



Al-Ayyam Al-Jamila



" *These Pleasant Days* "

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

NEW YORK, N. Y.

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Westward Ho!

... to Arizona

... just across town

Now it's our turn to tell you about Aramco's new address, which as of July first became

**Arabian American Oil Company
1345 Avenue of the Americas
New York, New York 10019**

After twenty years at the corner of Park Avenue and 59th, it is a little strange to be on the west side of town. However, there should be advantages to this spanking new building of Burlington Industries, rising between 54th and 55th Streets, facing what older-timers still think of as Sixth Avenue, and occupying half a square block. Come and see us when you're in the neighborhood - Aramco's offices are on the 30th and 31st floors.



George F. Atwell

All of GEORGE F. ATWELL's twenty years with Aramco were spent in Dhahran's Utilities Division, where he started as Utilities Operator in May 1948. This was followed by senior operator, unit trainer, assistant foreman, and the position he had held since 1954 and from which he retired, Foreman Utilities Services. George was born and brought up in Graham, Texas, held a number of jobs in the oil industry before going to work for Lockheed Aircraft in Burbank, California and subsequently being transferred to Phoenix, Arizona when W. W. II broke out. He joined the U. S. Army Corps of Engineers in 1945 and saw action in North Africa and in Italy. After working for Sinclair Oil in Wyoming for a couple

of years, the wanderlust he had acquired during the war began to bother him and he joined Aramco. Jayne and their daughter Theda D'Ann arrived in Dhahran two years later. The Atwells almost immediately began making their home a haven for the bachelors, whose living quarters then were a bit cramped. They selected Arizona as the area to which they would retire and began building a new home in Tempe - their address: 1605 East Palmcroft Drive. George was toying with the idea of adding a swimming pool for the two grandchildren who were to spend the summer with them. He plans to continue the golf and Shrine activities he enjoyed in Dhahran plus some hunting and fishing. Of course, George and Jayne are looking forward to renewing old friendships and hope those in or passing through their area will get in touch.



Miles A. Lupien

People just don't live romantic stories like that any more – the kind MILES A. LUPIEN and other pioneers can tell of their early days in a country old as time but new to the West, of a tiny desert oil camp that became the great Aramco complex. For Miles, it all began nearly thirty-five years ago on the West Coast. He had the U. S. Navy's San Diego Electric School behind him and had completed a very brief career as a tree surgeon. 1935 saw the beginning of his petroleum industry career as he joined

Standard Oil of California in Taft. In January 1939 he transferred to Casoc (forerunner of Aramco) and began a trip to the Middle East which in itself is a saga. Even for the young, an arduous one – it involved the Queen Mary, the Simplon-Orient Express, a trip across the Bosphorous in a snow storm, busses from Mosul to Kirkuk, another train trip via Baghdad to Basra, a British India boat to Bahrain and, finally, a launch to Dhahran. His first job was assistant storekeeper in the P&S Department. From this springboard he ran the gamut of assignments in the P&S and MD&T segments of the organization. He worked in all three districts during the days of construction, expansion and development – you name it, he was there. At one time or another, Miles was a district storekeeper, a general superintendent, district superintendent. He had held the position from which he retired since 1959: general superintendent, MS&T, Dhahran.

Edna began her role as pioneer wife when she reached the Middle East with infant Milene in 1945. With Miles' next transfer, they became the thirteenth family to live in Abqaiq. Son Eddie was born there, Edna helped organize the first Abqaiq Women's Group, Miles was instrumental in planning and organizing the new golf course (as he had done in Ras Tanura). In retirement, Miles intends to continue with golf, fishing, gradening, reading and Shrine activities – after landscaping and finishing the lower rooms of their new home at 271 Richardson Drive, Mill Valley, California. They are just a short distance from Milene, her husband Doug Meyers, the Lupien granddaughter Tami.

SMALL ITEMS

We hear by the grapevine that the Hodgsons are real fine and real busy out in Vancouver, Washington. They had to miss Palm Springs because of the old everything-comes-at-once. Beulah attended a convention of the National Antique Dealers' Association in Burlington, Vermont. So George, not wanting to go to the reunion by himself, accepted an invitation to go hunting.

'Do hope that Spring brought some pleasant changes to Ingulf Fladager, who wrote on his Christmas note: "The weather here in Denmark is awful. Every day cloudy and cold, snow and below 32°. Haven't seen the sun the last month. Sure miss Ras Tanura, the sun, swimming and the cordial atmosphere." His back still bothers him some and he has to be careful – 'says otherwise he is in good health.

JAMES GRAY had completed more than twenty-four years with Aramco at time of departure, having reached Dhahran in August 1944 via a strange and devious route. Jim had worked as a plumber, manager of a large plumbing concern in Los Angeles, then joined Consolidated Shipyards in Wilmington. He was recruited for Aramco in Los Angeles (at the suggestion of Connie Ridgeway, also then with Consolidated) and set out with seven others for the Middle East – New York, Miami, back to New York, to Stephenville, Newfoundland, the Azores, Casablanca, Tunis, Cairo, Lydda Airport in Palestine, Bahrain, then to al-Khobar pier, with at least five days out along the journey for shamals. Once in Saudi Arabia, he spent the next four years as plumber and assistant foreman. In 1948 he was named contract supervisor in the Arab Industrial Development Department, the position he retained under various titles until his retirement. Jim was born in Brechin and attended high school and technical school in Dundee, Scotland, arriving in California in 1930. Here he met and married his wife, Mabel, who with their son joined him in Saudi Arabia in 1947. Young Norman, the first boy to attend the Abqaiq school, is now employed in the aviation industry and is the father of Brian Alan, the Grays' only grandchild. Mabel was a member of the Women's Group, enjoys knitting and has joined Jim in a fondness for bridge and boating. Jim's other activities have included water-skiing, fishing, work with the Masonic Group and



James Gray

the Boy Scouts. The Grays return safari included stopping in Beirut, then Geneva for a visit with the Robert Carrs before heading for Scotland and a sojourn with Jim's brother and sister. They are back in California now at 980 West Cliff Drive, Santa Cruz, overlooking Monterey Bay and the blue Pacific.

We read this note from Babe Rowen (Mrs. A. B.) with mixed emotions. "Dear Virginia: We received the get-together Al-Ayyam Al-Jamila and really enjoyed it. We think it is one of the best coverages of the party so far. Not that we think it makes any difference, but the two children on page 23 are Marcy Lee and David Rowen, and the gentleman on pages 27 and 42 is the children's father, Bill Rowen. Bill spent three years with us in Arabia from 1946 to 1949". Well, we appreciated the pat on the back, but felt bad indeed to learn that three of our missing identifications were in the same family. And it does so make a difference! (Will some bright mathema-

tician please tell me what happened to the law of averages or chance – there were so few altogether that we couldn't name.)

* * * * *

As you know, Helen Beam headed West to attend the Reunion in Palm Springs, visiting friends here and there. Her Christmas note, penned following a return to Hot Springs, included, "After visiting around the U.S. in various places, I still think Arkansas is hard to beat for natural beauty." And she sounds quite content.



James R. Allen

One reason for JAMES R. ALLEN and his wife Mary to select Fort Lauderdale, Florida as their probable retirement destination was the nearby location of their daughter Masil Marie and her family, particularly grandsons Mike and Mark. They are collecting messages for the Allens (pending their arrival via a new car being picked up in Detroit) and such should be addressed c/o M. Blythe, Lake Mary, Florida. Jim grew up and attended school in Walton, Kentucky, earned his BA Degree with studies at Cumberland College and Eastern State University. He spent thirteen years as high school teacher and coach in Kentucky and Ohio. Just prior to heading for Saudi Arabia he worked as a trainer with General Electric Company. He joined Aramco in 1952 as an instructor in Management Training and four years later moved to Saudi Development/Management Training, becoming a supervisor in 1961. He helped to initiate and develop the first training program qualifying Saudi Arabs for supervisory positions. At time of departure Jim was staff advisor, Training, a post he had held since 1965.

We were a bit late in hearing about the departure of E. J. KELLER and his family last August. Woody, as he is known, joined Aramco in December 1947 and spent his twenty-one years in Abqaiq, first as a rig mechanic, then assistant foreman, Drilling Equipment, in outlying camps at Umm'Unaiq and 'Uthmaniyah and, since 1953, as foreman, Drilling Equipment Service Unit. Woody was born in Nevada, attended school in Santa Rosa, California, received training at the Ford Motor School in Dearborn, Michigan. He went to work for Bell Telephone Company, joined the Navy in 1941, serving aboard a mine sweeper in the South Pacific. After reaching Abqaiq he met Gloria Gibbs who had arrived there with her parents the same year — they were married in 1951. They have two children, Mike and Andrea, 14 and 9 respectively. Woody was a member of the Arabian Shrine Group, his favorite pastime is woodworking, along with interior decorating. These, together with Gloria's artistic leanings should add appreciably to their new home at 745 Nebraska Avenue, Santa Rosa, California. Gloria also was active in the Ceramic Group, as a Girl Scout leader, and enjoyed bowling in her spare time.



Woody and Gloria Keller with son Mike and daughter Andrea

KEN MALONEY left his position as Ras Tanura's superintendent of Technical Services/Production Control last fall after nearly twenty years with Aramco. Armed with his military discharge and a Masters Degree in Chemical Engineering from Bucknell University, he joined the Company in June 1949. Over the years he worked in both Dhahran and Ras Tanura and did a three year stint in the New York M&OS Department. Lois and their two children first arrived in Saudi Arabia early in 1952. Young Kenneth is now working on his Doctorate in Chemistry at Pennsylvania State, daughter Suzy is taking pre-

med at Wilkes College. The Maloneys were a particularly active family. Ken played tennis daily, was an experienced swimmer and scuba diver. He and Lois shared their hobbies of skiing and bowling. Her other enthusiams run to gardening, bridge and cooking. The Maloneys headed for Ken's hometown of Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania with plans for building a place of their own. They may be reached there at 320 Horton Street. Their trip to the States took them to Cairo and included a visit to the Oktoberfest in Munich, a week on the French Riviera for tennis, and a week's tour of Ireland.



The Maloneys — Lois, Ken, Suzy



Al and Mildred Shipp with Carol Ann and Jimmy

ALBERT J. SHIPP, his wife Mildred, son Jimmy and daughter Carol Ann left Abqaiq late last summer, their destination Miami, Oklahoma. En route they traveled through Germany and Scotland. Al was born in Noble, Oklahoma, attended school and worked in nearby Hydro for the Ford Motor Company. He worked in the construction industry in the San Francisco Bay Area during World War II. Al joined Aramco in July 1946 and worked for two years in Dhahran Transportation, transferring to Abqaiq Transportation as maintenance shift foreman. He became equipment inspector in 1952, foreman in 1957, and five years later transferred to Equipment Services as supervisor, craftsman, the position he left. Al enjoys fishing and golf, was a member of Ain Nakhil Golf Club. Millie was active in the Dorcas Group and the Abqaiq Women's Group. Both she and Al were members of the Abclicks. Their address is 33 G Street, N. W., Miami, Oklahoma.



Ned F. Daniel

NED F. DANIEL joined Aramco twenty four years before he and Maxine began what promised to be not the shortest route back to their native

Colorado and new residence at 8547 East Costillo Avenue in Englewood. Their plans called for a motor trip through Europe via Iran and Turkey, by freighter to the U. S. for a reunion with daughter Diane, her husband, and two children. Son Steve, father of their third grandchild, teaches at Colorado School of Mines while working on his Doctorate. Ned grew up in Denver and attended Colorado State University. His first overseas assignment was in 1941 as an iron worker for Contractors Pacific Air Buses in Honolulu. He next went to the Yukon for Bechtel-McCone and Parsons. He headed for the Middle East with Aramco in 1944, where he soon found himself at the Thugba Cattleyard buying and feeding the large assortment of animals coming from all directions for use in the dining halls. Ned was transferred to Ras Tanura in 1947 and remained there as storekeeper in the Commissary for the next eight years. He became a food inspector for AOC, The Hague in 1956, returning to Saudi Arabia three years later as assistant superintendent, Retail Services in Abqaiq. He had been staff advisor, Food and Retail Services in Dhahran since 1963. Ned plans to keep busy, but saving enough time to get in some golf, hunting and fishing.

REWARDING JOURNEY

Dear Virginia:

On November 1st I had the very rewarding experience of attending the sixth lecture in The Pauline M. King Memorial Lectureship series at Vanderbilt University Medical School, Nashville, Tennessee — in the Medical Arena of the University's Hospital, to an overflow attendance of students, faculty, and members of the local medical fraternity.

The Lecture this year was given by O. Theron Clagett, M.D. of the Mayo Clinic, Rochester, Minnesota. Dr. Clagett, among his many honors, is a Past President of the American Association for Thoracic Surgery and since 1940 has been the Head of Section, Division of Sur-

gery, Mayo Clinic.

I want the many friends who contributed so generously to Pauline's Memorial to know that their good work is being carried on to the benefit of humanity in general and to heart sufferers in particular.

I also acknowledge again the contributions made by friends of Ruth and Roland Cundall at the time of his death. These are making it possible to extend the lectures measurably beyond the original concept.

Very sincerely yours,

Robert F. King

Surfside golfers lost two playmates last fall with the departure of CLINTON V. COPELAND and his wife, Edith. Clint retired as district engineer, his position since transferring to Ras Tanura from AOC, The Hague in December, 1959. Clint joined Aramco's New York Engineering Department in August, 1947. He went to Dhahran in mid-1950 for what was to be a six month assignment to work on the installation of 'Ain Dar GOSP No. 1 and associated facilities. He never returned to New York but did spend three years with AOC in Rome, then moved to The Hague for another six years, serving as project engineer, senior projects engineer, and project coordinator. Clint was born, grew up and educated in Oklahoma, receiving his Chemical Engineering Degree from the University of Oklahoma at Norman. He was in the bakery business for thirteen years prior to joining Aramco for his first taste of the oil industry. Clint and Edith stopped off in New York to see son Robert (and their two grandsons) before continuing to their home at 25 Edgemont Circle, Walnut Creek, California. At the time of their departure, Clint was all set to take care of a number of projects around home under Edith's general supervision. Then he hoped to get back to his golf and do some fishing. Edith will no doubt find that she still enjoys swimming, gardening and bridge.



Clinton V. Copeland

Roundabout Route

Dear Virginia:

We picked up our new car January 7 in a snowstorm and started out the next morning for sunny California. We travelled about 4500 miles getting here and visited several ex-Aramcons on the way. We saw Warren and Alice Ring and Allan and Adele Cook before we left the East and talked to the Lightles in Indiana on the way out. We visited the Jim Mallorys in Houston and in Tucson saw the Furmans, Lanzonies, Taylors, Bunyans, Albrittons and Schausses in their nice homes.

