

Al-Ayyam Al-Jamila

"These Pleasant Days"

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

NEW YORK, N. Y.

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I know that those of you who helped to lay the foundation for today's operations will join me and all employees in a feeling of accomplishment as the book closes on 1970. Much of significance has occurred. Oil production rose by more than twenty percent to about 3.5 million barrels daily. The refinery operated at well over half-a-million barrels a day. And 1970 marked the year that a billion barrels of crude oil and products were shipped from the Ras Tanura piers. We are preparing for another year of heavy activity, reminiscent of the era when so many of you were personally involved in building Aramco to become one of the world's major oil producers.

As you gather during this season with your families and friends, accept our best wishes for a joyful Christmas and a Happy New Year - and accept, too, our appreciation for the past service that made our present achievements possible.

Leita F. Viles

President





Harlan Cleaver

HARLAN CLEAVER and his wife Beverly, with sons Brent and Kurt and daughter Joy, left Dhahran in time for a short trip in Europe, including the Passion Play at Oberammergau, and arrive in the U. S. for the wedding of their eldest son Harlan Glenn. After that, they planned to check out the West Coast from Southern California to Oregon for a spot to settle. While looking for that spot they may be reached c/o 9052 East Bigby, Downey, California 90241. Harlan was born in Newark, Delaware, educated in Philadelphia and attended Temple University. He spent ten years with Atlantic Refining Company, three with Aluminum Company of America, a year with Aramco, then was in business for himself from 1946 to 1952. He rejoined Aramco as an orderman in mid-1952, became supervisor of Materials Investment Control of Materials Supply in Ras Tanura. He returned to Dhahran in 1968 and at time of retirement was supervisor of Materials Investment Control Unit I. Harlan and Beverly were both members of the Art Group, Canterbury Group, local fraternal organizations and enjoyed golf. Harlan is also fond of gardening and enjoys the distinction of being one of the few Aramcons who have successfully raised orchids.

The GEORGE BATEMANS won't have much of an address until the first of the year, but then they can be reached at P. O. Box 1342, Sedona, Arizona, about thirty miles from Flagstaff and where they will be building a new home. George and Ann (a former Aramco secretary until her marriage in 1960) left Dhahran in October with plans for several European stopovers, to spend Thanksgiving with Aramco friends in Florida, and the Christmas holidays with their respective families in Texas and Oklahoma. George completed almost twenty years with Aramco, retiring as relief supervisor in Materials Supply, the department in which he had seen all of his service. He is a native of Oklahoma, served an apprenticeship with the Iron Workers Association, worked for contractors prior to spending 3½ years with the U. S. Air Force during World War II. He first went to Saudi Arabia with Fluor Middle East in 1948, returning when he joined Aramco in 1951. During their years in Dhahran George and Ann admit to being sometime potpickers and all-time gardeners, he having been chairman of the Dhahran Garden Group for the last two years. Only after their new home is finished and the garden in will George start thinking about some other type of work.



George and Ann Bateman



Raymond V. Beeler

RAYMOND V. BEELER was relief supervisor in Materials Supply at the time he left the Middle East early in July. Ray, who had spent his entire nineteen years of Aramco service in Dhahran, is a stock market enthusiast and devoted much of his spare time to market research work. Before joining Aramco, he was a senior merchandiser for several years with Montgomery Ward and Company. That was followed by two years as mail order manager for a large Middle West jewelry firm. He served in the U. S. Army for approximately five years and was recipient of the Legion of Merit Medal. Ray planned a leisurely trip through Europe before reaching home in Kansas City, Missouri, where he may be contacted c/o Miss Margaret Beeler at 6027 East 11th Street. He had no definite plans for the future but was looking forward to again becoming a U. S. resident.



"Las Palmas"

AJIJIC - JALISCO - MEXICO

Calling All Hams

Those words have a familiar ring – like maybe we used the heading once before. But this time we really mean it. We are looking for all of them!.... (except would-be actors, that is.)

We were asked recently (at the Tahoe Reunion) if we knew who among the annuitants and former Aramcons were Ham radio operators. (Charlie Beck, Grants Pass, Oregon was the one name we could think of at the moment, which didn't make for much of a list.) It seems that some of the Hams would like to "get together" with the rest of the Hams, AOC and Tapline included of course. There should be a few scattered about.

So, if you are a Ham radio operator, or know of a former employee who has the hobby, please let us know – we will publish names and identification numbers for benefit of those interested.

How quickly the months fly by and the Holiday Season will soon be here!

We wish 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,
Maureen
Anna MacFarlane



Robert W. Bryce

After eighteen years of electrical work which took him into all of Aramco's operating areas, ROBERT W. BRYCE headed directly by air for California and home at 5315 Alessandro Street in Temple City. Bob was born in Chicago, became a Californian in his teens, attending Alhambra High School and Pasadena Junior College. Never out of his chosen field, he was an electrical contractor on new construction in the Los Angeles area prior to joining Aramco in 1952. He acquired veteran status there as relay technician during his years with the Electrical Shop, Maintenance and Services Division, Maintenance Shops Department – most of the time based in Dhahran. Bob was already father of three (who have since made him a grandfather seven times) when, in 1954, he married Jo Anne, who brought her four children to the Middle East. Bill and Melinda are now married, Mike is in college, Ellen attends Temple City High School. Bob Bryce's interests have been varied, including active association with the local fraternal group, water-skiing and boating with the youngsters, Go-Karting. More recently he took up golf and at time of departure was looking forward to exchanging the Rolling Hills course for a game on real grass.



Back Home

Jim and Luci Stroud are back home after spending three months in Nicaragua. Jim served there as a volunteer with the International Executive Service Corps on behalf of Sovipe Ingerieros, S. A., construction contractors, involved in a project to assist in shop maintenance. By reunion time they were ready for another trip and we saw them at Lake Tahoe. Jim said he enjoyed the assignment very much and we gathered that he would be interested in taking another one. However, before his memories of this one begin to fade or he heads off in another direction, we wish he would send us a

story on their experiences in Nicaragua.

Individuals who have already had some overseas experience, of course, have an advantage in accepting these short-term, expense paid assignments through IESC. There are probably many others who might find it a pleasant and rewarding experience to share their managerial know-how with enterprises in developing areas, helping the free nations to help themselves achieve economic stability. As we understand it, all it costs is your time and effort in passing on what you know.

CATHERINE BRADLEY made up her mind a long time ago – somewhere during the five and one-half years she spent with the Army Nurse Corps in World War II – that she would one day return to Florida's west gulf coast and retire. And so it is to be – in an abode of her own a block from the beach in Englewood (where until she gets settled messages will reach her c/o Mrs. Marie Dykes, 1115 Shoreview Drive, Englewood). Catherine is a native of Newark, New Jersey, attended schools in that state, received her B.S. in Nursing from Seton Hall University, and found herself on the staff of the Veterans Hospital in East Orange, N. J. prior to joining Aramco late in 1956. After six months as staff nurse in the Abqaiq Clinic, she transferred to the Medical Training-Nurseaide Program in Dhahran, spent the years 1959-61 as staff nurse in the Dhahran Health Center, moved back to Abqaiq and the position from which she retired, senior general duty nurse in that district's Maternal and Child Health Clinic. She recalls with particular pleasure the training phases of her Aramco career – teaching, with the aid of interpreter, a nurseaide course to Saudis who spoke no English and later making a television program on infant care for the Health Education Unit of the Medical Department. The new Florida chapter of her life began with her mid-September departure for the



Catherine Bradley

Canary Islands where she planned to board a boat for Port Everglades, only one step away from the long-time dream come true.



