



Al-Ayyam Al-Jamila

" These Pleasant Days "

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



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Beckleys Tour Europe on Long Vacation



Harold B. Beckley

On September 22, HAROLD and MAYE BECKLEY plan to join the clan at the Miramar gathering. And they just might sleep right through the festivities. We got weary just reading their itinerary for the time between April 5, when Harold left Saudi Arabia for long vacation, and September 22. (See the Sand Pile, page 8, for more details about the Annuitants' Gathering at the Miramar Hotel in Santa Barbara.)

His first stop was in Cairo to see Saleh al-Fadl, a former Aramco employee. Next stop, Stuttgart, where a Mercedes Benz 220 was waiting for him. Then a drive to Barcelona and on to Mallorca, where Maye and Virginia Hattrup had been visiting. Into the Mercedes again, this time the three of them, for a random tour through Spain, France, Italy and Switzerland until they

met Dick Hattrup and Beckley's sister and her husband in Zurich. (Begin to sound like a Cook's Tour?)

Off they all went to see the Passion Play at Oberammergau. They also planned to visit Munich, Salzburg and Vienna, and then drive back to Rothenberg, Germany to see the centuries-old towns nearby. Along about now, the Hattrups will be leaving for the States and the others will meet Mike and Frank Jungers and Sylvia and George Rader in Helsinki.

Now there'll be eight off and running. After a drive through the Finnish lake country, they plan to go as far north as they can into Lapland. Then they will take a boat to the North Cape, at the top of Norway above the Arctic Circle, and return. Back to the car again, and they'll be off for a tour through the fjord country to Oslo by way of Narvik and Trondheim. The Beckleys plan to leave Oslo on a Norwegian freighter bound for Montreal. They will drive across Canada and the United States, with Santa Barbara on September 22 their target date.

At the time he left Saudi Arabia, Harold had completed 37 years in the oil industry, the last 21 with Tapline and Aramco. His first job was with the Pacific Gasoline Company which later became part of Standard Oil Company of California. Starting March 5, 1923, he was with them until 1939 when he accepted an assignment in Saudi Arabia.

Maye and their daughter Luella came to Saudi Arabia in November 1939, along with 13 other wives, but were returned to the States the following year. This was not, however, before the Italian bombing of Dhahran. When they first

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Trotter Builds Home in Montana



Henry M. Trotter

The population of Polson, Montana, will soon be increased by five when HENRY M. "HANK" TROTTER builds his home on Flathead Lake and he and Helen and their three children move in. Polson is in the northwestern part of Montana, not too far from Glacier National Park.

Hank has completed more than 25 years in the oil industry, almost all of it in the Middle East. It began in 1934 when he went to work for Standard Oil Company of California at Richmond in October of that year. For a little over a year he worked with construction crews and also in various departments of the refinery, machine shop, boiler shop and survey crews.

The following year he was transferred to the Bahrain Petroleum Company and arrived in the Persian Gulf in December 1935. He worked on the construction of the refinery and submarine loading system. Hank also had a hand in the installation of the marine piers, submarine pipelines, and construction of the sea island and mooring system for tankers in Sitra Harbor. His next assignment, for four months in 1936, involved surveying the approach channels to Ras Tanura and mapping the Ras Tanura peninsula. During a very industrious 1937 and 1938, Hank worked as diving tender in installing submarine pipelines and marine moorings as well as handling incoming cargo from barges and dock trucks. He

also installed the marine piers which were needed for transporting crude oil from Saudi Arabia by barge to Bahrain via Zellaq.

During 1938 and a part of 1939, Hank was loaned to California Arabian Standard Oil to work on marine piers and installing submarine moorings at Ras Tanura on the mainland. His assignment to Casoc, which later became Aramco, was made permanent in November 1939. Since then, Hank has held a variety of positions in the Marine Division: foreman marine operations, marine engineer and port engineer, his most recent position.

Several experiences stand out quite vividly when Hank recalls the early days. When he was working on the construction of the piers, docks and pipelines at Ras Tanura, he and two other Americans called a 70-foot boat their home. Or there was the long leave during World War II when it took him five months to travel between Saudi Arabia and New York.

In 1947 Hank helped with the survey of Ras al-Mish'ab Harbor and installation of navigational aids marking the approach channel. Ras al-Mish'ab became the busy eastern port of entry for equipment and pipe used in the Trans-Arabian Pipeline. From 1949 to 1953 he was also in charge of all marine craft used by the Exploration Department in offshore structure drill work and seismograph survey.

It was probably the hunting and fishing around Polson that influenced Hank to settle there. Other Refugees will remember his two big game safaris to Africa in 1951 and 1952, and the trophies he brought back — elephant, lion, leopard, kudu and buffalo. At least in Montana it won't be as hard a trip to good fishing and hunting territory.

Hank spent his early years in Monterey, California. While studying for a degree in Mechanical Engineering at the University of California, he also found time to become an All-American football player and worked on the construction of the San Francisco Bay Bridge.

Hank and Helen (formerly Helen E. Gaskill) were married in 1954 in Geneva, Switzerland. Before her marriage, Helen was employed by Aramco as a teacher in Ras Tanura. She and Hank are the proud parents of Suzanne Cecil, four, Janice Kay, two, and one-year-old Michael Henry.

