

Holiday Greetings

Another swiftly moving year has rolled around and the Holiday Season is with us again.

We have been keeping abreast of your activities in the quarterly editions of "Al-Ayyam Al Jamila" - of your splendid reunion in Santa Rosa and your many other activities.

This is the time of year when old friends are most remembered and we who are in Saudi Arabia today wish to convey to you our best wishes for success and happiness during the coming year.

Thomas C. Barger





Addison P. May



ADDISON MAY had racked up thirty-three years with Aramco and owner companies before he left Saudi Arabia in September. Eddie, as he is known, went to work for Socal at El Segundo in 1929 following completion of his education at Washington State. He spent a year with Standard of Alaska at Whitehorse in 1944, finding time on the side for good hunting and fishing along the Lewis River. Next step, the Middle East for the Bahrain Petroleum Company where he worked for a few months until "borrowed" by Aramco. It couldn't be that they forgot him, they just never got around to returning him, and he served as Shift Foreman at both the Dhahran and Abqaiq Stabilizers, Foreman of Utilities in Dhahran and Shift Coordinator, Oil Operations, Ras Tanura. Eddie and the former Opie Rhoades were married in 1951. Opie has worked in the Inspection Division since 1954.

The Mays are ardent travelers and are particularly fond of Africa. Their homeward plans included a few weeks in Austria, boarding the liner *France* in Southampton for the U. S. They picked up a car in Detroit and headed cross-country for Buckeye, Arizona and a visit with a daughter and four grandchildren, Opie's mother, other friends and relatives. They may be contacted at 412 Roosevelt Avenue, Buckeye, until such time as they get some more traveling out of their systems and find a spot to settle down where they can pursue their hobbies of hunting and fishing.

RAMBLERING AROUND - The Doba Way

We thought you might be interested in a trip we made recently in our faithful Rambler. We covered about 6,300 miles and found the Rambler very efficient to operate with no trouble on the road. (No, we're not sure that JOHN DOBA is or is not in the automobile business - one thing is certain, they do like their car; but then don't we all?)

Our first stop was with friends of the wife near Cleveland (Lyndhurst), then on to Lopez, Pennsylvania, where we stayed several days and took in their "Old Home Day" on Sunday, August 5th. Met many folks I had completely lost track of and visited with several nieces and nephews

there. We also visited in Homer City (near Pittsburgh), Punxsutawney and Butler, then on to Wilkes Barre where I was born. We visited friends in New Jersey and Aberdeen, Maryland, and then headed for Florida. Stayed in Ocala and Fort Lauderdale a while. Leaving Fort Lauderdale we went to Miami and tried to find Herman Hoehendorf, but he had moved and left no address. (Sorry, John, you'll now find Herman out in California.)

Our next stop was at Naples, Fla., where we had a wonderful visit with Ed and Estelle Rogers at their lovely motel, Sun and Surf. Their daughter and two grandsons were visiting too, so

JOHN F. PALMER, Company Representative, Local Government Relations, Dhahran, left for retirement in October after eighteen years with Aramco. John, who was born in Yakima, Washington, received a degree in theatre arts from the Community Play House in Pasadena, California. He decided on more lucrative employment, however, than the theatre would afford and went to work for the Cannon Electric Development Company in Los Angeles in 1939. In 1944 John joined Aramco and was assigned to the Ras Tanura Commissary as an Accountant, then transferred to al-Kharj. Deciding he wanted to try government relations work, he was later appointed Government Relations Representative at Ras al-Misha'ab. He transferred to Abqaiq in 1948 as the first relations representative assigned to that district. In 1950 he was assigned to the job of Field Liaison Representative to service exploration parties and to perform special assignments in areas outside the established Company districts. John was sent to Badanah as Deputy Company Representative in 1953, but was called back to field liaison work the next year. He held his last position from 1957. John and his wife, Rose, and their three children - twins Betsy and Phillip, age 6, and David, age 3 - eventually plan to settle in the Seattle, Washington area; but in the meantime they can be reached care Dr. E. M. Barsamian, 125 Maple Street, West Roxbury, Massachusetts.



John F. Palmer



we had a grand get-together.

We tried to find Ralph DeCarlo at Sarasota, but he must have just moved so we didn't get very far with him. (*The Dobas just weren't looking in the right place again - the DeCarlos just happen to have gone to Liberia, you know.*) Proceeded to St. Petersburg and spent two weeks there, in spite of the encephalitis scare. We made sure that no mosquitoes bit us, and were able to avoid catching the disease. Enjoyed swimming and sunning in Florida.

At the present time we are planning a home suitable for us two, but there will be a day bed or other accommodations for any of our friends

who may happen to be in the neighborhood. Lafayette, La. is not hard to find. It is on U.S. 90 between New Orleans and Houston, it is on the Southern Pacific Railroad, and it is accessible by Eastern Air Lines and Trans-Texas Airways.

Christmas and New Year's seem a long way off, but time flies so fast these days, maybe I had just better close, wishing everyone the very best of the season.

John thinks that the quarterly address changes in "Mail Call" are a good idea, particularly if others also take AAAJ along when they travel so they can look up old friends when they happen to be in their neighborhood.



Glen Ramsey

GLEN RAMSEY, engine and aircraft mechanic, left Saudi Arabia for retirement in September after more than fourteen years with Aramco's Aviation Department. Although Glen joined Aramco in June 1948 that was not his first trip to the Middle East. After a training program with Trans World Airlines in the United States, Glen was sent to Arabia in 1946 to set up maintenance for TWA's first international flights. He was there until March 1948 when he returned to the states. Three months later he was hired by Aramco to work in their new Aviation Department at Dhahran.

During the war years, Glen worked under Civil Service with the U. S. Air Force stationed at Ellington Field, Houston, Texas, and later at Borinquen Field, Puerto Rico. After joining his wife, Marie, at Midwest City, Oklahoma, they planned to tour the U. S., visiting relatives and friends. Their temporary address will be in care of Mrs. C. W. Jakubs, 409 Kerr Drive, Midwest City 10, Oklahoma.

SUMMER WITH THE RAYS

Just as they were leaving for Santa Rosa and the Get-Together, the CUNDALLS received a long personal letter from GEORGE and BONNIE RAY, written mostly by Bonnie and datelined Granada, Spain, September 1. Ruth felt much of it was too interesting not to share, and we agree, hoping the Rays won't mind our giving it really wide circulation. So. . .

Dearest Ruth and Rol:

We have sort of lost track of time over here but it seems that it must be getting around the time for the gathering of the clan. I meant to write to you before we left home, telling you how sorry we are that we can't be there, but I was in such a rush because of a thousand things that I just neglected to do it.

I can imagine that you are both as busy as bees, at this point, but, on the other hand it may

be that the bulk of the work is over now and you are waiting for things to start happening.

We left home the fifteenth of June and are now more than ready to get back there. For the most part we have had a wonderful time.

We sailed from Montreal on the Empress of Canada for Greenock, Scotland. We had our same little house in Scotland for the month of July and had a perfect time. It went all too fast. We do so love that place. In fact, the idea keeps going round and round in our heads that maybe we should buy one of these dear little grey stone cottages in the Braes of Balquhider. We have made some dear friends there now and it begins to feel like home. It's a different sort of world — like going back in time for maybe fifty years or so. While we were in Scotland, George attended

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H. FORD BROOKS, his wife, Pauline, and daughters, Linda Ann and Laura Jane, left Saudi Arabia in September for a tour of Europe and a last visit for a while to many places of interest before returning to the U. S. They will then motor from New York to California, collecting America's marvelous sights enroute. After that, they will settle down at their home 84 Middlefield Drive, San Francisco 27, and Ford will start the new year as a full-fledged annuitant.

