



Al-Ayyam Al-Jamila



" These Pleasant Days "

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

NEW YORK, N. Y.

JUNE 1966

Vol. 10, No. 2

WHERE ARE YOU?

Preparations will begin shortly for printing a new Fall 1966 edition of the Annuitants Annual Address List which, as you know, receives wide distribution inside and outside the United States. We would like of course for your name and your address to appear the way you desire it on the list. Will you, therefore, please take a quick look at the address label which appears on the Aramco publications. If any part of it is not correct, let the AAAJ editor know immediately and your address for all of the Aramco publications will be corrected at one time — it is not necessary to send separate notices. As you know, changes and additions to the annual list appear in each subsequent issue of AAAJ under the heading of Mail Call.

Many of you let us know promptly when an address change has occurred or is imminent; however, much of our advice regarding changes comes through the return of the magazines to Aramco in New York. The Post Office will not forward third class printed matter and will return it to the sender only when the postage is guaranteed, which it is in the case of Aramco World and the annuitants' magazine. Sun and Flare is merely discarded by the Post Office.

At the present time, changes are made in the annuitants' addresses according to the information appearing on the publications returned by the postal authorities. Sometimes the new address shown is not the one you wish to be used in the future; it often is not altogether correct, and sometimes it is merely a temporary vacation address which should not be recorded. **We have no way of knowing** and consequently make the
(continued on page 13)



W. W. MacConnell

WADE W. MAC CONNELL, Acting Foreman, Utilities, had been with Aramco for eleven years when he left Saudi Arabia early in March — all spent in Abqaiq where he had filled a number of posts in the utilities functions of District Engineering. Wade was born and grew up in Pennsylvania, received a B.S.M.E. degree from Cornell University, and spent almost his entire time from college until joining Aramco in the utilities field in New York and in Connecticut.

Wade and his wife, Susanne, stayed in Beirut until mid-June, when their son and daughter, Carleton and Susanne, completed their terms at the American Community School. They have not decided yet on a retirement location, waiting until the spot has been chosen for continuing the children's education. In the meantime, however, they may be reached in care of Wade's brother, R. C. MacConnell, 324 Evans Street, Clarks Green, Pennsylvania.



L. M. Hutchinson

LOUIS M. HUTCHINSON's twenty-nine years of continuous service began in March 1937 with

Texaco's Refining Department, Bayonne, New Jersey, followed by other terminals at River Rouge, Michigan and Norfolk, Virginia. He was at the Lockport, Illinois refinery at the time of transfer to Aramco's Ras Tanura refinery in August 1946. After a year as area engineer, he became superintendent of Maintenance and Construction. Hutch (also called Lou on occasion) transferred to Abqaiq in 1952 as general superintendent, Engineering and Mechanical Services, and nearly four years later to Dhahran as manager, Maintenance and Shops Department. He had been with Methods and Organization since 1965.

Hutch and Betty are native New Yorkers, having met in Potsdam, New York where Hutch was working on his civil engineering degree at Clarkson College of Technology. Hutch enjoys bowling and they both like to golf. But we're afraid Betty's ceramics equipment and potter's wheel will have to be housed under cover if they decide to settle down in Syracuse, where daughter Patricia and son David both reside. In the meantime they may be reached at R.F.D. #1, Herman, New York.

L. H. BORING's immediate plans involved four months of traveling following his departure from Dhahran early in June - then settle in Florida. That latter would certainly fit the pattern for a fellow so fond of yachting, fishing and water skiing, hobbies which he expects to continue. Hood's address will be c/o Frank Meharg, 1821 Drew Street, Clearwater, Florida.

Hood was born and educated in Texas, then went to work for the Mid-Kansas Oil Company. He also worked for The Texas Oil Company and Consolidated Aircraft Corporation in Texas prior to joining Aramco in December, 1952. He started as a lead machinist in the Dhahran Maintenance and Shops Division, moving on to craft specialist and supervising craftsman. He had been senior supervising craftsman for the past four years.



L. H. Boring

GEORGE HOWARD TOTTEN had spent most of his fifteen years with Aramco as a fire fighter. Even in the early days, while working in Ras Tanura's MS&T Division, Howard was put in charge of training and directing the district's volunteer brigade. He became Fire Chief in Dhahran in 1956 and six years later, when made night foreman, he alternated as relief fire chief in all three districts. He returned to Ras Tanura as Fire Chief in January 1964, forty years since he first joined a volunteer fire department on his native Long Island in New York. During World War II he served as chief machinist's mate with the Navy Seabees in the South Pacific.

Howard was active as a Boy Scout leader, both in Dhahran and Ras Tanura, and enjoys model building and photography. His favorite hobby, however, is sailing, a sport in which Elsie is also enthusiastic - their craft, a Lightening Class Sloop. The Tottens will be at 511 Main Street, Port Jefferson, New York (a good location from which to sail). Enroute, however, they planned to visit Beirut, The Greek Islands, Germany and Holland, sailing from Rotterdam on the New Amsterdam. Howard's three daughters, Jean, Nancy and Jo Ann, are married, live in New York or nearby Connecticut,

and have presented him with eight grandchildren. Elsie also has three grandchildren.



G. H. Totten

North Carolina Greenery

Our travels, prior to settling in Chapel Hill, began to get tiresome. It seemed that every place we went we ended up getting snowbound - snowbound in motels, not on the road. Chapel Hill appears to have most of the things we want, although we are some distance from our Aramco friends. Oscar Swanson (Tapline) lives about a mile from us, however.

Our home is situated in the woods on a knoll amid clusters of pine, dogwood, oak and red berry trees. Next week the little lawn off a couple of patios will be converted to pine needles - that will effectively take care of the

lawn mowing problem.

As soon as our effects arrive from Arabia we will be able to properly entertain our friends who locate us. In the meantime, any one who doesn't mind putting up with our current limited facilities will find the welcome sign.

The above was written by George Kellenberg toward the end of March. We trust that by this time they have everything unpacked, arranged, rearranged to their satisfaction - and are beginning to really settle in their new surroundings - 600 Brookview Road.

MATTHEW C. BUNYAN had chalked up twenty-nine and a half years with Aramco and Socal when he and Esther left Dhahran. Matt is a native of New York State but received his higher education in California – Santa Rosa Junior College and then a B.S. in civil engineering from the University of California at Berkeley. He's made a life long career in inspection, starting with the San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge construction project. He joined Socal's Richmond Materials Laboratory in 1936, but was back in inspection work very shortly, transferring to Aramco in 1944. During his early years in Ras Tanura he was refinery inspector, district engineer and construction coordinator. Three years after his transfer to Dhahran in 1952 as supervisor, Inspection Coordination he was made coordinator Inspection and Materials, and subsequently chief inspection engineer in 1960. Matt enjoys photography and woodworking, Esther is an avid bridge player, and they are both fond of bowling. Until they select a spot to settle – probably in the Southwest – they can be reached in care of their daughter, Mrs. Robert Wilkens, 21 West End Avenue, Summit, N. J. Their son, Norton, lives in Saratoga, California.



M. C. Bunyan

GERALD C. LA COOK's retirement brings to a close his thirty eight-year career in power production and transmission, the last twelve of which have been with Aramco in the Utilities Division of Dhahran's Engineering and Mechanical Services Department – his most recent position, power system dispatcher. Gerry was born and attended school in Mississippi, then went to work in Akron for the Ohio Edison Company. During WW II he was loaned to the Manhattan Project at Oak Ridge, Tennessee, assigned to Carbide Carbon Chemicals Corporation. He had worked for Arnold Engineering Development Center in Tullahoma, Tennessee for three years prior to joining Aramco in 1954. Gerry's two sons and a daughter, all married and living in Ohio, won't be too long a journey from the retirement home where he and Mildred will settle in Estill Springs, Tennessee, Route No. 1, Box 95-A. Their's is a fine area for favorite hobbies of fishing, hunting and ham radio operating. Gerry and Mildred met in Dhahran, while she was a nurse at the airfield. They were married in 1958 and she retired from the U. S. Air Force (she's a Major).



G. C. LaCook



K. P. Deloian

With his February departure from Ras Tanura, KARL P. DELOIAN had completed over seventeen years with Aramco in Ras Tanura. He worked as lead tool room mechanic in the old Central Tool House during his first three years, was made foreman in 1952, subsequently served as administrative assistant, training advisor and lastly as maintenance technician in the Maintenance and Shops division of the Mechanical Services and Marine Department. Karl was born and educated in Chicago, first working with International Harvester Company as an apprentice tool and die maker. He also worked for Lockheed Aircraft in California, Pullman Standard Car in Indiana and American Telephone and Telegraph Company in Chicago before joining Aramco in 1949.

Karl was an ardent golfer and bowler while in Arabia as well as being active in baseball, scouting, yachting and fishing. He and Mary have just about decided that Phoenix, Arizona is the spot for settling down and folks can reach them at 4213 E. Weldon Avenue in Phoenix. Daughter Rosemary is attending the University of Arizona, son Robert is studying dentistry at Northwestern University medical school.

All In The Family

It's not taking very long for Ray and Evadna Burba to get things squared away for stateside living. Mid-May brought this nice letter and the address of their new home – they are staying in Phoenix.

It may be of interest to readers of Al-Ayyam Al-Jamila to know that we are buying the house from John and Dorene Regan whom we knew in Abqaiq, and that the transaction was handled for us by Alex McFarlane, an early Aramcon.

Our early months here were brightened by visits from Aramcons and hospitality of Phoenix friends we knew in Arabia. Frank and Helen Weaver, enroute back to Florida stopped after

visiting Don and Mae Richards in Palm Springs. Here the Sid Morgans entertained at lunch for the Weavers, Bill and Evelyn McNally; George and Grace Burton and the Burbas. Later the Bill Lynches recalled Abqaiq days with the Weavers and Burbas. During Easter vacation the Jack Hitchcock family drove to Phoenix after a visit in Tucson with the Perry Taylors. Robert Hitchcock stopped at the Universities for information concerning courses offered in archeology, the field in which he plans to major. Mrs. Cecil Johnson called while in Phoenix getting acquainted with her first grandchild. Such contacts helped us make the transition to living in this "foreign" country where only the language is familiar!

If you're looking for MELVILLE H. BARRY you might try Kealahou, Hawaii, where he headed immediately upon leaving Saudi Arabia after twenty years with Aramco, Dhahran District, but send his mail % General Delivery. When you want to keep busy, find a demand for your skills - such as contracting to build badly needed small homes in a booming area like Hawaii's Kona Coast. Buck, born and educated in New Jersey, had been in carpentry and construction all of his life, and prior to joining Aramco had worked with the Army Corps of Engineers in North Africa, Baffinland and Attu in the Aleutians. His first Aramco job was assistant carpenter foreman in Dhahran M&S, followed by materials forecaster and zone foreman. He had been contract and materials planner since 1961 in the Dhahran District Materials and Supply Division of Engineering and Mechanical Services.



