

Al-Ayyam Al-Jamila

"These Pleasant Days"

For Arabs, A.O.C. and Taalim Ammaita

NEW YORK, N. Y.

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Holiday Greetings



In this time of remembrance of things past, we send you greetings from Saudi Arabia and the enterprise to which you all contributed so greatly.

May God give you peace on earth, much happiness and the best of New Years.

Thomas C. Bayler





Richard A. Hattrup

RICHARD A. HATTRUP and his wife, Virginia, are headed for retirement in the Pacific Northwest. Their home is on Orcas Island, one of the San Juan Islands of the Puget Sound between the Washington mainland and Canadian Vancouver Island.

Dick joined Standard of California thirty years ago as an Engineer, transferring to Aramco in the same capacity in 1938. He became Assistant to the General Manager, Operations in 1942, and has since held such assignments as Assistant to the Senior Resident Officer, Assistant to the Chief Engineer and Coordinator, Home Ownership. He has served as Chief Fire Prevention Engineer since 1957.

Dick is a native of California and received AB and CE Degrees from Stanford University. He was a member of the Rolling Hills Golf Club and the Boy Scout Council, and has had woodworking and photography as hobbies. Virginia, who went to Saudi Arabia in 1940 and then again in 1945, was the first President of the Dhahran Women's Club. The Hattrups' address - Eastsound, Washington.

BUT MY WIFE DOES, WITH AN ACCENT



James R. Tallmadge

Dear Friends:

Here I am again with a new address, just one block away from the old one. We are in tip top shape health wise. What more can one ask for?

The weather is still holding good, typical fall temperatures, but no frost. The fields are green with head lettuce and other vegetables, flowers, etc. Winter will actually begin about the first of January and we will probably have snow for a couple of months. The Istanbul area is supposed to be the best climate in Turkey, being tempered by the Bosphorus and the Sea of Marmara. This makes it good for us; just a short winter and plenty of delightful summer weather. Not too hot and not too cold.

We have a nice six room apartment in one of the new sections of the city where the plumbing works to our satisfaction. Istanbul is not all two thousand years old, as many people think it is. It is making some progress toward modernization; even though it could move faster than it does, because Turkey has many natural resources to be developed.

As all of the Aramco old timers know, there are many factors involved that are stumbling blocks in the path of the transition of an ancient-thinking nation of the Middle East into a modern-thinking nation with Western ideas and customs. If you don't mind listening to a theorist. . . Man inherits traits, trends of thought, and customs. It takes many generations to make a complete

HOMER P. JACKSON and his wife, Helen, couldn't care less about the shortest distance between Saudi Arabia and Shreveport, Louisiana, where they will eventually settle after a leisurely vacation. Their itinerary calls for a visit to Beirut, Vienna and Munich, Paris where Homer's nephew is stationed with the U. S. Army, and New York where their daughter Helen and her husband live. A new car will whisk them to the corn country of Iowa, to look in on relatives, and on to San Francisco for a visit with their daughter Katherine. They have ample hobbies and pastimes waiting when they finally get back to Louisiana. Homer will start checking out the many species of fish in which the area abounds. Helen knows there will be plenty of books, sewing and gardening to keep her busy, along with her African Violet collection.

Louisiana, incidentally, is "home" to the Jacksons, where, in Shreveport, they will live at 4740 Old Morning Port Road. In 1928 Homer started working in the Shreveport area for various companies servicing and repairing heavy duty equipment. For three years during World War II he was attached to the Barksdale Air Force Base as an instructor. Homer's first assignment with Aramco in 1951 was in Abqaiq as a Lead Crane and Tractor Mechanic. Except for a few months in Dhahran during 1960, all of his service was in the Abqaiq District, filling the positions of



Homer P. Jackson

Supervising Craftsman in the Equipment and Maintenance Shops and Supervisor of Marine Mechanical Repairs, both in the Northern Area Producing Division.



change over to a different way of life. Modern Turkey is only forty years old and, like Saudi Arabia, it will take more time, even though on the fringes one can see a great change in the business world, habits and customs. Perhaps Turkey's biggest problem is the lack of sufficient foreign exchange. There does seem to be a lot of private capital here, but for their own reasons, it is not invested in big business that would be of benefit to the nation. I guess that I won't go into the problem of writing a volume of statistics. I'll just leave that to someone else. . . I understand that Mobil-Esso have a five thousand b.p.d. well in Eastern Turkey, that, with further development of the oil industry, might help the economy. But where is the market, except local? I suppose that might be arranged if local government is willing,

or able to relax a little.

Yes indeed, this is the old Istanbul (Constantinople) that one reads about in history and historical novels. I recently visited the Old Sultans' Palace, which is now a national museum. There are one hundred twenty eight rooms of display. The Turks claim it is the greatest display of wealth of any museum in the world. I can well believe it. Such jewels, gold, porcelains, gold embroideries, etc, I have never seen before. It is no wonder that the ruling families of the old Ottoman Empire felt so smug and secure, with hundreds of thousands of slaves, semi-slaves and military to do their bidding at every wistful thought. But like all of the great empires it finally fell flat on it's face, because it did not



Harry J. Harrity

HARRY J. HARRITY, Chief Chemist, Technical Services Department had spent all of his twenty years with Aramco in Ras Tanura except for the first, in Dhahran. His other assignments included supervisor of quality control and supervisor for the Analytical Laboratory. Following graduation from Montana State College, Harry joined the Anaconda Company in Butte as an analytical chemist, later taking charge of the laboratory for several years.

Harry and his wife, Mary, have a son and two grandchildren living in Texas. Their daughter, Mary, is Mrs. Francis Fugate of Ras Tanura. The Harritys plans included a trip by ship to the U.S., indulging in one of their hobbies, travel. Apparently they weren't quite sure just where they'd settle for Harry to do his golfing, play bridge and engage in photographic activities. In the meantime, however, mail will reach them if sent in care of Mrs. Clara Harrity, 321 Main Street, Anaconda, Montana.



have industries to support it.

I have an idea that if Turkey would sell the museum in the western market they would have enough cash to pay off the national debt and have their feet on solid ground. But of course that won't be done because there is the national pride to think of. Turks claim that only half of the treasure is on display - no room.

I have made a trip to Ankara, the nation's capital. It is a completely new city, forty years old with a population of eight hundred thousand. It has all very modern buildings, extra wide streets and boulevards that are tree lined. There are many golf courses, parks with swimming pools, and playgrounds for the children. Stores and shops are very modern and it is a delight to the eyes.

I also made an interesting trip to Izmir and other parts of Anatolya. It is a land of contrasts, especially in the great cotton and tobacco farms.

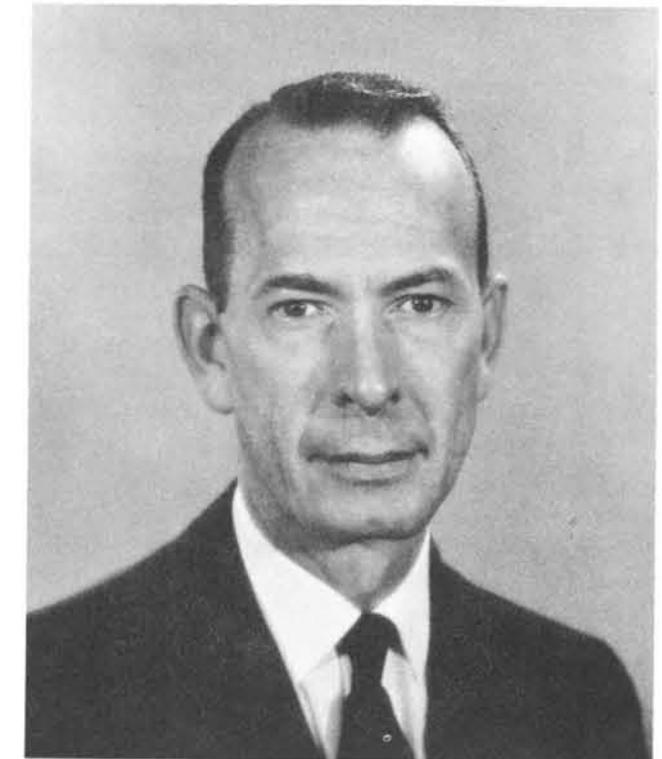
Some of the farms have everything, with the most modern farming machinery. On the other side of the road there are long lines of women working with hand tools under the supervision of an overseer.

Some of the ancient ruins along the west and south coasts are interesting, but I haven't taken a close look yet. I may do that next summer when the weather is dry. I'll confine myself to Istanbul and Ankara for the present. Expect to go to Ankara again in December.

I had some good trout fishing in the mountains northwest of Ankara - they were delicious. Nothing else of much excitement, except an earthquake that made Zerrin sick at her stomach. No damage here in Istanbul, but there were three or four hundred killed and or injured further south around Bursa, a winter resort area.

Zerrin has been in London and Athens for
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DEREK G. MORTLOCK plans to spend the first few years of his retirement in Switzerland. Born in Jamaica, West Indies, he received some of his early schooling in Switzerland, the rest in England, attending high school and university in London. His first job was back in Jamaica as a sales accounting clerk with a large import-export firm. Four years later, in 1936, he emigrated to the U. S., working as an accounting clerk with steel warehouses and steel mills in the New York and Pittsburgh areas. He served in the U. S. Army during WW II, holding a commission as Captain at the time of discharge. His first job with Aramco in 1947 was as an accounting clerk in Dhahran. This was followed by assignments such as cost accountant, assistant cashier, training advisor and accountant, prior to his most recent position as Supervising Accountant in the Marketing Segment of the Petroleum Accounting Division. Derek is particularly fond of bridge, philately, numismatics, model railroads and history. His address is Vert Vallon, Apt. #22, Baugy, sur Clarens, Canton de Vaud, Switzerland.



