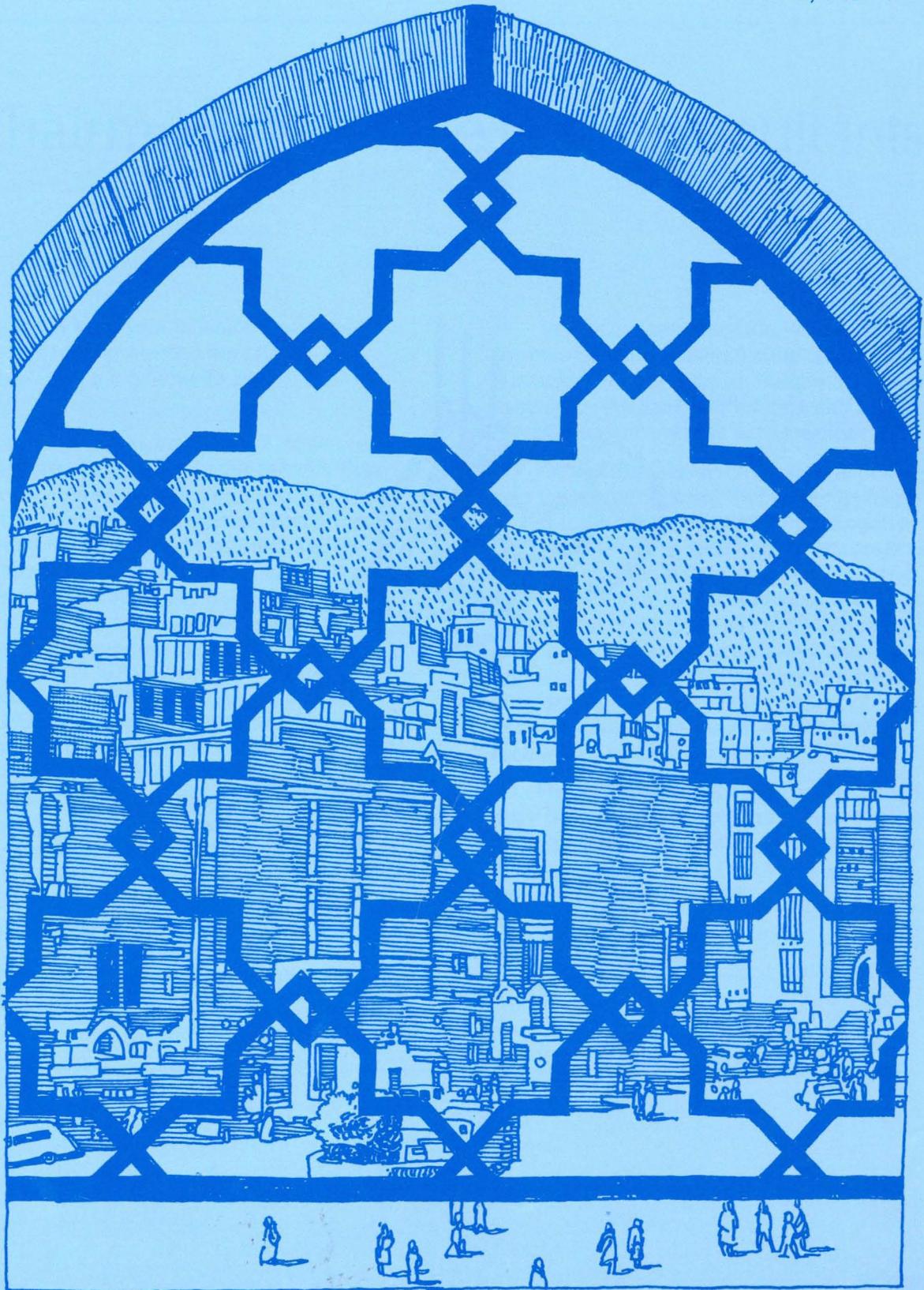


Al-Ayyam Al-Jamila

" These Pleasant Days "

SPRING 1981

Vol. 25, No. 1





Chairman's Message to the Annuitants

This is the third year in which I have had the pleasure of greeting Aramco annuitants. The year of 1980 was a momentous one for the company.

More than 11,000 persons were added to the work force. Operations in our primary field of endeavor — the search for and production of crude oil — continued to proceed in an orderly and efficient manner. The headline grabbers in 1980, however, involved components put into operation for the Master Gas System, which Aramco is building and operating on behalf of the Saudi Arab Government.

The gigantic Shedgum Gas Plant was completed and began producing natural gas liquids (NGL). The NGL/Ethane pipeline stretching 1,170 kilometers to the Red Sea coast was put into initial service providing fuel for pump stations along the adjacent crude oil line; it will be switched to NGL service when liquid feed is required at Yanbu, and the Ju'aymah Fractionation Plant and LPG Export Terminal were opened for business: on November 27, 1980 His Majesty King Khalid Ibn 'Abd Al-'Aziz officially commissioned the fractionation plant and export terminal during a visit to the Eastern Province.

Progress continued, too, on the program Aramco has undertaken for the Saudi Arab Government to provide an integrated power system for the Eastern Province and thus bring electricity to all villages in the region.

One of the most exciting events of the year was the announcement that work has begun on the Exploration and Petroleum Engineering Center (EXPEC) in Dhahran. This center will give Aramco geologists, geophysicists and petroleum engineers the tools close at hand to continue exploiting the Kingdom's abundant oil and gas reserves successfully and efficiently. When completed, EXPEC will represent an outstanding example of the transfer of geoscience and petroleum engineering technology to Saudi Arabia.

Happily, despite our rapid expansion and busy work schedules, the warm and friendly atmosphere you remember still exists in the Aramco communities. I wish you and your families a prosperous 1981.

Sincerely,

John J. Kelberer

Heading East, Cranes Will Be Flying High



Charles and Shirley Crane

A retirement home on an airstrip? Charlie and Shirley Crane have done it, designed and built a house with a porte cochere by a small airstrip in Westport, Oklahoma, overlooking Lake Keystone, and to it they added a hangar half as large as the house so that Crane can taxi virtually into the kitchen any time he wants to. Clearly, flying will figure importantly in the future of the adventurous Cranes and the wonder is how it has done so for the past 26 years. The interest, of course, goes back much further; at 18, Crane had earned his private pilot's license, quite a coup for a student-turned-ditchdigger on the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe Railroad.

On December 7, 1941, Pearl Harbor was bombed; Crane then at Chillicothe Business College in Missouri, joined the Navy the following day just as war was declared. Selected for pre-flight school at University of Iowa, he later earned his Navy wings at Corpus Christi in 1943. Advanced flight training in dive bombers led to assignment on the aircraft carrier *USS Enterprise* in the South Pacific, where he participated in many major engagements.