Ford's first assignment with Aramco in January 1948 was Transportation Specialist setting up office and clerical procedures and proper dispatching of motor equipment. His first residence, with a dozen other Americans, was in Al-Hani, 100 kilometers west of Hofuf, where a maintenance station was kept for the Diamond T trucks used in hauling petroleum products to Riyadh. With the advent of the Kenworth trucks, Al-Hani was closed and Ford transferred to Dhahran, working as a convoy leader on the run to Riyadh. A round trip took from six to ten days, depending on the number of flat tires and clogged fuel lines. Crossing the Dahana took from a couple of hours to all day, depending upon how many trucks became stuck in the sand. When the pipeline was opened, Ford moved to

Abqaiq, where he held the position of Foreman with Wire Line crews, Supervising Operator in Central Area Producing field service and, early this year, became Inspector, Utilities Services.



H. Ford Brooks



Pat and Doug Elliott

DOUGLAS ELLIOTT and his wife, Pat, left Saudi Arabia in October after 15 years with Aramco. Doug arrived in Dhahran in October 1947 and was assigned to the Transportation Division as a Journeyman Mechanic. He was later promoted to Leadman and in 1950 transferred to the Abqaiq District Motor Transport Division and shortly promoted to Shift Foreman. In 1953 he was made Foreman Garage and in 1957 assumed the position of Assistant Superintendent of Automotive Maintenance.

Doug's favorite hobbies are fishing, diving and hunting. He and Pat also enjoy gardening and travelling. Pat was secretary of the Abqaiq Automobile Association from its inception in January 1954. After a short trip through Europe, the Elliotts plan to pick up a camper on the East Coast and drive to their new home at 2245 Hillside Drive, Medford, Oregon. They will keep the camper for travelling in the states later and for hunting and fishing trips in the Pacific Northwest, Canada and Alaska.

RICHARD MEEDON retired on October 1 after more than twenty-five years with Standard Oil Company of California and Aramco's U. S. Organization, the last two years and a half with the Comptroller's Department. Dick was born in South Shields, England. He received his early education in England, served in the British Army for two years, and came to the United States in 1921. He completed his education in San Francisco, specializing in Accountancy, and became associated with Wenzelburger and Vickery of that city, where he remained for six and a half years. This was followed by approximately six years with the Salvador Railway Company in El Salvador, Central America. He returned to San Francisco and joined Socal's Producing Department in 1937, transferring to the Accounting Department at Aramco in February, 1942. He was assigned to the Tax Division in 1949 and moved to New York the following year. Dick and his wife, Adyilia, will continue to make their home at 12 Jasmine Lane, Valley Stream, New York, where they have lived for several years.



Best wishes to Dick Meedon, right, from General Manager J. J. Johnston



E.J. TURNER has passed the acid test to qualify as a man of few words. In reply to the query passed out at the Get-Together — well, here is his examination paper intact.

WE'D LIKE TO KNOW

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
Nothing

IN BUSINESS OR LOAFING?
Loafing

ARE YOU PLAYING CHESS OR GOLF, FARMING OR POLITICKING?
Golf

HOW ARE YOU GETTING ALONG?
Fine

DOING ANY TRAVELING LATELY?
Plenty

HOW WAS THE GET-TOGETHER?
First Class, thanks to the Cundall and Beckley families

HAVE A GOOD GREEN THUMB?
No

BEEN DOING ANY VISITING?
Some

HAVE A NEW HOME?
Building on the beach

WHAT'S YOUR HOBBY?
Las Vegas

HOW ABOUT THOSE PICTURES?
What pictures

HURRY WITH THOSE MESSAGES FOR THE ANNUAL CHRISTMAS ISSUE!
Merry Christmas

E. J. "Joe" Turner

O.K., we asked questions and got answers. But goshamighty! Aw, come on, Joe. Folks would like to know where you've been traveling and all about the new home. But in the meantime, Merry Christmas to you too.

Bill Schmidbauer Reports

As you can see from the letterhead, Leona and I attended the get-together in Santa Rosa. It warmed the cockles of our hearts to see so many familiar faces again. We enjoyed every minute of it.

After we left Saudi Arabia in February, 1961 we did about five months touring Europe. We spent March in Italy, then after a few days in Lucerne, we stopped in Stuttgart to pick up our Mercedes and visited my cousins, aunts and uncles who are natives of that area. Our tour took us through Germany, Austria, Belgium, Netherlands, Denmark and Sweden where we caught our ship for New York.

Up until July of this year we have been on the move most of the time since, trying to decide where we would like to settle. We visited my relatives in Oregon and Leona's friends and relatives in Massachusetts. We took at least two trips up and down the Pacific Coast and included a visit to nearly all of the old California Missions. We also covered Louisiana, Florida, the Carolinas, and on to the Atlantic Coast. We found very many attractive places in these areas and were particularly pleased with North Carolina and Massachusetts.

Our biggest problem seemed to be getting adjusted to the idea of staying in one place. Traveling is something we both like to do. We finally decided to come back to California for the present, although the high prices of land and the taxes are an important consideration.

Our son Paul is doing graduate work at the University of California in Berkeley. He graduated from Dhahran School and Beirut, then took his B. S. Degree at M.I.T., and received his Masters at the University of California. He is now working on his Doctorate, having received a grant from the Ford Foundation. We will stay in this area until we see where he will go after completing his studies.

We bought the house we are living in now and have been quite busy getting settled. I have been painting the house, chasing gophers and squirting ants. And my weight is down to where it was about twenty-five years ago... But it is a good life.



Mr. and Mrs. Walter Richards

WALTER E. RICHARDS left Ras Tanura by boat with his family in October, planning to complete an extensive auto tour of South Africa before going to Europe. Their ultimate destination, the West Coast of the United States where they may be contacted temporarily through P. O. Box 392, Lomita, California. Whatever spot they select to settle down must surely accommodate their hobbies of swimming, boating and painting. Walter's wife is the former Forrest Clark, a commercial artist prior to their marriage in 1947.

Walter received his Bachelor's Degree in Mechanical Engineering from Technische Staatslehr-Amstalten in Chemnitz, Germany in June 1925 and shortly thereafter came to the United States. Altogether, he worked as an engineer in the oil and related industries for twenty-eight years with such organizations as Babcock and Wilcox, Barbar Asphalt Corporation, M. W. Kellogg Company, Pan American Engineering and Fluor Corporation. His first assignment in Saudi Arabia was in 1951 with Middle East Fluor Corporation as Senior Engineer on the Abqaiq Gas Injection Plant. Two years later he joined Aramco as Senior Design Engineer with Dhahran District Engineering, and from 1953 until 1961 was Supervisor, Engineering Services, when he went to Ras Tanura. For the last year he handled design work on the Polymerization Plant, Alkylation Plant, and the new LPG Treating and Drying Plant.

THE SAND PILE



The morning mail offers an obvious subject for my objections today. Therefore, ladies and gentlemen, the problem before us is: What can I, what can you, do about this pile of junk that finds its way into our mail box almost daily?

One solution would be, to stop having a mail box. That's too drastic. Now and then, I receive something I want — such as a small check or a letter from a friend. My problem is, to avoid the advertising sheets, the excessive pleas for donations and the special sales pitches. Also, I would be willing to eliminate the bills; but as they'd find me anyway, they might as well come by mail as be delivered by the sheriff.

Some uninformed people contend that we in California have no means of telling one season from another. They don't know about the fund raisers, the drives for charities. During the summer, these pleaders lay off, possibly because they realize that their potential contributors are directing funds toward vacations, and possibly because the pleaders also want a vacation. But as fall advances, so do the money requests to aid the causes, worthy and unworthy — who knows? From time to time, I note that my name and address has been sold (presumably along with several thousand others) by some name-collecting agency to another organization, and that I have acquired a new pleader.

I must not leave the impression that I oppose requests for worthy causes. On the contrary I'm unhappy at times because of the poor response in our community to basic needs, such as those of Red Cross, Boy Scouts and the like. I'm even responsible for sending out some of these requests. But what appalls me is the *number* of the requests, mostly from outfits that I know nothing about.

