

Al~AyyamAl~Jamilah

الأيام الجميلة

PLEASANT DAYS

SPRING 2011

Brats Follow Hearts to Art

- * Canady le Chocolatier
- * Case of the Purloined *Plat du Jour*
- * Aramco's 'Indiana Jones'
- * Geezer 'Honeybees' Savor San Francisco
- * Aramcons Fête the Season

2012 ANNUITANTS REUNION

TICKETED FOR TUCSON



As the hostess for Orlando “Hafla” 2010, Éva-Kinga Farnsworth is pleased to announce that the next Annuitants Reunion will be held in Tucson, Ariz., at the J. W. Marriott Starr Pass Resort, Oct. 5-8, 2012. The host and hostess will be Rick and Rianne Chimblo.

Éva is the official meeting planner and the chairwoman of the newly formed Saudi Aramco Annuitants Biennial Hafla Organizing Committee. A brief description of the committee and its purpose is below. Detailed information is available at www.aramcoexpats.com (March 2).

Rick and Rianne, Éva and the other committee members are working to make the Tucson Hafla another special occasion for annuitants and their families.

“There are lots of things to see and do in the Tucson area, so if you plan ahead, you’ll be able to stay up to three days before and three days after the actual reunion dates at special resort rates. But remember that the *hafla* is our ‘family get-together,’ so please plan to stay with us for the scheduled three days,” Rick says.

Should you have any questions or comments, please direct them to Rick and Rianne at rchimblo@hotmail.com, or Éva at tucsonhafla@optimum.net.

Start making plans soon to attend next year’s reunion with your family and friends.



Rick and Rianne Chimblo

Rick joined the Exploration organization in 1980 and retired in 1996. He was chief explorationist in the ‘80s, then chief geophysicist and manager of the Geophysical Dept. in the ‘90s. Rianne also worked in Exploration, as secretary to the manager of the Geological Dept.



SAUDI ARAMCO ANNUITANTS BIENNIAL HAFLA ORGANIZING COMMITTEE

The founding members of the Saudi Aramco Annuitants Biennial Hafla Organizing Committee are Éva-Kinga Farnsworth, Rick and Rianne Chimblo, Fred and Maggie Shoemaker, and Bill and Judy Walker. Any annuitant of Saudi Aramco, Aramco or one of its wholly owned subsidiaries, or the spouse of an annuitant, may volunteer to be a member of the committee or the host or hostess of a reunion. The host or hostess of the previous reunion will work closely with the new reunion host or hostess.

The committee was formed to provide checks and balances, create continuity and help future hosts and hostesses. It will also select the site and host or hostess for future reunions. The committee will oversee that monies are spent wisely and that books and notes at the end of the reunion are turned over to the future host or hostess. Finances will be audited and made available to future hosts and hostesses for planning.

Cover: Cupcake connoisseurs come from far and wide to sample treats like Cherry Garcia in Sugar Daddy’s shops pioneered by Fadi Jaber (DH’92) in Amman, Jordan, and elsewhere in the region. His brother Ameen (DH’90) recently joined him in Amman as a full-time business partner.

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"I prefer to be a **dreamer** among the **humblest**, with visions to be realized, than lord among those without **dreams** and **desires**" ~ Khalil Gibran

Cover Story

Brats Follow *Hearts* to Art

Aramco offspring in London, Amman and California are practicing a panoply of art. They're building on discoveries that they made, or advanced, in the kingdom, and looking brightly on the future. Sample their painting, their baking, their music. You'll be enriched.



Kinda Hibrawi

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A crowd of senior Aramco "children" found themselves in a special time and place, in San Francisco, late last fall. Listen to the buzz.



INSIDE BACK COVER
Norah Harriss—Wife of a Pioneer Oilman

Norah (Brogan) Harriss, the spouse of pioneer geologist Jerry Harriss, loved her time in Saudi Arabia. Nancy Hansen tells her mother's story.

The Mail Center

Photographer Recalls MEA Crash

>>NOVEMBER 6, 2011

Dear Pamela,

I just read your letter in *Al-Ayyam Al-Jamilah*.

I worked for Aramco as a Public Relations photographer from 1955 to 1960. I did not know your father. I did have three very good friends on that plane.

I moved to San Diego after returning to the U.S.A. I will mail you this copy of the *San Diego Evening Tribune* of April 18, 1964, if you would like. It has a partial passenger list. Your father is on the list.

Bert Seal

photobert@san.rr.com

NOTE: Bert shared his correspondence with Pamela Devenny, who wrote to Al-Ayyam Al-Jamilah last year seeking information about the passengers onboard MEA 444, which crashed off the coast near Dhahran in a sandstorm. All 42 passengers, including her father Ralph Devenney, and the crew perished. (See Al-Ayyam Al-Jamilah, Fall 2010.)

Happy with 'Aramco Arabians'

>>November 15, 2010

I received my copy of *Al-Ayyam Al-Jamilah* on Saturday, and am so happy with the Aramco Arabians article. Jane Grutz talked to so many people and yet was able to come up with a story that not only flowed well but was fun for anyone to read!

I loved seeing my dad's name [John Harbert] in print and laughed when I saw where she quoted me. I loved seeing pictures of some of my friends, and finding out what happened to some of the horses.



Maybe someone will be able to tell me where my Nurah ended up, since a lot of people are tagging the article on Facebook. But then I had to cry at the end because I didn't know that the Abqaiq Stable is closed now. Those kids are missing out on a lot.

Incidentally, do you know if anyone ever did anything with the old B-17 that was in the desert over by what we called "Sewer City?" I thought I was the only person to have found that plane, only to learn years later that other Brats sat in the cockpit just like I did.

Anyway ... thank you so very much. The whole magazine is very well done, nice heavy paper and wonderful articles to read, not just the one about the horses.

I'm very much looking forward to seeing Jane's coming article on the Davenports. Those are some Asil horses!

Jennifer Harbert

harbertharms@yahoo.com

NOTE: Jane Grutz's story about the Davenport Arabians, entitled "Hafiz's Gift," appeared in the J/F 2011 issue of Saudi Aramco World. It may be viewed at: www.saudiaramcoworld.com.

Reunion Cover Photo 'Made My Day'

>>November 18, 2010

Just a note to express my thanks for the Fall 2010 issue. The cover picture, featuring Sol and Gillian Asekun, made my day. Their radiant smiles brightened up a blustery, chilly fall day where I was missing the more benign weather of Saudi Arabia.

Bruce B. Brown

312 Cornelia Ave.

Mulkiteo, WA 98275-1746

SOENGRO Reports

>>November 24, 2010

I especially enjoyed your Fall 2010 edition of "Pleasant Days."

In 1980, a group of us U.S. expats began what we named SOENGRO, an acronym for Social Enjoyment Group. We enjoyed dinners in

each others' homes one evening every month, rotating from family to family. We also took trips together.

We maintained a membership of 12 to ensure that at least six or eight families were in Saudi Arabia for each get-together and not away on vacation.

Occasionally, we visited interesting places away from Dhahran. The enclosed photos show some of us during our lunch break somewhere on a motor trip from camp.

Lowell Myers

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SOENGRO members on a March 1985 outing are, from left: John Boyce, Lowell Myers, Anne Seymour, Peg Boyce, Margie Mears, Maxine Myers, Crif Crawford and Ted Seymour.

'Bill Would Be Thrilled'

>>December 13, 2010

I am writing to thank you for a wonderful and moving tribute you gave to our family by publishing the reports of my husband, William Haley, from his days in Saudi Arabia as a Government Relations man.

Bill would be thrilled to know that his work was shown in the Saudi Aramco magazine. He passed away in December 2000.

I personally valued his letters to me in California before we were married, written from Arabia, that included not only the varied routine of Relations Dept. work, but colorful incidents woven into his life in Arabia. His letters were also love letters, aimed at convincing me to join him for a life together in the Middle East. I kept his letters in a scrapbook, much to his amazement.

Send your letters to:
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Aramco Services Company, P.O. Box 2106, Houston, TX 77252-2106.
E-mail: arthur.clark@aramcoservices.com.

My sons, Brian and Barry, and I thank you for such a special publication.

Nancy Haley
6480 Pine Valley Dr.
Santa Rosa, CA
95409-5855

Honored By Article

»JANUARY 24, 2011

My mother [Janny Slotboom] received her *Al-Ayyam Al-Jamilah* in December and was honored by the article written [about the Annuitants Reunion.] To tell you the truth, everyone that walks in and asks how the reunion was gets to see the article which always puts a smile on her face. From her Thank You as well.

Monique Slotboom
Forelstraat 273
2037 KW, Haarlem
The Netherlands

'Deep Nostalgia' over Al-Ayyam Al-Jamilah

»January 27, 2011

Forgive me the time it has taken to properly acknowledge two issues of *Al-Ayyam Al-Jamilah*. ...I must admit that I was in deep nostalgia mode for some time poring over the magazines.

I had horses both in Dhahran and Ras Tanura, so—yes—there were a good number of names I recognized. Mrs. Kristopherson ("Mrs. Kris"), Chris Kristopherson's mother, was my riding instructor.

Thank you very much....

Carol Mossman
Director, School of Languages,
Literatures and Cultures
University of Maryland
College Park, MD 20742

'Funny Money' Query

»FEBRUARY 1, 2011

Your e-mail address was the only one I could find associated with ARAMCO so I decided to send an e-mail to you.



William and Nancy Haley

...I have a hobby of collecting any old or new world paper money and just purchased a bunch from a person. In this bunch was this coupon. I also have a collection of "Funny Money" category where I put this type of "money" into.

Could you tell me when this was issued, where it was issued and for what purpose?

Buddy Hincke
North Bend, Ore.
buddy.san@frontier.com

NOTE: Éva-Kinga Farnsworth received the message above and passed it on to Al-Ayyam Al-Jamilah. We queried several Aramco "historians" and received the following replies.

Bill Tracy: ... I think I recall (because I would have been a young boy at the time), the mess hall, the rec-hall snack bar and bowling alley, the barber shop, the laundry, the commissary and the canteen may have used these coupons in the 1940s, a time when silver riyals and rupees were the only currency in circulation in the kingdom. But more than a few coins were just too heavy to carry around; it took a canvas bag weighing a few pounds for a family shopping trip.

In the early days there was no Saudi Arabian paper currency because it apparently would have been seen as "valueless" paper to a suspicious public unaccustomed to the principle. As the country grew and prospered it became apparent to the government that paper money was necessary.

For larger denominations, gold Saudi sovereigns were tried for awhile

and wound up as jewelry or melted down. So the Government issued "Pilgrims Receipts," which were OK because they were "only" meant to facilitate the holy travels of folks from India or Turkey or Egypt, etc., who were previously used to paper, and



not wanting to be heavily burdened while on the *hajj*.

After a few years of seeing those honorable paper receipts in circulation, the general public became familiar with the concept and was ready to accept regular paper currency in various denominations. By then, of course, there would no longer have been a need for Aramco to issue its own paper.

Jim Mandaville: This is Aramco scrip, which was printed by Aramco and used (in company facilities only) in the late 1940s and perhaps very early 1950s. One got these from the Cash Office, paying the equivalent amount of real riyals for them (or perhaps electing to receive some as part of one's pay each month). One point was equivalent to one Saudi riyal....

Doctor Seeks Information About Granddad

»FEBRUARY 6, 2011

My grandfather was Hervey Brown, son of Hervey Brown, Jr., and listed in two *Arabian Sun* articles, one being Feb. 24, 1946, where he is listed as having returned from home leave. I am told that he worked initially for Standard Oil of California. Unfortunately, my grandfather and grandmother divorced in 1948 and a great deal of information was lost...

My grandfather was born Oct. 10, 1898, and died probably in January 1965. He reportedly married his secretary Maude Elizabeth "Betty" Morehead in 1949 while in Saudi Arabia.

Again, he reportedly retired sometime after 1956, during which summer [my mother] Susan E. Brown visited.

Any information, stories, photos or clippings of my family would be greatly appreciated, as my mother's information becomes more sketchy with age and she was an only child and my grandmother has passed.

