

Al-Ayyam Al-Jamila

" These Pleasant Days "

SUMMER 1978

Vol. 22, No. 2



VICE PRESIDENT

DROWLEY

RETIRES

Ends 30-Year Career

GIBERT C. DROWLEY, Aramco Vice president, Mechanical Services Organization, departed for retirement on May 31, after completing over 30 years of service with the company.

Drowley joined Aramco in early 1948 after a five-year stint working for the Department of Social Security in the State of Washington and two years in the service. He received his B.S. degree in Chemical Engineering from the University of Washington and his M.S. degree in the same discipline from the University of Texas.

He started his career with Aramco when its headquarters was in San Francisco. A short time later he came to Saudi Arabia on a special assignment in which he did some process work on the old stabilizers in Dhahran.

Drowley's wife, Viola ("Vi" as all her friends know her), joined him in Saudi Arabia in 1952.

After completing the work on the stabilizers, Drowley worked on the survey crew laying out the Saudi Arab Government Railroad that was

built from Dammam to Riyadh.

After the nine-month assignment in Saudi Arabia, Drowley returned to the U.S. and moved to the New York office for a brief period to work on the design for the Abqaiq Gas Injection Plant, and then was transferred back to Saudi Arabia to construct the plant.

In 1954, with construction of the plant completed, Drowley transferred to the Mechanical Services Organization in Abqaiq and has remained in that organization ever since; he was made vice president, Mechanical Services, in 1973.

Golf has occupied some of Drowley's leisure hours in Saudi Arabia. Both he and his wife are avid world travelers and enjoy reading.

The couple's travel plans on the way home included two weeks of hiking in the mountains of Austria and Switzerland and a week or so visiting friends in the New York-New Jersey area.

Contact address for the couple is:
2402 Ecuadorian Way, Apt. 52, Clearwater,
Fla., 33515.

PERCY SUNDSTROM

Concludes 40-Year Oil Industry Career



Helen and Percy Sundstrom

PERCY B. SUNDSTROM, acting superintendent of the Construction Materials Division, culminated over 40 years of work in the oil industry at the end of June, when he left Saudi Arabia with his wife, Helen, bound for retirement.

Sundstrom joined Aramco in 1962 after 24 years of experience working for Aramco shareholder companies; his career in the oil

industry actually dates back to 1938 when he joined the Standard Oil Development Co. at the Bayway Refinery at Bayway, N.J. He came to the industry with a B.S. degree in Mechanical Engineering from the Polytechnic Institute of Brooklyn, N.Y.

The Maintenance and Shops Department in Ras Tanura is where Sundstrom began his Aramco career as a maintenance engineer assigned to coordinate maintenance activities at the refinery. About six months later, his duties as a maintenance engineer shifted to testing and inspection planning.

From April 1966 to February 1967, Sundstrom was acting Shops superintendent, still in the Maintenance and Shops Department. With the acting assignment completed, he transferred to Dhahran where he was made a standardization analyst in the Materials Control Department.

Six years after he joined Dhahran's Materials Control Department, Sundstrom was promoted to the position of supervisor in the Forecasting Unit of the Project Construction Services Department. He remained at that post for the better part of two years, and then, in November of 1975, he took on the duties of his last assignment as acting superintendent, Construction Materials Division.

He and his wife have two sons who are both working in Saudi Arabia: Percy B., Jr., who is an Aramco employee in the Estimating Unit in Ras Tanura; and Peter D., who is based here with Fluor Corp.

The couple plans to vacation in Switzerland, Sweden and Scotland before making their way back to the U.S. They are seriously considering settling down in the southeast part of the country and doing some golfing and boating but, since plans are not yet firm, they have directed their mail to be sent c/o General Delivery, Prosperity, South Carolina 29127.

Retirement Locale

Undecided



Opal and Ancil Ball

ANCIL BALL, a materials forecaster in the Abqaiq Maintenance Department, left Saudi Arabia on April 2, after spending almost fifteen years with Aramco.

Ancil and his wife, Opal, visited Egypt, Kenya and Europe before heading for the States. They are undecided whether their retirement location will be in Tennessee or Connecticut. In the meantime they may be contacted in care of A. W. Chambers, 1420 Creekwood Drive, Knoxville, Tennessee 37918.

The GRAHAMS

Will

Launch New Career

WILLIAM F. GRAHAM, systems designer in the Material Systems and Inventory Division of the Materials Planning Department, left Saudi Arabia on April 30 this year, culminating over 32 years in the petroleum industry — 25 of which were with Aramco.

Bill was born and educated in Akron, Ohio, graduating with a degree in Business Administration from the University of Akron in 1942. The next three years were spent in the U.S. Army in the South Pacific area — during World War II.

In 1946 Graham began his business career as an accountant for Standard Oil Company of California; he transferred to Aramco in 1953. Bill spent his first six months as an accountant in Uthmaniya. Early in 1954 he transferred to Abqaiq where he was soon joined by his family — wife, Hazel; son, Bill, Jr.; and daughter, Sharon. Years later both children graduated from Abqaiq Jr. High School.

Graham transferred, in 1963, to Dhahran as a methods and measurement analyst in Office Services Department; where he worked until 1972 before joining the Purchasing and Traffic Department. Here he was systems designer and supervisor of services. In 1974 Graham was assigned to the position from which he retired.

Hazel and Bill spent their leisure-time in many ways. Both were active in volleyball; Hazel played until 1972, and Bill claims the distinction of being a charter member of the Dhahran Volleyball Association, its president for five years, and at the time of retirement, its oldest active player. The Grahams were members of Dhahran Protestant Fellowship, its choir, and the community

chorus. Bill belonged to the auto club, kennel club, and the inter-district council. Hazel was involved in theater activities and enjoyed needlework when time permitted.

William Graham, Jr., is married, teaches high school for the Department of Defense on Midway Island and expects to transfer to the Philippines in September.

Daughter Sharon, formerly a high school teacher in New Jersey, is living in London with her husband, Craig B. Tate, and the couples 1½ year-old son Christopher Graham Tate.

Enroute to their home in Phoenix, Bill and Hazel Graham planned a stop in Amsterdam to place Sheikha in a kennel, then on to London to visit Sharon and Craig and their little grandson, then back to Amsterdam to visit friends and to retrieve their dog, and finally to fly direct to their home in Phoenix.

Following the arrival of their shipment and the big job of "settling in", they'll look for attractive employment, either seasonal or full time. They haven't quite decided, but they are interested in the travel industry. They also plan to do some more traveling themselves, within the U.S. and to some of the countries they missed during their previous travels.

Their contact address is: 5111 E. Calle Redonda, Phoenix, Arizona 85018.

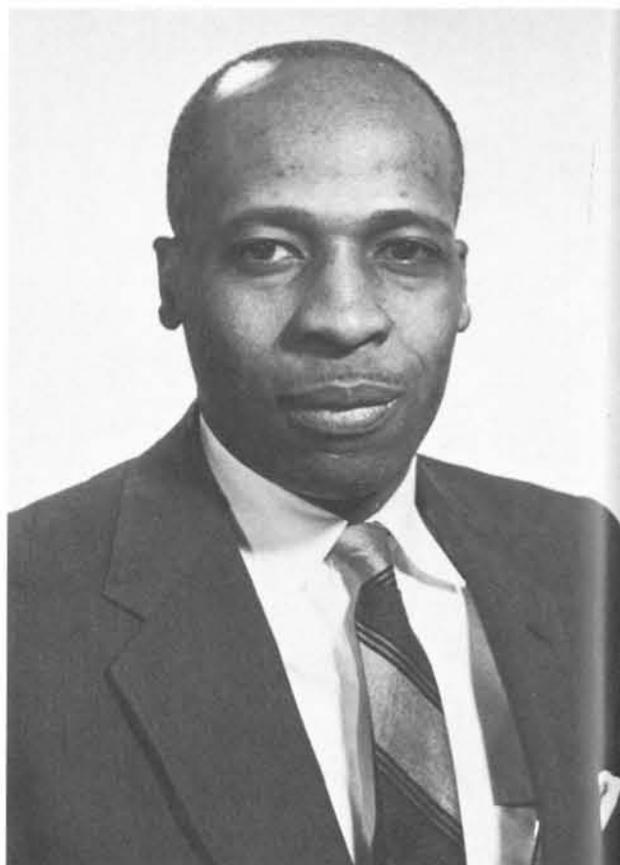
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BIGGERSTAFF

Retired in May

SILVESTER L. BIGGERSTAFF, who began his Aramco service in May 1952, departed Dhahran with his wife, Helen, bound for retirement. They planned to travel to Sarasota, Florida, but at the time of their departure, they did not have a contact address. If the Biggerstoffs write to us before the next issue, we will include their address.

