

Al-Ayyam Al-Jamila

"These Pleasant Days"

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

NEW YORK, N. Y.

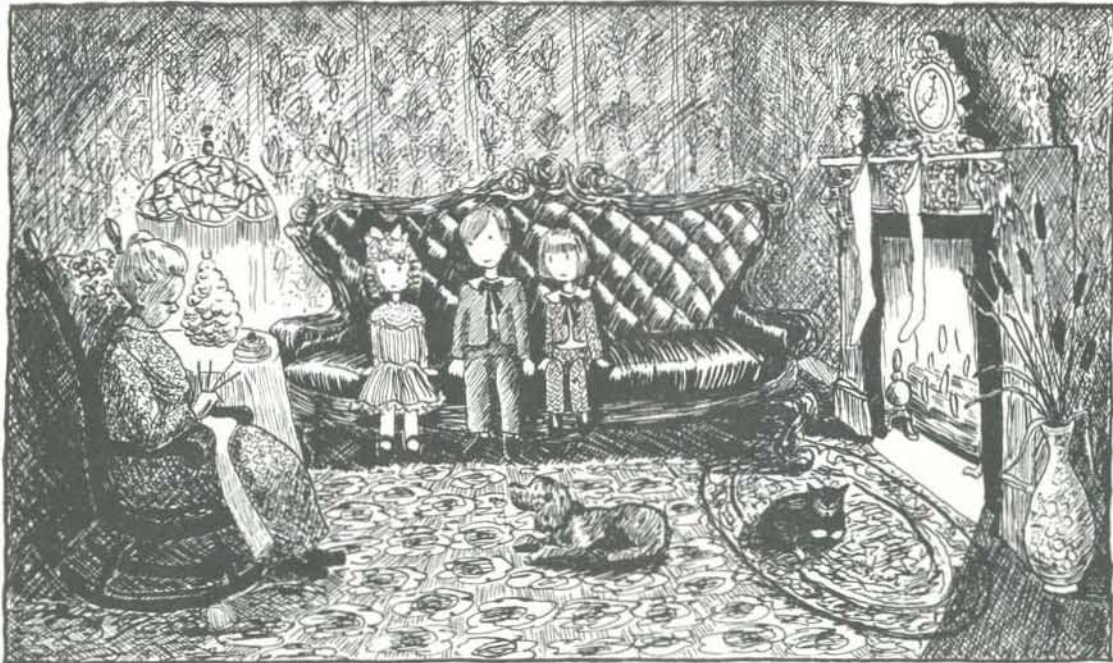
SEPTEMBER - DECEMBER 1971

Vol. 13, No. 2

As we look back upon our activities in 1971, many of us have reason to be pleased with the roles we have had in expanding operations, achieving new records and being of service to others. This is also a time to direct our thoughts to the future and to priorities beyond the corporate sphere. The Christmas message of Peace and Goodwill has special meaning for those of us whose associations have extended beyond our own country. While the media stress daily the differences that separate mankind, we know from our own experience that aspirations toward self-sufficiency, dignity, and freedom from fear are common to all peoples. Anything we can do to build on the hopes and ideals that all men share will move us closer to fulfillment of the message of Christmas.

All of us associated with Aramco, Tapline and the Aramco Overseas Company join in extending wishes to you for a joyous holiday season, one marked with many pleasant reunions with families and friends.

Leta F. Hill
Chairman of the Board





Clara E. Benke

After twenty-three years, CLARA E. BENKE, nursing supervisor departed on July 29 and headed directly for Florida, via New York, with her miniature brown poodle, Toby. Clara was born in Dover, N. J., lived and received her early education in New York and her nurses' training at Flushing Hospital, Flushing, Long Island. After graduation, specializing in pediatrics and surgery, she held various positions there, then moved through a series of interesting jobs that took her eventually to the Philippines with the U. S. Army Nurses Corps. Clara joined Aramco in 1948 and before going to Saudi Arabia spent a year as nurse at the Foreign Service Training Center at Riverhead, Long Island. She was very active over the years in the transfer of various sections of the old hospitals and clinics into what is now the Dhahran Health Center. Clara plans to add bowling, golf and travel to her established hobbies of baking, cooking and gardening, after getting settled in her new home at 47 University Circle, Deland, Florida 32720. We assume that by now her freezer is full of cakes and the welcome mat out for her many friends, invited to drop in to say hello and even stay a while.

When retiring, what could be better than to own a place with a name like "Go Home Farm", RR #1, Box 66-H, Noblesville, Indiana 46060, destination for HARRY FOSTER and his wife, Esther, upon their departure in November. Harry had spent all but one of his 17½ years in Abqaiq as teacher of history and science, grades 7, 8 and 9, and for a long time as sponsor of the Student Cabinet and the Honor Society. He transferred to the Dhahran School in September 1970. Harry received his bachelor's and master's degrees from the University of Kansas and from Boston University, later taking additional work at Harvard, Cambridge and Colgate Universities. He taught at Hebron Academy in Maine and was teaching at Westerly High School in Rhode Island when WW II intervened and he served with the U. S. Army in Europe. He joined Aramco in January 1953 and the Fosters began their long residence in the Abqaiq community. Esther taught music to the children, Harry won appreciation as a tuner of their pianos (at least from the parents). He enjoyed photography and philately, she engaged in interior decorating and cooking in addition to the usual home making activities.



Harry and Esther Foster



Ham Mail



Dear Virginia:

I noticed in the Summer issue in "The Hams Call In" that Charley Beck gave you my call as WB4NBN. This is the call sign I was using when I contacted WA7EGV, Willard Heberling, in October, 1969.

I now have my Extra Class license and since I was eligible for a two letter call, I was assigned K40I in February 1970.

The equipment here is a Swan 500C driving a Collins 30LI Amplifier into a Mosley TA33 Beam on 15 and 20 meters and a Di-pole on 40 meters.

If any of the Aramco Hams would like to contact me, I am on 7220 at 1300 GMT every morning

and also on 14260 every Sunday at 1930 GMT, or can make a schedule at any time of day or night as I am retired now.

I recently had the pleasure of seeing Homer Wilson, who worked with me when I was in Ras Tanura and also ran into Matt Bunyan in Tucson last year.

Thanks for publishing "The Hams Call In" section.

Ivan B. Mayfield, K40I
Hamlin, Kentucky

More 



Dear Virginia:

Please be kind enough to print the following information about "Ham Stations" in the next issue of Al-Ayyam Al-Jamila. I am sure that all the ex-Aramco Hams will be much interested.

There are only four stations in the country of which two are right here in Dhahran and I am the most active of the two Aramcons. One of our pilots, Vic Crawford's call is HZ3TYQ and my call is 7Z3AB. (We have two prefixes in Saudi Arabia, HZ and 7Z.)

About mid-September the "Long Path" is open between the U.S.A. and Saudi Arabia and U.S. Hams can find my every day starting at 1400 GMT on about 14250 KHZ. I stay there for about half an hour before shifting to 14295 KHZ until I

finish operating at about 1530 GMT (for dinner here at 6:30 p.m. local time).

East Coast U.S. stations come in good around 1400 GMT and then I start to pick up the South, Midwest, and by 1430 GMT California comes in real strong. Stations located in Oregon, Washington and Northern California should call around 1500 to 1530 GMT.

Since I always have quite a wolfpack on my tail, ex-Aramcons should identify themselves as such. The "Long Path" usually lasts until about April/May.

My best wishes to you.

