

Al-Ayyam Al-Jamila

"These Pleasant Days"

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

NEW YORK, N. Y.

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Happy Holidays

For Aramco, the Sixties were years of steady advance. Achievements that would have been headlined with great fanfare at the beginning of the decade are part of normal operations today. Little notice now attends the production of a billion barrels of oil in less than a year or the loading of more than a million barrels aboard a single ship.

For Saudi Arabia, the progress has been even more dramatic. A Government television network serves the country. A refinery and steel rolling mill are operating in Jiddah. Vast reclamation projects are in progress that will turn Saudi Arabia into a steady exporter of foodstuffs. New industries produce items ranging from ice cream to plastic bags. Drinking water is being obtained from the sea. Education for girls is commonplace. The list goes on - and it would be impressive as the accumulation of two decades instead of only one.

It has always been Aramco's obligation to improve its efficiency and build its competitive position. But your efforts in the past - and the continuing efforts of current employees - grow in significance when the country's returns from oil are channeled to such productive purposes.

Best wishes to you for a happy holiday season. May the festivities of Christmas and New Year's include many pleasant reunions with families and friends.



W. Brockham

Chairman of the Board



That Was Fast

CHARLES W. PHILLIPS, forty-one year man and last member of the near-legendary "Sharswood fraternity" left Dhahran the end of May.



C. W. Phillips

Charlie had been one of 34 Aramcons who arrived in 1944 aboard the S. S. Sharswood, a Liberty ship of the first convoy to enter the Mediterranean after it was reopened to commercial ships during WW II. They travelled slowly, were followed by German sub-packs, laid over in Aden for another convoy, and finally reached Bahrain, making it the rest of their way by dhow – a two-month trip that must have seemed like as many years. Charlie and Harriette stopped off in Switzerland for a visit with Bob and Roberta Carr before boarding the Michaelangelo in Naples for a reverse of that original journey. Upon arrival in the States, they headed down the East Coast by car, visiting friends enroute to Florida to look over retirement locations suited to their varied interests. Charlie, long an active Mason, enjoys photography and philately, bowling, cooking and gardening. They both like boating, fishing and swimming, and Harriette, a member of

Eastern Star, is a bridge buff and an excellent seamstress. Born in Medford, Massachusetts, Charlie went to school in California and, right out of high school, joined Socal in 1928. He later continued his studies at Healds College of Engineering and the University of California Extension. He was put through Socal's engineering training, learned drafting and map compilation in Producing, and cartographic drafting in the Land and Lease Department. These were put to good use when assigned to Aramco's Exploration Department a few months after his transfer in 1943. He was made supervisor, Cartography in 1952 and became chief cartographer in 1958, his position at time of departure.

They'd hardly had time to let the car cool off from their trip, when Charlie wrote: "Through friends of ours here have located a nice home on the water that we are going to buy – contrary to our plan of not rushing into anything." And a few weeks later: "Just a note to tell you we have moved into our new home at 446 South Harbor Drive, Indian Rocks Beach, Florida 33535. We were real lucky in finding a place so quickly as we thought we might have to rent for several months while looking around. Our place is a three-bedroom, two-bath home right on the Intracoastal Waterway. All we need now is our stuff from Saudi Arabia as we are camping out with furniture loaned by our ex-Aramcon neighbors."

Mini Reunion

Dear Virginia:

This is our first communication with you since the removal of the Company's offices from historic 505 Park Avenue.... We'd like for you all to know that we sincerely appreciate receiving the several publications regularly – Aramco World, a truly beautiful magazine, Sun & Flare and, of course, Al-Ayyam Al-Jamila, which enables us to keep up to date on the activities of some, if not all, Aramco retirees. Then, last and certainly not least, we do appreciate receiving the excellent book, Aramco Oil, which is

It's difficult to pick the number one reason for S. J. KAUZLARICH having selected South Cle Elum, Washington as his retirement destination when he departed Abqaiq the end of October. It could have been its suitability for the fishing and camping of which he is so fond; or the beauty and appeal of the Pacific Northwest itself; or the proximity of eleven grandchildren in the families of Steve's son and his wife Lala's three daughters. Lala has been back in the U. S. Since early last year. Steve was in foreign service for a long time, having spent a couple of years on Okinawa for the Guy F. Atkinson Company, followed by a couple of years with Bechtel Corporation in Saudi Arabia. He worked three years for the Saudi Arab Government Railroad before joining Aramco in 1954 as a heavy duty mechanic in Abqaiq. This was followed by crafts specialist and in 1960 he became craft supervisor. He continued in this capacity when he moved to Dhahran in 1963 and back to Abqaiq last year. When Steve gets thoroughly caught up with family and has his new home completed, he'll get around to leisurely exploring the U. S. In the meantime, his contact address is Box 94, South Cle Elum, Washington 98943.



S. J. Kauzlarich

a treasure for anyone's library. We thank the Company.

The other day we were delighted to have a call from Al and Toni Rutan, who live at Gold Hill, Oregon. Among other reasons for their stopping by, they told us, was to invite us to attend a get-together picnic for ex-Aramcons and others living in the Rogue River Valley. It had been planned by Toni, Nadine Berwanger, and one or two others possibly, who were eager for a good old-time Aramco gathering. We had a good turnout, a good time, a good pot-luck dinner and an enjoyable visit with other ex-Aramcons – some, for example, like the Larry Tweedys, whom we had not seen since 1952 or '53. It was a very worth while affair and apparently was enjoyed by all present. We regret that more of the local people could not be there.

The picnic was held at the Touvelle State

Park near Eagle Point, some ten or more miles from Medford. It lasted most of the afternoon, Sunday, 14 September, and at 6:00 p.m. the last of us stragglers were moving out to return home, with pleasant memories of an enjoyable visit with old friends whom we do not see nearly often enough. We hope there will be another of these reunion affairs in the not-too-distant future, for they are very worthwhile and help us to forget the sometimes tiresome routine of the life of a retired person, at least of one not actively employed. At first we used the word "gainfully" but "actively" is a better word, probably.

Sincerely,
John V. Rafferty

Sorry we didn't have room to name those present – 38 in all – consisting of ex-Aramco employees, their families and guests, ex-Bapco employees, their families, and others.



Richard Zinszer

The RICHARD ZINSZERS had been teachers, organizers, leaders and participators on the Dhahran scene for fifteen of Dick's twenty years with Aramco when he and Mitzi bid friends adieu in September. Dick had helped launch the Dhahran chapter of the petroleum engineering

society, worked with the Cub Scouts, was a member of the Rolling Hills Country Club and Kennel Club, enjoyed tennis and handball. Mitzi's local affiliations and activities included Women's Group, PTA, APAR, Children's Hospital Therapy Group, Scouting, handicrafts and teacher of English to Arab ladies in her home. Both of the Zinszers were active in Dhahran Fellowship, enjoyed walking and pot picking, and hope to continue their golf when they get settled. Born in Scranton, Pennsylvania, Dick's family moved to Hays, Kansas when he was young and they will now be making their home at 206 West 26th Street in Hays. Two of their sons and their three grandchildren live in Smith Center, Kansas, their third son and their daughter are in Anderson, Indiana. Dick attended Hanover College, Hanover, Indiana, obtained his A.B. Degree from Kansas State College at Fort Hays, his B.S. in Engineering at Lehigh University in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, did graduate work and held a teaching fellowship at M.I.T. He holds a doctorate from the University of Indiana in Bloomington and did further graduate work in petroleum engineering at the University of Southern California. Dick taught at Kansas State College in Manhattan and spent twelve years with Union Oil Company before joining Aramco in 1949 as senior reservoir engineer in the New York Office. They moved to Dhahran in 1954 where Dick became coordinator of Producing. He had been the Company's chief petroleum engineer since 1957.



Raincheck Maybe?

Our weather since the middle of May has been exceptionally beautiful and I certainly hope that it continues so for the rest of the summer. We have had guests from New York and Los Angeles during this period and they loved it so much there was serious talk of relocating in this area. However, I had to advise it was only an illusion and the wet weather was sure to come. Were it not for the rain everything would not be so lush and green.

I have been having a lot of fun since the

opening of the fishing season (April 20). I fish in a private lake well stocked with rainbow and silver trout and have been catching some eleven to twelve inch beauties. There is a lot of fun in catching them, but since we do not particularly care to eat them our neighbors have been kind enough to take them off our hands. Other than that and being busy with our guests, Ruth and I have not been very active.

We received a call from Jim and Mabel Gray a little over a week ago and they were in the

At the time of LINCOLN D. BROOKS' departure, an unusual letter from An Anonymous Horseman appeared in the Sun and Flare. It paid tribute to "a man who has been kind, helpful and modest. Dee's contribution to all three branches of the Arabian Horse Association, his assistance when we needed it, his warm relationship with our children, his never failing supply of stories and his dry humor will be missed by all of us. We wish him the kind of happiness he has brought to others." Dee's outside activities which had centered around the Hobby Farms and with the Square Dance Group spanned the period since 1957 when he joined Aramco. Beginning in Dhahran's Electrical Shop, his subsequent assignments took him to Ras Tanura, Abqaiq, Nariya and Safaniya. He retired as Field Electrician. A Texan, he was born in Denton, educated in Bushland, and worked in the area until beginning his four years of U. S. Army service in 1940. This was followed by employment with the Southwest Public Services Company. Upon departure from Saudi Arabia, Dee returned to Texas where Mary was keeping the home fires burning at 4202 Lipscomb Street, Amarillo. It must take a bit of stretching the Brooks hearthside to accommodate the different members of their lively family circle from time to time. Two sons and two daughters, all married, have provided Dee and Mary with ten grandchildren - evenly divided and including



L. D. Brooks

two sets of twins - and one great granddaughter. Dee wants to do a bit of stateside sightseeing and perhaps get into some activity involving livestock or construction, but saving ample time to play host to Aramco friends.

process of making some renovations to their home in Santa Cruz, California. Millicent and Neil Anderson were with them when they called, so we were able to have an enjoyable four-way conversation. I am going to call them next week and see if I can talk them into paying us a visit.