In Phoenix we visited the Burbas and the Adams' and telephoned several other Aramcons

who weren't home. In Palm Springs we saw the Pangbornes who were just leaving for Mexico. In L. A. we have seen the Herb Smiths and Vrooms.

We have moved into our big 26-unit apartment house here where I am putting it in first class condition to place it on the market. We got here just after the big rains and the weather is nice and warm.

Thanks for everything,

Bill McMillin

"Here" is 7053 Greeley Street, Apt. 8, Tujunga, California 91042.



Philip W. DeQuine

The PHILIP W. DEQUINES will have been on their way for just about six months by the time they reach Central Point, Oregon and their

HEINZ O. VOIGT and his family left Saudi Arabia in mid-1968 — their plans, to rent a villa on Spain's Costa Blanca and spend about a year in Europe. Heinz began his twenty-four year petroleum industry career with the Texaco Beacon Research Laboratory in New York in March 1944, transferring to Aramco Dhahran in 1950 as a lubrication engineer. He worked for General Office Transportation, then as maintenance engineer in Abqaiq's Maintenance and Shops, returning to Dhahran in November 1966 as cable engineer. Heinz was born in Edmondton, Canada, received his BME Degree from Syracuse University in New York and later worked for Santillo Magneto. He and his wife, Eileen, have two daughters, Lisa and Suzann, both born in Saudi Arabia. They all enjoy traveling, Heinz and Eileen are both bridge buffs, and Heinz including automobiles among his hobbies. The Voigts may be reached c/o Mrs. Helena Voigt, 61 Lyndon Pond, Fayetteville, New York 13066.

new home at 3812 Old Stage Road. It is a 22 acre pear farm outside of Medford, with several of their long time friends not far away. Phil and Jessie left Dhahran in January, stopped in Bahrain to see friends, flew to Frankfurt to pick up a new Opel for the trip to Spain where they will occupy a villa on the Costa del Sol. Here they will relax until their seventeen year old twin daughters finish their classes at Stover School, Newton Abbot, England — then all will ship aboard the Santa Maria for the United States. Phil, a native of Wisconsin received a BCB Degree from Rider College in Trenton, New Jersey, worked for Jersey Central Power & Light Corporation and for Union Bag & Paper Company, and served three years in the Navy before joining Aramco in 1947. His first job was floorman in Ras Tanura's General Storehouse. He and Jessie, a former employee, were married in 1949 and set-up housekeeping in Abqaiq where Phil worked as stockman in General Storehouse. He later was made supervisor of Reclamation; in 1960 they transferred to Dhahran. Phil was active in various community activities, worked with Little League and the Masonic Group, enjoyed fishing and golf. First love for both Phil and Jessie however, was big game hunting on the African continent and they have many wild animal trophies by which to remember their safaris.

Much Better, Thank You

The McKeegans had a wonderful holiday season, the first in their new home at Twain Harte. And on Christmas Day it snowed for all the Children — twenty-four hours, eighteen inches, and it was beautiful in the mountains. The children and grandchildren returned to their respective homes and schools, Sharon went back to college, Barney set off on a new six-month consulting job for the Dominican Hospital in Santa Cruz, and Helen settled back with dog, cat, bird and goldfish to enjoy the peace of their long-planned re-

When ED CURTIS, public relations specialist, and his wife Ruth begin telling stories to their six grandchildren, who live across the street from their home in Simi, California, there will be a nigh-limitless wealth of experience to draw on. Ed was born in Kansas, graduated from Kansas State University, and started his career as a cub reporter on the Wichita, Kansas Beacon. Six years later he began working for the Associated Press — Oklahoma City, Tulsa, and Chicago by 1941. Hurting for immediate war time excitement, he joined the Marine Corp and found his action in Guam. While waiting for discharge, he and some fellow officers organized a series of high school level classes in English, Math and History for the benefit of enlisted men. The idea was eventually adopted and such classes have become routine in the services. Returning to AP, Ed, Ruth and their daughter Ann were sent to Cairo in 1946. He was the first correspondent to visit Jiddah after the war, became friends with King 'Abd al-Aziz Al Sa'ud, visited Dhahran and filed several stories on the oil operations. He was on hand to report the Palestinian War, to interview UN Mediator Count Bernadotte, to cover UN meetings in Paris, to do the diplomatic circuit in London, becoming supervisor of AP's New York Bureau in 1952. Ed joined Tapline in 1956 as Public Relations representative in Beirut. A 1958 loan to Aramco eventually became a transfer and in 1961 he was named administrator, Editorial Services. He had held the position



Ed Curtis

from which he retired, public relations specialist, Planning and Projects Staff, since 1963. Upon leaving Dhahran in February, Ed and Ruth flew to New York via London, picked up a new car and headed for Mexico. When they return to Simi they will resume their incomparable green thumb skills at 1242 Royal Avenue, but leaving Ed ample time for whatever he chooses to do.

treat — Barney was scheduled to come home every couple of weeks, the children called often, and she was getting a lot of craft work done.

The calm was short-lived. Our next note from Helen was penned at daughter Maureen's home in Fremont, which became their headquarters for three months while Barney recovered from a coronary arrest. Fortunately, he had been on the job at the hospital when it occurred and he received immediate attention . . .

They are happy to be back at Twain Harte now, enjoying the beautiful Spring weather. Barney finds it very easy to rest and recuperate, takes his walks and naps, etc. like a good boy and is much improved. Helen's been busy planting

flowers and shrubs, planning a light schedule at the lodge for summer, and among her many other usual activities, hopes to enroll for a writing course — she just might do a book one of these days.

They are slowly acquiring new neighbors as more people build homes in their area — folks whose varied occupations and professions should, as Helen puts it, provide topics for many interesting conversations around a roaring fire come Winter.

And the McKeegans, like a lot of others, are looking forward to the next reunion — for them it would mean to revisit their honeymoon destination after forty-four years.



Elwood C. Patrick

Missouri and he and his wife headed back there upon leaving Ras Tanura in December. They stopped off only in Rome, London and Chicago on their way home to spend Christmas with their family. Daughter Peggy attends school in Springfield, daughter Nancy and her family live there, and folks may reach Pat and Billie (as they are best known to their friends) at 755 West Sylvania, Springfield, Missouri 65804. Pat almost became a Texan — getting his education in Dallas and working in Texas for a number of years, on two separate occasions for the Texas Power and Light Company. Pat joined Aramco as a draftsman in 1951 and made Abqaiq his headquarters until 1956 when he became part of the Engineering Design Division in Ras Tanura. He was promoted shortly thereafter to supervisor, Drafting, the position he held until retirement. Pat's leisure pastimes have included reading, raising flowers, and photography. He and Billie both enjoy bowling and were members of the Bowling Association. Her Women's Group activities in recent years were often interrupted to serve as teacher. And though retirement plans weren't exactly firm when they left the Middle East, they did hope to expand their hobbies to include fishing, for which their new area is so famous.

There's just something about the Ozarks, particularly for those who learned to know them while young. ELWOOD C. PATRICK was born in

KEEPING WARM

From St. Petersburg, Florida early December came this letter from Les Biggins.

Greetings from one of your recent "additions", I arrived in the States November 29th, and am now waiting for my new car to be delivered. In the meantime I'm visiting with old friends Larry and Anne Goodman. They are fine, have a lovely home here and seem to be enjoying retirement thoroughly. Saw Jack and Grace Bukala a few days ago — they are just completing and about to move into a home here.

As you know, I left Saudi Arabia on August 21st, and have been on the go ever since — Greece, including a cruise around the islands; Europe, with a cruise down the Rhine; then Amsterdam, Berlin, Luxemburg; then down to Nairobi in Kenya, East Africa. Thence by passenger-freighter, Holland — Africa steamship Amerskerk from Mombasa to Capetown, about a

thirty day trip with stops in places with such "far away places with strange sounding names" as Zanzibar, Dar Es Salaam, Mazambique, Durban and miscellaneous assorted ports in between. Capetown to Johannesburg by air and a visit with friends in Praetoria whom I had met in August on the Greek island cruise! After a side trip to Victoria Falls, back to Johannesburg and on to New York, where I arrived, of all times, while you people were taking a holiday. With a cold front moving in, I wasted little time in flying on to St. Pete. As soon as my car is delivered, I'll be on to the Coast to visit my sons and the grandchildren. Leslie Biggins

A later note from Playa Del Rey, California reported that Les had taken an apartment just down the street from his son — so he must have been happy with the neighborhood, for the time being anyway.

Food — vocation and avocation. For GEORGE KRAHM it has been his business during most of his working career, mixed in with a few printing jobs back before he joined Aramco in December of 1948. He had become familiar with foods and commissary stock during the time he spent with Manhattan Grocery Company — making him a natural for assignment to the Commissary at Ras Tanura. He was transferred to the Commissary at Dhahran in 1956, remaining until retirement, at which time he was a material supply controlman. The avocation? That belongs to Mollie, creator of memorable meals, follower of quiet pursuits of homemaking, reading and listening to classical music. George, on the other hand, is an active sportsman — with the emphasis on golf. He feels that his native New York City is not particularly suitable for retirement, and that a continuation of golf, fishing and swimming can better be accomplished elsewhere — Florida's eastern shore for instance. Upon leaving Saudi Arabia last November, they planned to stop only in Beirut and London enroute to the United States and a southern sunny clime. If you want to know whether they found what they were looking for,



George Krahm

you might check with them at 1410 Park Street, Clearwater, Florida 33515.

We were pleased to receive this announcement prepared by the Doctor himself and submitted for special inclusion in AAAJ. Our congratulations...

on the new assignment

Boris W. Boguslavsky left Dhahran, Saudi Arabia, on the 4th of September, 1968 for a retirement which lasted all of twelve days. This was long enough for two swims off the coast of New Jersey and the purchase of a royal-red 1969 Volkswagen.

On the 17th of September Boris became a visiting professor of civil engineering at the Virginia Polytechnic Institute, Blacksburg, Virginia. He also became a student, with 65 others, in a class devoted to the mysteries of computer programming and Fortran language.

As if being professor and student at the same time was not enough, Boris also became

the organist in Blackburg's St. Mary's Catholic Church. This proved to be more devotional than his similar occupation in Dhahran — in Blackburg Boris had to play for three masses and hear the same sermon three times.

In June Boris's visiting professorship at the Virginia Tech comes to an end. His new post takes him to a professorship in the Department of Engineering Graphics, Louisiana State University, Baton Rouge, La. 70803. This promises to be a permanent connection, and therefore Boris hopes to have his furniture out of the New York Storage and in Baton Rouge by August 1. Friends are invited to visit and inspect the damage.



E. H. Dirr

E. H. DIRR had rounded out thirty-five years of service when he and Audrey left Dhahran last November. Born in Washington and educated in

California, Ed joined Socal in 1935, transferring to Aramco's San Francisco office in 1944. He started as administrative supervisor, Purchasing and Traffic, became assistant to the manager, and during the three years following the Company's move to New York in 1950, served both as purchasing agent and assistant to the general manager of MS&T. Ed transferred to AOC, The Hague as assistant to the Executive Vice-President, and in 1955 to Aramco, Dhahran as assistant to the general manager, MS&T. He assumed his last position of coordinator, Materials Systems & EDP Liaison in 1958 after having worked with the fully integrated Materials EDP System on a loan basis for two years. Ed, Audrey and their two daughters comprise a lively sports minded family who enjoy horseback riding, snow and water skiing, boating, fishing and golf. Upon leaving, they headed for their Sierra Mountains homesite at Twain Harte, California to spend the holidays. The girls then returned to their respective schools - Debbie to Diablo Valley College in Concord, Denise to Leysin American School in Switzerland. Ed and Audrey recently sent us a new address, 3238 Inverness Drive, Walnut Creek, California 94598.

FLOYD TEEL, with his wife Willette and daughter May Catherine, left Saudi Arabia in December, planning stops en route to San Francisco at Shiraz, Isfahan, Istanbul, Athens, spots in Europe and England. They are all settled now at 257 Arlington Road, Apt. 101 in Redwood City, California. Floyd received his early education in Iowa, later attended UCLA in Southern California while working for Douglas Aircraft Company. He joined Aramco in July 1951 as a wage and salary analyst, transferred to the Employment Division as personnel advisor in 1957. Since 1962 he had served as industrial engineer in Ras Tanura. The Teels have been active in many of the self-directed groups in both districts, Floyd particularly in AEA, Tennis Club, RC Group, PTA, Bowling and Arabian Horse Associations. Willette's efforts have been concentrated in the Women's Groups. Mary Catherine, who is working toward a degree in International Relations, began her Senior Year at the University of Southern California in January 1969.



Floyd Teel

JOSEPH J. DE ROULE, supervising craftsman, had been with Aramco since December, 1951 when he and Roberta left Dhahran last November. . . That's ample formality for this young-at-heart, fun-loving couple, better known as Joe and Bobbie, who planned, for example, to travel, improve their French and Arabic, study painting, and learn the latest dances from their teenage grandchildren. These, of course, are not to mention probable continuation of their Saudi Arabian activities, such as Shrine, Dramaramco, boating and numerous other community affairs. And how are they going to work it all in with their poodle grooming and breeding of Toy Poodles like their own Amira Sassy and Little Babe? With the "Poodle People" in tow, they spent a few days in Beirut; flew to Frankfurt to collect grandchildren Mark and Debbie Wright and a new Mercedes for a month long tour of Europe; then headed for the states to look for "The Place". We don't know about their progress, but they may be reached at 24031 Rotunda Road, in Valencia, California. Joe's early-age career began in his family's company in Chicago and he learned the mechanics of such vintage cars that many of their names are history. Prior to joining Aramco he had also spent two years as screw machine operator, moved to Los Angeles, worked as electrical foreman for the Newbury Electrical Company. Joe's first Aramco assignment was



J. J. De Roule

in Abqaiq, craft specialist, electrical followed by promotion to head electrician in 1953. Bobbie arrived that year and they made their home in Abqaiq until Joe's transfer to Dhahran three years later, their location at time of retirement.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT

Charlie Matthews penned all of this on the back of a colorful Busch Gardens post card, including their temporary address in Tampa, Florida. (The card traveled in an envelope, however):

Dear Virginia:

At our vacation cottage on an acre of moss-hung trees near here, and across street from the beautiful new University of South Florida, I am thankfully recovering in a marvelous way. This is from a heart attack suffered at our main home at Austin, Texas in late November. We bought this place on home leave from Saudi Arabia in 1958 and have enjoyed it seasonally ever since. Quite a few relatives in this area.

During the worst of my illness it was a comfort to have with us from his own clinic in Las Vegas our physician son, Dr. Charles Matthews, Internist (newly given national recognition by the board pertinent to his specialty.)