Helen's Thanksgiving

Dear Virginia:

It's a perfectly beautiful day. There's just enough of a breeze to twirl the oak leaves, making them shimmer golden in the sunshine. Our silver plumed tree squirrels are busy "chawing" huge cones from the sugar pines, and we are just as busy grabbing them up for decorating. From their mump-jawed appearance, the squirrels are not going to go hungry when they hole up this winter.

We've had a couple of days when the heavens hosed off the dust from the trees and countryside. I grabbed those days to sit by a large window and catch up on a lot of letters. I do believe that watching the rain through the trees not only washes down the countryside but, for me, it seems to wash away old fuddy-duddy thoughts as well – sort of cleans out brain dust.

November is such a nice month. In our Faith, we start the month celebrating the Feast



Elmer W. Perkins

ELMER W. PERKINS worked for Aramco for two years before he began accumulating the twenty years of service behind him at time of his recent departure. After getting out of the U. S.

Air Force where he had served as a pilot, it seems he had no sooner signed on with International Bechtel as a senior accountant than he found himself on loan to Aramco. His actual transfer to Aramco's MS&T payroll came in 1950 and Abqaiq was his headquarters for the next fifteen years - senior accountant, inventory accountant, storekeeper, supervisor of Article Identification and Standardization, and supervisor, Inventory & Systems. He became senior systems analyst in Dhahran in 1965 and had been supervisor of Services in Materials Control and Planning since 1969. Elmer was born in St. Louis, attended school in Seattle and received his B.A. degree from the University of Washington. Seattle also was to be his destination, after a week in Europe and a cross-country drive with stops to see friends and relatives. It is where his married daughter lives and also where he may be contacted c/o Homer E. Bailey, 6005 Wellesley Way N.E. While in Saudi Arabia, Elmer filled most of his leisure hours with reading, activities of local fraternal groups and golf. He was a member of the Rolling Hills Country Club and he makes no bones about planning to get in a lot of golf from now on. He's been quoted as becoming one of Seattle's unemployed and taking up a position at the end of the job line. That spot ought to assure him the opportunity for golf and fishing that regular employment would be certain to interfere with.



of All Saints, then the second day is the Feast of All Souls, while later in the month we have a day to give thanks for all that we have had. For me, every day is a day of Thanksgiving for we are so very fortunate, and we do appreciate each day and what it brings. Barney and I are still enjoying life together. We like where we are living and what we do. We have wonderful children and children-by-law who seem to love us as much as we love them.

Barney has part time work as Staff Planner

for the Tuolumne County Comprehensive Health Planning, which gives him meetings to attend, reports to write, health plans to carry through and information to study.

I dip my fingers into a lot of pots of interesting brews. Soon I hope to drop the job at the lodge, tho I'll miss meeting nice people, to spend more time studying story writing for children. I have applied for a year's course, to start in December. Being home then, I can rest from one thing and pick up another. I have made

LEE CHANDLER and his wife MARGARET are both bona fide annuitants, he having recently completed twenty two years which included service with Creole Petroleum Company, Aramco Overseas Company, and Aramco domestic and overseas. The former Margaret Kelly, with nineteen years of continuous service behind her, retired in 1968 as secretary to the Assistant Comptroller, New York. She and Lee were married at that time and she joined him in Dhahran. They departed Saudi Arabia in September, temporarily settled Sheba, their Siamese, did some traveling for a few weeks, then headed for their island home known as "Coral Lodge", Jennings Land, Smith's Parish, Bermuda. Here, they will welcome friends who travel that way. Lee hails from Kansas, attended the University of Kansas and Oklahoma University, became a certified public accountant in Arkansas and later spent three years in the armed services. Lee's business career was entirely in the oil industry - sixteen years with Phillips Petroleum, starting in Bartlesville, Oklahoma, becoming their chief accountant in Caracas, Venezuela. While there, he joined Creole Petroleum in 1948 and at the time of his transfer to Aramco in 1951 was their chief auditor. He spent the next four years in New York as Aramco's head auditor, transferred to Dhahran via AOC The Hague, later served as Comptroller of AOC, returning to



Lee Chandler

Dhahran as general auditor, the post from which he retired. Off-hour pursuits during his years in Dhahran included stamp collecting, bowling, reading and golfing.



quite a few rosaries for orders and to put in a gift shop. Three meals a day are a must with Barney around, and the ironing gets to the place where it has to be done, or some of it anyway.

Our Sharon is a Social Worker in Los Angeles County and in the spring plans on another year of pre-med classes. Three of Barry's five boys are at Sparks, Nevada. The two older boys are on their own - one working and the other in college and working part time. We see Maureen's and Alan's families when we

go for check-ups with our doctor in Sunnyvale.

Plans are for Maureen's family and Sharon to be with us for Thanksgiving. Christmas? Remains to be seen. Sharon may be home, or Father and I may toast by the fire alone and talk to our children by phone.

In the meantime, may you have a wonderful Thanksgiving, and God Bless everyone.

Helen and Barney McKeegan



Johnnie B. Rusher

JOHNNIE B. RUSHER's twenty-two years with Aramco were spent in various posts in the Industrial and the Government Relations organizations. At time of departure the middle of July, she was a secretary in the latter department. Her immediate plans included extensive travel through the countries of the Middle East, Asia, Africa and Europe. Then, with those visits behind her — the inveterate traveler she is — she has put the U. S. and other foreign points high on her future itinerary. Johnnie was born in Sevier, Tennessee and is using that as a contact address with A. H. Manis, Route 9, collecting all mail and messages until the location of a future home has been decided. Johnnie received her bachelors degree in business administration from the University of Tennessee in Knoxville and did graduate work at Columbia University. She spent four years teaching at both the elementary and high school level in Tennessee, and before joining Aramco worked in the newspaper and advertising field.

JAMES W. MERRITT, an Aramco pilot since April 1955, departed for retirement the end of June. Born in Denver, Jim studied at the University of Southern California and in 1940 began his career in aviation as an instructor with the Royal Canadian Air Force, holding the rank of Flying Officer. In 1942 he joined the United States Marine Corps, holding the rank of Lieutenant Colonel at the time he left the military to join Aramco. Jim's hobbies are (not surprisingly) travel and astronomy, and he maintained membership in the Dhahran Outing Group during his years in Saudi Arabia. He planned to cover several Asian and African countries en route to the States, but beyond that, future plans were not announced. In the meantime, his contact address is c/o Arthur Manis, Route 8, Sevierville, Tennessee.



James W. Merritt



Attention: Dhahran

Dear Virginia:

I don't seem to stop long enough in one place to really write a proper letter to you for your very fine publication.

Abu Dhabi now has a nice new airport terminal and thank goodness they tore the old buildings down.