Michael S. Hahn, M.D.
Assistant Clinical Prof., Neurological Surgery
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Friedmann Mixes Lectures With High-Tech Cuisine

Retired geophysicist Vic Freidmann is proving as adept in the classroom as he is at a backyard grill or on a calculator.

The 2007 North Carolina Turkey cook-off champion and financial-planning sage spoke about oil exploration to a graduate class at Duke University in Durham, N.C., in 2008 (see *Al-Ayyam Al-Jamilah*, Spring 2008 and Spring 2009); then, last summer, Duke offered him a job.

"I thought this would be a one-time gig," Friedmann said late last year. "Imagine my surprise when ... the Nicholas School of the Environment at Duke University offered me a position as lecturer at their graduate school. I will teach a spring graduate course on petroleum exploration; and, not surprisingly, Aramco and my Aramco experience will play a major role in the class."

Friedmann joined Aramco in Croydon, England, in 1974 and worked in Dhahran from 1974-'94.

"The course is an overview of petroleum exploration covering history, geology, and geophysics," he explained. "Brushing up on math and physics was part of the fun of assembling this course.... Who knows? There just might be some future Aramcons there!"

An introductory video to the class may be viewed at: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=-Ej6Pt5E6fw>.

Friedmann said that teaching hasn't extinguished his love of cooking and software development and, after 18 months of work, "I finally completed my interactive cooking system." His work, called *Cooking with Vic*, is available on software discs, video discs and in book form.

"Hot links imbedded in the recipes enable the user to access instructional

videos, photographs, my cooking blog, the Internet, and a variety of other features—all interactively," Friedmann said. "[It's] specifically designed for the notebook computer [and] the new kitchen appliance."

Friedmann is donating all profits from sales of *Cooking with Vic* to cancer research.

Wrights Explore Moray: Inca 'Mystery'

Ken and Ruth Wright, who spent the early 1950s in Dhahran, have teamed up with two other experts to write a new book about a special place in Peru. It's called *Moray: Inca Engineering Mystery* and was published this spring.

It's the couple's second look at Inca history, engineering and architecture. *Machu Picchu: A Civil Engineering Marvel*, co-authored by Ken Wright and Dr. Alfredo V. Zegarra, appeared in 2000, and Ruth Wright's *Machu Picchu Guidebook*, was published in 2002 (see *Al-Ayyam Al-Jamilah*, Spring 2007). Zegarra is a coauthor of the book about Moray.

"Moray in Peru's Sacred Valley is a difficult site to fathom," says advance information about the latest book. "Perfect, concentric, terraced circles seem to fill much of this 92-acre landscape as far as the eye can see. Upon first glimpse, one cannot help but wonder how and why this monumental panorama came to be."

Moray is about 30 miles northwest of Cuzco and Machu Picchu lies another 20 miles in that direction.



Mark Thibault

Thibault Named Mjet's Chief

Mark Thibault, a lead flight engineer and a quality-assurance supervisor in the Aviation Dept. from 1998-'03, was named CEO of Mjets, a charter-jet company based in Bangkok, Thailand, late last year.

"Business aviation is my passion and I could not be in a better place than Thailand where the people are hard-working, friendly, and fun," said Thibault.

Thibault and his former wife Kate, who worked at the Dhahran Health Center and is now managing director of AirMed Asia in Hong Kong, have two children: Jennifer, 25, and Morgan, 16.

"We loved our time [in Saudi Arabia] and truly enjoyed the culture, the food and the people," Thibault said. "I often say that Aramco is one of the most professional flight departments in the world and I miss my friends and colleagues there."

Bobb Punches Tickets To Sr. Olympics Swim Finals

Fred Bobb (DH'72) grabbed three silver medals at the 2010 Florida Senior State Championships swim meet in Ft. Meyers in December, advancing to the starting blocks at the 2011 Summer National Senior Games in Houston, Texas, on June 25-26.

Bobb, who swam in high school and at university, and was a swim coach in Dhahran and Ras Tanura, took second place in the 50-, 100- and 200-yard breaststroke events in Ft. Meyers. He qualified for those games by winning gold medals in all three events at the Martin County Senior Swim Meet in November.

"I'm exhausted, but gratified," Bobb said after the Florida Senior State finals. The 53-year-old will compete in the 50-54 age group in Houston.

Sold Out!

The Dhahran Theatre Group is still wowing audiences—in Texas! That's if you count the five-person contingent with roles in last fall's production of *Funny, You Don't Look Like My Grandmother* by the Lakeway Players in Lakeway, Texas, near Austin.

Bill Walker and Pat Vanderford had major stage roles, while Carol Hudson, Barbara Loeb and Judy Walker starred behind the scenes. *The Lake Travis View*

Stories to tell? Contact: The Editor, Al-Ayyam Al-Jamilah,
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From left: Bill Walker, Barbara Loeb, Pat Vanderford, Judy Walker and Carol Hudson starred on stage or behind the curtain in *Funny, You Don't Look Like My Grandmother* by the Lakeway Players.

listed Vanderford among several "veteran Lakeways Players and real-life grandmothers" in the cast.

The story conceded that Bill Walker was "not technically a grandmother," adding that his 12 performances with the Lakeway Players "proves that he doesn't act like a grandfather, either." In fact, he and Judy have a dozen grandchildren.

Judy Walker was the stage manager, Hudson worked with props and scene changes, and Loeb assisted the sound department.

"Each of the production's three nights was a sell-out and the audiences loved both the humorous and poignant scenes," said Judy Walker. "Those of us involved with the show loved sharing this celebration of grand-parenting."

And Baby Makes Four...

"There have been fourth-generation Aramco babies before, but this one has a unique pedigree." So said a story about Sloan Cadence Scott, born last year to third-generation Aramco Brats Joshua Scott and Tatiana Burge Scott, published in *The Arabian Sun* on Oct. 27, 2010.

Tatiana is the daughter of Rodney Burge and Gwendolyn "Jeanne" Abernathy. Their parents are Henry "Hank"

The Scotts: Sloan, Joshua and Tatiana



Burge and Agnes Burge (Ras Tanura, Abqaiq, Beirut, Dhahran, 1958-'84), and Yvonne and Chuck Abernathy (Ras Tanura, Abqaiq, Dhahran, 1970-'93). Rodney Burge, a petroleum engineer, joined Aramco in 1981 and lives in Dhahran.

Joshua is the son of Bill and Candy (Grimes) Scott, who worked for the company from 1976-'05. Their parents are Oliver and Barbara Grimes (Ras Tanura, Abqaiq, Dhahran, 1950-'86) and Donald and Jackie Scott (Dhahran 1950-'86).

"The families were connected even before Tatiana and Joshua were married... Joshua's grandmother was Tatiana's first babysitter, which freed up Jeanne and Candy to ride their horses together at the Dhahran Arabian Horse Assn.," Rodney Burge said. "Going back even further, Jeanne and Candy were friends growing up together in Abqaiq."

Sloan Scott lives with her parents in Austin, Texas, but Burge hopes she can visit—or reside—in the kingdom with her parents one day. "I would love to take [Sloan] to all the places that were so magical to me when I grew up here and maybe see that same magic of the place begin to spark in her," he said.

Amin Wins Lens Honors

Shaikh Amin, former Aramco chief photographer, garnered awards from two North American photo groups last year. In August, Amin received the Fellowship Honour from the Canadian Assn. for Photographic Art for his achievements and service. In October, he won the Photographic Society of America (PSA) Excellence PSA Distinction Award—its highest distinction honor—at PSA's annual International Conference in Charleston, S.C.

PSA honored Amin for "exceptional artistry and technical skill" in the color-slide division. The award included a certificate and an invitation to display a work sample on the PSA website: www.psa-photo.org (Gallery of Distinction Awards).

"Shaikh has served as PSA's International Representative in



Shaikh Amin signs the PSA China poster after the PSA banquet in Charleston, S.C., on Oct. 9.

Pakistan for many years and has presented programs at PSA's International Conferences, which he attends each year," said PSA's Laura J. Davies. The Charleston event marked the 17th straight year Amin has attended the PSA International Conference.

Davies called Amin "a popular judge," noting that he has served on many PSA International Exhibition panels over the years. Amin, 83, retired in 1985 after a 37-year career with Aramco. He lives in Islamabad, Pakistan.



Linda Logan

Global Vet Rejoins Academia

Dr. Linda L. Logan, a veterinarian with links to the kingdom and Aramco dating to 1950, has been named head of the veterinary

pathobiology department at Texas A&M's College of Veterinary Medicine & Biomedical Sciences (CVM) in College Station. She holds a doctorate in veterinary medicine from CVM and a Ph.D. in veterinary pathology from the University of California, Davis.

As a youngster, Logan lived in Dhahran and al-Kharj, south of Riyadh, where her father, Sam Logan, was assisting the government to establish a 5,000-acre farm. Aramco provided support for the project.

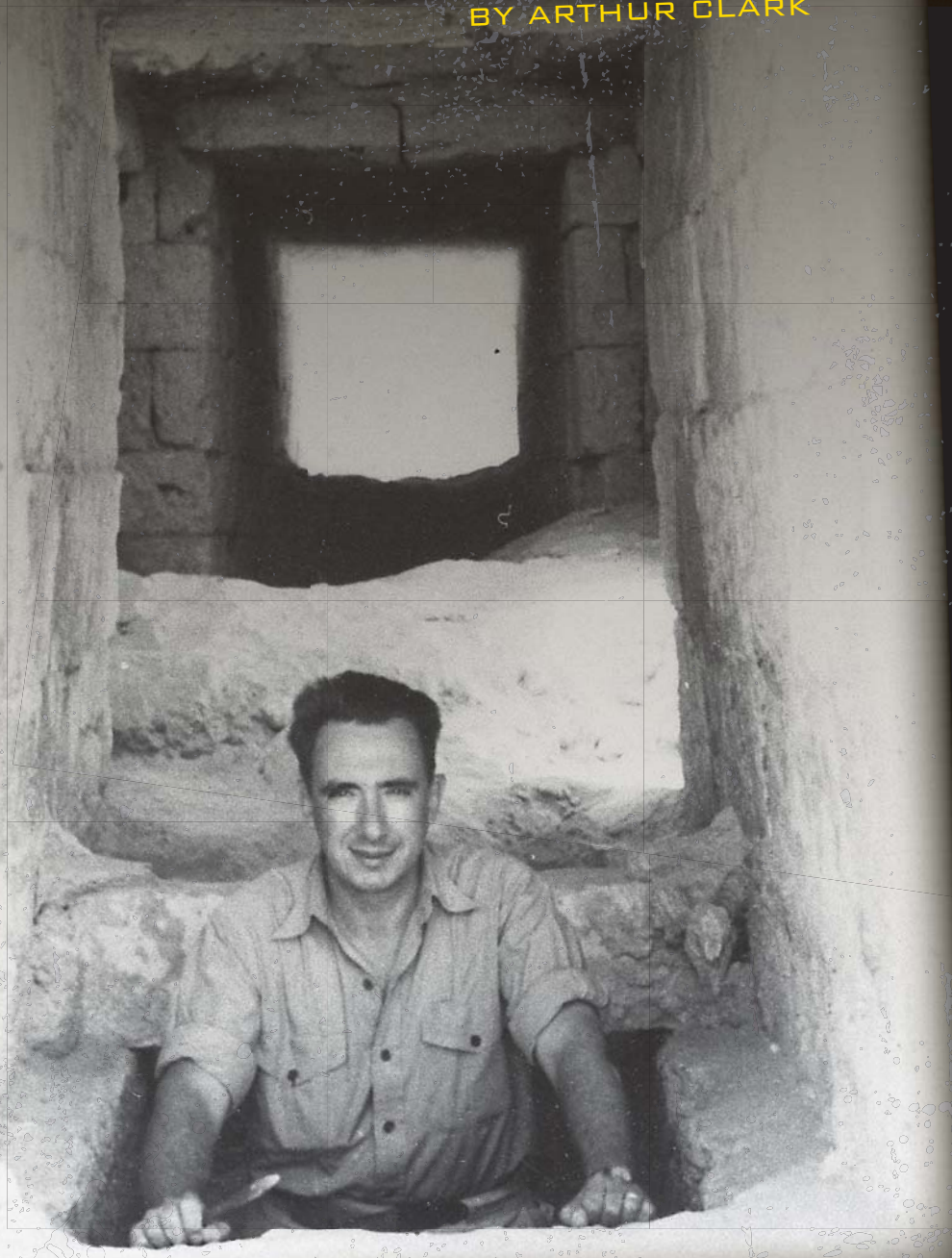
In 1952, when she was 2 1/2, she and her mother Mildred met Crown Prince Sa'ud in the capital. (See *Al-Ayyam Al-Jamilah*, Fall 2004.) "I wanted him to see Linda, so I sent her up to say ... 'Salaam Aleikum,'" Mildred Logan said. "He leaned down, took her face in his hands and asked, 'Whose child is this? He gave her a kiss on the head.'"

