

Al~Ayyam Al~Jamilah

الأيام الجميلة





Monterey Reunion!

Laurie Swanson, who taught school in Dhahran and 'Udhailiyah in the 1980s and '90s, danced to her heart's delight at 30th biennial Annuitants Reunion, held Oct. 24-26 in Monterey, Calif.

She and her husband Fred were among the 270 attendees at the event—held at the same venue as the 10th reunion in 1976—who received a message from President and CEO Amin H. Nasser wishing them well “as you celebrate the history you made together.”



22

Aramcon Revisits Beirut in ‘Remembered Stories’

Asma Kombargi took a big step recently, publishing *The Glass Coffeehouse: Remembered Stories*, tales of life in Beirut in the last century. Her fictionalized stories about experiences with family and friends offer penetrating insights into a society dealing with tumultuous political and social change.

24

Father-Daughter Dream Comes True

When Mike and Sierra Keller booked a trip to Oman and Jordan early this year their eyes were always on Saudi Arabia, where

Mike grew up with his parents and grandparents in the '50s and '60s. The “homecoming” visit they made in April to sites like the Abqaiq school, offered a unique father-daughter sharing experience.



26

Lucky Adoptee Ponders ‘Gift of the World’

Wendy Levine toddled away from her village in Crete to a new life with Marty and Rosemarye Levine in 1958.

Her experiences in America, and in places like Rome, Tehran and Dhahran, gave her the skills to be an adept intercultural communicator, as shown in a visit to Yemen in 1987.



Al-Ayyam Al-Jamilah

“Pleasant Days,” is produced for annuitants, families and friends of Aramco, now Saudi Aramco, and its associated companies by Aramco Services Company.

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30

Lucedale's Renaissance Man

White-bearded Jim Corley didn't train as a sculptor—or in any kind of art, for that matter. But the retired Consulting Services engineer has flourished as an artist since retiring in 1991. His work is on display, in stone, stainless steel, brick and wood in his hometown of Lucedale, Miss.

32

Siblings Celebrate 70-Year Anniversary

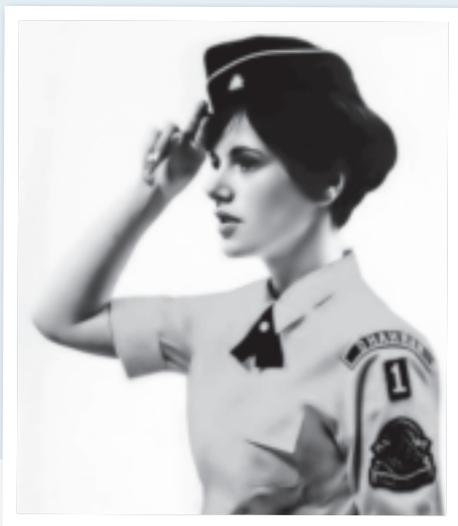
Roy ("Buddy") Haug and his sisters, twins Joyce and Jackie—the children of driller Roy Haug, Sr.—arrived in Dhahran with their mother Pauline in 1946. Buddy, 20, was a new employee and the girls were 17. They celebrated the 70th anniversary of their landing this year. The family is shown here all set for a Beirut vacation in 1948.



34

Minnesota Retirees Laud 'Dhahran Diversity'

Bob and Shari Norberg told fellow Lake City, Minn., residents about "Living in Saudi Arabia, 1964-1984," from initial reporting duties (Bob) to serving as a Cub Scout leader (Shari) in Dhahran. The two towns were much alike, they said, but the diversity of Dhahran, where "Little League teams looked like the United Nations," was outstanding.



36

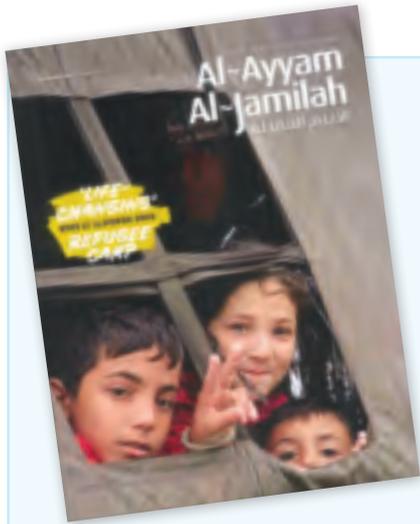
Brats Produce *Salam Neighbor*

How do you build "a gateway between the Arab world and Hollywood?" Make movies like *Salam Neighbor*, that's how. The first film produced by Dhahran Schools' graduates Salam Darwaza and Mohab Khattab shows how residents of a Syrian refugee camp remain resilient in the face of daunting adversity.



Cover: This happy group of retirees turned out during the Oct. 24-26 Annuitants Reunion in Monterey to visit old fishing-port city's storied Cannery Row—one of several sights they saw on the rugged Pacific coast.





Thanks for Spring Issue

April 24, 2016

Thanks so much for the copy of AAJ.... The graphics are beautiful and encompass such a wide range of topics and eras that every reader will find much to relate to and be grateful for old memories to savor.

For me, every page resonated, from reading Karen Irwin's and Jane Grutz's excellent articles to seeing Sandi Fenwick's photo and her letter ["Most Wonderful and Interesting Time of My Life"]. Interesting that as rich and full as Sandi's life has been, she looks back on her two or so years in Arabia as among her best. She is an amazing woman—head of the world's finest children's hospital at an age when most people are thinking of retirement....

I am so glad Karen's story ["Life-Changing Work at Slavonski Brod Refugee Camp"] got the cover and the photos are right on. The one showing all the exhausted bodies reminded me of scenes from Dante's *Inferno*, except that these poor souls are still in this world. Crushing to learn of the world's indifference sealed with the border closings.

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Hope Shines Through Darkness

April 26, 2016

We were blown away when we saw the cover of *Al-Ayyam Al-Jamilah*.

When we leafed thru the pages it

was hard not to cry all over again seeing those beautiful photographs displayed so powerfully. As the media seems to have moved on, we hope your article reminds people again of the tragedy that continues in a part of the world that we all have known so well.

We continue to hear from Elvis [volunteer coordinator at Slavonski Brod Refugee Camp in Croatia]. We received a report a few days ago.... But along with the dismalness of it all, he tells us about a new team of aid workers that just arrived from Croatia and Bosnia-Herzegovina...building two playgrounds/basketball courts for the children with hopes for more on the way, making a few thousand sandwiches in Thessaloniki, Greece, and delivering them in Idomeni on Macedonian border, and working with some very cooperative local government officials on improving facilities.

I am thankful for those reports and all the efforts taking place there. I can't imagine being a grandmother and seeing my grandchildren in such abysmal conditions and feeling that the whole world does not care.

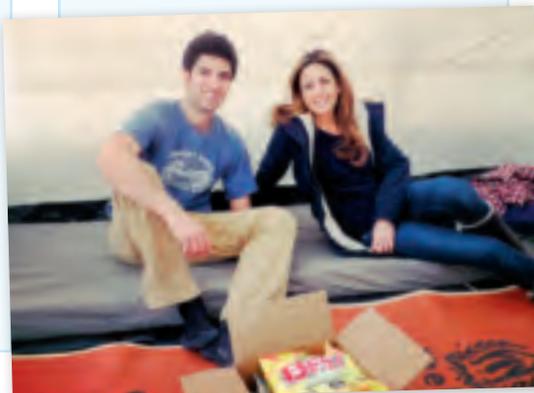
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Refugee Story Draws Film Tip

April 27, 2016

The issue with the picture of refugee children on the cover brought to mind a recent experience. Salam Darwaza, a former student of mine

Salam Darwaza (DH82) sits next to *Salam Neighbor* co-director Zach Ingrasci the day he and fellow director Chris Temple set up their tent at the U.N. refugee camp at Za'atari in northern Jordan in January 2014.



and a product of the Aramco Schools, now works for a media-production company in California. Her company recently produced a documentary called *Salam Neighbor*, which is about life in a Syrian refugee camp. [See story, page 36.]

The film has had a number of showings throughout the United States and has had attention from Samantha Power, U.S. ambassador to the U.N., and Queen Rania of Jordan. I saw the film at a showing in Phoenix and it is quite powerful and eye-opening.

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Mildred Logan Remembered

April 29, 2016



Mildred Logan and her daughter Sammie Wakil took part in the company reception honoring King Salman's visit to Washington, D.C., in September 2015.

NOTE: Sammie Wakil shared the note she received from a retiree on the death of her mother Mildred Logan in January. Logan and her daughter Linda lived in Dhahran during most of 1950, until her husband Sam received permission to bring them to the Saudi Government's al-Kharj Farms project south of Riyadh that he managed for Aramco. Sammie and her sister Jane were born later.

I was saddened to read of the death of your mother. Through the years I heard so many comments of Sam and Mildred that I felt I knew them.

It was a thrill to meet your mother in Washington, D.C., last September [at the reception honoring King Salman]. She had wonderful stories of her life and enjoyed sharing them. She displayed such a joyful life and enthusiasm that she seemed indestructible to me.

I shall always cherish that meeting in Washington and consider it a gift and blessing.

You have an awesome heritage. When I returned to Houston, I googled your father and his history certainly was instrumental in creating a more modern Saudi Arabia.

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Enjoying Old Tales

May 9, 2016

I've enjoyed the last two issues of *Al-Ayyam Al-Jamilah*, especially "Amazing Aerial Find" and "Powergliding to The Hague." I guess it is because I can sort of relate to the adventures through my parents' tales and photos. I still enjoy learning about those times. I see the Selwa Press website is trying to preserve the era through pictures.

I also just read *Arabian Son*, which I enjoyed. It interested me as [author] Tim Barger lived what I would have had my parents stayed. Of course, he was a boy and I wouldn't have gotten into such mischief, but it gave me a sense of what

life was like for a child. He's an entertaining writer and I enjoyed it. He had much more fun than I would have had.

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'Small World'

May 18, 2016

I am sending an article from the Fitchburg, Mass., *Sentinel* about four of us from Massachusetts getting together in Ras Tanura in the fall of 1956. The "boys" got quite a kick out of it. We rounded up the Fitchburg boys and went up to Ras Tanura to visit Joe Testarmata.

Joe was in the class of 1944 of Fitchburg High. I was in the class of 1945. We had a good time on Ras Tanura and saw each other on occasions after that.

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Norman May points out the Dhahran School where he taught from 1958-61 on a 2014 visit to Houston, as his wife Lois looks on.

Play it Again, Helen?

May 1, 2016

I am always amazed how you keep finding articles and photos of happenings in the early days.

There's a picture in the latest issue of Mrs. Charles Homewood playing the piano ["Self-Directed Groups Achieve Landmark Anniversaries"] in the 1950s. If I didn't know better, she could pass for Helen Brock, the wife of George Brock, safety director of Dhahran, if not Aramco, at the time.

The Brocks had a unique home. One wall was brick (top to bottom) and they had their visitors sign a brick when-

ever they first came to their house or apartment. If your name was on the bottom row, it would show you were an earlier visitor.

Helen came over with my mother and me (November 1948). Family became close, played bridge and bowled together. I don't know what they did with that brick wall, but it was covered with autographs the last time I saw it!

The article "Amazing Aerial Find" mentions some early folks in Saudi Arabia, one of which was "Krug" Henry. His daughter Mitzi attended the American Community School (ACS) in Beirut with the rest of us. Very lovely girl, who unfortunately died at an early age!

You mentioned Mo Morris as one of the pilots flying into Arabia on the Fairchild planes. One of his duties was flying ACS students, which they labeled the "monster flight." One such journey he went to the bathroom, only to find the door was roped shut. Now you know why these flights were called "monster."

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Helen Brock and her husband George posed for this photo in Dhahran in the early 1950s. The Brocks retired in 1958.



"The young men shared news from home, took snapshots of the group and of tankers loading up on oil which goes through the refinery in Ras Tanura," the *Sentinel* reported, going on to quote May as saying: "Oil production is down, but they still produce about 700,000 barrels per day and when the Suez [Canal] opens I imagine production will be stepped up again as more oil will be able to be shipped out of here."



This photo of the Dhahran Women's Group choir in the 1950s, published in the Spring 2016 issue of *Al-Ayyam Al-Jamilah*, came without the names of any participants. Doug Brice believes the accompanist was likely Helen Brock.

NOTE: May also sent the clipping to Jan Testarmata, who had requested information related to her parents, Joe and Beatrice Testarmata. Her father retired as assistant controller in 1985 after a 31-year career. He and Beatrice met in Ras Tanura when she arrived to work as a nurse in 1954 and they married in Rome in 1956. May was an ITC instructor in Dhahran from 1956-58 and then moved to the Dhahran School. "I was surprised" to find other Fitchburg graduates at Aramco, he said. "It's a small world." Jan Testarmata is seeking information about the Italian Camp near Ras Tanura, Aramco's Rome office in the '50s and Alvise di Robilant, who worked for Aramco in the mid-1950s. She can be reached at jan.testarmata@gmail.com.

A Princess and 'A Prince of a Man'

May 19, 2016

Let me congratulate you on the wonderful article you did on Dorothy Voss. It was really outstanding—the story plus the terrific layout. Her husband Ed was a prince of a man.

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Greatest Punch Of Them All

June 11, 2016

With the recent news of Muhammad Ali's passing, I am reminded of the occasion when I



Posing from left with Muhammad Ali at the Aramco Exhibit in 1989 are: Salah al-Masoud, Mahmoud al-Musabbbeh, Said Helal al-Ghamdi and Khalid al-Qahtani. First from right: Abdulaziz al-Ghunaim.

covered his visit to Dhahran on April 5, 1989. During my tenure with the Photo Lab in Dhahran, I covered visits by many VIPs and on this occasion I was sent to cover the world's most famous boxer. Certainly an auspicious occasion for me!

Muhammad Ali visited the Aramco Exhibit, which featured a marvelous array of Arab history and fabulous working models demonstrating the extraction of crude oil. Toward the end of his tour, he signed the visitors' register, held out an enormous hand and shook mine. One of the world's most-photographed men made time to acknowledge me and I recall the event as if it were yesterday. Remarkable and momentous! How sad to learn of him leaving us. How fabulous I had the chance to be there!

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University Seeks Photographer Information

June 14, 2016

I am looking for information on Thomas (Tom) F. Walters, a photographer who worked for Aramco.... We would also be interested in contact information for any of his family since this search is about image-use rights for an educational exhibition.

I know that he worked throughout the University of California System roughly during the mid-late 1960s. He was mostly working in the Bay Area and northern California UC schools; however, there are a few samples from southern California. These can all be viewed in the publication *The UC: A Pictorial History* by A. Pickerell



Tom Walters joined the Engineering Dept. in 1948, and left a huge archive of images as a member of the Photo Unit staff from 1950-58.



Tom Walters shot this photo of the UC Davis sculpting studio during his post-Aramco career in the 1960s.

and M. Dornin. He worked in Davis in roughly 1967, photographing the arts at UC Davis, Berkeley and Santa Cruz, mostly of students and faculty interacting on various campuses.

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NOTE: Owen Oxley worked with Walters in the Photo Unit after joining the company in the 1949 and wrote about him in his book *Saudi Arabia, The Great Adventure (2006)*. He called Walters a "first-class photo-journalist...discovered working in the Engineering Dept. in Abqaiq" in 1950, who later became chief photographer. Walters recommended the construction of a Photo Lab—which he hired Oxley to help run.

Tales of 'Aerial Find' Appreciated

July 4, 2016

I read with interest and enjoyed Part 2 of "Amazing Aerial Find" in the recent *Al-Ayyam Al-Jamilah*.

I worked in the Pipelines Operations Dept. and several times our superintendent, foreman and operators went for mothballing the Plants and I prepared the report, sitting in the office, but I never read and heard that an aircraft can be mothballed? I think this is possible only in KSA?

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Battigelli Images Shine in Hometown Exhibition

Ilo Battigelli, whose black-and-white photographs elegantly captured the spirit of the kingdom and the company in the late 1940s and early '50s, was celebrated in his hometown of San Daniele del Friuli, Italy, in April with a retrospective of his work from around the world.

The show of 90 of his vintage prints took place at the Museo del Territorio, said his daughter Danielle, who lives in Oxford, England.

Battigelli was part of the contingent of interned Italians brought from Eritrea to help build the new refinery at Ras Tanura around the end of World War II.

