

Al-Ayyam Al-Jamila

" These Pleasant Days "

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

NEW YORK, N. Y.

DECEMBER, 1959

Vol. 3, No. 4

Noel Noel



With the Christmas season there exists a greater kinship among mankind, there come vivid and varied memories of other times, people and places — and our recollections of old friends are brighter.

The ties which have grown up among us over the years of close association are joined by links not altered by time and distance. May they remain strong even as your ranks grow and more of you move on to new experiences in your retirement, many in distant places.

To all of you, from your friends here, our warmest and heartfelt wishes for a Merry Christmas and the hope for a New Year filled with joy and contentment.

M. Hardy



William Eltiste

The retirement of WILLIAM ELTISTE, Adviser to the Arab Development Department, on December 1 removes one of Aramco's best known early pioneers from the Middle Eastern scene, after thirty-one years of service with Socal and Aramco. Bill first went to Bahrain in 1931 and has made his home in Saudi Arabia since 1935. Esta, who joined Bill soon after their marriage in 1938, also qualifies as a pioneer.

Bill's talents have been varied and many parts of the Aramco operations have received benefit of his efforts over the years. His greatest contribution, however, is in the area of Arab Development, a department which grew out of his personal, informal aid given to hundreds of individuals who came to him for assistance and advice, many in off hours at first.

The Eltiste home in Dammam has been likened to a park in the desert, along with its popular miniature zoo. Esta's green thumb will no doubt accompany her to California where they will retire, although we have no details of their plans. Their temporary address is c/o J. Carolan, 136 North Lemon Avenue, Menlo Park, California.



What, No Crabgrass?

From San Carlos, California, GENE and ETHEL HUGHES send Christmas Greetings to all their friends and express a wish to each for a Happy 1960.

Gene says that about a year ago they decided to return to the San Francisco Bay area, where they used to live "before Aramco," and find a home of their own. They lived in a motel for three months, while looking from Burlingame to Saratoga, and greatly appreciated the help that Andy and Evelyn Anderson gave them in covering their region. They finally selected their present spot in San Carlos, however, in

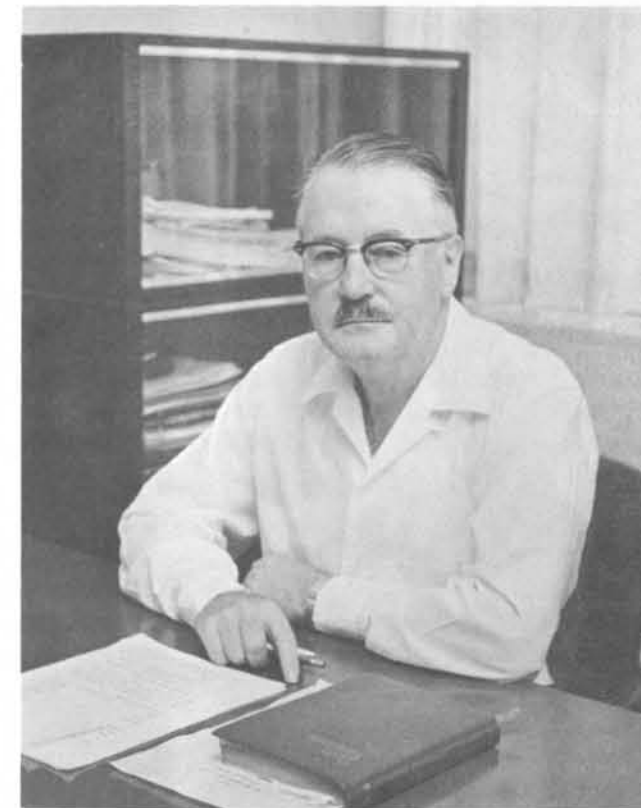
order to be near their daughter's family, which includes two grandsons, in Sausalito.

Gene says the garden is requiring quite a bit of work but so far they haven't called for any outside help. They often think of PHIL's description of his rock pile; but they haven't yet been bothered with gophers, although they do have trouble keeping the deer out of the garden.

They have finally gotten all of their things together and know that when everything is sorted they will be able to completely enjoy their home. They extend an invitation for all of their friends to visit them in San Carlos.

WALTER C. DAYHUFF officially joins the Refugees on January 1, 1960, after nearly thirty-seven years with Socal and Aramco. The year following graduation from the University of California at Berkeley in 1922, with a degree in Chemistry, Walt went to work for Socal at Huntington Beach. He transferred to Aramco in 1949. His most recent assignment was Assistant Manager, General Office Engineering.

Walt and his wife, Lydia, left Bahrain in September for a leisurely trip back to the States with stopovers at such places as Bombay, Agra, Delhi and Calcutta. From there they planned travelling by freighter to Hong Kong, to Japan, to San Francisco, arriving in early December. Walt says that main projects for a while will be catching up on their "druthers," like getting acquainted with their grandchildren, getting a residence established, and lowering the golf handicap. Friends may find them at 4117 McKinley Street, Arlington, California.



Walter C. Dayhuff

Now Just Where

Should I Put This?

We've just had a note from the R. L. HUEBERS advising that they have moved from San Francisco across to the other side of the Golden Gate where they have rented the Miles Lupien home in Mill Valley, California.

Bob, Marguerite and their daughter, Charlotte, have been very busy getting the house set up, particularly sorting the contents of the fifty-nine cases of household items which arrived from Saudi Arabia. Marguerite is wrestling with the chore of finding room for everything, and says that if they can just get it in place before Christmas they will be most happy. They're taking time out, however, for a deep breath and to wish all of their friends a Merry Christmas.

"Our best wishes to all our friends for a Happy Christmas and a wonderful New Year. We hope you will come see us when you are in our part of the world - The GUIONS."

Wade and Gladys mean, of course, Wimberley, Texas, where they report they've been so busy improving their place that they haven't had time to do much else. They are approaching, not the end, but a breathing spell, so will try to send some pictures one of these days.

LEE and OLGA CARLTON wish to extend their warmest Season's Greetings to their friends among the annuitants, both near and far away, and to say that the welcome mat is always out at 691 North San Antonio Avenue, Upland, California.



Travis Broadbent

TRAVIS BROADBENT left his position as Program Designer, Training Department for retirement on October 1 after more than thirty-six years with Socal and Aramco. Travis was born, went to school, and taught in England, coming to the United States in 1921. Four years later he returned to England long enough to claim as his wife, Marion Rothwell, whom he had known since they were in their teens.

Travis and Marion picked up a Volkswagen Sedan in Italy and toured Austria, Germany, Switzerland, Belgium and England en route to the States. They planned to reach Florida about the middle of November and relax for a while. After that, they expect to do considerable traveling in this country, Canada and Mexico, perhaps by trailer. Of one thing they are sure, however, there would be much visiting with friends here and there before canvassing the Santa Barbara area of California for a place to settle down. In the meantime, their contact address will be in care of H. G. Thompson, 319 Jackson Street, Taft, California.

October first also marked the date on which J. M. AUGELLO joined our alumni group. Joe's fifteen years with Aramco began in 1944, just after having been released from military duty in Cairo. His latest position was Lead Boiler Operator, Oil Operations in Dhahran.

Joe was born in Sicily, grew up in Carbon-dale, Pennsylvania, and attended school in New York. He also attended Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company's industrial university, then worked for Goodyear for fifteen years before the war.

Joe planned to tour Italy, Sicily, France and Spain before reaching the States, where he may become active in running his own airplane parts manufacturing business on Long Island. His address for the time being will be 21-21 46th Street, Astoria, L.I., New York, but its hard to tell where to look for a man with hobbies as varied as flying, boating, sports and photography.



Joseph Augello

Time Does Fly

ANDY and EVELYN ANDERSON'S greetings and report of activities are directed to all annuitants as well as their friends who are still active and may see this issue of *Al-Ayyam Al-Jamila*.