Can you please send me some back issues of the publications. *(We did.)* My mail is like me — in various countries. I got one piece the other day that was eight months enroute. Right now we don't know whether or not we lost any mail in those planes that were hi-jacked. There were quite a few people on those planes from both Dubai and Bahrain that are friends of our group.

There is a bit of cholera around here. The

other night I flew to Bahrain and they would not let me out of the airport. I just waited 13 hours, all night, and took the next plane back to Dubai. Airport lounge seats are not too good to sleep in!

We still meet a lot of Aramcoites. And we enjoy Dhahran's radio and TV. In fact Dhahran's radio record program is wonderful and people of all nationalities truly enjoy that fine music. Please tell them thanks for us.

That's all for now, I've got to catch a boat.

Sincerely,

C. G. "Bill" Bailey

(Note: Bill is still in Riqa, Dubai, Arabian Gulf with Venezuela Oil Field Supply Center.)

Perfectly Natural

Sorry, but we just didn't receive Frank's new address. As for the other notification. . . .

Dear Virginia,

I don't remember whether or not I notified you of my marriage on September 9, 1969, as around that time I was not responsible for all that I did.

My wife, Irene, and I sold our home in Pearce, Arizona, in May and moved to Tucson. We both love Southern Arizona and keep quite busy most of the time. If we don't have anything else to do, we go into the mountains rock hunting. Occasionally, we find some very fine specimens but many times we just enjoy the mountains and the out-of-doors. I cut and polish

gem stones and make Bola ties, pendants, etc.

I keep busy with the Shrine. Sabbar Shrine in Tucson is very active. I have joined the Oriental Band and feel quite at home in the dress. Although it is not the Arab dress as we know it, our parades are colorful.

I did notify you when we moved to Tucson but somehow the address published was the old one.

We will be glad to hear from any of my friends coming through Tucson, 235 South Alandale Place.

Best regards,

Francis (Frank) A. Howell



Dr. Robert L. Peffly

Dr. ROBERT L. PEFFLY had supervised the Entomology Unit of Aramco's Medical Department for sixteen years at the time he and his wife Christel left Dhahran, planning stops in Turkey and Germany before reaching their new

home in Longwood, Florida (Route 1, Box 403) with their miniature dachshund, Sally. Bob received his early education in Michigan and Ohio, did undergraduate work at Capital University in Columbus, taught high school for three years, then received his M.Sc. and Ph.D. degrees at Ohio State University. With the exception of one year, his entire career has been spent in the study and control of insects of medical importance. During World War II he was on a malaria and yellow fever mosquito project at the Ohio State University Research Foundation. He studied insects affecting man and animals in Orlando, Florida as part of the U. S. Department of Agriculture's Research Service. He spent six years with the U. S. Naval Medical Research Unit #3 in Cairo, Egypt, working on the biology of the Egyptian house fly, before joining Aramco in 1954. While with Aramco he contributed to the knowledge of the local Anopheles mosquito fauna and participated in several seminars on vector control and insecticide resistance sponsored by the World Health Organization. He is a member of several scientific and professional societies. He and Chris were married in 1938 while she was a teaching assistant in oral surgery at Ohio State college of Dentistry. She also brought her knowledge of dental X-ray to Aramco's Dhahran Health Center. Chris was a member of the Womens Group, Bob was active in the Rolling Hills Country Club, the Arabian Kennel Club and the Natural History Association.

"EVOLUTION"

The Monkey's Viewpoint

Three monkeys sat in a cocoanut tree
Discussing things as they're said to be.
Said one to the others, "Now listen you two,
There's a certain rumor that can't be true.
That man descended from our noble race --
The very idea! It's a dire disgrace.
No monkey ever deserted his wife,
Starved her baby and ruined her life.
And you've never known a mother monk
To leave her baby with others to bunk,
Or pass them on from one to another
'Til they hardly know who is their mother.
And another thing! You will never see

A monk build a fence 'round a cocoanut tree
And let the cocoanuts go to waste
Forbidding all other monks a taste.
Why if I put a fence around this tree
Starvation would force you to steal from me.
Here's another thing a monk won't do,
Go out at night and get on a stew
Or use a gun or club or knife
To take some other monkey's life.
Yes! man descended, the omery cuss,
But brother he didn't descend from us."

- Contributed by Casper T. Gee,
Author Unknown



Raymond G. Lovell

It's not often that both members of a newly wed couple start off on a honeymoon trip and at the same time begin their retirement. RAYMOND G. LOVELL and FRANCES McNALLY were married September 23 in the Church of the Sacred Heart on Bahrain Island with many of their friends present. A reception was held in Dhahran two days later. Shortly thereafter they began a trip which would take them to South Africa, then to Europe by boat, and on to the U. S. for the new car and cross-country drive to the West Coast, reaching their chosen loca-



Frances M. Lovell

tion, Las Vegas, Nevada, by early January. In the meantime Ray's daughter Barbara is collecting mail and messages for them at 1184 Laurel, Apt. 5, San Carlos, California 94070. Barbara's brother Raymond Robert is with the U. S. Army in Vietnam. Bride Fran, who had spent seventeen years with Aramco, retired from the position of secretary to the Manager of Public Relations. Groom Ray, who had spent the last twelve years with the Company's utilities operations, retired as craft supervisor in charge of the line crew in Northern Area Producing.



"I don't mind men who kiss and tell," the girl said. "At my age I need all the advertising I can get."

* * * * *

"It's good to have money and the things that money can buy, but it's good, too, to check up once in awhile and make sure you haven't lost the things that money can't buy." - George Horace Lorimer

The law of averages, differences in character and personality, or something we can't think of, might keep it from being absolute, but to date it looks from here like 99 44/100% of the folks who populate Rancho Bernardo are a happy, proud and loyal lot. Ed and Maryann Gelinas are equally enthusiastic and Ed sent the following, along with a release called "RB Brandings" from their own Rancho Bernardo Club. Unfortunately, we can't share it, except to say that it is a beautifully prepared and reproduced publication and we enjoyed getting a better feel of just what it is all about.

LES RANCH

Most of us tend to send things or brag about things we consider top flight; not only is this release in top form as is the Aramco World, the whole community (planned) of Les Ranch is first class.

We are most happy with our choice of location for our retirement home. We say this for several reasons. It's a multiple choice arrangement, i.e., one area is set up for new families with small children; another is a sort of intermediate group; and Seven Oaks, where we located, is for families with college level kids. All have club houses with all the sports for the age group, and of course pools. Intermingled in this multiple area are a series of condominiums (called villas) for singles or marrieds. From this brief description you get a picture of a well-planned community. Present population is approximately 8,000; we understand this will eventually grow to from thirty to fifty thousand.

We are less than a half-hour from San Diego down town; fifteen to twenty minutes from a terrific shopping area called Fashion Valley or Mission Valley, depending which side of Highway 395 you are on. The Sports Arena and the Stadium are all in this immediate area. Beaches, Sea World Park, fishing, you name it — they are all within the half hour drive limit. We are actually out in the country, but with today's

roads we're really close-in. On the hill across the street from us Black Angus cattle roam and moan, and at night the coyotes howl up a storm. Man, we are enjoying the best of two worlds and, for the moment, relatively SMOG FREE! 'Forgot the two golf courses and a third one being seeded (executive 3 par hole course).