Then later in June, another note....

Surprised to get a note from me in B.C.? Well, we had decided last week to come up here for a day and look this place over. It is very hot up here. Seems they have not been having much rain either. Had a little bit of trouble getting a motel. This is their busy season. We shall be heading back home tomorrow afternoon. It takes about four hours.

Should you find you can make a trip out this way, we would like to have you stay with us. I would take you fishing, if it was the right time of the year, and you could eat them all. I have another private lake now and this one is supposed to be full of bass - have not fished it as yet.

Incidentally, I received the Aramco Handbook - very interesting and well done. Thanks for everything, good luck and best wishes, and give our regards to all.

Sincerely,

Monroe Pastermack



J. O. Stroud

When JAMES O. STROUD and his wife, Luci, left Saudi Arabia he had nearly 17 years of Aramco service behind him. His position at time of departure was foreman, Equipment Services. Their plans included stops in The Hague and London enroute to the U. S., then a visit with son Ron, Director of Research at the University of Maryland, before settling in Florida.

In mid-July we received this from Luci -

Dear Virginia:

Greetings from Florida! (At this time of year who needs it?)



Petroleum played many important parts in man's first journey to the surface of the moon. The initial liftoff, for example, was powered by kerosine and liquid oxygen.

The space suits on the three astronauts were made from petroleum-based fibers and plastics and many parts of the space vehicle, including gaskets, seals and even the critical re-entry heat shield were also products of petroleum.

After the searing re-entry into the earth's atmosphere, the giant parachutes that slowed the space vehicle's descent were made from petroleum-based nylon. Even the flotation gear that righted the vehicle after splashdown was made from petroleum-based urethane.

Jim and I departed Dhahran June 12 and after a brief trip through Europe arrived in Washington, D. C. where we were met by our son, Ron, who is on the faculty at the University of Maryland. We said "hello" to him and our one-year-old grandson and were happily on the way south to look for a permanent address. On the way, we stopped to say "hi" to Phyllis and Charlie Johnson, who retired last year. Next, we visited Wayne and Myrtle Matheson to view the Apollo 11 moonshot. It was spectacular!

Because we wish to be where the action is, we went on to take a look in on Bill Otto at Boca Raton. Bill immediately telephoned his realtor, Stephen J. Bodzo, who was Johnny-on-the-spot, and Zingo!, the following day he sold us a house here in Boca Raton at 784 N. E. 70th Street, Boca Harbour.

This all leads up, of course, to the fact that I am asking you to please send the various Aramco publications here. After 17 years with Aramco and located in Dhahran for so many years we are happy to be "home" at last. Aramco is great but the United States continues to be the greatest "Company" in the world despite some minor conflicts.

As a former Writer/Editor, Safety Program, Industrial Relations Department, I will no doubt safety-them-to-death in my new environment, but if one life is saved, it will be well worth all the complaints I get.

Best regards to all.... Sincerely,

Luci Stroud

WILFRED M. JONES, whose retirement destination may eventually be Oregon, grew up and went to school there, followed by five years with a wholesale lumber concern in Portland. Looking for something with a bit more adventure, he joined Casoc (forerunner of Aramco) in 1939 and found himself in Dhahran in March of the following year. Bill Jones' arrival in Saudi Arabia preceded by only a few months the "evacuation" of company personnel just prior to WW II. A skeleton crew remained, however, with Bill a member. He finally got back to the States in August 1945, having set the record for the longest continuous tour of duty during that era. He had started with Casoc as secretary to the general manager, followed by two years as company representative in Cairo. He returned to Dhahran and served as administrative assistant, first to the manager of Producing, then to the Dhahran District manager and in 1949 to the superintendent of Transportation. Since 1950 he had been with Government Relations, primarily concerned with surface rights, and retired from the position of coordinator, Surface Rights Division. Over the years, a lot of things were of necessity accomplished by proxy - but how many Aramco marriages got their start when a buddy proposed to the prospective bride on behalf of the groom-to-be? Forget the statistics. We're really concerned with Lucille Slupske, a TWA hostess, who was proposed to on Bill's behalf by pal Jack Vredenburg during a flight from New York to London. Since Luci's 1960 arrival in Dhahran, she and Bill have organized and led many of the popular Aramco holiday tours. They are both very fond of travel and will probably do much of it from now on. Luci's land-based affiliations included Fatima Group, Dhahran Women's Group and the Garden Group. Bill is a photography and sports enthusiast, golf being his favorite. He was a founding member of the Half Moon Bay Yacht Club and is a former AEA officer. The other two members of the Jones family are son Robert, in school in Rome, and Jinob, their Boston Terrier. Until some exploring by auto produces the right spot for a new home base, they should be contacted c/o Thomas L. Slupske, 4748 Edgewood Avenue, North, Minneapolis, Minnesota 55428.



W. M. Jones

It is again our pleasure to send our 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 again wish to tell you how much we enjoy reading each issue.

Sincerely,
W. M. Jones
W. M. Jones





E. S. Green

before returning to the U. S. The women? His wife Peggy and daughters Nancy, Nina and Stacy. Their ultimate destination? Perhaps the San Diego area of California where they can live with the sun, swim, and Ted and Peg can golf. Ted would also like to continue in Industrial Relations work, his field ever since completing his education at Butler University in Indianapolis and DePauw University at Greencastle, both in his native Indiana. Before joining Aramco in 1956, he had been with Perfect Circle Corporation, Radio Corporation of America, Avco Manufacturing Corporation and Mosler Safe Company. Ted spent his first three Aramco years in General Office Wages and Salaries, as job analyst then acting superintendent, followed by three years in Ras Tanura as supervisor, I&G Personnel and acting superintendent, Personnel. He returned to Dhahran in 1962 and for six years was coordinator, General Office Personnel except for periods of relief assignment. His last position was that of analyst in the Personnel Policy and Planning Division of IR. Ted devoted much of his leisure time to the AEA in both districts, serving as Dhahran's president in 1959 and Ras Tanura's in 1961. Until the Greens get better situated, they may be reached c/o J. G. Wick, 923 S. Ninth Street, Lafayette, Indiana 47905.

E. S. GREEN, after thirteen years with Aramco in Saudi Arabia, gathered his women about him and set out for a month on Mallorca

When you say "active in" it really seems to apply to the HAROLD E. SHERMANS – you name it, they "have been". Hal and Arlyne, who left Dhahran in September, followed a route which took them to Greece, Austria, Switzerland, Italy, Spain, Morocco, and the U. S. with a drive across country to California. Their son and daughter, both married, and a two-year-old granddaughter live there. They may be reached c/o George Meyer, 105 Devin Drive, Moraga, California 94556. The Shermans left behind them a story of involvement over the years in such groups as Yachting and Outing and the Kennel Club. Their hobbies included golf, swimming and gardening. Arlyne was a member of the Women's Group, Fatima Group, Stitch and Chatter, and Dramaramco, having taken part in many of its productions. They enjoyed working with young people – Cub Scouts, Girl Scouts, Teen Canteen, returning students activities, county fairs and presentation of The Nativity. Hal joined Montgomery Ward and Company right out of High School in Oakland, California, then continued his studies at Merrit Business School and in the University of California's extension program. He married his high school sweetheart in 1940, served with the U. S. Coast Guard in the South Pacific during WW II, and returned to Montgomery Ward where he was warehouse operating manager at the time of joining Aramco in 1950. He began with the Receiving and Shipping operation and subsequently filled various positions in the old Materials, Supply &



Harold E. Sherman

Traffic Department, becoming superintendent, Traffic and Services Division. His last post was a special assignment as acting coordinator, Traffic Division, Purchasing and Traffic Department.



BUSY, BUSY, BUSY



Summer found Casper participating as usual in assorted local theatrical activities. In July he changed his business affiliation and is now associated with Streit Realty in Pomona. As September got under way, this letter reported

We are all O.K. and busy as beavers. Sophie and I have registered with Mt. San Antonio College in Pomona, where Sophie has been attending for several years. I am taking a course in Real Estate Appraisal.

We went to the Aramco picnic at Irvine Park, Orange, California last Sunday and enjoyed meeting old friends. Really, it was a delightful day. (Ed.— Once, a long time ago, we had a fine report on this annual affair with nice pictures. What's happened?)

When I come home, most every day our little Linda says, "Hi, Pop." When I ask her to tell our friends who I am, she says, "That's Pop. That's Mom, and I am a Hippie."

Well, I must hit the ball, so bye now and best wishes.

Sincerely,
Casper and Sophie Gee

P.S. The other day a friend said, "Hi, Gee, how ya doin'?" The following, *Why Worry*, is a good answer to that....

You're either successful or unsuccessful. If you're successful you have nothing to worry about. If you're unsuccessful you have only two things to worry about.

You're either healthy or unhealthy. If you're healthy you have nothing to worry about. If you're unhealthy you have only two things to worry about. You'll either get well or you won't get well. If you get well you have nothing to worry about. If you don't get well you have only two things to worry about. You'll either go to heaven or to the other place. If you go to heaven you have nothing to worry about. If you go to the other place you'll be so busy shaking hands with old friends you won't have time to worry. So....why worry?