My! How the list of annuitants has grown since we retired in 1953. It would be good to see each of you and shake your hand again. But that would not be easy since we "refugees from the sand dunes" are scattered all over the United States and into some foreign lands. It is difficult to get around the country and meet many in the course of a year.

A gathering every year or two in different parts of the country would provide a convenient means of meeting a large bunch of "refugees" and enjoying a day or two renewing old friendships. We think that was demonstrated at the Get-

Together held in Pleasanton, California in September of 1958. All seemed to have had a good time and many wished there would be more get-togethers. If anyone has views on this subject, we suggest you write the Editor.

We always enjoy reading what other alumni are doing. Many seem modest and hesitate to write about themselves. We, too, hesitate, but here is a very brief report. We are well, happy and busy. The abu or shayib of this household accepted an appointment about three years ago to the Planning Commission of the newly incorporated city of Saratoga (a public service - no pay).

At the outset we were under the impression it would entail only two meetings a month, but with study sessions, committee meetings and

people seeking advice and help with their plans and schemes, it has developed into a half time job. However, it is a new experience, very interesting, gives contacts with many people and a feeling that one is a part of the community - that he is doing something constructive and worthwhile. He does not have that feeling of being shelved or cast onto the dump that so many men are reported as having after they reach a specified age and are required to retire by their employers. I am glad to say I haven't met any Aramco retirees who appeared to have that feeling. Yes, we are really enjoying this phase of life.

A Merry Christmas and best wishes to all of you.

UP AND AT IT

As we've already heard, JIM HOGG is starting out in the real estate business in Santa Barbara, California. We're wondering if perhaps Jim was his own first customer, since he says they've just bought a little home, the right size for two, and will be moved in by the first of December.

Jim sounds very enthusiastic over his new venture and sent along one of his business cards, indicating his connection with Tru-Worth Company, Ltd. He'd like to have it known by any Aramcons or any one else migrating to Santa Barbara that Jim Hogg will be there to welcome them and help them get located.

Jim and Bernice send their best wishes and Season's Greetings to all their friends, wherever they happen to be.



Benjamin Davies

We welcome BENJAMIN DAVIES to our club when he retires from Tapline, Aramco, and Socal on January 1, 1960 after thirty-five years of continuous service. Ben was born and educated in Scotland and worked there for nine years as apprentice, machinist and general representative for the British Aluminum Company before coming to the United States.

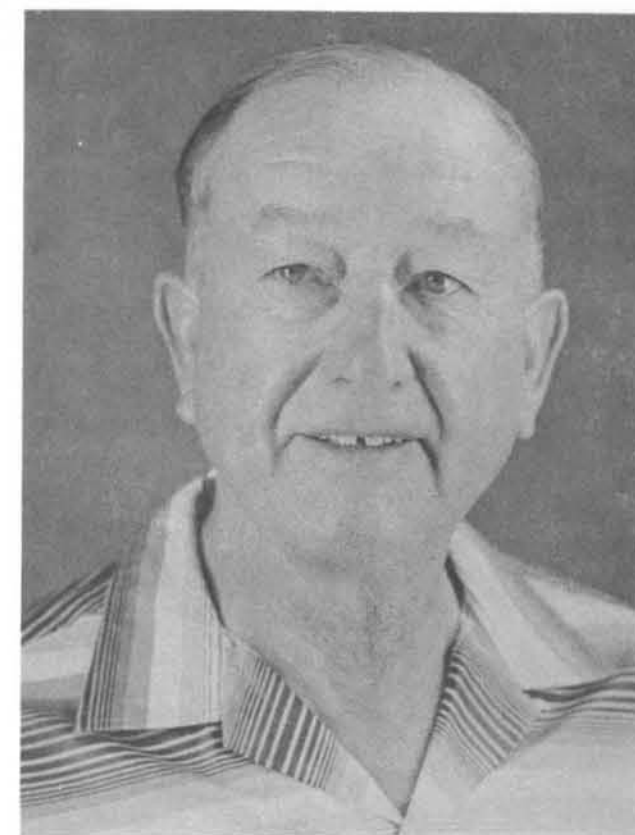
Ben went to work for Socal in December of 1925 in the Producing and Natural Gasoline Departments. He went to Saudi Arabia for the old Casoc organization in 1938 as a Machinist, then transferred to Tapline in 1949. There he was assigned to Ras al Mish'ab as an Inspector, then as Maintenance Foreman both at Badanah and Qaisumah.

Ben left Beirut the middle of October with plans to visit with old friends and relatives in Scotland on his way to the States. We're not aware of Ben's retirement plans, but you can bet your best ball that golf will be included. His putting pals are going to miss him. Ben's temporary address is in care of H. A. Walters, 900 Wadsworth, Pismo Beach, California.

PAUL N. BROADWATER, Supervising Craftsman (Field Carpenters) in the Maintenance and Shops Division, retired on November 1 after more than thirteen years with Aramco. Paul's first assignment was in Ras Tanura and he holds the distinction, which few can match, of having served in the same department in the same district during his entire stay in Saudi Arabia.

Paul was born and attended school in Maryland and spent most of his career before joining Aramco along the east coast, working as a carpenter on construction projects, large and small. Undoubtedly the best known was the Empire State Building, where he helped with the concrete foundations. During the war, he spent a year with a construction firm in Bermuda.

Paul wants to keep busy after returning to the States, although he has no definite plans as yet. For the time being he may be reached at 210 South Olive Street, Hammond, Louisiana.



Paul N. Broadwater

This Will Be A Better Christmas

From the HAMILTON OSBORNES of Otter Cove (Old Saybrook, Connecticut) come greetings to all annuitants, their wives and families this Christmastide. And with the wishes, Oz shares some of his thoughts about our own times and some of the yesterdays of years past:

Christmas has meant many things to many people. There was a time in the memory of many of us when Christmas was a deadline, or a target for getting a refinery on stream, or a deep well into production. And there have been Christmases when men like Hitler or Stalin held much of the world in fear.

But long, long ago there was a Christmas that brought courage, fortitude, a new way of life to thinking men — the birth of a child on that first Christmas, an event celebrated with reverence for twenty centuries. As the Christmases

have come and gone, some men have become better and some have become worse. There have been great leaders and thinkers who strove to free men's bodies and men's minds — there have been others we'd like to forget. No Christmas has been perfect, since man has not achieved perfection. This can be a better Christmas though, as can be the next and the next, if we but remember and are guided by the life and the love and the teachings of Him whose birth we honor at this season.

Oz says he will offer this prayer for all annuitants at their Christmas service:

"Dear Father, please give these people Thy great comfort and lead them to a useful new career in the light of Thy love and faith toward the betterment of all mankind. That is the way, Your way, toward the happiest Christmas on earth and years ahead of service and glory to man, whose work is never done."

Gathering Of the Clan

When the BARNEY MCKEEGANs were in New York last summer, they promised to keep in touch and let us know what they were doing. True to



The Clan

that promise, Helen wrote a long letter about their activities and included a picture of the Clan — with Barney and Helen are their two daughters, their two sons and their wives, six young and only momentarily seated grandsons, and Gina, a photogenic pet collie.

We're saving Helen's letter for the next issue and hope she won't feel that it was love's labor lost. Perhaps Barney will have the house all painted by then and she'll let us have a snapshot. The other picture was taken at Barry's place.

They had visited with EARL and ISABEL BECKWITH and were planning to see the Ray Hennigs and the Steve Gordons during the holidays. They are looking forward to having all of the McKeeGANs together for the first time in fifteen years, and hope for all their friends as happy a Holiday Season as they are planning.



