

Al-Ayyam Al-Jamila

" These Pleasant Days "

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

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Laura McCaig Set New SAO Record Before Retiring



Laura McCaig

LAURA McCAIG began the new year 1965 with a new status - Aramco retiree, after 19 years, a record for time spent by a woman in the Company's Saudi Arabia Organization. Laura started in January 1946 as a secretary in Dhahran with the Construction and Purchase and Stores Department. She became secretary to the Assistant Comptroller in 1949, then Head of the Sta-

tistical Unit, Transportation Department, GO. She had been Secretary to the Director of Management Development since mid-1955.

Laura was born in South Dakota, attended school in Spokane, Washington and graduated from college in Great Falls, Montana. Before joining Aramco she had been with the American Red Cross at Oak Knoll, California, the Utah Construction Company, Whitehorse, Yukon Territory, and the Western Pipe and Steel Company in San Francisco. In Dhahran she was a member of the Art and the Outing groups. As hobbies she collects spoons, likes to travel, paint and cook. Her contact address until settling down is c/o Mrs. G. F. Harlan, 945 Hillview Drive, Ashland, Oregon.

AAGE J. NIELSON joined Aramco in 1951 after two contracts in Saudi Arabia with International Bechtel Builders, Inc. Niel's entire Aramco career was spent with the Marine Department as a marine unit trainer, then as a supervising marine mechanic repairman, Mechanical Services. During this time he had training assignments with General Motors, Enterprise, Rolls Royce, and in Holland inspecting the outfitting and test runs of the tugs Abqaig #4 and #5. A native of Denmark, Niel graduated from the Marine Engineer Academy in Copenhagen. He was serving aboard a Danish ship when

WW II broke out and he, with other Danish officers, changed course and turned their vessel over to the U. S. in San Francisco. He served the next five years with the U. S. Merchant Marine Fleet and received his U. S. citizenship.

When they left Ras Tanura, Niel and his wife, Mie, planned on spending three months in their native Denmark before traveling to the States for probable retirement in Southern California. In the meantime mail will reach them in care of Otto Nelson, 1633 East 1st St., Long Beach 2, Calif.

HENRY LEIDECKER, a foreman in Abqaiq since 1956, joined Aramco in 1945 as a machinist, then became acting foreman four years later. He had been engaged in defense work on the West Coast with Bethlehem Ship Building Corporation and with General engineering concerns before heading for Saudi Arabia. Hank's

retirement in December meant the departure of a very active family from the SAO scene - he, his wife Lorraine, and children Charleen, 15, Pamela, 13, and Michael, 12. Among their regrets were "leaving friends they'd enjoyed, the beautiful sunrises and sunsets of Saudi Arabia, the Girl Scouts annual outing, and their horse, Abdul Rahman". Hank's hobbies vary from from playing the piano and accordion, an enjoyment of classical music, to an interest in foreign languages, horses, sports and world affairs. Lorraine has been active in Girl Scout work, bridge, golf and bowling.

The Leideckers boarded ship in Beirut and at a stop in Greece were joined by Hank's sister who lives in Frankfurt-Main, Germany (where Hank was born and went to school). They celebrated the holidays aboard ship and made other stops in Italy, France and Spain before reaching New York. From there they drove to the West Coast, visiting friends enroute, and are presently located at 839 Meander Court, Walnut Creek, California.



Henry and Lorraine Leidecker and their children - son Michael, left, daughters Charleen and Pamela (with friend)

VINCENT T. JAMES, coordinator of Senior Staff Schools since 1951, and his wife, Lucy, are heading for Clarksville, Virginia where he plans to continue his lifelong career in the field of education, teaching either on the high school or college level. Vince received his B.S. Degree at Rutgers and has done graduate work at American International College, Springfield, Mass. and at the University of Virginia. He began, as many have, as combination teacher and athletic coach. His last position before joining Aramco in 1946 was supervising principal in Harding Township, also in his native New Jersey. His first assignment in Saudi Arabia was head teacher at the Jebel School in Dhahran. In 1949 he became head specialist, Arab Schools and Adult Training, and the following year Training Services Supervisor for the district. A year later he assumed the duties he was to perform until his retirement. Lucy has been a frequent substitute teacher in Dhahran. Vince has more than enough hobbies to keep him busy even if he gave up teaching altogether - boating, woodworking, golf, gardening, photography, languages, antiquities and history. Then there are the seven grandchildren. Three of their four children are married - daughters Nancy and Joan and son Tom, whose wife is the former Beth Bovard of Dhahran. Tom attends



Vincent T. James

Florida State University, Bill, their youngest son, is a student at Washington and Lee University. Address any correspondence for Vince and Lucy to Box 716, Clarksville, Va.

Greetings

More often than not, holiday greetings such as these arrive too late for the Christmas issue of AAAJ and are included later . . .

To our friends of Aramco, may all your Christmases be filled with sunshine and your New Years with prosperity. (James R. and Zerrin Tallmadge, Istanbul, Turkey)

We both wish every member of Aramco and all the retirees a very Merry Christmas and a prosperous New Year. (Mildred and Jake Jacobson)

Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. (Henry W. Perry, Tripoli, Libya)

Wishing you joy for the holiday season and a year of happy days. People are very friendly here in St. Petersburg. I see the James G. Kecks very often - they are dear old friends and have been

very good to me. I feel I still belong to our beloved Aramco family. (Elisabeth Ismer)

Thinking of you at Christmas and wishing you happiness always. (Jack Mahoney)

Here it is another year - a happy one if we but remember our blessings - more things than not to be grateful for. The rare and precious years we spent in Saudi Arabia with Aramco, a wonderful company - moments in our lives which mean so much because of the friendships we made and still appreciate. The exciting reunions, and the thrill of meeting those old friends. Memories that are treasure houses to walk through - enchanting thoughts to always enjoy. Our country, land of freedom, our health and God-given providences. And as we look toward 1965 with joy, hope and anticipation, a Happy New Year to all our Aramco friends. (Casper and Sophie Gee)

There were long faces among Ras Tanura bowlers and bridge players when LINCOLN ECKBERG and his wife, Gladys, left for retirement. A toumey was held in their honor back in December – “Eck” had the highest average of any bowler in the RT District, had been eligible for every inter-district team since his arrival in Saudi Arabia in 1950, won the Arabian State All Star Tournament in 1958 and the Arabian Masters Tournament in 1964. Somehow, we weren’t provided with details of Gladys’ bowling prowess. We do know, though that they are both also experts at bridge – Eck was president and Gladys secretary of the RT Bridge Group in ’62, for instance.

Eck was born in Brooklyn, New York, went to school there and attended New York University. His experience before joining Aramco varied from apprentice plumber, to assistant trader for a stock broker in New York, to laboratory tester for Eastern States Petroleum Company in Houston, Texas and later as pipefitter during refinery construction. With Aramco he was a supervising craftsman in the Metals, Maintenance and Shops Division, Mechanical Services and Marine Department. The Eckbergs’ contact address is 7140 Dillon, Houston 17, Texas. Their

son Bruce now lives in Houston and daughter Gail, married, in Terre Haute, Indiana.



Lincoln Eckberg

WILLIAM H. BOUCHER, supervisor, Engineering Inspection, Engineering Division, Tech-



William H. Boucher

nical Services Department, began his twenty-one years of continuous service with Socal as an inspection engineer, transferring to Aramco in 1955. He spent his first seven months in Dhahran as an inspection analyst, then moved to Ras Tanura and the position he held until retirement in January.

Bill was born in Rhode Island but grew up in Vermont, receiving his B.S. in engineering from the University of Vermont in 1927. He worked for Roberts and Schaefer in Chicago as a draftsman and designer, as a structural engineer for an architectural firm; then as a Maintenance engineer in Wisconsin for Kimberly Clark. His next step westward was to Las Vegas, Nevada, as construction engineer for McNeil Construction, in charge of process equipment installation of wartime magnesium plants – final stop, Socal. Bill is fond of golf and “dabbles” in oil painting – Peg was very active in the RT Women’s Group. Their one son and three daughters are all married and there are nine grandchildren. The Bouchers headed for the San Francisco Bay area via a tour of Europe and a friend-visiting auto trip across the U.S. They may be reached temporarily at 301 Makin Grade, Kentfield, Calif.

They're Back

K. O. Feltman sent us a newspaper clipping from The Register of March 19 with a story of the event which has made San Juan Capistrano famous around the world. There’s the song too...