Henry Folkerts (7Z3AB)
Box 2486, Dhahran



Margaret and Dan Sullivan

president of Operations. He had been senior vice president since 1969 and shortly before departure felt what it was like to sit in the president's chair – during the temporary absence of Liston Hills. Dan had been known with esteem over the years as “a driller's driller”, “chief highway engineer”, “a nuts and bolts oil man”, one with a talent for innovation, short cuts, simplification and development – his own man but also a natural to follow through and bring to fruition the ideas of team associates like Paul Arnot and Dick Kerr.

There were lots of Sullivans in Butte, Montana where Dan was born and where in another family of the same name, with both of the mothers close friends, was a daughter, Margaret. From the age of ten, young Dan lived with an uncle on Whidby Island in the State of Washington's Puget Sound. Years passed and when next their paths crossed, Margaret was a widow with two young children, James and Peggy. They were married in 1942, and in 1947 Margaret joined Dan in Saudi Arabia, the family now including Danielle, better known as Danee. Margaret Sullivan, understanding friend, “mother” to all and incomparable hostess is a tireless individual of many interests and skills – an avid reader, an excellent bridge and gin player, she cooks, collects stamps, and does fine hand work. Dan is basically a tinkerer and handyman, plays gin rummy indoors and golf out of doors. The Sullivans were lavishly feted before leaving but no gathering touched them more than the luncheon given by the 99 Indian and Pakistani houseboys of Dhahran, the first time retirees have been so honored. A beautiful engraved tray was presented in the presence of fifty other guests, but their feelings were best expressed by lettering on the enormous dessert cake, “Bon Voyage Mr. and Mrs. Sullivan, from all of your sons”. Dan and Margaret have been inveterate travelers and there are no plans to stop now. Their itinerary included Lebanon, Egypt, Europe and Ireland for Christmas with the McIntyres – Peggy, her professor husband, and their five children. Then back to the Continent, Spain, etc. in true gypsy fashion, visiting friends, and probably not reaching their home in the Seattle suburb of Bellvue, Washington until some time next summer. There will be son Jimmie and his brood of seven in St. Louis, Missouri, niece Rita and nephew Bill Hanley in Los Angeles, and Danee and her family only a short hop away in Renton, Washington. That is where messages for the Sullivans should be sent c/o Hubbs, 14420 S. E. 162nd Place.

Today it is Professor F. S. VIDAL, c/o Department of Anthropology, Southern Methodist University, Dallas, Texas. Prior to July it was administrator of the Administration and Translation Division of Government Relations for Aramco, the department with which he had spent twenty years, except for one with Tapline in 1957. Rick grew up and received most of his education (including an MA in philology) in Barcelona, Spain, followed by six years' work for the Moroccan Native Administration, eventually entering Harvard University where he earned an M.A. and a Ph.D. in anthropology. It was during this period he met Charlotte (“Charlie”) Butler, then a student in the same field at Radcliffe. They were married in 1950, she joined him in Arabia two years later. Their children are Jessica and Christopher, 13 and 10, respectively. Avid travelers, the family plans to visit Kenya, Egypt, Switzerland, England and Spain enroute to the U. S. Rick's work with the Arabian Research Division has been preserved for posterity in a number of ways. In 1952 he directed the excavation of the Jawan chamber tomb, reading his paper on the subject in 1970 when as company delegate he attended the Third International Congress on Asian Archaeology in Bahrain. His book “The Oasis of al-Hasa”, published in 1955, recorded the story of his directing malaria control teams in Hofuf for 4½ months. Aramco employee groups have enjoyed the filmed record of the overland trip Rick made in 1959 from Dhahran to Jiddah, Tayif, Baljurashi, Bishah, Abha, Najran and return. The Toronto University Press subsequently published the report of an



Rick and “Charlie” Vidal, daughter Jessica, son Christopher

archaeological survey of the northwest area Rick made in 1962 with Professors F. V. Winant (University of Toronto) and W. L. Reed (Texas Christian). Rick is a Fellow of the American Anthropological Association and of the Middle East Studies Association, his hobbies are reading, model building, photography, carpentry, and electronics. Charlie sews, cooks, and in Arabia was also active in the Tennis, Garden and Reading Groups as well as the Women's Exchange.

Stamp Project

We have had two letters of appreciation for the feature we did in the Summer Issue of AAAJ on the donation of stamps to help build up reserves for the University of Southern California's Foreign Student Loan Fund. We are told that our feature page is even being displayed on the “USC in the News” portion of the bulletin board in the center of the campus. So far, there has been some response (seemingly triggered by the AAAJ article) and of course the hopes of the staff are high that their project will soon gain enough

momentum that the university's administration will be as convinced of its worth as are those who introduced it. It will naturally take a lot of stamps though, so..... Those for the loan fund should be sent to:

Dr. Jerry Wulk, Director
Office of International Students & Scholars
University of Southern California
University Park
Los Angeles, California 90007



I. F. Fagerlie

I. F. FAGERLIE had completed almost nineteen years of service with Aramco and Tapline when he retired at the end of October. Fritz received his primary and high school education in Clark Field, Minnesota and later attended the Cal-Aero Technical Institute in Glendale, California, studying Aircraft and Engine Mechanics. This was followed by employment with various aircraft companies in the U. S. where he acquired wide experience in aircraft and engine maintenance overhaul. He joined Aramco in Saudi Arabia in December 1952, transferring to Tapline in August 1962 to supervise its aircraft maintenance. Fritz and Niki Ioanni Charalambous of Nicosia, Cyprus were married in Beirut in 1956. Their daughter Cleo is now married and lives in Urbana, Illinois. The Fagerlies have led an active but quiet life between Beirut and Nicosia. They have a love for the sea and their Bouar Beach chalet on the road to Byblos will continue to be used whenever they go to Beirut. For the time being friends may reach them c/o Tapline, Box 1348, Beirut, Lebanon.

Upon leaving Dhahran in July, GERHART ANSORGE said he had held practically every "non-com and regular troop job" in the Storehouse and Commissary during his twenty-four years plus with Aramco, from which he retired as materials supply controlman. "Dutch" was born in Germany, the family coming to the U. S. when he was four and settling in California. He grew up and received his education in Los Angeles, graduating from Washington High School. Before joining Aramco in 1947 he had worked for Rath Packing Company and served two separate stints with the Golden State Meat Company, both of Los Angeles. In Dhahran, Dutch was active in a fraternal group and enjoyed golf and bowling until interrupted by a wrist injury. Mary likes to cook, crochet and sew. They plan to add fishing to these interests after getting settled in Broken Arrow, Oklahoma, where their temporary contact address is c/o C. E. Rothhammer, Rt. 1, Box 111-C. The rest of the family consists of son Gary, married with two children, and working for Univac in Houston, Texas. Son Michael, a commercial art student at Miami Dade Junior College in Florida, was to be his parents' first host upon their arrival in the U. S. and where they were to pick up their new car.



Gerhart Ansoerge



Dear Santa



Mr. S. Claus
% Editor, AAAJ

Dear Santa,

Yes, there is a Virginia! Her surname is Klein and she edits al-Ayyam al-Jamila. Each year in the Fall she sends us the Annuitants' Annual Address List for Aramco and Tapline, including employees on Terminal Leave.

I have in front of me the list for 1970. My problem is that I don't want to start my Christmas Card mailing until I've received the list for 1971. Is it asking too much of you to bring me a present early in the form of such a list? It is most inspiring and although I'll not have the energy to send everyone I know on the list a card, I'll certainly be thinking of them.

To bring you up to date on my earthly condition, I'm married to a very special English wife

and we live quietly in the country 45 minutes from London in a lovable old Tudor house which will be celebrating its 400th Anniversary shortly. My wife, Pat, is in publishing, and I dabble in flowers, fruit, vegetables, and real estate. We enjoy seeing friends from the Middle East from time to time and hope to hear from those passing our way.

