



Al-Ayyam Al-Jamila



" These Pleasant Days "

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

NEW YORK, N. Y.

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You're Invited

How long's it been since you went to an honest-to-goodness Fish Fry? Too Long? Joe and Dorothy Vail want to take care of that and extend the following:

To the "Friends of Dorcas Ranch Home Inc." we cordially invite you to meet with us in Irvine Park at Orange, California, September 10, 1967 at 2:00 p.m. for an Old Fashioned Southern Fish Fry. Menu: Crisp fish 'n chips, corn bread and salads, coffee, and cold watermelon for dessert.

The "Friends of Dorcas Ranch Home Inc." include Aramcons, Tapliners and related services - many of these people have been and are our friends . . . so, we include them all.

By way of explanation, Dorothy says, It's time once again for the Southern California Aramcons to be making plans for their September Get-together at Irvine Park. Joe and I have been wanting to say thank you in some very concrete way to all our Aramco Friends - so, this year we have planned to host the fish fry.

In asking us to include the above invitation, Dorothy didn't mention R.S.V.P. - but if you plan on being there, we think it would be a good idea to let her know as soon as possible so that they can make their plans.

And continuing - Our project is coming along nicely. We have finally found a couple (both are retired ministers) to be Houseparents in one of

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Philip F. Peer

When PHILIP F. PEER and his wife, Emma, left Ras Tanura it was to begin a tour of Spain, Portugal and England before heading for the United States east coast where they hope to settle. In the meantime they can be reached at P. O. Box 1082, Merchantville, N. J. 08109. Phil joined Aramco in 1954 and spent his entire thirteen years in Ras Tanura, starting as a machinist craft specialist and leaving as senior specialist, machinist in the Maintenance and Shops Division. He was assistant Fire Chief at time of departure,

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Mr. & Mrs. Eldon B. Clark,
daughter Marilyn and friend

ELDON B. CLARK, with his wife, Ruth, and daughter, Marilyn, left Dhahran in February and headed for California, completing a thirty-seven year career in the oil industry. Eldon was born and educated in Alameda, California and took his first job with Socal in 1930, working in San Francisco until after transferring to Aramco in April, 1944. A little less than a year later he went to Saudi Arabia as a Senior Accounting Specialist. At the time of retirement, he was in the Accounting Staff, Analytical and Budget Department serving as Accounting Staff Analyst II. Until settled, Eldon and his family may be reached c/o F. C. Clark, 3012 Central Avenue, Alameda, California.



ROBERT L. McMILLAN began his oil industry service as an instrument mechanic for Standard Oil Company of California in 1944, transferring to Aramco two years later as a journeyman in Ras Tanura, where he spent his entire Aramco career. He was made lead instrument repairman in 1950, zone maintenance foreman in 1959, and in 1962 took the position from which he retired, supervising craftsman, Instrument Repair, Maintenance and Shops Division. Bob was born in Kenniwick, Washington, educated in California, and worked for both Marchant and Fridan Calculating companies before joining Socal. Bob and his wife, Bernice, have three children. Franklin attends Los Angeles City College, Leslie works as a dental assistant in Ft. Walton Beach, Florida. The McMillans may be reached in care of their daughter, Indra, now Mrs. R. Carpenter, 16602 Laxford Road, Azusa, California. Upon leaving Saudi Arabia, Bob and Bernice took an extensive motor trip through Kuwait, Iraq, Turkey, Greece, Italy, France, and Holland before boarding ship for the United States.

Vail (from page 1)

our homes. The girls they have are most happy with the Bells. It truly gives Joe and me a deep sense of gratitude to God for having sent us these wonderful people to help. Now, we need two more couples who are interested in helping the trainable mentally retarded children. It doesn't really take any particular special training to give tender loving care, but it does take a sort of dedication to the cause and the desire to do one's best.

We want to thank all of you who have helped us with your gifts and prayers. We invite you to visit us whenever you can.

Sincerely and affectionately,

Joe and Dorothy Vail

The RUSSELL VARLANDS were looking forward to travel and leisurely living when they departed Saudi Arabia in May, leaving a contact address of 6142 North 18th Avenue, Phoenix, Arizona. Russ is a native of Illinois, attending schools in Ottawa then Augustana College in Sioux Falls, S. D. He joined Aramco in August 1952 following twenty four years in Civil Service, spending all of his time with the Tool and Equipment Services Division except for about five years with Office Services. He was promoted to Foreman, Tool and Equipment Services, Equipment Services Division in 1965, the position he held at the time of departure. The Varlands have one daughter in San Diego, California, another in Ottawa, Illinois, and a son in Chicago. While in Saudi Arabia, Russ was active in the AEA and the Arabian Shrine.



Russ and Helen Varland

Excellent Choosing

We had a note from A. L. Anderson in April following a get-together luncheon in San Francisco of Socal annuitants which also included a number of representatives from Aramco and Tapline. Among other things, Andy asked if we would send a copy of AAAJ to H. H. Hall, retired Chief Engineer from Socal, who with his department, had made so many active contributions to Aramco back in the early days before it was able to perform its own engineering and design. We sent copies of the magazine and here is part of Hubert Hall's letter of appreciation from his Rocking H Ranch in San Jose.

"I found many pictures of old friends among the Yosemite guests and recently I had the pleasure of dining with Bill and Claire Chandler and a lot of old fellow workers from Tapline. Among the latter were Clyde Swigart and his wife, Blanche, Bill Owen, who is of course still active, Bill Lenahan, now retired, Cap and Vi

Jones, Dal and Neta Pinckney, and numerous others. Of course, one of the most popular subjects of conversation was the Annuitants Magazine and the Annuitants meetings.

"In my active life I had selected and hired two Presidents of Tapline (Swigart and Chandler), three Vice Presidents of Aramco (Snyder, Hills, and Lunde), a Vice President and Director of Standard of California (Ted Lenzen), and Socal's present President (Jim Gosline). I am very proud of what these men have accomplished, as well as other former members of Socal's Engineering Department.

"I shall look forward to future editions of Al-Ayyam Al Jamila with much pleasure.

Sincerely yours,

Hubert Hall"



Bill and Nora Brownell

The WILLIAM F. BROWNELLS do enjoy travelling — it tops on their list of hobbies, along with bridge, golf, photography and fishing — and they drove to Europe after leaving Abqaiq last January. Bill was born and went to school in Sherrill, New York, later attending Massey Business College in Houston, Texas. He worked for the Veterans Administration in Houston, Oneida Limited in Oneida, New York and spent five years in the U. S. Army. He joined Aramco in 1948 as a personnel specialist in Dhahran, transferring to Abqaiq the following year as a wage and salary analyst. He also filled positions of construction accountant, supervisor of office services and night foreman. Bill served three terms as president of AEA in Abqaiq and one as president of the Karters Group. He was a volunteer fireman for eleven years and served as a squad leader and acting brigade leader. Bill and Nora have a daughter and a son — Sharon Ann is a teacher in Cullman, Alabama, W. F., Jr. is still in school. Their contact address is Box 98, R. R. #2, Munford, Alabama.

F. V. THORNSBERRY bade friends farewell recently after sixteen years in Abqaiq. He and his wife, Thelma, plan to make Texas their home. One of their daughters, Mrs. B. A. Parker, who lives in Tyler, Texas, will be accepting mail and messages for them at Route #7, Box 118. They have another daughter, Mrs. Shirley Beam, in Long Beach, California. Jack started with Aramco in 1951 as a lead instrument repairman, later became a craft specialist, senior specialist, and finally craft supervisor. He held jobs in the California shipyards from 1939 to 1945 and worked for Union Oil of California from 1945 to 1951. His formal education was obtained in Kansas Plains High School and Wichita Business College, supplemented as he says by degrees of BS, MS, and PhD in the Aramco "School of Sandi-ology". Jack and Thelma were enthusiastic bowlers while in Arabia, and Jack belonged to the Golf and Auto Clubs, as well as the Camera Group.



Jack and Thelma Thornsberry



Christmas In The Mountains?

Helen and Barney McKeegan had their 41st Anniversary in April and Helen says she feels better than when she was a lot younger. They have been trying to convince their first-born and his wife that life begins at forty, but aren't too sure that they've been getting through with the message. They will have a grandson in college this fall, at San Jose State. Helen gave up a couple of her bowling leagues after having added ten trophies to the one she came home from Arabia with in 1960 — she and Barney are now both in the hospital league for the summer.

They had been up to San Francisco for a couple of days, Barney on purchasing business for the hospital, and had an opportunity to visit

with friends. "It was a bit wettish the evening we had dinner at the 'hungry i', but coming home the next morning was beautiful, with the blue sky, silvery clouds, green, green hills, and snow spots still on Mt. Hamilton, while the valley below had fruit trees in bloom." (*It made this gal a bit homesick.*)

Helen's "small world" note involved having a cup of coffee with a newly found friend who remarked that a cousin of her father had been out in Arabia once. The father, Evald Lundgren — the cousin, Carl Larsen.

They were planning to spend a few days early in July at Twain Harte, taking nine-year old

grandson Mark-chan with them. On the Fourth, nearby Columbia, now restored, is turned into a roaring mining town, with men wearing guns and western garb, the gals dressed in calico and sun-bonnets. There are horses, deputies and bad guys, stage coach rides, gun fights and holdups, a Wells Fargo Office, saloons that sell sarsaparilla, old-time ice cream parlors, stores that sell antiques and goods of yesteryear, museums of the "good old days" — and not a firecracker within miles.

The architect has the plans under way for their new home in Twain Harte and Helen hopes to start planting a brush in the hand of any likely house painter before too long. Sounds like members of the family are so anxious to have a part in the operation that she might even be able to "pull a Tom Sawyer" and end up with folks

paying for the privilege of wielding a brush. 'Tis said that history does repeat itself. They hope to be in by Christmas — at least the children and grandchildren are counting on it. Seems like no one can wait to head for the high hills.

Helen's looking forward to furnishing the inside and planting the outside, where she hopes to have a "real garden". She wants to make some lamps for the new home, paint some more pictures, get back to her bridge, all on top of getting their present place ready for sale — did someone lend her their Cheerios?

And for Father's Day, Barney received two books on Genealogy, so will be able to get started on one of his retirement projects (when he finds the time) — tracing his family tree back in Ireland, and maybe some where along the line running into Helen's.