I've tried to solve our problem by establishing a list of charities to which we subscribe, showing how much we paid to whom, and when. (I grow annoyed with those who sneak in a second annual plea, on the chance that I've forgotten the first.) Each new plea is compared to the list. If that outfit isn't included already, the plea stands a good chance of going into the waste basket, although on occasion, I chew my finger nails trying to decide whether I can ignore some particularly appealing request. I find that keeping the list up-to-date helps in determining my contributions. If you aren't doing this, you may find that the plan has merit.

But only a small portion of the junk in our mail box consists of pleas for contributions. The bulk of it is come-on material: pretty envelopes of guck, urging us to get in on the ground floor on such marvelous offers as buying a book on bird life for half price because my hair is wavy

and I've had my tonsils removed, thereby placing me in an exclusive group.

Then there are the unwanted sales ads and the unsealed envelopes containing requests that we protest this or support that. When I reach into my mail box this morning, I will extract a comfortable handful of paper; and out of this respectable pile will emerge, after fifteen minutes of examination, brief reading and selection, two or three pieces that were worth receiving.

Before this magazine reaches you, the cost of mailing first class letters will have increased one cent. But what of this junk that I don't want? Why isn't it taking the load of the mailing costs? If we must accept it, why not make the sender pay for the privilege — pay until it hurts somewhat?

Someone said that the legitimate magazines and newspapers couldn't absorb the added costs. As for me, these legitimates can pass that extra right on to me. I'll be happy to pay more for what I want if I am saved from what I wish to avoid.

* * * * *

So much for the complaint department. Let's see whether there's anything about modern living that I *like*. Well, there's breathing. I've found it to be a definite enjoyment. And there's going to sleep and awakening again — and being hungry and able to satisfy that hunger — and a friend here and there whose presence is a pleasure. And during the week, I've had the privilege of assisting in the selection of our local high school students who will be recommended for the American Field Service Program.

Just in case some of you are not familiar with the American Field Service, it is bringing over two thousand foreign high school students from all over the world to America each year, to live in American homes and to attend American high schools and to be treated as members of the American families with whom they reside. Also, it sends over a thousand American high school students abroad each year to live in foreign homes, thereby increasing understanding and sympathy between nations at the level of the people, with the hope that eventually, we'll learn how to live with each other.

For several years, Ojai has been active in this program. Each year, we receive two foreign students, and each year, we recommend certain

of ours to live abroad. This year, we have just selected our four candidates for foreign living.

After I've had a part in this selection, I see a side to our youth picture other than juvenile delinquents and rising crime figures. After I've talked to these top young people; after I've reviewed the opinions of their school and religious teachers, their fellow students, even their parents; after I've read their analyses of their own homes and their relations to those homes, I feel rather humble. I am certain that at their age, I could not have written as well or with so much perception. In fact, I sometimes wonder whether I can now. Somewhere between home and school, these teenagers are finding sound ideals and developing admirable objectives.

Do we have enough young people of this caliber? This is the question that strikes me as I compare these few with the reported performances of the many. I'm sure that there are more of these worthwhile youths than I hear about, because the delinquents rate most of the publicity.

We'll be fortunate to place one of our four Ojai students abroad because relatively few foreign homes are available as compared to the number of applicants. But I am certain that any one of our four will be able to convince his or her foreign family and community that America still breeds the sort of men and women who made this country and developed its ideals.



And while we are on the subject of youth, I'll tell you about a conversation between a mother and her young son, Timmy. Mother said, "Do you know what happens to little boys who tell lies?" Timmy replied, "Yes, Mother. They travel for half fare."



But while our youngsters arouse my admiration, I'm not so sure about some of their elders. These may not be much older than our high school champs, but they have been responsible for certain changing attitudes and new concepts which I hope my champion teenagers

will be able to erase. Consider, for example, the term "square".

There was a time within the memory of living man, when this word was used in praise. A man was square if he were honest and upright and trustworthy, and he was honored for these qualities. In recent years, the term has fallen from this high state, not because the square is no longer trustworthy, but because he isn't "hep". He isn't smart and flashy. He's the poor boob who plods the path of rectitude and lacks the snappy quip. He's the sap who performs the dull unpleasant jobs and is caught with the responsibilities.

In contrast, the smart cooky knows how to avoid these undesirable tasks. When the chips are down and the day of accounting arrives, he's not available. He's far away, leaving the square to hold the sack.

It may be interesting to speculate on the alterations in our history which might have occurred if our forefathers hadn't been such squares — if they had been able to acquire the snap and polish of our smart modern age. For example:

Some Aramcons have spent time in Alaska before going to Saudi Arabia. Others, like E. J. HUNDEBY, head for Alaska upon leaving the heat and sand of the desert. The decision to forsake such surroundings seems to have been pondered for a long time since it was a shamal which greeted Ed on his first day in the Province. To make the picture complete, his first night was spent in a tent on the desert, up to here in sand.

Nearly all of Ed's sixteen years in Saudi Arabia have been in Abqaiq, where his most recent assignment was that of Craft Supervisor, Electric Shop. He had also worked in the Storehouse and in the M & S Planning Section. Ed is an ardent golfer and is also fond of bowling. His plans upon leaving Arabia called for a tour of Europe and the Scandinavian countries, then a visit at home before heading for the 49th state. His temporary address is c/o Marie Sargent, 2124 Flanders Street, Portland, Oregon.

I can hear Columbus drawling, "Go way out on that ocean! And leave the babes in Genoa! Man, hadn't you heard? It's wet out there. Wet and no place to go, what I mean. You want to go out and find those Indians, you go right ahead. Send me word when you get back — if you get back. I may be over in Spain with Isabella. The queen, y'know. And is she a *queen* — what I mean!"

Patrick Henry, may be seen rising nervously in the Virginia House of Burgesses, whining, "Now let's be reasonable, boys. Just because we've been having a little trouble with His Majesty, let's not get hasty. Y'know the old boy's got himself a powerful pack of soldiers — and he gets mad easy. This liberty jazz may be all right; but me — I like breathing. This dancing with a rope around your neck is hard on the lungs, man. But if you like it, you go right ahead and include me out. I got a date with some ham and southern biscuits up country, and I'm leaving right now."

And Nathan Hale, being requested to carry vital plans through the British lines might have exclaimed, "You mean right through the Red Coat country! And with *papers*! You been snuffing the

stuff, man? Those squad rights chums are *tough*. They don't *like* people running around behind them. They get mad and *shoot*. I got a furlough coming up, anyway."

Then there was Admiral Farragut before Mobile. If he'd been a truly smart cooky, he'd have cried, "Torpedoes! You mean they got those things, too? Nothing in my contract about getting blown out of the water by one of those babies. I'll be back down the river, maybe around Vicksburg. They got a cute chorus over at the Sailors Rest. Call me there if this flathead agrees to put those torpedoes away."

Sounds rather silly, doesn't it. And of course, it wouldn't happen with modern Americans. Well — only how would you classify a certain incident of the Korean War (officially reported) where forty American war prisoners housed together in a barracks, permitted a sadist in their own group to drag two critically ill comrades into the snow and leave them there, where they promptly froze to death. After the forty were released and returned to America, they were asked why they permitted such a crime. Their reply: "We were hep cats and smart cookies to the last (I almost said "man.") vegetable."

But perhaps the pendulum is swinging back. Perhaps we may be producing some of the old breed, such as these who are eager to dedicate themselves to the great adventure into space. Perhaps these men who contend, month after painstaking month for the opportunity to walk unhesitatingly into a steel capsule and to be hurled with awful force into the unknown to face death by incineration or suffocation — perhaps in them will the tradition of the square be revived.

Perhaps in the uncertain future of the Peace Corps and the programs such as that of the American Field Service, young men and women will recapture the dedication that made America, and will give America a clearer vision of the goal of integrity and honor.

