



# Al-Ayyam Al-Jamila

" These Pleasant Days "

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



NEW YORK, N. Y.

DECEMBER, 1958

Vol. 2, No. 5

## A JOYOUS CHRISTMAS

Despite the distances that separate us, the Holiday Season draws us together in remembrance of Christmases past and the fellowship we enjoyed in working together.

During the past year it has been most gratifying to note your increased activities, as reflected in the pages of Al Ayyam Al Jamila.

Your many adventures, the things you do, the visits with one another - all make wonderful reading for us here in Saudi Arabia. This year's reunion was an outstanding example of the close ties of friendship which continue in the Aramco family - even after retirement.

Let me speak for all your friends here in wishing every one of you a Merry Christmas and in conveying the hope that the New Year will bring you ever-increasing enjoyment and satisfaction.

*J. A. Davies*

WE GLAD

NEW YEAR





William J. Grifall

We welcome LEE B. CARLTON, who joined the annuitants on October 1. Lee began his career with Aramco in 1944 in the Maintenance and Shops Division, Ras Tanura. He was promoted six months later to Assistant Plumber Foreman in Dhahran. In 1950 he became a Training Supervisor and since that time has continued in training and safety work for the Maintenance and Shops Division and for the Construction Department.

Lee's arrival in Arabia may have seemed a bit quiet after being present during the infamous attack on Pearl Harbor, and spending the next two and a half years working in Hawaii with the Pacific Naval Air Base Contractors. Even his trip from San Francisco to Arabia was by a devious route via Miami, Natal, Ascension Island, the Gold Coast, Cairo, Abadan and Bahrain. The last stretch was by dhow to the al-Khobar pier.

Lee and his wife, Olga, traveled home by freighter through the Pacific—a many weeks' trip with several stops enroute. They will spend Christmas with friends and relatives in California. Then to keep from getting rusty, Lee plans to repair the plumbing at the old homestead in Ontario. After the first of the year Lee and Olga will have the latch string out at 1345 West 104th Street, Los Angeles, California.

WILLIAM J. GRIFALL retired on October 1 from his assignment as Automotive Inspector in Dhahran after eleven and a half years with Aramco. Bill, who was born in Rimini, Italy, came to the United States in 1919. He must have developed his attachment for cars and motors at an early age, since most of his career has been as garage manager, tool maker, filling station owner, or mechanic.

Bill and his wife, Lena, picked up a new Opel in Germany and spent nearly a month touring that country and Italy. They cut their traveling period short, however, when they found it was too cold, and continued to New York by plane. There they both have many relatives and spent their time visiting while awaiting the arrival of their car which had been shipped by boat. After that, they headed for California by way of Florida, planning to arrive on the West Coast in time for Christmas with their son William Jr. — then Bill says he will be looking around for a job. Friends may reach Bill and Lena at 137 Bayshore Avenue, Long Beach, California.



Lee. B. Carlton

CHALLIE A. GRAY became a fellow Refugee on October 1, following eleven years as Inspector of Heavy Duty Equipment in Abqaiq. Challie's background has been related to the oil industry in some way ever since 1921 when he went to work for Mack Trucking Company of Dallas as Maintenance Manager of Oil Field Equipment. As Inspector he has helped keep the big ones moving ever since for Mack and other organizations and in remote places like Whitehorse and Fairbanks, Alaska, or Arabia.

Challie and his wife, Johnnie, are both Texans and met first while attending High School at Waxahachie. They've been planning for retirement for quite a while, and found what they feel is the perfect spot during long vacations spent in searching the States. The Grays left Arabia in September and planned to visit several European countries on their way home to that perfect spot. Their new address is Grass Valley, California and messages will reach them at Box 889.



Challie A. Gray

## A Little Gypsy In All Of Us

A change in scenery is in the wind for C. C. "DUTCH" DORSEY and his wife, Maria, according to a letter which arrived late in October. They plan to spend about five or six months in Cartagena, Colombia visiting Maria's family. South America sounds like an excellent spot for vacationing when it is windy, wet, and cold in places farther north. Dutch asked that their best regards be passed on to their friends.

And while we're making a comparison of climates — JIM and BERNICE HOGG decided to trade a Connecticut winter this year for one in California. They sold their house, their heavy furnishings, and were on their way. The last we heard was from a spot called Eutaw, Alabama, in the "Deep South" as Jim put it. His card, reporting how nice and balmy it was down there, arrived just as most of the rest of the country was trying to catch its breath after its first bout

with Old Man Winter. They had done a lot of rambling around through Virginia, Kentucky, Indiana, and Tennessee, with Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana still ahead of them on their way to New Orleans. There they expected to stay a few days, long enough to "fill up on fresh oysters and foot-long lobsters." Although Jim and Bernice are going to use Long Beach as temporary headquarters, they are hoping to locate in Santa Barbara if all goes well, and have promised to write from there.

A rumor confirmed — GEORGE V. JOHNSON has dropped us a card from San Francisco to say they are back in California for the winter. George and Mimi are just loafing along, seeing lots of Aramcons, and having a good time. They send their best regards to everyone, along with a new address, c/o H. G. Littlefield, 19957 Gresham, Northridge, California.



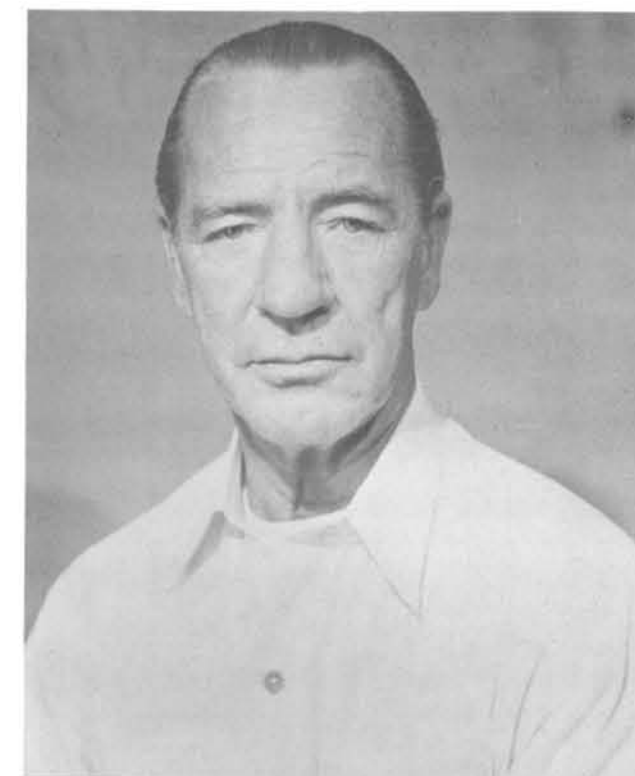
August Shirley

AUGUST SHIRLEY's retirement on September 1 climaxed a thirty-four year career in the oil business. It began in 1924 when he returned to his native Texas, after eight years in the Navy, and started to work as a machinist at the Humble Oil Company's Baytown Refinery. He then worked for Shell Oil Company as a boilermaker and for The Texas Company as an operator and water treater. August transferred to Aramco in 1946 and went to Dhahran as a stabilizer operator, with much of his time since then spent in training Saudi Arab operators. On his safety record are no lost time accidents, he has never been late to work, and he has been absent only eleven working days in his entire career — a record of which he is justly proud.