JAY GRAHAM was going to start looking in places like California, Arkansas and Texas for a good area to fish as soon as he and Virginia got back to the states – fishing being his favorite hobby. That would be fine with Virginia as long as there was a nearby place to golf. She's not about to let all that Saudi Arabia practice and fun go to waste – particularly after winning the President's Cup at Ain Nakhl. Until they find the right spot though they can be contacted c/o Mrs. Mildred Boyd, 6 Jeffery Street, Bakersfield, California. Their son Kenneth graduated from the University of California at Berkeley in June, his brother Dennis simultaneously finishing the American School in Beirut.

Jay went to school in California, attending Taft Junior College. He spent the first twenty of his thirty-two years of combined company service with Standard Oil Company of California, transferring to Aramco in 1955 as a plant operator. All of his time in Saudi Arabia has been with Abqaiq's Plants and Pipelines Department, where he later served as supervising operator at Pump Station 4



Mr. and Mrs. Jay Graham

and the Gas Injection Plant at Ain Dar. At the time of his departure Jay was plants inspector at the LPG Plant.

Want To Trade?

This is the rest of Joe and Jean Turner's report on how they happened to spend the winter in Hawaii.

At Christmas time, in a brief note, I mentioned an exchange we were trying to negotiate, home exchange that is, with a retired couple in Hawaii.

Well, we made the exchange and it worked out just fine. We were over there for December 15th until March 5th. Our exchange couple were both retired, he from Internal Revenue, she from the University of Hawaii. We thought some Aramco annuitants might be interested in this method of taking a long vacation without having

to hock the family jewels.

We had a small but lovely home to live in, four miles from Kaneohe on the windward side of Oahu, just fifteen minutes from downtown Honolulu, only six minutes from the Pali Golf Course, a beautiful municipal course right under the Pali. Our house was the last one up on a hill overlooking Kaneohe Bay and Coconut Island. A small portion of Coconut Island is occupied by the University of Hawaii Biological Marine Laboratory, the balance belongs to a couple of Texas millionaires – oilman Ed Pauley and hotelman Troy York. We didn't visit them.

We made two of the other islands, Hawaii and



H. W. Thielhelm

It's back to the campus for H. W. THIELHELM, until recently Coordinator of the Civil

and Industrial Divisions of General Office Engineering. The Thielhelms headed for Florida State University where Harry plans to teach engineering subjects and work on his Ph.D. Their address is Alumni Village, 314-5 Pennell Circle, Tallahassee, Florida 32304. A native New Yorker, Harry received his B.S. and M.S. from New York University and started his career in 1933 as a sanitary engineer with the State Department of Health, then joined the U. S. Army Engineers. In 1937 he went to work for Creole Petroleum Company in Venezuela as division chief engineer, transferring to Aramco's New York office in 1950, where he spent three years as project engineer for the Jiddah Bulk Plant and the Ras Tanura Piers. He had held the same position in Dhahran since 1953, highlighted by his work as consultant on the original road program for the Saudi Arab Government and on the design project for offshore well platforms. Harry's hobbies have been baseball, Little League umpiring and golf. He and Helen both are avid bowlers. They will be happy to see their three children more frequently – Robert is an engineer in New London, Connecticut; Harriet Ann is a nurse in Baton Rouge, Louisiana; Philip is a junior at Georgetown University.

Maui, and rented a car both times to drive all around the islands – the best way to see things. Incidentally, we also traded our car with the exchange couple, so we had a car at our disposal while on Oahu. The car we drove was a four cylinder Vauxhall station wagon, probably about thirty-four inch displacement and not exactly a power wagon. However, over there the distances are not very great and the gasoline is costly, so it served our purpose quite well.

The cost of living in Hawaii is indeed costly. I would say 35 to 50 per cent higher than on the mainland. For instance, three small, and I mean small, puny green onions cost twenty-five cents. Primo Beer (the islands' best, made in Hawaii

since 1890) at the golf course snack bar costs fifty-five cents for eleven ounces – downtown the same eleven ounces costs ninety cents. No freight or handling charge on items like this can be blamed for running the cost up – just pure and simple avarice. The local people are picketing and protesting loudly and with good cause.

It was a wonderful winter vacation, believe me. Now we are looking through the Exchange Catalog for a place to visit next winter.

Sincerely,

E. J. "Joe" Turner

Upon leaving Ras Tanura, the FLOYD F. TODDS took a long leisurely trip aboard the Mississippi Lloyd from Damman to their probable retirement location of Brownsville, Texas. Stops were scheduled for Bahrain, Basra, Mombassa, Durban and Capetown. They may be reached at 165 Palo Alto Drive, Brownsville, Texas 78520. Floyd spent his early years in Nederland, Texas, then took an industrial course at Moore College in Beaumont. He was in the construction business for several years, worked for the Atlantic Refinery in Port Arthur and later for The Texas Company, before his first assignment in Saudi Arabia in 1948 as a welding supervisor for Fluor Middle East in Abqaiq. He returned to Abqaiq in 1951 as a lead welder for Aramco. He spent three years in Dhahran as welding inspector and transferred to Ras Tanura in 1959, working as vocational instructor in the Training Division of Industrial Relations from 1961 to 1964, when he became welding inspector for the Inspection Engineering Division. Between them, the Todds have four children, all married – Floyd has a son and daughter, Hester, two daughters. Hester was active in the Ras Tanura Women's Exchange, Floyd in the Yacht Club, Golf Association and Automobile Association.



Floyd F. Todd

A Matter Of Record

Not long ago when a number of oil companies were compelled by rising costs to institute slight price increases, they were subjected to official criticism. For the sake of the record, and in the name of fairness, the history of gasoline prices should be reported.

According to the Bureau of Labor Statistics, the overall Consumer Price Index in the decade 1957–1966, rose 15.4 per cent. The average retail price of regular-grade gasoline, before taxes, during that same period, dropped 2.4 per cent and during the same decade, gasoline taxes climbed 19 per cent. Federal and state gas taxes totaled over 10 cents a gallon in 1966. A few states have increased gas taxes since then. The pre-tax

price for regular-grade gasoline was 22.11 cents in 1957 and 21.57 in 1966.

Price adjustments of late have brought the average before tax price up to 22.70 cents a gallon. But, this is still 3 to 7 cents below the levels of 1919 and the early 1920's when nationwide gasoline price averages first were compiled, and today's motor fuel is vastly improved over that of 4 or 5 decades ago.

The petroleum industry, through intensive research and steadily advancing production efficiency, has managed – in spite of inflation and taxes – to keep the price of gasoline within the reach of all motorists. For that, it should be commended, not criticized.

HERE and THERE

This note from Ruth Cundall: At last I sold the house in Sonoma! I decided to move to Santa Rosa rather than San Francisco since I prefer the weather here and have more friends in this area. At the present time I am living in a temporary apartment awaiting completion of a new apartment which I should get into the middle of August. Since I want to continue to receive Al-Ayyam Al-Jamila and do not want to lose contact with friends, I thought I should let you know. A mail box has already been installed at the permanent address, so anyone wanting to reach me can send mail there... 3716 Ahl Park Court, Santa Rosa, California 95405. I think of you often and hope things are going well. *We've been doing a lot of thinking about Ruth, too, wondering what her new place is going to be like, hoping she will let us have a report one of these days, and of course wondering who was the lucky buyer of the beautiful Cundall home high up in the Sonoma Hills.*

* * * * *

George Ehrgott stopped in a few weeks ago and reported that North Carolina and Florida had been dropped from their possible retirement locations after quick viewing. So they headed west, stopping off in Arizona to visit friends and catch up on stateside events. Well, they were invited to a party in Scottsdale shortly after arriving and it was love at first sight – the friendly atmosphere and surroundings were perfect. The next day they went out and bought a house in the newest section of the development where they would be close to a good size swimming pool and near the club house and golf course, though George doesn't plan to be playing. Their address, which they hoped would be all theirs before June was gone, is Villa Monterey, 7712 East Bonita Drive, Scottsdale, Arizona.

* * * * *

The John P. Smiths have moved into their

new home at 3555 Lynbrook Court, Napa, California.

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Leda Mair and a friend enjoyed a few weeks of vacation in Hawaii, leaving Long Beach the latter part of May after sending in the manuscript for her story (elsewhere in this issue). They enjoyed good weather and apparently had a good time. Shortly after returning home, Leda headed for northern California and spent another few days visiting her son in Berkeley and getting in touch with a number of Aramco friends. . . . (The way you folks do get around!)



The editor of a small weekly publication in Connecticut recently ran this comment under the heading "Picnic For Picket": If anyone doubts that violence on the picket line may be a thing of yesteryear, listen to this tale. On the way to work we saw a picket in front of a new site for a major chemical company. He was stretched out in a beach chair, enjoying the sun, and taking a nap – all with placard in hand.

Then two issues later we read 'neath the caption "Heated Protest?": Our favorite picket (the guy with the beach chair) has done it again. During last week's Eastern heat wave, we saw his sign implanted, but he was not on the scene. Inquiring about his absence, we were told that he thought it to be a questionable labor practice to picket when the THI (*temperature humidity index*) exceeded a designated level.

THE SAND PILE



All right, kiddies. Gather 'round while great grandpa Phillip tells you a bad time story. Who do we want to slander tonight?

You don't care?

Well, if *you* have no bright ideas, why look for them on *me*?

That is *not* true. I am *not* a semi-professional liar spinning misinformation out of thin air. I'm a conscientious hack who has dedicated a portion of his life to tricking you away from the TV long enough for your eyes to become adjusted back to normal light. And inasmuch as you have refused to help me dig out stimulating subjects, you can just sit back and take the consequences.

Once upon a time, there was a group of junior college trustees being chased by a gang of teachers who

So you've heard about junior college trustees in this sheet until you expect to see them crawling out of the binding! But that's all I can write about any more! I eat and sleep the subject, sit on committees, listen to complaints met by counter-complaints, voice my gripes (just to keep my hand in), argue with teachers, plead with legislators. I forget to shave and my hair grows long where it shouldn't.

I gripe about the State's foundation program

and seek a boost in the computational tax. I'll fight for existing permissives, although I seek to eliminate "adults as defined". I'm sure that WSCH is more dependable than ADA; and I wish that the CSBA and the CJCA could present a united front, especially in matters before the CCHE. (If you think that the oil industry has its special jargon, try tuning in on an education conversation.)

But how can a drunkard reform? What chance has a drug addict to "come back"? In desperation, he turns to his friends – even as I shall (provided I can find some friends).