Derek G. Mortlock

RETIREMENT DIRECTORY

The new national edition of the *Retirement Facilities Register* describes and illustrates nearly 2,000 facilities for modern-day "active retirement" in the United States.

Among the listing are 174 major retirement communities with independent living facilities built around common recreation and social activity centers. There are 237 retirement apartments, 138 hotels appealing to retirees, 64 major mobile home communities, 697 places offering common dining facilities and 534 large retirement homes. Seven land developments are listed where retirees are encouraged to build, as well as 15 giant resorts giving special consideration to older persons.

The *Register* contains information on the number of units, types of accommodations, costs, social-recreational-medical facilities available, sponsorship and admission requirements. Among the illustrations are exterior and interior pictures, floor plans, ground diagrams, and photographs

of community residents and recreational facilities in use.

The *Retirement Facilities Register* has recently been published by the Active Retirement Executives Association, 6043 Hollywood Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90028. Its cost is \$12.00.



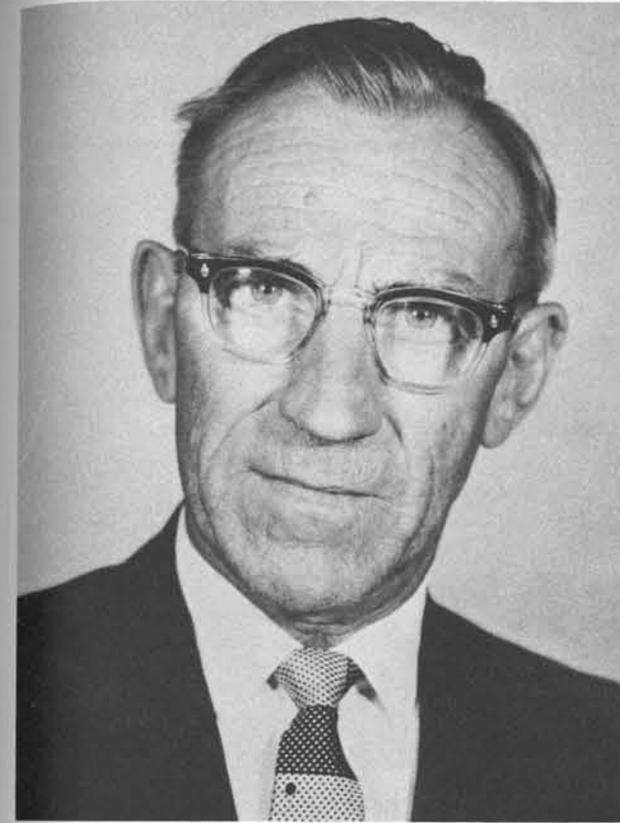
But when does my turn come?



Joseph R. Hall

Even if we didn't already know, we would say JOSEPH R. HALL liked to fish, what with having decided on Lake Hamilton, Arkansas as a place to retire. His second hobby was responsible for his membership in the Dhahran Experimental Radio Association. Joe was born in Bartlesville, Oklahoma, attended high school in Tulsa and the DeVrey Electronic School in Chicago. He had spent fifteen years with Phillips Petroleum and Moore Dry Dock Companies before joining Aramco in 1944 as Assistant Coordinator of Materials at the Ras Tanura Refinery. After six years at the refinery, he held such positions in Dhahran as Coordinator of Reclamation, Supervisor of both the Project Materials for the Housing Program and of the Material Delivery Service, and Foreman of the Cargo Unit, Transportation. From 1958 on he was in the M&S Division, Mechanical Services and Utilities Department, first as Supervisor of Materials then as Maintenance Foreman.

Joe and Hazel Marie, who joined him in Ras Tanura in 1946, have one daughter, Sherlene Jo Barns, who is married and living in Indiana. The Halls can be reached at Box 286, Lake Hamilton, Arkansas.



Chris D. Christensen

Captain CHRIS D. CHRISTENSEN had already had more excitement than most people crowd into a lifetime before he started his near-thirty years with Socal and Aramco. Born in Copenhagen, he became a crew member at age 14 on a two-masted schooner in the North Sea. At 19 he went to Canada as a logging camp rigger for a year, then joined Canadian Pacific Steamers. He began working on his U. S. citizenship in 1926, continued with different steamship companies until joining Socal in 1935 as a tanker sailor. He became a commissioned officer with the U. S. Navy during W. W. II, then in 1948 transferred to Aramco as a refinery operator in Ras Tanura. It was back to the water in 1951 to serve as tug captain with the geology fleet, Marine Department, for three years, followed by harbor pilot, the position he held until retirement.

Chris and Willma planned on a month in Europe before joining son Paul for the holidays in St. Louis, Missouri where he is a high school senior. Son David is a mathematician with North American Aviation and lives in California. They expect to eventually settle on the west coast, but until then should be contacted through their third son, James, an electrical engineer who lives at 208 Buchanan in Beverly, N. J.

THE WAY HOMMY SAW IT

Saludos Senors, Senores and Senioritas -

Ever since I settled down in Santa Barbara four years ago, I have been thinking about going to Mexico, spend some time there and see if I would prefer it to living in California. Well, I finally made it and traveled around the country for five months, visiting the various spots favored by Americans for retirement living, such as Guadalajara and nearby Lake Chapala, Cuernavaca, San Miguel de Allende, to mention a few.

Mexico is a beautiful country and these are all lovely places. Each group of Americans will give you good and valid reasons why they think the place they chose for retirement is the best, so if you are considering living in Mexico, I would suggest that before you make up your mind, you plan to spend some time in each of the places that a fairly large group of Americans

have found attractive. Do not believe all you hear or read about how cheap everything is in Mexico - prices have gone up considerably during the past two years, due to government insistence on higher minimum wages. However, you can live better on your income in Mexico, than in a comparable community in the United States. If you are satisfied to live in an isolated community with limited activities, you can do it on a small income. The conveniences of a large modern attractive city like Guadalajara complete with supermarkets, or nearby Lake Chapala with its yacht club, country club and golf courses, of course cost more.

At one time the water level at Lake Chapala dropped, creating a very disagreeable problem along the shoreline, but the water level is now back to normal. To cope with another problem - the extensive underwater growth of weeds similar



to water hyacinth in Lake Chapala, the Mexican government recently placed some manatees in the lake. These are large mammals, each of which can consume as much as 100 pounds of flowers or weeds a day, but can live only in fairly warm water. They are being used in some of the canals and rivers of southern Florida where a similar problem exists, and I hope they will do well in their new home in Lake Chapala.

Inexpensive domestic help has always been one of the big attractions in Mexico, but that is changing, especially in Mexico City where it is necessary to entertain a great deal and reliable help is scarce. I heard of good cooks in Mexico City demanding and getting \$100.00 a month, due to the practice of enticing them away from their present jobs by the promise of higher wages. You can find inexpensive rentals in unfurnished apartments and houses in all areas, but by comparison furnished rentals are apt to be consider-

ably higher, especially in the areas favored by Americans.

The peso is the monetary unit of Mexico, designated by the \$ sign, worth 8¢ (U.S.), and there are 100 centavos to the peso. Don't be startled when you see a hotel room rate quoted at \$75.00 as this will actually be \$6.00 (U.S.). It is best to change money or traveler's checks at the bank in order to get the official rate of 12.50 pesos to the dollar. I travelled by first class busses and trains and found them quite comfortable and inexpensive.

From Mexicali (across the border from California, California) to Guadalajara, the trip by train takes two days and two nights and the fare including a lower berth, was \$29.50. First class bus fare from Guadalajara to Mexico City, via Morelia, a distance of 425 miles, was \$4.40.

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The JOHN M. BOWERS are taking a trip through the Pacific, visiting Hong Kong and Japan before setting up residence in the San Francisco Bay area of California. John's thirty-five years of service began with one of Socal's accounting sections in September of 1929. He moved to Dhahran in 1953 as a Royalty and Production Accountant for Aramco. For the past year he has been Supervising Accountant, Financial, of General Office Accounting in Dhahran. John was born in Vallento, California, attended the University of California at Berkeley. His first job was with Beacon and Brayton.

He and his wife, Lynne, have one daughter who lives in Oakland, California with her husband and three children. John lists photography, philately and travel on his hobby list underneath bowling, as he was a member of Aramco's Bowling Association in Dhahran. Until they get an address to call their own, friends may reach the Bowers care of H. O. Kent, 4347 Everett Avenue, Oakland, California.



John M. Bower

Additions to the annuitants roster from the ranks of the U.S. organization are quite infrequent these days, which makes IRA B. HOOPER'S retirement on November 1 of particular note. Ira joined Aramco in 1949 as a Specialist in the Comptroller's Department. He was supervisor of the New York Office Accounting Division for five years and Assistant Chief Specialist at the time of his transfer to Aramco Overseas Company in 1956. He served as that company's Assistant Comptroller in The Hague until his return to Aramco New York in mid-year 1959. In addition to his regular positions, Ira was given various acting and special assignments from time to time, and was made Chief Accountant in June 1961, the position he held at time of retirement. Ira received his BS in Accounting from New York University. For seven years just prior to joining Aramco he was Asst. Treasurer and Comptroller with the Isbrandtsen Company, preceded by twelve years with the New York and Cuba Mail Steamship Company. Ira likes to hunt and fish in addition to being an inveterate boat man, keeping his moored practically in the front yard of their home in Amityville, New York, where the whole family enjoys water activities. When not out fishing, friends can probably find Ira at 17 Norman Avenue, Amityville.



Ira B. Hooper

Miles, Miles and Miles



AL and LYNN WEBSTER were among those whose distance travelled to reach the recent annuitants get-together would be measured in four figures. Having put so much on the speedometer at that point, there seemed to be no reason for not adding more - a logical destination being Seattle, Washington for a visit with their niece, Judy, (brother Ken's daughter). From that point, on October 22, Al dispatched one of his more or less regular reports to the family which Ken has passed on to us in part:

We have had a very pleasant trip so far. Arrived in Seattle yesterday afternoon, after traveling in fog all the way from Salem, Oregon. This morning it was so foggy that we could not see the buildings of the University of Washington. Judy, Lynn and I went up in the Space Needle last night. It was nice and clear, and we had a beautiful view of the city - that will be our only chance to see it with all this fog.