When quizzed about those times, the normally talkative Crane retracts and only by chance does one learn that he was twice shot down, spent six days alone in a life raft and was recipient of several military decorations.

After the war, Crane went back to school, graduating from Oklahoma with a major in Business Administration. In a tilt towards the oil industry, perhaps because he'd grown up in the shadow of the Kan-O-Tex oil refinery, Arkansas City, Crane joined Phillips Petroleum Company in Denver. There he met Shirley Cameron, scrub nurse for a neurosurgeon and, three months later, they were married. Their first child, Victor, arrived the following year.

In the spring of 1954, just before the arrival of their second child, Rebecca, Crane was hired by Aramco as products supervisor in the old Products Distribution Department in Dhahran, and two years later, his family joined him, only to be themselves joined by Steve, born in Dhahran in 1956. The Cranes moved to Ras Tanura in 1963, where Charlie became a coordinator in Oil Operations Department at the terminal. The usual round of activities ensued with Crane starting the Peewee Ball Club, serving as official statistician for Little League and Shirley a Cub Scout den mother, organist and winner, one year, of the Women's Tri-District Bowling Championship.

Vacations centered around flying activities with the Cranes tooling around the country in a Cessna instead of a car. At 14, Victor was flying gliders and at 16, Steve had soloed in the Cessna. Shirley got into flying as well; ground requirements for her private pilot's license have been met, and air requirements will be tackled as soon as they are settled.

In 1967, the family returned to Dhahran where Crane joined Materials Control Department (then MS&T) as materials investment controlman, and in 1971 he transferred to Construction Materials Division as project materials specialist, the position from which he retired. Shirley, in the Central Nursing Office, has worked in clinic nursing, maternal and child health care and in hospital nursing as supervisor in emergency operating room, recovery room and special care areas. She was Dhahran Health Center's candidate last year for the "Middle Managers for Special Recognition" award given by the *American Journal of Nursing Administration*.

How does it feel, after 26 years in Saudi Arabia, to leave the whole kit and caboodle? "We've had a good life, raised our kids, made a lot of friends," says Shirley, "and we'll still have strong Aramco connections." She is referring

to Rebecca, who is married to Peter Calligeros, son of ex-Dhahranites Mr. and Mrs. John Calligeros, and Steve, who recently married Debbie Steen, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. William Steen of Dhahran.

"Yes, sir," chimes in Crane, his face alight with thoughts of the four-seater Mooney he will soon be parking in the hangar, "I am looking forward to the future."

But first things first. On Sunday, December 7 — once again a memorable day — the Cranes flew to Japan to meet Victor and his wife, Maureen. There, after an absence of 35 years, Crane boarded an aircraft carrier, this time the *USS Midway*. Standing by was Victor, now a navy pilot assigned to the ship, with orders to proceed with his father on a 10-day cruise. That, for Charlie, was the frosting on a very rich piece of cake.

The Cranes' contact address: Rural Route No. 3, Box 12C (Westport), Cleveland, Oklahoma 74020.

Bowmans Leave For Ocean Pines Home

Ernest ("Bim") and Barbara Bowman left Abqaiq Saturday, February 28, ending a stay with Aramco that lasted over 24 years. Bowman's entire career with Aramco was spent in Inspection, the function in which he held supervisory positions in three operating areas — Ras Tanura, Dhahran, and Abqaiq.

The Bowmans planned to come directly back to the United States where they will visit their five children and three grandchildren before heading towards the eastern shore of Maryland at Ocean Pines. Their immediate contact address is c/o Collins, 1A Potter Street, Newport, Rhode Island 02840.

Putnamland: Chesapeake to Canadian Woods



Rhea and Marty Putnam

Skipper Rhea Putnam and his mate Marty traded the Middle East for the Middle Atlantic states when they launched their planned retirement on December 17th, and eventually they'll anchor at a two-acre site on Occohannock Creek near Exmore, Virginia, on the eastern shore of Chesapeake Bay. Anyone visiting that area might want to be on the lookout for a sloop with billowing sails; chances are good that the Putnams will be aboard.

Their itinerary began with a holiday season stopover at a St. Anton, Austria, ski resort, and continued on to Marty's birthplace in Myerstown, Pennsylvania, where they stayed while a boat dock and other finishing touches were made to

their new Eastern Shore home.

Putnam, superintendent of Project and Construction Support Services, has a 27-year Aramco-Tapline career history, which began in 1947 when he was a member of the original Tapline concept and design team at 200 Bush Street, in San Francisco. After receiving a B. S. in Mechanical Engineering from Iowa State College in Ames, Iowa, Putnam joined Tapline and participated in the development and application of the detailed hydraulics of the pipeline until 1949.

Six years of experience with Shell Oil Company, and General Electric Company inter-

vened before Putnam rejoined Tapline in New York in 1955, with subsequent transfer to the Tapline office in Beirut, Lebanon, several months later. Assignment to Turaif, the northernmost Tapline station, came in 1956 and the Putnam family, now including newborn son Peter, spent the next nine years there. In 1965, as assistant to Tapline's manager of operations, Putnam moved the family back to Beirut where they lived until 1967 when he was named station superintendent at Turaif, a post he held until 1970.

Since his transfer to Aramco in 1970, Putnam has held design, construction, and senior project engineer posts as well as construction manager and acting project manager assignments.

Marty's talent and professional training enriched the lives of those around her wherever she went. Her 18-year teaching career began in Turaif at the Tapline Company School. It continued in Beirut at the American Community Schools, at Aramco schools, the Dhahran Academy, and in private tutoring.

The "see America" plans Marty and Rhea have for the future fit in well with the geographic locations of the six Putnam grandchildren. Tracy and Michael Moeller, children of daughter Pamela Sue, live in Iowa. Daughter Lynn Ann Heinz, whose family includes sons Mark and Luke, calls Florida home. In Vermont, the Stephen Rhea Putnams are at home with their sons David and Eric, while recently married Peter David is now situated in North Carolina.

Putnam will have many stories to tell the grandchildren, and the one about his adventures in the yellow submarine, 160 feet below the surface of the Arabian Gulf, is certain to be included. As an engineer on loan to the Inspection Department in 1971, Putnam's underwater journey provided a memorable glimpse of beautiful and exotic marine life. His weekend-fun-in-Turaif stories have already been documented. He was known there as Tapline's "Puttering Putnam" for his sand sailer (Aramco World, Sept.-Oct. 1971), used for weekend navigation on the dry desert lake beds. He also designed and built the Desert Fun Car (Aramco World, Jan.-Feb. 1971), a mongrel dune buggy.