Generally, I've avoided reporting in this column my correspondence with Aramcons and such because there's great danger that the reader may not be as interested as I in a certain individual. I may derive great stimulation from the news that Susie Jones has a carbuncle where no self-respecting carbuncle should be; but how do I know that *you* really care? Willie Brown may have become so absent-minded that he's putting catsup in his coffee – but you may not even know Willie. You may not know that Willie *always* put catsup in his coffee. And the truly disturbing part of this is that you may not give a hoot.

So, with some misgivings, but in this hour of desperation, I turn to my friends.

Here's a note from the Bill Palmers up on the McKenzie River in Oregon. (The fact that the note was written many months ago shouldn't change its significance inasmuch as it deals with excitement and danger.) Why should I labor? Let Lu tell her story.

“. . . one morning, I heard a bang, thought it was a hunter on the hill across the river from us, so dashed out to see what goes. Imagine my astonishment to see a large limb fallen across the power line back of the shop. With dry ferns, downed trees and debris, we had a full-fledged fire going in seconds.

"I ran for the phone to call the power company, only to find it (the phone) out of order. Ran back to the highway – and there was Jim, our local power man, breezing our way. I flagged him down and pointed to the fire on the back of our property. He yelled not to go near it until he had shut off the power. (I wasn't about to.)

"Bill had gone to Blue River to get gas for the roto-tiller, as he had been planning to cultivate the garden and, needless to say, he didn't dig much garden that day. But he did come rolling in happily – until he saw the crowd and the merry blaze.

"Thought sure we'd lose our shop and pump-house. We called Forestry for help, but (wouldn't you know) they were out in the field. Bill Shepard finally got in touch with our local logging company across the river, and they very generously drove their big tank truck over to help. By the time they arrived, the Forestry truck also appeared – but with all of 100 gallons of water in the tank. So the logging tanker pumped water into the Forestry truck while continuing to fight the fire.

"After three hours, they had the fire under control and we could breath easily. So we had ourselves a big drink and an early supper and fell into bed with the Forestry truck standing by. I don't care for another day like that for the rest of my life – or of Bill's either."

Which merely goes to show that we didn't leave all the excitement back in Arabia.

I've just discovered the existence of jinns in this house. There have been several occasions

during recent years when I have suspected their presence – but this time I have them cold. They probably came over in the luggage brought from Arabia and have been hiding in my desk ever since. But what are a few years to a jinn when he knows he'll eventually have a chance to mess up the situation. But today, one of these pests has stolen a letter from Vi Dunten down in Guadalajara, Mexico. He left the envelope right on top of my desk. Here it is – with no letter inside, nor is the letter anywhere in this room.

All that I can remember is, that the Duntens are building a new home on the outskirts of the city and that son John is graduating this spring from a school in Virginia and is holding the honor of being the chief student officer of the school's military organization. If I left out other important points, Vi, I apologize; and I hope that letter gives indigestion to whoever or whatever ate it.

Consider a few highlights from the story of the Avice and Karel Beekhuis pilgrimage to South America. Would you be surprised to learn that all is not sweetness and light in that part of the southern hemisphere? Let Karel start the chatter:

"Having travelled the other four continents along the usual tourist trails, including a few ventures behind barbed wire commonly known as the Iron Curtain, we thought ourselves equal to anything the South Americans might set up as hurdles along our path of golfing and sightseeing.



"We knew that one can tackle South America easily by joining a tour, taking in the sightseeing

spots, being herded by a tour director, with local agents at every airport to clear the baggage and supply the taxis and buses. A month ago, we thought this was for sissies; but now we are convinced that this is the way to tackle South America in the year 1967 unless one retains more than a normal share of the pioneering spirit or thinks in Spanish — which we do not.

“An alternative that seems to have worked fairly well for some couples is to start from the USA with all reservations confirmed — which means staying strictly on schedule. This works until a hotel refuses to honor a confirmed reservation.

“The above should not suggest that one should forego the thrills and the unique experiences of a trip over this southern continent. Nothing quite compares with the journey from Lima to Cuzco (at 11,444 feet) with everyone puffing on oxygen tubes during the last 90 minutes of flight in a non-pressurized DC-4, then the charm of Cuzco itself and the three hour tram ride to Machu Picchu through tremendous Andean scenery.

“There is Llao Llao (pronounced yow-yow) near Bariloche in Argentina: a modern hotel, excellent food, tennis, golf, fishing for the big ones up to 15 pounds and truly staggering scenery. A lovely blue lake at 2000 feet, with fiords reaching for the snow-capped peaks in the background.”

But the Beekhuises suffered a tragedy. Karel claims that they were short-changed on golf. At the time of writing, they had managed to play at only Panama, Bogata, Quito, Montevideo, Lima, Santiago, Vina del Mar, Buenos Aires (two courses) and Punta del Este, where they were at the time of Karel's letter. (Of course, there were a few dozen more courses to be encountered during the remainder of the journey.) The golfing program was difficult at times because a golf course is a status symbol in South America and the stranger is not always welcome. The Beekhuises carted their clubs with them, but they met a man from Carmel, California, who planned to play in every country of South America and, so far, had been able to rent clubs as he went.

Tourist problems are heightened by uncertainty as to whom to contact for travel accommo-

dations. Each important city has a Grand Hotel which caters to tourists and is surrounded by tourist agencies and money changers. Sometimes, reservations are sold by the hotel clerk, sometimes by the airlines, sometimes by the man who guides you around town. Misinformation is readily available. For example, Karel was told that if he wished to travel by bus between Montevideo and Punta del Este, he should go to the bus station with his baggage, purchase a ticket and board the bus that either would be waiting or would soon arrive. So the Beekhuises arrived at the station at 8:15 A.M. to find that the first seats available would be at 11 A.M. For an air flight, one arises at 6:30 A.M., leaves the hotel at 7:30, arrives at the airport at 8:00 for a 9:00 o'clock departure which routinely leaves sometime after 11:00.

“And unfortunately,” Karel concludes, “one finally becomes convinced that the ‘buenas dias’ and the ‘gracia’ are directed toward the pesos left behind rather than as a warm greeting to a fellow inhabitant of this troubled earth. The local papers comment on President Johnson's proposal to increase U.S. aid to South America by \$300,000. Not half enough, is the conclusion We frequently realize that ‘gringo go home’ signs can be emphasized by subtle actions. One airline has capitalized on this general attitude by advertising, ‘Gringo don't go home; but if you must, fly Avianca’.”



And the mail recently brought us a large invitation announcing *Construcciones de McMahan, Circulo de Bellas Artes*. If I have guessed correctly, Spanish-wise, an enclosed card invited us to visit this artist, Tom McMahan, at the inauguration of his exposition to be held at 7:30 in the afternoon on May 13th in Palma de Mallorca.

An included review speaks of Tom's geometric computations of form, his hard edge abstractions and three meter length mobiles. There's a statement that “The more recent con-

struction of forms attached to a background of pure color, produce a line-illuminated grandeur.” (And who am I to dispute it?) There also is a contention that Tom creates best at night — which may be a hang-over from those dark hours spent sitting on a rig waiting for the cores to be pulled.

To pretend that I comprehend what my old associate, Tom, is doing would be ridiculous. With considerable regret and embarrassment, I have been forced to acknowledge that I cannot grasp the intent of modern painting, although I have tried sincerely. This is unfortunate for me only. But I also do not understand the calculation of space flight nor the operation of the digital computer — which, so far as I can determine, has not seriously handicapped these projects. My lack of comprehension does not detract in the slightest from the commendable fact that Tom has found a satisfying vocation, one from which he must derive the true pleasure that comes with achieving something — something difficult, something over which he planned and struggled and failed before he finally moved toward success.

Sorry that we couldn't drop in for that drink on May 13th, Tom; but we hope that when the



last guest had departed, you were able to smile in the knowledge that, “This I have done. This is mine. This I find good.” For this is achievement; and happy is the man who discovers it.

* * * * *

A tree is something that stands still for a hundred years and then suddenly jumps out in front of a teen-age driver.

* * * * *

Two months after he ran over a girl, a motor-

ist married her. If this sort of thing were made compulsory, there would be less reckless driving.

* * * * *

So I'm sitting with my friend, Frank, who is squirming on this Santa Barbara hospital bed and acting very unhappy.

“You don't look sick to me,” I said. “Do you hurt any place?”

“I might as well hurt,” Frank argued. “While I lie here waiting for this saw bones to decide what's wrong with me, I'm starving.”



“You *are* a mite peaked,” I admitted. “Don't they feed you?”

“Food!” he exploded. “Did you ever indulge in a salt-free diet?”

“Not just a little bit of salt?”

“Not just a little bit.”

“It doesn't sound very attractive,” I decided.

“Attractive! Don't you know,” Frank declaimed, “that salt is as necessary to the human system as water? When the animal that was the ancestor of man came up out of the ocean, it brought with it the two basic items that it required for survival: water and salt. Take away salt and the body tries to maintain the proper balance with water by eliminating additional water. So the man dies from dessication just the same, as though he couldn't get water. I think,” he added, “that I'm going to be thirsty.”

“You don't seem dessicated to me,” I commented, “lying back there with a water bottle just beyond your elbow. Think of all those poor

savages in the dry parts of the world who, over the past million or so years, spent much of their time in search of a rewarding drink."

"We were talking about water," he insisted; "not about a martini. And furthermore, those savages didn't spend all that time looking for water. They spent much of it looking for salt. The early Indian civilization of Arizona centered around a salt mine in the Salt River Valley. And by the way, they didn't look for grey or white outcrops. A minute red organism decided to tie up with the salt, so that red was the sought-after color. Up in northern Europe, early man lacked salt with the result that the area supported only a sparse population until relatively recent times."

"There was the Baltic Sea."

"The Baltic Sea," he replied in a condescending tone, "is not very salty. In that raw cold climate, savages had difficulty in collecting salt. Sometimes they burned the peat of the salt marshes, then scraped up the ashes to collect the salt left from the burning."

"You seem to know an awful lot about it," I complained.

"Why not? I lie here sucking my tongue, trying to hold with that wonderful taste, dreaming about it. What better can I do than read about it? Just wait," he threatened me, "until they put *you* on a salt-free diet."

"They can't do that to me," I assured him. "For sixteen years by the Persian Gulf, they insisted that I put more of it on my food, that I swallow salt tablets. They wouldn't change their minds now."

"That's what *you* think," he snarled. "You were living in a hot country where there's plenty of salt by the Gulf and where people need it."

"What," I asked, "makes you think you're abused? Maybe your food carries all the salt you need."