Vari-Talented AL PROVIDENCE Retires



Al Providence

ULYSSES ALLEN PROVIDENCE, dark-room technician, completed almost thirty years service — all of it in Aramco's New York office.

Al was born in Portsmouth, Virginia, and grew up and attended school in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. Providence played high school football and his 1931 team won the Pennsylvania State conference championship — the same year that Al was selected "All-State End." He also studied for two and one-half years at Tuskegee Institute in Alabama and was a member of its varsity football team.

Before joining Aramco, Al worked for five years with the Harrisburg Hotel, then spent eight years working on military aircraft — first as a civil service employee at Dow Field Army Air Base in Bangor, Maine. Providence then joined the U.S. Army Air Force as assistant flight engineer; after discharge he again worked as a civilian aircraft mechanic — this time with the U.S. Army Transport Service in Middletown, Pennsylvania.

While working at Dow Field in Bangor, Maine, Al submitted a suggestion to the U.S. Air Force that they relocate the hydraulic reservoir on all C-45 aircraft for improved accessibility. A few years later he received an award and a written commendation from the Air Material Command Committee on Suggestions, Wright-Patterson Air Force Base, Dayton, Ohio, signed by Brigadier General D. F. Stace, advising that his suggestion had been adopted throughout the Air Material Command and the relocation of the hydraulic reservoir had been accomplished on all C-45 aircraft; the commendation further advised that his suggestion had eliminated hours of previously wasted time. He was commended for his interest and initiative.

Al's ingenuity did not stop there, for he is an inventor as well, and is the holder of a U.S. patent for a turnbuckle jig especially adapted for use in adjusting tension of wires, control cables, etc., in aircraft. Al has also designed and perfected devices which he uses in his photographic work.

Prior to 1974 the *Al-Ayyam Al-Jamila* was printed in the New York office and Al was responsible for the photo reproduction work, and as Virginia Klein (previous editor) has stated, Al is a "performer of minor miracles in Aramco's photo lab." He sometimes submitted his own photography which Mrs. Klein used to illustrate her stories.

Al and his wife, Martha, have two daughters, nine grandchildren, two great-grandchildren, and are the godparents to four youngsters. The family is very active in the affairs of their church — St. Phillips Baptist Church on Staten Island. Al is minister of music, organist and organizer of the church's senior gospel choir.

Martha has been business manager for this choir, *The Guiding Light Singers*, for twenty-four years. The group travels and gives concerts.

Al has many interests, and it is a sure thing that he will be very active in retirement. He enjoys interior decoration, working with his hands on wood and machinery, and of course, photography.

Providence is also a member of the *Brown Bombers* — a social and athletic association on Staten Island. This is an organized body of former athletes concerned with the development of the youth in the community — young people of all races — who participate in supervised sports activities and competitions and who receive community recognition for their achievements.

Retirement for Al means being more and more involved in all of these activities. As we write this, Al is rehearsing for a mid-July gospel concert to be performed in Syracuse, New York. Planned for the end of this summer is a trip to Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, to attend the John Harris High School class reunion — the 45th anniversary of graduation.

There are times though when you will find the Providence family at home: 12 Maple Avenue, Staten Island, New York 10302.

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BOB, THE GLOBETROTTER



Bob The Globetrotter enjoys his work

RETIRED-BUT NOT *really!*

Robert W. Payne, known to our readers as "Bob, The Globetrotter," retired about eighteen years ago and has been busy ever since.

But, keeping occupied and active has apparently never been difficult for Bob, for, from the time he was a young lad, he worked at all sorts of jobs. Bob grew up on his father's ranch at the edge of the Warner Mountains in Northern California where he worked cattle and rode mustangs, and did farm and ranch chores until he was sixteen. He spent his sixteenth summer as a fire lookout in Modoc National Forest which bordered the Payne ranch along two miles of its east boundary.

A move to Berkeley, California, to finish high school and attend college took Bob away from the ranch, and summer recesses generally

found him hard at work. Three vacations were spent felling trees for a lumber company, a subsequent summer he was assigned to Crissy Field with the Air Corps Reserve, and there was a memorable summer when he drove a four-horse team for a construction company.

Bob graduated from the University of California at Berkeley earning a degree in Business Administration, with a minor in Engineering, and a commission in the Air Corps Reserve. The world was at his feet! Or, was it? This was 1929 and the beginning of the great depression. But, Bob was lucky; he found employment as a purchasing agent which took him through those lean years, and in 1935 he joined Pan American Airways where he did everything but fly.

In 1944, Bob joined Aramco, and a year-and-a-half later he accepted a "temporary" assignment in Saudi Arabia which lasted fifteen years. It was during these years that Bob earned the title of "Globetrotter." There are few places that the Paynes have not visited. Bob says the only places he has not traveled are the North and South Poles, Siberia, South Africa and Indonesia.

It seemed natural, therefore, when boredom set in four months after retirement in 1960, for Bob to enter the travel business.

This brings us to the whole thrust of this article. We can say without hesitation that Payne is not *really* retired. Bob spent fifteen years in the travel business — five, as half owner in a large agency in the San Joachin Valley, and ten in his own agency in Los Altos. Bob retired once more only to become bored again.

In a rather amusing way Payne found himself with a new job — but, we'll let him tell it. "Six buses pass through the Rancho shopping center every hour, one-half block from where I live, and no one could tell me where they went, so I began riding these buses to find out where they went, and I ended up working for the outfit half-time. Now I am working as 'Transit Advisor'

for the Los Altos Mountain View area and am happy again."

We asked Bob to tell us about being a transit advisor, and he sent us a copy of the monthly newsletter put out by the Mountain View Parks and Recreation Department for the Senior Center.

We quote:

"Transit Advisor, Bob Payne, has been with the Senior Adult Program for a number of years. He offers some very specialized services.

"First of all, anyone, of *any* age, can call Mr. Payne and request information as how to reach a specific location by public transit. Mr. Payne will carefully explain the bus to be taken, the time, and the location, plus any transfers involved. He will also explain just as carefully how to make the return trip.

"Bob Payne is also interested in learning how the public transit services are affecting the users. He wants to know how to make the service better. Each month he attends a Transit District meeting and takes with him the complaints, suggestions, and compliments that customers relay to him. If there is a need that is not being met and that can POSSIBLY be met under the restrictions of buses and funds, he will work diligently to have that happen.

"He is the liaison between the Transit District and the Mountain View/Los Altos customers. It is his job to concentrate on routes, services and assistance of every kind. He conducts familiarization tours for people who have never traveled on public transportation before. His aim is to make transportation accessible to everyone who can use it."

In addition to this fine service, older adults may ride free at certain times, and for ten cents at other times, and Bob sees to it that eligible folks are provided with identification cards. This is such a fine service, and this item may give our readers an idea to start such a venture in their own community.

Bob spends about four hours a day on his transit work and sometimes longer, but he still finds time to pursue his other interests. We know one of these is verse writing, but not just for pleasure — for he receives commissions to prepare

verses for anniversaries, retirements, other special occasions, and advertising projects; he has had about thirty such assignments in the last two years. He also carries on limited consultations for two travel offices and still finds time to enjoy various craft projects.



Bob and Quisty Payne

We cannot end this without telling you just a little about another project — a fifty-year labor of love and adventure — running down stories, researching old records, and investigating the geological structures of the area of a lost gold mine. Bob accumulated all this information and put it into a booklet, *Holden Dick — The Lost Mine In The Warner Mountains of California*, which he had printed and published in 1975.

But, as we say in Texas, "Y'all have to read the book, 'cause that's a whole 'nother story."

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1978 REUNION

Reservations have flooded in since the printing of the last Al Jamila. Many requests have been answered for extra reservation forms, and by all indications, there will be many second generation Aramcons attending. We have received many kind notes of encouragement which are very much appreciated. Our real estate business here has been very active and it seems we are always on the go — and living so close to Camelback Inn has helped us keep on top of things. The new plan of pre-arranged seating for the Banquet has been well received and the response has been good. Hopefully, more than half of the attendants will have been assigned tables before arriving, greatly simplifying this job.