Melville H. Barry

Buck and Minnie, who celebrated their fortieth wedding anniversary in April, have two sons, one living in Texas, the other in Florida. Daughter Joan has been making her home in Hawaii.

WHAT IS A GRANDMA

(By A Third Grade Child)

A grandmother is a lady who has no children of her own so she likes other people's little girls.

A grandfather is a man grandmother. He goes for walks with boys and they talk about fishing and tractors and things like that.

Grandmas don't have to do anything except be there. It is enough if they drive us to the supermarket where the pretend horse is and have lots of dimes ready.

Or if they take us for walks they slow down for pretty things like pretty leaves and caterpillars.

They never say "Hurry up!" and usually they

are fat - but not too fat to tie kid's shoes. They wear glasses and funny underwear. They can take their teeth and gums off.

It is better if they don't typewrite or play cards except with us. They don't have to be smart, only answer questions like why dogs hate cats and why God isn't married. They don't talk baby talk like visitors because it's too hard to understand. When they read to us they don't skip and they don't mind if it's the same old story they're reading again.

Everyone should have one - especially if you don't have television - because grandmas and grandpas are the only grownups who have lots of time.

(Thanks to Helen McKeegan)



J. C. Ainsworth

J. C. AINSWORTH and his wife Mildred left Ras Tanura in February, heading by air for Detroit and a new car - from there to Oklahoma, where they plan to live. Their contact address until getting settled is 416 West Kee Street, Weatherford, Oklahoma. Daughter Linda has been attending high school there this year - another daughter and two children live in Louisiana. It will be simple for Jimmy to continue his heretofore spare time activities as hobbies in retirement - golf, bowling, fishing and dabbling in the stock market. In addition to golf and bowling, Millie was active in Girl Scout work.

Jimmy's early years were spent in Texas, Oklahoma and Louisiana. He attended the University of Louisiana and worked for The Texas Company in Port Arthur, Texas until his transfer to Aramco, Dhahran in 1946. He spent about four months as a cost accountant in the Producing Department before moving to the Shipping Agents' Department in Ras Tanura. He was with Oil Accounting for a time, then in 1949 joined the Engineering Inspection group of Technical Services Department, serving there as plant equipment inspector until his recent departure.

Shortly before JOHN RICCA began collecting his annuity, we received a news release from the U. S. Department of Interior, announcing that John had been appointed Deputy Director of the Office of Oil and Gas. He had served as Assistant Director since July 1962. John is a native of Arizona, is a graduate of and holds an LLD from Arizona State College. He also has done graduate work at the University of Pittsburgh, George Washington University and the Harvard Graduate School of Business. He served for seventeen years with Aramco, AOC and Oasis Oil Company of Libya in the Middle East, Europe and North Africa, before joining the Interior Department. In 1954 he was given the Order of the Cedars, Officers Class, by the Government of Lebanon for outstanding service in the development of local enterprise. John has held other U. S. Government assignments with the National Park Service, the Department of Justice, the Corps of Engineers, and the Post Office Department. The Riccas live at 11342 Vale Road, Oakton, Virginia.

New Names

These are the days for name changes, informally or legal, for personal, professional or business reasons, individual or corporate. Hundreds of companies the past few years have officially adopted new names - for many, something more descriptive of their present day operations; some are using just the initials of their former titles; others incorporating the trademark name by which the public knows their products. Such has become particularly true in the petroleum industry - most recent: Mobil Oil Corporation, having shed the Socony identification by which it was known for so long. Last year the Socal "Chevron" joined SONJ's "Esso" and "Texaco" - trademark oriented company titles among the oil giants.



Murphy L. Hayden

MURPHY L. HAYDEN's first project will be renovating their home in Peachland, B. C., Canada - contact address, Box 55. After that he'll find something to keep busy, with time to spare for golf, hunting, fishing and photography. Hilda's favorite hobby for several years has been travel. Their sons, Bruce and Douglas, have been attending school in California and in Georgia. Daughter Caryll Ann, married and living in Visalia, California, made them proud grandparents for the first time in March.

Buz Hayden was born and educated in Oklahoma, attending school and business college in Miami. He moved to California in 1927 and for the next several years worked in different hotels and resorts. During World War II he was employed by the Department of Justice in Los Angeles, served a military stint, worked for Douglas Aircraft, both in California and Eritrea, Africa. Buz joined Aramco in September 1944 as a senior specialist, housing in Community Services, Ras Tanura. He remained in that district for 18 years, serving as relief superintendent of Residential Services for five years before transferring to Dhahran in 1963, after which he served as relief supervisor in various sections of Community Services.

GEORGE W. PRANTE had been a senior specialist, metals, in the Mechanical Services and Marine Department for nearly a year when he and Eleanor left Ras Tanura for retirement. Their plans started with the leisurely freighter trip from Bahrain to Bombay and on to the U. S. via the Pacific. They are returning to St. Louis, Missouri, where George was born and grew up. After attending St. Paul's College in Concordia he went into the grocery business, forsaking it to join Shell Oil Company in 1939 as a pipefitter. This was also his first assignment with Aramco when he went to Abqaiq in 1953. He transferred to Ras Tanura in 1962 and became an instrument fitter in the Instrument Shop the following year.

In addition to being a member of the Fishing and Photography Groups, Yacht Club and Go-Karters, George's hobby interests also include stamp collecting. Eleanor was active in the Women's Group, is an avid bowler and shell collector. Until settled the Prantes may be reached c/o Mrs. A. Paul Lombardo, Box 430, Rt. 1, Alton, Illinois. Son John attends Western Military Academy at Alton, daughter Jo Ellen attends Miss Hickey's secretarial school in St. Louis.



George W. Prante

JOHN FERENCE has chosen the Ozarks - Cassville, Missouri to be exact - as a spot to retire, but he and Anne planned a bit of traveling before settling down. Their return to the U. S. included stops in Beirut, Athens, Rome, Milan, Vienna, Budapest, Nice, Marseilles, Lourdes, Paris, Amsterdam. They also plan to work England and Ireland into the picture - and until they stop traveling, they can be reached c/o Mrs. George Strahan, 106 Highland Avenue, Yonkers, New York. John is a native of Yonkers and after finishing school worked for Eastern Aircraft, American Radiator Company and Otis Elevator Company. He joined Aramco in January 1952 as a craftsman field machinist for the Maintenance and Shops Division. He most recently was supervising craftsman machinist in the Mechanical Services and Marine Department in Ras Tanura. John likes to fish, was active in AEA - both he and Anne are good bowlers.



John Ference

WANT TO TRAVEL?

It was good to see Bill McWood and Bob Reynolds when they dropped by the New York Office the first of June - the hellos, handshakes and how-are-yous made it seem like old home week.

Bill McWood, as some of you know, didn't stay retired for long and these days carries a business card which says he's Personnel Director for The Ralph M. Parsons Company in Los Angeles. So, what's a personnel director's biggest concern? People, of course. According to Bill, Parsons is interested in hiring a wide variety of technically trained personnel for its world-wide operations including engineers, designers, draftsmen, stenographers, etc. The jobs are of a non-career nature and he feels that they offer interesting and challenging opportunities for experienced candidates of all ages. Anyone interested can reach Bill at the Parsons office,

617 West Seventh Street, Los Angeles.

We gathered that Bob Reynolds' trip to New York was a combination business-fun safari. He hadn't been around for quite a time either, and he looked just fine. Those forty pounds he lost after leaving Arabia become him so, and he says he's feeling great. Up to now he's really liked being retired and enjoys their home down Carmel way, with its beautiful ocean view. We also gathered that his favorite nook is a combination recreation-TV room on the lower floor which he has more or less taken unto himself, at least for reading and relaxing.

Then, of course, there's that second love-of-his-life, the sportsy Porsche, in which he and No. One travel hither and yon, whether visiting friends around the immediate area, up San Francisco way, or on up the line to the North.



H. W. Goranson

H. W. GORANSON's nearly sixteen years with Aramco have been spent in Dhahran's Maintenance and Shops division, where he started as a machinist and left as foreman, Machinist Unit, the position he had filled since 1961. He had served as shift foreman, craft supervisor and zone foreman during the intervening years. Jim was born, educated and learned his trade in the Greater New York Area, serving his apprenticeship with the Pennsylvania Power Plant. He spent a short time with Republic Aircraft, followed by ten years as a machinist with the New York Naval Shipyard. He then became a trainee instructor and quarterman machinist there during and after World War II.

Jim and Jeane think they may choose Florida as a place to settle and as a contact are using Mrs. T. Leiner, 207 Bates Avenue, Indian Rocks Beach, Florida. Sounds like a good place for a couple so fond of boating and bowling - then there's Jeane's fishing and her green thumb.

You Are So Right!

Lou Bernardi wrote this on Memorial Day, and when Fall comes we'll be looking forward to a report on their trip and summer activities.

We used to think anyone on Retirement had lots of free time, but that is far from true. At present we're living in Escondido which is just thirty miles from San Diego. We love the weather here and the small city - nothing large about the place and we have met some nice folks. Enjoying the bowling and golf, with a swimming pool right at our doorstep. Fran and Al Kienholz have joined us here in golf and then we went to San Diego for a round with them.

At the present time, Ray is in Boston for a class reunion, so I drove to Los Angeles to attend a dinner-bridge at Arnold and Edna Allen's. Peg and Bill Boucher and the Jerry Kennedys were there also. I'm sure we talked more than playing bridge. Bill is making the rounds on golf tournaments.

On my first night of league bowling here in Escondido, I found out that Dorcas Bishop is in the same league. Her husband still goes to sea, so I met him later. Had a nice visit at the home of Fred and Blanche Sands in Huntington Beach - Fred still is good at the piano.

Spent one evening with Dr. Bob and Barbara Armbruster at Palos Verdes Estates in their very lovely home. Was sorry to hear they have left this area and moved to Atherton, but Bob's new position made the move necessary.

Our Montana trip is finally materializing - we leave next week and intend to spend the summer near Essex. Will spend some time at Flathead Lake near the Trotters, and hope for some good fishing. Will probably see more Aramcons along the way and hope to have more news next time. Meanwhile, we are all looking forward to the reunion at Yosemite.

Lou and Ray Bernardi

When ANTON WEISS and his wife, Lucille, left Abqaiq early in December, they planned an unhurried return to the U.S. with arrival sometime in February. Their leisurely trip took them via Hong Kong, Sydney, New Zealand, Fiji, Honolulu, and a visit with friends on the island of Kauai. Their first stop on the West Coast was the Los Angeles area, where they can be reached temporarily in care of their son, Bernard, at 1420 Markev Street, Anaheim, California. Tony enjoys golf and bowling and plans to settle in the Pacific Northwest where he can add hunting and fishing to his spare time activities.