Frank Haycock

The West Coast or the Northwest might be the ultimate U. S. retirement destination for FRED HAYCOCK and his wife Dean, but there were no definite plans when they left Saudi Arabia in September for Austria, Switzerland and Germany. Fred's last position, after twenty-three years with Aramco, was foreman, Riyadh Maintenance, the Company Representative, Eastern Province. He had joined Aramco as a boiler maker in August 1946, was soon assigned to work in Water Maintenance, and had been in the Riyadh position since 1956. Fred was born and went to school in Salt Lake City, Utah and worked for numerous contractors until called to military service in 1942. During his Aramco years Fred was a member of the Arabian Shrine Group, was an avid golfer, and spent considerable time tinkering with mechanical and electrical equipment. Dean's hobbies are designing, sewing and bridge. Until they get settled, the Haycocks maybe reached c/o R. H. Haycock, 438 Via Herbosa, Ignacio, California 94947.



More Serious Than You Thought

Bees and their buzzin' cousins are more lethal than most people realize.

They will, according to the institute of Life Insurance, kill more people this year than snakes and spiders.

A recent study indicates that more caution than usual should be taken against honeybee, wasp, hornet, yellow jacket and fire ant stings — for approximately 2 out of every 5 deaths caused by venomous animal bites in this country are caused by these insects.

Snake bites are responsible for 1 out of every 3 of these deaths, while spiders account for less than 1 in 5.

The Institute cautions that a person need

not have a past history of allergy to insect stings to suffer a fatal reaction — and even one sting may be fatal.

In a study of 2,606 cases of insect stings, the American Academy of Allergy reported that 50 per cent of all the victims who suffered severe reactions had no previous history of sensitivity to stings.

The Institute suggests that if your reaction to a bee, wasp, hornet or fire ant is more than a localized swelling, you should see a doctor immediately about desensitization treatments.

An immediate first aid treatment is to apply ice or ice water to the infected area as a means of reducing the swelling and preventing the spread of venom.

Our last issue contained a Persian Gulf story by Art Stepney, "Life With Elsie" — principal character, the SS El Segundo, her Captain, Ike Smith. We didn't have room for quite all of Art's material and include here his comments on

Dr. L. P. Dame, famous around the Persian Gulf in the thirties as the American Doctor of the Mission Hospital in Bahrain. (Dr. Dame also appeared in Ralph Wells' two-part story "As I Saw It" in AAAJ in 1967.)

Man of Extraordinary Talents

A few days after Elsie had dropped anchor at Sitrah, we were initiated to a shamal for a few days — not bad or long, but it did slow things down a trifle. On the morning after it cleared and we got everything away, Frank, who was Ike's cabin steward, called me to tell that a really big Arab was coming aboard. Ike had remained aboard for the weather and was at the gangway to greet the visitor. A short time later, I wandered back to the officers mess and was introduced to Dr. Dame, who was rapidly surrounding a platter of ham and eggs and our good ships-bread toast well slathered with butter. After his first aid man and boat crew had been nourished, the good doctor gave us a quick run-down on his activities of the preceding week.

A frequent visitor to Arabia upon invitation from King Ibn Saud, which invariably included Mrs. Dame, he had a medico-personal relationship with the royal family and practically all Arabians within his ability to travel. His current trip was occasioned by an accident to one of the sheiks of Qatar who had been shot in the head during a local celebration which included some fast riding and careless use of guns. After taking care of immediate first aid and sedation, the patient was bundled up and the return trip to Bahrein for surgery was commenced.

The same shamal caught them practically without food and forced them to take shelter behind a sand spit for 72 hours. When free and headed for Bahrein, Dr. Dame had sighted the Elsie and decided to get some coffee and food for all hands, to keep body and soul together until it was possible to further his profession, and good works, by properly attending to his patient. What happened to the Sheik I do not know. Apparently, he had to go through a bit of trepanning and the substitution of a plate of a neutral metal for the missing pieces. I can only promise you that it was performed with the most modern expertise, and the additional touch of a very great heart.

Shortly after this, Joe Fox the cadet officer and Julian the second steward turned up with appendicitis. They lost their problems by operations under spinal anesthesia, which at that time was under experiment in the U.S.A. Everything worked out fine except that the two young men took some time to stop shuddering when recalling the ordeal.

When we first arrived, the Mission Hospital was a one-story bunkhouse type of rooms, with treatment facilities and an operating room sensibly worked in. The treatees assembled in the open yard in front of the complex and were eased through treatment by a group of devoted Bahreini and Arab treatment personnel.

Dr. and Mrs. Dame lived in a pleasant house which must have had flexible walls, or other methods of extending its capacity, because they were able to hospitalize the senior staff sufferers from whatever ailed them. Bapco took the initiative quickly and a reasonably good building was erected and equipped to care for the suffering until the air conditioned, first hospital at Awali was put into operation about mid-1937. Dr. Dame was ably assisted by Drs. Thoms and Harrison at times during trips and vacation. Their joint efforts for the Mission in the sheikdoms of the Persian Gulf and on the mainland would make an interesting book. During the war years in New York, we were able to pry loose scarce equipment from suppliers under priority regulations by describing the activities of the Mission, the people, and the locale.

WILLIAM A. INGRAM wasn't quite sure just where he was going when he, Ellie and son Mark left Ras Tanura in August, but they were on their way. Bill, a native Californian who joined Aramco's Materials Supply operation in 1947 (and stayed in it), wasn't sure either what direction the future would take beyond the leisurely itinerary which would get them into Italy - Pisa, Castiglione and Tirrenia. Here they would stay for an indefinite period with a "schedule" which accommodated relaxing, fishing, and a bit of travelling around Europe. Later Bill would probably check out his Italian contacts concerning job opportunities or might even wind up in the Middle East, where a large part of his life had been spent. Until decisions are made and they get settled, the Ingrams should be contacted c/o Mrs. Bettie Wolford, 712 Novelda Road, Alhambra, California 91801.



William A. Ingram



Gordon W. Huffman

GORDON "WES" HUFFMAN had already been in Saudi Arabia with Bechtel for three years when he joined Aramco as a welder-layout fabricator in June 1954. His subsequent assignments included acting Foreman of the Welding

Shop, supervising welder, zone foreman and inspector on underwater pipelines in Safaniya and Sea Island One. He retired as maintenance technician. Wes was born in Davenport, Washington, he attended Northwestern Business College in Spokane and obtained much of his early experience on different types of construction jobs, from the Grand Coulee Dam to an assignment in Venezuela. He worked for Kaiser Shipyards during WW II and for C. F. Braun Company before joining Bechtel. Wes and his wife, Edna, made their home in Ras Tanura, where he was a Little League fan, coach and manager, a member of the Arabian Automobile Club, the Yachting Association and several fraternal groups. Edna likes to knit, bake Danish Pastry, and is a member of Eastern Star. She shares with Wes an active interest in fishing, golf and bowling, all of which they will no doubt continue stateside. Travel too will probably take up a goodly portion of their spare time and they got a fine start enroute to the U. S. by a trip through the Far East, with visits to Hong Kong, Tokyo and Hawaii. The Huffmans may be reached at 31531 Ocean View Drive, Box 753, Running Springs, California 92382.



SEASONAL COMMUTERS



In June, Jim Mahan wrote:

Dear Virginia -

We are still in Cape Cod and it is truly lovely this time of year. However, in late August we may go to Tucson, Arizona or California to see if we can find a permanent winter home.

And sure enough, with Fall came this - yes, from Tucson:

We've been so busy, I haven't had time to write to anyone, even though I have been hoping to. We left Cape Cod in late August (to avoid the Labor Day crush) and to put the children in school here in early September. We bought a house here for the winters, in the Rincon Foot-hills, and it is very comfortable. We have been

busy as can be trying to get settled but it takes a while. Our personal and household effects arrived, and tho' there was some damage it was not too bad.

But we miss the sea and Cape Cod - so we will go back there this summer to our cottage, which we still have. The mountains here are absolutely beautiful. They surround Tucson, which has a marvelous climate so far - cold nights and warm sunny days.

We have seen a few Aramcons since we got here and I'll tell you more about that in a later letter when I will have more time to write at length.

Sincerely and in haste,

Jimmie

Destination Jiddah

Back in July we received this letter from Ed Thompson, written on Saudi Arabian Airlines stationery. . . .

Thought it might be a good idea if I gave you my new address and whereabouts just in case someone might want to send me a Christmas present or somesuch.

I am now working for TWA, assigned to Saudi Arabian Airlines as Deputy General Manager of Training. I am living in Jiddah and thoroughly enjoying myself. Bought a house on Bass Rocks Road in Gloucester, Massachusetts and expect to be there actually when I get through roaming about the globe.

Les is still at Gloucester settling the place. Our Aramco shipment from Dhahran was to be delivered on July 7. I departed New York on

June 17. There are all kinds of ways for husbands to escape from house moving chores and I guess just leaving the country is as good a way as any.

Tried to arrange my schedule to have time to stop by the New York Office before I left for Jiddah but couldn't make it. Will try again next time I am stateside. . . Best regards.

