

Al~Ayyam Al~Jamilah

الأيام الجميلة

COVER STORY

Adopted Aramcon's

PICTURES AT AN EXHIBITION

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Trekkers Tackle Picturesque Prescott

On hikes choreographed to challenge the savviest septuagenarian, longtime Aramco trekkers discovered themselves on trails that wound by petroglyphs, past rocks from the moon and through breathtaking landscapes. They were also spooked by snakes and apparitions, the former even scarier than the latter, during their Arizona reunion.

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Adopted Aramcon's Pictures at an Exhibition

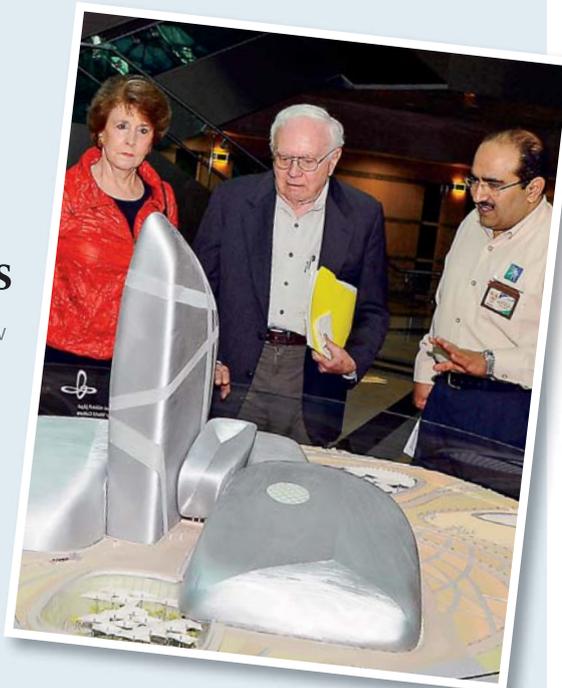
Colbert Held formed friendships with many Aramcons during two decades in the Middle East. Now the 95-year-old retired geographic attaché and diplomat has taken the cream of his collection of 19,000 slides to mount "Middle East Patterns: Places, People and Politics," an exhibition at Baylor University that vividly highlights the region's landscapes and history.



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Jungers Reveals Secrets of Success

Former CEO Frank Jungers, who grew up professionally with the company and left a deep imprint in the process, looked back on his career during a visit to Dhahran with his wife Julie late last year. Here, they view a model of the King Abdulaziz Center for World Culture, under construction in Dhahran, with Haitham Jehairan, Public Relations Dept. publishing director.



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Ann Rhea Befriends Students From 'Home'

Ann Rhea began a voyage of discovery when she moved to Dhahran nearly half a century ago. Now she is helping young Saudis enrolled in universities in Atlanta, Ga.—such as 21-year-old Rawaa Felemban, right—navigate their own journeys in America. "What I can give these students is someone who appreciates where they are from," she says.

Cover: Former Dhahran Consulate Deputy Principal Officer Colbert Held chats with Baylor University graduate student Corrine Peters at his exhibition of 250 photographs focusing on the Middle East, which runs through May 15 at the Waco, Texas, school. Photograph by Arthur Clark.

Al-Ayyam Al-Jamilah

"Pleasant Days," is produced for annuitants, families and friends of Aramco, now Saudi Aramco, and its associated companies by Aramco Services Company.

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ADDRESS CORRESPONDENCE TO

The Editor, Al-Ayyam Al-Jamilah
Aramco Services Company and Aramco
Overseas Company, P.O. Box 2106
Houston, TX 77252-2106

arthur.clark@aramcoservices.com

PRESIDENT Ahmed M. Alzayyat

DIRECTOR, PUBLIC AFFAIRS DEPARTMENT Ali M. Al Mutairi

EDITOR Arthur Clark

DESIGN Graphic Engine Design



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Antiquities Donors Honored At 'Roads of Arabia' Debut

Barbara Deines Martin, daughter of retirees Adam and Violet Deines, was among the new crop of antiquities donors who received thanks from Prince Sultan ibn Salman in ceremonies at the opening of the landmark "Roads of Arabia" show in Washington, D.C., in November. She wore ancient bracelet pieces from the kingdom in modern fittings.



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Retirees Weather Sandy's Fury

Rosemarye and Marty Levine, photographed by their daughter Wendy (www.wendylevine.com) on a visit to Houston, Texas, in 1998, experienced their fair share of *shamals* during their 1981-92 sojourn in Dhahran. But nothing prepared them for Hurricane Sandy, which slammed their New Jersey home last fall.



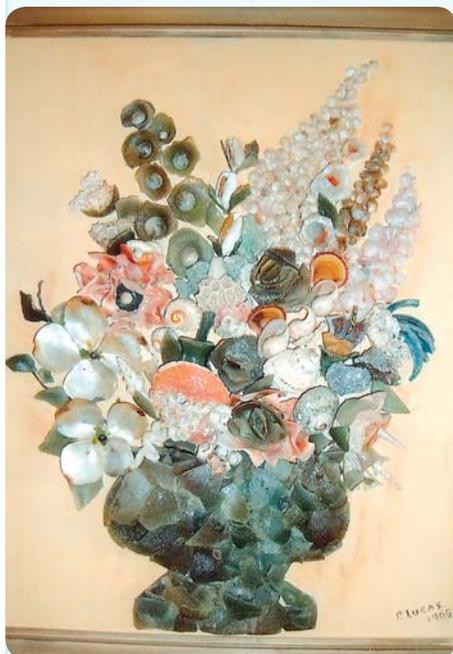
Artifacts Story Catches Eye

June 1, 2012

I and my wife (née Katherine Miesh) were Aramcons from 1956-66 in Dhahran. "Kitty" worked in Exploration and I was a dentist. This explains how I am on the mailing list to receive *Al-Ayyam Al-Jamilah*.

The article regarding artifacts that appeared in the Fall 2011 issue ("'Home Sweet Home' for Artifacts") is what prompts this note and the enclosed photo. It shows how one local artist (Peg Lucas) utilized shells, glass sherds and even portions of bracelets to fashion a flower and vase.

Dr. Robert L. Pokorney
Apt. B211
1700 Washington St.
Springfield, IL 62701



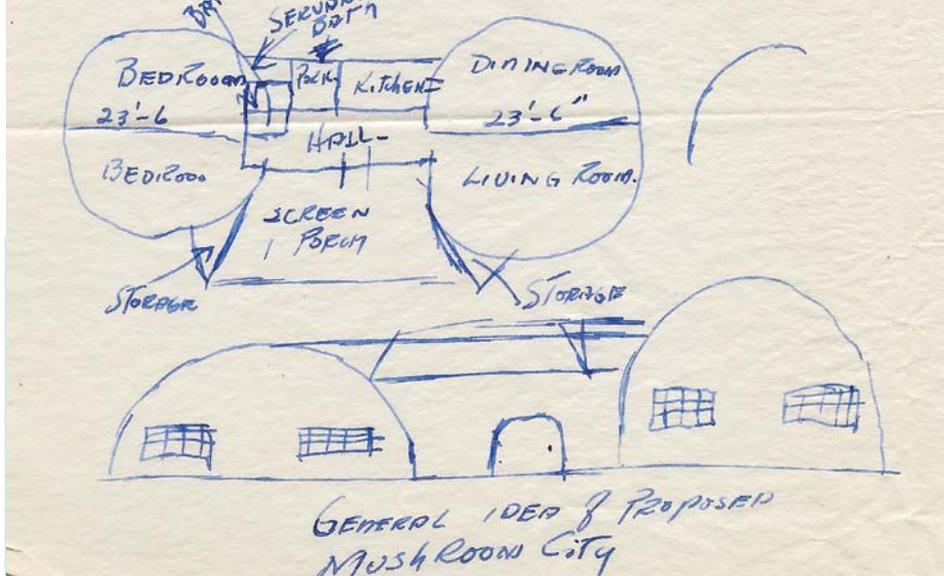
First Copy Brings Tears of Happiness

September 19, 2012

I received the first copy of *Al-Ayyam Al-Jamilah* (Spring 2012) and it was a great pleasant moment for me.

I worked in Aramco from September 1981 through 1988. My first assignment was in the Tower Building, Dhahran, and afterwards the remote area of Safaniya at Nariya Pump Station.

Those years in Aramco are the most memorable period of my life and I can-



Paul Mandaville sketched out this plan of a Bubble House and sent it to his wife Maxine in 1945, with a note saying he hoped it would solve the "housing problem." Apparently, just one was built, in Dhahran.

not forget them till death. I am proud that I worked in one of the biggest oil companies of the world and its whole set-up was up to the mark.

When I was reading *Al-Ayyam Al-Jamilah*, my eyes became wet remembering Aramco.

Shahid Husain
755-Zaidi Society
Meerut (U.P.) 250002
India
husainshahid@rediffmail.com

Bubble House Resurfaces

October 9, 2012

In last year's Fall issue of *Al-Ayyam Al-Jamilah* you asked if anyone could provide information about the interior arrangements of Aramco's experimental "Bubble House." I just came across a letter from my father dated Sept. 15, 1945, that had a rough sketch of one as part of his continual discussions with my mother about "the housing problem."

It is interesting that people were apparently using the term "Mushroom City" in anticipation of more being built. I was surprised to see that each of the two bubbles was divided into two rooms.

Paul wrote a brief description to go along with the sketch: "These houses are really not as bad as they sound, and they will provide quick housing. They are built by blowing up a canvas balloon and spraying concrete over it in layers with a gunite machine. They have used them with excellent results in housing projects at home and they really look nice from the pictures the company has of them. Let's pray it is



the answer to our problem...."

A Dhahran of mushrooms perhaps would have been a nice fit with a theme of the "Dammam Dome," but no closets?

Jim Mandaville
zygo@dakotacom.net

NOTE: Paul Mandaville joined Aramco in 1944 and moved to Ras Tanura in 1948. Jim, his mother Maxine, his brother Jon and his sister Judy joined Paul the same year when conventional—not bubble—housing had become available.

Aramco in Beirut

November 24, 2012

... I am going through boxes of slides from the years spent with Aramco in Beirut, 1949-60. This part of the operation was different in many ways, but still part of the [company's] history. I see that there are groups calling themselves Aramco Brats, etc. but this differs from those in Beirut.

I was also wondering if you have a place for these pictures to be shared with others and their children? It would be very educational if a picture could be accompanied with a small info piece by those in the know. I have attached one. Obviously it is of goat herders, but is it in Lebanon? What is the back story of these flocks in the '50s-'60s, etc.? How has life changed in these 60-plus years?

Mary Wells
goatrails@gmail.com



Goat herders in Lebanon? If you know, and have a story about them or other tales from life in Beirut, please contact *Al-Ayyam Al-Jamilah*.

NOTE: If you have vintage photos of Aramco operations, activities or sites associated with Aramco that you would like to donate to the archives of the King Abdulaziz Center for World Culture in Dhahran, please contact The Editor, Al-Ayyam Al-Jamilah at arthur.clark@aramcoservices.com. The center is also seeking papers related to the company, and artifacts and heritage items including clothing, to preserve and exhibit.

Small World!

November 30, 2012

NOTE: Ray Stevens shared this letter from a former Aramcon.

Just had to tell you all the little coincidental items that happened to me yesterday when I attended the Spokane Symphony Charity luncheon with five of my bridge buddies.

At the table that we were assigned sat a charming, bubbly gal with her mother and father, who were her guests. I had sat down next to her and we had good conversation all afternoon. It wasn't until it was almost over when she, or I, said something about Arabia. I almost fell off my chair when she said, "I was born in Dhahran!" Then I said we had lived in Abqaiq. Well, then her Mom and Dad chimed in, IN DISBELIEF!

Bottom line: They were there in the 1950s, in drilling, and when I asked, "Did you know Bob and Jo Waters?" THEY almost fell off THEIR chairs!! Bob was the only one from drilling I could think of. It was through Bonnie Cain that I knew some of those people. The fella didn't know Dick Cain, or Larry Tanner (came later, I know). The only other couple I remembered (after we left the luncheon) was Bev Harmon and her husband.

The woman told me when she had Linda (my seating partner) Dhahran didn't even have a hospital—she was born in the doctor's office. And when I

said we lived in Abqaiq, they acted as though "WHO would EVER want to live THERE?!!"

I told him I was sure it had changed a lot since they were there, and proceeded telling him of some of our "niceities." Linda's married name is Bacon, and her parents are Mr. and Mrs. W.H. Schrieman. Anyway, it was a very interesting "chance-meeting!"

Martha Moore
marthabmoore@gmail.com

Thanks for Fall Issue

December 3, 2012

Thank you for the copy of the Fall issue of *Al-Ayyam Al-Jamilah*, which I am enjoying very much. The story and photos in the Peter Mandaville article were a treat to see! The photos of that wonderful camping trip [to the Saudi-Qatari border in 1978] brought back many great memories.

I enjoy reading your magazine from cover to cover, as I do *Saudi Aramco World*. I tell everyone they should subscribe to both.

Bev Swartz
dunecart@comcast.net

'Good Stories From Arabia'

December 5, 2012

I just completed reading my latest issue of the *Al-Ayyam Al-Jamilah*. Too many good stories and memories from Arabia.

I have already heard from the Khorys, who are now in India. I think I had both those girls [Tanaz and her sister Navaz, who appeared in Tanaz's wedding photo] in my class.

I had my own reunion this Thanksgiving, visiting Tom and Laura Arnold, Chloe and Mark Young, and Mike and Bea Kasnick. These are all old friends from Dhahran.

I also had an opportunity to visit my old roommate, Martin Crane, from ACS [the American Community School] in Beirut from 1965. He married another classmate of ours, Deloris Loman, who grew up in Abqaiq.

Lou Spencer
louis.spencer@yahoo.com

Former Photographer Has 'Cracker' Cover

December 5, 2012

Every once in a while, each of us has some good news to celebrate and I am pleased to share mine with you. The airline Flybe is currently running a feature on industrial photography [with my photographs] in their inflight magazine! An online version can also be seen at: [HTTP://flybebusiness.magazinecloner.com/6/](http://flybebusiness.magazinecloner.com/6/).

Anyone involved in metals should find this interesting.... It's worth taking note of how a relatively dull industry can "sparkle" with some good lighting.

I am especially delighted to have the prestigious front cover.... Perhaps at this time of year, it really could be called a "Cracker!"

I started working for myself in the autumn of 1995



Adrian Waite

and got my first job with Rolls Royce Industrial Power working on a SCECO project near Riyadh. I've since worked for a multitude of manufacturers....

I still have a hankering to do some work in tunnels—doesn't matter if they are for rail, motor or water. I'd just like to get inside one of these concrete shells and see what I could come up with.



Adrian Waite captured colorful aspects of the metal industry with a cover photo and inside images in Flybe's inflight magazine.