I am still publishing on Multilingual South Arabia, currently in Journal of the American Oriental Society and University of South Florida Language Quarterly. Aramco research with Exploration and U.S.G.S. furnished this interesting material.

Still hoping to see you,

Charlie Matthews



E. P. Thompson

It took a lot of planes to move the E. P. THOMPSON "family" from Dhahran to New York. Ed and Les departed on January 1, planning stops in Beirut, Istanbul, Athens, Rome and Paris. They were scheduled to arrive at Kennedy Airport on January 16, just an hour ahead of the plane carrying their pets, "Rockson of Sandy Bay" and "Ping Fu". Ed was born in Connecticut, attended Mount Herman School and Princeton University. Before joining Aramco in 1951, he held jobs in both Rhode Island and New York and spent two and a half years as a navigating officer in the U. S. Maritime Service. Ed's first three years in Dhahran were spent in M&S, the rest of his seventeen years in Training. He retired as coordinator - Relief. The Thompsons are fond of riding, reading and golf. Les, a former nurse with Aramco, also enjoys gardening and ceramics. They are particularly interested in settling in New England, probably in the area around Rockport, Massachusetts where son Gilbert lives, about thirty miles northeast of Boston. In the meantime they will receive their mail c/o Mrs. A. G. Matheson, 9 Parker Place, Upper Saddle River, New Jersey.

EUGENE HICKMAN joined Aramco in February of 1948 and spent his entire twenty years in Community Services in the Ras Tanura area, retiring as assistant superintendent. Gene was born in Texas but received his schooling in Kansas City, Missouri and in Chicago, Illinois. He had been assistant manager of the McCleary Sanatorium in Excelsior Springs, Missouri, production technician for the Panhandle Eastern Pipeline Company in Liberal, Kansas, and a cost accountant with Hunt Foods in Heyward, California. When they left Saudi Arabia last October, Gene and Geri were undecided on where to pursue their hobbies. They are both ardent golfers, enjoy bridge, fishing, swimming, shell collecting and gardening - they had a real "way with flowers" out there at the edge of the desert. Their four children and five grandchildren are evenly divided between the East and West Coasts. So, they are going to carefully consider such spots as Florida, California, Mexico and Hawaii before selecting their particular house - the one by the sea, with a garden, and a golf course nearby. They just may have found it - at least they have asked that their mail be sent to 321 Palm Island S. E., Clearwater, Florida 33515.



Gene and Geri Hickman

BERNARD J. RUCIDLO took Sally Kingsley as his bride only six days before departing for retirement in January. Bernie had spent fifteen years with Aramco, Sally ten as a third grade teacher in Dhahran. Bernie's first Company assignment in 1953 was craftsman in the Light Car Garage, followed by others in Transportation. In 1959 he transferred to Products Distribution as supervisor, Maintenance Aviation Fueling Equipment, becoming supervisor of Maintenance and Inspection in 1965. Since early 1967, back in Transportation Maintenance, he served successively as senior automotive inspector, assistant superintendent, and acting superintendent. Bernie was born in Newburyport, Massachusetts, received a diploma in automotive repair from Franklin Technical Institute in Boston and worked for several automobile agencies. He spent four years with General Electric Gear Plant in Lynn, Massachusetts, followed by nine years with General Motors prior to joining Aramco. Bernie enjoys bowling and both he and Sally are inveterate travelers, something they will get back to after settling in their new home in the East Diamond Oaks Country Club addition of Fort Worth, Texas at 6341 Tosca Drive.



Bernard J. Rucidlo



Jim and Mary Owen with Mary Kathleen, Angela and Rebecca

The JAMES C. OWEN family stayed around just long enough to see Christmas through with friends. The following day Jim, Mary and their three children left Abqaiq by car for Riyadh, the first lap of a homeward trek which would include stops such as Jeddah, Cairo, Nicosia, Rome,

Naples, Milan, Basle, Cologne, Amsterdam and Shannon. (Jim made a side flight to Helsinki to make some philately contacts, since his own collection features Finnish stamps.) Destination: North Carolina, where Jim planned to build a home before getting back to his career, and messages will reach the Owens' if sent to Box 55 in Boone. Jim was born in Ashville, N. C., went to school in South Carolina, received his degree in Electrical Engineering from North Carolina State College. He worked for the Carolina Power and Light Company until W. W. II, during which he served with the U. S. Engineering Corps. Jim joined Aramco in August 1947 as a stockman in the Dhahran Purchase and Stores Department, then transferred to the Engineering Department in 1951 as a electrical engineer. He became safety engineer in 1961, the position from which he retired. In addition to philately, Jim spent most of his leisure time with photography and Little Theatre. He is a life member of Dramaramco and served on its first board of directors, also was president of the Abqaiq Players for seven years. For eighteen of his twenty-one years in Saudi Arabia, Jim was a volunteer fireman.

PHILIP C. HARLEY and his Ellen left Ras Tanura in December. Phil had completed eighteen years of service, starting with Aramco New York, as electrical design engineer, followed by five years in The Hague as electrical project engineer, two years in Dhahran and eight years in Ras Tanura as safety engineer. Phil is a native of New York, received his Bachelor's Degree in Electrical Engineering from New York University, did graduate work at Newark Engineering College, the Polytechnic Institute of Brooklyn and Cornell University. He formerly worked for the Research Laboratory of Western Union and for American Gas and Electric, both in New York, and for Public Service of New Jersey. Phil likes Little Theatre and appeared in productions presented in The Hague and Ras Tanura. He enjoys golf, bowling, swimming, boating, fishing, and is joined by Ellen for bridge and square dancing. They have two sons, Bob and Chuck, who are both married and are now parents of the three Harley grandchildren. Phil and Ellen had initially planned to establish residence in Ireland, he to enroll for courses at Dublin University toward his Master's Degree in Safety. But like many "best laid schemes o' mice and men" (*How dare we quote the Scotsman?*) Phil is enrolled at New York University and commuting to his classes from 37 Harbor View Lane, Green Island, Toms River, New Jersey 08753.

For friends left behind and those who had moved elsewhere, Phil and Ellen wrote

THE SAGA OF THE HARLEYS

Way back in mid-century, nineteen five O
To 505 Park Avenue I did go,
And signed up I was, as Domestic Hiree
Who never in foreign employment would be.

Then only 3 years after joining the fold,
To transfer to Holland en masse, we were told.
So selling our house, we then packed up our gear,
And sailed from New York at the end of that year.

December the 5th, in the year fifty-three,
Was when we began sailing over the sea.
We entered a land that to us was all new,
And soon settled down, all new friends to accrue.

Some names now grow dim with the passing of
time;
With others the friendship will never decline;



Philip C. Harley

Some friends that went straight from The Hague
and retired,
And others have come here that you have admired.

There're Clausens and Campbells, and Serge
Glazunovs,
And Templers, and Beekhuis that we're thinking
of;
And Boris Bog'slavsky, and the Willoughbys,
And Wallace, and Polsters, and Dean Marcucci.

There're Pattersons, Edwards, and Hayes and
the Blanks,
And so many others to whom we give thanks
For making our lives there so wonderf'ly fine
With friends we will treasure the rest of our time.

When someone suggested that p'rhaps one day
soon,
Arabia's lure would the Harleys consume,
Our hasty reply, that idea to combat,
Was "Westward we'll go when the time comes
for that."

Of course you all know how the fates can
conspire.
When Ellen deplaned she asked "Where is the
fire?"
Then two happy years we have lived in Dhahran,



Prentiss C. Nelson

PRENTISS C. NELSON left AOC, The Hague,
for retirement early in 1969, twenty years after

Made many more friends, some of whom now have
gone.

As we settled down to wherever life led,
We found many friends who had transferred
ahead.

Most happy we were, these good people to greet
With many new faces and new friends to meet.

Again, as before, we were heard to remark,
"If we have to move, to New York we'll depart."
But when the word came that Surf Siders we'd be,
My Ellen agreed "If it's temporary."

A loan of 6 months – it had been made quite clear
But that was 8 years ago, and we're still here.
At first we spent all our spare time in Dhahran
But slowly switched loyalties to our new town.

joining Standard of California in San Francisco. He shortly transferred to Aramco, made the move to New York, shifting to AOC in The Hague in 1953. For the next near-sixteen years, he served as supervisory engineer in various positions concerned with material specifications, design standards, and specifications involving civil, instrument and pressure vessel engineering. The Nelson career in the petroleum industry began back in 1934 when he spent eight years with Shell at a California refinery. This was followed by six years as Professor in the Engineering Department at the University of California, Berkeley. The years Prentiss spent in The Hague were marked by active participation in the American Community – particularly, involvement with the American Association, the American Protestant Church and the American High School there. His wife Wilhelmina was also active in church affairs and the American Women's Club. Their hobbies include travelling and folk dancing, and any home they establish will always reflect the results of do-it-yourself projects, including the incorporation of radio equipment. Their next one for two years will be in Turkey. Prentiss has aligned himself with a construction firm, not far from Istanbul, engaged in the expansion program for a refinery jointly owned by Caltex and the Turkish Government. Messages for the Nelsons should be addressed: Ipras, PK 43 Ismit, Kocaeli, Turkey.

Eight years is the longest we've lived in one
place
Since joining Aramco and they set the pace.
Contented we've been, lovely Ellen and me
In our small Aramco's cottage by the sea.

The friends that we made we can count by the
score;
But many of them are in Nejma no more.
There're Cannons and Coyles, and the Tracys
and Drumms;
Van Landingham, Bouchers, and the William-
sons;

And Hickmans, and Hetricks, and Simpsons, and
Lees,
McPhilimys, Crucigers, Whites, and Foodys;



William C. Martin

WILLIAM C. MARTIN, better known as "Stretch", left in mid-December after sixteen years in Dhahran, filling such positions as design engineer, Transportation Department; acting assistant superintendent, Abqaiq Transportation; design engineer, General Office

Armbrusters, Wassons, and Harpers, and such,
And many more friends that we miss very much.

Our hearts now are sad, as we must say adieu
To all of our friends, of long standing, and new;
For though your companionships we still admire,
We know that it's time for us now to retire.

Right now we have no idea where we will settle.
Wherever it is, we will keep on the kettle,
Service coffee or tea, or a drink that is strong,
When any of you friends should happen along.

The Harley's address will be given to all
When we find a haven to which you can call.
A welcome mat will be the first thing we'll buy
And we will expect every one of you by.

Ellen & Phil Harley

Transportation, and for the last ten years, technical design engineer. Stretch seems to have travelled so much in his younger days that he missed high school completely. A career in engineering began to appeal to him, however, while serving as aircraft instrument specialist and electrician with the Air Force. He mastered the requisite subjects, particularly science and math (via the self-taught route), and took the USAFI qualifying exam for a high school certificate. His score was so high that he was admitted without question to the School of Engineering, Oregon Institute of Technology, Oregon State College (now University). While earning his BS degree, Stretch also ran the school's mechanical laboratory and machine shop. Aramco was the new mechanical engineer's first employer, although in his pre-college years his construction firm had built logging roads and lumber camps. Stretch was a founding member of the Masonic Lodge in Dhahran and as a hobby enjoys high fidelity electronics. He and his wife, Nina, have long had square dancing as their favorite recreation and they were instrumental in organizing it in all three districts. They co-founded the Arabian Prominaders (Ras Tanura) and founded the Arabian Hoedowners (Dhahran), the Flares and Squares (Abqaiq) and the Arabian Square Dance Federation of which Stretch was chairman. Nina sews her own colorful costumes and Stretch's shirts for their square dancing and tools fine leather items, such as belts and hand bags. Stretch's metal jewelry skill has assured himself and his friends an ample supply of belt buckles and tie slides. A retirement location could be Western Australia, Tasmania, or home-state Oregon, where daughter Ellen attends Oregon State University at Corvallis. Pending a final decision, messages had best be directed care of Eileen Martin, 1680 Van Buren Street, Eugene, Oregon 97402.

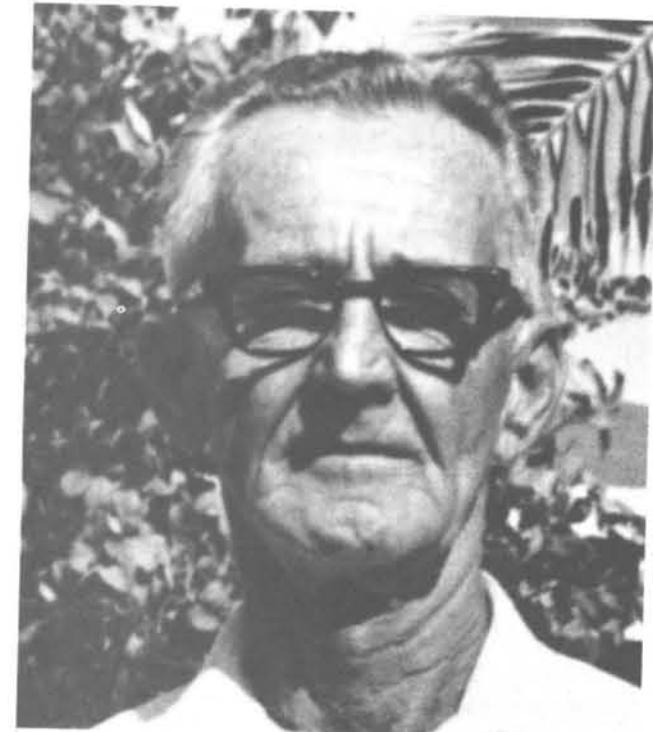
Skirting The Issue

Union waitresses in Mexico demand a new type of pay hike. "The higher the skirts - the higher the pay rate" is their demand. They claim there are a number of occupational hazards involved in wearing abbreviated skirts.

For twenty-two years WILLIAM W. JARRELL contributed much in personal time and effort to the community and activities of local groups. His wife, Steffie, worked equally hard to make a success of the projects and efforts in which they became involved. Bill and Steffie belonged to various local Masonic Groups, were ardent golfers, charter members of the RT Yacht Association. Bill helped build and maintain the facilities for the latter, and devoted considerable time toward construction of the Clubhouse for enjoyment of the golfers. Together, they put on or played a large part in the fabulous Beachcombers' Balls. Appreciative friends dedicated the 1968 Ball to their honor. Steffie departed a short time before her husband in order to be with daughter Carol Lee in Washington following the arrival of their first grandchild in mid-November. Their son, Dennis, attends Armstrong State College in Savannah, Georgia. Bill was born in Georgia and attended schools there and in South Carolina. He worked for General Motors, J. J. Jacobson Construction Company and Davis Engineering Company as maintenance machinist, welder, and supervisor, respectively. He spent two years in the Navy and acquired a yearning for distant places. Joining Aramco, he arrived in Ras Tanura in 1946. His jobs included welder, assistant foreman, foreman, inspector, night foreman, shops coordinator, and at time of retirement foreman, Metals Unit A. In mid-December Bill headed for Seattle via Bangkok, Honolulu and San Francisco. After getting acquainted with his new grandson, he and Steffie headed for Florida where they have built a home at 9576 Oakhurst Road in Largo. Until he gets tired of retirement, Bill expects to concentrate on Masonic activities, boating and golf.