Here's to the squares of our land. May they ever continue to stand firm in the knowledge of where they want to go and how they plan to get there. May they always keep their edges true and their corners sharp, remembering that these are required in a sound building.

* * * * *

You may have completed your Christmas



E. J. Hundebly



Curtis and Madeline Thue

When CURTIS D. THUE and his wife, Madeline, left Saudi Arabia they weren't too sure of their retirement plans, thinking that possibly Florida would best suit their mood as a place to settle down. In the interim they spent some time in California and particularly near C. D. Junior's home in San Pedro. The final decision, however, seems to be in favor of Lebanon and they may be contacted at Rue Agrippa, Imm Zakaria, Kronfol, Beirut. The fishing is bound to be good there, what with such an enthusiastic angler looking for a place to settle.

Curtis Thue was a supervising craftsman, Abqaiq Field Machinists, at the time of his departure. He had worked as a master craftsman in the Bremerton Navy Yard on the West Coast prior to his first overseas assignment in the Middle East with Bechtel. In 1950 he joined Tapline as a machinist and three years later transferred to Aramco.

shopping; but the following ideas are too important to keep from you. Ed Hart, on his radio show some time ago, reported the following highly original offerings to bring forth the reluctant Christmas dollar.

You can buy a model of a school house (whether old-fashioned or modern, I can't say) filled with peanut butter. Now there is something to prod the imagination. Why not a model penitentiary filled with bread and water?

And a cast iron bootjack also is available "as a conversation piece," a fairly sound admission that it isn't good for anything else. Mr. Hart suggests that the conversation might go somewhat like this:

"So, your mother-in-law gave you a cast iron bootjack for Christmas."

"Yeh. She gave me a bootjack — a cast iron one."

"Well, I guess it's a bootjack, all right."

"Yeh. It certainly is. It's cast iron."

A double purpose is served by the chamois skin shirt for active boys. The idea is, that the boy wears the chamois skin shirt and then crawls all over the family car, enjoying himself while unintentionally doing a bit of polishing.

Then there is a new toy pistol. A real toy, and for full grown people (though probably not for adults). The pistol is an inch and a half long and can be attached to any projecting bit of apparel such as a tie clasp. The gun fires blanks that go off with the roar of a real gun. A wonderful gift!

And there's an adding machine small enough



to hold in the hand and costing a mere \$125. It will not be down to tie clasp size until next year.

One of the truly original gifts which Hart mentioned, is a special sun dial. At exactly high noon, the sun's rays will pass through a magnifying glass oriented to direct its concentrated beam into a container of gun powder. The heat of the beam ignites the powder and fires a noonday gun with a suitable amount of racket.

What ever happened to Rube Goldberg?



A few months ago, I read an article in the Atlantic Monthly which gave me considerable pleasure and a few mild chuckles. The story, written by a young professor of mathematics, reported his experiences in beating the operators of the gambling houses in Reno. It's too long a story to be covered here completely, so if you seek the details, hunt up an Atlantic for last June. But it's a good yarn, and apparently a true one.

Professor Thorp, the hero of our story, read a report by another mathematics professor who concluded that the odds in the game of Black Jack, or Twenty-One (which normally are markedly in favor of the dealer) could be reduced to less than one percent by the use of a suggested system. As Thorp studied the report, he realized that even this small percentage was an *average*, and that it would vary greatly, depending on what cards had been exposed. He was aware that the calculations required to evaluate all these odds would be enormous, roughly ten thousand man years at desk calculators — and he didn't know anyone with ten thousand man years to spare. But he did know certain professors at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, where a big IBM calculator was available for scientific research. Thanks to the wonders of the calculator, the ten thousand man year job was performed in a mere seven hours.

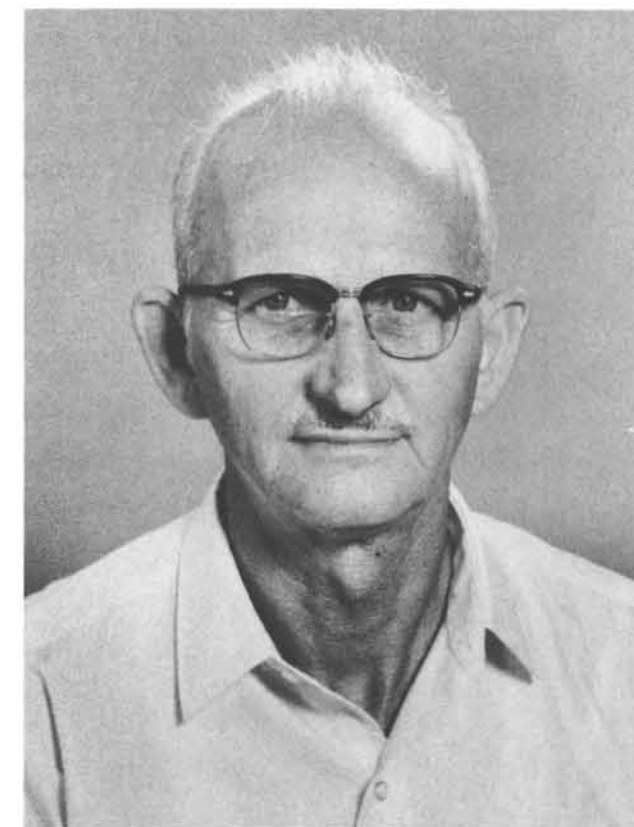
Now, Thorp had exact material to work on. The player, he found, had an advantage about half the time. For example, when all the 5's had been exposed, the player's advantage was 3.3%; but when the four aces were out, the dealer (or

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HARLAN J. WILSON and his wife, Edith, left Dhahran early in September for a trip which involved a liner of the American Export Lines from Beirut to Genoa, and a train to Stuttgart, Germany, where they picked up a car for travelling through Europe. They planned to spend several weeks in Minorca before boarding the Rotterdam for the trip to the U. S. West Coast by way of the Panama Canal.

Harlan began his oil industry experience in 1926 when he went to work for Socal at Huntington Beach. He worked in southern California until assigned to the Purchase and Stores Department in Taft as a Reclamation Engineer. Harlan joined Aramco in Saudi Arabia in 1948 and was engaged in setting up reclamation operations. At the time of his departure he was Reclamation Division Superintendent, Dhahran, Materials Supply and Traffic Department. Except for two relatively short periods all of his time with Aramco had involved reclamation activities.

The Wilsons' daughter, Harlene, and her husband, Robert J. Morrow, reside in Ras Tanura with their three children. Harlan and Edith may be reached at 677 Roycroft Avenue, Long Beach 14, California.



Harlan J. Wilson



GEE NOTE



I received our copy of Al-Ayyam Al-Jamila on the Third Annuitants' Get-Together and enjoyed every page of it. After reading it I was more disappointed than ever that we had to miss this party. I would like to congratulate Rol Cundall, Hal Beckley, Sheik Abdullah Rahman Aziz bin Aziz bin Aziz bin Aziz (Bob) King and everyone who helped to produce such a fine copy on the Get-Together, and what looked like a very well arranged "clambake" at the Flamingo.

The only thing I don't like about these parties is saying goodbye to our many wonderful friends and fellow Aramcons. Honestly, it brings a lump to one's throat when you say, "See you in two years" — Brother! that's a long time. I shall never forget the lovely friends we made in

Saudi Arabia and also such a fine company to work for — I don't think one could find a better company anywhere than Aramco.

In honor of the new American citizens who were naturalized in Santa Cruz on November 13th, Steve and Lilly were invited to a dinner and party given by the Santa Cruz County Agricultural Club. There will be another one given by a Civic Club in Santa Cruz on November 28. Also in this group are two new citizens who come from behind the Iron Curtain.

Well, I guess this about it for the present, goodbye for now, and our kindest wishes to all.

CASPER, Sophie and the Kids

After Aftermathers?