When you see Virginia, give her a big, wet kiss for sending us so regularly the Annuitants' magazine. With best regards to all,

Sincerely,
Homer C. Mueller

East Mascalls
Lindfield, Sussex, England

(We trust that Homer's list, along with those for all the rest of you, arrived in time for the addressing of cards.)

PICTURESQUE CARMEL

Dear Virginia:

I would like to inform you of our new address in Carmel-by-the-Sea. No, we have not changed residences but we have been assigned house numbers. Until this time all directions were a la Beirut - by distinctive landmarks!!! So, our official address is 24688 No. Guadalupe Street, Carmel-by-the-Sea, California 93921.

We have enjoyed the visits of many of our friends from the Middle East since we retired and established our home in Carmel. And we would welcome the opportunity of showing off the Monterey Peninsula to those who have not yet had

the good fortune of visiting this beautiful and unusual spot. After seven years in this area we are more convinced than ever that it does truly have the most spectacular scenery and the greatest golf courses that can be found. We lead the easy life and as members of Spyglass Hill Golf Club continue our enjoyment of golf to its fullest.

Olivia joins me in wishing everyone a very Merry Christmas and a healthy, joyous and prosperous 1972.

Sincerely,
O.K. (Bud) Bigelow



Moe and Dottie Morris

was chief pilot for Niagara from the Air, a flight inspector for Federal Aviation Administration, a Bell Aircraft test pilot for P-39s and B-29s, and a pilot with U. S. Airlines. Moe joined Aramco as Senior Pilot in 1947 and was an integral part of the Company's international operations during its heyday and brought the last of the DC-6Bs back to New York with the elimination of the trans-oceanic flights in 1961. He had been made chief pilot in 1948, superintendent three years later, assistant manager (SAO) in 1957, assistant manager of New York operations from 1959 to 1961, when he returned to Dhahran and the position from which he retired in October. Moe enjoys golf, bowling, fishing, water skiing and hunting. Dottie (former Aviation Department secretary whom he married in 1949) is a pianist of note and joins her husband in a liking for travel, which they plan to indulge in before settling down. Their homeward itinerary included stopovers in Beirut, Paris, and upon arrival in the States would pick up a car for a winter tour of points from Virginia to Florida and the Southwest. Their daughter Patricia is married, lives in Kingston, New York and is the mother of the two Morris grandchildren. Their most recent contact address is La Paz Apts. No. 130, 756 North Country Club Drive, Tuscon, Arizona 85716.

It's been up, up and away for R. F. MORRIS ever since his graduation from Purdue University — a career topped by manager of Aramco's Aviation Department while starting as salesman and pilot for Piper Aircraft. During the years between, he



A VISITOR AND A REPORTER

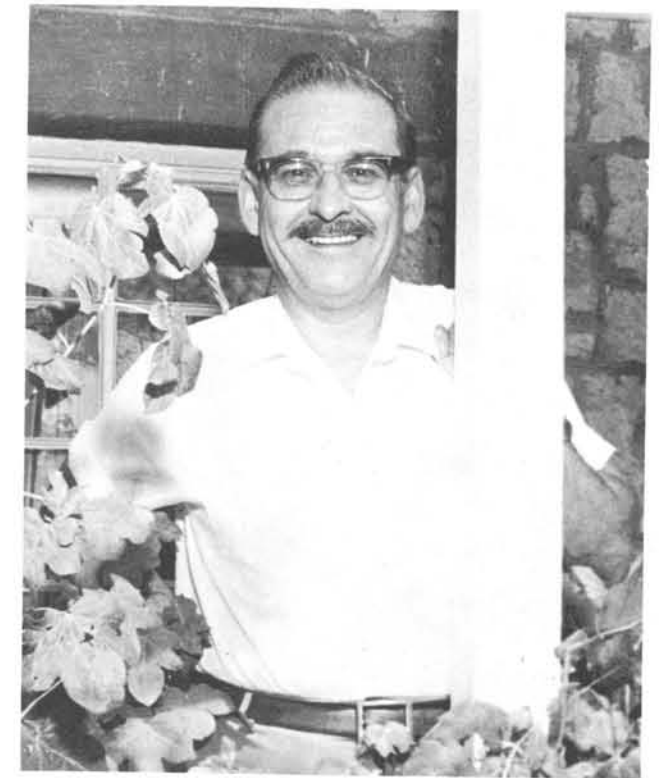
What a pleasant surprise to have Saleh Sawayigh drop by for a visit in mid-October — how he gets around! Next we heard was a note from Ollie and Fran DeVine, where he had stopped off after visits with other friends in California. They took him into Carson City to see the Nevada Day Parade, had a Basque dinner, visited friends in Reno, and saw to it that he revisited Harrah's in Stateline "to make his fortune" — (shades of a Tahoe Reunion).

* * * * *

Ollie DeVine sends his frequent notes on colorful postcards telling one and all of forthcoming attractions scheduled for the entertainment

of visitors to the local clubs. Combined with his unique brand of short hand, Ollie gets more on the back of a postcard than anyone we know (except Charlie Matthews). Sounds like Ollie needs a 48-hour day to get everything done, what with his surveys, studies and assorted assignments for so many of the communities and organizations of the area, interspersed with his investment/insurance work as he goes along. Fran must have to trip him up now and then just to get reacquainted. Weather: their nights were getting nippy by the first of September and they were having snow by the end of October. He invited us out for a look, but we decided there'd be plenty here and all too soon. Of course, his brand will stay cleaner and pretty a lot longer than the New York variety.

CHARLES H. SEBOURN joined Aramco in late 1953 and spent his entire seventeen and a half years within his special field of Data Processing, and when he left Dhahran in June he was supervisor of the Data and Control Unit. He is a native of Van Buren, Arkansas, where he attended high school and business school. He also attended St. Louis University at night, then held what he described as a couple of very dull jobs before heading for the Middle East. Charlie and his wife, Jeanne, both paint, she has quite a flair for ceramics and collages, he dabbles in photography, does a little bowling and occasionally plays poker. If you wish to get in touch, they may be reached at 1306 Willow Road, West Palm Beach, Florida 33406. This just might mean that Jeanne won out on where they would make their retirement headquarters — Charlie had sorta' leaned toward Texas. Then again, it may just mean that's as far as their travels have taken them so far. In fact, they expected to be on the go for a long time. Upon leaving Saudi Arabia their discussed plans included a Greek Islands cruise, a few weeks on the Continent, checking the theatres in London, then start enjoying the motor home they had waiting for them in the States. With their portable nest they planned to travel, and travel, and travel. For example, checking out the Pan American Highway to Panama City and doing as much of the Yucatan peninsula as possible — and of course,



Charles H. Sebourn

looking in periodically on their daughter in Vandalia, Ohio to keep acquainted with their two grandsons.

The Value Of A Smile

It costs nothing, but creates much.
It enriches those who receive, without impoverishing those who give it.
It happens in a flash and the memory of it sometimes lasts forever.
None are so rich they can get along without it, and none so poor but are richer for its benefits.
It creates happiness in the home, fosters good will in a business, and is the countersign of friends.

It is rest to the weary, daylight to the discouraged, sunshine to the sad, and Nature's best antidote for trouble.

Yet it cannot be bought, begged, borrowed, or stolen, for it is something that is of no earthly good to anybody until it is given away.

And remember, Life is like a bank account, you get back only what you put in.