G. B. FABER is another Hoosier returning to the U. S. Middle West for retirement - specifically, the Missouri Ozarks, 610 Parnell Drive, Branson, Missouri. Gil was born in southern Indiana, attended school in New Albany, worked with Greyhound Bus Company in New York for six years, then, after discharge from the Army following World War II, spent three and a half years in truck and automotive maintenance



William W. Jarrell

in Iceland. Gil went to Saudi Arabia in 1951, having spent a total of seventeen years with Aramco and Tapline by the time he departed last October. With the exception of a year at the LPG Plant in 1963-64, all of his service was in Transportation. He was foreman at the Tapline Turaif Station for nearly three years and subsequently became garage foreman in Abqaiq - the position from which he retired. It was while on assignment in Iceland that Gil met his wife, Heida. They have two sets of twin boys and a daughter, ranging in age from 20 to 6. (Gil must be a poker player, having described the group as "two pair and wild card for a full house.") Heida, of course, had her hands full when the children were younger, but more recently had enjoyed bridge and been active in the Women's and Fellowship Groups. Gil was a charter member of the Abqaiq Stables Group and hopes to eventually own some good riding horses - these in addition to Registered Santa Gertrudis cattle raising in which he has been involved for a time. Too, there will be ample opportunity for fishing, what with the Faber abode situated on the edge of Lake Taneycomo and including plenty of shore front for easy line wetting.

Here's a Persian Gulf campfire yarn which you may not have heard. That's old salt Art Stepney telling his story of

Life With Elsie

After the initial discovery of petroleum on Bahrein Island, and additional development wells proved the field was commercially successful, the matter of how and where to move the oil had to be decided. Standard Oil Company of California was alone in holding the operating rights, but it had no terminal, refinery, or marketing facilities anywhere near the area, and the existing companies in Iran and Iraq appeared to have the distribution of crude very well in hand.

It was obvious that the crude would have to be gathered and stored, and a sea-line to deep water constructed if there was ever to be any netback from the discovery.

In San Francisco, the Engineering and Marine departments went to work on the project which emerged as a gathering system with small pumping units in the field itself, a pipe line from the field to Sitrah, a bridge across the estuary between Sitrah and Bahrein, storage tanks on Sitrah, a pumping station, and a sealine from Sitrah to a deep water anchorage with mooring facilities. It was a simple installation to design, and all the materials and equipment were readily available, but construction was another thing. There were no contractors or experienced labor in the area; and while living accommodations were being built, they were needed for the personnel engaged in developing the concession, and perhaps a few of the construction staff.

It was decided to use the SS "El Segundo" (Elsie from now on) as a combination freighter, storehouse, and floating hotel during the construction, while anchored as close to Sitrah as possible. Elsie was small as tankers went even in those days, being capable of loading about 45,000 barrels of crudes or products. If I recall correctly, her launching plate stated she had been constructed in 1912, and she had spent her life running in and out of ports from California to Alaska with various products and crudes.

When Elsie arrived in the area between the Persian Gulf and India she must have taken a liking to it. While I do not have her history, I do know that in 1943 she carried five Aramco employees from Bahrein, including the current president of Aramco, Tom Barger. The man who met them in India and sent them on their way under war conditions was Capt. Ike Smith who was master of the Elsie on the trip I am trying to chronicle. I would like to think she ended her years proudly as well as noisily and wound up being cut up and reboiled into new plates used on some of the super-tankers now picking up cargoes at Bahrein and Ras Tanura.

During November of 1933 I had worked myself out of a temporary assignment in San Francisco, and was tapped for the new project after interviews with H. H. Hall, Max Thornburg and Charlie Deacon of Engineering, and with H. M. Shappell of Producing. As happens in these temporary assignments, it was in the combination guise of project material man and accountant, and seaman (?). I reported to Ray Hamilton, a marine architect who was in charge of refitting the Elsie as a cargo vessel, and of laying out a loading program that would always have the next required material at the top of the holds.

Elsie was placed in a San Francisco shipyard, her steam coils removed (she must have been carrying some very heavy stuff), and the tanks thoroughly cleaned. Cargo hatches were improvised to get the cargo in and out, and changes and additions made to provide sufficient, if tight, quarters for the crew. Galley facilities and cold storage space were improved upon to provide for the additional personnel. Normally a maximum of 27 could handle the Elsie, but we were 42 on the trip across the Pacific.

During the last of the conversion the cargo accumulated in San Francisco was placed on board and she sailed for San Pedro about

December 24th. We commenced loading the Los Angeles cargo on December 26th. Although it was impossible for Elsie to carry all the materials and equipment for the project, she did carry the equipment, tools and supplies for the tank erectors and welders, tank bottom plates, line pipe and fittings, lumber, and mooring buoys, anchors and chain, all of which enabled the construction crews to go right to work as soon as we arrived at Bahrein. The balance of the materials was carried by commercial carrier to Manama and from there to the sites by truck or by barge or or dhow to our small Sitrah pier.

The signing on of the crew took place during the two days prior to sailing. A few words about the crew and officers, who deserve full credit for the success of the project, would not be amiss. They had been hand picked by some very discerning gentlemen and there were very few defections after being offered the assignment. The deck and engine room officers were all pros with company service records depending entirely upon their ages. The master was Capt. Ike Smith, first officer Ted Clausing, second officer Rodgers, third Mann, and cadet Fox, whose father was skipper of a SOCAL tanker at the time, as Joe Fox became later. Chief Engineer was Harry Ehlers, who was later a shore officer for the company in the East, and the first assistant was Jonesy who became chief in his own right not long after. The bosun and crew were very few but were accustomed to running in and out of ports and handling and caring for the pumps, hoses, lines, winches and other things that make operation possible on a vessel. Almost all were working on improving their rating on deck and engine room work, looking forward to licensed ratings. As for the amateurs, (sailors that is) the welding contingent under Lonny Bell seemed to hold down the quartermasters and other deck chores, while the tank erector types under Fred Hampton took over the oiler, fireman, black gang jobs in the boiler and engine rooms. There was hardly enough work to go around, but we did have plenty of paint and chipping hammers to give everybody some activity on the voyage out.

We cast off on the afternoon of December 31st, 1933, slipped down the channel and headed for sea. There was a sizable group of wives and friends to wave bye-bye at the breakwater, and I recall one leather lunged gentleman calling to someone to bring him back a Persian pussy-cat. Looking back toward Pasadena we saw a steely

grey sky which caused a killer cloudburst in Altadena and almost made a swimming pool out of the Rose Bowl for the 1934 bowl game.

Our projected course followed the southern circle route to a point north of the Phillippines, down the China sea, through the Strait of Malacca, across the Indian Ocean and Arabian Sea to Bombay. Then across to the Gulf of Oman and into the Persian Gulf to Bahrein.

The voyage was livened up a few days out when it became necessary to jettison some buoy poles and derrick spars carried as deck cargo during rough weather. Here, as in most games and in business, the old pros showed their mettle and removed the loose cargo before it could damage the vessel. Most of us converted landlubbers looked on in awe.

Although some of the more gullible were disappointed when the mail buoy at the International Date Line failed to materialize (as promised by the old pros), the engine was stopped within sight of the tallest chimneys of Singapore to pick up and dispatch mail at a Socony or Stanvac terminal on a very small island. The first time we dropped the hook was at an explosives anchorage off Bombay to pick up a few tons of dynamite. Bombay was a pleasant and welcome break in the trip and the only stop we made. Everybody had some time ashore and enjoyed the change.

Within a few days we arrived in the vicinity of Bahrein and felt and sounded our way along a channel guided by the sloop - buoy tender SS "Nearchus". The channel lead to a good anchorage off Sitrah, with good access to a channel through shoal water leading to the newly constructed stone and sand fill pier on the Sitrah shore.

When the mist cleared we could see the two Rafaas. From the distance they looked very livable, but we lived to learn. At Awali, the first of the bachelor's quarters were going up, and with the aid of a powerful pair of binoculars we were introduced to a new - at least to us - type of construction. Ed Skinner appeared in the customs launch, and after we had cleared quarantine, came aboard to welcome us. If I recall correctly it was February 22nd, Washington's Birthday 1934, or 54 days out of San Pedro.

Stevedores, dhows, and barges appeared and

the activity became just another fast moving project with some salty overtones. The equipment and materials were taken ashore through the shallow channel which wound its way among fish traps and shallow spots at certain tides. The pier had a serviceable winch and derrick and was close to the tank farm and pump station sites.

The construction men were taken ashore in power boats along the same channel, leaving about dawn and returning late in the afternoon. It was possible to place some of the men working inland on the gathering lines and pipeline in the Nissen huts at the Jebel, and in the partly completed housing at Awali. A Nissen hut at the Jebel became the project H.Q. for Charlie Deacon and Elmer Nelson, but Deke returned to the Elsie every night — ostensibly to review the day's activities and plan tomorrow's, but more probably to enjoy the groceries put out by our good Philipino galley group. We were able to set up a small canteen to soften the impact of the welding glare and rivet-rattle of the days drudgery, making it possible to awake and face another day of the same. As I have said of the crew of the Elsie, the welders and tank erectors had been hand picked as previous members of crews building projects such as the Estero Bay pipe line, sea line, and terminal; many other large and small terminals and bulk plants; and some very important refinery enlargements and improvements.

The gathering system and main line from the field to Sitrah was routine construction. The Bahreini quickly learned to act as welders helpers and roustabouts. Some Iraqi, experienced in rivetting and caulking, aided the slender force of tankies, and the Bahreini learned rapidly. With this initial work, the cream of the crop of available Bahreinis started coming to the top, and provided the nucleus of men to train for the more important jobs to come.

The sea-line was welded in 500 foot sections alongside the Sitrah pier and inland, placed on floats, and towed out through the crooked channel like a snake. The first mile or so was across the tidal flat and was welded joint by joint and supported by stone supports well above high tide by regular methods. The next mile was under water ranging to twelve feet deep and made up of the 500 foot sections welded together. The last section, about a mile, was welded in the shoal water to be towed out to the anchorage and con-

nected to the rest by some Van Stone flanges. During the pulling operation by the Elsie the cable snapped and had to be repaired by splicing with the aid of some old cable tool drilling lines of various sizes and lays. After that something snapped on the Elsie's towing winch, but the old girl stayed together and finished the pulling job successfully.

A rather rough shamal and the strong currents in the area where the line took the plunge from shoal to deep water proved too much for the Van Stone flanges and they were removed. I talked to Lonny Bell recently by phone to Morro Bay and he told me that he made the final welds with the masterful assistance of Harry Ehlers and Ted Clausing; once again the pros came through. In placing the connections at the end of the line and attaching the sea hose the American divers never had it so good. Attending them were two Bahreini pearl divers who would put a clothespin on their noses and deliver the wrench, bolt or whatever the diver had telephoned for a minute earlier.

The pump station, a relatively simple installation of gasoline engine driven pumps had kept pace with the project in general, and it seemed no time at all before the lines and tanks were tested, which led to a party attended by the British officials, prominent Bahreini and Bapco personnel. One tank roof was pumped up with testing water to within four feet of the top. Carpets were strewn around and refreshment counters set up. Everybody had a good time.

Oil began to flow from the field and into the tanks. The Elsie had been reconditioned from a cargo vessel to a tanker and took on a cargo of crude which she delivered to Japan on the voyage home. It was the first oil shipped by an American controlled company on an American flag vessel from the Persian Gulf.

I have a Certificate of Discharge dated May 31st, 1934, certified by Col. Gordon Loch, which proves — at least to me — that I was a seaman once upon a time. I moved to the Jebel and took on the duties of operating the Storehouse and Commissary. Connie joined me, in a converted Nissen hut at the Jebel, during December 1934 and we stayed on Bahrein until April 1937. After a three month assignment in Germany and London, we returned to San Francisco and were then transferred to the newly formed Cal-Tex

purchasing organization in New York.

Within a short time several other members of Elsie's complement returned to Bahrein as new projects arose, and some, with the rapid rise in Cal-Tex activities and the development of Casoc-Aramco, spent the rest of their professional lives among these groups. During 1936-37, the first sizable refinery was erected, with Charlie Deacon — he followed Ed Skinner as manager of Bapco — handling that project. Lonny Bell returned on this job, and until retirement was on several other Cal-Tex refinery and terminal projects. Ted Clausing, Elsie's first mate, took a shore job in Arabia and lost his life in an accident at Al Khobar. Two of the welding specialists, Art Manson and Jack Loe wound up in Saudi Arabia, and eventually retired from there. There were many more who dropped in, over the years, to see me during my years in New York with Cal-Tex and Texaco.

This process was reversed in at least one instance. When Elsie arrived at Bahrein, we were assigned three English trainees, Graham, Hopper and Sissons. They were the type of young English gentlemen, who, during their school days, would cook up such projects as flying the headmaster's pajama lowers from the school flagpole by tacking them on after shinnying up the pole at considerable risk to life and limb. Naturally they met their match — after business hours — among some of Elsie's more competent jokers either aboard or on shore, and it made paydays-off all the merrier. Hopper served several years on Bahrein and was transferred to Socal in California for a thorough grounding in company Petroleum Engineering. After that he was in Venezuela, and later transferred to administrative duties around New Orleans and Houston where he passed away a few years ago. I am sure that many other Bahrein trained personnel have gone over to Cal-Tex and its parents and have made excellent marks.

* * * * *

Did you ever pause to think that computers, the glamour tools of modern industries, might suffer indignities when they are no longer needed, just as people sometimes do? Our comedown item: Abbott Laboratories' old computer was parked temporarily in a hallway awaiting final disposition. Someone came along and attached a note which read, "This machine owes me 10¢".

Kathy Tracey Weds

When Miss Kathleen Audrey Tracey became the bride of Michael Philip Soran on December 28 in Sacred Heart Catholic Church, Medford, Oregon, the ring she presented her bridegroom had first been worn by her father — a former Tapliner.

The bride is the daughter of Mrs. Everett S. Tracey, One Black Oak Drive, Medford, Oregon, and the late Mr. Tracey.

The Traceys with daughter Kathleen and son Stanley had left Saudi Arabia in late 1965 following Mr. Tracey's early retirement from Tapline as Maintenance Foreman, Rafha. Mr. Tracey succumbed to a heart attack a few months later, on March 26, 1966.