Ruth and Rol Cundall, as they greeted their guests, and their home, looking across the picnic table and swimming pool to the living rooms

... and inside, left to right, Gertrude McConnell and D Pearson, Rol behind the bar, Harry Blackburn and Phil McConnell in the right foreground



Phil, Gertrude and Abby facing the camera

Two views of Hal and Maye Beckley on the living side (patio, lawn, garden and native trees) of their home



Well, not really, tho' it does look like this is where we left off with the Special Issue on the Flamingo affair.

Actually, these are the rest of Andy Anderson's pictures taken up on the Cundall-Beckley hill in Sonoma the afternoon of the day following the banquet. 'Just thought you might like to see how their homes look after all the previous comment by folks who had dropped by before and/or after the Santa Rosa gathering.

The two homes are on a hill of considerable height, about one hundred yards apart, with the Cundalls on the higher ground. The Snyders have already begun construction of their home a little below the Beckleys in preparation of Les's retirement. 'Wonder if anyone has named that hill yet?



Weather always this warm in California?

BITS FROM HERE AND THERE



From Santa Barbara, California JIM and BERNICE HOGG send warmest greetings for the Holiday Season to all our friends and acquaintances who receive Al-Ayyam Al-Jamila wherever they may be.

We had no more than put the Annual Mailing List to bed, than a letter arrived from BILL COOPER with the note, "Yesterday we saw and bought a house in Ashville, North Carolina at 328 Lakeshore Drive, and will be moving into it probably some time in October. If any of our friends happen down this way, we shall be most happy to extend our hospitality."

It is always a pleasure to hear how much someone appreciates and enjoys the different Company publications, such as FREEMAN C. KNIGHT'S letter of thanks from New Mexico. He reported that both he and his wife were very well pleased living in Albuquerque's wonderful climate and were all settled in their own new home which they had designed themselves.

Unfortunately, the W. B. MCLAINS had to be left off our annual address list because several pieces of mail had been returned to us by the Post Office indicating that their present address was not known. The situation has been rectified by a note from Weaverville, California, Box 247, "... we are most anxious to get all of the Company publications. We have bought our home here, where there is fishing and hunting galore and the weather is perfect. This is really God's Country! We had a grand time at the convention, loved every minute of it, and are looking forward to the next one."

From Monrovia, Liberia RAPHAEL A. DE CARLO reports that he would like to receive Aramco publications there c/o Liberia Mining Company since they enjoy reading of the happenings of their friends. He says there are many former Aramco personnel there, mentioning specifically the Rippergers, the Larry Leadlies, the John Haasts, and a Mr. Gilmore. And from the De Carlos, their very best wishes to everyone.

... and this quote from a recent note penned by DON BUTERBAUGH after his and Pat's return to Piedmont. Incidentally, they must be camera shy or just not at the right place at the right time - we never did come across a picture of them.

The Santa Rosa affair was really wonderful. Fortunately everyone had name plates, otherwise it would have been embarrassing, even though we've been gone less than a year.

A recent letter from Susie states that about next April she and Jamie will present us with another grandchild - their first, of course, and our seventh. (Remember Susie's story from the March '62 AAAJ?)

We're both enjoying every day of our retirement.

JERRY A. HANDY, please note: Thank you for your nice but brief note about liking very much to keep in touch with your old friends and know what is going on at Aramco. We have made the appropriate change in your address and hope you have received the back issues of the publications which were forwarded. Now, how about sending us a report of your activities so that your old friends (and the rest of us) will know what you are doing these days in France.

More Wheels

To Friends of Yesteryears in Saudi Arabia -

After reading your letters in this wonderful magazine for so long, I think it is time for me to contribute a few lines. We also receive the Sun and Flare and Aramco World and enjoy reading them.

Four years ago we sold our ranch home and became trailerites. We are now living in a mobile home in a park in Orange, California where there is so much building activity.

Have taken up lawn bowling these days. Bowl three days a week and play teams from other clubs.

We enjoy good health so are able to keep going. Have just returned from a trip to New Mexico where we greeted a new grandson.

Seasons Greetings.

L. N. "Chief" Meyers



If you looked closely at the kind of bells up there, you're no doubt sure we got mixed up with our illustration. But we intended that they look more like wedding bells than Christmas bells, since this item might more appropriately be entitled "Eyre - Mills".

We had a note a couple of months back from Leila Eyre, reporting that on September 14 she had become Mrs. H. A. Mills. They are living in a trailer home in the Rainbow Trailer Park in Bellflower. Leila sends wishes for Happy Holidays to all of her friends, who we are sure wish her and her husband happiness not only for the holiday season but for the days which follow, many, many of them. Their new address is 14710 South Lakewood Boulevard, Bellflower, California.

The following arrived the middle of October from our old friend ROY P. GREEN:

I have just received the Annuitants Annual Mailing List for the Fall of 1962 and after looking over the list I hasten to write this before dear old Aramco folds up its tent and hangs out the "gone fishin" sign. Seems every one has joined the parade or has been asked to turn in their pencil.

Seriously, I'm afraid I would find very few of the old familiar faces around if I should suddenly find myself back in harness.

My purpose in writing is to request that you change my mailing address. The new one is 24A Crest Mobile Manor, 3727 N. Equation Road, Pomona, California.

Yes, we have sold our home (the State gave us no choice as they needed it for Freeway purposes) and have decided to join the ranks of those looking for less yard and house-work. I'm not certain we accomplished our aim fully, as this thing has two bed rooms; two baths; living room and dining area and more wall to wall carpeting than we had in our house. Its ultra modern in every respect and gave me quite a surprise when I saw what they are putting on wheels these days. Also the pocket book was shocked no end.

It surprising how many change of address notices are required when moving time comes, so must get on to the next one.

Best wishes to you and other Aramcoans.





Hamanns' Adolph the Awful, CD on the left with Hamanns' Falla, CDX

Special To Dog Lovers

It's been nearly two years since we have had a report from the FRED HAMANNS and this one from Bertha promises to be in two parts. At the end of her letter she commits herself to "another real soon with lots of news", but for the present...

First and most important, we have been living at 262 Talbert Street in San Francisco since February of this year. We notified the New York Office of our change of address, but when we go to the mountains we get armfuls of mail, mostly Aramco, from the Twain Harte Post Office. *(The NYO hasn't been able to find the old request, but we've now changed the address.)*

We still have the mountain home, standing furnished, and moved only enough down here to make a comfortable abode until we know for sure what we are going to do with the place in Peaceful Pines. I became very ill from the trees and it was necessary that we get out. We went up several times during the summer, but I returned to San Francisco with sneezes, fever blisters, etc. each time. It just wasn't worth it.

The following brings us up to date on the Hamann canine family accomplishments since the doggy feature we did so far back along the line.

Falla (the black schnauzer, father of the litter we had when I last wrote) is now working

for his Utility Degree in Obedience. His son, the only pup we kept out of that litter, is a salt and pepper named Hamanns' Adolph the Awful, CD — Dolph for short and Dolphie with affection. He earned his CD degree and is working for the CDX now. Falla and Dolph have both done wonderfully well and between them we now have 64 trophies on our shelves and a box of ribbons. Falla averages 198-199 score out of a possible 200 in the Open Classes now while working toward his UD degree.

Last year we took a trip to the Middle West to visit the breeder of Falla, Col. Earle P. Schouten, now residing in Neosho, Missouri. We attended an Obedience Clinic given by Milo Pearsall of Long Island, N. Y., put on by Purina Dog Chow. Dolphie was chosen to be featured with Milo in a film called "Dog Etiquette". We have the film coming the first of December to be shown to our Miniature Schnauzer Club, as well as to several training classes and clubs. We're anxious to see this big Ham in his first movie.

Falla was featured on TV in Joplin the day before the movie was made, so both seem to have made a hit in Missouri. Dolph is a character such as no one but a cute miniature schnauzer could be. He is worth his weight in gold as far as being entertaining is concerned and Fred worships him no end. Needless to say, he is very spoiled. Falla

adores him and correcting Dolphie is just not allowed — Falla will push your hand away as much as to say, "Leave him alone. He's a cute little kid and I love him."