August and his wife, Velda, are happy to be returning to Texas where they can be close to their son and his family who live in Midland. For the time being August and Velda may be reached at 4235 Cole Avenue, Dallas, Texas.

When WILFRED B. McLAIN joins the alumni on January 1, 1959, he will be rounding out a twenty-eight year association with the oil industry. Fifteen years were spent with Union Oil Company of California, then in 1945 he arrived in Ras Tanura where he has been ever since. Mac worked through different assignments as Head Operator, training crews as he went, and for the past year has been Operations Inspector for several different plants.

For his retirement Mac has decided to return to his native Pacific Northwest in the Rogue River area of Oregon. Having grown up in Coos Bay, Oregon, Mac will feel right at home in these surroundings, although he hasn't announced which spot amid the tall timbers we'll be able to find him in the future. Mac left Arabia early in December and took a last look around Rome on his way back to the States. He is spending the Christmas holidays with friends and family in California and for the time being may be reached at 959 Talbot Street, Albany, California.



Wilfred B. McLain

## A Bit Stale And Second Hand, But...

Many of the annuitants who could not attend the Get-Together last September brushed aside the post cards provided for their replies and wrote "Dear Andy" and "Dear Mr. Anderson" letters instead. In a lot of these, folks told what they had been doing, why and where. Since not many letters had been received for use in Al-Ayyam lately, we felt that many of you would like to hear what was happening to some of those who couldn't report their activities in person at the Get-Together. We asked Andy about this and he obligingly sent us the following tidbits from the letters he received. We hope that those who wrote the letters won't mind and our readers will keep in mind that they are several months old now.

Following BOB "SCOTTY" BALFOUR'S retirement last February he and Belle began traveling about the country looking for a place they would like to make their permanent home. They traveled far and wide and by May reached Florida, carefully inspecting it from all points

of view. From Florida they went out to California, checking right and left as they went. After spending five weeks there without finding just what they were looking for, they returned to Florida. In Sarasota they finally located what they wanted. When Scotty wrote to Andy they were planning to move into their new home about the middle of September. Hmmm, could it be that Scotty wanted to be on hand when the circus returned to Sarasota for the winter, and when Ted Williams and the Red Sox show up for spring training?

From Arroyo Grande, California, GIL and EDNA EMERTON reported that being retired from Aramco did not mean there was time on their hands. You see, Gil is a working man full time now — has his own garage on Grande Avenue. They have invited any of their friends to stop by if they are down that way (even if they don't have an engine knock or a flat tire). Gil and Edna reported having seen Ken and Lois Shryock,

old friends from Arabia (1944-53), who were on home leave from Sumatra at that time; also that young Ken is a Sophomore at Santa Barbara State.

JAY DEE TUCKER underwent a disc operation back in July and was recuperating at the time of his letter, which arrived from Huntington Beach, California. He reported that Olive was very well, and despite the surgery he said that he was feeling better than at any time since his retirement. J. D. seemed to be straining at the leash, however, what with the fish biting like mad and his little fiber glass cabin cruiser just sitting in the garage. During deer season in September he was looking forward to spending a week at their cabin just five miles below King Canyon National Park on route 65.

DAN and GRACE BALL had to forego the Get-Together for an entirely different reason. When Grace penned her note to Andy they were engaged in the flurry of activity which always precedes leaving the country. Dan had just

accepted a position with the International Cooperation Administration, with Uncle Sam as his new boss, and they were leaving the middle of August for Dacca, East Pakistan. There, for the next two years, Dan will be engaged in a training program — the goal to teach the farmers the use and care of farm machinery instead of, as Grace put it, "the one cow — one donkey system." We shall certainly be looking forward to hearing more from Dan and Grace and their experiences 'way out yonder.

Back in the June issue of Al-Ayyam we were wondering if ROY GREEN was still at Hughes Aircraft in Los Angeles. As of August the answer was yes, with Roy very glibly admitting to Andy that, "What I don't know about the job really keeps me busy."

And since we are in the neighborhood — JEAN BURCH reported that she, too, is still employed at Hughes Aircraft and enjoys her work there very much. She seems to be quite happily situated





E. K. Schulze

Following thirty-eight years in the oil industry, E. K. SCHULZE retired on October 1 as AOC Vice President and Chief Engineer. Ernie, who was born in Rolla, Missouri, attended school at Berkeley, California and obtained his BS degree in Mechanical Engineering at the age of 19.

After joining Socal in 1920, Ernie did much to help advance refining techniques at the Richmond Refinery. He progressed through assignments at El Segundo, Richmond, the San Francisco home office, a loan to Bapco, to become Socal's Chief Design Engineer in the Manufacturing Engineering Department in 1936. During World War II he transferred to Casoc, predecessor of Aramco, to help construct the Ras Tanura Refinery; in 1952 he headed up the Engineering Department; and a year later he became AOC Vice President in The Hague.

Ernie and his wife, Willette, are retiring in California and have bought a new home in Orinda. We understand, however, that they are presently still at 609 Amador Street in Richmond, California.