The former Miss Tracey majored in secretarial science at the Southern Oregon College. She had earlier attended Senior Staff School classes at pump stations along the 'Line as well as the American Community School in Beirut.

Mr. Soran is also a graduate in Business Administration of Southern Oregon College. He will attend United States Naval Officers Candidate School in February in Newport, R. I., and the couple will make their first home in that city.

The reception was given by the bride's mother at Rogue Valley Country Club. Mrs. Tracey, who had damaged her voice box in a car accident last October and was unable to talk for six weeks, managed to get well in time for the wedding.

— *The Periscope, Feb. 1969*



Sign in a jewelry store: "This is the place to get your bunny a carat".

* * * * *

Boss to secretary: "Head this memo 'Strictly Confidential'. I want everyone in the office to read it."



J. R. McBride

J. R. MC BRIDE, Jr. left Dhahran on January 30 after fourteen years with Aramco, serving as job analyst, senior analyst in Data Processing, and most recently as industrial engineer. Bob had previously spent eighteen years as Industrial Relations research advisor and industrial engineer with the Reed Roller Bit Company in Houston, Texas. His retirement will be in name only, since he recently joined Bechtel Corporation. Hope had preceded her husband by several months with their son J. R. III and daughter Nina. Now, the family is reunited and the McBrides can be reached at their new home in Walnut Creek, California, 3334 Inverness Drive. Bob and Hope are both very fond of bridge. He is looking forward to a Garden, U. S. travel and golf (fairways free of goats and camels) – she no doubt to continuing her photography and ceramics. With his home empty except for the crated furniture, these lines tell of Bob McBride's thoughts

ON LEAVING DHAHRAN
(For the Last Time)

Oh Dhahran sitting on a hill
Above a sandy plain,
We'll treasure our thoughts of you
Though we never return again.

For memories we take away
Of a home away from home,
Of friendships and problems shared

Wherever we may roam.

The sounds and smells of evening
With the Muslim call to prayer,
The brilliance of the stars at night
In the desert air.

The market place at Al Khobar,
The beach at Half Moon Bay,
The road to Ras Tanura,
The dunes along the way.

The lighted derrick on the hill,
The domed mosque below,
The beautiful Arab terminal
Where the planes come and go.

Fishing in the Gulf and in the Bay
For Spadees and Hamoor,
Blue, Blue skies and golden sand
And the hypnotic spin of the lure.

Golf at Rolling Hills Country Club
Where camels and goats abound,
Twenty-seven holes whose greens
Aren't really green but brown.

Championship courts and alleys
For Tennis and for Bowling,
The Patio and Swimming Pool
For swimming and for lolling.

The rooms for duplicate bridge,
The libraries for reading,
The many things to see and do
If companionship you're needing.

Dhahran school and teachers all,
Who helped our students along the way,
And taught and guided at work and play
From kindergarten to graduation day.

Count your blessings – El Hamdulillah!
Fate plays a hand – Inshallah!
Holiday or Pay Day – Wajid Zahan!
Sometimes have to wait – Badayn!

And last but not least of all,
We'll remember all our neighbors
Here and there and scattered abroad,
Or retired from their labors.

Oh, Dhahran we were pleased to share
A part in your historic past,
And hope that through the years to come
Your environs will grow and last.

The GEORGE H. PATTERSONS have had lots of time since leaving Abqaiq late last summer to apply their gardening and landscaping talents to their home at 1116 Amelia Drive, Bixby Knolls in Long Beach, California. In fact, they may have had time to work on their bridge and golf, Pat to go fishing or hunting, and Lenore to do some artistic dabbling. Or they might even have done some more traveling, of which they are so fond. Pat was born in Colorado, moved early to California and attended Polytechnic High School in Long Beach (the same school later attended by daughter Jacquelyn). Pat's long career in the petroleum industry began when he took a course in Oil Well Drilling Technique. He was with Getty and Superior Oil companies, Brown Drilling and now-named Byron Jackson Services before joining Socal as a derrick man in March 1943. He very shortly transferred to Casoc (Aramco's predecessor) and made the 55-day voyage to the Middle East aboard the S. S. Sharswood. Now that Pat has departed, only one of the original thirty five Aramcons making the now-famous trip is left. Pat was first assigned to Transportation then assisted in completing several record making wells, working out of Dhahran until 1951, when he was transferred to Abqaiq as foreman, Rotary Drilling for a year. He returned to Dhahran in the same capacity for five years, spent nine



Pat and Lenore Patterson

years in the Exploration Department, and in 1966 headed back to Abqaiq Drilling Division and the position of assistant drilling supervisor which he filled until leaving.

MORE SMALL ITEMS

A note from Presley Adams in March said he had finished his three-year assignment as start-up engineer with Burns and Roe in Nova Scotia and was back in San Francisco. He had been involved in the start-up and initial operation of the Heavy Water plant at Glace Bay for Deuterium of Canada Limited. A self-styled "Overseas breed of cat", he's looking around for something else in his field. Anyone need a good operator?

A late-winter note from Grace Herisco's sister reported that our traveling gal was still in southern Spain and planning to head northward come Spring. . . playing a lot of golf, studying Spanish, making new friends, visiting with old

friends who were touring Europe – many of them Aramco people. Then one day in April, we looked up to see Grace in the doorway, enroute to Illinois for a visit with her family. She's promised to send a story about these past wonderful months in Europe. And we do hope she gets the first travelogue to us before her next attack of wanderlust. We could sense it building up – tone of voice, look in the eye – you know the symptoms.

Adding still another name to our outside-the-country list, Carl Butler advised from London in January, "I have taken up residence in England and intend to spend a few years here at the minimum".



Raymond D. Smith

the Bristol Brass Corporation, then join the Navy as Courts and Boards yeoman and captain's writer. You do accounting for Penn Grayhound, then for Kusse Greenhouse, work in Plant Production for both Chevrolet and Ford, then join Aramco's Dhahran Identification Section in September, 1952. You work in Identification both in Abqaiq and Dhahran, become night foreman in 1962 and stay in that position until you get ready to retire. It also helps to be married to someone like Dorothea who enjoys growing things too. Ray and Dorothea were big prize winners for their vegetable entries in Abqaiq and Dhahran garden shows and continually supplied their neighbors with surplus common as well as rare vegetables from their converted front yard garden. Together they enjoy rock collecting and spent much time exploring the beaches and the desert. Ray's interests also include fishing, boating, stamp collecting. He was a member of the Automobile Club and Fellowship Group. Dorothea likes horseback riding, painting and flower arranging. Upon leaving Dhahran last September, they stopped off in Holland, Ireland and Germany before heading for the U. S. and visits in Connecticut and Ohio enroute to Florida. There they are looking forward to a reunion with son Jeffry, who had been in the Army for over a year. Their contact address is 557 Johns Pass Avenue, Madeira Beach, Florida 33708.

What's the best route to becoming accomplished gardener? If your name is RAYMOND D. SMITH, it is to be born in Madison, Maine, attend school in Plainville, Connecticut, complete your accounting studies at Moody Business College in nearby New Britain, go to work for

A FINE ONE-HALF

We've heard from James Tallmadge in previous issues about the careers of the twins, particularly Kim and her movie making in London. We had the pleasure in mid-February of watching Kim and the others who make up "The Magnificent Six and 1/2" gang. CBS-TV (New York) used three of their comedy episodes on its Sunday afternoon Children's Films program. Kim, smallest of this group of talented youngsters, is "1/2". Their escapades are surprisingly reminiscent of the U. S.-made "Our Gang" comedies of a much earlier era.

Dear Virginia:

Your letter arrived this morning, along with

the page from "TV Guide" announcing the showing of the three films of "The Magnificent Six and 1/2". It makes us very happy that you have had pleasure in seeing the films. We do hope that the other three that have been sold to the U. S. TV producers have been, or will be shown soon. We have had letters from two other friends that saw them. Your letter really gave us a lift... I think my chest measurement is four inches larger today.

Kimi is hard at work on an additional six films, the first one of this series will be completed in three or four days. The title is "The Astronauts". The gang builds a rocket from an

The GORDON WILSONS charted their route carefully and departed Dhahran on February twenty second for the long and scenic trip by car across Arabia, into Europe, around the Mediterranean and up to Lisbon, boarding ship there for Caracas, Venezuela and eventually Port Everglades, Florida. Gordon and Mildred plan to continue their travelling after retirement - around Florida by boat from their own home dock in Vero Beach and throughout the United States and Canada by car. Gordon's interests have also included radio electronics, photography and swimming. Mildred enjoys sewing and bridge and both of the Wilsons have been quite active in Masonic Group activities. They have three sons. Wayne, the youngest, is with the Air Force in Vietnam; the other two live in California - Gordon Jr. in Anaheim; Rogert, married, in Tustin. Until they get settled, the Wilsons should be contacted at 2116 North Bristol, Santa Ana, California. Gordon's retirement completes a twenty-year career with Aramco, which began in May 1948 as an air-conditioning and refrigeration foreman. He transferred to the Utilities Division in 1953 and four years later became air-conditioning foreman, his most recent position. Gordon was born in Wisconsin, grew up and attended school in Santa Ana, California, and secured his special training at the Refrigeration and Air-Conditioning Institute in Chicago. Prior to joining Aramco, he worked for



Gordon Wilson

the Pullman Company as air-conditioning inspector and trouble shooter and for the electrical maintenance section of the Aluminum Company of America.

old junk yard boiler (the film will certainly be a boiler). Kimi's part is the engineer who operates the blast-off console. Zerrin and I will go to Heathrow Airport on Saturday to watch the event, where the film people are setting up the props. Mr. Booth, the director, has invited us to come, followed by lunch.

Your letter and TV program will be put in her scrapbook. We do hope that the TV audience will ask for more of the films, as public approval is very important in this business. We are very happy that you have remembered us and your approval, as well as your friends approval, is

"just smashing". Bless you!

Here in London, all is well with us. We are in good health and comfortable. I spent three months (October to January) in Arizona with my sisters, one of whom has not been in good health for several years. I did have ten days in Los Angeles, but am sorry I couldn't get to New York. My flight was directly from Los Angeles to London, over the North Pole, or nearly so. But we will be coming, or going, home one of these days, where we can have warm summers. . .

James and Zerrin Tallmadge, Kimi and Sefik



W. P. Kulpa

Sun and Flare said W. P. KULPA would "... never get away. . . 'til he tells the Secret"! How wrong they were — it's still his

(we think). You like fish stories? Bill is a fisherman and says that (along with a friend) he once caught on one trip 3000 clams, 18 hamoor and 112 boxes of chocolate cookies! He sneaked away alright — but please let us know about those cookies if you ever find out. . . We weren't sure whether Bill's secret related to the cookies he caught or to a barbecue marinade with which he piqued the palates of numerous friends during his twenty years in Saudi Arabia. You see, Bill also enjoys golf, bowling, photography, woodworking and cooking (he once owned a restaurant). Bill was born in Canada, educated in Chicago, worked for General Motors and served in the Merchant Marine — then joined Aramco early in 1949. He began with Construction and completed his tenure as Material Supply controlman, MS&T. Jeff, his bride of over twenty-five years, enjoys many of Bill's hobbies — golf, bowling and cooking. They have two children, Linda, a senior at the University of Arizona in Tucson, and young Bill, with the Air Force in Viet Nam. The Kulpas have designed a home which they plan to build in Eugene, Oregon, after their Virgin Islands — Southern U. S. vacation. In the meantime contacts should be directed to 7799 91st Street North, Seminole, Florida.

TAIN'T A FIT NIGHT OUT...

The Pastermacks got back to home base in Port Orchard, Washington in early February after spending six weeks in Southern California. They even paid a very short visit across the border in Mexico. They wanted to check out certain areas in the event they ever decided to relocate — got so busy and involved that they didn't get to visit with all the friends they thought they would.

Dear Virginia:

We left Port Orchard about noon December 22nd, fifteen minutes after it started to snow — and what a trip down, at least until we reached Red Bluff, California. Our first night stopover was in Portland after plowing through snow all

the way down. We only made it through Siskiyou pass the next day and were forced to stop overnight in Weed, California, at the foot of Mt. Shasta. Oddly enough, when we later spoke to Barbara St. John in San Francisco we discovered she had stayed over in Weed the same night, only she was heading North to visit in Oregon over the holidays.

Our stopover in Weed is worth mentioning in detail as it was an experience! We arrived there about 6 p.m. It was very dark, snowing, and the wind blowing a gale, which made it difficult to see. Along with that, the snow was piled almost six feet high in the middle of the street and along the curbs, allowing barely enough room for the

When VOL WILLIAMS departed Dhahran last October, following an Aramco career of nearly twenty-five years, traveling companions for the trip home were his two black poodles, Cherie and her son Pierre. After seven years with Continental Supply Company in Texas and a year with Moore Dry Dock in San Francisco, Vol joined Aramco in June 1944. His early years with the Company were spent in various jobs in the Storehouse, first in Dhahran, later in Abqaiq. In 1952 he moved to Dhahran as assistant coordinator, MS&T, G.O., then returned to Abqaiq the following year as superintendent, Residential Services Division. In August 1959 he assumed the duties of superintendent of Residential Services in Dhahran, the position from which he retired. Golf was Vol's favorite recreation for many years, and when his retirement location is decided, one thing is certain, it will be in a warm climate (perhaps South Texas or Florida) and near a good green golf course. In the meantime, friends may reach him c/o Park M. Crawford, 1001 West Pawnee Street, Cleveland, Oklahoma 74020.

Vol has been doing quite a bit of traveling about since his stateside arrival last fall. He turned Cherie over to his sister and she also puppy-sits Pierre when Vol's safaris don't include his small pal. He's been looking over likely settling areas and visiting old friends in



Vol Williams

Florida, Texas, Arkansas and Arizona. When he made a recent surprise visit to New York there was little doubt that he'd found warm and sunny winter golfing spots in order to keep that fresh-from-the-desert looking tan.

car. There are only two motels. The one in town was filled up and we did not know about the other until we talked to Barbara, as that is where she stayed. We spoke to a policeman and he gave directions to another part of town which boasted about four hotels.

We did manage to get a room in the New Western Hotel — the New was probably added to the name back in 1880. It was an old wooden structure over a bar — no doubt in the old days it was the saloon — and one reached the hotel section by way of a narrow flight of stairs. There was no office or reception desk as such, but at the head of the stairs in the hallway was a table upon which was a ledger or register. To

sign the register was optional; however, I did so and therefore left a record of our stopover.

