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Little Climate Change



Ed Gelinas

ED GELINAS began his love affair with sand and sun in 1945 when he joined Aramco and was assigned to Refinery maintenance in Ras Tanura. Several months later he set up the Service Equipment Unit and supervised it for the next seven years. He subsequently spent a year in the Vendor Contract Unit in New York, returning to Ras Tanura to help establish the Materials Forecast Unit. He became a field representative with the Home Ownership Program in Dhahran in the mid-fifties, participating in the project that provided homes for thousands of Saudi Arab

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This news is pure propaganda, completely biased, we are strongly prejudiced and admit to slanting all statements in an attempt to sway the minds of those who have been anxiously or just curiously waiting for the

Reunion Report - 1970

As many of you remember, it was decided nearly two years ago that the seventh bi-annual annuitants gathering would be held at the Sahara Tahoe Hotel Casino, located at the southern end of Lake Tahoe, Stateline, Nevada. Dates have been set for the first weekend of October, 2-4. The committee, which has been working for several months, is made up of the following eight couples (with wives sharing the duties specified, of course):

Barney Robertsons (Bertha)	- Chairman
Ollie DeVines (Fran)	- Assistant Chairman
Dan Youngs (Dorothy)	- Treasurer
Warren Hodges (Myrl)	- Committeeman-at-large
Willard Heberlings (Helen)	- Registration
Buz Haydens (Hilda)	- Golf
Wayne Sutherlins (Evelyn)	- Registration
Harry Harritys (Mary)	- Registration

The committee wants to make this the biggest, farthest reaching, most fun reunion yet. They want it to include as much of the Aramco-Tapline-AOC family and their friends as it is possible to gather together. In order to accomplish this, they ask that word be spread throughout the annuitant ranks, to former employees, to present employees who may be on vacation,

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Keith Geiger

In Dhahran on January 29, KEITH GEIGER and his wife Beth closed for the last time the door of the house where they had lived for twenty years... a record? Keith, retiring as an electronics systems designer, first arrived in Saudi Arabia on New Year's Day of 1948. Beth and their two boys joined him the spring of the following year. Both sons are at present in the service, Win a Captain in the Air Force, Kerry in Officers' Training School at Ft. Belvoir, Virginia. The Geigers are using as a temporary contact address 312 Bossong Drive, Asheboro, North Carolina 27203. They expected to take five or six weeks to reach North Carolina, however, with stopovers scheduled for Morocco, the Canary Islands, Lisbon, the West Indies and Miami.

Reunion Report (continued)

Saudi Arab friends who may be in the States, friends from the owner and affiliated companies or other organizations having had close contact with the companies' operations. They want parents to contact their stateside children or forward their names to the committee. With so much available for all ages, there will be no generation gaps at this gathering.

Barney's letter and program details are on pages 22-24 of the magazine. Please follow his instructions for clipping the advice form and return it to him by May 15. Send the accompanying blue card directly to the hotel. (Not shown on the card, but for families the hotel will provide extra roll-away cots, one to a room, \$3.00 each.) Barney has additional forms and reservation cards, as well as the names of other accommodations in the area for those who wish to bed down away from "headquarters".

If you start a career in the "Oil Patch", chances are good that you'll stay in the business. Such was certainly true of L. H. DANIEL, better known as "Little Skinny" despite a height of six-feet-plus. Born and educated in Whittier, California, he went to work for Oil Tool Supply in Bakersfield. This was followed by several years with Union Oil, Standard Oil Company of California and Security Engineering Company before joining Aramco in May 1946. He arrived in Saudi Arabia shortly thereafter to start the Abqaiq Toolhouse. His assignments during the next 23 years involved a transfer to the Dhahran Toolhouse in 1948, a return to Abqaiq in 1953 as foreman. Four years later he became drilling foreman, Drilling Division, a position he held until 1968 when he was named supervisor, Abqaiq Toolhouse, the position from which he retired last year. Skinny's wife Ruth was an active member of the Women's Group and the Abqaiq Duplicate Group, also an ardent bowler who participated in all of the interdistrict tournaments. Their daughter Lynn was a 1969 graduate of Soquel High School in Santa Cruz, California with plans to enter Arizona State University and become a nurse. The Daniels may be reached c/o Mrs. Adell King, Route 1, Wood County, Yantis, Texas 75497.

It's not surprising that FRANK PATTERSON and his wife, Kay, decided to renovate and redecorate their old Dutch homestead on the outskirts of The Hague as their retirement headquarters. They have owned the house at Oosteinde 94, Voorburg, Holland since their early days with AOC. Frank, a native of Philadelphia, received his AB and BLA degrees at the University of Pennsylvania, did graduate work at Harvard, and devoted several years to landscape architecture and land planning operations in Pennsylvania, Virginia and Florida, followed by overseas service with U. S. Army Engineer Intelligence during WW II. Frank's long list of overseas accomplishments in the field of community planning began with four years in Kabul, Afghanistan as Royal City Planning Architect-Engineer in the Ministry of Public Works. The U. S. State Department's Point IV Program in Beirut next claimed his services, and it was here in 1953 that he was recruited by AOC as a community planning engineer for assignment in Rome. He moved to The Hague the following year, later became head of the Site Planning and Exterior Utilities Unit, and in 1958 transferred to Aramco, first as Dhahran District Superintendent of Home Ownership and Community Development, then as coordinator of that function. In that capacity he played a major role in a long list of local community developments, such as the promotion of homes under the Home Ownership Program, planning major expansions of the three districts, preparation of master town plans to guide the physical development of Dammam, al-Khobar and many others. For three months in 1967 he served as consultant to Caltex Pacific in Indonesia. Frank's leisure time interests have included gardening, art work, pot-picking and stamp



Frank Patterson

collecting. His stamps of Afghanistan formed the basis of the handbook he prepared on the subject. He is a member of two philatelic societies, American Institute of Planners, several engineering societies, Explorers Club, Royal Central Asian Society and others. Both Frank and Kay were active in the Canterbury Group and in a wide variety of local activities and community service organizations. Their daughter Leslie is in her Junior year at the School of Islamic and Middle East Studies, University of Toronto, Canada.

Picture Problems

We're somewhat short on pictures for this issue.

Unfortunately, in the case of several retirees who left the Middle East last year, pictures were apparently lost enroute and the SAO has not been able to provide duplicates. We are sorry for this as well as for the delay in reporting the retirements. Perhaps as folks get settled they will send us pictures to go along with stories of stateside (or other) activities since their return.

PERRY F. NELSON, analytical accountant, Comptroller's Department, Ras Tanura, had completed twenty five years of service with Aramco when he left the end of July with his wife, Dorothy, and sons, Peter and Philip. The Nelsons, residents of both Dhahran and Ras Tanura during their years in Saudi Arabia, enjoy traveling and had planned a carefree trip to the States, including a portion by boat from Genoa to New York and a leisurely trek to the West Coast before settling in Texas. Not quite all was as anticipated, however, as their letter in early November would indicate.....

Dear Virginia,

The trip home was fun but a bit hectic, as Peter, our eldest son failed rapidly and we barely made it to Galveston where he was admitted to the Marine Hospital. House hunting and trips to see him occupied the next six weeks. But the searching paid off as we found a lovely place about four miles out, buried in the woods with a fabulous golf course around us. The usual settling-in and fixing up goes on as usual. Our permanent address is 99 Panorama Drive, Conroe, Texas 77301.

We're building an addition for Peter, who got out a couple of weeks ago. In about two weeks he can move in and I'll take over his room as a den and office. Philip, our youngest, is a bit taken aback by the 2200 students in the new high school - a far cry from Ras Tanura. He runs about two miles a day and works out on the weights, with the result he constantly needs larger clothes.

Dorothy has been making the local coffee klatches and some bridge groups, sandwiched in between window washing and shopping trips. She dearly loves her Volvo station wagon and toots around hunting the shoppers specials. I have been going into Houston three or four days a week helping out a friend, but fighting desperately to stay retired. The Cougar with the sun roof finally arrived, so the commuting/shopping is a delight.

Just received our expedited(???) shipment last week, intact, and learned our regular shipment left Arabia the middle of October and probably won't arrive until January or February. However, we do have some "sitting space" so we extend an open invitation to any friends in

the vicinity or passing through Houston to stop and see us.

Oh yes, for all of Dorothy and Philip's cat-loving friends, we now have a little white addition named Leila, who is rapidly adjusting to the wonderful world of bugs, birds and frogs:

One more item, our telephone number is area code 713 856-4631 on the Willis exchange, rather than Conroe.

Regards, Perry and Dorothy Nelson



Theresa Bobinski

It's a bit risky to try and plot LEE T. PARKER's probable future moves. We are told that upon leaving Saudi Arabia last fall he would spend some time in Europe and Canada enroute to the States and before heading for Scottsdale, Arizona, where his wife Ruth was waiting for him. From there it appeared they would have a tour of Mexico, including some fishing in the Gulf of California. Then somewhere along the line they would build a house on Lake Hamilton at Hot Springs, Arkansas. Wherever they may roam, however, messages sent to Box 206, Scottsdale, Arizona should reach them. We

assume that Lee has time earmarked for golf and that he will be able to indulge in his woodworking on the Hot Springs project. It also looks like Ruth's appetite for golf, bridge and traveling will be fed. Lee is a native of Los Angeles (where their married daughter and the two grandchildren live). He studied at South Pasadena High School, the University of Alaska, and received a diploma in radio, TV and industrial electronics from the National Schools in Los Angeles. He returned to Alaska and for ten years was engaged in contract drilling and exploration. He joined the Texaco organization in 1940, spent three years in the U. S. 8th Air Force during WW II and transferred to Aramco in 1957. Assigned to Ras Tanura Refinery as an operator, Distillation Units, he later became supervising operator and subsequently shift coordinator, his position at time of departure.

Gelinas (continued)

employees and experienced first hand the tremendous growth of municipal facilities within the Kingdom. His most recent assignments were in the Community Services Division, from which he retired as staff adviser. He and Maryann made a one-month stopover in Nice and the Canaries enroute to southern California where they have taken up residence at 12326 Oliva Road, San Diego. Maryann's putting her hobbies of sewing and interior decorating to fine use in prettying up their new Rancho Bernardo home. Ed's been looking forward to just plain "duffing", golfing and fishing. With the sun beckoning, he couldn't quite face the idea of returning to his native New England, where he was born and went to school in Manchester, N. H., attended the University of Connecticut and Hartford Technical School, then worked in the railroad and aviation industries. Ed and Maryann have two daughters - Judith attends Loyola University in Chicago, Sandra is at the University of the Pacific, Stockton, California.

