for Moose and Grizzly Bear and may be there for a couple of months.

Nell said the other day she wants to learn how to fish, so I guess 33 years of married life is finally making a sports minded person out of her?

McCONNELL (continued)

lot of other people feel the same. But he didn't have to be rude. He could have pretended that he loved and admired me.

He finally got around to telling me something about his homecoming from Arabia following his retirement; and I'll admit that I was touched.

"Having been gone from these parts for thirty-two years," he writes, "I was stunned at the total count that showed up for Thanksgiving. Cousins, nieces, nephews, grandnieces, grandnephews were here in droves. I found them under the beds, chairs and tables. Some were trying to hide under the carpets.



"Now Matt, come out from behind that chair and say, hello, to your Uncle Steve. Come on, now. Stop picking your nose. Here! Blow it! Blow hard. That's a nice boy. Say, hello."

"My God!" I said. "Am I uncle to that?" That's the last time I saw Matt.

"Another niece or grandniece or something, said, 'Uncle Steve, you haven't seen my youngest. You simply *must* see him. Now where did he go? R-U-S-S-E-L-L!' she screamed. 'Get out of that clothes hamper and say, hello, to your Uncle Steve.'

"Little Russell is five years old, stands four feet eleven and weighs in at ninety-five pounds. Little Russell climbed out of the clothes hamper, walked over to me and slammed a hard well-placed right in my midriff.

"He loves to play,' his mother explained."

That's all Steve had to say at Christmas time concerning his relatives. He didn't describe the happy ending of this day of togetherness, evidently believing that further disclosures of his private yearnings would not be in good taste. He set the scene and expected his reader to sense the heart-warming emotions which bind his clan

together. He may have been too near to tears to continue. Or perhaps he merely reverted to his normally crabby self and refused to write further.

Near the bottom of the page, I found this comment: "There isn't a great deal to write of here. You don't know any of the people so why do you want to ask questions?"

This, of course, is not true. I've just been introduced to Matt and Little Russell.

I have discussed this Christmas letter in some detail chiefly for the purpose of showing how a friendship can be abused by callousness and rudeness. However, I want no one to think that I am an unforgiving person. After I had recovered from the immediate effect of Steve's insults, I replied as though nothing unpleasant had happened. I told him that I was sorry that he had become so shiftless that he couldn't afford one more lousy Christmas card, and I closed by hoping that the place where Little Russ hit him was healing slowly.

Perhaps this return of good for evil had a beneficial effect, for Steve replied promptly, offering his explanations as to why Little Russ had been able to plant his right in Steve's bread basket without danger of punishment. It seems that Little Russ comes from a long line of turbulent men, and, in keeping with the traditions of that line, might not take kindly to such correction as Uncle Steve would be able to apply.

Steve went to considerable effort to explain that Little Russ was descended from Old Russ who roamed them thar hills in the capacity of deputy U. S. Marshall back in the days of the Indian Territory. Let him tell the story.

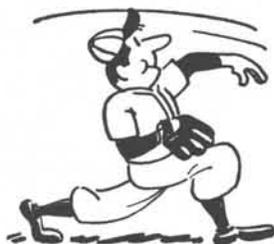


"Old Russ spent most of his time trying desperately to keep a few wild Indians and a bunch of wild whites (including a few of my relatives) in the straight and narrow. Russ knew that a bunch of outlaws were wintering atop a big bluff some thirty miles east of here. He rode a big black horse named, Midnight. (You can see how brilliant and original he was: naming a black

horse, Midnight.) Along with being original, he believed in surprise attacks. So, he rode to the top of the bluff and set Midnight in a flat-out dead run straight for the outlaw camp. With both guns blazing and with Midnight's steaming breath clouding the cold clear morning air, he charged for the clash. Was he scared? He was not! There was a rattle of gun fire, then dead silence.

"The cold lonely winds sang through the black jacks. The snow drifted high. Came spring thaw, they found Old Russ and Midnight wedged among some big boulders. Each had caught a bullet right between the horns; each was stiff as a white oak stump.

"We finally came to the conclusion that Old Russ hadn't proved a lot, but we decided that he wasn't scared. Figuring that Little Russ might have inherited some of the same blood, I was reluctant to arouse it. On top of that, his father is a former St. Louis Cardinal pitcher and twice as big as John Ames. Little Russ at five years can stand flat footed and throw a baseball over a hay barn. He started where Shorty and Willie left off. So kindly show the proper respect for Little Russ."