Adrian Waine
 16 Humber Road
 Great Sutton, Ellesmere Port
 Cheshire CH66 2SH
 England
www.photographyforindustry.com
adrianwaine@btopenworld.com

NOTE: Waine joined the Photo Unit in 1988 and left in August 1995 to launch his photo business. He says highlights of his company career were: working inside a million-barrel tank at Ras Tanura; shooting the world's largest tanker, the Jahre Viking; photographing Aramco Exhibit visits by Prince Charles and boxer Muhammad Ali; being "given" a Boeing 737 for the day to shoot in the hangar; and photographing a project to pioneer cultivation of Salicornia (samphire), a salt-tolerant succulent, on the coast north of Dhahran. He calls the last assignment, for Aramco World in 1994, "one of the best."

Robert Maheshwari Receives Transplant

December 7, 2012

I just wanted you to know that Robert [DH'89] has a "new" kidney. He was transplanted Nov. 27. We got home from the hospital on Monday—but it seems there are check-ups every other day!

Robert is doing great considering the surgery. Thanks for your prayers.

Tonie Maheshwari
toniemaheshwari@gmail.com

Subscription For Mother

December 12, 2012

I receive *Al-Ayyam Al-Jamilah*. My father Joseph Donlon (now deceased) worked for Aramco from about 1950-63 in Abqaiq. I've told my mom about this magazine and what a wonderful publication it is and she would love to receive it....

She's 87 years old and would really enjoy reading about people she once knew.

Molly Donlon-Bruen
phb-mdb@verizon.net

Thespians Score in 9-5: The Musical

Veteran Dhahran thespians played key on- and off-stage roles in *9-5: The Musical* in Lakeway, Texas, just outside Austin, in November, garnering rave reviews for their work.

Retiree Jim Fleming directed the show and Gayle Baldwin, wife of current Aramco Chuck Baldwin, was stage manager. Bill Walker starred as domineering boss Franklin Hart, Jr., and his wife Judy assisted with front-of-house activities. All are Dhahran Theatre Group (DTG) alumni.

The musical is a workplace-revenge fantasy in which several frustrated secretaries team up to take over their company, "in the process learning there's nothing they can't do—even in a man's world," read the playbill. Judy Walker said the performances drew full houses, noting that theatergoers called it "the best show we have ever done."

In addition to directing the musical, Fleming had two small roles, the ex-husband of one of Hart's secretaries and a detective, while Baldwin played an office worker. Her daughter Natalie was the prompter.

Bill Walker, who described his char-



Clockwise from upper right: Bill Walker dressed for the occasion in *9-5: The Musical*; Jim Fleming and Gayle Baldwin worked on and off stage; and Judy Walker assisted with front-of-house.

acter as "sleazy and selfish" (and who got his just desserts in the end), appeared in 35 DTG shows. The first was *Plaza Suite* in 1979 and the last was the pantomime *Babes in the Woods* in 1995.

Fleming was a DTG founder in 1977. He debuted in a one-act play directed by Arthur Dewhurst and his first significant role was in the *The Fantasticks*, directed by Barbara Kimmons in 1978.

Baldwin's first DTG appearance was in *42nd St.*, directed by Diane Burgoyne in 1999. "The cast was huge and the set was incredible," she said, adding that her "hardest and probably most significant and satisfying" role was in *Chorus Line*, directed by Keith Kynoch in 2001.

30-Year Retirees Become Third-Time Grandparents

Retiree Mohammed Ahmed, a petroleum engineer with the company from 1977-2007, and his wife Azra became third-time grandparents when

From left, Mohammed Ahmed and his wife Azra pose with grandson Rayyan, daughter Saleha and son-in-law Mahmood Azim, grandson Imran, Mahmood Azim's mother Bushra, and their new granddaughter Eshaal in Olathe, Kan.



their daughter Saleha Ahmed (RT'92) gave birth to a baby girl named Eshaal last year. She and her husband Mahmood Azim already had two sons.

Mohammed Ahmed settled with his family in Olathe, Kan., after he retired.

Saleha Ahmed and her brother Najeeb (RT'97) are graduates of Southern Methodist University in Dallas, Texas, and Georgetown University in Washington, D.C., respectively. She works as network engineer in Olathe and he is an intern at the State Department in Washington, D.C.

Mohammed Ahmed can be reached at mahmedkhan@hotmail.com.

'Echo Of Andalusia' Home Draws Holiday Visitors

Patsy Knox's echo-of-Andalusia home in Mary Esther, Fla., on Santa Rosa Sound drew a number of past and present Aramco employees during their holidays in 2012. "It was great how I got to see so many Aramcons at my back door," says the dietitian who worked at the Dhahran Health Center (DHC) from 1981-94.

Among the visitors were Nancy and Bob Taylor, who brought Mary Herring, Nancy's 98-year-old mother. Mary Al Madani, a dietitian with whom Knox worked at the DHC, along with former Dental Hygienist Supervisor Mara Culp and Michael Crawley, former Finance project manager, visited just after Christmas. So did Dr. Saleem and Balkis Kiblawi, a pulmonary specialist and a DHC social worker, respectively, and Charlie Johnson, an architect in Dhahran.

Amanda and Rachid El Bouhamdi also stopped by. She is the daughter of retirees Bob and Sandy Bennett, who lived in Ras Tanura.

The holiday visits capped "a very memorable year with international friends

with Saudi connections," Knox said.

Like her holiday guests, the house has a special link to the kingdom. It was "inspired" by Antoine "Antonio" Moukarzel, the Middle East Airlines reservations supervisor in al-Khobar, Knox said.

"He loved history and helped me see the Middle East as no one else could," she said, noting that he helped her and DHC nurse Cathy Roduner out of a fix in Damascus, Syria, in 1982.

There were no flights from Damascus to Amman, Jordan, at the time, so they'd planned to take a night bus there. Moukarzel had told them to check with a particular travel agent in Damascus before embarking, and he said it was too dangerous for two women to travel at night.

But Moukarzel had left a blank coupon in their tickets for the "nonexistent" air leg of their trip. On the advice of the Damascus agent, the pair went to the airport. There, he took their blank coupons and got them on a just-landed plane heading to Amman.



The guest bedroom in Patsy Knox's "echo-of-Andalusia" home in Mary Esther, Fla., features a stained-glass panel with the words "hope" and "love" in Arabic calligraphy.

"Off we went, the only passengers," Knox said, noting that she traveled to Lebanon for Moukarzel's funeral in 2010.

The Andalusian house master bedroom, where Knox puts up visitors, has a stained-glass door with a tri-faith message that is perfect for remembering Moukarzel, Knox said, for he sent her the Arabic calligraphy for the words "hope" and "love" written in gold on each side of the colorful circles representing Christianity, Islam and Judaism.



Former employee Shahid Husain, center, from India, poses with retiree Iqbal Ahmed Khan, left, and Aziz Ul Hassan, old friends from Pakistan.

Old Pals Reunite In Pakistan

Benefiting from warming political ties between their countries, former Aramcon Shahid Husain paid a visit from his home in India to old company friends and relatives in Karachi, Pakistan, over the new-year period. Husain, from Meerut District in Uttar Pradesh state in northern India, worked in the Pipelines Operations Dept. in Dhahran from 1981-88.

He visited retiree Iqbal Ahmed Khan and his childhood friend Aziz Ul Hassan, who is from Meerut but lives in Karachi.

Many families were divided with the Subcontinent's partition in 1947.

"It was a great reunion, after a very long time," said Khan. "Shahid has a lot of sweet memories of Saudi Aramco...and he enjoyed the Pakistani cuisine."

The Indian and Pakistani governments have decided to relax their visa regulations, and Khan said he plans to visit Meerut as soon as the new policy is implemented.

Husain acquainted two old company friends, Mumtaz Ahmed Khan and Anwar Kamal, with the Saudi Aramco Ex-Employees Association in Karachi during his stay and both men joined.

Offspring Advance in Medicine

The daughters of former employees from Pakistan have completed medical-school internships. They are Dr. Amna Asif Mirza, the daughter of Asif Mirza and his wife Yasmin, and Dr. Farha Yousuf, the daughter of Mohammad Yousuf and his wife Ishrat.

Asif Mirza worked for Southern Area Office Services in Abqaiq and 'Udhailiyah from 1973-87. Mohammad Yousuf worked for the Communications Dept.

and the Materials Services Organization from 1975-2008.

Dr. Mirza completed her internship in obstetrics and gynecology at Ziauddin Hospital in Karachi and is pursuing her specialization in that field.

Dr. Yousuf completed her internship at the Jinnah Post-graduate Medical Center in Karachi. She is a registered practitioner and interested in the subspecialty of oncology and gastroenterology.



Dr. Amna Asif Mirza and Dr. Farha Yousuf, left and right, recently completed medical-school internships in Karachi, Pakistan.



SAEEA Holds Sixth Gathering in Karachi

The Saudi Aramco Ex-Employees Association (SAEEA) held its sixth get-together in Karachi, Pakistan, on Dec. 14, 2012. Nearly 140 people turned out and the group welcomed six new members.

A financial-planning firm sponsored the event, arranging a *mushaira* (recitation) by four poets after dinner, and providing door prizes. Mohammad Yousof won a return ticket to Jiddah for 'Umrah.

Mohammad Abdul Matin, Ghulam

Poet Amra Shahid, SAEEA member Mahboob Asghar's daughter-in-law, performs at the *mushaira*. Asghar joined Aramco in 1965 and retired in 1987. He worked for Engineering Services in Dhahran and Yanbu'.

Qutubuddin Khan and Mrs. Mahtab Saeed Khan spearheaded the effort to establish SAEEA in October 2010. The association launched its website (<http://saeaa.com.pk/>) last August.

"After spending decades in Saudi Arabia, there was a dire need for the similar atmosphere where all ex-employees of Saudi Aramco and their families can meet in Karachi for social and moral activities," says the website. "Besides the parents, several children who were born, studied and even married in Saudi Arabia were also looking for the same atmosphere... We can endeavor to establish that atmosphere here."

Retirees Celebrate Grandchildren's Nuptials

Saudi Aramco retiree Ikhtiar Un Nabi and his wife Ameer Bano celebrated the wedding of their grandchildren Saad Ali Hameed and Humera Rashid on Nov. 6, 2012, in Karachi, Pakistan.

The groom and bride are the children, respectively, of Asad and Habiba Hameed and Syed and Darakhshan Rashidul Hassan. Habiba and Darakhshan are the children of Ikhtiarun Nabi and his wife.

Nabi worked in the Northern Area Contract Assistance Unit, posted in Safaniyah Field, from 1974-2001. He and his wife and son settled in the United States after he retired.

Notably, retiree Iqbal Khan attended both Habiba Nabi's wedding in Ras Tanura in 1986 and the wedding of her son Saad.



From left, Ikhtiar Un Nabi and his wife Ameer Bano pose with their grandson, groom Saad Hameed; their granddaughter, bride Humera Rashid; the bride's mother Darakhshan Rashid; and the couple's aunts.

Other former Saudi Aramco employees who attended the wedding were Mahmood Alam, Abdul Waseem, Mohammed Abdul Matin and Iqbal Ahmed.

Valima Wedding Reception Held



The *valima* of Shehzad Salim, the son of retiree Salim Hamid and his wife Iffat, and Sara Aslam, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Aslam Zafar, took place Aug. 25, 2012, in North Nazimabad in Karachi, Pakistan, with friends and relatives of the newlyweds attending. Salim Hamid worked in the Fixed Assets Accounting Dept. in Dhahran from 1976-87.

Aramcons' Daughter Weds in Washington, D.C.

Saima Sadaf Siddiqui, the daughter of former Aramcon Abdul Latif Siddiqui, married Mohammed Noaman Khan in Washington, D.C., last year. The *barat*, or wedding procession, came to Washington from Chicago, Ill., hometown of the groom's parents, two days before the wedding.

Guests from the United States and abroad attended the *nikah*, or wedding ceremony, carried out by a well-known

Islamic scholar. The *rukhsati*, or "sending off" function, took place the next day. The *valima* wedding reception was held later in Chicago.

Former Aramcons attending from their homes in the United States were: Mohammed Ahmed, Ajaz Ul Haque, Shahnawaz Shah, Mohammed Fazal Shah and Mohammed Ayub Siddiqui. Iqbal Ahmed Khan attended from Karachi, Pakistan.

Nnamdi 'Didi' Udezue Marries in England

Nnamdi "Didi" Udezue, son of retirees Emmanuel and Chika Udezue, married Catherine Phelvin in Hove, England, near Brighton, on Dec. 15, 2012. A grand reception followed at the nearby Pangdean Old Barn, Pyecombe.

The groom's brothers, Chinedu "Chi" and Nzube "Zuby," were his best men and younger sister Zizi was one of the bridesmaids. His older sister Ebele read the lesson during the wedding ceremony.

The groom attended Abqaiq School before relocating to England for boarding school. Guests included friends and family from many parts of the world, including Daniel Tsu, Udezue's childhood friend from Abqaiq and 'Udhailiyah, who came from China.

Udezue graduated from the University of Bristol and Cambridge University and is a



Didi Udezue and his bride celebrated with family members at their wedding in Hove, England. He is the son of retirees Emmanuel (standing back left) and Chika Udezue (center right).

doctor in Brighton. His bride is also a doctor.

Emmanuel and Chika Udezue lived in the kingdom from 1988-2006. He worked as an internist at the Abqaiq Medical Center before moving to 'Udhailiyah as

the head of Internal medicine in al-Hasa. She wrote for *The Arabian Sun* and also worked for Southern Area Community Services. They reside in the southern coastal town of Bournemouth.

Bobb Bobs to Sr. Swim Finals

Fred Bobb (DH'72) won gold and silver medals in breaststroke events for men ages 55-59 at the Florida Senior Games State Championships in Lakeland in December, advancing to the Senior Nationals at Cleveland State University July 29-Aug. 1. The former

Aramco employee and swim coach won the 100-yard breaststroke in 1:18.58 and placed second in the 50-yard event in 34.44.

Bobb, 55, said he was looking forward to competing in Cleveland because he's moved up one age group since the last Senior Nationals in 2011, placing him on the young side of his bracket. In 2011, Bobb placed third in the 100 breaststroke

in 1:15.93 and just missed medaling in the 50, at 33:37. In 2009, he clocked 1:15.19 and 33:19, respectively.

"I'm excited to qualify this year as the games at will be just 30 miles from where I swam for Oberlin College from 1975-79," Bobb said. "Several friends and college employees who live nearby will be there to cheer me on."



Eighty-three-year-old Ken Wright crosses the finish line for a gold medal in the eight-kilometer Cross Country team race in St. Louis, Mo., on Feb. 2.

Former Aramcon Grabs 'Over-80' Cross-Country Gold

Former Aramcon Ken Wright placed first with his team in the U.S. Track & Field Association eight-kilometer Cross Country Championship race in St. Louis, Mo., on Feb. 2. Wright and four colleagues from Boulder, Colo., won the "over-80" competition. Wright's wife Ruth joined the group as team photographer.

"My time was 1:18.44, which is slow, but the main thing is that I crossed the finish line in apple-pie order," said the 83-year-old. "St. Louis is a great city for a race, even in the winter with cold temperatures. Our team was disciplined,

well-organized and successful with all of us receiving first-place medals for our age group."

Wright worked in Dhahran in the early 1950s as a construction engineer, while Ruth worked in Industrial Relations.

"Running keeps me active and alert," Wright told the *Boulder Daily Camera* after the race. "That's one reason I keep running. Another is to be setting examples for other 80-year-olds, to take chances and grab opportunities...."