When he departed, the crown prince left Linda Logan a "beautiful little black velvet dress," said her mother.

ARAMCO'S 'INDIANA JONES'

PAYS SENTIMENTAL VISIT

BY ARTHUR CLARK



F. S. "RICK" VIDAL IS A SCHOLAR'S INDIANA JONES.

He wrote the first study of al-Hasa Oasis and its people in 1952 and, soon after that, investigated a mysterious first-century CE tomb between Dhahran and Ras Tanura. Later, he shared his knowledge of the country with employees going to the kingdom for the first time. Last year, he visited Aramco Services Company (ASC) in Houston, Texas, where he went on film to talk about his career.

Vidal, 91, was born in Barcelona, Spain, where he studied Romance languages and classical Arabic. He joined the Arabian Research Div. of the Government Relations Dept. in 1951, coming to the company by way of Morocco and Harvard University, where he earned a master's degree and Ph.D. in anthropology.

"Being born in Spain more or less automatically points you to part of the Arab World because the history of Morocco is very closely linked to the history of Spain ... particularly in the south," Vidal said.

He served with Moroccan troops on the Nationalist side during the Spanish Civil War. After that, he worked as tribal administrator in the Spanish Protectorate in northern Morocco from 1942-'47, getting around on horseback.

In the early '40s, during WWII, northern Morocco was suffering from drought and a tick-borne illness had struck children especially hard. One of Vidal's accomplishments at that time was exchanging a locally produced Moroccan beverage for DDT supplies that American troops were carrying to combat insects during the North African campaign. "In those days, DDT was not banned ... and we made a lot of progress" after getting the pesticide, Vidal said.

That experience, along with dealing with local tribes, served Vidal well in Saudi Arabia several years later when he was the Government Relations representative working with malaria-eradication teams in al-Hasa. His work in Morocco also gave him entrée into anthropology studies at Harvard—a discipline reflected in his book *The Oasis of al-Hasa*, published by Aramco in 1955.

Vidal enrolled at Harvard on the advice of Carlton Coon, an eminent anthropologist who had visited northern Morocco in the 1920s as a student to prepare his doctoral thesis. Vidal's boss had hosted the young scholar and Coon had sent him his resulting book, *Tribes of the Rif*, which he gave to Vidal.

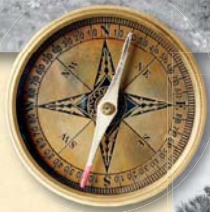
Vidal said he took issue with "a few little things" in the book and wrote to Coon. That kicked off a correspondence with the scholar, who invited him to Harvard to pursue a degree in anthropology in 1947. First, however, Vidal participated in a Harvard archeological expedition on the coast near Tangier.

Vidal joined Aramco soon after earning his M.Sc., completing his Ph.D. fieldwork (he earned his doctorate in 1955) and getting married. He spent six months at company headquarters in New York, N.Y., learning all he could about the oil business. He landed in Dhahran, on single status, in August 1951. His wife Charlotte followed later.

Other than the intense heat of the Saudi summer, "there were no surprises about the country

Rick Vidal supported malaria-eradication teams from his base in Hofuf in 1951-'52, giving him the chance to develop an in-depth study on the oasis of al-Hasa and its people. Opposite page: Vidal takes a break during his investigation of tomb near Safwa that he dated to around 50 CE.

'BEING BORN IN SPAIN MORE OR LESS AUTOMATICALLY POINTS YOU TO PART OF THE ARAB WORLD BECAUSE THE HISTORY OF MOROCCO IS VERY CLOSELY LINKED TO THE HISTORY OF SPAIN....'





Far left: The Jawan Tomb measured 25' x 70' and held the bones of 90 persons. Left: Rick Vidal works inside the tomb.

The study had a very practical purpose for a fast-growing company.

“We didn’t know anything about the oasis at the time and we

were hiring a lot of Hasawis” as oil discoveries and production extended southward from Abqaiq and ‘Ain Dar toward ‘Uthmaniyah and Haradh, Vidal said. “We had already hired as many as we could hire from Qatif—we had run

out of Qatifis. The next big population was in al-Hasa.”

In the early 1950s, al-Hasa was off the beaten track. The new government railroad from Dammam to Riyadh—a project that Aramco had managed—passed through Hofuf, and Vidal had a company automobile, but there was little mechanized traffic. “If you wanted to go to al-Hasa it was still quite a trek,” he said. Hofuf had no electricity and no refrigeration, a problem that Vidal partly solved by having ice sent by train from Abqaiq in an insulated box.

Vidal spent 16 months on his report. He completed it in 1952 and seven copies went to Aramco officials in the kingdom and New York. Terry Duce, head of Government Relations in the United States, suggested the report be made into a book and Vidal revised it for publication.

Not long after that, he got another big job: excavating the Jawan Tomb.

“Jawan started like most of those things start, by coincidence,” Vidal said. Tom Barger, manager of Government Relations, came to his office in Dhahran in March 1952 and told him a crew working south of Safwa in the Qatif Oasis had “found a cave,” Vidal said. “He asked me to investigate.”

Vidal went straight to the site and discovered that a bulldozer operator clearing an area to quarry limestone had clipped the corner of a buried structure and seen “a number of human bones” inside. The “cave” turned out to be an elaborate, plastered tomb buried under a mound of earth and sand.

After receiving approval from Sa‘ud ibn Jiluwi, the

and its people,” Vidal said. However, he tickled the Bedouin because he spoke Moroccan Arabic, a far cry from the Saudi vernacular.

One of his first jobs was interviewing Saudi “relators”—tribesmen from around the kingdom who named local sites for Aramco Arabists who were working on mapping projects. On his first or second day in Dhahran, one relator took aside his boss, George Rentz, and told him, “He talks funny,” Vidal recalled with a chuckle.

He proved a fast learner, and his Arabic came in handy when Aramco President Fred Davies assigned him and geologist Don Holm to

escort Prince Muhammad ibn Faisal ibn ‘Abd al-‘Aziz on a tour of southwestern Saudi Arabia. They drove to Jiddah

to meet the prince, who was home for the summer from university studies in California, and then went south to Ta‘if and Wadi Najran.

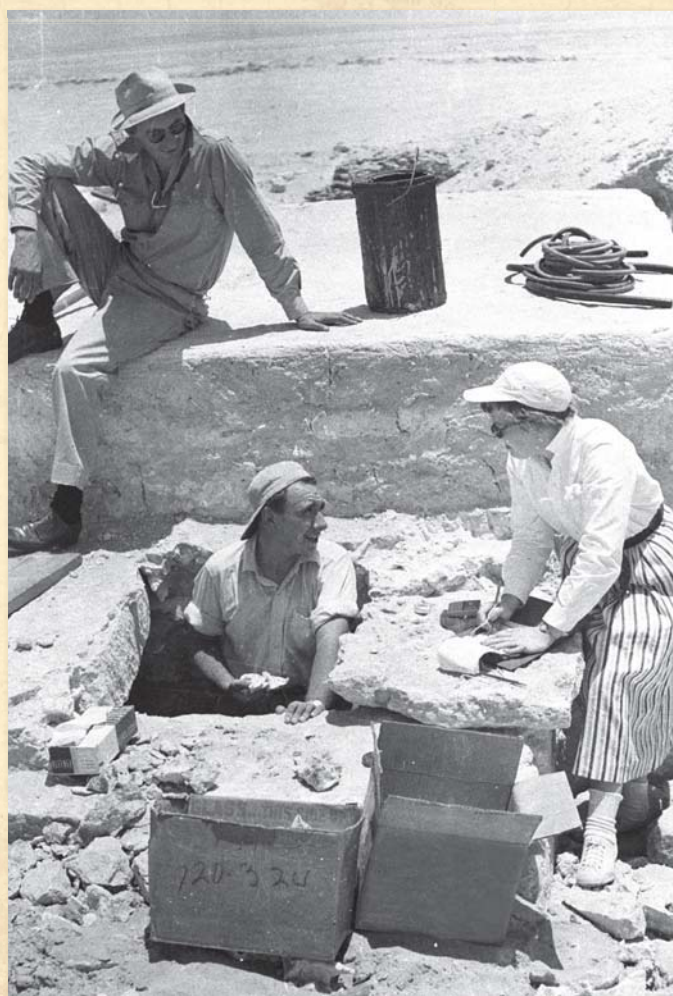
“On the way, whenever we stopped, we would have local people come out to visit and I would check some of the place names on the map ... the name of this mountain over there or that riverbed over there” to make sure they were correct or to fill in the blanks, Vidal said.

Late in 1951, Vidal went to Hofuf to work with two malaria-eradication crews. At the same time, he was assigned to gather as much information as he could about al-Hasa Oasis.

The anti-malaria campaign succeeded, and Vidal produced his groundbreaking study about al-Hasa.

Rick Vidal and his wife Charlotte consult about artifacts from the Jawan Tomb, located south of Safwa in Qatif Oasis, as an unknown assistant looks on.

‘JAWAN STARTED LIKE MOST OF THESE THINGS START, BY COINCIDENCE.... TOM BARGER SAID A CREW HAD FOUND A CAVE. HE ASKED ME TO INVESTIGATE.’



T.F. WALTERS, BOTTOM AND TOP RIGHT

province's governor, Vidal led the team that excavated the tomb, a project in which his wife took part. His report was published in 1953.

The transept-shaped tomb measured about 25'x70'. Inside, Vidal found the bones of around 90 people, and six burial alcoves he believed were for the members of a prominent local family.

"There's no way of getting 90 [bodies] into that building, so it was used later as an ossuary," he explained, noting that it had been broken into and robbed not long after it was first occupied.

While clearing the tomb, Vidal's team discovered four untouched burial cists just outside the main structure. They turned out to be tombs for three men and a six-year-old girl, each killed by a blow to the head. Two of the cists for the men contained a gold ring and a sword, and the one for the girl held gold jewelry, semiprecious stones, an ivory doll of Indian style, a bronze bowl and mirror, and pearls—all but one of the latter dissolved into powder.

The items of intrinsic value were turned over to the governor and sent to the museum operated by the Department of Antiquities in Riyadh. They pointed to trade with India and Mesopotamia, but just who they belonged to was a question mark.

Vidal called the main tomb "Nabataean or Greco-Roman." He said its size and elaborate construction meant that whoever built it "had to be wealthy, but who they were I have no idea."

The outside burials were equally mysterious. Vidal speculated that the little girl "could have been the daughter of a concubine or a favorite playmate of the family" and that the men might have been slaves meant to accompany their master to the hereafter.

"You are free to think what you want to think," he said. "Anything that is not impossible is possible."

Based on the items found inside the tomb, Vidal dated it to around 50 CE—roughly 500 years before the revelation of Islam. When charcoal from the tomb was tested at the University of Pennsylvania's carbon-14 lab several years later, it gave a date of 38 CE. "That's pretty good, considering [the tomb] is almost 2,000 years old," Vidal said.

Other highlights of Vidal's career came in 1957, when he, his wife and their children Jessica and Christopher lived in the Tapline community of Badanah, and an assignment to accompany two

American archeologists visiting the northwestern part of the kingdom in the early 1960s.

Vidal retired in 1971, going on to teach anthropology at Southern Methodist University in Dallas, Texas, from 1971-'76, and at the University of Texas in Arlington from 1976-'92. He also worked for several years beginning in 1978 as a member of the ASC team orienting new employees for life in Saudi Arabia. He and his wife now live in Houston, Texas.