Both their coats have been hand pulled recently in preparation for the big Golden Gate Show being held the first week in January in San Francisco. Last year Dolph won two beautiful trophies, schnauzer figurines on walnut bases, in the Bred By Exhibitor and Novice A classes. Falla won highest scoring in Obedience with 198½, carrying off two beautiful trophies (also figurines) and both got several ribbons.

We grow prouder of them as time goes on — they are a wonderful pair and known to the general public wherever we happen to go. Dolph sired a litter of salt and pepper puppies on April 29th — arriving just as Dolph was earning the last leg



Flamingo Scrapbook

We are still without addresses for the following who attended the recent Get-Together: Jack Connelly, Lucie and Grace Hatchette, Val Mitchell, Alice Palmer. We would like to forward their copies of the Flamingo Scrapbook and will appreciate advice from anyone who can tell us where to reach them.*

Also, there are a few extra copies of the Scrapbook on hand which we shall be glad to furnish upon request as long as the supply lasts.

We are grateful for all the warm, friendly notes and complimentary expressions from so many who found the special issue particularly pleasing. An editor can take a bow and feel pride in accomplishment (and hereby does). Thanks in turn must go to those who sacrificed

in Obedience to finish his CD degree. Because of his extremely beautiful dark mask, extra wiry coat, short body, etc. he is in demand for stud but we hesitate to put him out unless the bitch is of good quality.

Falla is still the only black schnauzer shown out here either in conformation or obedience. This summer, after coming out second in a class of nine (the others were salt and pepper) the judge commented to a club member that the black was far the better dog, but being the only black she hadn't had the nerve to put him first. This sort of thing never ceases to annoy us, but our first love is Obedience anyway, and we get what we deserve, win or lose.

If we recall breeders' parlance correctly, CD stands for Champion Dog and the additional X stands for Excellent.

some of their visiting time to take the good pictures and accurately identify them, and those who spent hours ably recording the events of the moment or recalling the past or presenting some appropriate philosophy in order to provide the text. And in a quick shift back to New York to those regulars who get into the AAAJ act — no issue would appear without the combined efforts of our varitypist, photo-lab technician, and the men who handle the rest of the complicated reproduction equipment when the presses begin to roll. That's about all except for the two young ladies who are continually on the alert in the midst of other duties to help keep track of where folks are this or any week, and the talented draftsman who stood our flamingo up in a pool of water and did the art work on the cover of this issue.

**Red and Ruth Byrne (Mr. & Mrs. J. F.) and Edna Ford (Mrs. J. H.) may be reached % Aramco, Dhahran, Saudi Arabia; Jack and Dorothy Crawford, % Bechtel Corporation, 220 Bush Street, San Francisco, California; and Gordon and Lillian Great-house (Mr. & Mrs.) are at 39 North Burnet Street, East Orange, New Jersey. The previously unidentified couple on page 38 of the Scrapbook are the Zolls (Alex and Bonnie) of 3914 Harold Drive, Santa Barbara, California.*



From The Boyles

This letter from JOHN BOYLE we mentioned before but saved for this issue (48 pages in the last was enough, wasn't it?) So, from Texas:

I just returned from Santa Rosa, California where the retirees had their get-together meeting. We had a wonderful time during the two days we were at the Flamingo Hotel. The weather was ideal — warm during the day and cool in the evenings. We visited the wineries in the vicinity and also the steam geysers in the mountains about thirty-five miles from Santa Rosa.

I believe most of the retired members were from California — I may have been the only one from Houston. Everyone seemed happy and prosperous and they all enjoyed themselves, including the excellent dinner served the last night of our stay at the Flamingo.

I stopped over in San Francisco for two days to visit Fisherman's Wharf and Chinatown. Interesting places. . . and Chinatown there seems much bigger than Chinatown in New York. The weather was 54° in San Francisco compared to 94°-96° in Houston.

In the summer of '61, my wife and son, James Kerry, spent two months in Europe. We went to Germany on the S. S. Berlin. In Stuttgart we got a Mercedes-Benz and toured through Germany, France and England. The weather was unusually fine and we thoroughly enjoyed the trip. We returned on the M. V. Bremmen, then drove from New York to Houston in time for school opening in September.

I keep busy, doing small repair jobs around our home and also for my married son and three daughters. My oldest son, Jack, is a stock broker and I spend a day each week with him. Charles, who spent six years in Abqaiq, joined the military forces after two years at St. Thomas University and is now in school at Fort Devens, Massachusetts. Eileen Star, who also was in

Abqaiq, is married and has two children. We have ten grandchildren — all within a radius of ten miles of us in Houston. You can understand why we are never without company, particularly on weekends.

My sincere thanks for the Aramco magazines and best wishes to everyone.



The Boyle Grandchildren, ages from 11 months to 15 years. Left to right, first row, Kathleen, John, Ralph, Dan and Nancy; second row, Rhonda, Susan, Owen, Glen and Mike.



ALFRED Z. SIMPSON, in a request to change his address back in September, indicated that he was working as Front Manager at the Women's City Club in San Francisco.

mexico mix-up

AL GLEASNER picked up one of the "What's Cooking?" forms at the Get-Together and when he returned to Mexico dutifully numbered the different questions and proceeded to provide answers. Al's reply to "What are you doing, and how are you getting along?" came first and must have pleased him considerably in the writing. "Enjoying life in the finest climate in the world. When I die don't send me to Heaven, just leave me in Guadalajara; but I think I'll live to be a hundred." In reporting on the quality of his green thumb, he said, "Fair, but my \$4 a week gardener is better."

As for the visiting and traveling, "Just returned from Santa Rosa, Seattle Fair, and Los Angeles. Had a month in the Caribbean, followed by a week of eating in New Orleans, in March and April of this year." And to whether in business or loafing, "Loafing, and ain't it grand!" Hobbies? "Loafing again and growing a few Flowers."

Al's letter arrived just as we were planning our own vacation in Mexico and the next step naturally was to drop him a note to see if he and Jo were going to be around a bit later when our schedule called for a few days in Guadalajara. The reply was immediate and as disappointing to receive as to write. Al and Jo were to be in Mexico City while we were in Guadalajara (and as it turned out had been staying at but checked out of "our" Mexico City hotel a few hours before we got back.)

We thoroughly enjoyed Guadalajara as we did the rest of our stops in Mexico, but were sorry not to see the lovely place the Gleasners call home, which Al described as "An old Spanish colonial house with big arches and iron grill work. Am told it was built in 1906 and was originally the old ranch hacienda."

Oh well, everyone knows that most Aramcons have some Gypsy blood and it gets to be quite a bit by the time they retire. In Guadalajara we called to say hello to the Ralph Finlays (and pass on a couple of messages), only to find that they were in the States, to return the day we left town. Our informants were Ken and Ellen Kirk (ex-Aramco) who were enjoying the Finlay's home during their absence and cat-sitting their three

Siamese pets. Ken and Ellen were seriously toying with the idea of joining the American Colony in and around Guadalajara, presently consisting of several thousand retired persons. We also attempted to reach Mrs. Ismer but without success.

But there was still another name on the annuitants list and when we went out to see Lake Chapala, it was no trouble finding helpful people who knew the James MacPhersons and provided instructions on how to reach their lovely home, sitting well up on a slope not far from the lake and the quaint little town of Ajijic. We couldn't call ahead since the private telephone lines "aren't in out there yet", with the result that our contacts batting average of zero for the trip remained unchanged — missed the MacPhersons by about fifteen minutes.