En route we had a good visit in Long Beach with the Harlan Wilsons, two nights in Idyllwild with the John Penns, seven days in La Habra with the A. R. Fosters. We enjoyed meeting Virginia Klein at the get-together but had a better chance to get acquainted when she spent the next day at the Fosters too.

We spent one night in Los Angeles with the Joe Powells. They have just completely furnished a huge apartment, but now Joe is going to New York the first of November to work for Bechtel. We had lunch with the R. M. Hendersons in Salinas, drove on to Watsonville and spent the night with the Jack Currys at their cabin in the Redwoods. Really enjoyed our three days with the Curly Wagners in Santa Rosa, and while there, also saw the Goody Goodwins and Harry Blackburns. In Grants Pass, Oregon we stopped and said hello to the Robert Lockbaums and Charlie Becks - called the John Raffertys and Bill Willison and topped the day off with an hour's stop with Bill and Lou Palmer at Vida.

We had quite a sight-seeing tour of Yosemite National Park, and it was a wonderful trip through the giant Redwoods. Had dinner with Judy and Dale last night and will be there again tonight with Dale showing pictures of their trip this summer. We are planning to go to the football game this afternoon - it is homecoming. We leave in the morning for Spokane, Helena, Montana, Yellowstone National Park, Denver and on to Dallas. We are due there October 30. The weather, we hope, will treat us right. We have already covered 4,000 miles and have not seen any rain since leaving West Texas. The report is for fair weather for the weekend.

We've been real curious about Lynn's knitting. She's left handed and the instructions always seem to cater to the folks who do things the other way. Lynn had figured out how to interpret the books however and practiced a while. As her first project, and to keep busy on their trip, she was working on a coat (!) of beautiful green yarn, kitten-soft and feather-light.

I'll Be Dawggone!

Have you heard about the "Dawg House"?

This one is a part of the Beverly Hills retirement community on the West Coast of Florida. It is offered for male spouses who feel they have been leading a dog's life at home. The hounded husbands enter the "Dawg House" on all fours - but there the ignominy ceases. Inside they find four chairs and a card table, with a kennel keeper who provides sandwiches and liquid sustenance.

Any Spare Time, John?

JOHN POKRYSKA dropped by the New York Office recently to say hello to friends and pass the time of day. Come to think of it – it must have been a school holiday and John's day off. Oh no, John isn't back in school – he just goes to school. You'd question that too (to) . . . ?

Ever since John retired he's been working for the Board of Education of Thoms River, New Jersey, not far from Beechwood where he and Helen make their home. He thoroughly enjoys his job of driving a school bus – one of seventy operated by the school system in that large rural area, devoted primarily to chicken farming.

On his first trip in the morning John picks up and delivers forty intermediate grade children, on the second trip it's thirty six youngsters for the elementary grades. After picking up and delivering forty two high school students he takes it easy until early afternoon when he reverses the morning routine with three more trips to return the members of the younger generation to their home. He says it is nice pleasant work and finds his contact with the children very gratifying.

And, as though driving seventy two miles a day weren't enough, there are the extra trips on Saturdays to the football games, and the special jaunts when the youngsters visit the Navy Yard and Franklin Institute in Philadelphia, or make the trip to the United Nations and the Museum of Natural History in New York.



John with his favorite chariots

John is also a member of the Beechwood Volunteer Fire Department. Helen belongs to the department's auxiliary – the women who keep the sandwiches and coffee coming when serious fires have the men working frantically for any extended period of time.

The Pokryskas had received several visitors lately – Frank and Helen Weaver, Denny and Virginia Underwood, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Keil and the Bill Huthansels who have a place nearby in Thoms River. The two latter couples were in on repatriation vacation from Arabia.

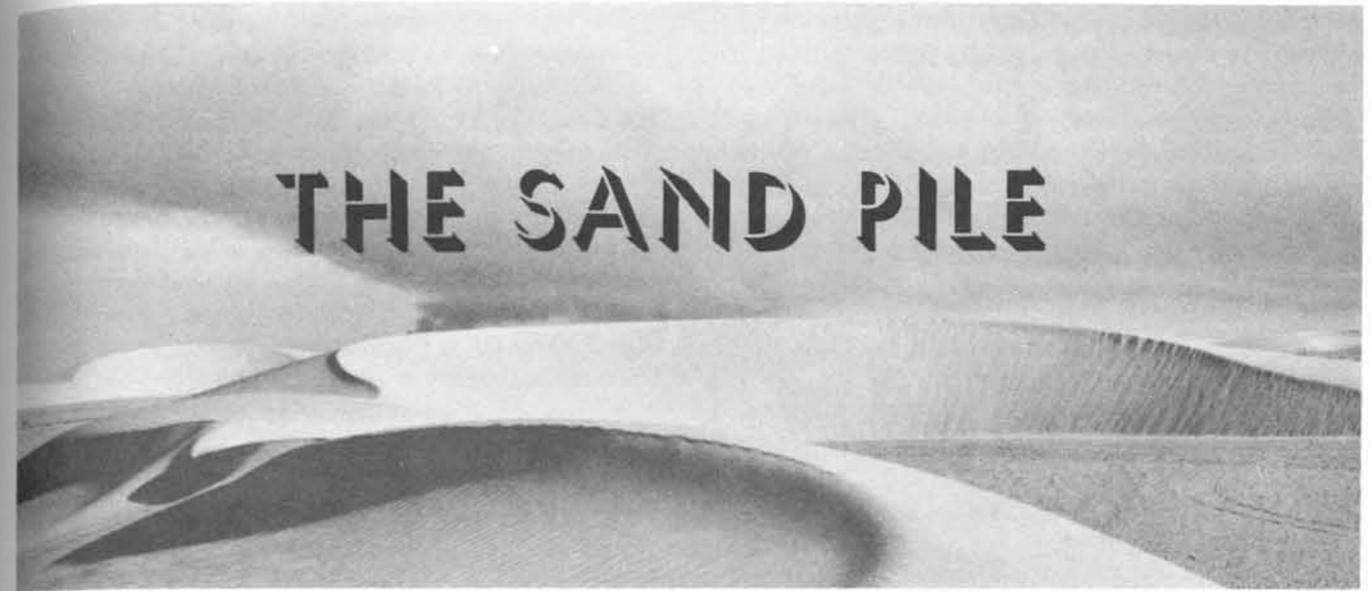
There are several ex-Aramcons in the Pokryskas' area of New Jersey. They had joined Howard and Nan Hotz (from Millington) and Karl and Tess Fromberg (from Morris Plains) for dinner one evening when they spotted more old friends, the Valdezes, across the room. Yes, the same small world anyone who spent time in Arabia still finds here and there

John looked exceptionally well, as the accompanying pictures will attest – and if keeping busy is the reason, he is that! Besides the things mentioned above, he umpires Little League games and spends a lot of time gardening, another favorite hobby.

John and Helen plan on going down to Orlando, Florida to spend the Christmas holidays with the E. J. Bowens.



THE SAND PILE



This being the Christmas issue of AAAJ, our editor will, by habit and inclination, emphasize those evidences of good will that we commonly show toward each other. She will strive to deliver the magazine to you during the holiday season, and will decorate it with messages from old friends and previous associates in the Arabian adventure.

In an attempt to conform with this spirit, I have resolved that I shall shun (for this issue only) all criticism of my fellow creatures, both human and otherwise. I will turn from carping and complaint; I will look only to see the good that is in man and his surroundings. And if this outpouring of brotherly affection should become overly gooey, please bear with me – for this is the Christmas season.

Perhaps I can stay with this resolution by considering those subjects which call for our high regard. There is the American Home – and Motherhood. Well, there *was* the American Home before it began to produce so many delinquents; and there was Motherhood before we started to worry about over-population. There were our churches; but I'm told that they're filled with communists these days – and I mustn't become involved in *that* argument. There was prayer before the Supreme Court started to tinker with

it; and there were the campaign promises of a couple of months ago – but that was a couple of months ago, before November 3rd.

I hope that you begin to appreciate the problems I face when I make a special effort to love my fellow man. If you don't mind, I'm going to adopt a more selfish line and tell you of the pleasure that has come to me because of my nearly new automobile.

It was wholly and entirely new last summer when I used it to dodge death on the French highways. During that period, I had little opportunity to experiment with its more complicated buttons and levers. I learned the proper movements to cause it to go forward and backward; above all, I learned how to stop it. And about the time that I was becoming sufficiently reckless to take my eyes from the road long enough to see what was happening on the dashboard, Gertrude and I found ourselves in Paris seeking the address of a man who was prepared to arrange for the placing of the car on a ship headed for Los Angeles.

This Frenchman was a cordial sort, hospitable and smiling. (Please note my effort to see the good in those around me.) He smiled even more broadly when he took my money. He seemed

to need quite a bit of it, first: because he had to persuade another Frenchman to drive the car to Le Havre, then he had to persuade the people on the steamship to carry the car – and there was an insurance company to persuade to offer protection, and some other people, presumably Frenchmen, to persuade to prepare the car for shipment (which I believe consisted of selling the extra gasoline and smearing tar where it would be unusually difficult to remove). He also explained that the



French government wasn't going to be happy unless it received a small cut – because the government and Mr. De Gaulle (Is there a difference?) hated to see us leave, and something had to be done to ease their unhappiness. I found this friendly attitude quite touching; in fact, I felt touched all over.

But I wish to emphasize that these Frenchmen were not alone in their expressions of friendship. Back on this side of the ocean, I found a similar degree of hospitality. About a month after our return to Ojai, I received a friendly letter from the Los Angeles agent of the steamship line that had been persuaded to transport our car. He supplied me with several pages of information; and some day I hope to be able to use some of it in one way or another.