Vidal called Aramco an exceptional enterprise. "I don't think there ever was a company the size of Aramco, certainly not 60 years ago, that had such offices as those of Government Relations or Arabian Research,"

he said. "I don't believe there has ever been a company that has established such a professional group of in-house consultants."

And life in company communities was "very, very good" for his family, he said, citing Boy Scouts, Girls Scouts and Little League.

**'YOU ARE FREE TO THINK
WHAT YOU WANT TO THINK,
ANYTHING THAT IS NOT
IMPOSSIBLE IS POSSIBLE.'**



Rick Vidal spoke to Fuad Therman, director, King Abdulaziz Center for World Culture, and the author at ASC in Houston last year, above. Right: the anthropologist peruses a book about the kingdom during a filming pause.



CANADY Le C



Seeking a scrumptious second career? Michael Canady might be able to offer some advice.

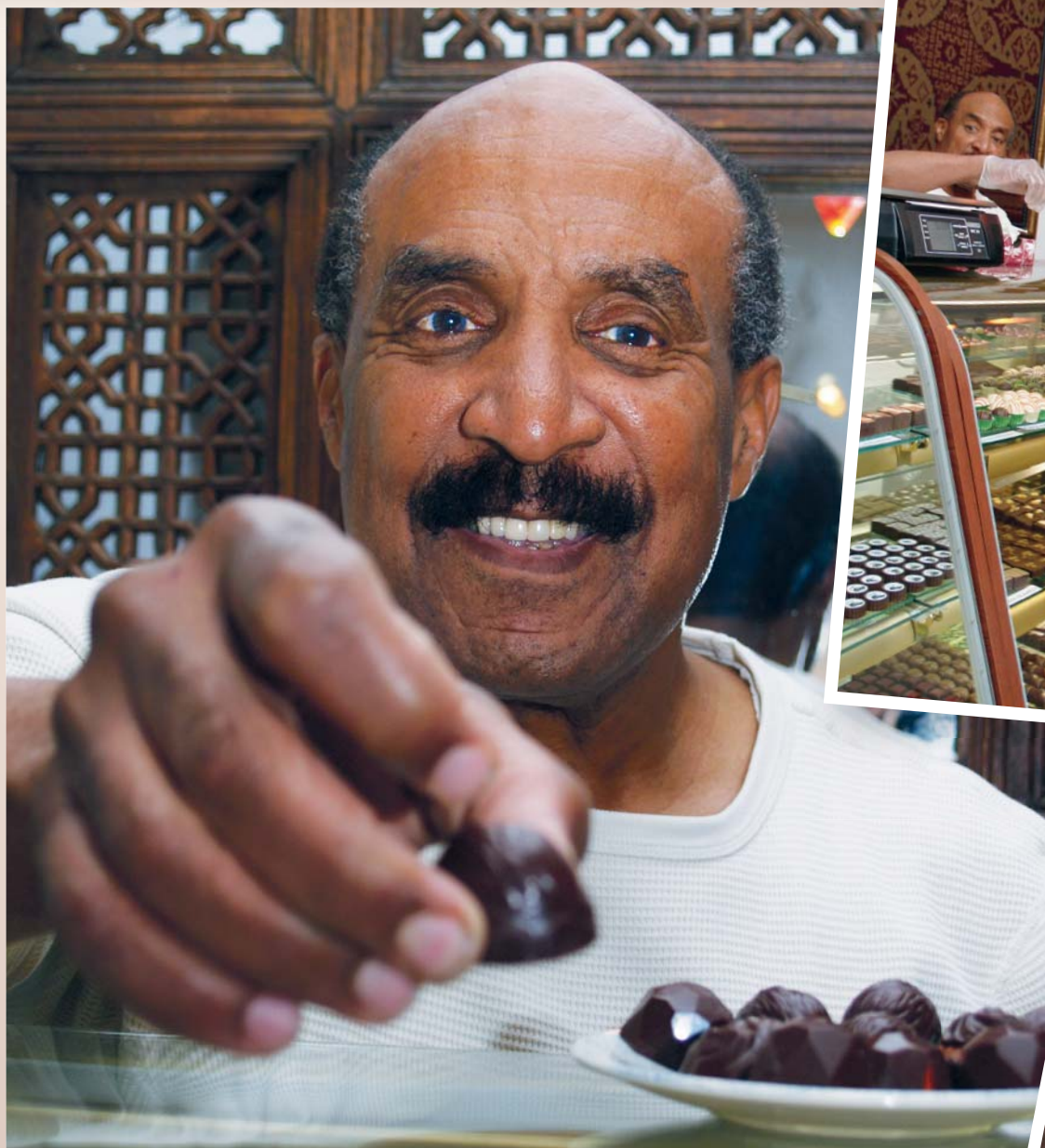
Canady, who retired in 2003 after 22 years in the Training Dept. in Dhahran, is making and selling chocolates, gelato and pastries in his hometown of Chicago, Ill. The former Professional English Language Program teacher and Saudi academic advisor says the “flavors and experiences” of his years abroad are reflected in the array of products at his two Canady le Chocolatier shops.

He’s been featured on Chicago’s WGN-TV, where he taught viewers how to make “cappuccino cups”—molded miniature chocolate cups filled with cappuccino paste. And he has drawn praise on local websites for his creativity, friendly demeanor, and the chocolate and gelato classes he offers five or six days a week.

“Chocololics beware; this place could become your second home,” wrote one happy customer. “I completely did not expect his class to be so wonderfully informative and detailed,” wrote a student. “...We were greeted by drinks and these gigantic biscotti.”

Canady offers a whopping 65 different flavors and combinations of mouth-watering chocolates in a variety of shapes and colors. They include truffles, pralines (bon-bons) and bark (a combination of fruits and chocolate and berries), to survey just the tip of his Everest of delicacies. They’re for sale in his anchor shop at 824 S. Wabash Ave., just south of the Loop, and in the upscale French Market food court, at 131 North Clinton Ave. in the West Loop.

He opened the Wabash Ave. shop, where he prepares food and teaches, in 2005. The French Market outlet followed in 2009. His website is www.canadylechocolatierchicago.com.



Canady might never have entertained the idea of opening a single chocolate shop, much less two, had he not been robbed in Rome, en route back to Dhahran from a vacation in the United States. Nor could he have done so without the culinary foundation he began building in the early 1990s by taking cooking classes in Europe during his holidays and in a stint with the CIA (Culinary Institute of America).

“It was convenient to travel to Europe” from Dhahran, says Canady,

H O C O L A T I E R

Written and photographed by Arthur Clark



Michael Canady holds court in his shop on Chicago's Wabash Ave. The shop—one of two—has a loyal clientele, pulling in local university students and even movie crews, but Canady says business hasn't recovered from the economic ills that hit the country beginning in 2008.

fondly recalling his courses in Tuscany and Umbria in Italy. His interest in culinary arts also led him to take a cooking class offered by a woman from Doha, near Dhahran, in al-Khobar.

At a class in Florence, Italy, in 1994, Canady exchanged addresses with two fellow students from New York, N.Y., and then traveled on to Chicago. On the way back to Dhahran, he stopped in Rome to surprise friends living there. But they were in Sicily, so he bought a train ticket to Florence.

He put his luggage, and his passport, into a compartment on the train and left to grab a newspaper and a drink. The trip took him 90 seconds, long enough for all of his luggage to disappear.

The U.S. Embassy gave him temporary papers to return to the United States, where he applied for a new Saudi visa. The process cost him two to three months, and nearly his job, but also left him with time on his hands. So he called his cooking-school friends



in New York and joined the CIA there to study pastry-making.

“Part of the pastry course was chocolates, and I thought, ‘I like this very much,’” Canady remembers. “There’s a silver lining in every cloud. I went there only because I was trapped in America.”

His time at the CIA “really paid off,” he says. “I was well received. My chef was Swiss and he recommended that I go to school in Lucerne. I went three times for two-week courses ... and then apprenticed myself in a little chocolate shop there.”

Canady wasn’t stingy with his chocolate “practice,” however. He got busy in his kitchen in Dhahran and sold his handmade chocolates at craft fairs “with pride and love,” he recalls.

“That is why Dhahran is very special: I had a social base; I liked my job; and I established a business. I had the time and resources and I just practiced. I stayed up till 2 or 3 a.m., doing everything in my kitchen ... always in contact with chefs I had studied with in Switzerland.”

With their help, for example, he traced a bad experience with a recipe to the air-conditioning ducts in his house: They were so low they were blowing cold air on the chocolate.

Although Canady admits that one of the attractions of chocolatiering is that he’s “always had a sweet tooth,” he’s managed to keep the weightlifting form that he honed in Dhahran. “You have to work at it,” he says with a big smile.

What really intrigues him about chocolates is that making them “involved an art form,” he says. “To be an artist, you didn’t have to be a painter or a dancer. I liked design, presentation. I liked the art of working with sugar. It unleashed the magic.”

Students come to his shop for two-and-half-hour lessons that often stretch into four to learn the basics of making chocolates and gelato. “I try to duplicate my own experiences” to show them the joys of the work, Canady explains. He says that figuring out different ways to present courses, and his products, “keeps you healthy—it’s mentally stimulating.”

He hopes happy students will expand a clientele that shrank with the economic downturn late in the last decade and has yet to bounce back. “I have a loyal customer base,” Canady says, but he notes that lost jobs mean that money’s not so available for finer things in life like chocolates.

He opened his French Market shop in a bid to enlarge his customer pool, but that happened just as the economy turned south, so it’s been a struggle there, too. Still, he’s not complaining.

“I’ve got tremendous press and great customer satisfaction,” says the 67-year-old,

Gelato is particularly popular in Chicago’s sweltering summertime, while chocolates (and hot chocolate) appeal in the Windy City’s sub-zero winters.



Chocolate aficionados come in all ages. Here a couple of 20-somethings sample cream-filled confections at le Chocolatier's French Market shop in the West Loop. Opposite page, right: Michael Canady and his retail assistant compare notes on a November afternoon.

who likens his Wabash Ave. shop to a popular public house—like the one in the TV series “Cheers.”

“My only social outlet is my customers,” he says, noting that many a conversation is sparked by the shop’s Saudi and Middle Eastern décor. Three employees help him prepare his products, while two more assist in sales.

Canady took his gelato to the 10-day summertime Taste of Chicago festival for two years (2007-’08) and was almost overwhelmed by success: He had to hire around 20 people to make, transport and sell products.

“It was major; it was huge,” he says. “We made 1,000 twenty-liter pans of gelato.... After three or four days we ran out.” For the next festival, “I had to start two and a half months early to produce enough, and we still ran out. I don’t think I’ll do that again.”

Gelato is particularly popular in Chicago’s sweltering summertime, while chocolates (and hot chocolate) appeal in the Windy City’s sub-zero winters, too.

“Chocolatiering is a dying art,” says Canady, who believes he’s the last artisan of his kind in Chicago. But he notes that he can’t compete in price with the industry giants that mass produce the stuff. “It has to be a passion,” he says.

That “current generation” has grown up knowing only factory-made chocolates, he laments, noting, “When you go to a chocolatier, you are going to be charged more.” But he says his price of \$38 a pound, while perhaps steep in Chicago, is considered a bargain by visitors from New York.

Canady figures that the classes that he offers to up to seven students at a time, sometimes three times a day, in his small kitchen, will sustain his business until the economy picks up and people can reestablish their love affairs with chocolates. Indeed, Groupons for 1,200 students late last year sold out in 24 hours.

It’s obvious that he would like to spread the “passion for chocolates” that he feels. “I love what I do,” says the former teacher, who finds himself once more in the classroom. “I can’t imagine doing anything else.”



Brats Follow Hearts to



Fadi Jaber



Kinda Hibrawi



Zuby Udezue

The first is very sweet, the second's simply radiant and the third is rhythm writ large. Those are the arts of three Aramco offspring—each of whom is finding success in his or her field.

They are cupcake impresario Fadi Jaber (DJI '92); artist and designer Kinda Hibrawi (DJI '93); and hip-hop whiz Nzube (Zuby) Udezue, who was a student in Abqaiq and 'Udhailiyah before heading off to boarding school in England after completing the fifth grade in 1997.