The Gleasner comment about the Get-Together was, "Real good. Won't miss another. Wish everyone had enough time and money to have the '64 gathering of the clan in Guadalajara. Have a new 500-room Hilton hotel going up and many others. Cheaper than U. S. too." We don't know what the rates will be at the new Hilton, but a few miles out of Guadalajara and a very short distance from the MacPhersons, we discovered the beautiful, new, modern Chula Vista Motel overlooking Lake Chapala (with its own swimming pool, adjacent golf course, and excellent restaurant.) After a delicious lunch, we took a look at one of the attractive cottages and were doubly impressed when told that the rate including meals was the equivalent of \$10.50 a day for two — still wonder if our arithmetic was correct. It's not large enough for a full grown gathering of Aramco annuitants, but it's a thought, folks, when you want to say hello to friends in that general area. It would be a nice place to stay and wait until they get home. Note to Mr. Mac: Did you ever get the note we initially sent out, trying to intercept you on the golf course, but left with your friends in Chula Vista to be delivered when you came back again?

And to Al and Jo Gleasner: Sorry we never made connections along the way; but how about some more detail on some of this year's travels... stateside, Caribbean or about the interesting little towns of Mexico, off the beaten track and of which you two have become so fond.

the house) had a 2.7% advantage. In order to know where the advantage lay at any time, Thorp developed a system of keeping rapid mental tab on the cards exposed. How he did this is a part of his research which he didn't explain.

He was interested in the project, not for the purpose of beating the gambling racket, but to develop and prove a mathematical theory. But two big time gamblers heard of his studies and persuaded him to go to Reno to try to prove them. The gamblers would provide the cash, win or lose. They wanted to start him with \$100,000; but he agreed to use a mere \$10,000.

The story of Thorp's adventures in Reno read like fiction. He didn't win on every hand or at every encounter, but he won consistently. In the first few efforts, he won only moderately, possibly because he hadn't perfected his memory system. Then he began to show larger gains as his technique improved.

But the chuckles for the reader come in Thorp's report on how the operators of the gambling houses reacted. The old myth about the operators being good sports was blown wide open. At first, they didn't mind Thorp's winning, figuring that he was just another sucker with a run of luck, and that if he stayed around, they'd get him eventually. But as he continued to win, the report got around town and the welcome mat was rudely jerked away. On the second night of their efforts, he and his gambling supporters found themselves barred from the first two clubs they visited. They were welcomed back at the third where Thorp had lost \$1,700 on the previous night before winning it back. The attitude changed after he proceeded to win \$2,000 more.

When he returned the next evening to this same house, the manager promptly appeared and instructed the dealer, a woman, to shuffle the cards every time Thorp changed the size of his bet or the number of hands he was playing. (He had worked up to eight at that time.) He happened to scratch his nose — whereupon the dealer shuffled. He scratched again, just for the fun of it — and she shuffled again. The house used four different decks in five minutes. The dealer claimed Thorp was memorizing the entire deck and its placement, and that her boss could do that. Thorp's gambler backers offered to pay \$500 to anyone who could memorize all the

cards played. They got no takers.

At the end of a total of thirty hours of gambling over several days, Thorp had built the original \$10,000 up to \$21,000 and had not been lower than \$8,700 at any time. The experiment had proven successful; so the college professor went back to college.

Professor Thorp is supposed to be publishing a book on his studies this fall; but he is confident that whatever he reports to the public, the gambling houses will find ways to cut the odds favorably in their favor. Their principle remains — never to give the sucker a break.



As I write these thoughts, long before Christmas, our civilization stands on the brink of destruction, threatened by Russian domination or attack. That it stands on the brink doesn't prove that it will fall — but on the other hand, the brink has not been regarded as one of the safest places to stand.

As I look at the shadow over us, I cannot wish you a Merry Christmas. I can wish you a peaceful Christmas and the hope that those who would destroy us can be resisted in the year ahead. I can hope that through courage and wisdom, we can find the way to live with them as free men in this confused world. But the confusion of our world increases our need for each other. This is a time for friendship and the strengthening of friendly ties. And so, I wish you the blessing of friends and the knowledge of their support.

Phil McConnell



Clan On The Move



Today, ladies and gentlemen, we look in on the McKeegans. . . We sorta set this up on a chapter-by-chapter basis ourselves when we cropped Helen McKeegan's post-get-together letter, saving part of it for this issue. So now we have to go back and pick her up where we left her, in the middle of a pre-year-end resolution.... a what this holiday season was not going to be like.

No more working at Capwells. I "had it" with all the Christmas shoppers who couldn't make up their minds. (Then in a mood reminiscent of days long passed.) Too bad a lot of people couldn't experience the shopping sessions we went through to be prepared for a couple of years at a time. Believe me, they'd know what they were after and they'd darn well arrange to get what they wanted in the shortest possible time, and with no exchanges!

The Elk's mixed summer league that I bowled in came in first this time. So I dug my 1955 trophy out of one of the boxes still in the garage, to keep my new one company. Barney had too many other irons in the fire to join us — so he lost out on a chance to have one too. Then, my nice team of Housewives put us on top right from the beginning and kept us there. We coasted into first place by six and a half games and copped another first place trophy. Somehow, I managed to keep a 144 average, but with old age breathing down my neck I couldn't tell you how I managed it.

Last June, I accepted the Food Chairman's job for our parish picnic for the ninth of September. Came time to think, I wondered why I hadn't kept my big mouth shut! There were a lot of very nice women, though, who came through like Angels when I handed out the beans, etc. and the day came to light up the fires and get to cooking. We fed over 250, with food left over. But, so help me, wherever we move next, I am going to put tape over my mouth and sit on my hands so I won't absent mindedly lift them skyward when I hear someone ask for volunteers.

Sharon tried but couldn't resist bringing home a darling kitten from a pet store. I don't care much for cats, but I managed to *not* get rid of

this one until it got big enough that Peanuts no longer tried to toss it around. There was Dimitri, another white fluffy little thing with big blue eyes, that was being pushed around in the same pet store by bigger and stronger kittens. So he joined us too, but being the runt, Barney and I had to bury him under a geranium plant in the garden one morning. Sharon has strict orders to bypass the pet store from now on.

Barney claims my ten hanging baskets of fuschias are "to bust heads with", but they, with the rest of the twenty-five are going to be moved. When I told Barney that they would need a pick-up truck, his reaction was, "Gee-rus-elem!" Maybe so, but the plants go where I go. It has taken three years of birthdays, Easters, Christmases, Mother's Days, begging, and sales (none stolen, yet) to collect the lot. Maybe if I make a price list he'll decide that renting a truck will be the cheapest way out.

Alan had a three-week vacation in April and met Kim and little Mark in Honolulu on their way back from their seven-month stay in Tokyo. Kim and Mark stayed with us until they moved into their own home in Pinole early in August. Mark likes his new kindergarten very much. Alan will have another two-week vacation in January, then his contract will be over in July. Frank McMurphy returned from Kwajelein and is in the Company's office in Oakland. The Najars are still in Kwajelein — Marilyn went over for the summer.

. . . And then Helen's Christmas letter arrived just in time for inclusion.

'Tis that time of year again when we wish our friends all happiness through the Holidays and the coming year — and promise to do better with our correspondence in the future.

For the McKeegan Clan it has been a very busy year — when hasn't it been? And I might as well start with the Master of The House, figuratively speaking. Somewhere back through our 36 years I found it better to give him the title at least.

After our attendance at the Reunion in Santa Rosa, many of you know that he laid his various real estate licenses on the shelf and took a position as Purchasing Agent at the El Camino Hospital in Mountain View, California. The steady paycheck looked much better than the If and When of real estate, and we do like to eat well. Really tho', he did very well in real estate — we just didn't like the hours!

After two months of looking we found a new home in Santa Clara and will be moving on the seventh of December — at least I hope to have everything tossed into boxes by then. If not, I will let the moving men do the tossing, for MOVE we shall!

Sharon hopes to be attending San Jose State, beginning the first of the year. She has her own car now and will have only about two miles to drive from our new home. For the present she has decided to concentrate on chemistry, etc., and art as a hobby. (I wish that I could do as well as she does without lessons.)