(You can send Ed's somesuch c/o Saudi Arabian Airlines, Box 167 - Training Division)





Beverley Boston

The BEVERLEY BOSTONS took a long and not-too-often-followed route when they departed Saudi Arabia in mid-May – Jiddah, Addis Ababa, Nairobi, South Africa, Rio de Janeiro for a South American tour, Caribbean Island hopping to Miami. An auto trek from there to California used the remainder of two and one-half months since saying goodbye to friends in Dhahran. And many they have made over the years, particularly among the young people. Bev, a staunch supporter and pillar of the Arabian Little League, served as coach and subsequently managed the Pirates for sixteen years. Dotty was equally in evidence as scorekeeper, rooster, provider of food for stomach and soul. She was also active with the Youth Recreation Program, giving class instruction in various sports for junior high groups. Bev, a native of San Antonio, Texas received his education in California – Redondo Beach, Long Beach City College and the Frank Wiggins Technical School. He worked with the Commercial Refrigeration Company in Los Angeles before serving with the Navy during WW II. He joined Aramco in late 1948, worked as refrigeration mechanic, foreman of the Refrigeration Shop, area technician, retiring as materials and contracts supervisor. Always generous with

his technical skills during off hours earned for Bev the title of Mr. Fixit among his friends. The two Boston children are grown and married. Bruce is doing graduate work at Brigham Young University; Beverley Ann lives in Baker, Louisiana and is the mother of two. The Bostons are living at 17417 Hamlin Street, Van Nuys, California 91406, a fine location for Bev to indulge in the golf of which he is so fond.



Walk For Well-Being and Mental Relaxation

In Oslo, Norway, medical authorities are recommending that the old folks get a move on – and take some much needed exercise.

According to a Norwegian gerontology institute, exercise can be extremely valuable for elderly persons.

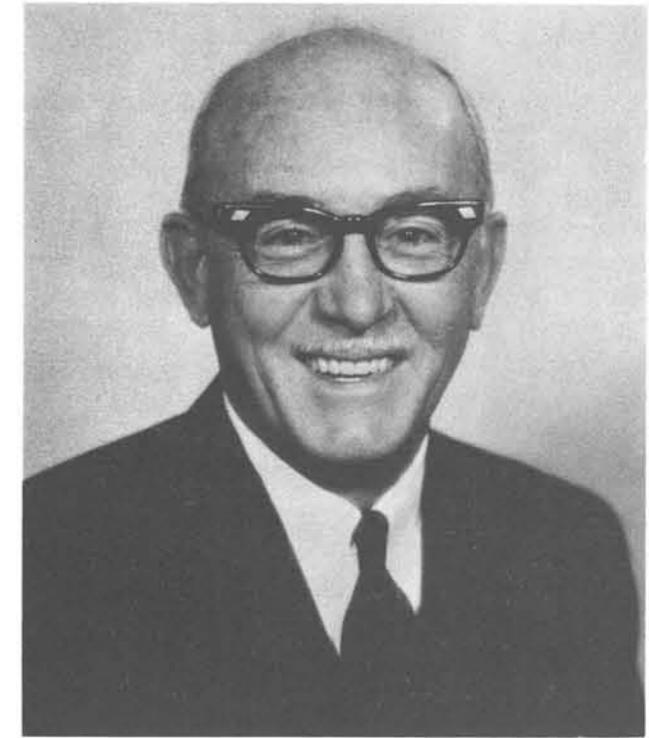
An exercise program was tested by senior citizens aged 70–81, which included walking on a treadmill and riding a bicycle, among other things.

The result of the course, which lasted six weeks, indicated that the activities in no way injured their health, but rather brought about a feeling of well-being and mental relaxation.

The senior citizens responded better to walking than cycling because it provided smoother exercise.

The Institute of Life Insurance adds this note of caution to aspiring older exercisers: check with your family physician before you undertake activities more strenuous than normal.

JOSEPH A. GALLEAZZI, area representative, Dollar Personnel, had nearly thirty-five years of combined Aramco and parent company service when he and Hazel left Dhahran in May. Joe transferred from Standard Oil Company of California to Aramco's San Francisco Accounting Department in 1944, making the move to the East Coast with the company's 1949–50 move to New York. This was soon followed by transfer to Saudi Arabia, where he and Hazel have made their home in Dhahran for the past 19 years. Their plans at time of departure included a leisurely trip through Europe, Ireland, the Bahamas and Florida, visiting many of their friends along the way. Picking up a car in Florida, it was a tour of the Atlantic Coast and Washington, D. C. before heading westward for a visit with their daughter Ann in Mt. Vernon, Illinois and with their son John in Arizona, to whose family had recently been added their new granddaughter. They have returned to the San Francisco Bay area and may be reached at 379 Via Casitas, Greenbrae Branch, San Rafael, California 94901.



J. A. Galleazzi



...AND HERE'S PROOF

Dear Virginia –

Here come the Howards, now of Sonoma, to say "thank you". We truly were pleased with our copies of Al-Ayyam Al-Jamila. (I desperately needed Melda Wallace's address in order to transfer to the Women's Group here.) So your kindness was most timely and we're ever so grateful.

With Betty and Homer Miller and another friend, 'had a luscious brunch in Berkeley, and my good fortune was to be seated next to incomparable Fred Davies. When I asked him if he'd ever ridden down into the Grand Canyon (as the Millers did) he said, "No, but I once walked to the bottom". And the dear man looks fit enough

to repeat the feat. You do a marvelous thing for so many of us in keeping those memories green.

Sonoma "suits us to a T". (Have seen the Les Snyders' gorgeous home, 119 orchids and water fall, including trout pool.) Would love visitors to our house – phone: area code 707, 996–1485. Do you get out our way? Would love to show you around the Valley of the Moon.

Appreciatively,
Carolyn and George

(It's been a long, long time since we poked around Jack London's famous and beautiful valley. Oh yes, Carolyn also promised we'd hear more and have a picture one of these days.)



Allan E. Rau

When ALLAN E. RAU left Dhahran's Engineering Department, Technical Services Division in mid-August, it brought to a close an Aramco career which began in 1948. Al and his wife, Ann, who had arrived in Saudi Arabia nineteen years before, drove from Dhahran to England where they boarded a ship bound for Los Angeles via the Panama Canal. The Raus' retirement home was already established near the picturesque village of Idyllwild in the San Jacinto Mountains above Palm Springs. Their two married children, Marilyn and Don, live not far away, in San Diego. Seven grandchildren, home improvement projects, and seeing America by camper are prominent in Al and Ann's future. Address them c/o P. O. Box 32, Idyllwild, California 92349.



McKeegan Fall Report

Season's end in Twain Hart, the tourists had gone home. Helen had given up her summer job at the Lodge and was pitching in to get her own house in better order, what with fall and winter coming on. Barney was getting along fine, had received a good check-up report from his doctor and been given permission to do some light carpentering around the place. And there had been help with a lot of chores from grandson Mark and son-in-law Bob—very few idle hands in this clan.

They'd had visits from different members of the family from time to time, with grandson Mark spending two months with them while his mother was in Japan. The entire family had fun with the 800-power telescope she brought back to Mark—finding craters on the moon, spots on the sun, and Helen swears Barney even tried to spy on the lady who is at their lookout station.

They were enjoying watching the progress of new neighbors abuilding in their area and looking forward to the varied comraderie which winter get-togethers would bring, whether daytime "coffee" or an evening around a cozy fire.

Tempting

This from Bill Kulpa, along with a new address and the promise to send more before long....

May we take this opportunity to thank you for seeing to it that we have received copies of the Annuitants Magazines. As has been said before, it is a good means of keeping up with all our X-Aramco friends. Seems people get so busy back in America we fail to keep in touch.

We are finally in our new "waterfront" home, both of us very busy furnishing and getting settled—again!

If you happen to come to Florida, please do stop in and be our guest. The weather is beautiful now, air conditioning still running, fish jumping outside our back door. A wonderful place to just relax.

Perhaps we will build a summer home in Eugene, Oregon—someday. Thanks again.

If you haven't caught up with the W. C. Martins since leaving the desert last winter, you may be interested in Stretch's letter from Oregon.

AFTER AUSTRALIA...

Dear Virginia:

Nina and I left Dhahran December 14, 1968 and enjoyed a very leisurely trip home. We over-nighted in Bahrain to catch Qantas to Perth, Australia where we spent Christmas and welcomed the New Year. Our daughter, Ellen, who is a student at Oregon State University, joined us in Perth for the holidays. She certainly had a ball, what with having Christmas in the middle of the Australian summer after all the rain and snow in Oregon. She went back to school just as brown as a berry, bubbling with enthusiasm and the envy of all her classmates. The holidays were a huge success.

We strongly considered making our permanent home in Australia near Perth, but the general attitude of the people was a bit too British for us, and we were wanting to give Oregon a try. After Perth we flew to Sidney and spent two weeks driving along the eastern part of Australia. The Snowy Mountain scheme, with the multiple inter-connected lakes, dams and power stations is most impressive. Those people deserve the highest praise for an enormous project done very well. They are justly proud of their accomplishment to date and foresee a near completion of their scheme. The power to be supplied and the quantity of land to be reclaimed is tremendous and will have a marked effect on the economy of all of Australia. They are building a fine new land and doing well. They could do even better though if they would break with some of their "old world" thinking and attitude and be independent in thought and action—I believe. Their "Gold Coast" and Great Barrier Reef are fabulous beyond belief and must be seen to be appreciated. Many volumes have been and could be written and still touch only the high spots. To be sure, the resort type hotels, motels, etc. are crowded, but they are of all qualities from the most sumptuous to quite moderate, the beaches are of the very best and fishing is superb. We liked it!

We then went on to New Zealand for a typical tourist two weeks. Nice, but nothing special and prices are exorbitant. Everything there is a government project and, as usual when government is running something, it is very inefficient, costly and frustrating. We honestly believe that New Zealand is strictly for New Zealanders.

Off again to Fiji Islands, a South Sea Island paradise that is still largely unspoiled. The song, "South Sea Island Magic" could have had its inspiration from the Fijis. We took a cottage on the beach on the South Shore... white sand for miles in either direction. Several times we would walk for three hours on the beach and see no one. Peace and seclusion personified.