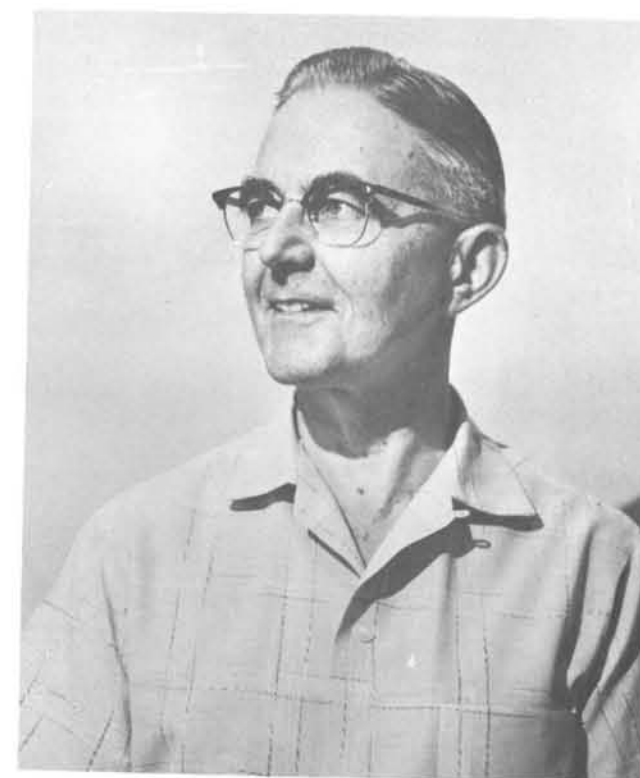
otherwise too, having a nice apartment just two miles from her work, located near good shopping, shows, movies, races, ball park and the Hollywood Bowl. Also, she's enjoyed seeing a number of old friends from Arabia. Just shut your eyes and take your pick — for convenience, Jean surely has it.

Then from Missouri came a note of assurance from ROY and PAULINE HAUG that they were well but so very busy. They were still performing alterations on their house (of which we've had previous mention). This time it was to add a lower and upper deck porch with 92 feet of hand rail. They still miss their home and friends in California but are happy in their present location, only five minutes from the town of Camdenton. Their own property consists of 320 acres in and around the beautiful Lake of the Ozarks, a sprawling multifingered vacation area with a coast line of nearly 1400 miles. It's little wonder that Roy finds fishing and hunting such a pleasure in these surroundings.

After EARL BECK retired late in 1955, he and Madeline spent over a year browsing around the United States by trailer looking for the place they wished to live. They liked Mount Shasta, Colorado Springs and the mountains of northern New Mexico, but... They finally settled on the foothills of the Great Smokies at Harriman, Tennessee and feel that they made an excellent choice. They have been in their new home since November, 1957 and are happy just staying put for a while, except for planned wintering in Florida. That, of course, was the idea last May. Earl discovered that having a house almost provides a career in itself — says he never dreamed how much there was to getting a house really livable even after you think it is ready for occupancy. Such things as calking, landscaping, trees, shelves, retouching paint after furniture is moved in, all seemed to be without end. Well, Earl has one consolation anyway — he doesn't have to get the landlord's permission for something or wait until he gets around to doing it. That shrub can be moved just as soon as Madeline decides where it should go.

M. M. FARWELL, better known to his friends as Mort, joined the annuitant group on October 1. Mort was born in La Junta, Colorado, but grew up and attended school in California. There followed a long career in the automotive industry, much of it in Oakland and San Francisco. In February, 1948 he went to work for Aramco in the Materials, Supply and Traffic Department. He spent most of his time thereafter in Dhahran, except in 1951 when he was transferred to Ras al-Misha'ab to convert the former Tapline warehouse to Aramco procedures.

Upon leaving the Field, Mort embarked on a leisurely cruise in the Indian Ocean including a three week stopover on Mahe' Island in the Seychelles Group. His itinerary called for arrival in Hong Kong the middle of December and completion of the trip to San Francisco by air in order to be home for Christmas — home being 395 Sequoia Avenue, Redwood City, California.



M. M. Farwell

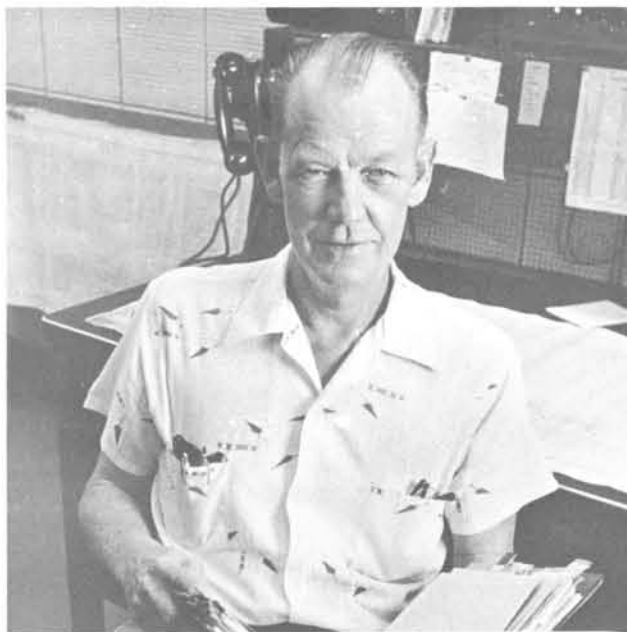


Milton O. Smith

MILTON O. SMITH became a fellow Refugee on November 1 after fifteen years with Aramco. Milt, a native Californian had been in the oil business since 1923, when he first worked with the one time Pacific Oil Company. He was with Socal in California and in Venezuela until 1932. There followed eight years with British Controlled Oilfields, Ltd. in Venezuela, and a couple of years of contract drilling in Illinois.

Milt's first assignment in Arabia was as Derrickman, but he soon was made Toolhouse Foreman and was transferred to Abqaiq in 1946. His most recent position, which he held for the last two or three years, was that of Night Foreman with Abqaiq District Management. Milt and his wife, Jeane, left the Field in August and are now living at 1821 West Lawrence Lane, Phoenix, Arizona.





Edwin H. Ely

We welcome EDWIN H. ELY to the Refugee ranks on January 1, when he retires after thirty-one years with Standard Oil Company of California and Aramco. Ed began his career with Socal as an Operator at the El Segundo Refinery. Twenty years later he transferred to Aramco as Refinery Operator at Ras Tanura. In 1950 he became Stabilizer Operator at Abqaiq, then Shift Foreman. Since 1956 he has been Administrative Assistant, Plants and Pipelines, Oil Operations, Abqaiq.

Ed and his wife, Dorothy, are both natives of New Mexico. When Dorothy joined Ed in Arabia in 1947 she was one of the first women in the Ras Tanura District.

The Elys left Arabia early in November with planned stops in Amsterdam and New York enroute to their home in Lytle Creek, California.

## Problems, Pure And Not So Simple

We were also happy to have from Andy Anderson a report on EARL BLAND's activities down Orange, Texas way.

It seems that upon his return to the States Pappy, as he was affectionately called by many of his friends out in Arabia, got into the real estate business, complete with what he felt was more than his share of trials and tribulations.