He worked there from 1946-54.

His "official" job was photographing and cataloging items related to the project to build the refinery, but he found his true vocation photographing people and places throughout the Eastern Province. He signed his work "Ilo the Pirate."

His traveled to the United States after leaving Aramco, aiming to photograph there and in Mexico at the start of a world tour. During his time in the United States he exhibited without charge and "gave many talks about his experiences in Arabia, often dressed in his pirate garb," said his daughter.

"I had 100 photographs of Arabia which

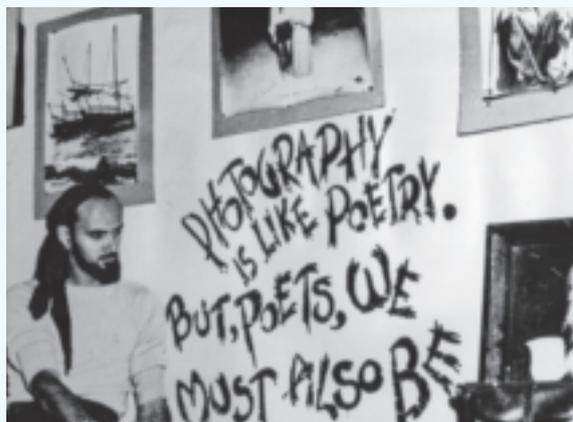
I used to display in the foyer of the hotels. In those days nobody knew about Arabia, so it was a novelty," he told an interviewer, adding that he was often invited to stay in the homes of people who came to his shows. "You enter each family, you see how they live, what they eat, how they dress," he said. "It's not just like a tourist, boom, boom, boom, first places then going back home."

That kind of intimacy was a hallmark of his work.

His planned world tour was cut short when he got word that his mother had fallen ill, taking him back to Italy. He later moved to Rhodesia to shoot the construction of a giant dam for an Italian contractor and opened a studio in Harare. He and his wife Pauline retired to San Daniele del Friuli in 2000 and he died in 2009.

Pauline wrote in the exhibition catalog that her husband's Saudi images "show the impact of rare photographic opportunities in his youth to mingle among Bedouins, markets, camels, in the desert, against stark clear skies.... [T]hese pictures are pure evidence of Ilo's natural talent for composition, selection, timing, and statement. At the same time, his love of humanity always pervades."

A video of the show may be seen at <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Xb0nEYOMHbo>.



Left: Ilo Battigelli's daughter Danielle signs the program for late father's exhibition in San Daniele del Friuli, Italy, backdropped by some of his work from Saudi Arabia. Above: The photographer posed in his studio on the beach near Ras Tanura in the late 1940s.

Amin, Jungers Spotlited at Top U.S. Photo Conference

Shaikh Amin, retired chief photographer, and Julie Jungers, the wife of retired President and CEO Frank Jungers, were in the spotlight at the annual conference of the Photographic Society of America (PSA) in San Antonio, Texas, in September.

Amin, 89, who joined the company in 1948 and retired in 1985, was honored for achieving PSA Grand Master status. He also received the 2016 PSA Peabody Award for General Photography.

Amin has been a PSA member since 1961 and has attended its annual conference from his home in Islamabad, Pakistan, for 23 consecutive years.

"I'm still shooting, although I've slowed down," Amin said. "I've achieved what I wanted to accomplish" by becoming a Grand Master. Grand Master is the top ranking for the PSA's

6,000 members.

The Peabody Award is presented annually to the PSA member known for outstanding proficiency and service to the society. Amin has won nearly 60 gold, silver and bronze photo honors internationally and has been a PSA international representative in Pakistan since 1995.

Jungers, whom Amin has mentored, delivered a well-received talk entitled "Asian Encounter: A Kaleidoscope of People, Their Beliefs and Surroundings," which drew on her experiences photographing in China, Myanmar, Uzbekistan and India. Photos from those countries and the Middle East appeared in her 2012 book *Wanderlust, Travel Photography* by Julie Jungers.



Shaikh Amin is congratulated by Photographic Society of America President Charlie Burke after becoming a PSA Grand Master and winning the Peabody Award for General Photography at the PSA conference in San Antonio, Texas.

Teacher Red-Faced with Appreciation in Nepal

Retired Dhahran Schools teacher and traveler/tour guide Lou Spencer reprised his role as an educator at one of the highest classrooms in the world in July, working with students through the Nepal Orphans Home (NOH) program in Dhapasi—and getting a red face in the process.

“When one hears the mention of Mount Everest or Annapurna, it immediately conjures up images of the towering snow-capped peaks of the Himalayas, spread across Nepal and Tibet and beyond.... Yet, few people know the far-more-human story of Nepal’s orphans and the efforts of concerned individuals from far away to care for them and make possible for them a better life,” he wrote.

Spencer said he learned about NOH from John Lambert, a fellow retired teacher and friend, “who continues to bring Aramco students to Nepal every year in April.” After leading a tour to Tibet and Nepal in early July, Spencer stayed on to tutor children for two weeks at Dhapasi. There, on his second such mission to Nepal, Spencer noticed several of his students wearing Dhahran Wildcats T-shirts that Lambert had brought during his last trip.

Some of the children were also wearing Chattanooga Habitat for Humanity T-shirts that Lambert had previously donated.

Spencer tutored children in math and computer technology after their regular school day. “Despite having already been in school from 9:00 a.m.-3:00 p.m., the children were very dedicated and serious, and seemed to greatly enjoy this opportunity to attend school,” he said.

During the day, he worked in NOH’s adult-education program for women, which offers English, math and Nepalese. One of his favorite students was a 74-year-old he helped teach to read and write.

He lived at NOH’s volunteer house, meeting volunteers from Spain, France, the Czech Republic, New Zealand, Australia, China and the United States. Some were college students, one was a recent nursing-school graduate, another in the middle of medical school, and still another, like Spencer, was retired.

During Teacher Appreciation Day he received a red stripe called *tilak*, made from vermilion, on his face. “It is a Hindu tradition, meaning a third eye to focus inward as your two eyes look at the outside



Lou Spencer received vermilion *tilak* stripes, as well as *khatas* to drape around his neck, from students he taught during a two-week stay in Dhapasi, Nepal, in July.

world,” he said. “All of the students had to apply their own *tilak* on each of us.”

He also wore several scarves, called *khatas*. “They are presented at ceremonial occasions, weddings, arrivals and departures,” he said. “This was definitely an occasion.”

“Each of the students also brought some kind of present for each of the teachers, mainly a small piece of candy,” he added. “But, one of the ladies brought me a flower and put it in my hair.

“It was an outstanding day.”

A Pearl’s Worth of Memories from Hofuf

West Virginian Pete Ballard made many discoveries during his time teaching English at the Abqaiq Industrial Training Center from 1959 to 1967. One of his first was the Hofuf suq where—like opening a genie’s bottle—he found a pearl. He writes:

Going into the old Hofuf suq for the first time was, as I imagine it, like going into Ali Baba’s cave. The odor of spices and dung permeated the air so much that it is still recallable thousands of miles and so many years away.

The shops seemed endless as did the variety of treasures for sale: the materials in silk and cotton and brocade, the rugs, the objects of art, the brass and copper utensils,

the omnipresent trays, the vendors selling jewels, the occasional antiquities....

I found a shop that sold only pearls. I had never seen such a shop that sold only pearls. I was fascinated and curious. The owner showed me great courtesy and a young boy served me delicious tea.

I had no interest in pearls at the time, but, curiously, I bought one—a small, perfectly pear-shaped yellow or butter pearl, as that type is sometimes called.

Ultimately, I took the pearl to my friend and jeweler in Beirut, Salim Haddad, at his shop in the Hotel Phoenicia. He made a stickpin, a tiny gold acanthus leaf with the pearl “dripping” off the end—like a dewdrop. It is truly beautiful.

I gave the stickpin to a dear friend who gave it quite an adventure. When he died, it was returned to me, with so many memories attached, beginning with sights, sounds and smells of the Hofuf suq.



A young Pete Ballard made his first foray into the Hofuf suq in 1959. **Above, right:** Ballard turned a small, pear-shaped pearl he purchased into an ornament “dripping” like a dewdrop at the end of a gold acanthus-leaf stickpin.



Rafath Waheed Ramadan Exhibit Draws Praise



Rafath Waheed began mounting cultural displays in the Lisle, Penn., library in 2005 with a presentation about the Hajj, shown here.

Rafath Waheed, who introduced Ramadan Story Time at the Recreation Library in Dhahran in 2000 and organized cultural displays there, has continued her community-enrichment work in Lisle, Penn., where she lives with her husband Mohammed. He retired as a senior geologist in 2003 after a 22-year career.

She mounted her first display, about the Hajj, in the Lisle Library in 2005. She produced a display about Ramadan in June this year to coincide with the holy month of fasting.

Waheed said she got the green light to organize the displays after explaining to the library that “it is very important that my culture and religion is equally and fairly represented along with other cultures and religions.” She is a library patron and a member of the Islamic Center of Naperville, a nearby town.

Comments about the latest exhibit were positive. “It very nicely captures aspects of the Islamic culture!” a visitor wrote.

Mohammed Waheed pointed out another positive aspect of the show. “Such cultural sharing not only disperses information about Muslims’ culture and festivities, but it also brings forth cultural amity among diverse communities of our nation at large,” he said. “The United States has always been in the forefront by appreciating Muslim culture and contributions, for example by releasing a beautiful ‘Id stamp few years ago in celebration of such an occasion.”

The Waheeds’ children, Hajra, Sarah and Aminah, are all Dhahran Schools’ graduates. Rafath Waheed and one of her daughters share exhibition success: Hajra Waheed, a mixed-media artist based in Montreal, has held highly regarded exhibitions of her work in Berlin and Gateshead, England. The latter show, *The Cyphers*, about the increasing militarization of the sky through drones and surveillance technology, took place in the spring.

Snyder Named No. 1 Retirement ‘Community Board Member’

Miles Snyder, who grew up in Dhahran in the 1940s and met King Abdulaziz twice, has been named “2016 Local Community Board Member of the Year” by the Retirement Housing Foundation (RHF) in Long Beach, Calif. His 46-year tenure on the board of Pioneer House in Sacramento, Calif., makes him the longest-serving retirement-housing board member in the United States.

Snyder’s father Les was longtime employee who arrived in the kingdom in time to see the first tanker shipment of Saudi crude oil in 1938 and went on to become an Aramco Board member. Miles, his mother Dorothy and his sister Louise joined him in Dhahran before World War II, left the kingdom during the war and then returned.

Miles Snyder met King Abdulaziz Al Sa’ud in Riyadh at age 12 in 1946 and Dhahran in 1947. He lives in Sacramento with his wife Sharon.

The RHF said Snyder, a retired attorney, has been a driving force behind the work of Pioneer House to establish affordable housing for senior citizens.

Miles Snyder, front right, spoke for 29 “kids” who had met King Abdulaziz Al Sa’ud in 1947 when they returned to Dhahran in 2008 to celebrate the company’s 75th anniversary and meet King Abdullah.



Ninety Years and Counting

Retired Ras Tanura Refinery engineer Bob Ackerman celebrated his 90th birthday last fall with his daughters Janet Fuhrmeister, left, and Julia Glenister in Saltsburg, Penn. Bob, his wife Margaret and five-month-old Julia arrived in Ras Tanura in May 1960 and Janet was born in Dhahran in 1961. “The day this photo was taken my mom Margaret and brother Rob were attending the Aramco event in Washington, D.C., celebrating King Salman’s visit—a day or two after we celebrated Dad’s 90th birthday on September 2,” said Julia.





Retirees With Three Centuries' Service Meet in Lahore

Twenty-six members of the Saudi Aramco Former Employees Assn., with a whopping 322 years total service time, met Aug. 14 in Lahore to celebrate Pakistan's Independence Day at the group's 122nd get-together. Pakistan won independence from Britain and was established as a nation in 1947. Pictured

from left are: photographer Syed Naushad Y. Shah (son of the late Yousaf Shah), Muhammad Akram Hayat, Malik M. Saeed, Malik M. Maqbool, Khawar-ul-Islam, Muhammad Saud Jamil, Muhammad Ashfaq, Shaikh M. Afzaal, Intizar Hussain, Shahid Hanif, Irfan Qayyum Qureshi, Abdul Rehman, Syed Sid-

diqi, Amjad Hussain Langah, Abdul Qayyum Qureshi, Junaid Usman, Muhammad Jamil, Ahmed Ali Khan, Abdul Ghaffar Khan, Haroon Rashid Butt, Ishaq H. Khan, Muhammad Abbas, Abdul Qayyum Khokhar, Muhammad Iqbal, Munawwer Ahmed, Khalid Farooq and Muhammad Akhtar.

Tariq Earns Master's Degree in Ottawa

Osama Tariq, the eldest son of retiree Tariq Anis and his wife Afsan Tariq, completed his master's degree in electrical and computer engineering this year at the University of Ottawa.

He was born in Dhahran, graduated from Al-Majd International School Dammam and earned a bachelor's degree in electrical and electronics engineering from Bahria University in Karachi in 2012.

His father worked in the Ras Tanura Refinery Planning & Program Division from

1975-2011 and is a member of Saudi Aramco Ex-Employees Assn. in Karachi.

During his graduate-degree studies, Tariq did a three-month internship with Siemens in Dammam.

His sister Hiba is a project manager for a leading software company in Karachi. His brother Imad is a senior studying business administration at Bahria University.

Osama Tariq is all smiles after receiving his master's degree in electrical and computer engineering at the University of Ottawa.



Mohammed Baig speaks to colleagues at an international conference on heating, ventilation, refrigeration and air conditioning in Karachi in March.

'AC Man' Can't Call it Quits

Mohammad Riaz Baig, Abqaiq's "AC man," played a key role at an industry convention in Karachi in March, presenting a paper to fellow professionals from Pakistan, the United States, Canada, Turkey and China about the importance of following design procedures to operate and maintain equipment. He also served on a panel evaluating papers at the 23rd International Pakistan Heating, Ventilation, Air Conditioning and Refrigeration (PHVACR) Expo and Conference.

"Meetings like these are wonderful

ways to share knowledge with colleagues from around the world," said Baig, who retired in 2011 after a 33-year career in Community Services.

He is president of the North Pakistan Chapter of the American Society of Heating, Refrigerating and Air Conditioning Engineers and a member of the affiliated PHVACR Society.

Baig said he is "proud" that his maintenance and operations expertise "is based upon the extensive experience acquired through my long career with Saudi Aramco."

SAEEA Marks Sixth Anniversary with Fête for 115 in Karachi

The Saudi Aramco Ex-Employees Association (SAEEA) held its 15th gathering in Karachi on July 31 to mark the group's sixth anniversary, celebrate a special 'Id and hold its third general election. A total of 113 individuals attended, along with five guests from abroad and one each from Islamabad and Lahore.

The election was uncontested. Retaining their positions are: Kamal Ahmed Farooqi, president; Iqbal A. Khan, vice president; Ghulam Qutubuddin Khan, general secretary; Shafiq Ahmed Kahn, secretary; Muhammad Salim Hamid, finance secretary; and Muhammad Abdul Matin, coordinator. All but Hamid joined the company in the 1970s and worked two to three decades.

The SAEEA was founded in October 2010 to provide social activities for former employees and family members living in southern Pakistan, particularly in Karachi. The group's membership has grown from 49 at that time to 226 today.



SAEE Management Committee and Election Committee (EC) members are, front row, from left: Qamar A. Khan, EC member; Iqbal Ahmed Khan (vice president), Mohammad Abdul Matin (coordinator) Shafiq Ahmed Khan (joint secretary), Rais Akhtar (EC chairman); back row: Ghulam Qutubuddin Khan (general secretary); Kamal Ahmed Farooqi (president); Arif Qamar, (events organizer); and Muhammad Salim Hamid (finance secretary).

Bob Morgan: 'Most Lucky Man in the World'

Bob Morgan, the pilot whose flying adventures with Aramco were highlighted in "Barnstorming for the Company...and the King" (*Al-Ayyam Al-Jamilah*, Fall 2014), told a museum audience at his final public-speaking event this spring that his experiences made him "the most lucky man in the world."

The 91-year-old, who died Sept. 23, "enthralled" attendees at the monthly "Coffee with the Curator" event in March at the Caldwell Heritage Museum in Lenoire, N.C., *The Lenoir Voice* reported.