Tony went to school in Los Angeles and there started his apprenticeship as a boilermaker,

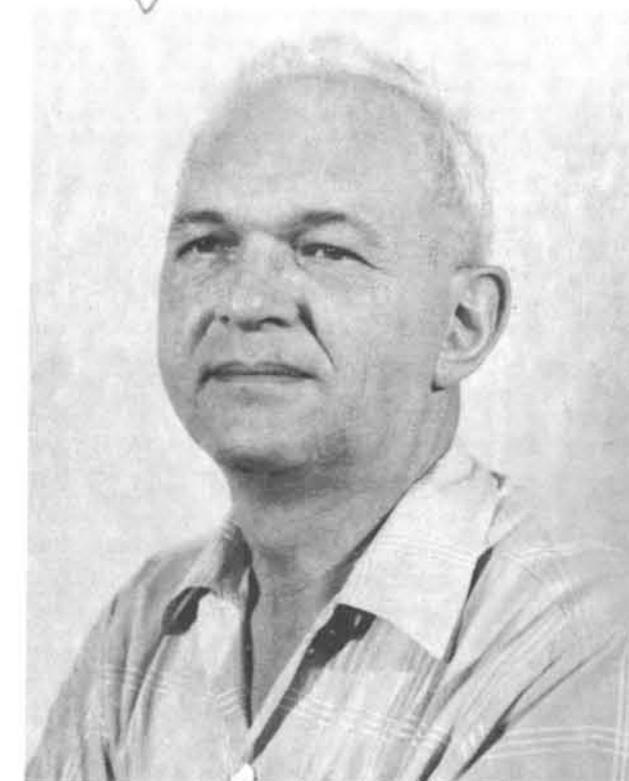
Wintering in Florida with a fully equipped boat, summering in New Jersey attending to his own air-conditioning business - so G. H. VANDENBORRE'S plans were running when he left Abqaiq in April to join his family in the U.S., where he can be reached temporarily at 212 West 91st Street, New York City. With a commuting schedule such as he and Kathleen have in mind, it will be easy to spend time with both of their daughters - Carol Mocco and her small daughter in Teaneck, New Jersey and Suzanne Henry in Chapel Hill, North Carolina. Jerry will no doubt also find some time for bowling, another hobby of recent years.

Jerry was born in Lille, France, grew up and went to school in Woonsocket, Rhode Island, then graduated from the Utilities Engineering Institute in Chicago. He tried his hand as a pastry chef in New York for a year and taught French at both the Berlitz School of Languages and New York University Night School. He also taught bridge at the Knickerbocker Whist Club in New York for several years. Later in Dhahran he taught French occasionally on an informal basis. After deciding to specialize in air-conditioning, Jerry spent twenty years in New York City before going to work for the Saudi Government Railroad. He had several assignments in Riyadh and was instrumental in setting up the first milk plant in Arabia at Al Kharj. He joined Aramco as a refrigeration and air-conditioning specialist without returning to the U.S. and spent the next ten years

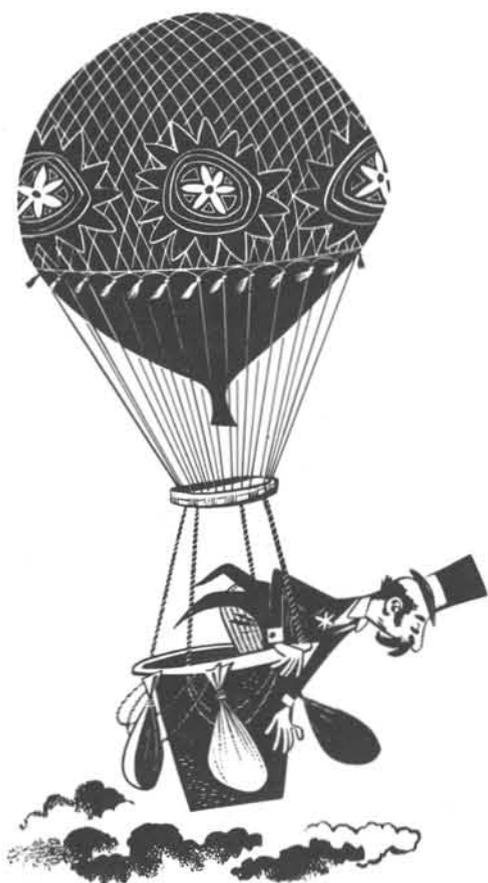
a trade he followed in the construction industry for some time before establishing his own metal working firm. He did refinery construction work for Bechtel-McCone for several years, first in Caracao, then in 1944 at Ras Tanura, and in 1947 on Bahrain Island. In the U.S. he again joined Aramco, spending a month at the Riverhead Training Center and arriving back in Saudi Arabia in February 1951, assigned to the Maintenance and Shops Division in Abqaiq. He worked in equipment and engineering inspection until 1955, when he became foreman of the Metals Unit of M&S. In 1963 he was assigned to the position of region supervisor, the title he held until retirement.

(Sorry, no picture)

in Dhahran. This was followed by a year and a half teaching air-conditioning in ITS in Dhahran, one year in Abqaiq's M&S Shops as Senior Specialist A.C. Refrigeration, and one and one-half years in work control as Supervisor Craft Refrigeration.



G. H. Vandendorre



Around The World In One Hundred And Eighty Days

we ate ourselves stupid on steaks and sea food for an average of about \$2.50 a dinner, including a martini before and a liqueur after, in the best hotels in the city. Although Spanish is the language of the country, three million Italians in this city of seven million people has given their Spanish such an Italian flavour that we found it quite difficult to make ourselves understood – or to understand their spoken word, although written it is essentially the same as our Mexican Spanish.

Originally we had planned to sail from B.A. to Cape Town, South Africa, but our Dutch ship met with an accident and we were forced to take the Italian Line JULIO CESARE to Genoa, Italy instead. She is a beautiful 27,000 ton, 1500 passenger ship and we reached Genoa sixteen days later. We were the only Americans aboard and Italian was the language of the ship, menus, announcements and the daily newspaper. A few of the passengers and some of the Officers spoke a little English so, we were not completely isolated. Wonderful food like caviar, lobster, pheasant, cornish hen, steaks and all kinds of gooey desserts put us in a belt stretching condition.

Eleven days in Italy by trains to Milan, Florence, Siena, and Rome kept us busy till October 27, when we flew to Cairo for a week to attend the ceremonial of the Shriners held between the paws of the Sphinx. A three day trip to Luxor following the ceremonial climaxed our stay in Cairo, and then on to Beirut on a much improved M.E.A. flight.

Jo had started a virus flu in Rome and by the time we arrived in Beirut it was full bloomed, and she spent the next sixteen days in and out of

bed in an apartment hotel. A pointed letter from Lois Ezzell brought Jo out of seclusion and we again jumped on an M.E.A. plane for a good flight to Dhahran where we were met at the beautiful new airport building by Doug and Lois Ezzell, George and Mary Ehrgott, and Esther Bunyan.

The new airport was only the first of the many surprises in store for us during our twelve day visit in Saudi Arabia. Words cannot describe the hospitality extended to us by our many friends still there despite the growing ranks of the retired. For fear of leaving out someone I am not going to attempt to name all those whom we saw and enjoyed renewing our friendship. But we want all of them to know that our visit to Dhahran and Ras Tanura was the high light of our six months trip, the memories of which shall never fade.

We both heartily recommend that if possible all retirees should return for a look-see after five or more years and marvel at the ever changing picture of progress – not only in the progress of the Company and its operations, but in the development of the Saudi Arab employees themselves. One of the most gratifying surprises was the attainment of the targets I had a hand in preparing so optimistically six or seven years ago. These targets have been met and in many cases far exceeded our expectations. Those responsible for these accomplishments should indeed be proud, and I am confident that management is equally proud of their achievements.

We had originally planned on being the only retirees who had left Saudi Arabia twice by ship. But again fate intervened and upset our plans. Our ship of the Nedlloyd Lines, the ROTTI, suffered a collision in San Francisco Bay and had to go to the repair docks. In order to remain on schedule, she bypassed the Persian Gulf ports and sailed to Karachi. We, therefore, had to fly to Karachi to board. We were on this ship for two and one half months which included stops in India, Ceylon, Singapore, and Hong Kong where Jo performed true to form as far as clothes are concerned.

We had an unusual Christmas aboard ship half way between Colombo and Calcutta. The Chief Steward and the three women passengers decorated the lounge and the two Christmas trees. Turkey dinner and all the trimmings fol-

lowed an all day cocktail party put on by the Captain.

We celebrated the New Year 1966 in the Great Eastern Hotel in Calcutta which we escaped to when the ship spent two weeks in the dirty Hoogley River for repairs and painting. After eight days ashore we returned to the ship – it being a toss up as to which was the filthiest.

With the exception of a twenty hour stop in mid-Pacific in 3000 feet of water to repair a leaky main condenser, we had an uneventful nineteen day crossing from Hong Kong to San Pedro, California. After a couple days with my sister in Dana Point, where we also saw K.O. and Merle Feltman, we flew home to Guadalajara.

Its always nice to go but its just as nice to get home. We have arrived at two conclusions – one that six months is too long to be gone on a trip, and that we Americans should have enough sense to patronize our own shipping companies.

One last word to our fellow travelers – we think that three months is long enough to take the itch out of your feet and make you content to sit by the fire for awhile. Do you agree?

Hasta luego

Al and Jo Gleasner

A few years ago some movie director gathered together a sizeable and varied group of actors, and with the aid of a little Mexican comedian named Cantinflas, made a successful film called "Around the World in Eighty Days".

Inasmuch as Jo and I aren't actors falling into any of the categories used in the film, it took us One Hundred and Eighty Days to circumnavigate our old world.

Starting from our native Guadalajara on August 27, 1965, we took the night train to Mexico City where the following night we flew to New Orleans. After a day of shopping for last minute items we boarded the DEL NORTE, a 130 passenger combination freighter and passenger ship, with our final destination as Buenos Aires, Argentina. After stops at Puerto Rico, Barbados, where we put in a supply of Scotch at \$2.50 a fifth, we journeyed on to Rio, Santos, Montevideo, and finally B.A. (as it is referred to locally) after three weeks.

We had a pleasant ten days in B.A. where

Where Are You? (continued)

changes as they appear. It will be greatly appreciated if **you** will let us know promptly of anticipated changes or as soon as possible after changes have occurred.