"All I need! Listen. The average consumption of the United States is 280 grams per person per day. In Bengal, it's down to 5 grams. Is someone trying to make a Bengali out of me? Admitted, an American could do with a fair sized decrease,

but a Bengali would die if his ration went lower. I do not want to be a dead Bengali," he wailed.

After I had been able to convince him that I would protect him from being exported, he continued in a calmer tone. "There's a theory that merits further study: that the presence of salt was a major influence in the development of early democracy. In contrast, the tyrannical Pharaohs came to power in the Nile Valley where salt was scarce. Probably most of it had to be transported long distances from the Mediterranean via the river. The absolute monarch could control the lives of his people by controlling their salt supply. But over in Greece, where most men could reach the Sea and plenty of salt in a day's journey, control was impracticable. So men were independent and democracy grew."

"But this is not several thousand years B.C.," I argued. "This is the Twentieth Century and the world is smaller and I can get the kind that 'when it rains, it pours,' right off the market shelf. So I guess," I added, trying to sooth him, "that we don't have to worry about all that anymore."

He glanced at me with pity spread across his face.

"Oh, yes, you do. Only now it's in reverse. Now you want to separate the water from the salt so that you can get the *water*. Hence, the great desalting plants by the oceans. And by the way," he whispered, "could you bring me perhaps a gallon of that stuff down by the pier?"

"I think you're making a lot of fuss over very little," I told him. "You're lying here with nothing to do but exaggerate your need. Of course, food tastes somewhat different - but why be upset?"



Even as I spoke, the attendant brought the

Return To The Scene

Pat Elliott's letter was dated May 2 and carried a return address of Box 1883, % Aramco, Dhahran, Saudi Arabia. As you know, Doug is back in the SAO on a contract basis.

The days and weeks and months have slipped by so fast - and my good intentions about writing oftener seem to have done a little slipping also. However, with the arrival of the special issue of the Yosemite get-together we did so en-

noonday tray.

"Looks good," I said persuasively. "Soup and a couple of string beans and a dark something that might be meat."

"Have some soup," he invited; and when I hesitated, he urged, "Come on. It's good soup, you said."

So I took a small spoonful of soup. Well, you can't spit out on a hospital floor - and I had said it was good. But I couldn't imagine what a cook could do to an innocent-appearing soup to give it that taste.

"Well?" Frank asked truculently.

Right then I was busy swallowing the soup and sort of wiping my tongue around my teeth to get rid of the taste. I could understand the flavor of boiled linseed; but who ever introduced the spoiled kerosene and the fried garage drippings had gone beyond the call of duty.

I promised myself that I'd stay out of Bengal; and on the way home, I bought a couple of extra salt cans - just in case.

Phil McConnell

joy it and belated thanks to Mary and Clark Cypher and everyone who worked so hard to make the affair so enjoyable and the publication a wonderful memento of it - I said "enuf of this procrastination"

As you can imagine, there have been few dull moments for us during the past few months. We are both enjoying our return to the land of sun and sand, and Doug is thoroughly enjoying his work which, at times, has been quite challenging. Naturally, he's also managed to get in some week-end fishing and skin diving. The winter (?) months were simply lovely and the warm, sunny days continued well into April before the thermometer climbed too high. In fact, as of this writing, the weather is still not too warm - everyone agrees it is about the coolest late spring in a long time.

Its been wonderful renewing old friendships - and finding so many old friends still here; just about every day we are pleasantly surprised to see still another familiar face. We've managed to line up several caretaking assignments and its rather novel to be moving into a different house about every three months - fortunately, we don't have much to move - as yet.

Friends who had left here rather recently told us we would find quite a number of changes. Well, there are some, the most noticeable, we think, is the tremendous growth of Al Khobar and Dammam during the past four years. Both cities are expanding in all directions, including up. And, of course, there has been a great increase in the traffic in all areas - at times, there seems to be a steady stream of trucks of all sizes, old and new automobiles, buses - even an occasional donkey cart - and the very latest - HONDAS!

More at a later date on our short trip to India in March - in the meantime, our very best to so many friends back in the states who have probably given up any expectations of hearing from us.

Sincerely,

Pat and Doug Elliott

A Long Journey

By
Leda
Mair



L to R: Virginia Hattrup, Muriel Davis, Robbie Robbins (Bahrain), not identified, Betty Hosmer, Madeline Snyder, Claire Hercus, Kath Trewin, and "Ye scribe" as Leda identified herself.

This picture was taken in Monte Estoril, Portugal by Anita Burleigh in 1945. The occasion was the birthday of Betty Hosmer and we were celebrating with a delicious luncheon in the lovely and spacious, round glass dining room of the Casino. It happened during our long trip to join our husbands in Saudi Arabia and Bahrain – twenty of us, plus the six children of Bapco families.

Those of us living on the West Coast went via train to New York, congregating in different hotels assigned by the Company. After a few days of shopping, with all details prepared for the long journey, passports in order, etc., Mr. Jim Murphy of Aramco chaperoned us via train to the Philadelphia docks. There the Portuguese ship, "Quanza", awaited us to sail for Lisbon. Aboard and assigned to our cabins, baggage and all, we did not sail though until very early next morning, the 24th of March.

Anita Burleigh, Mrs. Cotty Seager and I were cabin mates on the "Quanza", located across from the Portuguese ship's doctor. The trip across was especially quiet except for the evenings. After dinner, we and the Portuguese officers would gather in the lounge to exchange and play different games to pass the time until the wee hours of morning.

At best, Portuguese food, to Americans and

at this time during the war, was scant: hard brown rolls, fish galore, but good; some foods were rationed, such as sweets, juices, coffee and tea. Getting used to different tastes was at times a problem but eventually overcome. Finally, after seventeen days at sea, we sailed into the Lisboa Harbor on the morning of April 7.

It was a perfect day, as "April in Portugal" can be, and we felt almost like a family bidding goodbye to our young seamen who had been our associates throughout the trip. Of course, the Portuguese expected us officially since arrangements had been made long in advance through the proper official channels.

We were most of the day leaving the "Quanza" and going through customs, as their small building was jammed. Finally we were ready to board the buses waiting to transport us to Monte Estoril, the summer resort of Lisboa, where they distributed us to the various hotels, taking until midnight to reach the last one. The Portuguese are a slow, easy going, tranquil people, and with each stop the assigned women and all their luggage was something new to them and quite an ordeal. We made stops first at the Hotel Paris (Parees), then the Mira Mar, the Park Palacio and last, the Monte Grande.

We remained in Monte Estoril six weeks, going every morning to Cooks Travel Agency,

and to the bank for exchange of money to Escudos. (Cooks, by the way, is still there in the same location today.) This agency was our contact in Portugal for information from Aramco, the State Department, the offices in Dhahran, and the transportation onward to our destination. Little did we realize then where we would go and through what, and how, etc., etc., but we did go merrily on.

During this time of waiting, groups went on trips through the beautiful country or visited century-old palaces – and we went to one bull fight. The daily train to Lisboa ran every fifteen minutes each way, cost about twenty five cents first class. We would go to "shoof" for beautiful linens and embroideries, or lovely cottons to be made by their dressmakers. We would have tea and cakes at the different little restaurants, talking and getting acquainted with the Portuguese who are exceedingly kind and generous. Some speak English, but if one has knowledge of Spanish there is no problem and they do make one welcome – we had a most enjoyable and pleasant memory of that country. Some time was spent taking walks through their beautiful public parks and gardens, for the Portuguese love flowers, along the walls, through narrow trails of their Pine forests, down beautiful winding streets so typical of this place.

The Monte Grande Hotel, where our particular group stayed, is on Via Saboia. I never dreamed that I would some day have a home on this very street, within walking distance of the Casino.

We accepted an invitation to a tea at the residence of the American Ambassador. Also, we attended memorial services for President Roosevelt at the St. George Episcopal Church in Lisboa. (He had died April 13th while we were enroute.) All the Portuguese Military and dignitaries with their gold braid and brass were most impressive.

The war with Germany ended while we were in Portugal and at our hotel we had a gay night on the house – the champagne was delicious!

Finally, word came to be ready for a plane that was coming to take us to Casablanca, our next stop. So on May 17th, Roosevelt's plush plane flew us to Casablanca where we were stuck for almost three weeks. Since the war was

over with Germany, the East and West bound lists were made longer each day by replacement personnel for the fight with Japan. Our big Army was there; and, too, this was the spot where so many of our boys were killed as they left their landing ship tanks and waded ashore.

From here on we were under control of the Army; an extreme change of existence since we had left the U.S. We were given instructions to always stay together, never be alone as we walked to and from our hotel(?) quarters to the officers mess building. It was about seven blocks, through and around the French sidewalk cafes, and we were "At Arms", for there was still French occupancy all around.

Everything was now under our Army. All the hotels were shot up, plaster off the walls, electric fixtures hanging – I had one light bulb which I carried back and forth between the bath and bedroom as needed. Of course, all of our meals were of the best and eaten with the American officers – we were in our glory! I had been starved for one piece of toast, of American bread.

Then we began bargaining and buying more "loot". The gorgeous, beautifully colored Moroccan leathers are the best, so we acquired hassocks, sandals, etc., etc. We had occasional trips to the Army base. The men would drive in for us, when transportation was available, to be entertained with record playing, dancing, or visiting the PX, where dear Anita would fill up with the film.

During all this time since we left, we had been in constant contact back and forth with the Aramco office in New York, American Consulates, and Dhahran in trying to reach our destination. After close to three weeks with the Army in Morocco, we had the help of Mr. Walt Miller, an Aramco employee who was just passing through on his way to the States. He, with the help of the Army, was finally instrumental in arranging our flight to Cairo, complete with 4000 pounds of baggage and our "loot" acquired on the trip strapped right down the middle of an old C-47, and bucket seats along the sides. Oh Boy! We had received word that Mary and Clark Cypher were waiting for us with a big reception at Mena House in Cairo.

We started out in the old crate, with a new
(continued on page 19)

Now That's Aid In A BIG Way



Once upon a time we got the distinct impression from Joy Andersen that AAAJ received more attention from Aramco guests at Place Pigalle than magazines in a dentist's office – well, as much anyway. So we send her extras to use as replacements for the dogeared copies. In sending extras of the Yosemite Reunion issue we asked where Art was when all the pictures were being taken – we couldn't find him even once. Joy's reply back in April made it all clear, so if you were wondering too

Art was very much in evidence at the Yosemite Bash. However, restaurateurs have a tendency to turn into moles and he came out late at night only. There is one picture (which I took) and am using for baksheesh! If I don't show that picture, the world is mine!