J. C. Hewlett Catching Up On Golf

We welcome to our ranks this month JAMES C. HEWLETT who is retiring on July 1. You'll remember Jim was General Accountant in Ras Tanura. When he left on long vacation in March, he had been with Aramco fourteen years.

Jim first came to Arabia with the Bechtel-McCone Corporation sixteen years ago. He was one of 99 men who left New York in June 1944 aboard the SS *Henry T. Middleton*. The *Middleton* was part of an 84-ship convoy escorted by 13 Corvettes on the voyage across the Atlantic. After sailing through the Suez Canal, the Red Sea and the Indian Ocean, Jim arrived at Bahrain in August 1944.

He was with Bechtel-McCone two years as Personal Accounts Manager and then decided to stay on in Saudi Arabia. He signed up with Aramco, which was figuratively just across the street. This meant that his first tour in Arabia lasted 46 months.

Jim has spent his fourteen-year career with Aramco in the Construction Accounting Depart-



James C. Hewlett

ment, starting with his first assignment as Construction Accountant. During this time, Jim has seen the building of every installation in the Ras Tanura District from the beginning.

Jim was born in Kansas and, when he was five years old, moved with his family to Missouri where he received his education. His first job, with the Mid-Continent Oil Company in Tulsa, Oklahoma, was also the beginning of his career in the oil industry. Just before coming to Saudi Arabia, he was with the Standard Oil Company in Venezuela.

At this time, Jim's long-range plans are still indefinite. Al-Ayyam Al-Jamila may reach him on some Caribbean island, a plateau in Bolivia, or maybe a villa

in Portugal. For the time being, his temporary address will be 1630 Orchard Drive, Ojai, California, where he plans to spend some time before deciding on a permanent location. One of the things he is going to do is improve his golf game. We only hope he can get used to grassy greens again.

H. B. BECKLEY (continued from page 1)

heard the thump of the bombs exploding, Beckley thought the stabilizer might have blown a boiler. He hurried outside, found that the area had been bombed, and rushed off to see what damage had been done to the stabilizer. On the way he saw where one of the bombs fell in the desert. The stabilizer operator hadn't heard the bombs above the noise of the machinery, and Beckley had trouble convincing him that there had indeed been a bombing raid and the stabilizer had to be blacked out.

His first long vacation came in 1942. He left Dhahran in April by boat for Bahrain where he caught a plane that flew to Cairo, Khartoum, Lagos, across the Atlantic to Natal, Brazil, then Puerto Rico and, 15 days later, New York. When he returned to Dhahran, Beckley was assigned to the Producing Department until 1949.

Following this assignment, Beckley was transferred to Tapline during construction of the line from Turaif to Sidon and he stayed on after the line was completed to help operate it. He returned to Aramco in 1954 and worked in Engineering and Materials Supply until his appointment as manager of Arab Development Department in February 1958.

Beckley was born about 50 miles from St. Paul, Minnesota. His family first moved to Idaho and later to Walla Walla, Washington, where he grew up on a wheat farm. He and Maye have no definite plans about where they'll live except that it will be on the West Coast. This is where their two children live. Jack and his family live in Altadena, California. Luella, her husband and two sons are in San Jose. Temporarily, the Beckleys can be reached at 4824 Bela Drive, San Jose, California, c/o Kurani.

It's a Home on the Range for the John Ames Family



John H. Ames

This month we welcome another future rancher, JOHN H. AMES, to our ranks. He has spent 22 years in Saudi Arabia, and now he and his wife, the former Hedwig Piontek, and their two children, John H., Jr. and Catherine, have their plans made for raising beef cattle on a 400-acre ranch near Quitman, Arkansas. Quitman is in the central part of the state, about 50 miles north of Little Rock. Aramco friends will find a warm welcome. Should you want to write ahead, the address will be Route 2, Quitman, Arkansas.

John has completed 36 years' service with Aramco and Standard Oil Company of California. Before joining Socal in April 1924, he worked in the oil industry for six years on the West Coast. He was with the Kern Trading and Oil Company, Southern Pacific Oil and Land Company, the Southern Pacific Oil Company and the Pacific Oil Company.

Ames' first assignment with Socal was in the Production De-

The Ames family: Hedwig, Catherine, John and John, Jr.



partment where he remained for 14 years until his transfer to Casoc, later Aramco. He came to Saudi Arabia in 1938, starting as a driller and then went to work in the Construction Department until 1951. John was also one of the 80-man skeleton crew left in Saudi Arabia during World War II. His next assignment was as maintenance scheduler in the Exploration Department and his latest position was with the Geodetic division, Exploration, in charge of equipment control.

Most of you will remember John Ames as a great outdoorsman. With Steve Furman, he is credited with starting the Hobby Farm. In the early days, Ames' marksmanship helped supply the Dining Hall with fresh meat. He has captured many gazelles alive, and brought them home for pets for his children.

John was born and spent his early years in Binghamton, New York. After completing his education there, he started out to see the world, with the West Coast his first stop.

He met Hedwig when she was a secretary at Dhahran Airfield. They were married in 1951 in California, and their son, who is seven, was born there. Six-year-old Catherine was born in Dhahran.