A free and easy, come what may future was all that THERESA BOBINSKI would commit herself to upon leaving Dhahran early in December. Her first stop was Beirut, followed by visits to Munich and Vienna and with relatives in Poland before heading for her native New Jersey. Theresa was born in Bayonne, attended school there and at Jersey City Prep School. She had worked for American Telephone and Telegraph ten years and for Allied Chemical and Dye Corporation two years before joining Aramco in 1951. Her position at time of departure was payroll accountant. Theresa likes to cook and apply her green thumb to gardening. She may be reached at 71 West 16th Street, Bayonne, New Jersey.

The transition from traveling music man to welder isn't exactly easy. If there are any doubts ask PARKER HENDRICK who, with his wife Irene, left Abqaiq in December for Australia, then California, where they are located at 1113 Grandview Avenue in Ojai. Parker was born in Wetumka, Oklahoma, attended the McPhail School of Music in Minneapolis, Minnesota and, until the glamour wore off, led the life of a professional musician, playing trumpet, clarinet and sax. It was as a welder with Bechtel in 1944 that Parker first made his hectic and circuitous way to the Middle East and was assigned to work at Ras Tanura. He became part of the Aramco organization in 1948, first as welder then as inspector. During the next 21 years spent time in all three districts and worked on many of the major oil installations, including making the tie-ins linking Tapline to Aramco facilities. Parker's musical talent was enjoyed in all of the Aramco communities, where he played as a member of his own or other dance bands. He often spent his evenings while on remote job assignments writing musical arrangements, much to the surprise of construction men with whom he worked. In addition to music, both Parker and Irene like to bowl. She enjoys gardening and flower arranging, and in Abqaiq was active in the Kennel Club and with the Players theater group.



Tom Barger addresses the group at a farewell dinner in Dhahran sponsored by Saudi Arab employees.

Guest of Honor Kathleen Barger and Mrs. D. J. Sullivan at a farewell tea sponsored by the Dhahran Women's Group.



There is nothing we can say that hasn't already been said, and better, about the remarkable, multi-faceted man who from 1937 served Aramco in many more ways than can be defined by titles like engineer, geologist, explorer, manager, President, Chief Executive Officer, Director, Chairman of the Board. Determined and analytical, thorough and fair in his approach to each new challenge, THOMAS C. BARGER has been an administrator of high order, a visionary, planner, builder. He is a student, scholar, author, his mind ever curious and acquisitive. Articulate, and early a complete Arabist with a deep affection and respect for the people, he also brought an inherent sense of diplomacy to his long association with the government of his host country, many benefits accruing to the Saudi Arabs through his efforts and understanding. Warm, modest, religious, he is admired, liked, loved, and oft-honored for many publicly recognized achievements. He has long been a devoted family man —husband of Kathleen, lovely, talented and a pillar in her own right; father of six; now a grandfather — a comfortable companion, a loyal friend. Tom Barger is a citizen of the

world of nature as well as of man, a sportsman, photographer, collector, and fixer-of-anything (just ask anybody)....yes, a very remarkable fellow. What can we add? A warm welcome to Tom and Kathleen Barger to our ever-growing family with the many friends who hope that their years ahead may be as rewarding as the ones they remember. With plans to settle in LaJolla, California, they may be contacted there for the time being at the LaJolla Beach and Tennis Club, Apt. 18.

Kathleen and Tom Barger — with daughters Norah, Mary and Theresa — at the official retirement party given in Dhahran. The Arab door behind them, originally the entrance to the Company's first headquarters building in Jubail in 1933, was presented to the Bangers as a farewell gift.



In Beirut a dinner was given by Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Ombargi honoring the Bangers for their contributions to Arab refugees and the Arab cause in general. Above, Shafiq Ombargi presents a Hebronite plate with his name on it to Tom Barger. Left, Kathleen holds the beautiful mother of pearl box which was made especially for them in Bethlehem and presented on behalf of the Arab Women's Union of the Occupied West Bank.





Roger Bumpers

ROGER BUMPERS and his wife Mary Lee had things all worked out by schedule when they left Dhahran in November, starting with a long European junket which included stops in Greece,

"Whither doest thou wander?" might well be the question asked by friends trying to locate J. W. MC CLOSKEY since his departure from Ras Tanura. Mac had completed sixteen years with Aramco, in almost all posts in refinery operations, including his last, refinery shift coordinator. When he left in October, he had committed himself only as far as Munich. From there, it was come what may.... so long as he had a chance to loaf for a few months. Mac was born in Colorado, grew up in Cyril, Oklahoma, then joined the Navy after finishing high school. His first experience in the oil fields was when he went to work for Anderson-Pritchard in 1937, remaining until he joined Aramco in 1953. Mac was active in different fraternal groups and the Ras Tanura Yacht Association, and enjoyed golf and bowling. His married daughter lives in Waukegan, Illinois, but friends wishing to get in touch with him should do so c/o Dan McCloskey, Box 176, Cyril, Oklahoma.

Italy, Switzerland, Holland, Germany, Sweden, Norway and Denmark. A reunion with their son Robert and his family in Fairfield, Illinois was to be an important stop, with Rolla, Missouri scheduled as their ultimate destination. The plan called for not longer than two years in Rolla, where son Roger attends college, then another move, possibly to Tennessee. Until they get through traveling they may be contacted c/o John Whalen, 2558 Waverly, East St. Louis, Missouri. Roger the elder was born in Arkansas, educated and started working in Oklahoma. His association with the oil industry began when he joined Magnolia Petroleum, followed by a move to Pure Oil and another to Texaco in 1938. After wartime service with the U. S. Army Air Force, he transferred from Texaco to Aramco and arrived in Dhahran in mid-1946. During the next 23 years he worked in all three of the operating districts, starting as a gangpusher, progressing to assistant foreman, Labor and Grading Unit, foreman, Labor Unit, zone foreman, and finally Maintenance technician in Dhahran's Equipment Services. Roger was a member of the Fishing Club and Yacht Association in Ras Tanura, the Auto Club in Abqaiq. Mary Lee was active in the Women's Groups, enjoyed sewing and ceramics.

Aramco's Aviation Department had claimed the services of CHARLES M. DI GIACOMO for seventeen years prior to his November departure. He retired as acting foreman, line and hangers, having begun in 1952 as aircraft and engine mechanic, then spending eight years as senior specialist, aircraft maintenance in the interim. Charles, a native of Somerset, Massachusetts, studied at the New England Aircraft School in East Boston and at the Valparaiso Technical Institute in Indiana, and had been in the aircraft maintenance field with Northeast Airlines from 1942 until joining Aramco. Daisy, who had left Dhahran in August, was waiting for her husband in The Hague, and the two headed for visits in New York, Boston and Florida before driving to the West Coast. Selection of a retirement spot was approached with a free and open mind, so long as it was "somewhere in California", with golfing opportunity nearby. There must have been a change of mind or plans tho', with a Florida address like 4765 N. W. 41st Street, Fort Lauderdale. Their daughter Cheryl Ann is married to former Aramcon Dr. Paul N. Besser — they live in New York.



Charles M. Di Giacomo

Four Score, Ten and Two

From San Juan Capistrano, Merle and K. O. Feltman sent

Greetings Virginia,

We are well and busy as always — pray that all is going well for you.

Quite a number of ex-Aramcons and Standard Oilers visited us this past year. It is always a real pleasure to see and visit with them. We have made quite a number of trips throughout California visiting friends but have not been out of the state this year.

Merle and her mother, who was 92 last September, enjoy their sewing hobbies. Mrs. Link has made over 600 of those small lap robes which she donates to hospitals and missionaries, as her reputation grows more and more material is brought or sent to her. Merle's latest hobby is making neck scarves for both men and women. She also works with the Mexican children on

sewing projects at our local community center.

Our little city here is growing slowly but nicely. This is my fourth year on the City Planning Commission, which work I find most interesting, although we have quite a number of problems.

Due to the heavy frosts we had last winter, my oranges were not as good as usual to eat, but the juice was good and I made many gallons. As they do every year, our rancher friends kept us well supplied with all kinds of vegetables and melons. At the present time we are enjoying the fuyu persimmons which are round, red and firm. A friend here has approximately 600 trees, the fruit of which he sells to the Japanese market in Los Angeles.

How do you like your new office? We enjoy and appreciate your work on the AAAJ. Have a Happy Holiday, and as always, our very best regards.



Frank Bates

The FRANK BATES Story bears a certain similarity to a lively game of chess, both before and since officially joining Aramco's Law Department in 1947. His extraordinary academic background included the Lycee d'Alencon in France, Culver Military and Naval Academies in the U. S., the universities of Munich and Strasbourg, Williams College and finally Harvard Law School for his LL.B. As a member of the law firm of Pillsbury, Madison and Sutro in San Francisco from 1937-47, Frank did legal work for Aramco on a retainer basis for ten years before the Company even had a Law Department. After his first two years as general attorney with the Aramco family he transferred to Tapline in Beirut for six years, returning to Aramco's New York Office for two years. 1957 found him in Dhahran, 1960 in The Hague with AOC, and 1962 back in Saudi Arabia with Aramco. After leaving Dhahran last year, Frank and Marge spent several months in the Mediterranean area, followed by a short business assignment in New York for Frank. Just so no one would think they were changing a life style completely, they said, "We may not settle down at all" and penned this message:

"Yes, we are retiring, but not very,
So, if we may,
We will forego the rote obituary
And simply say
That we've enjoyed it here, and when we go
We leave Dhahran but not our friends. We know
They'll pass our way."

Frank and Marge spent the winter in Florida and friends wishing to get in touch might try 732 Coral Way, Apt. #5, in Coral Gables.

We love it here in the beautiful Ozarks. We are very near lovely Beaver Lake and Karl keeps a boat docked at a nearby marina so he can go fishing often. With his fishing, hunting and gardening — and we have a nice family garden — he keeps very busy. Thinks being retired is the greatest.

Am writing to advise you of a change of address. We haven't moved, but our lovely city has decided to give us city mail delivery. As an Aramco annuitant and his wife, we are pleased to receive the various Aramco publications. We enjoy them and don't want to miss even one issue. Thank you and please keep the magazines coming.

* * * * *

Year's end brought a letter from Bill (W.M.) Jones, saying in part: One of these days when I have more time I'll drop you a line for Al-Ayyam

To get a head start on a new decade, depart New Year's Eve for a two-week camera safari in East Africa, plan as JACK WILLOUGHBY and his wife Ginny have, and continue to Greece, Italy, France, Spain and Portugal, arriving in New York late in February for a visit with daughter and son-in-law. Drive to California for a visit with son's family and a chance to spoil a couple of grandchildren. Make the Bay Area headquarters while looking for a new home and figuring how much time will be spent working — there must be enough time reserved for golf, tennis and travel. The Willoughbys may be contacted at 1423 Tiffany Circle, Roseville, California 95678. Jack was born in Illinois but grew up in Berkeley, where he received his B.S. from the University of California. Jack joined Aramco Overseas Company in 1951; however, he had contributed to the design of some of the early Aramco facilities while working with SoCal, beginning in 1936, later with various architectural offices in the Bay Area. He worked in the Architectural Section, Engineering Department in the AOC Rome office until 1954, when he transferred to The Hague to do source development work on construction materials for the Purchasing Department. He transferred to Aramco, Dhahran as liaison engineer in 1958, became architectural engineer a year later, and in 1963 construction engineer, his position at time of retirement.