On to Hawaii to meet Ellen again for Spring vacation and enjoy the Island of Maui and the crater of Haleakala at sunrise—one of the most awe inspiring sights I have ever seen. That huge raw crater with its spires and minarets in the deep shadow of an orange-red rising sun is enough to make a man think he is standing on the brink of time—either at the start when the world was forged or at the end when the H-bombs get out of control. The crater is 7 miles wide and 21 miles long and very deep. One spire is supposed to be the same height as the Empire State Building from the bottom of the crater. It looks awful small and lonesome in that huge hole.

Finally arrived in Oregon in April and started getting things set straight, with time out for Ellen's wedding on July 5 to Dale L. Godwin in Corvallis, Oregon. The kids, of course, are exuberant. They appear as though they were the discoverers of the institution of marriage. Little do they seem to realize it's been going on (and coming off) for years.

We at last found a home to buy that seems to fit. At least we have tried it on and now proclaim that we have a permanent address at 749 Silver Lane here in Eugene.

Bela and Evelyn Barnes have been really busy, but Evelyn did find time for their holiday letter from Scottsville, Virginia and the new home which they named

"Inshallah"

Dear Virginia:

A glance at the calendar today assures me that if I want this note of good wishes for Christmas and the New Year to be included in your Holiday issue of "Al-Ayyam Al-Jamila", I had better get it off at once.

This has been such a busy year for us. We finally moved into our new house on January 27 and it was not finished even then! A parade of carpenters and painters kept us cleaning up after them as we tried to get settled once again. I do hope this is the last time we move!!!!

Spring came — all too soon — and with it the work and fun of landscaping. The daffodils bloomed like mad to welcome us outside — Bela had patiently dug me a long bed for them last November — and he was so proud of his work as they were of exhibition size and he even suggested a longer bed for more bulbs to be planted this fall. We planted dogwood along the long driveway leading up the hill, magnolias in front and back and flowering crab apple trees along side of hill. We will set out more spruce this coming spring — not too many as we have over 1300 loblolly pines on hillside!

The summer was a very wet one, so the trees did well and so did the asparagus and strawberries. The weeds did even better and kept us busy every evening trying to get rid of them. Bela's okra grew over seven feet tall and his only complaint was that my cantaloupes were taking over his bed, but they were delicious too. Then came the big flood that awful August night — our little Creek became a huge river and the James River a raging torrent, causing death and destruction. The town of Scottsville was inundated with water up to the second stories and we were so grateful we were on a high hill outside the town. Our lowgrounds were ruined, but we were so lucky to have only that plus washed out lawns and driveway.

This week Bela completed cleaning out the

Creek and the lowgrounds and it all looks so peaceful and sweet again as the water flows merrily along. The town is rebuilding and will be even better — so life is once again tranquil and we are so grateful for all our blessings. We attended the traditional "blessing of the hounds" at Cismont on Thanksgiving Day. As the old hymns rang out amid the riders assembled in a semi-circle in front of the Church, I thought how wonderful to be alive and living in Virginia on a frosty Thanksgiving Day!

We love our new house and have had old friends from Standard of California visit us and are looking for old Aramco friends too. As our Yule log burns, memories of old friends will return and we will once again be saying "Merry Christmas and God bless all of you" in our hearts. If you come down Virginia way, "Inshallah" will welcome you and we will be looking forward to seeing our old friends. This is wonderful country and its peaceful beauty is always an inspiration, even tho' we work ourselves much too hard at times — but we love every minute of it.

Bela and I send good wishes and our love to all, and do keep "Al-Ayyam and Al-Jamila" coming — we enjoy every word and appreciate all the work that goes into it.

Bela and Evelyn Barnes



There is considerable reason to support the belief that one of the evidences of senility is the inability to think ahead and an overpowering tendency to think backward. Although I am fully aware of the danger of remembering too much, I am about to encourage this weakness in you old timers from Arabia. The newer migrants may find some interest in comparing the situation in 1942 with what existed in their time. Hopefully, all of you may find some measure of amusement from excerpts from a letter that I sent to friends in the U. S. in the summer of that year when the Arabian concession was operated by about a hundred men and two women nurses.

To You Foreigners in North America:

This is Friday, the day of rest; and for some reason not fully apparent at the moment, I don't know of a single oil well that requires soothing, a pipeline gurgling its life blood into the sand, a report suffering from grammatical influenza, or a cable screaming for answer before tomorrow morning. True, there are half a dozen letters, a basketful of bulletins and special reports. The pile of technical magazines mounts ever higher upon the infrequent arrival of a mail boat. But as the months pass, the pile continues to rise and my hopes of learning about the oil business grow ever weaker. I repeat, this is Friday; and for the first day in months, I plan to waste it as I like.

Interruption. . . So sorry.

Charley Homewood just dropped in to learn where the dark room is being kept these days. We move the dark room, as we feel the need, from one man's kitchen to the next. At present, the equipment is collected in Max Steineke's house. Photography still clings to us, although those with several years in Arabia claim that they have photographed everything moving or stationary. But these croakers lack the imagination or the extra film, and are blithely ignored by us chronic invalids who bang away at the slightest provocation. I've even attempted to catch a panorama of the stench that always greet us as we enter the harbor of Manama on our trips to Bahrein — but the results have not been outstanding. Except for a tendency for the film to curl and shrink to half size, it simply can't cope with the problem.

I recall the effect of those stench the last time we travelled to Manama. They had moved out from shore about a quarter of a mile; and our careless boatman failed to note this until we crashed into them at practically full speed. The boat grunted and bucked violently, throwing the passengers to the bottom of the boat. The motor caught one whiff and died with only a weak cough. The terrified boatman tried to dive over the side but the smells caught him so that he hung suspended and struggling, head downward, some four feet above the water.

We passengers struggled to our feet and hurriedly surveyed the damage. The propeller had tried to catch up with the crank shaft and the

boatman was choking and coughing, possibly due to his upside-down position. So, we left him there, just to impress on him the need to be more careful in the future, and started for shore, travelling on a layer of stench about three feet above the water, that carried a cheesy tange garnished with fish. We found it strong enough to support our weight if we were careful not to walk in each other's tracks, and we were doing all right until a boat loaded with live stock swung between us and the pier. This shattered the cheesy layer with jagged fissures of goat aroma, so that about a hundred feet from shore, I fell into one of the fissures and was drowned. I'm still searching for the body.

Now let me see. It was Friday – and Charley Homewood came to print some pictures – and –

Oh, yes. I was discussing our tendency to photograph everything. We aim at falcons fluttering on the hunters' wrists, at Arabs slipping through the suq, at dhows with crescent sails slicing the burning sky, at camels alone and in herds, at camels loading and unloading, at camels in the intimate postures of life and death and love – and at just camels. And when camels fail, we shoot sand dunes.

Ever photograph a sand dune? If you have, skip the next few paragraphs; if you haven't, don't start. Sand dunes are the Lorelei of the desert, the come-ons of the waste places. Pale and seductive, they lie in wait for the novice, beckoning him with smooth rounded arms. From their northern edges, they rise soft and gentle as a sleeping woman – and like a woman, possess a hard surface that changes without warning to loose softness. Our novice tramps up one of these slopes – and suddenly is staring down the steep reverse side at a long crescent chiseled from crest to base, smooth as the inside of a bowl.

At this point, the freshman usually goes nuts. There it is – right in front of him – pure line and form the way Nature made it at the beginning of the world – soft curve and alluring swell and seductive hollow. It's practically indecent. By now, young hopeful has his camera unslung, has dropped his yellow filter in the sand and has misread his light meter twice. His eyes glitter, his fingers are webbed thumbs. What a shot to send back home! Beau Geste and his last water bottle laid on such a scene!

But when he looks through his finder, something is wrong. There is a line marking the flat top of the dune, and a lot of blank space. Obviously, he is standing in the wrong spot. So he trots down the slope and plods of the sliding flank of the next dune.

After the fourteenth change of position, he thinks he's found it; and he exhausts a couple of rolls of film, shooting from this angle and that, using red filters, green filters, polka dot filters, no filters at all. He hurries home and prepares the developer. He turns out the lights and dabbles and dips and piddles. The house boy opens the door, bringing in a broad cheery blast of sunshine to attack the sacred darkness. A friend shuffles in to help – and spills the hypo down the sink. But at last the development is finished and the picture is printed, and our novice eagerly holds the wet picture to the light expecting to see Beau Geste and a band of hooded tribesmen galloping over the crests. Do they, and does he? There is a large expanse of murky sky, a light-struck smear in the north-east corner and a thin, slightly crooked line of horizon drifting weakly across the lower edge.

Interruption So Sorry.

Telephone rings and Transportation inquires, did Bill go out to Abqaiq this morning and if so, when did he plan to return. So what's it to Transportation? Bill is full grown. If he wants to go to Abqaiq. . .



But that isn't the point. Abqaiq lies inland some thirty to forty miles across salt flats and dunes. When Bill, or anyone else, starts for Abqaiq or any other spot out in the open, he's supposed to check with Transportation, advising his intentions and his time of arrival at the other end or his return to Dhahran. If the designated hour arrives without him, Transportation starts phoning – and soon thereafter a car starts in

search of the wanderer, who probably will be found resting beside an exhausted Ford. Being stuck in the sand or the mud of a salt marsh or with a broken axle, is part of the initiation ceremonies into our beloved brotherhood. Sometimes you get out, if it's a matter of digging. A broken axle or wheel or a tired battery or a collapsed radiator calls for various activities, usually ending with a long rest on the running board on the shady side. At about that time, you become most complacent over the thought that you told Transportation where you were going and when you expected to come home.