They were back! The Swallows – circling high at first then descending as the morning wore on, returning to historic San Juan Capistrano Mission, founded by Father Junipero Serra in 1776. The first half dozen birds were spotted gliding gracefully above the Jewel of Missions a little past six a.m. – half an hour after the sun had cleared the surrounding hills and the mission valley of an enveloping haze. More than a hundred persons from as far away as Maryland, Georgia and Illinois had been waiting for the birds in the predawn darkness. By 7:30 about fifty swallows were circling overhead and swooping into the nesting area surrounding the old church sanctuary which had been partly destroyed by an earth-

quake in the 1800s.

The legend of the swallows, handed down from father to son for generations, goes back to the days of the Ajachemen Indians, who revered the birds as messengers of their gods. But the settlers of the area had no such love for the birds and destroyed their nests. One year, on St. Joseph’s Day, March 19, as the Indians prayed in the mission, a frightened flock of the birds sought refuge from the settlers in the mission patio near the old church. Since that time, the birds return each year on St. Joseph’s Day.

Old time swallow watcher, Ted Hodges, who acts as guide to wandering newsmen and tourists on Swallows Day, has been at the mission every March 19 for more than thirty years to watch the birds return. He receives calls from newsmen in New York, Hawaii and the mid-west every March

19 and has always been able to report that the swallows have indeed returned. “It would really be news if they didn’t,” he mused. Hodges feels though that continued development of the growing area may eventually diminish the number of insects, the swallows’ only food – and possibly some day the birds may not return.

Meanwhile, the swallows’ mud nests line the exterior walls of the old sanctuary ruins. And Hodges went on, “They never build on the inside, though the interior protection of the old dome would really be like the Ritz-Carlton for the swallows.”

The return of the birds launched a weekend of celebration with dancing and the crowning of a king and queen of Swallows Day by students of Mission San Juan Capistrano school. K. O. said he had a big problem getting to the post office that morning, what with all the visitors and horses in the staging area for the start of the Fiesta Parade.

Never Stop Learning

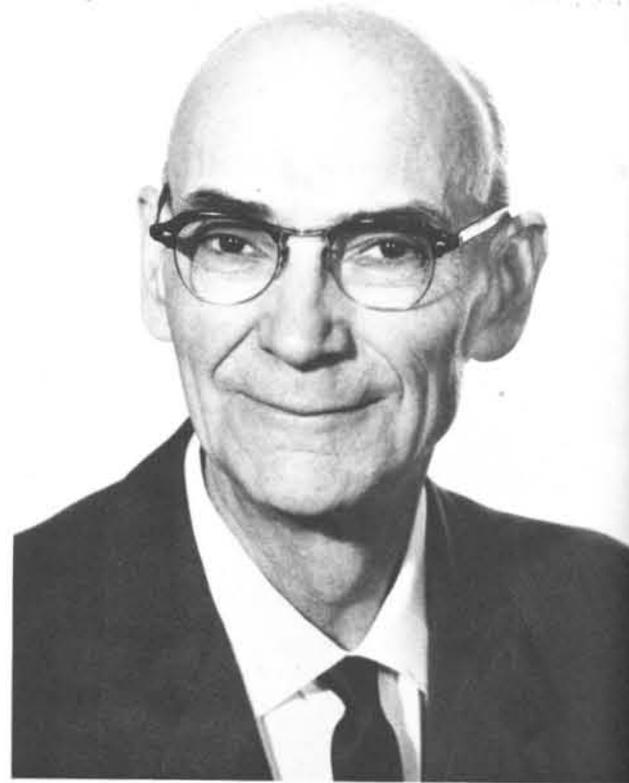
One reason people get old and bored is that change baffles them – they feel they can’t cope with it. So they retire from the confusion and sit back with their horse-and-buggy memories, losing momentum, gathering years and little else.

But welcome change as a friend; try to visualize new possibilities and the blessings it is bound to bring you. Let it excite you, arouse your curiosity, and transfuse you with its own vitality, and you’ll never grow old, even if you live to be a hundred.

If you stay interested in everything around you, in new ways of life, in new people, in new places and ideas, you’ll stay young, no matter your age. Never stop learning and never stop growing – that’s the key to a rich and fascinating life.

Major Alexander de Seversky

When HOWARD L. BOOTH and his wife, Edith, left Ras Tanura in February, it was the close of a 41½ year career with Aramco, Socal and affiliates. Although born in Missouri, Howard grew up in Bakersfield, California. He joined Socal's Bakersfield Refinery in mid-1923 and during the next twenty years progressed through various positions in a battery of six refinery units. He transferred to Standard Oil of Alaska's pumping operations in 1943 with headquarters in Whitehorse. A promotion to the Eastern Division associated him with the Canol Project until its close at the end of the war and his return to Socal, followed almost immediately by transfer to Aramco in 1946. The refinery at Ras Tanura was just getting under way and for six years Howard's assignments included senior operator, shift foreman, assistant foreman of Blending and Transfer. He had been night foreman, District Administration since 1952.



Howard L. Booth

in Colorado. Their present temporary address is 1409 Pebble Beach Drive, Apt. 13, Kern City, Calif.

Edith Booth was a charter member, and secretary for two years, of Allied Arts in Ras Tanura, and likes to sew. Both of the Booths enjoy bridge. They are planning to build a home in Kern City, California, which will put Howard again close to the hunting and fishing he enjoys and permit additions to trophies he's collected in the high Sierras. He also hopes to add wood-working to his hobbies. The Booths have three married daughters, two living in Bakersfield, one



William J. Lynch

WILLIAM J. LYNCH, his wife, Beth, and daughter, Jan, left Abqaiq in December for retirement in Phoenix, Arizona. Taking a vacation first, they visited Beirut, Rome, Nice, Amsterdam and spent Christmas in Princeton, N. J. with other members of the Lynch family. Bill grew up and went to school in Princeton, graduating from high school there and from the School of Industrial

Arts in nearby Trenton. He also is a graduate of the Technical School of Radio Corporation of America in New York City. Before joining Aramco in 1946, Bill was construction foreman with the Slonk Construction Co. and construction superintendent for Andrew Christianson and Son, Inc., both in Elizabeth, N. J. Most of his Aramco service was in Abqaiq, where he held various assignments in the Construction Department and the Maintenance and Shops Division. He was made assistant superintendent of Planning, Maintenance and Shops Division in 1958, becoming assistant superintendent of Shops and Crafts in 1961. The following year he was made assistant superintendent of Roads and Equipment Maintenance and from June 1964 was region supervisor.

Bill and Beth, who previously worked for Aramco as an IBM Tabulator Operator, were married on Bahrain Island in April, 1952. Bill enjoys working with wood and has restored many Kuwait chests, transforming some old battered relics into handsome usable pieces of furniture. Also, he collects Indian and United States stamps. Beth enjoys bridge, and daughter Jan, 11, is quite a swimmer, having won five medals last year in the Abqaiq and inter-district meets. It has taken a while to get settled, but the Lynchs say Aramcons are always welcome at their new location, 4349 East Colter Street, Phoenix, Arizona.

Boy's Fun

Back in January we received a colorful "Aloha from Hawaii" post card - blue sky, blue water and a tanned individual atop a red surfboard heading our way through the white spray of a big wave. On the back the message, "Very few people in Aramco ever expected to see me standing up on one of these things".

A few days later came another epistle on Waikiki's Coco Palms Hotel It's-Always-Springtime-In-Hawaii-stationery, "...having fun in the sun. Will be back in California at the old address on March 17. Have met several Aramco

people here, some active, some retired". But here the remark cut deeply, "I suffer just reading about the terrible cold weather you have had in New York. Do look forward to retirement - it is a very pleasant experience". (He needn't have been so smug while there are still those who must slave, and freeze in the bargain.) Then, "Enclosed is some more of my foolishness, the kids love it". The enclosed? A copy of the Honolulu Daily Bulletin of May 30, 1882 bearing the new bold black headlines: "Joe Turner Wins Surfing Championship". Well - we really weren't sure before whether the man on the surfboard was Joe or not. . .

Boys' Town

Do you think we should have a census count of grandchildren of our annuitants? We could start of course with the ten grandsons of Barney and Helen McKeegan - the oldest is sixteen, number ten arrived in January - and there are still no girls.

Helen says (as of February) that she's been knitting sweaters - Barney received one of them for his birthday - since it was too wet to start trimming, digging and planting yet. Barney had been attacking the weeds, however. As though her bowling, glass and resin work, and numerous other projects weren't enough, Helen's looking into a local Senior Citizen Craft Group. . ."not

that I feel so old, but I've got to keep going, or else!"

She and Barney were planning to attend another annual meeting of the Department Heads of El Camino Hospital (where Barney works) in Monterey - had found it very interesting last year. Also they were looking forward to renewing their acquaintance with the parents of daughter-in-law Annemarie. The McKeegans had visited them in their home town of Kassel in Germany, but this would be the first trip to the U. S. and first sight of their five grandsons (Barney's boys).