As noted in the RB Brandings, a new Mercado is being constructed. This is now in the third stage of completion, with opening date scheduled for the week of Thanksgiving. The Mercado is a series of cloistered buildings with cathedral ceilings, Spanish design effect with Spanish tiled roofs — very attractive. They will house individual small shops about the size of the suq shops in al-Khobar or Dammam. Each shop will accommodate an artist and his collection — examples being leather work, ceramics, painting, and each artist will do some of the work there in the shop. One of the shops will be assigned to the Zuni Indians, who will sell those beautiful handmade creations. It will be fun to see them making them before making a purchase. Some folks claim their's is a dying art, as the young bucks won't take the time to apprentice.

Maryann has finally straightened out this rancho. We insulated and paneled the garage. Sandra has been with us this summer — she was fortunate in nailing down a job in the lab of a small local concern. Judy graduated from Loyola University, promptly married, and is settled down in Chicago.

We are looking forward to our first Reunion party at Lake Tahoe. What a lie-swapping contest that will turn out to be.... We join all the others in thanking Aramco for the different publications we receive periodically.

Sincerely,

Maryann and Ed Gelinas



The difference between a high spirited child and a juvenile delinquent is whether he is my kid or yours.

Bill Otto

OTTO FOR PRESIDENT

Dear Virginia:

There is so much to cover it is difficult to know where to begin.

The enclosed article on my bowling activities will give you some idea of one area. The golf hasn't been quite so active.

Perhaps the recent journey North will be of more interest.

Having spent several days with my youngest son and his family (they made me a grandfather for the third time last year, and since my return to Boca Raton I learn I can expect another grandchild next Spring). I journeyed South to the North Carolina mountain area and a visit with the Jim Owens at Boone. Jim has put his engineering talents to work for the Appalachia College in Boone — and the family are very active in local affairs. They've built a lovely home looking out over the valley at the Blue Ridge mountains — a truly restful scene.

I continued South to Asheville and a visit with the Bill Coopers in their lovely domicile, where we enjoyed a few Scotches and conversation about old times. I had to be in Asheville on business only one day, so the next morning I took off for a planned stop at Lake Toxaway, another beautiful spot along the Continental Divide. Circumstances dictated a very short stay, so the next call was to Calhoun Falls and a most rewarding visit with the Charlie Johnsons.

Have you ever hunted for lost steer in chigger-infested fields or thru underbrush-laden woods? Well, after we unpacked the car and settled that I was to stay over for a few days, on to a tour of the property. Charlie and Pete have carved a bit of heaven for themselves in what I soon found to be a lush part of South Carolina, perfect for raising the Charolais



breed of cattle roaming their ranch. A lovely home overlooks the whole, and in a secluded spot a guest house for the overflow of welcome visitors. But back to the cattle punching. It appears some newly bought animals didn't have the same view as I that the ranch was a nice place to stay. So thinking, they found (or made) a break in the fence and took off. We finally found them after three days of tramping thru areas where it wasn't possible to use horses, and, being time for me to take off, we left the corralling to Charlie and the hired help.

Before I leave the Johnson's a word about their children. Mike is a real ranch hand and I'd like to find two that could do the same amount of work. Off to college this year, he has been an outstanding student to date, and if two parents have any right to be proud, Charlie and Peter certainly do. A younger daughter appears well along the same route. I felt privileged when some help with homework was graciously accepted (and received approval from the teacher!).

Back to Boca and a gathering of the wits workwise, then over to St. Petersburg to run the Senior Men's State Bowling tournament and take part with Larry Goodman as my partner. Larry and Ann are both doing fine, and we always exchange visits when travelling coast-to-coast.

As President of the State Association I shall



Alfred Bertocci

ALFRED P. BERTOCCI had twenty years of service behind him, the first four in Bakersfield with Standard Oil Company of California, when he and Mary left Saudi Arabia the end of July. Bakersfield, California will again be home for them, eventually, and for the present their contact address is there at 2304 Sandpiper Road. In the meantime Al and Mary's plans called for a five-week tour of Europe by car, a boat trip from Naples to New York aboard the Raffaello, visits with friends on the East Coast, a leisurely trek across country and a two-month camper trip seeking choice hunting and fishing spots in the Pacific Northwest. Al grew up in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, received his bachelors degree in mechanical engineering at Tri-State college in Indiana. He was discharged with the rank of Captain after three years with the U. S. Air Force during World War II and worked with Pacific Gas and Electric Company in Bakersfield until joining Socal in 1950. He went to Saudi Arabia for Aramco in 1954 and spent all but his last assignment in Dhahran. He retired as supervising craftsman, instruments, North Refinery Maintenance in Ras Tanura. While in the Middle East, Al and Mary both were avid bowlers, and Mary was very active in the Fellowship Group.



Otto (continued)

be travelling around the countryside, and hopefully will be able to run down some more Aramcons for at least a short visit. Having the annuitants address list handy makes it easy to plan a short variation in any trip across the State making a call possible. So, if you can't get by Boca to pay a call, don't be surprised if your phone should ring and I'm in town.

Fi aman allah -

Bill Otto

This was the article he mentioned:

William Hyde Otto, of Boca Raton, a Director of the Palm Beach County Bowling Association,

has been elected President of the Florida ABC Senior Bowling Association at their annual meeting held in St. Petersburg on Monday.

The Second Annual ABC Seniors Tournament is now in progress at St. Petersburg, and will come to the University Bowl in Boca Raton in 1971.

All members of the American Bowling Congress who are 55 years of age or over are automatically eligible to participate in the ABC Seniors events. All events are sanctioned, and scores are eligible for all special ABC awards.

Florida is tenth in the nation to charter a Seniors group under sanction of the American Bowling Congress.

He is a serious chess player (when he can find a partner), he likes to read, he follows the stock market with a high degree of thoroughness, and he likes to travel. Although the San Jose, California area is where he wants to settle, GEORGE F. OZENICH, Senior Specialist, Aviation Maintenance, Aviation Department, headed for Greece when he left Dhahran on November 1. George had joined Aramco in 1952 as an aircraft and engine mechanic after four years as an aircraft field service mechanic with Ling-Temco-Vought in Dallas. He had grown up and gone to school in Pennsylvania, attended the Academy of Aeronautics at LaGuardia Field in New York and served as an airplane mechanic crew chief with the U. S. Air Force during World War II. Getting back to the present - after Greece, he planned to sightsee by car along the Costa de Sol in Spain for a month, spend a couple more touring the U. S., and perhaps go camping in the Santa Cruz Mountains. With all this in mind George will be hard to find for a while, but in the meantime he should be contacted c/o Mrs. James Reid, 84-19 52nd Avenue, Elmhurst, New York.



George F. Ozenich



Dan Ingram

This summer saw completion of a full circle for DAN INGRAM when he, with his wife Margaret and daughter Renee, returned to his hometown of Lockport, Illinois, where they may be reached at 903 East 8th Street. It was there that he began his thirty years of service in the oil industry at The Texas Company's Lockport Works. He transferred to their Eagle Point Works in New Jersey following his four years with the U. S. Army during World War II. In 1956 Dan joined Aramco as an operator at the Lead Refomer in Ras Tanura. He moved on to supervising operator at the Poly Plant, Alkylation Plant, and Fluid Hydroformer. He had been North Refinery shift coordinator since 1965. Dan's hobbies during his years in the Middle East were golf, woodworking, and activities of the local fraternal organization. Margaret was interested in interior decorating, gardening, and projects associated with Fellowship Group membership.