— Anonymous



Jack C. Nelson

JACK C. NELSON, who was supervisor of Services, Purchasing and Traffic when he and his family left Dhahran in July. Jack entered the Navy in 1942 after graduation of the University of Texas and joined Aramco's San Francisco office in 1946, filling such posts as head invoice auditor, claims supervisor and orderman. He transferred to the SAO in 1948, serving as accountant of materials in Dhahran and Ras Tanura. He spent four years in the New York Office as assistant to the Manager of P&T, then back in Saudi Arabia performed such functions as administrative assistant to the vice president - Field Management, executive secretary of the Management Committee, coordinator of materials for the 'Ain Dar gas injection project, and supervisor of the Contracts Unit, Purchasing Department. Jack enjoyed tennis, 16mm movies and pot picking, his wife, Shirley, is particularly fond of music and became fascinated by ESP while in Arabia. Both are interested in comparative religions and, with young sons Craig and Chris, made several stops on their homeward trek through the Far East for the purpose of observing as many different religions as possible before settling in Hixson, Tennessee. There they will become affiliated with the local Unitarian Group. Friends should send all forms of communication to P. O. Box 214 in Hixson.

From his native Texas to retirement in Tennessee, via twenty-five years with Aramco's domestic and overseas operations, is the saga of

But No Pollution

Dear Virginia:

Thank you for replacing the literature that must have gone astray in the mails. We enjoyed catching up on Aramco news.

So far retirement has been all fun. Dorothy and I cruised all of the West in our camper from late February until mid August. We finally chose Oregon as the place to settle - probably because it's a little greener than Al Hasa. We bought a big house - something I swore I'd never do - and now have three of the kids once more living at home and commuting to school. Mary Anne is finishing High School this year and Beanie and Mike are in College. All this, plus four cars in the front yard and a dog, has all the neighbors thinking rich Middle East oil has flowed into the neighborhood. I'm not sure how long we can

afford it but it's fun while it lasts!....and George can always go back to work if Nixon doesn't get reelected.

Our two oldest are employed and are successfully making it on their own down on the San Francisco peninsula - and that's the same as an increase in retirement income. All in all, Allah has been doing quite well by us and will continue - inshalla!

Don't listen to them who say you'll go crazy retiring early and having nothing to do. Since saying "goodbye" to Aramco I have been so busy doing nothing that there hasn't been half enough time to do the things I want to do....like fishing, more golf, writing, building a home on the McKenzie, etc., ad inf. If these *important* things get any further behind I may have to hire help -

CARROLL G. LOYER had spent his twenty years of Aramco service with the Aviation Department and retired as senior aircraft, airplane and powerplant technician. He and eldest son Carroll, Jr. left in late August for Austin, Texas where the family may be reached at 6411-A Auburn Drive. Incidentally, he plans to work part time on the maintenance of executive jets once they get settled. His wife, Ruth, and younger sons Jeffry and Bruce had departed a couple of weeks earlier for a trip through the Middle East enroute to Austin. Carroll was born and educated in Texas, first Laredo then El Paso, subsequently attending the Cal-Aero Technical Institute in Glendale, California. This was followed by seven years with the El Paso Natural Gas Company before serving with the U. S. Air Force during WW II. Carroll joined Aramco in 1951, married Ruth in Beirut three years later, and together they began setting bowling records too numerous to present in detail. Suffice it to say that he is a possessor of titles galore and was a tournament champion par excellence. As members of the Dhahran Bowling Association, he and Ruth were active both on the lanes and on the administrative side of the sport. Carroll was secretary-treasurer of the association from 1961 to 1967. Ruth was also an active member and officer of the distaff bowling groups in Dhahran.



Carroll and Ruth Loyer with Sons Jeffry, Bruce and Carroll, Jr.



heaven forbid.

Will try to keep in touch with you as time goes by. Many thanks for your nice writeup in AAAJ. Only where did that picture of the old man come from that you used? It had my name under it but your printer must have slipped in a mug shot of some patient in the intensive care ward by mistake. On second thought it does resemble me. You wouldn't think Aramco would let anyone leave the field looking that sick. Anyhow, I'm well now and everyone says I look much better and younger since I wiped off the oil.

All the best to you and them who remember us.

Sincerely,
George Mandis

"Progress" Reaches Out

In giving us a new address of 116 Bridgeview Drive in Hot Springs, Arkansas, Lillie A. Lawrence says,

"Actually I am living in the same house on the same lot, but progress has reached Hot Springs, and in the reorganization of the Post Office Department I had to accept a city-style address. Would you believe an increase in taxes accompanied the annexation of property into the city limits? Of course you would. Why else would they do it....."

Also in this letter I want to include my long over-due thanks for the splendid publications sent me since my retirement. The Aramco World featuring the Arab Woman was truly superb. as



Robert R. Westphal

ROBERT R. WESTPHAL's departure the end of July rounded out a twenty-three year Aramco career, all spent in Dhahran in the same department. He began as a floorman in Materials Supply, became a materials expediter and retired as a materials control man in what is now known as Materials Control and Planning. Bob was born in San Diego, California and attended the Manual Arts High School in Los Angeles. Before joining Aramco in 1948 he had spent four years as Assistant purchasing agent with the War Assets Administration and two years as purchasing agent with Alloy Steel and Metals Company in Los Angeles. Bob returned to Southern California and a garden condominium at 112 Elfin Green East, Port Hueneme, in which he is no doubt well settled by now. Although Bob enjoyed bowling and boating, most of his leisure time in Saudi Arabia was devoted to Dramaramco and its productions, including the summer student plays, in roles as varied as backstage production to advertising. He spent six weeks enroute to the States - a trip with stops in Beirut, Majorca, the Canary Islands, Lisbon and the Algarve, Paris, and finally London for as many shows as he could crowd in before his polar flight home.



Anna L. McDowell

When you have been a member of the Dhahran Hospital Maternity ward for twenty-one years, it is only natural to acquire a kind of proprietary interest in the children born to Aramcons during that time. ANNA L. McDOWELL, retiring as supervisor of Ward 5, considers these offspring "hers", but so far hasn't found a way to list them as income tax deductions. Anna was born and received her early education in Emporium, Pennsylvania before heading for the School of Nursing at Buffalo General Hospital, in 1938 becoming a registered nurse in New York State. By the time she joined Aramco in 1950, she had done industrial nursing, charity work in a home for unwed mothers, been an ambulance driver, a dental assistant and an OB-nursery supervisor. While in Saudi Arabia, she was a member of the Art, Bowling and In Groups as well as the DOGs, and through them pursued some of her hobbies such as traveling, shopping, photography, rock hounding, painting, bowling and swimming. She didn't know where she would eventually live in the U. S., but planned on looking about for a couple of years - that is, after a boat trip around Africa getting here. In the meantime she may be reached c/o Mrs. R. J. McFarlane, 10 Grandview Avenue, Buffalo, New York 14223.

was the Al-Ayyam Al-Jamila covering the reunion at Lake Tahoe. And how nice it is to have "Discovery" in one volume. You think of just about everything - many thanks."

The Post Office in Hot Springs also made changes in the route and box numbers for Murlin D. Jones, who added to his note,

"Would surely appreciate having an extra copy of the May-June 1971 issue of Aramco World Magazine - My son, Marshall, is employed by Caudill, Rowlett and Scott of Houston and was assigned some of the work that went into the planning of the Petroleum College, Dhahran, Saudi Arabia (featured on page 21)."

And when Leonard O. Gray dropped by the office recently to say hello to friends in New

York, he too commented on having had his Hot Springs address altered.

But if you think that maybe the residents of the above community are a bit discombobulated, ponder if you will the cross imposed on and borne by Earl J. Beck who retired to Tennessee in the fifties and bought a home in what was then identified as Harriman, Tennessee (R-1). In his letter of earlier this year, that address headed a list of eight, each different, to which he added, "The Post Office Department has assigned all of the above addresses to me at one time or another since we bought this house. In other words we have had all of the above addresses without moving once. The frequent change of addresses has confused some of my correspondents, but the Post Master now assures me that the following address will be permanent....." And he provided the R-4, Box 33, Kingston, Tennessee 37763 which we've been using for most of 1971.