I've broken down only once (mechanically, of course). The fuel pump had given the company the best years of its life and decided rather suddenly to apply for a pension. We, the pump and I, sat on a sand dune and considered the situation. I presented my arguments as forcefully as I could, but the pump insisted that it was tired. The spring afternoon was not too warm, and the water jug was full. The sun was low and the wind had knocked off at quitting time. I sat on top of a dune and gazed at the next dune – and the next – and the unlimited multiples of dunes extending their brown folds to the edge of existence. No wonder that the ancients decided that the world was flat.

The sun slipped out of sight apologetically, but nothing else happened. It continued to happen for what seemed a long time, and I was considering sleeping in the sand and wondering if I'd look natural when they found me next fall, when I heard a sound. It was very small: a slight hum, scarcely a trembling of the air. It stopped – then the faint hum from far away came again. Gradually, the hum became a faint rumble which grew for several minutes before the car appeared.

An Indian was behind the wheel. He would be honored to take me home – but there really was no need, for he was very much experienced in the ways of engines and such, having worked many months in the garage of the Company. He would fix it. (The car – not the Company.) I replied that although the idea was just dandy, I feared that the patient required a major operation. There seemed to be trouble in the fuel pump and –

By this time, the Indian had wriggled under the car where he grunted and twisted. Would I please hand him a wrench? A little later, would I be so kind as to push on the starter? Eventually, I stopped that. I saw no reason to exhaust

the battery. My rescuer crawled out and offered the opinion that the starter was all right. I agreed with some enthusiasm. He lifted the hood and fiddled with the carbureter. Then he smiled brightly and remarked that he thought the trouble was in the fuel pump. Encouraged, I reminded him that I had come to that conclusion several hours previously. I still labored in the belief that I wanted to go home. My friend asked, would I be so kind as to give him one more chance. He had great experience with automobiles, and –

By this time, he was back underneath. He disconnected the gas line, he crawled out, he blew into the tank, he drank gasoline out of the fuel line. He disconnected everything that had a nut on it, then put back most of the parts. Would I please step on the starter? I never knew before the great reserve a battery possesses. When I stopped, my friend observed that he thought the trouble was in the fuel pump.

"Listen carefully," I said. "This is a very brave automobile. Even with a broken fuel pump, it is not afraid to be left in the desert over night. It fears neither afreet nor jinn. Now I am hungry and I have decided to leave this place. You may come with me or stay and drink gasoline – but your truck is leaving almost immediately."

As we drove away, the Indian asked if I would mind if he examined the distributor – although he still thought that the trouble was in the fuel pump. We rolled into camp without further adventure.

We are cocky concerning our ability to negotiate the dunes at thirty to forty miles an hour. It's the eastern version of the Roller Coaster – or was until a few months ago, back when we had plenty of tires and drove more than we do now.



A well-trained car approaches a dune with a pricking of the ears. Up the north slope or over the eastern or western horn it charges, tail up and motor roaring. About half way to the top, the motor changes tune, yanks off its neck-tie and starts to pitch hay. It keeps on pitching as the

car shoots over the smooth crest and skims away toward the next dune. The thrill is heightened by the complete lack of knowledge regarding the lay of the land fifty feet ahead beyond the crest. But never — never — turn south at the top of the dune. Too suddenly, you will arrive at that steep south slope and find your chariot launched on a test flight. That's when you need the famous gasoline that puts wings on your car. Everything is fine — until you light.

But if you observe a few basic rules, such as making all stops on slopes, avoiding due south travel, starting and stopping v-e-r-y slowly, gasoline will carry you over a great portion of the land ruled by the camel. No roads exist across the dunes where the wind hides the tracks in a few hours. The little ridges of sand behind each rock and scraggling bush point nearly south. But a sense of direction alone will not prevent your being lost; and a greenhorn will acquire respect for the flowing ridges that look so much alike. But an old hand, such as my friend, Max, will roll across the country all night and in the pale light of dawn stop his wheels beside the muddy water hole that was his destination.

Interruption — what the —

It's Ralph, just returned from a session at his favorite sport, something that, for lack of a better term, we call, golf. Conceived in optimism, fostered in pain, pursued in agony, the game persists in spite of Hell, heat and hurricane.



Midway between camp and the seashore lies a blazing waste distinguished from other blazing wastes by a faint hint of soil caught in a depression between brown hills. The sand is still there, but it's thinner and firmer. Within this garden spot, our golf course has been spread, consisting of nine tees, stakes to mark the limits of otherwise undistinguishable fairways, and nine oil-sand greens, frequently marked by the heavy tracks of a herd of camels. Fairways differ from the surrounding rock outcrops, dunes, and

gravel in that the player can use artificial tees within their limits. As for sand traps and hazards — the average hole has three to four hundred yards of them! This is our *new* course, much improved over the old one to the south. Now, we play on the second worst golf course in the world.

Ralph, our unquenchable golfer, took me for my first round on the new lay-out. We hurried out one afternoon after work while the sun was high and the shemaal pushed across the land in a solid wall of air. I remarked that the wind was a bit stiff. Ralph insisted that it was merely a breeze. Tomorrow probably would be worse. Realizing the merit of his forecast, I plodded toward the first tee, followed by my rambling caddy. Obviously, a bright lad, he had no knowledge of what the player was trying to do (but neither did the player), and wouldn't have been interested if he had.

Ralph said proudly, "There it is. Five hundred and twenty-five yards — and with the wind. And please remember that that graveyard in the center of the fairway is out of bounds."

I teed the ball for the second time after the wind had un-teed it, tried to wiggle my feet into the crusty clay, uncoiled my jerky half swing and luckily, knocked the ball off the tee. With the following wind, it stopped about two hundred and seventy yards down the fairway. Ralph outdrove me with an iron. My second shot, a dubbed three wood, travelled about fifty yards past the green.

"The next hole," Ralph explained as we prepared to tee off, "is a little tougher. It's into the wind."

Ralph is a master at under statement. After three terrific wood shots averaging ninety-seven yards each, I still was twenty yards short. Each time I swung into that sand storm, I ducked to avoid the ball on its way down. But I was gaining — which I found encouraging. I topped a briskly-driven iron and waited to see the ball go bouncing into the rocks far beyond the green; but it happened to hit the heavy oil sand as it bounced — and died without a struggle. Ralph noted that the greens were a bit soft. After wading through this one to reach the ball, I spit on my hands, calculated how hard I ought to swing that putter, multiplied by three, and drove. The ball quit half way to the hole.

"It's a little slow," Ralph offered.

As we plodded onward, I lost track of time and distance. A humming was in my ears and the wind was full of striped golf balls. I do remember a so-called green hidden behind a rocky ledge and the tee on the hill with the first hundred and fifty yards of fairway filled by great blocks of stone looking like the Forum Romanum, and another green perched on a slab of stone and guarded by an elevated pipe line. And I will remember my struggling through those fairways, seeking for that pin point of battered white ball, while my caddy sat in the sand, removing foreign objects from various intimate parts of his anatomy.

"Now that's what I call a good work-out," Ralph commented as we collapsed in the shelter of the car. He gazed across the sand waste, an expectant gleam in his eye.

"Don't you think the course has possibilities?" he asked.

"Without a doubt," I agreed; "but for what?"

And now on this peaceful Friday, comes News Time. Since yesterday, we may have been able to drop again into the world of illusion where it was fun to roller coast over sand dunes and to photograph camels silhouetted against the evening sky. But News Time always comes again, riding the waves of static, howling in the wind, screaming of the latest slaughter, grunting for another strangle hold.

Five thousand more slaughtered! Hooray!
Hooray!

Six transports sunk and a city destroyed!
Strike up the band!

Perhaps a day will come when we will cease to crowd humbly before the God-in-the-Box, when News Time again will become part of the evening pause. Then living will become more important than killing. But not for now. For now and for the years ahead, forget that dream called civilization — except as we may slip back into it momentarily through suffering and in hope. Our business is to kill, and to kill faster than the enemy. . . .

These are not pleasant thoughts — I doubt that they are melodramatic. This killing is BIG — so big that it will demand the might of America. Some people prefer the sugar-coated word,

victory, forgetting that no one can be victorious and that in battle, people die.

Perhaps we can abolish slaughter and the science of slaughter and create the more difficult art of peace. Perhaps by that time, even moonlight will have ceased to be something to fear and again will have become just moonlight.

Written on July 29th, 1942.

Phil McConnell

And this is 1969. . . Well, we've been to the moon anyway. . .



Travel Tops Trillion Miles

America's astronauts have a long way to go to catch up with the motoring public here on earth.

The reason? U. S. highway travel in 1968 was the equivalent of more than two million round trips to the moon.

Total travel, according to the Federal Highway Administration, exceeded one trillion vehicle miles for the first time.

Of course, there were many more of us behind the wheel down here than there were out in space. Motor vehicle registrations passed the 100 million mark last year.

The total of 101,048,450 vehicles was an increase of 4,117,501 over 1967. The registration Total included 83.7 million automobiles, 17 million trucks and more than 350,000 buses.

OIL FACTS, July-August, 1969

FROM SAND TO SLOPES

...with fringe benefits



Bill, Elaine and Stephen Morrall at San Francisco Peaks Snowbowl

The Morralls are alive and doing stem christies on the slopes of the San Francisco peaks. We arrived in Arizona just in time to team up with Dave Ozment for a very successful elk and deer hunt in Colorado. We were then smashed by the record 8 ft. snowfall in Flagstaff, so what was there to do? We took lessons and we all learned to ski. The slopes are only 14 miles from our home.

Yes, we did complete our home, a very nice one in the pines on the outskirts of Flagstaff at the Canyon Country Club. Bill designed the home, was his own general contractor and electrician, while Elaine did a great pitch-in job of insulating and painting. We estimate that we saved about \$15,000.00 in construction costs. After living in the home since Thanksgiving of 1968, we are more than happy with it.