Jimmie Fullerton

JIMMEE V. FULLERTON's departure from Dhahran in mid-October brought his service to twenty five and a half years. He was born in Hamilton, Montana, but had moved westward by the time he joined Aramco in the spring of 1945. Jimmie worked in the Safety Department from 1945 to 1947, spent the next eleven years in Methods and Organization, had been in Public Relations since 1958. He retired as Administrator, Public Relations Planning and Projects. Jimmie and his wife, Ivy, may be reached at 1215 Tunnel Road, Santa Barbara, California 93105. Son Dannee is with the U. S. Army 29th HQ Band on Okinawa. They have three grandsons.



A Hoosier Greeting

Dear Virginia:

Aramco World and the 1970 Fall Annuitants Annual Address List arrived in the same mail. Agnes and I were delighted to receive both.

A few Arabian friends have dropped by during the past year. Last Christmas Dick and Kitty Mount were here and went with us to Indiana State University where we enjoyed an Olde English dinner and the I.S.U. Madrigal singers.

Rod and Anna Engquist overnighted with us in January while on a vacation trip from Minnesota to New York and Washington, D.C.

In June, Harry and Leah Cleaver, from down Mexico way, visited with us while enroute to Baltimore where they visited their daughter Barbara and her husband.

Also in June, Jack and Gerry Conroy and children paid us a visit while on their vacation. From here they went to Chicago where they saw Clarence and Ruth Nelson.

Our daughter, Mary Alice, graduated last June from Bryn Mawr so we went east for that great event!

Our summer vacation was a great four weeks in Europe. Among the highlights was a visit with Martin and Ida van Vliet in their home at Rotterdam. Martin took time from his work to show us the sights. I can't spell the names of some of the Dutch foods we sampled, but can assure you they were all delicious. We thoroughly enjoyed the wonderful Passion Play at Oberammergau. From London, we toured the west coast to Edinburg and returned via the east coast.

We enjoy Indiana but Arabian friends hold a special place in our hearts. All in all 1970 has been a full year for the Lightles. Again we would like to remind our Arabian friends that the latch string is out in Indiana - please stop by.

Happy Holidays to all! Eid Mubarak.

Sincerely yours,

Paul and Agnes Lightle

Upon leaving Saudi Arabia at mid-year, VINCENT LABATE had spent all of his twenty years with Aramco in Abqaiq - his wife Gabrielle had been there for eighteen years. Vincent initially went to the Middle East as a Bechtel employee, joined Aramco in January 1950 as a welding inspector and retired as plant equipment inspector. Other prior employment included the Shell Refinery in Martinez, California, the Southern Pacific Railroad and the Mare Island Submarine Base at Vallejo. Vincent and Gabrielle are both fond of bowling and gardening, pursuits which they will no doubt follow at their new homesite in Yucca Valley, California, their address, 7374 Condalia Avenue. Vincent in particular planned on putting his good green thumb to productive use in greenhouse and garden between fishing forays. The Labates combined ship, the new Queen Elizabeth II for the Atlantic Crossing, with jet for the stateside leg of their trip home. They headed for Lake Tahoe to greet friends at the annuitants reunion in early October, then were planning on a southern trip, destination Florida.



Vincent Labate



Wedding Bells

It seems that a lot of congratulations and best wishes are in order these days. We don't hear about all of the "I do's", but there have been those such as Walt Raleigh, whose marriage to Tineke Gerharda Valk took place in Winter Haven, Florida on September 19. Les Biggins and Shirley Nolan were married in September; Dr. Ivor Morgan and Betty Manley on June 2; Eunice Ketcham and Albert J. Gagnon on October 20. Then there are Archie Byrd and Helen Andersen, and the Lovells, Ray and Fran who are mentioned elsewhere. Bruce Riggle probably has a pet name for his bride, Agnes Dorothy; and belatedly our best wishes go to Frank and Irene Howell.

HELP!

Will all of those who have any material, narrative or pictures, for use in the Tahoe reunion issue of AAAJ, please get it to the editor as soon as possible. Work will begin on the special issue right after the first of the year.

Can't Tell The Players Without A Scorecard. A personnel director says that the "hippies" or "flower children" are performing a great service in regard to sex discrimination legislation. "There have been some cases where my interviewers weren't sure whether it was a Mr. or Miss applying for a job."



THE SAND PILE

This is a true story, only the names have been changed to protect the innocent.

In Ojai, California, as in all other parts of the world concerning which I have information, this is the month of August which followed the month of July. (There may be parts of the world in which this isn't true. In those parts, they may never have heard of July and August; but to such I offer the back of my hand. People who live in such places will not be interested in my story. But anyone who has lived in Saudi Arabia, for example, knows about July and August; and it is in this atmosphere of remembering that I want to offer my story.)

Ojai's July and August are not as hot as Saudi Arabian July and August — but our temperatures can rise with ease above a hundred of those little marks called degrees Fahrenheit. I'm not complaining. With air cooling, we like it that way.

With air cooling.

My story started in July, specifically on its 13th day when, lulled by the steady faint hum of the device pushing cool air into my study, I struggled with my unbalanced bank account, thereby finding an excuse to avoid reading the mail. Without warning, the hum was interrupted by three discouraging grunts from the cooler, followed by oppressive silence.

I investigated. I performed all the standard rituals which, during the past fourteen years, have caused this pot-bellied unit to gather itself and resume its humming, a music which, under the influence of the summer sun, I have found only slightly less inspiring than those passages attributed to the heavenly choir. But nothing stirred.

As nothing continued to stir during the rest of the afternoon, in spite of my best efforts, I called a service man who agreed to have a look. He concluded that something was wrong in the electrical system — but beyond that, he took the Fifth Amendment. He announced, however, that he had a lasting friendship with an electrician who had gone fishing. He was expected home on the next week end.

The temperature in Ojai that week was not too alarming. By keeping the house closed during the day and wide open during the night, I suffered only mildly. My ancestors would not have been bothered; but my ancestors were hardy people.

The electrician showed the following Monday and confirmed that the patient had suffered a disruption in a transformer relay, a small item, but apparently an essential one. But this know-

ledge did not cause my service man to wriggle with joy.

"I don't know where you can get a replacement — not if it's MPG (most publicized giant). Just try to find a MPG part. I wouldn't know where to start."

Now you and I know that such a statement could come only from a prejudiced local who hasn't kept abreast of the times. You and I know that a big outfit, such as MPG, that sells millions of dollars worth of products from one end of this great nation to the other, *must* carry an abundance of parts to replace those that, on occasion, fail. As we all know, service is the cornerstone of our magnificent industrial complex, and MPG without service would be the equivalent of Rock without Roll. So, when the service man (we'll call him Joe because that isn't his name) practically dared me to find a simple little MPG part to replace my burned-out transformer relay, I accepted the challenge with confidence. All I asked was the description and the serial number of what we sought.