We were so happy to have John and Eleanor Ladner for a few days before we formed our safari to Yosemite. One evening Johnnie came down with a severe case of telephonitis (a malady I too suffer from). Well, John decided to have a dinner party the very next night. Guess what. Twenty ex-Aramco people showed up. Who says RSVP to old friends!

I'm happy to report that Bob Armbruster (now with Palo Alto Medical Center) has become quite a polished after-dinner speaker. It was nice to see Nan Hover (a nurse in Ras Tanura many, many years ago) and dear Peg and Bill Boucher, the Jim McCarthys (Jim is with Bechtel Corporation now) and Jerri and Doll Kennedy. Jerri and I were the only two fortified enough to order Escargo for an entree.

How can anyone add frosting to the cake of Yosemite? I become quite maudlin when I think of all the neighbors that I had in Arabia. They all seemed to be there when we first drove up.

The Booths, Russells, Luckenbaughs, Wilsons, Scardinos, Bouchers, et al. Dear "old" Sherman Anderson and Terry, his lovely wife, from Santa Barbara were on the terrace. Sherman was my boss in accounting when I first arrived in Arabia (1948). The Arab boys seemed quite puzzled that we were both called Anderson(e), so Sherman told them that I was his mother! How nice to see gray in his hair! And there were Eddie and Opie May – Opie already knew all the Yosemite Rangers by their first names – what a sweet-heart!

Meanwhile back at the ranch A recent card from Colona, Canada reports that Captain Wennesland is raising pheasants. When the snows came, he put them all in his basement. He claims to have a reefer full of bear, venison and elk meat. Anyone for Canada? Just tell Ed Joy sent you.

Another recent letter from Palm Desert reports that Evelyn Sutherlin is now a resident of the high desert. Evelyn has suffered from asthma and is there for her health. Wayne (who owns one of Hollywood's largest liquor stores) drives up each weekend. They have found some interesting bistros in Palm Springs. . . . Evelyn and I had new mink coats for our trip to Yosemite. The only time we could wear them was at 5:00 A.M. one morning (with average temperature 90°). We had a glass of champagne and cursed our rotten luck!

I've counted well over one hundred Aramco guests who visited in 1966 and the first part of 1967. I won't bore you with a long list of names and cities, but will try to remember some of the highlights as they happened.

Sally and Ken Duell and Ericka and Frank Gates were here for the Shriners Convention. Ken had entertained the Grand Potentate and a hun-

dred other Shriners when their plane touched down in Arabia on a trip around the world. Needless to say, San Francisco was Ken's apple! What a mad, wonderful week that was. Where else could you find an elephant, wearing a Shriners hat calmly turning the Hyde Street cable car around after each trip to Fisherman's Wharf? If the Shriners can't do something themselves, they hire HELP.

It's especially nice to see the youngsters who grew up in Arabia come in for a visit. They are sophisticated and charming, and make you believe that Arabia was a glorious thing for young people. Case in point, the Michael Ullerys who are now in Whittier, California. Eileen (nee Wilson) is teaching, Michael is taking extension courses. A nice addition to the Quaker City. Another is Casey Adams. She is with the San Francisco Repertory Theater Group, and with that pixy face is bound to make a great actress. They all enchant our French waiters with their ability to speak several languages, well!

Guess I've rambled around about enough. San Francisco has had 8" of rain for the season. My daffodils were torn apart by gale winds. Usually, the camelias and rhododendrons are a riot of color in April – but spring will be a little late this year. Oh well, it's nice to hear rain on the roof when you go to bed. All is well with the Andersens' world, and if I said Arabia was a wonderful experience for the young people, then let me say that it was a wonderful experience for us. We are most grateful.

Sincerely,

Joy

We appreciated the Andersens' invitation to "Join the Olive-Divers" on June 20, their "no host" party for Aramco Grads which has practically become an institution. Sorry we couldn't make it. We'll have a report for the next issue, and perhaps some pictures.



Mair (continued from page 17)
rope tied to the baggage in the middle, and at every belch we climbed, it squeaked. We flew over Bengasi, Oran, Algiers, Tunis, viewing from the plane (yes we did have windows) the craters dug into the desert from the war. We made a short stop at Bengasi, occupied by the North African A.T.C. Division (English personnel), where we bought more loot, brass bells, etc. Our next stop was Tripoli where a new hospital had been built – we spent the night and all had a good old American Bath. It was getting really hot by then.

In the morning we left for Cairo, where Mary and Clark were anxiously waiting for us at Mena House, an old Egyptian Hotel known as Cross Roads of the World, situated at the foot of the pyramids and across the street. We were met at the airport by Aramco cars, driven to Mena House, about ten miles south of the city of Cairo. In the evening we sat down to a most delicious and delightful banquet in great Egyptian style. We were outside in the spacious and beautiful patio, surrounded by trees and with the scent of Jasmine which grows so profusely in this country. The servants were in costume, colorful with fez and cummerbund. It was a grand and exciting moment for the twenty wives who had almost reached the end of their three and a half months trip and would be meeting their husbands before long. We remained there for three days, picking up more loot in the suqs, as well as perfumes(?) that got "took" by us – gyped!

The time for the last leg of our journey did arrive on June 9th (same year, yes) amidst the heat, dust and sand. We came in first through Bahrain Island to let off the few Bapco women and the children, then proceeded across the Gulf to Dhahran, arriving about seven P.M. There were our husbands, who had waited breathlessly and followed us through guarded communications all the way until our safe arrival, welcoming us with open arms. Some of them had stayed throughout the war and had not seen their wives for over three years. What a meeting!

This was an extremely interesting trip and one which we could never have had except under world conditions of 1945. The memory lingers on, and may I say to the retired girls who read this, "Kaifhalak" and "FiamaanIllah".

This is the way we left Ralph in the last issue of AAAJ — hard at work. Unfortunately we ran out of space and had to interrupt his delightful story midway through the account of his early life and particularly of his very early days with Aramco in Saudi Arabia. Ralph had kept copies of the letters he wrote describing his trip to the Middle East and experiences after arriving. Most of his manuscript consists of quotes from those letters and from notes that he made.



For the benefit of those who may not have seen the last issue, this comment will bear repeating: "My impressions took place thirty years ago and descriptions may be considerably different from the Saudi Arabia most of you remember. Any reference to the Saudi Arab people in my notes is applicable to the inhabitants before today's opportunities became available to them. No disrespect was or is intended, for I have the greatest admiration for the Saudis, among whom I have many fine and good friends."

Ralph had been describing that first summer of 1936, quoting from a letter of July 9, which we reprint in part as a scene setter for the remainder of

AS I SAW IT

—By Ralph Wells

"July 9: Our outside pleasures are nil. In spite of the advantages offered by Bahrein, principally recreational (they have movies once a week), I would prefer being in the Arabian camp. This place is isolation and desolation in the extreme. We get month old newspapers and magazines and the camp radio is not what a radio is supposed to be. The men do not voice their discontent, as each and everyone is in the same boat. By that I do not wish to imply that any outward discontent exists to a marked degree, but some of the fellows are married with their wives and children in the States which makes living so far away a problem. The married men cannot but have worries as to the welfare of their spouses at home. The single men, of course, do not have wives to worry them. Nevertheless, there is not much to break the monotony except work, sleep

and eat. The outlying country is not inviting for roaming around — too much sand, no place to go and at this time of the year too hot anyway. There are no white women here and we never see the native females near camp. They are all veiled and heavily clothed with black scarfs over their heads. Married quarters are soon to be erected, when conditions in general will probably improve.

"There are about thirty Americans here at the present time with more coming in as accommodations are available. Considerable activity is in sight for our camp — additional wells are being drilled and production on a highly commercial basis is practically assured." (Note: My prediction was off by a couple of years.)

"After our noon-day meal the fellows usually

sleep (you can sleep and sweat at the same time without any effort), arising during the late afternoon to while away the time until six-thirty when dinner is served. Reading, writing, bridge games, etc. take up the hours until bedtime. Our meals come out of tin cans and our drinking water is distilled, coming from Bahrein in gasoline drums. The boys on the Island could do a much better job of removing the excess gasoline from the drums before filling them with water for our use. Canned meals can become tiresome. There is one advantage, and a major one to be sure, and that is the food is not contaminated nor do canned foods contain tropical bacteria. We have fresh meats, including chicken, a very limited amount of fresh vegetables that require peeling (chiefly cucumbers), and ice cream several times a week.

No fruits, although we may make arrangements to get some later on from Bahrein merchants. American cigarettes, toilet articles and some clothes can be purchased at Bahrein, often cheaper than in the United States. There are no towns near our Arabian camp. The work in the office is instructive and interesting — and plenty of it. Accounting work, payrolls, personnel matters, reports, etc. comprise the volume of the day's business. The cash and material accounting is handled by another fellow whom I shall be able to help once in a while. The payroll work is increasing rapidly and among other things, I have been doing some stenographic work for the manager until a stenographer can be sent from San Francisco."



Qatif market place

"The people of Qatif are a sad lot, many, young and old, being blind in one eye or both. Skin diseases are very prevalent. Although they



... always hospitable

do not seem to have any conception of sanitation as we know it, they do somehow survive. There are no schools to speak of. The people are a simple lot, very curious and respectful. At least we found them very friendly. I understand this is generally true throughout most of Arabia. In the not too distant past conditions were different. The Arabs seem to be a fatalistic race of people — everything is based on the Koran and if God Wills, so shall it be done. Every act, by themselves or others, is the Will of God — if they become blind, lame, stricken, injured — it is God's Will — that they should be so afflicted or made to suffer."



... always friendly

On our infrequent days off we occasionally took a trip to Bahrein Island for recreation and to purchase personal supplies. Early in October I received permission from our manager to take a day away from work, and while enjoying the ride was inspired, during the trip, to record my impressions.

"October 12: The air is cool, clear and in-

vigorating and it is with a sense of supreme complacency that I gaze with rapture over the jade-colored surface of the old Persian Gulf.