Then, "Hope that all is well with all our friends," as she moved on to more tasks.

HERE AND THERE

Scribby (Mrs. W. S. Scribner) sent us the accompanying picture of her son's home in Colton, California, where she's been living with him and his wife. At the moment, her trailer is reposing in their terraced back yard while she's amending. Scribby's been very ill, and on top of everything else is thoroughly disgusted at having to recover all over again from the flu.



But Spring's at hand, their two-acre lawn is green, and as Scribby says, "The fruit trees are blooming like mad. Our Bantam Chanticleer and his wife and son haunt my door on the east wing - 'dirty birds'". Well, Bantams can raise the roof any time, but when you're not feeling up to par... who wants to get up with the chickens, Spring or no.

A note received from WALLY LANDIS, who retired in March of this year, reports that he has accepted a position as Administrator of the Community Hospital in Wooster, Ohio. He finds the work very interesting and is currently engaged in planning an expansion from the hospital's present census of about 140 to an ultimate capacity of 200 or more.

They have purchased a home at 328 West Highland Avenue in Wooster, which Wally describes as a college town of approximately 18,000. It is conveniently located not far from Columbus and Cincinnati as well as Cleveland, Akron and Canton. They are enjoying weekly visits from Terry and Bruce and other members of the family.

Al Rutan added this paragraph to a half-personal, half-business letter the end of November, with apologies for not having reported before and promising a bigger and better letter a bit later.

The Rutans are still busy trying to complete their home - we have just reached the wall-papering stage, and hope to have it finished by Christmas. Before Winter set in we were busy landscaping, putting in a lawn and underground sprinkler system. Our well would not supply sufficient water for the house and irrigation too, so we had to tie into the irrigation ditch which runs through our property. Then, of course, there was wood which had to be cut and split for our two fireplaces for the winter, bridge railings to be built, and a thousand and one miscellaneous items which could not wait for Spring.

Last winter Casper Gee worked as Adult Consultant in charge of Makeup with the director, cast and crew of "Teahouse of the August Moon," The Thespians' production at Ganessa High School in Pomona. Such was no new chore for Casper, who frequently lends his services. Tangible expression of appreciation came in the form of tickets to the production, but probably more close to his heart was a small folded card, "Thank You" printed on the face in gold. Inside, hand-lettered with eyebrow pencil, was the message, "This is just a note of thanks. The Cast," and beneath, a collection of individual finger prints to make a detective drool, each in a different shade of grease paint.

Wish we'd had a picture of this! The scene - Lois Luckenbaugh on Ladies Day at the Lions Club last fall. For a prize, the girls were told to decorate hats in a manner depicting their husband's business. Lois took an old felt hat and added a monkey, some nuts and grapes, etc. She brought down the house and won a dozen bottles of wine when she told the announcer her husband was retired and in the monkey business. Now, Lucky. . . .



POOR OLD JOE

To the Long-Suffering Editor of AAAJ.

Dear Virginia:

Every few centuries, a comet sweeps above our literary horizon, causing us peasants to raise our eyes from the engrossing task of contemplating our navels long enough to gaze, panic stricken, at the brilliance streaking over us. I may be premature in announcing such a world shaking event; but after reading the attached letter, I strongly suspect that something has broken loose either in the outer spaces of the universe or deep in the left frontal lobe of what this fellow Furman uses for a brain.

It is my understanding that when a certain portion of this lobe becomes damaged, the normal supply of imagination is permitted to leak out, thereby contaminating the rest of the structure. The results are unpredictable. There might be developed a Hemingway or a Damon Runyan - or merely the biggest liar in Potawatomi County.

As you are aware, I have tried in the past to hide Steve's identity. When he burst forth to an alarming degree, I tried to protect his family. I never never referred to him as Stephen J. Furman of Bartlesville, but merely as that Steve from Oklahoma. Now he will have to stand on his own chilblains. I ask your assistance only in permitting the public to judge what we have here.

Whether Steve is about to threaten the position of Shakespeare or Mickey Spilane, I will not attempt to judge, but I feel that he is on the verge of rewriting the history of Oklahoma. I have written to Sargent Shriver concerning Steve's case, arguing that Oklahoma probably needs its history rewritten; and I am confident that Shriver will make Steve a part of the anti-poverty program, provided that we can give both of them the needed publicity.

Steve's most recent letter follows. The rest

is in your hands.

Mr. Philip C. McConnell.

Dear Sir:

You asked, "How are you?" (*I did not.*) I'll tell you how I am. I'm in a terrible twit, I can tell you. I've just sworn off reading. In the future, I'll read the newspaper only, and very little of that rag.

I'm sick of reading such disturbing statements as, "Shasnagoobi is not a large nation. It can, however, hold Connecticut 3.76563 times," or "Ngbunadis is a fairly large country. However, the entire nation could be placed inside Texas 6.7432 times."

I'm convinced that authors of this type are taking great pleasure calling to my attention how stupid I am. They are wasting their time because I know how stupid I am. My entire family knows. They say, "Look at the old stupid. He won't eat sweet potatoes."

One evening recently, I fell to wondering. I wondered how the people of Connecticut would feel to awaken some bright morning to find their state, with all hands, inside Shasnagoobi. I did not wonder how the Texans would react to discovering Ngbunadis inside their state 6.7432 times. You can imagine!

Last week it happened again. I read, "Then in February 1907, three hundred years after the founding of Jamestown, Congress finally enacted a bill to. . . etc., etc." This was too much for an even-tempered man, such as I, to stand. Let me tell that author a thing or two. Something far more earth-shattering than Congress enacting a bill happened in 1907.

On July 18, 1907, Stephen Joseph Furman was born! I did not become lost or extinct, like

When CECIL L. KINGERY, Supervisor of the General Services Unit, Community Services Department, and his wife, Lee, left Dhahran for retirement on March 1 they headed for Florida. This was not a too unlikely destination, since Cece was a native of Georgia, attended school there, then worked for the Bibb Manufacturing Company in Macon, Georgia until going to San Francisco in 1941. He was with the Fred J. Early Construction Company for the next three years, joining Aramco early in 1944 as a shop accountant, Accounting Department, Dhahran. Cece's next assignment was as materials coordinator in Engineering, Maintenance, and Stores. During the period 1951-59 he held such positions in Materials Supply and Traffic as controlman, supervisor of inventory and materials, training advisor, and supervisor of the Vendor's Catalog Library. He began his most recent duties in 1959. His hobbies include gardening, fishing and boating, and he was a secretary of the Arabian Automobile Association. The Kingerys' contact address is c/o C.D. Thornton, 1725 N.W. 3rd Place, Gainesville, Fla.



C. L. Kingery

(Continued from preceding page)

Jamestown. I kept my head and handled the whole affair like Grandpa expected - like a man, McConnel, that's what!

The sun rose red and fiery that fateful July day in the Indian Territory. The grass was burned dry by the sun; the leaves on the blackjack trees were withered and drooping. But on top of the hill, the house with all windows open, was a beehive of activity. A birth was imminent. Grandpa had taken charge. After six girls, Grandpa had decided that a boy was quite in order. When Grandpa took charge and made a decision, that's the way it was and no nonsense.

Grandpa had made thirty threats. If another girl was born, he would wash his hands of the whole gol-danged affair and return to Virginia. This sort of threat didn't scare many people because everyone knew that he couldn't return east. He had barely made it out of there ahead of the sheriff. In any event, Grandpa had called together twenty-five of the best Indian riders who, if a boy were born, were to ride far and wide to carry the glad tidings. Twenty-five riders and twenty-six horses. Now Philip, do not jump

at this difference in numbers. You've forgotten Joe Red Top.

All riders had been briefed as to what direction to ride and to what villages and ranches they were to make their announcements. This applied to all riders except Joe Red Top. Joe couldn't talk but he could hear and he could grin and he could sleep. He also could ride very well indeed. The only people who could make him understand anything were his mother, Mohawk, and his brother, Charlie No Ear.

Joe Red Top was twenty or thirty years of age at the time. He was born with very short bowed legs and his head was shaped like an egg standing on end. He had a big mop of coarse black hair. His chin reached almost to his stomach when he was squatting asleep. His mother had dyed a large turkey feather red, and braided it into his hair. This was all he ever wore, summer or winter, except a breechcloth. Now, Philip, you have the picture.