Pappy purchased some houses of not new vintage for not too great an initial investment, and a contractor was to make the needed repairs for quick resale at appealing prices. The entry of an architect into the picture complicated the original plan somewhat, however. We are not quite sure what happened, but do know that Pappy's project ran into more money than was anticipated — what a familiar ring that has. He still had the houses when he wrote to Andy and was renting them. He didn't seem too happy in his role of landlord, however — trying to keep his tenants contented and their endless wants taken care of is just about as confining as baby sitting. When one ceiling fan, for example, goes on the blink, another is sure to follow. Sometimes you can't do all the maintenance yourself and Pappy hasn't found any electricians yet who are

willing to donate their services free and clear.

Then there are the taxes, and taxes, and taxes. Pappy thought the best solution was probably to just go live in a tent, dirt floor and all, near a river. With a bucket of water on the shelf, what's your problem?

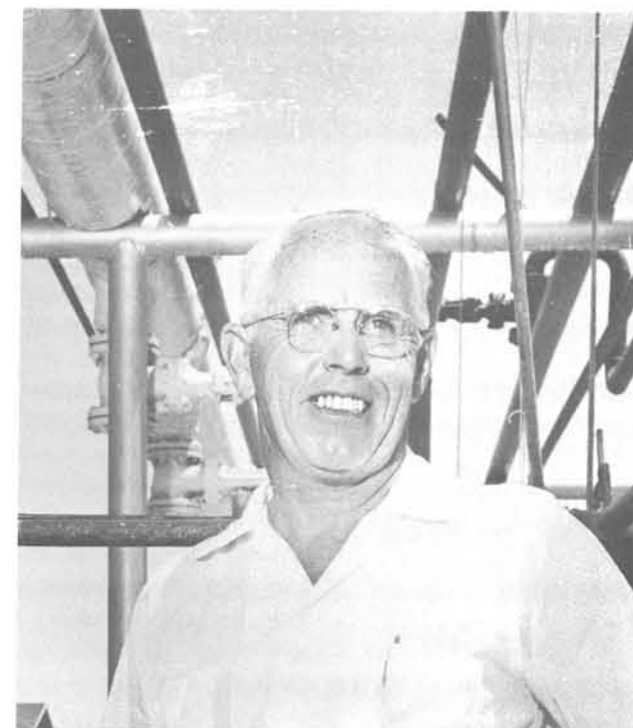
Speaking of rivers, Pappy had taken his grandchildren on a camping trip not too long before he wrote. The highlight of their excursion, about which the children talked for days thereafter, came one morning while they were fishing. A deer wandered into camp and curiously nosed about until Pappy, not wanting the children to miss it, called for them to come quickly. They had to come from beyond a little knoll, but made it just in time to see the deer which had been startled by Pappy's voice hit the water with a spectacular splash.

As a serious solution to his problems Pappy was figuring on trading for a place about 80 miles "up country" from Orange. He felt that it would work out all right, he could have a few head of cattle and nothing to worry him. How about it Mr. B — have you done any trading yet?

PHILIP J. LEONARD shook the sands of Arabia out of his shoes the end of August and became a member of our club on November 1. Phil had been with Aramco since 1944, spending most of his first four years at Ras Tanura as a Shift Foreman of Utilities. In 1948 Phil transferred to Abqaiq, which he called home until his recent departure from the Field. Since 1953 he had held the position of Foreman, Outside Services in the Utilities Division.

Phil was born in Providence, Rhode Island, attended La Salle Academy in Providence and Manhattan College in New York City. He worked in Providence for about fifteen years and accepted his first overseas assignment in 1942 — utility work in Belfast for the Lockheed Aircraft Corporation.

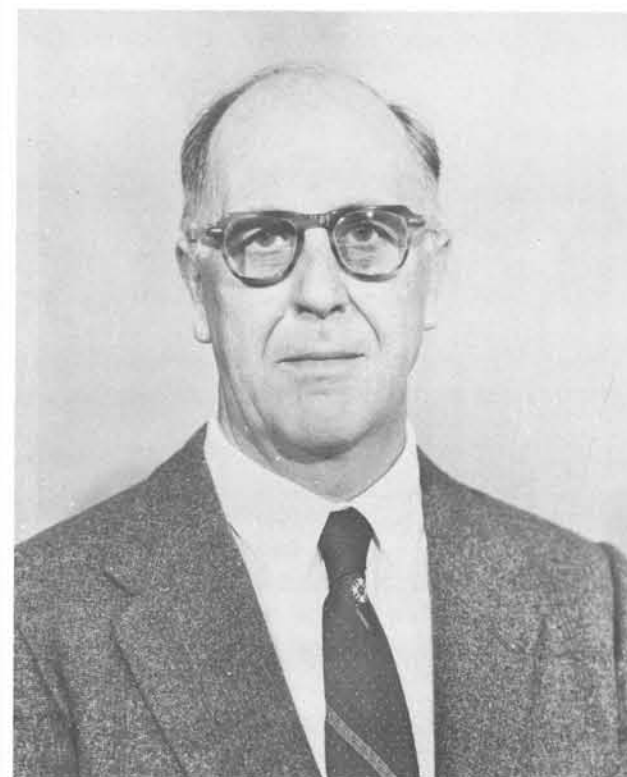
Phil has chosen Florida as his favorite spot for retirement and friends will find him at 15611 Northeast 15th Court, North Miami Beach, Florida.



Philip J. Leonard

KENNETH O. FELTMAN joined the retired ranks on December 1, although he and his wife, Merle, actually left Arabia the middle of September. K.O., as he is called by his friends, was reared and went to school in Toledo, Ohio; then decided to see some of the world by joining the Navy in 1917. For four years after the war he operated a car storage garage before "going west." K.O. began his career in the oil industry in 1924 in Socal's Pipeline Department at Bakersfield, California. His supervisor was C. A. Swigart, now a fellow Tapline annuitant. K.O. held various jobs with Socal during the next twenty-three years, including a two year stint on the Canol project in Yukon Territory during World War II. He transferred to Aramco in 1947, where his most recent position was that of General Superintendent of Materials, Supply and Community Services at Ras Tanura.

On their way home, the Feltmans visited the Brussels Fair, toured Europe, then flew to Toledo where they purchased a car. They planned a tour of the southern states en route to California where they will make their home. K.O. and Merle are looking forward to renewing old friendships and will welcome visitors at 586 Sunset Drive, Whittier, California.