After serving in North Africa in World War II, Morgan flew for Aramco in 1946-47 as a TWA contractor, and then piloted for the new Saudi Arabian Airlines for two more years.

He said he earned \$1,450 a month as a contractor, "a lot of money in those days." He enjoyed his work so much he called it "a paid vacation," albeit with "danger involved."

He said he'd flown for King Abdulaziz Al Sa'ud and landed planes "where there were no airstrips, relying instead upon ... knowledge of and experience of landing in the sand. We only had one or two problems—I went through the [salt flat] crust once, but it was no big deal."

"He was clearly humbled by his experiences," the newspaper reported.

"Ninety percent of what you read in the newspapers and see on TV about the Middle East is pure wrong," Morgan said. "People are the same the world over—no matter where they are, despite language barriers, despite religion. They're all good people. We share the same concerns—our families and our children."

Morgan was accompanied by his daughter Jan, who also escorted him to the 2014 Annuitants Reunion in Asheville, N.C. His museum talk "was originally supposed to be about his time during World War II, but he routinely skips over that and goes right to his time in Saudi Arabia," she told *Al-Ayyam Al-Jamilah* in March.

Left: Bob Morgan sported the Saudi Arabian Airlines insignia that he and a fellow SAA pilot designed for the fledgling airline in the late 1940s. **Below:** Morgan took this photo of the tiny community of Dhahran in the mid-1940s. The central street is King's Road, with Gazelle Circle to the right.





Cheering on Day 1 are old family friends, at left, Tom Doody and his wife Julie flanking her mom Marge Johansson, and, to their left, Gen Johansson, and Doug Grant and his mother Fran. The Johanssons and Grants were "great neighbors" in Dhahran in the mid-'60s.

*Remembering
Old Times,*
Renewing Connections

**ANNUITANTS REVISIT
MONTEREY FOR 30TH REUNION**

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ARTHUR CLARK AND BERT SEAL
WRITTEN BY ARTHUR CLARK

As California college kids in 1976, Julie Johansson and Andrea Cszasz—friends from the first grade in Dhahran—crashed the 10th biennial Annuitants Reunion in Monterey. In October they returned for the 30th reunion at the same hotel, but this time Julie Johansson-Doody was an annuitant herself, and Cszasz a former Aramco Services Company (ASC) employee.

"For us, back then, it was like visiting family—seeing our 'aunts and uncles'—while our parents were working in Saudi Arabia," Johansson-Doody said, amid music and nonstop conversation at the Hyatt Regency, nestled in the pines in sight of the Pacific coast. "It's the same now, only we're the 'aunts and uncles.'"

That unique "homecoming" spirit prevailed for this year's 270 attendees throughout the Oct. 24-26 reunion, even though "home" was more than 8,000 miles away. Attendees ranged from 90-year-old Roy "Buddy" Haug, who joined the company in 1946 at

age 20 and retired 40 years later, to Eric Madsen, who just wrapped up his 37-year career. And connections to the company and the kingdom stretched back even far-



ther, to the early days of the enterprise. Haug's father Roy, Sr., arrived from Bahrain to work in Dhahran in 1938, the same year Madsen's father Lynn and his uncle John Lunde joined the company—and all stayed for long careers. "It would really be sad and a shame to let that spirit go," Madsen said.

There was no fear of that in Monterey. Indeed, hosts Rob and Christien Petrie and their reunion committee guided a festival dedicated to renewing old ties and recalling connections to the kingdom so well that one could feel the homecoming spirit expand as the event unrolled.

"We sincerely hope that you will enjoy visiting and reminiscing with your ex-colleagues—which is the prime reason we are all here," Rob told guests at the reunion's lunch, going on to thank guest-speaker Saud Al Ashgar, retired senior vice president of International Operations; Khalid Al Mulhim, general manager of Government Relations; and Basil Abul-Hamayel, ASC president, for attending.

They added their voices to Saudi

Reunion hosts Rob and Christien Petrie welcome guests Oct. 24.



From left: ASC President Basil Abul-Hamayel lauded annuitants' contributions to the company in his Gala Banquet speech Oct. 25; Andrea Csaszar, left, and friend Julie Johansson-Doody, pals from the first grade in Dhahran, recalled attending the 10th Annuitants Reunion in Monterey as college students in 1976; keynote-speaker Saud Al Ashgar introduced his audience to a "transformed company" with accomplishments across the kingdom and around the world.

Aramco President and CEO Amin Nasser's thoughts about the retirees' special links and importance to the company.

"There's no better word than 'family' to describe the bond among Aramcons," Nasser wrote in his welcome message. "Our people form lifelong ties. Friendships made in Aramco offices, in the field and in our company communities continue to flourish across the years and miles, whenever and wherever you meet."

He highlighted the "Who's Who" of company pioneers who had attended the Monterey reunion 40 years previously. They included Schuyler "Krug" Henry, who waded ashore at Jubail in 1933 to kick off oil exploration in Saudi Arabia, and Floyd Ohliger, who announced the 1938 oil strike that ushered the kingdom into the oil era.

"You built on [the pioneers'] accomplishments, as today's Aramcons continue building on yours," Nasser said, wishing the group a good time "as you celebrate the history you made together."

Speaking at the Gala Banquet sponsored by ASC on Oct. 25, Abul-Hamayel praised expatriates' contributions to the company. "The ones who made the first

journeys to Saudi Arabia—and those who came later—helped our company become what it is today," he said. "In addition to your hard work, you mentored your Saudi colleagues and helped turn us into the strong, sophisticated workforce we are today. Your dedication made a profound difference in the success of Saudi Aramco and your collective influence continues to be felt."

He emphasized the important roles that the company's 10,000-plus expatriates from 94 nations play at Saudi Aramco and its subsidiaries and spoke about Saudi Aramco's expanding operations—to 20 cities in 14 countries today.

He said the company's global footprint had widened substantially since the 2014 reunion, with the establishment of new offices in China and the Republic of Korea, as well as the United States. "We inaugurated a brand new research center in Detroit last year, and over the past four years we inaugurated two other U.S. centers in Houston and Boston," he said.

Abul-Hamayel introduced Al Ashgar, the keynote speaker, who retired in 1997. He also thanked Ali Baluchi for his con-

tinued support. Baluchi has attended every annuitants' reunion but one since 1958 and he spearheaded the three expatriates' reunions held in the kingdom since 2000. Baluchi invited attendees to attend the next gathering in Saudi Arabia in 2019.

Al Ashgar reiterated the company's appreciation of the hard work and friendship of its American and other expatriate employees.

"You and your predecessors contributed immensely to the growth of Aramco and, by extension, Saudi Arabia," he said. "You left behind a heritage that you and I are all proud of being part of."

He also hailed the valuable work of retirees in America as envoys for the company and the kingdom.

"Your contribution did not stop while working in Saudi Arabia—and here I have to extend my expression of appreciation to those who were there as spouses," he said to loud applause. "You all have been good ambassadors of Saudi Arabia in your local communities."

He went on to describe Saudi Aramco's growth and evolution in many fields, including—on the community side—the

Searching for material to help tell your stories in your communities about life in the kingdom? One place to look is www.aramcoexpats.com where, under "Speaker's Bureau," you'll find a wealth of information and photos free to download, says annuitant and website owner Vicci Turner.

Sharing stories of one's time at Aramco imparts "knowledge [which] begets understanding and understanding begets respect," she says. "Greater knowledge, better understanding and deeper respect together beget the possibility that the nations and peoples of the world can find ways to live together in peace, develop a true appreciation for one another's values and beliefs without prejudice and sustain a lasting mutual tolerance for each other's aspirations and ways of life."

Programs include: "A Comprehensive Overview of Saudi Arabia"; "An Overview of the History of the Kingdom of Saudi Arabia"; "Desert Gold: The Rich Geography of Saudi Arabia"; "Saudi Aramco: Fueling Progress Since 1933"; "KAUST: A House of Wisdom, A Beacon of Tolerance"; and "Saudi Arabia A-Z."

The programs are at: <http://aramcoexpats.com/speakers-bureau/>.





1 A lovely autumn evening greeted guests at the Gala Banquet on Oct. 25. 2 Nancy Howell tees off in the golf tournament won by the team of Brad Holland, Glyn Jenkins and Neil Horton. 3 Vicci Turner, right, celebrates with Adele Taveres and her mother Dee McClellan. 4 Khalid Al Mulhim, Saudi Aramco Government Relations general manager, chats with Roy "Buddy" Haug, who joined the company 70 years ago, and his wife Delores. 5 Laurie and Fred Swanson join in the fun on the dance floor.

fact that the company's dining and shopping facilities are now run by concessionaires. He drew gasps of wonder from old-timers when he reported that the Dhahran Commissary is open around the clock and that other concessionaires' shops include Saadueddine sweets, Baskin-Robbins ice cream and Costa Coffee.

Not only that, but "half the cashiers at the Commissary are young Saudi women," he said.

He also cited Dhahran's rapid growth, with 1,500 new houses and a new Commissary planned for Dhahran Hills. Two-hundred new homes are targeted for occupancy in 2017.

On the energy side, he noted that so much has happened since he retired two decades ago that he finds it hard to keep up.

"During the last few years Aramco has been transformed," he said, becom-

ing a "major participant in the petrochemical business" through joint ventures with U.S., Japanese, French and Chinese companies to produce petrochemicals in Saudi Arabia. Other joint ventures with Chinese and Korean firms "have petrochemical production integrated with oil refining."

Another new focus lies in furthering opportunities for commerce in Saudi Arabia through the company's New Business Development organization.

He also paid tribute to the soon-to-open King Abdulaziz Center for World Culture in Dhahran. It includes "a 21st-century public library, a world-class theater for 1,000 people and a cinema and a museum about the kingdom," he noted, plus special learning facilities for all ages.

Al Ashgar said its Archive would especially interest many annuitants. "[It]

will make the 80-plus-year history of the company and its people available to the public and to researchers," he said. He thanked those who "have already contributed items of historic and archival significance to the company for preservation and future display."

Nearly 30 retirees and family members took the opportunity to share stories of their time with the company through filmed oral-history interviews with two representatives of the Archives team.

"The Center is capturing the firsthand accounts and experiences of employees, both Saudi and expatriate...," said team member Debbie Edwards. "Reminiscing through oral dialogue has the power to build a stronger bond across a diverse population of employees, creating unity and a common drive to accomplish the seemingly impossible."



The 30th biennial Annuitants Reunion may be over, but former employees and family members can take heart: More such gatherings lie ahead.

The 16th biennial Brats Reunion will be held May 25-29, 2017, (Memorial Day weekend) in Fort Lauderdale, Fla. Sandra

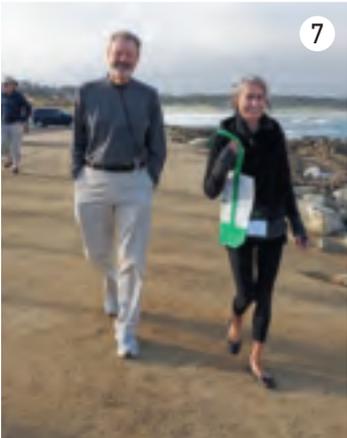
Kerr-Louchard (DH84) is chairing the reunion committee, and further information is available at <http://aramco-brats.com/>

[event-2139050](http://aramco-brats.com/) or reunion2017@aramco-brats.com.

The 31st biennial Annuitants Reunion will take place in the Austin, Texas, area in the fall of 2018. The reunion hosts, announced at the end of the 30th reunion in Monterey, are David Jessich and Bill and Judy Walker.

Farther down the road is the fourth Expatriates Reunion, scheduled for March 2019. Ali Baluchi is reprising his role as reunion committee chairman and Saeed al-Ghamdi is vice chairman. Around 500 attendees are expected.

Stay tuned to *Al-Ayyam Al-Jamilah* for further reunion information.



6 Ali Baluchi received a standing ovation from guests including his wife Amira for his longtime support of annuitant relations. 7 Gary and Fran Patton, who met in Dhahran, attended their first reunion, "rekindling memories of what we had," said Fran. 8 Rhona Messinger arrived in Dhahran with her new husband Robert in 1954, a year before photographer Bert Seal, whose pictures brought back many memories. 9 Snake dancing was one "order of the evening" Oct. 25. 10 Saying "goodbye" Oct. 26 was made easier by a fine Farewell Dinner, sampled here by Becky Cline and John Powell.

Khalid Al Mulhim reached out to retirees to turn their stories about Saudi society into educational tools in the United States. He asked them to think about new ways of explaining Saudi Arabia to friends and neighbors, stressing the need to offer Americans a balanced picture of the kingdom from those who know it best.

"I think you made the history of this company. We really need to build on this bond you have created, and today's reunion is a true testimony to all of that," he said.

"We count on your help, your support and your understanding as true ambassadors, not only for Aramco but for the whole nation."

Former Dhahran residents Judy and Mike Butler took Al Mulhim's message to heart on a tour around the Monterey Peninsula the next day with 25 other attendees. After visiting the Cannery Row district memorialized by John Steinbeck, watching waves crash on the rugged Pacific shore and stopping by the Pebble Beach Golf Course (at \$525 a round, there were no takers in the group), they ventured on to Carmel.

There, Judy was buttonholed on the sidewalk by a Californian who recognized the letters on her necklace spelling her name in Arabic. That started a conversation—about the reunion and Aramco and Saudi Arabia.

Reunion attendees had ample time to tell all sorts of tales during tours, on land and at sea, and before and after presentations by former Aramcons. Hugh Renfro, who worked for Aramco in the 1950s and '60s, spoke on "Saudi Oil Past and Present," and Elizabeth McLellan, who worked at the Dhahran Health Center beginning in 1986, discussed her nonprofit's effort to collect and redistribute discarded medical supplies to improve health care around the world.

Pictures elicited conversations, too.

Bert Seal, who joined Aramco as a photographer in the 1950s, brought along several binders full of black-and-white photos—of Dhahran and Tapline and formal events involving the royal family in Riyadh, for instance.

"There's my office; there's where my husband worked; there's the school!" Rhona Messinger exclaimed as she turned the pages of one binder. She'd come as a newlywed in 1954 from England to Dhahran, where her husband Robert had worked since 1948. (They'd met on holiday in Amsterdam in 1953, and she'd gladly traded the chilly, damp postwar English weather "to be under a palm tree in the heat," she said.)

Their three sons were born in Dhahran, and one, Ray, works there now—living just a couple of blocks from where he was born. "I loved it there," Messinger

said, gazing at Seal's photos.

His pictures also caught the eye of a *Monterey Herald* reporter who interviewed half a dozen retirees for a story published Oct. 27.

"By the time Bert Seal, 86, came to work as a photographer for Aramco's Public Relations Dept. in 1955, the landscape and culture were evolving," she wrote. "New constructs became his photographic material; he took pictures of Aramco's communities, neighboring towns and the king's palace. Seal also recalls dining alongside Saudi royalty and spending weekends among camels in Bedouin desert camps. He was 'always impressed by Arab hospitality.'"

That hospitality and the legacy of working in Saudi Arabia that lives on through the children (and grandchildren) who grew up there were among the most talked-about subjects in Monterey.

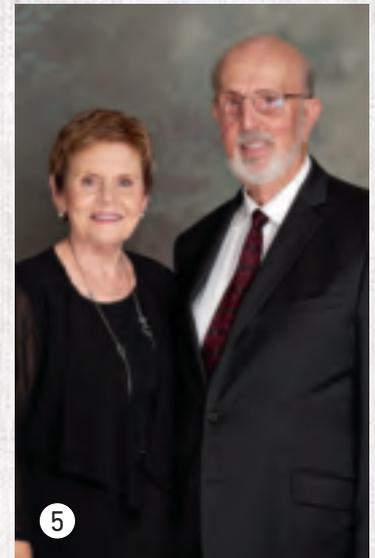
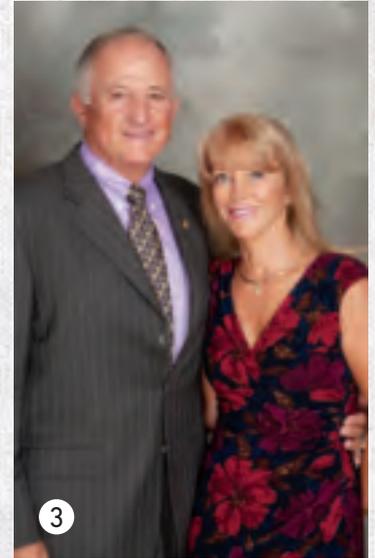
Ninety-five-year-old Bill Hayes, who joined Aramco's San Francisco office in 1947 and worked all over the globe, including Dhahran from 1960-'66, can count on one hand friends from his generation who are still around to attend reunions. But that doesn't matter because of the children, many of them retirees themselves, who turn out.