In my concern for my friend facing the horror of an Oklahoma winter, I may have suggested that he could have avoided his pain by migrating to a more civilized climate (assuming that he would have been able to procure the necessary passport and visas). I may have intimated that people who search for trouble are apt to find it.

I should have saved my friendly advice. Steve closes with:

"Your untimely remarks concerning Oklahoma were not well taken, McConnell. They were neither new nor original. (You're as bad as Old Russ.) I know California has beautiful weather, pretty girls, Golden Gate Bridge, wonderful parks, smog and sixteen million people. But you

do not have Willie and Shorty."

Now I ask you: Who but an Oklahoman crouched by the kitchen stove, stuffing beans and chili con carne, would end a letter that way? He announces that we do not have Willie and Shorty, implying that someone else does. Is Willie and Shorty a political party, a hamburger joint, an epidemic or a new drink? In the future, this may come to be known as the Great Oklahoma Mystery.

*Phil*

## What A Wonderful Problem

The first written report to the home office arrived and the sales manager was horrified to learn that the new salesman was illiterate:

"Dear Boss . . . I seen this outfit which they aint never bought a dimes worth of nothing from us and I sole them a cople hunred tousand dollars of guds. Iam now goin to Chcago."

The sales manager was all set to give the new man the "heave ho" but before he could set the company wheels in motion, a second note arrived, postmarked "Chicago."

"Dear Bos . . . I cum here and sole them haff a millyen."

Puzzled about what to do, the sales manager dumped the entire illiterate-financial problem on the president's desk. The following morning the entire staff buzzed about the letter posted on the bulletin board from the president of the company:

"We ben spending too much time trying to spel around hear instead of trying to sel. Lets watch those salls. I want everybody should read these letters from our new sailsman who is on the rode doing a grate job for us, and you should go out and do like he done."

# Reporter At Large

*It's good to stay in Ken Webster's good graces - a real handy reporter, what with his rather extensive correspondence with annuitants here and there, which he generously shares.*

*From BILL COOPER in early January:*

Sorry haven't been able to get to New York area this past year. Maybe in 1964. Spent considerable time in Detroit with the kids and the grandson! Last time was during Christmas.

Am keeping pretty busy what with Little League affairs (am Commissioner now) and a little politicking around here. Haven't had time to play any golf yet. Today it is snowing, temperature 22°. However, it doesn't last but two or three days and is all gone.

We are enjoying life here very much and have made many friends. This life is good, so don't put it off too long. Visitors are not too frequent, but we were happy to have had Lynn and Allyn (Webster) with us a few days, then later Carl and Verdel Renfer. Same old Carl - more power to him.

Last year we also saw the Jack Martins, Mel LaFrenzes, the Guions - but couldn't prevail on them to stay though. Others have been threatening to drop by. Ashville is not far off the air track from New York to Dallas, for example.

*Then late in the month, from a letter postmarked Palo Alto, California and signed CHARLIE HODGE, who was in Latin America the last time we knew of his whereabouts in 1962:*

Arrived in San Francisco on April 13, 1963 by jet for the purpose of entering this veterans hospital for treatment of arterio circulatory defect in the right leg. Science knows something of these things, but I cannot vouch for just how much knowledge is of useful nature to those affected. I don't know how much longer they wish to treat me or the necessary length of stay.

The doctors have decided that I'm a rather non-patient type of fellow, always planning to

jump off for some other landing. They sifted this idea from our very casual chit-chats about radio theory, ham radio (of which they are enthusiastic), Navy, State Department, aircraft, and now what little I've studied about Space.

Some of these men have travelled a good deal with our government. Some are also in Stanford University teaching medicine in their fine Medical School. The two institutions are cooperative, Stanford University having sold the land, or most probably gave it outright, to the U. S. to erect the 2000 patient hospital for the care of war veterans... I have met one retired general who is 101. We sure have some short but lively chats. His mind seems out of this world; sharp as a tack. Amazing.