Before leaving Saudi Arabia, the Ameses were guests of honor at a reception given by the Exploration Department on April 29 in the Banquet Room of the Dhahran Dining Hall. They left Dhahran on May 5, spent a week in Copenhagen, and came to New York on the *Kungsholm*. They planned to spend some time visiting family and friends on the East Coast before settling down on their ranch.

Palmer Scott to Complete Law Studies

PALMER M. SCOTT, another new member of the group, and his wife May are now living at 1231 East Bennett Avenue, Glendora, California. His retirement became effective on May 1, following his long vacation. When he left Saudi Arabia on the 3rd of March, Scott had spent all of his almost thirteen years with Aramco in Ras Tanura.

As a youngster Scott went west with his parents, from Grant County, Indiana, to the Rock Creek area of Wyoming. He grew up working on farms and cattle ranches. In 1922 he enlisted in the Marines and served three years in Hawaii. During this time he attended the Honolulu YMCA night school and received his diploma. Next stop, after his honorable discharge in 1926, was in Los Angeles where he became a member of the Police Department.

During his 20 years with the Department, from which he retired with the rank of sergeant in 1946, he served with the uniformed patrol, plain-clothes, traffic, cruisers and jail divisions. Scott also found time to complete three years of study toward a law degree at the University of Southern California extension courses.

August of 1947 found Scott an Aramco employee assigned to Ras Tanura as a personnel specialist in the Identification Section. Four years later he transferred to the Storehouse Division and worked in the Inventory, Receiving and Yard Sections until October 1958. Since then, he held various positions in Identification and the Fish Plant.

The Scotts were married in 1933 and have two children, Marilyn and Richard. Marilyn was graduated from Ras Tanura school in 1952, the American Community School in Beirut in 1955 and received her bachelor degree in elementary education in 1959 from the College of the Pacific in Stockton, California. She is now a teacher in Glendora and Azusa school districts. Richard attended all nine years of elementary school in Ras Tanura, graduating in 1958. He is now in his junior year in Glendora High School.

Palmer has some plans already made for his future. High on that list is completion of his studies for a law degree. Then, there is a possibility of going into real estate, something to remember if any of you are thinking of settling



Palmer M. Scott

in the area around Glendora. We're pretty sure, too, he'll keep up with his interest in weight lifting. You see, he formerly competed in weight lifting meets under the banner of the Los Angeles Athletic Club, and tried out for the 1932 United States Olympic Weight Lifting Team. A man of many interests, Scott's other hobbies include gardening, amateur genealogy, and reading in the special fields of bibliology and theology. With all these activities, he may not have too much time left over. But we hope to hear from Palmer so we can let you know what he is doing.

WEBERS DECIDE TO ROAM

ISABELLA and LUTHER WEBER dropped us a note recently to tell us that they were planning to do some traveling. They sold their home in Napa, California and later on expect to look for another in Oakland. Until they do settle down again, they can be reached temporarily at 3774 Harrison Street, Oakland 11, California.

We hope that maybe "Tibbie" will be able to find a little time to tell us more about their trips. We'd certainly like some pictures to be able to share with all of you.

Guy & Ella Goldsmith Choose California



Guy W. Goldsmith

A hearty welcome, too, to another new member of the group, GUY W. GOLDSMITH. He and his wife Ella Mae have not decided finally where

they plan to settle, but it will probably be in the area of Porterville, California, a community in the south central part of the state. That's where they can be reached temporarily: 125 North F Street, Porterville, California.

Guy arrived in Saudi Arabia on June 6, 1946. He was assigned to Dhahran District as a derrickman in the Drilling Department. In April of the following year he was transferred to Abqaiq as an assistant driller. In 1951 he was promoted to foreman, rotary drilling, in the Abqaiq area, the position he held until he left in late May.

Guy and Ella Mae spent several days in Munich and then drove to Vienna with friends. From there, they went to London for a few days before catching a plane to Los Angeles.

We know that getting settled will take some time, but we'd be very glad to hear from the Goldsmiths when they have a minute or two. Then we can let you know what Guy is up to and tell you about their home and activities. Hope we can do this for the next issue.

From the delegation in Scottsville, Virginia, BELA and EV BARNES, comes word that they are both well and enjoying retirement there thoroughly. Bela sold the feeder steers he bought last year and bought 12 Angus steers this spring. The steers are flourishing on the good pastureland in Virginia, and Bela said he expects them to put on about 200 pounds apiece during the summer.

DICK KERR stopped in the New York office for just a minute recently. He was on a flying trip from Washington to attend the annual Explorers' Club dinner. He's still busy with his job with the U.S. Army Transportation Corps. Dick wanted us to be sure to send his regards to all his friends from Aramco.

NOTIFY SOCIAL SECURITY OF NEW ADDRESS

Here's a reminder about social security which was called to our attention this week. If you are receiving checks from social security, it is important to keep them informed of any change of address. They suggest that it is good policy to send on your new address as soon as possible, before you move, to insure regular delivery of your checks.

When you filed your application, you were given a postal card on which to report a change of address. If you don't have this card, you can

get another from your nearest social security office.

Not that this postal card is all important. Address changes can be reported directly to your district office. Whichever way you report such changes, be sure to include your social security account number to help them put it in effect more rapidly.