Jerry A. Handy

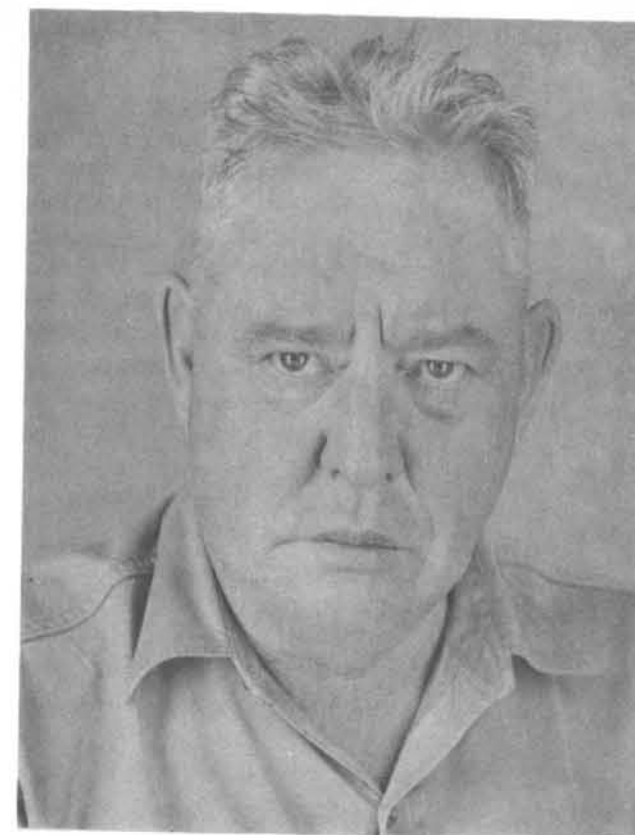
JERRY ANDRE' HANDY became an annuitant on December 1, following ten years in Saudi Arabia, almost all of it at Ras Tanura. Jerry started with Aramco as a machinist, a trade learned through apprenticeship in his native Czechoslovakia; his last assignment was that of Supervising Operator in the Utilities Division. Jerry was in the Austrian and Czechoslovakian armies for five years prior to 1922, when he went to France. In Belfort he met Madeline, to whom he will soon have been married for thirty four years. Jerry came to the United States in 1926 and worked as a tool and die maker in the New York area for several years.

After leaving Saudi Arabia, Jerry and Madeline plan on a two-month visit in France, the acquisition of a Mercedes in Germany, then a trailer trip around the United States. It will be interesting to hear of their "unbiased" selection of a retirement location and the proper spot for hobbies like fishing, woodworking and gardening—it seems that they've never been farther west than Hoboken, New Jersey.

ROLLAND H. BENDER will join the annuitant ranks on January 1, 1960 after nearly fifteen years with Aramco in Saudi Arabia. For the past nine years Charlie, as he is known to his friends, has been Supervisor (Reclamation) in the M.S. and C.S. Department in Ras Tanura.

Charlie's early years were spent in Wisconsin, where he became the youngest licensed cheesemaker in the state. He later became a machinist, eventually making his way to the West Coast and Hawaii, where he witnessed the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor. He also worked on Standard of Alaska's Whitehorse project before joining Aramco.

Charlie and his wife, the former Marie Paris of Beirut, were married in 1952. They have chosen the beautiful lake country of the Ozarks for retirement, and Marie has been getting things all ready for Charlie's arrival at their place in Mountain Home, Arkansas. We're not sure about Charlie's hobbies, but we'd surely be interested in hearing what luck he has with the fishing in Norfolk Lake — it's supposed to be awful good.



Rolland H. Bender



TRAILER TIPS, ANYONE?



CHIEF and CARRIE MEYER send Greetings for The Holidays to all annuitants and an account of their trailer travels since the report carried in the AAAJ issue of March 1958.

Christmas two years ago found them in New Mexico and included a visit with the BETTENCOURTS in Albuquerque. In April they bought a new nineteen foot Kenskill Travel Trailer and immediately indoctrinated it with a trip up to Merced, Fresno and Taft. In July they left home again for a two month salmon fishing jaunt up on the Klamath River and along the Coast. Last Christmas they spent at home in Orange.

Early 1959 was pretty quiet with only a once a month week-end trip with their trailer club. But the end of May the Meyers were off to New Mexico again, this time also introducing the Kenskill to

Oklahoma, Texas and Carlsbad Caverns. Their trailerhome looked a bit small when they returned to California, so by August they were ensconced in a new 10 by 50 foot, 1960 model Flamingo, which they feel will be their permanent abode.

Thirty nine trailers from their club recently made a trip to Palm Springs where about six hundred had gathered for a TTCA rally and showing of 1960 trailer models.

Chief reports they are in good health and enjoying their retirement very much. They're leading an active and busy life, which includes bowling three afternoons a week for the man of the trailer. Chief says they stay home only long enough to treat aching feet and replenish the supply of food and clean clothes for another trip. (Wonder what makes their feet tired.)



The HAROLD BAKERS, better known to their friends as Roughhouse and Effie, dropped by the New York Office in September with an interesting account of their second trailer trip as members of a Wally Byam Caravan — over 13,000 miles this time, including Canada. They were heading back toward their home in Santa Ana, California. Unfortunately, it was a little too late for the September issue of Al-Ayyam Al-Jamila and too long for this issue. So, with apologies to the Bakers, we're saving it until March. In the meantime, we extend greetings and best wishes to all their friends.



W7DEM

Grants Pass, Oregon

LET THIS RADIOGRAM BE MY CONTRIBUTION TO THE CHRISTMAS ISSUE OF AL-AYYAM AL-JAMILA. MERRY CHRISTMAS AND HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL REFUGEES. CHARLES F. BECK

No fooling — it's exactly what it sounds like. Charlie's message was picked up by a fellow member of the American Radio Relay League, Robert R. Migliorino, in Hawthorne, New Jersey, three thousand miles from its point of origin, and sent to us on the league's official form. We were highly intrigued by the unique way Charlie used his interesting hobby to say Merry Christmas, and would like to pay tribute to the many radio amateurs — the hams so noted for their work in public emergencies.



Emory A. Whiteside

EMORY A. WHITESIDE retired on December 1 after thirty years in the oil business. Whitey's career began with Socal at Kettleman Pump Station and later took him to Bahrain Island and Saudi Arabia before the war. His specialty in the transportation field served him in good stead with the Kettleman North Dome Association for five years prior to his return to Aramco in early 1946. Whitey's most recent assignment has been supervisor of drivers at Abqaiq.

On their way home, the Whitesides will visit Amelia's three sisters who are living in northern Italy. They are returning to the farm in California on which Whitey was born, where his time will be profitably spent in putting up buildings on some property he has acquired adjoining the farm. Their address is Route 1, 14788 17th Avenue, Lemoore, California.



The Kind Of Name Dropping We Like

BOB and THELMA LOUGHBORO pause in their visiting to extend their Season's Greetings to All — all their friends, near and far.

There are names of a great many annuitants among the people Bob and Thelma have seen this past year, starting with the ED BETTENCOURTS in Albuquerque, New Mexico — that was while waiting between trains after the Christmas holidays (last year).

They've visited with a lot of their old friends around California recently and found them enjoying their retirement and keeping busy. A few of whom Bob makes specific mention are CHIEF and CARRIE MEYER, with their 10' X 50' trailer; JAY DEE and OLIVE TUCKER, with Tuck in the real estate business and both of them looking fine; ELMER and PEARL PRESTON, with Elmer just back from a scenic fishing trip that took

him as far north as the Olympic Peninsula.

One day they were joined by Leila Eyre for a short safari over to Paradise, looking in on the WAYNE BROWNS and CAL and MARIE ROSS. They were sorry when their time ran out because there were more in that area they would like to have seen. Then one day JOHNNIE and IDA RAMIREZ stopped by just before taking off for Tahoe and Reno.