Jack Willoughby

When HARRY C. EGY, superintendent, Abqaiq Producing Division since 1965, left last year it was with the avowed intention of shifting his golf game from a never-green to an ever-green course somewhere in Florida and establishing what he referred to as a "respectable handicap". If you want to check on their recent golf scores, Harry and Liz should be addressed at P. O. Box 526, Route 1, Longwood, Florida 32750. Harry was born and attended school in Kansas, went to work for Continental Oil Company in 1933, spent four wartime years with the U. S. Army, and joined Aramco as an assistant driller in 1947. He subsequently became driller, drilling foreman, eventually superintendent, Drilling and Producing in Dhahran, followed by superintendent, Northern Area Producing. Harry and Liz had lived in some of the farther reaches of the Aramco Community including 'Udhailiyah and Nariya. They were once honored by having as guests in their home for a few hours H. M. King Faysal and the late H. H. Amir Sa'ud ibn Jiluwi while on tour of the Northern Area with other officials. In Abqaiq Liz was active with Women's Club functions and bridge, Harry with the Shriners and the 'Ain Nakhl Golf Club.

DID YOU?

We had several notes from people at or near year's end saying that they hadn't received the annual address list, holiday issue of Al-Ayyam Al-Jamila, or their November-December copy of the Aramco World. We made no individual responses in those instances where we felt the inquiry and the holiday-mailed publications had probably passed each other enroute.

If the magazines or the list did not arrive, please let us know and we will be glad to supply the missing item(s).



Rex Appleby

"If it's Tuesday it must be...." Spain, Switzerland, England, Morocco, the Bahamas, Mexico or Canada. These were some of the countries which REX APPLEBY and his wife Bettie planned to visit after leaving Dhahran in early January. Where they would eventually settle.... Mallorca, Mexico, Northwest Arkansas, Texas or the Pacific Northwest? Anyone wishing to contact them in the meantime should try c/o 720 East Cherokee, Springfield, Missouri 65804. Rex was born in Missouri but headed west and began his long association with the oil business in 1932, starting with Clark Drilling and Becker Oil. Other jobs followed, including the ten years with Emsco Derrick and Equipment in Los Angeles just prior to joining Aramco in 1948. All of Rex's service was in MS&T in different areas of operations. He began as floorman and stockman, filled various supervisory positions, including supervisor, Receiving and Shipping from 1955-67. He had been supervisor, Materials Supply since 1968. Three of the Applebys' six children are grown with families of their own. Daughter Maben and son Tom are in California. Linda lives in British Columbia and is no doubt providing a watchful eye over Chris and Charlie who are attending school in Vancouver. Daugh-

ter Kelly is at College du Lemon in Switzerland. The Applebys devoted their leisure hours to activities indoors and out - Rex to bowling, gardening, woodworking and home projects "as outlined by Bettie"; she to golf and a particular way with needle, thread and fabric. Their entertaining ranged from formal dinner parties to gatherings of the Little League - children of all ages just seemed to gravitate to the Appleby home. When they get settled in a new one, they can start all over again with the grandchildren.

Mr. and Mrs.
Walter E. Locher
with Tapline
President W. R.
Chandler, right.
The Icon is
shown at the left.



HENRY S. SMITH and Marianne, his bride of twenty-one years, departed in December for California, with its promise of a more tolerant climate, proximity of old friends, the opportunity to escape the confines of New York and become involved anew in the affairs of the community. Such had been the pattern of their life wherever they had previously resided and they looked forward to new associations in an area which would also provide easy access to wide open spaces and to "the arts", particularly the music of which they are both so fond. They are trying San Francisco for size and are living at 440 Davis Court, Apt. #1111. After graduation from Whitman College in Walla Walla, Washington, Hank (the name bestowed by friends a long time ago) returned to his hometown of Portland, Oregon and joined Standard Oil Company of California in 1941. He transferred to Aramco in 1944 and headed for Saudi Arabia. He was booked by air, the wartime five-week scenic route - thirteen stops, San Juan, Georgetown, South America, across Africa, using A.T.C. to Bahrain and launch to the mainland. He arrived in Dhahran in June, moved on to Ras Tanura and worked there in Personnel for eight years, returning to Dhahran's Industrial Relations Department in 1952. Two years later he transferred to Tapline, Beirut as Manager, Industrial Relations, then served as Tapline Vice-President from 1963 to 1968. He transferred back to Aramco in June of that year and was on special assignment in the New York Executive Office until his departure. He had a few ideas but no stated plans when he headed west; however, it didn't take long to get back into Industrial Relations and he is now part of the Bechtel organization.

At a retirement dinner given in their honor in Beirut last fall, WALTER E. LOCHER, Executive Vice-President of Tapline, and his wife Gretchen were presented with a 200-year-old Icon and he with a 35-year service emblem. Walt Locher was born in Ploesti, Rumania, where his father worked for Romano-American (Jersey). He completed his high school studies in French at Villa St. Lean in Fribourg, Switzerland, received a B.Sc. in Electrical Engineering from the University of Dayton in Ohio and his Master's degree from Case Institute of Technology in Cleveland. His petroleum industry career began in 1934 with Creole Petroleum Corporation in La Salina, Venezuela, followed by transfer to Plantation Pipe Line Company in Atlanta, Georgia, subsequent return to Creole in Venezuela for the construction and operation of the Ule-Amuay pipeline, eventually becoming head of the Pipeline Division in Caracas. Walt transferred to Tapline in 1950 as Manager of Operations, later became Vice President, and had been Executive Vice-President and Director since 1963. The Lochers left Beirut aboard the M/S Stelvio, then continued to the U. S. aboard the Rotterdam after spending time in Italy, France and Germany. They selected the beautiful university town of Chapel Hill, North Carolina as the spot to build their retirement home and they may be reached there c/o P. O.

Box 2068. The two oldest Locher children, Ralph and Jeanne, are married with families of their own, Anne works in Boston, and son John attends Choate School in Connecticut.

T. J. HAGER had rounded out eighteen years of Abqaiq residence when he left for his native Texas last fall. Tom, who joined Texaco in 1947, transferred to Aramco's Producing Department in May 1951. He spent his entire Aramco career in that department and was assistant superintendent, Producing at time of departure. He previously had been with the U. S. Army Engineers for eight years. Tom and his wife Maggie have selected Ingleside, Texas as their retirement haven; their contact address is Route 1, Box 260, Ingleside. They have two daughters, Robbie Lu, 14, and Margaret, married and the mother of the four Hager grandchildren. Tom's stated plans call for "just being lazy" but we suspect that will include his old hobbies like fishing, boating, golf and fraternal organization activities. Maggie was active in the Abqaiq Women's Group and in the Garden Club.



Merrill Van Wagoner

After more than twenty years with Aramco, MERRILL VAN WAGONER and his Carolyn departed Dhahran on New Year's Eve for Majorca. Two months of relaxing there, a brief visit with relatives in Hamburg, and they would head for Merrill's hometown of Midway, Utah to begin building the home which Carolyn designed. Their permanent address is Box 158 in Midway and they offer friends who might stop off the added enticements of nearby skiing, golf, fishing, deer hunting, a natural hot spring and unsurpassed

WILLIAM W. ROSDIL's mid-December departure assured him sufficient time to reach Hawaii for Christmas in Hilo with Catherine and their three youngest children, John and the twins, Penny and Patrick. Their other children are married daughter Nancy, son William attending the University of New Mexico, and Robert, a student at Purdue. Bill, who grew up in Gary, Indiana, spent eight years with Y.S. & T. Company in jobs ranging from pumper to engine room operator. He joined Socony Mobil in 1942, was loaned to Iranian Oil in Abadan in 1955 to work with the Consortium in starting up the refinery, and transferred to Aramco late in 1959. Assignments and locations were varied - he worked as

scenery. Carolyn, a native New Yorker and long-time Middle East resident, now shifts her varied interests to alpine surroundings - music, archaeology, stamp collecting, cryptology, cooking and sewing. In Saudi Arabia she actively applied her skills and efforts to work with many service groups.

To one as hopelessly monolingual as the writer, Merrill's linguistics accomplishments are somewhat awesome. He obtained his BA and MA degrees from Brigham Young University, teaching classes in German, French and Latin along the way. As a Fellow at Yale, he studied Greek, Latin, Sanskrit, Hebrew and Aramaic, Sumerian, Hittite, Babylonian, Assyrian and hieroglyphic Egyptian. Thesis for his Ph.D. was on Spoken Iraqi. His book, "Spoken Iraqi Arabic", was used as a basic text by the U. S. Army for ten years and is the subject of an Encyclopedia Britannica citation. During WW II Merrill was with the U. S. Army Language Office in New York City, then taught Japanese to army personnel at the University of Pennsylvania. He had been studying medicine at Cornell for two years when Aramco enlisted his aid in providing Arabic Courses, first at Goshen then at the Foreign Service Training Center at Riverhead, New York and later at Sidon, Lebanon. During this time he also made recommendations on Arabic training and on the selection of Saudi employees as teachers. He actually joined Aramco in mid-1949 and went from Sidon to Dhahran as senior linguist in 1953. He had been advisor, Arabia Language Unit since 1968.

supervising operator at the hydroformer, poly-plant, alkylation plant and LPG plants, as facilities inspector at the RLPG plant at the Terminal. He was shift coordinator, Plants and Pipelines at time of departure. In Hawaii Catherine will no doubt be able to continue the type activities she found in the Aramco community as a member of the Women's Group, Garden and R. C. groups. Bill, an avid sports enthusiast, can continue with many of his interests, golf, swimming, baseball, basketball, bowling, fishing or helping the youngsters explore their new surroundings, so conducive to year-round outdoor living. Their contact address is 132 Hale Nani Street, Hilo, Hawaii.