"I have fun here as long as I know even the kids of the parents [I knew]," he says. "They are the same way."

≈ PORTRAIT GALLERY ≈



Hosts Present and Past IN MONTEREY



① Rob and Christien Petrie, Monterey, 2016 ② Jim and Linda Shearon, Asheville, 2014 ③ Rick and Rianne Chimblo, Tucson, 2012
④ Karen and Al Fallon, Las Vegas, 2008 ⑤ Tony and Judy Germani, Branson, 2006



Bert Seal, Hugh Renfro, Bill Hayes, David Jessich,
Ed Zuwarel and Al Porto



Melanie and Michael Jurlando, Sue and Gene Hansel,
Janice and Eric Madsen, Geraldine and Carl Gossard,
Norma and Tim Ackert



Vicci Turner and David Jessich



Judy and Bill Walker



Bill and Molly McClain



Dale and Edie Offield



ASC contingent: Judy Sultan, Alma Kombargi,
Arthur Clark and Heather O'Connor



Bob and Nancy Taylor, Bill and Judy Walker;
Jack and Ellen Meyer, Susan Husted Cowles, Alfred and Susan Hanner,
Bill and Molly McClain, and Norma Ackert



Karen Shepard and Gary Ingram, Dale and Edie Offield,
Trish and Glyn Jenkins



Patsy and Hal Bonewits, Adri and Joe Bormans, Pat and Jim Cross



Connie and Wayne Muncy



Paulette and Mel Misanko



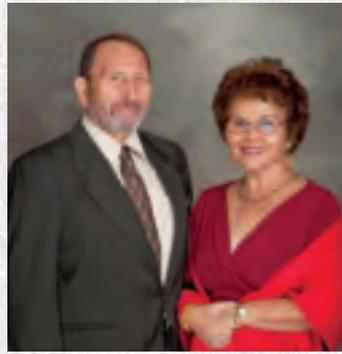
Jane and Jary Archer



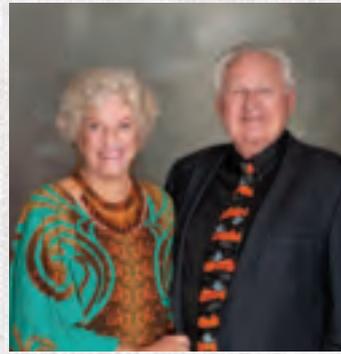
Schuyler and Phyllis Stuckey



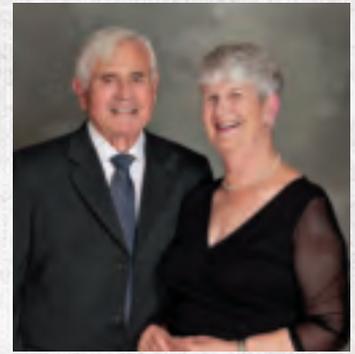
Dee McClellan
and Adele Taveres



Lawrence and Penny Olsen



Ellen and Jack Meyer



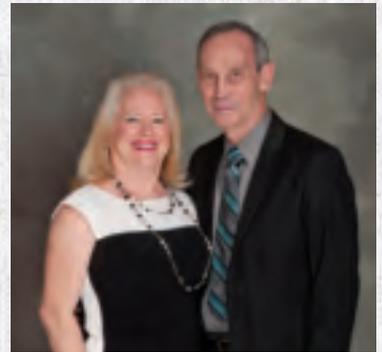
Glyn and Trish Jenkins



Robert and Jocie Kaufeler



Neil and Jan Horton, Ellie and Brad Holland



Darice and Bob Tiffany



Charley and Helene Rowlette



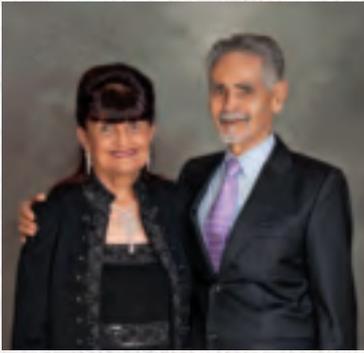
Dick and Karen Rhoades



Segundo and Alina Fernandez



Stan and Peggy McGinley



Munira and Saud Al Ashgar



Dick and Karen Rhoades, Tony and Judy Germani,
Segundo and Alina Fernandez, Charley and Helene Rowlette,
Bob and Darice Tiffany



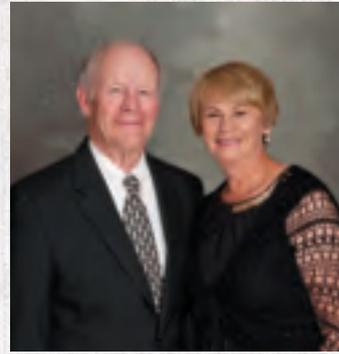
Gary Ingram and
Karen Shepard



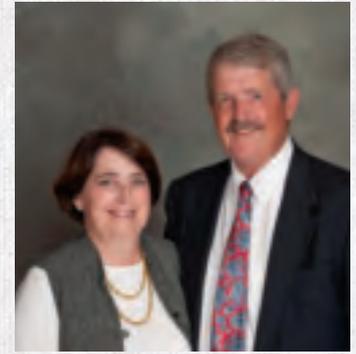
Andrea and Magda Csaszar



Trudi and Gunter Kaldschmidt



Ken and Elaine Trousell



Jan and Neil Horton



Juana Johnson and
Dieter and Connie Preisen



Brad and Ellie Holland



Carol Hudson, Sandra Mauldin,
Dick and Jeanne Ebner,
Sue and Jeffrey Nelson, Wanda Stults



Dick and Jeanne Ebner



Sue and Jeffrey Nelson



Maaike Petrie, Robert and Jane Petrie,
Christien and Rob Petrie



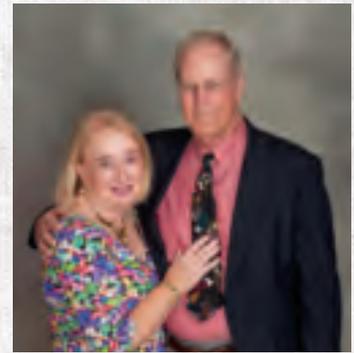
Carolyn and Dave Thomas



Susan and Alfred Hanner



Carol Chamblee



Geraldine and Carl Gossard



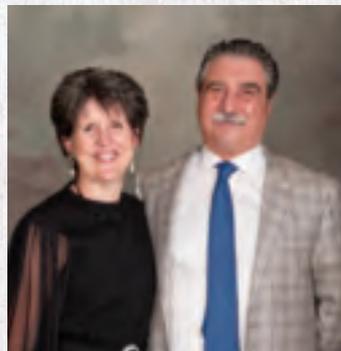
Cyndy and Tom Marsh, Rita and Tom Steininger,
Connie and David Vellozzi, Iro and Ron Smith, and
Helen Streaker



John Palmer and Doreen Cumberford,
Violeta and John Powell, Ronald and Maria Clark,
Stan and Peggy McGinley, Alfred and Susan Hanner



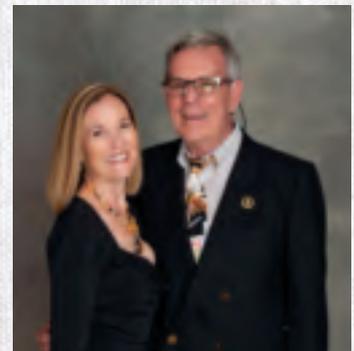
Sue and Gene Hansel



Melanie and Michael Jurlando



Janice and Eric Madsen



Norma and Tim Ackert



Linda and Jim Shearon, Paulette and Mel Misanko,
Connie and Wayne Muncy,
Schuyler and Phyllis Stuckey, Jane and Jary Archer



ASC President Basil Abul-Hamayel,
Alma Kombargi, former ASC President
Seth Sharr



Victoria Fernando and Ed Dymicki



Gary and Inge Deese



Ron and Vivian Nazeley



Ken and Carol Swanson



Amira and Ali Baluchi, Elizabeth Tahir, Al Porto, Kathleen and Terry Van Ballegooijen



Greg Taylor and Susan Mayernik



Carol Hudson, Sandra Mauldin and Wanda Stults



Melanie and Tom Dreiman



Mary Kelsch Zwick and Laurie Tanner Kelsch



Wendy Mouat and Preston Lamp



Doreen Cumberford and John Palmer



Front: Richard Gardner, Laurie Swanson, Vivian Nazeley, Adele Taveres, Mahala Brixey, Jane Archer. Back: Vicci Turner, Charley and Helen Rowlette, Ron Nazeley, Inge and Gary Deese, Ellen and Jack Meyer, Ruth Stark, Fred Swanson, Dwight Brixey, Jary Archer.



Armineh Bezdikian



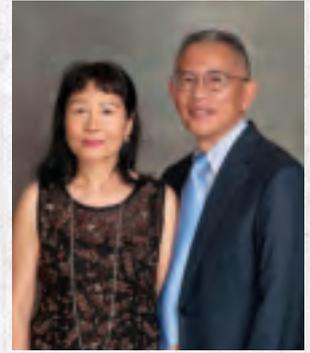
Richard and Becky Cline, and
Tammy and Brent Cline



Pat Harrison and
Rhona Messinger



Ceci and Steven Irwin



Dianna and John Yee



Jeff and Joyce Haug, Rod and Allison Haug, Buddy and
Delores Haug, Wesley Haug and Angela Abueg



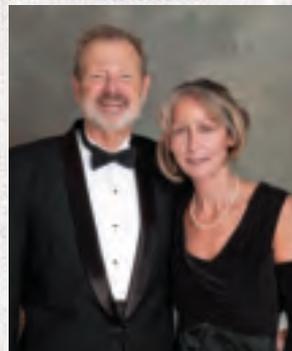
David Lugo, ASC; Farah AlSharif and Debbie Edwards,
King Abdulaziz Center for World Culture;
Melissa Altman and Arthur Clark, ASC



Alan and Kathryn Wickline



Farah AlSharif and Hussain
Mohammed AlSharif



Gary and Fran Patton



Monique, Janny and Arleen Slotboom



Gary and Nancy Howell
and David Sherwood



Front: Helene Rowlette, Noel Cave, Vicci Turner, Adele Taveres, Karen Fallon, Mahala Brixey,
Helena and Curtis King. Back: Janny and Arleen Slotboom, Gary Howell, Marvin Stark,
Richard Gardner, Ruth Stark, Al Fallon, Bill and Valerie DeVoe, Dale Brock, Dwight Brixey.

6th Reunion

in BARD'S HOMETOWN

By JASMINE COPELAND



Above: "All the world's a stage" for attendees who gathered for a photo at the sixth UK Aramcons Reunion in Shakespeare's scenic Stratford-upon-Avon. **Left:** Retirees Ray Hanson, left, and Arvid Koris celebrate at the gala dinner June 11.

Retirees from Britain and abroad gathered at Stratford-upon-Avon from June 9-11 for the sixth UK Aramcons Reunion, reacquainting themselves with old colleagues and friends in William Shakespeare's hometown.

The gathering was "a great success," said Mike Higgins, who hosted the event with his wife Sue, and Veronica and Jim Anderson. "We welcomed 116 retirees, with some travelling from Panama, the United States, Portugal, Cyprus, France and Saudi Arabia to enjoy meeting up with old friends and making new ones."

The hosts generously donated their time to organize the event, visiting venues, collecting registrations and arranging gifts for guests. They also coordinated excursions sampling the historic beauty of the picturesque town and the surrounding Warwickshire countryside.

The traditional golf tournament June 10, organized by Murray Welsh, was made special by inaugurating the Tom Henderson

Memorial Trophy in honor of the late reunion founder. Henderson's wife Eileen presented the trophy to Sol Asekun, a Florida retiree, on the final night of the reunion. The Hendersons organized the first UK Aramcons Reunion in 2007 and hosted the next four gatherings.

A canal-boat tour on the River Avon took place June 10, capped by fish-and-chips at the renowned Barnaby's Fish Restaurant.

The next morning guests took a behind-the-stage tour of the Royal Shakespeare Company, arranged by former Dhahran Theatre Group member Michael Buckley. The visit had special significance on the 400th anniversary of Shakespeare's death.

The gala dinner that night provided much merriment and laughter as screens showed images from past reunions, reminding attendees of the group's strong bonds.

Speaking on behalf of Aramco Overseas President Fahad Al-AbdulKareem, Corporate Communications Div. Director Omar

Badar welcomed attendees and thanked them for building the company into what it is today. He also thanked Ali Baluchi for travelling from the kingdom to take part in the get-together and Baluchi invited guests to attend the Fourth Expatriates Reunion in Saudi Arabia in 2019.

As the evening came to a close and the co-hosts thanked everyone for coming, guests departed to an echo of goodbyes and promises to stay in touch.

"After enjoying a range of activities over the weekend, the dinner-dance sponsored by Aramco Overseas was the highlight of the reunion," Higgins said. "It was a joy to see everyone dressed for the occasion and reminiscing about our unique experience working for Saudi Aramco and living in Saudi Arabia."

Golfer Sol Asekun received the inaugural Tom Henderson Memorial Trophy from Eileen Henderson, in honor of her late husband. The Hendersons organized the first five UK Aramcons reunions.



Asma

AND HER

Remembered Stories

WRITTEN BY
Bill Tracy

ILLUSTRATED BY
Ivy Johnson



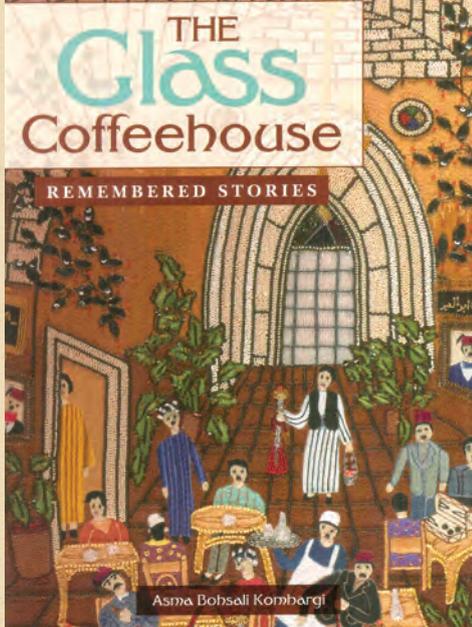
Many *Al-Ayyam Al-Jamilah* readers may know fellow-annuitants Asma and Shafiq Kombargi from their half-century association with Aramco and its subsidiaries in Beirut, The Hague and Houston.

Asma recently wrote *The Glass Coffeehouse: Remembered Stories*, a collection of seven deftly drawn tales about life in her home city of Beirut and its environs during the last century. The book was published by Bright Sky Press this year.

“This is a book from the heart,” Asma says, and because some passages include cross-cultural and multi-religious relationships she is sensitive about how different readers might interpret or react to what she has written. Having grown up in a region with both provincial and cosmopolitan niches, she is struck by how

customs can both differ or be shared by people in countryside and city, by poor or prosperous, or by East and West.

One continuing issue that Asma pointed out in a recent interview is that of male dominance and women without power, which has been debated around the globe over centuries. An American



example can be seen by simply watching a period movie about late-19th-century New York society.

Further, she goes on to say, the Bible and Qur'an share many stories and lessons, but in a world of changing cultural context, old stories may be interpreted to fit new situations or new circumstances. Terrorism is a recent example of how aspects of a faith can be "hijacked" in unintended, unfortunate ways.

Growing up in Lebanon in a Sunni Muslim family with roots in Turkey and Syria, Asma Bohsali attended the American School for Girls in Beirut. She attributes her own nonjudgmental attitude about multiple religious practices to lessons learned from her school's Protestant teachers, whom she considered less proselytizing than the city's French-speaking Catholic missionaries.