"I intend to spend the rest of my life outdoors," Rhea says, and indeed fishing, hunting, sailing, gardening, golf, swimming, and scuba diving are hardly indoor activities. Marty, sure to be missed at the Yacht Club where she

was a member of the race committee for the past nine years, is similarly inclined. With a house on Chesapeake Bay — and a summer cottage on 97 acres of Canadian woods to boot — the Putnams seem headed in the right direction.

The Putnams can be contacted at 20 South Locust Street, Myerstown, Pennsylvania 17067, or by calling 717/866-4764.

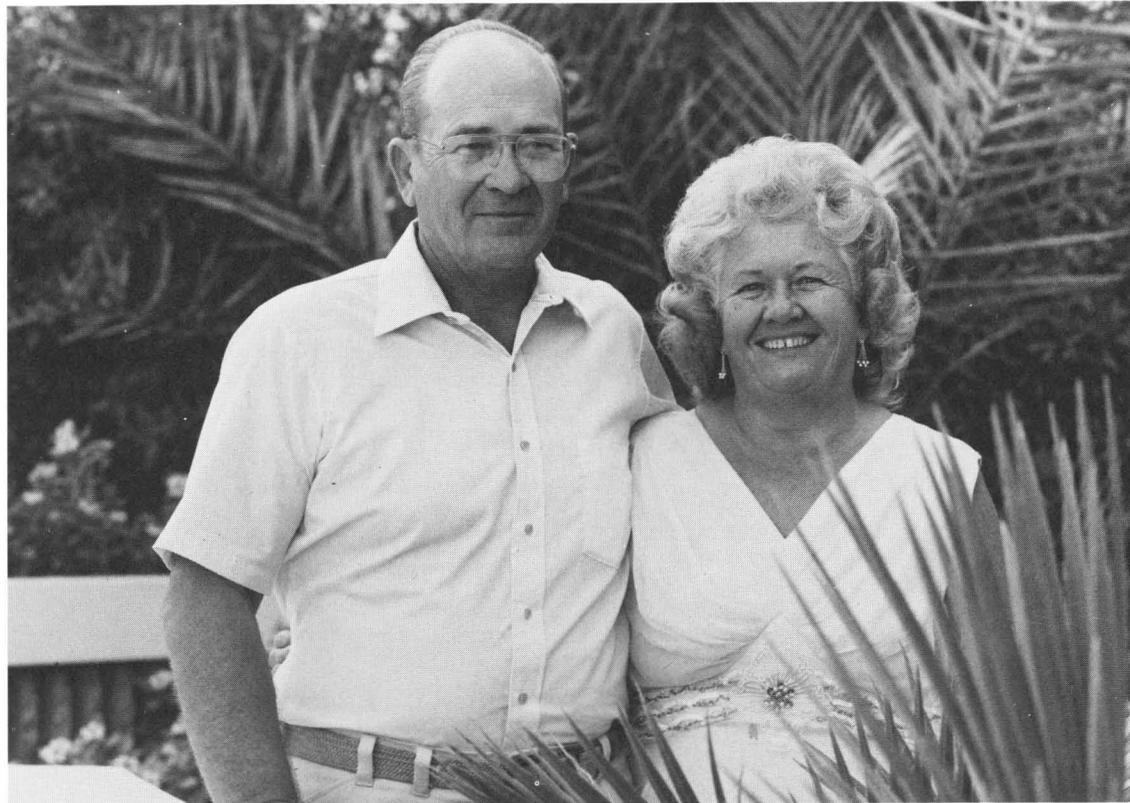
Louisiana Bound



Marvin D. Boudreaux

Marvin D. Boudreaux departed Saudi Arabia February 1 for early retirement after 23 years' Aramco service with the Training Department in Ras Tanura and Dhahran. Until settling in New Orleans, his contact address is Route 1, Box 178, Franklin, Louisiana 70538.

Rines Packs Up His Trophies, Ends Thirty Aramco Years



Doug and Marj Rines

In an Aramco work population with an average service of less than three years, the 30-year service award is becoming an increasingly rare event. Doug and Marj Rines capped their three decades with an even more momentous event — their departure on December 10 for retirement. "Emotions are mixed," reflects Marj, who arrived in May 1952, with small daughters Gail and Candice, now mothers themselves. "We loved it in Saudi Arabia, enjoyed the people and have a lot of wonderful Saudi Arab friends."

Born in Rochester, New York, Rines attended the University of Rochester and Rochester Institute of Technology. His first job as an engraver for Bausch and Lomb Optical Company was interrupted by wartime service with the U.S.

Air Force in the Aleutian Islands, after which he returned to his job, met and married Marjorie Driscoll in 1946, and later moved to Taylor Instrument Company as an instrumentation mechanic.

In November 1950, Rines joined Aramco as instrumentation supervisor, Dhahran Instrument Shop, a position he held — apart from a stint, in 1956, as materials forecaster, M&S — until 1963. He then became instrument, office machines, and refrigeration foreman, Dhahran Shops, a job he held until 1967; thereafter he was foreman of instrument, electrical, and mechanical units in Dhahran, Ras Tanura, and the Northern Area. His most recent assignments have been as supervisor, Northern Area Material Forecasting Unit, and supervisor, Ras Tanura Long Range

Material Forecasting Unit, with a special assignment on Yanbu' projects.

Twenty years in Dhahran and ten in Ras Tanura represent a lot of living and the Rineses have made the most of it, judging from the list of activities they have pursued. In the early years, the focus was on the family, which grew to include Mark, now 25, and Clark 19, both born in the Dhahran Health Center. Doug's work with Little League baseball, swim meets, and county fairs and Marj's Girl Scout and Cub Scout den mothering, however, rode in tandem with a keen, shared interest in golf and bowling. Rines has served as president of the Ras Tanura Men's Golf Association, and one year, in a his-and-hers presidency, Doug and Marj held the top posts of their respective bowling associations. Rines also won the first Arabian Masters Tournament in bowling, an award which keeps company with 84 other bowling trophies, which in turn share the spotlight with numerous golf trophies.

As for home activities, would you believe the family receives radio and television on sets which Rines built himself?

Another enduring interest — travel — will be part of the retirement picture. The Rineses have lost count of countries visited, having covered most of Europe, the Middle East and Far East, but they are aware of places missed, Ireland, Australia and South Africa, for instance, and plan to take corrective action. But this will come later. Their first stop will be Rochester, to visit with daughters Gail Leathers and family, including grandchildren, Suzanne, 12, Lori, 9, and Timothy, 6, and with Candice Mangan, mother of three more grandchildren, Shane, 5, Scott 2, and Kelly 1. Their next stop will be Houston to see their eldest son, Mark, and finally to Tempe, Arizona for a visit with youngest son Clark.

Keeping up with old Aramco friends is another priority. "We've attended the last two reunions," reports Marj, "and we've had a wonderful time at each one. There were almost 700 people at the last reunion and we knew them all."