WILLIAM H. GROAT began his oil industry career "out West" with Standard Oil Company of California in 1937 and it was in that direction he and Darlene headed when they left Abqaiq the end of January. They were taking a slow and easy route though, starting by freighter, then in the U. S. picking up a car in Detroit. After a visit with one married daughter there, they would move on to Southern California where their son and three more daughters reside. The clan also includes a couple of grandchildren. Bill was born in the Middlewest but received most of his education in California. His early assignments with Socal ranged from roustabout and electrician to operator of natural gas and electric plants. He transferred to Aramco in 1955 and watched production grow from one million to three million barrels a day before returning to Socal in 1958. He again transferred to Aramco in 1961 as foreman of the Electric Shop and in 1966 became electrical equipment inspector. During their years in Abqaiq, Bill and Darlene participated in activities of the Fellowship Group and enjoyed both golf and bowling. Bill hopes to continue these, add fishing and hunting, and if there's any time left will plan to do a little work on "short jobs only". Until settled they may be reached c/o L. E. Tyner, 350 Ranier Way, Hemet, California 92343.

Oh, For Some Of That Green Country

We in Aramco's New York Office are always honored by Ralph Wells with a special holiday letter. Though pretty much just for us in some respects, you may like to share in what he said to

Dear Friends:

I heard the bells on Christmas Day
Their old, familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

If the television could be silenced; if a

moratorium could be called by the press; if the bells were pealed even more loudly; then, perhaps, a day of great rejoicing could be universally shared. Providing, of course, it were man's will that this should be done!

Our here in the "green country" the weary world of strife, turmoil and endless bitterness often seems far removed from our everyday lives. There is a sense of peace; a permeation of good-will seeps through the hard, surface crust of man's exterior; the renewal of hope, ever so faintly, prevails once more at Christmastime.

It has been said about Oregon, "This is God's country". Let the air stay pure in our small community for a brief spell; let the rains be welcomed; let the sun shine through the clouds to dispel the gloom. Let there be peace everywhere before it is too late!

The Wells tribe has not lived in a whirl of great excitement this past year. We have enjoyed the blessings of Nature through garden yields of flowers and a few "fun vegetables". I had a few days of camping and fishing in July. My catch was not worthy of recall but the pleasure of my fine fishing rod tingled my spine with enthusiasm for yet another time. A trip or two to Portland and along the picturesque Oregon coast pretty much sums up our limited excursions.

Marianne and Ralph Jr. are both enrolled at the University of Oregon, Eugene. Peg and I remain in good health and worry along in the well-worn groove of "retirement". There are times when even a long commute to a niche in the "establishment" would not be rejected. Nevertheless, there are compensations from time to time.

Glancing back over one's shoulder to yesterday is always warming. Individual recall easily projects the many lovely people at former 505 into clear and memorable perspective. So it is to you, my good and treasured friends, that I extend sincere wishes, to each and everyone, for a really Happy Christmas and continued good health and prosperity throughout the exciting and rewarding years yet to unfold.

Sincerely,

Ralph



Jack Benjamin

Problem: Where to start counting the various vocational and avocational facets of JACK BENJAMIN, who left Dhahran in October with his wife Nan — fourteen years of Aramco Service behind him. Jack took two degrees from the University of California in Berkeley, anthropology

and history, then taught drama in California high schools prior to WW II. With the U. S. Army Artillery, he served as battery commander and information and education officer, retiring with the rank of Major. He edited, then published, community newspapers in the Los Angeles area, taught journalism and English at Fullerton Junior College and handled its Public Relations. He headed Northrup Aircraft's Group Insurance Division and administered its retirement plan prior to joining Aramco as benefits analyst in 1955. After four years in Industrial Relations, involved primarily with motion pictures. He was coordinator for a number of films, and in 1966 was producer-director of *Journey of Oil*, a project which took him to 22 different countries. He worked as advisor with the Motion Picture Unit of Aramco TV, produced 15 documentary films, and served as Company representative for all out-of-Kingdom motion picture teams working in the Eastern Province. Nan, possessed of various talents and interests, served as Jack's business partner before Aramco, and as coordinator's assistant during the filming of *Journey of Oil*. She is deeply interested in interior decoration, architecture, enjoys bridge and golf. Jack is an ardent gardner, dabbles in oil painting and sculpture. Their sons are both in military service, Peter in the U. S. Air Force, Michael with the Army Signal Corps. The Benjamins are living in Eugene, Oregon at 2293 Birch Lane.

How Does He Do It?

Or, so you think you're busy... Part of a note from Phil McConnell late last fall....

I've recently returned from a three weeks vacation, followed by a week of school conventions, and I'm swamped, trying to catch up. Just yesterday did I finish the mountain of mail that awaited me when I returned. This year, I'm a member of seven or eight boards or committees involved with education at the state level, including being a director of the California Junior College Association and of the California School Boards Association, as well as facing the job of Chairman of the Junior College Trustee organi-

zation for the coming year. And I still cling frantically to my small job with the American Field Service. So, there is little time, so little that I've done nothing this year as a director of the Ventura County Symphony. The only answer there is to get off the Board.

Our guess — that he is still on the board and has probably been talked into spreading his time and talents still thinner. Those who are most generous with themselves are the ones of whom more and more is asked — and only they know the immeasurable rewards, often even in the face of little appreciation.

JACK E. HOQUE and his family, wife Kay and sons Gary and Dean, have had ample time since leaving Ras Tanura last year to get a good start on plans for fun, games and a good life in Oregon. Their long-looked-for home, with a stream in the backyard and land enough to run two horses, has an address identified as Route 4, Box 434-G, Coleman Creek Road in Medford. Jack was born in San Jose, California, received a BS in Mechanical Engineering from the University of California, spent four years in the U. S. Navy during WW II, and worked a short time for American Can Company before joining Aramco as a project engineer in 1946. After spending the first seven years in Abqaiq, the Hoques moved to Ras Tanura in 1954 and Jack became Construction superintendent, the position from which he retired. Jack and Kay were members of the Surfside Country Club, Shrine Group and Eastern Star respectively, with Kay a member of the Art Group and Bowling Association. Jack's hobby was designing and constructing small working models of steam and gasoline engines, which he planned to accommodate by adding a small machine shop to their home, as well as a studio so Kay would continue her water colors and pastels.

When ALEX JOHNSON left Abqaiq in November with his wife Alice, it was to head directly for his hometown of National Park, New Jersey where their married daughter and three grandchildren reside. Their son Alex Jr. lives in Milwaukee. It is in National Park that they may be contacted until settled in a new home, c/o P. Walsh, 12 North Lincoln Avenue. The Johnsons' change of scene was more a matter of resettlement than pure retirement, since Alex plans to continue working. A supervising craftsman when they left the Middle East, Alex joined Aramco in 1957 following employment with E. I. duPont in Gibbstown, New Jersey and the Naval Engineering Center of the Philadelphia Naval Base, where he was trained as an aircraft metalsmith. Abqaiq was home for all of their time in Saudi Arabia except for three and a half years which they spent in the little Northern Area community of Nariya. Alex and Alice were both participants in the golf club and different fraternal organizations.

NEW IN TOWN

It was a surprise to see a North Carolina postmark on this from Helen Thielhelm: Dear Virginia — I held up my Christmas card to you thinking we were going to have a Christmas grandchild in the family, but like all well laid plans something did not jell. However, we had a nice Christmas with our daughter Ann and her husband. Harry arrived Christmas Eve, a surprise to me — everyone else knew about it. He stayed as long as he could before returning to San Francisco. I've been here in Greensboro, N.C. since November 1st — Stephen William made his appearance finally on January 5, weighing in at 7½ pounds and 21 inches long. He is a beautiful baby. The christening is planned for next Sunday and I will return home on Monday. My sister and my future daughter-in-law will be here for the christening, so we will all travel north together.

Phil is in his second year of Boston Medical College. He and Maryjane plan to be married June 20. He has two more years of school so Maryjane plans to teach. God has been very good to us. You of course know about Kathy and Bob being in Abqaiq and all four of them just love it. Harry keeps busy with his work and last summer one of the local camps induced me to go back to help with their secretarial work. I can work again this summer if I so desire — it's up to me.

Will try to get in to see you in your new quarters and make a date to come to Greeley. Keep well and remember us to all.

Sincerely, Helen and Harry

* * * * *

Jim Gray recently made a very quick visit to the New York Office during a short trip from California to Pennsylvania to welcome a new grandchild. Jim and Mabel are well settled and enjoy their home in Santa Cruz, an area with many friends nearby, a situation conducive to frequent gatherings, small and not-so-small.



Tom Wood

Back in 1948, when accountant TOM WOOD joined Aramco's Comptroller's Department, a family had to wait for a couple of years before

JUSTLY PROUD

outstanding teenager of each state.

Cadet Michael A. Johnson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Johnson of Calhoun Falls, S.C., an Aramco annuitant, has been selected by the Outstanding Americans Foundation as a candidate for the Outstanding Teenager of America for 1970.

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Students nominated for this honor will compete with other winners in their state for the Governor's Trophy awarded annually to the most

The Outstanding Americans Foundation, a non-profit foundation dedicated to honoring, inspiring and encouraging young people to take full advantage of the opportunities in America, sponsors this awards program annually. The recipients of this honor were selected on the basis of ability and achievement.

heading for Saudi Arabia. So it was 1951 before Roberta, with daughters Susan and Elaine, joined Tom in Ras Tanura. Now, after 21 years, they are all back in the U. S. — Tom and Roberta are looking for a permanent home somewhere in Southern California, Susan and Elaine are married and live in California with families of their own, and younger sister Elizabeth attends Miramonte High School in Orinda. Tom and Roberta both attended high school in Huntington Park, California and graduated from UCLA. Tom then spent eleven years as a cost accountant with Lockheed Aircraft in Burbank. Roberta taught school prior to their marriage, has always liked to work with children, and just might go back to teaching part time. They both were active in the Canterbury Group while in Saudi Arabia, they like to travel, play bridge, are fond of reading and have accumulated a fine library. Tom, once but no longer a serious chess player, has retained his interest in philately and may eventually investigate the possibility of working for a stamp or book dealer, when they get settled. In the interim they planned to spend a few days in Paris, a week in London, pick up a car in New York and head for the West Coast via Florida and the southern states. Friends wishing to get in touch should try 116 Ardith Drive, Orinda, California 94563.

We understand that F. F. BLANK has their new home about finished and ready to move in — a dream home of their own plan and construction, on a twenty-acre site in Loveland, Colorado, R. R. #2, not far from Denver. This puts Fred and Alice roughly mid-way between son Clide in New York and son Jerry in California. Son William and daughter Darlene are in Colorado, as is ten-year-old daughter Jan. With major construction out of the way (we hope) perhaps Fred will be find time for a little bowling, fishing, hunting and golf. On the way home last year, he made a stopover in Scotland for a game at the famous old St. Andrews course. Fred, another Midwesterner who headed west, was born and received his early education in Illinois, then attended the National Trade School in Los Angeles. He worked for U. P. Coal Company in Rock Springs, Wyoming, Consolidated Steel in Los Angeles, on special U. S. Navy jobs in the early forties, and for twelve years in the construction industry before joining Aramco. He began as a heavy duty mechanic in 1955, moved to heavy equipment inspection, to maintenance mechanic supervisor at the Terminal, and was maintenance technician before assuming his last position as machinist foreman for the South Refinery.