At one of their picnics where there were quite a few Aramcoites, they were happy to run into an old 1944 group from Cairo, as Bob puts it, CLAUDE ENYART, Ernie Smith, Alex Zoll, Toni Gano and Tommie Webb.

And to make the year complete, they kept busy the rest of the summer, during vacation, enjoying their grandchildren.

THEODORE VANDERVERT became a member of the alumni group in November. Ted has been a driller during his ten years in Saudi Arabia. This was a continuation of a long affiliation with the oil industry, broken for five years during World War II when he served as a crane operator in Alaska and for a ship builder in Los Angeles. Ted is a native of Nebraska but has claimed California as his home for a long time. Ted and his wife, Madeline, with their two children, have returned to California, where they can be reached at present in care of General Delivery, Victorville.



We welcome to our alumni ranks MELCHARM. FOGLEMAN, who retired from Standard Oil Company of California and Aramco on June 1, 1959 following twenty-five years of continuous service. Mel's initial assignment with Socal began in May, 1934 — he first went to the Middle East in July of 1938. Three years later he worked with Socal in the States for a period of six months, returning to Saudi Arabia in February, 1952. Mel's last stint of over five years with Aramco, during which he served as Foreman (Operator), ended with his transfer back to Socal in September 1957.



We're more than a little late, but would like to record a welcome to WARREN H. THRALLS, who has been a member of our club for several months. Jake joined Aramco in 1947 and spent six years in Saudi Arabia as a Geologist. For the past six years he has been in the New York organization, most recently serving as a division supervisor in the Exploration and Producing Department. Jake's career has taken him to many other foreign areas such as Canada, Mexico, Argentina, Bolivia, Trinidad and Colombia.

Jake and his wife, Artie Mae, have gone to Texas, where they had lived for a number of years before going to Arabia. They may be reached at 411 Woodcrest Drive, San Antonio, Texas.

Another new member of the clan is ELLIS L. LOCKETT, who recently left his assignment in Abqaiq as Assistant Drilling Foreman. Ellis has worked in the oil industry ever since he finished high school forty years ago in his native Louisiana. Most of his work was with drilling operations in Oklahoma, California and Turkey before joining Aramco.

Ellis and his wife, Julia, expect to spend some time traveling, visiting, and eventually retire in Guadalajara, Mexico. In the meantime, they may be reached in care of their son at 1127 Englewood, Royal Oak, Michigan.



FRED A. TAYLOR joins the refugee ranks after having helped feed Aramco employees for twelve years. His first assignment in Saudi Arabia was that of Head Chef, his most recent that of Assistant Superintendent, Food Services, in Abqaiq. Fred was born and educated in South Dakota, then worked for several years in Minnesota. He was attracted to foreign service in 1941 and spent the next six years in Alaska before heading toward the Middle East. We hope that Fred will let us know about his plans for the future. In the meantime, he may be reached at 1443 North East Shaver, Portland, Oregon.



As of November 1, LOUIS H. HARDESTY retired from Texaco and Aramco after thirty-seven years of continuous service. Louis was a native of Kentucky, but began his working career in Oklahoma. From 1921 until 1945 he was with Texaco's West Tulsa Works, then transferring to Aramco. Louis spent the next nine and a half years in Ras Tanura, performing various refinery jobs. Louis left Saudi Arabia in 1954 to return to Texaco, again at the West Tulsa Works.

We welcome Louis as an annuitant and hope that he will let us know what his plans are for retirement. His address is 2623 South Toledo, Tulsa, Oklahoma.

Not ante-bellum, not white columned, but it must be about time for skating on the pond.

is a wonderful experience too. Sunsets over the Blue Ridge Mountains are always lovely but in winter they are spectacular.

Then suddenly it was spring, with its flowers and dogwood trees in bloom all around and all of the great old country houses open for the annual house and garden tours. We were very busy getting the yard and pastures in good shape and then Bela bought his steers. Now they are sleek and fat as they graze on the hillside.

The summer was very warm at times but the nights were cool, so we slept well. The lawns grew so rapidly that mowing them kept Bela busy, but they looked like green velvet and we sat on the porch and loved all of the green countryside. I made chili sauce from our tomatoes for Bela to enjoy on his oysters and also made peach and damson plum preserves like every good country wife does down here.

Now the leaves are starting to turn and the feel of fall is in the air. Horse shows are being held everywhere and cattle auctions are frequent. Bela is hunting dove and training "Hank", his



Evelyn with friends - Abby (short for Abdullah), the "catch" (with a curly tail) and Hank.

pointer pup, for quail season. I am busy with my flowers and planting bulbs, but take time out to fish every so often. Our pond is stocked with good fish and I caught a two-pound bass last week - I'm sending along the proof.

The sky is very blue, the air is cool and dry and in a few weeks Virginia will be ablaze with glorious autumn color. The smell of wood smoke will fill the air and one will feel good just to be alive amid such riches. As Bela often says, "It is just what I wanted".

Visits from Aramco friends added to our enjoyment too. We've greeted the Harry Laurents, Bill Coopers, Floyd Ohligers, Bill Vrooms, Dick Holmeses, Jim Kecks, Will Drumms, and expect the Eddie Fields soon. Harold and Ava McFeeters and the "Abe" Lincolns from Socal were also most welcome.

We both send our best wishes to all our friends for a very Merry Christmas and a New Year filled with happiness.



It looks as though Bela and Evelyn are about to have some new neighbors - twenty five miles doesn't seem enough to keep fine friends from being neighbors. Anyway, ED and IRENE FIELD have bought a charming home in Charlottesville, Virginia and were to start getting it fixed up the middle of December. We hope they will be able to burn a Yule log in their own fireplace this holiday season.



Apologies came in the following form from DARROLD (CURLY) and FERN WAGNER:

As our plans have been so indefinite and traveling has taken a great deal of our time, we have neglected writing to many of our Aramco friends.

Before leaving Arabia we were so sure we

would build a home and retire in Florida. Here we are in California and so far think it an ideal place for retirement. Upon looking over the new address list it seems that a great many retirees have decided the same thing.

At the present time we have our eyes on a half acre creek lot about four miles north of Santa Rosa and may decide to build there. In the meantime we will be living here in Santa Rosa, but we've moved again. We would enjoy having anyone coming this way stop and see us at 3006 Montgomery Drive.

We extend sincerest Holiday Greetings to all of our friends near and far.



The GRAYS, CHALLIE and Johnny, send best wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy Year in 1960 to all their friends, retired and active - whom they miss very much.

This past year didn't start off too pleasantly - Johnny was crippled for the first five months, having injured her back and had to wear a steel brace. Things seem to be better now, however, we are happy to say.

They bought a place south of Grass Valley, California and have been very busy improving it. They have three acres of land and a house with large living room, nice kitchen, two bedrooms, baths, and a closed patio.

Challie put in a fine garden and raised fifty fryers for their deep freezer. So, with their canned fruits and vegetables, they don't expect to be hungry for a while. In his spare(?) time Challie has turned a fair profit buying and selling "small acres" in the area.

Last summer Johnny and Challie enjoyed visits from the D. H. Elliotts, the C. J. Van Dynes, the Errol Leemans and son Gaylen - but as Johnny put it, it made them a wee bit homesick for Arabia.

Paradise, For Man and Beast

There are no problems or difficulties in building a home that cannot be overcome by very hard work and an ample bank account.

This gem is contained in a nice long letter just received from WAYNE BROWN. We've been wondering about the refugees who've settled in that California community with the idyllic name of Paradise. Wayne's report should be of interest to many - and we know now what's been keeping Wayne and Ena out of mischief since July of 1958.

Our first problem was deciding on the right spot to settle down and live. Ena and I spent all our lives in Northern California and we knew of course that we would not be happy any other place. We spent over two months, however, touring around, comparing, and looking for what we had in the backs of our minds - just what we wanted, with trees, some slope and an ample supply of good water.