"Everybody, of all physical conditions, should be striving to be more active and to participate with young people," said the former Boulder city councilman who is still active in Wright Water Engineers, the company he founded with his wife.



Holiday Events



Starks Play Host to Sacramento Fête

Marvin and Ruth Stark hosted the 2012 Sacramento Lunch Bunch at their home in Orangevale, Calif., Dec. 12 to kick off the holiday season. Lunch Bunch founders Carolyn and Dave Thomas couldn't join the 23 former Aramcons who gathered to share tales of old times and meet new and old friends.

"The potluck lunch sparked many memories, since everyone brought a Middle Eastern dish," said Ruth, noting that the group enjoyed *kufta*, *falafel*, *hummus*, *shish taouk*, *tabouleh* and *baklava*.

Among the guests was one of the first Aramco Brats, Luella Beckley Kurani. The daughter of H.B. "Beck" and Maye Beckley, she arrived in Saudi Arabia in 1939, just six months old. Kurani had been the babysitter for another guest, Andrea Messinger Young, who was born in Dhahran and graduated from the Dhahran School in 1971.

Lunch Bunch members Roy "Buddy" and Mary Haug joined Aramco in 1947

and stayed for 40 years, while Phil and Marta Thorman spent 30 years with Aramco.

Everyone had a good time, "especially after lunch when we all sat in a circle and recounted some fabulous Aramco stories," Ruth said.

Mary Haug reminisced that she and Buddy lived in a "seven unit" that only had a communal telephone on a post by the road. When she became pregnant with her first child, there was a knock at the front door and she opened it to find a young man bringing her a telephone "so that you can call your husband." When the baby was six months old, there was another knock at the door



Sacramento Lunch Bunch revelers (standing, from left): Marta and Phil Thorman, Ruth Edmondson Johnson, Mary and "Buddy" Haug, Leon Crain, Delorise and Mike Miller, Carolyn Ward, Jim DeLong and Liz and Dick Stenstrom. Foreground: Marvin Stark, Hank Dillon, Mary Kay Melton, Linda Dillon, Luella Beckley Kurani, Andrea Messinger Young and Margret Crain.

and the young man came to remove the telephone. This happened each time Mary became pregnant. After her fifth baby, Mary said she was told she could keep the telephone!

Musicians Brighten Austin Celebration

BY EDNA CATCHINGS

Around 70 Aramco annuitants and Brats celebrated at the annual Texas Hill Country Christmas Party at Green Pastures Restaurant in Austin, Texas, Dec. 13. The event featured a reception, buffet dinner and entertainment with an Arab flavor.

Vicki Jessich headed the organizing committee. Her husband David handled registration, while Judy Walker was responsible for publicity and Jack Meyer was the treasurer.

The group laughed as Jack opened his thank-you gift for faithful service as event treasurer—a pair of Arab-style sandals provided by Farhad Rizvi, cofounder of Shamak Sandals and an Aramco Brat—only to find they were different sizes.

Lucy Templer received a recognition gift for being the most "seasoned" Aramcon in attendance. She

arrived in Dhahran to work as a secretary in January 1955, met her husband-to-be—the late James Templer—and they married in September that year in The Hague, where he'd been posted and where he later served as president of Aramco Overseas Company. They moved a total of 13 times before retiring in 1982!

The best surprises of the evening were musical: Linda Dotson sang an Arab-inspired song she composed in Saudi Arabia in 1996 with the help of an Arab music teacher, and two young musicians—high-school of classmates of the Jessichs' daughter Laura—serenaded the group on violin and cello.

Clockwise from top: Austin celebrants included George and Karen Huggins, Mike and Patty Erspamer, Vicki Jessich and Lucy Templer, and, at left, "sandalman" Jack Meyer.



Houston Retirees Party In Style

BY EDNA CATCHINGS

Houston's historic Brae Burn Country Club, founded in 1931, hosted 46 happy annuitants at the annual Aramco/ASC Christmas gathering. Organizers Bill and Mary Smart and Verne Stueber (who was unable to attend due to a brief illness) arranged the catered lunch.

Ella Mae Tyrkalo, who worked for ASC, talked about the great relationships developed there over the years.

Recent Saudi Aramco retirees Ashok and Neena Marwah reminisced about their arrival in Dhahran during Ramadan in February 1992. Howard Maddux, a fellow employee, helped the couple and children, Natasha and Anesha, set up their living accommodations and get food until the shops reopened. "Saudi Aramco had such a great community," Neena said.

Frank Pietrowski, who joined Aramco as a 23-year-old in 1945, said he would be celebrating his 90th birthday a few days after the luncheon. He didn't look a day over 50.

Many at the gathering dressed in seasonal attire, Mike Sawran and his wife Linda among them: Mike wore his trademark Santa hat and Linda her ornament sweater.



Enjoying their holiday outing at Braeburn Country Club are, clockwise from top left: Betty and Jess Bobbitt; Jerry and Diane Carpenter; Ashok and Neena Marwah; and colorfully clad Mike and Linda Sawran



Smiling in Houston, from left are: Ella Mae and Paul Tyrkalo; Peggy McGinley and Kathy Klingman, and Mary and Bill Smart, who co-hosted the event with Verne Stueber.

OPPOSITE, TOP: RUTH STARK; BOTTOM: JUDY WALKER, EDNA CATCHINGS



Sailors have 'Amazing Time'

Three Brats and seven family members and friends linked up on an eight-night holiday cruise aboard the *Independence of the Seas*, departing Fort Lauderdale on Dec. 22 and making stops in the eastern Caribbean. "An amazing time was had by all," said Fred Bobb (DH'72).

Bobb reunited with classmate Tom Nine on the liner. The two have been friends since they were second-graders in Dhahran in 1965 in Louise Kant's class. Bobb is the son of Dr. Arthur Bobb of Stuart, Fla., an eye surgeon in the Medical Services Organization from 1964-84, and Doris Bedrossian Bobb of Houston, Texas.

Fred Bobb worked for Aramco from 1980-87, first at the Saudi Consolidated Electric Company and then for Support Services at the Ras Tanura Refinery.

Tom Nine is the son of the late Ogden Nine, chief geologist, who worked for the company from 1958-72, and the late Jane Elizabeth Nine.

Marc Dorsch (DH'76) rounded out the Brat crew. He is the son of the late Robert Dorsch, who worked in the Training Dept. in Ras Tanura and Dhahran beginning in the 1950s, and the late Pat Dorsch.

Posing in their seasonal finery are *Independence of the Seas* sailors (from left) Fred Bobb (DH'76) and Barbara Bleuer, Mark Yambor, Dr. Arthur Bobb and Joy Aufieri, Marc Dorsch (DH'76), Ed Teti, Petra Dorsch, and Tom Nine (DH'72) and Sue Nine. The three Brats and Arthur Bobb wore *ghutra* ties—three red and one green—to mark the holidays.

'Singles' Celebrate 60 Years of Friendship at Sausalito Shindig

The Dhahran singles group of 1953 celebrated 60 years of friendship Jan. 13 at the home of and Bob and Fran (Mealey) Grant in Sausalito, Calif. "This was a special reunion," said Ken Wright, who attended with his wife Ruth. Theo DeVries, Verne Stueber, Nancy (Etherton) Rushmer and Carol Keyes Rader completed the group.

Stueber updated the attendees on Saudi Aramco activities and Rushmer told stories about Industrial Relations activities in the '50s. Bob Grant related his tale of being marooned on an island in the Gulf with two friends in 1952, and the air-sea rescue that ensued.

DeVries reminisced about arriving as a newly minted engineer from Holland, finding his Dutch wife Jopie six years later, and the generosity shown to him by Construction Manager Carl Renfer. Keyes Rader, whose father R.L. Keyes was Aramco president from 1952-57, fondly recalled her family's time in the kingdom. "I'm pleased to have been a part of Aramco during those early years," she said.

Ken Wright said joining Aramco in 1951 fresh out of the University of Wisconsin was "the best decision I ever made," noting the move expanded his horizons, taught

him about different cultures "and even helped me learn a little Arabic." He said he's urging his grandson, a recent civil-engineering graduate, to seek similar employment.

The Wrights had just returned from a meeting of the Institute of Andean Studies at the University of California at Berkeley, where they presented their recent

research in Peru. Ken was a construction engineer in Dhahran from 1951-55 and Ruth worked in Industrial Relations. In 1996, the couple formed the Wright Paleohydrological Institute, a nonprofit organization that studies how ancient peoples used and handled water, with a focus on Peru and the southwestern United States.



Dhahran "Singles," top row, from left: Theo DeVries, Ruth Wright, Verne Stueber and Nancy (Etherton) Rushmer. Bottom: Bob and Fran Grant, Carol Keyes Rader and Ken Wright.



**TREKKERS
TACKLE
PICTURESQUE
PRESCOTT**

WRITTEN AND
PHOTOGRAPHED
BY BILL IVES



Above: Prescott peaks challenged trekkers.

Below: Warming up for a trek are, from left: Kathy Klingman, Trudy Kaldschmidt, Anneliese Tedeschi, Jeannie Ives, Arati Desai, Valerie Perry and Kathy's sister, Linda Ray.

Longtime Aramco trekkers Anneliese and Dave Tedeschi, Trudy and Gunter Kaldschmidt, Arati and Janak Desai, Kathy and Bill Klingman, and Jeannie and Bill Ives (plus two trekker-sibling families) gathered in picturesque Prescott, Ariz., last September for a reunion brilliantly planned and hosted by Valerie and Jim Perry.



PRESCOTT IS IN NORTHERN Arizona, about a mile high, in the heart of Yavapai Indian country. The Perrys' lovely home there is anchored to a *jabal*, offering a sublime view of the valley below.

From our "base camp," we ventured on five days of outback hikes and walking tours of the local sights, returning for evening social gatherings topped off by a home-warmed "host-for-the-day" meal.

The Kaldschmidts, Desais and Iveses visited the Grand Canyon (two hours north of the Perrys' home) as a prelude to Prescott. No matter how many times you've seen it, the Canyon can still be summed up in one little word: "awe." If there is anybody out there who's missed it, it belongs at the top of your bucket list.

Jim Perry choreographed the hikes to challenge septuagenarians. The trails wound by petroglyphs, rocks from the moon, hallucinogenic plants and breathtaking landscapes. The most significant wildlife we saw? A three-foot snake Jeannie encountered slithering along the Perrys' steep driveway after dark. Jeannie levitated up the rest of the driveway.

A local hiker with whom we'd trekked previously conducted our downtown tour,

covering colorful Prescott, past and present. Then we visited shops and grabbed authentic native artifacts—"Made in Mexico"!—before retreating to the Perrys' house. Social hours there afforded the opportunity to reconnect from our far-flung retirement retreats, consume chilled potables, brag about the day's accomplishments and embellish past adventures.

One evening, Jim Perry gave a very entertaining slide show about his trek in western Mongolia last summer. The images beamed onto the screen in his basement theater revealed a land full of stark beauty, expert horsemen and camels that have a spare hump.

The next day, most of the gang visited Jerome, a town known for its once-rich copper mines, its bawdy past and its ghosts. The place saw its mining heyday around the turn of the last century, in the process earning the title, "Wickedest Town in the Wild West."

Today, it might be called "the spookiest."

By 1953, Jerome's mining glory was gone and it was left to the spirits, which still haunt it today. There are eateries offering ghost sightings, haunted hamburger and ghost pepper.



Looking for hair-raising venue for a party? You might try the Asylum restaurant in the infamous Grand Hotel that towers over the town. Move over Bates Motel.

It was so frightening that our party moved outside, still attracting a coven of spooky characters.

However, trekkers calmed trembling limbs in time to culminate the reunion with a visit to Sedona, a town surrounded by stunning red-ochre cliffs that allegedly form a "harmonic convergence." These, it's said, can create "vortexes" which evoke mind-altering experiences in sensitive folk.

So, is there anything to these vortexes? My skepticism was rattled when on our approach to a vortex we began hearing faint, but enchanting, pipe music wafting through the canyon. An intriguing start.

Alas, it turned out to be a flirtatious old hippy with a flute handing out heart-shaped stones to women hikers. In spite of this letdown, we pressed on, planted our foreheads (reputed to be the most effective "connection") on the right spot and ... my forehead turned red ochre.

We did a lot of fun things on this trek. The best part was doing them with longtime, wonderful friends we made in Saudi Arabia.



JUNGERS REVEALS SECRETS OF SUCCESS

IN

CARROTS

to

KINGS

CONVERSATION

BY ARTHUR CLARK

Frank Jungers, the CEO who guided Aramco through its most transformative period, returned to Dhahran late last year and discussed topics ranging from carrots to kings at the inaugural Intergenerational Dialogue in the offices of the King Abdulaziz Center for World Culture.

Jungers said Aramco had an exceptional cross-cultural heritage, enabling the company to grow with the kingdom. “It started from zero and moved up to where it is today,” Jungers said of the enterprise, by bringing Americans and Saudis together under one hat.

The North Dakota native joined Aramco in San Francisco in 1947, moved to Ras Tanura two years later and served as CEO from 1973-77, retiring the next year. On Dec. 9, he spoke to center staff and members of Saudi Aramco’s Accelerated Transformation Program (ATP) Youth Leader Advisory Board (YLAB), sharing thoughts about his career and emphasizing the company’s good links with Riyadh.

“We had a good relationship with the government,” said the sprightly 86-year-old, the last living American CEO. “We were respected, as you are today.”

But Jungers also said Aramco had to work hard to convince its four shareholder companies in the United States to undertake some landmark projects they considered too expensive or too demanding for management to handle. *Fortune* magazine called his job “one of the most delicate positions in all industry.”

Jungers was CEO at the time of the 1973 oil embargo, presided over the first phases of the Master Gas System and oversaw the establishment of the Saudi Consolidated Electric Company (SCECO) in the Eastern Province—the template for today’s



ABOVE: Frank Jungers when he was named general superintendent of Engineering and Maintenance Supply in 1959.

TOP: Jungers ponders a question at the inaugural Intergenerational Dialogue in Dhahran late last year.

ISTOCK; BOTTOM: V.K. ANTONY; TOP: SALEH SHABEER

RIGHT: Frank Jungers sits second row, second from left, just behind Mrs. Camille Powell, in this Ras Tanura Engineering Dept. photo taken in May 1950. Others identifiable in the photo are: Dave Smith, with pipe and hat; “Enzo” Amendola, in back, third from right of Smith; Gus Manzini, in front of Amendola; Georgio Modena, right of Manzini; and Matt Bunyan, far right. **BELOW:** An artist’s rendering of the King Abdulaziz Center for World Culture, now rising in Dhahran.



national power grid. He also stepped up training for Saudis, resulting in many moving into management positions, and had excellent relations with King Faisal.

During his tenure as CEO, the Saudi government began buying out Aramco. It acquired a 25 percent interest in 1973. That rose to 60 percent in 1974 and to 100 percent in 1980, retroactive to 1976.

The kingdom’s oil clout also grew substantially. Production jumped nearly 25 percent to just over 9 million barrels a day, and the price of oil more than quadrupled to almost \$14 a barrel, after decades in the \$2-\$4 range.