Joe was very popular with the folks near-by. He took great pleasure in riding flat out, carrying notes from one ranch or oil lease house to



George P. M. Hay

GEORGE PAGE McDONALD HAY was better known as "Scotty" to his friends in Saudi Arabia before leaving Abqaiq in December. He was born in Fife, Scotland, is a graduate of Edinburg University, and became a naturalized citizen of the U. S. while serving in this country's armed forces during World War II. Before joining Aramco in 1949, Scotty worked for Best and Company in New York for 11 years. Ever since first arriving in Abqaiq he worked as a foreman of the Region 2 paint shop. He was active in the Aramco Employees Association and his hobbies are golf and billiards. Scotty and Helen have one son, James Stewart, who is a student at Niagara University, N. Y. The Hays planned on retiring to Las Palmas, Spain, with Scotty possibly doing some contracting work there. In the meantime they may be contacted at 145 95th St., Brooklyn 9, N.Y.

another. Just one bad situation here. Joe could not cope with the four directions. Someone would prepare a note, then of necessity, point Joe and his horse in the proper direction. This ritual was a must because if Joe was not handed a note and pointed, he would squat down in the yard and sleep all day. In other ways, Joe was all right.

After Joe had killed several horses by riding them to death, his brother, Charlie No Ear suggested that Joe ride two horses at the same time, thus lessening the load on each horse. This is not easy, Philip. Pood Davenport tried it one time and broke both legs. However, Joe soon caught on, and he was a beautiful sight to see, clipping it off down the road or through farm lots, scattering chickens and pigs every which way, both horses panting and snorting. Though this may come as a complete shock to you, Philip, those Romans did not discover or invent or develop Roman riding. Joe Red Top did - and I defy anyone to convince me otherwise.

Grandpa thought Joe quite a man. Joe knew where all the moonshiners operated. He was very good at stealing corn liquor. But back to my woe.

As I said, all the riders who were to announce this boy baby had been briefed. Two cowpunchers, Pood Davenport and Dake Shaffer, had been sent

for the doctor but had not returned (they arrived a week later with the doctor and all three drunk) and things were growing tense. Grandpa had prepared a note for Joe to carry, which read, STEPHEN JOSEPH FURMAN BORN THIS DATE, JULY 18, 1907. PLEASE REGISTER. He gave the paper to Charlie No Ear. He told him to explain in detail to Joe. Charlie squatted in front of Joe, and with much gesturing and grunts and lots of pointing, he explained.

"He know," Charlie said to Grandpa.

"Now don't forget," Grandpa said. "When I come out of the house and yell, you, Charlie, point Joe east by south so he will go straight to Fort Gibson where this paper is to be registered. A big log house. There will be a man in front with a rifle."

Again Charlie No Ear squatted in front of Joe. He grunted and pointed and tossed his arms around. Joe nodded and grinned and immediately went back to sleep.

At 7:30 A.M. sharp, Grandpa made a mighty bound. He lit smack dab in the middle of the front porch and let out a yell the likes of which was never heard before. His screech scared the living daylight out of the Indians, especially

Charlie No Ear. They mounted in a rush and took off down the hill. In all directions they rode. Charlie No Ear was so scared he forgot all about Joe.

The noise and clatter awakened Joe. He made a beautiful leap to his horses, touched their necks with his stick and off they went in a hail of gravel, but *due west*, their manes and tails waving in the wind. What a noble sight! Over hill and dale, through rivers and creeks, across prairie and salt flat, Joe rode, the paper in his clinched fist and his arm outstretched. He rode all that day and the following night, on through the next day and into the dusk of the next evening.

On the east bank of the Arkansas River, some sixty miles west, lived Kashton Johnson. He had a large log house, seven daughters and a shot gun. Kash loved to sit on the front porch of evenings. If some cowpoke rode up to court one of the daughters, Kash would look him over. If he didn't like his looks, he would blast away at the horse's feet and yell, "Get outa here, you doggone saddle tramp." This would tickle old Kash almost speechless. In his fits of laughter he would sometimes swallow considerable tobacco juice and then cough as though he had lung fever.

At sundown on the evening of July 19, 1907, Kash was sitting on the front porch with his shotgun. He squinted into the haze and wondered



what was making that dust cloud. After a time, he could make out two horses and a red feather.

"Well, I'll be dad-blamed," he exclaimed.

The horses kept charging straight at the house. Kash was alarmed. As the horses dashed into the yard, Kash yelled, "Hold up thar," and cut loose with both barrels.

The horses stopped, but Joe Red Top did

not. He soared through the air in a beautiful arc, straight for the side of the house. He stuck half way through a window at the inside stair landing - deader than any door nail in the Indian Territory.

Kash said, "Well I be dogged."

And there Joe hung.

At first, he wasn't much of a problem, but as the months passed, Kash and his daughters began to notice a change coming over Joe. You see, the bottom half of him was outside where the weather got at him; and it didn't seem like any time at all until that part was just sun bleached bones. Kash got interested and wired them together.

"Makes quite a sight," he used to say.

But inside the house where it was dark and cool and dry, the upper part of Joe cured like a smoked ham. His eyes were wide open, a grin on his face, his right arm extended and a piece of paper in his hand. On the paper was printed, STEPHEN JOSEPH FURMAN BORN THIS DATE, JULY 18, 1907. PLEASE REGISTER.

The Johnson family grew to love Joe Red Top. They would invite strangers in to see him. They would bid him, good night, at bedtime as they mounted the stairs. Now and then, someone would remark, "Such a shame! That baby's parents think he's registered. Fort Gibson is 180 miles east. I wonder why that Indian ever came this way."

So you see, Philip, what an Indian who did not know directions did to me. However, I've never been as mad at Joe as I am disgusted with these authors. Furthermore, this true story will give you some idea why it was such an ordeal for me to obtain a marriage license in California, I not being registered.

Anyway, I did not get lost or become extinct, like Jamestown. (On second thought, perhaps it wasn't Jamestown. Maybe it was Williamsburg or Richmond or Roanoke or Harpers Ferry - eh, Philip?)

Happy Landings.

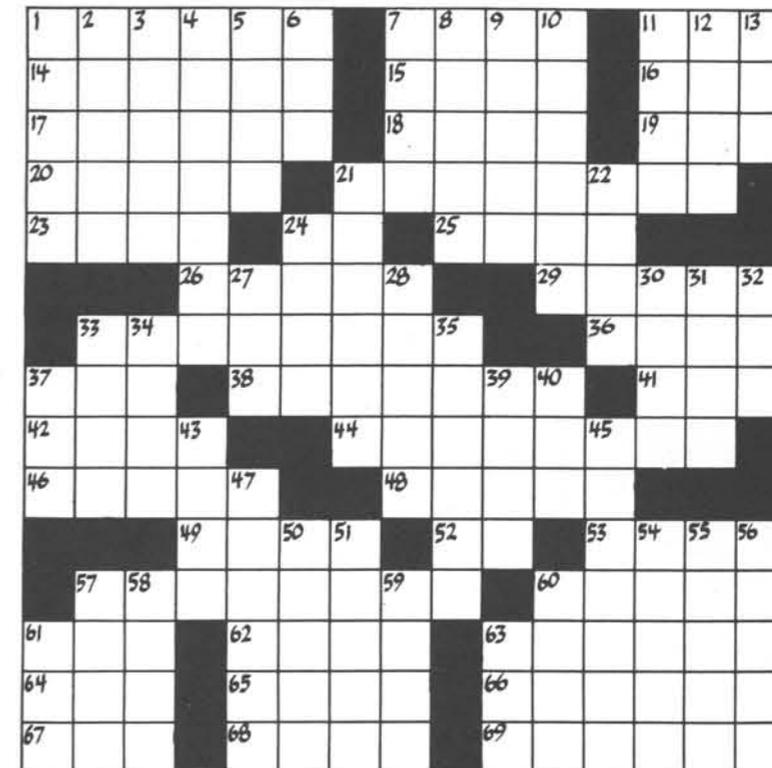
Steve.

P.S.: Why didn't you stay in Mexico for a few years - say, six or seven?