I started with the Yellow Pages, which in our county include a couple of fair size towns that I judge have populations in the 50,000 magnitude. The first three advertizers called had never heard of service. They *sold* cooling units. My fourth effort was answered by the wife of a service man who, I suspect, operated out of his family kitchen. He came in from the garage and gave me my first solid encouragement. He didn't stock MPG parts and wasn't sure that anyone did. There was a store over in Oxnard that *might* have some. He thought my best bet was to contact a man in the MPG office in Los Angeles, a man named something other than Mr. N, so we will refer to him thusly.

You can see that at this point, the solution to my problem was practically within my grasp. I reflected that there always is a simple solution to these little affairs — at least for a man possessing my special abilities. At that moment, I felt a little sorry for my service man, Joe who obviously failed to understand how situations such as this should be solved.

Basking in the warmth of these reflections, I called Mr. N in Los Angeles. He spoke with courtesy and confidence. He took the description and serial number, but explained that he

would have to search his catalogues, but he'd call me back.

You're wrong. He *did* call me back — in about an hour. He brought the glad tidings that Joe had provided the correct data. Flushed with triumph and feeling quite superior to Joe, I asked Mr. N to send the part to Ojai right away.

Mr. N informed me that MPG didn't carry parts out here. He'd have to order. Somewhat stunned, I asked that he repeat, which he did. No parts in a center of population as large as Los Angeles. The order would have to be filled in the east where parts are kept, at least the parts I needed.

After I had rallied from the shock, I asked how long would I have to wait. He ruminated a bit, then allowed as how it was a small part, so could be air shipped. Again I asked, how long. He wasn't specific. I suggested the end of the week, with a question mark in my voice. He agreed that it *might* arrive by that time.

Joe showed rare restraint when I made my report. He didn't smirk.

"That's the story of my life with MPG parts," he assured me. "And when the part does come, chances are that some cheap clerk has sent the wrong one."

Which also shows Joe's lack of worldly knowledge in thinking that *any* clerks are cheap any more.

The week of July 20 — 27 was marked by increasing temperatures. In Ojai, they drop as the evening breeze from the ocean moves into the Valley — but with the rising summer sun to give encouragement, they promptly shoot upward. I counted the days — and sure enough! A package arrived on Saturday. I sent the glad tidings to Joe, who appeared on Monday.

"You know," he admitted after we had opened the package and he had inspected the new part, "it looks like maybe they *did* send the right one." Obviously, Joe was both surprised and a little confused.

But five minutes later, he was back.

"Lucky I didn't put it in," he reported.

"Remember we ordered a part to take 230 volts. This one is for 120. If I'd put it in, it would have burned out in a few minutes."

We called Mr. N in Los Angeles. He and Joe compared data and serial numbers and agreed that we had ordered for 230 volts and had provided a serial number that called for 230 volts — and had received something else.

So I asked Mr. N what we should do next. He assured me that he would rush another order.

Joe was quite restrained. He said, "Well, that's the story of my life with MPG." I would have sworn that I'd heard that somewhere before.

No package arrived from MPG that next week end. I was out of town on the following Monday and Tuesday, but during that time, I took comfort in the thought that the right part was waiting for me in the Ojai post office. It *had* to be after a lapse of eight days. But it wasn't there on Wednesday morning; so I called Mr. N again. (By this time, I had the number fairly well memorized.) He had an excellent reason why the part hadn't arrived.

It hadn't been ordered.

Why not?

MPG wasn't carrying that part any more. (Apparently, advising me of this hadn't seemed important to Mr. N.)



In time, I subsided sufficiently to ask what he expected me to do with a cooling installation that had cost \$3,500 but was inoperative because of the absence of a \$15 part. He indicated that he really didn't know. He explained that there wasn't much call for that part — which seemed to close the issue so far as he was concerned.

Didn't MPG feel an obligation to support the

performance of its products?

He reminded me that, after all, it was a pretty old unit and they didn't have much call for that part. It was what might be regarded as a slow moving item.

Was I supposed, I asked, to tear out the unit after fourteen years and buy a new one?

He seemed a bit vague on that point. But he did rouse himself and promise to try to learn if something could be used as a substitute part. He would call me on Thursday, which by my calculations, would be August 6th, some two and a half weeks after I had placed the initial order.

On Thursday, Mr. N was encouraging. He thought that his people would be able to provide the substitute parts. I urged him to order them immediately. He assured me that he would. Everything was going to be fine — just fine.

By this time, I had adjusted my pattern of living to the new conditions. I tried to avoid the house in the afternoons. With the coming of evening, I rigged a reading light on the patio and read and wrote there until around midnight, when the house became fairly sleepable.

On August 11th, I called Mr. N again. (We were becoming so well acquainted that I thought he might be sending me a picture of the wife and kiddies any day.) I asked when I could expect to receive the substitute parts. He asked to be excused while he investigated.

Time passed — as my phone bill mounted. But I was becoming accustomed to this. I took some comfort in the thought that I could balance part of the phone costs against the saving in electricity that I didn't use while the air cooling took a rest.

Then Mr. N returned, as always, with an excellent explanation. The parts hadn't arrived because they hadn't been ordered.

Why!

MPG, with its thousands of high-powered engineers, hadn't been able to find anything to replace my \$15 transformer relay.

When I asked Mr. N why he couldn't have

learned this during the previous week while I was sweating but hopeful, I received no informative comment. When again I asked if I was to abandon the system for lack of this small part, I received more of the same.

I called Joe. We hadn't had much contact during my weeks of MPG wrestling. I gave him the latest report.

"Well, that's the story of my —"

But I cut him off. I said "During these weeks of turmoil, I've been given the name of a service outfit in Ventura, along with the opinion that they're pretty good and probably will be able to work out substitutes for the transformer relay. So, I guess you'd better send me your bill, and I'll contact them as I gather that you can't do anything more."

"Oh, I can put in the substitutes," Joe assured me.

"You can? I thought you thought we were sunk until we could get MPG parts."

"Oh, no. I think I can fix it."

So, he came over that afternoon, just one month after the compressor stopped, and in about half an hour, had it running. He explained that if it had been properly designed, it would not have contained the part that had failed — but as this had not been the case, replacements were required.

Several conclusions may be drawn from this experience. For one, Joe and I haven't been communicating too well. He thought that I would cling to the death to MPG parts; I got the idea that I had no alternative. But above and over all, I began to grasp the fantasy of such a thing as MPG service. I'm curious to know: does anyone buy MPG equipment the second time?

During my weeks of discomfort, I expressed my unhappiness to various friends. Only then did I begin to learn that my experience with MPG was similar to that of others. From a top research man with a nationally recognized corporation came the word that his organization bought MPG equipment only when it had to — and then rebuilt it. From other associates came

the opinion that only one outfit gave poorer service than MPG. That was AWPG (another well publicized giant).

There remains an embarrassing sequel to my story. During my weeks of struggle, one well-heeled friend urged me to send a telegram to the head of MPG, reporting my experience and explaining that my temperature was rising not only as a customer, but as a stockholder.

"But I'm not a stockholder," I insisted.

"What difference does it make?" he argued. "I am. I think this performance is just as outrageous as you do."