Art

By Arthur Clark

Fadi Jaber, the son of Palestinians Dr. Adnan Jaber and Salwa Hamdan, “always preferred his American classmates’ cupcakes, brownies and chocolate-chip cookies to his mother’s pastries: *knafah*, *qatayef* and *baklawah*,” *The New York Times* reported in 2009. The story, titled “Yes, We Speak Cupcake,” was datelined Amman, Jordan, where Jaber opened his first Sugar Daddy’s cupcake shop in mid-2007 and where his retired parents live.

“Cupcake shops have become as ubiquitous as hot-dog stands in some American cities and have spread...,” the *Times* said. “Now Mr. Jaber has proved that even the Arab world is not immune to such Western frivolity.”

Indeed. With the help of his brother and full-time business partner Ameen (DH’90), he also oversees six Sugar Daddy’s franchises in the U.A.E. —four in Dubai and two in Abu Dhabi—and another in Beirut. He would like to expand his base, and also open franchises in Saudi Arabia, elsewhere in the Gulf, and in Syria and Egypt.

Jaber says he’s been approached by “at least 100 people from across the region,” but he has yet to find exactly the right partners. “I would love to open a second shop in Amman, as well as a few more in Beirut, but I don’t want to get



Blueberry cheesecake, left, and frosted and sprinkled vanilla cupcakes, below, are melt-in-your-mouth examples of Sugar Daddy’s delights. The recipes are top secret.

ahead of myself. I like to take things in stride and let the business grow naturally.”

Along with cupcakes with names like Chocoholics Anonymous (chocolate on chocolate), Tanned and Toned (chocolate and caramel)



Fadi Jaber

and 24 Carrot (carrot cake), Sugar Daddy’s offers brownies and cheesecake. His own favorite is Fake Blonde (vanilla on vanilla).

He says cupcakes have proved extremely popular among “consumers who love to eat and are eager to try new things, and will spend more for quality.” For a look at the full menu, visit Sugar Daddy’s Facebook fanpage: www.facebook.com/sugardaddybakery, which has recorded more than 30,000 visitors since its launch last November.

Jaber agrees that growing up in Dhahran sharpened his sweet tooth for Western goodies.

Among his fondest memories are those of trick-or-treating starting right after

school on Halloween, when he and his friends “went door to door collecting the most delicious candy.”

But schoolmates' birthday parties whetted his appetite for cupcakes. “I still remember hovering around the table with all the cupcakes ... in total mouthwatering anticipation,” says Jaber. “The games were fun, but I mostly looked forward to all the cake and frosting.”

He says he’s “a little surprised” about his cupcake career. He was living in New York, N.Y., in 2004 when he bit into a vanilla-frosted cupcake at a Greenwich Village eatery, the *Times* reported. It tasted so good that he resigned from his marketing job at Unilever and enrolled in a cooking school in Manhattan.

It wasn't his first time in a kitchen, however. His mother focused on making Middle Eastern savories in Dhahran, “so I felt compelled to make desserts from an early age” he says.

He called the decision to open a U.S.-style bakery in Amman “a huge risk,” noting

‘I only offer products that I personally love and wouldn't put something out on display unless it's truly delicious.’



that there was no guarantee that Jordanians would bite on cupcakes. “Thankfully, they were quick to accept and embrace,” he says.

The secret of his success? “I only offer customers products that I personally love and wouldn't put something out on display unless it's truly delicious,” he says. “I think people are also



Fadi Jaber talks shop with a bunch of hungry young customers at Sugar Daddy's in Amman, above, and poses with his brother Ameen, who recently joined him as a full-time partner in the bakery. “I would love to set up a shop in al-Khobar. One day, *Inshallah*,” Fadi says.

drawn to the story behind my brand ... and they love the passion that I've injected into the business....”

If you're curious about Sugar Daddy's recipes, don't ask. The

keys to the business's baking are locked up.

Jaber says if he gave away a recipe “my partners would sue me.”

But he's not averse to accepting advice from others. “I believe our chocolate cupcakes have become more moist thanks to one of my best friends from Aramco, Diane Dickinson,” he says. She visited Amman with another friend last November and decorated his shop for the season.

Jaber thinks the “cupcake craze” will continue to grow. “It just seems to get bigger and bigger, especially in such virgin markets as the Middle East ...,” he says. “We are selling not only American classics, but quality products made of the freshest, most top-notch ingredients.

“The fabulous thing about our business is that it appeals to all ages. Kids love it, but so do their parents, and their grandparents, even. Oftentimes, a family will come in and the members of that family will span three generations.... Sweets have a universal appeal and will never go old.”

“The trick is to make decadent sweets that are so addictive in flavor that you'll keep coming back for more,” he confides with a grin.



Chocolate torte, anyone? Desserts like this flour-less variety of cream-filled cake are proving popular in Jordan, the U.A.E. and Lebanon.

California-based **Kinda Hibrawi** comes naturally to her Middle Eastern-themed art, though it took her a few years to develop and exhibit her work. She staged an exhibition full of flowing calligraphy in Washington, D.C., in 2007, and highlighted that genre in a 2009 show in Santa Ana, Calif. Called “Dear Mr. Gibran,” it reflected Lebanese-American poet Khalil Gibran’s work and philosophy.

Hibrawi was born in Riyadh to Khalouk and Khaloud Hibrawi, from Aleppo, Syria. She

Kinda Hibrawi

lived in Riyadh until she was nine, when her family moved to Dhahran. Her father worked in Government Affairs, retiring in 2000, and her mother was a housewife.

“I’ve always been a fan of Gibran,” Hibrawi says. “I think its part of being Arab.” But she admits she really didn’t know about him or his work until she’d researched his poetry at the library. “What he stood for and represented inspired me. Most of his poetry had to jump out at me and speak to me; that was how I selected the words to paint.”

Hibrawi admires Gibran for his efforts to help the East and West understand each other, and strives to further that through her art—even in her recent clothing-design work. Her fashion t-shirts feature graceful calligraphy spelling out the words “peace,” “love,” “justice” and “beauty” in Arabic.

She told a writer for www.huffingtonpost.com that the tag line for the collection is “spreading peace and understanding one shirt at a time.” The proceeds from online sales of the t-shirts have gone to benefit the U.N. Relief and Works Agency, which provides assistance for approximately 4.7 million Palestinian refugees. “I think it’s important that we participate in our community, whether here or abroad,” she said.

The painting “Light without the eye is darkness and sound without the ear is silence” is from Kinda Hibrawi’s Khalil Gibran collection. Her calligraphy spells out the words “Gibran,” “Light” and “Silence” in Arabic.



Hibrawi's 2011 collection goes in a new direction, into abstract landscape, inspired in part by a recent trip to Aleppo. "[I] loved the picturesque old *suqs* and the imposing citadel" and her photos reflected how "natural light bounced off the buildings," she told *The Arab News*. "So my new collection will be all about light."

She's also getting back to her roots in Saudi Arabia, with a planned visit to Riyadh, Jiddah and Dhahran for an exhibition and talks sponsored in part by the U.S. State Department. "I'm very excited," she says.

'Art can serve as a powerful tool to bridge cultures.... It's all about us appreciating our differences.'

Hibrawi remembers being introduced to the art world through drawing and ceramics in after-school programs in the kingdom at age five. She learned wheel-throwing after moving to Dhahran. "Aramco had an amazing facility and tools available for us," she says. "So I spent a great



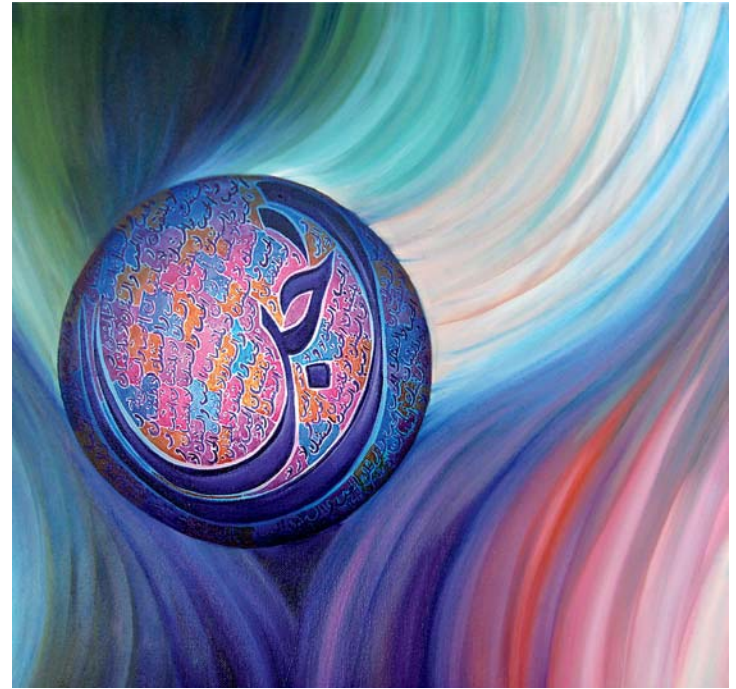
deal of time doing pottery even as a returning student."

In fact, she got her first commission as a returning student in 1996, painting a 9'x12' panther in the hallway by the Dhahran School gym. "Every time the bell rang and the kids would come out of class they would 'ooo' and 'ahh' at my work," she says. "That was a pretty special feeling and confirmed what my calling in life was."

Hibrawi discovered the beauty of calligraphy through the work of the Paris-based Iraqi master Hassan Masoudy when she was 13, and followed up with a summer class in Aleppo.

In her *huffingtonpost* interview, Hibrawi said the Arabic language drew her as an artist. "It's a very beautiful, romantic language," she said. "I kind of compare

This acrylic on ink is titled "Beauty, Peace and Mercy," words that are spelled out from top to bottom in the painting.



The paintings above and the one on the facing page spell the word “Love.” The title for each comes from different thoughts on love by Khalil Gibran.

Arabic calligraphy to a dance. It flows in the same way when you’re physically writing these repetitive and lyrical strokes.”

She said that her studies with a master calligrapher gave her insights into the art form. “As an Arab-American I wanted to fuse my phi-

losophies, ideals and cultures together. This is when I introduced color and a freer-flowing art form. I was also using text to look like texture in the paintings. I felt I had to make it my own by taking the best of both worlds and represent them visually.”

Hibrawi attended California State University in Fullerton, where she received a BA in fine arts in 2003, and she staged her first major exhibition in 2005. Since then, her work has been shown and collected widely in the United States and abroad.

Her 2006 painting “Lebanon,” done to support UNICEF’s relief efforts there, hangs in the Arab American National Museum in Dearborn, Mich. Its orange calligraphy against a yellow-orange flower translates: “Beirut will rise from the rubble like an almond bud.” The words, by Syrian poet Nizzar Qabban, come from Majdah El Roumi’s song *Ya Beirut Sitt al-Dunia* (“Beirut Lady of the World”).

Two more of her paintings—both acrylics on canvas from 2008—were featured in the Truman Hall Art in Embassies Program and displayed at the home of the permanent U.S. representative to NATO in Brussels. They were part of an “America the Beautiful” exhibition of

works by Americans with international roots. One spelled out *La Ilaha illa Allah* (“There is no god but God”) in shades of blue on a yellow-green background; the other repeated the 99 names of God on broad sweeps of gold.

The paintings demonstrated that America is a land where people have come together from “many different countries to pursue their

dreams,” said the program’s website. “It is this rich diversity, this spirit of pluralism, that is our greatest strength.”

That matches Hibrawi’s own compass. “In a sense, art can serve as a powerful tool to bridge cultures,” she told www.diadiwan.com. “It is all about us appreciating our differences.... I try to convey the beauty and pride of the Middle East and illustrate that it isn’t all that different than the U.S. pride in America. In fact, by showing these similarities I believe it can create a platform for understanding and respect between the two regions.”



Kinda Hibrawi, center, made her first appearance on Arab Radio & Television (ART) TV in Washington, D.C., in 2007 to discuss her artwork.

Hibrawi runs a portrait studio called MyPopArt.com with a partner in Huntington Beach, Calif. Her website is www.kindahibrawi.com.

Rapper **Zuby Udezue** isn't Arab-American, but his multicultural background shines through in the music and lyrics that are making his name in Britain and beyond.