PETROLEUM

CROSSWORDS

(Solution on Page 19)



ACROSS:

- Gross National Product is the yardstick for measuring economic
- Sudden anger
- Pasture sound
- Order of bacon
- Elder son of Isaac and Rebekah
- _____ and natural gas supply about three-fourths of all the energy used in the U. S.
- Actress Drew and others
- On which ship cables are fastened
- Prefix denoting three
- Awake to danger
- Sets of false teeth
- Automobile equipment in England
- M. I. T. degree
- _____ plane
- Washington's successor
- Having handles like a cup
- To lay waste
- Game animal
- Exclamation denoting triumph
- A fruit that grows in bunches
- Oriental name
- Competition among fuels helps you get the best at the lowest
- Those who refuse to admit defeat
- Bird sound
- Window covering
- Ireland
- Shaw's initials
- Province in Italy
- 'It's not the heat, it's the _____'
- Easily understood
- Tender touch

- Yearn
- Delay
- Scandinavian name
- Building site
- Pertaining to the stars
- Suppositions
- Suffixes of ordinal numbers
- Act of selling again

DOWN:

- Abundant, low-cost petroleum energy has helped achieve _____ increases in productivity
- Mass meeting to arouse political enthusiasm
- Sir William _____, Canadian physician
- Considering that
- Camping accessory
- Hours (Abbr.)
- Greek goddess of youth
- Countries _____ the most energy usually have the highest income per person
- Nickname for a chubby person
- Petroleum will remain our nation's major energy source far into the _____
- Particle of dust
- Ventilates
- Pub drink
- The ingredient for economic growth that comes directly from consumers
- Highway
- Actress _____ Powers
- Rare diminutive of Robert
- Sedate
- Peruse
- Long slippery fish
- Arid
- Vessel of the Indian Ocean
- Rest
- Percentage depletion helps keep America supplied with low-cost petroleum _____
- Division of a play
- A king of Israel
- Fluid found in a tree
- Rain heavily
- Rising family incomes, more job opportunities and higher standards of living are all _____ of economic growth
- The use of energy in the U. S. is expected to nearly _____ by the year 2000
- One mentally deficient
- If the eighth wonder of the world is the American economic system, then our lack of understanding of economics is the _____
- South American fish
- Petroleum energy is a _____ factor in America's economic growth
- Fred Astaire's sister
- Americans account for almost _____ the petroleum used in the world each year
- American Indians
- Hardy heroine
- _____ majesty
- Hawaiian food
- Shut out

THE SAND PILE



As we who have lived in Arabia well know, the morning paper is a habit – one that can be broken sometimes with benefit to the victim. Among my pleasant memories of Dhahran is the absence of the cloud of crime, scandal and disaster that now hits our breakfast table each morning; and I especially enjoyed our one or two small pages of real news that usually summarized in one sentence what I now must seek in two columns.

If I were a person of strong character, I would solve this problem promptly by refusing to look at the morning trash; but I admit the depth to which I have sunk. Even as any old wino, I have to have my morning slug of distortion even though I know it is destroying me.

So, before I sidled up to the typewriter this morning, to start my quarterly chore, I indulged in the usual diet of headlines – and was surprised to encounter something that may interest you.

For sheer happy-go-lucky persistence, consider O.G. Jones, who, according to Los Angeles Times writer Jerry Cohen, is a little man with a bald head, a moon face and an habitual grin. Last Sunday morning, he appeared at the Oceanside pier where he backed his station wagon and boat trailer loaded with boat onto the launching ramp. The connections failed and the boat and trailer took to the water but not in a floating position.

O.G. engaged divers to raise his equipment, then headed for Newport with the intention of procuring a dry engine.

Another car ran a red light and side-swiped him, but this didn't stop O.G. By the time the divers had brought his boat to the surface and cleaned up the mess, he was back with his wide grin, a battered car and a dry outboard motor.

He put to sea, but he didn't get far. He had started his cruise along the wrong side of the harbor buoys, so the harbor patrol shooed him back to start over again after giving him a lecture on harbor behavior. He departed once more, apparently happy.

It developed that O.G. had come to Oceanside for the purpose of becoming a commercial lobster fisherman, so he promptly started to set out his pots. But again he had endangered navigation by setting his pots in the channel entrance. Still grinning, he took another lecture from the harbor patrol who was beginning to regard O.G. as a special phenomenon to be classified some place between a visitation of jelly fish and an off-season hurricane.

Between this time and Monday night, he was warned just 14 times about speeding in the channel (and finally given a ticket), fell overboard once while trying to service a lobster pot, and managed to sink his boat. Again, he and his

equipment were rescued. By this time, the harbor authorities were debating whether to ask Governor Brown to declare Oceanside a disaster area or to bring in the Texas Rangers.

When O.G. reappeared on Tuesday, the authorities shuddered; when he bravely sailed over the horizon, they breathed deeply in relief. But when he failed to return by 8 P.M., they bowed to Fate and sent a Marine helicopter searching. The helicopter crew found O.G. and his boat on the beach five miles south of Oceanside. They landed and offered aid. He accepted a couple of cans of beans and the crew's assistance in starting his camp fire. Wednesday morning, the helicopter returned, and O.G. took a couple of blankets and indicated a desire for some beer. When a rescuing Marine truck later worked its way to the location, O.G., his boat and his smile were gone.

The authorities back at the civilian marina were waiting for this one man package of trouble. Obviously, a human who had so upset the normal operations of the port had to be punished in some manner. When the small bald-headed man with the perpetual grin and a boat finally did appear, the patrol chief was ready to throw the book at him. But the problem was: what justified a fine?

Then the chief spotted O.G.'s fire extinguisher, a type that uses carbon tetrachloride – and the use of carbon tet is illegal! So, with some satisfaction, the chief grabbed the extinguisher and pumped it – just to show its illegal contents.

It was empty!



In last June's issue of AAAJ, I devoted the What's-Wrong-With-America section of the Sand Pile to a blast at those of us who habitually duck our responsibilities as members of the human race. I cited the case of the Chicago apartment house dwellers who refused to save a woman from murder, and the men of Los Angeles who stood by and watched while a woman rescued a man from a submerged automobile. But possibly

all is not lost, as witness this report from the morning news.

During the night, a 68 year old woman waiting in Hollywood for a bus, was knocked down and her purse snatched by a couple of woman thugs dressed as men. Gordon Hastings, a Navy enlisted man living with his wife in a near-by apartment, heard the victim's screams and raced, partly clad, to the street to give help. The thugs took off in opposite directions, so Hastings took after the one with the purse and caught her. He ordered her to walk ahead of him and to return to the place of the crime.

Then he got careless.

Suddenly, the woman whirled, landed a full swing on the sailor's face and ran. She hit hard enough to stun Hastings and to start a generous flow of blood. She escaped, but she drooped the stolen purse, which Hastings returned to its owner.

Today, the sailor sports two stitches in his nose as well as a beautiful black eye, plus the recommendation of his commanding officer for a citation "for upholding the best traditions of the Navy".

It may seem slightly ironical that a man should receive an official citation for doing what any person with the necessary physical ability should do as a normal humane action; but perhaps we have degenerated to the point where this does show an unusual amount of guts. Anyway, I am happy to report that at least the Navy believes in the tradition of decency.

And now that I'm beginning to see some slight evidence of hope for us mortals, I feel the urge to go further and to tell you of an encouraging report presented at yesterday's regular meeting of the Trustees of Ventura College. It had to do with the performance of junior college graduates (Ventura being a two year junior college) who have moved on to the four year colleges and universities of California.

According to the report, the junior college boys and girls are doing quite well in the four year institutions – which might be surprising to many people who have regarded the J.C. as a sort of poor relation in the higher education structure. But the exciting information was that in the year under study, the junior colleges of California had salvaged 1458 students for higher

education: 1458 who had the ability and the desire to continue their studies but could not have done so in our four year colleges and universities of high standing, except for the assistance provided by the J.C.'s.

When these 1458 had finished high school, their grades had not permitted them to meet the



competition for entrance to our four year schools; but they could go to junior college because, by law, the J.C. must accept anyone over 18 who can be benefitted. So the J.C. had given them their first two years of solid college training and had sent them on to the four year schools so equipped that they had continued to perform satisfactorily. These were *in addition* to those who had had the grades to move from high school directly to the four year schools but had preferred to spend their first two years in junior college before transferring to the four year institutions.

While the junior college did not originate in California, authorities generally recognize that it has achieved its greatest development here. We have over 70 of these schools which today are educating about 70 percent of the State's college population. Put another way, more than two of every three people taking college work in California, receive it in a junior college; and this percentage will rise steadily because the four year establishments simply can't handle the ever-increasing load.

The junior college is a unique institution in that it is primarily a community school. Its basic purpose is to meet the needs of its own community. It has the difficult double task of providing education for the student who will transfer after two years to our highly demanding four year schools; and at the same time, preparing the student who will go no further than junior college, to take his or her place in the community as a trained and productive citizen. It must serve the range from the highly intelligent to the mediocre student – and that is a very large order.

The job of handling the highly intelligent dedicated lad headed for the university is relatively simple. The big, the difficult task is to educate and stimulate the rather dull fellow and the one who is bored with school, to prevent them from dropping out, to give them a basic education and such special training as is needed to prepare them to perform worth while jobs. In this area, the junior college shares with the high school the major portion of the burden of the national effort to educate and train the educatable and trainable portion of our five percent unemployed. The effective junior college determines the technical needs of its district above high school level and establishes the courses necessary to provide training in these fields. It is frequently adding or dropping courses as new needs arise and old needs are satisfied.