The Intergenerational Dialogue was sponsored by the archives component of the multifaceted cultural center. Its 303-foot “keystone” tower and other iconic structures are rising near the old Saudi Aramco Exhibit, which will become part of the center. Along with the archives, the center will host a library, a theater, a museum, a children’s discovery zone, a lifelong-learning center, a great hall and a mosque.

Jungers toured the building site before fielding questions at the Intergenerational Dialogue. “All I can say is, ‘Wow!’” he exclaimed.

All the YLAB members were born after Jungers had left the company, but he played a critical role in establishing “the foundation for the quality of life” that they enjoy today, Fuad Therman, center director, pointed out.

YLAB members were recruited through a rigorous vetting process to advise senior management on Saudi Aramco’s ambitious ATP, launched in 2010. The initiative aims to “unlock the company’s full human potential,” in the words of President and CEO Khalid Al-Falih, to bolster its growth and that of the kingdom at large.

King Abdullah laid the cornerstone for the cultural center in May 2008 at ceremonies marking the 75th anniversary of the signing of the Concession Agreement between Standard Oil of California and Saudi Arabia. “The center is going to be an amazing thing



King Khalid leads the way, followed by Frank Jungers, who chats with Crown Prince Fahd, at the 1977 inauguration of Berri Gas Plant, the first plant in the Master Gas System. Minister of Petroleum and Mineral Resources Ahmed Zaki Yamani is left.





Linemen work on Saudi Consolidated Electric Company equipment. Jungers called SCECO, established in 1976, one of his “pride and joy” projects.

and you people are lucky to have a part in this right now,” Jungers told his audience of around 30. “There’s nothing in the world that I know of that’s equal to this.”

The center is considered the flagship of Saudi Aramco’s Corporate Social Responsibility program. Its mission is to make a tangible, positive impact on human development by inspiring a passion for knowledge, creativity and cross-cultural engagement.

Jungers said Saudi Aramco is unique, noting it “exists in about the same way it existed” before the buyout because the government retained “an Aramco workforce that was here and developed.” He said the fact that Aramco was separate from its shareholders (Chevron, Texaco, Exxon and Mobil), with its own integrated workforce, helped pave the way for the government to purchase the company, rather than nationalize it outright.

Oil companies operating in other developing countries “were staffed from the owner companies at home, so that the foreigners who came in to run them were there for a limited length of time. They put in their two or three years on the job and they were not interested in developing the [local] workforce,” Jungers said. Nationalization followed “and the foreigners were thrown out of the country.”

“You can argue about whether the price was right or not,” Jungers said of the sale of Aramco, but “the company remained in place and the workforce remained in place.”

The former CEO said he realized early on that training Saudis, starting with entry-level jobs, rather than hiring and training foreign workers from elsewhere in the region, was the best route to take. That meshed with Article 23 in the Concession Agreement, which required the company to “employ Saudi nationals as far as practicable....” Still, training Saudis had to be balanced with the economics of the industry, and the owner companies had to

Board Chairman and CEO Frank Jungers, front, accompanied by President R. W. “Brock” Powers, far left, and Vice President Majed Elass, second from left, arrive at the College of Petroleum and Minerals in Dhahran with representatives of the local community to attend the inauguration of a facility on Dec. 3, 1974.

be persuaded that such a program had merit.

The shareholders were competitors in the marketplace and “interested in developing a product as

cheaply as they could,” Jungers said. “We had to convince them that in the long run [Saudi training] was a good thing.”

He said Tom Barger, a pioneer geologist who was CEO through much of the 1960s, summed up the argument for training Saudis with the question, “What does Aramco need to do to stay here as a foreign operation in a strange land?”

“As a young guy, I... realized that we really needed to move faster in developing Saudis,” Jungers said. “We needed to intermingle the American workforce with the Saudi workforce and let the Americans at each level develop the Saudis, not just through schools, and that’s how it happened.”

In the early 1960s, when he was general superintendent of Mechanical Services and Utilities in Dhahran, he put into practice what he preached. He chose a Saudi welder named ‘Abd al-Monim ‘Abd Allah for special training and made him a foreman—the first Saudi to reach that rank. In all, seven of the first dozen Saudi craftsmen to reach the rank of foreman got there by Jungers’s action.

Aramco “became the forerunner of training in the kingdom and it was copied

and finally one of the first universities was built outside the Aramco gate,” he said. “We convinced the shareholder companies that we should make a contribution to it.”

The government built that school, the College of Petroleum and Minerals (now King Fahd University of Petroleum and Minerals) with the help of a \$15 million Aramco donation on land released by the company. It opened in 1965 and became a university in 1975.

YLAB member Zayiah AlAmry was impressed by what Jungers said about developing Saudi employees. The supervisor of the Health Information Unit in the Saudi Medical Services Organization and daughter of the late Aramcon Ahmad AlAmry called Jungers “one of the great leaders who...was able to develop leaders to grow and inspire their employees to build a name for Saudi Aramco around the globe.”

The company “was transforming from its early stages” and ATP is continuing that process, she said. “I felt that Mr. Jungers has faith in the young Saudi generation to lead the company.”

Jungers also spoke about early efforts to protect the environment. His first job in the kingdom was a six-week assignment on a refinery-upgrade project in Ras Tanura in 1947. He returned to San Francisco and then transferred to Ras Tanura in 1949 as a design and project engineer. He spent the rest of his career in the kingdom—barring a year in Lebanon, where he was assigned to learn Arabic in the early 1960s, and a 1964-65 stint in the company’s New York Office.

“In Ras Tanura, we had a beautiful



BOTTOM: V.K. ANTONY; TOP: MICHAEL ISAAC

beach right where we lived and we noticed that the kids came in with oil on their feet,” he said. It didn’t take long to figure out that tankers were dumping oily ballast when they arrived at Ras Tanura to load crude oil, so Aramco instituted a policy of refusing to load any tanker that arrived without any ballast.

THE PROCESS OF HIRING AND SETTLING EXPATRIATE EMPLOYEES IN THE KINGDOM WAS DEMANDING.... FAMILIES EXPECTED A GROCERY STORE AND AN ENGLISH-LANGUAGE SCHOOL FOR THEIR CHILDREN, AND AMERICANS EXPECTED THEIR STEAK AND POTATOES, ALONG WITH VEGETABLES LIKE CARROTS.

Aramco provided facilities for tanker captains to discharge their ballast, then separated the oil from the seawater and pumped the clean water into the sea.

Around the same time, the company noticed that coral was dying where drilling mud from offshore wells was being dumped. The practice was stopped.

Jungers said SCECO, established by Royal Decree in 1976, was his “pride-and-joy” project as head of Aramco. He noted that there was a stark difference between erratic power supplies in towns like al-Khobar and “the bright lights of Aramco, home to a lot of foreigners. It became pretty obvious that something had to be done about this.”

That “something” meant convincing Prince Fahd, then minister of the interior and later king, that the government should buy out the small local electricity firms and create a company, initially managed by Aramco, to consolidate them with Aramco’s network to serve the entire Eastern Province.

It also meant persuading the shareholders that this was a good idea, which wasn’t easy since Aramco had just embarked on the huge Master Gas System to capture, rather than flare, gas produced with crude oil and use it to fuel new industries in the kingdom.

Projects like SCECO ruffled owner-company feathers. Indeed, Jungers “was so deeply imbedded in the integration of Aramco and Saudi Arabia that at times his actions were at odds with the wishes of Aramco’s American shareholders,” says *Energy to the World*, Saudi Aramco’s new history book. “The mounting tension between the CEO and

the shareholder-controlled board of directors played a major part in his decision to resign at the relatively young age of 51.”

Today, the company’s management equation has changed. “There is one owner, the national owner,” Jungers said. “So the problem we had doesn’t exist. That was a different time.”

Jungers was on call during times of

crisis and on March 25, 1975, the day King Faisal was shot, the phone rang when he was home for lunch. A government official in Riyadh told him, “Something terrible has happened and I can’t tell you what it is; we need medical assistance.” When Jungers asked what kind of help was required, he received the reply, “Think of the worst thing you can” and send a surgical team.

Aramco scrambled a team in an hour, but then Jungers got word it was too late. Instead, the next morning he and Majed Ellass, an Arabic-speaking member of the board of directors, traveled to Riyadh to pay their respects to the family. They were the first among all the other dignitaries to meet the king’s sons carrying their father’s shrouded body into the main square.

“The point is, Aramco was called; I was called,” Jungers said. “We got that kind of treatment from the government.”

Jungers also tackled a question about coming to the kingdom with his family more than 60 years ago. “How wild was the idea of moving to Saudi Arabia?” asked Abdullah Abdullah, a planning and programs analyst at the center.

“You could talk for hours on that one,” Jungers said with a chuckle, noting that the process of hiring and settling expatriate employees in the kingdom was demanding. Everything, from housing workers, to feeding, schooling and offering medical services to them and their families, required careful planning. Families expected a grocery store and an English-language school for their children, and Americans expected “their steak and potatoes,” along with vegetables like carrots, he said.

So Aramco promoted carrot-farming in local oases, paid a good price for the resulting crops and stimulated a new industry. The same thing occurred for other produce and the government stepped in with its own agriculture programs.

The pattern was much the same, as one initiative to support oil production—in education, agriculture or housing, for example—spawned another, and the company grew with the kingdom, Jungers said.

Had the challenges been worth tackling? “Yes,” was the obvious answer for a man whose view of the company was as broad as his smile.



Marketing analyst and Youth Leader Advisory Board member Saleh Khabti poses with Jungers after the dialogue. Behind them is a photo of CEO Jungers speaking to Abdul Aziz al-Shalfan, Badge No. 4, on the steps of the Dhahran Dining Hall after giving him his 40-year pin in April 1974.

Adopted Aramcon's

PICTURES AT AN EXHIBITION

By Arthur Clark



ARTHUR CLARK; OPPOSITE, TOP, ARTHUR CLARK



ABOVE: A family views artifacts accenting images on display in Baylor University's Poage Library. **OPPOSITE:** Colbert Held describes photos showing in Baylor's Armstrong Browning Library.

Are you interested in viewing a vivid panorama of the Middle East between 1957 and 2005? Then you may wish to visit “Middle East Patterns: Places, Peoples and Politics,” on show at Baylor University in Waco, Texas, to May 15, and featuring photographs by a 95-year-old former diplomat who calls himself “a bit of an Aramcon by adoption.”

THE EXHIBITION OF MORE than 250 photos shot by Foreign Service Officer-Geographic Attaché Colbert “Cokie” Held, supported by a donation from Aramco Services Company (ASC), covers all 17 countries of Southwest Asia, including Saudi Arabia. The images on display in four Baylor libraries offer insights into the geography of the region in its broadest sense, with—perhaps—a special nod to the kingdom.

Held joined the State Department in 1956 and moved the next year to Beirut, where his duties as regional geographic attaché included acquiring maps. “I covered all the countries from Greece to Pakistan, including, of course, all the Middle East

countries,” he said. “I would be sent to Turkey for two months, then back to Beirut to write up reports on all the places I had called on...as well as write quick captions for the slides I had shot there. Then I might be sent to the Gulf—seven to 10 days in Kuwait, a week in Bahrain, a week in poor, primitive little old Qatar with its village of a capital, a month in Saudi Arabia—mostly Dhahran—and then back to Beirut.”

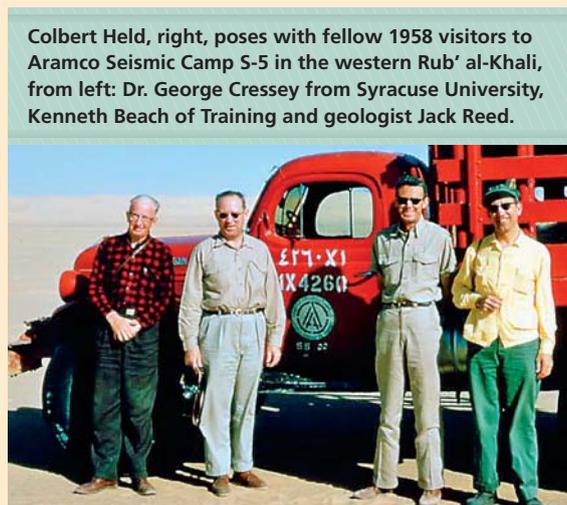
He visited Dhahran the first time in 1958. On that trip, Aramco flew him around the Eastern Province on a small plane. “I must have shot three rolls of Kodachrome on that flight,” he recalled. Aramco also flew him and a geographer from Syracuse University “on a wonderful

several-day trip by company C-47 or DC-3” to seismic-exploration sites in the Rub’ al-Khali, accompanied by Kenneth Beach of Training and geologist Jack Reed.

“There was wonderful cooperation between Aramco headquarters and Washington in those days,” Held said. “I was given marvelous support, including a room in Steineke Hall for as long as I was in the Eastern Province.” He worked mainly with mapping staff at the outset. “Then I discovered the Arabian Research Div. (ARD) and had a wonderfully productive time with the gang, including riding over to the ARD headquarters in Dammam with John Pendleton, Pete Speers and occasionally with George Rentz and Rick Vidal.”



Jim Mandaville takes a reading in the desert near Khamasin, a mirage shimmering on the horizon, during a 1965 expedition to Najd in central Saudi Arabia with Colbert Held.



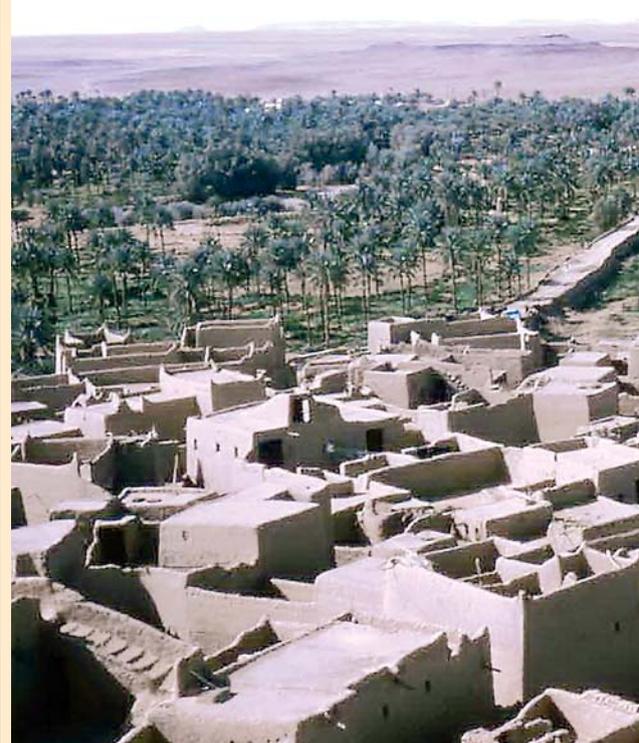
Colbert Held, right, poses with fellow 1958 visitors to Aramco Seismic Camp S-5 in the western Rub’ al-Khali, from left: Dr. George Cressey from Syracuse University, Kenneth Beach of Training and geologist Jack Reed.



Bedouin of the al-Murra tribe who have brought their large camel herds to water at the Tawdhiyah wells, between Haradh and al-Kharj, enjoy a joke in this 1965 photo.