RICHARD A. KENNING, superintendent, Dhahran Transportation Maintenance, had completed nineteen years with Aramco when he left for retirement in July. Both Dick and his wife, Myrtle, are originally from Peoria, Illinois, and although they don't plan to return there permanently, they can be reached there for the time being at 2202 West Westport Road. Dick's early schooling was in Peoria and following graduation from Spalding Institute he studied in Toledo, St. Louis and Detroit. He became a field instructor for Carter Carburetor Corporation and spent five years as owner-partner in an automotive component distributorship before joining Aramco. The Kennings have two daughters, Joanne and Patricia, the latter married and mother of their three grandchildren. Dick, Myrtle and Joanne spent a month in Europe enroute to the States where the senior Kennings would check out a suitable area, perhaps Arizona, for pursuing their hobbies and settling down. Both are fond of bowling, Dick likes to golf and fish, Myrtle enjoys bridge and raising orchids.



Richard and Myrtle Kenning with daughter Joanne



Louis A. Gasatis

LOUIS A. GASATIS spent all of his near-24 year Aramco career in the Drilling Department and at time of departure in October was supervisor of maintenance on its Mobile Drilling Platform No. 2. Prior to joining the company in late 1947, he had worked with the U. S. Navy for eight years. Mail for Louis and his wife, Anna, should be directed to 7949 Glencoe Road S.E., Portland, Oregon, although they suspect to have an entirely different location for their permanent address. Upon leaving Dhahran for vacation and retirement they headed for Singapore and Hong Kong, then Hawaii, which just may be their selection for a future home. You can't question its suitability for a man with fishing uppermost on his mind and for a gal who loves gardening.



Singapore Welcome

We were happy to have this letter from the Byrds in Singapore in mid-October, although Helen hasn't divulged just what Archie does there when the aren't taking trips.

days in Bali and Java. Bali shouldn't be missed! Shutter bugs should take twice the quantity of color film they think they will need, and should also include flash equipment, as some of the most interesting dances — especially the Ketjak or Monkey dance — are presented at night. A cassette tape recorder is also strongly recommended.

We are now hoping to explore Malaysia via automobile. Perhaps we may even spend Christmas at Fraser's Hill, where there are fireplaces!

Again, many thanks for the publications, and especially for "Discovery!" It did fill me with a feeling of regret that I had missed that excitement of those early days through having arrived so tardily in March of 1946. Also, the Fall 1970 special issue of Al-Ayyam Al-Jamila was the best yet. Vivas to you for your editorial perspicacity, raves for the Robertson's and their assistants, and kudos to Krasowski for his excellent photography.

Dear Virginia:

We very much appreciate receiving the Aramco publications and share them with ex-Aramcons here. As you know, we have a new address: 22-D First Mansion — Block A, Jalan Daliah, Singapore 15.

We would be delighted to see any of our Aramco friends passing through Singapore, and to share a "Sundowner" with them on our garden balcony, with a view of the sea, the sunset and the Singapore skyline. Just give us a call (Tel: 493-759).

Since we have been here we have made several excursions, including Penang, Malacca and Kuala Lumpur, as well as a visit of several

Fran Wyers has been spending most of her time for a long while in traveling and even as she penned this story in late August she said, "I don't expect to get back to the States until next Spring — am traveling without schedules, so no address at the moment." (We do understand, however, that messages sent to her Santa Monica, California contact address will ultimately reach her.)

Munich To Teheran By Motorcoach

The day of arrival in Teheran after a 3000 mile motorcoach junket, my horoscope read: "After the last few days, it's time for a modest middle-of-the-road spell of ordinary routine." Agreed, although we'd arrived intact and enthusiastic, still, a bit rumpled and weary. My ankle, sprained in Istanbul immediately after buying a charm to ward off the evil eye, was swollen elephant size. A couple of days exercise and massage returned it to normal.

Munich-Istanbul — On Deutsch Touring with two drivers and a courier, Pierre, a French university student on a working vacation. He handled passports at frontiers, fed and shepherded us into hotels, got us up and going mornings, besides attending to beer and soft drink details aboard, giving a running commentary on passing towns and scenes and generally wearing himself out in our behalf. Economics and Finance will look better to him this Autumn.

First night in Maribar, Yugoslavia, we found ourselves in the middle of a big wedding reception at our hotel, and the next night in Sofia, Bulgaria, street dancing and singing in front of hotel. Bulgarian towns were parked with roses, the fragrance delicious. Eighty per cent of the world consumption of rose attar for perfumes and cosmetics comes from Bulgaria. Three tons of petals produce one kilogram.

The only tax-free shops on route were at the Bulgarian frontiers — liquors, cigarettes, perfume.

Two nights and a full day in Istanbul gave us a break and a chance to do some sight-seeing in pouring rain. Unluckily, it was Tuesday and the Topkapi Palace Museum was closed. The Seraglio with all the secret passages is now open

to visitors. A sign pointing the way to some Ottoman tombs read "The Burieds".

Istanbul-Teheran — The Fun Bit. On T.B.T., an Iranian Coach with boudoir decor — pale blue satin draped curtains with ball fringe. Same color plastic rubbish sacks and Kleenex, red and pink paper flowers and almonds in white tulle on windshield.

Two drivers did all the honors for the next four days. Hassan, a Turk, kept almost everyone happy. At day's end he would face us and say, "Darling, we leave at six tomorrow, breakfast at five. All my passengers are 'darling'. I love you." Long before we sadly lost him at the Iranian border, we were all darling-ing each other.

The night at Erzerum, he took us to an upstairs cafe with an uphill, wobbly floor, where we had a lively evening, Hassan presiding. We were now in real yoghurt and shish kebab country, rice like a cloud, and of course sampled the honey-in-the-comb for which the town is noted. Breakfast was thin mountain bread spread with honey and goat cheese, then lapped over several times until about an inch thick.

Erzerum is still in the horse and buggy stage, multiple blue bead necklaces and braided, fringed, tassled harness making horses conscious of their elegance and eager to pose. Women wore a handsome hand-loomed outer garment draped over head, falling to the ground, with face half exposed.

Scenery was varied and vastly interesting, the grassy steppes populated with large flocks of brown sheep, black goats, buffalo, cattle. Around 5 p.m. we met herds on the road, being driven in,

frequently preceded by gaggles of scolding white geese, who seemed to set the pace, and were conspicuous in every village scene.

We passed countless mud-walled villages with grain stacked on rooftops, pyramided piles of dung fuel and marvelous communal harvesting scenes, the harvest in full swing. There were mountains and river canyons, rocks vibrantly colored. Poplars fringed or enclosed every small water channel. Mount Ararat stood out like a jewel, snow-capped, flocks at its base, and a stream with washing women. Two ancient volcanos stood behind and to one side of it, one crater tipped, with black lava flow extending miles.

Most of the passengers were Iranian students at European universities going home on vacation, happy, interesting and fun. One had not been home for three years. When asked why his wife was not in Europe with him, the reply was, "Do you take your own coffee to a cafe?"

Since there were two vacant seats, we could switch around and visit. Maada, a doll of a little Iranian girl of two, was circulated from one pair of arms to another, with various inducements. She seemed to prefer men's watches.

Ali, a professor of Persian literature, returning from London after a three-week concentrated course in English, was an encyclopedia of information and good will, interpreting when the big Iranian driver, without English, took over from Hassan. He, however, made very effective use of gestures and facial contortions, locating us in three different hotels in Tabriz without a hitch.