With family and friends and interests and a new home in Arizona or Florida, and with time now to enjoy them all, the future, for Doug and Marj Rines, augurs well.

Contact address: c/o Clark Rines, 3402 South Bala Drive, Tempe, Arizona 85282.

Kentucky Home



Alberta Pope Maraman

Alberta Pope Maraman, an employee of Aramco in Saudi Arabia for more than 28 years, the last 20 of which were spent in the Law Department, departed January 8th for retirement. During her years in Saudi Arabia, Maraman was very involved in dance, and she hopes her many pupils and friends will keep in touch. She may be contacted at Salt River Drive, Shepherdsville, Kentucky 40165.



Lloyd Johns Retires

Lloyd and Gloria Johns of Dhahran departed for retirement on Sunday, February 1, after approximately 23 years of service with Aramco. For the present, their contact address is: 9503 Jim Lane, Santee, California 92071.



Doris and Harvey Snyder

Dr. Snyder Retires

Aramco Executive Medical Director Dr. Harvey B. Snyder and his wife, Doris, packed up and departed on February 15th for retirement, with Houston, Texas, their immediate destination. It was Houston the Snyders left behind when they came to Dhahran in March 1979; there Snyder was associated with the Medical Department of Exxon, the company in whose service he had worked in such other locations as New York and Indonesia since 1953. Snyder earned his MD at the University of Pennsylvania in 1944 and subsequently completed a series of residency assignments leading to certification in Internal Medicine. Before joining Exxon, he spent three years in private practice in Fort Worth. Along with his professional organization memberships — he has been a director of both the American College of Physicians (Texas Chapter) and the American Academy of Occupational Medicine. Snyder has also held part-time teaching posts at the University of Texas and Baylor Medical School and the University of Texas School of Public Health. All belong to a career he sums up as one of “very interesting and challenging assignments.” The couple’s long-range plans point back to Pennsylvania, but for now the Snyders’ contact address is: Exxon Company U.S.A., P.O. Box 2180, Houston, Texas 77001.

Lindgrens Leave Palau Islands

With mixed emotions we have come to the end of our two and a half years in the Palau Islands, a Pacific paradise. Much can be said concerning varied impressions and experiences, much to be remembered and some to be best forgotten.

The overall beauty, the blue, blue skies with cotton puffs of clouds continually floating by, the lush variegated tropical flora, the fantastically diverse and beautiful forms of under water sea life, the unique rock islands with their white sands, uncrowded beaches, punctuating the clear blue-green waters within the vast lagoon, and the deep cool blue of the seas beyond the reefs is something that will always remain with us. I know that when we are sitting in front of a roaring fire in our fireplace at home and listening to the heat-robbing sound of the winter winds, the memories of the languid warmth of the tropics will alleviate some of the chill.

It is with regret and some tearful heart tugs that we must say mechikong (goodbye) to the many wonderful friends we have had the pleasure and joy to be with these past two and a half years. For such a small place it is surprising the gamut of nationalities and cultures represented by these friends. Besides some very dear Paluans, there are Koreans, Japanese, Philipinos, Germans, New Zealanders, Australians, British and of course Americans in the Peace Corps, teachers, missionaries, business people

and the U.S. Navy personnel. Oh, I forgot Chinese from Taiwan are also here. They all will surely be missed.

When we get back to our “Little Grey home in the West” and compare stateside housing and the living conditions with those in Palau, both in Koror and in the outlying villages, the contrast will be striking. Koror being both the governmental and commercial center for Palau Islands, does not suffer from urban sprawl as we know it, since usable building lots are limited, but from a situation that can be only described as urban squeeze. Houses compete with one another for space. Neat, clean, well kept homes can be seen contrasting vividly with neighboring corrugated iron shacks, unpainted, rusted, and battered out of shape by the slow blows of time.

In the outlying remote villages, accessible in most cases only by boat, housing is less crowded and living more simple. Not being blessed by such urban niceties as traffic congestion, dust, noise, TV, vandalism, traffic tickets, and time clocks, these villages are quiet, clean and unhurried. If things don’t get done today, why worry, there is always tomorrow. Life goes on in a beautiful, relaxed atmosphere, where roads are not roads, but pathways and where walking is not only a necessity, but a way of life. The stress maladies of hypertension, and ulcers are practically unknown.

It saddens one to think that in time, some planner, sitting in his air-conditioned office, his large mahogany desk covered with red-marked plans, determines these poor villagers, isolated as they are, are disadvantaged. They must have roads, motor vehicles and supermarkets, where one can buy canned fish and canned fruit cocktail, instead of having to eat fresh fish and fresh papaya, pineapple or bananas. They must have electric and water bills and all the other amenities of urban life.

Human nature, being what it is, we will remember the interesting and beautiful experiences and overlook the frustrations, annoyances, and hardships of water shortages, power outages and the high prices and short supply of essential commodities. If nothing else has been gained by our tour out here, we have at least developed patience. We are certain specific incidents that come to mind along with other recurring annoyances of similar nature that at the time taxed our patience, will become in retrospect, only humorous anecdotes in retelling, and the frustrations and hardships will only be a passing thought.

With not a breeze stirring, the power goes off. No fans to move the humid air, Lee and I sit in the flickering yellow glow of the heat generating kerosene lamp and watch each other slowly melt. We do have water for a two hour period, but no power to run the washing machine. Finally the power comes on, but by then the water is off, so the laundry has to be put off until the water and the power are available at the same time.

You plan a dinner for eight that requires the use of the oven. The power goes off ten minutes before the company arrives. The food requires some more cooking, the company shows up, and you are rushing around town to find someone who has power, finish the cooking, hurry back home, light kerosene lamps, say grace, serve up the food, and then the power comes on!

Cockroaches, so big they actually trip mouse traps, "creepy crawleys" are apt to be anywhere. Flour, cereals, biscuit mixes and other items of like nature are avoided, if they have been on the market shelves for any length of time. Any package over six weeks on the shelf tends to "come alive". Ripe red Washington delicious apples — mouth watering — but just drool — \$1.95 is just too much for one apple.

However, looking back over the past 30 months and weighing the beautiful against the mundane, the relaxing atmosphere against the frustrations, the happy times against the annoyances, and the good against the not so good, we find that in no way do we regret taking this assignment. It has been good for us physically, mentally and spiritually. When we view the tropical grandeur that encompasses us during the day or walk out into the star-spangled night, and see the Big Dipper of the northern hemisphere and the Southern Cross of the southern hemisphere, we marvel at the myriad of other stars that appear to be hanging there ready to be picked, we can really understand how the Psalmist felt, when he said, "The heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament showeth His handiwork."