But I did catch a couple of interesting instructions. The agent said that our car should be arriving almost any day, and that when it did, it would be up to me to get it off the pier, because if I didn't, the car would go into storage; and that would be very expensive. He also told me to bring along a certified check for fourteen dollars and seventy-three cents, to cover additional port charges.

I contacted the agent by long distance phone. I really didn't want to bother him by asking questions, but I had sort of hoped that we could have a cozy chat. By way of breaking the ice, I asked why the extra charge (for the smiling Frenchman had assured me that I had paid everything, positively everything, that he could think of short of buying him a seat to the Follies.)

The agent continued to be friendly. He said that I had to pay for lifting the car off the ship. He failed to explain why he had to have a certified check; but he may have feared that I would be carrying counterfeit money – and an agent needs to be careful.

I asked him when I could pick up the car, but he wasn't sure. I asked if he would notify me when he *was* sure; but he thought it would be better if I called *him*. He felt that he'd be getting the word sooner or later and that the daily long distant phoning on my part would sustain my interest.

He added that I could hire another agent (I guess he was full up at the time) to clear the car and guide it through Customs; but that really, it wasn't much of a job and that even I could do it.

I asked a friend whether he wanted to live dangerously. He promised to take it up with his wife.

We left our wives in Los Angeles, assuring them that we'd be back in an hour and a half: half an hour to drive to the port at San Pedro, half an hour to pay the duty and pour some gasoline into the tank, and half an hour to return. Did you ever promise to meet your wife outside of Robinsons where there's a bench she can sit on? Well, I want to tell you that a wife who sits on a bench outside of Robinsons for five or six hours is barely fit to live with; and it doesn't help to have two of them in the same condition. (*Phil: you forgot to be thankful that only one of them was yours. Ed.*)

My friend and I sensed that all might not be well when we walked into the office of the shipping agent and saw the long line of waiting people. We were sure of it when we learned that our place was at the bottom end. Every twenty or thirty minutes, the line moved one notch as the man at the desk ahead finished his poking



through bundle after bundle of papers as he hunted for the names of people who claimed they were car owners and had come to collect their property. From time to time, this man would give



up and prepare a paper certifying the claimant *was* an owner. He probably figured that he'd be right more than half the time – and then, too, I suppose that every now and then he actually did find one of those names he sought, which may have encouraged him to keep on trying.

We worked our way through that line by early afternoon, then ran to get into the next system of lines leading to the Customs officials. There were two columns; the problem was to guess which one would move.

I started this story by promising to speak only of the good in man, and I don't want anyone to get the idea that I don't intend to keep my promise. For example, the Customs man we caught was a genial soul. He wasn't sure what I should do with the fistful of papers I had acquired by that time, but he finally decided that he should take some of them. He took his pick, then changed his mind, put those back to select some others. (I agreed with him that his second pick was neater.) In general, he seemed to prefer those that he pushed onto the floor. He opened a thick volume of tabulations, painfully copied a list of figures and started to multiply, add and subtract. After he had covered a sheet with figures, he sat back and frowned at them for a time. Still, they didn't please him, so he an-



nounced that he'd work the problem another way. This last calculation made him feel a lot better,

so he smiled and said that I owed him one hundred and seventy-four dollars and twenty-seven cents.

I started to write a check, but the Customs man said, oh, no – please! Not if I lived outside Los Angeles County. If I lived inside Los Angeles County, a bum check would be all right; but outside: nothing doing. (This was the first time that I had been aware that the United States Government can't reach you outside Los Angeles County; and if the word gets around, I'm afraid we will see one of the major population stampedes of modern times.)

Fortunately, I had brought along considerable cash, not knowing what might be required. I produced one hundred and seventy-five dollars in bills. The Customs man was sorry, but he ex-



plained to me gently that he had not asked for one hundred and seventy-five dollars, but for one hundred and seventy-four dollars and twenty-seven cents. My friend and I emptied our pockets and found between us four one dollar bills, three nickels, one dime and two cents. It was a close call.

I wanted to ask if Customs expected every man to guess the exact amount of his duty and to come with the exact change, and I was morbidly curious to learn what happened to those unfortunate people who didn't guess right; but as I said before, we were on such a friendly basis – and then I wanted to get my car before dark.

We waited only ten or fifteen minutes for the man who kept the car keys, as he was out having a beer (no doubt well earned). When I asked where I would find the car, he waved in a general south-easterly direction and offered the opinion that it ought to be out in one of those two lots.

Each of the two lots contained somewhat fewer automobiles than you will find next to the

Los Angeles Coliseum during a football game. But we were lucky. We found ours in less than half an hour. Then we connected the battery and added gasoline, the motor roared reassuringly. Then we found a tail assembly broken, so spent more time hunting for a claims man to witness the damage. After we found him in the other lot, we discovered that the claims man was friendly, too. He agreed that the assembly was broken, but he had no idea as to how I should lodge a claim for damages. No, he didn't handle that end. He thought that maybe I should contact the insurance company.

We managed to return to Los Angeles before quitting time, so I called the agent listed on the back of my insurance policy. He was another in the long line of friendly people I encountered that day; but he explained that his company didn't handle claims under one hundred dollars. He really didn't know who did. He thought that I might get some information from the ship's agent. He hoped I'd have a pleasant week end.

I was meeting so many friendly people who were tied in some way with my automobile that I have decided to continue my correspondence with these various pen pals. Through this inert piece of transportation equipment a new world of gentle souls is shedding its kindly influence upon me. During the past couple of months, I have collected stimulating letters from the American shipping agent, from the helpful Frenchman who handled the car and from the insurance company back in Germany where my policy was written. None of them agrees with the others, but therein lies the freshness of divergent viewpoints. Each one advises me to submit a different set of forms to different places. All of which is highly educational - for in time, I hope to be able to dis-



tinguish between a Bill of Lading and an Invoice.

Who says that travel isn't broadening?



A problem develops in writing in early November what you will be reading in late December. By December, the political gyrations of the past fall may seem less vivid than they do in November. (Uh, oh. Here goes my halo of brotherly love. So sorry.) At the moment, the dirt of the campaign looms larger than the anticipated fellowship of Christmas. This may not be true two months from now.

But even in the light of Christmas candles, I fear that the verbal garbage uttered by our candidates will remain - garbage. Consider, for example, the words of our two contenders for the



high office of the Presidency. If you took the trouble to collect their campaign statements, what would you have? A great pile of chaff containing very very few grains of wisdom. The penetrating analysis of our national problems, as offered by either candidate, reads more like soap ads than the thoughts of leaders of a country.

Now before you become too outraged by my disrespect, let me add that I believe both men to be far more intelligent, more experienced, more perceptive than their speeches indicate. But if this is the case, why, oh why, do they commit them? Could it be that their advisors feel that the speeches have to be placed at this level to appeal to the public?

So, there are times when I wonder: are the candidates dumb, or are they speaking to a public which they think is dumb? And then comes the second thought: if the candidates think the public is dumb, are they (the candidates) right or wrong?

Which brings me to the report concerning the digital computer that was asked to run for President. Immediately, its lights began to flash from green to red and back to green again. The gears rumbled and clashed a little, and the machine emitted a sharp whistle before a tape shot out of

a slot. On the tape were the following words:

AM NOT A CANDIDATE BUT IF COUNTRY NEEDS MY SERVICES WILL MAKE NECESSARY SACRIFICES. UNTIL ANOTHER CALCULATOR BANK IS ADDED TO MY BACK AXLE, RESPONSIBILITIES OF PRESENT ASSIGNMENT DEMAND ALL MY THOUGHTS. CORRECTION: ALL MY GEARS.

Just then, the whistle blew again, all lights went red and the tape was jerked back into the machine. Almost instantly, another tape appeared with these words:

JUST DISCOVERED MY MEMORY UNIT CONTAINS ALL ACCEPTANCE SPEECHES FROM WASHINGTON DOWN.

Could it happen?

We are reminded almost daily that computers are moving into additional corners of our lives. Presumably all of you are experiencing their influence in preparing your bank statements. Frequently, I receive a cancelled check with a long sticker along the bottom edge. The mysterious symbols on the sticker appear identical to those on the check above - so why the sticker? Does the machine, suffering from an upset stomach or a throbbing headache, insist on repeating what it has done already, or does it go out for a coffee break and, self-consciously, become overactive when it returns to the job and tries to catch up?

There is rumor of a machine that will prevent the cashing of an overdraft check, but the method to be used remains a deep secret. As you slip the bum check across the teller's counter, will a ruler crack you on the knuckles? Or will the pen run out of ink as you write? Imagine the little woman writing a check for five dollars plus. . . , whereupon the pen refuses to function because there's only five dollars in the account!

While the above ideas may be the product of an overly active imagination, here is one that actually is receiving serious research. People are being used as a source of electrical energy. Small metal plates are inserted in the human body in such a manner as to generate electricity. Sufficient power can be produced to operate small transistors which in turn provide the energy to assist certain body functions. I doubt that a man can expect to plug into himself and thereby

operate his electric shaver or start his automobile; but the power may be adequate to regulate heart action in case of palpitation, or to energize a small hearing aid.

If such uses become common, the chairs in barber shops and beauty parlors may be equipped with connections so that people can be recharged along with other personal services (just in case the human battery isn't up to par). So in time, the human and the mechanical man may blend, and a digital computer for President may be possible.

(One of the pleasures of this sort of screwy thinking is the realization that if such a situation should develop, I will not be here to worry about it.)



* * * * *

You may recall that earlier in the year, I devoted some space in the Sand Pile to the comments of a previous friend who spent much of his time sitting with his feet in the oven while he wrote insulting letters. (And by the way, that is another occupation for those annuitants equipped with habitually cold feet and a large seating area.) You also may recall that this character, whom we shall continue to designate as Steve, concluded his last reminiscences with a reference to the exploits of Charlie Davis, a reference clearly placed there as bait, just to see whether I'd bite. You also may recall that I took a public stand against this sort of libel, announcing to all who would listen that I refused to have any part in such goings-on.