"Our boat is of single deck construction, the product of the ancient skill of hand-made water craft. The overall length is some fifty feet, with a width of fifteen feet. Forward, just back of the bow, is an open cockpit ten feet square containing two goats, a charcoal stove, several cooking utensils for preparing food for the boat's crew, and a native cook. The crew live on their boats (this one hired from Kanoo, a Bahrein merchant) and carry their household with them. Just ahead of the middle section is another similarly sized cockpit for the gasoline engine, the stern half being a flat deck, protected from the sun by a woven, canvas canopy. The captain sits in a squatting position at the very stern and takes his turn at steering the craft by the use of a short pole fastened to the stem of a wooden rudder. The crew consists of four — captain (part time steersman), deck hand, engineer and steersman — all native, barefooted and partially clothed in what might once have been white cotton garments. With us are a few others going to Bahrein, including a man who has a very bad tooth that will be removed by a dentist in Bahrein.



Picturesque Arab dhow

"The water is very calm and almost breathtaking in its greenish iridescence. The Gulf is shallow in many places and coral reefs and sand bars are visible even to a considerable depth as we sweep over them.

"The captain is a character study — grey beard, leathery, deeply wrinkled skin with cheerful countenance and disposition. His stained teeth show in unpleasant detail each time he

smiles or talks, which is frequently. He has sailed these waters all of his life and is a dominant part of this land of the Arabs and the waters of the historic Persian Gulf.

"Arabia fades into the background; small islands a few miles from our course are passed and left behind. Bahrein Island, its shore lined with palm trees bearing their bounteous harvest of dates, is not far distant. At this hour in the



Manama

afternoon the sun reflects on the white buildings of Manama (Bahrein Island's principal port) which timidly poke their roofs above the water's edge, making the picture 'Middle Eastern' in a realistic sense. The breeze is lulling, cool and refreshing — the hot, tiring days of summer can almost be thought of as a bad dream, although there is no doubt as to their existence.

"A few moments ago a struggling, low powered launch passed, towing a heavy steel barge loaded with supplies for our camp. This is material shipped from San Francisco, requiring sixty days to make the long journey via the different water routes. Ocean vessels transship their cargoes at Bombay to Persian Gulf steamers and they, in turn, unload here onto barges.

"Slipping unobtrusively past, a full-sailed boat just hailed us. The sun shining on the bulging sail, white spray falling away from the bow, gives a peaceful aspect to the marine picture.

"When we left our pier at Al Khobar, the boat captain tossed a plug overboard to which was attached a fishing hook, hoping to add a fish to the boat's larder before reaching Manama. At this writing, no scaly denizen of the gulf has become sufficiently curious of the wiggling lure to in-

vestigate by biting.

"In contrast to the colorful native sailing boats, a British-India steamer from Bombay is anchored off Bahrein Island, black smoke drifting lazily away from its single stack. The shallow water makes an anchorage close to the shore prohibitive and cargo must be lightered to the island.



*His
Excellency
Shaikh
Abdulla
Suleiman*

"My camera is back at the bunkhouse. Perhaps had I brought it along I could capture in picture the panoramic scene spread out for miles. The clarified air makes objects visible as though seen through optical glass. We are now going up the coast of Bahrein Island, several miles off shore, but it is so clear that distant objects appear closer than they really are. The deck is only about four feet above the water and looking toward the island one sees first a slightly ruffled, sparkling field of green water, next a thin strip of brownish-grey coastal sand and immediately beyond the irregular tops of the palm trees, capped by limitless blue sky. Toward Manama dozens of sail boats are skimming about.

"Four gallant sail boats have just passed less than a stone's throw away. These boats are independent travellers, haughty and aloof. It is a gorgeous day and the surroundings provide a certain enchantment.

"I shall return to camp tonight when the sun shines elsewhere. There will be unseen beauty

in the darkness. The same clear, entrancing views will still be here but cannot actually be seen with the light gone. How true in everyday life — there is always much near us, full of meaning, thought and beauty that remains hidden until there is light to see.

"More shining sails. The fast lowering sun casts a brilliant sheen on the water, with Manama only a few minutes away. Three hours of freedom; three hours on the magic carpet; three hours of mental and visual absorption."

On November 7, 1936 the Minister of Finance, Shaikh Abdulla Suleiman, paid us a visit.

"November 7: This morning at nine o'clock the Minister of Finance arrived with a retinue of soldiers, secretaries, personal servants, etc. to pay us a visit. He had come over desert roads from Hufuf, an island town some three or four hours driving distance, where he had been conducting Government business for a few days. His Excellency is a fine looking man, intelligent, pleasant and intensely interested in all that is taking place. He has never seen an oil field and besides a personal interest in modern production methods, his eye is naturally to the financial interests of his country in the event that oil is found in sufficient quantities to make it profitable. He will be here for three days, when he plans on returning to the capital city of Riyadh."

An excerpt from notes in December 1936 follows.

"December 15: The few small towns along the coast offer the only opportunity to absorb the



Qatif market place

life of the Arab people as we are beginning to know them. Without a knowledge of their language much is lost in the way of gathering their expressions; learning of their folk tales; and getting their true impressions of things seen by them. The towns are not clean or beautiful or inviting gauged by our ideas of habitation and, if viewed



Street vendor - Qatif

entirely by our opinionated ideas, no great amount of interest can be taken in them. However, our visits are to new and strange places. We are the foreigners - we are the guests of the Arab people. Perhaps none of us in the short time we have lived among the Arabs can quite capture the complete ensemble, each of us carrying away with him only that which appeals to his particular reaction, letting escape the full value of these opportunities for enlightenment.

"This is the home of the Arabs and their mode of living differs very much from ours. They



Goat herdsman

have experienced no different methods of working nor of living and in their own way seem quite content. The poverty is pitiful; most of the



More desert people.

people can neither read nor write; tomorrow appears not to cause them speculation or worry. A small quantity of food, a few garments as protection against the sun and wind, a place of shelter, be it ever so humble - to them these few requisites of life are the provisions of Allah and if no more is forthcoming, no one should complain."

In February 1937 I had the privilege of a trip around Bahrein Island with Dr. L. P. Dame, the American doctor at the Mission Hospital on the island. Dr. Dame had spent many years administering to the Bahreinis and, on occasion, had been called to Arabia by King Ibn Saud to heal and mend members of the Royal Family. He spoke Arabic fluently. (Later he was with our company for a short while.) He was a fine man, respected and loved by all classes and had a deep devotion to the Arabs. Here is a paragraph I wrote about our day-long trip, which describes an elderly date grove attendant.

"February 15: We drove up to the main water pumping station for The Bahrein Petroleum Company. The water is drawn from wells that have been drilled to a considerable depth and supply abundant water for all purposes. A few steps from here is a woven palm branch fence, enclosing a not too productive date grove and the doctor and I walked over to it. An elderly Arab met us and the able doctor greeted him warmly with many courtesies and salaams. The old fellow was glad to see us and showed us a few crude water lifting devices for irrigating the grove. Our host of the moment was long past the age one could call sprightly and had a wen over the left eye which Dr. Dame examined. Their conversations were earnest and musical to the ear. An unkempt beard bristled from his chin; bushy eyebrows

sheltered a pair of kindly, piercing eyes and a huge hooked nose all but dwindled the rest of his face into insignificance. The absence of many teeth caverned his mouth when he talked, the roof seeming to be supported by two tarnished pillars, the remnants of a once usable set of teeth. He answered Dr. Dame's questions as to date palms, and he (Dr. Dame) translated for me."

A note from a letter I wrote in April 1937:

"April 16: The old oil field does not lend much encouragement to the efforts of the Drilling Department to find that elusive fluid. I think our Management may bring in a seismograph crew to



Wells #7 (background) & #1 (foreground)

test prospective formations before more drilling is done, unless the two or three wells now being drilled strike productive oil formations.

"Some of the married quarters are completed and two of the married men have their wives here - the first white women to make their homes on this side of the Arabian peninsula. I don't know whether it is an honor or not, although there is some distinction to it. One of the wives has a little girl two years old - will she be spoiled before she leaves! As a matter of fact, she is already. It is nice having them here, even though it does curb the trend of our conversations considerably in the mess hall and club where they have been eating until their houses are provisioned."

In July 1938 I was assigned to Bahrein Island for a week to relieve Bill Forker, our representative, who was sent to The Bahrein Petroleum Company's camp to rest and relax. He lives in a staff house overlooking the distant Arabian jebel and the closer adjacent water front, smells and

all. Late one afternoon, after finishing the day's business in the torrid office, I went out on the balcony just as the sun was disappearing in the west. Possibly I was a bit teched by the heat. Anyway, I got a pencil and paper and this was the result.

"July 14: Slowly, ever so slowly, the burning sun creeps into the humid, westernly mists that rise like steam from the Persian Gulf. For hours the heat has been stifling; yet life goes on, and in despair the red ball of torture calls a temporary halt to its cruelty, bent upon more severe and devilish punishment on another day.

"With maternal care the foggy air envelopes the powerful sun and soon portrays it bereft of its flaming tongue. Its defeat is only for the moment, as measured by Time, but now one may view its diminishing glory free from the blinding glare. How could such beauty ravish the bare earth for so many hours and then reveal itself in spherical enchantment at evening time - with its apologetic smile and lingering, hot caresses.

"Down, down, ever so slowly, descends the cruel ogre and after a while it seems to come to rest for a moment upon the bosom of the Gulf, hoping for a forgiving, understanding wave of the hand from its heat prostrated victims before becoming immersed in the waiting waters. Now huge hands clutch at its flashing sides and gently remove the scourge of the Middle East from human sight. Farewell, Oh Cruel Fiend, Farewell for the Night.

"With furled sails the proud, full-winged dhows come limping into port. Gaunt, dark skinned, scantily clad captains and crews pole their crafts through shallow waters to a night's anchorage, their tired, silhouetted figures sharply outlined against the fading colors of the evening sky.

"Foot-sore donkeys, with heavy loads, drooping heads and wagging ears, tread patiently along the deserted streets, their masters walking by their sides in measured step. Soon they may rest and relax worn bodies, for the light is waning.

"Conversing natives stroll slowly along the water front, their loose, folding garments and slapping sandals seeming to announce their momentary freedom from the daylight heat. A dis-

tressed child gives vent to a plaintive cry and is quickly comforted by its veiled mother.

"Small birds come forth from the sheltering eaves and twitter testingly for a moment before voicing their pleasure for the slight coolness that accompanies the twilight. A dog barks; a worn wheel creaks; a voice floats over the air from a distant, anchored boat; a hush descends.

"Hark! A chanting call comes echoing on the evening breeze; another and still another! From each minaret top comes the Moslem call to the evening prayer. Ablutions are quickly completed and faces turn Mecca-ward. Allah Be Praised! Allah the Merciful! Allah the All Compassionate! And the devout bow low, and kneel, and touch their foreheads to the ground — for Allah is Mighty! And tomorrow? If Allah Wills, the body, the mind, the soul will continue to endure.