Although we have managed to get the main road on the islands of Malakal and Koror paved despite the rains, the secondary roads are still kidney jarring, chuck holey, bone rattling lanes that tax both man and vehicle. Consequently, ground speed is slow. Even the new paved road has a maximum speed limit of 25 miles per hour. This limit was established because of the congestion through town and the terrain that necessitates many sharp curves. Then too if one exceeded the limit he'd very quickly run out of island. We are looking forward to the pleasure of driving again without having to avoid potholes and mud. Since our driving during the past 30 months has, of necessity, been slow, we will probably "freeze up" when we again encounter stateside highway traffic.

When all is said and done, it will take some adjustments, when we arrive in the States, to realize that when we turn on a water tap we will have water that is potable and available at all times, when we flip a light switch we will have power and that practically unlimited food stuffs can be purchased without costing an arm or a leg (we hope). Although there are some Americans who have retired out here, Lee and I feel it would be too easy to stagnate. After a leisurely trip through New Zealand and the South Pacific, we will be happy to get home.

We will be leaving Palau on April 1st, expecting to get to the U.S. the end of April.

Sincerely,

E.O. Lindgren

(See Mail Call for the Lindgren's new address)

Richardson Aces 17th Hole

Thanks to Ken Jones for sending in the following article from the Boulder City News in Boulder City, Nevada, and congratulations Irv!



Irv Richardson

Irv Richardson has joined the ranks of the Hole in One group at the Boulder City Golf Course. Irv age 61, a retired Arabian American Oil Company employee, made his cherished hole in one on the 174th yard, 3 par 17th hole, using a 4 iron. This was his second hole in one. The date was December 29th, and the other members of his foursome were Rod Stebbins, Bob Keiser and Bob Griffith, and all they could say was "it couldn't have happened to a more deserving guy."

Irv is a charter member of the Men's Golf Association, current president of the association, and is active on the golf course steering committee.

When the course was being built, Irv and many other members were out there with their own wheelbarrows, hauling rocks off the course while they were grading. He was one of the persons responsible for some of the trees that were planted on the course. When the new clubhouse needed furniture, he was instrumental in having money appropriated, \$4,000 from the men's and women's golf associations, for the new tables and chairs that now adorn the clubhouse. When volunteers were called for to roll and plant sod around the new clubhouse, guess who was there with his own truck, hauling and rolling sod with the other men?

Now, without these kind of men in the golf association, there would be no association, so thank you Irv for all your concern and hard work, and congratulations on your hole in one from everyone involved in the golf association.

This is a second "ace" for Irv. His first was 12 years ago on the Ain Nakhil Country Club course in Abqaiq, Saudi Arabia.

Salmon Safari

About the middle of August, for the last five years, a group of Aramcons have gathered at the mouth of the Columbia River to test their fishing skill and hoped for calm weather along with good luck. The town of Ilwaco, Washington is the base of operations. Ilwaco claims to be the salmon capital of the world, but Westport, Washington, about 90 miles north makes the same claim. Take your pick. This group thinks Ilwaco is better, mainly because we have never fished in the Westport area.

This past August we were very fortunate to have beautiful sunshine and relatively calm seas, and if you can imagine it, no rain. The safari lasts four fishing days.

Arrangements are made months in advance for the charter boats, along with motel accommodations. We usually occupy adjoining suites with one having a kitchen, living room-dining room combo.

A normal day goes about like this: Hit the deck at 3:30 a.m. Those who claim they can cook get breakfast for the bunch. A couple more, who are not so gifted, make sandwiches to take on the boat. It usually happens that a few drones who are just plain hungry mill around in the limited space and pretend to be doing something useful. After breakfast, the drones are assigned the chore of loading the dishwasher and they



Back row, l-r: John Lunde, Tom Goddard, Bill Jones, Chris Lund; front row, l-r: Liston Hills, Dan Sullivan, George Hodgson, and Norton Jaggard.



One day's catch — that didn't get away.

try to convince the others that their work is really skilled labor. Then we drive the few miles to the docks and board the boats. Still in the dark, the skippers cast off and head out over the Columbia River bar for the open Pacific. This can be rough going, but this year, it was reasonably smooth, and we were glad for this. It takes about an hour to an hour and a half to get out to where the skipper thinks the fish are. Usually a little after daylight someone has hooked the first fish of the day, and things start to percolate pretty fast. This year the limit of fish was reduced to two fish per day per fisherman. The previous years the limit was three fish. When the boat limits out the skipper heads for shore. If the limit isn't caught, he will stay out until about 2 p.m. This year everyone limited out each day but the last. However, on that day when the salmon eluded the boat, the skipper took the group in an area where sea bass, ling cod, etc., were available. It turned out the group was happy to bring in plenty of what we call white fish. The day's catch is dressed out on the run back to the dock, and on shore there is a place where fish are kept in cold storage until time to go home.

Back ashore, after a bath, everyone hits the sack for a wonderful siesta. Then about 5 p.m. the happy hour starts, and the group gathers to rehash the events during the fishing. When we have had enough of that, we all go out to dinner, early. Then it is time to go to bed as 3:30 a.m. comes around pretty fast.

The fish this year were larger than usual, but a little harder to come by. The two species caught are Coho or Silver and Chinook salmon.

Ocean caught, they are always prime fish. If you wonder what we do with the fish, they can be taken home iced and fresh, or they can be canned right there, or smoked and canned at the same location. We usually do some of all the processes.

The group this year included Liston Hills, Dan Sullivan, George Hodgson, Norton Jaggard, John Lunde, Tom Goddard, Bill Jones, and Chris Lund, all from the Pacific northwest. Beckley was with us the prior two years but couldn't make it this year. We look forward to having him along next August. Beck has a hot hand when it comes to salmon fishing.

Needless to say, reservations have been made for August 1981.

George Hodgson

Oops . . .

In the last issue of AAAJ we sent our congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. E. Scott Goldsborough of Las Cruces, New Mexico on the marriage of their daughter, Romi Louise Middelraad, to Mr. Eddie Blalock on September 6, 1980. We neglected, however, to include the photo of the newlyweds. The couple is now living in Las Vegas, Nevada where both are members of the U.S. Air Force stationed at Nellis Air Force Base.



Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Blalock

Letters from Here, There and Everywhere

Dear Readers:

Murfreesboro, Tennessee

You can't imagine what a wonderful surprise it was to receive the Girl Scout Calendar, with pictures of the "50's", because that was the time my family arrived in Saudi Arabia. In fact the year was 1957.

I have two daughters that were raised there, and both are married now. One of the pictures in the calendar is of what we called "the sheep shed", of people arriving in Arabia. Well, one of my daughters has been trying to explain to her husband of this, and I doubt he can imagine anything like that. Now he can see for himself.

My oldest daughter, Mrs. Peter Kinnear, lives there in Houston. Elizabeth's husband is plant manager of one of the plants for FMC. I think they manufacture valves for the oil company. They have three children.