We finally found this lot in Paradise, about

Strictly custom built.



one acre, with twenty-four large pine trees, a few small oaks and some native toyon berry bushes. It has just enough slope to show off the plantings and presented no difficulties in building. The picture of our new home was taken from the street in front of our property.

It is very difficult to show a house in one photograph with so many trees. The house has over 1200 square feet of floor space and we built it to suit our own needs and put in many conveniences. Ena has the yard completely landscaped and we are very pleased with the results of our work. For sentimental reasons, we refer to certain of our shrubs and plants by the names of many of our good friends in Arabia.

We have fine mountain water with terrific pressure and very cheap. We have a bird feeding station just below the house and all summer we were visited by doves, quail, robins, grey squirrels and many small birds. Ena's rose bushes were kept pruned this summer by a family of deer that came in at night. All this doesn't mean that we live in a wilderness, but Paradise is spread out over a large territory in the mountains and there are many undeveloped sections that are very rough. No shooting is allowed within the limits of the irrigation district and that attracts wild life.

Many of our friends and acquaintances from Arabia have visited us this past summer and we enjoyed them all. Seven Aramco families now live here and as many more have bought property with a view to eventually retiring here. There is a lot of room left and we enjoy giving our friends the "two-bit" tour of our community.

If any Aramcon contemplating retirement wants more details, I will be glad to furnish them - we have lots of room here in Paradise and an unlimited choice of building sites or homes already built. For those with children, there are excellent schools and recreation facilities and we are about twelve miles from an old, established and

very fine state college.

(It was suggested that the pioneering Browns might like to do a little reminiscing about early experiences "over there." This isn't quite what we had hoped for, but we are happy indeed that memories are so pleasant.) Ena and I have only fond memories of our early days in Arabia, and the little inconveniences, shortages and difficulties experienced at that time are now only something to laugh over and were only a part of the growing up stage of our life over there. We had some very wonderful years "in the sand," made some fine friends and visited a great deal of the world during our various vacations.

We would like to extend our fondest Holiday Greetings to all our friends, wherever they might be during the coming season.



From some more members of the Paradise Club, CAL and MARIE ROSS, comes this message to their friends:

We think the idea of sending Greetings through Al-Ayyam Al-Jamila is just all right. We have been wanting to say hello to our old friends and acquaintances for a long time but just can't seem to find time to write.

We can hardly realize it has been over two years since we left Arabia and often think of the wonderful people we knew there and wish that more of you lived closer to us here. Have kept busy doing a few things to our place and have it fixed about the way we want it. However, there is always something more to do to it, especially when there is hunting or fishing to be done.

Several of you have visited with us this year and we hope more of you will stop by when you are in this area. In the meantime, all of you have a MERRY CHRISTMAS and A HAPPY NEW YEAR.



She Shall Have Music

GEORGE and HELEN BROCK would sort of like to let folks know that things go well with them, as usual, and George starts things off with what the Florida Chamber of Commerce would no doubt say was a most unusual weather report.

We've really had a summer! Thunder storms and torrential rains for days on end with high temperatures and higher humidity. Already there have been 85 inches of rain this year, breaking all records, and with two months yet to go.

I am back to work again - it took little urging. Naturally, I find time to bowl in a couple of leagues each week, even though I drive over 2000 miles monthly in making my contacts with many industries, with particular emphasis on heavy construction. It is doing me no harm, of that you can be sure.

We have seen several of the folks from Arabia since we moved into our new home. We spent several pleasant evenings with Al and Betty Downing when they were here, Art and Helen Brice spent a week with us, Bob and Elizabeth Carey dropped by for an evening, and George Slavin stopped in to say hello. We expect to see the Hammins soon and the Raffertys next summer. It's a real gab fest when folks drop by.

We made two important additions to our home this summer. It now has a central air conditioning and heating system. As far as we are concerned A.C. is a must if one is to enjoy Florida living. It was turned on July 9th, Helen's birthday and I suspect it was one of her happiest. The other addition is a piano. Music is just part of My Gal's existence, so why fight the inevitable. To say she enjoys it is putting it mildly.

This is about it for now. We sincerely hope that every member of "our particular gang" will enjoy continued good health and have a most enjoyable Holiday Season.

George's letter arrived on very impressive stationery of a firm of accident control engineers and consultants with offices in several southern cities. George is Manager of the organization's Florida branch office in St. Petersburg.

THE SAND PILE



Thoughts of a Refugee recently returned from a long journey: (Upon first glimpse of the homestead) Well, it's still there — hasn't burned or blown down. The trees certainly have grown — and the shrubs around the garage! Sure appreciate the neighbors who kept watch over everything.

(After the first night at home) What a feeling! No bag to pack, no plane to catch, no place to go, for which I give thanks. Wonder if we still have a bank account. No sheriff's notice of sale in the front yard, so I guess no one has a judgment against us. Got to stock up with groceries. Luckily, those good friends brought us food for breakfast and a few more meals.

Weeds! Weeds in the flower beds, in the lawn, in the terrace, under the trees, in the grape arbor, everywhere except in the concrete. When we left, I told the man we hired that his main responsibility was to keep things growing. Maybe he thought that included weeds.

Ants! Got to get ant killer. Got to start the paper; got to start the phone, the garbage collection, the water softener. Got to go through that mountain of mail; got to send the laundry. The car battery is dead. Where did the ants come from?

(After the first week) The bank account is in a mess. The mail has been sorted, some of it has even been read. We burned the largest pile consisting of come-on ads and papers that burn easily (few do), most of the appeals for money,

invitations to gatherings that occurred four months ago, etc., etc. There's a pile of bills and a few friendly letters. There's a letter from the sovereign state of California advising of its intent to bring suit if I don't come through promptly with a check for sixteen dollars and thirty-seven cents that the state claims should have been paid on my 1955 income tax, and which it has been trying to squeeze out of me for the past three months. The dishwasher misbehaves, possibly because it has become a City of Refuge for the ants.

(After two months) The ants have been exterminated with horrible slaughter. Most of the weeds are pulled and the mail, after lying around for weeks, has been thrown out. The bank says it's sorry, and that after further review it finds that we are mildly solvent. Our sovereign state says that it was all a mistake about that 1955 income tax. The old pattern of life is reappearing. We are behind in our social obligations about the same as usual; my excuse for not writing letters is about the same as in the past; the standard number of chores around the house are screaming for attention that I'm not giving them. Life is complicated and pleasant as usual. Life is back to normal. Some friends are planning a trip through the Pacific. Wish we didn't have so many jobs at home. Wish we could figure some way to take a trip.

And speaking of travel, there was the sad predicament of two Americans cast on a deserted Pacific Island for three years. Then one day, a Coca-Cola bottle washed ashore, one of the new king size. One of the Americans picked it up and examined it, and was hit by a horrible thought, "Joe," he shrieked, "we've shrunk!"

(If you think the so-called jokes that find their way into this column are corny, don't blame me. I copy them out of the best magazines I can find.)

Bob and Florence Farmer rolled up to the door a few weeks past. They are back in San Diego after their experience in Pakistan, and Bob is full of enthusiasm for the apartments that he rents to a portion of San Diego's exploding population. Bob is as full of ideas as ever, probably would start roaming again if Florence didn't hold on to him. But the ideas and Bob's interest in them are excellent medicine against advancing years.

The notice in the last issue concerning Al Gleasner's retirement reminds me of an earlier conviction that there walks one of the world's luckiest men — at least he was on that select list when we saw the Gleasners in Hong Kong last July. As reported, Al and Jo rode a tanker from Ras Tanura to Japan. What wasn't reported was that they rode in the luxury of the owner's suite as the owner's guests. Which should be a lesson to all of you prospective tanker travellers to be kind and helpful to everyone, including animals and tanker owners, for you never know when bread cast upon the waters may return.