I can only assume that my rebuke had some effect, because I heard nothing from this trouble maker during the warm summer months. But with the coming of fall, he must have resumed his normal position with his feet in the oven, for he is writing again.

When his latest effort reached me, I viewed it with alarm, read it with disbelief and started to

(continued on page 22)



Have You Heard? These Girls Have Moved!

Torchy Webb (Mrs. James B.) moved from San Diego to Glendale, California around the middle of October and hopes that friends will drop by 2076 Valderas Drive (Apt. J) for a chat if they're in the area. Postal zoning is a bit strange if you happen to live near a municipal borderline, so make a special note that her mailing address is P. O. Box 565, Montrose, California.



Irene J. Osborne (Mrs. Hamilton) has a new address: 26 West Mission Street, Apt. 2, Santa Barbara, California – and wishes she had made the change sooner. Her report says, "I have a very interesting volunteer job running an employment office for retired people. I work at it three mornings a week and at the moment have more jobs available than women to fill them. It is frustrating. The office is under the auspices of the American Association for Retired Persons, of which we have a large chapter here in this city of retirees." Irene also says she loves California and Santa Barbara, but sometimes misses New York.



Helen Stevens (Mrs. DeMont) has pulled up stakes in Pompano Beach and is now living in her new home at 1716 North "O" Street, Lake Worth, Florida. This past summer was pretty

warm all over and Helen decided to temporarily forsake Florida for the middle west, where she visited for a time in an effort to avoid the worst of the heat. She is back in Lake Worth now and looking forward to hearing from friends, as well as seeing those who may be passing that way.



"Scribby" Scribner (Mrs. W. S.) wasn't quite so fortunate insofar as the hot weather was concerned and hopes "never to experience the same again, here or in the hereafter." She picked up a big fat obstinate flu bug early in the game which decided to stay, and stay, and stay.... Scribby says all she got for her pains (real ones) were some new additions to her vocabulary – the unsavory names she applied to her unwelcome and persistent ills. She is feeling better now though and has moved to 22775 Vista Grande Way, Colton, California. For the statistically minded, Scribby reports that Colton is the oldest town in San Bernardino County, and San Bernardino County is the largest county in the United States except for Alaska. And for all – she hopes they have a very Merry Christmas!



TREATISE ON TRACTS

So you don't wish to live in an apartment or a trailer or a tent and you don't wish to go to the expense of custom-building your own home.... (Our friends in the real estate business needn't resent this – they already know about it and we assume will agree.)

Mass-produced houses can be built more economically than single houses so that the buyer of a tract house may get a better house for the money than he could build himself. Financing is apt to be simpler. However, in tract houses there are seldom more than two or three plans to choose from. They often suffer from monotony, small lots, over-crowding and lack of privacy. Of course, the advantages of owning a home on a small budget may outweigh these drawbacks, and a tract house provides the answer.

They do vary widely and a person planning to invest in one should select a dependable builder who has retained architects, engineers and specialists intent on producing the best home for the money. A reliable builder will be willing to provide the details of construction, materials, heating and cooling systems, sewage systems, water supply, brands of equipment being used, facts about sidewalks, streets, services, utilities, taxes, zoning and all the things one should know before he buys.

The drainage facilities should be checked to make certain there will be a dry basement, proper sewage and garbage disposal. These are among the many things to consider since they affect costs, guarantee satisfactory residence and influence resale value.

Be leary of investment if you are unable to obtain such information, or retain a reliable real estate lawyer.

Builders, of course, promote their merchandise as colorfully as possible, luring the public by such terms as *split-level*, *picture window*, *family*

room, *barbecue*, *wood-burning fireplace* or *patio*. All are fine, but just be sure they are there – don't buy on the basis of descriptive adjectives, only on the basis of their service to you and according to your needs. The inside of a tract house must satisfy in order to compensate for the disadvantages of exterior monotony and limited land space.

Another word – about the Model House. It can be useful to the prospective home buyer as evidence of what can be done with interiors, but model interiors should be suitable to the houses themselves and to the lives and purchasing power of the prospective owner. They should not incorporate special architectural features and extras not included in the stock price of the house.

Since some people find themselves unable to recreate the kind of interior they fell in love with when they visited the model house, they should remember that they are buying a house and not the decorating job. The model house is for ideas and suggestions only.

If buying a development house, also remember that long-term value lies in selecting a good-looking exterior, preferably with simple, straightforward design of good proportions, be it traditional or contemporary. Shy away from elaborate ornamentation, tricky finish or too many different building materials thrown together.

Special Issue

The Special Issue of Al-Ayyam Al-Jamila covering the Fourth Annuitants Get-Together at Disneyland Hotel, Anaheim, California, will be released soon after the first of the year.



The outside, before it snowed. . .

Lake Tahoe Straight Ahead

For quite some time now we've been hearing from visiting Aramcons about the BARNEY ROBERTSONS' beautiful and unusual home at Zephyr Cove, Nevada. We had a nice chat with Barney in October at the Get-Together (where he arrived with hirsute adornment which Santa might well envy) and he promised a letter. Here 'tis, with pictures.

We surely found the gathering at Disneyland an enjoyable affair. I had quite a bit of fun with my large growth of whiskers which were for the Nevada Centennial. It certainly startled some, and other didn't recognize me.

I am enclosing some pictures of our home



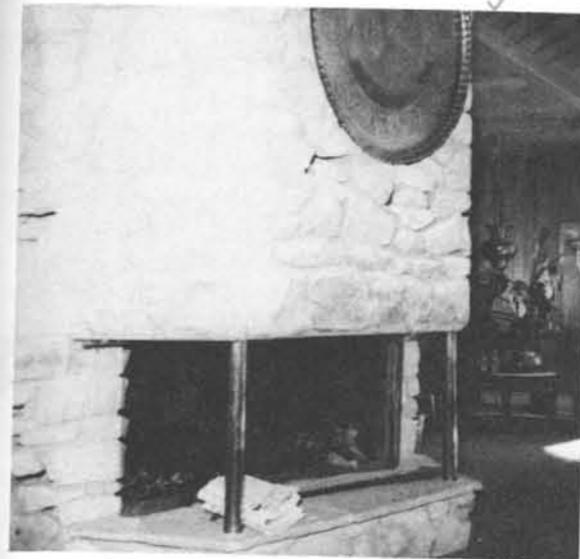
. . .and after the season's first fall.

that were taken just before and after our first snowfall, which was about 20 inches at our level – more in the higher areas. We are at about 6,800 feet elevation with a wonderful view of Lake Tahoe. I am sitting at our Danish dining room table enjoying the view to the north end of the Lake plus our pine trees, large rocks and snow.

We enjoy thoroughly the four seasons as they arrive, each with their distinctive coloring and atmosphere. Our ski season is in full swing now with this good snowfall we have had during the first part of this month. The sun is out now again with clear skies, and at nearly mid-day it is 38 degrees outside.

Our living room, dining and kitchen part of the home is a hexagon shape, with the hexagon shaped fireplace and kitchen area in the center with the fireplace facing the living area. On the kitchen side is our electric drop in range and a Franklin wood stove. It is completely open all the way around with just a short wall extension outlining the kitchen area from the living area. The fireplace is a 60-inch Heatolater enclosed in Nevada pink rock from floor to ceiling.

Our property has a 100-foot frontage with 80-foot depth, and 135 feet across the back. We have landscaped the natural rock plus pine trees with various types of green shrubery, and have planted numerous bulbs for spring and summer



Inside Shots



blooms. We'll send some color pictures at that time. Our bedroom, bath area extends out from the entrance at the kitchen area of the hexagon. There is a large basement under that section. On the Lake side, the house is enclosed almost completely in thermo-pane windows with two sliding exit doors out to an 8-foot wide deck I have added.

There is additional construction to be done yet which I'm looking forward to doing next summer, such as a deck border and stairway down on the outside. I have already enclosed two sections under the deck for hobby and craft shop areas for both Bertha and me. Mine will be woodworking, for which I have quite a bit of tool equipment, and an art and ceramics area for Bertha.

Bertha and Christine, our daughter (21 years on January 2), are my architects. Both of them are real good – Bertha picked out our house plan to fit the area and both have planned the interior-exterior decorating and landscaping.

I have so many projects ahead that I'm going to have to stay active and live past 100 years to accomplish them all. I have a 21-inch chain saw and have cut and split between 8 and 10 cords of wood. I have at least a two-year supply on hand for the Franklin and our fireplace which can take

a four-foot log easily. Our home is also heated with hot water baseboard circulation heat from a fuel oil fired boiler in the basement, with three separate thermostat-controlled circuits, plus our complete domestic use.

I think I have run off at the end of this ball-point enough for this time so will close and mail this.

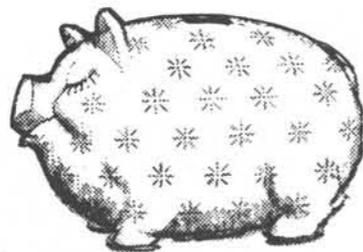
Our best to all of you –

The Robertsons of Lake Tahoe,
"Barney, Bertha and Chris."



That's Barney wearing the cap – he failed to identify his friend

It Is Really Serious



Keep your coins moving! Why? There is an acute shortage of coins throughout the country which probably can't be alleviated until late 1965 or 1966 even with the U. S. Mint's current crash program of coin production. (Not even the outstanding orders from coin collectors for 1964 Proof Sets are being filled and the Mint has long since stopped accepting new requests for this usually lucrative sideline "business". All their efforts are being directed toward production for circulation.)