This view of the Ras Tanura Tank Farm and Terminal, with the refinery in the background, was shot in 1958.



In mid-1963, he moved to Dhahran with his wife Milly and the couple's two daughters as deputy principal officer at the consulate. He met King Sa'ud and King Faisal, as well as company officials, and built a close relationship with Aramco. "I had a wonderful three-year stint there," he said. "This was a totally different type of assignment from the geographic attaché one, and I got to know many different levels of Aramcons"—sometimes dealing "directly with top levels both in Aramco and in the amirate in Dammam."

"In our position, my wife and I did a lot of entertaining," he noted. "Aramcons rather enjoyed being invited to our receptions."

Among company associates he counted then-president and CEO Tom Barger and his wife Kathleen, Mr. and Mrs. Bob Brougham, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Arnot, Harry and Virginia McDonald, George Mandis, Mike Ameen, Mr. and Mrs. Bill Mulligan, Dale and Janet Garrison, Pete and Ellen Speers, John and Lola Jones, and Jim Mandaville. Held noted that he and Mandaville especially hit it off as "geographers in the wilderness...and had a great expedition in the Najd with an Aramco truck and a consulate-general Land Rover." Other associates were Shafiq Kombargi, who closed his company career as head of Public Affairs at ASC in 1998 and helped arrange two trips to the kingdom, in 1979 and 1990 after Held retired from the Foreign Service, and Rob Arndt, *Saudi Aramco World* editor.

He became close friends with John Jones during his tenure at the consulate. "John was my direct Government Relations contact with the company," he noted. "I drove up to his office in the Admin. Building

about 2 p.m. on Sunday afternoons and... [our talks] sometimes ran into closing time. We understood and trusted each other."

When Held ended his tour in Dhahran, he moved to the Arabian Peninsula Desk at the State Department in Washington, D.C. One of his jobs was to maintain coordination with Aramco's Washington, D.C., office, which was staffed by some of the same men—including Pendleton and Garrison—he'd known in the kingdom, "so we picked up where we had left off in Dhahran."

"I feel that I am a bit of an Aramcon by adoption," he added. "...my days in Dhahran were very satisfying and I have the fondest memories of my relations with Aramco."

Held quit the Foreign Service in 1967 "in disgust over the U.S. handling of the Israeli attack on the *USS Liberty*" off the Egyptian coast in the Six-Day War, but returned two years later when he was invited to become the geographic attaché in Tehran, Iran. He was posted to Beirut from 1971-75—continuing to travel in the region, including stops in Dhahran—and retired in 1976. He was diplomat-in-residence at Baylor University, his alma mater, from 1977-94. He's made six extensive return trips to the region, the last in 2005.

In 1989, with the help of his wife, he published the first edition of a hefty regional study covering the arc of countries from Egypt to Turkey. The book carries the same title as his photo exhibition and is just about to go into its sixth edition, as Held races to keep up with developments in the region since 2010.

Aramco "contributed enormously" to the book, said Held, explaining that company officials offered him a new doorway into the kingdom.

"I sincerely consider my connections [to Aramco] as very close—nothing, of course,

like those that real Aramcons feel from years and years of collegiality in the eastern desert, but genuinely intimate," he said. "Tom Barger personally invited me to attend some of the weekly 'closed' meetings of top officers and department heads to hear goals and problems. I'm sure that the meetings were selected, but I was pleased and honored to be included.

"When I finished my three-year tour in 1966, Aramco gave me and my hard-working wife a farewell dinner at the Hamilton House.... Bill Mulligan was master of ceremonies and said some very kind things about my years of liaising with the company."

Among the special photos in the show is one of King Faisal, taken on his first trip as monarch to the Eastern Province, at a reception attended by Saudi officials and top embassy and Aramco personnel on Feb. 5, 1965.

U.S. Ambassador Pete Hart's wife presented the photograph to Faisal's wife. "She prized it and kept it on her table in the *majlis* for years, and told Mrs. Hart that the king thought it was the best picture of him that he'd ever seen," said Held, who shot it with a 90-mm lens to avoid being obtrusive.

Along with striking photographs of people young and old in the exhibition, there are remarkable "then-and now" pictures showing rapid developments, as well as stunning landscapes, both on-the-ground and aerial, throughout the region.

The show is structured along the lines of Held's





Colbert Held shot Majma'ah's mud-brick honeycomb of buildings from the northern Najd town's main tower in 1965.

eponymous book. A section on "The Petroleum Revolution" includes 1950s aerials of the Ras Tanura Refinery and 'Ain Dar GOSP 4 (which still had gas flaring) and a structural drilling camp, as well as Damman Port, for example.

The main exhibit, in Poage Library at One Bear Place, comprises 17 sets of pictures, each with eight or more images of landscapes, ancient sites, peoples, dwellings and settlements, agriculture and fishing, transportation, oil and other resources, industries and universities. Furniture, utensils and jewelry borrowed from the Helds' home accent the show.



King Faisal was said to have liked this photo of himself—shot on the monarch's first visit as king to the Eastern Province in 1965—over all others.

Corinne Peters, a graduate student in ancient political philosophy at Baylor, was the driving force behind the exhibition. She heard about Held's collection of 19,000 slides from the region and paid him a visit; amazed at what she saw, she contacted Poage Library about a show and helped Held pick the best of around 7,000 slides that he and his wife had already pulled from the pool. Then she "worked night and day" to make prints and mount them for exhibition, said Held.

Although the show's subject matter is not related to her academic specialization, the photos "added to my understanding of political things [with] various examples of complex situations that politics has to take into account," Peters said. "I hope other people have the same reaction."

Attendees on opening day, Feb. 7, enjoyed snacks of Middle Eastern foods including *hummus* and *baklava*. Prof. Abdul Massih Saadi, a Syrian who teaches in Baylor's Dept. of Foreign Languages, said the exhibition "brings history alive—modern history, ancient history and medieval history—in a very sweet summary, in one setting. It's just fantastic.

"And to make it even more perfect, they provided Middle Eastern food, so you have the physical taste, the spiritual taste and thoughtful taste."

Baylor freshman Molly Montgomery echoed his comments, saying the show "puts into perspective the art, architecture and culture" in a field of her studies. Her classmate Banae Olato said she was "pleasantly surprised" at the show's depth, particularly its juxtaposition of "the old and new" and its focus on resources including petroleum.

Prof. Lynn Tatum, who teaches a course on world cultures at Baylor, called the exhibition "an excellent resource." He compared it to *One Thousand and One Nights*, saying that the exhibition's opening day brought cultures alive through sights, shapes, tastes and smells. "Now that I've seen it, I may offer a gallery talk," he said.



This panorama of dissected limestone on the eastern backslope of the Tuwaiq Escarpment, shot in 1965, shows circular tumuli atop the mesa in the foreground.

Ann Rhea Befriends Students From 'Home'

Not long ago, Ann Boon Rhea, 82, navigated two students from Saudi Arabia around the High Museum of Art in Atlanta, Ga., explaining each piece in such detail that she could have passed for a docent. Neither student—who came to the United States about a year ago to study at Georgia State University—had ever been to a museum, so imagine their faces when Rhea walked them through an eccentric Thornton Dial exhibit made from discarded objects, all contorted and painted in ways that reflect the underbelly of humanity.

BY HEATHER SAUCIER

“I T WAS SO GREAT,” said Ahmed Althobaiti, 27, who comes from Bani Saad, a village near the southwestern mountain town of Ta’if. To him, this “art made out of trash” was avant-garde and riveting.

“She knows everything about the museum,” added Rawaa Felemban, 21, a Jiddah native whose English, including her slang, is nearly perfect. “It’s freaky.”

One might wonder why Rhea, who lives in nearby Decatur, and who gave up her car several years ago, goes to the trouble of befriending Saudi students new to the area. But some five decades ago, she found herself in a similar situation.

In 1965, Rhea moved to Saudi Arabia to join her pediatrician husband, James W. Rhea, who worked for Saudi Aramco for 12 years. Determined to assimilate, she plunged straight into her new life, spending hours devouring books at the company’s Arabian Affairs library and absorbing the culture and history as if she were breathing it.

Inspired, she signed up to learn Arabic and eventually cobbled together a Middle East studies course, which she taught to her sixth graders at the Dhahran School, that included field trips to Dammam, Qatif and Bedouin tents outside the company community.

“I liked the people. Everybody had a wonderful story. The Arabs, Europeans, the Americans. The schools were good for our children, the weather was wonderful, and we could go camping in the desert,”

Rhea said. On one trip to a *suq*, one of her students—whose parents had given him ample spending money—purchased a baby goat that rode back on the school bus, she nostalgically recalled.

Asked how many times she has returned to Saudi Arabia since her husband died in



In the dead of winter, Ann Rhea and Ahmed Althobaiti, who hails from a village near Ta’if, pause on a stroll near the Metropolitan Atlanta Rapid Transit Authority Lindbergh Station, close to Althobaiti’s apartment.

1976, she quickly replied, “Not enough.”

These days, the kingdom comes to her in the form of Saudi students whom she befriends every year through a program called the Atlanta Ministry with International Students, Inc. (AMIS). Established in 1978, AMIS pairs Americans with international students through its AMIGO program to help them navigate through countless differences in culture, food, social networking, geography, laws and day-to-day life.

Today, approximately 10,000 men and women come from more than 160 countries to study in the Atlanta area. When Saudi students sign up for the AMIGO program, Rhea is quick to hop on her computer and invite them to a local event or venue, and to a meal.

“When I came back here I wanted to be as nice to any Saudi student as people were to me over there,” she said. “They like the fact that I can speak Arabic and that I’ve been to their hometowns.”

For Althobaiti, who is studying respiratory therapy, the most difficult part of his journey has been making friends. “When they don’t understand you, they are not interested in going on with the conversation,” he said. A lover of jokes, Althobaiti struggles to master double-entendres in English.

For him, Rhea is a comforting companion who understands his struggles and his roots. “She talked about how things were there before I was born,” Althobaiti said, explaining he did not realize that mint leaves for tea were once sold by street vendors rather than in shops.



Ann Rhea, left, and Jiddah native Rawaa Felemban, seated next to her, share an evening with Felemban's cousin and friend—both of whom attend school in the Atlanta area—and a professional storyteller (center) in Decatur, Ga.

Rhea recalled a former student, Sultan Mohsen, who came from Ha'il in the north. He insisted that no one in America had ever heard of his town, until Rhea proclaimed, "I've spent the night there!"

"What I can give these students is someone who already appreciates where they are from. I don't look down on it. I look up to it," she said.

Felemban, who also studies respiratory therapy, said she considered joining a local Saudi Arabian club, but decided that befriending Rhea through the AMIGO program would benefit her the most. "In the Saudi community, you're not going to exchange language or any knowledge of other cultures. You're only going to talk in Arabic," she explained.

Spending time with Rhea also helps bridge a social gap she is experiencing at school. "It's hard to get in a group that's already formed," she explained. "I like that Ann is older and more wise because she knows life. She knows what's important."

It doesn't hurt that when Felemban visits Rhea's apartment, she is instantly taken back to her homeland. "Her apartment by itself is a museum," Felemban said.

"My own house is trying to be modern, you know. And hers is Saudi. Some pieces are from Riyadh, which I've never been to."

Many of Rhea's finds came from her camping trips in the desert where "ancient things surfaced when the wind blew," she noted. Rhea was honored by the Saudi Commission for Tourism and Antiquities last year for giving many of her ancient pieces—such as pottery vessels—to the National Museum in Riyadh.

Her more common collectibles, such as teapots and handmade camel and sheep knickknacks, are strategically placed throughout her apartment as an ever-present reminder of her magical time abroad.

Returning to Georgia in the late 1970s during the Iranian hostage crisis, Rhea took in an Arab student over the Christmas holidays because she worried some Americans might think he was Iranian. She wanted to spare him from a "roughing up." Since that time, she has befriended dozens of Saudi students. "You know, I've never counted how many," she said.

Rhea helps with practical matters as well. As students struggle to establish utilities in their new apartments, learn the Atlanta public-transportation system and fit into

American university life, where cliques from high school have spilled over to the college campus, Rhea takes them grocery shopping, brings them household items and recommends places to board adopted pets, including Felemban's cat "Beasty."

AMIS founder and Executive Director Emeritus Fahed Abuakel—a Palestinian who came to the United States in 1966 to study—describes Rhea as a "rarity" in the program because she knows and loves a country that is often misunderstood by Americans. "With her global experience in Saudi Arabia, she sees the importance of what we do 10 times more than any other person. The connection with the students becomes richer and deeper," he said.

And Rhea shows no signs of stopping, expressing utter delight having just received an e-mail from her former guest, Sultan Mohsen, who affectionately calls her "jiddah," Arabic for "grandmother." He told her that he'd moved to Cleveland, but that the postal service had lost his clothes. "I hope he put a return address on his package and insured it, but doubt both," she said. "He trusts the USA."

In no small part, that's probably Ann Rhea's doing.

NEW GROUP OF

Antiquities Donors Honored

AT

'Roads of Arabia'

BY ARTHUR CLARK

Seven antiquities donors with direct or family connections to Saudi Aramco were honored at the U.S. debut of the "Roads of Arabia" exhibition in November in Washington, D.C., winning kudos from Prince Sultan ibn Salman, president of the Saudi Commission for Tourism and Antiquities (SCTA), for returning their treasures to the kingdom. The event, which one honoree described as "like being in a fairyland," took place at the Smithsonian Institution's Sackler Gallery, the venue for the groundbreaking exhibition.



Antiquities-donor Lucille Lynn, 90, center, is greeted by Prince Sultan ibn Salman, president of the Saudi Commission for Tourism and Antiquities, at the Sackler Gallery of the Smithsonian Institution on Nov. 15. She is flanked by her daughters Betty Kingsley, left, and Carol Harvey, and donor Lois Wolfrum is far left. In the receiving line, from second to left, are: Dr. Ali I. Al-Ghabban; Wayne Clough, Smithsonian Institution secretary (partially hidden); Prince Sultan; Adel Al-Jubeir, Saudi ambassador to the United States; and U.S. Ambassador to Saudi Arabia James W. Smith.

PRINCE SULTAN recognized the donors—including two women who arrived in Saudi Arabia more than half a century ago—for returning antiquities such as pottery, glass vessels and grinding stones kept safe for decades. SCTA honored 13 donors with Aramco ties at ceremonies in Riyadh in February 2012.

Some of the latest donors came with family members. They attended a formal dinner and official ribbon-cutting event with SCTA officials, Saudi and U.S. diplomats, and top-level Saudi Aramco, ExxonMobil and Smithsonian Institution representatives Nov. 15, two days before the public opening of “Roads of Arabia: Archeology and History of the Kingdom of Saudi Arabia,” and then stayed for the opening. While the 2012 donations arrived too late to be considered for inclusion in the show, the 300-plus artifacts on display offered a perfect setting for the recognition ceremonies.

“Never in my life would I imagine being here—it’s like being in a fairyland,” said Lucille Lynn, 90, who lived in Dhahran with her husband Frank and daughters Arlene, Betty and Carol from 1950-60. “I’ve enjoyed every minute.”