Then there was a financial adjustment in Japan (having nothing to do with the tanker) into which Al fell, in all apparent innocence, and out of which he came in a highly satisfactory manner. (For details, refer to A. G. Gleasner.) Thirdly, but I hope not finally, we found the Gleasners in a hotel suite, but at the same price as a single room — the hotel had promised them a single room reservation but didn't have such accommodations when they arrived.

People like that are fully prepared for retirement; and I anticipate that when they reach their home in Guadalajara, Mexico, they will find that the previous owner has died and refunded the purchase price in his will.

In August, during a too brief stop in San Francisco, we begged a meal from Ernie and Willette Schulze, a meal pleasantly served in their new home in Orinda, across the bay. The surrounding land is attractively wooded; and the property has the tremendous advantage of being so rugged that there's no need for a lawn. Moreover, an excellent job of landscaping was done by the previous owners. Just one of the advantages of buying a home already built, with the landscaping completed — you seldom pay for landscaping even a fraction of what it cost.

The property has another advantage which is more or less wasted on Ernie — it is located just across the road from the sixth fairway of the Orinda Country Club golf course. Ernie's harvest of wayward golf balls to date is phenomenal; and inasmuch as Ernie hasn't fallen for the frustrating game, this would be an excellent time for any of you golfers to visit him with an open golf bag. If you don't, Ernie probably will be establishing a roadside ball market within the near future.

The fruits of Willette's shopping during her years abroad are well displayed in this rambling house. Ernie admits that they bought the place because it contained an alcove which would hold the marbled sideboard, one of the attractive pieces that adorn bedrooms, living room and such.



We found time for another visit during our brief stay in San Francisco without an automobile. Roy and Zella Lebkicher drove us north to Napa for a short visit with the Webers, where we met Les and Betty Snyder by appointment, and from where we all drove to Sonoma and the Cundalls. At the time, Rol and Ruth Cundall were living in a small house in the vicinity of their permanent home, which was still being built. The word, small, is used advisedly. The house consists of a bedroom, a modest sized living room, a bath and a kitchen. After suitable salutations, the Webers, the Snyders, the Lebkichers, the Cundalls and the McConnells (have I left anyone out?) drove to inspect the new house, which promises to be a super duper, set among beautiful wooded hills.

Later, there was dinner in town and a good time enjoyed by all, so far as I could see — no evidence of abnormality. However, the subsequent events of the night demonstrate that although people advance in years, they do not necessarily grow up. The Webers were the only couple of the group giving evidence of maturity. They went home — primarily because Lu had responsibilities the next morning. The remaining eight persons decided to spend the night in and around the single bedroom at the Cundall residence. That is, the guests decided so; and there wasn't much that the Cundalls could do about it. Had we been forced by fire, famine and flood to endure such hardships, we later would have broadcast to the world our heroism in the face of catastrophe. Being able to exercise a degree of choice, we settled (with limited complaint) on the floor, the porch, or wherever more or less horizontal space appeared. It is not true, in spite of unfounded rumors to the contrary, that Roy Leblicher was discovered curled in the kitchen sink.

The amazing part of this experience was that all of the six Aramco Refugees in the

slumber party, as well as the Snyders, were able to survive and to walk (or at least limp) away the next morning with only an occasional dislocated vertebra as a souvenir. Which proves the general durability of Aramco's retired population.



And as tax time is approaching, I am moved to tell you of the little man who walked into the regional income tax office, sat down and beamed at everyone.

"What can I do for you, sir?" asked the inspector.

"Nothing. Nothing at all," replied the little man. "I just wanted to meet the people I'm working for."

But I'd better be careful to show proper respect for our government employees. I've just learned that one of our number has become one of *them*. The other evening, I was minding my own business when the phone rang and I was hailed by the voice of my old associate, Dick Kerr, calling from Oceanside near San Diego. Dick was on the west coast for a few days in connection with his new job for the U. S. Army. Many of you probably recall that Dick has spent a considerable part of his time and efforts since early in World War II on the transportation problems of our army. Now, after about two years of retirement (during which he has been busier than a bird dog), Dick has been approached by the head of the Army's transportation system, a previous associate, and asked to assist this umpteen-starred general in solving transportation problems.

Dick's modest new title is CHIEF SCIENTIST FOR THE TRANSPORTATION CORPS, U.S. ARMY and SCIENTIFIC ADVISOR TO THE CHIEF OF TRANSPORTATION. Over the phone, I couldn't determine whether he was reading from notes or had memorized all of it. I would

say that beside this one, the title of General of the Armies sounds rather unimportant. In keeping with established Washington habit, I presume that Dick's designation can be reduced to a few initials, like CSTCUSASACT, which I am sure makes things a lot simpler all the way around. (If you should figure out how to pronounce that one, let me know.)

In spite of my disrespectful and envious attitude, I am properly impressed with Dick's assignment — and I hope that he doesn't kill himself. He assured me that since the space program has been given to the Air Force, he doesn't plan to become an astronaut. But I have known Dick's enthusiasms for approximately thirty-five years, and I will not be surprised to learn that he has departed on the first flight to the moon, if with no other excuse than to keep an eye on the pressure in the tires... Dick continued to feed me that fairy story about retiring some day in California. I don't know whom he thinks he's kidding. The fellow never will retire.

Many of you have read the same notice that came to my attention recently: Bob Eeds is

You're Invited



And this is the way it looks.

From San Juan Capistrano (swallow headquarters in California) KENNETH and MERLE FELTMAN send the following to their friends:

We are most happy to take this opportunity to extend our best wishes and Season's Greetings to all of you. We have found a home that we enjoy very much and will be pleased to receive a call or a visit from any of you when you are in Southern California.

P.S. The swallows all left the Mission last Saturday but we are staying.

GIVE US A RING

EARL and ABIGAIL DUNCAN wish all their friends a very Happy Holiday Season. They are still at their same place in Walnut Creek and enjoy hearing from friends passing through their part of California (telephone Yellowstone 4-0314.)

Earl and Abigail spent the month of September on a vacation trip through the Pacific Northwest and had a very enjoyable time. Among relatives and friends visited along the way were CHRIS and HELEN WILSON at their home on beautiful Orcas Island up in Washington.

The Wilsons and Helen's Mother, Mrs. Murphy.



leaving Aramco, his job is being assumed by Les Snyder, and Bill Cooper is moving up to take Les' previous job. The departure of Bob Eeds from Aramco to become head of Esso Standard (Libya) is to be regretted insofar as Aramco is concerned, although the new assignment sounds like a fine boost for Bob. The news indicates that the oil discoveries in Libya (in which another ex-Aramcoite, Pete Collins, has had a prominent part) could make Esso Standard an important factor in North African production. I have always been grateful for the opportunity to work directly under Bob for several years. He is both a sound development man and an effective administrator.

Bob's move brings Les Snyder over to head Relations. I probably have worked and lived too many years with Les to offer an unbiased opinion on his abilities. While relations work has not been his most intimate field, he has the capacity to move into most phases of Company activity. In addition, his great sympathy for people should

be a vital asset in administering that department of the Company which concerns itself primarily with the problems and needs of the employees.

The shift of Les from Engineering, leaves a vacancy that has been filled by advancing Bill Cooper to vice president over that department. Bill's new appointment marks a milestone in an Aramco career that started in the Ras Tanura construction period fifteen years ago. Bill has been associated with the strains and turmoils of Aramco's construction and engineering program ever since. He brings to the job a long experience in this important phase of Company development. Our congratulations to the new V.P.

I want you annuitants to realize that I'm buttering up these guys somewhat, although I fully appreciate that they don't rate in our exclusive group as yet. But I looked at all three of them this past summer, and while they seem to be bearing up satisfactorily, they aren't growing younger. They'll be with us before they

realize it — and we might as well be nice to them now, just in preparation. Incidentally, I'm impressed by the job that Bill did last summer in interviewing annuitants and reporting his findings in the last issue of *Al-Ayyam Al-Jamila*. Maybe he is trying to get in good with us.