As you know, changing your address with social security is separate from changing it with Aramco, because Aramco handles only matters of company business.

al-Khobar - 1960



THE SAND PILE

This issue marks our transfer from the Personnel to the Public Relations Department. My first reaction on learning of this change was to try to determine whether we were personnel or public; but after considerable meditation on the subject, I decided that we were a little of both and that further meditating would get me nowhere. Moreover, I suspect (although no one has given me the inside dope) that our magazine was transferred, not because of our own peculiarities, but because the handling of AAAJ fitted more easily in the Public Relations stable of publications than into the varied obligations of Personnel. As we leave the Personnel Department, we owe our previous editor, Virginia Klein, an expression of deep appreciation for her devoted efforts in bringing the magazine to its present quality.

Actually, we are not under new management; we are back under the original. The starting idea of this magazine, as you old old-timers know, came from Tommy Thompson in Public Relations, who put me to work in 1955, writing a monthly letter aimed at maintaining contact amongst the annuitants and with the Company. That was the time when we labeled ourselves as Refugees from the Sand Dunes. That early series of letters was the modest effort from which AAAJ was developed by Personnel a few years later.

Congratulations to all you energetic people who struggled into a sitting position long enough to send a note or letter to AAAJ for publication

in the March issue. If my count is correct, nearly thirty of you answered the call, thereby making the March issue one of the largest (possibly *the* largest) to date. Far be it from me to tell you what our new editor wants; but I suspect that he will be pleased if you don't wait until next Christmas to send another note. And while I am complimenting those thirty, I didn't say a word about you approximately two hundred and forty others who remained silent. Think of the joy you could bring to this new editor if you gave him a few bits of news to work on! You don't have to wait until the end of the year to wish him and your old associates a happy future. You can send them your hope for a joyous Fourth of July and a peaceful Labor Day (provided they have the foresight to stay off the highways and barricade the doors). You can send the editor intimate little items, such as the following:

We've been faced with a crisis in our local post office. An evangelist came to town recently and announced in one of his sermons that there are five hundred and seventy-two different sins. The word got around, and since then, our post office has been swamped with letters addressed to the evangelist, requesting his list of the five hundred and seventy-two. A lot of people feel they've been missing something.

If you don't think that that would make a suitable story from your community, think up your own yarns. If everything else fails, tell the truth.

Clothes from food?

Do you ever listen to the radio? Since the television set became more important in our house than the plumbing, I had practically forgotten that radio existed. But one afternoon, I turned on the automobile radio and heard a voice discussing the present trend in the development of synthetic fibers. Ah, thought I, here is a chance to improve my mind. So, I listened carefully — and I should add that I was not disappointed. The voice stated that we could look forward to the day when even our present food would be converted into cloth, at which time we would be faced with a new problem in that science would have to find something for us to eat. Presumably, if science fell down on the job, we could reverse the process and eat our clothes. When you went on a picnic, for example, you wouldn't pack a lunch; you'd simply take along an old coat, with perhaps a bottle of salad dressing. This new development would be of tremendous value to those politicians who promise to eat their hats or their shirts if this or that happens or doesn't happen; but a hungry girl in a bathing suit would be faced with a momentous decision.

In line with this general trend of thought, the commentator next discussed the implications of a plan to make synthetic wool out of peanuts. Suppose, he suggested, that one of those fellows who just can't stop eating them should go to bed under a peanut blanket and wake up hungry in the middle of a bitterly cold night.

But there would be advantages as well as difficulties. Think of the frustration of a cricket persistently working its way into a linen closet, only to find it filled with peanut blankets! Whoever heard of a cricket eating a peanut!

Strange repentance

And in addition to this fund of knowledge concerning synthetic fibers, I have acquired other information that surprises me, particularly in view of the number of people who, I'm told, try to cheat on their income taxes. I read that each year our government receives several hundred-thousands of dollars from anonymous donors who have developed guilty consciences and have sent to our Treasury various sums which they feel they owe the government, although they don't want to admit it for the record. Apparently, the amounts so received are increasing,

indicating either that more people are cheating or that more people have guilty consciences.

One of the neatest bureaucratic twists was given this practice by a writer who admitted that he was a government clerk, and who forwarded a sum of money, explaining that, over the years, he had been guilty of using government paper and other stenographic materials for his private needs. He now realized the impropriety of this practice and wished to make amends.

He wrote his letter on government stationery.

Annuitants get-together

I've been checking on the annuitants living in what might be called the general Santa Barbara vicinity. Actually, it's the area from Santa Barbara south and east about thirty or forty miles, an area in which the homes of eight annuitants were listed on the record available to us in February. Six of the eight gathered at the Miramar Hotel about that time, to inspect the premises that are to be the location of our annuitants' party in September. Those present were CAPTAIN LEMS, ARTHUR STEPNEY, BOBBY LOUGHBORO, TOM HATCH, HAP WILLIAMS and I. WALLY FINSTER and JIM HOGG sent their regrets. The hotel manager took the six of us on a tour, including guest cottages, rooms, banquet halls, grounds and beach. I think you're going to like this spot as a gathering place. Your six inspectors did. The more we see of the place, the more hopeful we are that this will be the site of an excellent gathering.