"The Middle Eastern sun punishes without discrimination, but there is always the sunset — and eventide — and the darkness for rest and



Jedda street scene with water carts.

sleep for man and beast."

In the fall of 1937 I was transferred to the Jeddah Office and had the privilege of working with W. J. Lenahan, the Company's Red Sea representative. The city was still enclosed by a



Aerial view of Jeddah

wall — a city apart, struggling for recognition — the port of entry for the pilgrims — a city of despair for Hajjis returning from Mecca with funds depleted and their homelands far distant.

In March 1938 we received a coded message from Dhahran via the Saudi Arabia wireless station. I was doing the decoding. One word, then another and another. Could it be THE MESSAGE we all had wanted to receive? Yes, it was! Number 7 had struck oil in commercial quantities! Bill Lenahan and I quickly changed into the "Red Sea Kit" (white shirt, white trousers, black cummerbund, black shoes and socks) and, though it was late at night, drove to the King's Jeddah palace where His Majesty was spending a few days. We were greeted by His Excellency, Shaikh Abdulla Suleiman, and through an interpreter conveyed to the Saudi Arab Government's official



His Majesty, King ibn Saud



Jeddah staff house

the welcome news. Shaikh Abdulla said the King was resting but promised to inform him at the earliest opportunity.

Who among us could visualize with any reality the wonderful giant born that day — the reluctant father of liquid power whose offsprings would give to the Free World needed energy to be eagerly devoured for the hopeful good of mankind.

How pleasant it is to recapture events of so long ago. Especially poignant are the memories

of a period in the history of Aramco dating back to the embryonic beginning of an enterprise that has changed the lives of so many people — even nations. I have tried to glean from my copies of letter-written descriptions only highlights that may have some reader interest. The paragraphs used in this writing have not undergone editing and will not withstand much in the way of critical analysis by scholars of the English language. How well I have succeeded in conveying by the written word the things as I saw them must be left to the people who have taken the time to read these many paragraphs. Please just be the judges, not the critics. The period covered, as can be noted, is not the entire first tour of duty in Saudi Arabia. I have attempted to limit my chronicle "As it Was in the Beginning".

These many words bring to mind a Swedish story. A gay, but extremely bashful young blade had been courting a willing lass of his choice. The girl, having matrimonial intentions, had about given up in her endeavor to get him to say the magic words. On a particularly romantic evening — a warm moonlite night, so the story goes — she enticed him to stroll along the shore of a nearby lake. The combination — girl, moon and sparkling water — provided the heady nectar that dissolved

his resistance and in a moment of weakness, he blurted out, "Belinda, will you marry me?" Belinda, bless her rapidly pulsating heart, employed feminine hesitancy and then coyly replied, "Yes Ole, I will". An extended period of silence ensued, broken only when she nervously said, "Ole, why don't you say something?" Ole made answer by saying, "I tink I say too much already".

Perhaps I too have said too much already — so with a lifetime of regret at not having one of those BS's, or MS's, or Ph.D's so I could do a better job of writing, I shall bring this contribu-

Keep Them Fresh

We read an article not long ago about caring for cut flowers so they would last longer and picked up a few new tips on how to add to their life and enjoyment. You probably know all there is to know on the subject, but just in case. . . .

Most important is to wash the container with soap and water before using, to remove any bacteria. If not controlled, bacteria rapidly multiply and clog the water conducting vessels of the flowers, causing them to wilt before they have reached a mature state.

Cut the flower stems with a sharp knife or sharp shears. A fresh cut absorbs water freely, and the cut may be either on a slant or straight across.

Remove any foliage that will be below water. Submerged foliage decays and hastens cut flowers fading.

Always use hot water — 110 degrees (about bath temperature). Place the stems in the hot water and let it cool naturally. Hot water moves easier and faster in the stem than cold water and probably clears the stem of air bubbles. Deep water is not necessary, but be certain the base of the stem is covered.

After placing the flowers in hot water, wrap a piece of paper around the bunch to prevent rapid air movement over the flowers and reduce

tion to Al-Ayyam Al-Jamila to a close. Thanks for the ride and God Bless all of you, and may your retirements be happy rewards for your years of labor.

RALPH WELLS

Note: There are extra copies available of many past issues of AAAJ in the event you have missed any or desire additional copies.

water loss. The flowers should become perky and completely turgid in about two hours and ready to be arranged. They will continue to take up water. If a flower wilts at any time, remove it and repeat the treatment.

Using a commercial flower food in the water helps (after it cools or in the replacement when arranging). Such foods are composites of sugar, acidifiers that prevent bacterial growth, and a mild fungicide that kills fungi.

Whenever possible, keep flowers cold when not in use. A 30° to 35° temperature keeps flowers longer than higher temperatures. The longer they are kept near this temperature, the longer they will last. Placing them in a cold room or refrigerator at night will double their life.

Although the article didn't say, the authors no doubt were talking primarily to those blossom-hungry city folks who are fortunate to receive special occasion bouquets from the florist now and then, shedding a silent tear when their flowers soon wither. No mention was made of the lovely freshly picked flowers from a dooryard garden, home grown naturally with no force, and placed in fresh water only moments after cutting. We would assume, however, that the warmer water would flow more freely into any cut stem, regardless of the time since cutting — and the clean container would always be in order.

Tom McMahan

Been to a one man art show lately? One of our fellows recently gave a unique show, heralded as "Exhibicion de Construcciones por Tom McMahan, Palma de Mallorca." Our thanks for the first clue which came from Henry Perry, then Tom sent us more information in the thought it might be of interest to AAAJ readers. As some of you no doubt know, Tom has shown his works in many collective exhibitions and they are included in private collections in countries throughout the world. The one man show proved such a success that Tom says he's arranging for further shows in Madrid and other large cities in Europe. Of this one The Majorica Daily Bulletin's "Talk of The Town" (by H. J. Greenberg) reported the following and described Tom as

A SCIENTIFIC ARTIST

At the Circulo de Bellas Artes, the new exhibition by the U.S. artist, Tom McMahan, has opened with great success.

An impressive crowd of visitors and admirers came to the opening, and all were intrigued and fascinated by his special kind of art which includes a number of varied mobiles. Most impressive were his tiny bird mobiles, which seemed almost to fly.

It was a world where geometry served the artist, and in a spectacular, three-dimensional manner Tom McMahan achieved an art-form which is distinctive, harmonious and strangely moving. In a very colourful and original way, it seemed to be embodying principles of motion and patterns of science.

Tom McMahan is an American who had been living and working as an artist in California, and later spent 15 years in Saudi Arabia.



Now he has made Majorca his permanent home. His wife, Vera, is also an artist.

Who can ever fathom the inner thoughts of an artist? As an embryonic art-student, I had sought to pierce some of the mysteries with the great Japanese painter Juniyoshi, at the Art Students League of New York, and later at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts in Paris. Faced with the geometric art of Tom McMahan, I went to the source.

"What I have been trying to do is something simple, personal and forceful, which will give the spectator an inner feeling of excitement," he explained.

He pointed to one of his larger, imposing works.

"Don't forget, I'm a man who has spent many years in a scientific world, and so my view of art may seem very scientific."

"If you want to put it into words," he mused, "I think you might say that I am trying to use science in the service of art."

He looked round at the exhibition of his paintings.

"Now I'd like to develop a new technique, but I'm not sure what direction I will take."

While we were speaking, a young poet Antonio Molina, walked over to us and offered us his impressions:

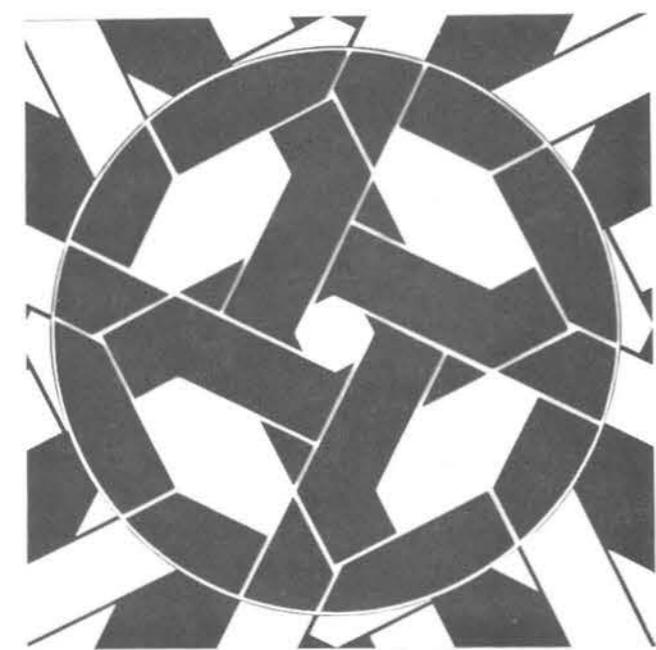
"For me, this exhibition is very important in the cultural life of Majorca and Palma.

"I think it is linked to the Brazilian Concrete movement in art and literature.

"I also see it related to the poetry of Apollinaire. The relation of his work to architecture is very interesting.

"I think this sort of art will be the basis for designs of future cities. It is definitely city art, and very contemporary. Although it may at first seem superficial, it is really very deep."

Just as he had put his thoughts into words, Soler Jove, a young Catalan artist, added his thoughts:



Tom's Painted Relief "O", done in 1966, measures 111.3 X 111.3 cm (over 3½ feet square)

"This is the most refreshing exhibition in Palma in three years.

"In Palma's art world, it is important to say different things and at the same time keep to the modern classical tradition.

"I think there is nothing in the world without geometry, and this is why Tom McMahan's exhibition is so important."

Looking round at the exhibition myself, in the very well-lighted gallery, I was struck by the three dimensional aspect of his work. Then I noticed that as I moved, the shadows cast by the mobiles moved as well, and they created an effect which was startling and original.

This was the view of Anne Baum, another American artist - "You know, people often come to see an exhibition like this, and their minds are already made up. But when they actually see it, they go away thinking differently."

Ann Baum also had these interesting things to say in her writing about Tom and his show . . .

He had an early interest in Art and has been entirely self-taught. His art interest has been very diversified. Intensive studies, research and practice were made into almost every phase of art; including sculpture, ceramics, all branches of painting, etc. His present interest and effort is toward hard edge geometric and free form painted wood relief constructions, and metal mobiles, usually using black and white or primary colors.