The following information has been provided to us by "Camelback Caravans", the operators of the tour being offered from 1 - 4 p.m. on Saturday, September 16.

SOUTHWESTERN FLAVOR — a perfect combination of the Mexican/western mood captures this exciting Caravan designed for both men and women. Starting at the front circle, you'll be met by professional hostess-commentators dressed in western attire who will greet you to begin this action-packed look at the southwest aboard a modern, air-conditioned bus.

Our route winds through the exquisite home areas high on Camelback Mountain and includes a view of the Avalor Ridge Castle, as well as an Indian Reservation. You will be spellbound by contrasting Arizona!

On to Spanish Village at famous Carefree where your mood will turn Mexican. The route to Carefree has been described by National Geographic as, "the most beautiful desert drive in the world." Enjoy the compelling view as you learn all about cactus — Arizona claims one-fifth of earth's entire supply!

Next, sip your favorite "sasparilla" as you wander through the unique boutiques of Carefree before reboarding the bus where you will be entertained with stories of the legendary Lost Dutchman Mine. — Price \$13.00 per person.

WE'LL SEE YOU ALL IN SEPTEMBER!!

Darcie and Jim Felter
4020 N. 54th Place
Phoenix, Arizona 85018

Letters from here, there and Everywhere

Dear Readers:

*Poca Bella Farm
Front Royal, Virginia*

I promised to write after the Garden Tour of our home was well over with and we could sit back and relax.

What a lovely Spring we had here at our Poca Bella Farm. It seems the many frustrating months of hard work, trials and tribulations trying to restore this old structure, have all finally paid off.

The Garden Club of Virginia asked us to please open our home during Historic Garden Week. Needless to say, my answer was a big "NO". After a few visits and many phone calls — during a weak moment we agreed to go ahead.

So much had to be done to prepare for this big occasion, especially since we went South and stayed all winter, and did not return to Virginia until the first of April. We worked like beavers!

All of a sudden we had less than a week before the tour. I honestly felt in my heart I would dismiss it from my mind and perhaps the unfinished chores would disappear. I strongly considered running away — instead, some beautiful people came to our rescue. Up went the shutters, front stoop added on, shrubs put in, grounds manicured, house spotless, the tumbled down chicken house — slumped over directly in front of our door practically — torn down at last, and grass seed sowed!

Late Friday night, our seven houseguests and the worn-out Smiths were ready for the big weekend — Saturday a.m.

It was indeed a smashing success; at the end it was worth every bit of blood, sweat and tears that went into this structure. There were people all over our 350 acres looking at everything, admiring the river, the mountains, and our lovely old historical home.

I was one of the seven hostesses. I donned my lovely ornate velvet Arab gown and proceeded to take everyone on a grand tour, sharing all my junk that I had collected over thirty years — describing each piece of my collection and loving every minute of it. A good time was had by all.

We are on the map of Virginia now. Poca Bella Farm — come see us. We miss our Aramco friends so much, although some have stopped by for a visit, as we are only 45 minutes from Dulles Airport.

Sincerely,
*Rosemary and
Richard J. Smith*

Along with the Smiths' interesting letter, they enclosed newspaper clippings from the *Northern Virginia Daily* and the *Front Royal-Warren Sentinel*. Both papers described the Smith home as one of the most historically significant homes in Warren County, Virginia. *Poca Bella Farm* was originally called *Clifton* and its history began in 1828 when the original owner, William R. Ashby, sold the acreage to Verlinda Northcraft King, who years later — 1847 — sold it to her son, Colonel Isaac Newton King. It is believed that the Colonel built the large brick home; it is in this home that

he and his wife lived for 40 years and raised their six children. Colonel King, who received his title from the Virginia Militia, became a successful businessman after the Civil War; he operated a store, a sawmill, a flour mill and founded the county's first bank. His wife was, for a time, the president of the local Women's Christian Temperance Union.



Lovely and historical "Poca Bella Farm"

Today, the outside of *Poca Bella* is said to be very much the same as it was in the Colonel's day. Our Aramco friends, the Smiths, surely must have done a lovely restoration. In addition, the tour visitors received an unexpected bonus once they were beyond the front door, for the interior has been described as "a treat for the eyes." We quote from the *Front Royal-Warren Sentinel* dated April 27, 1978: "The present owners have furnished it with Middle East treasures accumulated while living for 24 years in Saudi Arabia.

"All exposed woodwork throughout the house was restored by Mr. and Mrs. Smith and each room is accented by copper and brass pieces, some extremely old and rare.

"In the family room Mrs. Smith displays copper plates from Persia, some signed and dated. There are several chests, some called money chests, and other larger ones called Mecca chests.

"In the living room is a lovely rosewood game table. One wall displays a stunning screen in hand carved gold leaf, depicting a wildlife scene.

"Many pictures of Arabian life and people are used to accent Poca Bella Farm. Also on



The family room at "Poca Bella"

display is a handsome sword of Damascus steel with silver sheath and hilt.

"Upstairs is a bed out of the 'Arabian Nights', standing high off the floor; it is reached through little gate-like doors."



Richard and Rosemary Smith with their 3-year-old granddaughter, Nicole.

All in all, a lovely home, wouldn't you say! We thank the Smiths for sharing their home with the readers of *Al-Ayyam Al-Jamila*, and we are sure the tour visitors appreciated the opportunity to see one of their area's historical treasures. The proceeds from the tour are used for restorations to historic grounds and gardens by the Garden Club of Virginia.

But, Poca Bella is not just another pretty face; it is a working farm where the Smiths breed Charolais cattle (a French breed of large white cattle — a handsome animal used primarily for beef and crossbreeding).

Statesville, North Carolina

Thank you so much for the Girl Scout Engagement Calendar! A very pleasant surprise! I always enjoyed those we had while we were in Arabia, and I am delighted to have this one.

I want to thank you too, for your nice, comforting note when Russell passed away. It helps so much to hear from friends at such a time — and I did receive messages then and at Christmas time following. The notes were read and reread and some found their way into my special album.

The annuitant's magazine is welcomed eagerly and I do enjoy the letters especially, and to find out who is living where. I read with great interest, Tex Ryan's letter and the recent one from Earl and Louise Johnson. Both families were our friends, among many others, and I still think of them all and love them.

What a happy time visiting four families after the reunion in Monterey. My first visit to California and Texas and what a joy to see Irene Collins Stiegrad and Gabor, the Creston Hoods, the Seips and Camerons.

I took off from work (I help care for elderly people) traveling by train, car, bus and taxi! I met interesting people, including the young woman with a young child strapped on her back, who lived in a teepee in West Virginia! I've heard from her several times since then. And at the Reunion! Sharing tears, kisses and hugs with so many dear friends. I hope to see many of them again this year. In Shallah.

I am presently living in town in the house my mother lived in as a small girl. I couldn't manage our house in the country after Russell had to go to a rest home but we had ten happy years there. He was in the rest home seven years before he died. I worked at the Consolidated High School in that rural area for five years as a substitute teacher and later as a teacher aide in special education.

I drive out each Sunday to the little country church organized in 1801 and consider myself very blessed to be the teacher of the adult class and to play for services.

I think now I should probably move to a

small place, with less yard to keep. I am about surrounded with trees, flowers and flowering shrubs and some family should have it who can keep things properly trimmed. Things grow fast in North Carolina! In the meantime, the two outside cats and four kittens, the squirrels, rabbits and birds of all kinds, are enjoying the many hiding places.

My son and his family come as often as they can and we talk frequently on the telephone. Real happiness is hearing them drive up the driveway, and seeing how much the grandchildren have grown!

Betty, you said, "Write sometime!" and I have taken you at your word, and have enjoyed the writing.

My best wishes, and again my thanks for the Calendar. I am already enjoying it. Hope to see you in September!

Sincerely,

Brownie White
(Mrs. Russell White)

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Pomona, California

Linda, my twelve year old daughter and I are always delighted to receive all the Aramco publications; especially the quarterly issues of the *Al-Ayyam Al-Jamila*. They are most precious and valuable to both of us, and we eagerly and avidly read them!

Linda is graduating from Grammar School this year, and I am teaching in the elementary schools of the Unified Bonita School District. We shall be looking forward to seeing you at the reunion in September.