*And in February, DALE NIX penned a thumbnail account of his and Nell's Christmas trip to England for a visit with their son Charles and his wife. They had stopped off in New York en-route to look in on friends:*

We went to London as planned and had a great time. We took Charles and Jo Ann over to The Hague where we were all guests of Jack and Betty Martin for two days. They took us to the House of Lords one night. Norton and Marie Jaggard took us to the "Boxing Day" dinner at the Wittebrug the other night.

On New Years Eve we went to the Officers Club (Rinslip, London) with Charles and Jo. It was "dress" and a gala affair. Left London with very bad colds, so omitted some of our previously intended stops, but did spend three days in Denver to see Nell's mother.

Fred and Amy Davies stopped by to see us on a driving trip to southern California. I hear they are back home now and will be coming to the Mike Singelyn wedding on Saturday. We expect to see Karel and Avice Beekhuis tomorrow. They are coming here for Mike's wedding too.

I enjoyed seeing so many people in the New York Office. I caught up with some of them at the

*(continued on page 26)*

# Why Service Station Operators Turn Gray

In Pomona, California, a woman drove into a station and asked to have water put in the battery. Next day, she returned and inquired if water had been put in the battery the day before. "Sure," was the reply. "Look here," she said, opening the door and pointing, "if you put water in the battery, why does my brake pedal go all the way to the floorboard?"

A gentleman in a new car pulled up to the island of an Angola, New York station and asked for an oil check. When informed that he needed a quart, he replied, "Every station I've pulled into on this trip has told me that I am a quart low on oil, and I haven't got any yet. I'm gonna have to go back to the car dealer and get a longer dipstick."

In Tampa, Florida last summer, a woman with a large dog drove into a station, parked by the

pump and asked the attendant to check her tires. As he complied, she got out of the car, led the dog over to the water hose and began giving it a refreshing bath — compliments of the management. Her task completed, she and the mutt got back into the car and without a word of thanks, drove away.

Yep, people are a little strange all over. Out in Concrete, Washington, a young man approached the operator of a station and asked if he could "borrow" a gallon of gas. "I have gas at home," he explained, "and I'll return it to you as soon as I can."

And in Charlotte, N. C. a service station operator, troubled with stray pop bottles, pegged his customers by putting this sign over a crate for empties: "Test your intelligence. See if you can put the round bottle in one of the square holes."



REPORTER (continued from page 25)

Christmas party, but was sorry to have missed others.

We received JOSEPH McALBROOK'S note in November, but just a little too late to make the Christmas issue of AAAJ. Joe's remarks were heartwarming:

My pension and investments bring in more than we require for a comfortable living, but retirement can be dull after your home and lawn are completely finished and you tire of hunting and fishing. . . I wish there was some way I could be of service to the company, since all that I now have, and of which I am very thankful, I owe to Aramco.