It is regrettable that many people attend high school and college in order to qualify for a job (commendable as that may be) rather than to get an education. As a victim of this pattern (much of the fault was mine), I strongly object to it. Nevertheless, this is the case, and probably has been the case since the beginning of teaching and learning. Certainly, when we talk about education for the major portion of the unemployed, we are talking about training for a job. The junior college has the difficult task of providing both job training and education.

The temptation to drop out of school is highest at the high school and junior college level. At this stage, too many youngsters are discouraged or bored, too many parents have failed in their responsibility to make their children realize the need for a basic education and a degree of skill in some wage earning field. So, the high schools and the junior colleges have



the critical task of bringing our youth through this period, of either preparing them for a job or encouraging them to continue training at higher levels. And so, we move closer to the Communist concept of state domination of the training of our children. And this isn't because of some dark Communist plot, but simply because too many parents refuse to assume their responsibilities

and thereby force the schools to take over.

Education costs in this country are high – but what costs aren't? Education in its various forms from kindergarten through graduate school accounts for a major portion of all expenditures in our nation. And the cost is going higher – as witness the report of the Stanford Research Institute which estimates that education costs in California will double or triple within ten years.

For those of us living on fixed incomes, the prospect of increased costs met by increased taxes is alarming. I suspect that we are approaching limitations on property taxes if for no other reason than that property owners will refuse to vote the increases. Which means that the extra funds will have to come from added levies on items such as hotel beds, cigarettes, whiskey – or possibly from all 37 year old females with red hair and a limp. I don't know where it will come from, but I think that we'll raise it – for in this struggle lies the hope of these United States.

Don't scream too loudly as school costs rise. The schools are our investment in the future to a far greater degree than our welfare and public works, our material wealth, even our missiles, vital as they are in this time of international madness. Just be sure that you get your educational money's worth. Mahogany doors and great stone columns aren't needed – but adequate lighting and reasonable comfort are. Also are well-paid teachers – and discipline and responsibility, which a few educators tend to forget – and a community truly determined to do what it can to bring its offspring a little farther from the beasts and a little closer to the angels.



Having held forth on one of my favorite topics, I have no idea as to whether it interests or bores you; but inasmuch as you never write to complain, I am compelled to steer my own course without guidance from the outside. In line with this practice, I offer this education funny:

In a Tennessee mountain school, a boy announced, "I ain't gwine thar."

"That's not the way to talk," his teacher corrected. "Listen to me: I am not going there; thou art not going there; he is not going there; we are not going there; you are not going there; they are not going there. Now do you get the idea?"

"Yassum," the boy agreed. "They ain't nobody gwine thar."

And you might pass this one on to any Superintendent of Schools you happen to encounter:

The local school superintendent was on a journey when he became critically ill. In due time, he received a telegram from his Board of Trustees, reading, BOARD HAS ADOPTED A RESOLUTION EXPRESSING SYMPATHY AND PRAYING FOR YOUR RECOVERY. THIS RESOLUTION PASSED BY A VOTE OF THREE TO TWO.

* * * * *

The Christmas issue of AAAJ placed considerable emphasis on Mexico. Hommy offered the results of five months of travel, and after she had you interested, Jo and Al Gleasner tossed in that invitation to spend several months in their attractive home in Guadalajara. Whether there was collusion between the two offerings I can't say; but regardless, I'd call it good planning – so why not take advantage of an opportunity to visit Mexico under pleasant conditions? You should enjoy the Gleasner home. We did. (And I think that's a pretty smooth way of bringing in the idea that we, too, have been to Mexico, where we enjoyed visits with the Duntens, the MacPhersons and the Finlays in addition to the Gleasners.)

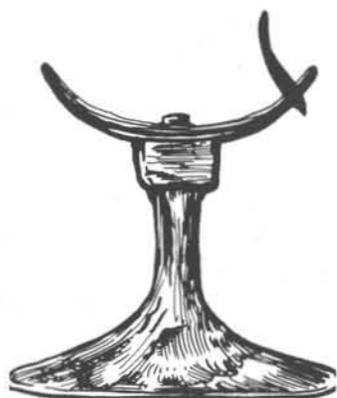
I made the trip chiefly because I had run out of chatter for the Sand Pile; and I had planned to devote at least one issue to explaining to you ignorant stay-at-homes what Mexico is all about. Our two week stay was about right to qualify us as experts and not long enough to destroy any of the wrong impressions that we took there with us. In a word, I felt pretty well satisfied with the venture until I returned home and found that Hommy had scooped me. Having stayed there for five months, she obviously is not as well quali-

OH, MY STIFF NECK

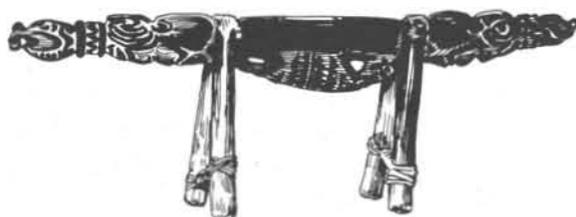
A



B



C



Is "A" a yoke for beasts of burden, or a set of stocks for a colonial miscreant? Is "B" an ancient mariner's navigational instrument, or an antique rack for milady's bonnet? Is "C" a fancy hitching rail, or a gymnast's "horse"?

Bet a buck you were wrong three times – but then we weren't playing very fair by providing not even one logical clue... All are wooden head rests! "A" is a double one from South Africa, "B" is from ancient Egypt, and "C" was carved by a native of New Guinea.

When primitive man stretched out after a work-weary day of dodging dinosaurs he was far too exhausted to notice or even care about the hardness of his cave floor. Modern man, used to

nothing more strenuous than dodging traffic, takes his superior sleep comforts for granted.

The need for sleeping comfort is as much a part of modern times as ulcers, tensions, and even insomnia – and many people are losing sleep trying to figure out ways for other people to have more comfortable sleep. Competition among manufacturers of sleep products is intense. One even maintains a research laboratory referred to as the "Institute of Rest, dedicated to the development of pillows, mattresses and cushioning for more restful, healthful sleep and relaxing comfort".

These comforts common to every household today far surpass those of even the mightiest of ancient kings. Royal beds, burnished with gold and beautifully inlaid with mother of pearl and ivory, were hardly more comfortable than the straw mattresses or sleeping pads in peasant huts. Today it's a different story with the bed actually an attractive, scientifically designed aid to relaxation and sleeping comfort.

The first pillow changed from a pile of straw to an animal skin filled with leaves – then feathers replaced the leaves and cloth the skins. Headrests were common in many areas, some painstakingly carved to make up at least in beauty for what they lacked in comfort. The popularity of headrests among some women was often dictated by fashion. Willing to trade comfort for style, they would sacrifice a good night's sleep to keep their coiffures intact. (Come to think of it, that's not uncommon today but hardly the story we were telling.) Pillows, however, were the popular choice with the sleeping public and remained essentially unchanged for centuries, a casing filled with a soft material, generally feathers.

Then in the late 1940's came latex foam, and almost overnight pillows so filled became "the last word". Further improvements brought an even greater following among the earlier holdouts and among those people who take their sleeping comfort seriously. As science slowly unravels the mystery of sleep, the importance of relaxation looms ever larger, and a major industry dedicates itself to putting every sheep counter into the arms of Morpheus. . . Oh, Oh – we caught you nodding.

A Word To The Wise

As long as there is a need and a desire, there are always those who try to give nothing for something – nor is such an inclination hindered by that human and almost universal trait, our love of a bargain.

A recent article by Norman Ford (well-known author on travel and researcher of places to retire) was directed to those who would invest in Florida real estate. He warns that the "\$10 down and \$10 a month mail-order real estate racket" is booming again, having reappeared despite a Florida law which was designed to police all out-of-state advertizing by real estate developers. Again there is a growing trend among shaky and irresponsible land developers to make wild and spurious claims in their ads in an effort to sell their lots sight unseen – many isolated and often nearly worthless. Since they get around the law by giving the buyer a contract for a deed with the down payment, many unwary out of town readers are being taken in by their uncensored and unrestricted ads.

Mr. Ford also cited complaints of other Florida retirees against unethical private developers who fail to provide the facilities they promise when selling lots or homes in new developments, or to deliver them on schedule. Two years ago the 400 residents of one private development took their case to court when a sizeable increase in the cost of sewage and water was announced, thwarted another attempt last December to up the rates by \$60 per home per year, and in February began their third battle against a proposed 114% increase in minimum water rates and a 30% increase in the sewer bill. . . . all for low water pressure, unsatisfactory sewage installations and contaminated water.

So, "Let the buyer beware," anywhere – of the unknown, the unproved, the unseen. No particular locality has a monopoly on unscrupulous private operators, but they stand out more in certain areas because there are more of them and more people affected by their lack of ethics.