Sincerely,

Pepsie Gee
(Mrs. Casper T.)

San Francisco, California

Just a note to give you my new address for the Aramco publications.

I had been living in a garden patio apartment but it was too lonesome, cold and dark. I have a beautiful one now. It faces west and I am on the 7th floor and have a marvelous view of the ocean and the tip of Marin County, and I can see the liners and the wonderful sunsets.

I am enjoying this wonderful retirement and do not miss that rat race. I am busy seeing old friends and family and time passes so fast I cannot believe I have been gone a year and a half. Thank you for your nice article on my retirement.

The J. B. Waltons were here last fall and we had a nice chat and luncheon.

Ginney Zinns was here on business last of January and Ena Ayers had a dinner; Rosemary and John McAndrews joined us in a nice reunion.

I hope you are all well and my best to my ASC friends.

Sincerely,

Gene Deas

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Sun City, Arizona

As you can see, we are now back in the good old U.S. after our assignment in Kuwait. Things have been absolutely jumping since our return — what with visiting, shopping, visits to doctors, dentists, etc. Nothing too serious with the exception of my cataract surgery which I had on May 3 — coming along fine and looking forward to seeing everyone at Camelback this September — and with both eyes! Prior to that we have a trip to Colorado and Idaho for family visiting, one to Alaska in August, then back down the rut we've worn through California through the years.

See you in September.

Sincerely,

Pat and Doug Elliott

Henderson, Nevada

I'd appreciate your putting Bud Clarity on the mailing list for "Al-Ayyam Al-Jamila" and the "Aramco World Magazine". Bud was a Linguist in the Arabic language program at the Long Island Training Center, at Sidon, and in Ras Tanura, Dhahran, and Abqaiq — from the late 40's until the program was cut back in the 60's. Since then he has taught at Beloit College.

Enjoyed the news of Sammy Whipple and also the up-dating on Pete Ballard.

Sincerely,

Larry Emigh

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Riyadh, Saudi Arabia

I must apologize for not writing to you sooner but the Arab World has a way of being an In Shalla thing.

I am now getting all the publications and sharing them here with other people.

I was so hoping to get to the reunion this year, but it appears that I may be signing another contract and probably won't be home until Christmas. Such is the way of life for an overseas worker.

I've been hearing from Ken Overton and he tells me he has been up to see you. He's a great guy. Wish he would visit us out here again.

I have just returned from my second post leave (the first one I went to Kenya — Nairobi, Game Parks, and then lovely Mombassa Beach.) This one I went to Nice, Paris and Geneva. I really was going to make this my last big trip and come home but I have been transferred to the Power Plant and maybe, just maybe, I will be able to make another year here. The next three months should tell the story. Had some delightful experiences on my trips though. Sure enjoyed the animals — even got a picture way up close of a big honest-to-goodness LION.

Warmest wishes,

Violet Marotta Dodge

We received a short and obviously hurriedly-written note from Courtland G ("Bill") Bailey telling us that he was packing like mad and was off to Nigeria. He told us he'd write if he ever should slow down.

Sure enough, about one week later, we received a card from Bill and another note; but, it is obvious that he has not slowed down.



Coastal Scene, Badagri, Nigeria

Kaduna, Nigeria

Plenty of green here and not too hot. Power is short here and the lights go off now and then.

They have tiny toads — frogs — here about the size of your little fingernail. Everything here grows like mad. (*Except those little frogs.*) I guess I will see most of Nigeria as I'll travel a lot. Please keep my U.K. address, but can you send a few things to me here.

Sincerely,

Just Plain Bill Bailey

Just Plain Bill? Two Different Views

Along with his letter Bill sent us a clipping from the International Herald Tribune. It seems that Maryland Attorney General Francis Boucher Burch wants to change his middle name to Bill, but according to state law must publish his intent weekly for three weeks to give any opponents an opportunity to file objections to the proposed name change.

Well, Baltimore attorney Leonard Kerpelman took the opportunity and made his feelings quite clear. Kerpelman's petition against the name change reads, "The nickname or friendly appellation 'Bill' conjures up visions of a friendly, down-to-earth, palsy, all-American-boy type of fellow; one who is easy to get along with, comradely and in possession of the common touch. But, Burch," he adds "is arrogant, tyrannical, snobbish and vile-tempered."

We have not learned whether Burch was allowed the name change, nor have we heard his opinion of Kerpelman.

Who said, "What's in a name?" Any comments from all you wonderful fellows named Bill? After reading this, you have a reputation to live up to.

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Concord, California

What a thrill it must have been for you Betty, to visit Saudi Arabia especially with Mr. Hoover who had seen it all from the beginning.

When I read the paper from Arabia, I just marvel at what has happened. People from here who have not been there, can't imagine it all. So glad that you were able to go under such wonderful circumstances.

Fondly,

Jane Ashford

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Whittier, California

As of August 1st I'll be moving to Mineral Wells, Texas. My wife Catherine passed away last August 29, (1977) and I've finally decided to sell my home and move down near my oldest daughter. Am quitting my job, making a trip up thru Canada to see my wife's relatives, then going down to Texas. So would you please change my mailing address temporarily. (*See Mail Call*)

Thanks,

Albert O. Schenk

Charlotte, North Carolina

We were so pleased to get the Girl Scout Calendar. Thank you so much.

Our daughters, two of them, were in Brownies and Scouts in Abqaiq, and Mary was an assistant scoutmaster.

Charlotte, North Carolina, is our home for another year, at which time we will move back to our home in Boone.

Mary (Mrs. Owen) is President of the Charlotte Dietetic Association and is a consultant to three hospitals. Kathleen, our oldest daughter, has finished her first year in Chemical Engineering and is on the Dean's List. Rebecca, our 2nd daughter, was chosen as high school Scholar of the Month for August for television station WSOC in Charlotte. Angela, the youngest, will enter junior high next year. I have been working with a Consulting Engineering Co.

We enjoy *Al-Ayyam Al-Jamila* and the other Aramco publications through the years, and wish we could go back for a visit.

Thank you again,
James C. Owen

○

Napa, California

I am sending my mother's change of address (Jule M. Smith). We are planning on coming to the reunion in September. I enjoy reading Mom's *Al-Ayyam Al-Jamila*. The winter issue had me on page 38 in the Nativity. Loved Mr. Whipple's scrapbook article. My brother Jack and I will really be looking forward to seeing him. I arrived in Ras Tanura in 1948. Dad retired in 1966 and passed away in 1974. Mom is fine and lives 3 minutes from my door.

Yours,
Evelyn Smith Lauritsen

Wichita Falls, Texas

We just received the wonderful Aramco publications. Really sad to see some of the deceased, but there is a lot of good information about the Aramco Family. Many thanks to you and the others involved in sending these Aramco publications.

We have been too busy to write after retiring in 1970. Tom is building another lake-side home to sell and it keeps us busy. Maybe sometime this summer I will write about our busy retirement days.

See you at the retirement party. Thanks again for the wonderful publications; we can keep up with the scattered family.

Sincerely yours,
Tom and Lucile Hauck

○

(In December 1976 issue of AAAJ, we printed David S. Dodge's letter telling us how he was with Tapline in Beirut through most of the civil war — until the end of August 1976 — when he took early retirement and then joined the Near East Foundation in New York City as its president.

Well, the Dodges are packing again and returning to Beirut.)

New York, New York

I am planning to leave the Near East Foundation at the end of June to take up the job of Vice President for Administration at the American University of Beirut in Lebanon. My wife and I are scheduled to leave for Beirut at the end of July.

I look forward to continuing to receive Aramco publications at my new address in Beirut. *(See Mail Call)*

With kind regards,

Sincerely,
David S. Dodge

Salt Lake City, Utah

I would sure like to continue receiving the Aramco publications. Several times I have thought of sending the change of address, but my desk has always been loaded with other things to do. Sorry.

We were going to move west as soon as we retired, but we were so involved in things — church, community — it was very difficult to break away. But some instinct must have seen this past terrible winter coming, and we made it out just in time.

We moved into an area where a lot of our friends live, and also we're kind of in the middle of our relatives who live in Seattle, Portland, California, New Mexico, Kansas, Montana and Idaho. We occupied our new home December 1, 1977. There are some of our old friends from Aramco near here whom we have seen a few times.

Please re-send the current magazines.