In 1958 she married Shafiq Kombargi, a graduate of the American University of Beirut whose shipping family had come to Lebanon from Jaffa in coastal Palestine. The couple raised three daughters and two sons. Their association with Aramco brought the family to Houston in 1977.

Soon after that Asma earned a Ph.D. in international relations at the University of Houston, going on to teach three classes in Middle East and European politics there. She also taught a graduate course at University of St. Thomas in Houston.

She later began writing fictionalized short stories about experiences with family and friends during her earlier years in Beirut. It was a time in which that city was in the throes of complex transition, leading eventually to civil war.

Asma finally overcame her initial hesitance and published her stories after continued encouragement by her husband

and her grown-up children. For that we owe them thanks.

Her "academic" side shines in the book's title story, which focuses on the regular meetings of five Sunni Muslim businessmen over tea and narghiles. They gossip and discuss the Arab revolt against the Ottoman Turks during World War I. This story, the book's longest, features brief historical sidebars on politics and diplomacy drawn from a variety of published sources.

Meanwhile, in marked counterpoint to the gentlemen's café debates, daily life goes on in Beirut. Intriguing details highlight these "remembered stories," too, as dutiful wives manage their kitchens and homes, raise children and grandchildren, and arrange marriages for a stream of 16-year-old neighborhood daughters to young men from "good" families. These six "domestic" tales offer unique insights into what is still a not-quite-vanished lifestyle.

"The Story of Rima," for example, focuses partly on matchmaking. "My mother...wanted to defeat her sisters, with whom she was very competitive..." the narrator says. "All of their daughters were married at sixteen; hers would be too. As one of her sisters used to say: 'A bride is no bride after sixteen.'"

"The Price of a Chocolate Bar: The Story of Jamal and Badrieh," looks into the lives of working girls in Beirut. "At that time, my mother was a seamstress and had at least twelve girls working for

her," the narrator says. "They were not necessarily skilled workers; they came to learn and work.... Work sometimes included wrapping grape leaves, watering plants, and washing the steep staircase."

Asma took a major role in designing the physical book, which includes two artistic contributions from her extended family. One is the colorful cover scene of patrons and staff inside the Glass Coffeehouse, drawn by Rached Bohsali, a grandson of an uncle. Her second cousin, Rima Bohsali, transformed that illustration and another inside the book into even more special images by recreating them in handstitched embroidery.

Asma and Shafiq Kombargi still live in Houston, where he was director of Public Affairs at Aramco Services Company until he retired in 1999.

As is the case within many Aramco families, members of the next generation have kept up the company connection: Two Kombargi children work for company subsidiaries and one works for a corporate joint-venture.

One might hope that they are gathering material for a follow-on edition of Mother's "Remembered Stories."

Arranged marriages were de rigueur in mid-20th-century Lebanon. In "The Story of Mounir, 1948," Asma Kombargi describes how formal meetings between the families of Mounir and his prospective bride Raja (seated left) went disastrously wrong—for everybody but Mounir.



DREAM *Comes* TRUE

FOR FATHER-DAUGHTER DUO

By **MIKE KELLER**



IT WAS ALREADY STARTING TO SEEM AS IF IT HAD ALL BEEN A DREAM. WE WERE ALMOST HOME, THE BIG EMIRATES A-380 TOUCHING THE TARMAC AT SAN FRANCISCO INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT IN MID-APRIL AFTER A 15-HOUR FLIGHT FROM AMMAN, JORDAN.

Had my daughter Sierra and I really just completed 18,000 miles by air and visited three countries in just under 18 days?

The highlight for me, of course, had been our week in Saudi Arabia, as I'm an Aramco Brat whose grandparents and parents had worked for the company beginning in the 1940s. For Sierra, who's 24, it was a chance to experience the distant place I had talked so much about. As a new employee of the U.S. Geological Survey, she also had a

“professional” interest in the place.

We initially decided to embark on a once-in-a-lifetime father-daughter trip to Oman and Jordan. Knowing how close we would be to where I grew up during the '50s and '60's in Saudi Arabia, we checked to see if we could visit the kingdom. We succeeded.

After a five-day stay in Muscat, we flew to Dammam and then drove into Dhahran, our base for the next seven days. We were treated to a tour of Dhahran, now much bigger than I remembered but still familiar.

One evening we walked to where my

maternal grandparents, Clem and Marie Gibbs, had lived on 10th St., their house no different from when I used to visit as a child. Clem had arrived in 1944, worked mostly as a drilling supervisor with Exploration and retired in 1964.

My father, Elwood “Woody” Keller, went to work as a diesel mechanic in Abqaiq in 1947 and met my mother Gloria. They married in 1950 and he retired as foreman of Drilling Equipment Services in 1968.

Sierra and I stayed out that evening until I located the old “mother house” near the

Left: Mike and Sierra Keller stand by one of the "large gnarled trees" in which Mike remembered playing as a child in Abqaiq. **Right:** The al-Shammary family welcomed the Kellers for a meal and a chance to reminisce. Sa'ad al-Shammary, whose father Hamid was a fellow Drilling employee and friend of Mike's dad Woody, sits to Mike's right.



ballfield-turned-park on King's Road where I was born. Later, we toured the Community Heritage Gallery for a glimpse into the past, present and future of Saudi Aramco and the Kingdom of Saudi Arabia.

I was determined to meet again with retiree Sa'ad al-Shammary in Madinat Abqaiq and introduce Sierra to Sa'ad's family. His late father Hamid had been her grandfather's friend and fellow employee for more than 20 years.

Sa'ad (a driller himself) is Hamid's eldest son and I'd managed to connect with him briefly during the Expatriates Reunion in the kingdom in 2009 (see *Al-Ayyam Al-Jamilah*, Spring 2009). One afternoon, al-Shammary family members welcomed us to a traditional Arab feast in their home.

Besides food, we shared photos, stories and the history that bound our families together. Generations of deep ties that crossed thousands of miles of land, oceans and cultures had been reconnected by the end of the evening.

Another highlight of our trip was flying into Madinah and a driving three hours through a raging *shamal* to al-'Ula, located on the old Hijaz Railroad and the gateway for our tour of Madain Salih. The well-preserved monumental tombs and ruins of this famous Nabataean city, Saudi Arabia's first World Heritage Site, were simply extraordinary. A week later we would explore the capital of the Nabataean civilization in Petra, Jordan.

Our last day in Saudi Arabia was devoted to visiting the "friendly city" of Abqaiq. I wanted to show Sierra where I'd lived and how my sister Andrea and I grew up as children of Aramco.

So much had changed over the years—and even since the 2009 reunion. Yet while there was much that was new, most of the core area of "old" Abqaiq remained virtually unchanged.

We toured the "senior staff" school and walked my daily route as a child from there to where our house was located on 18th St. The place where it once stood with two others is now a small park, but two large gnarled trees—the same trees I played in as a small boy over 50 years ago in our yard—had stood the test of time.

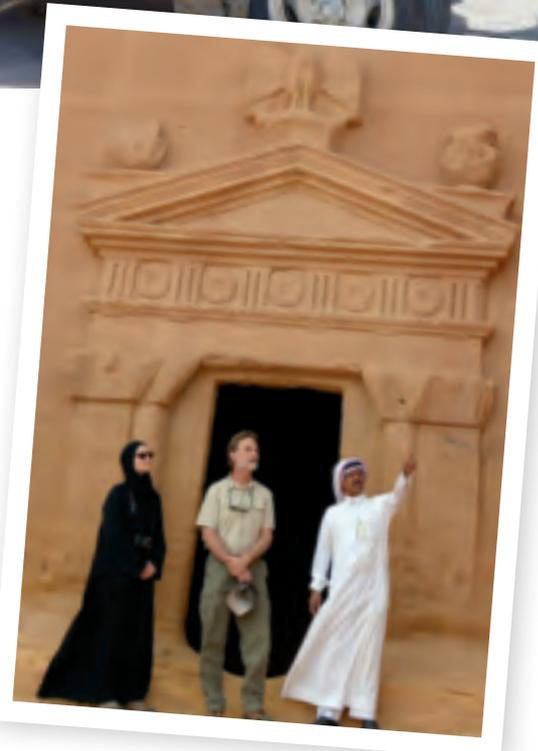
We toured the Recreation Center, sat in



Above: At the Community Heritage Gallery in Dhahran, the visitors found a restored 1951 Dodge Power Wagon similar to the type of vehicle that Mike's grandfather and father would have driven on the job. **Right:** Daughter and father learn about Madain Salih from a representative of the Commission for Tourism and National Heritage.

the Theater and walked to the old Mail Center and Commissary. Standing in the middle of what used to be the Little League field, I felt a lifetime drop away. Every place brought a flood of memories and another story to tell, as if they had happened yesterday.

Our visit came to an end too quickly, but it had been an opportunity for me to walk briefly again on the streets of my youth and to recall with my daughter a special place, people and time. It is said that you can never return home once you have left, but I felt as my life had come full circle.



How special this was to share with Sierra and to establish this continuity of generations and our way of life in Saudi Arabia with her. It was as if a dream had come true.

GIFT *of the* WORLD

ADOPTEE WITH CLOSE COMPANY TIES LOOKS BACK

By WENDY LEVINE

**“My dear sister...
Mama died last
night here in my
home...now all is
different.”**

That message, announced by a blinking icon on Facebook in April, threw my life as an adoptee into stark relief. Georgia, my blood sister, told me that Penelope, our 93-year-old birth mother, had passed away in Crete.

Penelope was laid to rest in Sissarha, the mountain village I'd left as a 16-month-old to join my new parents, Marty and Rosemarye Levine. The path down which I'd toddled in 1958 led to a much wider world, including a long stay in Saudi Arabia.

How I became part of the Levine clan is a fairytale of sorts. I often found myself thinking about that when I came to live in Dhahran in 1985. I'd visited Marty and Rosemarye briefly in al-Khobar when they joined Aramco in 1980, so the area wasn't unfamiliar. But I still had to pinch myself sometimes when soaking up Saudi Arabia's sights and sounds.

There was Samir's carpet shop, for example, where I loved to sit with my parents, resting against the tightly rolled weavings of ornate design. The cacophony of colors spilling from Samir's inventory never failed



to hold my gaze. The boys who unfurled the carpets always brought a silver tray with glasses of steaming, sweet chai. Such were the joys I might never have experienced had I remained in Crete.

When I was born to Penelope and Emmanuel Kalendis, Greece had just emerged from civil war; the whole country was in tatters. Because dowry was still expected of village girls in the 1950s and I was the third daughter in a shepherd

Wendy Levine reunited with her birth mother Penelope Kalendis in 1980 when, during a stay in Athens, her *au pair* employer helped her contact her family in Crete. She'd not been back since departing for Athens—and then the United States—in 1958 with her adoptive parents, Marty and Rosemarye Levine.

family, life was difficult.

“When you were born and I saw you were a girl, I just cried because I knew the promise I'd made,” Penelope told me when I returned to Crete in 1980.

Her promise was that if I were born female, I'd be adopted by an American couple. She'd agonized about her choice, but I'm now confident that Penelope felt she'd truly made the right decision.

While Penelope was pregnant with me, she'd learned of a childless U.S. couple seeking to adopt and reasoned a girl would fare better in an American household. I'd live a life she could only dream of—one that included an education in the land of opportunity.

Her decision was entirely gender-based. If I'd been a boy, I would have remained in Crete. I like to think that Penelope gave me a great gift: the world. Of course, what she and Emmanuel began Marty and Rosemary continued in myriad ways.

Over time, my adopted siblings and I were able to share our parents' penchant to embrace the world. Indeed, the Levines thought globally long before they arrived in Dhahran. Of their three children, I'm perhaps the biggest beneficiary of that thinking through my work as a documentary photographer, where travel and adaptation are second nature.

My dad's computer savvy (Rosemary says the early mainframes he dealt with are now in the Smithsonian!) took him all over the world: the United Nations in Rome; the Ministry of Energy in Tehran; and states including Hawaii. His job at Aramco was to design a computer-based patient-care system for Dhahran Health Center.

My parents met in in the early '50s in Washington, D.C., at a party to welcome Rosemary to the capital. Soon after that Marty invited her to a symphony, picking her up in his blue convertible. They married in 1954.

After several years of trying to conceive,



Above: Wendy Levine's naturalization certificate came through in April 1961, two-and-a-half years after she entered the United States following the approval of the U.S. Congress. **Right:** Proud parents introduce their daughter to the author of the "Wendy Bill," Sen. William Proxmire of Wisconsin, for whom Rosemary Levine worked as a speechwriter.



they decided to adopt. International adoptions are in vogue now, but 50-plus years ago they were neither commonplace nor easy. Their quest wound through the halls of Congress and numerous law offices in America and overseas.

At the time, they were living in Wisconsin where Rosemary worked as speechwriter for U.S. Sen. William Proxmire. He was closely allied with Patrick J. Lucey, Wisconsin's Democratic Party chairman (and later the state governor). Lucey's wife, a Greek American, knew first-hand about the difficulties facing families with infant girls in Greece.

She urged my parents to find a Greek contact and search for an infant there. Anna Katsologorgis, whose husband owned Crete's first milk-pasteurization plant, became their go-between. She lived in the port of Heraklion, not far from the palace of Knossos, and visited pregnant and newly delivered women in mountain villages to tell them of the opportunity for their children to be raised as Americans. Penelope's cousin kept house for Anna

Wendy and Peter Levine, shown in Rome in 1969 next to their dad's Alfa Romeo, had wide-open windows on the world because Marty's computer work meant frequent moves in the United States and abroad. The Levines adopted a third child, Peggy, in 1970.

in 1957 and put Anna in touch with her.

Marty and Rosemary chose me on the basis of a black-and-white photo that Penelope had made in Heraklion. They later told me I looked content, self-satisfied and healthy in the photo. They hired lawyers in the United States and Greece and a stream of paperwork ensued. Although I was legally adopted when I was six months old in 1957, it took almost another year before America agreed to welcome me. And I was lucky at that.

The quota for Greek immigrants had been filled for 1958, so Congress had to approve a special bill to allow me entry. Rosemary and Marty enlisted the help of many friends, who barraged Sens. John F. Kennedy, Hubert Humphrey and others to support Proxmire's "Wendy Bill." It failed to pass in the spring of 1958, but when Congress reconvened in October it was approved.

Meanwhile, I remained in a whitewashed house without running water or electricity in Sissarha, taking my first steps and learning my first words. Immediately after the bill passed, Marty and Rosemarye made plans to come to Crete. Soon after arriving by ferry from the mainland, they met my birth family and me at Anna Katsologigis's villa.

It was a study in contrasts, they told me: Emmanuel wore woolen breeches tucked into knee-high black boots, while Marty wore a jacket and tie; Penelope wore a flowered blue dress, faded around the seams, and Rosemarye wore a dark pencil skirt, a tailored blouse and high heels. I wore a simple cotton dress with lace edging sewn around its collar. Most exciting of all, I had new shoes with the same pointed, tasseled tips worn by traditional Greek dancers. Such accoutrements were rare for poor families and I'd whisper *papoutsia*—"shoes"—once we'd left for Athens whenever toddling past a shoe store.

I needed a Greek passport and new picture to enter America. "A baby from Crete," the Athenian photographer exclaimed to Marty and Rosemarye when we visited his studio. "You will have a very stubborn daughter." As soon as the passport was ready, Marty signed his name for mine under the photo, adding the word "Father" in parenthesis. We flew to New York after he completed documents at the U.S. Embassy.

Rosemarye had gone to great lengths to procure disposable diapers, which were difficult to find in the '50s. But Penelope had taught me to use a ceramic bowl in our one-room house. In a home with no tap water, that was important. My new parents were pleasantly surprised when I was accident-free on the flight from Athens.

Once we arrived in Wisconsin, I was pictured in Sen. Proxmire's arms on the



Above: The Levine family, Rosemarye and Marty, Peggy, center, and Wendy and Peter posed for this photo at their home in Tehran in 1975. They moved there from Rome, after a stay in Hawaii. **Right:** Wendy drew a crowd of children in Lira, Uganda, one of several cities she visited in that country in 2011 to document micro-development projects. Living in diverse cultures has made her "comfortable as a communicator," she says.



front pages of several newspapers. I had my own room and my own bed. Penelope had woven me a crimson carpet and its lovely geometric designs graced that bedroom floor and many thereafter. (Years later in Houston my son played with Legos on the same carpet.)