The rooms were small cubby holes. There was a radiator in our room with no wheel on the valve to open it. I got it open though with a small pair of pliers from an Aramco Safety kit which we always carry with us. For a moment after it was open we thought it would give forth with some heat; but, alas, we probably were far away from the boiler, and in keeping with the hotel it probably just could not make the grade. I was the lucky one, for the little boys' room was right next door. Poor Ruth had to traverse down a long hallway, around a corner, and down another hallway. On a cold windy night, and I mean cold,

DON WALLACE thinks he may hold some sort of a record within the Socal-Aramco family of affiliates. He joined Socal in 1932 after attending Healds Business College in his native San Francisco. He has since worked primarily in industrial relations, with Caltex, Bapco, Socal (Alaska), American Overseas Petroleum, Tapline, Aramco, AOC in The Hague, and back with Aramco, where his last position was that of superintendent, U. S. Dollar Personnel, followed by special assignments in the Industrial Relations Department. Don's positions have been in six different countries, with work assignments in four others. With Aramco he has worked in all three districts, as well as at Ras al-Mish'ab during his Tapline days. Don's first trip to the Persian Gulf took seven days flying time from Marseilles to Bahrain, where his first job was that of "host" and president of the Employees Group. Don and Melda were married in Bombay in 1938 and she also became an active part of the local scene following a rough monsoon-season honeymoon trip across the Arabian Sea. Their twin daughters, Christine and Marlene, are married, live in San Mateo and are mothers of the Wallace's three grandchildren. Don and Melda have many overseas hobbies to bring to whatever stateside location they select. Both have been active in SAO golfing activities — trophies attest to their prowess. Don is a Mason and was an ardent sailor and member of the Outing Group. Melda will no doubt find a niche with local women's groups wherever they decide to settle. Their daughters planned to



D. K. Wallace

join Don and Melda for some European travel by car before returning to the U. S. by boat. They also planned to visit friends along their auto route from the East Coast to California, where in the meantime they may be reached c/o Mrs. Ethel Fox, 3636 Oso Street, San Mateo.

However, I want to assure you that I am not complaining. We got a kick out of it and we certainly were much better off than lots of others. They had closed the Pass and the town was jammed, so they were putting people up in the City Hall, Churches, Police Station, etc. We lived through it and left town at 8 a.m. the next morning. A lot of snow and ice, with chains required until 12 miles before Red Bluff; but with it all we arrived at our son's house in Richmond early in the afternoon. Somehow we seem to have odd experiences when we travel like that, but that only makes life more interesting — even though I am the type that likes my comfort and get very annoyed when things happen to make it



Murlin and Twila Jones

MURLIN D. JONES had completed a thirty-two year career in the oil industry at the time of his departure from Abqaiq in February. The twenty-six years spent in Saudi Arabia were

difficult.

You have no doubt heard all about the heavy rains they had in California. Well, we ran into plenty of it. I must say though that even though we were in Long Beach when they had all those slides and caveins, we experienced no trouble. We did see a number of nice homes or locations, but we are very undecided as to what we should do, not knowing exactly what we want. You can be sure, however, that we will devote a lot of time and investigation before making any move whatsoever. At least all was not lost for we missed all the snow here in the Northwest, which was very unusual. When we got back I had

cause for comparing the early forties' production of 31,000 barrels a day with the current daily average approaching three million. Murlin was born in Washington, Kansas, finished high school in Kansas City, and was initially employed as an assistant engineer by the Jordan Bakeries in Topeka. He entered the oil industry with the Research and Development Department of Standard Oil Company of California in August 1937, transferring to Aramco in 1943. Starting as senior operator at the Dhahran Stabilizer, he moved to Ras Tanura the following year as Refinery foreman, becoming Terminal foreman, then administrative assistant to the district manager in 1949. He returned to Dhahran three years later as superintendent of District Plants and Pipelines. He had been superintendent of 'Udhailiyah Southern Producing Area since 1961. Murlin and Twila Jones are keenly interested in travel, both were members of the Fellowship Group, both enjoy fishing, bridge and gardening. Murlin's thumb is particularly green and he has numerous garden show blue ribbons to prove his skill with flowers and vegetables. He also enjoys working with wood — carving and constructing. The Jones have three children. Son Myles is married to the former Charlyn Hamilton of Dhahran and they have two boys. Daughter Twila is also married and lives in Iowa. Their other son, Marshall, makes his home in Houston, Texas, as does Myles who is taking messages for his parents at 12850 Butterfly Lane until they get settled, probably somewhere along the gulf coast.

to shovel snow over a foot deep from our driveway before I was able to get into the garage. There is still a lot around but it is melting away.

The weather has certainly been a bit rough throughout the entire country so far this winter, as you too have had reason to so recently experience. We particularly thought of all our friends there in the east, digging themselves out from all that snow. Believe me I did not envy anyone; however, perhaps they enjoyed it.

Sincerely,

Monroe Pastermack



Walter E. Palmer

When WALTER E. PALMER left Dhahran in December, it was to take a direct flight to Ohio to spend the holidays with his family. After that he was reported as saying his major retirement activities would be to spoil his grandchildren. Walt left after sixteen years of service with Aramco, all spent in supervisory positions either with Dhahran District Accounting or, after the consolidation, the General Accounting Department. He retired as supervisor, Drilling Accounting. There was no question about Walt's devotion to children. His consuming interest and major activity during his years in Dhahran was his association with the Arabian Little League. If he wasn't working for the League - as official scorer, publicity agent and Sun & Flare liaison, or in that time-consuming job of statistician - he was one of their most devoted spectators, traveling to one district or another to watch the boys perform. He is no doubt sorely missed in Little League circles. Friends who wish to get in touch may reach him at 9512 Union Cemetery Road, Loveland, Ohio 45140.

OLLIE DEVINE had spent the last twenty-one of his thirty-two petroleum industry years in Saudi Arabia. Ollie transferred to Aramco from California Research in 1947 as a wage and salary analyst and devoted most of his time and talents thereafter to Industrial Relations. Upon leaving in November, he and Fran took a leisurely two and a half month trip by Dutch freighter through the Pacific - destination, their home, Stateline, Nevada, Box 4232. They relaxed in Los Angeles for ten days, then drove up to Lake Tahoe, only to find thirty-foot snowdrifts in 8° temperature, their girl tenants unable to move out and they unable to move in. Finally the snows melted, the weather got to be gorgeous and the Devines got into their own place on May 1. At last report they had been to San Francisco, had dinner at Place Pigalle, had visited with old friends, and to quote Ollie, "settling in is harder work than work".



Oliver T. Devine

Abu Dhabi Dateline

Dear Virginia:

\$57.00 for a medium size and medium grade leg of Ham! That is what we paid the other day in this "boom town". Shades of the old Alaskan Gold Rush days! Buildings are going up like mad, roads are being built to go everywhere and everything is brand new. Just a year or so ago there were one or two buildings, and now every major trade is here, including the names of shopkeepers, etc. from Bahrain and Al Khobar. And above all, every construction company - every one that can hang out a shingle or buy a rubber stamp - is here to do construction.

I'm with the firm that built the American Embassy in London, England. We are building a road all the way across this country. It's quite fascinating to watch the giant bulldozers go

steadily across the sand dunes, leveling them for the blacktop that follows on behind with its invariable white necktie. Trees are planted beside the road as we go along and new towns seem to spring up from nowhere. This main road follows the old camel route used since the year one. We hope to be finished by July 1969 and then maybe no more roads elsewhere.

Please keep up the good work.

Very sincerely,

C. G. "Bill" Bailey

The above was penned on January 24, to be followed by this a month later.

Thanks kindly for your note and the magazine.

I come from New England and before Aramco, spent most of my time in New York City - I know well what you mean by cold feet along the New York Central and the New Haven Railroad. I used to walk miles up and down their platforms trying to keep warm... At night here in Abu Dhabi we still need plenty of blankets - it drops from 80° to 40°.

I was certainly glad to read about my former co-workers in AAAJ. Paul Mandaville wrote me a nice letter and has a car ready for us, when and if we get there, already stocked with golf clubs.

Abu Dhabi is outdoing Kuwait. It grows overnight - wide double lane highways, with their gardens, multi-story buildings, docks, airports - it is amazing. It will be beautiful. Abu Dhabi's buildings are like those in Beirut, but Al-Ain's buildings are like those in Mozambique - very colorful. All-in-all, this is really a going community and I like the place. You should come over and take a look.

Beautiful, but...

A January dated letter from the Rowland Corrys in Utah, by Claire,

Dear Virginia:

Yesterday, the wind was blowing towards the North; today it is blowing towards the South. We have a beautiful view out the window with mountains in the background (snow-capped), and what looks like a little Swiss village at the foot of the mountain. Guess I will have to learn to sway with the wind in order to keep from longing for a milder climate. Spring, summer and fall are my favorite seasons in this area, even tho the snow is beautiful in the winter and I am always happy for the skiiers. Perhaps the solution is for us to take up skiing, but I am afraid I would end up in the hospital.

After all the snow in December, we seem to be having a January thaw. This pleases me, because I am not afraid to drive in the rain. Perhaps we will have an early Spring. This, too,



Ralph Ricketson

RALPH RICKETSON and his wife, Eleanor, headed for Florida when they left Dhahran in April, stopping off to see daughter Anne and her husband, both with the American University in

Beirut. After Europe, they might also schedule a visit in Charlotte, North Carolina, for a visit with their daughter Cynthia and son Ralph Jr., and his family. When settled Ralph Sr. hopes to raise pine trees, possibly some beef cattle, and may do some consulting. Other interests include reading, chess and the production of sound home movies. Eleanor plans to continue her computer programming and both expect to leave enough time for the travelling of which they are so fond. They can be reached at 1324 N. W. 16th Avenue, Apt. 50, Gainesville, Florida 32601. Ralph was born in Georgia, received his BA from Mercer University in Macon, did graduate work at George Washington University in Washington, D. C. and Emory University in Atlanta. He was with the Library of Congress in Washington, the U. S. Department of Labor and the National War Labor Board in Atlanta, and the Champion Paper and Fibre Company of Hamilton, Ohio. Ralph joined Aramco in April 1956 as a development analyst in wages and salaries. He held acting assignments, such as wage and salary superintendent in Abqaiq and as coordinator in Dhahran, moved to staff analyst there, then to executive compensation advisor. In 1964, he became coordinator, compensation, a position subsequently retitled advisor and which he retained until his departure.

would please me, so I am keeping my fingers crossed. Do hope that the weather, the oil strikes and the flu bug are easing up on our N. Y. friends. Many of them have been very ill.

I was flattened by the flu over the holidays — caught it from my grandchildren. This was the first Christmas in years that I was well organized, and I was going to do so much but everything had to be cancelled. I am just beginning to feel normal again. RPC has good resistance, because he was exposed more than once and did not get the bug.

I watched the Inauguration ceremony on TV yesterday and enjoyed it immensely even tho I found myself with tears in my eyes a few times.

Whether it is just my nature, or whether anyone who spent many years overseas gets sentimental over patriotic music, parades, flags, ceremonies, etc., I don't know. When we used to return from Arabia on our vacations to the States, I could hardly wait to see that good old Statue of Liberty. Also, I often compare the opportunities of this country to those of other countries I have seen, and I am always so thankful to be so blessed to live in America.

We had a pleasant year, highlighted of course by the one big trip ending up in N. Y. Only sorry we were not able to stay there longer, and that I was not able to come in to the City with RPC. Next time we will try to come that way first!

GEORGE HOWARD, with his wife Carolyn and granddaughter Mimi, left Dhahran in December, ending a twenty-one year career with Aramco. Following a reunion with family, including eight more grandchildren in the area, his first order of business was to get settled in their oak-shaded home in Sonoma, California at 555 Michael Drive. There were the landscaping and the roses to get behind them before there would be much time for traveling or very many outside activities. George is an avid reader, enjoys stereo music, bridge and cooking. He was a member of several Masonic organizations and the Half-Moon Yachting Association. He and Carolyn were both active in the Canterbury Group — she in the Women's Group, and is a past president of Nejmat-as-Sharq. One of her greatest contributions over the years may well have been to the many children who, under her capable instructions, became accomplished swimmers. A true son of California, George was born in Stockton, attended Oroville Union High School, Sacramento Junior College and the University of California, Berkeley. He had been in the food business for twelve years — in supermarket partnership in San Leandro for five — before entering military service in 1943. Following action-packed participation in the Pacific war, George joined Aramco in 1947. His first assignment was that of stockman in Ras Tanura's



George Howard

Commissary, followed by senior stockman and acting storekeeper. He transferred to Dhahran in 1956 as material supply controlman, first in the Commissary and later in the General Storehouse.

Seasons greetings from California! We are now annuitants of the Arabian American Oil Company, and after twenty-five years of exciting life in an oil company camp, we are looking forward to life in this area of California. Since our return from Saudi Arabia, we have looked at a number of places in which to settle (Arizona, Sonoma Valley, Lake Havasu City, Southern Oregon, Nevada) and we have decided to locate somewhere in the San Diego area. We are giving serious consideration to the lovely Rancho Bernardo complex which is 28 miles north of downtown San Diego, and due East of Oceanside. We feel this area meets our basic requirements of being smog free, and near a metropolitan area which will provide the recreation, shopping and cultural opportunities we have looked forward to. The Rancho Bernardo area is within 30 minutes

of good sailing which Warren is looking forward to.

We are presently renting an apartment in the Rancho Bernardo complex which permits us to live in this area before deciding on a final choice. We are quite impressed at this point and find two former Aramcons have also settled here.

We enjoyed our first Christmas function last Sunday night when we attended San Diego's State College's 30th annual presentation of "The Messiah". There were 600 voices in the chorus accompanied by the full College symphony. It was an outstanding performance.

At the time of our departure from Aramco we were proffered three retirement parties, one in Ras Tanura and two in Dhahran. We thoroughly

They Stayed

Twenty years ago (1949) JAMES R. MacDONALD arrived in Ras Tanura to work in Engineering and Mechanical Services. Four years later, he was a member of the group which set up the Materials Planning Unit there. When the function was consolidated in 1960, Jim moved to Dhahran as materials planner for what later became the Standardization Division of the Materials Control and Planning Department. When Jim and Marie MacDonald departed for retirement early in January, it left a large hole on the hospitality front. Wherever located, their's was a house with the latch string always out and a cheery invitation to enter, where guests galore partook of and enjoyed the results of seemingly unlimited culinary expertise. Jim, insisting that Marie was the cook of the family, turned his special attention to meats, met their challenge whatever the species and won. When they moved from Ras Tanura to Dhahran, the seaside set lost charter members, in Jim, of the Yacht Club and in Marie, of the Art Group and the Marian Group. Marie's ceramic creations appeared in all local art shows and in the homes of many friends, and she taught classes in both of the districts over the years, passing on the fundamentals of her art to others. En route to the States, the well-traveled MacDonalds, already possessors of recipes and objects d'art from all over the world, planned stops in Bombay, Colombo, Singapore, Bangkok, Hong Kong,



James R. MacDonald

Tokyo, Honolulu and San Francisco. Life in the United States would put them closer to their married daughter, Joanne, and the seven grandchildren, aged four to eighteen years. Jim and Marie hope to eventually find just the right place for settling down in Florida. Whether discovered or not, our most recent contact address for them is P. O. Box 8473, Coral Springs, Florida 33060.

broiled fowl proved to be no more than two sparrow-sized birds (head included). We have never had less for so much in such a plush setting.