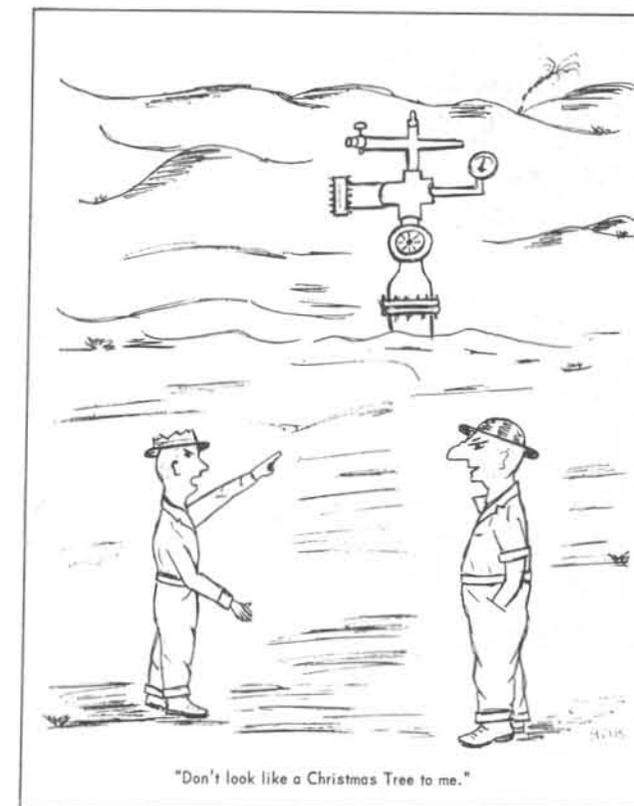
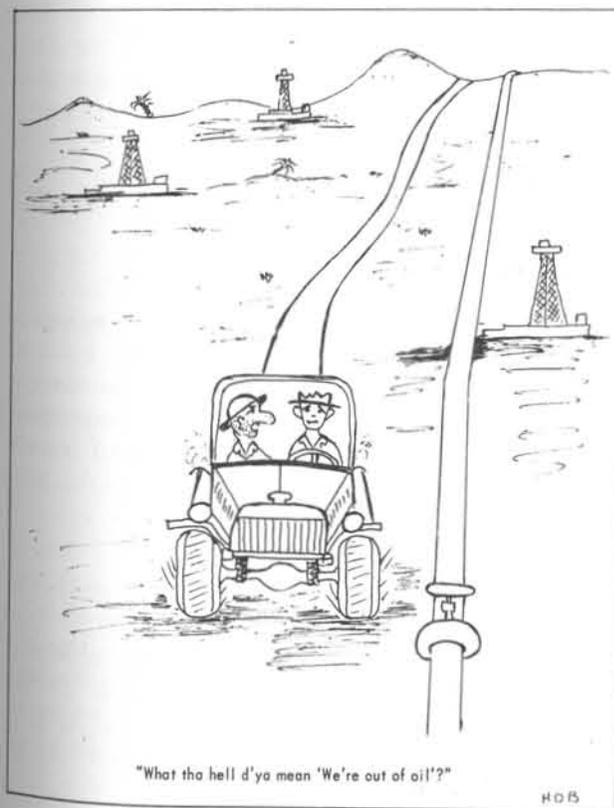
Then in early March there was a note from VIC STAPLETON reporting that he was out of the hospital and feeling better after his recent attack.

# "BREAKING IN"

We're pleased with the double entente of our title — one: to launch HARRY BLACKBURN as our first cartoonist. Harry's proclivities for cartoonery and other artistic media are well known to his friends. The other is his own appropriate title for the series which he describes as showing a young engineer in the field for the first time, fresh from college with his degree and a sheepskin to prove it. All he needs now is experience! The drawings show him getting it from a gentleman who is saturated with it.

Harry's note from Santa Rosa went on to say, "Frances and I had our home built in Bennett Valley about eight months ago, and of course we think it is one of the prettiest spots around here. Also there is plenty of room for our son, Ingolf, to hike up in the mountains. We still miss Arabia and our friends there, and at times wish we were back, but we realize we could never pick up where we left off."

# BREAKING IN



# HERE AND THERE



Look to slightly right of center for the Penn hide-away in its "Alpine" setting.

From JOHN PENN'S January reference to their village location in Idlewild, California: We live in a beautiful spot with a 6300 foot elevation — just like in the Alps. Right now there is snow all around our cabin, but in one hour we could be in Palm Springs, basking in the sun and watching the girls parade around in shorts and less. We are only one and a half hours via free-ways from our three children and grandchildren. Pat and Harry Roscoe and their two children live in San Marino; John and Dorothy and a grandson live in Long Beach; Robert and Betty are in Fullerton with one grandson and another due shortly. We are real lucky and live comfortably thanks to Aramco. We travel around the U. S. by car, and I've not worked since retiring.

And SAM ZIMERMAN in Littleton, Colorado: We have purchased a lovely home in Bow-Mar, a residence village just west of Littleton and southwest of Denver, where each house is located on a minimum of one acre on or near the shore of two small lakes. These afford fine sailing, fishing and swimming for the residents... if I have any time left after taking care of the one acre yard. All of it is landscaped with plenty of rose bushes, crab apple trees, and other flowering bushes and trees.

Then from CASPER GEE: Jan. 8 — Sophie and I had the pleasure of visiting recently with an old friend, Grant Butler (formerly with Aramco),

who spoke at a dinner gathering in Ontario. It was a privilege for me and a surprise all the way around when the chairman asked me to introduce the speaker. February 18 — We had a nice visit last Sunday with Hamid Al-Reshaid, a Saudi student of social science at La Verne College. Hamid's home is Riyadh and he has relatives in al-Khobar. Roxie and John Ahlborn were also here and there was plenty of Arabic being spoken all the way around. There are twenty-four Arab students attending various colleges in this area who have formed an Arab Club. We are all going to get together soon and spend a day at Knotts Berry Farm. This week I am out trying to get memberships for the Pomona Community Concerts Organization's 1964-65 season.