His parents are Nigerian and he was born in England. However, his years in the kingdom, when he attended Saudi Aramco schools, and then in Britain gave him a hybrid American-British accent that put off some listeners until they discovered "it's my real voice," Udezue told the hip-hop website www.ukhh.com. Or, as he put it in "The Movement":

"I see haters taking aim but they're loaded with blanks/and yes I'm from the UK you mad I sound like a yank?/you should read up on my history before you run up dissing me my past it ain't no mystery I'm lasting with a victory...."

Udezue has performed in England, Germany, the United States and Saudi Arabia, and made albums and videos to showcase his work. And he's not afraid of poking fun.

His hilarious "Rock Star" video, released in 2009, features a street sweeper who finds a boom box playing the eponymous tune, turns his broom into a guitar and spins his life around, all in the space of a few rhythmic minutes. Earlier, Udezue recruited fellow students at Oxford University (where he earned an honors degree in computer science in 2007) to perform in the energy-packed "Steppin' 2 Me" video set in and around the campus.

"What appeals to me about hip-hop is the fact that it's a platform where you can express yourself freely without any boundaries," Udezue



Zuby Udezue



After a hard day's work in London, most folks might want to chill out at home or maybe meet up with friends. Not Zuby Udezue. In his "off" time, he records hip-hop singles and albums or performs in front of adoring fans.



says. "It's one of the only genres of music where an artist can really talk about anything and everything. I love being able to express my thoughts and emotions and at the same time entertain. It's the perfect way to connect with people."

Udezue's got the gift—and the courage—to make his art come alive. The same thing goes for kindred spirits Fadi Jaber and Kinda Hibrawi.

Udezue's songs range from the playful to the deadly serious. In "Divided We Stand" in his 2009 album "How I Feel," he revisits his own arrest at gunpoint at a U.K. train station in mid-2008—mistaken for someone who had committed an armed crime:

"... I was on my way home/now I'm lying on the scene with pistols pointed at my dome/only takes for me to panic and a flash from the chrome/to lay an innocent to rest and there's no coming back to roam..." He goes on to compare his experience with that of a Brazilian man shot and killed by London police on the Underground in July 2007 during the security clampdown after bombings killed dozens in the capital that month.

Udezue took the less-traveled road to making his music public, selling CDs on street corners in places like Oxford and London, making fans one by one. He still hits the streets, but his songs are now available in stores and on iTunes. He has his own C.O.M. (Courtesy of Myself) label. His website is www.zubymusic.com.

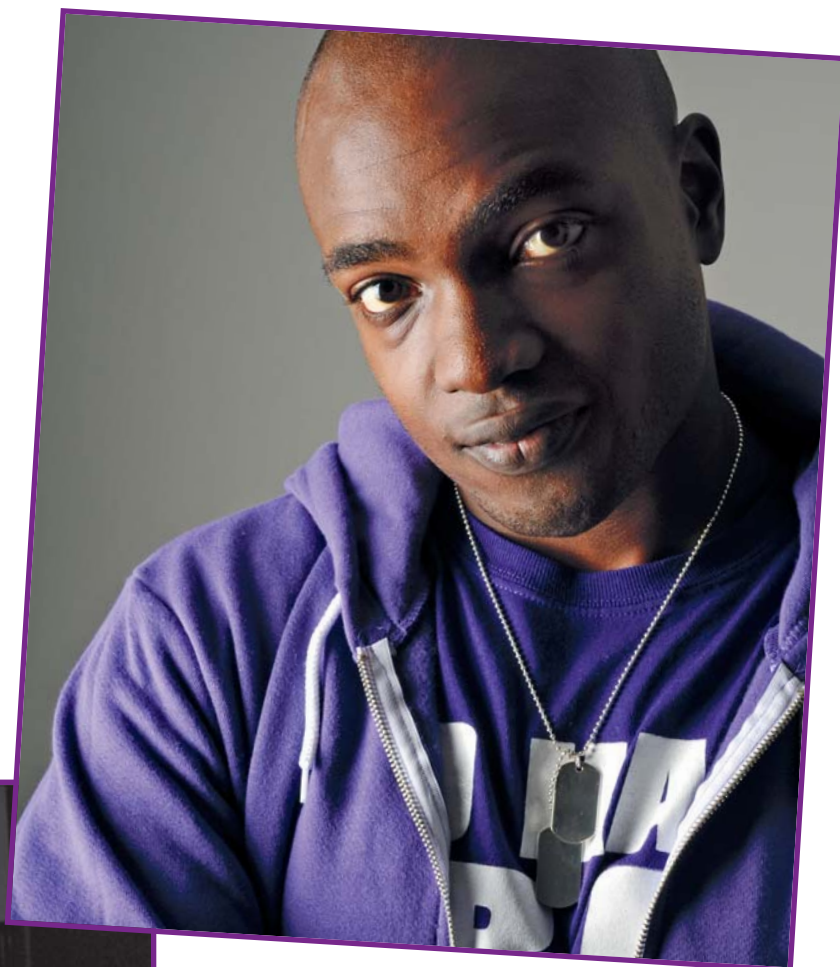
One of his recent releases, "Comin' at Ya," shows a very confident young man striding alongside the River Thames toward the London Eye, turning heads as he raps,

Zuby Udezue has released three well-received hip-hop albums: "Commercial Underground," "The Unknown Celebrity" and "How I Feel."

"... hard to stand out from the crowd but there's a possibility/I could rise above the clouds beyond the probability/can I do it all and keep my soul and credibility or do I have to sell it all to buy acceptability?"

He's found fans in Saudi Arabia, especially in Abqaiq and Dhahran where he performed wearing his trademark "I'm Down with Zuby... Are You?" t-shirt on a visit not long before his parents, Emmanuel and Chika, retired to Bournemouth, England, in 2006. His father is a doctor and his mother is a writer.

"I know who I am and have been raised to do things right," he told *The Arabian Sun* at the time. Although hip-hop is a genre known for its off-color vocabulary and references to guns and drugs, Udezue says



he's "not a gangster..., I'll never sell drugs ... or threaten you in my rhymes."

The rapper who successfully juggled his studies and music at university is now doing the same thing with his day-job in London with international management-consulting company and his hip-hop career, getting by on just a few hours of sleep a night. "Oxford was good practice!" he says.

Udezue's got the gift—and the courage—to make his art come alive. The same can be said for kindred spirits Fadi Jaber and Kinda Hibrawi, two more Aramco Brats-turned-artists.

ARAMCONS AND FRIENDS FÊTE THE HOLIDAYS

Aramcons of all ages held holiday fêtes in December at venues including Houston and the Texas Hill Country, as well as Hot Springs Village, Ark., where retired Ras Tanura teachers Brenda and Tom Tirrell hosted the annual Za'atar Breakfast on Dec. 11 for about a dozen Arkansans. "We had a great time and, of course, ate too much Za'atar," said Brenda.

Saudi Aramco, Texaco, Star Enterprise New Year's Night

A dozen old Saudi Aramco, Texaco and Star Enterprise hands and their wives capped the year with their eighth straight New Year's Eve party, at the home of Pat and Kathy Laabs in The Woodlands, Texas.

"As the years pass by, the group leaves the party earlier and earlier after the New Year is welcomed in ...," Darryl Shields said

in a message sent at 1:38 a.m. Jan. 1. He retired from Saudi Aramco in 2007, after a career that encompassed all three companies.



Ring in the New Year in The Woodlands, Texas, were, front row, from left: Eddie Delgado, Joe Bormans, Hal Bonewits, Pat Laabs; back row: Cloy Causey (a neighbor), Dwight Brixey, Ken Marrs, Sevket Torpis, Dave Mayhew, Ray Stevens, Darryl Shields, Terry Smith and Cliff Herseim.



The ladies at the New Year's gathering were: Marlene Shields (in front); second row: Kathy Laabs, Barbara Causey, Adri Bormans, Mahala Brixey, Karen Smith, Christine Mayhew; third row: Diane Delgado, Janet Herseim, Patricia Torpis, Patsy Bonewits and Sheila Stevens.

Aramcons Texas Hill Country Christmas Party

Sixty-eight guests attended the Aramcons Texas Hill Country Christmas Party at Vintage Villas on Lake Travis at Austin on Dec. 9. Bill and Judy Walker, Fred and Martha Goff, and Jack and Ellen Meyer once more were the organizing “elves” for the event, including a reception, a buffet dinner and dancing.

Stan and Betty Stokes attended their first Austin party, while Marge Johannsson remembered attending one of her first Austin parties — held at the Austin Club and hosted by Art Kelberer — in 1993.

The Christmas party has been an annual event since 2005, when a record 112 people attended.

“I had a wonderful time seeing old friends and meeting new folks who have recently retired,” said Judy Walker. “To those of you who couldn’t join us, we missed you and hope to see you at a future get-together.”

Ann and Richard Barr sport Hill Country seasonal attire, left. Below, Marge Johannsson (third from left) celebrates with daughters Julie, Karin and Gen.



Wiley and Judy McMinn



Ric and Angie Hall

Ladies Of Arabia Christmas Luncheon

Twenty-three attendees savored delicacies at a Middle Eastern restaurant at the Ladies of Arabia (LOL) seventh annual Christmas Luncheon in Houston on Dec. 4.

"The food was wonderful and reminded us of our stay in Saudi Arabia," said Judy Thomas, who co-hosted the event with Alice Hastings-James. The menu consisted of *hummus*, *baba ganoush*, *tabouli*, eggplant, greek salad, *kibbi*, *falafel*, meat pie, cheese pie, roasted chicken, beef and chicken kabob, fish *sayadaha*, pita bread, rice, fruit, baklava, coffee, tea and mimosas.

"Silver charms (Middle Eastern sandals) purchased by our dear friend Adriana Ely in al-Khobar's Silver Museum were hand-delivered by another dear friend, Jane Siu, and awaited the ladies as they eagerly entered the event ready to embrace and rekindle golden memories of our beloved Saudi Arabia," Thomas said.



Rosena Murray gets set for "Jingle Bells," while Diann Woods looks on.

Event co-hosts Alice Hastings-James and Judy Thomas are shown front row right and second-from-right, respectively, in this Ladies of Arabia group photo.



"Once again, by popular demand, 'Barbara Jennings, A One Woman Broadway Show' ... had us singing and swaying to 'I Saw Mommy Kissing Santa Claus,' 'Jingle Bell Rock,' 'Frosty the Snowman' and 'White Christmas,' to name a few.

"We are pleased to report that we have donated sufficient funds to sponsor one Kenyan student through high school. Our student is Sharon Auma from State House Girls' High School."

Guests also received something themselves at an ornament exchange, "which is always a lot of fun and laughs," Thomas said. "It was a perfect day: good food, good friends and lots of hugs!"

Below: Linda Safraneck "tries on" ornament-exchange prizes; left: Janis Mitchell, left, and Cheryl Nolen show off their sandal charms; top: Katherine Quiroz and Janet Ashky represent the younger Ladies of Arabia.



Aramco/ASC Retirees Holiday Luncheon

An even 50 attendees dined and chatted about old times at the Aramco/ASC Retirees Holiday Luncheon in Houston on Dec. 14. Verne Steuber again ably hosted the get-together.

The luncheon group was established in the early 1980s and meets each month. Christmas colors were the order of the day at the gathering and Mike Sawran, whose beard gets whiter with every new season, once again looked dazzling in his Santa hat.



Host Verne Steuber poses with an ASC colleague, Ella Mae Tyrkalo.



From left: Carol and Leonard Gonzales and Mike and Linda Sawran share Dahran memories.



Above: Shirley and Phil Workman and Patricia James are all smiles.



From left, Stan and Peggy McGinley; Pat Gallagher, Terry Meehan and Jane Borst; Marianne Zimmerman and Joanne Fischer.



Son Tells Tale ...

The Case of the Purloined Plat du Jour

By William (Bill) Tracy

The elegant dining room in Cairo's Shepherd's Hotel looked like this in the 1930s, and probably wasn't much changed when Margaret Tracy went there for a special evening out in August 1946. She would never dine there again.



A part from one trip to Florida as a young bride, my mother, Margaret Tracy, had not traveled far beyond the borders of her native Illinois when, on July 24, 1946, she set off to join my father Frank in Saudi Arabia. That day, with three small Tracys in tow, she boarded a train for New York, N.Y., on the first leg of a journey to the far side of the globe.