Although you presumably will not read this until July, the publishing schedule requires me to write this comment in May, just after the first publicity concerning the annuitants' gathering has been sent to each of you. Accordingly, I can't report on the number of people who will have indicated their intention of being in Santa Barbara on September 22nd. But be assured that the number will be sufficient to provide you with the opportunity of seeing many of your old friends. Of course, if you aren't sure that certain of those friends will be there, better drop them a line suggesting that this will be a fine chance to indulge in another chin fest.

We'll be looking for you.

Alas, for the St. Bernards

I feel like the boy who has just discovered the unreality of Santa Claus. I have learned

recently that one of my boyhood beliefs is as ethereal as the fat man who is supposed to slide down the chimney. It has to do with the dogs of St. Bernard's in the Swiss Alps. I dimly recall that the story first came to me in one of my ancient school readers: how the big St. Bernard dogs were trained to rescue travelers caught in the snow storms and blizzards of St. Bernard Pass. And I remember the picture of the big dog and the little barrel on a strap around its neck, and the statement that the little barrel contained brandy or a similar stimulant for the fainting traveler, who, with the last of his failing strength, managed to extract the plug and quaff deeply a life-renewing slug of Four Star Hennessey, or its equivalent. Whereupon, with his stomach warmed by the brandy and his face warmed by Fido's big tongue, the traveler jumped up and sped joyously on his way, probably carrying the dog by that time.

Now comes the report that the Hospice of St. Bernard is about to close and the dogs are to be sent elsewhere. Why? Because practically no one gets lost on the St. Bernard Pass any more. The dogs and the monks are running out of busi-

ness. And then comes the final disillusionment. The dogs do not have, nor have they ever had, straps around their necks on which little barrels are attached. The monks report that usually the dogs carried nothing, although on occasion they did carry blankets. Their important equipment was their strength and courage and keen sense of smell. With these, they managed to save the lives of about two thousand people over the period of their years of service.

A monk of St. Bernard's has stated that he believes that the myth of the barrels started in an old Swiss legend of a mighty man, a sort of Paul Bunyan character, who trained his dog to tote a barrel of liquor for his master's pleasure, and that, later, certain sales organizations and cartoonists built up the idea in pictures. The monk added that the story had caused the Hospice a great deal of embarrassment.

And only two days after I read this disillusioning information, I saw an account in our venerable *Los Angeles Times*, reporting that a St. Bernard dog had been trapped on a ledge of Mt. Baldy "without his traditional cask."

(This discussion of snow recalls a statement heard at Squaw Valley: "Here come his skis! He can't be far behind.")

Unrewarded service

But I am not alone in my disillusionment. I read recently of three boys, ages six, eight and ten, who must have decided that humans are mean and without honor. These three brothers conceived a bright idea based on the fundamental principle that he who renders the public a true service can expect to benefit thereby. The boys kept close watch on the parking meters in their community, and when the meter time ran out for some careless motorist and the signal turned red, the boys would insert a nickel in the meter. They then would place a card on the steering wheel, announcing what they had done and asking the motorist to please refund the nickel to the address they gave. Inasmuch as they had saved the motorist from a possible parking fine, they would expect to receive their nickel and a modest tip in addition. Now you would think that a motorist faced with this situation would be only too happy to repay the nickel at least; and you would think that the man or woman who would fail to give the boys a suitable tip would be a pretty low individual. But after a few weeks of operation, the boys sadly reported that they had

invested between two and three dollars and had received a total of only about fifty cents.

How mean can people get?

U. S. medical help

Most of you who read the newspapers these days must be aware that we senior citizens are in the news as regards federal aid for medical care. One interesting aspect of the situation is that, regardless of the merits of the proposed legislation, there are so many elderly persons in the United States that their wants, particularly in an election year, are receiving careful consideration. As to the merits of one proposal over another, I am not qualified to comment; but the subject is so important to us that I hate to ignore it.

By the time you read this, some sort of Congressional action on the problem may have been taken; so the chief justification for this comment is to consider the principles involved. For rest assured that, regardless of the action taken in 1960, that action will be liberalized in the years ahead, just as the Social Security program has been liberalized over the years.

I gather that the basic idea behind the movement for government medical aid lies in the fact that proper medical care has become too expensive for people with modest incomes. Therefore, let's have the government do something about it. I see nothing fundamentally wrong with the position up to this point, for I understand that the function of the government is to do for the people what they can't do adequately for themselves. But the problem then arises as to what medical care is "too expensive" for what income level. Right there the fur begins to fly; and if you think I'm going to pursue that argument further, please guess again.

I am satisfied that a certain proportion of our retired population needs a sounder base for its medical care. I am even selfish enough to wish that the government would sponsor, but not support, a nation-wide program whereby I could pay a reasonable premium for extraordinary medical care, for insurance against the bills that can run into thousands of dollars and are not covered by our Blue Cross. But at the same time, we all should bear in mind that this insurance is not and cannot be free to us as a group. Someone has to pay for it; and when our government does the paying, it must turn around and take the cost, plus handling charges, from us. The great fallacy of our time is that, if we can pass a

charge on to our government, we don't have to pay it. We not only pay in the long run, we usually pay what we as a local group might have to spend for the same service, *plus* the cost of inefficient handling of the funds by the great government bureaucratic system.