We stopped in Amsterdam to pick up Myrl's 22 year "pin" in recognition of her 22 years of help and companionship in the land of sand, sun, and oil. While in London we visited Windsor Palace, Stratford-On-Avon, and the Greenwich Maritime Museum. The trip to Greenwich was by boat up the Thames and in transit we went under the London Bridge and saw them dismantling the bridge, which is being shipped to Lake Havasu, Arizona, for erection as a tourist attraction. During our visit at Lake Havasu last month, we saw the first shipment of block which had arrived the past week.

We flew from London to Boston and Detroit



A. C. and Eva Vick with James, Cecily and Robert

After twenty one years with Aramco, A. C. VICK and his family chose Mexico as their spot for retirement. A native of Texas, A. C. received his schooling in Humble (the town which gave

and drove our new Dodge Dart on to California, enjoying stops with friends in Missouri, Texas, and Arizona. We enjoyed seven weeks at Lake Tahoe during which we viewed the World Series, Mexico Olympics, Apollo 7 and the election. It was an exciting experience which ended with the first snowfall of 4 inches which created a beautiful fairy-like, Christmas scene. Next, we pulled up the horseshoe stakes, closed our house for the winter and went on to San Jose where we enjoyed Thanksgiving with 16 members of our family.

Until we are able to greet you personally, we send you our Season's Greetings and Best Wishes for a bountiful New Year.

Sincerely,

Warren & Myrl Hodges

its name to Humble Oil and Refining Company), then worked as a rigger and pipefitter in Texas and Louisiana. He joined Aramco in 1947 and subsequently served as pipefitter, assistant rotary driller, driller, training coordinator, training supervisor, assistant drilling foreman, and lastly vocational training analyst. He was pleased to have helped drill 'Ain Dar Well No. 1; later he was the first American to work with an all Saudi Arab drilling crew. A. C. has a variety of interests: numismatics, art metal work, gardening, reading, archaeology, fishing, hunting, investing and Japanese arts and handicrafts. In Abqaiq he was a member of the Yacht and Kennel Clubs, Investment Associates and the Boy Scout Troop Committee. Eva was active in the Stables and Tennis Groups and the Women's Society. A. C. has also been a tireless traveler with eight trips around the world to his credit. En route to Mexico, he visited sixteen countries in the Middle East, Europe and Asia. After getting settled, he hopes to get in some hunting, fishing and do some minor archaeological exploring around Guadalajara and the Mexican Pacific coast.

During some springtime correspondence with A. C. concerning a burglar who invaded his mother's home in Humble, he added the following:

I'm afraid the burglars in Texas are just as selective as the New York variety: some Chivas Regal scotch I had been hoarding (bought during trips through London) was also taken! Eva and our three children, Cecily, James and Robert have been down here since last September; the three are attending Butler Institute in Guadalajara. While I made a brief visit in November, my stay really began on January 2nd, when we all came back after Christmas in Texas.

We are living in a nice house in the Country Club Area but are looking for something more to our liking. For one thing, I doubt the shipment of personal effects from Saudi Arabia will fit into it; the accumulation of some twenty years takes plenty of room! You are quite right about Guadalajara; it is one of nature's favored places. Just now the jacarandas are literally showering the city with flowers. The roses also are just coming into full flower. We are told that the hot season comes in the month of May. . . possibly, but all is relative and I wonder if it reaches 120°. . . the address is Apartado 2504, Guadalajara, Jalisco, Mexico.

R. C. TOWNSEND's diversified thirty-year career with Aramco contained such things as deep-sea diving in Marine Construction, work on the first submarine pipeline and hooking up the first tanker, off-loading the first locomotive. Bob early became marine foreman in Ras Tanura, then cargo coordinator, followed by positions in Materials Supply. He was supervisor, Material Requirements in The Hague during 1955-60, returning to Dhahran as Materials Supply control-man, and later becoming superintendent, Commissary Division, MS&T. Bob was born in Centralia, Washington, moved to California, attended school in Oakland, and before joining Aramco worked as a deep-sea diver in the San Francisco Bay Area and as a towboat and launch operator. Among others, he holds an aircraft pilot's license. Flying and woodworking are his favorite pastimes. Brunhilde and Bob were married in Germany in 1959. She is fond of gardening, cooking, baking, and is a cake decorator par excellence. Bob's son, Robert Jr., is with the U. S. Army in Greece, two daughters are married - one in Maryland, one in California - daughter Christel still lives at home. The Townsends have selected the area outside of Napa, California for their retirement, but Bob



R. C. Townsend

has some work to do there before taking it easy. In the meantime, they may be reached at 308 Wall Road in Napa.

At the time of departure, HOWARD J. POLSTER, staff engineer, Construction, had completed nearly thirty-five years with Aramco and parent companies. Possessing a service date in 1935, he transferred from Standard Oil Company of California to Aramco's San Francisco office in 1948 and joined the Saudi Arabia organization in 1953. He and his wife, Bernice, made their home in Dhahran for the next sixteen years. Their retirement plans called for a leisurely trip through the Pacific and eventually settling down in Hollywood, California. Until that time comes, they may be reached c/o J. E. Lashaway, 7208 La Presa Drive, Hollywood, California 90028.

* * * * *

Lois Luckenbaugh says "We sure do enjoy AAAJ and always hope to send some news. Wonder what annuitants do to keep themselves busy?! Our best to you all".



Howard J. Polster



James N. Erwin

In December, JAMES N. ERWIN and his wife, Lucille, departed Abqaiq and headed back to their native Texas where, as he puts it, "they

speaks the language". Friends may reach them at 5743 Ettrick in Houston. Jim was born in Rogers, finished high school in Palestine, held summer jobs as a refinery worker in the East Texas Field. In Houston, he worked for Port City Packing Company and Eastern States Petroleum, then went into business on his own - operating a wholesale firm dealing with the oil and gas business in heavy equipment hauling and pipeline contracting. Jim joined Aramco in 1953, starting as boiler foreman in Dhahran. He became shift foreman in the Dhahran Stabilizer, subsequently held foreman positions the Abqaiq Pump Station, Dhahran and Abqaiq Pipeline Divisions, and held relief assignments in Nariya. His position at time of retirement was foreman in Pipeline Operations, held since 1961. Jim and Lucille stopped in Beirut, went on to visit their son James with the U. S. Army in Germany, then met their daughter and the three Erwin grandchildren who came from California to spend Christmas in Houston. Jim was active in the Masonic Groups in Saudi Arabia and plans stateside continuation of golf, hunting and fishing, hobbies of past enjoyment. Lucille's leisure activities in recent years center mainly around the Women's Group, Nejmah Lama, and the Ceramic Group. She was also librarian at the Abqaiq School for several years.

From The Christmas Notes

We in Aramco's New York Office particularly enjoy word from Ralph Wells, our former compatriot whose humor brightened our days and whose presence we still sorely miss . . .

The calendar reminds us that once again the Christmas Season is close at hand. It is a time for many things, among them being greetings to old friends and new. Writing long letters to each of you would take longer than the remaining days until Christmas - and I can no longer afford cards - so as a substitute for individual greetings, I shall write a serious letter to all of you, trusting that some kind soul will attach a routing slip so those of you who might care to do so can be enriched by words of wisdom and observation.

Retirement is adjustment. One gets so tired

of adjusting with such vague rewards that it is a wonder people don't insist on staying on the payroll. Two important purposes would be served. One a matured contribution to society, which no one wants, and a little more of the essential element used in exchange for board and room, and kids education. True, the retiree has more time on his hands. Somewhere the "hands of time" become more noticeable.

Our activities during the past year have not rated space in the local newspaper. We have made a few trips to Seattle and Portland, the Shakespearean festival at Ashland, a couple of scenic drives into the mountains and a jaunt to the coast where I learned the Pacific Ocean is the largest ocean bordering the Oregon vacationland to the west. Early last summer Peg and I

took a couple of days off and drove over Santiam Pass to Bend, Oregon where we overnighed, returning on the following day by way of the MacKenzie Pass. We enjoyed the outing, especially our return trip.

The eastern side of MacKenzie pass gives distant views of some of the mountain peaks of the Cascade Range. The road is winding and if it follows some trail used by early settlers I sympathize with their problems. At the summit the road breaks out of the timber to reveal now nearby peaks of volcanic origin. Evidence of lava flow is everywhere and it gives the appearance of very recent origin, which, of course, is not the case. The road down the westward slope is the most crooked I have ever driven over. Most of the way the quite good highway winds through heavy stands of majestic timber, with thoughtful signs to guide the motorist.

I have mentioned in a previous release that Oregon roads were rather exceptional and the Highway Department is ever alert to caution the driver. On this road were numerous signs: CURVE 25 MPH and on down to many reading CURVE 15 MPH. There was one sign at an abrupt curve that presented considerable skill in maneuvering: VERY SHARP CURVE - USE REVERSE GEAR.

Driving my second-hand big Buick that I told you about before continues to give me pleasure and a comfortable feeling of good judgment in buying it. You see when you buy a second-hand car, you let someone else take the high depreciation for two or three years of use. Now this car has cost me practically nothing for repairs and maintenance. Of course it is true that it rides better with the new shock absorbers, and the replaced muffler and tail pipe makes less noise. The pounding noise, noise again, in the motor was only a worn bearing which the mechanic fixed while he was grinding the valves and putting in new piston rings.

The nice new tires give a feeling of considerably increased road traction and by having a new master cylinder installed in the hydraulic breaking system I find I can now stop before the STOP sign. Standard had a fine battery which I bought at my 10% discount. Starting was improved almost immediately. I think the noise in the differential will soon be less noticeable. The horn is still like new. So you see, it pays to be smart and save that heavy depreciation. I am

more than pleased with the gasoline mileage. By careful driving I get between 7 and 8 miles to the gallon of high test gasoline when driving in town and on the highway, believe it or not, I have high record of almost 12 miles to the gallon. When one retires economy becomes very important if one is to survive.

One nice thing about a university town is the number of lovelies parading the street. The other day a "lovely" who was walking ahead of me dropped a book. She made no effort to pick it up so I, being a true gentleman, performed the pleasant chore of picking it up and handed it to her. Noticing her beauty and youth, and evidence of apparent good health, I asked her why she didn't pick it up herself. Her reply made good sense. "My dress is so short I am afraid to bend over."

Climate is one thing that Oregon possesses in great abundance. A friend asked his companion how he would get to the top of a mountain. He replied, "I'd climb it!" Same difference. Contrary to public opinion the real rainfall is comparatively light but there is quite a bit of fog. In fact during this past week it was so foggy that many areas of low land were flooded. After all, fresh water is better than no water at all.

The other day, just to ease a feeling of tenseness, I made an appointment with a psychiatrist. The waiting line was long but finally I made the inner office. He asked me my problem and I told him I was confused. He told me all the other people in line were similarly troubled. He said, "Just lie down on the couch and start talking about the first thing you think about." I did. In a few minutes he stopped me and with a sigh said, "I wish I had known her. Keep talking." When I left I was still confused and so was he. Next time I want him to lie on the couch. Bet I can tell you what he will talk about!

Part of my confusion was and is caused by this geometric world. Groovey does not mean a small depression on a flat surface; a person is a "square", never a "round"; at the Paris peace talks the table becomes of initial importance. Some want a square table, while others think an oblong table can get better results, so to compromise two half-circle tables seem to be the answer. Another thing that worries me is the moon flight. We all know from infancy there is a man on the moon, yet none of the astronauts are women. How come? I'll bet the first chore of the

boys who land up there will be to look around and see if there isn't a woman on the moon. Confusing.

The other day we met a nice couple by the name of Owezarsak - try that for size. He is a zoologist at the University. Last night they came over for bridge and patiently learned all about Aramco and Arabia. To swing the conversation their way, I asked him how many animals he had in the zoo. They left early. How was I expected to know that a zoologist was not the head man at the zoo. I'm slipping.

As this is a Christmas letter, I want to wish each and every one of you a truly Good Christmas and a Happy New Year if you can afford it.

Love and "I miss you", Ralph

Charlie Gonzalez: I'm still around at 68 years and with the New York State Department of Mental Hygiene at Letchworth Village.

The Larsons: Our excuse for sending holiday greetings early this year is that we will be in Ireland as of September and we want news of all of you as our main Christmas present. Carl has completed his contract with F. R. Harris and is presently engaged as consultant to Gulf Oil Terminals (Ireland) Ltd. on Whiddy Island in Bantry Bay. This terminal is to receive oil from Kuwait in the world's largest (312,000-ton) tankers. The first one arrives in October 1968. Carl is setting up a storehouse system and a purchasing system for Whiddy. We have a furnished house overlooking the bay, the island and out to the Atlantic Ocean. This southwest part of Ireland is closest to the Gulf Stream and therefore has the best weather. Come and see us and golf, sail, ride, swim and fish. It looks as tho we'll be here until Xmas. By then, we expect to have a starting date for a similar project in Okinawa which hopefully will include us. Our forecasting of events for 1969 is, of course, subject to the various changes which occur to alter everyone's schedules. We expect we will need some sun about Xmas time when we would like the first months of 1969 to settle into our apartment at 'Mollicarlo' before our USA visit (which would be about April). We hope to land there from time to time in years to come and we hope at least some of our friends will, too. Meanwhile Merry Christmas and Happy Holidays! Let us all pray for more peaceful directions in 1969.

Carl and Molli

A mid-February letter from Evelyn Nelson apologetically reported that a most inappropriately timed visit from a flu bug was responsible for friends with names beyond "G" missing their Christmas cards. Then to bring us up to date on this busy Nelson household. . . .

Started part time work in a jewelry store, "The Golden Sails" at the Village Fair in Sau-salito, last March. It is now a full time job and pay has increased to the point I can't afford to quit - my Scotch blood.

Put the house on the market the first of last June. After living in what seemed like a goldfish bowl - people and realtors traipsing in and out - sold it in November. Linda and I moved to a two bedroom, two bath apartment almost across the street from our old house. Can see our old backyard from our balcony.