The Sackler exhibition included stone tools more than a million years old that show links with Paleolithic sites in East Africa and point to early geographic pathways of man’s forebears. However, its most riveting focus was on the last 9,000 years, with small galleries showing off an array of implements, sculptures, mosaics and craftwork from Arabian trading cities and kingdoms that demonstrated links with neighboring societies. “We can see [connections with] the civilizations of Mesopotamia, Greece, India, Egypt, Syria and Rome,” said Dr. Ali I. Al-Ghabban,

These terracotta artifacts from Thaj—a camel head, a figurine fragment and a squatting camel—were among the items donated by Lois Wolfrum.

SCTA vice president of Antiquities and Museums and exhibition co-curator.

He said that the finds—made mainly by Saudi archeologists beginning in the 1970s, but with significant contributions by Aramcons—debunk the perception the Arabian Peninsula was an empty outback cut off from the rest of the world.

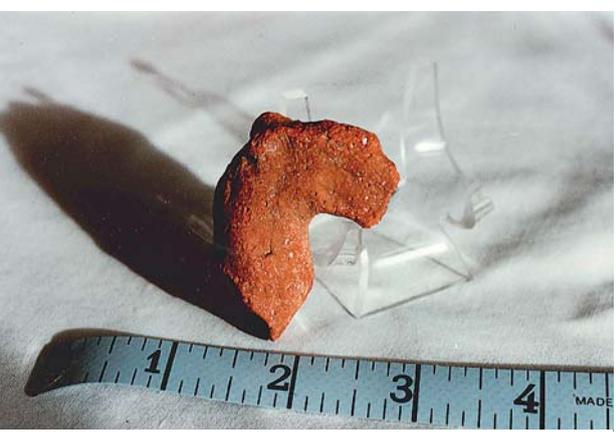
“We are not closed. We were always open and we are open today,” Al-Ghabban declared, adding that the popular picture of the kingdom as only “desert and petrowells” is false.

Discoveries from the Eastern Province figure prominently in the exhibition, showing that highways (and seaways) have long linked peoples in the region with lands over the horizon. Treasures from Tarut Island, just off Qatif, bear distinct Mesopotamian characteristics, for example, while stunning finds from Thaj, around 90 miles northwest of Dhahran, have a Hellenistic flavor.



Above: Honorees pictured are, back row, from left: Carol Harvey, her mother Lucille Lynn and her sister Betty Kingsley, Serena Furman and her sister Julia Costello, Cynthia Castain and Barbara Swanson. Standing foreground is Susan Herbers and kneeling is Barbara Deines Martin. Top: Dr. Ali I. Al-Ghabban, SCTA vice president of Antiquities and Museums, gestures to the golden funerary mask and glove found in the grave of a six-year-old girl in Thaj in 1998.

The American opening of “Roads of Arabia” got good press on both sides of the Atlantic. The BBC said the exhibition was “revealing evidence of sophisticated



OPPOSITE: CHAD WYATT; BELOW: LOIS WOLFRUM; ABOVE: CAROL HARVEY; TOP: ARTHUR CLARK



and ancient civilizations that are redefining the pre-Islamic era.” *The Wall Street Journal* said, “The show takes us on a grand tour of the artistic exchange, skilled workmanship and sheer luxury that flourished along [ancient] trade routes.”

A handsome exhibition catalog underscored Aramcons’ contributions to deciphering Saudi Arabia’s past, particularly in the east, after World War II.

“Thousands of Americans came to live in what was then a relatively untouched part of the Arabian Peninsula...[and] many Aramco employees developed an active interest in the archeology and antiquities of the region in which they lived, spending their free time and walking across the landscape in search of artefacts,” it says. Key finds by “petroleum engineers and others working in Dhahran” included distinctive ‘Ubaid pottery from Iraq. Some came from habitation sites dating back 7,000 years.

The book singles out Dhahran grade-school teacher Grace Burkholder for her discoveries, noting that she collected “thousands of shards of painted pottery” at 39 sites in the Eastern Province. When she showed the finds to Geoffrey Bibby, who was visiting Dhahran from a Danish archeological survey in Bahrain in 1968, he “immediately recognized” them as examples of ‘Ubaid ware from Mesopotamia.



Top: This is just one drawerful of a collection of more than 1,000 carved-stone artifacts collected by Adam and Violet Martin and donated by their daughter Barbara Deines Martin. Above and right: Barbara Swanson donated glass bracelet pieces and stone scrapers, and ancient pottery shards, gathered by her mother Betty Beardsley.

“That realization forever changed the face of Arabian prehistory,” says the catalog, going on to suggest that fishermen from Iraq exchanged the pottery with locals for food staples and wool, or that traders from the north swapped the pottery for pearls—

and that this introduced the technology of pottery manufacture in the region.

“From the earliest days of civilization, our homeland has been a venue for trade and a nexus for merchants and artisans,” said Saudi Aramco President and CEO Khalid Al-

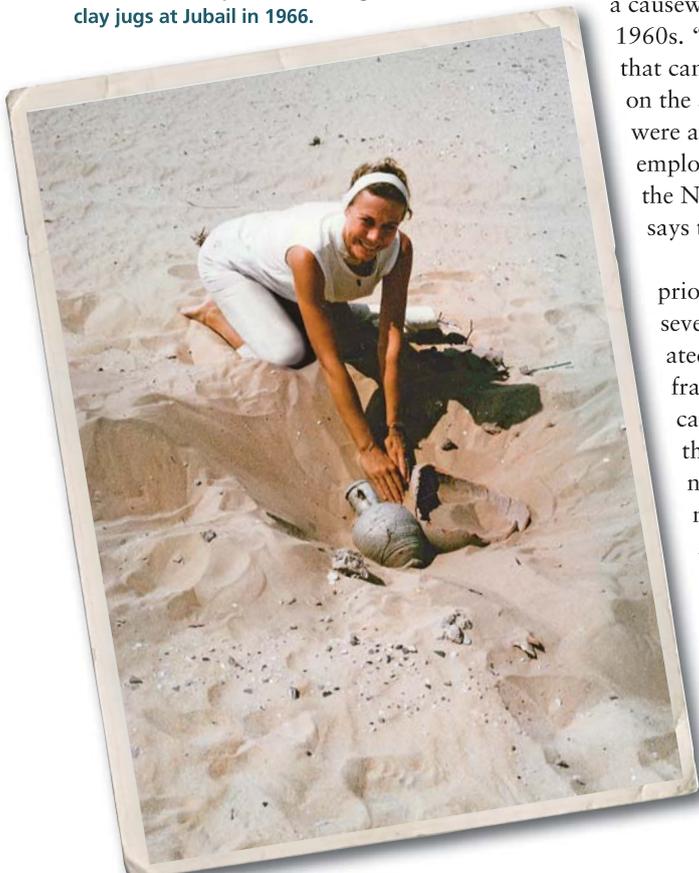
Thaj and Tarut, two important sites explored by Aramcons, feature in the show. A number of scholars think that Thaj is the site of the wealthy kingdom of Gerrha, which was prominent in the Gulf by the fourth century BCE.

Falih, who attended the Nov. 15 ceremonies. “Even more importantly, it has been a place marked by cross-cultural engagement and an exchange of art, culture and ideas.”

Saudi Aramco and ExxonMobil are cosponsors of the American visit by “Roads of Arabia,” which toured earlier in Europe. It ran through late February at the Sackler Gallery and is scheduled at the Houston Museum of Fine Arts (Dec. 22, 2013-March 9, 2014) and the San Francisco Asian Arts Museum (Oct. 17, 2014-Jan. 18, 2015). Other likely hosts are the Carnegie Museum in Pittsburgh in 2013 and the Field Museum in Chicago in 2014.

Thaj and Tarut, two important sites explored by Aramcons, feature in the show. A number of scholars think that Thaj is the site of the wealthy kingdom of Gerrha, which was prominent in the Gulf area by the fourth century BCE. American archeologist Daniel Potts, who has worked in the kingdom, lectured on Thaj at the exhibition opening. He cited an aerial photo and a plan of the once-walled 198-acre site pub-

Lois Wolfrum is pictured finding two ancient clay jugs at Jubail in 1966.



lished by retiree Jim Mandaville in 1963 in the *Bulletin of the American Schools of Oriental Research*, along with a paper Mandaville wrote for the Dhahran Outing Group, to help make his case.

Tarut is believed by some scholars to have been the center of the Dilmun civilization—linked by trade to Mesopotamia and other lands bordering the Gulf and the Arabian Sea—in the early third millennium BCE. Al-Ghabban believes Dilmun’s capital shifted to Bahrain by around 2200 BCE.

Aramcons also discovered artifacts on Tarut, many from a mound mined to provide sand to build a causeway to the mainland in the early 1960s. “Although a few of the objects that came to light were eventually sold on the antiquities market, most... were acquired by local Aramco employees and eventually donated to the National Museum in Riyadh,” says the exhibition book.

If the “Roads of Arabia” prior to the advent of Islam in the seventh-century CE often radiated out of Arabia—funneling frankincense and myrrh on camel caravans from the far south to the Mediterranean Sea beginning around the turn of the first millennium BCE, for example—roads after the revelation led into the peninsula, bringing pilgrims to Makkah. Art forms changed, too: Rather than the anthropomorphic sculpture that had domi-

nated the region, the written word became the vehicle of expression. Among the most striking artifacts in this section of the show are 20 tombstones from Makkah bearing elegies to pilgrims who died in the Holy City.

The show’s final gallery is devoted to the Kingdom of Saudi Arabia. It features the cloak and sword of King Abdulaziz, whose recapture of Riyadh in 1902 was the first step in establishing the kingdom 30 years later. Here, the company is represented by the work of Joe Mountain, a pilot and photographer who was one of the oil



Above: Lois Wolfrum (in white sweater) discusses slides of her travels and artifact-collecting in the kingdom with fellow donors, from left: Barbara Deines Martin, Julia Costello and Serena Furman. She arrived in Dhahran in 1956 and stayed, with a three-year break, until 1973. Below: This necklace was found with other golden funerary pieces in the first-century CE tomb of a six-year-old in Thaj.



OPPOSITE, TOP: BARBARA DEINES MARTIN; BOTTOM: BARBARA SWANSON; RIGHT: COURTESY LOIS WOLFRUM; FAR RIGHT: COURTESY SACKLER GALLERY; TOP: ARTHUR CLARK

pioneers in the kingdom. His photos of a sailboat at Jubail in 1934 and Dammam Fort in 1935 describe a vanished way of life.

Lucille Lynn, who joined her husband Frank in Dhahran 15 years after Mountain photographed Dammam Fort, attended with her daughters Betty Kingsley and Carol Harvey. “I’m impressed by the exhibit,” she said. “Meeting the prince was a highlight, along with all the gracious people connected with Aramco.”

She donated a ceramic bowl and plate featuring black designs found in the desert near Ras Tanura in the mid-1950s and “on display in our home for many years,” she said. Frank Lynn was head

of security—“the sheriff,” said Betty—in Dhahran and later in Ras Tanura.

Honoree Lois Wolfrum joined Government Relations in 1956 and stayed until 1960, transferring to the New York Office. She left the company shortly after that, but rejoined in 1963 and stayed another decade. She had a longstanding interest in antiquities, and late in her second stint led

the first bus tour of Madain Salih.

Wolfrum donated artifacts including potsherds and a clay jug from Jubail dating to the seventh or eighth century BCE, clay figurines from Thaj dating to 300 BCE-100CE, bracelet pieces and beads, and a small stone with a partial inscription from Madain Salih.

A green jug was her most exciting find. She and friends were looking for potsherds at Jubail in 1966 when she spotted a green piece of pottery in the sand. “I leaned down to pick it up,” she said, and discovered, “Oh, I have a handle.” When she dug, “it got bigger and bigger. I was so excited!”

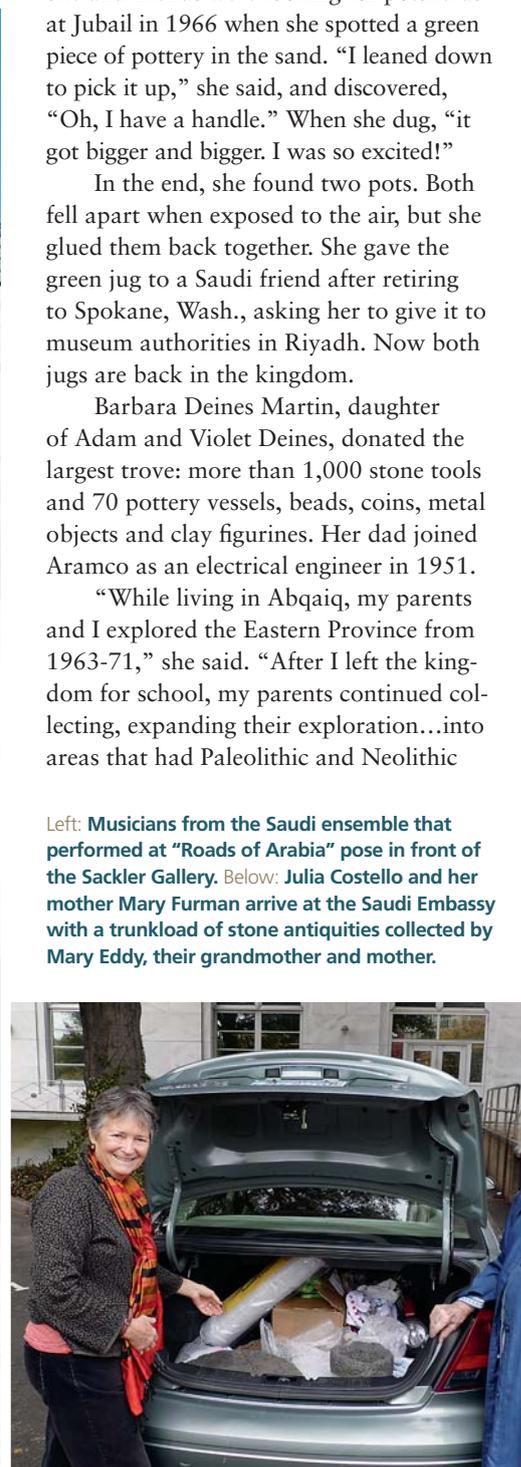
In the end, she found two pots. Both fell apart when exposed to the air, but she glued them back together. She gave the green jug to a Saudi friend after retiring to Spokane, Wash., asking her to give it to museum authorities in Riyadh. Now both jugs are back in the kingdom.

Barbara Deines Martin, daughter of Adam and Violet Deines, donated the largest trove: more than 1,000 stone tools and 70 pottery vessels, beads, coins, metal objects and clay figurines. Her dad joined Aramco as an electrical engineer in 1951.

“While living in Abqaiq, my parents and I explored the Eastern Province from 1963-71,” she said. “After I left the kingdom for school, my parents continued collecting, expanding their exploration...into areas that had Paleolithic and Neolithic



‘I leaned down to pick up’ a piece of pottery and discovered, ‘Oh, I have a handle.... It got bigger and bigger. I was so excited!’