Living in the pines of Northern Arizona, we enjoy the good climate, skiing, fishing, hunting, golfing and business.

Elaine is now working in the ceramic workshop and displays her wares in the local Art Barn. Bill is busy, particularly within the State of Arizona. He is a member of the Governor's Commission on Arizona Beauty, Phreatophyte Committee of the Arizona Wildlife Federation, Watchdog on legislation regarding Anti-Gun Legislation for the Coconino Sportsmen, has teamed with his wife Elaine on photo-journalism with two stories accepted for publication in the Winter Quarterly of

"Western Gateways" magazine: "The Ghost of Coal Canyon" and "Pictorial Navajo Rugs" Bill is also the newly appointed Public Relations Manager of "Western Gateways" magazine, a quarterly representing Arizona, Utah, Colorado and New Mexico. Its format is designed to aid the traveler in this four-state area. The magazine has a distribution in 49 of the states and 8 overseas countries.

On December 13th, the Morralls will be off to Mazatlan, Mexico for a winter deep-sea fishing expedition with the staff of "Western Gateways". In the meantime, Bill and son, Stephen, who is now 12 years old, were invited on an expense paid Sandhill Crane hunt at Roswell, New Mexico by the Chamber of Commerce and the State Game & Fish Dept. Sandhill Cranes? Had to look them up in the reference books. It was a very successful hunt, with our little Arizona contingent, Bill and Stephen, Jack Roof, Editor of "Western Gateways" magazine, and the Game & Fish

Another To Arizona

You can almost sense the relief seeping out from between the lines of Bill McMillin's September letter, with its Arizona postmark, after they had left California....

Dear Virginia:

Thank you for all the Aramco publications. Now that we have bought a permanent place in Tucson, you will have to change our address again. I hope this will be the last time, as we are sick of moving, having done so five times in the past year.

We have bought a nice three bedroom home on the North side of Tucson (670 W. Los Altos Road) near Matt and Esther Bunyan and Fred and Adele Schaus. We have seen them several times, while we were shopping for a house, as well as the Taylors, Furmans and Lanzones. With the Larsons and others here we will be able to start an Aramco Alumni Club, and maybe even have an annuitants get-together for the West here some time.

We visited many Aramcons (ex) on the trip out to California and have seen many since we have been here. We are looking forward to seeing many more after we get settled in our new place.

guide — bagging 8 of the 17 birds needed to provide a Sandhill Crane banquet for 47 V.I.P. guests to the hunt. Among other dignitaries was General LeMay, retired A. F. General of the Strategic Air Command.

Outdoor writing has its advantages, as now Bill has an invitation to go on an expense paid bear hunt on the Apache Reservation in Arizona. Our address is till Rt. 1, Box 774-E, Flagstaff, Arizona 86001. We would like to hear from you!

Sincerely,
The Morralls

IT LOOKS GOOD

Les Biggins sent us this just before making a big change.

Dear Virginia:

Here's a bit of news. I've been living here in a suburb of Los Angeles since arrival in January, and haven't liked it — too crowded, too much traffic, too noisy (I'm right near the airport), just too much of everything except the things I want. So early in June I went up to Carmel Valley to visit Ernie and Peg Etherton for a few days, then took care of their home while they vacationed up into Oregon, Washington and Canada — about five weeks in all. They have a beautiful place, and Carmel Valley itself is beautiful, wonderful weather, nice people, very enticing as a retirement location.

So, I wound up renting a furnished house for the winter, starting about September 15. I'll leave here this coming weekend and, with my 84-year old Mother, am going to drive up to Anchorage, Alaska to visit a sister and see that part of the world, which I haven't had an opportunity to do before. Will come back by boat, down the west coast and through the inner passage to Seattle, then drive down to Carmel Valley. Whether or not I'll make it a permanent location I don't really know yet; but it has a lot to recommend it.

Keep up the good work — Al-Ayyam Al-Jamila is just fine — and I'm sure everyone enjoys getting it as much as I do.



First National Bank of Chicago ordered 3,000 custom-made desks to go into its brand-new, 60-story skyscraper in the Windy City's Loop. Each desk had a pair of keys taped to the top. Some tidy soul, probably in the interest of keeping them from getting lost, collected all 6,000 into a handy box. Now, a corps of "key" executives is frantically trying to match things up again.

These paragraphs from a letter to a member of the New York Office were written by Ralph Wells in October. Reading them now, on a wintery day,

We're Envious

Life as an annuitant has some compensations. I am no longer ruled by the clock and the blessings (?) of commuting are denied me — with gratitude. During the summer months the lawn and garden demand a certain amount of attention. This past summer we had some home-grown vegetables and a variety of flowers serving as color around the place and house flowers. Now that the fall weather replaces the more pleasant summer sunshine, I may become overly restless for want of something constructive to do. You probably are not a little envious and can add that I might just write a few more letters, sensible or otherwise.

Marianne is pretty grown up and is now a freshman student at the University of Oregon, Eugene. She is living in a dormitory and while the adjustment is not entirely to her liking, we have not received any valid complaints. Her roommate is a nice girl from Portland and according to Marianne, their sharing has produced no friction. The dormitory is on campus

attractively grouped with other dorms and has spacious lawns.

Last Saturday was delightfully cool and clear, with not a cloud to be seen. Peg and I had planned a trip to the coast and decided this was the day. We drove through farm and timber country to Waldport, a coastal town about 65 miles westward and then along the coast for another 35 miles to Florence where we had lunch. The Pacific was calm and gentle waves topped by white foam rolled in endless waves to the irregular coast line. We returned via Eugene by a charming, meandering highway over the coastal range. After a stop to see the kids, we continued on to Corvallis on Interstate 5, a beautiful highway almost free from traffic. Picturesque country, clear air and freedom on the pavement made the day a most pleasant one.

Must see the Mets on TV now. My very best to you and the other wonderful people, the former 505'ers.



Round-about. This important documentary was sent to Dick Bastien with the notation, "Charlie Johnson, retired Aramcon, at work in South Carolina. Don't you believe it, Dick." Well... which do we believe — Charlie's admonition or the picture? Dick passed the snapshot to us in the interest of public relations and good reporting.



HERE AND THERE



From the distaff side of the Garland Roberts establishment: Dear Virginia — We so enjoy receiving your publications and want them to keep coming in. Garland is retired, as you know, but we're keeping busy and always welcome news concerning our Aramco friends. And, only wish that more would come through Fort Worth and pay us a visit... Garland transferred to Esso Standard Libya, Inc. his last years before retirement, so we try to keep up with both our Aramco and Esso friends, and we are thoroughly enjoying it... Thanks again for keeping us on your mailing list.



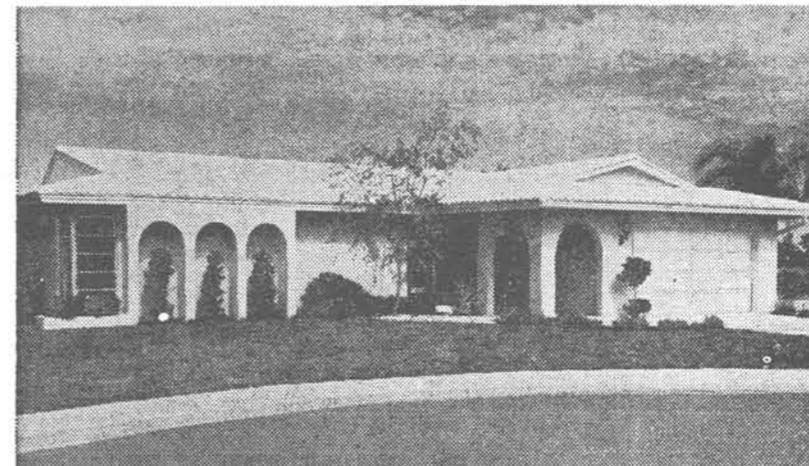
Together with the September promise of a "letter later", Don Richards sent us an announcement of his new association with the Real Estate firm of Clarence A. Brechlin. 'Looks like a family affair.



Charlie Gonzalez reported in August that he was retiring for the second time — now from the State of New York where he'd been working with the Department of Mental Hygiene at Letchworth Village.



The fact that pioneer Charlie A. Lilly just missed having enough Aramco-Social service to become a bona fide annuitant hasn't altered his ties with the Aramco family. They like to receive the Company publications and we hear from him occasionally. When he last visited Arabia in 1966, not many of his old friends were there, but the much-changed area still brought back memories of the "miserable summers of '36 to '51, and the days of the lonely Customs Barasti in Al Khobar that everyone had to enter on their hands and knees for lack of door height." In Venezuela they had "enjoyed the company of Swede and Dorothy Nelson, until his transfer, and the Allan Smiths, until departure for retirement to their Florida farm." They did the U. S. West Coast the summer of '68, and it's easy to trace their



Here's a picture from Jim and Marj Williamson which was accompanied by the notation, "We just love our new home, located between Duneden and Tarpon Springs. Do hope our Aramco friends will come and see us if they are visiting Florida." They are on Indian Bluff Island, Palm Harbor.

itinerary by following their enjoyable visits with the Dick Hattrups and Ivan Wilsons on Orcas Island (Washington), his "ever-vivacious prospector friends the Floyd Meekers at Klamath Falls" (Oregon). A. B. and Tillie Jones and Marie Ross at Paradise (California) where they "one day hope to join many of the retirees." Continuing to the Bay Area and down the coast, they made many other stops which included pleasant visits with Dick and Phyllis Kerr, Don and Edna Brown, the Clem Gibbs, Carl and Pat Washburn, Chuck and Muriel Davis, Do and Mary Dodini, Big Skinny and Kay Daniel. They ran short of time before they had seen everyone, so decided to look them up the next trip and headed back to Maracaibo.