WE TRY, BUT...

We always strive for perfection, knowing doggone well though that when we take a quiet look at the printed page (or open our mail) that there's going to be something not quite right — sometimes just a little bit, sometimes more than.

Duplicate and similar names and initials have a way of getting us into hot water every now and then. Like showing Alexander Fahey in St. Paul, Minnesota on the annual address list. He's still in St. Petersburg, Florida, and, in telling us so, generously said, "I would also like to take this opportunity to thank you for your continued mailing of the Aramco publications. They are most welcome, both for the interesting communications which they contain and the fact that they remind us that, though retired, we are not forgotten. The new issue of the Aramco Handbook was especially appreciated."

Out in Singapore, we can understand why Allen H. Richards was not too happy when the firm name in his address appeared as Richards and Gledhill — it should have been Allen and Gledhill.

And Shirley Nolan was put out to think that her friends would not be able to find her because a long unused name from the company records had been picked up instead of the one by which she is generally known and prefers to use.

A postal abbreviation got misinterpreted — Edna (Mrs. William P.) Daly lives in Scituate, Massachusetts, not in Maine.

Folks, our apologies for these and any other errors that may creep in. Please let us know when we make a boo-boo.

* * * * *

Printers don't drink more than other people. It jUsT shoze uP mOOre in PRint.

* * * * *

Doggone! A mailman can't always escape the dog-bite hazard by asking for inside duty. It seems one postal clerk finished registering a letter for a lady and then was bitten on the hand by her chihuahua when he gave back her change.

New Crop In Nevada?

Even before he became a very active member of the Reunion Committee, we received frequent communiques from Ollie DeVine, Professional Financial Planner-Advisor with the Unity Securities Corporation in Stateline, Nevada. To put his activities into a nutshell in his own words: "Am still very busy with my financial planning and management consulting work. Interesting, fun and lucrative!" They'd had "a real fine Unity

office opening party...the champagne flowed... sorry you weren't with us...all I need is more time in each day" (So who doesn't?) Their weather was cold and snappy. Or, when the temperature moved from 10° up to the 30's, it was "like living in the banana belt". He reminded us that we'd forgotten the capital "V" in his name and invited all of us to come on out to where "the living's grand!"

Word of New York's winter weather, its plague of transportation problems and the difficulty of Aramco's stateside personnel in reaching the new location seems to have travelled afar. In a combination of reminiscence and sympathetic understanding, Art Stepney commented on the way



SOME THINGS CHANGE - THEN THERE'S HISTORY

Dear Virginia:

I'm reminded of how lucky I was during my last stint in New York, thirteen years, ending in 1950. From Scarsdale and Bronxville it was 33 and 28 minutes to Grand Central, where one did not have to surface in the slush because the Chrysler and Channin Buildings, several hotels, clubs, and good restaurants were merely a walk along a passageway and where to open a door.

One miserable winter I went three weeks underground, emerging only twice in order to scurry from the Post Office to Crist Cellar's restaurant when he was on East 45th — all of 80 yards. It is funny I did not develop some rabbit fur behind my ears.

As for transportation, one winter month when I had to turn up on Saturday mornings, I awoke looking at a 26" snowfall and trudged through it to the Bronxville depot. Waiting there was a warm

train with our favorite conductor and brakeman beating their arms against their chests and inquiring "Where is everyone?" It must be different now. (*It certainly is!*)

Connie is after me not to get carried away and make this too long, but she does have a comment for you and your cohorts who looked over the "Safari" pictures a couple of years ago. After seeing the Today Show on TV recently with Barbara Walters showing some of the new longies, she wants me to tell you that "Bonnie and Clyde are back"... Kindest personal regards.

Ed: If you want to check for yourself, refer to AAAJ, March 1968, pp. 32-33 for the scenes that elicited the original "right out of 'Bonnie and Clyde'" remark. We don't know Connie's stand on the skirt issue today, but her sense of history is good. Personally, we belong to the anti-midi faction.

To Each His Own

This bit of news, with a promise of more later, came from Ted Green in mid-December after they had reached southern California.

Dear Virginia —

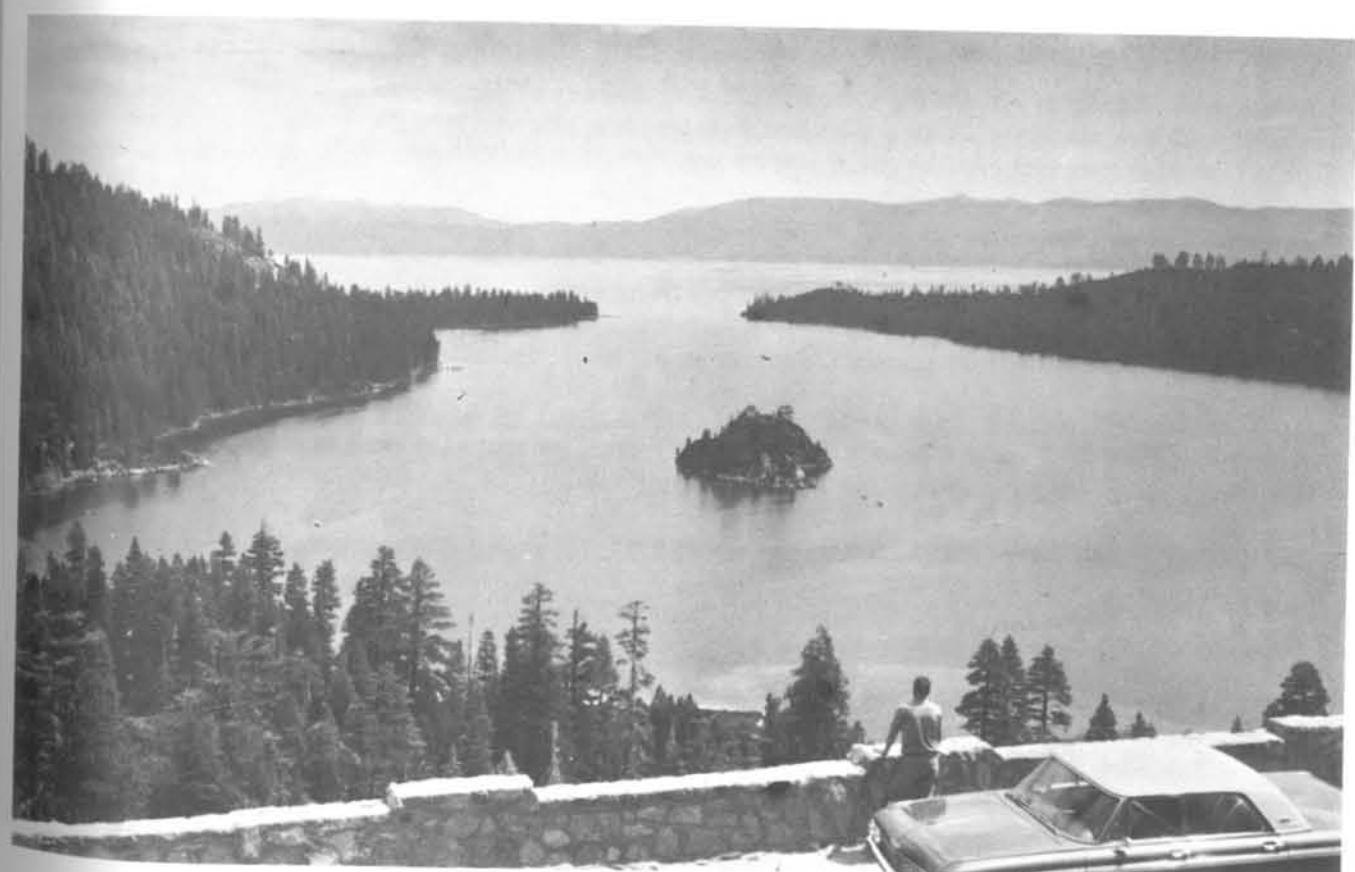
I know that I should have kept you better up-to-date on our progress, but there always seems to be more to do than there is time to do it. As you recall, perhaps, San Diego was where we were headed before we left Arabia. Here we are after several months of travel, which only convinced us that we had made the right choice. We have spent about a month getting the girls in school, getting acquainted with the city and with the opportunities here, getting settled into

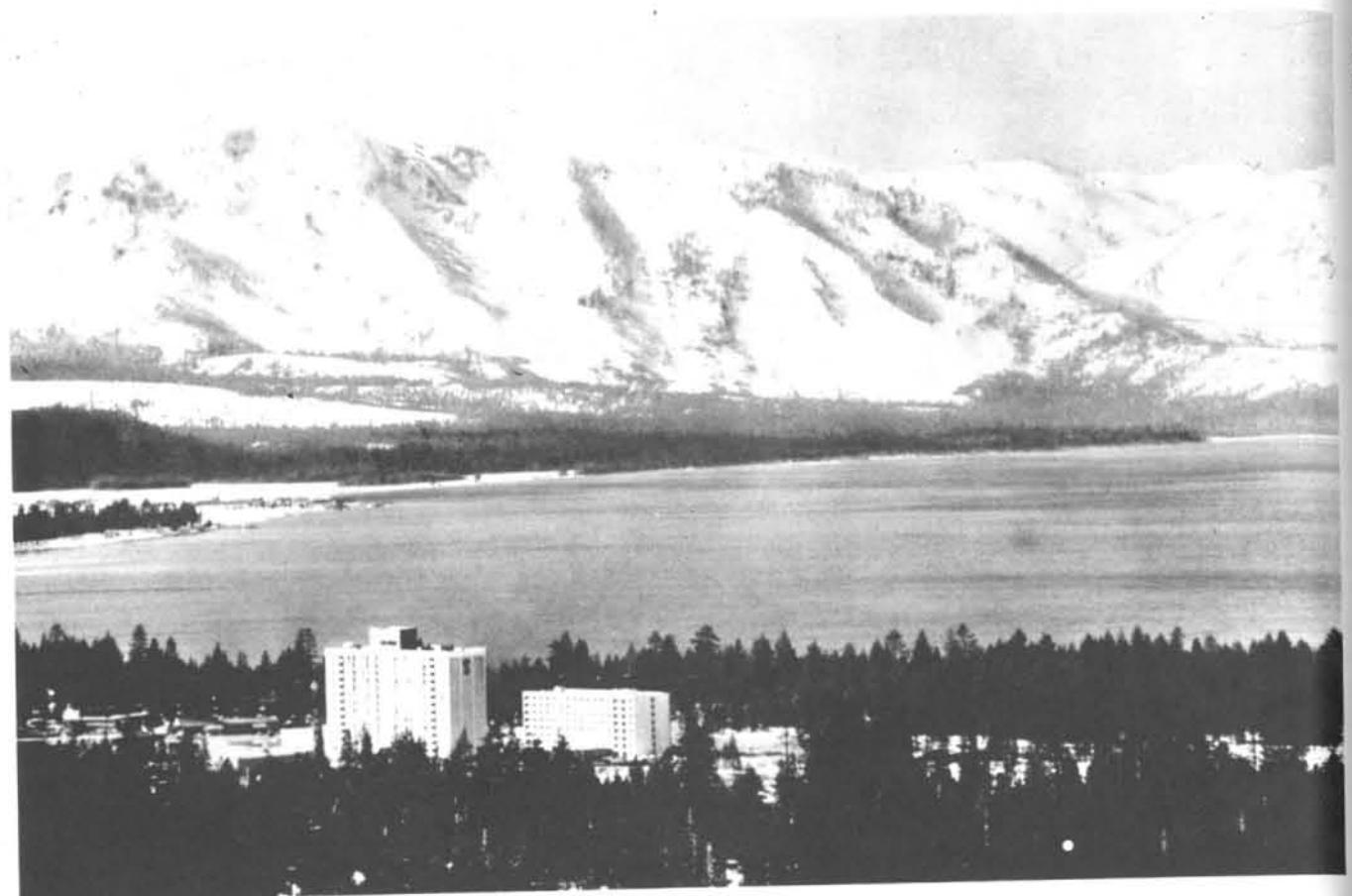
temporary housing until our furniture is shipped here, and (one of the biggest jobs) getting ready for our first U. S. Christmas in over ten years.