Tom McMahan is foremost, an inventor of geometric computations of form, color, a tireless worker, resulting in an extreme development of expression in the direction of pure aesthetic delight. As Jacques Villon said, "Art is a distillation of emotional and physical origin in which intelligence wins over intuition."

One has the feeling that creative emotion and critical sense operate almost simultaneously in these constructions. Each one is conceived with great precision, worked out and virtually com-

pleted before the actual assembling begins. His precise geometric abstractions, which ordinarily would cancel out expressions, are brought back by a tremendous sensual involvement with the actual application of his color.

His earlier work, suggesting undulating organic forms, is somewhat feminine in aspect. The more recent constructions of forms attached to a background of pure color produce a line-illuminated grandeur. The changes of light energy between the edges stimulate the eye and transcends the spectator above the rigid schematic arrangements into a kind of spell.

A completely different and utterly personal kind of assembling goes into the three meter length mobiles. The deceptive fragile paper-like appearances of the abstract shapes, color turning in and out as though trying to come to life, belie the rigidity of the metal which is used.

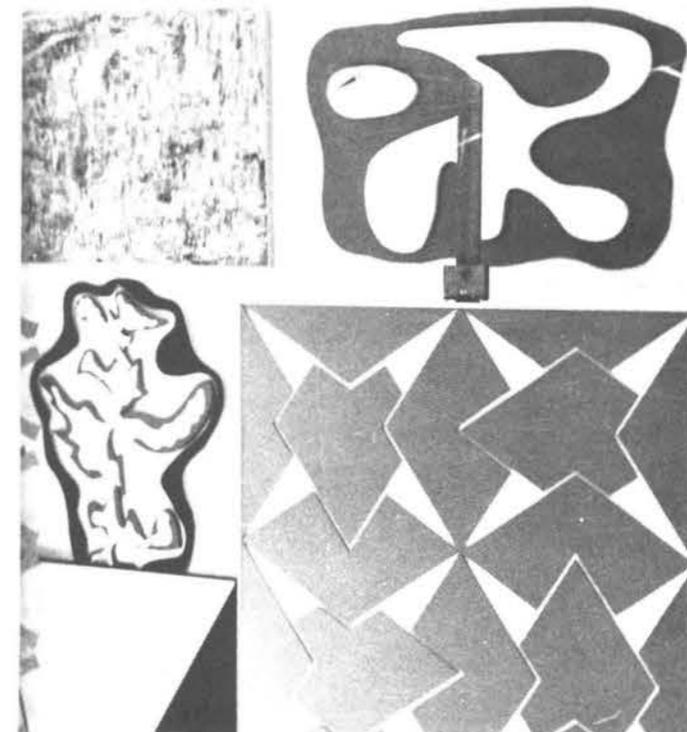
The fluid graceful movement in the bird mobiles and the probe they send out into space immediately brings to mind some of the newer designs for jet travel.

Throughout the entire exhibition one is impressed with an uncompromising conclusion that Tom McMahan is aware of and involved in the mathematics of the new art, where formal interplay is displaced with pure geometrics.

Tom McMahan creates best at night. In his studio are portfolios containing hundreds of studies in pencil, ink, oil, any medium. After much experimenting he found synthetic paints suitable for his hard edge abstractions, and uses them entirely for his final arrangements. Geometric forms, simple in line, and pure in color fascinate this artist. On the walls of his workshop, interspersed among the perfectly hung and immaculately kept tools for his craft, one also finds paintings executed by and for children.

Post Script

Some time after receiving the above, we had another note from Tom McMahan saying that he had now firmed up a one man show at the DaVinci Gallery in Madrid for the period September 22 to October 11, 1967.

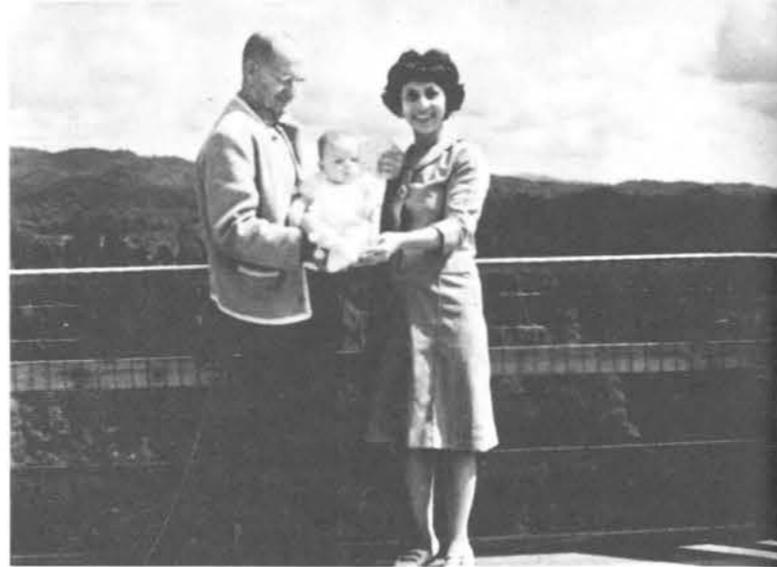


More of Tom's handiwork. It's too bad we can't reproduce them in the dramatic colors he used in creating them.



Peer (continued from page 1)

having been a member of Ras Tanura's volunteer fire squad for most of his stay in Saudi Arabia. Phil was born in Philadelphia, raised and educated in New Jersey, learned his trade with New York Shipbuilding Company, later worked for Baldwin Locomotive Company, William Sellers Machine Tool Company and as plant supervisor for the Precision Drawn Steel Mill. Phil particularly enjoyed the fishing and swimming in the Arabian Gulf, was a member of the Ras Tanura Yacht Association and the Travelers Group. Emma kept herself busy with Ras Tanura Women's Group activities and with bowling.



These are the first pictures we've had of Linda Gee with her proud parents, Casper and Sophie.

A Gee Travelogue

Our curiosity about the famous Gee lectures was satisfied recently when Casper sent us a copy of this publicity regarding a presentation to the "Pomona Valley Travelers, Incorporated."

On May 17th Casper and Sophie Gee will present colored slides and narrative on "The Never, Never Land of The Far East."

Mr. Gee, formerly with the Arabian American Oil Company in Saudi Arabia is available for lectures accompanied by colored slides on Saudi Arabia and the Arabian American Oil Company partnership. Or, he can take you on a World Tour, with beautiful colored slides dwelling mostly on Bangkok, the Jewel of the Far East.

On this trip, Mr. Gee is the official pilot and his lovely wife, Sophie, acts as co-pilot. Therefore, fasten your seat belts, sit back and relax, because many exciting and thrilling adventures are awaiting you.

Our first stop will be Bombay, where you will see the Gateway to India, the Fire Worshippers

Temple and the Hanging Gardens. Then off via Air India to New Delhi for a breathtaking look at the colorful Hindu Temple, Shri Lakshminarain. After a tour of both Old and New Delhi, we are off again by auto for Agra, with its Red Fort and the world-famous house that love build, "The Taj Mahal". Breath forgets to breathe when one first views this gorgeous structure, one of the Seven Wonders of the Ancient World. Snake charmers will charm you with their cobras, and you will see fearless Casper Gee with a python wrapped around his neck – and in return he receives a cold kiss from his charmed friend, the python. On route to Thailand, we will make a brief stopover in Rangoon, Burma. (Prior to going ashore, our cameras were taken and locked up aboard the plane until our return the next day.)

Hold your breath, for we are taking off at sunup for a beautiful view of the terrain and rice paddies of Burma.

On through the wild blue yonder for the Jewel City of the Far East, Bangkok. No other city in Southeastern Asia can compare with this beautiful

city. The sight of the many gorgeous, colorful temples will leave a permanent and fascinating impression. Words cannot precisely describe the fascination wrought by this city – its wealth of imposing temples, beautiful palaces and intriguing Floating Markets on the Klongs (rivers) – well, you'll just have to see it in order to appreciate all the beauty.

Then we will board Air Gardua and soar over the jungles into Singapore to our hotel, the famous Raffles, named after an Englishman who was an early settler in this part of the world. After a good night's rest, we take a tour of the city via Tri-Shaw – this is a real thrill to say the least. During our stopover in Singapore we visit the famous Har Par Villa Park (the Disneyland of the Far East) also known as Tiger Balm Gardens; then a never to be forgotten visit to a death house, where the aged and incurable go to spend their last days.

Here we go, again via BOAC, for Darwin and Sidney, Australia. The Zoo and Koala Bear Park will be one of our highlights here in Sidney. From Sidney, we board Pan Am for the Fiji Islands, where the movie "His Majesty O'Keefe" was filmed. You will see many pictures of the props

that were left standing when the movie was completed. We loved Fiji for its peacefulness (when earthquakes were not in season) and for its very friendly people. Fiji had at one time a population of cannibals, which Nancy, the tall and well-rounded wife of the Village Chief told us of in her perfect English.... You must not be disturbed at leaving this wonderful island – you will want to be returning someday. We will leave Fiji on a Thursday and arrive in Honolulu the next day, which will be Wednesday – just a slight change in the date line.

In Honolulu, we will stay at a hotel on Waikiki Beach, with Diamond Head as the background. We will visit Don, The Beachcomber's, with its graceful Hawaiian dancers, and of course be greeted with leis and the warm "Aloha" greeting. Hawaiians bid farewell in the same fashion, which will fill your heart with many happy and warm feelings for that tropical part of the world – "Aloha", meaning Love, remains in the thoughts of all who live and visit beautiful Oahu.

Then an overnight flight via Pan Am, and you will be back in Los Angeles. Now, Aloha, and we sincerely hope you enjoy the trip.

In Memorium

We offer heartfelt sympathy to the families of the following, whose passing is deeply felt:

- Olaf Bergan – Miami, Florida – April 16, 1967
- Howard L. Booth – Bakersfield, California – May 15, 1967
- Stuart V. Campbell – Orinda, California – April 26, 1967
- Rose Diaz (Mrs. Anthony) – Lemont, California – April 12, 1967
- Arthur C. Hamilton – Capetown, Union of South Africa – June 3, 1967
- Isabelle Krieg – Santa Monica, California – April 20, 1967
- J. H. McDonald – LaJolla, California – April 21, 1967
- Glenn Orr – Lawrenceville, Illinois – March 23, 1967

Mail Call!

The following changes and additions should be used in conjunction with and to supplement the Fall 1966 Annuitants Annual Address List and the Mail Call changes published in the September, December and March issues:

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