When boarding the next morning at 5 a.m. — yes, 5 a.m. — a man came along with two pet sheep, garlanded and beribboned. He could hardly proceed, they were so insistently searching his pockets for whatever it was he tempted them with. That was the morning we breakfasted on the road, announced as "Breakfast at Tiffany's" by two carefree modishly attired Italianized Iranians from Trieste, laughing their way to the Caspian.

Teheran was hot — 98° to 100° — dusty, torn up, preparing for the October celebrations, traffic madder than ever, the only calm element the flocks of sheep tangled up in it, not headed anywhere in particular as far as they knew. The Lord Mayor of London, visiting, rated it "An Interna-

tional Case".

So, to the air, will float with the Dollar.

Fi amaan illah,
Fran Wyers

Cost of trip: \$141.00 including transportation, hotels and complete pension, except lunch and dinner in Istanbul, plus \$4.00 luggage charge.

(Names of her suggested tour contacts are available if desired.)



TRAILER MEANDERINGS a la BURT

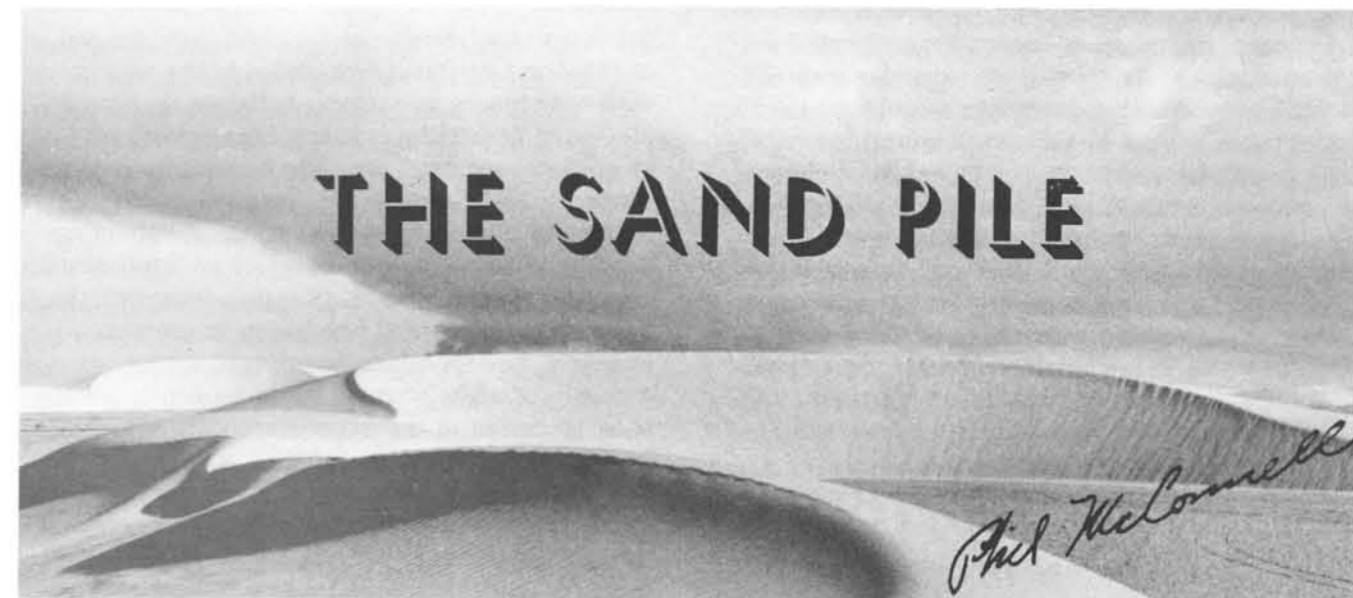
My wife and I left here June 6, 1971 for the summer, and via trailer, we stayed around Bend and Redmond, Oregon for a month, rock hunting and going to rock powwows.

From there we traveled up into the panhandle of Idaho. Stayed on Pend Orille Lake for a month. We made lots of trips, one into British Columbia, down into Montana and other places. We enjoyed it all.

From there we went to Depoe Bay, Oregon for salmon. Stayed here because it was cool and we made lots of trips around surrounding country and mountains. Did not get any salmon, sorry to say. Either the Russian fishing boats were getting all of the fish or because of the bad weather — it rained three days.

We just got back to Seal Beach — and it's hot! I hold this place here in Leisure World and it's always good to get home. But I hope I'll be around for a long time, as there is nothing we like better than travel via trailer.

As ever,
James B. Burt



"THE MEETING OF THE GOVERNING BOARD WILL NOW COME TO ORDER"

This is the way the conversation went. (or rather, this is the way the conversation might have gone if there had been a conversation.)

Virginia: How are you feeling, Phil?
Me: Oh, I feel fine — just fine.
Virginia: Well, you know, Phil, you don't *look* so good.
Me: Oh, but I feel just fine. I'm fine.
Virginia: Now you know if it's ———
Me: You're a nice person, Virginia, but you'd better turn to another commercial.
Virginia: Well, if you wrote another blurb for AAAJ, perhaps you'd lose that puffy look.

Which goes to prove that Virginia doesn't know what she's talking about. That puffy look I'm carrying around is caused by frustration building inside of me, seeking to escape. Try being a school trustee for ten years!

And moreover, what could I write about? I've become so buried in the problems of the California community colleges that I know nothing else, think nothing else, am aware of nothing else happening around me. If I'm not going to a convention, I'm coming from one. What could I write about that would interest you?

Have you ever heard of student revolt? Did anyone discuss with you the so-called generation gap? Would the subject of teachers' strikes

interest you? The rise of the minorities? The financial crisis in education? I'm thinking of letting my hair grow and writing a song about all this — or any part of it. Then I'll buy a guitar and make a million.

Public schools. Ever hear of them? They're where most of you absorbed most or all of your formal education. You acquired some more, not so formal, back of the barn or in the pool hall; but some optimistic teacher, assisted by your father's solemn promise to beat the tar out of you if you didn't learn to spell, managed to drag you through. It's different today. The kid that loafes on the job isn't threatened. He's given a sales talk. People get down on their knees and plead with him. "Please, Johnny ———"

Am I cynical? It would be better described as somewhat discouraged. Actually, this system works for a surprisingly high percentage of today's youth. It might have been a good idea even in our time if it had been judiciously mixed with the "learn it, or else" idea. Our education could have benefitted from the injection of more persuasion and counselling; the education of today could be improved by more discipline, starting in the home. We never seem to be able to find that happy medium.

In my growing years, the lad who was bored with school, simply went out and started farming — or took over a livery stable. Today, there are four things we might do with such a young man: persuade him to let us train him in some skill that

will permit him to earn a living, send him to the penitentiary, put him on welfare, or shoot him. If we put him on welfare, he means trouble for the rest of us; if we put him in the penitentiary, he's given us trouble before he got there; if we shoot him, we're in more trouble. Frankly, my friends, it's not a matter of humanitarianism, or being a Good Samaritan to one's fellow men. It's a matter of our survival. We have to make productive citizens out of a high percentage of these youngsters, or we're in big trouble. And sitting around, crying that the rising generation is hopeless, will not help.

School taxes are too high, you cry. They're high, all right; but not as high as the cost of welfare and crime.

Am I implying that with more and better education, we'll stop these two monsters? No. But we'll slow them. At the community, or junior college level, we are waging a strong battle against them — and I don't know of a more effective way of combatting them.

What is wrong with our schools?

Far less than most people seem to think — although they can show a lot of improvement. Outside the poor sections of the cities, they are better than when we were young — and at that time, most of us thought that they were rather good.