With many thanks,
Melvin P. Lemmon

○

Clarksville, Virginia

The day the G.S. calendar arrived I also received several other Aramco publications. It was late afternoon before I got around to the breakfast and lunch dishes; I was too busy reading and catching up on Aramco news to be concerned about the dishes!

A short time ago we spent a day with Eleanor and Paul Case and Dorothy and Phil Showell at the Cases' home in Lynchburg, Virginia. Dorothy and Phil were enroute from their home in Mexico to New Jersey and Maine to visit their children. We really had a great visit — stopped talking only long enough to eat Eleanor's delicious lunch.

Best wishes,
Lucy James

Lake Worth, Florida

I think of the reunion that is coming up in September at the Camelback Inn and long to go, but shall have to decline as I do not have the strength and stamina for it.

I think the Felters are very brave to take on this great task again. I know they will make it a great success. You may be sure I shall be there in spirit!

My very best wishes,
Sincerely,

Helen C. Stevens

○

Woodland Hills, California

Greetings from the *green* hills of Woodland Hills, California. It is great to be able to use the color green again after two years of drought conditions and water rationing. What is even crazier is that we have gone to the other extreme and broken all past records for total rainfall in one season this year. A few mud slides and flooded streets in our area, but we held up well under the conditions.

Sorry that we didn't get to drop you a few lines at Christmas time last year but hopefully we will make up for it this year. Time has a way of getting away from you.

We are still enjoying the leisure life of retirement. Many projects around the house keep us busy. Still keeping myself involved in bowling and golf. Bowling twice a week and staying consistent with 182 average in each league. Golfing when time permits. Not giving out handicap information until tournament time at the 1978 reunion in Phoenix.

About a month ago had a pleasant surprise, while on a shopping spree, to bump into old Aramco friends, Herb and Mae Smith, in a department store in Woodland Hills. Herb retired from Aramco in 1961. They reside in the San Fernando Valley in Van Nuys. Traded addresses and telephone numbers.

Hope to see you at the reunion in September.

Sincerely,
Bob and Helen Lehman

Tripoli, Libya

I enjoy reading about people we knew in Aramco. Although we didn't make it to the Annuitant status, we were in Tripoli during the years 1955 and 1960.

I am writing to you at this time to ask you for assistance in tracing two people whom we knew during our Aramco days. We have lost touch with them and cannot think of any other source left to us. They are Barbara (Hallett) Kelley and Herb F. Neuman (he worked in Public Relations, Dhahran, from about 1957 to 1961).

Although I realize that this is not in line with the Annuitants roster, I would appreciate any help you could give me. Many thanks.

Yours truly,
Adele LaBrecque
(Mrs. M. P. LaBrecque)

(Sorry, Adele, but we could not locate your friends. Can any of our readers help? If so, drop us a line and we'll forward the information to Mrs. LaBrecque. Ed.)

Girl Scout Calendars

We were left with a surplus of 1978 Girl Scout Engagement Calendars — and what does one do with a calendar when the year is half over? Well, you say to yourself that there is still half of the year left! And, after all, the calendar does have nice pictures of Saudi Arabia in it. So, rather than dispose of the surplus, we had the mailing house send them out randomly until the supply was exhausted.

We were surprised and pleased to receive so many notes and letters of thanks — and to all of you who wrote, we say, "Thank you, too." Here is a small sampling of comments received:

Mary A. Kristofferson

This was particularly great for me to get because I lived in Arabia when we could ride our horses out into the desert, and many of those scenes were just the ones I remember. Those friendly Beduins would come out from their flat-topped tents holding up a coffee cup and saying "Gahwa?" The dunes were so beautiful and even the herds of camels that we sometimes pushed around a bit were part of the fun.

Pauline Brooks

During my 13 years in "Araby", I was much involved with the Scouts, and the experience is dear to my heart. Many thanks.

Ethel Hughes

I am most favorably impressed by the large number of alert and intelligent looking young people interested in Girl Scouting. Their 1978 calendar is one for which they can be most proud.

Ruth Ann Stevens

Many thanks! As I did arts and crafts and "campout", it was a nice surprise.

When I saw some of my former nursery school girls' pictures, the wonderful Aramco life and times came back to mind. We hear so much about all the changes in Arabia and Aramco, it's nice to see some of the traditions, such as the G. S. calendar, are being carried on.

Minnie Swindig

What a happy surprise, especially since I was a member of the Girl Scout Council that conceived the idea of publishing our own calendar, and I helped put the first one together. I can't remember the exact year — but I think it was the late 50's.

1979 Calendar

For those of you who asked — yes, we will have some of the Girl Scout calendars offered for 1979, only this time, we'll use an order blank inserted in a future issue of *Al-Ayyam Al-Jamila*, for it seems that many overlooked the offer that appeared in the Winter '77 issue.

A Trip Up Baja California

Last year when returning to California from Mexico, we decided to travel north via Baja California — a route we had never taken in our numerous travels to and from the country south of the border. At that time, there were many rumors abroad of the bandidos who were cropping up on various Mexican highways; but, relying on the continuance of the good luck with which we had always traveled in Mexico, coupled with the assurance of the availability of the "green angels" — the vehicles which cruise the main routes to assist motorists who become stranded — we set forth on the 23rd of January.

The Mexican travel agency could not make any hotel reservations for us on Baja California, but they supplied us with a folder (albeit two years old) which showed at what points we would encounter one of the new El Presidente hotels which the Mexican Government was building along the route from Cabo San Lucas, at the tip of Baja California, to Tijuana. They were, however, able to make reservations aboard one of the ferry-steamers which cross between Puerto Vallarta and Cabo San Lucas, a delightful overnight trip on a clean ship with comfortable staterooms, and — for us — an accommodatingly smooth sea.

Our folder showed an El Presidente hotel at Puerto Escondido, which we estimated to be about a day's journey from Cabo San Lucas. The folder showed that the hotel, under construction at the time of printing, offered 100 rooms, bungalows, yacht club, restaurant, bar, private air strip and trailer park. Surely by now, two years later, everything would be complete. This, then, would be our destination, and we set confidently forth over a good road — with one or two short detours, but by and large adequate — climbing 2000 feet to La Paz where we stopped for gas. Just before nightfall we reached Puerto Escondido; a signpost plainly marked the site — a lovely, protected beach, but not a vestige of habitation. No hotel, no bungalows, no restaurant! We had no choice but to drive on to the next town shown on our map, hoping to find accommodations there.

As we drove off the highway into the town, the prospects looked poor: no street lights, unpaved streets; but, we came upon a sign, lit by a naked bulb, which read "Oasis Motel" with an arrow pointing the way. We never did find it! We drove around the muddy, dark streets for about twenty minutes finally coming to a motel which, from the sound of waves, was very close to the shore. The exterior of the building did not look too repelling and we hopefully jumped out of the car to search for the manager who presently appeared. He was a young man, and we soon discovered that he had been imbibing a little too freely, but my wife, who speaks Spanish more fluently than I, enquired if there was a room available. He said there was, and opened the door of the first room, revealing a broken-down double bed, a broken-down chair, and tattered drapes falling off the rods! The windows (jalousies) were opened wide, and a cold wind was billowing the drapes, threatening to blow them across the room. "Can the windows be closed?" enquired my wife. "Of course", replied the young man, giving a mighty tug on the cord which not only closed the panes with a bang but sent two or three of them out of their frames to crash on the tile floor. Suppressing a laugh, my wife then asked if there was any other room available. The young man said there was, leading the way to another door which, when opened, disclosed a small room with twin beds, one of which had been placed against the bathroom door (which could not be closed because of this), and a bathroom twice the size of the bedroom. While the room's only other furniture consisted of another broken-down chair, the beds seemed comfortable enough, and since we felt we had no other choice unless we wanted to sleep in our car, we said we would take the room. At least the drapes covered the window and the windows could be closed.

We offered to pay for the room but the young man refused, saying we could pay in the morning. Then we thought of asking for the key to the room. "Key?" queried the young

man in astonishment. "There are no keys. Everything is safe here. Besides there are soldiers camped on the beach, so you have no worries." Small comfort we thought, but made a mental note that we could push one of the beds against the door before we retired. We discovered a little later that the door opened out!