Kenneth O. Feltman



INGULF S. FLADAGER will become a member of our Refugee group on January 1, 1959, following nearly twelve years with Aramco. Ingulf spent his first six months with the Company in Dhahran, and in August, 1947 was transferred to Ras Tanura as a Craftsman. He has been a Supervising Craftsman since 1955.

Ingulf is a native of Oslo, Norway, and it was there that he received his formal education, attended trade and technical school, and learned his trade as brick mason. He came to the United States in 1923, and after nineteen years of construction work in the New York area, he spent five years in Trinidad as a Mason and Foreman of Construction.

Ingulf has a long history of achievement in several different types of athletic participation. Although his wife, Ann, is very fond of swimming, rumor has it that she deserves an outstanding achievement award for her culinary skills.

The Fladagers have traveled in several countries since they left Arabia in September. Their plans are not yet complete but they expect to come to the United States next spring and perhaps settle down in Arizona. In the meantime, their friends should direct all messages c/o Erik Roy Fladager, 15B Leland Gardens, Plainfield, New Jersey.



*Ingulf S. Fladager*

Through her own words though, see it anew or for the first time:

We both love our new life down here in the rolling Virginia countryside. The fall has been very beautiful with magnificent coloring on every side and the Blue Ridge Mountains were never more blue. The climate is good and we feel wonderful. A pleasant relaxed way of life exists here and people are very kind, friendly and extremely courteous. Everyone has been nice to us.

There is lots of game near here so Bela can hunt every day during the season. Someone is always ready to go along, for this is real sporting country where everyone has dogs and horses. Quail season opens Monday and many hunts for them and wild turkeys are planned. Fishing in our pond was good, and soon the pond will be covered with ducks as cold weather brings them down from the north. Later we hope to skate if it freezes thick enough.

We go to horse shows where the riding is superb and to pedigreed cattle auctions where a bull sells for a fortune. Really a big cattle auction is most interesting, with the auctioneer sounding for all the world like the famous tobacco auctioneers we used to hear on radio, and with the cattle sprayed and curled like debutantes. Antique sales in old country houses are fun too and draw big crowds.

As in many rural communities life centers around the church so everyone attends regularly. Our St. Anne's Episcopal Parish has three country churches all within a radius of ten miles and served by one very splendid minister. Services are held in a different church each Sunday so most of us go to each one. One of these churches was attended by Theodore Roosevelt when he came down here for the hunting season — it is a beautiful old building set in a grove of pine and magnolia trees.

Bela has been busy giving talks on Saudi Arabia to various organizations in Scottsville. The Middle East is much in folks minds nowadays and they want to hear about it.

We have a cute black kitten appropriately named "Abdullah" and Bela plans to get a couple of pointer puppies after the first of the year — so we'll be training them soon. We also plan to buy steers in the spring if the price is right. Then we have plans for vegetable and flower gardens, so you see we are really busy. In fact, time goes too fast for us.

We miss all of our Aramco friends, retired and active, but feel about our Old Dominion place much as Thomas Jefferson did when he wrote, "All my wishes end where I hope my days will end — at Monticello."

To all our friends, wherever they may be,

## Life, Old Dominion Style

We have been most anxious to hear how BELA and EVELYN BARNES are enjoying Cloverdale, their new home in Scottsville, Virginia. While Bela was out stalking game Evelyn penned a delightful account of their activities in order that it might make our Christmas issue.

Like so many, their days are more than full of the things they've looked forward to for so

long, to say nothing of the chores that cry to be done around a place. They had a great deal to do after they moved and Bela is still in the process of painting the trim on the house. A picture is promised a little later on when everything is shipshape.

Perhaps you've not lived or traveled in their state — but for those who have, Evelyn's comments most surely will strike a nostalgic note.



*May Christmas  
and the  
New Year  
bring you happiness*



*Alfred Z. Simpson*

ALFRED Z. SIMPSON will become a full-fledged annuitant on January 1, 1959, although he left Arabia the latter part of October for a leisurely trip which was to include stops in Amsterdam, different points in Switzerland, New York, Mississippi, New and Old Mexico.

Al, who grew up and attended school in Fresno, California, joined the Navy when he was eighteen and experienced his first retirement in 1936, after twenty years with Uncle Sam. The next three years found Al working as a Steward in Bermuda. He was recalled by the Navy when World War II began, and chalked up his second retirement in 1945. The following year he went to work for Aramco, moving through a variety of assignments in Dhahran, at 'Udhailiyah, and Abqaiq where the most recent was as Supervisor of Outlying Restaurants.

We don't have an address yet for Al, but understand that he plans to retire in Guadalajara, Mexico where he especially enjoys the swimming and fishing.

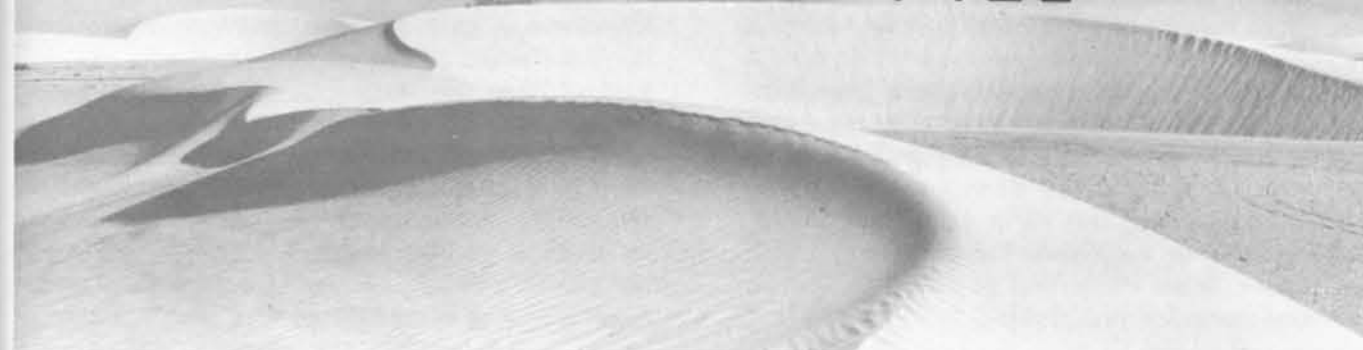
When ARTHUR G. KESSINGER joined the alumni rolls on September 1, he had chalked up thirty-four years in the oil industry, drilling for the black gold in many widely scattered locations throughout the world. In 1924 Art began his career with Socal in California. During the years which followed he served with different companies, most of them Socal affiliates, which took him to Colombia, Venezuela, Bahrain Island, India and Egypt, as well as Saudi Arabia.