And don't be fooled into believing that government costs can be passed to the rich. For example, I have a report from our representative in Congress that if the government confiscated *all* of the income from people receiving more than \$10,000 annually, the total revenue would be \$5.6 billion, or enough to run our government for about one month. It follows that the government could confiscate most of the income from everyone receiving much less than \$10,000 annually and still have only a small fraction of the total required to meet our current budget. The people with the lower incomes *must* pay a majority of the bills, either in direct or hidden taxes, simply because these people make up the vast majority of the population and, in total, receive most of the income.

So, when you dream of the benefits of a federal-supported medical program, think also of how much you want to pay for it in taxes rather than as premiums on medical insurance. This doesn't change the evidence that certain people need this program. The question is: how many?

This relation of the people to their government gives me an excuse to report on the old lady who entered a judge's office and asked, "Are you the judge of probates?"

"I am the judge of probates," he replied with a smile.

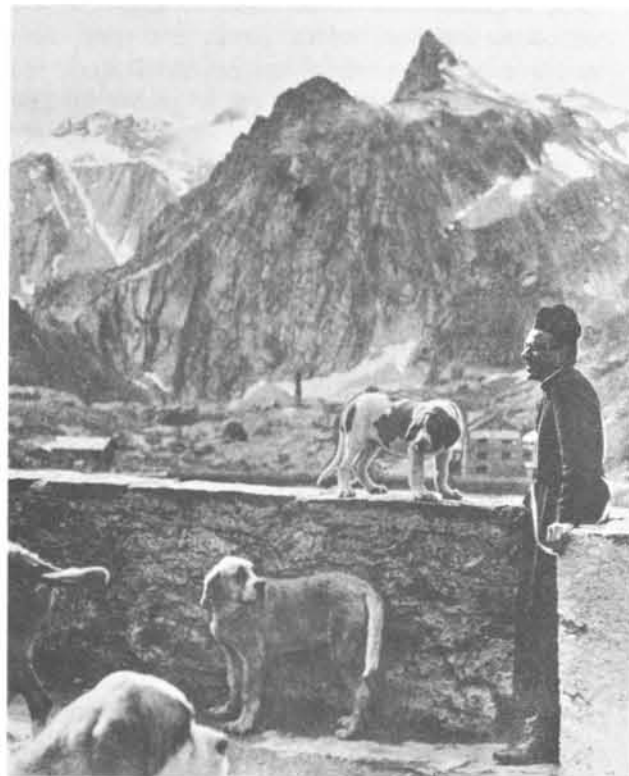
"Well, you're probably what I want," answered the old lady. "You see, my husband died detested and left several infidels, and I want to be their executioner."

Our future leaders

Enough of this chaff! I've had a wonderful experience. Yesterday, I met the hope of America.

I met the future of America, if it is to have a future, the future conceived by the colonists, by the later immigrants from the Old World, and by the settlers who crossed the Great Plains by wagon. I met the young men and women who carry the hope of our land.

I should admit that, as I have watched the



Although the famous St. Bernard dogs are being retired from active rescue service, the monks of St. Bernard still raise the dogs and ship them to animal lovers throughout the world for pets. (Photo from Swiss National Tourist Office)

high school students pass our home daily, I have experienced mixed reactions. The majority appear to be normal healthy kids, intent for the moment on imbibing a Coke or a choc malt; but the vacant lumpy faces of some have worried me. And in typical old-man fashion, I fear, I have wondered at times about the character of our young people.

But yesterday, I sat with our leaders of twenty-five years hence; and in their presence, I forgot the lumpy vacant faces I sometimes pass on the street; for I was satisfied yesterday that America still is breeding the men and women for whom it was founded.

I joined with four other adults of this area in trying to pick, from the top high school seniors of two counties, those best qualified to receive the Achievement Awards granted annually by one of our banking organizations. The awards are distributed on the basis of scholarship, activities and behavior at an interview where the students appear in groups to compete before the judges.

The scholastic rating had been determined previously by the various school faculties; the activities ratings were made by the judges on the basis of the students' records. But the climax of the judges' experience came in the interviews where each group of students was given a general topic for conversation to be discussed informally by the students while the judges listened.

I saw the future leaders of America, under the strain of unrehearsed competitive conditions and before this critical line of old folks, courageously approach those stony questions that always lie in wait to wreck our thinking, and steer a smooth course through them. They didn't claim to have the answers, which in itself showed training and intelligence. But they exhibited a remarkable maturity in indicating the path to follow in searching for the answers, in seeking the solution to the fundamental problem: how man shall live with man.

The unpleasant part of the judging was to be forced to stop with the three awards permitted in each group. We wanted to gather in most of these young Americans and to indicate in some manner how proud we were of them all; for who can say which star is brightest when many blind the vision? And the thought came to us, the judges, that in the high schools from which these leaders came were other youngsters almost as

well qualified, other leaders only half a step behind these. Of these before us, did each barely excel five others – or ten – or twenty?

After the judging was finished and the judges had tried as best they could to read the future in these young faces, and had tossed aside their pencils in the hopelessness of trying to judge excellence on excellence, we departed to our homes, stimulated and inspired by the realization that the future of America can be great if we adults can create the climate in which these fresh minds can grow and bloom and bear fruit.

Yesterday, I met the hope of America.