You've read about it, no doubt, its why and wherefore. The steadily increasing number of vending machines, which dispense all sorts of merchandise as well as subway tokens, laundrettes, public telephone booths, etc. are coin

operated. In many cases the coins are not collected from the machines frequently enough, thereby keeping coins out of circulation.

Perhaps you're already doing what you can to circulate coins fast, but.... One dime used five times a day does as much good as five dimes used only once. Avoid a pocket or purse full of coins. When possible pay the exact amount for purchases. If you have to use a bill to buy your morning paper, use the change to pay for your bus or cab fare, your cigarettes or other small items. If we can double the velocity of coin circulation the effect is the same as doubling the supply of coins.

If you have been hoarding coins, turn them in for folding money at your bank. There is nothing wrong with a piggy-bank, but most piggy-banks contain quite a few dollars in coins. Do you know, for example, that two dollars worth of pennies may be all a small shopkeeper needs each week. Cash in the pig's hoard and either feed him with green stuff or let him go on a diet for a while. He'll be just as happy and the rest of us, along with Uncle Sam, will be a lot happier.

A Golden Day

Dear Friends:

It rained so hard that many of my pretty chrysanthemums gave up the battle and laid their heads on the bed of dicandra. So I have been out gathering them up to take to my nice daughters-in-law, as well as handing a huge bunch over the fence to a neighbor.

It is a glorious sunshiny day - Indian summer like - but too wet underfoot for grandma to do any work outside. Besides I have no intentions of doing any. Instead I have been at my work bench in the garage making a window decoration for us for Christmas. I'm betting with myself as to which one of the family will eye it with a covetous gleam.

I'm having a lot of fun with all my resin, broken glass, cooked marbles, etc., and have

three bunches of huge decorator grapes sitting about, waiting to be put in packages for gifts. Am working on a bunch of various greens, assembling them, and pouring shades of blue for two other bunches. Brother, do they want money for them in gift shops! So far, Barney hasn't flipped when the slips come in for art materials - guess he figures that the stuff will keep me home and occupied so I won't flip.

Barney wouldn't bowl this winter, but I think we will hornswaggle him into bowling the 29th of November in a Grandpa's and Grandma's Sweeper at the Saratoga Lanes. There must be something to this birds of a feather business. In the Grandma League I've gone from a 148 to a 157 average, and the blasted situation keeps improving. The Wednesday League is another tune - and another alley - and I have to throw myself out of joint to keep a 140. Maybe I should take a tranquilizer

before I go. We bowled in a Grandma's Sweeper (the first one in Santa Clara County) and I couldn't hit the side of a barn - so be it.

Sharon is still happily keeping house by herself in her studio apartment in Palo Alto and still working in Medical Records at El Camino Hospital in Mt. View.

We spent time in Santa Maria with Maureen and the boys on our way to and from the reunion. They haven't decided yet whether to move up here or not. Robert is still with United Airlines at the S. F. Airport. I doubt very much that they would consider moving now until after Maureen's baby arrives in January.

After Barney finishes work, today, he and I are going to Pinole and Pleasant Hill to spend the retirement of October with our grandsons, at their invitation. Little Barry wrote us a note and asked us to come spend Halloween with them, so tonight we will spend with Alan, Kim and Mark. Tomorrow night with Barry's family.

Kimmy learned to drive their car and got a higher score than anyone in the family. Me - I'm chicken! What would I drive if I did learn to drive again? I'm thinking of a bicycle but, then again, it has been fifty years since I rode one of the darn things. Maybe I should just keep on walking - except that every place that I want to reach is so blamed far away.

It is such a lovely day. I know that I've already said that. But it is one of those bright golden days with just enough crispness, after a heavy rain - you know, sort of a pumpkiny day. A reminder to soak up all the sunshine and fresh air we can hold, for soon the rains will be with us (and how). The fall flowers are all brilliant reds and golds. One's hands hold the pungent perfume of chrysanthemums like a lotion.

Before long, we will be celebrating and showing our gratitude and thanks, each in his own way, for the many blessings we have. I have been trying to convince myself that I am too old to go to all the trouble of putting on a feed; but, ideas are beginning to swarm around in my noggin. We have such nice kids and kids-in-law who are more than willing to lend a hand, that it really isn't any trouble. In fact I usually get things started, and when they arrive, they hand me a glass, sit me out of the way and take over. Want to bet that I object? You'll lose!

Would you believe it? I heard a grandmother say that she had everything ready for Christmas! What to get for nine boys - 16 down to 2? I dunno. And every year the Christmas card list gets longer and longer - and Barney finds he must spend longer hours in his office until they are all addressed.

There are so many nice, nice, people to send greetings to, and every year I miss someone. So, this year, if I should miss anyone - please know that we truly wish that every one of you has the most wonderful Christmas, and that the New Year will brim over with health and happiness.

God bless you all,

Helen and Barney
(McKeegan)



Retirees At Large

The middle of November we had a note from G. S. KENNEDY which bore a Hopewell, Virginia postmark (not a new address, however) . . .

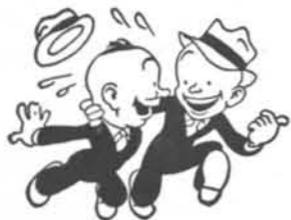
We are still enjoying our visit with the Clint Hens in Virginia. After a "sashay" down to Florida to see friends there for a week or so, we may come back here to spend Christmas with Eve and Clint - however, our plans are tentative.

Please convey greetings to our friends, some of whom we have had the pleasure of greeting personally on our way east, and hope to see others in our travels. . .

The Roving Kennedys,
Gerry and Dolores

SAND PILE (continued)

fold it with determination. I had determined that in spite of my resolution to love my fellow men



(temporarily), I would toss the thing into the trash can. But just as I was preparing to act, I discovered a note pinned to the back side of the last page. The note read:

"Sorry I've been silent so long. Sorry this isn't typed. Sorry you came back to the U.S.A. When do you leave again? I hear Alaska is very nice this time of year."

Well, if he's going to be so terribly apologetic, perhaps I should relent - and I always did want to see Alaska. Without further comment, I submit Steve's recent letter:

My Dear McConnell -

I refer to the June issue of AAAJ. I see you are up to your old tricks. Being a trouble maker will get you nowhere, pal. If Charlie Davis takes offense, well indeed! I'll meet the two of you at Grand Canyon. We will shoot it out.



One evening many summers ago, a group of lean, alert and strong young men were reclining in slothful ease at the pool in Dhahran. We were relaxing (we were experts at this), each with a cold beer, after his day of building pyramids, followed by strenuous and exciting game of what we termed, water volleyball. Our game in no way resembled real water volleyball. It was simplicity itself. The rules did not tax one's men-

tality. We played with much vigor, yelling and good old down-to-earth cussing. I will explain.

The game always started with everyone acting as gentlemen. The ball was tossed and slapped around gently until some poor misguided soul became careless and turned his back on the man with the ball. This was a mistake, you can be sure. He usually got the ball in the nape of the neck. The man who recovered the ball hurried to the four foot depth in order to have swinging room. Everyone else dived and swam every which way under water. When one was exhausted, one surfaced. The man with the ball then would cut loose, making his best effort to separate the surfacing man's head from his body. It was jolly good fun and to this day, we all carry scars. But that was when we were young, strong and had no sense.

As I said, we were relaxing. Sprawled on chairs or on benches, sipping our beer and wondering about the next mail arrival (what a laugh!), when someone belched and said, "Whatever happened to old So-and-so? I liked that guy. He's a smart young engineer. Wherever he is, I'll bet



he'll go places, that fellow."

Some time elapsed. Charlie, grunting and massaging a bump on his head, said, "I once knew a smart young engineer that went places."

More time elapsed. Rushing a story ruined the flavor. Charlie slapped at the flies. At last he said, "I knew him in Venezuela. Fresh out of college and convinced he'd be a future captain of industry."

We took a series of pulls from our bottles.

Charlie continued, "Well, he arrived at the camp on the river. He met his fellow workers. He decided that this spot in the jungle would mark the beginning of an exciting and fruitful career.

"A river boat had arrived and included in the

load was a huge spool of wire line cable. Everything was in order at the well location some three miles from camp, except there was no cable. The drillers, by nature, were in a tizzy to start making hole. The road to the well was wet, boggy and near impassable. And there was no truck large enough to haul the spool, anyway.

"What to do? The young engineer went into a deep think. He had it! - and hurried to the super-



intendent. Why not, he inquired, build a frame here to hold the spool? Hoist the spool onto the frame as it would unwind. Hire 700 donkeys and drivers, with pack saddles (on the donkeys). Secure the end of the cable to the lead donkey's pack saddle and start him out. Attach the cable at fifteen foot intervals to other donkeys' pack saddles. As the donkeys moved forward the line would unroll and would be on its way. There you have it, see?

"The superintendent was thunderstruck. Such planning! Such brilliance! He called all hands, including the drillers. He told them how it was to be done, then added, 'Now, there's a young man who doesn't run around with his brains in the seat of his pants. Mark my words, this young man will go places.'"

Charlie continued.

"The donkeys and the drivers were hired. They arrived. The lead donkey and driver were selected on the basis that that driver seemed brainier than the rest. The cable was attached to the lead donkey and then successively to the other 600 donkeys until it was unwound.

"Everything was going smoothly, and the procession was well into the jungle. Even the drillers were impressed. The young engineer occupied the limelight. He put on his sun glasses and pith helmet and even strutted a little.

"Then all Hell broke loose!

"There it was: eleven thousand feet of wire

cable, seven hundred donkeys and seven hundred drivers tangled amongst the trees, vines and underbrush. The bawling and screaming of the drivers combined with the braying of the donkeys was terrible. It took us ten days to untangle the mess and get the story of what happened.

"It seems two of the drivers and their donkeys were walking along side by side instead of in line where they belonged. The donkeys became frightened at a snake or some such thing and went tearing off into the jungle. As they panicked, they ran on opposite sides of a big tree, with the line still fastened to both of them. They came together so hard that both their necks were broken.