My second daughter, Sarah, lives in Jasper, Tennessee. Her husband is the assistant 4-H agent for Marion County. Sarah is a vocational teacher in foods. Then I have a son, David, who is in Memphis State, junior, taking electrical engineering.

Thanks again for the calendar. These calendars, to us, are a part of Aramco in Arabia. Believe me, that was the good life, and a wonderful place to raise a family. We were there twelve years, and not once did I ever get home sick.

Sincerely,
Mrs. James B. Gentry

Claremont, California

Both William and I enjoy reading "The Arabian Sun", and we are always looking forward to receiving it. Enclosed is a little news about our son Mark Addison, who, as most Aramco children, is still remembering the very happy and fruitful years in Saudi Arabia and in the Najmah School.

Sincerely,
Marie (Mrs. William A.) Ingram

Marie and Bill Ingram, 22 year residents of Ras Tanura from 1947 to 1969 and currently residing in Claremont, California, were the delighted recipients of early Christmas tidings when it was announced in early December that son Mark (Najmah '70) passed the rigorous California Bar Examination on his first attempt. Born in Dhahran in 1955, Mark attended Najmah School through the eighth grade and completed his high school and undergraduate education in Italy and California, culminating with his graduation last June from Pepperdine School of Law, Pepperdine University in Los Angeles.

Mark is currently the youngest associate trial lawyer in the prestigious Los Angeles real estate and contract law firm of Doskow and Novak. Our congratulations to Mark and to the Ingrams!

Santa Rosa, California

Thank you so much for the Girl Scout Calendar that you sent me.

I purchased my first one in 1953 and with various pertinent bits of information in them all, I have a good, modified diary.

The changes, of course, in Saudi Arabia now are most interesting to see . . . and then — remember when. . . Thanks again.

Yours truly,
Rosemary (Mrs. B. C.) Nelson

Burlingame, California

We missed the Florida reunion because we were out of the country, as was the case in '76 and '78. Obviously, an improvement in scheduling is needed.

October, 1980 found us in the Philippines, making our own way, not only in the greater Manila area, but in northern Luzan and as far south as Davao and the romantic city of Zamboanga on the big island of Mindamao. Zamboanga, of course, has a rich Moslem culture as well as Spanish. From years ago, I remember the stories of adventure in Zamboanga as told on those famous San Miguel Beer commercials. Our schedule was almost too demanding for such a fascinating and beautiful country with its very friendly people.

But as the old saying goes, you can't go anywhere in the world without a touch of Aramco. In a city the size of Manila, fate dictated that we should meet two recruiters from the field. No time was lost in getting a current update on people and activities. To top that circumstance, however, when our return flight was forced to turn back to Manila because of a telephoned bomb threat, the hustle and bustle in the isolated VIP lounge created small groups concerned with the same important problem, and the individual we enjoyed the most proved to be an Aramcon on home leave.

The three Aramco publications continue to arrive on schedule. These are a great service.

With best regards,
Bob and Connie Ogilvie

San Miguel de Allende, Mexico

In March, we'll be headquartered in Coronado, California (see *Mail Call*) while supervising the building of our new house at Bajamar, Baja, California, 50 miles south of Coronado. We hope "Nido del Pacifico" will be ready by Christmas '81.

Sincerely,
Carl and Molli Larson

Bellevue, Washington

Each year we go with three other couples for fly fishing for trout to Moose Camp near Clearwater, British Columbia, Canada. Moose Camp has two cabins for guests with facilities for two couples in each. There is a larger log house for the guests to meet and to partake of the delicious meals and hospitality of the proprietors, Mike and Sharon Thain. We have a group of friends with whom we vacation every year about Dominion Day or our 4th of July. It is a wonderful time to get away from it all and just fish to our hearts' content. There are several lakes and there are plenty of fish. We get up on a morning, have a family style breakfast, then take off for whatever lake we are going to fish that day, carrying our gear needed for the outing and packing a brown bag lunch (with maybe a couple of bottles of beer). On some of the lakes there are boats, on others we carry in rubber rafts to be inflated when we get to the lake. There's a new book out that describes many of the areas in British Columbia which have facilities for fishing: Kamloops by Steve Raymond. It's good reading. Regards!

Very truly yours,
Elmer Perkins

Winchester, Tennessee

I look forward to reading all Aramco publications and would be unhappy if I lost one Aramco World. I have every one since 1956, and enjoy re-reading every one.

The annuitants publication keeps me in touch with old friends. They were happy days in Arabia for Luke and I, and the friends we made there will ever be in my fondest memories.

Sincerely,
Mrs. Fred C. Lucas

Mini-reunion at Scottsdale

For those annuitants on the West Coast who were unable to attend last October's reunion, there was some consolation. Darcie and Jim Felter organized a dinner at Mountain Shadows in Scottsdale, Arizona for about 50 Aramcons from various Arizona cities. The group had a cocktail hour on the patio followed by a dinner on the same night as the Florida banquet.

That makes two and a half reunions that Darcie and Jim have organized. Now, if they are willing to tackle it that many times, shouldn't one or two (or more) of you try it once? 1982 needs you!



Jim Felter, Bill Hill (who took these photos), Mike Lipton, and Darcie Felter.



Bill Hill, and Chris DeSantis. Chris and family just returned to Saudi Arabia.



Madeline and Irene Spencer with Peg Lally. The twins came from California.



Sisters Esther Kelly and Florence Edgington, both former Aramco nurses.



Alex McFarlane, Evadna Burba, Beth and Bill Lynch.



Alex and Dagmar McFarlane

LETTERS (Continued)

Roxbury, Connecticut

We leave Connecticut about April 15th. It's going to be a "comical caravan". First will be a move-yourself type Ryder truck towing our Volvo station wagon, followed by our 32' Holiday Rambler Motorhome. We're heading for my sister's home in Austin. She's kindly offered space in her home to store our belongings until our home at Canyon Lake is built. It's to be a solar home, but the plans are still incomplete. We're building the shell with a contractor and then plan to do all the interior, wiring plumbing, then plan to do all the interior, wiring, plumbing, have a guest room ready. Anyone wishing to campout is always welcome. We're praying this summer's heat won't be a repeat of last year's though, as we'll be living in the motorhome. Think lots of other Texans will agree with us!

We're sorry to have missed the reunion. We had a quick visit with Sarah and Hank Schrader of Starkville, Mississippi on our way north in February and heard a little of their good time in Florida. Hopefully, we'll make the 1982 reunion.

Best wishes,
Ruth Ann and Ray Stevens

Livingston, Texas

Please note change of address for all magazines published by Aramco (see Mail Call). I did not think we would ever be moving again, but Maurice decided he really wanted to retire. He sold the ranch, cattle, horses and equipment. He found a place in Resort Country, right on Lake Livingston. We are really only moving about 15 or 20 miles, but from the woods to the lake. It has a pier out into the lake, so guess Maurice will sit on the pier and fish, or watch the boats go by.