Then what *is* wrong?

Anyone who claims to have the answers is deluded — or a liar. I *suspect* that one of the "what's wrongs" is the growing tendency of families to turn the rearing of their children over to the schools. That isn't the school's function. Too many families let Willie develop as a spoiled brat, then turn him to the schools and cry when Willie continues to be what his family made of him. The schools can do only so much. If they tan Willie, the kid runs to papa, who brings a court suit against the principal who blistered his offspring where he needed it.

We don't blister them at the college level, either. We let the lad develop his own punishments — such as dropping out of high school getting a job pumping gas, marrying the gal he got pregnant, and finding himself, after four years, with two kids and no prospects, and then, in biblical terms, "coming to himself". When we

get him in that condition, there is hope for him, at least in California, which leads the nation with over ninety community colleges that require no tuition and will admit any high school graduate or anyone over eighteen. The community college concept, which is possibly the most significant feature of modern mass education, is spreading rapidly. (There's one as far away as Afghanistan.) Here is the true "second chance". Now that the young man (or woman) has begun to grow up mentally, he can return to college, taking possibly a couple of night courses while he continues to sack groceries at the super-market by day. It's a long hard row ahead, but there's a very real rainbow at the far end. Today in California, we are salvaging tens of thousands of people each year through the community college system. A significant proportion of our students are married and in their middle and late twenties. Some come for training in a vocation; others become aware of the greater possibilities for them in the four year colleges and universities, possibilities that they never could have realized without the help of the community college. For now they have a goal. Now, no one has to plead with them. Eventually the individual becomes a citizen of value to himself and to the society around him.

But we also have to admit that even when five-year-old Willie wasn't a brat, the public schools frequently failed to give him what he needed. Too often in those first school years, they failed to meet his problems — little problems at the time which became big ones with the passing years. His vision may have been defective, handicapping his reading. His hearing may have been inadequate. Or if he were normal physically, he didn't get started on even terms with his friends. He didn't get the hang of subtraction or division; but the teacher followed the (to me) tragic idea that Willie mustn't be held back to repeat the class because that would discourage him. So he moved on with his fellows, unable to add, unable to spell or read, and in many many cases, wholly unable to use the English language. Naturally, as he failed to achieve as highly as his friends, he became discouraged and sought any excuse to leave school.

Today there is an awareness of this terrible destruction of human potential in the beginning school years. The entire system of American education would be immeasurably improved, and the great cost of remedial education could be greatly reduced if we would not permit a child to

pass beyond the third grade until his or her potential to learn had been placed on a sound basis. If we could devise a method of doing it (and I don't know of a workable method in our present society), we would do well to place in kindergarten to third grade, the most effective teachers in our educational system — and pay them the highest salaries in order to keep them there. We are more apt to entrust children at this age to some sweet young thing with a brand new teaching credential because, as we assure each other, *anyone* can teach kindergarten to third grade.

But, believe it or not, there are fresh winds blowing — and a goodly percentage of grade schools are feeling them. William Glasser and his kind are preaching "schools without failure," and people are listening. Glasser would not fail the child that did not progress as he should, nor would he pass him on, condemned to a handicap that was not corrected near the beginning of his school days. He'd have the child progressing at his own pace, more or less independent of others, even in his own class. The child would move on only when he had attained a certain level of competence.

In certain respects, this isn't an entirely new idea. Remember the old joke that they had to burn the schoolhouse down to get Clarence out of the third grade? The idea was sound (not burning down the school, but keeping Clarence there) up to the point where it was clear that Clarence wasn't going to get anything more out of third grade.

We are using the same idea at college level — and in community college, the levels are infinite. We deal with some of the brightest minds in the country, minds whose possessors sail blythly through our system and through the four-year colleges and universities with a minimum of effort — and we have the late bloomers, the not-so-brights, the under-privileged and the handicapped. Naturally, we don't place them in the same classes. And parenthetically, it's time you rid yourselves of the old myth that the community college is just for those who couldn't make it into Stanford or Berkeley. We offer equal or better education in the lower division, and we are fairly experienced in the procedure, as we educate about eighty-five percent of the freshmen and sophomores in California.

I experienced one of the rewards that come to

a trustee when last week I attended a series of classes that one of our colleges is giving to the unemployed with the assistance of a federal grant. The students are in the main, Mexican-Americans who may know little English, school drop-outs, generally the able-bodied unemployed who have decided that they want to hold a job requiring some training. Here that idea of individualized instruction was dominant in programs for stenographers, landscape gardening assistants, auto mechanics, draftsmen, etc., etc. These people don't have to wait for the beginning of a semester in order to start school; they can start at any time. One may require three months to become trained in a given occupation; another may require six months; another may take two years, depending on the program and the ability of the individual.

We've wanted to give this individualized instruction for years; but in the past, it was too expensive because one instructor could handle relatively few students when each was at a different level of training. But with the development of television and films and cassettes that can be slipped into a machine to give an explanation via a small screen, the expense is reduced.

I saw young men and women training themselves with the aid of these cassettes, television and radio. The instructor might be circulating through other rooms. The students knew that they had to prepare themselves, which they could do with these teaching aides. If they encountered trouble, they could call the instructor. I watched a young man training to become an auto mechanic. He was viewing a film on a minute screen showing the workings of an automobile fuel pump. Every screw and gear was clearly explained. The picture showed the pump's internal workings, showed hands taking apart and assembling the unit. (As you and I know, taking it apart is easy; putting it back together is something else.)

If the lad were well-advanced and bright, he might get the message in the one running of the film. If he were less skilled, he might run it twice, three times, a hundred times if necessary, until he got the hang of it. He then would go out on the training floor and dismantle a pump on one of the old cars that have been given to the college for this purpose. If he failed in any respect, if he were unsure of an arrangement, there was that cassette back in the classroom waiting to be run again.

The chief function of the teacher under this system is to counsel, to encourage, to guide and to plan. When the student has satisfied *himself* that he has reached the desired level of knowledge concerning a given section of the program, he presents himself to the instructor to be examined. If he passes, he moves on to the next phase; if he fails, he goes back to his self-training with guidance.

Results?

This is the reward of being a trustee when — on occasion — one is privileged to see them. About 300 people were in this program, people who otherwise were headed for welfare or jail, but who were being guided out of that morass. Of the approximately 450 students we cover annually in this one department, 85 percent are staying with the program and (most important) being placed in jobs as soon as they complete training.

But other aspects of the trustees' jobs are not so rewarding. I doubt that many of you have the experience of reading college newspapers. The drivel that these kids can publish in the name of thought is astounding. I admit that after all these years, they still have me confused. I am not sure whether (1) they actually believe what they say, (2) how much is published as they seek to conform to what they think they should say (for be assured that most of these kids are as much conformists as we were, only in reverse), or (3) what is being presented in an effort to shock oldsters such as me.

But much as it irritates me, I can see the possibility of good emerging from it. The kid gets rid of some of his rebellion in a diarrhea of words. Also, in his rebellion, he does stumble onto many conditions in our society that we oldsters recognize but have grown tired of trying to correct. Our society needs his drive and his outrage. Our problem is to direct these forces into constructive channels, to give them balance and effectiveness. And I suspect that above all, we need patience — patience while he progresses through his adolescence into maturity — provided, of course, that he doesn't burn down the school house in the process.

What sort of a world will the new generation create?

I doubt that I will care to live in it — which in no way indicates that it will be worse than the one in which I reached maturity. Think back on the idiocies that you committed in your youth. I shudder every time that I recall my fatheadedness when I

came back from WW-I, the over-night hero in a small Iowa town. When I recall the absolute nonsense that I spouted before a gathering of the townsmen, I want to crawl into a hole and be forgotten quickly.