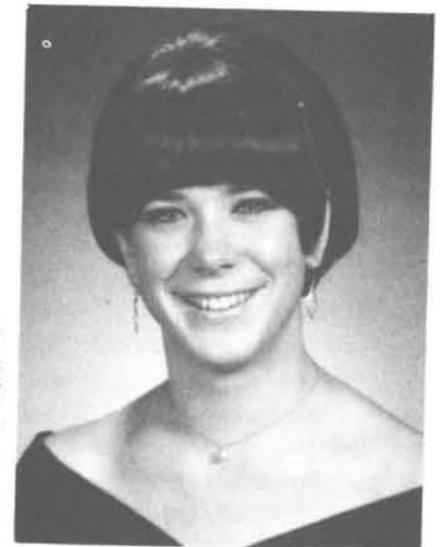
During June and July of '68, I had an art show at the local Wells Fargo Bank, with the result of selling five pictures. Really hated to part with them but will paint more one of these days.

Karen was married September 28th and it was a lovely wedding. Linda was bridesmaid and both girls were beautiful. Mother's prejudiced, of course.

Just finished refinishing the dining room table and another small table. Next will refinish the dining chairs and reupholster them.

Such is life here. Weather has been atrocious for two and a half months. . . getting web feet and quacking like a duck.

Linda's
High
School
graduation
picture
June
1969



HERE AND THERE

The Scott Harrisons, in January, were finding much help from the new Aramco Handbook for the talks they are asked to give to various organizations in Helena (Montana). Their son John was heading soon for Dhahran to be an Aramco teacher, so their interest in the SAO is undiminished. The day Elizabeth wrote it was 26 degrees below zero, with 26 inches of snow on the ground and a bit difficult getting around – their scenery beautiful, and they still enjoy the fireplace. She enclosed this picture with the notation, "View from our kitchen window. The scene is refreshing – and to step outside at minus 25 degrees one could say it's also fresh!"



* * * * *

Those who talked to Georgia Fleming at the reunion no doubt heard about some of her skipping around. 'Do wish though that she'd send us some of the details of her 1968 travels to "South America, Texas, Louisiana, Arkansas, Lake Tahoe and points in between".

* * * * *

It was a real cold day when Felix Pretsch dropped by the New York Office. He was looking fine and had been in Cincinnati, Ohio for about four months working as Operations Manager for Agatha Corporation, a private organization equip-

ped to provide "Health related services the world over for business, industry and government." He had spent Christmas with son Felix Day, and shortly before had seen Earle Douglas, also had dinner with Don Schiemann while he was on a business assignment in Cincinnati.

* * * * *

From A. D. Fitzpatrick, "As of April 1st, Lucy and I are pulling the pin on the alarm clock and are retiring to our new home down to the southwest, at the edge of the Siskiyou Mountains and right on Williams Creek. From this point we will start our new life. Our store has been sold to a Mr. and Mrs. Grover Kenney of the Visalia area in California. More to you later – and with a few pictures". Their new address is still in Williams, Oregon, 940 Caves Camp Road.

* * * * *

In January, Bill McGovern reported having found an apartment to his liking in Honolulu and that everything should be ok – as soon as the former owners moved out, and he bought furniture. Said they'd had a lot of rain, but it didn't bother him as he really enjoys rainy weather. (After Saudi Arabia, that's good!)

* * * * *

The Deloians seem to be having a fine time in Phoenix – Karl with his golf, Mary working as a saleslady and enjoying it immensely. It's old-hat news now, but they, with daughter Rosemary, went to Chicago last year to attend the graduation ceremonies of son Bob from Northwestern University School of Dentistry. And as Karl put it, "Now we are looking forward to a discount on our future dental work". Mary used up all of her vacation on the trip to Illinois and had to send Karl off to the Palm Springs reunion alone.

* * * * *

'Wonder if Bill and Elaine Morrall got into their new house on time. . . . it was the reason

they missed the get-together. Bill was his own general contractor and had to oversee the entire operation – they were pushing for late October or early November. Perhaps they have a picture by now. . .

* * * * *

And speaking of busy people, we understand that John T. Robinson, in addition to his other activities, last fall put up an automatic coin operated car wash in Newport, Rhode Island.

* * * * *

Many of us are known throughout most of our lives by nicknames rather than the names given by our parents at birth. Such was the case of Jack Loe, whose death we reported in early 1967. His wife, Lillian, tells us that many of their friends never associated the name Lewis Earl

Loe (which we used) with Jack and did not realize he was gone.

* * * * *

From Casper and Sophie Gee, To all our Aramco friends, may 1969 be one of your best years, and these added words: A young child included in his prayer, "and forgive us our trash baskets as we forgive those who put trash in our basket". How true, especially if we include the trash of hate, greed, envy, violence, disrespect for the property and rights of others, hostility to our flag and country, and heaps more we-can-do-without trash. . . Dear God, during this wonderful year of 1969, do forgive us our trash baskets and help us substitute for them the Love, Peace and Joy we can daily accord our dear ones, our friends, our country, and all mankind.

In Memoriam

It is with sadness that we report the passing of these friends – our deepest sympathy to their families. Several have asked that we pass on their appreciation for the many hands of friendship and expressions of sympathy.

- Edward Stanley Allen – April 21, 1969 – San Francisco, California
- Richard C. Backman – March 4, 1969 – Laguna Niguel, California
- William H. Boucher – May 1, 1969 – Alamo, California
- William P. Daly – July 5, 1969 – Scituate Harbor, Massachusetts
- Lydia Dayhuff (Mrs. W. C.) – November 27, 1968 – La Habra, California
- Walter C. Dayhuff – January 7, 1969 – La Habra, California
- Omer E. Hanes – June 4, 1969 – Branson, Missouri
- Thomas H. Hercus – May 26, 1969 – Rolling Hills, California
- Maurine Jorgenson (Mrs. L. W.) – July 5, 1969 – Walnut Creek, California
- Harry Lebsack – June 3, 1969 – Harrison, Idaho
- Lawrence N. Meyer – February 7, 1969 – Orange, California
- Walter G. Miller – June 15, 1969 – Taft, California
- Mamie McRobbie (Mrs. Thomas) – June 1, 1969 – Colorado Springs, Colorado
- Catherine J. New (Mrs. F. W.) – Early 1969 – Lakeland, Florida
- Francis T. O'Donnell – February 12, 1969 – New York, New York
- Robert P. Reynolds – May 19, 1969 – Carmel, California
- Henry A. Selleck – January 3, 1969 – Carlsbad, New Mexico
- Ruth Trial (Mrs. George T.) – June 13, 1969 – Columbia, Missouri
- Jessie L. Vivian (Mrs. George T.) – March 4, 1969 – Antioch, California
- Mildred A. Young (Mrs. Chester W.) – June 22, 1969 – Palo Alto, California

Mail Call!

Please use the following list in conjunction with the Fall 1968 Annuitants Annual Address List and the Mail Call supplement for September-December. All of the additions and changes have been received since the last regular issue of *Al-Ayyam Al-Jamila* was printed.

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Albert S. Adams	3832 E. Yucca Street, Phoenix, Arizona 85028
Presley M. Adams	c/o John Haapala, 2017 Judah Street, San Francisco, California 94122
William E. Albritton	1004 W. 5th Street, Welasco, Texas 78596
James R. Allen	c/o M. Blythe, Box 683, Lake Mary, Florida 32746
Paul Arnot	440 Marlowe Street, Palo Alto, California 94301
George F. Atwell	1605 East Palmcroft Drive, Tempe, Arizona 85281
Joseph D. Baldwin	2682 Doidge Avenue, Pinole, California 94564
Franklin W. Bates	250 S. W. 19th Road, Miami, Florida 33129
Burt Beverly, Jr.	Chemin de Chamblandes 9, 1009 Pully, Switzerland
C. L. Biggins	8383 Manitoba Street, Playa Del Rey, California 90291
Fritz F. Blank	R. R. No. 2, Loveland, Colorado 80537
Boris W. Boguslavsky	Engineering Graphics Dept., Louisiana State Univ., Baton Rouge, Louisiana 70803
Luther H. Boring	7915 1st Avenue South, St. Petersburg, Florida 33706
Beverley E. Boston	17417 Hamlin Street, Van Nuys, California 91406
William J. Bowman	2290 Stockton Street, No. 304, San Francisco, California 94133
Raymond J. Bright	1170 Oak Ridge Circle, Barrington, Illinois 60010
Wayne L. Brown	Box 87, Dunnigan, California 95937
Carl W. Butler	"Ashdale", 110 Perry Vale, Forest Hill, London S. E. 23, England
Weldon C. Butler	3602 Bon Park, Dallas, Texas 75228
Archie L. Byrd	c/o C. E. Anderson, 1332 W. 223rd Street, Torrance, California 90501
Horace T. Campion	8129 Westmoreland Drive, Sarasota, Florida 33580
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William J. Cremidas	11 Wagon Road, Westwood, Massachusetts 02090
W. Edward Curtis	1242 Royal Avenue, Simi, California 93065
Angus G. Dakers	1752 Via Entrada, Fallbrook, California 92028
John O. Delfs	9702 Bolsa No. 14, Westminster, California 92863
Philips W. DeQuine	3812 Old Stage Road, Central Point, Oregon 97501
Joseph J. DeRoule	24031 Rotunda Road, Valencia, California 91355
Oliver T. Devine	P. O. Box 4232, Stateline, Nevada 89449
Edwin H. Dirr	3238 Inverness Drive, Walnut Creek, California 94598
Harry C. Egy	c/o S. O. Cowley, 38 29th Parkway, Hutchinson, Kansas 67501
George W. Ehrhart	512 Los Casta, San Clemente, California 92672
James N. Erwin	5743 Ettrick, Houston, Texas 77035
A. D. Fitzpatrick	940 Caves Camp Road, Williams, Oregon 97544
Ingulf S. Fladager	Ser. Jagtvej 40, 2970 Horsholm, Denmark
Joseph H. Ford	2337 Lomapark Court, San Jose, California 95124
George C. Franco	c/o N. J. Franco, 2 Woods End Road, West Orange, New Jersey 07052
Paul Fuller	4900 Oakridge Terrace, Ft. Worth, Texas 76118
Joseph A. Galleazzi	2246 Francisco Street, San Francisco, California 94123
Joseph A. Galvin	205 De Soto Parkway, Satellite Beach, Florida 32937

Jay F. Graham	3124 Audubon Drive, Bakersfield, California 93301
Challie Andrew Gray	4206 Spindrift, Newport Beach, California 92660
James Gray	980 W. Cliff Drive, Santa Cruz, California 95060
Edward S. Green	c/o J. G. Wick, 923 South Ninth Street, Lafayette, Indiana 47905
Waldemar H. Gronde	210 North 26th Street, Harlingen, Texas 78550
Jess E. Groven	3061 North Wilson, Tucson, Arizona 85719
Kenneth L. Hammond	Route 1, Box 491, Longwood, Florida 32750
George R. Hancox	Mission Del Amo Estates, Sp. 61, 9702 Bolsa Ave., Westminster, California 92683
Richard Handschin	1217 Evergreen Point Road, Bellvue, Washington 98004
Philip C. Harley	37 Harbor View Lane, Green Island, Toms River, New Jersey 08753

William O. Harriman	c/o J. A. Galvin, 205 De Soto Parkway, Satellite Beach, Florida 32935
Richard A. Hattrup	Route 1, Box 19-A, Eastsound, Washington 98245
Paul V. Helwick	1910 Waverly Street, Napa, California 94558
Kai Hendriksen	163 W. Alta Green, North Hollywood, California 93041
Eugene E. Hickman	321 Palm Island, S. E., Clearwater, Florida 33515
Andrew J. Hill	10743 Magnolia No. 103, Anaheim, California 92640
Orville M. Hillis	RFD No. 1, Box 10-A, Eastsound, Washington 98245
Warren F. Hodges	17033 Grandee Way, San Diego, California 92128
Richard P. Holmes	Prop. Dr Anees Adil, Rue Commodore, Ras Beirut, Lebanon
Jack E. Hoque	Rt. 4, Box 434G, Coleman Creek Road, Medford, Oregon 97501

George P. Howard	555 Michael Drive, Sonoma, California 95476
Asa C. Hudman	Rt. 1, Box 349, Pottsboro, Texas 75076
DeWitt E. Hunt	General Delivery, Science Hill, Kentucky 42553
William W. Jarrell	9576 Oakhurst Road, Largo, Florida 33540
Murlin D. Jones	c/o Myles D. Jones, 12850 Butterfly Lane, Houston, Texas 77027
John R. Kapitan	8755 North Fielding Road, Bayside, Wisconsin 53217
Elwood F. Keller	745 Nebraska Avenue, Santa Rosa, California 95404
Merrill J. Kiser	111 Shore Drive, Dunedin, Florida 33528
George A. Krahm	1410 Park Street, Clearwater, Florida 33515
William P. Kulpa	7799 91st Street, North, Seminole, Florida 33540

Paul O. Lettkemann	P. P. Box 1363, Parker, Arizona 85344
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D. C. McCrary	27787 Base Line, Highland, California 92346
William F. McGovern	2999 Kalakaua Avenue, Apt. 404, Honolulu, Hawaii 96815
Francis W. McMillin	7053 Greeley Street, Apt. 8, Tujunga, California 91042
James R. MacDonald	P. O. Box 8473, Coral Springs, Florida 33060
Alexander C. MacKenzie	676 Matsonia Drive, Foster City, California 94404
James F. Mahan	32 Merrymount Road, West Yarmouth, Cape Cod, Massachusetts 02673

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Ivan B. Mayfield	Keniana Shores, Hamlin, Kentucky 42046
Mario Mei	116 Magee Avenue, Mill Valley, California 94941
Paul Meiran	1583 17th Avenue, San Francisco, California 94122
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James W. Mileham	Rt. 6, Box 193, Columbus, Mississippi 39701
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Robert T. Moderau	14772 San Pablo Avenue, San Pablo, California 94806
William R. Morrall	Rt. 1, Box 775-E, Flagstaff, Arizona 86001

(continued)

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Prentiss C. Nelson IPRAS Pk 43 Ismit, Kocaeli, Turkey
Randolph R. Nickerson, Jr. 306 24th Street, Paso Robles, California 93446
Dale Nix 156 Bonniebrook Drive, Napa, California 94558
Alex W. Nordling 35609 Avacado, Yucaipa, California 92399
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Redmond J. Pangborn 3410 74th Street, S. E., Mercer Island, Washington 98040
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James M. Powell 6924 North Firenze Drive, Tucson, Arizona 85704
Harley O. Prentice 5886 Fickett Lane, Paradise, California 95969
Felix H. Pretsch The Belvedere, Reading Road & Rose Hill Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio 45229
Leni L. Rauschenberg 1741 Park Avenue, Omaha, Nebraska 68105

Ralph M. Ricketson Georgetown Apartments No. 50, 1324 N. W. 16th Avenue, Gainesville, Florida 32601
Garland E. Roberts 4500 Westridge, No. 20, Ft. Worth, Texas 76116
Bernard J. Rucidlo 6341 Tosca Drive, Ft. Worth, Texas 76118
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