I am not ready to retire, so I will continue to work.

I still, after about 18 years, miss Saudi Arabia. The very good friends we made there. Aramco gave everyone such a wonderful opportunity. I have the highest regard for Aramco and the things made possible by being able to go to Saudi Arabia.

Sincerely,
Cladie (Mrs. Maurice) Hollyfield

A Remembrance of Things Past

Part II

By Phil McConnell

Among the dangers attached to an annuitant's life are inflation, taxes, the failure of the picture tube on the TV, and exposure to some other old goat's account of the adventures of earlier years. I am aware of the peril of boring the reader as I dwell on the events in Saudi Arabia when Aramco was young; but if I reminisce, I must take the chance.

In the present Middle East of billions of barrels and dollars, do the softball teams of Bapco and Aramco provide a local version of the world series? Probably not. In the 1940's those games became our most notable athletic events. At suitable intervals, the top players of the various Aramco teams would journey to Awali on Thursday and would engage the Bapco team that afternoon or evening. Aramco usually emerged from that contest victorious. But after a period of conviviality at the Awali Club, the Aramco contingent faced the light of Friday morning under a severe handicap. The battle of that day would find our Warriors playing more or less from memory as individuals experienced some uncertainty as to the proper course of action as they stood at the plate clutching a bat, and watched the ball whiz by.

When the Bapco team visited Dhahran, the pattern was much the same, except that the Aramco gladiators seemed better adjusted to these conditions at home.

The contest of April, 1944 in Dhahran, involved a pair of notable events. The Thursday

game was played after an early dinner, under the arc lights. Bapco jumped to an early lead, and at the start of the second half of the last inning, was ahead by a score of seven to five. But Aramco was at bat. Two men managed to get on base. Then Carl Larson belted one far into the outfield.

The two men on base reached home easily. As Carl charged around second, the Bapco fielder still was chasing the ball. Carl came thundering toward third; the crowd was screaming for a home run that would win the game. He was responding with everything he had. As he rounded third at full speed, we in the stands could see that he was losing his balance. He had lost control of his legs although they still were driving his body. Ten or fifteen feet from home plate, he pitched forward and skidded most of the remaining distance. The outfielder had the ball and was throwing it. Carl's fingers reaching for the plate, were a good three feet short of their objective. His legs were thrashing, but not pushing him forward. But his whole body was wriggling, squirming toward the plate. The ball bounced into the infield. With a last squirm and push, Carl's fingers touched the plate just ahead of the ball relayed to the waiting catcher.

Of course, such a dramatic finish called for celebration. Players and spectators adjourned to the space around the swimming pool, where the party continued. Someone, for reasons unknown,

threw a riyal into the pool, and for other reasons, still undisclosed, George Mandis, fully clothed, jumped in after it. Of course, the entire crowd gave tongue as the dripping George pulled himself to pool side and out of the water. A fully dressed man emerging from a pool is a very funny object — to observers fully dressed and dry.

Just what happened next is subject to argument. It is reasonable to conclude that during the ensuing raucous comment and horse play, George pushed the next participant, Tom Barger, into the pool. Then someone conferred the same favor on Carl Larson.

From that point on, the pattern developed too quickly to be recorded. The community was divided into two groups: those who were wet and those who were dry; and the wet segment was dedicated to the principle that such segregation was un-American and should be eliminated as promptly as possible. Men were being tossed into the water backward, forward, right side up and upside down. The pool had never had so many visitors entering at all angles.

Charlie Davis saw the movement coming his way and pulled out his wallet and removed his wrist watch and shoes. How many others were so far-sighted, was not recorded. In about ten minutes, the assembled American force was either in the pool or climbing out of it; and the laundry was facing the biggest load of white pants in its history.

However, if it is fun to push a friend in once, why not prolong the pleasure by pushing him in again? And if you realized that you were being pushed for the second or third time, why not grab your pusher, permitting the two of you to go in together? What the Hell! Once you're wet, you can't get wetter — and did you see Joe with his hair plastered down on his nose and the water running out of his shirt pockets?

Only the two nurses were spared. Although they showed no desire to be other than observers, some who recall the celebration believe that Carol wouldn't have objected to joining in the ceremony. Whether Ruby, who was older and huskier, would have submitted before slugging someone in the pleasure of the moment, is debatable.

One conclusion was drawn from the event as the men of Aramco moved drippingly homeward. It had been good clean fun.

LETTERS (Continued)



Vi Marotta Dodge

Fullerton, California

Life's road is paved with good intentions and all year I had hoped to write and tell you how much the publication is enjoyed. I am not an annuitant but have felt privileged to be employed by Aramco for five years at one time and have enjoyed many reunions as well as the many publications. I was unable to attend the last reunion and certainly missed seeing many of my friends. Fortunately, I am in constant touch with the Roy Whites, the Oscar Halvorsons, Ken Overtons and Renfros, so do keep up with some of the Aramcons.

I have returned from a three year assignment from the King Faisal Hospital in Riyadh, Saudi Arabia and must say that I am happy and delighted to be home.

I left the Renfros behind (maybe they are home by now) but did enjoy many wonderful get togethers with them and their many wonderful friends.

I am now employed with the Union Oil Company in Brea assisting in professional recruitment (personnel again). The Research Division of Union Oil is expanding so fast — the new building is already obsolete.

Please express my best wishes to all.

Sincerely,
Violet Marotta Dodge

What's in an Arabic Name?

*What's in a name? That which we call a rose
By any other name would smell as sweet.*

William Shakespeare

In the Arab world — as in 14th century Padua — a lot is “in a name”. There is grace and magic as visitors first taste the wealth of Arabic names, a charm that deepens as the scroll of names unrolls.

Saudi Arabs carry with them at least three names for official purposes like records including deeds, passports, and identification cards. It is common practice, though, to use only two names at other times, usually the first and last.

The first name, as in the West, is a given name and derives from a variety of sources, including the name of the paternal grandfather for a male child. More likely, for both male and female children, a name is what it is anywhere else — something chosen because it “fits”.

Many first names are rooted in meaning. They may be the names of the patriarchs of the Quran and the Old Testament. Or children may receive the names of animals, natural objects or feelings.

The second name is always that of the father. For example, a man named Ibrahim Salih al-'Ali is the son of a man named Salih. In earlier times, it was customary to include between the names the word *ibn* which means son or *bint* which means daughter.

Today, however, the use of the words *ibn* and *bint* has declined in most Arab countries and they are now used on formal occasions and when designating royalty. Even now though, an older man who grew up with the appellation Ibrahim ibn Salih might still be called by that traditional full name.

The third and final name is the family name or a person's grandfather's name.