Left: Musicians from the Saudi ensemble that performed at “Roads of Arabia” pose in front of the Sackler Gallery. Below: Julia Costello and her mother Mary Furman arrive at the Saudi Embassy with a trunkload of stone antiquities collected by Mary Eddy, their grandmother and mother.



Above: An employee carries an ancient grinding stone collected by Mary Eddy in southwestern Saudi Arabia into the Saudi Embassy. Right: Susan Herbers is interviewed by a Saudi TV journalist as Jamal Omar, director general of the SCTA's Archeological Research Center, translates.



artifacts, mainly in the Rub' al-Khali." Like several other donors, she inherited the artifacts when her parents died.

Barbara Swanson donated a collection of glass and pottery bracelet pieces and arrowheads amassed by her parents, Betty and Harry Beardsley, on "pot-picking" trips into the desert. They lived in the kingdom from 1956-76.

"I've enjoyed the items collected by my mother, who was always interested in different types of art," she said. "They have served as a reminder of my days growing up in Dhahran. I'm gladly returning them to the kingdom where they were discovered and can be enjoyed by others."

Cynthia Castain returned a tall ceramic pot purchased by her dad, Russell Nicholson, while studying Arabic in Hofuf. Her mother Elinor and her father went to Dhahran in 1950 and she and her sister Linda were born there.

"Dad loved the Arabic language," Castain said, and took courses at Aramco's Arabic Field Station in Samha, Hofuf, several times from 1955-59. At one session he was assigned to go to the *suq* to buy something to hold water. He paid a couple of riyals for a handsome pot and Rick Vidal, an anthropologist/archeologist in Government Relations "estimated its age at 1,000 years," she noted.

The pot "was in our home for so many years, basically all my life. In college, as I studied ancient history, I knew that it rightfully belonged to the people of Saudi Arabia and should, some day, be returned to them."

Sue Herbers, daughter of drilling engineer Bob Waters and Jo Waters, came naturally by her affection for Saudi antiquities through her dad, who arrived in the kingdom in 1949. She donated a number of arrowheads and potsherds.

"From his first assignment in the Dammam Field, my father was introduced to the archeology of Arabia by the Saudi crew, who showed him ancient coins, beads and pottery at some of the wellsites," she said. Her parents had two tours with Aramco, 1949-60 and 1971-83. "They appreciated the beauty of what they found and displayed it in their home for all to see."

Archeologist Julia Costello donated two basalt grinding stones and a mortar and pestle collected from southwestern Saudi Arabia in the 1940s by her grandmother, Mary Eddy. Her husband, Col. William Eddy, joined Aramco in the late 1940s.

Mary Eddy gave the provenance of the heavy stone items as "the Queen of Sheba's summer palace in Saudi Arabia," said Costello, who attended the exhibition with her sister Serena. Costello, her mother Mary Furman and her brother David delivered the items to the Saudi Embassy in Washington, D.C., several days after the "Roads of Arabia" ceremony.

William Eddy served as the first U.S. ambassador plenipotentiary to Saudi Arabia from 1943-44 and was the translator between King Abdulaziz and President Franklin D. Roosevelt at their talks aboard a cruiser in the Suez Canal in early 1945. He quit the State Department in 1947 and was hired by Aramco the next year. Eddy died in Beirut in 1962, where he was serving as a Tapline representative.

Costello also donated pottery shards and figurines from Thaj, steatite (soapstone) pieces, glass shards and glass bracelets, wooden bowls, incense burners and coins with Arabic script. "My grandmother was an active hiker and explorer and took opportunities to visit archeological sites and areas of natural interest," befriending archeologists along the way, she said. Many of her donated artifacts were identified with handwritten notes, supplemented by information from interviews carried out by Costello.

Emad Dughaiter, assistant to Saudi Aramco's president and CEO, probably summed up the importance of the donors and their bequests best when he told them at a luncheon in their honor featuring Arab dishes: "You folks mean a lot. Thank you for continuing to care about the place that you helped to build up."

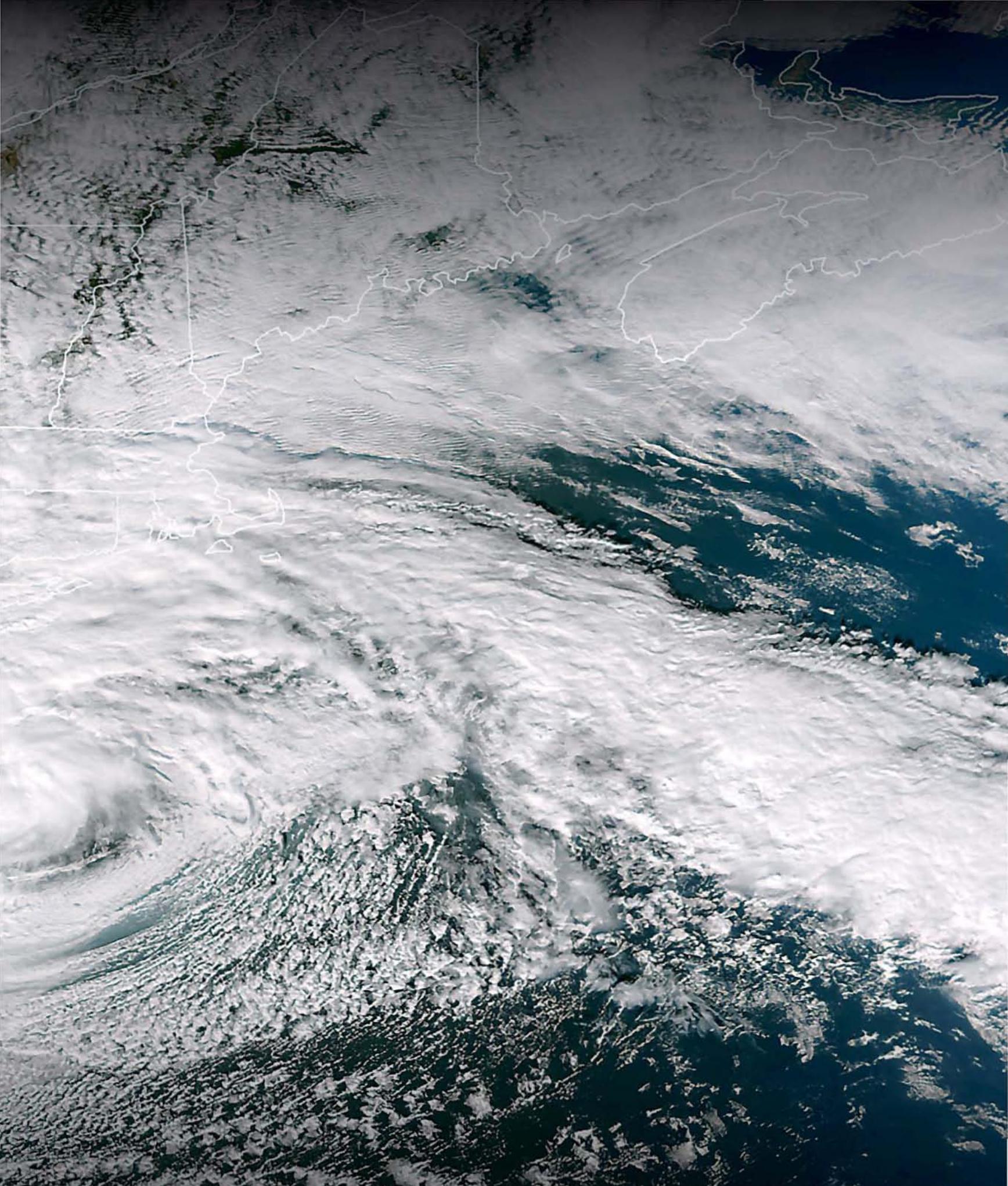


Retirees
Weather

SANDY'S FURY

BY ROSEMARYE M. LEVINE

Looking out the living-room window of our home in Summit, N.J., I saw 150-foot evergreen and deciduous trees shivering and shaking, bending and swaying, as if they were being electrocuted or engaging in a macabre dance. It was Sunday, Oct. 28, 2012, and states of emergency had been declared along the East Coast as the potential “big one” neared.



This image, from the National Aeronautics and Space Administration/National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration Suomi NPP satellite, shows Hurricane Sandy just about to make landfall on the New Jersey coast October 29, 2012. Sandy's 90-mile-per-hour winds reached 175 miles from her eye and she had total diameter of nearly 2,000 miles—a record for the Atlantic.



HURRICANE SANDY WAS FOLLOWING a “usual” path northward from the Caribbean when something strange happened. Naysayers notwithstanding, global warming and a record Arctic ice melt likely caused the storm to veer inland rather than out to sea. This occurred when an unusual high-pressure system over Greenland, probably related to ice loss, blocked the jet stream’s normal eastward flow. The eye of the storm was going to hit our neighborhood soon.

My husband Martin and I wondered what to do: Ignore the media “hype” or take it seriously? After all, Hurricane Irene had struck New York, N.Y., some 20 miles to the east in mid-2011, but almost instantly weakened to a tropical storm. In 2004, Hurricane Frances had made landfall near Stuart, Fla., about an hour and a half from our Indian Harbour Beach winter oceanfront home, and had not proved that bad. Nothing to worry about, right?

National Weather Service meteorologists begged to differ. “We’ve never seen one like this before,” they said.

New Jersey would be the bull’s-eye of the storm, the target for energy created when warm and cold air masses collide in a now all-too-frequent chain of events. Jamaica, Cuba and the Bahamas already had taken direct hits. Haiti had the highest death toll—more than 50—because of its bare hillsides and gimcrack housing.

The Boston-to-Washington corridor where Hurricane Sandy was heading is the most densely populated part of the United States, home to 60 million people, including 20,000 in Summit. The media told us to expect 90-mile-per-hour winds traveling up the East Coast and inland as far as the Appalachian Mountains. Predictions for loss of property and life were dire.

Marty and I knew it was time to prepare for the storm. I figured we would lose electricity for a couple of days, something my fridge and freezer could withstand. So I replenished my foodstuffs, thinking I would cook for and feed neighbors who weren’t as prescient.

We put garbage pails and large flower pots in the garage, outdoor furniture under our redwood deck, the Calder-like mobiles into the lower-level rec. room. We stocked up on water. There were no longer any batteries or lanterns in the shops, so we sought out what we had, in addition to lots of candles and matches, and blankets and quilts in all shapes and sizes. We also made sure we had plenty of dollars. This had happened to us before in Florida—old hat.

Hurricane Sandy was receiving unprecedented coverage worldwide: newspapers, TV, Twitter, Facebook, LinkedIn. Worried friends e-mailed and telephoned us from all over the United States and overseas. I was sure we would have some problems, but quite optimistic they would be quickly taken care of and life would get back to some normalcy. What a fool I was to think that!

Monday, Oct. 29, was landfall. Sandy came to us with a fury. Two-hundred-year-old trees toppled, electrical wires came down, uprooting entangled telephone poles, and power-transmission stations were disabled. It was dark and cold, as temperatures plummeted to almost freezing.

Marty and I piled on sweaters, coats, gloves, scarves and hats, hunkered down and lit the candles. I was able to cook on my gas range and invited the neighbors in to take part in my bounty.

We ate at my dining table, candle wax dripping on the mahogany surface but pleased to be together and sharing. Day after day, especially the cruel nights, the storm continued to make itself felt. Restaurants and food stores remained closed. Summit opened its middle school, unaffected by the power outage because of underground cables, as a warming and recharging station. Police stood outside, at the back of a large van, and recharged mobile phones and laptops.

Calvary Episcopal Church began serving three meals a day to anyone who showed up. Hundreds flocked to its warmth, hospitality and food. Summit is an affluent town of Wall Streeters. The homeless sat next to millionaires; none had food and there was no other place to go.

We who were able to contribute did so; others were welcome because they had nothing—or because the ATM machines weren’t working. The wonderful people at the church were congregants of the only religious establishment that offered food and shelter to anyone who came to their doors. Even people with small generators found themselves in need. There was no gasoline to power the machines, not a gas station open in Summit.

The Red Cross, the Salvation Army and FEMA were at the shore and the barrier islands where entire houses had been washed

into the Atlantic Ocean or reduced to matchsticks. The plight of those residents was worse than ours. In the meantime, our Wall Streeters were housebound as the trains to Manhattan were out of commission, flooded, broken, tracks derailed—a commuter’s nightmare.

Because we’d thought ahead, our car had a full tank of gas. Going out at night, however, was at one’s peril. Countless streets were closed by fallen trees and utility poles.

Private utility crews had already cut up some and piled the pieces by the sides of the roads. With no light, there was a good chance of crashing into one of these piles. Ironically, despite all the downed trees, there was no free firewood: Most towns in Union County are in quarantine zones, with trees infected with Asian Longhorned Beetles. They had to be handled in a special facility by local Public Works crews.

Neighbors began to flee Blackburn Road (our street) because it was so cold, and food was spoiling. With no relief in sight, the mayor urged anyone who could leave to travel at least 250 miles to the south. After an eerie, freezing night under several quilts, we decided to go stay with fellow Aramcons in Washington, D.C.

In the meantime, the police had arrived at our unlocked front door, entered the house and called for us, as my sister in Florida had phoned them to seek us out. We were with our next-door neighbors, getting contact numbers, as they prepared to leave for upstate New York. It was the grand *hijra*.

We spent three days in Washington, anxiously watching the news, wondering what was happening to our deserted house. Then, knowing that we had to work the

Rosemarye Levine figured she and her husband Marty might lose power “for a couple of days” when Hurricane Sandy struck last fall. “What I fool I was to think that,” she says now.



polls (Election Day, Nov. 6, was almost upon us), we filled the gas tank and drove north to the debacle that was New Jersey. At 4 a.m. on Election Day, with the thermometer reading 22 degrees, we went to the high school to take up our electoral duties. The New York City Marathon had been canceled, but not the election. Despite all the improvised methods to vote, only 67 percent of registered voters came out, the lowest turnout ever—25,236 fewer ballots cast than in the previous election. Nonetheless, we went to the Elks Club that night, where there was heat and camaraderie, to toast our victory.

The next day, we finally got a break. Friends with a whole-house generator powered by natural gas invited us to stay with them. What a joy it was to be in a warm home, full of light and good companionship. The news was not so good at our house: The food in our refrigerator and freezer, probably enough to feed us for two months, had festered, filling the place with malodors.

Packages of shrimp, lobster, steak and pork roasts defrosted, and carefully homemade pesto, frozen cookie dough and *tzatziki* and *arrabiatta* sauce oozed over the tile floor in the kitchen. We put all this glop in large plastic bags and set them in garbage cans in the backyard amid downed branches and other debris from the storm. By the following day, deer, raccoons and squirrels had descended on

We know this is going to happen again. Economic and environmental problems meet, resulting in what we have just gone through.

the decaying food, strewing it everywhere and making more disgusting work to tend to.

In the end, we were two weeks without power.irate citizens complained that our local electrical company had an antiquated infrastructure, out-of-date power grids unable to cope with such a disaster and, besides, was headquartered in Ohio! No member of that organization showed up at any of the municipal meetings to which a representative was invited. This has led to many towns planning to establish their own electric companies. When our lights finally went on, 30,000 people in the area were not so fortunate.