Vacations are always a problem, but Post Offices in many areas will accept requests, in writing, to simply hold all mail for pickup when you return. (Check with your Postmaster.) We don't have all the answers, but would appreciate being kept advised in order to keep errors and inconvenience to the minimum. We love to hear from all of you, but would much prefer a report on activities than the notes necessary to straighten out the mix-ups resulting from often bothersome postal regulations.



Guests at a party held at the Senior Dollar Clubhouse last Friday included 12 women who had at one time been neighbors and friends in Saudi Arabia when their husbands worked for the Arabian American Oil Company. Four of the group now live in Rossmoor.

Attending the party were (from left to right, standing) Mrs. Fred Davies, Mrs. M. L. Luckenbaugh, Mrs. Sam A. Myers, Mrs. David Swindig, Mrs. William Boucher, Mrs. Edward P. Quiett, Mrs. Earl Duncan, Mrs. Robert Underwood and Mrs. F.W. Russell. (Seated, left to right) Mrs. Harry T. Ashford, Mrs. Maurine Jorgenson, Mrs. Lewis Keading, Mrs. A. F. Haskell. Mrs. Haskell and Mrs. Jorgenson entertained the group at dessert and bridge.

Those Wonderful Gals

We've been getting copies of the newspaper clipping with picture from different sources, but the glossy black and white print and following letter came from Les Jorgenson. We couldn't agree more about the girls (and we won't even use his quotation marks). . . .

Thought you would like to have the enclosed photograph and news item from the April 28th issue of the Leisure World News of Walnut Creek for a future issue of Al-Ayyam Al-Jamila.

Wouldn't you agree that these "girls" make a pretty charming and happy looking group? After

having pioneered the early days in Saudi Arabia, the transition to retirement seems to have been taken in stride, and it is hoped that this photograph will enable their many friends in the Aramco organization to see them as they are today and be reminded of many pleasant experiences of the past.

Maurine and I manage to keep very busy with the many activities here — in fact, the problem is to manage your time so you are **not too busy**.

We are happy to be in an area where we can continue to enjoy friendships with Aramco an-

nuitants and hope to visit with many not in this area at the Yosemite reunion in September.

In closing, may I express our appreciation for the publication of Al-Ayyam Al-Jamila which helps keep the family in touch, and hope we may have the pleasure of seeing you at Yosemite.

Then, right on the heels of that letter, came this one from Alice Haskell . . .

This is a very busy life here and one of my many activities has been writing for the Leisure World News. In the past few months though I've gotten lazy and not done so much writing. Because of my association with the paper, I have become well acquainted with the very efficient staff — the Editor, John Ferris, is a good friend of mine. They were delighted to take the picture

We Hope So Too

Just a little note to thank you for keeping us on the mailing list of Al-Ayyam Al-Jamila. We received our copy last week and have enjoyed reading it from cover to cover.

Perhaps you would be interested in hearing a little about our International Date Festival in Indio. This is a really big fair with amusements, rides, exhibits, etc. In the evening they have a pageant done a la 1001 Nights style, complete with flying carpet, genie, Arab horses, camels, robbers, dancers, etc. The local people connected with the fair dress in Arab dress. Believe me their idea of Arab dress is a far cry from the real thing and it would be a real shock to walk the streets of Al Khobar and meet memsahibs dressed as these women do. The men, of course, are a little more realistic. They just put on a sort of nightgown and head dress and are not too far off.

This year we had the pleasure of meeting the Eltistes and seeing their wonderful Saluki dogs. They had several pairs and paraded them around the fair grounds for the people to see.

The same day we met Don and Mae Richards

for me and put the article in a prominent place in the paper. I had mentioned sending the picture to you but had dragged my feet a little. Les Jorgenson phoned me a little while ago to say that he had obtained it from the newspaper office and sent it to you — I am glad you now have it.

Al is fine. Has so many irons in the fire that he doesn't know whether he is coming or going. Besides his Mutual Fund business, he is involved in a number of other worthwhile activities. He is Treasurer of the Contra Costa Shrine Club, Secretary of the Contra Costa Scottish Rite Club and acting on two scholarship fund committees, to mention a few.

Of course we are planning a few trips this year as we usually do, and will let you know more about that later.

at the fair. They live in Palm Springs which is about twenty miles from our house, so we go to see them often. The last time we were there the Frank Weavers, who used to be in Arabia, were visiting them. It was a pleasant surprise.

We are looking forward to the reunion in Yosemite. It will be just wonderful to see all our friends again. We hope you can make it this year too. We plan to take our vacations at that time so that we can get there early and not miss anything.

Thanks again for mailing us the AAAJ. We reread them and refer to the lists of addresses all the time. Although we are not annuitants, we spent eight years in Arabia for various companies, so we do know many of the people who make news. We hope the annuitants take Mr. McConnell's warning to heart and show interest, so that this magazine will continue to be an interesting and informative piece of reading.

Sincerely,

Madelene & Irene Spencer

THE SAND PILE



I'm discouraged.

In the March issue of AAAJ, I presented what I regarded as a passionate appeal for annuitant cooperation. I cried tears as big as golf balls as I pleaded for contributions from all of you who seldom tell our editor what you are doing.

So, what did you (at least part of you) do? Did you wait until you had had an opportunity to receive my message and then, filled with shame for your past sins, hasten to write to Virginia? You did not. You started writing before you knew that I was going to discuss the subject. Where do you think that puts me?

In that same March issue that carried my appeal, I counted reports of no less than seventeen communications in addition to the Christmas greetings. Couldn't you have waited a few months so that I could have gained some credit for this action?

However, I still am not satisfied that you can be trusted to continue on the path of righteousness. There is the possibility that your past efforts were stimulated by the nearness of the Christmas season and that you were laboring under the illusion that this magazine needs material only once a year. Remember that summer is as suitable a time as any for communicating with our editor.

If it's handy, take another look at that March

issue of AAAJ. Note that most of its interest stems from reports on people — what they have done or plan to do. What sort of an issue would it be if all those reports on people were absent? How lacking in interest will future issues be unless they carry stories from you and the many other silent ones? Or will there even be future issues if you don't contribute? Sit down today and write yours while the idea is with you.

Virginia gets a lot of nice little notes asking that your addresses be changed. You say you enjoy the publications and don't want to miss any of them. Fine. It always does her heart good to know that you do read AAAJ. But why not add a few more lines and give her something to print. Also, many of you correspond with people who work in the New York office. You might suggest occasionally that your letter be passed on to Virginia, indicating any part you don't want her to use.

* * *

Foreign Aid — Poverty Programs — Peace Corps — Operation Head Start — Economic Assistance, etc., etc., etc. Have you reached the stage where you shudder when you hear these titles? Most of us believe that part of them represent worthwhile ideas and that part of them will do more harm than good. But we all must

recognize that they are parts of a major movement in these United States and that, regardless of which of these we support or oppose, we are going to have to live with them.

Which encourages me to tell you that I've stumbled onto a program (of which some of you may be aware) that has me excited as to its possibilities for doing real good. This one gives aid to **individuals** through individuals best qualified to provide it. This is grass roots assistance.

Last fall, I listened to an alert young man named Wil Rose as he outlined the program of DATA International. In 1958, he started the organization and its program. Since then, he has enlisted the services of over 5000 people as sponsors, representatives and consultants — all unpaid volunteers except for a minimum central staff of six at last report. The sponsors (anyone can be one) supply the funds consisting of their own \$12 annual membership and as many more \$12 memberships for representatives as the sponsors wish to give. These representatives are Americans working abroad: perhaps a doctor in the Indian hill country, or an engineer in a Philippine village, or a Peace Corpsman, or a missionary. As the sponsors make memberships available, DATA contacts these Americans (the representatives) on remote operations, advising them that they have been enrolled for one year in the project and that during that time they are free to call on DATA, without charge, for advice concerning any problem involving scientific or technical solutions. When the problems are submitted, DATA sends them out to the consultants. The consultants are specialists in a wide variety of fields and are located throughout the United States. They have enrolled in the program and are prepared to offer their solutions to problems without charge.

When these solutions are submitted to DATA, they are relayed back to the original questioner: an American representative in a foreign land. He receives valuable advice at no cost, advice that permits him and the people with whom he is working to help themselves.

Since 1958, DATA has handled over 4000 requests and offered as many answers to Americans working in 117 countries. Here are some examples:

A tribal community in West Pakistan needed

a simple method for making soap. They had little money and few natural resources. An American chemist, one of the consultants, sent them an outline of a simple method of obtaining soap from mustard seed.

A missionary school in Jamaica needed a building, but it had to be constructed from local material and be able to withstand hurricane winds moving at 175 miles per hour. An architect in Colorado drew plans and specifications which provided the know-how.

Two Peace Corps volunteers in Guatemala operated one of only two jeeps in the area and had, among other duties, the responsibility of collecting expectant mothers who had to be rushed to the hospital on an emergency basis. They had had some close races with the stork, so asked DATA for instructions on how to deliver babies if they had to do so. Through DATA, they received the needed medical instructions.

In a poor Philippine village, premature babies had no chance for survival. An electric incubator wouldn't work because the local power supply might be here today and gone tomorrow. DATA located two firms making incubators suitable to the conditions and using other simple power sources. Representatives from both of these companies devoted much time seeking the best solution to the problem and in locating foundations that would assist in purchasing the equipment. Today, the village has its reliable incubator.

A Peace Corps volunteer in Malaysia asked for help in explaining astronomy. An effective exhibit placed in his school would go far in gaining the confidence of the community. Through DATA's efforts, the Smithsonian Institute sent a terrestrial type telescope without cost, Midwest Communications Company of Ohio gave five telescope kits and Coe College sent lenses. The exhibit brought high praise, including that of the Chief Education Officer of the State of Kedah, who expressed his deep appreciation for the generosity of the people of the United States.

Here is one that may have special appeal to some of you. An American priest in charge of a home for poor children in Cuernavaca, Mexico, had a serious problem in clearing the rats from an old hacienda. Poison would be dangerous because the children might find and eat it. Through DATA, a professor at Washington State told the priest to fill an oil drum partly with dirt,

then to scatter oats on top of the dirt, then to place a ramp up to the drum's edge so that the rats could climb up and jump into the drum to eat the oats.

After several nights of this feeding, the dirt was replaced by water and the surface of the water covered with floating oats. When the rats, seeking the oats, jumped into the barrel started to drown, their cries attracted other rats who came to help and in turn jumped in and drowned. Hundreds of rats were taken in one night by this method.

The DATA program offers aid without boondoggling: no wheat sold on black market, no fat grafting officials growing fatter. Here is aid given to those who truly seek to use it constructively. If you care to join, send your \$24 to DATA, International Assistance Corps, 437 California Avenue, Palo Alto, California. (I get no commission.)

The effectiveness of such a program depends on the quality of the service rendered. I'd be interested in a report from some of you people located in the Palo Alto area as to what you may have learned when you dropped into the headquarters of this organization. Were you favorably or unfavorably impressed?