For Fans

Westcoasters probably know by now that for the fourth year, the radio and T.V. broadcasts of Giant and Angel baseball games will be sponsored by Socal's Western Operations, Inc., throughout California and Arizona.

The same seasoned announcers will work: Russ Hodges and Lon Simmons will telecast 11 Giant games on San Francisco-Oakland's KTVU and report 174 Giant games over 17 radio stations; Don Wells and Buddy Blattner will telecast 30 Angel games on Los Angeles KTLA and report 174 Angel games over 19 radio stations.

Exhibition games started on March 13, when the Angels played a Cleveland split squad at Palm Springs and the Giants played the other half of the Cleveland squad at Tucson. Regular season opens April 12 with the Angels playing Cleveland at Los Angeles' Chaves Ravine. The Giants' opener is at Pittsburgh. The Giants' first home game is also with Pittsburgh at Candlestick Park on April 20.

Employees and customers can get free pocket-size schedules, listing game dates and the broadcasting stations, at Chevron Dealers and Standard Stations in California and Arizona.

Solution
to
Puzzle
on
page
13

E	L	V	S	R	S	H	S	E	T	H	S	E	S	I	F	S
L	O	T	S	A	S	T	R	A	L	O	S	A	S	T	R	A
P	A	T	P	I	N	E	B	E	L	A	T	E				
H	U	M	I	D	I	T	Y	L	U	C	I	D				
G	B	S	A	V	A											
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G	R	O	W	T	H	H	U	F	F							

CLEANED OUT YOUR ATTIC LATELY?

Cal Ross has, though we say "attic" advisedly, and we love the cache of old time pictures he found. One of the early-dayers said in nostalgically perusing them, "They bring back almost forgotten memories. When I recall the luxuries we did not have in those olden days - the long, hot hours, the disappointments in dry holes and deprivations in general - I wonder what the present Aramco overseas force would do under similar circumstances. In spite of our trials and tribulations, I think we all enjoyed those early days of Aramco, none of us suspecting that

in a few short years the Company would become the biggest crude producing enterprise in the world. We cannot recapture the past very well except through pictures".

Perhaps some more of our readers would care to check their archives for other reminders of Aramco yesterdays. Any prized photos would be handled carefully and returned. People, places and events, of course, should be identified wherever possible.

OUR CHRISTMAS IN 1936 (all explanations are Cal's)



Left: Decorations in the old messhall in the old office area

Below: Reception committee for visitors coming over from Bapco, taken Christmas Eve on the Al Khobar Pier. Front row (l to r) Dutch Dorsey, Pete Pederson, Cal Ross, Don Brown, Train Jones, not identified. Standing (l to r) Brian Brewster, Charlie Journey, Bill Eisler, not identified and W. F. Van Loenen



FIRST ABU HADRIYIA CAMP AND RIG



Above: Camp. Right: Abu Hadriya No. 1



Recreation Room with Harry Hughes and Jim Hogg (center). Man on right not identified.

Manifa Pier where most of the materials and supplies were unloaded.



BEDOUIN LOADING THEIR CAMELS AT DHAHRAN

During the war we were short of tires and used camels to transport much of our drilling mud and cement from Dhahran to the outside camps.



ESTABLISHING A WATERING AND REFUELING PLACE BETWEEN OJAIR AND RIYAD



Waterwell



Unloading gasoline tanks

Below: First caravan to use the facilities



CARAVAN ENROUTE TO SELWA



This picture was taken by Max Steineke just south of Al Khobar on the road to Ojair. Left to right: Walt Hoag, Jerry Harris, Cal Ross, a guide, two soldiers, five of the construction crew, and the driver of drivers, Shoulby.



The waterhole at Selwa

SUPPLY BASE AT SELWA



Starting construction of the shack for the Geologists to use as a supply base while exploring the Rub' Al Khali



The finished shack

Materials and supplies were shipped down by Dhow and had to be floated ashore



PARTING OF THE WAYS AT SELWA

Cal Ross to return to Dhahran, Walter Hoag (left) going on to the Rub' Al Khali with Jerry Harris



fied as I am after fourteen days; but she got her word in first, which tends to detract from the apparent brilliance of any remarks that I might offer.

So, I have decided to sulk. If Hommy is going to tell you about Mexico City and Toluca and Acapulco and Cuernavaca and Taxco, I refuse to comment. (And the fact that I haven't seen any of these places should have very little to do with my decision.) I studied her report with care, trying to find something wrong with it – and at last I was successful!

She says that she took a train trip from Mexicali to Guadalajara that required two days and two nights. I have her there. We took a train trip from Nogales to Guadalajara, and it required only one day and two nights. And if she thinks that she acquired more bumps during her two days and two nights than I did in one day and two nights, I think I'll go over to Santa Barbara and compare bruises. (Come to think of it, that might be fun, anyhow.)

I must admit that we had to spend the better part of an additional day going from Los Angeles to Tuscon and working our way down to Nogales, Mexico. In spite of the fact that we were riding a transcontinental train from its point of origin in Los Angeles, our departure was an hour behind schedule. When we reached Tuscon the following noon, we had managed to lose another hour, although the weather was fine and no hostile Indians had attacked us. So we took a later bus from Tuscon to Nogales, and encountered my unforgettable character of the journey.

I was prepared for the venture into Mexico. I'd been told that when we arrived in Nogales, Arizona, a porter would carry our bags just across the street where we would go through customs in Mexico and board our Mexican train. So, when we left the bus, and were accosted by a small dark-skinned *hombre* dressed in a dingy sweater and baggy khaki pants, I gave him our baggage tickets and stood back while he collected the stuff. He produced a hand truck, tossed our earthly possessions upon it and took off toward Mexico, indicated that we should follow him.

All seemed right up to this point, for our guide and his hand truck were headed toward what appeared to be a customs house. But without warning, he veered to the right, opened a large gate that clearly was intended to remain shut,

and beckoned us to follow. Now what to do? Over to the left was that safe appearing customs house, but up there to the right, our luggage was disappearing through a gate. I decided that we'd follow our property.

We walked about a city block till we reached a couple of automobiles without markings other than rust spots and battered fenders. Our little man pointed his hand truck at the first one. By the time we had caught up, most of our bags had disappeared inside the battered hulk, which fact persuaded me to follow along. I figured I'd get rid of this menace with the hand truck, so I offered him money; but he shook his head emphatically, urged Gertrude and me into the back seat, then jumped into the front with the driver. Whereupon, the driver slammed into reverse, jammed on the brakes, quickly cramped and took off with a rush, avoiding chuck holes with the caution of a charging rhinoceros.

Shanghaied, I told myself. After all these years of bumming up and down the earth in peace, we are Shanghaied! Will I be forced to sign my travellers checks? Will there be water in the desert hideout? How long will we be held for ransom – and who is going to raise it? If it isn't raised, how many months will pass before our bodies will be discovered?

But I was calm. I stammered to Gertrude, "I don't like this. Be ready for anything. I hope it's only our money they want." (You see, I didn't want to make her nervous.)

At the time, we were rattling through the part of town down by the tracks; in fact, the tracks were right beside us. I gathered my courage and asked, "Isn't the railroad station back there?"

Our bandit-masquerading-as-porter turned and shook his head. "No. No more station back there. Now, new station."

"How far," I ventured.

"Not far. Maybe four, five mile."

Well – I could have yelled for help – but we still were following the railroad track.

The chuck holes lost nothing in depth and width as we bumped along; but wonder of wonders! After about four miles, we did see what

had the appearance of an imposing public building up ahead. As the car continued to head for it, I could feel my heart beat returning toward normal. We would be gyped, but we would live.

We stopped at a loading platform in a vast assemblage of modernistic columns. The little porter took off, for whatever might be his next nefarious part in this act, and I prepared to pay through the nose. I asked, "How much?"

The driver said, "Two dollars, please."

Now I was confused. Two dollars was a very reasonable charge. When would the squeeze be applied?

The little porter was back with another hand truck. Again, we were trailing him and our bags up a long flight of stairs into an area of great arched spaces that dwarfed the widely scattered lines of people who stood waiting – for something, but for what?

Which line should we enter? But first, I had to save our luggage if I could.

"Here," our porter announced. "You stand here." He didn't suggest it – he told me. Then again, he was off, taking the luggage with him.



I could have followed him and fought for our property, but I was worn down. I had ceased to question. If this shyster was going to steal us blind, he was going to do it, and that was the way it would be. For without question, one man, and only one, was in charge.

Another porter spoke to me.

"You come here," he said. "You come stand here."

I was relieved to realize that I was not wholly at the mercy of the bandit who had brought me there. I quickly followed the second porter into another line; but I had barely arrived when my bandit reappeared. He grabbed my arm with

some evidence of irritation, and pulled.