Not wanting to leave the car parked on the street, I asked my wife to tell the young man that we wished to park it behind the motel, to which he agreed, offering to lead her to the area to show her where it could be parked. There were no lights and apparently no path as my wife was to discover as she strove to keep her balance on the rugged terrain, but the young man went blithely along, humming a tune which was familiar. "El Jarabe?" asked my wife, attempting to be agreeable and at the same time slow down the pace so that she would not lose him in the darkness. "Yes", he answered enthusiastically, stopping and turning around. "Can you dance the hat dance?" She answered apologetically that she could not. "Oh, it's easy. I'll teach you." And he began to execute some of the steps. "But I am too old to dance," she protested, regretting that she had mentioned the tune! To this he would not agree, and continued dancing and "instructing" until at last they emerged upon the dimly lighted area where the matter of a suitable place to park the car completely drove the hat dance out of his mind. The humor of the situation provided us with many a laugh as we told the incident to friends later on. As my wife said: "I thought I would have to learn the hat dance before we could get the car parked."

There were good, warm blankets on the beds, and aside from a hole in the sheet on my bed in which I kept getting one of my toes tangled, we slept soundly. That is, after the barking dogs and meowing cat had settled down, and whoever was playing two chords on an organ in the not-too-distant neighborhood had also retired. (How anyone could play two chords for that length of time baffled us!)

The next morning as we prepared to leave, we encountered another American. Telling him of our experience in not finding the El Presidente Hotel at Puerto Escondido, we learned from him that there was one in this very town. He gave us directions to it — it was on the opposite side

of town, and we drove there and had breakfast. Apparently there had been a change in the location of the hotel after the folders had been printed!

The goal of the next day's journey was Cataviña where our folder showed an El Presidente Hotel — 30 rooms and bungalows, restaurant, bar, swimming pool. We set out at 8:30 that morning and drove until five o'clock — scenic visits between Loreto and Mulege — less scenic between Mulege and Rosalia — some climbing after Rosalia; parts of the area we were passing were dull, and some of the highway was not too good. We met almost no traffic. The cars we did meet were mostly at the edges of little towns we were passing. As we approached Cataviña, the countryside was desert with boulders and cacti covering the landscape. We were not prepared to see the hotel which is virtually on the highway, the gasoline station and cafeteria which we came upon suddenly — and certainly not prepared for the luxury of the hotel itself. In all of our travels in Mexico we have never occupied such a beautifully decorated room. We had the hotel to ourselves, practically, there being only one other couple there that night. Although the hotel is close to the highway, there is very little traffic during the day, and none at night, so as we opened our shuttered windows before retiring, we looked out on a black velvet sky, and slept under the incomparable stillness of the surrounding desert.

The following morning when we arose, expecting to have breakfast at 7:30 a.m., we discovered that our watches were an hour ahead of time at Cataviña, so rather than wait for an hour for the restaurant to open, we decided to drive on and eat breakfast at some town along the way. Towns are few and far between — towns of any size — so when we came to El Rosario, we thought it better to have breakfast there since Ensenada was four hours away. El Rosario was scarcely more than a village — very primitive-looking. We had a choice between two very unappealing restaurants, but we settled on one, entered, prepared for the worst. Dirt floors, oilcloth-covered tables (rickety chairs, a cook-waitress who took our order for eggs and hot chocolate. It seemed to take a long while to prepare, but eventually we were served fried eggs, fried beans, fried potatoes and the best tortillas

we have ever eaten in Mexico. And good, hot cups of chocolate. Not exactly a gourmet meal but plentiful — and we had to admit, tasty.

Fortified by our meal, we drove to Ensenada, and crossed the border at Tijuana at 3:00 P.M.

The foregoing delightful anecdote was written and submitted by that well-known Greek — poet and parodist, writer of ditty and dithyramb, lyric and limerick, sayer of sayings, the famous Mr. Anonymous.

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LETTERS (Continued)

We regret having to report the following, but we thank the Snyders for notifying us.

Dear Betty:

It has just come to our attention that you were not advised of the death of Ray Pollock in Mesa, Arizona, on March 27, 1978. Ray Pollock was the husband of Ruth Cundall Pollock, the former Mrs. Roland Cundall, who will be well-remembered by her many friends among Aramco employees and retirees.

Ray Pollock underwent brain surgery on January 5 and never regained consciousness.

Until Ruth becomes permanently re-established her temporary address will be with Donald Cundall. (See Mail Call).

Sincerely,

Betty & Les Snyder

We have also received notice of the death of Durban G. Ford. While not an annuitant, Mr. Ford is known to many, having worked for Aramco during the years 1948 through 1957. Death occurred in his sleep on April 19.

Mr. Ford leaves his wife, Mary; daughters Elizabeth Ford Ortiz and Patricia Fandrich; and a son, Steven M. Ford. The children all reside in the Seattle, Washington, area.

Mary Ford still owns and operates the travel service, "The Happy Wanderer" with offices in Barstow and Victorville, California. Condolences can be sent to her at P. O. Box 549, Barstow, California 92311.

Mrs. Deanie Sass of Tionesta, Pennsylvania, informs us of the death of her husband, Warren Seifert Sass on March 24. Warren, 51 years old, was with Aramco in Saudi Arabia from 1954 through 1962.

At the time of his death Mr. Sass was Tionesta Borough police chief, volunteer fireman and emergency medical technician. Mr. Sass was fatally stricken while on an emergency ambulance run which had been dispatched to aid another heart victim.

Mrs. Sass' address is Tionesta, Pennsylvania 16353.

LLOYD HAMILTON: Negotiator, Administrator, Gentleman

Hamilton House is in the Aramco lexicon. Everyone knows where and what it is. Some people even know the building was named for Lloyd Hamilton who signed the Concession Agreement in 1933 for Socal ('Abd Allah as-Sulayman, Saudi Finance Minister, signed for the Kingdom). But very few people know much else about Hamilton. Bill Mulligan has done some digging and has come up with the following brief biography of a man who is now part of the Aramco legend.

Lloyd N. Hamilton was a dapper, boyish looking man of 40 when he arrived in Jiddah in February 1933 to negotiate what was to become the basic Aramco concession agreement. I have never read of or heard of anyone who did not find him a gentleman of the most agreeable character. And his death from cancer in a New York hospital on Dec. 23, 1945, was described by one friend as proof of the saying that the good die young.

He was a proud native of San Francisco. His entire business career was spent with Standard Oil of California and its subsidiaries. After graduating from high school in 1910, he started as an office boy at \$30 a month.

He studied stenography at night and held several clerical jobs before entering the University of California at Berkeley in August 1912. During his college years, he worked summer vacations in the Standard of California home office. He had a fine collegiate scholastic and extracurricular record, including election to Phi Beta Kappa, the U.S. scholastic honor fraternity.

He graduated in 1916 with an A.B. degree and immediately entered graduate school to study law. In 1917 he received training and was commissioned an infantry lieutenant. He was sent to France and participated in three major engagements in the First World War. He was a captain by the time of his discharge from service.

Following the war, he attended Oxford University in England for a time and then returned to finish his studies at the University of California, from which he graduated as a Doctor of Jurisprudence in 1920.

Almost as soon as he could take a ferryboat from Berkeley to San Francisco, he returned to work with Standard of California as head of its training school. A year later he was transferred to the Land and Lease Division of the Producing Department.

He was soon sent to South America and spent 1922 in Ecuador and Colombia in lease and contract work. He remained in similar employment until 1932, traveling frequently to Mexico, Colombia, Venezuela and Trinidad.

Hamilton went to London in 1932. As a director of the California Standard Oil Company, Ltd., he was in charge of that firm's London office until June 1940. He assisted in negotiations with the British government regarding modifications of the Bahrain concession and was active in obtaining oil concessions in the Netherlands, East Indies, India and Egypt.

With his wealth of experience, it was natural that he should be sent to Saudi Arabia to negotiate with the government of King 'Abd al-'Aziz for the development of the Kingdom's oil resources. Those negotiations during three months of the darkest days of the depression of the 1930's have been exceedingly well described by H. St. J. B. Philby in *Arabian Oil Ventures* and by Wallace Stegner in *Discovery!*

After returning from a trip to Saudi Arabia (September 1940-February 1941), he moved to Vancouver, British Columbia, as president of Standard of California's subsidiary there. He subsequently went to Washington, D.C., in 1943

to work on joint ventures of Standard of California and The Texas Company. He was named Chairman of the Board of the Bahrain Petroleum Company, and in that capacity spent some time in Bahrain in early 1944 working to insure maximum output of oil for war purposes.