The girls love school here, plus the enjoyment of learning how nice things can be here in the U. S. AND, all of us love San Diego! Since we've traveled through twenty-four states getting here, I won't compare the rest of the country for fear of stepping on the toes of those who have settled in Florida, New Jersey, Oregon, Arizona, etc.

I promise to write again soon. For now, please accept our wishes for a very Merry Christmas and a most Happy New Year.

From an Emerald Bay viewpoint on the California side of Lake Tahoe looking east toward the distant Nevada shore and peaks.





Is Lake Tahoe toward Emerald Bay - the Sahara Tahoe foreground, left.

SEVENTH ANNUITANTS REUNION

SAHARA TAHOE HOTEL CASINO
Stateline, Lake Tahoe, Nevada

October 2-4, 1970

Welcome!

Many of you, whether annuitants, employees or children (grown or still growing), have attended and enjoyed fully the previous Reunions. For many, it's the only time when we do see each other.

There's no escaping the thrill of seeing and renewing friendships with so many of the people who experienced the same living and working conditions as you in far places. Who will ever forget them? The good times we had...the way we suffered...the 55-day shamals (or was it 155)...the vacations (when they really were long)...sending the kids off to school...and those Yimkin airlines!...Yes, we all "did our thing" together and now we want to talk about it, and find out what everyone's been doing since the last time we got together.

BUT... To be sure everything is right for you, we have to know who is coming. The sooner we hear from you the better the arrangements for you. So, **PLEASE** complete the form opposite and **RETURN IT TO ME BY MAY 15**. We hope all of you will come. And round up the kids and bring them too!

Present plans: For Friday and Saturday, we have arranged for a Majlis (with its own bar for convenient purchase of refreshments). All kinds of summer sports are readily available - swimming, water skiing, golf, etc. - as well as tours and bridge. Except for a golf tournament and the bridge, we expect to keep everything informal so you can do just as you wish, setting your own pace and schedule.

Then, the Big Do on Saturday evening will start with happy time in the Majlis where only the drinks you select will be extra. The special hors d'oeuvres, sweet music for talk or dancing, and the super dinner which follows in the Sequoia Room (New York steak, wine and soft music) will cost only \$15 per person. Hotel or motel accommodations, other meals, bar and miscellaneous items will be at your expense.

Sahara Tahoe is holding a block of rooms for our people and are giving them to us at off-season rates; but they can hold them only just so long. Therefore, you should fill out their accompanying blue card for your room reservation and send it directly to the hotel as soon as you know your plans.

Thanks a lot for your cooperation. If you have any suggestions or questions, please send them to me.

Fe Amaan Allah for now,

Barney Robertson

Mail to:
Barney Robertson
Box 425
Zephyr Cove
Nevada 89448
Phone: (702) 588-2762

Box 425
Zephyr Cove, Nevada 89448
Phone: (702) 588-2762

This is YOUR advice to US as to whether you will be with us. We must have it in order to proceed with arrangements.

MAIL BY MAY 15

This is NOT your hotel room reservation

YES We will be with you and all of our friends this year

There will be _____ persons in our party, including _____ kids

We plan to arrive about _____ a.m. _____ p.m. on October _____

GOLF Please sign us up for the Tournament. Male _____ Female _____

BRIDGE I'd like to play with some of my friends

NO Sorry, but we can't make it this year.

Your name _____
and _____
address _____

PLANNED SCHEDULE OF REUNION ACTIVITIES

Sahara Tahoe Hotel Casino
October 2-4, 1970

Friday – October 2

11 a.m. – 9 p.m.

Registration
Ahlan Wa Sahlan
As Salaam Alaikum
Majlis – With private bar for purchasing your favorite refreshments
Informal Arrangements
Bridge
Golf
Swimming – Water Skiing
Tours (Gray Line located in hotel)
Super-Star Shows

Saturday – October 3

9 a.m. – 6 p.m.

8:30 a.m. (tentative)

*6 p.m. – 8 p.m.

*8 p.m. – 10 p.m.

Registration
Sabah al Khayr
Khayf Haalak
Majlis (with same arrangement as above)
Golf Tournament – Guys and Gals
Informal Arrangements
Bridge
Swimming – Water Skiing
Tours (see above)
Super-Star Shows

* Majlis
Cocktails or otherwise (extra)
Hors d'oeuvres
Sweet music, for talking or dancing

* Sequoia Room
Super Dinner, New York steak (the works)
Wine
Soft Music

* The \$15 cost per person includes everything except individual bar selections

Sunday – October 4

10:30 a.m.

Farewell Brunch at Harvey's Wagon Wheel Hotel Casino
El Dorado Room – a Super-brunch (all you can eat for \$3.50 each) if a minimum of 200 persons can be guaranteed. Otherwise, at The Top of the Wheel, where an informal brunch will be arranged for a smaller number

When does a hobby become something else? For thousands of radio Hams it's when dedication lifts it from a purely fun and occasional dabbling category and, in cooperation with others, turns it into a useful service.

It's been a long time since we have had an item concerning Charlie Beck and the worthwhile work he has done in Southern Oregon since his retirement in 1952, after 25 years with SoCal and Aramco. Here is a story from the Grants Pass, Oregon DAILY COURIER for February 19, 1970, practically as Harold S. Kitching wrote it under the title

AREC: Ready For Disaster

The Amateur Radio Emergency Corps (AREC) has only 23 members in Josephine County, population 36,000-plus. Activity-wise, it ranks third in the state, behind only Multnomah (557,000) and Marion (153,000) counties.

Charles Beck, the group's emergency coordinator since 1959, credits "the most loyal bunch of people a man could ask for" and "a sense of discipline" for the accomplishment.

The local group is part of the national AREC, set up in 1935 under another name, Beck said, to provide emergency radio communications. "At that time, the only communications during, say, a flood along the Ohio or Mississippi rivers would be by the National Guard or some other group of that nature. Well, the Amateur Radio Relay League (ARRL) in watching these fellows decided they would make a real organization. Since then it has grown to where almost on any emergency there is a group of Hams that take over communications until conditions come back to normal."

How does this relate to Josephine County and Southern Oregon? "Well, for example," Beck said, "in 1964 we had a lot of snow here and there were a lot of telephone circuits out and this and that. We set up a communications system to help out by taking messages and handling other emergency traffic. I spent two days delivering radiograms and some telegrams into the back country I'd never seen before."

Another instance he cited was when the 1964 tidal wave hit Crescent City, California, wiping

out 21 blocks of the city. "They lost all communications and telephone lines were out. The Hams set up their emergency powered equipment and began sending out messages and assistance requests, many of which we handled. For example, I ordered roofing material and all sorts of stuff for them from businesses up here until the telephone people got in to put up a microwave unit for use until the land lines were repaired. We had a pretty smooth operation."

"To show you how we can work, the lady who was Civil Defense operator at the time would take incoming messages for Crescent City off her frequency, then pass them on to me on another frequency we both used on our alternate receivers. I'd be working on another message or request directly to Crescent City and when she'd come in with something, I'd listen on the alternate receiver, then pass it right down. That way, only one person would be tying up a frequency to Crescent City. That's the reason we have drills – to develop discipline instead of everyone yakking at once."

During the last countywide drill, members participated. "We covered this entire county in all the strategic points. At 2 p.m. everyone was in position and at 2:38 I had received 53 contacts from 29 stations, 18 of which were the mobile ones who work on different frequencies from different locations."

In the event of an emergency in, say, Wolf Creek, Beck could dispatch mobile units to handle communications until things returned to normal. During the 1969 simulated emergency test nationwide, 4,400 Hams participated with 2,800 messages handled to section emergency coordinators. There were 1,282 portable and mobile units operating and 342 stations on emergency power.

Josephine County's rating of third in Oregon that year was given on the basis of 200 points. Multnomah County had 335 and Marion County 239. "I have to write out the emergency plan for ARRL headquarters and send them radiograms concerning our activities, how many participated, what we've planned, etc., and all these things give us points," Beck said.

He pointed out that his group is designed to be affiliated with Civil Defense operations in addition to being communications agents for the Red Cross. "Unfortunately," he lamented, "the

Civil Defense hasn't ever progressed like it should in this area. There should be a bonafide station set up by Civil Defense with emergency power and trained operators. If they had this — but they don't — we would be tied in with them.

"The local ARRC doesn't maintain a man on duty 24-hours-a-day as some other Oregon networks do unless we have something that alarms us, like a flood situation, and then I generally monitor or get someone to check. I also have a deal with the policemen to call me during the night if something develops."

In a statewide communications emergency, Beck's group would join with the state AREC, "but we would still handle ourselves what happens entirely in this county. Unfortunately, the Oregon AREC doesn't have an emergency coordinator in each county. At last count there were 14 out of the 36 counties represented. We'd like to have one in each."

The lack of total county representation has kept the Oregon AREC from holding a statewide practice. "We do, however, have an organization in Oregon that's hard to beat. It's called the Oregon Emergency Net (OEN). I belong; have for many years. It's a statewide net and has over 200 participating members. It covers the state by town, not by counties as does our group. They go down the roll each night and call the cities, like Grants Pass, and as many members there as want to participate that night can check in.