"No. No good," he exclaimed. "You go back."

"But that man said to stand here," I protested.

"You go back," he ordered; and it was evident that he was getting a belly full of this foreigner who wouldn't stay put. "Stand there!"

So, I started to stand where he told me, with a long line of people in front of me; but just as I arrived at the end of the line, a door beside me opened, and my bandit pushed me in. And suddenly, I was at the head of a new line as a customs man entered to start interviewing foreigners as to why they thought they wanted to go to Mexico and were they ready for the experience.



The customs inspection was a breeze. A quick look at papers, a polite question as to how much hashish and nitroglycerin we were carrying and a wave-on when I started to open a bag. And outside this room, our one-time kidnapper stood beside his hand truck still loaded with our possessions. The thought began to seep in that perhaps I should change his status to that of Old Reliable.

He was off and running, luring me on with the bags. He came to rest behind another counter with no one behind it.

"You got tickets?" he questioned; and when I produced them he examined them with care, then slapped them on the counter.

"You stay here."

I stayed. The minutes lengthened to fifteen, twenty, half an hour. A man in a conductor's uniform appeared. Now I was part of a crowd, all with tickets in their hands, all trying to place them on the counter. The conductor ignored all of us, fiddled with some papers for a time and went away. Half an hour later, he and another man in uniform walked in leisurely.

Suddenly, Old Reliable was beside me,

grabbing my tickets and pushing them under the nose of the conductor. The conductor was not about to be hurried. He let the tickets lie for a time, just to show who was boss. When he did examine them, he didn't appear to be satisfied. He rattled off something, pushed the tickets to one said and accepted the next eagerly extended papers.

Old Reliable disappeared, and I and my tickets were ignored. I didn't know what else to do, so I continued to be ignored as actively as possible. I assumed a hurt and betrayed expression which I hoped would shame the conductor. It didn't.

Old Reliable was back. Now he was chattering again with the conductor who was polite but continued to play with other bits of paper. Old Reliable apparently wasn't getting through, so he stepped to a near-by phone and started chattering on his own responsibility.

More time passed.



A solid-appearing man clothed with an air of authority appeared. He had his look at my tickets; then he, too, moved to the telephone and started to talk. He continued to talk for some time. When he had finished, he spoke briefly to the conductor and went away.

The train was due to leave at five o'clock. My watch said, four-thirty. I couldn't see Old Reliable; I couldn't see our baggage; I couldn't see Gertrude. I was in the midst of Mexico with myself and two tickets that didn't seem to impress anyone, and a conductor who betrayed no knowledge of English nor concern with my problem. I was preparing to start screaming or to go hunting for the Mexican equivalent of Travellers Aid.

But as is often true of travellers in a strange land, I continued to hesitate. And while I hesitated, the conductor suffered a change of heart. He casually selected my tickets, scribbled some-

thing on them and in his long book, then slid the coupons back to me.

"Finish?" I asked hopefully.

He nodded casually without looking up.

The train had been waiting since before we had arrived. I hurried onto the platform, anxiously



scanning the long line of cars that seemed to stretch into the horizon. At last, I glimpsed someone waving from far off toward the rear end.

I found them all opposite the last Pullman: Old Reliable guarding both Gertrude and the luggage. Yes. The very last Pullman.

"But this isn't the number of our car," I protested.

"No place on that car," Old Reliable explained. "They sell you place that iss not. So, I get boss and he get this place on 'nother car. Now iss all right."

The idea was beginning to seep in. Without



Old Reliable's aid, we would have been somewhere back in those long lines of waiting people where we would have been struggling in bewilderment to find a Pullman bedroom that didn't exist.

When a man, unasked, has spent the better part of half a day guiding you through a problem that you didn't even know was there, a payment of money is not everything.

"You have been a great help to us," I said. "Without you, we would not have a place on the train. I wish to pay what is right. Will you tell me?"

I should have known better. Old Reliable merely smiled.

"As you will," he replied.

I watched his face carefully as I handed him the small bills. I wanted to be sure that he *was* satisfied. Apparently, the contribution was satisfactory for he was smiling as he pointed to the brass tag on his cap carrying the number 15.

"You rememmer me when you come back," he urged. "Rememmer Nummer 15."

And so I urge you, don't be afraid of any bandit in Nogales whose cap carries that number 15.

Phil McConnell

In Memorium

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

- Foster J. Badgley** - February 20, 1965 - Equinunk, Pennsylvania
- Hervey Brown, Jr.** - January 31, 1965 - Sebring, Florida
- Dorothy H. Ely (widow of Edwin H. Ely)** - Lytle Creek, California
- Dorothy J. Groven (Mrs. Jess E.)** - December 8, 1964 - Memphis, Tennessee
- Oty Harris Hosch** - January 6, 1965 - Estancia, New Mexico
- Dallas R. Trout** - December 14, 1964 - Pompano Beach, Florida
- Frank A. Seidl** - March 30, 1965 - Colorado Springs, Colorado

TRAVELER'S GUIDE

You may have seen the following item by the above title in Time Magazine for March 12, 1965 (or perhaps in some other publication). If not, perhaps you would be curious anyway, particularly if you plan to be travelling abroad one of these days.

As more and more Americans take off each year for business and pleasure in faraway places, many of them wonder how they can, if necessary, find a good doctor who speaks English. For \$5 a year, the foresighted traveler is now able to get answers covering more than 107 cities in 59 countries.

Establishment of the new service, called "Intermedic," was announced by Manhattan's Dr. Richard E. Winter. Intermedic subscribers will get a passport-size directory that includes a list of the plan's 154 approved doctors and two pages on which the traveler should fill in his own medical data with the aid of his personal physician. This information will not only help the overseas doctor but will guard against the patient's getting a shot of a medicine to which he is allergic. The foreign doctors have agreed to a fee schedule for initial visits: not more than \$8 for an office visit, \$10 for a hotel call, and \$15 for an emergency night call.

The traveler can find an approved doctor for his sniffles or *Turista* or worse in Amman (Jordan), Kuala Lumpur (Malaysia) or Reykjavik (Iceland), as well as in such obvious tourist meccas as Paris (where the American Hospital is cooperating), Rome and Athens. The Soviet Union is not yet covered.

Should you have further interest in the service you may write to Intermedic, 777 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017. We might add that the \$5 covers a single membership, a family membership is \$9.

GREEN VALLEY

If you're acquainted with southern Arizona, you probably know all about The Retirement Foundation's \$100-million community, Tucson Green Valley, and location of the H. L. Sandin's new home.

Wishing to avoid the cold, to which they'd become unaccustomed during their fifteen years in Saudi Arabia, they carefully toured Colorado, New Mexico and Arizona after returning to the States in 1963. Although not actually looking for a retirement community per se, they felt Tucson Green Valley had everything they wanted, and stopped in their search. They were particularly attracted by its architecture - all Spanish colonial and territorial.

Their next move was one which all newly retired folks would be wise to make. A test of their judgment, by renting an apartment for several months, proved their selection a good one and they bought a house. It became their home when finished in December. Their's is of territorial architecture near the fairway - address, 181 Los Arcos.

They like it better all the time. All the

facilities are right there and the costs, including property taxes, are lower than they had found elsewhere. They are fond of the scenery, and although they live in the country are at a reasonable distance from the city.

They look out toward the stately Santa Rita Mountains from their living room and patio. Their surroundings are lush and green, dotted with cotton and cattle ranches, and in such contrast with the terrain of Saudi Arabia that they heartily disagree with it's being called a desert. They know when a desert is a real desert.

Veronica says living in Tucson Green Valley is similar to country club living, but their move has kept her too busy to get out and really enjoy it - hardly seems like they've retired.

Sandy's right in his element as director of bridge activities for the community. Mexico is only forty miles away and Veronica plans to start studying Spanish at the Recreation Center. Her plans also include golf lessons.

The central core of Tucson Green Valley, presently reserved for people fifty years and older, is managed by the Retirement Foundation, a subsidiary of the non-profit University of Arizona Foundation. Its operation completely as a retirement community is only temporary, since later stages will be for all brackets.



Veronica and Sandy on the patio of their new home - no one told us who the third member of the group is, however.

Mail Call!

A few changes - additions and corrections - to the Fall 1964 Annuitants Annual Mailing List appeared in the September and December issues of Al-Ayyam Al-Jamila. Still more appear below.

All of the annuitants were included recently when the Public Relations Department mailed out cards to verify all the addresses for the Aramco World distribution. We were then provided with the corrections which appeared on the cards returned by annuitants. Most of the following are from that source. Some of the changes are very slight but do represent the most current information we have been furnished.

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