* * *

In the March issue, I attempted to bring happiness into your lives by offering certain highly significant statistics concerning rutabaga production, dog-bitten postmen, housewife foot problems and the like. I've managed to dig up a few more of these pearls – and it just doesn't seem right to keep them to myself.

Were you aware that 82 percent of American families eat in the kitchen, except when company comes? (And for all these years, I've been thinking that I was abused.) Although I haven't been able to learn what these families eat, I have a clue to what they drink, as I've discovered that their annual consumption of alcoholic beverages is more than 3 billion gallons – which is just about the capacity of the reservoir behind Grand Coulee Dam. (Just imagine what would happen if we poured all our joy juice into the Grand Coulee Reservoir!)

I was delighted to learn that 40 percent of our men change their shoes at least once a day –

which gives strong support to the belief that at least 40 percent of our men wear shoes, in spite of the current addiction to beatnik sandals. I regard this as highly encouraging.

Supermarket studies show that the American housewife spends 40 cents for each minute she stays in one of those places. And if she wants to save money, she shouldn't use one of those fancy push carts because the statistics prove that if she does, she'll spend an average of \$5.40, but that if she carries the stuff, she'll put out a mere \$1.04. (Why hasn't someone thought of this economy measure before this?) Also, she should beware of those free soft drinks and gooey samples that the management sometimes offers. If she fools around with those, she'll stay an extra 23 minutes and stagger out with \$9.10 worth.

Ninety-one percent of the married men interviewed in a nationwide poll, thought of gold-diggers when they thought of blondes (and vice versa). The survey failed to develop why married men think of blondes in the first place.

There were nearly five and half million bee colonies in the United States about four years ago; and they produced 4,728,000 pounds of beeswax and stung a fair share of the postmen who escaped being bitten by dogs. (I told you about dogs and postmen in the last issue.)

And finally, I feel that I would be derelict in my duty to you if I failed to let you know that an entomologist reports that if all the progeny of two flies (assuming that they had no inhibitions) remained alive and continued to buzz around in your living room from April to August, there would be some 190 quintillion of them, or about 60 billion times the human population of the earth – which is a lot of flies, anyway you swat them. And in case you've not tried to view television in your living room with 190 quintillion flies in the way, I can assure you that this would be too many.

Now I feel better.

* * *

May I offer to you this prayer in closing, one that is credited to Anonymous (who, by the way, has proven to be one of our most prolific writers) and may have come to your attention previously. But I find it so applicable to myself that I incur

the risk of repetition to send it to you.

“Lord, Thou knowest better than I that I am growing older. Keep me from getting talkative and particularly from the fatal habit of thinking that I must say something on every subject, on every occasion. Release me from craving to try to straighten out everybody's affairs.

Keep my mind free from the recital of endless details and give me wings to get to the point. I ask for grace enough to listen to the tales of others' woes. Help me to endure them with patience. Seal my lips on my own infirmities; they are increasing and my love of rehearsing them is becoming sweeter as the years go by.

Teach me the glorious lesson that occasion-



1776 – 1976

The average age of the world's great civilizations has been 200 years. These nations progressed through this sequence –

From bondage to spiritual faith.
From spiritual faith to great courage.
From courage to liberty.
From liberty to abundance.
From abundance to selfishness.
From selfishness to complacency.
From complacency to apathy.
From apathy to dependency.
From dependency back to bondage again.

In ten years our United States will be 200 years old. This cycle is not inevitable – **It Depends Upon You and Me.**

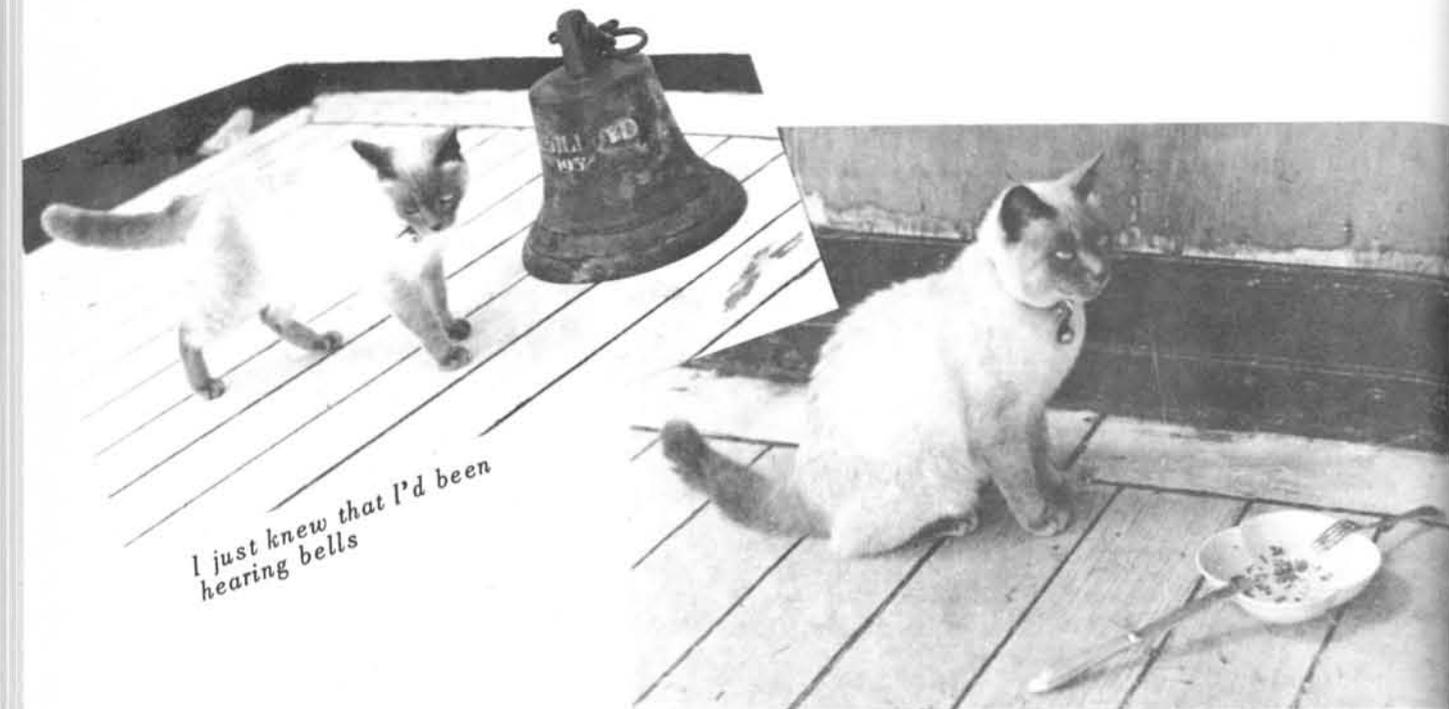
(Casper Gee sent us this thought provoking item which he says originated with the Kansas Association of High Twelve Clubs.)

ally it is possible that I may be mistaken in my point of view. Keep me reasonably sweet; I do not want to be a saint – some of whom are hard to live with – but a sour old man is one of the crowning works of the devil.

Make me thoughtful but not moody, helpful but not bossy. With my vast store of wisdom, it seems a pity not to use it all, but Thou knowest, Lord, that I want a few friends at the end.”

Phil McConnell

Tomorrow's America Depends On Me



I just knew that I'd been hearing bells

My dear, the cuisine aboard was simply out of this world

... And Neither Could We

It has taken sixty years for me to become a "Cover Girl" (possibly for the first and last time) and I am glad that this was for your March 1966 issue of *Al-Ayyam Al-Jamila*. Thank you so much, it gave me quite a thrill.

Reporting briefly on my trip home, I was blessed, (actually I'm a lousy sailor) I repeat — blessed — with fifty-four days of the most perfect weather it is possible to imagine except for one cloudy day when the SS MUSILLOYD rolled her way around the Cape of Good Hope. The last sixty miles, up the Mississippi River to New Orleans, seemed to be the most fascinating of the entire trip, you know, early morning sunlight on the budding trees and most of all "home".

You may be interested in the enclosed photos of Ivy Jungle, my Siamese, who accompanied me on the trip. The 4th engineer couldn't resist posing her.

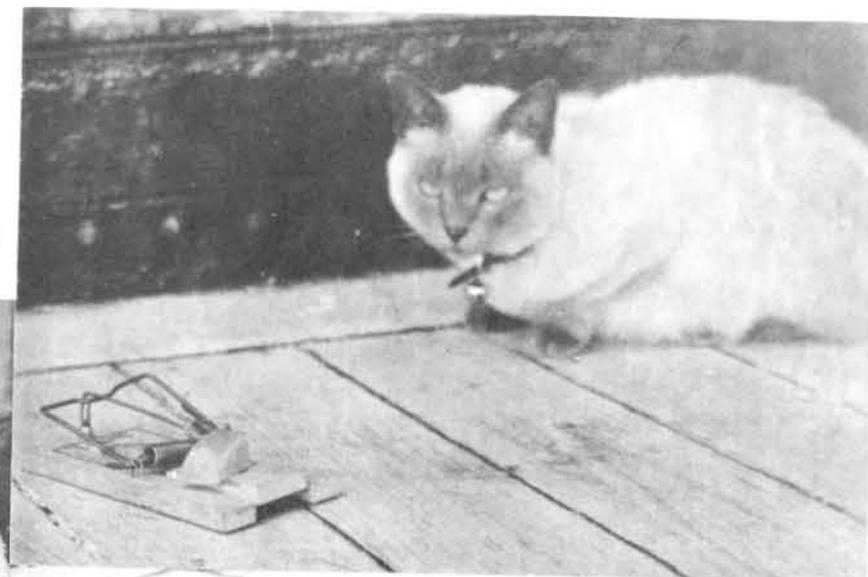
I have bought a "dream house" (to my way of thinking). It is across the street from a dense forest on one of the Ozarks. Picked a corsage of violets there on Easter morning. The pines are

tall and straight and sough when the wind tangles with the branches. A bluebird awakens me at dawn pecking at the kitchen window. Certainly you are saying, there must be a flaw in this paradise. There is: it's pushing the power lawnmower over the "velvet-like" Bermuda — my sitting-at-a-desk-typewriter-muscles are certainly protesting. However, the wonder of buying fresh Arkansas strawberries is a balancing factor.

Went to visit Joe and Hazel Hall who have an even dreamier house on Lake Hamilton. Joe had been in Dhahran for twenty years and Hazel almost as long. They took me out on their party-berge and we cruised in and out of the fingers of Lake Hamilton. It was all too perfect. We also looked at apartments in a condominium built side by side on the shore — very sophisticated, each apartment two stories high, with the living room and upstairs bedroom having floor to ceiling glass doors facing a most breathless view across the lake (at breathless prices).