I was naturalized in 1961. Earlier that year, my parents had adopted a baby boy from New York. To complete our family, they would adopt a little girl from California in 1970. U.S. adoption laws had relaxed by then and my family moved often due to Marty's cutting-edge computer work.

I found the moves exciting. In May 1967, in Hawaii, I celebrated my 10th birthday on the beach outside our back door where Mom organized a sand-sculpture contest. My best friend was *hapa hauli*—half Caucasian-half Hawaiian—and I was the palest person in my fourth-grade class.

Then we moved to Rome where we took weekend trips in Marty's red Alfa Romeo. On a longer foray to the island of Elba, I vividly recall Napoleon's tiny bed and Mom's description of his exile. I

learned the difference between Doric, Ionic and Corinthian columns from my British teacher, and shared a crush with actress Cloris Leachman's son George after being cast as Alice (while he played the Mad Hatter) in our class play.

We traded Rome for Tehran in 1974. During my senior year at the international Tehran Community School, I inherited Marty's twin-lens reflex camera. It had no light meter, so I began documenting *suq* scenes and everyday street life by trial and error. In 1975 I began college in Rome, switching to Florentine, Tuscan and Roman subjects. I later transferred to Drew University in New Jersey, earning a degree in fine arts in 1979.

There I found I had a natural affinity with international students. Two classmates—a Swiss-Peruvian girl and a Kuwaiti-German girl—and I moved to an off-campus apartment that we decorated with mementos of our travels. Our flat became a meeting place for students. We plastered the kitchen walls with maps which became

guides for future exploration. My negatives of Iran and Italy came to life under a red glow in the college darkroom, deepening a passion for photography and travel.

When I turned 21, Marty pulled my first passport from a box of papers in McLean, Va., and handed it to me. “Now that you’re an adult it’s yours to keep safe,” he said. The following year, my parents gave me a plane ticket to Rome as a graduation present. One of my roommates and I traveled around Europe by train, winding up in Greece’s Peloponnese. Next came Athens where I stopped to earn money. Crete was just a ferry ride away.

I had tucked my Greek passport into my backpack before leaving America and shared it one day with Dimitra, my *au pair* employer. Pointing to the handwritten lines on the back page, she suggested that we write a letter to the Heraklion courthouse where my adoption papers had been filed. Three days later I knew the names of my birth parents and the village where I’d been born.

“Let’s call Sissarha to see if Emmanuel and Penelope are still there,” Dimitra said.

After some hesitation, I agreed.

It turned out that Sissarha had one phone—in the *cafeneio*. “Emmanuel Kalendis is sitting right here!” said the café owner when Dimitra got through.

“Do you remember the little girl you sent to America 20 years ago?” Dimitra asked Emmanuel.

“Yes, yes. I remember,” he answered. And he began to cry. I tried to be cool, but tears were running down my cheeks too.

A few days later I arrived in Heraklion by ferry. Then I rode a faded-blue public bus to my hometown, a Greek-English dictionary on my lap, to meet my birth family. I was terrified.

We finally arrived at a village so small you’d miss it if you blinked.

It was a tearful reunion. Emmanuel explained that they hadn’t even had bread to eat after the civil war and wanted a better future for me.

“I hope we made the right choice,” Penelope said. “Will you forgive us?”

“Please don’t worry. I have a great life, and wonderful parents,” I told her. “And I’ve been to college. Thank you for that.” (My

Greek parents were extremely proud of my education; Emmanuel would boast to villagers that I’d had “17 years of school, from kindergarten through college!”)

When I flew home, Marty met me at Dulles Airport outside Washington, D.C. “So, when you went to Crete, did you visit the mountains?” he asked, in his understated manner.

“Yes.”

“What did you find there?”

“Oh Dad, I found out everything,” I said. “But this is home!”

After my return I began a career in advertising photography, but I’d always hoped to combine travel with images and words as a docu-



Marty and Rosemarye Levine concluded careers that took their family around the world with an 11-year stay in Dhahran, ending in 1992. This picture was taken in 1987.

mentary photographer. So after Marty and Rosemarye moved to Dhahran, I joined them for three years and built a portfolio, finally leaving to earn a master’s degree in photojournalism in the United States. Then I moved to London, married and began doing photo essays for publication. We had a son and a daughter and moved in 1998 to Houston, where I still reside.

In 2001 my family and I traveled back to Sissarha. Penelope was thrilled to meet my children and to see how my life had been enriched. She gave up her double bed for us, moving to an orange cot in her simple kitchen. We were treated like royalty. Once again she told me: “I hope I made the right choice, giving you up. It was so hard to let you go....”

My children are now young adults, eager to experience the world. And I now have more autonomy as a photographer, with work ranging from exhibits in conjunction with Houston’s FotoFest Biennial to assignments on microfinance in Uganda. Two of my photographs from the Eastern Province are in the permanent collection of the Brooklyn Museum in New York and I have several pictures in the Museum of Fine Arts Houston.

Living in diverse cultures has made me comfortable as a communicator, an essential skill for a documentary photographer. My subjects aren’t guarded because I seek out commonalities. Rather than “us” and “them,” we’re “we.” That process began in 1958 when Marty penned “Father” after signing his name in my passport—the slim, bright-blue document that holds so much between its covers.

Wendy Levine built a strong photo portfolio during a three-year stay in Dhahran in the mid-1980s. She is shown here in Qatif in 1985.



— *Lucedale's* —

• RENAISSANCE MAN •



By **ARTHUR CLARK**

White-bearded Jim Corley, who retired from Consulting Services in 1991, is a Renaissance man whose work runs the gamut from sculpture to mechanics—and even egg-throwing.

Corley's multiple talents are clear in the creations he's given to his hometown of Lucedale, Miss., in his work there as a volunteer teacher, and in his career as a mechanical engineer. But what cheers him most these days are his community artworks, ranging from a sculpted grandmother and child at the Lucedale Public Library, completed in 1993, to the striking Veterans Memorial unveiled in the Lucedale City Park last November.

The 5,000-pound limestone sculpture honoring his grandmother "is my favorite

Retiree Jim Corley poses, back right, with happy Lucedale schoolchildren at his striking Veterans Memorial in the Lucedale City Park. On Memorial Day, Nov. 11, at 11 a.m. the sun pierces the holes in the monument's panels to illuminate a plaque at the base honoring fallen soldiers, sailors and pilots.

project," he says. "It was the most challenging since I had never done a stone sculpture of this magnitude...."

It is a fitting memorial, for his grandmother was the first librarian in George County, where Lucedale is located. "I grew up in her little one-room library with her reading to me," says Corley, a longtime library-board member.

Corley's wife Nancy and granddaughter Isabelle were the models for the life-size sculpture, called "Storytime," which took two years to complete." Corley didn't do all the work himself. He invited local kids to his workshop.

"All the art classes from the local middle school and the high schools came to observe the process and to learn to carve stone," he says. "Most of the children tried their hand at carving and thus became a part of the project."

That community was also reflected in the way "Storytime" arrived at the library—pulled on a small wagon the half-mile from Corley's home "by all the third- and fourth-graders in the county," some 750 children, he notes.

Beneath the statue is a time capsule bearing the names of the children who hauled it to the library. "The kids who pulled the statue are now young adults and they still come up to tell me that they helped pull it," says the sculptor with a smile.

The striking Veterans Memorial was a challenge of another sort. Each of its stainless-steel panels is pierced by an elliptical hole that on Memorial Day, Nov. 11, at 11 a.m. aligns exactly with the sun to illuminate a plaque dedicated to soldiers, sailors and pilots who lost their lives during wartime.

Corley borrowed the scheme for the memorial from a similar monument in Arizona.



The 1959 Lucedale High School graduate's gifts to his city include the Gulf War Memorial, left, with a burning pit for flag disposal, and the nearby Nancy P. Corley bridge in the Lucedale City Park.

However, its design is "unique" and the \$10,000 monument cost "approximately one percent of the one in Arizona," he says.

The 1959 Lucedale High School graduate had a similar philosophy at Aramco, where he saved the company millions of dollars by finding answers to complex mechanical questions during an 18-year career.

Corley's most memorable success was solving a problem plaguing water-injection pumps at the Shedgum and 'Ain Dar fields that even the manufacturer couldn't figure out. Oddly enough, he found the answer in a *Scientific American* story called "The Physics of Brasses" that described how bugles work.

The shape of a bugle's bell reflects the instrument's sound waves back into the horn to create a sustained note, Corley learned. He theorized that something similar was happening in the pump piping, but with pump pressure waves reverberating inside to the breaking point. He convinced management to modify the piping so that it would no longer reflect the waves and the problem disappeared, dramatically extending pump lifetime.

"I was always interested in math and science and in high school got into art," says Corley, who had completed his M.S. degree at Mississippi State University and finished everything but his Ph.D. thesis when he joined Aramco. "Engineering classes did not give me much time for art so I picked that up on my own," he told an interviewer in 2004.

"My conclusion is that both of these require the ability to visualize things in your head," he says. "Then it's just a matter of implementation, whether in painting, sculpting or machine design."

Corley's work in Lucedale bears this out. His second most favorite project is an

oriental-style bridge in Lucedale City Park. The red-and-black Nancy P. Corley bridge connects the Greenway walking track with the park's Gulf War Memorial, which Corley also designed. The memorial is equipped with a fire pit in the center that local Boy Scouts use for their flag-disposal ceremony.

Corley, who is not a veteran himself, says he created the Gulf War Memorial and Veterans Memorial out of "respect and admiration" for service members.

He also designed the park's amphitheater. It is decorated with some 2,500 tiles painted and fired by art students at the high school.

The park also boasts a Children's Splash Pad of Corley's design. The pad, which opened in 2015, "is very popular with our kids and cost only \$15,000, compared with \$50,000 to \$100,000 for most pads," he says.

Last spring an adjacent splash pad for toddlers was completed according to a design Corley drew up when he found that mothers with very young children were reluctant to let them play on the pad with much older and larger kids.

Corley also put his mind to work when it came to presenting the past—the distant past—to schoolchildren by creating a group of "fossils" of two kinds of dinosaurs, a protoceratops and velocipedes. He carved the fossils in plaster of Paris and cast them in concrete to be mounted in a simulated excavation. Then, in an instance of life mimicking art, "after constructing the dig I found

out that a real fossil dig in Mongolia found fossils of velocipedes attacking a protoceratops!" he says.

He completed his latest project last spring. It's a children's analemmatic sundial, also called a variable center dial, that allows a youngster's shadow to point to the hour of the day, depending on the month marked on the steel plate in the center where he or she is standing.

Corley's earlier artwork includes paintings from the time he was a member of the Dhahran Art Group from the mid-1980s on. Among his works are views of the old covered *suaq* in Hofuf and the Abqaiq skyline at night, the latter showing the glow from gas flares before Master Gas System was built.

Not content to design public facilities for the town, Corley has sponsored a physics competition at Lucedale High School for the last 18 years that has a distinct "student-prank" flavor to it. He gives teams a set of rules for building a catapult, trebuchet or pneumatic egg cannon. Then they are tasked to hit the principal or a teacher with raw eggs. Contestants are judged on distance, accuracy and the size of their devices.

"They get three shots," says Corley. "A friend and I give \$300 in prize money and the winning team gets to drive my Porsche around campus."

In addition to that, Corley lectures at local schools on art, science and math, and he's been a guest lecturer at Texas A&M University on machinery analysis and problem-solving.

Anyone wishing to take a closer look at his work may visit www.datasync.com/~jecorley/. No egg-throwing is included, as befits a Renaissance man.

Lucedale youngsters become a living part of the sculpture "Storytime" at the Lucedale Public Library. Jim Corley crafted it to honor his grandmother, the first librarian in George County, Mississippi.



SIBLINGS CELEBRATE

70-YEAR COMPANY CONNECTION

BY ARTHUR CLARK

A family with a long company history marked a special occasion in September: the 70th anniversary of arriving in Saudi Arabia. Roy (“Buddy”) Haug and his twin sisters Joyce Kriesmer and Jackie Voskamp recalled that event and their strong ties to the kingdom.

“In late August 1946 my sister and I boarded a TWA DC-3 flight with our mother and father at Los Angeles Municipal Airport bound for New York,” said Jackie of their lift-off for the kingdom, where they would land Sept. 17. The twins were 17. Buddy, who was 20, signed on separately as an employee, and arrived several weeks before the rest of the family.

The 1946 trip was a “homecoming” for Roy Haug, Sr., a company pioneer. A Standard Oil of California (Socal) driller, he’d been assigned to Bahrain and transferred to the California Arabian Standard Oil Company, Socal’s subsidiary in Saudi Arabia, in 1938. He retired in 1957.

A few days after arriving in New York the twins and their parents sailed for Egypt on the *SS Kathleen Holmes*, a converted troop ship. “The beds were interesting,” Jackie said. “We could choose from any of the 16 hammocks available.”

Upon arriving in Alexandria they took the train to Cairo, and then waited a week for a commercial flight to Dhahran.

In Dhahran, “Customs consisted of a metal table a little larger than a card table which was located outside,” Joyce said. Next, an American employee from the Dining Hall “transported us in a company pickup truck—there were no taxis available in those days—to our new home in Dhahran via the two-lane road from al-Khobar.

“We sat in the open back with the luggage. We laugh about it now, but it was not amusing to us at the time”

The Haugs learned to do without—or do with items they’d never seen before.

Telephones were a rarity. Only “doc-

tors, nurses, expectant mothers and top management” had a phone, Jackie said.

“One item that was issued to each household was a flour sifter made in the carpenter shop. It about 12 inches in diameter with a two-inch frame and screen mesh—used to sift weevils from flour, corn meal, etc. A regular sifter could not do the job.”

Shortly after arriving the twins joined a group for a walking tour of Qatif. “After a few minutes a group of little children came running up to us, touching our arms, then running away as fast as they could, squealing all the way,” she said.



Jackie Haug, left, and her sister Joyce celebrated their 18th birthdays on March 1, 1947—not quite six months after arriving in Dhahran—by posing with twin cakes in front of the family home, #1143, next to Hamilton House.



From left, Jackie, Buddy and Joyce show off an early formal photo of themselves, in reverse order, while celebrating the twins' 85th birthdays in 2014 at Jackie's home in Vista, Calif.

Fascinated by the look-alike sisters, "they made a couple more passes always touching just the two of us."

All newly arrived American females received numbers. Joyce and Jackie were 22 and 23; their mother Pauline was 21.

Fresh produce was available only every three months and head lettuce, which didn't travel well, was a luxury. There were no paved roads between the company communities, just sand tracks, and drivers used adjacent pipelines as a guide.

The girls' first trip to Abqaiq, for the opening of the new Clubhouse, proved memorable. "The driver floorboarded it all the way so that we wouldn't get stuck," said Joyce. The twins later founded the Shuf Shop in Abqaiq to sell used clothing to residents, most of whom only traveled home every other year, and donated 10 percent of each sale for the education of Saudi girls.

With all that in mind, their return to Dhahran in 2008 for the company's 75th-anniversary celebration was "truly mind-boggling," Joyce said. "There were streetlights, 25 different kinds of olives in the Commissary, multiple choices of ice cream and on and on."

In the Commissary, they met a Saudi who wished them a huge, "Welcome Home!" when he found out they were among the returning guests. "We were overwhelmed with

his greeting," Jackie said.

The siblings had lots to reminisce about. Joyce and her late husband John Kriesmer spent 35 years with the company in Saudi Arabia. Jackie and her late husband, George Larsen, spent 30 years in Dhahran, Abqaiq and Ras Tanura, in Beirut with Tapline, in Lagos, Nigeria (with joint-owner Mobil), and in New York.

Buddy spent 40 years in Dhahran, Abqaiq and The Hague. He automatically became the first second-generation Aramco employee when he joined the company in 1946. Two of his four sons,

Clockwise from right: Jackie, left, and Joyce met King Abdulaziz Al Sa'ud when he visited Dhahran on Jan. 25, 1947. The nine children of Jackie, Joyce and Buddy, all born in Dhahran, squeezed together for a photo on Thanksgiving Day 1964: (l-r) Greg Larsen, Jeff Haug, Cindy Kriesmer, Kevin Haug, Pam Kriesmer, Brad Larsen, Rod and Wesley Haug, and Larry Kriesmer. Joyce and John Kriesmer, left, and Jackie and Raymond Voskamp came to Dhahran to celebrate the company's 75th anniversary in 2008.