Art first worked for Aramco in 1936, again in 1940, and returned to Arabia for the third time late in 1949 after two years of operating his own rig in Uhiyah, California. He served as a Driller with the Exploration Department from then until he and his family left Arabia in August to begin their retirement. It was during Art's 1940 stint that his wife, Beatrice, first came to Arabia and that the arrival of his son, John, later in the year marked the birth of the first American child to be born in Dhahran. John is now a freshman at the University of Pittsburgh. Art and Beatrice are making their home at 6132 Nassau Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.



*Arthur and Beatrice Kessinger*

## THE SAND PILE



In the September issue of Al-Ayyam Al-Jamila, I was guilty of speculating on the merits of pleasant and economical living somewhere far removed from the smog and struggles of southern California. (As we all know, Somewhere always seems more attractive, presumably because we don't know its drawbacks.) I told you what I in turn had been told about Sequim, Washington, Lake Chapala, Mexico, and Clearwater, Florida. The trouble with such dreamy speculation is, that someone is apt to jerk you out of your dream. Sure enough, along in October, I found the real estate section of the Clearwater (Florida) Sun in my post office box. The sender had written a note on the margin, "Think your figures are wrong," then had added kindly, "We like the 'Refugee' Magazine." The note was unsigned.

Like all real estate sections, this one was filled with ads describing the wonders of various subdivisions. I found that the range of quoted prices was somewhat lower than those I reported in September. But as I always suspect that advertizers list their lowest prices, I also suspect that average values were considerably higher than those in the ads, and that the fine water front homes (not mentioned in the paper) were much higher, still. All of which reveals the sad news that they aren't giving away homes, even in Clearwater, Florida. So, there goes another dream.



This wasn't too much of a shock, as I had been suspicious all along. What worries me is, who sent the newspaper. The handwriting was smooth and attractive, which causes me to suspect a woman. And the note said, "We like the 'Refugee' Magazine." Doesn't sound like Frank Bonnet — unless he went and got himself married. Mabel and Jack Lyon have migrated back to Texas. Guess it must have been a pair of travelling Refugees, seeking Paradise — which emphasizes the common belief that Paradise is hard to find.

That is, for some people — but not for a growing number of Aramco annuitants who are gravitating to Paradise, California. Please understand that I'm no publicity agent for this northern California retreat; haven't even seen it. But I receive more and more favorable reports concerning it. The latest comes from my old side kick, Beck Beckley and his wife, Mae, who rolled down from Washington state in October as a part of their travel while on home leave from Arabia. They stopped for a time in Paradise, visiting with a number of ex-Aramcoites who are beginning to dot the area. Beck is so enthused that he now is considering this as his retirement spot, rather than Washington, which he always has regarded with great affection. He tells of a well-planned community possessing an attractive climate, pleasant homes, wooded hills, views of the mountains, and also, plenty of water. (Water is no



small item for the future in a major part of the desirable residential areas of these United States.)

Another unusual feature is the large number of Aramco annuitants and prospective annuitants who have homes or property in the vicinity. Within a few years, possibly even now, considerably more of our number will have Paradise, California, as an address than any other one post-office in the country. Entering the town in the years ahead, one can expect to drive down Dhahran Boulevard, turn right on Abqaiq Street, and continue to East Ras Tanura Drive, which will border Nejma Park. You may even be able to buy your groceries with riyals.



Did you hear about the irritated wife? "What's the matter with you?" she demanded. "Monday, you liked beans; Tuesday, you liked beans; Wednesday, you liked beans; Thursday, you liked beans. Now on Friday, all of a sudden you don't like beans!"



I have a card from a world traveler, Pete Pederson, advising that as of last September, the Pedersons were enjoying Germany in the company of their son, Bert, who teaches in Frankfurt. Pete wanted to be remembered to Andy Anderson, whose address he had lost. The message is hereby delivered — and I hope that Pete survives the German beer.



I've been reading again. This is not so much evidence that I'm a book worm as proof that I continue to try to find something to put in this

column. If my efforts to date have not been wholly satisfactory, be patient. I might stumble onto something any day. I might have stumbled onto it even now. For example, in between the death notices and the comics, I found an article by a man who claimed to have a line on my biggest financial headaches. Yes, that's what he said, "Here are your biggest financial headaches." Naturally, I was mildly surprised to find that he had known that I'd be reading his report. Also, I'm still wondering why, if he knew so much about me, he didn't send me a letter direct, rather than take up so much room in the paper. But that's neither here nor there, so long as he found a way to communicate with me.

My four biggest problems, it seems, are taxes, medical bills, my budget, and inflation; and the man proves it by reporting the experiences and opinions of other people. One young fellow of ninety-five years simplifies his position by stating that "My income does not go up, but prices do." (Nothing new in that.) A mother of seven, up in Michigan, has to pay too much for shoes because all of her family have narrow feet. (Well, that's a little more original.) A man here in the Los Angeles area is screaming because haircuts cost him two dollars. A resident of a nearby town figures that he can lick that problem by purchasing a pair of clippers; but what he needs is a do-it-yourself kit for extracting tonsils. He claims that the doctors have him chained to hard labor for life.

A lady back in Illinois has faced her financial problems bravely by letting her hair grow straight, although she longs for a permanent wave. This decision was made ten years ago, and in the meantime, her bills and her hair have continued to grow, so that today, her hair measures over five feet. She doesn't state the length of the bills; but she does say that both bills and long hair are giving her a headache.

Apparently the high income people have as many complaints as the low. A lady in Iowa says that when she and her husband were poor, they didn't have to worry about protecting their investments because they didn't have any. Now, with high taxes and inflation and such, they aren't doing as well with their money as when they ran out of it before the next pay day. Another lost soul moans that if he doesn't earn enough to pay the bills, his family starves; but if he

does earn enough, his income tax is so high that he can't find the money to pay it.

I have considerable sympathy for these people; but I suspect that most of them aren't as near the end of their rope as they claim to be. Most of them are trying to say that they feel that their dollars ought to buy more, and that the government shouldn't be taking so many of the remaining dollars that they are trying to save. In my area of experience (and possibly it is abnormal), there is little evidence of actual want. Most people have enough to eat and to wear; and living quarters are adequate. But we resent the fact that from year to year and even from month to month, our dollar buys less and less, and the taxes continue to rise. And even though we aren't close to actual privation, there remains the fear that if costs continue to rise, we might reach that stage or at least have to reduce our standard of living. I'm in complete sympathy with that viewpoint; but I suggest that you and I will be wasting our aging energies if we spend much time in resenting.