Sandy left 10 million cubic yards of debris in the tri-state area of New Jersey, New York and Connecticut. (A cubic yard is about the size of a dishwasher.) That's enough to fill the old Giants Stadium four times, and it

Sandy barreled ashore in northern New Jersey on Oct. 29, sweeping water and sand in front of it, toppling trees and destroying homes, with winds exceeding 90 miles per hour.

will be years before it is all cleaned up because potentially hazardous material such as freon from refrigerators and freezers and household cleaners must be sorted out.

The emotional toll of the storm may equal its physical cost to individuals, states and the country. We know this is going to happen again. Economic and environmental problems meet, resulting in what we have just gone through. There was more than \$71 billion of property damage in New York and New Jersey.

I even received a "Happy you survived" e-mail from an Iranian friend. The Iranians were the only people who offered us aid, which we refused.

A week after Election Day, many schools reopened with no heat and no lunch. Train service to New York did not return to our area until Dec. 3. Port Authority Trans-Hudson rail service from Hoboken, N.J., to New York, a line I have often used, did not resume service to Manhattan until Dec. 19. Does this sound like a world power's disaster response to you?

On Dec. 19, President Barack Obama asked Congress for a \$60.4 billion emergency aid package for Sandy's victims and, nearly a month later in a two-tranche process split between the 112th and 113th Congresses, the appropriation went through. New Jersey Gov. Chris Christie requested \$29.5 billion to repair school, roads, bridges, businesses and homes. He asked for \$7.4 billion to mitigate the impact of future storms.

While Congress dithered, many organizations came through to help our community put itself back together. We received \$1 million from the Geraldine Dodge Foundation and \$1 million from the Dave Matthews Band. Banks offered special hurricane-loan programs.

Summit High School held its annual Winter Festival the last day of the 2012 school year. There was a photo booth, an arts-and-crafts station, a place to write letters to veterans, the movie *Elf*, carnival games, a basketball tournament, a football toss, a ping-pong contest and Abby Cakes—cupcakes delish made by a local student and devoured by teachers and students alike. All the proceeds went to help the victims of the storm.

As for me, I am getting out and stockpiling Brooklyn Lanterns, the best flashlights, lots of stuff that works on solar power and batteries—and I'm not refilling my freezer!



Storm Claims Life Of Dhahran Graduate And Spouse

Hurricane Sandy caused approximately 140 deaths in the United States, primarily residents of New Jersey, New York and Connecticut. One of those who lost her life was Beth Tucker Everett (DH'79), daughter of John and Dorothy Tucker.

Beth, 48, and her husband Rich, 54, died Oct. 29 near their home in Randolph, N.J., when a tree fell on their car, according to the local *Star-Ledger* newspaper. Randolph is 20 miles northwest of Summit, N.J., where retirees Rosemarye and Marty Levine weathered the storm.

The Everetts were driving home from their horse farm when the accident occurred. Their sons Theo, 14, and Pierce, 11, were in the back seat and survived. Their daughters Zoe, 19, and Talia, 17, were not in the car.

Beth is also survived by her mother, her sister Cissy Tucker Stanford (DH'79) and her brother John (DH'81).

She was a bio-tech consultant for Novartis in East Hanover, N.J. Rich Everett was a chemist at a firm in Princeton, N.J.

Beth "often visited with lifelong friends from Dhahran including Sandy Spade Shomber and Emily Maranjian," wrote her classmate Dan Norton. "She attended reunions as she could, flying in to the 2009 L.A. Reunion to help her sister Cissy host our class party."

Angela Hazelton (DH'81) was two years younger than Beth, but knew her because of family and "play-field" links. Until she learned of her friend's death, she had no idea that Sandy's toll of lives "could have any meaning beyond the normal compassion for strangers," she wrote. "I am deeply grateful for the memory of the last time I saw her at the Los Angeles reunion."

An Everett Family Fund has been established at TD Bank, 535 State Route 10, Randolph, N.J. 07869.

IN MEMORIAM

ARTHUR "DALE" ADAMS

November 4, 2012

Survived by his wife Janice, daughters Christi and Julie and stepsons Ryan and Casey. He joined the company in 1982 in Ras Tanura and resigned in 1988. Correspondence may be sent to Janice at 1094 Aubin Rd., Walla Walla, WA 99362.

VIRGINIA F. BLOECHER

December 5, 2012

Predeceased by her husband, retiree Walter P. Bloecher, and daughter Diana H. Bloecher, and survived by her daughters Heather B. Kotula and Laurel B. Culbertson. She lived in Ras Tanura from 1960 until 1969. Correspondence may be sent to Laurel at 10 Jane Terrace, Mendham, NJ 07945.

MARJORIE H. HARBERT

November 12, 2012

She joined Aramco in 1962, teaching elementary school in Ras Tanura and Abqaiq. She married fellow Aramcon John Harbert in 1964 in Beirut and continued to teach long after she and her husband retired in 1977. Predeceased by her husband and survived by her son John M. Harbert and daughters Janet Harbert Sterling and Jennifer Harbert. Correspondence may be sent to Jennifer at 23428 115th Ave. NE, Arlington, WA 98223.

EVE K. HERN

January 28, 2012

Predeceased by her husband, retiree Clint Hern, and survived by her son Curtis Hern and daughter Lorelei Kay. She was the daughter of Gervase "Gerry" Kennedy, who joined the company in 1944, and his wife Dolores. Correspondence may be sent to Curt at 7305 Jester Blvd. Austin, TX 78750-7904.

AUGUSTA HILSZ

August 3, 2012

Predeceased by her husband, retiree Frederick Hilsz, and survived by her daughter Joyce Barton. Correspondence may be sent to Joyce at 69 Breakneck Hill Rd., Southborough, MA 01772-1808.

RAYMOND HOLIDAY

October 20, 2012

Survived by his wife Holly and sons Jeff and Glen. He joined Aramco in 1955, retiring in 1984 as supervisor, Administration

and Services Unit, Industrial Transportation/Planning & Tech. Services, in Dhahran. Correspondence may be sent to Holly at 4313 Linda Vista Ave., Napa, CA 94558.

LLOYD E. JOHNS

December 11, 2012

Survived by his daughters Elizabeth, Nancy and Judy. He joined Aramco in 1958 and retired as a supervisor in the Standardization Div./Materials Control Dept. in Dhahran in 1981. Correspondence may be sent to Nancy Johns at 3077A Via Serena South, Laguna Woods, CA 92637.

CHARLES E. JONES

October 5, 2012

Survived by his wife Betty Jo and children Larry, Day and Lisa. He joined Aramco in 1958 and retired in 1986 as an offshore drilling foreman at Ras Tanura. Correspondence may be sent to Betty Jo at 9 Brock Ln., Fairfield, IL 62837.

THOMAS JURKOWSKI

September 17, 2012

Survived by his wife Anh and children Thanh, Bich, Lan and Sophi. He joined Aramco in 1985 as a computer-systems technical specialist in Dhahran, retiring in 2001. Correspondence may be sent to Anh Dao at 9436 NW 45th Ave., Sunrise, FL 33351.

WANDA M. OXLEY

December 16, 2012

Survived by her former husband, Owen Oxley, and daughters Cassandra and Alyssa. She joined Aramco as a data-processing operator in 1950 and was married in Bahrain in 1953. Photos highlighting her years in the kingdom, including her marriage and the birth of her daughter Cassandra, appear in Owen Oxley's book *Saudi Arabia, The Great Adventure*. Correspondence may be sent to Owen at 29 School St., Vergennes, VT 05491.

LOUISE PENDER

March 19, 2012

Predeceased by her husband, former employee William Pender, and son Joseph. Survived by her daughter Cynthia Guell and son Douglas. She lived in Dhahran from 1953-61. Correspondence may be sent to Cynthia at 15437 S. 31st Pl., Phoenix, AZ 85048.

CYDNIE POWERS

September 13, 2012

Survived by her husband Larry Sharpe and her mother Marte Marie Powers, and predeceased by her father R.W. "Brock" Powers, former Aramco president. She worked as an EDP programmer analyst for Aramco from 1980-83. Correspondence may be sent to Marte at 11101 Champions Ln., Austin, TX 78747, and Larry at 15835 Foothill Farms Loop, Apt. 2422, Pflugerville, TX 78660.

NASREEN RIAZ

February 8, 2013

Survived by her husband, retiree Riaz Ul Haq, daughter Nosheen and sons Danish and Usman. Correspondence may be sent to Riaz at ruhaque@yahoo.com.

HANK RIGLER

December 24, 2012

Survived by his son Chris. He joined Aramco as a Dhahran School teacher in 1975, remaining there until 1991. He retired as a Land & Lease representative in 1996. Correspondence may be sent to Chris at 139 E. Greentree Drive, Tempe, AZ 85284.

PHILIP F. SCHERRER

January 30, 2013

Survived by his wife Dolores, sons Philip, Tom and Steve, and daughter Tina Zadow. He joined Aramco in 1955, the same year he met his future wife in Dhahran, and they married in 1958 in Rome. He coached Little League baseball in Ras Tanura. He retired in 1989 as manager of projects in the Master Gas Program. Correspondence may be sent to the family c/o Jeter Memorial Funeral Home, 311 N. Friendswood Dr., Friendswood, TX 77546.

WAIF STRAIN

August 25, 2010

Survived by his wife Jane. He joined the company in 1952 as a storehouse stockman and retired in 1960. Correspondence may be sent to Jane at W223 N. 7935 Plainview Parkway, Sussex, WI 53089.

MARJORIE SWEETMAN

October 29, 2012

Predeceased by her former husband, retiree Christian Sweetman, and son Richard. Survived by her daughter Sandy Sweetman. She arrived in Dhahran in the mid-1940s, married and moved with

her husband, a pilot, to the New York Office, returning to the kingdom in 1953. She appeared in a 1949 *Life* magazine story about Aramco, pictured with two other "dorm girls," Irene Bevelhymmer and Billie Deam. She worked as a secretary in several areas. She left the kingdom in 1968. Correspondence may be sent to Sandy at 8484 Wheatgrass Circle, Parker, CO 80134.

DAVID W. THOMAS

October 7, 2012

Survived by his wife Margaret and daughters Mindy Fisher and Heather Thomas. He joined Environmental Services at Aramco Services Company in 1976 and retired in 2002. Correspondence may be sent to Margaret at 15465 Queen Elizabeth Ct., Montgomery, TX 77316.

SEVKET TORPIS

August 22, 2012

Survived by his wife Patricia and daughters Sirin and Emel. He retired as a project manager after approximately 15 years with the company. Correspondence may be sent to Patricia at 12230 Meadow Lake Dr., Houston, TX 77077.

ELLI BECKLEY, LAST OF TEACHING VANGUARD

Elli Beckley, who taught Saudi students including Ali Al-Naimi, now minister of Petroleum and Mineral Resources, at the company's Advanced Clerical Training (ACT) facility in Dhahran in the early 1950s, died Oct. 27, 2012.

Her student Ali Baluchi, who became general manager of Community Services, called her "a true friend of Saudi Arabia and its people...a true ambassador besides being one of the early teachers who taught many Saudis who are holding key positions in the kingdom."

Elli Keenan joined Aramco in 1949 to teach at the Abqaiq School, moving on to ACT in Dhahran from 1950-52. She married Jack Beckley, an Aramco engineer, in 1953 in Beirut and the couple's sons, Peter and Paul, were born in Dhahran. The family departed in 1959. She continued to teach in Pasadena, Calif., until she was 67.

She attended the first Expatriates Reunion in the Kingdom in 2000. There, she said she "particularly remembered" Al-Naimi, Baluchi, Abdulla Busbata, who became a Saudi industrialist, and Abdul Majeed Al-Jamid, who would retire as manager of Southern Area Community Services.

Baluchi called Beckley the last of the vanguard of "dedicated American teachers who came to Saudi Arabia with a serious desire to...train and develop some selected young Saudis to assume responsible jobs or be developed and prepared to leave the kingdom to further their educations in the USA with a hope to return to Saudi Arabia to assume supervisory positions or the equivalent."

He said she was "one of Ali Naimi's favorite teachers," noting that he jokingly called her Miskienah (a play on Miss



Elli Beckley and her student Ali Baluchi in 2000.

Keenan that is the Arabic feminine adjective meaning "pity her"). "Every time he saw me he would ask about her." Baluchi visited her in California just 18 days before she died and said she asked about several former students by name at that time.

She was predeceased by her husband and is survived by her sons. Correspondence may be sent to her son Peter at 311 E. Forest Ave., Arcadia, CA 91006.

RAY STEVENS, RACONTEUR

Ray and Sheila Stevens saw many sites with fellow Aramcons Dwight and Mahala Brixey. The couples' travels together began in 1978 as "loanees" (Ray from Texaco and Dwight from Exxon) and continued through the late '90s, when they were with Saudi Aramco. Ray wrote in November about their latest trip—to Alaska. As usual when he traveled, he documented the journey with photos and sent them en route.

Ray was generous with pictures. He loved to send images from the albums he'd kept since the late '70s in the kingdom—and earlier ones showing him as a young man in Missouri with his first car, for example.

He always referred to himself in the third person, as "rls." He enjoyed remembering; his trademark smile showed in his pictures.

The Alaska trip—his last—was special. "We bought a seven-day cruise package in mid-2012 and departed Aug. 9 by plane for almost three weeks in Alaska," he wrote. "With our careers being built around the big oil family, the Brixey's had friends living in Anchorage—which helped to get the tour off to a great start."

Ray didn't mention his illness in that travelogue, but his ongoing battle with cancer was on his mind.

"The rls cancer, left arm pain, was getting worse in July but rls avoided the doctors thinking it was just radiation after-effects..." he wrote in November. He went, anyway. Then, at the end of the trip in Vancouver, "rls went to the Marriott spa late one night with arm pain" and met a doctor. "She wanted the whole story and then firmly said I had bone cancer—she was a blood-cancer



Ray Stevens, right, his wife Sheila, and Dwight and Mahala Brixey, August 2012.

doctor—she was right."

Ray Stevens died Feb. 20, 2012. He's survived by his wife, son Chris and daughter Brandi. A civil engineer, he worked in Abqaiq from 1978-85 and in Dhahran from 1990-98. Correspondence may be sent to Sheila at 16711 Palisades Point, Houston, TX 77059.

We'll miss Ray, his pictorial peregrinations and the joy that came with them. Here's one more image, from Alaska.

PLEASANT DAYS SPRING 2013

Al~Ayyam Al~Jamilah الأيام الجميلة

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American Odyssey

Retiree Iqbal Khan staged a five-month tour of America last year, visiting dozens of friends and relatives in 13 states and Washington, D.C., where he stopped by 1600 Pennsylvania Ave. Khan retired in 2006 as a supervisor in the Ras Tanura Producing Dept. after a 30-year career and lives in Karachi, Pakistan. His trip took him from New York to Texas to California, with many stops in between. "I met many old friends in all the states I visited," he reported, reconnecting with some colleagues after 45 years and attending graduations and a wedding along the way. His biggest surprise? That Americans measure distances in hours, rather than miles, traveled. His biggest shock? The lack of local public transport. "You need to have a car and everybody in the house should be a driver," he said.