In 1945, Dad had been working as a cost accountant for the Texas Company (now Texaco) at its refinery in Lawrenceville, Ill. The company, then a 50-percent shareholder of Aramco, that year loaned more than two dozen Lawrenceville employees—Father included—to assist in building a new refinery at Ras Tanura. When the men arrived in Saudi Arabia, the kingdom was producing just 58,000 barrels of oil a day. Now a year had passed, WWII had ended, production had nearly tripled and Aramco had completed four rows of houses on the shore of the Gulf. And Mother and the three Tracy children were to be among the first American wives and youngsters to join their husbands and fathers in the new community.



The three Tracy children, baby Sally, Jim, 3, and Bill, 11, and their mother Margaret sat for this passport photo to travel to Saudi Arabia in 1946. (U.S. authorities allowed group photos in those days.)

A passenger freighter carried the four of us across the Atlantic and through the Mediterranean to dock in Egypt. Mother was an omnivorous reader, especially fond of mystery novels, and one of Agatha Christie's novels—perhaps it was *Death on the Nile*—had painted a romantic and exotic

Egypt for her. So as we boarded a train in Alexandria, she was eagerly anticipating our arrival in mysterious Cairo.

The local Aramco representative met us and escorted us to a hotel in the city's bustling center. He explained that the timing of our departure by air for Dhahran depended both on the late-August weather conditions above the baking Arabian Peninsula and the availability of a

company DC-3 to fly us there. It could be a few days or a few weeks, but he assured us that he would radio news of our ultimate departure for Dhahran in time for Mr. Tracy to be waiting on the tarmac there.



The Tracy travelers, Bill holding brother Jim and Margaret with Sally, posed at the Pyramids of Giza under the gaze of the Sphinx, en route to Dhahran in the summer of 1946.

By now, Mother had refined the logistics of traveling with three children. As the oldest, at age 11, my job was to hold three-year-old Jimmy with one hand while clinging tightly to Mother's hand with my other, as she balanced my baby sister Sally on her opposite hip. Thus linked, we set out to see the sights.

Our first excursion was to the famous Pyramids of Giza. We took a car and driver to visit the Pyramids and then the mysterious Sphinx at their base. Then we drove on to the nearby Mena House, the famous hotel set in a lush garden with a view of the antiquities, where Dad and some of the other men en route from Illinois to Saudi Arabia had stayed. He'd mailed us a luggage sticker as a souvenir. It may have been while we were having lunch there that Mother determined to visit the other famous Cairo establishment she knew from her mystery novels.

By the end of the 19th century, Shepheard's Hotel, built in 1841, had become the center of British social life in Cairo. Famous for its opulence well before WWII, it also attracted other Europeans and Americans. A few nights after our visit to the Pyramids, Mother arranged through our hotel concierge for someone to watch over the three children in our room. She selected the nicest dress packed in her suitcase, hugged us goodbye and ventured unencumbered to enjoy an evening of elegant dining as can only be imagined in a novel.

The doorman at Shepheard's rushed to see her from her arriving taxi. All eyes were on the pretty American lady (no doubt), as she threaded the luxuri-

ous lobby toward the high-ceilinged, pillared Dining Hall. The *maitre d'hotel* escorted her to a discrete table set for one, with silver and crystal on fine linen. Dinner arrived in courses, ceremoniously placed before her by servers wearing floor-length white skirts topped by slim-cut vests, with red turbushes on their heads. Soft music, the tinkling of goblets, the murmur of conversation. Finally cheese, fruit and coffee ... and then the bill presented on a silver tray.

Apparently, it was assumed that a lady dining alone in 1946 Cairo must be a resident of the hotel, because the waiter handed her a pen, murmuring, "If Madame would kindly provide her room number and her signature." Her mind on the excellent dinner and her elegant surroundings, still enchanted by the evening, she took the pen and, as she had done on preceding nights in another, simpler hotel dining room, signed her name.

A few minutes later, she stepped into a taxi in the drive at the foot of the stairs and as the door closed on her and the machine eased away from the curb it dawned on her what she had done. The room number was hers, but it was not at Shepheard's. Too late! Much too embarrassing to think of turning back.

In 1948, Ras Tanura boasted a refinery with two 25,000-barrel-per-day distillation plants, an export terminal (not shown) and, center right on the beachfront, the Najmah community where the Tracys and other expatriate families lived.



As she stepped into the taxi and the door closed and the machine eased away from the curb, it dawned on her what she had done...



The Tracys visited the Coliseum in Rome on their first “home leave” in 1948. The newest addition to the family, Susan, was born in Dhahran in 1947.

From that time on Mother’s story took a different twist. She was sad that the once grand hotel (a successor was built in 1957, but at a different site) would never be the same. And she was sorry for the troubles and political unrest that had disrupted Egypt. “But, on

Over the next few years, Mother often told the story on herself to new friends in Ras Tanura and Dhahran, laughing with them at her attempt to play the worldly, well-read traveler and coming off the nervous, small-town girl. She joked that exotic Cairo was a city that she’d like to visit again, but she feared she’d be arrested at the airport if she dared to show her face.

In 1952, when a century of relations between Great Britain and Egypt had badly deteriorated and riots erupted in Cairo, mobs destroyed a number of British and other foreign establishments. Shephard’s Hotel was burned to the ground.

Bill Tracy holds a photo of his mother bowling (as his father looks on) that he discovered at the Ras Tanura Bowling Alley during the 2009 KSA Expatriates Reunion. He is flanked by two other reunion participants.

the positive side,” she would add, “I’m pleased that our family is free to visit Egypt again, now that all records of my criminal dinner on the house have been destroyed by the tragic fire.”

NOTE: Margaret and Frank Tracy lived in Ras Tanura until 1968, when they retired to Austin, Texas. Son Jim retired from the Treasurer’s Organization in Dhahran in 2003. Son Bill (the author of this story) worked at Aramco Overseas Company in Holland, later in Public Affairs in Dhahran, and retired from Aramco Services Company in Houston in 2000.



GEEZERS GATHER NECTAR IN SAN FRANCISCO



“What a meet it was. What a joyous meet!” rhapsodized Clark Magruder (DH’54), unofficial scribe for the latest Geezers Reunion, held Nov. 5-7 in San Francisco.



The biennial reunion was the largest ever held. “Normally, it is a smaller group, 30 or 40, the children of pioneers who knew each other in school in the 1940s and ‘50s, while living in Saudi Arabia, and, of course, their long-suffering spouses usually accompany them.... But some 70 showed for this sixth reunion,” Magruder wrote.

Magruder compared attendees to honeybees, noting that one bee signals from the field when she’s found a source of nectar, orienting herself to the sun and doing a dance to indicate to her sisters, “It’s right over there!”

“A dancing honeybee never lies and never will. We ought, more often, to imitate the honeybee in our human behavior. I mean dance more, lie less....”

He praised Linda Killian Walsh (DH’53) for securing the venue for the reunion—the Monaco Hotel—and for bringing her mother Mary, who’s 96: “We never had underestimated Linda before, and now we never will. Hers was an administrative skill generals might envy.

“Not only did [she] provide us a meeting place, but she also provided an opportunity to meet again with her mother. Mrs. Killian is ... sharp as a tack and as honored among us as—hmm—one might write, a *queen bee*, but certainly as a queen.”

Magruder said Killian Walsh and her husband Jay, and Mary Pat Singlyn Lass and her husband Jerry “combined forces to bring our widespread band of wanderers together.”

And he retracted what he’d said earlier about Geezer spouses, noting that they “are soon adopted into the group and suffer not at all. Many of them, in fact, have visited the kingdom and seen where their bride or



Above: Reunion organizer Linda Killian Walsh is center, flanked by Lee and John Holm. Left: The CA Beach Brats (minus Paul Hennig) pose at the gathering of Geezers. From left, they are: Maureen McKeegan-Lansing, Paul Schmidbauer, Bob Wilkens (back), Joanne Yohe-Rosenthal, Marilyn Bunyan-Wilkens and Donna Lebsock-Hansen. The late Mitzi Henry and Jerry Smith were also part of the group, which has vacationed together twice a year for more than 25 years.



groom attended school in Dhahran or Ras Tanura or Abqaiq. They waltz into our jam sessions as eager, as knowledgeable, as accepted and welcomed, as any Geezer.”

He said that Geezer bonds are remarkably strong. “It may speak well of us that in our becoming [adults] we have not forgotten our friends of more than half a century, and that we have adopted the wives and husbands of our friends, as though they had always been among us in those days.”

Magruder also waxed lyrical about the reunion’s host city and said, “... if you find yourself, buzzing about, far afield, you might try San Francisco. Check out the Monaco Hotel.... And if you do that, think of us as we were, all together again, briefly. Our name tags affixed, smiles on our faces, everyone in our places (next to each other), and envy the honeybee tribe no more.”



In Memoriam

Abdul-Rahman Ragheb
Abdul-Rahman

March 13, 2011

Survived by his children Yusra, Sabah, Samir, Said and Jamal. He joined Aramco in 1950, retiring in 1983 as an internal auditor. Correspondence may be sent to Said at Saraya Development Group, Jordan Office, al-Koufeh St., Um Uthainah al-Janoubi, P.O. Box 815321, Amman 11180, Jordan.

Dr. Michael Kudzo Agamasu

June 6, 2010

Survived by his wife Hawa, sons Victor and Delalie, and daughters Samira and Enyonam. He joined Saudi Aramco in 1996 and worked as an OB/GYN consultant in the Medical Services Organization, retiring in 2008. Correspondence may be sent to Hawa at 18 Arran Close, Cosham, Portsmouth PO6 3UD, U.K.

William Allen

January 10, 2011

Survived by his wife Jane and children Louise, Mark and Clare. He joined Aramco in 1966, retiring in 1986 as a senior project engineer in Abqaiq. Correspondence may be sent to Jane at 12A Shannon Terrace, Easton, MD 21601-4042.

Andrew Baker

July 11, 2010

Survived by his children Richard, Barbara and Jacqueline. He joined Aramco in 1972, retiring in 1987 as a purchasing and control consultant in Dhahran. Correspondence may be sent to Richard at 11795 Queensbridge Ln., North Royalton, OH 44133.

Aliyah Barge

April 5, 2011

Mrs. Barge (nee von Nussbaumer) was a research librarian at Aramco Services Company in Houston in the late 1980s and early 1990s. Correspondence may be sent to Mary Dimataris at mdimataris@miswaco.slb.com.

Jo Carter Bewley

October 29, 2010

Survived by her husband Bob Bewley and children John Carter, Gary Carter, Cheryl Satterfield and Jodie Lewallen. She joined Aramco in 1975 as a teacher. Correspondence may be sent to Bob at 228 W. 32nd St., Houston, TX 77018.

Brian Blakely

July 30, 2010

Survived by his wife Lisa and children Jayme, Chris, Andrew and Courtney. He joined the Terminal Maintenance Department in Ras Tanura in 1980 and retired in 2003. Correspondence may be sent to Lisa at 364 Leighton, Cambria, CA 93428.

Carmhiel Brown

September 23, 2010

Predeceased by her husband, retiree Thomas T. Brown, and survived by children Carmhiel, Thomas and Darla. Correspondence may be sent to Carmhiel at 2024 Mount Vernon St., Philadelphia, PA 19130-3235.

Keith Carter

February 6, 2011

Survived by his brother Marshall. He joined Aramco in 1982 as a teacher in Ras Tanura and retired in 1992. He opened the Arab Heritage House museum, featuring his collection of coffeepots, in his hometown of Newell, Iowa, in 1995.

Anne Casale

September 1, 2010

Survived by many nieces and nephews. She joined Aramco in 1960, retiring as a medical secretary in Dhahran in 1976. Correspondence may be sent to the family at www.heathfuneralchapel.com.

Aytch Caudill

October 28, 2010

Survived by his wife Venitia and children Stephanie, Mark and John. He joined Aramco in 1947, retiring in 1975 as a drilling foreman/liaisonman in Dhahran. Correspondence may be sent to Venitia, c/o Stephanie Clifton, 7 Zelkova Ct., Chesterfield, MO 63005.