An early August note from Warren Hodges brought: Greetings from Rancho Bernardo — we are moved in and think we are established.

See you all have "moved". It doesn't seem right somehow to not think of Aramco as 505! Hope you like your new location.

Made a short visit to Palm Springs to see Don Richards. Temperature was in the 100's — just like Dhahran!!! This area (San Diego) is great and can be recommended to anyone.

I have been deep in cabinet work for our new den and thoroughly enjoying this new life. We go to Tahoe next month for six or eight weeks and will meet with Barney Robertson, et al, re the 1970 annuitants reunion, making plans, etc. Hope you will be there.



The Phil Harleys went to their place in Toms River, New Jersey when they returned to the States. From there Phil commuted to his classes at New York University in order to complete the final requirements for his Masters. Teaching had been on his mind for quite some time, but when the Atomic Energy Commission made interesting overtures, Phil decided to forego the teaching, at least for the time being. He called us in late

October to bid us adieu and report that they were heading for Las Vegas, Nevada, spending a weekend enroute with their son in Kansas and visiting Aramco friends along the way.



Harry Blackburn added this to a letter dated October 15, just after you know what. . . .

Incidentally we did get shaken up a bit in Santa Rosa — first experience at being in an earthquake — can't say we relish the thought of possibly having more in the future. No damage to our property but plenty all around us. Fourteen major business properties within the city downtown area are considered condemned and have been designated to be torn down. A number of homes were shaken off foundations. People were certainly scared.



There have been many notes expressing appreciation for the new Aramco Handbooks which went out in the first general mailing to Annuitants. Helen Beam added, "Relatives and friends alike have been fascinated by this beautiful enlightening volume — and not only that, the red cover of this issue fits into the living room decor so well that the only place in the house it belongs is right there instead of hidden on a bookshelf. Again many thanks for remembering your retirees so generously."



Following advice of a Post Office inflicted change of address for the Peter Russos from Commack to Dix Hills, New York, Marie added: "Heaven forbid we move again. The memory of unpacking 106 crates is still very much with me, plus all the other chores that go with getting settled in a new home. We are happy with the house and the neighborhood so here we intend to stay, Lord willing, for a long time."

KIT FOR EDUCATORS

(A Press Release)

A new educational tool was recently made available to teachers throughout the U.S. by the Arabian American Oil Company.

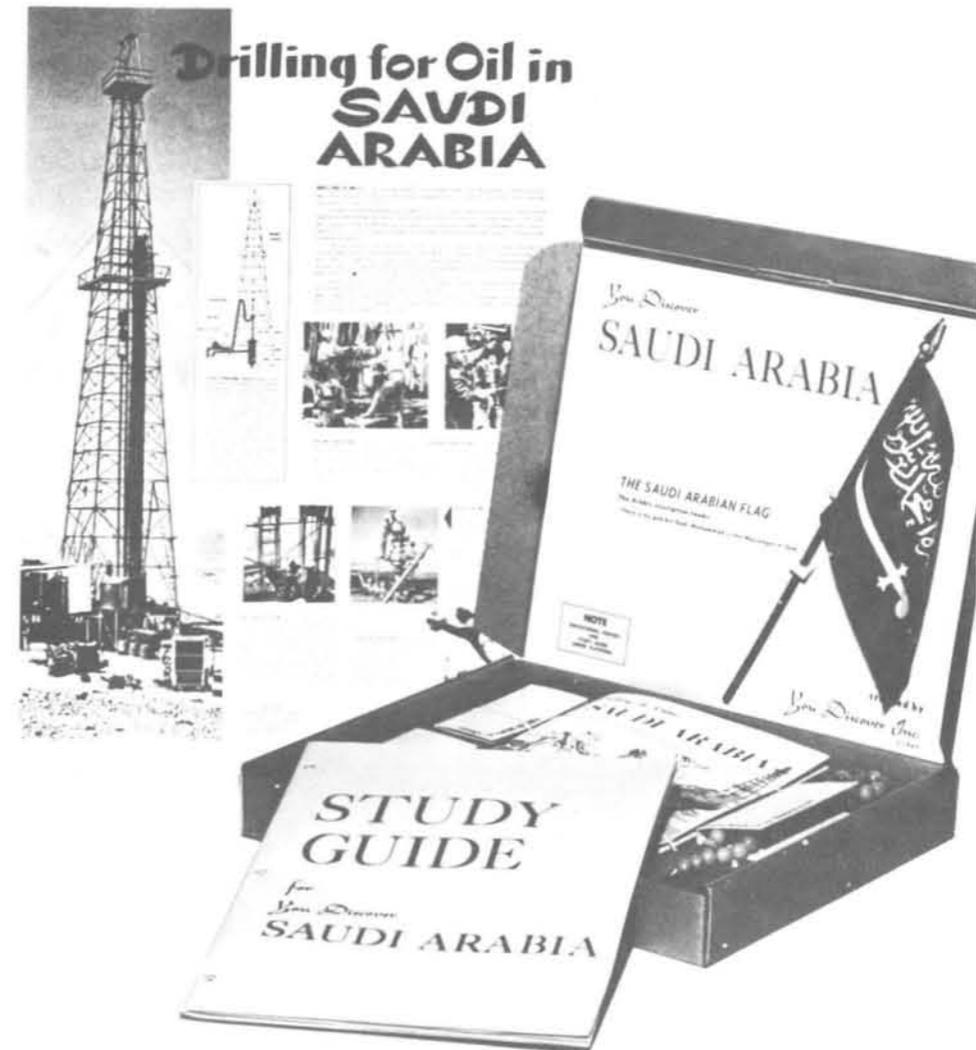
The multi-media "You Discover Saudi Arabia Kit" is designed to allow teachers to introduce into the classroom by sight and touch, as well as the printed word, many facets of Aramco's operations in Saudi Arabia and some of the economic-sociological aspects of life in that country.

Created by You Discover Inc. of New York, the kit includes a 64-page illustrated Coward-McCann published paper-bound book titled *Getting To Know Saudi Arabia*, coins, stamps and the flag of Saudi Arabia, worry beads of the

Middle East, 24 Aramco educational posters (17" x 22") and a teacher-prepared Study Guide. The kit is attractively boxed and can be stored easily.

Aramco's limited supply will be sent to teachers upon receipt of requests submitted on their schools' letterheads and addressed to the Public Relations Department, Arabian American Oil Company, 1345 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N. Y. 10019.

The kits may also be purchased from You Discover Inc., 663 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y., 10022, at \$4.95 each, plus 65¢ each for handling and mailing. (New York residents add applicable sales tax.)



IMPORTANT

Please direct all address changes to the attention of
Aramco's Personnel and Administrative Services Department
and include the code which appears above your name on the
mailing label of the Aramco publications.



In Memoriam

It is with sadness that we record the passing of these old friends, and to their families we offer deepest sympathy:

Etta O. Bachlor (Mrs. R. A.) - August 17, 1969 - Fallbrook, California
Benjamin Davies - September 25, 1969 - San Luis Obispo, California
Charles Foell - October 18, 1969 - Laguna Hills, California
Nettie L. Hoffman (Mrs. E. A.) - August 3, 1969 - El Paso, Texas
Ellis L. Locket - October 1, 1969 - Crowder, Oklahoma
Marcy L. Luckenbaugh - September 20, 1969 - Danville, California
Roy F. Preston - October 16, 1969 - Grand Prairie, Texas
James C. Stirton - August 22, 1969 - Amsterdam, The Netherlands
Doc R. Teague - September 23, 1969 - Hemet, California



Mail Call!



Please use the following list in conjunction with the new Fall 1969
Annuitants Address List. All of these changes and additions have been
received since the list was printed.

ARAMCO - AOC

Maurice L. Bandy	12208 Lomica Drive, Rancho Bernardo, San Diego, California 92128
Earl Beckwith	General Delivery, Kihei, Maui, Hawaii 96753
John P. Benjamin	2293 Birch Lane, Eugene, Oregon 97403
Gertrude W. Bostick (formerly McAllister)	Route No. 1, Casa, Arkansas 72125
Roger S. Bumpers	c/o J. Whelan, 2558 Waverly, East St. Louis, Illinois 62204
Robert E. Clausen	1100 W. Huntington Drive, Arcadia, California 91006
Jack Coleman	1209 Durant Street, Modesto, California 95350
Charles M. DiGiacomo	c/o L. G. Wilson, 204 Vista Verde Way, Bakersfield, California 93309
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Harry C. Egy	P. O. Box 526, Route 1, Longwood, Florida 32750
George W. Ehrhart	310 W. Stevens Avenue, Santa Ana, California 92707
Jay F. Graham	305 Borman Avenue, Bakersfield, California 93308
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Arthur Cheney Hill	37 West 10th Street, New York, New York 10011
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Steven J. Kauzlarich	Box 94, South Cle Elum, Washington 98943
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Vol H. Williams	15 Luau Lane, Key Allegro Isle, Rockport, Texas 78382
Lloyd G. Wilson	204 Vista Verde, Bakersfield, California 93309

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W. E. Locher P. O. Box 176, Carrboro, North Carolina 27510

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Mrs. J. A. Hess	2801 North 43rd Avenue, Phoenix, Arizona 85009
Mrs. Alexander R. Luwe	c/o Mrs. Helen Wallace, 939 Monroe Avenue, Elizabeth, New Jersey 07201
Mrs. Everett K. Payne	448 Mark Place, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Mrs. Roy F. Preston	Box 194, Grand Prairie, Texas 75050



Merry Christmas

Happy New Year



AL-AYYAM AL-JAMILA

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