"Of course, the foul-up stopped the whole line. When the lead driver ran back to learn what was wrong, his donkey turned and followed. Right away, there were two lines of donkeys: some going to the well and some returning, and all tied to the same cable. Far as I know, that wire line is still snarled in that jungle with the monkeys probably using it for swings."

Now, Philip, I want you to know that in those days, we had no smart Alecs around. Had someone said, "Eh - er - Charlie. Seven hundred donkeys at fifteen foot intervals amounts to only ten thousand five hundred feet along the cable. Heh, heh," that fellow would have had his brains scrambled at the next session of water volleyball.

Charlie rose to go home. Someone peeked out from under his towel (flies were bad) and asked, "Did the young engineer go places?"



"Yes," Charlie replied. "He went to Bahrain Island; that's where he went."

Charlie had covered about fifty feet when someone yelled, "Who was he? Do we know him?"

"Sure you know him," Charlie roared. "You nit head! It was me!"

This is Charlie's story, set down as I remem-

ber it. Now, even you can see the tie-in with David, Lisa and the telephone pole.

Happy birthday,
Steve.

Yes. I think I see the tie-in; and in the spirit of Christmas, I'm sorry I was harsh on Steve. (But don't get the idea that this is a permanent relationship. This truce is good for the holidays only.)

And to all of you whom Steve and I have tried to entertain for the moment, go my best wishes for this period when we all feel drawn closer together.

May all your Christmases be bright.

Phil McConnell



"Las Palmas"
Ajjic - Jalisco - Mexico

With the Holiday Season approaching we again wish to take this means of sending Greetings and Best Wishes for a Merry Christmas and a very Happy New Year to our friends and Annuitants of Aramco and Tapline.

We also send our Best Wishes for the Holiday Season to the Staff of "AL-AYYAM AL-JAMILA" and wish to tell you how much we enjoy reading each issue.

Sincerely,

J. MacPherson
Grace MacPherson

MY WIFE DOES (continued)

the past twenty days. She will be home tomorrow. I have been baby sitting the twins, with the help of the maid, seeing that they go to school every



day. Naturally, I also have to operate the automatic washing machine, but I do let the maid do the ironing! Between times I do my other errands, then go to bed early and rise early in the morning to start breakfast. The maid won't sleep here when Madam is not at home - she says that she has her reputation to think of. Well, I won't complain because she is a good maid, even if she is old and homely.

Would enjoy talking to any Aramco employees that might happen to come to Istanbul. Perhaps we could help them in their sight seeing, even though I can't speak Turkish and Zerrin speaks hers with an accent. She is Turkish by birth, but lived in Western Europe most of her life. She could take us to the most interesting places - there are many in Istanbul that are well worth seeing: the old grand bazaar (ten acres under one roof), the street markets, many beautiful mosques, museums, ruins, narrow winding streets, good and bad restaurants with wonderful food, nice shopping stores, and of course the usual tourist traps of curio shops. There are also some good night clubs, but the best ones are only open in the winter. Soooo, if there are any Aramco people who might come this way, just ring our door bell, you will be welcome. We don't have a telephone and won't get one, as one of our neighbors has already been waiting seven years, with no results.

I had better close this jabbering for now and will try to do a better description of Istanbul the next time. Also try to give you some of my impressions of Athens in my next letter, as I promised to do. Just now I have to put the children to bed.

With our very best regards we remain,

as always

James R. Tallmadge

HOMMY'S MEXICO (continued)

From Mexico city to Acapulco by Deluxe scenic-cruiser bus, a distance of 260 miles, the fare was \$4.00. If you drive, you will be glad to know that the principal highways are patrolled by service jeeps to assist in case of breakdowns. Check with your insurance agent on Mexican Auto insurance requirements.

Good restaurants are hard to find outside of Mexico City, and most tourists eat in their hotels, even in the large resort city of Acapulco. In Mexico City there are numerous fine restaurants serving a wide variety of different foods. The most popular are probably the Sanborn restaurants, of which there are five or six, but unfortunately there are none outside Mexico City. I liked the Pam Pam in the Del Prado Hotel, operated by the owners of the Cafe de la Paix in Paris and the Pam Pam in San Francisco. At the Sanborn restaurants and the Pam Pam, the food is both good and reasonably priced, with everything from a cup of coffee to a complete dinner.

There are numerous holidays in Mexico - religious, national, etc. - and each holiday is celebrated with a Fiesta. The Mexicans seem to like noise, and Fiestas mean fireworks, which start at midnight preceding the holiday, accompanied by the ringing of all the church bells in town.

Bands are always playing somewhere - I enjoyed the popular mariachi bands and their spirited playing. Every town has a central square, or Zocalo. One or two evenings a week the local band plays for several hours. During the concert the young folk stroll around the square, the girls in one direction and the boys in the opposite, eyeing each other as they pass. Parents, aunts and uncles sit on the benches, keeping a watchful eye and chaperoning the paseo from a distance.

Public transportation in the cities and towns is very inexpensive - you can travel long distances for only 50 centavos (4¢). Private cabs cost more. Generally, traffic is a nightmare. The taxi drivers must either be the best in the world or just the luckiest, because with all their mad driving, their constant cutting in and out of traffic to pick up or discharge passengers, they rarely have a serious accident. There are lots of dented fenders, though. The most hectic ride in Mexico City and the cheapest, is in the so-called pesero cabs, which charge one peso and operate along the principal avenues like a jitney service,

picking up passengers until the taxi is full. If the driver has space in his taxi, he drives along with one arm out the window and one finger pointing upward (signifying one peso) watching for customers who stand at the curb, waving, also with one finger pointing upward. Of course the driver has to watch traffic passing him on both sides, as well as the cars in back and in front, so he can be ready to make a quick swing to the curb when he spots a passenger. The ride is exciting, to say the least, but you had better check your insurance policy to see if it covers riding in peso cabs.

Movies are very popular and inexpensive. Even first run films in the best theaters cost only 4 pesos (32¢), the price set by the government.

Mexico City (referred to as simply "Mexico" by the Mexicans and foreigners living in the country) is a contrast of two different worlds. The one visible to visitors is composed of luxury hotels, fine restaurants, beautiful homes and lovely parks, through which run magnificent avenues such as the Paseo de la Reforma. The other world is concealed in viviendas, large open dirt courts, surrounded by shacks and hidden from the street. Here live the very poor in crowded conditions and with sanitary facilities and water at a minimum. Many others live at the edge of garbage dumps in miserable shacks. The rich of Mexico are very rich, the poor are very poor. Those well-off live in homes surrounded by iron fences or walls topped by broken glass, and the lower windows are usually barred. The poverty encourages thievery, and it is wise to be constantly on guard. In spite of a high infant mortality rate, families are large and there are children everywhere.

Market days are popular everywhere in Mexico and the largest is at Toluca, about an hour's ride from Mexico City. Market day there is on Friday and more interesting than a stroll through the vast market is a visit to the Central Bus Terminal, to watch the people trying to get themselves and their voluminous purchases on the busses to take them home. Pigs, turkeys, furniture, tremendous sacks of produce and the people are vying for a place on the bus, ramshackle more often than not and creaking under their heavy loads.

I think the Mexicans must be the eatingest people in the world and those who can afford it never have to look far for food, as sidewalk

vendors supply all varieties of things to eat. Hot food is cooked on small stoves, and the people seem to prefer eating often, a little at a time, rather than having three separate meals a day. Unfortunately the habit of eating on the street leads to the careless disposal of leftovers, merely by tossing them in the nearest gutter – banana peels, corn cobs, what-have you. There are no receptacles for the disposal of trash on the street corners and no anti-litter laws. Eating habits may not have anything to do with it, but there is a farmacia (drug store) on practically every corner, plus a couple in the middle of the block, and all doing business.

A popular sauce in Mexico (often used on fowl) is called mole' and is made from a combination of chilis, ground almonds, spices, sesame seed and chocolate. It tastes better than it sounds. Guacamole (which sounds more like a song than a food) is mashed avacados, and is used in a salad popular in Southern California, too. The bread (pan) is very good and popular in rolls with a crisp brown crust. The bakeries (panaderias) are self-service – you pick up a tray and a pair of tongs, make your selection from the open shelves, and take it to the cashier.

Hot sulphur and mineral baths are very popular and the spas vary from the very expensive one at San Jose Purua (about \$24.00, U.S. per day with meals) to the fine large sparkling pools at Cuautla, about an hour by bus from Cuernavaca, where you can spend the day for 7 pesos (56¢) enjoying warm or cool thermal pools. About 20 miles from Guadalajara is the Rio Caliente (Hot River) spa, and there actually is a river of hot mineral water flowing through the valley in which the spa is located. You can bathe in the river (nude, if you wish, as there are separate sections for the women and men) or in the thermal pools on the grounds of the spa. The diet is strictly vegetarian, but there is a wide variety of fruits and vegetables, well prepared and delicious. There were fruits and vegetables I had never seen or tasted before. You can take up yoga, conversational Spanish or engage in group calisthenics. This spa is very popular with Americans, and I enjoyed the ten days I spent there, despite the presence of numerous tiny black gnats, which leave a nasty bite. The rates, including meals, are \$53.00 per person per week for single room with bath and \$45.00 for double room with bath.

The floating gardens at Xochimilco, about 15 miles from Mexico City, were a disappoint-

ment. During the days of the Aztecs, there really were gardens at Xochimilco, floating on rafts. Now there are just flat-bottomed boats, covered with a canopy (most of them advertising Orange-crush) and decorated with a few artificial flowers. Men with long poles guide the boats through the canals. Sunday is the best day to visit Xochimilco, as it is very lively then. Whole families of Mexicans arrive carrying tremendous baskets of food and drink. There are all sizes of boats and most of them have tables and chairs on them. There will be mariachi bands on some of the boats and they will pull alongside your boat, if you wish to pay them to play for you.