Phil McConnell

PURSEL ADDRESSES GRANGE

ROBERT N. (BOB) PURSEL got in touch with us recently to ask for materials he could use in a speech he was giving at the Pennsylvania State Grangers. He was representing the Montour County office. The general theme for this meeting, held June 13, was "Around the World with People and Things," and Bob spoke on Saudi Arabia. We'd say that Montour County was lucky to have a member to handle this topic who had spent eleven years in that part of the world.

VANDERVERT'S NEW SERVICE STATION

If you're driving through Torrance, California – that's a Los Angeles suburb – and you think you see a familiar face at the Richfield Super Station on South Figueroa, you'll be seeing right. It'll be TED VANDERVERT who is now owner-manager of the station at 21704 South Figueroa. He and Madeline live at 3322 Raintree Street, Waleria, California.

Lots of News from Pomona

We hear frequently from CASPER and SOPHIE GEE, and it's always a pleasure to read about their many activities. In fact, we sometimes marvel that they are able to find time in their crowded schedules to drop us a line.

Casper had a role in the Claremont, California, Valley Community Theater's recent production of Tennessee William's *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*. For the four-night run of the play he trod the boards at the Claremont Woman's Clubhouse.

Casper said he is doing well in real estate. The company he is associated with, Martin S. Peterman, moved into a new air-conditioned office at 1014 East 5th Street in Pomona, California. He also told us of the wonderful progress the children have made in school. Both Steve and Lilly are proving adept at picking up English. It was a pleasure to be able to share Casper and Sophie's pride in the children's accomplishments.

Steve has become an active member of the Y and is selling soap and nuts to earn the money to go to the Y summer camp.

The Gees had a nice visit with Jennie Permentier who used to be a nurse in Ras Tanura and now lives in Riverside, California. Two of our newest members also stopped off at the Gees. PALMER and MAY SCOTT and May's mother were guests of Casper and Sophie. This

was the first time they had been together since 1955 in Ras Tanura, and we'll bet that was a real gab fest.

Bob Arnold from San Francisco way, Sunnyvale to be exact, stopped off when he was on a business trip for Lockheed. Bob also dropped in on another friend from the Ras Tanura days, "SWEDE" LENEROSE.

Casper and Sophie reported that they had lunch with the Fred Sands in their home in Pasadena. Fred is also a California realtor. During the day the conversation got around to the Santa Barbara reunion on September 22nd, and they all made plans to attend. Bill Bressler told the Gees, when he visited them, that he was surely going to be there. In fact, they've started sort of an informal letter campaign encouraging as many people as they can to come to the reunion.

Casper and Sophie are being called on to give their illustrated talk on the Middle East for junior high school classes studying the area. After the lecture, there is a question and answer period for the students to ask about the countries and peoples of the Middle East.

The letter closed with a cordial invitation to any Aramcons to stop in when they're around Pomona, California. "We'll even serve 'Turkish' coffee in Arab coffee cups, and it's the real McCoy coffee."

GUADALAJARA REPORT

Via the grapevine – and where would Al-Ayyam Al-Jamila be without it – comes word of AL GLEASNER. He and Jo have been in Guadalajara, Mexico since last October. They have been busy restoring an old colonial home and expected to be able to move in by the end of May.

Al also told us a little about Guadalajara and life in Mexico. The city has a population of about 600,000, about fourteen supermarkets and the same number of movie houses which show

American films. There is also a theater which offers outstanding ballet and opera programs. Guadalajara has modern water, light and sewage systems and bottled propane gas for cooking.

From some of the things Al said, it would seem to be a good idea to do some preliminary investigation before deciding to go to Mexico to live. There are certain regulations which apply to foreigners planning to reside in that country, and it's always better to know ahead of time than to find your plans have to be changed.

Catching up with the McKeegans

Any day that brings a letter from Richmond, California from HELEN and BARNEY McKEEGAN is bound to be a good day. We had one such just recently when Helen took time from her busy schedule to bring us up to date on the recent doings of the clan.

"Last Easter week was a very happy and exciting one. Barney received his license to sell real estate and is associated with his brother Edward in his business in Richmond. He fairly danced a jig the night he came home with the license.

"The same evening, as Maureen and Barney relaxed and I prepared dinner, a very special young man, who was believed to be in Morocco, appeared at the door and both he and Maureen soared up into rainbow clouds and, I do believe, they have not descended yet. She's very proud of the beautiful ring she wears on her third finger, left hand. Barney and I are very happy and very fond of her young man, Robert Dean Lansing. The whole family is of one accord — we will be gaining when Robert joins our family group. They aren't setting a date for their wedding until he is settled in a position, preferably one connected with planes or missile work.

"Then we'll be wading around in tulle, lace and orange blossoms, preparing for a Nuptial Mass at our parish church. Sharon will be maid of honor and our two daughters-in-law, Kimiko and Anne Marie, will be bridesmaids; and I don't know who is most excited, the bride-to-be or her future attendants. Conversations center on real estate, photography and steel among the three menfolks; and dresses, showers, wedding, reception, etc. for the women. Since this will be the first time we will be present, out of three marriages, you may well imagine that I am as excited — if not more so — as anyone.

"Sharon will still be with us. She graduates on June 12th from Notre Dame High School and plans to attend the Junior College within walking distance (if one doesn't mind walking) for a couple of years.