We had better devote our abilities to preparing for more inflation and more taxation; for it appears probable that so long as union leaders demand and get higher wages for their organizations without increased productivity, and so long as we have to spend billions on billions to protect ourselves from Russian dominance or destruction, so long is that dollar going to continue to buy less and less. Perhaps some financial genius can find a different answer, but up to date, I haven't heard about it. It follows that we'd better learn to grin and bear it, learn how to be happy in a changing world, even one that includes Khrushchev, Jimmy Hoffa, and Walter Reuther.



I think that I told you some time ago that I had become a councilman in the small town of Ojai. It's been an enlightening experience — not always pleasant but seldom dull. Among other

facts, I learned early that although our town isn't broke, it is habitually on the ragged edge of being so. We need practically everything, including an improved sewer system, a city hall, paving, parking, and a drastic overhaul of our business section — but we haven't the funds for these projects. Because of our school and various other special districts, our total tax load is so high that the taxpayer objects to much additional burden for running the town.



As I became aware of this situation, I concluded that Ojai, although beautiful, was faced with unusually difficult financial problems. But I'm coming to learn that the problems of Ojai are shared by most of the cities and towns of California — possibly of the nation. A few weeks ago, I attended a state-wide convention of the League of California Cities where I found crying towels draped all over the furniture. The main trouble seems to be caused by California's skyrocketing population. Towns are growing faster than they can provide facilities for the people. Taxes lag behind the population rise; so, up go the rates to pay for more streets, sewers, parks, and above all schools.

This pattern of rising costs that can't be met by current income appears on up through county and state, as well as federal government. I suspect that in some communities, tax money is wasted; but also I am seeing more and more evidence of hard-working city organizations who watch expenditures as carefully as do business groups. In our little community, we shop around for second-hand equipment, and make such savings as seem reasonable — but the bills still threaten to exceed income, and taxes continue to creep upward. So, dearly beloved, let me rise and suggest that you don't cuss your city government too violently until you learn what its problems are. Moreover, the evidence continues to assure you that whether you like it or not, your future county and city taxes probably aren't going to be reduced but probably will go higher. So get used to it if you can.



I can only hope that the above profound financial discussion has been highly stimulating and has brought laughter and happiness to your day. You can't expect to have fun all the time, however; so let's talk about vacations, specifically my vacation since you haven't seen fit to tell me about yours. Anyone like to go packing in the mountains? Please, someone say, yes. I have to have some excuse to tell you of my sojourn in the high Sierras. All right. I'll tell you about it anyway.

Time: Last August.

Place: Near the base of the Minarets above Lake Ediza — some of the most spectacular of Sierra scenery.

You drive your car to Mammoth Junction, then north to Agnew Meadows at about 8300 feet elevation. From that point, you pack about eight miles in and a quarter mile up.

I rode a horse. At that elevation, I wasn't sure how much oxygen my lungs would find lying around loose. They hadn't been in the Sierras for about fifteen years and might have forgotten how to behave. We were a rather large party — about a dozen humans, saddle horses for all but the tough guys, and a mule train carrying enough supplies for a company of SeaBees. A few of our party rode as though they were seeing their first horse. One lady was extremely nervous, but brave. We at first considered placing her on the saddle and then strapping both lady and saddle onto the horse at the same time, but discarded this idea in favor of a concerted effort by the assembled male population.

After the first hour of travel, the lady's nervousness began to pass — her fear of her gentle mount was cautiously replaced by affection. Later, after we traversed a couple of narrow paths with considerable mountain up above and considerable space below, the lady's affection became mingled with gratitude — even love. By the time we reached our camp spot, the lady had named the horse Cora and was insisting that we give her (the horse) grass at every opportunity. When they parted, the lady was near tears, vowing that she always would carry the memory of Cora in her heart. Cora went off down the trail with never a backward glance, still hunting for grass.

Of course, there was more to the pack trip

than Cora and the lady. For example, on the day prior to the start of the pack, we parked our cars beside a neat camp containing a couple of characters named Preston and Loughboro. The first was Elmer Preston, and the second was Bobby Loughboro's brother. No matter where you go, you can run into ex-Aramcoites. As a group, we must cover a lot of ground.

Then there was the first spectacular view from the trail as we reached Shadow Lake. We were grunting up a rocky path with a roaring waterfall beside us and a rock wall ahead. As we topped the wall, the sweep of the Minarets and Banner and Ritter came up like a stage backdrop behind the stretch of the lake. Above and beyond the long mirror of water rose the spread of green forest, and beyond the forest, the snow fields and the jagged peaks that threatened to puncture the sky.

And we had mosquitoes. Rain had fallen steadily in the mountains for three weeks before we appeared. In deference to our coming, it promptly stopped but left torrents and rivulets flowing through every meadow. It left broad carpets of mountain flowers painting the meadows, but under every flower it left four hundred and eighty-five mosquitoes. I don't object to mosquitoes under flowers, but I have little enthusiasm for mosquitoes under my nose, eyes, chin, and hair line. Because of the cold, they didn't bother us after sundown, but they rolled out to greet us in the morning as we emerged from our sleeping bags, and accompanied us to breakfast where they sat on the hot cakes and tried to dart into our opened mouths. (I see a poetic justice in a mosquito being bitten before he has a chance to bite.) They drifted with us up the mountainsides and perched helpfully on our noses and ears as we tried to fasten spinners or flies to trout lines. Two of our many brands of repellent discouraged the weaker insects briefly, but the tough guys became quite fond of the stuff.

Then, at about the end of the first week, the mosquitoes suddenly vanished. One day, they were around in small clouds. Two days later, only an occasional pest rose to challenge our peace. Were the meadows drying out; was it the time of year for a mosquito retreat; or were they simply gorged with blood? Ask the mosquitoes.

For the first three or four days, I behaved as an old man should, avoiding exertion as

much as practicable. After that, I went clambering over rocks with the younger generation, although usually at a reduced pace. At 9,500 to 11,000 feet, the heart develops a habit of knocking on the rib cage occasionally and yelling, "Hey! Take it easy, Superman." Climbing a small ridge is no lighthearted romp; it's a planned undertaking. Each fifty feet up the mountainside calls for a rest and a chance for heart and lungs to catch up. But at the top is another view and a greater space and a sense of accomplishment. If you don't especially enthuse over mountains, I'm boring you. If you do, you might find the country around Lake Ediza a rewarding experience.