Rodney and Kevin, also joined Aramco, making a third-generation link. All nine children of Buddy, Joyce and Jackie were born in Dhahran.

"With grandparents, children and grandchildren living in Saudi Arabia—creating a network of aunts, uncles and cousins—we became an unusual family," said Jackie.

Highlights of the family's company "career" include the twins' meeting with King Abdulaziz when he visited Dhahran in 1947 and meeting King Abdullah in Dhahran in 2008. In 2015 all three siblings met King Salman in Washington, D.C.

"Little did we know, riding in the back of that pickup truck in 1946, that Joyce and I would have the enormous privilege of meeting three kings!" said Jackie.

Today, Buddy and his wife Delores (his first wife Mary passed away in 2013) live in Roseville, Calif. Joyce lives in Rancho Bernardo, Calif. (John passed away in 2013), and Jackie (George passed away in 1998, and her second husband Raymond Voskamp in 2016) lives in Vista, Calif.



DHAHRAN DIVERSITY

'A BIG PLUS'

RETIREES TELL MINNESOTA NEIGHBORS

WRITTEN BY ARTHUR CLARK

Bob and Shari Norberg shared insights from their two decades in Saudi Arabia in a presentation in May to 65 residents of Lake City, Minn., where they retired after Bob wrapped up a 31-year career as head of the Washington, D.C., office in 1995.



They said the cultural diversity of Dhahran was one of its best assets, with Bob noting, “Little League teams looked like the United Nations in small uniforms.”

He called the turnout for the talk “excellent...for a weekday evening in Lake City,” a town of about 5,000 some 70 miles southeast of Minneapolis on the Mississippi River.

The Norbergs took turns addressing the group in a talk they highlighted with photos. They touched on the history of

the company, but focused especially on life in Dhahran.

Bob arrived in Dhahran in 1956, eight years before he joined as a regular employee. That’s when—as a junior at Iowa State University and editor of its daily newspaper—he took up the suggestion of his uncle, who worked in Aramco’s Finance Dept., and applied for a summer job. “Home leaves” were for three months every other year in that era, so Bob filled in while Ellis Morcos, the edi-

tor of the *Sun and Flare* (predecessor of today’s *Arabian Sun*), was on vacation.

Shari talked about her time with the company from September 1964, when she landed in Dhahran with the couple’s three young children (two sons and a daughter) three months after Bob had taken a position in the Public Relations

tor of the *Sun and Flare* (predecessor of today’s *Arabian Sun*), was on vacation. Shari talked about her time with the company from September 1964, when she landed in Dhahran with the couple’s three young children (two sons and a daughter) three months after Bob had taken a position in the Public Relations



From left: Bob Norberg wrote about everything from to agriculture to drilling in the *Sun and Flare* in the 1960s; the Norberg children—Scott, almost five, Jeff, 2 1/2, and Robin, four—thrived in Dhahran when they arrived from a small town in Iowa with a similar environment; Shari Norberg, who volunteered as a Cub Scout leader, also prized the opportunity “to move in and out of the workforce” as a casual employee.

Dept. She was 24 and one of the youngest American wives in the company.

After six years with Public Relations and 14 more with Government Relations, Bob was transferred in 1985 to the Washington office.

Shari initially worked as a casual employee in the Health Center in Dhahran, assisting Arab doctors treating Saudi women. She later moved to the Personnel Dept. and then to the Dhahran School library (doubling as a crossing guard). She also served as a Cub Scout leader.

“The opportunity Aramco gave wives of employees to move in and out of the workforce was a big plus,” she said.

“I know that many Americans felt that Dhahran was a hardship post—and maybe it was for people accustomed to fine dining, the theater, opera and museums,” she said. But for a family that had come from a small Iowa town where Bob edited the newspaper, “it was hard to identify any great hardship other than being so far away from one’s parents and siblings.”

Bob said that when the family arrived the Americans moving into the top ranks of the company had joined, in large part, after World War II. “They were referred to as the ‘Class of ’47,’ and they presided over an ever-expanding and sophisticated operation,” he explained, going on to say that Aramco would grow from around 10,000 employees in the mid-1960s to some 60,000 worldwide by the early ‘80s.

Dhahran had approximately 5,000 residents, around

3,200 of them Americans, when the family arrived, Shari said. She discussed Aramco’s “badge-number” system, calling it “a good omen” when the home they built in Lake City happened to have an address matching the first three digits on Bob’s badge: 185 Hillwood Drive.

The couple said community life in Dhahran was very much like that in Lake City. A peaceful small-town atmosphere where kids could get on their bikes “and range over the totality of the immediate universe with little adult supervision” prevailed, Bob noted.

“Front doors were locked as an afterthought. Neighbors looked after the good behavior of your kids, and you reciprocated. Trust and mutual respect were part of the air you breathed.

“You knew or recognized a lot of people, like we do here in Lake City, because we were neighbors or worked with them.”

One big difference between the two

towns was the diversity of nationalities and skin colors in the Dhahran, Bob said, calling it “a big plus” for children growing up there. Little League teams had a distinct U.N. flavor, with one Saudi family contributing one third of an entire starting team, he said. “Community art and photography exhibits celebrated a wide variety of countries and cultures.”

Bob closed by showing photos of old Saudi friends and colleagues Abdallah al-Husaini and Husain Saif—as well as Ali Al-Naimi, who had just retired as minister of Petroleum and Mineral Resources after a nearly 70-year career.

Al-Naimi “was typical in one way of the many Saudis who joined Aramco as boys, received all of their education under company auspices, and rose step by step into job mastery throughout the company,” he said.

Al-Husaini and Saif built independent careers from their Aramco foundations,

becoming successful businessmen and keeping in touch with the Norbergs. Al-Husaini, for example, joined the Public Relations Dept. as an office boy in the late 1940s when he was 12, later running a successful publishing company in Qatar and serving as a Qatari diplomat. “He was our first close Saudi friend,” Bob said.

Then, in an experience that shows how lives can go full circle in remarkable ways, the Norbergs met up with al-Husaini, this time in Washington “when he represented Qatar at one of Bill Clinton’s inauguration ceremonies,” Bob said.

Abdallah al-Husaini, shown here in Dhahran in 1948, became the Norbergs’ first close Saudi friend. He established a publishing house in Qatar in the 1970s and served as a Qatari diplomat, meeting the Norbergs in Washington, D.C.



BRATS PRODUCE
GRIPPING DOCUMENTARY

BY JANE WALDRON GRUTZ



Raouf, Ismail, Ghousoon, Ghassem and Um Ali are not actors or actresses. Rather, they are Syrians living in or near Za'atari, a large U.N. refugee camp in northern Jordan, who tell their stories of hope, selflessness and resilience in the face of staggering adversity in *Salam Neighbor*, a highly praised documentary film produced last year by Aramco "Brats" Salam Darwaza and Mohab Khattab.

Their tales, the tip of an iceberg of upended lives, were recorded in the camp—home to 85,000 refugees near the border with Syria—in 2014.

Khattab, an Egyptian-Saudi, and Darwaza, a Palestinian-American, came to film production in a

roundabout way. They spent their early years in Dhahran and graduated from the Dhahran Schools in 1978 and 1982, respectively. Her parents, Mohammed and Basima Darwaza, were especially close to his mom and dad, Tarek and Nazli Khattab, which meant they practically grew up together.

"Mohab was like my big brother," says Darwaza, looking back to a childhood when many Arabs and Americans formed lasting friendships. If the two cultures got along well there, why did Western media so often portray Arab-American relations in a negative way, she and Khattab wondered? Based on their years in Dhahran, they knew



Opposite: Ismail put his university studies on hold when he fled with his young family to Jordan after bombs began falling in Damascus. He tutored 10-year-old Raouf, right, at Za'atari, helping him return to school. **Left:** Ghousseon, a single mother, lives with her three children in Mafraq, near Za'atari, where she fashions women's hairclips to sell to help make ends meet.

there was a different story, “a story of the good things that happen when Middle East meets West,” says Darwaza.

Darwaza now lives in Los Angeles and Khattab in Bahrain, but in 2012 they decided to establish their own film-production company “to build a gateway between the Arab world and Hollywood,” they say. In tribute to *1001 Arabian Nights*, they named it 1001 MEDIA. There was only one problem. Although they both had highly successful careers, hers in media-production and his in law and finance, including positions at Saudi Aramco, neither had ever produced a film.

With no track record there would be no outside funding. In the end, “I told Salam

American filmmakers who spent a month in Guatemala living just as the Guatemalans did, on one dollar a day.

Intrigued with that film’s immersive style of storytelling, Darwaza met Ingrasci and Temple in Los Angeles in 2013. They soon found they shared a common goal: to tell the world what life was like inside a Syrian refugee camp.

The next step was for Darwaza and Khattab, who had contacts in Jordan, to obtain permission from the United Nations and the Jordanian Government for Ingrasci and Temple to spend a month in Za’atari, living alongside refugees. Although the request was unusual, permission was granted and in January 2014 the two filmmakers

arrived in the camp where, with help from their new neighbors, they put up their assigned tent and met 10-year-old Raouf.

Shy at first, Raouf eventually confided that he hoped to become a doctor and “help the injured.” But there was a problem. Raouf refused to go to school.

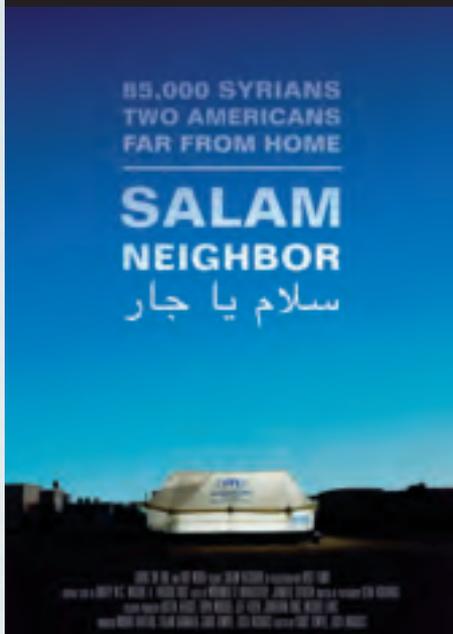
“He used to love to learn and go to school,” his father told the filmmakers. But before the family fled Syria, Raouf’s school was bombed. Although Za’atari had a school, no amount of persuasion could convince Raouf to go there.

Ismail had been a student in Syria, too. He was studying at the University of Damascus to become a French teacher when the bombs began to fall. He counted himself lucky to have escaped Syria with his young family.

“We left at night,” crossing rocky desert and giving the babies sleeping pills “so they would not cry out,” he explained. With his education on hold, Ismail began to spend his days at an International Relief and Development center in the camp where he could tutor youngsters like Raouf, who were either too traumatized to return to school or too far behind to be placed in their proper grade.

Ghousseon, a single mother with three young children, lived outside Za’atari in the neighboring town of Mafraq. There, thanks to a program instituted by Jordan’s King Abdullah, she sent her children to a Jordanian public school after regular

Salam Neighbor, which premiered in June 2015, has raised nearly \$100,000 in donations, along with pledges for another \$90 million from governments worldwide. “Brat” producers Salam Darwaza and Mohab Khattab, second and third from right, and co-directors Zach Ingrasci and Chris Temple, left, posed with U.S. Ambassador to the U.N. Samantha Power, center, and TV and film producer Austin Hearst, right, at the showing of the film for U.N. ambassadors and the public in New York in March—leading to an invitation to screen the film at the U.N. building in September.





Above: Ghassem responds to questions at the Amman premiere of *Salam Neighbor*. Um Ali, Ismail and Raouf also attended. **Right:** Um Ali shows off some of the handicrafts she crochets from discarded plastic bags. She wrote on the walls of her caravan behind her to express her grief at the loss of two sons.



school hours.

But there were sacrifices. In Za'atari food and housing would have been free. In Mafrqa she had to pay her own rent and buy her own food.

To manage this, she made elaborate hairclips for women who wear the hijab. It took her 40 minutes to make one hair clip and she normally sold 200 a month.

"It's true that we are refugees," she said. "But Syrians even if they are refugees are hard workers and are productive anywhere."

Almost all the refugees worked if they could. Some partnered with Jordanians in small, informal businesses. Others, like Ghassem, volunteered their time.

Ghassem learned soon after arriving at Za'atari that it did no good to "sit in our tents and think of our misery." Instead, he said, "If you see someone who is deeply traumatized, the first thing you should do is plant the seed of hope." Following his own advice, he served as an outreach officer for the International Rescue Committee (IRC), helping refugees "suffering from the wounds deep in the heart, not the physical wounds."

Um Ali and her husband lost their two oldest sons to the fighting in Syria. Rather than succumbing to despair, she contributed to her family's well-being by cutting discarded plastic bags into strips and crocheting them into doilies, sun hats and even handbags that she sold through the IRC. She also volunteered at the local IRC Women's Center to teach crocheting to other women, so that they too could help support their families.

For Um Ali, the chance to earn a living opened up a whole new world. "I would urge every woman to work," she said. "It will make her feel valuable."

In February 2014 Ingrasci and Temple left Za'atari, taking along 250 hours of film shot by cinematographer Sean Kusanagi.

"Editing was tough," says Khattab, but working with an international team the producers finally got *Salam Neighbor* down to 75 minutes. Then they added the finishing touch: a Syrian-inspired film score, played on Syrian instruments.

On June 20, 2015, the film premiered at the American Film Institute festival in Washington, D.C. Screenings at the United Nations, the U.S. Capitol Visitors Center, the Dept. of Homeland Security, Human Rights Watch and other government and international organizations followed.

As the number of screenings multiplied, so too did the number of accolades. Queen Rania of Jordan, U.S. Ambassador to the U.N. Samantha Power, Congressman Ted Lieu of California, IRC President David Miliband and others lauded the film's focus on the strong work ethic of the refugees and, in the words of Queen Rania, "the resiliency it reveals."

Awards began to accrue as well, among them a 2016 Media Award from the U.S. Muslim Public Affairs Council and finalist status for Social Impact Media Awards for documentary features.

Impressive as these honors are, the positive responses of those who attended the more than 300 screenings at schools, universities and churches are what please Darwaza and Khattab the most. "These are the people who will make the difference,"

Ismail is lost in thought—about what he and his family have lost, how they have survived and what the future may bring—as he plays his 'ud at Za'atari.



Darwaza explains.

Indeed, since its premiere *Salam Neighbor* has raised nearly \$100,000 in donations and, in partnership with more than 60 charities and organizations such as Global Citizen, obtained another \$90 million in pledges from governments around the world in response to an online petition signed by over 250,000 people.

Much of this money is committed to help educate refugee children like Raouf who, thanks to Ismail's tutoring, is now back in school. Raouf is one of the lucky ones. More than half of Syrian refugee children are not in school, creating an enormous problem.

"Everyone says they want to return and rebuild Syria," Ismail explained in the film. But if the Syrian children miss school, he warned, "it will take us at least 10 years to educate them before we can rebuild anything."

Through *Salam Neighbor* screenings and other presentations, the two Dhahran Schools' graduates are working hard to combat that problem. "If we continue to ignore children in crisis," says Darwaza, "we could lose the potential of an entire generation."

NOTE: *Salam Neighbor* may be viewed on iTunes, Netflix and other digital media. Information about group screenings is available at www.SalamNeighbor.org.

IN MEMORIAM

MICHAEL ALBERT BANVILLE

July 15, 2016

He joined Aramco in 1974 and retired in 1995 as Aviation Dept. assistant superintendent. He coached Little League baseball teams, leading one to the Little League World Series. Survived by his wife Lynn, daughter Cristine Vassar and son James. The family may be contacted c/o Kindred Homes, 5238 E. 47th St., Yuma, AZ 85365.

THOMAS "TOM" F. BAPTISTE

December 19, 2015

He joined Aramco in 1980 as a corrosion engineer and retired in 1998. Survived by his wife Jean, daughters Dr. Nadine Baptiste and Jaqueline Baptiste and son Dr. Ronald Baptiste. Correspondence may be sent to Jean at 331 Bridge Crest Blvd., Houston, TX 77082.

DOLORES "LUCY" BARNES

March 18, 2016

She taught school in Dhahran for a decade beginning in the late 1960s. Predeceased by her husband Bill, whom she met in Dhahran, and survived by her stepchildren John and Wynn Barnes and Kathy Botu. Correspondence may be sent to Kathy at kmbotu@verizon.net.