Paul Clark

April 22, 2011

Survived by his children Paul, Anne Marie and Nicole. He joined Aramco in 1952, retiring as vice president of Gas & Refinery Project Management in 1983. Correspondence may be sent to Anne Marie at 3717 Gresham Ln., Sacramento, CA 95835.

Harlan Cleaver

February 9, 2011

Survived by his wife Beverly and children Harlan, Brent, Kurt and Joy. He joined Aramco

in 1952, retiring in 1970 as a supervisor in the Materials Control Dept. in Dhahran. Correspondence may be sent to Beverly at 7401 Willow Rd. #232, Frederick, MD 21702-5451.

Arthur Coulter

July 21, 2010

Survived by his children Timothy, Sandra and Deborah Coulter-Allen. He joined Aramco in 1947 and left the company in 1963, after serving for several years as chief geologist. Correspondence may be sent to Timothy at 51 Albury Rd., Aberdeen AB11 6TN, U.K.

Henriette E. Davis

September 28, 2010

Predeceased by her husband, retiree Ralph Davis, and survived by daughters Manon and Eve. Correspondence may be sent to Manon or Eve at 224 Dawns Edge, Montgomery, TX 77356 or www.cashnorconroe.com.

Gus J. Elbert

April 21, 2011

Survived by his wife Rose and daughters Patricia, Karen, Tresi and Amy. He joined Aramco as an electronic data systems analyst in 1975 and retired in 1995. Correspondence may be sent to Rose at P.O. Box 496, Hedgesville, WV 25427.

James Elliot

January 7, 2010

Survived by his wife Patti and children Nick and Dorothy Thompson. He joined Aramco in 1964 and was a teacher and the principal in Ras Tanura and Dhahran, retiring in 1974. Correspondence may be sent to Patti at 451 Lloyd Dr., Grants Pass, OR 97526.

Alma Gertrude Ewing

March 3, 2011

Predeceased by her husband, retiree Willard ("Buck") Ewing, and survived by children Glen and Craig. Correspondence may be sent to Glen or Craig at 57 Indian Trail, Brookfield, CT 06804.

Kenneth Ferguson

October 31, 2010

Survived by his wife Marian and children Kenneth Jr., Karen and Laurel. He joined Aramco in 1953, retiring in 1970 as an auditor in Dhahran. Correspondence may be sent to Marian at 8036 Lilly Stone Dr., Bethesda, MD 20817.

In Memoriam

Ali Hameed

January 31, 2011

Survived by his wife Rukaya and children Mona, Dalelah, Basil and Malik. He joined Aramco in 1981 as a construction engineer in Abqaiq, retiring in 1999. Correspondence may be sent to Rukaya at 9801 Sunnycoast Ln., Pearland, TX 77584.

Thomas Harman

October 1, 2010

Survived by his wife Blanche ("Micki") and children Michael, Brigid and Stephen. He joined Aramco in 1990 and retired as a business systems analyst in Dhahran in 2001. Correspondence may be sent to Micki at 190 Rockridge Dr., Durango, CO 81301.

Ronald Heitmeyer

March 22, 2011

Survived by his wife Nancy. He joined Aramco in 1979 and worked as a cost engineer in Riyadh, retiring in 2002. Correspondence may be sent to Nancy at 857 Indian Oak Dr., Saultillo, MS 38866.

Ralph Hill

April 27, 2011

Survived by his wife Monona and children Glen and Dorothy. He joined Aramco in 1977, retiring as supervisor of field operations, Geophysical Operations Div., in 1986. Correspondence may be sent to Monona at 716 E. Market, Warrensburg, MO 64093.

Robert Hill

February 19, 2011

Survived by his wife Pauline, son David and daughters Kathye and Martha. He joined Aramco in 1972 and served a morale group in Dhahran until 1981. The family may be contacted through Gore United Methodist Church, 4th and Winn Sts., Gore, OK 74435.

Jubran "Jim" Jabbour

January 20, 2011

Survived by his wife Jean Rippert. He joined Aramco in 1978 and worked in Dhahran as an MRO material specialist in the Support Services Unit, retiring in 1988. Correspondence may be sent to Jean at 5300 N. Braeswood Blvd., PMB 195, Houston, TX 77096.

Rita M. Kelley Kirwin

August 11, 2010

Survived by her husband, retiree James

Francis Kirwin, and children Kenneth and Patrick. Correspondence may be sent to James at 10 Gilroy St., Newport, RI 02840-3826.

Elmer Knurbein

February 24, 2011

Survived by his children Kim and Gary. He joined Aramco in 1974, retiring in 1986 as a maintenance operator in the Marine Department at Ras Tanura. Correspondence may be sent to Kim and Gary at 5224 S. Dickens Dr., Las Vegas, NV 89119.

Samuel Matson

August 10, 2010

Survived by his wife Marjorie and daughter Allison. He joined Aramco in 1975 and retired as a superintendent, Cost Services, in Dhahran in 1995. Correspondence may be sent to Marjorie at 57 Stillmeadow Dr., Austin, TX 78738.

Le Roy Miller

September 15, 2010

Survived by his daughter Gayle Miller Benson. He joined Aramco in 1947 and worked as a maintenance technician in Dhahran, retiring in 1976. Correspondence may be sent to Gayle at 6680 South Poplar St., Casper, WY 82601.

Geraldine H. Newman

April 7, 2011

Survived by her husband Joseph and daughters Jerilyn Pennell and Joellen Tipton. She worked as an industrial nurse at Aramco Services Company in Houston for several years in the 1980s.

Travis Offield

November 19, 2010

Survived by his wife Jennifer and children Travis II and Craig. He joined Aramco in Dhahran in 1978 and retired in 1996. Correspondence may be sent to Jennifer at 304 County Rd 463, Eastland, TX 76448.

Thomas L. Pierce

March 2, 2011

Survived by his wife Johanna. He joined United Overseas Purchasing Company (UOPC), a London firm handling Aramco affairs in Europe, in 1946, and was part of a small group that left UOPC in 1948 to form Aramco Overseas Purchasing Company, the precursor of Aramco Overseas Company (AOC). He moved to AOC in The Hague, the Netherlands, as traffic manager in 1954. He worked in Dhahran beginning

in 1972, retiring as general manager, Purchasing and Inventory Control, in 1985. After Iraq invaded Kuwait in 1990, he acted as Saudi Aramco's purchasing representative at contractors' offices in the United States. Correspondence may be sent to Johanna, a former AOC employee, at Avenida Fort de l'Eau 44A-3A, 07701 Mahon-Menorca, Spain.

Rhea Putnam

September 1, 2010

Survived by his wife Martha ("Marty") and children Pam, Lynn, Stephen and Peter. He joined the Tapline development team in San Francisco in 1947 and retired as a superintendent of Project and Construction Support Services in 1980. Correspondence may be sent to Marty at Hearststone, 2626 W. Bearss Ave., Carrollwood FL 33618-1933.

Allen Tabor

December 19, 2010

Survived by his wife Ann and children Jeff, Bob and Linda. He joined Aramco in 1964 and retired as a corporate benefits advisor in Dhahran in 1990. Correspondence may be sent to Ann at 2009 Turnberry Ct., Santa Rosa, CA 95403-0940.

Onita Fay Trett

January 8, 2011

Survived by her brother T. K. Trett and several nieces and nephews. She joined Aramco as a teacher in 1963 and retired in 1986. The family may be contacted through Van Matre Sr. Center, 1101 Spring St, Mountain Home, AR 72653.

John Wernsdorfer

January 13, 2011

Survived by his wife Eileen and children Paul, Peter, Andrew and Lesley Ann. He joined Esso in 1946 and retired from Aramco in 1984 as superintendent, Medical Facility Maintenance. Correspondence may be sent to Eileen at 2153 Chapel Valley Ln., Timonium, MD 21093.

Daniel White

January 9, 2011

Survived by his wife Annette and children Daniel, David, Dennis and Danette. He joined Aramco as an engineering specialist in Dhahran, retiring in 1993. Correspondence may be sent to Annette at 7372 Nook Sack Road, Everson, WA 98247.

Norah May Harriss

Norah May (Brogan) Harriss, whose husband Jerry was an oil pioneer in the kingdom, died Nov. 14, 2010, in Eugene, Ore. Jerry Harriss, a geologist for Standard Oil and affiliates from 1935-'50, married Norah's sister, Mollie, in Bahrain in 1939; shortly after Mollie died in California in 1946, he married Norah, who had been caring for her sister.

Norah Harriss is survived by her three daughters, Maureen, Kathleen and Nancy, all of Eugene, Ore. Jerry Harriss died in 1972.

Norah's daughter Nancy said that Jerry Harriss and Tom Barger, who became CEO of Aramco in 1968, explored and mapped in the Rub' al-Khali in the 1930s. "Jerry and Tom were exploring the Rub' al-Khali when [Chief Geologist] Max Steineke drove to their camp in March 1938 to tell them that Dammam No. 7 had come in!" she wrote, going on to tell her mother's story.

Norah grew up in England during WWII, the youngest in a family of seven children. Her sister Mollie was sent to America for nursing training, and when she returned in 1936 Norah was eight years old and met her for the first time.

Mollie took a nursing job at the Bahrain Petroleum Company (Bapco) hospital in Bahrain in 1936, the same year Harriss arrived in Saudi Arabia from California. They met when Harriss was sent to Bahrain for minor surgery. He was smitten and enjoyed any opportunity to go to Bahrain after that.

After Dammam No. 12 exploded July 8, 1939, Bapco sent Mollie from Bahrain with medical supplies. On July 14, Jerry and Mollie were married in Bahrain, with Tom Barger as their best man. Barger's wife Kathleen and Mollie became very good friends.

Meanwhile, Mollie sent Norah letters and gifts from romantic lands that she could only read about. At the end of WWII, when the Harrisses were living in California, Mollie's doctor wrote that she had a serious heart condition and asked a member of the family to come. In September 1945,

Norah, 18, travelled to California, where her sister died April 1, 1946.

Norah was now in a new country without any family except her brother-in-law, whom she'd met for the first time. But she wasn't alone for long. She and Harriss married in Altadena, Calif., on July 25, 1946.

In the summer of 1947, Jerry Harriss headed back to Ras Tanura. Norah sold their house and joined him in the fall with the couple's seven-month-old, Maureen. Kathleen was born in Ras Tanura in 1948. The family moved to Dhahran, where Nancy was born in 1949.

"I enjoyed Arabia," Norah wrote in 2009. "It was fairyland for me to be out there. Following the war in England, my whole experience felt luxurious in Arabia. It was romantic and exciting and different. I felt very privileged to be there and to have such an interesting and colorful life."

The Harrisses left the kingdom in 1950, moving to Midland, Texas. There was an oil boom and it seemed a good place to settle. "Looking back on it I'm sorry that we didn't stay [in Saudi Arabia] longer," Norah said later. "I was happy there. I'd had two of the children there, and I'd made lots of friends."

Correspondence may be sent to Nancy Hansen at 5222 Overlook Ln., Eugene, OR 97405, nancyjeanhansen@gmail.com.



Pioneer geologists Jerry Harriss (left) and Tom Barger take a break. Harriss married Norah Brogan on July 25, 1946.



Above: With Norah Harriss at an April 15, 2005, Aramco Old-Timers gathering in San Francisco, are, from front: Cliff Flittie, Nestor (Sandy) Sander and Mike Wanty. In conjunction with the event, she sent a message about her time in Saudi Arabia entitled: "I Married Adventure." She wrote that she flew from Los Angeles to Dhahran via Damascus with her seven-month-old in 1947, noting, "I had never seen the inside of a 'plane before that day!" Left: This 1949 Christmas card from Norah and Jerry Harriss featured baby Nancy, born that year in Dhahran, Maureen, seated, and Kathleen in her father's arms.



Al-Ayyam Al-Jamilah

الأيام الجميلة

PLEASANT DAYS
SPRING 2011

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Chocolates, anyone? Teacher-turned-chocolatier Michael Canady and retail assistant Divinia Arbow present some delights on offer at his shop in Chicago's West Loop, with his logo reflected below. His second shop is on Wabash Ave. See story, page 10.



ARTHUR CLARK