"In a statewide emergency, the OEN is more capable of handling traffic than the AREC due to its numbers (numerically they have us beat). Besides, as I said before, they have members in counties where AREC isn't represented. I mean, there might be some county out in Eastern Oregon where we in AREC don't have an emergency coordinator or members, but the OEN does and its man can handle emergency radio contacts. On our end in AREC, we can help that man by handling his outgoing traffic and passing it on if there is no OEN man available in our area."

Two other groups mentioned by Beck, the Oregon Civil Defense Network and the Oregon Post Office Network, also serve the same purpose of providing radio communications. Why do they do it? Says Beck, "The most interesting thing to me is the public service. The AREC and similar groups are real public service agents, I would say, because they're most vitally needed. It's a pleasure to belong to the thing."

We express our appreciation to all of those who remembered us with their beautiful Christmas cards and warm greetings. Many included something extra, which we are happy to share

From The Holiday Messages

From Al (I. S.) Fladager's note: We had a lovely summer here, the best since I arrived in Denmark — but not as hot as Arabia. We had a two-week vacation in Yugoslavia at a beach resort about fifty miles north of Dubrovnik. A very nice place. Round trip jet fare, room with bath and balcony, all meals (and they were good) — all for \$140.00 per person. A hotel in Copenhagen now runs around \$20-\$30 a day.

This we like from "The McKeegan Blurb", annual holiday letter which Helen and Barney sent to their friends: Barney talks and dreams of traveling, but I have had enough to last me for a long time. I am content to greet each morning looking down the hillside at the scenery, with sunshine and fresh, clear air to enjoy. In Spring there are wild flowers; Summer brings vacationers who envy us our year long life up here; Fall with its perfect days of ever changing colors, fires in stoves and the smell of wood smoke; and Winter with its snow and holidays, bundled up kids and frisking dogs and a New Year to continue enjoying all that we have.... To all of you we send our warmest Christmas Greetings and, our wishes for a full and happy life in 1970. God Bless you all.

Lorraine and Jack Justilian wrote, Happy Holidays! Still enjoy receiving Al-Ayyam Al-Jamila and reading of friends and their interesting experiences. A job well done, Virginia. Also, we are still enjoying our 20 acres in Northwest Florida. Lots of pine trees, azaleas, camellias, crape myrtle, Spanish moss. Jack keeps busy with his greenhouse rooting and planting flowers and shrubs. I'm active in Garden Club, although Jack has the "green thumb"... We visit Panama City (50 miles) and Pensacola (120) often — beautiful white sandy beaches. Panama City would be an ideal spot for a summer reunion!... Hope you can visit us one of these days. Have a nice guest house waiting for you.

It's been good to see and chat with Carl Larson a couple of times, once in late summer and again since the first of the year. He talked enthusiastically the last time about the new job and their new way of life in modern, modern San Francisco which they described on their Christmas card:

RIGHT BACK WHERE WE STARTED FROM --

We love the new San Francisco and the idea of living here in the heart of the city at Golden Gateway Center. Carl works for IIAPCO (Independent Indonesian American Petroleum Company, Natomas wholly-owned subsidiary) and finds it most interesting and reminiscent of Aramco's early days.

1969 was our Italian year, as well as our return home after 5 years of working and living in Munich, The Hague, Ardnatrush and Antella. We have learned something of "La dolce vita" in our Italian adventure. We hope to find our "sweet life" here in San Francisco in the 70's.

We've had 3 lovely sorting-ourselves-out months in our Woodside home (thanks to our tenants who are on a Heaven/sent European tour). Returning to our house to live is on our projected Fifteen Year Program!

MEANWHILE, we'll walk to work, lunch in our apartment, play tennis-swim-sauna at our built/in G. G. Athletic Club evenings, visit family and friends on weekends, and roll out the sleeping bag for those who join us in The City.

This year's new address is our last, we hope. Use it to help us celebrate our California Christmas with your news, and

GOD BLESS! Molli, Carlo

The new address is 550 Battery Street, Apt. 818. The day of Carl's last visit, Molli had decided to go to work for a law office in an adjoining building which could be easily reached without going outside. Carl has been doing a lot of traveling outside the country in connection with his work but spends enough time at home base to keep track of the former Aramcons (many of them annuitants) who are working in the San Francisco Area.

Joseph and Ann Werner said, Once again we have to say that as much as we love Clearwater, Florida and all our friends here, this season of good spirits and great joy always stirs us to remember dear old friends and places. We want to wish you all a very Merry Christmas and a most prosperous and Happy New Year.... We get great pleasure reading about our friends and the people we met in Arabia, and sincerely thank you for giving us this through the magazines.

From Arizona, Jimmie Mahan and his family reported, We are spending the winter here in Tucson and like it a lot better than Corpus Christi, where we were last winter. It's a beautiful city, completely surrounded by mountains. We like it so well we bought a home here in the

Rincon Mountain foothills. However, we will go back to our home in Cape Cod for the summer, to be near the sea and the beaches, which we all love so much.

From Vince and Eileen Maroney in Connecticut: During the past year we made trips to Europe and The Orient, but did not meet any Aramco friends in our travels. (*'Wish they'd send us some of the details.'*)

Helen and John Rafferty's card carried these words from Alfred, Lord Tennyson: "Ah!... when shall all men's good be each man's rule, and universal peace lie like a shaft of light across the land."

HERE and THERE

Bobbie DeRoule says, This new house is just great and we're both busy as can be getting things in order. Joe keeps regular working hours around the place, except now he's up and at 'em at 4:30 to 5 a.m.! Not me tho'. The "girls" and I stay in as long as we can, so of course I'm not getting the inside in order as quickly as Joe is doing the outside. But in time...!

* * * * *

Wayne Matheson, from Cocoa Beach, Florida, with comments about the Kennedy Space Center: Now the place is wide open to the public and I am sure that they see more on a tour than I have seen in the almost six years that I have worked for NASA. I am an Engineering Technician and enjoy every minute spent at the Space Center. I thoroughly endorse the tour through the "camp" if you come this way.

May we express our appreciation for the Sun & Flare, Aramco World and, of course, the Al-Ayyam Al-Jamila. Every word is read with great interest by both of us. That was a great life out there and will never be forgotten by either of us. I would darned near trade what I have now to be able to go back again. Wouldn't a visit be nice? Yimkin! Affectionately, Wayne and Myrtle Matheson.

* * * * *

Murlin D. Jones started off the new year by letting us know that they are permanently located in Hot Springs, Arkansas, Route 1, Box 148. The ex-Aramco community in Hot Springs continues to grow.....

* * * * *

We're still waiting for a picture of the new home which the Gordon Wilsons reported last fall was abuilding in Vero Beach, Florida. Gordon did promise one.

* * * * *

An address change card from Bob Claussen early in the winter, included a penned note

saying he was getting married - no details. Then a bit later: Dear Virginia, As I wrote on the card sent to you, I took the big step and am a married man again after five years of single life. Strangely, I met Eloise (Bombalicki) through a mutual Aramco friend about a year ago. She is a high school science teacher, a very lovely person and intelligent also. It's the first marriage for her - so consequently her parents put on a fairly large wedding, much to my consternation since in my opinion large weddings are for young people. Anyway, I managed to survive and am as happy as can be... So who's old? Congratulations and our best wishes. Also, we're glad that Eloise had her day - one that most little girls start dreaming about long before they outgrow pig-tails, hairbows and shed the braces on their teeth.

* * * * *

In December Tom McMahan said, Everything goes well for us here in Spain. We still think it was the best place for us to retire. For me the art world has slowed down some so I have been busy making fabric and scarf designs. With best regards and a very Merry Xmas.

* * * * *

A note on C. G. "Bill" Bailey's Christmas card said he was no longer in Abu Dhabi. 'Dont know whether he will be sending us reports on England now that he's back, or whether he will be moving off to some other far place. We'll just have to wait and see.

* * * * *

And on January 21, A. C. Vick's letter from Guadalajara said, We are gradually getting settled in our place here. Despite the language difference and other problems, we find Mexico a very interesting place to live. Twenty one years in Saudi Arabia does prepare one to cope with foreign environments. Anyway, particularly in this area, the climate could hardly be improved upon. Tomatoes are ripening in my garden and roses, camellias and other flowers are thriving.

Still, it is in the invigorating 40's in early morning. It never snows, of course, and in this season seldom rains, even. We're envious (green).

* * * * *

Bob Townsend, from Napa, California, says, I went to work for Bechtel in San Francisco for a week but couldn't take the four hours per day commute time, so I quit. Am now working for "Speedspace" in Santa Rosa, running their warehouse. The weather here has been most peculiar the last couple of winters, as it has in the rest of the States... Perhaps I should have stayed in the land of sunshine.

* * * * *

It was good to have John Wilgosz popping in and out of 1345 during his several-week stateside visit which included holidays spent with family and friends. He was admittedly eager to be on his way back to sunny Italy, however. Our weatherman hasn't been very kind to natives or visitors this winter.

* * * * *

From the Pomona, California "Progress-Bulletin, December 30, 1969"

Wise Men's Message to Mankind

On a winter's night 19 centuries ago the world was troubled, sick and enslaved. The great Roman Empire after a triumph over the Holy Land ruled with an iron hand the people it called its subjects.

Yet one night a star was shining through all the darkness of oppression and fear, a glorious star heralding a new era of time and thought, the downfall of despotism and slavery, the advent of the Prince of Peace.

The star leading the three wise men was for all time and all people. When they left their homes, friends and relatives and everyone scoffed at them and their journey. Who knows? Perhaps the wise men themselves were not sure what it was all about so to speak. But, they saw the star and followed it, and because they did they found the Saviour and the way-shower for future generations.

There were four virtues these wise men

found, namely: gratitude, humility, love, reverence. Having lived in the Middle East for so many years, people have asked me can there ever be peace in that part of the world. I answer it like this: Men and nations have made countless laws and treaties and have accomplished nothing. However, there are laws by which men and nations can live in peace and harmony. I refer to none other than the 10 Commandments. This is the answer. — Casper T. Gee, Pomona.

....and then, the FRIENDS OF THE FAMILY

From Bill (W.B.) Brubaker in California. Dear Virginia: We get real pleasure from the Aramco publications and hope we will now have the opportunity to attend the biannual annuitants party which we understand will be held in Lake Tahoe area this year.

My wife, Hellon, and I live at 605 Arbolada Drive, Arcadia, with our thirteen year old daughter, Diana. We returned to California January, 1969 and I am now in the employ of Standard Oil Company of California, Western Operations, Los Angeles.

We enjoyed our four years of association with Arabia, 1942-46, and have since spent ten years in Java and two in Japan before ten years in New York associated with American Overseas Petroleum Limited.

Many thanks and best regards.