C. NORMAN BOEHM, JR.

May 26, 2016

He joined the New York office in 1952 and left his position in Facilities Planning in 1972 to transfer to Exxon. On his first vacation from Dhahran in the mid-'50s he met his cousin Ingrid Bergman in Paris, and the next year danced with Bergman and Rita Hayworth in Deauville, he wrote in "Bachelor Days" (*Al-Ayyam Al-Jamilah*, Winter 2002). Survived by his wife Aleksandra, son Erik, daughter Kara and stepson Thomas Tomczyk. Correspondence may be sent to Aleksandra at AleksBoehm@aol.com.

WARREN BOUDREAUX

April 23, 2016

He joined Aramco in 1959 to teach English at the Industrial Training Center in Ras Tanura (where his twin brother Marvin was already working) and retired in 1981. A member of the Dhahran Outing Group and inveterate traveler, he had visited 176 countries by 2013. Predeceased by his brothers Marvin and Darryl and

survived by his brother Ursin, who may be contacted c/o Ibert's Mortuary, Inc., 1007 Main St., Franklin, LA 70538.

CARY BOYLAN

July 11, 2016

She worked as a registered nurse in Abqaiq, Ras Tanura and Dhahran from 1963-78. Survived by her former husband Frank Boylan and children Lisa Holler, Kelly Townsley and Tracy Ghabril. Correspondence may be sent to Kelly at 9507 Arborview Dr., Portland, OR.

MACKIE L. BROWN

November 14, 2015

He joined Aramco in 1977 and retired from the Personnel Dept. in 1992. Survived by his wife Carol, daughter Ivy Brown-Billingham and son Derek. Correspondence may be sent to Carol at 13715 Park Dr. N, Jacksonville, FL 32224.

R. L. "SAM" CARSTENS

August 1, 2016

He worked for the company as an engineer from 1954-61. Survived by his son Michael, stepsons Lloyd DeMoss and Ron Jordan and stepdaughters Sheila Burdett and Janis Coss. The family may be contacted c/o First United Methodist Church, 516 Kellogg Ave., Ames, IA 50010.

RUDOLPH T. CUNNINGHAM

February 8, 2016

He worked for Aramco from 1948-58. Survived by his wife Helen, son Brian and daughters Gail True and Nancy Palavicini.

PETER DAVIDSON

November 29, 2014

He joined Aramco as an engineer in the late 1940s, moved to the New York office in 1954 and returned to work as Ras Tanura Refinery superintendent in 1959. In 1960 he transferred to Standard Oil of California in San Francisco. Survived by his son James, who was also a company employee, and daughter Mary H. Mele. Correspondence may be sent to Mary at marymele@gmail.com.

WALT DELL'ORO

August 27, 2016

He joined Aramco in 1947 and retired in 1980 as manager of Exploration. Predeceased by his son Tobb and survived by his wife Jean, son Torr (a Saudi Aramco

Aviation Dept. employee) and daughter Tam. Correspondence may be sent to Jean at 7107 Foothill Ranch Rd., Santa Rosa, CA 95404.

EDWARD S. DORIAN, SR.

April 20, 2016

He worked for Aramco from 1949-67 in Saudi Arabia, Lebanon and Holland. Survived by his wife Ethel, daughter Donna and son Edward Jr. The family may be contacted c/o Graham Funeral Home, 1036 Boston Post Rd., Rye, NY 10580.

EDWARD EBOCH

July 12, 2016

He worked as an economist from 1974-80 and 1992-99. Survived by his son Douglas and daughter Chris.

WILLIAM "BILL" H. FAIRLIE

June 27, 2016

He joined the New York office in 1950 and transferred to Dhahran in 1956, becoming superintendent of Traffic Operations. He transferred to Aramco Services Company in Houston in 1977 and retired in 1986. Survived by his wife Rose and daughters Susan Wall and Allison Fairlie Falls. The family may be contacted c/o Darst Funeral Home, 796 Russell Palmer Rd., Kingwood, TX 77339.

CONSULO FRAISIER

January 6, 2016

She worked as a nurse. Correspondence may be sent to her niece Ruth Sarvis at 8633 Ninth Ave. SW, Seattle, WA 98106-2514.

SHIRLEY GORE

July 27, 2016

She worked as a casual employee at the Community Heritage Gallery in Dhahran. Survived by her husband, retiree Alfred "Max" Gore. Correspondence may be sent to Max at maximum1@cox.net.

AXEL V. GREEN

September 6, 2016

He joined Aramco in 1970 as a petroleum engineer and retired in 1984. Survived by his wife Sharon, sons Matthew and David, and daughters Jill Vela and Dorothy Green. Correspondence may be sent to Sharon at 325 Hide A Way Lane East, Hideaway, TX 75771.

ARTHUR "ART" GREGORY

March 12, 2016

He joined Industrial Security in 1980 and retired in 2004. Survived by his wife Lois, who may be contacted at 702-614-9382.

RICHARD HASTINGS-JAMES

April 8, 2016

He joined Aramco in 1992 and retired in 2005 as a senior geophysical consultant. Survived by his wife Alice and children Cynthia, Richard, Margaret and Dorothy. Correspondence may be sent to Alice at 1718 Valley Vista, Houston, Texas 77077.

GEORGE HOMOLKA

August 2, 2016

He joined Aramco in 1974 and retired from the Process Control Computer Dept. in 1991. Survived by his wife Barbara and children Leslie, David, Caroline, Alice and Ann. Correspondence may be sent to Barbara at Zámek BŘEZINA, BŘEZINA, Císlo 1, 394-21 Horepník, Czech Republic, or homolkabarbara@yahoo.com.

DUANE HUETTER

January 28, 2016

He joined the Planning Dept. in Dhahran in 1973. He later worked on Project Management teams in The Hague and Pittsburgh, returning to Dhahran until 1986. Survived by his wife Mary and son Frederick. Correspondence may be sent to Mary at 9210 E. 96th St., Tulsa, OK 74133-6124.

VIRGINIA ANN COBB JOINER

March 16, 2016

She joined Aramco as a registered nurse in 1955 and met her husband Jasper Joiner in Dhahran. They retired in the mid-1980s. Predeceased by her husband and son Giles, and survived by her daughters Elizabeth and Judith.

MARY JUSZCZAK

July 8, 2016

Predeceased by her husband, retiree Walt Juszcak, whom she married in 1949, the year she arrived in the kingdom. A registered nurse, she worked in the Ras Tanura Clinic and served in supervisory positions in Dhahran and Safaniya. She was supervisor of the Oncology and Hospital Employees clinics upon retirement in 1982. Survived by her daughter Janice and son James. The family may be contacted c/o Horizon Funeral & Cremation Services, 1329 Route 37 W, Toms River, NJ 08755.

SABRA KHATOON

May 30, 2016

Predeceased by her husband Sher Ali and survived by sons Shahid, Zahid and Imran, and daughters Shahida, Zahida, Rabia, Shazia and Nazia. Correspondence may be sent to Shahid at 94-A, Block-6, P.E.C.H. Society, Karachi-75400, Pakistan.

BERNICE LARSON-VAN DERZEE

March 17, 2016

She joined Aramco in 1957 and met her husband Bob Van Derzee in Dhahran. They left the company, married in 1962, and returned to the kingdom to complete a 28-year career in 1985. Survived by her husband, daughter Robin Sego and sons Jim and Brooks. The family may be contacted c/o Church of the Palms, 3224 Bee Ridge Rd., Sarasota, FL 34239.

LANEY LITTLEJOHN

August 4, 2016

He joined Aramco in 1996 and retired from Long Range Planning in 1996. Survived by his wife Mary Ann, daughter Marie Dunn and son Tom. Correspondence may be sent to Mary Ann at 6433 Sewanee, Houston, TX 77005-3759.

RONALD D. MORRIS

July 21, 2016

He joined Aramco in 1989 and retired in 2015 as a supervisor in the Drilling Dept. Survived by his wife Maria and sons Daniel and Ronald. Correspondence may be sent to Maria at AlexNickMorris@yahoo.com.

GLORIA MARIE MANSON MORTON

June 4, 2016

Predeceased by her first husband, retiree Carl Manson, and her husband William Morton. Survived by her daughters Judith Endsley, Jessica Whitfield and Elizabeth Kestner, son Peter (a Saudi Aramco employee) and stepchildren Randall, Marc and Craig. The family may be contacted c/o Beacon House, 1301 N Third St., Marquette, MI 4985.

BODO C. NEUMANN

June 15, 2016

He joined the company as a civil engineer in 1970, remaining 18 years. Survived by his wife Helen, sons Richard, Peter (a Saudi Aramco employee) and Paul, and daughter Terri Pareti. The family may be contacted c/o Mill Neck Manor School for the Deaf, 40 Frost Mill Road, P.O. Box 12, Mill Neck, NY 11765.

MARGARET "MEG" ESTHER

April 1, 2016

Predeceased by her first husband, employee George Whitbeck III. Survived by her children Lauren, Lynne and George. The family may be contacted c/o Bethlehem Community Church, 201 Elm Ave., Delmar, NY 12054.

GUY SMYTH

July 2, 2016

He joined Aramco in 1952 and retired in 1988 from Oil Supply Planning and Scheduling. Survived by his daughters Valerie Smyth, Melanie Sprout and Melissa Bordow. The family may be contacted c/o Grace Community Church, 1200 E. Southern Ave., Tempe, AZ 85282.

JAYNE A. SQUIRES

September 27, 2015

Predeceased by her husband Robert C. Squires, who joined Aramco in 1948, then worked for the Bahrain Petroleum Company in Manama and Tapline in Beirut, and returned to Aramco in the early 1950s. Survived by her daughter Joan Squires Lind and son Donald. Correspondence may be sent to Donald at 37995 Stenhammer Dr., Fremont, CA 94536.

ROBERT F. STANLEY

April 4, 2016

He joined Aramco in 1975 as a Gas Projects Dept. project engineer and retired in 1993. Survived by his wife Marilyn and her children Maureen Alleva, Karen Germain, Linda Cantele, Cheryl Firisin and Francis McCaffrey; and his son R. Forrest Jr. and daughters Catherine Small and Mary Ellen Austin. The family may be contacted c/o Parish of Christ the King, 3 Jobs Fishing Rd, Mashpee, MA 02649.

JACK WESLEY TALLEY

June 2, 2016

He joined Aramco in 1954, becoming director of Industrial Security. Survived by his daughters Jacquelyn Wells and Rhonda Talley. The family may be contacted c/o Rosehill Methodist Church, 21022 Rosehill Church Rd., Tomball, TX 77377.

ELIZABETH ANN WARD

July 2, 2016

She worked as a casual employee in Industrial Relations from 1975-94. Survived by her husband John and children Lee Anne and John. Correspondence may be sent to John at drawwwj@aol.com.

PAULA WEATHERS

August 26, 2016

She arrived in Dhahran in 1947, flying from Cairo to meet her husband L.T. "Stormy" Weathers with their son Christopher, four, daughter Lorna, not yet one, and a clump of grass that became the first lawn in the community. Predeceased by her husband and survived by children Christopher, Lorna Aschbrenner, Paula Moore and Lexie Benjamin.

FRANK R. WOELFEL

September 8, 2015

He joined Aramco in 1952 and retired as CEO of Saudi Refining, Inc. in 1999. Survived by his wife Betty, sons Rob, John and Steve and daughter Sue. Correspondence may be sent to Betty at 9626 Briar Forest Dr., Houston, TX 77063

NAZEER UL ISLAM ZUBAIRI

April 13, 2016

He worked in the Industrial Security Dept. from 1974-86, returned to the company 1991 and retired in 2005. He is survived by his wife Naushaba Khatoon Zubairi, daughter Shagufta and sons Moid, Shuja and Shafi. Correspondence may be sent to Shafi at shafizubairi@hotmail.com.

COMPANY LOSES LINK TO ORIGINAL OFFICE

The company lost one of the last links to its origins this spring with the death of a Long Beach, Calif., resident whose employment dated back nearly to the founding of Aramco on Jan. 31, 1944. Reba Mae Hannay, who died April 2, joined Payroll/Accounting in the mid-1940s when Aramco was based in San Francisco, its first headquarters.

"My employment with Aramco began in San Francisco in 1944 or '45 in a small building on Bush St. just across the street from Standard Oil of California," she wrote in early 2015. "I worked along with Vince

Pantaleoni, Herb Rockefeller and Supervisor Mario Mei. George Kellenberg and his group were also in the office and Tapline elsewhere in the building. When Standard Oil of New Jersey bought in [in 1949] we all packed our bags and moved to 505 Park Ave. in New York City.

"After about three and a half years I transferred to Ras Tanura, and less than a year later I married Edwin W. Hannay, Jr.

"Ed was [an Aramco] marine engineer who traveled a lot on marine-shipping business. I tagged along on the India trips until our daughter Lisa arrived...."



Reba Mae Hannay

When her husband died in 1961 she moved back to the San Francisco Bay area. She is survived by her daughter Lisa Le-schinsky, who may be contacted c/o Bixby Knolls Towers, 3747 Atlantic Ave., Long Beach, CA 90807.

PAUL LUNDE SAVORED KINGDOM'S CULTURE

Historian, Arabist and longtime *AramcoWorld* contributor Paul Lunde, who grew up in Abqaiq and Dhahran, died Aug. 9 in Cambridge, England. A prolific author, his book *Islam: Faith, Culture, History* was a primer on the faith.

At age two in 1946 he traveled to Saudi Arabia with his mother Alice, his brother David and sister Jan to join his father John, who had arrived in the kingdom in 1938.

Lunde dated his interest in Muslim society to his early years in Abqaiq. "The al-Murrah [Bedouin] used to come in the dry season to water their herds," he said. "I used to be consumed with envy that the al-Murrah kids didn't have to go to school or wear shoes."

His fascination with local culture took a scholarly turn in 1957 after he enrolled in Mt. Herman School in Northfield, Mass., and "realized that what was familiar to me from my childhood was completely alien to Americans," he said. "It made me realize how little I myself knew of the language and lives of the people in whose country I had been raised."

He quickly moved to fill that void, studying Arabic at Berkeley and in Beirut and London, and working in Morocco, Tunisia, Lebanon, Syria and Saudi Arabia. He wrote more than 60 stories for *AramcoWorld* in the 1960s and '70s and continued to contribute to the magazine into the 2000s.

"Paul's knowledge was magisterial, exceeded only by his enthusiasm for sharing it," said *AramcoWorld* Editor Dick Doughty.

Lunde also authored *A Dictionary of Arabic and Islamic Proverbs* and he and his wife Caroline Stone translated *The Meadows of Gold: The Abbasids* by the ninth-century historian al-Mas'udi. They also completed a volume of translations called *Ibn Fadlan and the Land of Darkness: Arab Travellers in the Far North*.

Lunde also wrote large portions of two company "handbooks": *Aramco and Its World, Arabia and the Middle East* (1995) and *A Land Transformed, The Arabian Peninsula, Saudi Arabia and Saudi Aramco* (2006).

"Islam and the West share a common history...and their destinies have been linked since the expansion of Islam in the seventh century," he wrote in *Islam: Faith, Culture, History*. "Now we all inhabit the same global village, and it is of vital importance to learn from one another's failures and achievements."

He is survived his wife Caroline Stone and their two sons, Alexander and James. Correspondence may be sent to Caroline at 10 Earl St., Cambridge CB1 1JR, England.



Paul Lunde

PLEASANT DAYS FALL 2016

Al~Ayyam Al~Jamilah الأيام الجميلة

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FALL FEST IN TORONTO

Forty-three former Aramcons and guests including, from left, Bing and Maria Chan, Nuzam Ali, Nita Sharma, Majhabeen Suboor, Bibi Patel and Cathy Brown, gathered Sept. 25 to enjoy each other's company and the crisp fall weather at the third annual Toronto-area reunion in a beachfront city park. The event evoked memories of "the many picnics we had on the Ras Tanura, Qurayyah or Half Moon Bay beaches," said organizers Yasmin and Farouk Khory and Jasmine and Wilfred Carvalho. "The sun was out, the sands inviting, the kites flying, the turquoise-blue water, the sailboats, and a little nip was in the air," making for a "perfect day."