Lillie Lawrence of Abqaiq (1962 retiree) lives about five miles from here and we have visited back and forth. She admits quite freely

Chores, chores, chores. Thought I'd never get those engines oiled.



It's a good thing this was only a pose. . . no mouse would really come around a cat wearing a bell.

REAL COOL

They said it couldn't be done, but a robot went on strike. Some 200 persons were left without their autos when the robot "walked off" his job at a N. Y. parking garage. The push-button robot's complaint was against working in the bitter cold — it had frozen.

* * *

Thousands of people were wanting to get home for Christmas (a few years back) but San Francisco had been fogged in for three days with no planes landing or taking off. Airline ticket office personnel were extremely harried in their efforts to help and to placate the unhappy passengers. One calm young lady was having a very bad time with an extremely impatient man and nothing she said satisfied him. Finally, pounding the counter with his fist, he shouted, "Young lady, do you know who I am?" Turning to a fellow worker, she said quite audibly, "Heavens, here's a man who doesn't know who he is!" Needless to say, this broke up the rest of the passengers and cleared the air (if not the fog).

that the view of Lake Hamilton from her front window swept her off her feet and I believe it, for it is a heavenly picture. While I realize a person can't live on scenery alone, it's a pretty good substitute while getting acquainted with new surroundings.

Dear Old Aramco — who made all this possible! I suppose it is the contrast from the desert that has made me so appreciative of the lushness of this country.

The medical profession is flourishing here as well may be imagined, but thus far have looked into it only superficially.

Sincerely,

Helen Beam

Did anyone ever see an editor who was satisfied? 'Tain't part of the breed. . . . We just wonder if Helen has a story too on some of the interesting stops they must have made as her ship skirted Africa. . . . And what's a dream house without a picture? Photography is one of Helen's hobbies, isn't it?

Change Of Heart

Barney and Helen McKeegan celebrated an anniversary on April 19. Helen's reflection: "Forty years traveling the same path together. There have been smooth places and rocky places, sand and shamals, but now the path is shaded, softer under foot, warmed with the love of our children, and strewn with the sunbeams of pleasant memories and of days to come." Helen's birthday was a few days later and she is now writing her conscientiously frequent notes on a new pink and grey script-typed Olympia machine which Barney brought home that day and suggested she "try for size". It fit just fine — and there is just room enough for Sharon's new kitten, Peaches, to sit on her lap as she types. Sharon is home for the summer and will continue her pre-med work full time in the fall.

Barney took a few days extra over Memorial Day weekend and they spent the time with Helen's sister, brother and their respective mates at the former's up-to-date mountain home above Jackson — six adults, sans children for a change, making the most of their "freedom". They visited, relaxed and enjoyed the surroundings, though Helen says as a rule she's not much for old mining towns, antiques, many of the non-modern things she remembers from "the good old days" folks always talk about... and mountains! Barney loves the mountains, but there'd been enough of them in her early days to last Helen a lifetime....

And there hangs the point to the story. When they visited Twain Harte, it was Helen who literally fell in love with a lot that was up for sale and talked Barney into buying it — for their retirement home! "How could I help it? A quarter acre of clean, tall pines, new oaks, sun in the morning and evening, a view, and a fairly level lot to boot. And three 'doors' down, our friends Dick and Edna Palmer for neighbors. Twain Harte shopping area, golf course, etc. only a mile away and bowling only a fifteen minute drive to Sonora. And a man-helped lake, stocked, close by for that fishing that Barney always laments because he can't do any."

Now that they have it, everyone seems to have Twain Harte constantly in mind. "Our kids are all for us pulling up and building right now — but it will be next year. Our nice neighbors here



Helen and Barney McKeegan

are already planning on the plants they will root in the meantime so we can have the show place of the area. Mountain vacations are the thing, and they are all going to acquire sleeping bags, including our grandsons... We're going back up over July Fourth weekend, look it over and start to get an idea as to what kind of a house we can build and at what angle so as to keep as many of the trees as possible. We want a rustic-type house, with beams and things, patios and porches, and a screened one for the sleeping bags. Oh, but it is nice to be able to keep planning ahead for the future."

A few weeks back, Barney, as outgoing President, hosted a dinner meeting of the Purchasing Agents Association. He has been elected representative of their area to attend the association's national get-togethers — two in Chicago this next year.

The following Saturday, the El Camino Hospital department heads had a fun day at Almaden Winery near Los Gatos, which included a tour of the Old Home Winery with its original adobe buildings, being treated to champagne in the garden — all they could "handle" — followed by barbecued steaks served at long tables under a great old oak tree and accompanied by the winery's best product.

"Do hope that we will see you and many of the others from back East at the reunion when September rolls around. It should be a wonderful get-together and we are looking forward to it. God bless you all."

HERE and THERE

O. A. "Cottie" Seager drops by the New York Office every so often to say hello, and was in recently. He's one of the busy annuitants who spends most of his time as a consultant and does a lot of traveling — makes at least one trip a year to the Middle East and was planning another, tentatively scheduled for early fall. He had recently been around the world with time spent in Tokyo and Panama. Cottie works out of Billings, Montana, where he does some hunting and fishing, as time permits, as well as engaging in local activities.

It looks as though Ernie Etherton's newest address will be official for quite some time — Ernie says they bought a home in Carmel Valley, California which, with its acre of ground, needs enough work to keep him busy for awhile. It's probably just as well — we understand he found it quite a job trying to loaf.

We had a visit a few weeks back from A. J. Makowski, who left Ras Tanura last fall. Al and his wife had returned to their home at 375 Eagle Avenue in Perth Amboy, New Jersey. He says they're finding it a bit difficult to adjust to the fog and dirt in the air — ills that seem to beset all northeastern metropolitan areas. One of their sons, married, is in the service and stationed at an air base in eastern North Carolina; the other, in college, is studying marine biology and wants to continue in order to receive his Ph.D. Inasmuch as Al wanted to keep busy, he took a job in a small machine shop not far from where they live. Al was wearing (and enjoying) the attractive Girard Perregaux watch which was given to him by the Marine Department at the time of his departure from the SAO.

It was good to see Helen Stevens, looking well and pretty as usual, during her recent visit to New York. She began her trip from Florida by car, stopping off to see Bill and Daisy Cooper in Ashville, N. C., then continuing on to Ohio for a visit. She chose other means for getting to New York, a spot long close to Helen's heart — good friends, theaters, stores and restaurants — and she doesn't even seem to mind the hot weather. She spent a few days in beautiful Ithaca, N. Y., then took a short jaunt across the river from Manhattan to see Edyth Jewell in her now not-so-new home — happy to have her children and grandchild near. Helen heads back to Ohio in mid-July to pick up her car for the return to Florida.

A note received back in May said that Joe and Ann Werner were going to move, having sold their home in Steubenville, Ohio. At the moment we are not sure where they are but hope we're advised in time to get the new address printed in the annual list of annuitants.

Leslie and Helen Hanson are up to their knees in the treasures they acquired during their travels and the fifteen years spent in the Middle East — unpacking was no problem but getting them stowed in their new house challenges their ingenuity. Les took time out from his cabinet and shelf building the other day to call and give us the address of the new house they bought in Asbury Park, New Jersey. Les says it's just right for them — small, on a nice corner lot, Helen has her organ, and he's finally getting the hang of operating the lawn mower and making friends with all the bushes and shrubbery. . . 'Sounded real happy and promised to send us a report for the next issue.

How time flies. It must have been a bit longer than it seemed since we had those first pictures of Lilly and Steve, adopted children of Casper and Sophie Gee. You see, Lilly is now married and has a new (in April) daughter of her own, Felicia Simon Spiers. Casper says she makes his eighth grandchild, his two daughters having seven children between them – he “doesn’t feel any older though”.

Sophie’s been studying French at night, with a view to teaching, and graduated recently. . . she ought to make a good one. And if things keep on the way they are going, Casper may be collecting an Oscar some fine day (in the future of course): he has been approached for a minor walk-on part when “H Is For Heaven” is filmed. . . Well, you have to start somewhere.

Rowland and Claire Corry were elated at receiving notes from a number of “long-time-no-heard-of” Aramco friends as a result of the item and picture which appeared in the last issue of AAAJ. Rol is back after his business trip to Viet Nam, is terribly busy with his full-time job, fills speaking engagements now and then, and of course they spend whatever time they can with the grandchildren. Incidentally, there are three of them now, Kamille having arrived on April 21 (Sam Houston Day). Rol and Claire went to Texas to visit Karry and Kathee when Kami (for short) was two weeks old. Since their Texas sight-seeing plans were rained out they expect to go back again in the fall.

We were pleased to have this note from Laura McCaig bearing an Ashland, Oregon postmark . . .

At long last, after these many months of endeavor, I am able to supply you with a permanent address. . . I do enjoy the various publications.

My new house was completed the first week in May so that I could move in, but many things still remain to be done, both inside and outside. However, the welcome mat is out for all of my Aramco friends. Shall be most happy to see all of them who may pass this way.

A short note from Ed Sengstack received in late April, and bearing a Mt. View, California postmark, reported that he was working in nearby Palo Alto as a Security Guard these days and liking it very much. . . then added, “By the way, Ralph McMasters and his family bought in the Los Gatos area; and they are all looking fine.”

April also brought a note from Jack Brockhagen regarding their move from Phoenix to Scottsdale, Arizona – reason, “it was difficult to resist the new home and the surrounding area”. . . so they purchased it!

This arrived from Jim Keck on his Tampa Bay Engineering Company letterhead: Re “The Black Hand” in your last issue, I cannot determine if this is fame, notoriety, or just a case of a drastic shortage of 007. Anyhow, kudos to Ed Bowen. Tell him if he stops his research into ancient photography, I will too. Expect to be in New York some time this year and will be sure to drop in to reminisce a bit. (We hope Jim wasn’t really serious about the research – we thought the pictures were wonderful, particularly the one Jim found, others enjoyed them, and we were just waiting for them to send in some more.)

Another Party

Only those not close enough to the Golden Gate to be gathered in are unaware of the second, no-host cocktail party that Art Andersen and Maurice Stergios arranged at Place Pigalle on June 21. The invitations read, “Please join the Bay Area residents who have served time in the Middle East”. We were sorry we couldn’t be there and will be looking forward to Joy Andersen’s account of the festivities.

A short note we had from Joy back in April reported they were so glad to see Ruth Cundall and Molly McCarthy when they dropped by The Place for dinner. Ruth was looking very well, indeed. . . Molly – one of the first women in Ras Tanura, if Joy’s memory served rightly – was on her way to join her husband in Tasmania.