But I refused to list myself as a stockholder. Here, I said to myself smugly, is one bad investment I haven't made.

A few days later, I received a statement of dividends from an organization that handles the few dollars that I fondly regard as being "invested". Conscientiously, I began to transfer those figures into my permanent records.

That's when I found it.

That's when I found that I *am* a MPG stockholder.

I think it's time for me to have a man-to-man talk with my investment counselor.

Phil McConnell

P.S. Phil tells us he's about to lose his cool all over again. 'Seems MPG's accounting is on a par with its "service" and now they are after his money. He's caught up in the squeeze between the computerized debits and credits which have evolved over parts ordered, parts not ordered, wrong parts delivered, parts returned, parts not accepted — you name it!

All pictures on this page are pre-Celia by three weeks, taken during the visit of friends from New York. Right, Betty Whitney's apartment from canal side. Celia was not too kind to Betty's canoe, shown here on its ramp.

Celia

You've heard about Celia . . .

Celia – ugly and no lady – visiting Gulf Coast Texas on August 3 with 161 MPH winds and gusts to 180, leaving in her wake fire, flood, death, devastation, and damage set at more than half a billion dollars. Corpus Christi and neighboring communities bore the brunt of her venom – 90% of downtown Corpus Christi was destroyed or heavily damaged; small businesses, boats, farm buildings. 65,000 families of the area suffered loss. 9,000 homes were destroyed; damage to 55,000 more ranged from severe to minor....

Such was the picture we got from pictures, papers, etc. which Vol Williams included with

Vol's house, from street side and from canal side



letters written on August 21 and September 7 from Key Allegro Isle, Rockport, Texas. If you're not up on your geography, Rockport, where Betty Whitney also lives, was "right there". Vol and Betty suffered very little damage to their respective places and consider themselves extremely lucky. Vol's next door neighbors lost part of their roof, had broken windows and water damage. Houses of nearby friends were completely wrecked. People somehow resume their normal life quickly and Vol said Key Allegro was rebuilding fast. Only the lucky ones had time for golf and Vol's game was suffering for lack of partners. (We understand it's better now.) Everyone was busy and most of the roofs had been repaired during the month before they had another heavy rain – all were thankful for the time to get things under cover.



He's The Man Who Knows [About Taxes]



Dear Virginia:

It is doubly a pleasure for me to write and tell you how much Betty and I enjoyed attending the reunion at Lake Tahoe, and also to acknowledge that such largely resulted from the fine planning and execution on the part of the committee and others for the occasion.

As suggested, here is something of what Betty and I have been doing since we left Arabia in 1963.

Probably like most persons who have spent a considerable amount of time living overseas, we too went through an extended period of moving about and experimentation on our return until we finally settled down, and in our case it happened to be Los Angeles.

The presence of several pre-Aramco days friends in the area where we finally located, plus the opportunity for me to immediately enter into a public accounting practice (something I had wanted to do all my life) were undoubtedly the principal reasons for our choice of location.

In the pursuit of my late chosen profession I did, in due course, achieve the distinction (if such could so be properly described) of becoming one of the older persons to pass the Certified Public Accountants' examination and to be admitted to practice in the State of California.

Among various other things which have occurred during the course of work in which I have been engaged, I have felt honored by the confidence placed in me by several former Aramcons who have consulted with me regarding their tax problems arising from their change in residence status and kindred matters.

Probably the most frequent question asked by persons of tax attorneys and accountants these days is what will be the effect of the 1969 changes in income tax law on their tax situation. On the surface I believe it will initially appear

to most of us that we are enjoying a slight income tax reduction in 1970.

However, upon closer examination I am confident that our good political fathers in Washington have no intention whatever of reducing taxes, and have again engaged in their hoped to be subtle subterfuge of merely taking their hand out of one of our pockets in order to put it in another. The obvious fact that no decrease in the functioning of our centralized government is planned or is taking place supports this conclusion, sorry though the outlook may be for us taxpayers.

And now to a different matter – regarding the activities of the distaff side of the family. Among various activities, Betty has become engrossed as a volunteer Red Cross/social service/hospital worker, she is still an avid golfer as well as a hostess, and she has also acquired a passion for ocean game fishing.

Cabo San Lucas, Baja California, is her favorite fishing location, and there are numerous marlin and sail fish swimming around today in the various seas with her sportsman's tag on them, evidencing the fact that she had caught and subsequently released them.

Well Virginia, all of the above may more than just bring you up to date on what the Powells have been doing since they left Arabia, but we are enjoying the life we have chosen and I feel that is the thing that is most important to all of us.

We do very much enjoy receiving and reading the AAAJ each time it is written and issued, and look forward to learning a bit more about what our fellow former Aramcons are now doing.

Sincere regards to you from both of us.

Joseph W. and Betty Powell

Ed: Can you take pictures of big ones that get returned to the briney?

HERE AND THERE



We were saddened to learn through a letter from Lynda Martin in mid-October that her mother, Evelyn (Mrs. Howard Martin), was quite ill and had been put in a home. Lynda was living with foster parents and was taking care of all of her mother's mail. She had hoped that the new address, % Lynda Ann Martin, 1251 Gilbert Road, Meadowbrook, Pennsylvania 19046, would appear in time for Christmas. Unfortunately, her letter arrived too late for the annual address list, and the current issue of AAAJ won't make it in time. We're sure though that special notes from friends would be most welcome. Howard Martin passed away in February.



Tapline's Jim and Ellen Corrigan have headed for Florida (3501 Nelson Place in Titusville to be exact), leaving Wantagh in time to escape New York's wintery blasts. Ellen too is retired now from her New York State job following an accident to her hand.



"The Rutans," according to Al, "keep busier than ever. In an ever-widening circle of friends and activities, we seem to get more and more involved in civic and social projects." Clippings attached to his note indicated that Al had completed his term as chairman of the Jackson County Chapter of the American Red Cross and, in turning over the gavel to the incoming chairman, reported on his five rewarding years with the chapter and the major accomplishments of the past year. He was presented with a plaque in appreciation for his services. Toni had also been active in the chapter, having been chairman of productive services for the 1969-70 year. A second item identified Al as first vice president and orientation chairman of volunteers for the 1970 United Good Neighbors fund drive.



From Janet Ellis: "Enclosed is a picture of my grand-daughter. So many friends at Tahoe asked me about her and if I had a picture with me. I wonder if you can squeeze it into the reunion issue so that the ones who inquired might see her. Now isn't that a proud grandma - but who isn't?" And she added some nice thank-you-for-everything words, etc. Perhaps she will change her mind for what we've done though - like showing Janet and her pretty granddaughter here, now, rather than waiting until the special issue where we thought they just might get lost in the crowd.



Part of a recent note from Ed (J.E.) Martin, "It was very pleasant visiting with you at Lake Tahoe and also getting up to date with other old time friends. We are looking forward to the next reunion when we can crowd into a few days reminisces of such happy times we had while with Aramco. In our conversation, I failed to mention that I have been busy recently in an employment agency in Palm Springs. I find it very gratifying in being able to bring two people together, employer and employee, to the mutual satisfaction of each. Fond regards."