I've dwelt on the drawbacks of the trip, which to me were overbalanced by the rewards of scenery, atmosphere, and good companions. The satisfaction of such a vacation is difficult to put into words. It comes down to your feeling about mountains and their surrounding lakes and streams and timber and flowers — yes, even their fish. If you think that the sight of a vast sweep of lake and timber, topped by snow fields and glaciers framing harsh peaks, is among the most stimulating experiences on this battered earth — then take a climb to Lake Ediza and to the ridges and the snow fields beyond.

On my desk lies a pile of envelopes taken from last year's Christmas cards sent by various of you Refugees. I'm not going to try to answer them because there are too many and because I'd rather send you the season's greetings by way of Al-Ayyam Al-Jamila. These cards have formed an important part of our previous Christmas pleasure — this awareness of being remembered; and we hope that we'll hear from you again as the spirit of Christmas moves you. It's a wonderful time for renewing friendly contacts, the Christmas period. It's a time especially to remember those who might not be remembered otherwise, and whose loneliness would grow because of so much remembering all around them. It's a time to be reassured that in this mixed-up world of ours, much good still grows. It's a time for faith that as we grow wiser, we will come to know that the only hope of our world lies in learning how to live with each other.

MERRY CHRISTMAS.

*Phil McConnell*



Remembrance ~ like a fireplace glows warmest  
at Christmas

## A New Beginning

Retirement means a lot of things to a lot of people. In a report of his activities since joining the Aramco alumni, HAMILTON OSBORNE gives us a picture of what it means to him:

Retirement has many connotations. I dislike the negative ones such as to withdraw from action, or to seek seclusion. I like retirement as the end — of one phase of living and the beginning of another. Certainly any Aramco annuitants, following their vigorous productive careers, must find it difficult to assume a solitary, secluded existence. As for me, I shall LIVE until the drive is gone.

Yet, it is nice to withdraw from the regimented rat race and the grim deadlines that make us old before our time. This was the kind of talk I gave to myself as retirement neared and for two years before I actually began preparation for my new career.

First, I bought a beautiful six acres of land, as virgin as the day the King of England made the grant. At the mouth of the Connecticut River where it flows into Long Island Sound I found an outdoor man's Valhalla. Wild life abounds and it is not unusual for us to watch quail and pheasant and deer during breakfast. We are on the Canadian Flyway for ducks and wild geese. The fishing,

from Cod to Bluefish, is abundant for the whole season. This is also sailors' heaven, and before our eyes we have a parade of pleasure craft mingling with tankers and barges going upriver to Hartford.

During the first eighteen months of being "out of work" I built a 2800 square foot house. I worked as a hand ten hours a day from footings to completion. Now we have a beautiful home in a gorgeous setting — and I lost twenty-five pounds to boot. If any of my old friends want an outlet for their energy I'll put them to work on the next house, which I am about to start. I guarantee that knocking nails is the best way to relieve tensions.

In my spare time I organized and started operation of FAR Service — a business of Foreign Automobile Rentals. My fleet of Volkswagen Sedans, Busses and Campers for use in the United States are available at New York. Those of the European fleet are available at Amsterdam and Rome, and have been running between those two cities all summer.

Irene and I go off to State and National Parks for week-end camping in our mobile home. We attended the America's Cup Races at Newport in September and camped out on that magnificent



*Oz, before he started to build his house.*



*One of Oz's Campers, it rides six, and seats open up to make double bed. There is a stove and a refrigerator.*



beach for two nights, drinking in the rich atmosphere, doing a little painting here and there and LIVING.

Now that the football season is with us, many Saturday afternoons find us in the Yale Bowl. Too, the arrival of the Autumn foliage has been an invitation for us to roam the country roads and see again that spectacular show.

That pretty much sums up our way of Life.

We haven't missed any part of that old routine except the wonderful friends we made in foreign service and now we find them coming home too.

We are trying to live the philosophy of Henry Thoreau, great New England naturalist, who advised

"LIVE each day as deliberately as Nature and don't allow mosquito wings and peanut shells deter you from your course."

## ...Or Corn Flakes Or Peanut Hulls

Now that the elections are over, CASPER and SOPHIE GEE have relaxed a bit after their labors on behalf of the Republican cause in California. Their party's showing was a disappointment but Sophie has a personal letter of appreciation from the chairman of the organization in Pomona, California, along with memories of some pretty frustrating doorbell ringing.

Upon answering such a ring and hearing Sophie identify herself, one man interrupted her with, "Lady, see that dog layin' over there. Well, go register him — he's the only Republican around here."

Casper has been back on the lecture platform again before different church and club groups with his talks about the Middle East. Also, he and Sophie have had more occasions to show their pictures of Thailand and Arabia, sometimes to large groups, occasionally to guests in their home.

Casper and Sophie continue to keep in pretty close contact with such former Aramcons as the John Ahlborns, who they happily report are moving to Pomona, their neighbors, the Ben Joys — except that Ben is temporarily in Korea — and Fred and Blanche Sands. Fred just recently returned from a trip to Turkey — must be hard to get the roving instinct out of one's blood.

Our heartfelt sympathy goes to Casper in his present predicament. Sophie is longing for a sleek new Thunderbird like the one in which Fred and Blanche arrived when they came to dinner the other night. Sophie also is longing for a mink, at which point Casper wails, "What will I use for money, potato chips?" Anyway, at the risk of divulging Santa's secret, we suspect that Sophie will perhaps be getting a mink toothbrush under her Christmas tree.



# MAIL CALL!

As most of you know, a list of annuitants' names and addresses was distributed about the end of October. Here are the additions or changes which have since been received.

EARL H. BLAND	907 Burton Avenue, Orange, Texas
GEORGE W. BROCK	The Dolphin Motel, Apt. 39, 1350 34th Street N., St. Petersburg, Florida
EDWIN H. ELY	Lytle Creek, California
KENNETH O. FELTMAN	586 Sunset Drive, Whittier, California
INGULF S. FLADAGER	c/o Erik Roy Fladager, 15B Leland Gardens, Plainfield, New Jersey
CHALLIE A. GRAY	Box 889, Grass Valley, California
GEORGE V. JOHNSON	c/o H. J. Littlefield, 19957 Gresham, North Ridge, California
PHILIP J. LEONARD	15611 Northeast 15th Court, North Miami Beach, Florida
WILFRED B. McLAIN	959 Talbot Street, Albany, California
MILTON O. SMITH	1821 West Lawrence Lane, Phoenix, Arizona
J. C. STIRTON	c/o Mrs. Helen Brodrick, 663 La Vista Road, Walnut Creek, California