"Alan finds commercial photography very interesting. He was assigned — by Washington — to 'get' Adenauer and this week he has the De Gaulle assignment. He's had other very interesting assignments of important people from Europe and the Far East. Kimiko is adjusting to stateside living and young Mark is growing into a handsome three-year-old and a young man with a very sharp mind. Gordon Najar's black cocker 'Honey' is now Kim's and Mark's constant shadow.

"Barney is most happy to be associated with his brother. He takes great pleasure in the work and in meeting old friends and making new ones. Believe it or not, but the belly-laughs over the antics of his family are becoming quite frequent. Well, we have fun being the way we are, so he might as well join us.

"What's this I read in 'Sun and Flare?' Something about a Refugee get-together around Santa Barbara? That I would enjoy. I'd even consent to driving the Freeway — though I don't drive yet. I'm accused of pushing imaginary brakes through the floor boards all the time."

See what we mean about it's being a good day that brings a letter from Helen and Barney. We can just see Clan McKeegan barreling down the Freeway to Santa Barbara on the 22nd. You can discount any reports of a low-flying missile that day. That's no missile; that's Helen McKeegan on the way to the Aramco Annuitants Get-together.

Letters, We Need Letters

How long has it been since you used the pages of Al-Ayyam Al-Jamila to get in touch with all your friends among the Refugees? One letter to us will reach many of the people you used to work with and want to keep in touch with.

Maybe you haven't written lately because you think the editor is too busy reading letters from other Refugees and you want to spare him a little extra work. Tell you what, let's not be so considerate. In fact, let's start a campaign, **Load The Al-Ayyam Al-Jamila Editor With Work.** Let's all cooperate and send him long, long letters and overwork him. That'll fix him. OK? Is it a deal?

One Firm Thinks Experience Best Teacher

The Minneapolis-Honeywell Regulator Company is in the midst of an experiment which we thought would be of interest to you. Because their staff of copywriters in the Minneapolis office, which prepares promotional materials for the merchandising division, are usually young men with little or no experience, the company felt that there was a need for the guidance and counsel of a mature, seasoned copywriter with reasonable salary needs — a tailor-made description of someone of retirement age. They are presently looking for such a man.

This is an idea that may prove practical for other firms whereby they can benefit from accumulated experience, one of the best of teachers.

Once Minneapolis-Honeywell placed the ad, they heard from many excellent men. They are now in the process of making a choice.

One of the trade papers, *Advertising Age*, was sufficiently impressed with this idea to run this editorial:

"We were delighted, a couple of weeks ago, to see Minneapolis-Honeywell Regulator Co. advertising for a retiring or retired copywriter to act as a 'copy chief emeritus' in its 80-man

Minneapolis sales promotion department, on either a part-time or a full-time basis.

"The problem of what to do with perfectly healthy, competent people who are required to retire at 65 or earlier is going to become increasingly difficult in the advertising business, as in all other businesses.

"Early retirement is wonderful if, in fact, an individual is aching to cast the cares of business aside. But in many cases this is fiction rather than fact. Some people want to be relieved of responsibility, to move to softer climes, to play golf or fish or sit in the shade; but others do not.

"To this latter group forced retirement frequently means an enforced idleness, a loss of stature and importance, and a loss of purpose.

"The more we can utilize the know-how and experience of retired people, as Honeywell hopes to do, the more we can benefit them and our economy, as well as our individual businesses."

This does sound like an excellent idea, and we will try to keep you informed about the results. We would also be interested in hearing from some of you and having your opinions. We might get a good debate going for the next issue of Al-Ayyam Al-Jamila.

Who?

All Annuitants

What?

Get-together

When?

September 22, 1960

Where?

Miramar Hotel, Santa Barbara, California

How Much?

\$ 6.00 for banquet

\$10.00 for double room, meals extra

Reservations?

Phil McConnell

P. O. Box 832

Ojai, California

Hope to see *you* there.

Mail Call!

John H. Ames	Route 2, Quitman, Arkansas
Escue B. Bilbrey	2553 Santa Cruz, Dallas 27, Texas
Travis Broadbent	Box 4034, Santa Barbara, California
Harold E. Cross	3920 Roberts Point Road, Sarasota, Florida
J. Terry Duce	Park Lane Apt. 908, 1100 Sacramento Street, San Francisco 8, California
Mrs. Wilfred C. Eyre	1610 Colusa Street, Corning, California
Allan G. Gleasner	Calle Hidalgo 1948, Guadalajara, Jal. Mexico
Guy W. Goldsmith	125 North F Street, Porterville, California
George B. Holmes	701 East Fifth Street, Santa Ana, California
Walter H. Koehler	c/o Sargo, S. A., Ave. Lib G'ral, San Martin 1850, Buenos Aires, Argentina
Otto Lessing	c/o American Independent Oil Co., Box 69, Kuwait, Persian Gulf
Jesse C. O'Brien	1049 East Ocean Boulevard, Apt. 1, Long Beach 2, California
Palmer M. Scott	1231 East Bennett Avenue, Glendora, California
Mrs. George C. (Helen) Steinmetz	1009 El Sereno Drive, Bakersfield, California
Henry M. Trotter	Polson, Montana
Luther C. Weber	3774 Harrison Street, Oakland 11, California
H. Foster Wright	2031 Paseo Dorado, La Jolla, California

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