A family name such as ar-Rashid or as-Sa'd was probably derived from the given name of an influential ancestor whose name was kept as the personal family designation by his progeny. The name derived in that way probably designates a particular extended family within a larger tribal unit. Many Arabic family names — al-Harbi or al-Hajri for example — come from the names of tribes that inhabited specific regions of the country and have been handed down for many, many generations.

The *al-* before the third name is a definite article meaning, literally, “the”. The *al-* is used to designate the fact that a person is from the family of Rashid or Sa'ad, for example, but in some cases the *al-* has been dropped in English transliteration by personal preference.

(Also of note to non-Arabic speakers: in Arabic the *al-* preceding a word is pronounced as the first letter of that word if the initial letter is a “sun letter” as the ‘R’ in ar-Rashid or the ‘S’ in as-Sa'd. If the first letter is a “moon letter” as is the ‘H’ in al-Harbi or the ‘G’ in al-Ghamidi, for example, the *al-* pronunciation does not change.)

Other families, such as the Al Sa'ud family in Saudi Arabia or the Al Thani family in Qatar, are known with the title *Al* in recognition of that family's prestige. The *Al* in this case stands for “the clan of” and is transliterated with a capital “A” with no hyphen.

The third or family name also may be simply the name of an individual's grandfather. Hence Ibrahim Salih al-'Ali may be Ibrahim, the son of Salih, the son of 'Ali.

As in the West, some family names in the Arab world have derived from the occupations of progenitors. Like America's Smiths and

Bakers, in the Arab world family names such as al-Haddad (a smith or metal worker) or an-Najjar (a carpenter) may be found. In contrast to the West, however, in Arabia a woman always keeps her maiden name (her given name and the name of her father and her family name) when she marries.

Other Arabic names may derive from descriptive terms for past family heads. For example, the family name at-Tawil may stem from the fact that the family founder was tall, in Arabic *tawil*. Or the family name al-Muallim may come from the fact that an ancestor was a teacher, in Arabic *mu'allim*.

A family name also may point to the geographical area in the country from which a family originally came: Hijazi may derive from a family's roots in the Hijaz region. Or a family name may designate a nationality: Kuwaiti from Kuwait or Hindi from India. Or it may come from a forefather's home city: Halabi from Halab (Anglicized as Aleppo) in Syria or al-Baghdadi from Baghdad in Iraq.

The family name also may have incorporated in it the initial letters *Bin* (meaning son of) or *Abu, Ba or Bu* (standing for father of), prefixes which have been held through many generations.

Given names often have colorful derivations. One difference with Western ways is that Arabs rarely call a son after a father (corresponding to a “junior”).

Some names common to the Quran and Old Testament include: Musa (Moses), 'Isa (Jesus), Ya'qub (Jacob), or Adam, Yahya (John), Nuh (Noah), and Ishaq (Isaac). Names for women that have an Islamic background include Maryam and Sarah.

Muhammad, of course, is the name of the Prophet. Fatimah, a very popular given name for women, was the name of his daughter.

Popular names for males begin with the prefix 'Abd, which means servant or server. The 'Abd is followed by one of what are popularly known as the “99 names for God,” resulting in names including 'Abd Allah, 'Abd al-Karim or 'Abd al-Wahid, to name just a few. (A manual of Arabic personal names from the Aramco Language Services, ranging wide over the Arab world in its lists, has 119 names starting with 'Abd.)

Other Arabic names may be derived from

the names of animals that are proud or strong or beautiful. Fahd means leopard in Arabic, while Asad means lion. Nimr is the word for tiger, Saqr means falcon, and 'Uqab means eagle. All are men's names.

For women, some names with animal roots are Maha or Rim (two types of gazelle) and Rasha (baby gazelle).

The names of objects also have common usage as first names. Najmah and Thurayya, both girl's names, mean star and a cluster of stars in the constellation of Taurus, respectively. Sayf, the name for a man, means sword, while Faysal means something that divides sharply.

Arabic may be best, though, for offering names that describe feeling or qualities: Khalid means eternal; Nabil means noble; Rashid means wise; and Sharif means honorable.

Often, though not always, descriptive names for women are formed by adding a feminine ending, the Arabic *ta marbutah* or the “ah” sound to the name of a man. Thus the names Nabilah or Rashidah, for example. Habib and Habibah mean beloved. Sa'id and Sa'idah mean happy. And 'Aziz and 'Azizah mean dear.

Nicknames? There is something of the sort, though many are formed differently than in America.

A man and woman whose son is named Sa'id might be called Abu (father of) and Umm (mother of) Sa'id, respectively. Or persons might be called Abu if their first name is historically linked with another. For example, by custom someone with the given name of 'Abd ar-Rahman could be called Abu 'Awf, or someone named Muhammad might be called Abu al-Qasim. A man named Ya'qub might be called Abu Yusuf and someone named Ibrahim, Abu Khalil. All of those combinations have historical precedents.

And nicknames may signify conditions, such as al-Kabir (big), as-Saghir (little) or even al-Majnun (crazy).

Arabic names also may show sharp contrasts. For example, names for special qualities include Bassam (smiling) or 'Abbas (frowning) and Harb (war) or Salam (peace).

Arthur P. Clark

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IN MEMORIAM

John W. Barker — October 31, 1980 — Chapel Hill, North Carolina
Clark S. Cypher — November 13, 1980 — Menlo Park, California
George M. Ehrgott, Jr. — November 1, 1980 — Sun Lakes, Arizona
Thomas J. Engstrom — January 9, 1981 — Monmouth Beach, New Jersey
Evelyn (Mrs. Thomas) Graham — June 26, 1980 — Flushing, New York
Harry J. Harrity — January 2, 1981 — Carson City, Nevada
Roy K. Haug, Sr. — October 31, 1980 — Arcadia, California
Herald E. Hefner — December 9, 1980 — Lima, Ohio
Cecil L. Kingery — March 9, 1981 — Tavares, Florida
Mario Mei — March 7, 1981 — Mill Valley, California
Francis J. Myers — February 5, 1981 — Windsor, Colorado
Orval A. Nixon — November 25, 1980 — Albuquerque, New Mexico
Franklin F. Ocha — December 25, 1980 — West Palm Beach, Florida
Everett R. Robertson — February 6, 1981 — Dothan, Alabama
Robert O. Saether — December 13, 1980 — Sun City, California
Mary Patricia (Mrs. Elmer C.) Singelyn — March 24, 1981 — Menlo Park, California
Sergei Tesar — August 7, 1980 — San Francisco, California
Ethel Claire (Mrs. Lyman N.) Walbridge — November 9, 1980 — Pelham, New York

We record the passing of these old friends with great sadness
and offer our deepest sympathy to their families.

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Eileen Jonsson — Editor

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