CECIL B. CROW says, Yes, I am enjoying my retirement very much. We are doing a lot of sightseeing — you know, the things you always wanted to do and didn't have time. We have done over one hundred sixty thousand miles of traveling in the last five years, all in the U.S.A., just having fun.

LUCKY LUCKENBAUGH'S note leaves us with a particularly warm and prideful feeling: Congratulations and thank you for the splendid service you are rendering us "old-timers" in the editing of our Al-Ayyam Al-Jamila. Your help in bringing joy and "togetherness" to all of us is greatly appreciated.

# GOVERNMENT NEVER REGULATES ITSELF

An Editorial

Investigative activities of government have become almost as much a part of our daily lives as the great American pastime of baseball. Many investigations and studies by administrative agencies have a legitimate purpose. Some are mere sideshows carried on at the taxpayers expense for publicity purpose and vote getting. Others are a more sinister nature and destroy confidence in essential enterprises and industries. The shadow of a big brother concept of government lurks in the background, the comical and the sinister side.

Both industry and properly designated regulatory authorities are constantly working to raise the performance of our free economic system to the highest possible standard of excellence with freedom and opportunity for the individual. A good example has been a recent study of the securities industry and the stock exchanges. No industry is as rigidly self-regulated as the securities business. The New York Stock Exchange in particular imposes the most stringent requirements on companies listing securities on

the "Big Board". The common sense investor in private industry today lives under an umbrella of rules and regulations that protect him as far as possible from chicanery.

It is time that the public demanded the same standard of performance from government itself that are now demanded of private industry. If there were, for example, an independent regulatory authority scrutinizing the fiscal affairs of government, some of the reports would make lamentable reading. What protection is there in peace time against the steady erosion of the value of our money? What about safeguarding the millions of people who live on fixed incomes, and those who have put their faith in social security and government bonds, from the easy promises of candidates and office holders?

Only an informed and aroused citizenry can demand such protection through the polls. Government never regulates itself.

— Review Press Reporter  
Bronxville, N. Y.

## In Memorium

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

Jessie C. O'Brien — December 26, 1963 — Long Beach, California  
William A. Campbell (Tapline) — December 27, 1963 — Beirut, Lebanon  
Alexander D. Mair — February 4, 1964 — Lisbon, Portugal  
Amza D. Shaver — February 22, 1964 — Taft, California  
Demont Stevens — March 21, 1964 — Hollywood, Florida

# Mail Call!

The following changes and additions have been received since compilation of the Annuitants Annual Mailing List for 1963 and the notations which appeared in Mail Call for September and December:

## ARAMCO - AOC

William F. Bankert	207 Evergreen Drive, Nevada City, California 95959
Jack Barbee, Sr.	3220 Arkansas Street, Baytown, Texas
Roy W. Beals	1561 Mission Drive, Douglas, Arizona
Burt Beverly, Jr.	Chemin Du Coteau 12, Pully, Vd Switzerland
John E. Booth	20 Marlyn Road, Medford, Massachusetts
Rowland P. Corry	4401 Jefferson Avenue, Ogden, Utah
Cecil B. Crow, Sr.	130 Basil Street, Encinitas, California
Clark Cypher	1016 Louise Street, Menlo Park, California 94026
George Davison	c/o Louis Davison, 9920 Grayson Avenue, Silver Springs, Maryland
James R. Edwards	611 East 63rd Street Terrace, Kansas City, Missouri
George W. Ehrhart	1002 Worsham Drive, Whittier, California
Jesse E. Groven	2242 E. Florence Drive, Tuscon, Arizona 85719
Thomas C. Hall	6616 Willow Street, Long Beach, California 90815
Hugh C. Hotchkiss	6699 High Ridge Road, Lake Worth, Florida
James R. Hughes	816 Cerritos Avenue, Long Beach, California
G. S. Kennedy	4015 Dublin Avenue, Los Angeles, California 90008
Philip J. Kirchem	Rancho Bernardo, 16710 Obispo Lane, San Diego, California 92128
Robert J. MacAlvanah	1031 S. E. 9th Street, Pompano Beach, Florida
T. E. McMahan	Ses Pitras, Esporlas, Majorca, Spain
J. M. McPhilimy, Jr.	1421 E. Vermont Avenue, Phoenix, Arizona 85014
C. O. Marlar	130 West Breenbriar Lane, Apt. 112, Dallas, Texas 75208
Wayne M. Matheson, Sr.	P. O. Box 267, Cocoa Beach, Florida 32931
William H. Needham	1345 S. Halinor Avenue, West Covina, California
Arthur S. Osborn	506 Gain Street, Anaheim, California 92804
William H. Otto	680 N. E. Broadview Drive, Boca Raton, Florida
John F. Palmer	Tassbehji Building, Rue Nancy, Ras Beirut, Beirut, Lebanon
Jorgen Petersen	2223 Eucalyptus Avenue, Long Beach 6, California
M. D. Points	c/o F. L. Tighe, 1461 Merion Way, Apt. 52-L, Seal Beach, California
John V. Rafferty	6997 Lower River Road, Grants Pass, Oregon 97526
Howard G. Reck	520 South Burnside Avenue, Apt. 12-J, Los Angeles 36, California
George S. Rentz	820 Sonoma Terrace, Stanford, California 94305
Albert H. Roloff	Route 9, Box 208-C, Englishtown, New Jersey
William C. Rutherford (AOC)	230 Hot Springs Road, Santa Barbara, California 93105
J. C. St. Clair	Box 42-A, Fairdealing, Missouri 63939
Roy R. Sanders	P. O. Box 115, Delake, Oregon
R. G. Schroeder	1440 Northwood Road, 242-D, Seal Beach, California 90740

Miss Marcel T. Shaw  
August Shirley  
Herbert M. Smith  
R. B. Strange  
Francis R. Terry  
George A. Van Orden

James B. Webb  
Alton Whitley  
Whitten K. Woodruff  
Miss Frances G. Wyers  
Sam Zimmerman

O. K. Bigelow  
Walter H. Koeler  
Harry H. Walker

Mrs. Robert E. Blewett  
Mrs. Mace Freeland  
Mrs. Elisabeth H. Ismer  
Mrs. William B. Lucas  
Mrs. A. D. Mair  
Mrs. Jesse C. O'Brien  
Mrs. A. D. Shaver



62 South St. Albans, Apt. E, St. Paul 5, Minnesota  
4235 Cole, Apt. A, Dallas, Texas  
7045 Jellico Avenue, Van Nuys, California 91406  
Box 423, Indian Lakes Estates, Florida  
7 East Garfield Street, Tempe, Arizona  
c/o Miss Edith Van Orden, 1137 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California 94134  
16515 Felice Drive, Rancho Bernardo, San Diego 28, California  
c/o Alton D. Whitley, 608 Kungs Way, Apt. #1, South Joliet, Illinois  
Box 327, Portland, Texas  
c/o Elinor G. Craig, 624 Lincoln Blvd., Apt. F, Santa Monica, California  
4500 Homestead, Littleton, Colorado 80120

## TAPLINE

13120 Catalpa Avenue, Desert Hot Springs, California 92240  
1705 Brookcliff Drive, Greensboro, North Carolina  
300 N. State Street, Marina City, West Tower 3811, Chicago, Illinois 60610

## WIDOWS OF ANNUITANTS

3713 Mt. Diablo Blvd., Lafayette, California  
314-B Howard Street, No. 4, Medford, Oregon  
15325 Tropic Court, Apt. 14, San Leandro, California  
11 Henderson, Escondido, California 92095  
3810 Marron Avenue, #4, Long Beach, California 90807  
1175 East First Street, Long Beach, California 90802  
510 Fillmore Street, Taft, California

## The Last Time

### THEY'LL See Paris!

A production incentive offered by a British paper company helped all thirty-five male workers set a new production mark. The bonus created havoc among their spouses, however. The paper makers reward: a four-day and four-night vacation in Paris sans wives.



.... Well,  
What Do You  
Think Of The  
Plans?

AL-AYYAM AL-JAMILA

Published by  
The Personnel and Administrative  
Services Department

Virginia E. Klein – Editor

ARABIAN AMERICAN OIL COMPANY  
(A Corporation)  
505 Park Avenue, New York 22, New York