And did you know that the Jimmy Hoffa Foundation for the Better Distribution of Kick-Backs has discovered that the reason why a great number of families don't own an elephant is because they have never been offered an elephant for a dollar down and a dollar a week?



A few hours ago, I took Gertrude to a gathering of nearly two hundred men and women. There was a period of chatter, during which I had my usual embarrassing experience of being

unable to say a number of names, followed by a good lunch. After the food, we listened to a report by our district Congressman on the results of the last congressional session. We met a number of people whom we had known previously and several for the first time. All of this occurred, not at a gathering of the Rotary Club or the Lions or at a political rally, but at the regular bi-weekly meeting of the Ojai Retired Professional and Business Men's Club. Today's gathering was unusual only in that the wives were invited. Normally, seventy-five or more men of our age group would have greeted each other, exchanged ideas, swapped lies, and enjoyed a mild get-together.

This organization hasn't been in existence long, but it appears to be receiving excellent support. The men who started it only a few months ago, gained their background in a similar group that has existed for several years in the town of Ventura, twelve miles distant. And those of you who are old Socal employees, probably saw the story in the October Standard Oiler concerning the SIR (Sons in Retirement) group functioning in San Mateo County south of San Francisco. According to that story, the group had 138 in attendance at a recent meeting.



Beyond These Shores



FLORENCE HAMM sends best wishes for Christmas and the coming year from Capetown, South Africa. She has gone that far in her travels and expects to relax there until the middle of January.

Florence says that ART HAMILTON is still in Capetown, settled down as a South African Yankee, so she will not be spending the holidays alone. They were planning Thanksgiving dinner, as well as activities for Christmas and New Years. She says the Africans celebrate on New Year's day with an elaborate carnival. They dress up in fancy costumes, dance and parade through the streets — very colorful, so folks say.



From Monte Estoril, Portugal, DON and LEDA MAIR extend the Season's Greetings and best wishes for a happy and healthful Merry Christmas to their many friends.

They have just moved into their new home and the business of getting it organized is taking precedence over a number of things, such as Christmas cards. Also, they were hurrying to get the lawn and flowers in before the rainy season started in the latter part of November. They hope by spring to have everything ship shape, and when everything is in running order they will send us a picture of their hill-top refuge.

Don reports that they are very fortunate in that the house, put up during their absence, has turned out to their satisfaction. He says it is very well built and was done, believe it or not, without overruns!

We've been hoping for word from south of the border, and here it is from the DUNTENS, WALTER, Violet and John, who are now living in Mexico.

Felice Pascuas y Ano Nuevo. Life in Guadalajara is pleasant and we plan to remain here. It is a city of over 500,000 population, with some 3,000 retired Americans living in the area. With an altitude of over five thousand feet, the climate is said to be equable over the entire year, and many Americans come down regularly for the winter months. There are a number of apartment houses and motels catering to transients, a marvelous 18-hole golf course, and practically no rain between November and May.

We would be more than pleased to hear from any of our old Aramco friends or to show them around if they are planning on visiting Guadalajara.



Walter, Vi and John. Vi points out that the baby belongs to the maid, not to her.

The reason for mentioning these three clubs is to draw your attention to the growing activities of so-called senior citizen groups throughout America. Older people are becoming increasingly aware of the advantages of gathering with others of their kind, with common interests and problems, for the primary purpose of enjoying each other's company. As many a magazine article will tell you, we are becoming a progressively more important factor in America. Our numbers are increasing, and in accordance with the democratic principle, that means that our ability to influence various phases of American life is increasing also. I'm not much of a joiner. I tire easily of

the overdone language that seems to be a necessary part of organizations — but even I am beginning to see merit in this idea of oldsters meeting together. One of the problems of retirement for many is loneliness, particularly where older people move into new communities without the contacts needed to meet those they'd like to know. The clubs for retired people offer an excellent opportunity to solve that problem.

It happens that this Ojai unit is limited to professional and business men, a restriction that is unnecessary and probably unwise, as shown by the success of the SIR Club in San Mateo,

which welcomes any man who is retired. The true requirement for membership should be the achievement of a condition of living and outlook which permits more time for relaxation and possibly more need for friendships in an age group with interests suitable to later life.

If the idea interests you, why not look around your area to see if such a club exists? If one isn't available, you might like to help in starting it.

Retired men's clubs (and they could include women if the participants are agreeable) can perform services other than companionship — services that can be important to your community, and give the organization more significance to outsiders than companionship. Since our numbers are growing, community leaders will be more and more inclined to listen to our ideas. I'm not thinking of activities along national political party lines, but of the possibilities of your influence in the constructive administration of your town or county. In comparison to most groups, you should be the least biased on many subjects. You're supposed to be old enough to have some sense. You shouldn't be afraid to speak up because someone might take offense and quit trading with you.

On the other hand, you have to guard against being too conservative. For example, you shouldn't oppose school bonds simply because they're expensive and you have no children in school (a criticism frequently levelled at us). You should be able to reason that our only hope in this nation is to give our children the best education possible, and that if necessary we can afford to go broke to do it, provided the money is truly needed for adequate teachers' salaries and sensible school rooms, and not for drum majorettes' costumes and mahogany doors on classrooms. There are so many problems of American life that you can help solve constructively if you join together.

Well, it's an idea. And remember that when you raise your voice as an individual, you're apt to be regarded as that peculiar old codger. When ten of you say the same thing, you're that group of retired men who make nuisances of themselves. But when a hundred of you speak in unison, you become the elder members of the community.

And speaking of government, a small boy

wrote to God, asking for a hundred dollars. The postmaster sent the letter to Ike, who sent the boy five dollars, figuring that that was adequate for the situation. The small boy then wrote God a thank-you note which the postmaster also directed to Ike. At the bottom of the note, the boy had added, "I see you sent your letter through Washington, and as usual, those robbers took their ninety-five percent."



Even in southern California, there's a hint of fall in the chilly nights. The mail is loaded with suggestions for Christmas gifts to make my shopping easy; and I just received my local tax bill. These indications, plus the evidence of the calendar, tell me that Christmas is near and that this issue of Al-Ayyam Al-Jamila should reach you with the holidays. As in the years past, I look forward to this time as a period when we make a special effort to rise above the instincts that identify us as ordinary animals, and reach for those that can bring us a little closer to the angels. Perhaps on this basis, the early start of Christmas salesmanship has merit — if it stimulates the Christmas urge within us that much sooner.

To all of you, wherever you are,
MERRY CHRISTMAS AND HAPPY NEW YEAR.

Phil McConnell

Business And Pleasure

Along with Best Wishes for a Merry Christmas to their many friends, AL and ALICE HASKELL report on a year which is almost behind them.

Important to this past year was Al's appearance as a delegate to the California Real Estate Convention in Los Angeles, representing the Pacific Title Insurance Company. Then there were visits with friends and relatives. Outstanding, though, was their visit with their daughter Marilyn and her family. Marilyn now "has two beautiful daughters and expects a son about December 25th."

They've made some plans for the coming year too, leaving New York aboard the Independ-

ence on May 2 for Naples, Italy. They will visit Sicily, Beirut, Greece, Istanbul, Austria, Germany, Scandinavia, Netherlands, Belgium, Switzerland and France. In August they will attend the Passion Play, joining for this event the J. C. STIRTONS, the Ken Beaches and Will Drums. We'll be waiting to hear all about their experiences.

Al and Alice want to invite all friends who may pass their way to drop in so they can say "Ahlan Wa Sahlan" in person. For those whose routes don't take them to Lafayette, California the message is the same, but through the pages of Al-Ayyam Al-Jamila.