The accompanying story has rested in the Feltman archives for over ten years – an account of the trip which K.O., Merle, and daughter Brenda took via Pakistan, India, Thailand, Hong King as they came home through the Pacific for vacation in 1956. They thought it might be of interest to those who also made the trip around that time, as well as to others who have been there since. Perhaps some who have traveled the same or similar route more recently would let us know of changes ten years have made and how their experiences differed from those that Brenda described.



Tiger in the Tiger Baum Gardens – Hong Kong

THE LONG WAY HOME

Working and living in Saudi Arabia we have approximately a three months’ vacation every two years. For our vacation this past February (1956) we decided to come home – California, U.S.A., that is – the long way via the Pacific. Always before we had gone through Europe so this promised to be a very different experience for us. This was not of course a ‘spur of the moment’ decision as plans and reservations had to be made months before. February finally came however and on Saturday, the 2nd, at 3 p.m. we boarded a KLM flight headed for Karachi, Pakistan.

We had a smooth flight with lunch on the plane and landed right on schedule. This was merely a stopover on the way to Delhi, India, because we could not get a through flight. KLM put us up at their Rest House which was interesting if uncomfortable. The hotel was under construction and we had a very large, practically bare room. The lobby looked like one out of an old English movie – complete with overhead fans and Indian servants.

We found that it was hard to change our money for theirs and that all money must be declared at customs. Sunday we spent a very lazy day in and around the Rest House. We watched the hotel auction off old furniture to the Pakistani people and noticed that the prices were very high. Walking around the countryside we saw much dirt and poverty, many cats, dogs, noisy birds, old buildings, flowers and trees; we also saw a young man with a cute performing

monkey which danced, played soldier, died, prayed, bowed, etc. By 12:15 a.m. Monday we were glad to leave as there was little to do or see.

Our BOAC flight arrived in Delhi at 3:30 a.m. and we got through customs quickly and easily. However we had to wait over an hour for a bus to take us on the long ride into town. Some friends of ours from Arabia were also waiting however so we had a pleasant though sleepy visit with them. We checked in at the Hotel Cecil in Old Delhi where we had a lovely suite with parlor, large bedroom, dressing room, two baths, and a toilet. We particularly enjoyed the large fireplace in the parlor as the weather was quite cold. The Cecil is a large old majestic hotel with many beautiful gardens, open and closed lounges, a pool, tennis courts, etc. Each day we could watch the servants spread the laundry out on the lawn to dry.

Tuesday we went to the Cottage Industries and the New Delhi shopping area, a circular group of white buildings built around a park. Traffic here was left-handed but most people went down the center of the street; cyclists and pedestrians were everywhere. The weather was cold, windy and dusty so we spent the afternoon in the hotel by the fire playing three-handed bridge. We had all our meals at the hotel as it went on our bill and anyway it was the safest and best place to eat. Restaurants are liable to be rather unsanitary. We had Indian waiters and English cooking. The meals consisted of many formally served courses and were quite good al-

though rather monotonous.

The following day we hired an old Mohammedan guide named 'Billie' and went sightseeing. We saw the Friday Mosque, biggest in India; most beautiful Hindu Temple with many figures and exotic music; climbed to first story of tallest stone tower in the world; saw the tall Iron Pillar that never rusted; saw Nehru's home and main government buildings; Imperial Cemetery; huge Red Fort; many new homes; and the shrine where Mahatma Gandhi was cremated.

The next day we took a taxi to Agra. Billie went too as he was a good guide and we found him quite informative and entertaining. It was a beautiful day with no wind and the four hour trip through the countryside and many small villages was extremely interesting. The road was narrow, under construction in places, and traversed mostly by oxen carts, cyclists, pedestrians and horse carts. The villages were very dirty and poor looking with mostly mud hut houses. We saw many road workers, both men and women; the women were colorfully dressed in saris or full skirts and carried large loads on their heads. It was very tropical and many animals such as monkeys, wild green parrots, boars, and cranes were to be seen.

We checked in at the Hotel Lourie in Agra — a Hoyt Hotel same as the Cecil in Delhi. Peddlers were very insistent and had many things to show and sell. We saw the Taj Mahal that after-

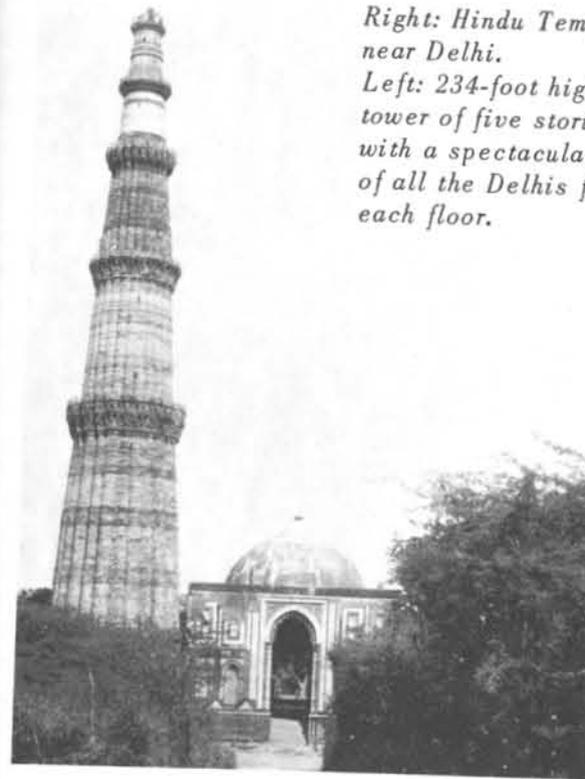
Courtyard of The Iron Pillar (left) and guide Billie, who liked to be called Star of India, standing beside some of the beautiful wall of the Taj Mahal



noon and it was certainly worth the expense and trouble we had gone to as it was even more beautiful than the pictures. The next day we visited the Red Fort in Agra and then returned to Delhi. I had a bad cold so spent the next two days in bed while mother and father did more sightseeing, shopping, and visited some friends from Arabia also on vacation in Delhi. Sunday, February 10, a man from BOAC called and said our flight to Bangkok — due to leave at 2 a.m. the next morning — was 10 hours late and would leave the next afternoon. At 11:45 the next morning he called and said to hurry to the airport which we did.

Our plane left at 2 p.m. We had short stopovers in Calcutta, India, Dacca, Pakistan, and stayed overnight — from 1 a.m. to 7 a.m. — in Rangoon, Burma. The airport there was the most modernistic and beautiful I have yet seen. It was quite a distance from the town where we stayed but we thoroughly enjoyed the ride in as it was most picturesque. We wondered why so many lights were on and people were up so late at night but when we got to the hotel and went to bed ourselves we soon discovered that it was impossible to sleep because of the heat and the mosquitos. We were glad to leave the next morning and have no desire to return although it was definitely an interesting experience.

We arrived at Bangkok at 1 p.m. and had a long drive to the Hotel Princess in town. The hotel was nice though rather old and there was



Right: Hindu Temple near Delhi.

Left: 234-foot high stone tower of five stories with a spectacular view of all the Delhis from each floor.



no hot water. The food was very good however — American style if you wished — and there was a very pretty swimming pool. Although it was raining lightly we walked up and down the streets by the hotel, looked in the shops, and bought several pairs of Siamese earrings. We especially enjoyed the shopping because the people were so friendly and courteous. I also enjoyed the American music — rock'n roll style — which was being played on radios and record-players in the various shops.

The following day we took a tour of the city in a nice new Dodge with driver and guide. A young Air Force boy from Hawaii went also. We were told that there are over 300 temples in Bangkok which is called the City of Temples. We saw some of these and they were most unusual, amusing, and worthwhile seeing. We dined that evening at the Erawon Hotel which is a very outstandingly beautiful new ultra-modern hotel. The next morning we arose at 7 a.m. to take a tour of the canals and floating markets. We went in a launch and saw much interesting canal life. The water is very dirty as the people use it for everything except drinking. Their homes are built on stilts right in the water and as we rode around we could see them out on their steps washing their teeth, their clothes, or simply

bathing. Every morning the merchants come by in their small boats and peddle their fruits, vegetables, baked goods, meats, fish, etc. It was rather cold and hazy in the morning but cleared up that afternoon so daddy and I took advantage of the pool and went for a swim. We went to bed early that evening as our plane left at 7:30 the next morning and we had to be up by 4 a.m. to make it to the airport.

We arrived in Hong Kong at 1 p.m. — 45 minutes early because of a good tail wind — after about a 5-hour trip. The airport there is a very dangerous one as it is small and surrounded by mountains and water. It is also very near the city. Planes are not permitted to land after dark. We checked in at the Peninsula Hotel where we had a very nice modern room. Due to a water shortage, however, we had water only from 7—8:30 a.m. (cold) and from 4:30—8:30 p.m. (hot and cold). We went shopping and discovered that the shops were wonderful both in choice of merchandise and in courteous treatment. If you seemed really interested in their shop the owners would serve you tea and loan you their car and driver to take you to the next place you wished to go.

We spent from Friday, February 15 to Thursday, the 21st in Hong Kong and had many clothes

made during this time. Prices are quite reasonable and the service and fitting is excellent. They can have a garment, with shoes to match, ready in just a few hours if necessary. We did most of our business at Lai Wah's and liked them very much. They, in turn, offered to take us to dinner, which we refused, and offered to take us for a tour of the Hong Kong Island, which we accepted. This tour was very pleasant as they had a nice new car and driver to take us and Mrs. Lai Wah herself — a young and very attractive woman of about 25 — went along as our guide. We saw much beautiful scenery, many large homes, the Tiger Baum gardens and home — a very fantastic place to visit —, Repulse Bay, and the fishing village of Aberdeen. We had a delicious fresh seafood luncheon at the floating restaurant in Aberdeen and then returned to the hotel.

Another interesting excursion was given us by Mr. Chung of the Hong Kong Manufacturer's Company with whom we did quite a bit of business. He took us into the country behind Kowloon and up to the border of the neutral territory between Kowloon and Red China. He also took us out to a very high-class Peking restaurant called the Princess Gardens and treated us to a real Peking meal. Some of the food was very good but it was messily served and the restaurant was quite dirty and noisy. We had a very large variety of food and ate much too much. Mr. Chung also took us to lunch in a cafeteria in a department store. This place was literally jammed and there was



Bangkok:
 Decoration of the beautiful temple stairway is inlay, pieces of broken glass and china set in the cement — and right, homes along the waterways.

food all over the floor. We did not care much for it but the natives seemed to like it very much. Mr. Chung said it was a place few Americans ever went and I could easily see why.

We ate most of our meals in the Peninsula Hotel and the food was excellent and the view superb as we could look right out over the harbor. The Peninsula is on the Kowloon side and at night the lights in the harbor and on the Hong Kong side really looked like a fairyland. The two places are quite close together and are connected by a ferry service that runs every few minutes. Accommodations and shopping are both better on the Kowloon side however.