Hamilton returned to New York for several months, but was soon sent to London to start negotiations with the governments of Great Britain, Palestine, Transjordan, Syria and Lebanon for rights of way to build what became the Trans-Arabian Pipe Line. Taken ill, he returned to New York in September 1945.

When Aramco built the second of its guest quarters in Dhahran, it was decided to name them after distinguished figures in the company's history. One was named for Max Steineke, the brilliant geologist who had so much to do with the discovery of Saudi Arabia's vast oil reserves. The other was named Hamilton. Both Steineke Hall and Hamilton House have long had enviable reputations. Not long ago columnist Joseph Kraft compared Hamilton House favorably to a New England inn.

William E. Mulligan

(Reprinted from the February 25, 1976 issue of "The Arabian Sun.")

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HAPPY NEWS — CONGRATULATIONS

Best wishes are long overdue, but sincere nonetheless! We have just received word that Hazel Boucher, the former widow of William H. Boucher, remarried in October of 1977. The couple, Mr. & Mrs. William B. Chew reside at 2001 Vanderslice Avenue, Walnut Creek, California 94596.

LETTERS (Continued)

Flat Rock, North Carolina

Greetings from Flat Rock on this gorgeous Sunday morning!

We very much enjoy reading *Aramco World* and *The Arabian Sun* as they come out. However, it is always sad when we hear of some former Aramco retiree having passed on.

I am still being called on from time to time to speak on Saudi Arabia and Aramco before various groups and I wonder if you would be kind enough to send me copies of the 1976 and 1977 Annual Reports so that I can bring myself up to date on what is happening over there. *(Done)*

Had a nice long chat with Edythe LoCasto on the telephone when I was up to New York just after this past Christmas and she seems to be living a very busy life. Also managed to visit the Aramco NYC office and saw Mary Martin, Al Providence, etc., who gave me a warm reception.

Went down to Savannah, Georgia, during the middle of April and spent two nights out on the Savannah Beach while visiting in the city. Then continued on down the East Coast of Florida, crossed over to Fort Myer on the Alligator Trail and then came up the West Coast. Made something like 2,000 miles in one week and was amazed to see how Florida is getting so full of cars and trailers. Truthfully, I am glad that we didn't decide to retire down there instead of this part of the country.

Henrietta and I are enjoying excellent health and are out in the open every day performing some kind of task which keeps us ever so busy.

I hope that this finds you in excellent health and in good spirits and that you will stop in and see us should you ever visit this part of the country.

Give my best to any of the gang who may still remember me.

Sincerely,

Rod (Charles Rodstrom)

1938

Gazelle Hunting in Arabia

From what I have seen of deer and gazelle, I know it is extremely difficult to get close enough for an accurate shot. This is true in hunting deer even in mountain country where you have a chance to sneak up on them; but in Arabia where there are no mountains, and no trees or bushes to speak of, it would seem an impossibility to get close enough to a gazelle for a good shot even with a high powered rifle.

But there is a way to hunt gazelle in Arabia, with results too; and although it is unsportsman-like from a real hunter's viewpoint, it is about the only method in this level country that will "bring home the bacon". The country along the eastern shore of Arabia where we are located, and for hundreds of miles north and south, and extending a hundred miles or more into the interior, is composed of sand dunes, small jebels (hills), which are nothing more than huge piles of rock or solid stone which have withstood the forces of erosion over thousands of years and stand up above the surrounding country, and a scattered growth of a thorny shrub called "dikakka" which causes the drifting sand to collect on the leeward side forming little hillocks; and in this sort of country it is slow and bumpy traveling by automobile.

By traveling north along the coast by "subha" roads (vast level stretches similar to old lake beds but which are under water a good deal of the time during the rainy season) for a hundred miles and then heading northwest into the interior for another 150 miles, you come to a country called the "gravel plains" by the geologists, which is level like a floor and stretches in all directions as far as the eye can see without a bump of any description; and this is the place to hunt gazelle by automobile.

We started from camp on the afternoon of December 23rd with four cars (pickups), six Americans (Bill Eisler, A. B. Jones, George

Mabee, Ed Braun, Charley Lilly, Charley Journey — who turned back at Jebel Zor, and myself) two soldiers and a cook. We stayed overnight at Jebel Zor where the seismograph party are camped and where Dick Kerr welcomed us and extended real desert hospitality. I didn't sleep much partly, no doubt, due to thinking about what the tomorrow would have in store for us, but mostly due to the night life of a mascot pup which the seismograph crew had taken into the family. I happened to be sleeping in the seismograph bunk wagon under which this pup had his bed and every time I dozed off he would leap out with a yelp to chase some dog that would be prowling around from some nearby Bedou camp. Sometimes the Bedou dog would turn on him and the pup would yell bloody murder but the instant the other dog started off again the pup would charge him like a true knight, and so this went on all thru the night. He is a cute pup nevertheless and still a friend of man.

We were up at 5 o'clock and ready to be on our way by daylight. We could not get a guide who had been in that part of the country where we wished to go but did the next best thing and took one from Jebel Zor, who, Dick Kerr claimed, could bring us back should be happen to get lost. It was slow going across the "dikakka" country for about a hundred kilometers where it smoothed off some and the going was a little faster. When we figured we were approaching the gravel plain country we stopped at a large Bedou camp where large herds of camel and black sheep were grazing on the dry stubble of the "dikakka". Of course we had to have the traditional Arab coffee, after which we picked up a Bedou guide who claimed he knew where the gazelle were. We pitched our tent north and a little east of a long jebel which we could use as a landmark. Before making camp we had noted quite a few "habarra", or bustards, a large Arabian bird almost as big as a turkey hen; so four of us (Lilly, Eisler, Jones and myself)

took one pickup and started out; Lilly and Jones in the back of the pickup with shotguns, and I rode with the driver (Eisler) and had a double barreled 12-gauge antique. We were still in the "dikakka" country which made extremely rough riding and made it next to impossible to do any accurate shooting, because about the time you thought your aim was on the target you would hit a bump, and traveling at the rate of 75 or 80 kilometers an hour over this sort of country, we were lucky to hang on to the car; consequently, the birds were all safe from harm from our guns. I did manage to kill a fox after we had chased it for some distance.

The "habarras" would fly along before we approached within gunshot distance. Then we would take out after them but they always out-distanced us. They fly just above the tops of the "dikakka" with the slow long sweeps of the wings something like an eagle; but there is nothing slow about their speed. In the excitement of chasing these birds we had not noticed how late it was and the first thing we knew the sun went down below the horizon — which meant that darkness would be upon us in fifteen or twenty minutes in this latitude. We headed for camp, but after traveling for some time we could see no lights or any sign of our camp. The camp was situated in a sort of basin and unless you happened to come upon the rim of this basin it was impossible to see it. We could still see the outline of the jebel which we were using as a landmark but we couldn't tell whether we were too far north or too far south of the camp. By this time we began to have visions of spending a night on the Arabian desert with no blankets, food or anything to keep us warm, which is not a very comfortable feeling; it made it all the more aggravating to know that we were so close to our camp and still couldn't find it. After driving about for quite a while, we finally drove upon a small jebel and scanned the country for any sign of a light. Fortunately for us, Mabee and Braun had turned on one of the car lights in camp so that they could see to make repairs to one of the pickups. We lost no time in heading in the direction of that light. We never hinted to those in camp that we were lost and, so far as I know, it is still a secret amongst us four.

The next morning at daybreak we headed for the gravel plains, and after traveling northwest for a couple of hours, finally came to it. Driving onto the gravel plains from the "dikakka" country is just like suddenly coming onto a pavement after driving over real rough country roads. What a relief! We drove out on the plains for a ways and took out our field glasses to see what we could see in the way of game. Lilly said he saw "dhubby" (gazelle) about where the south edge of the plains met the dikakka country about five or six kilometers away. We started in that direction and over such a level country it is easy to go 100 kilometers an hour. By the time we arrived at the edge of the rough country we lost all trace of the gazelle. They had gone into rough country where we couldn't chase them with the car.