Al combines business (babysitting) with pleasure at Shrine picnic.



WITT'S WISCONSIN WONDERLAND

Greetings come from Cornucopia, Wisconsin to all the friends of JOHN and SARAH WITT. They are very interested, incidentally, in knowing when the next refugee reunion is going to be held, as they would like to attend, "meet with old friends and dig a few oil wells".

John and Sarah are very happy in their home which is located on the south shore of Lake Superior between Duluth and Ashland, and from the pictures very appropriately named Edgewater

Birches, overlooking Bark Bay. The climate they describe as being cool in summer and cooler in winter.

They find it interesting to watch the ore boats and cargo ships pass within easy view, and see the fishermen laying nets in their bay. Fishing is the principal means of livelihood in their part of Wisconsin. Hunting is also good in that area — in fact the Witts have deer near their home and already this fall have even seen wolves and bears close by.



House from the rear and view from the front — Bark Bay, formed by Bark Point on the left and Quonic Point on the right.



Special Columns - And Why Not?



What's your hobby? Gardening or golf, boating, hunting or fishing, woodworking or radio hamming. Why not a clearing house for comparing notes on extra curricular activities?

Hamilton Osborne throws a couple of logs on the fire with comments on his activities in the field of horticulture. Seems that Oz is planting a thousand Christmas trees. Why? Probably, he says, because so many people have said that he'd never get the full value of enjoyment out of them. That would be a challenge.

Oz is not to be deterred, and as he heels in the batch of tiny trees against the winter, he feels that he will have his reward. A reward in knowing that fifteen years hence another genera-

tion will be climbing the snowy slopes to cut their own trees — ones that "Gramp" planted for them. Good luck!

So there's the nucleus for a gardening column — or would it best be called farming, or ranching, or down with the crabgrass, or come up and see my chrysanthemums.

Oz then goes on to tell about a houseboat which he and Irene have just inspected and would like to buy. For why? To visit with old friends who've settled along the inland waterways. Trouble for hosts would be negligible, or so it seems, what with their own beds, bath, bar and barbecue. Sounds like all they'd need is a mooring and dock. Anyone else have a boat?

Family Circle

Along with their wishes for good health and a very pleasant 1960 to their many friends, CASPER and SOPHIE GEE have sent a picture of their expanded family. As you will recall, the two newest members returned with them from Greece last summer and are now attending junior high school there in Pomona, California — making good grades, too. Their daughter is fourteen and their son twelve. With the recent addition of English, it would seem that both are quite the linguists, also speaking Arabic, French, Italian and Greek.

Casper says they all are spending most of their evenings on school work and he's just now realizing how much he's forgotten about his own three R's. When the going gets too tough he just passes the buck and says, "Ask Sophie". We hope Sophie has all the answers.

A breather from lessons.



It has been a source of great pleasure to have heard from so many of the annuitants these past few weeks. Your appreciative comments about Al-Ayyam Al-Jamila are a source of much satisfaction and we hope it may continue to be as enjoyable in the future.

Thank you for your letters and your very thoughtful personal messages of good will. To all of you comes our wish for a Merry Christmas and a New Year filled with every happiness.



Would You Believe It - Up At Dawn

WALLY and FLORENCE FINSTER send sincere regards and best wishes, as well as an invitation to drop by for a visit to their beautiful Santa Barbara, California.

Florence is spokesman for the Finster family this time and says they are very busy and happy in their retirement from Aramco, but they have not forgotten their friends at all. It's just that there are so many things to see and do - visit and travel.

There has been a shortage of Registered Nurses, so Florence does part time private duty at Santa Barbara Cottage Hospital. She says she enjoys every minute she's back in white uniform, inasmuch as she considered the Cottage Hospital

her second home from 1929 to 1951 before going to Saudi Arabia.

Wally still gets up at 5:00 A.M. and makes like the hard working man, so reports Florence. His vegetable garden and flowers "are out of this world" and in such abundance that their neighbors and friends are also adequately supplied.

Florence didn't tell Wally she was sending the picture of his labors following the removal of a huge black acacia tree from their grounds. As Wally worked, a student from a local college of photography, just a passerby, took the picture and used it in a special assignment display at the school . . . As Florence says, "So, you can see retirement is fun, yes?"



Man at work.
Nothing rigged here - it's the real thing.



Mail Call!

Seems like there's no such thing as "up-to-date" - here are the changes and additions which have occurred since we put out the full list of annuitants' addresses in October.

Rolland H. Bender, Mountain Home, Arkansas
 Paul N. Broadwater, 210 South Olive Street, Hammond, Louisiana
 Richard K. Curran, 638 Treat Street, Concord, California
 Benjamin Davies, 900 Wadsworth, Pismo Beach, California
 Fred A. Davies, 3827 Happy Valley Road, Lafayette, California
 W. C. Dayhuff, 4117 McKinley Street, Arlington, California
 William Eltiste, c/o J. Carolan, 136 North Lemon Avenue, Menlo Park, California
 Thomas J. Engstrom, 4 Sunset Lane, Monmouth Beach, New Jersey
 Edward Field, 17 Deer Path Road, Bellair, Charlottesville, Virginia
 Jerry A. Handy, c/o Michael Rogers, 609 West 173rd Street, New York, New York
 Walter F. Hansen, Box 742, El Sobrante, California
 Louis H. Hardesty, 2623 South Toledo, Tulsa 14, Oklahoma
 Clifford C. Hartman, 21-20 33rd Road, Long Island City 6, New York
 James T. Hogg, 1517 West Valerio Street, Santa Barbara, California
 Edwin H. Hoskins, 503 Wisteria Lane, Biloxi, Mississippi
 Robert L. Huebner, 271 Richardson Drive, Strawberry Manor, Mill Valley, California
 George V. Johnson, Apt. 10, 2725 Van Ness Avenue, San Francisco, California
 Ellis L. Lockett, 1127 Englewood, Royal Oak, Michigan
 William J. MacKay, 193 58th Street, Niagara Falls, New York
 James MacPherson, Box 46, Ajijic, Jalisco, Mexico
 Jesse C. O'Brien, 615 E. Ocean Blvd., Apt. 212, Long Beach, California
 Francis T. O'Donnell, 667 Montauk Highway, Bayport, Long Island, New York
 Allen B. Rowan, 1455 Woodcrest Avenue, Fullerton, California
 Alfred Z. Simpson, 45835 Toro Peak Road, Shadow Hills Estates, Palm Desert, California
 Frederick A. Taylor, 1443 North East Shaver, Portland, Oregon
 Ernest H. Thayer, 1520 Elm Avenue, Richmond 9, California
 Theodore Vandervert, c/o General Delivery, Victorville, California
 Darrold A. Wagner, 3006 Montgomery Drive, Santa Rosa, California
 Carl A. Washburn, P. O. Box 492, Arroyo Grande, California
 E. A. Whiteside, Route 1, 14788 17th Avenue, Lemoore, California
 Ernest A. Wichern, P. O. Box 825, Whittier, California
 Dr. G. Victoria Young, 24701 Ridge Road, Damascus, Maryland



AL-AYYAM AL-JAMILA

Published by
The Personnel Department
Virginia E. Klein - Editor

ARABIAN AMERICAN OIL COMPANY
(A Corporation)
505 Park Avenue, New York 22, New York



ARABIAN AMERICAN OIL COMPANY

A CORPORATION

505 PARK AVENUE

NEW YORK 22, NEW YORK

PERSONNEL DEPARTMENT
J. G. HOSMER
MANAGER

April 29, 1960

Dear Friends:

We have been deeply saddened, as we know you will be, to learn of the passing yesterday evening of Carlita Plumb. Carlita's time as an annuitant was all too short, but there are a great many to remember her as friend and fellow employee. We shall miss her.

Sincerely,