The twentieth of October Maureen put in a rush order for me to get on down to Santa Maria and be on hand when her second baby arrived. Then the little scamp decided to wait until the seventh of November, missing Auntie Sharon's birthday by nine hours plus. At 9:18 AM, little Jeffrey Peter, all seven pounds two ounces and nineteen and a half inches of him, arrived in a happy and anxious Clan — anxious to see if he might be the one lone granddaughter. But he is such a doll that we decided to keep him with the other eight grandsons.

Maureen, Bob and the two boys will drive up for the holiday, with Maureen and the children staying until New Years. (Boy, am I going to put her to work!) Little Jeff is to be christened on New Years Day, if I can get arrangements made in time.

For a week in September we had Alan's other son, Alan Michael, with us from Sacramento for the first time in his nine years and, had a chance to get acquainted with him. He is such a nice boy — even if he did tell me that I *looked* sixty alright but I sure didn't *act* sixty like other women he knew.

Barry is remodeling their home in Pleasant Hill — making a family room. Barry is with Yuba

Steel in Richmond.

Peanuts, the dacksy, and Kooschka, the cat, and I are wading around boxes and I expect, before the week is out, that we will be climbing over them. What a vicious circle this packing is. I empty one box just to pack it with something else. Junk, junk, junk! People overseas should wear blinders while traveling. Every so often someone says they like something (which I no longer do) and before they can think twice they are the new owners!

While I unpack in Santa Clara I will turn over the Christmas preparations to Sharon and Maureen. And, I won't even try to bowl until Spring.

There, I think I have brought you all up to date. Don't forget the address: 758 Cornell Drive, Santa Clara, California. It's the Killarney Farms Tract, and what better location for a bunch of Irishmen.

And now, may God Bless You all with an abundance of good health, a good life and happiness. May your Christmas be filled with merriment and may the New Year bring you all that you desire.

Our very best wishes to you all,

Helen and Barney



Margaret Weichel, ex-employee but not a retiree, expressed her pleasure over the Santa Rosa Get-Together. It was wonderful to see all of the people we worked with again and at times felt like we were all in Arabia again. Have been working for Litton Industries (Electronics) for the past three years, secretarial position, and haven't done any extensive traveling since leaving Arabia in September of 1956. Miss the long vacations we used to get while working overseas. Margaret lives at 5380 Campo Road, Woodland Hills, California.

In Memorium

We regret to report the passing of the following and offer our heartfelt sympathy to their families:

WALTER R. ISMER on September 26 at his home in Guadalajara, Jalisco, Mexico of a coronary. Elizabeth may still be reached at La Morena #130, Apdo Postal No. 1089 in Guadalajara.

LARKIN F. PAYNE on September 22. Golde is at their home address, 3250 Cottage Way, Sacramento, California.

SHERMAN O. POLAND on August 14. He returned to Texaco in 1950 from where he subsequently retired.

KING MEMORIAL

Several months ago we announced the plan which BOB KING was then working out with Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tennessee, for an appropriate memorial to Pauline, who passed away earlier this year. We then asked Bob to please keep us posted on developments. Details have just recently been finalized and the accompanying announcement concerning the

memorial released to the press by Vanderbilt. The same announcement will also be included in the next issue of their School of Medicine Catalogue. Bob sent us a copy in the thought that the friends whose contributions helped make the memorial possible, as well as others, would be interested.

"The Department of Surgery of Vanderbilt University School of Medicine announces the establishment of an annual lectureship in thoracic and cardiovascular surgery. The lectureship will bring to Nashville annually a distinguished surgeon from this country or abroad who will present reports of his research and clinical work in the field of thoracic and cardiovascular surgery. The lectures will be given at Vanderbilt University School of Medicine and will be open to members of the medical profession. The lectureship has been made possible by the generosity of Mr. Robert F. King of Klamath River, California and his friends and relatives as a memorial to his wife Pauline and is designated "The Pauline M. King Memorial Lecture" in honor of the late Mrs. King. The initial lecture in the annual series is planned for the spring of 1963 and the first lecturer will be selected and announced in the near future."

Please forward your address changes or corrections for the different Aramco publications to the Editor of Al-Ayyam Al-Jamila, since control of the mailing lists is handled apart from other functions of the Personnel and Administrative Services Department.

We recognize that this may mean an additional card or note for those individuals who must write to the New York Office about other Personnel matters such as personal effects claims, etc. and in so doing report a different address. Every so often we find that a change in the address of a newly retired person misses the mailing list.

Then once in a while the advice, though started, just doesn't reach us. Such was the case of one family, which sent a follow-up after missing several issues of the different publications. Not until we furnished some back issues, including the Flamingo Scrapbook, did they know that the 1962 Get-Together was even planned, let alone held. "Heartbroken" was their own word for having missed out on the gathering after having relived the last one again and again.

If you aren't receiving the publications as requested or they are improperly addressed, please let us know at once.

the meetings of the International Bar in Edinburgh. We had lots of house guests in our little house while we were there. I wish that you two could have been among them.

After Scotland we went to Palma, Mallorca. We spent three weeks there and the best part was that we were able to see and be with Vera and Tom McMahon. Their house, about ten miles out of Palma, is nearly finished now and it is simply a dream. The setting reminds me very much of yours as they sit high on a mountain, with a gorgeous view and the countryside is quite like your part of California. Their house is low and rambling and built around a huge center patio with a huge old olive tree growing in the center of it.

The walls of the house are about five or six feet thick and I wish you could see the doors. They have patios on all sides of the house so that you can sit in the sun or get away from it. It is really what one would dream of if one would picture the perfect Spanish hacienda. Of course, with Vera's and Tom's taste and all their lovely things it is just out of this world. They have about five acres and all in fruit trees and flowers. A Caretaker and his family came with the place—the wife is cook, the daughter is maid, the father is gardener and the small son does odd jobs. They have quarters over the garage. We took many trips to different places on the island and Mallorca is truly a beautiful island. There's no doubt about that.

When we left Mallorca George went to Brussels to attend the meetings of the International Law Association. I went to Barcelona and spent a week there with Jim and Montse, their little boys and Montse's family. I had a marvelous time and saw so much and did so much in that one short week. Jim and Montse have been in Spain all summer and fly home next Monday.

I met George in Malaga and we drove here a week ago. This has been an enchanted week. We are staying in the Parador San Francisco. Maybe you know about the place. I'm not going to describe it because you world travelers undoubtedly do, but I will say that I think this is probably the best and most charming spot we have ever stayed in. We love it here in Granada and are going to stay for two more weeks. Then we are

going to rent a car and drive to Seville and then to Algeciras where we board the Constitution for home on September 20th.

Dudley and Elly Miller were in New York for the summer, from Dhahran, and they rented our house. It has been so good having them there because we have not had to worry about the house standing vacant. They have even kept our dog for us.

I hope that the reunion is a big success and that everyone has a marvelous time. Do give our love to our good friends, especially to dear Bob King. Try not to get too tired, but have fun!



Flu shots recommended

WASHINGTON—Outbreaks of Asian-type flu, much like those that hit the nation several years ago, are expected in the United States this winter, the U. S. Public Health Service has warned.

While accurate predictions are difficult to make, all indications point to widespread occurrences of this disease, the Public Health Service added.

To protect "high-risk" elements of the population and help ward off possible epidemics, immunization of certain groups of people has been recommended before mid-December. In particular, persons with respiratory, circulatory, and heart diseases, diabetics, pregnant women, those over 45 years of age, and infants should be protected.

The Public Health Service recommends early immunization through family doctors who will have supplies of the required vaccine on hand.

The above appeared in a recent issue of The Standard Oilier. You won't be reading this by the middle of December, but if you haven't had a flu shot yet, you might give some thought to it.



Mail Call!

The following list contains all changes, corrections or additions to the Annuitants Annual Mailing List, Fall 1962 received up to press time.

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