When a gazelle is headed outward toward the plains and the going is smooth, the excitement begins when you take out after it at 100 kilometers an hour. At first the gazelle seems to gain on us, but soon the distance is lessened because the gazelle will soon tire and slacken his speed, whereas the car continues on at the same speed. You run alongside the gazelle providing he doesn't wheel around and start off in the other direction. From a distance of 20 or 30 yards, it is easy to shoot one in the head with No. 1 or 2 shot. Of course, there is considerable zigzagging and running in circles before you finally get close enough to shoot it and it takes an expert driver to be able to maneuver a car without turning it over. As I said before, this isn't exactly sportsman-like from the gazelle's standpoint, but once you get one started away from the rough country, it is yours.

We left two cars in camp and took only two out on the plains — three Americans and a guide (ours couldn't do any guiding) to each car, two in the back of the pickup with guns and one driving. On these level gravel plains a person could tie the throttle down and the car would keep going in a straight line until it ran out of gas, without touching the wheel, as there is absolutely nothing to deflect it in its course.

We headed in a northerly direction and were out a kilometer west of the other car. Lilly with the field glasses thought he spied more gazelle to our west, or at least said he did, so we pulled

off our course and headed northwest for a distance, but we never did see them again, if there were any there. On the desert at that time of day (between 9 A.M. and 2 P.M.) the mirage is so bad that things become distorted and a bird sometimes will look as large as a gazelle. We turned back to join the other car as we did not want to get too far apart. After traveling in the direction they were going when we last saw them for quite awhile, they were nowhere to be seen. It would seem almost impossible to get out of sight of each other in a country like that, but that is what had happened and we looked in every direction with our field glasses but couldn't spot them. Several times we thought sure we could see them 8 or 10 kilometers away, but when we headed that direction and traveled for awhile the black spot we thought was their car turned out to be a small bush or something that had become distorted in the mirage. Once we saw on the horizon what looked like a Bedou, and taking out the field glasses it looked at least as tall as a man and looked as though it had the flowing robes of a Bedou. Then I noticed it was walking back and forth, just like you have seen worried men do with their hands behind their back.

We started toward it thinking perhaps it might be the guide from the other car, but after we had gone about five kilometers we overtook a fox. Believe it or not, the mirage had distorted this fox until it looked as tall as a man five kilometers away, and that is what we saw when we were looking thru the field glasses. The walking back and forth effect was caused by the fox zigzagging while it was either going away from us or coming our direction. We finally turned and backtracked hoping we might pick up their track and then follow it. Again we saw a dark object miles away and taking out the field glasses it seemed to be moving and all three of us agreed it was the other car. Upon looking thru the glasses a second time though, I noticed something queer about the movement in that direction. The background was moving but the object was standing still! The mirage caused the appearance of drifting heat waves northward which made the object seem to be traveling in a southerly direction. So we were fooled again.

The other car, we knew, would be running

short of gas and we had looked around with our own car for so long that our gas supply was getting low also. We decided to go back to camp if we could find it, get a supply of gasoline and start a searching party. It was almost noon and by this time we were so far west that we had lost sight of all landmarks. We knew though that we had travelled in a northwesterly direction when we left camp that morning, so we used our watch as a compass and headed in a southeasterly direction. We finally came across our tracks we had made that morning and reached camp about 1 o'clock, finding the other car there safe and sound. They were getting ready to start back to search for us, but instead we all had a good hot lunch which the cook had prepared and everybody felt better again.

There were no casualties on the trip. While chasing a fox Ed Braun was driving and Lilly and myself were in the back of the pickup. Ed took out after a fox in the "dikakka" country and when going about 80 kilometers an hour he hit a hole about the size of the Grand Canyon and from my sitting position on the floor of the pickup I went straight up in the air, and when I landed of course it would have to be on that part of my anatomy, which, if on a monkey, would be where their tail begins. However, my condition improved gradually and I have hope now of becoming a normal human being again.

Anyhow, we had a lot of fun even though we didn't bring back a carload of gazelle. I don't think I've ever laughed so hard and long as I did the first night we camped out on the desert. We spread a big canvas down on the floor of the big tent with a layer of blankets on top of the canvas. Then each of us grabbed three or four blankets to go over us and all slept in a row like a bunch of children put to bed. Some one made a wisecrack and started Ed Braun to laughing, and the rest of us couldn't help but laugh at Ed's laughing.

We found that we were too early in the season to hunt gazelle in that part of the country. The best time is in March just after the rainy season when there is lots of green stuff in patches on the gravel plains for them to feed on. The Bedous told us the gazelle and other game were feeding farther north where there had been rain,

but we couldn't go there.

Outside of being disappointed in the game we brought home, the trip was a grand success. This is the first time I ever spent a Christmas wandering over the desert in an automobile. It was certainly a dry Christmas, and I mean *dry*, but I got a kick out of it. Anyhow, it was a noble experiment.

JAMES T. HOGG

Al Khobar, Saudi Arabia
January 8, 1938

(This is the third and final essay sent to us by Bernice Hogg, written by the late James Hogg about those very early Aramco days in Saudi Arabia. We hope that you have enjoyed all three: "Local Leave — India — 40 Years Ago", "Local Leave — Persia — 40 Years Ago" and the above, "1938 — Gazelle Hunting in Arabia".)

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LETTERS (Continued)

San Diego, California

Thought the enclosed piece from a May 1952 issue of the old "Sun and Flare" would interest you.

My years in Arabia were very wonderful; I put in quite a bit of time off and on in Riyadh doing decorating in the King's palace. It was a great experience.

I also had an upholstery and decorating place for about 23 years in Glendale, California. I retired two years ago.

Hope to see you at Camelback in September.

Sincerely,
Bill Bressler

○ ○ ○

Here is the article Bill sent us, as it appeared in "Sun and Flare," May 14, 1952 issue on Page 5.

TENT MAKERS — HEEL SAVERS IN RAS TANURA'S BUSY SHOP

In a shop 20 feet by 40 feet a continual rat-tat-tat goes on. Noises are not exceptional in any shop, but this continual nail pounding takes place in Ras Tanura's upholstery and shoe repair depot. In the foreground chairs are being covered, and to the rear Aramco's heels are straightened and new soles applied.

In direct charge of these operations is Bill Bressler who has been in the furniture and decorating business since 1921 — the locale: Los Angeles and environs. Bill first arrived in the Field on March 28, 1948. His entire staff consists of 35 employees which includes a number of trainees, who receive on-the-job training.

On paper the upholstery and shoe repair business runs anywhere between \$16,000 and \$20,000 a month — this takes in drape making, tent making and repairs, cushion making — in fact, everything one would expect an upholstery and shoe repair shop to handle.

Shortages of materials often confront Bill, and that is the time when the impossible may be sought. But as a general rule, says Bill, all customers are very cooperative. "And often people call up to say how nice our work is."

Shoe repairs alone total an average of 800 pairs per month. And everyone is entitled to have shoes repaired in the busy little back shop.

During the war Bill Bressler worked for Lockheed, doing upholstery work, declared Bill; but Bill, we know better — was there really any upholstery work on those bucket seat jobs?

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In Memoriam

Roy W. Beals — June 19, 1978 — San Francisco, California

Raphael A. DeCarlo — May 20, 1978 — Oceanside, California

Robert B. Dunlap — July 1, 1978 — Clarks Summit, Pennsylvania

Leroy Gibbert — April 3, 1978 — Orange Park, Florida

G. Robert Gulovsen — June 6, 1978 — Albuquerque, New Mexico

M. Lindsay Hamilton — April 10, 1978 — Berkeley, California

Eugene E. Hickman — May 23, 1978 — Clearwater, Florida

John C. Kelley (*) — March 26, 1978 — Burkeville, Texas

Russell C. Kuhn — June 12, 1978 — Washington, Virginia

Robert T. Lang — June 8, 1978 — San Diego, California

Edith W. Quimby — June 23, 1978 — East Bridgewater, Massachusetts

Pilar (Mrs. Joseph R.) Ristorcelli — April 4, 1978 — Potomac, Maryland

Edna (Mrs. James C.) Stirton — April 2, 1978 — Ridgecrest, California

Ernest H. Thayer — May 18, 1978 — Napa, California

Donald A. Wasson — May 29, 1978 — Panama City, Florida

Frederick A. Webster — May 1, 1978 — Dallas, Texas

Ernest A. Wichern — May 5, 1978 — Hemet, California

*It is with sadness that we record the passing of these old friends;
 we offer our deepest and heartfelt sympathies to their families.*

(*To correct spelling in previous issue.)

Don't Forget
!!

SCOTTSDALE, ARIZONA — 1978 REUNION

See you in September!

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