From Mexico City, I would recommend a trip to Puebla, a distance of 86 miles and less than two hours by car or bus over a superhighway (toll charge) which ascends into and over the 10,000 foot heights of the Sierra Nevada mountains. I had been surprised to find smog in Mexico City with its altitude of over 7,000 feet. A short distance outside you will be clear of the smog and able to get magnificent views of the two extinct volcanos, Popocatepetl and Ixtaccihuatl, crowned with snow. (As often as I tried, I never did conquer the pronunciation of those two names.) Puebla is a very attractive city, noted for its tile industry.

For those interested in archeology, the ruins at Oaxaca (Wa-ha-ka) are worth a visit, especially those at Monte Alban with its Zapotecan and Mixtecan ruins. I had trouble trying to keep the ancient cultures of Mexico separate in my mind – the Aztecs, the Zapotecs and the Mixtecs, but I bought a book and when I get around to reading it, I will be able to answer your questions. The distance from Puebla to Oaxaca is 260 miles, over a fairly good road. I went by train – and a word about the trains – check beforehand about the diner service, there may not be one, in which case it would be wise to take some fruit and sandwiches with you.

Ordinarily, one should visit Acapulco, although I made the mistake of being there Easter week, not knowing that every Mexican who possibly can get away, heads for the seashore on holidays. All of them seemed to be in Acapulco for Easter. Acapulco is not the modern resort city I had expected to find, although there are a number of fine luxury hotels. The center of town is very crowded, with surprisingly few good restaurants. The best ones are very expensive (by Mexican standards), so most

vacationists eat at their hotels. In fact, during the tourist season, December thru May, many hotels offer American plan only. There are many fine beaches, but some of them are not safe for swimming, due to tides and high surf. The humidity is quite high most of the time.



And The Gleasners Give You Something To Think About

Now if you've seriously toyed with the idea of Mexico as a place to live and wanted to try it for size first, or if you'd like to go down and live there for a few months just for the experience, or for the heck of it, or to dodge your creditors. . . .the Gleasners may have the answer for you. Al sent this after he and Jo returned home from the Annuitants Get-Together in October.

Next year we plan to go to South America and across to South Africa, eventually arriving in



Cuernavaca is popular with Americans – very lovely on the outskirts and in the residential areas, but the center of the city is very congested. From Cuernavaca one should take a trip

(next page please)



Cairo, Egypt for a three-day Ceremonial of the Shriners. After that, a trip to Beirut, Bagdad, and back to Saudi Arabia to see old friends – if there are any left, and if they will let us in. Then home via the Orient, west coast of South America and the Panama Canal.

Incidentally, are any of you readers interested in occupying our home for about four or five months starting the latter part of August 1965 to about February 1, 1966? Drop us a line: A. G. Gleasner, Hidalgo 1948, Guadalajara, Jalisco, Mexico.

Don't everyone stampede to get to this garden paradise of a million people, where it's always cool and dry. First come, first served. Only requirements: no kids and no pets. We have a nice home and want to keep it that way. So, until we hear from you – Adios.

By the next regular issue of AAAJ we hope Al will have provided us with some more pictures, details, size, etc. – if he hasn't already committed it, that is. The Feltmans have said that it is a very pretty and unusual place and that of the accompanying pictures, the interior shot in particular does not do it justice – Jo is an inveterate shopper and her home is very tastefully decorated with items from all over the world.

to Taxco (Tahsco), and I hope you will be able to spend a few days in this, to me the most picturesque and charming town in Mexico. It is situated on a mountainside in the heart of the Sierra Madre range and there is hardly a level street in the town. The streets are cobblestone and the walking not easy, but rewarding – for at every turn there are fantastic views. Taxco is the center of the silver mining industry and fortunately the government has made it a national monument, which prohibits the building of modern structures. The quaint buildings on all different levels, and the profusion of flowering vines, attract artists from all over the world.

Holy Week festivities are spectacular in Taxco, especially noted for the fireworks displays, which include the castillos, tall bamboo framework covered with firework motivate figures. For a change from the usual hotel-type living, try the Casa Humboldt with its baronial furniture, winding staircases and large rooms. The hotel De La Mision is very swank and has a magnificent pool, but the Hotel Victoria seems to be the most popular with tourists. There is music during dinner, and children of the employees perform native dances each evening. There is also a motel on the highway into town – the Motel Loma Linda.

A particularly trip is by car or bus from Guadalajara to Mexico City via Morelia – and if you have time, plan to stay over in Morelia for a couple of days, bedding down at the Villa San Jose, operated by Sylvia and Jack Fox, formerly of northern California. From this charming colonial city and you can make an interesting side trip to Lake Patzcuaro, noted for its fishermen and their unique butterfly nets. One route from Morelia to Mexico City is via San Jose Purua, the spa referred to above, or you could go north from Morelia to lovely San Miguel de Allende, with its world famous art institute. San Miguel has also been named a national monument in order to preserve its picturesque atmosphere. Several hundred Americans live here. A short distance north of San Miguel is Guanajuato, the birthplace of the famous Mexican painter, Diego Rivera. There are a few silver mines in the area, and like Taxco, the town is situated on a hillside, with steep narrow streets. Continuing on to Mexico City, one would pass through Queretaro, noted for its gem mines.

If you are thinking of retirement in Mexico and want to spend some time there before making up your mind, a "turista" visa costs \$3.00, is valid

for six months, renewable one at the border. For a longer stay, you can obtain the necessary papers to acquire "immigrante rentista" status, valid for five years, and after five years of continuous residence, you would be eligible for "immigrado" status. To qualify as an immigrante one must have (with certified proof) an income of \$240.00 per month, plus \$80.00 per month for each dependent over 15 years of age, and is allowed to bring into Mexico one shipment of personal effects, including a car, without payment of import duties. As an immigrante one is permitted to get a job, but not to own property or go into business (officially). The right to own and operate a business in Mexico, within certain provisions of the country's laws, is granted after on qualities as an immigrado.

Anyone, even a transient, is permitted to invest in Mexican stocks or bonds, and some pay a very high return. Bank "time deposits" are a popular form of investment for foreigners, paying 9% on six month deposits and 10% on deposits left for 18 months. The minimum amount accepted for deposit is \$2,000.00 (U.S.) and must be left for a minimum of six months to receive the interest.

For information on investments in Mexico: Banco de Comercio, Gante 20, Mexico 1, D.F.; Banco Nacional de Mexico, Isabel la Catolica 44, Mexico 1, D.F.; Nacional Financiera, Plaza de la Republica 31, Mexico, D.F.

For information on Mexican immigration procedures: Secretaria de Gobernacion, Avenida Bucareli, Mexico, D.F. or the Mexican Embassy in Washington, D.C.

The American Consulate-General, Guadalajara, Jalisco, Mexico, has a good general information booklet on the Guadalajara area.

The U. S. Government publishes a booklet "Living Conditions in Mexico", also one entitled "Establishing a Business in Mexico" (with information through 1960 at the last printing). They may be obtained by writing to the Superintendent of Documents, Government Printing Office, Washington, D.C. Each costs 10¢.

And to close with a Mexican toast: "Salud – Pasetas y amour y Tiempo para gosarlos" – which means, "Health, money and love and time to enjoy it."

Florence "Hommy" Hamm



The Verrazano Narrows Bridge wearing her lights as proudly as Royal Jewels

QUEENS' COMPETITION

In civilization's early days a bridge was strictly a utilitarian device by which to get there from here when the natural going became too rough or impossible or taxing on man's patience, his physique or his animals. As time went on, man's esthetic sense developed along with his structural skill and his achievements became more pleasing to the eye.

The great suspension bridges have probably inspired the awe, admiration and affection of people, through their towering beauty, more than their less picturesque sisters regardless of the latter's cost, engineering accomplishment or function. Man became possessive as well as proud – and New Yorkers for years talked of their George Washington Bridge over the Hudson River. There are of course others across the

country and around the globe. And to all who have viewed it, passed over or beneath it, the majestic red giant spanning San Francisco's Golden Gate became a symbol of western greatness – the longest one of its kind in the world.

Mid-November 1964 altered the record, however, when the Verrazano Narrows Bridge between Staten Island and Brooklyn, New York was opened to the public, at an estimated cost of \$325,000,000. She is new, beautiful, photogenic and 60 feet longer than her California sister. Members of the press have waxed eloquent, sightseers have created monstrous traffic jams, and photographers have had a field day. Our Aramco photographer waited for several hours recently in the cold and wind to get the accompanying shots of this newest Queen.



The liner United States was only one (but the largest) of the hundreds of ships and boats taking part in the opening ceremonies, while planes and helicopters soared above the new bridge.



Mail Call!

The following changes and additions have been received since compilation of the Annuitants Annual Mailing List for 1964 and the notations which appeared in Mail Call for September:

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Mrs. W. S. Scribner	22775 Vista Grande Way, Colton, California

King Memorial

The second Pauline M. King Memorial Lecture at Vanderbilt University's School of Medicine was delivered in May of 1964. The speaker was Dr. Ben Eiseman, Professor of Surgery at the University of Kentucky. The lecture occurred as a high point of the program during a meeting of the Kentucky Surgical Society on Vanderbilt's campus in Nashville, Tennessee.

BOB KING received the details and appreciation from Dr. H. William Scott, Jr., Professor and Chairman, Department of Surgery.

In Memorium

We offer our heartfelt sympathy to the Shaw and Clausen families in their bereavement:

Tom Shaw died of a coronary on November 10 at their home in Charlotte, North Carolina. Friends may reach Dorothy at 4326 Castleton Road in Charlotte.

Louise Clausen (Mrs. R. E.) passed away in her sleep on October 10 at home in New York City. Interment was in Inglewood, California. Bob may be contacted at 305 East 86th Street, Apt. 12-S-West, New York, New York 10028.

Merry Christmas

Happy New Year



AL-AYYAM AL-JAMILA

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