A note from Lou (C.L.) and Florence Marino reported: It seems that we did the "Floridabit" in reverse! We left Wilmington toward the end of April, spent the summer in Sarasota sampling the weather at its worst and investigating the real estate market. We returned to Wilmington in September in time for the opening of school. We were indeed sorry to leave the sun coast where so many fine Aramco friends have settled, but we do want to explore some other areas before making a firm decision on a permanent location: We're at the River Park Apts. #601, 1100 Lore Avenue, Wilmington, Delaware 19809.



Globe trotting Grace Herisco sent us a note the end of July with a Clearwater, Florida postmark and said, "After travelling around in

Europe, U. S., and Canada for two years, I have decided to settle down for at least a year. I took a year lease on an apartment, so this should do something for me. My new address is 2075 Rainbow Drive, Apt. 2." Perhaps she will have a bit more time now and hopefully will send us a report on some of her roamings.



And a mid-September note from Carolyn Howard: We were so pleased that you published something about our Arabic program here in Sonoma.... We see Betty and Homer Miller now and again - they are more tonic than adrenelin. Did you know that Randy Miller has left for Teheran to teach there? And that his brother Scott is off for a teaching post in Ghana? George and I so look forward to AAAJ. It seems to set off a chain reaction of happy memories that come flooding in great waves of happiness - it brings so much to so many. Thanks you scads.



Helen McKeegan's description of a periodic physical examination: Am due for a thorough sounding of the old "abode" to see that all its parts are ticking properly. I can count on a session being peeked at by x-ray, plastered with goo-tipped wire, robbed of red and white corpuscles, made to huff and puff into things, and rapped on the knees - all for my own good(?).

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:

Kathryn D. Burkhart (Mrs. H. H.) – November 9, 1970 – Boise, Idaho
 Lee B. Carlton – July 12, 1970 – Upland, California
 Burt H. Congleton – December 2, 1970 – Long Beach, California
 James W. Duncan – August 19, 1970 – Pleasanton, California
 Niels W. Larsen – August 12, 1970 – Canary Islands, Spain
 Paul Novak – July 10, 1970 – Sun City, Arizona
 Thomas Victor Stapleton – October 30, 1970 – Dallas, Texas



Mail Call!



Please use the following list in conjunction with the new Fall 1970 Annuitants Address List. All of these changes and additions have been received since the list was printed.

ARAMCO – AOC

Albert S. Adams	8413 East Virginia, Scottsdale, Arizona 85257
Rex W. Appleby	1333 River Road, Springfield, Missouri 65804
William H. Badgley	1865 Lacassie Avenue, Apt. 8, Walnut Creek, California 94596
Maurice L. Bandy	P. O. Box 3036, San Diego, California 92103
George E. Bateman	P. O. Box 1342, Sedona, Arizona 86336
Earl J. Beck	Route 4, Box 33, Kingston, Tennessee 37763
Theresa Bobinski	182 West 18th Street, Bayonne, New Jersey 07002
Henry W. Bracht	2934 East Exeter Street, Tucson, Arizona 85716
Catherine P. Bradley	1115 Shore View Drive, Englewood, Florida 33533
William F. Bramstedt	c/o The Asia Foundation, 550 Keanry Street, San Francisco, California 94108
H. H. Brower	Royal Suites Motel, 15401 Beach Blvd., Westminster, California 92683
Archie L. Byrd	% Hotel Savoy, 10-A Upper Wilkie Road, Singapore 9
Helen A. Byrd (nee Anderson)	% Hotel Savoy, 10-A Upper Wilkie Road, Singapore 9
Paul F. Calloway	Route 1, Box 95, Elkins, Arkansas 72727
Jackson Christofferson	2542 Venado Camino, Walnut Creek, California 94598
William J. Cundari	% Mrs. M. Manieri, 5643 South Merrimac Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60638
Charles M. DiGiacomo	Louis Davidsstraat 769, The Hague, Netherlands
A. A. Fallon	403 Holly Road, Yeadon, Pennsylvania 19050
Kenneth P. Ferguson	P. O. Box 257, Brookings, Oregon 97415
J. V. Fullerton	1215 Tunnel Road, Santa Barbara, California 93101

Eunice K. Gagnon (nee Ketcham)
 Harlan A. George
 Charles J. Gonzalez
 Frederick Gussman
 Mary E. Hartzell
 Wilfred C. Haug
 James C. Hewlett
 Donald A. Holm
 George B. Holmes
 Francis A. Howell

Asa C. Hudman
 Carroll O. Jones
 Eugene Karlin
 Hayes A. Kienholz
 Jacobus Lems
 R. G. Lovell
 Frances M. Lovell (nee McNally)
 Thomas J. McHugh
 Richard A. Magill
 Clement L. Marino

Paul F. Meiran
 Hamilton A. Moore
 Anthony J. Nespole, Sr.
 George F. Ozenich
 Robert L. Peffley
 Elmer W. Perkins, Jr.
 Clifford H. Perrine
 Morris D. Rush
 Palmer M. Scott
 Gerard J. Sivak

Kenneth E. Smith
 Harold R. Spiegel
 Garrison I. Tyler
 Harold J. Underwood
 Burris A. White
 Frederick A. Wolfe

Richard P. Cocke

Mrs. B. H. Congleton
 Mrs. R. P. Green
 Mrs. H. P. Keith
 Mrs. Lillian R. Loe
 Mrs. Howard Martin
 Mrs. C. O. Marlar
 Mrs. T. V. Stapleton
 Mrs. P. Novak

N 5926 Buffalo, Spokane, Washington 99208
 514 Osage Street, Spring Valley, California 92077
 Hotel Madison, 424 Central, St. Petersburg, Florida 33701
 % A. Aldrich, 19 Walker Avenue, Syosset, Long Island, New York 11791
 4983 Purdue Avenue N.E., Seattle, Washington 98115
 202 Central, Coffeyville, Kansas 67337
 3704 East 38th Street, Tulsa, Oklahoma 94135
 P. O. Box 278, Williams, Arizona 86046
 P. O. Box 1841, Santa Ana, California 92702
 235 S. Alandale, Tucson, Arizona 85710

% Hudman Homes Inc., 5960 Glen Oaks, Baton Rouge, Louisiana 70811
 E. 11304 Dean Avenue, Spokane, Washington 99206
 70 Larkfield, Maple Court, Santa Rosa, California 95401
 4525 Carmelo Street, San Diego, California 92107
 P. O. Box 1235, Santa Barbara, California 93102
 % Miss Barbara Lovell, 1184 Laurel, Apt.5, San Carlos, California 94070

% Miss Barbara Lovell, 1184 Laurel, Apt.5, San Carlos, California 94070
 20 Talisman Drive, Dix Hills, New York 11746
 5101 Blanks Avenue, Monroe, Louisiana 71201
 River Park Apts. #601, 1100 Lore Avenue, Wilmington, Delaware 19809

% S. E. Berliner, 379 South Jefferson, Napa, California 94558
 1 East Martin, Coffeyville, Kansas 67337
 % Dr. Anthony J. Nespole, Jr., 18140 Via Encantada, Monte Sereno, California 9503
 % Mrs. James Reid, 84-19 Fifty Second Avenue, Elmhurst, New York 11373
 Box 403, Country Club Drive, Longwood, Florida 32750
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Merry Christmas

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