* * * * *

The Hamilton A. Moores (Bapco and SAO Aramco for fourteen years, transferring to Esso Libya in 1960) have decided not to return to Tripoli because of the present situation there. They want to continue receiving publications, however, and sent a new address: 1 East Marten, Coffeyville, Kansas 67337.

Some come, some go.....

Among friends going were the Hosmers (Jack in December, Betty to follow a bit later) — back from Indonesia and heading for Tripoli, they may be reached c/o Esso Standard Libya, Inc. (Essofield), P. O. Box 385.



Only five minutes from the Sahara Tahoe Hotel, the Heavenly Valley Tramway lifts its passengers to heights of over 9000 feet for breathtaking views of the lake and surrounding countryside.

African Holiday

Pat and Doug Elliott

As you can see, we are still here in Dhahran and will now be here for the remainder of this year. We did take some time off last November during Ramadhan and headed for Africa. After an overnight stop in Jiddah, the next day was spent in Addis Ababa where we had about an eight-hour layover due to flight schedules. This delay really was quite enjoyable as it gave us time for a nap and a tour of the city. There have been quite a few changes since our last visit there in 1953: a new palace, new Hilton Hotel, and many new business buildings. The old Ras Hotel was perhaps just a bit shabbier, the Emperor's lions

probably a bit older, and the shopkeepers in the old market just as insistent.

Nairobi too now has a new Intercontinental Hotel and a new Hilton. There is a university close to the Norfolk Hotel, with buildings on each side of the street and gorgeous bougainvillea beds lining the sidewalks. In fact, the flowers all over the city were even more lovely and profuse than we remembered them from our last visit there in 1960. The traffic was terrible. The Norfolk seemed unchanged and still retains its popularity in spite of — or perhaps because of — the newer places.

Doug had planned for a very short hunt for field game and had a very successful one in the Nanyuki area — eight days with a white hunter, two Africans and a Toyota. He added four more antelope types to his collection and another zebra. The eland still were very elusive, however. This time we stayed at a delightful farmhouse on the slopes of Mount Kenya so each night meant a hot bath, martinis or whatever in front of a huge walk-in fireplace in the beamed living room, and a comfortable bed. This farm, consisting of about 500 acres, is owned by a very ambitious young woman who operates riding and camera safaris to the snowline on Mount Kenya. Years ago, her father began the successful breeding of wild zebras and mares, the offspring being called a zebroid, a chestnut colored animal with brown stripes, about the same size as a zebra. These are used as pack animals and Mrs. Lockwood is hoping to add more to her herd — the only drawback being able to find the time to capture the zebra.

Unfortunately, we had only planned an overnight stop at Salisbury, Rhodesia, but hope to be able to visit there longer some other time. The following morning we took the short flight to Victoria Falls on the Zambezi River and stayed there for two days. The falls are truly magnificent — over twice as high as Niagara and a mile wide. The best way to see them in their entirety is to take the "Flight of the Angels", a small, sightseeing plane. We managed to get some wonderful pictures this way; rather, Doug did. I was too busy hanging on as we dipped low over the falls, first to one side, then to the other.

Johannesburg, South Africa, is a big city and actually not too attractive, being very flat with simply huge, yellow mine dumps in every direction.

It's hard to believe that the city is only some sixty years old and that so much digging has gone on in that time. There is now a plan to plant the dumps with grass and shrubs which will certainly make them more attractive. Again, the traffic was extremely heavy. Two days later we rented a car and left in the early morning for the thousand mile drive to Capetown — a good road, but narrow. The countryside the first day was very reminiscent of Arizona, flat and desert-like. The entire area was dotted with small, rounded mounds, some grey and some yellow, which in the distance looked like identical rocks, but which turned out to be anthills. Just before reaching Capetown there were mountains — and a lovely superhighway.

Capetown is a delightful, small city dominated by Table Mountain from which one gets a grand view of the city, harbor and surrounding countryside. We stayed at the lovely Mount Nelson Hotel, one of the few remaining hotels still operated in the old British tradition of unlimited service without the outstretched hand, gracious dining, and an aura of leisurely living. We spent the entire next day driving the 37 or so miles down to the Cape of Good Hope and back. The road passes through a small game reserve and here we saw some herds of bontebok, an antelope with some resemblance to an oryx and which is the emblem of the Cape Province. There were also some Bushnell's zebra and signs warning motorists to drive carefully because of ostrich nesting areas. However, we saw neither birds nor eggs. At the old lighthouse at the Cape were black-backed gulls, petrels and gannets. It was quite a thrill, to us, to realize this was the end of the continent, the meeting place of the Indian and Atlantic oceans — and the next stop south was Antarctica.

The highway to the east of Capetown passes through some of the finest farmland in the country, many of the farms having been settled by the original Dutch settlers more than three hundred years ago. It was in this area that we first realized that South Africa is a bi-lingual country. In many of the small towns Afrikaans is the only language spoken; newspapers, magazines and radio broadcasts are all in this form of Dutch. The broadcasts throughout the country are also in English and Bantu, the African language understood by most of the tribes.

Farther east is a mountain range and we spent most of one afternoon driving down into

and out of one canyon after another. This is part of the rain forest and there are supposed to be elephant in the vicinity, but all we saw in the way of wildlife was one lone baboon sitting in the middle of the right lane just when Doug finally found an opportunity to pass a slow-moving truck ahead of us on the narrow, winding road. By the way, driving in South Africa is on the "wrong" side of the road which, at first, is a bit harrowing both for driver and passenger.

The drive up the east coast took us into the area called the Transkei which consists of over a million lovely fertile acres which the government has turned over to several tribes which have self-government, more or less. Towns here are few and far between and the landscape is dotted with clusters of African huts and kraals with sheep and cattle; there is some agriculture but not on a large scale.

We had originally planned to stay right on the highway to Durban but an English couple we had met at the motel the previous evening suggested we take a detour and visit a resort on the ocean, assuring us that there was a "good" road all the way. So we turned off the main highway and all too soon ran out of paved road. For the next sixty some miles we drove over and around some of the highest mountains in the country over a narrow dirt road, always thinking there would be some improvement around the next bend. It was quite dark by the time we reached Port St. John so we didn't see much of the town, but the hotel was very nice and we had an enjoyable evening, celebrating Doug's birthday. It rained quite hard during the night and was still drizzling when we started out the next morning. The hotel manager advised taking another road to the north rather than the one over which we had come the evening before, this alternate being not quite as mountainous. Well, it wasn't quite, but it was 125 miles of slipping, sliding and slithering through sometimes six inches of slimy mud over the worst road imaginable. We were still in the Transkei and in spite of the constant rain, Africans were going about their chores and small, dripping, naked boys waved to us from the roadside. When we finally reached the macadam, after almost five hours, it was impossible to see anything through the mud-covered windows so our first stop was for a carwash and lunch before proceeding to Durban.

The sign on the superhighway, clogged with five o'clock traffic, said "Durban" but we were

still ten miles from the outskirts of that city. Durban is the resort of South Africa — beautiful beaches and a beachfront reminiscent of Miami Beach. Our hotel, just a street back of the waterfront, was rather unique in that there was a small theater off the main lobby where there was some sort of entertainment every night — movies, variety shows, quiz shows, etc. — all free to guests. The price of our room was also unique, we thought, in that country of comparatively high prices, being only \$15.30 per day for two, including three meals! Of course, this was the off-season rate, but the in-season one wasn't a great deal higher. The currency of South Africa is the rand — one rand being equal to \$1.40 — which means that dollars really don't go too far.

The main tourist attraction in Durban seems to be the jumping rickshaw drivers. Nowadays, they do nothing but pose for pictures and, for a small fee, ride you a few yards. However, they are most picturesque in their towering head-dresses of feathers, pieces of fur, and beadwork, with costumes to match. Durban, in addition to being the resort city of the Republic, is also an important seaport, with a population of over half a million, about half of which is East Indian. The Indian people have their own colleges (one with a capacity of over 2000 students) hospitals, nursing schools, and a theater, also with a capacity of over 2000, the largest in the country. The Indian market is a very popular spot with tourists.

Where Reunion attendees will play. . . .



The Edgewood-Tahoe Country Club golf course. Right, the Sahara Tahoe Hotel as seen from the club's 14th tee, only a wedge shot away.



The day following our return to Johannesburg, after a trip that covered about 2700 miles, we had a chance to attend the Sunday mine dances which were extremely interesting. These are tribal dances put on each week by the men who work in the gold mines. The costumes were most colorful and the stomping rhythm, especially that of the Swazi tribe, was very contagious. The Africans in the stands cheered on their favorites vigorously, and the camera buffs were out by the dozens.

Our next stop was Lagos, Nigeria, where we had hoped to see the George Larsens. However, we had had a cable upon first arriving in Johannesburg, saying they would be in the states at the time of our visit, but to come along anyway. We thoroughly enjoyed our two days in the Larsen's beautiful home, and the opportunity to meet the Mobil staff in Lagos who helped make our visit so pleasant. It was quite a surprise to meet again two old friends from Dhahran, Don and Mary Ray, who recently transferred to Lagos.

We returned to Dhahran, after a couple of days in Beirut, just a week before the 'Id holidays. Then followed Christmas and New Year's — and another year. We're now hoping to be able to make a trip to Australia early next year — en cha'allah. In the meantime, we are still enjoying life here but do miss some of our old friends.

In Memoriam

It is with sadness that we record the passing of these old friends, and to their families we offer deepest sympathy:

Clarence O. Marlar — January 18, 1970 — Dallas, Texas
Howard Martin — February 9, 1970 — Plymouth Meeting, Pennsylvania
Archie B. Perry — December 25, 1969 — Fresno, California
Ernest O. Thompson — February 23, 1970 — Jefferson City, Missouri

* Please direct all address changes to the attention of *
* Aramco's Personnel and Administrative Services Department *
* and include the code which appears above your name on the *
* mailing label of the Aramco publications. *

Mail Call!

Please use the following list in conjunction with the Fall 1969 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.

ARAMCO AND AOC

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(continued)

Mail Call – continuation

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John O. Delfs
Oliver T. DeVine
Charles M. DiGiacomo
Douglas N. Ezzell
Alexander Fahey
Joseph A. Galleazzi
Keith H. Geiger

Vivian R. Gore
Dale D. Gray
Edward S. Green
William H. Groat
Kenneth L. Hammond
Thomas J. Handzus
Philip C. Harley
Luella Harting
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Andrew J. Hill
George B. Holmes
Ira B. Hooper
Walter A. Irwin
Alexander Johnson
Murlin D. Jones
Wilfred M. Jones
Eugene Karlin

Everett C. Lary
William L. Lathan
Fred J. Locke, Jr.
Jesse M. Logrbrinck
Ann Lysczyk
Floyd C. McGough
George E. McSweeney
Vincent C. Maroney
Annette Matthews
Robert Moderau

Homer C. Mueller
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