On Thursday, February 21, we boarded the President Cleveland and started our 18-day voyage to San Francisco and home. We had stopovers of one day at both Kobe and Yokohama, Japan. From those seaports we took trains into Kyoto and Tokyo. We found that the trains were fast and smooth and afforded a good view of the countryside. Our view of Japan, though brief, was very interesting and we particularly enjoyed seeing the people, their way of life, and the tremendous amount of American influence. We almost felt at home in the big department stores and on the main streets.

The rest of the trip was no less wonderful than the first part but it consisted simply of American style luxury on the boat and then a day in the Hawaiian Islands, both of which I'm sure you can imagine adequately and I need not go into further detail about them. Last, but not least, was sailing under the Golden Gate bridge into San Francisco harbor — a sight as awe-inspiring as any we'd seen.



Superlative Statistics

Did you know that Joe Louis was not the all-time kayo artist... that Everest is not the tallest peak... that terrazzo is the most durable flooring material in the world... that the largest palace in the world is also the world's largest art gallery? Skeptical? But here are the figures.

One time Lighthweight Champion Archie Moore's world record of 136 knockouts tops Joe Louis' total of 54 kayoes during his 1934-1951 career.

Mount Everest at 29,002 feet is the highest point entirely above sea level, but Hawaii's Mauna Kea measures 30,000 feet from base to top — nearly half is below sea level.

The fastest dog in the world? If you bet on the greyhound, you're wrong — the Saluki has been clocked at maximum speeds of up to 43 mph.

The diamond is no longer the world's most precious stone. Since 1955 the ruby, carat for carat, has been selling for more than the diamond, sapphire or emerald. Today, a 6-carat ruby can bring up to \$33,600.

And where is the world's tallest arch? The Gateway Arch in St. Louis, Missouri has a sweeping span of 630 feet and is 630 feet high. Completed in 1965, it commemorates westward expansion after the Louisiana Purchase of 1803.

Strangely enough, another monument of superlatives, the world's largest palace, is today the world's largest art gallery — the Louvre Museum in Paris. Built between 1546 and 1857 by various French monarchs, it covers over 48.9 acres.

The longest recorded reign in history was that of the Sixth Dynasty Egyptian Pharaoh, Pepi II, who ascended to the throne around 2272 B.C. at the age of six and reigned 91 years! Currently, King Sobhuza II, the head chief of Swaziland isn't doing too badly — he was born in July 1899 and has reigned continuously since he was five months old.

Monarchs have always been great patrons and collectors of the arts. Today, perhaps the world's greatest private collection of art belongs to Francis Joseph II, reigning prince of Liech-

enstein. The "Mona Lisa" by daVinci (the world's most valuable painting) was once owned by King Francis I of France. But guess where he kept it — in his bathroom!

Some of the most exquisite works of art from ancient times, Assyrian, Egyptian, Roman, are preserved in the mosaics, designs and patterns of the most durable floors of all time — shiny unblemished terrazzo, its marble chips carefully selected for size and color, set in wet cement, ground smooth when hard. It's the best, still beautiful in 2000 year old Roman villas, yet today still being installed in the finest modern public and office buildings where millions of people walk daily.

On a different kind of floor, the longest continuous filibuster on record in the U.S. Senate was delivered in 1963 by Wayne Morse of Oregon, speaking on the Tideland Oil Bill for 22 hours, 26 minutes without returning to his seat. Two years later a senator in the Texas State Legislature, held the floor and spoke the longest, expounding for over 28 hours against financing water projects by taxation.

And as all anglers know, only those that don't get away set records. The largest fish ever caught on a rod was a 2,664-pound, 16-foot, 10-inch man eating shark reeled in at Denial Bay, South Australia.

In Memorium

Friends were saddened to learn of the passing of those named below. We offer our heartfelt sympathy to their families:

Jerry A. Handy — June 17, 1966 —
 Nice, France

Charles F. Herndon — June 29, 1966 —
 Inglewood, California

John A. Hess — June 22, 1966 —
 Joplin, Missouri

Harold W. Scribner — April 28, 1966 —
 Hudson, New Hampshire

Mail Call!

PLEASE NOTE

Addresses shown below represent recent changes and additions. These should be used in conjunction with the Mail Call listings in other issues of *Al-Ayyam Al-Jamila* in order to supplement the Fall 1965 Annuitants Annual Address List.

ARAMCO - AOC

- Presley M. Adams
J. C. Ainsworth
Harry T. Ashford
c/o Burns & Roe of Canada Ltd., Box 40, Glace Bay, Nova Scotia, Canada
1408 S. W. 65th Street, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma 73159
2526-6 Golden Rain Road, Walnut Creek, California 94529
- Melville H. Barry
Helen C. Beam
E. B. Bilbrey
John E. Bird
Harold B. Bolton
Luther H. Boring
Ben Brill
Jack H. Brockhagen
Matthew C. Bunyan
Harold R. Burba
Franklyn A. Byrd
General Delivery, Kealahou, Hawaii 96750
2105 Hobson, Hot Springs, Arkansas 71901
Box 543, Irving, Texas 75061
1028 Ross Circle, Napa, California 94558
18424 South Normandie Avenue, Gardena, California 90247
c/o Barney Gray, 2026 Roosevelt Street, Bakersfield, California 93304
5403 Lincoln Avenue, Yakima, Washington 98902
13402 North Hayden Road, Scottsdale, Arizona 85251
c/o Robert A. Wilkens, 21 West End Avenue, Summit, New Jersey 07901
5101 Calle Redondo, Phoenix, Arizona 85018
2303 Florida Boulevard, Bradenton, Florida 33505
- Thomas W. Campbell
T. J. Carson
Ralph H. Chamberlin
Leroy C. Cork
Charles D. Coston
c/o Mrs. Malcolm Lauder, 29 Carolina Drive, New City, New York 10956
231 Walnut Avenue, Walnut Creek, California 94598
2801 Golden Rain Road #8, Walnut Creek, California 94529
1123 Gaylord, Denver, Colorado 80206
c/o Maj. Charles D. Coston, 613 Lake Shore Parkway, Doe Valley, Bradenburg, Kentucky 40108
31 Pacella Drive, Dedham, Massachusetts 02026
13606 E. 16th Avenue, Opportunity, Washington 99216
Travelodge Mobile Home Park, 301 E. Foothill Blvd., Pomona, California 91767
- William J. Cremidas
Leslie S. Driskell
Hugh E. Dunstan
814 Wilson Avenue, Pomona, California 91766
40 Boronda Road, Carmel Valley, California 93924
- Jerry M. Edwards
Ernest A. Etherton
- John Ference
Kenneth C. Fisher
Nester B. Fowler
c/o Mrs. George Strahan, 106 Highland Avenue, Yonkers, New York 10707
P. O. Box 73, Chafee, New York 14030
120 Poe Drive, Winter Haven, Florida 33880
- Clement W. Gibbs
L. O. Gray
Waldemar H. Gronde
340 Highland Avenue, Apt. C, Santa Cruz, California 95060
Box 585, Highland Lakes, New Jersey
901 North West Street, Burnet, Texas 78611

H. W. Goranson
Leslie A. Hanson
Robert S. Hatch
Murphy L. Hayden
Louis M. Hutchinson

Eugene Karlin
Allan J. Kelly
Raymond L. Krause
Henry C. Kristofferson
G. C. LaCook
Philip J. Leonard

Paul L. McClain
Ralph R. McMasters
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Arthur R. Manson
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John V. Rafferty
Howard G. Reck
E. G. Rehm
Lester C. Rodieck

Frederick R. Schauss
E. H. Sengstack, Jr.
Harold S. Smith
Woodson Spurlock
G. R. Steinbrenner

George H. Totten
Edgar J. Turner

Gerard H. Vandenborre

John R. Jones
Emmett J. Lyon

c/o Mrs. T. Leiner, 207 Bates Avenue, Indian Rocks Beach, Florida
1004 Roseld Avenue, Asbury Park, New Jersey 07712
86 Briarcliffe Acres, Myrtle Beach, South Carolina 29577
Peachland, Box 55, British Columbia, Canada
R.F.D. #1, Hermon, New York 13652

Hotel Tioga, 1715 "N" Street, Merced, California 95340
213 176th Avenue, Redington Shores, St. Petersburg, Florida 33708
c/o F. Vogt, 2402 6th Street, S. W., Canton, Ohio 44710
1244 Neptune Avenue, Encinitas, California
Route #1, Box 95-A, Estill Springs, Tennessee
Box 914, Boca Raton, Florida 33432

c/o R. P. Dunlap, 302 South Hickory, Sapulpa, Oklahoma 94066
1268 Peralta Drive, San Jose, California
1100 Sharon Park Drive, Menlo Park, California 94026

c/o R. C. MacConnell, 324 Evans Street, Clarks Green, Pennsylvania
P. O. Box 633, Ojai, California 93023
424 Tappan Road, Northvale, New Jersey 07647
1227 Homewood Avenue, San Mateo, California 94403

c/o Harwood, P. O. Box 277, LaVerne, California 91750

6997 Lower River Road, Grants Pass, Oregon 97526
713-B Avenida Majorca, Laguna Hills, California 92653
1357 Arlington Drive, Chico, California 95926
P. O. Box 442, Lemon Grove, California 92045

2605 West Ina Road, Tucson, Arizona 85704
2650 California Street, Apt. 38, Mt. View, California 94041
1400 Ayers Street, Lodi, California 95240
1206 Monticello Road, Lafayette, California 94549
6025 Gate Post Road, Charlotte, North Carolina 28211

511 Main Street, Port Jefferson, New York 11777
2873 Landen Street, Camarillo, California 93010

212 West 91st Street, New York, New York 10024

TAPLINE

2425 No. 1 Golden Rain Road, Walnut Creek, California 94529
5832-A Reiger Street, Dallas, Texas 75214

WIDOWS

Mrs. George R. Collins
Mrs. Fred W. Hamann
Mrs. Charles F. Herndon
Mrs. John A. Hess
Mrs. D. R. Troutt
7015 E. Wilshire Drive #2, Scottsdale, Arizona 85257
417 "A" Street, Apt. 225, Colma, California 94014
2715 Grand Summit Road, Torrance, California 90505
2410 Pennsylvania Avenue, Joplin, Missouri 64803
5200 N. E. 24th Terrace, Fort Lauderdale, Florida 33308

AL-AYYAM AL-JAMILA

Published by
The Personnel and Administrative
Services Department

Virginia E. Klein – Editor

ARABIAN AMERICAN OIL COMPANY
(A Corporation)

505 Park Avenue, New York, New York 10022