Students were destructive in my youth, even as today — although most of our destructiveness was light-hearted, not showing the bitterness that today's students exhibit. But still, we were destructive. We were much greater snobs than the present generation, in that we viewed with envy and awe the fraternities and sororities. These societies, properly operated, held certain benefits; but as a member of one of them, I recognize that by their very nature, they were hotbeds of class distinction. The secret societies are dying — and who shall say that is bad?

The dress of youth. Quit worrying about it. Freak clothing and long hair are fads — and don't tell me that you didn't yield to fads in your youth. Seems to me that our colonial fathers wore very long hair; and you'd hardly regard them as pansies or otherwise undesirable.

Do I like it? Of course, I don't. I can't tell the girls from the boys — but possibly at my age, that isn't important. But have I any more right to tell them how to dress than they have to tell me? These kids, even as you and I, are notably conformists. They express it by conforming to the edict that they must *not* conform, that they must be different from their parents.

How long will the present turbulence continue?

Might be a long long time. I've been browsing through some old books that report the student riots back in Bologna and Paris in the thirteenth century. The townspeople called for police protection. From Paris at about that time, came the statement that "Many of them (students) go about the streets armed, attacking the citizens, breaking into houses, abusing women. They quarrel among themselves over dogs, women or what-not, slashing off one another's fingers with their swords. . ."

But on the other hand, I read that in Austria in 1848, under an absolute monarch who held the power of life and death, it was a band of students who lead the people, crying, "Freedom".

Does all this prove anything? Not much — except possibly that students, who are people in the painful process of growing up, haven't changed greatly — only the conditions change.

REUNION REPORT

The Eighth Annuitants Reunion will be held October 6-7, 1972, Hotel del Coronado, Coronado, California. So hold this date.

Many of you are familiar with Coronado. For the others, it is no longer an isolated island and the beautiful new San Diego-Coronado Bay Bridge makes it easily accessible. Just reach San Diego and you can't miss.

The Committee has been hard at work, selected the meeting rooms at the hotel, and made considerable strides toward certain features of the entertainment. The laboring committee is made up of

Warren and Myrl Hodges
Ray and Lou Bernardi
Ed and Mary Ann Gelinias
Eleanor Schory (Secy.)

One of the features which Ed Gelinias is spearheading will require some assistance from YOU. Ed says, "We plan to project scenes of Aramco in Action — both current and early day pictures of Aramcons in action throughout the

company". He asks that those with 35mm color slides please check their collection, select three (or more), have them reproduced and send the new slides to him: E. J. Gelinias, 12326 Oliva Road, Rancho Bernardo, San Diego, California 92128.

The slides, of course, should be of good quality, with good color saturation, in order to reproduce well. They may fall into a wide variety of subjects, such as an accent on the past, humor, human interest items, places and events now of historic interest, etc. The committee desires to present the story of Aramco as it may be enjoyed by those who have been there. If you have questions concerning your selection of slides, please get in touch with Ed. And, needless to say, your contributions will be greatly appreciated by the committee, as well as enjoyed by those who attend the reunion. It is suggested that you review your slides as soon as convenient in order to provide sufficient time for organizing the show.

In any event, please remember the dates: October 6-7, 1972, which incidentally is the new official Columbus Day weekend with the following Monday a legal holiday.



Hotel del Coronado in foreground; the San Diego-Coronado Bay Bridge above

This is the story which Pat Elliott promised us of the Camera Safari she and Doug took in 1970.

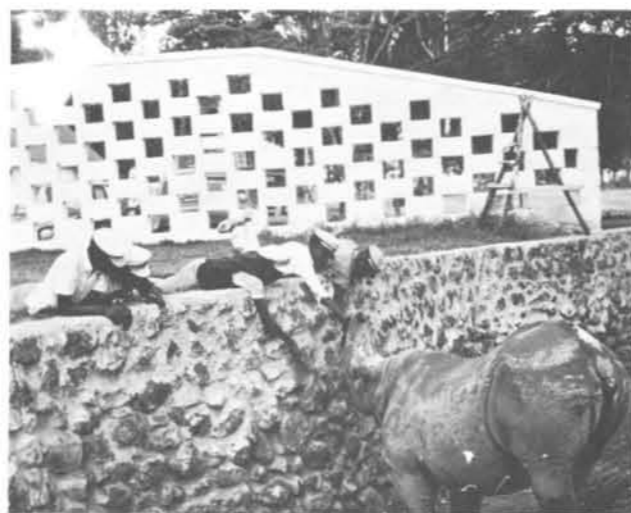
Big, Bumpy, Beautiful

There is still no quick way to go from Dhahran to Nairobi since Pakistani Airlines cancelled their through flight; so once again we had to stay in Jeddah for an overnight, and again in Addis Ababa the following night. The Jeddah stop was made very pleasant by a visit with Cal Ham in his attractive apartment, the talk being mainly of shells, naturally. Everyone did so enjoy his interesting article in the ARAMCO WORLD.

Our Addis Ababa overnight was at the new Hilton, opened only a few months before. It is a bit smaller than most Hiltons and the use of native woods is very extensive and beautifully done. We were almost asphyxiated by the smoking torches in the dining room where we had dinner; these had been replaced by electric ones when we spent the night there on the return trip.

Our room at the Norfolk Hotel in Nairobi this time was directly opposite the swimming pool but the noise from that area was nothing compared to the din that went on all night in the city. Seems we had arrived on the Hindu New Year which is celebrated by shooting off anything from a firecracker to a French 75 – or so it seemed. We had a small taste of what the Battle of Britain must have been like, and very little sleep. The next

morning we staggered wearily over to the nearby travel bureau to arrange for a car and driver for the trip through the parks to the southwest – Amboseli, Lake Manyara, Ngorongoro Crater and the Serengati. The following morning Said, our driver, arrived at the hotel in a small Fiat instead



Baby Rhino – Orphanage, Nairobi State Park

of the larger Mercedes which we thought we would be getting, but he assured us the car was quite adequate for the trip. Said was a tall, very thin, Somali, quite handsome in his green uniform and wide-brimmed hat, worn "Aussie" style.

We arrived at Amboseli Lodge just about in time for lunch. The one bright spot on the 150 mile drive was the group of ten or so Masai women waiting for us – and any other tourist – about halfway. They posed and danced, and collected for the activity, of course.

There was time after lunch for a short nap, then at three o'clock Said and a park ranger picked us up for a tour of the park. Amboseli for the most part is a rather flat plain covering hundreds of



Masai women on road to Amboseli Park

acres and dominated by towering Mt. Kilimanjaro. Because of the lack of rain everything was extremely dry and dusty – white dust, red dust, and just plain old dust. In a very short time the car and passengers were covered with a film of it, due to the great clouds following the many cars following the game tracks.

Game was unbelievably plentiful. In only an hour and half we saw the usual large herds of wildebeest, zebra, and Thompson and Grant's gazelle; also eland, jackals, giraffe, waterbuck, rhino, elephant and cape buffalo – the latter three much too close for comfort – mine, at least – although the ranger poohpoohed my fears. We also came across two young lions resting in the shade of a bush, the wildebeest they had recently killed lying nearby. The ranger, who said he had seen a cheetah that morning, insisted on finding it again for us and we flew over trails and off trails without finding it. We did, however, find another lovely young male lion sleeping in the tall grass. Mt. Kilimanjaro came out of the clouds completely at six o'clock just as the ranger said it would and just in time to take some pictures before dark.

Early the following morning we were on our way to Arusha in Tanzania where we were to have an overnight stop. The road from the lodge passed through still more of the reserve, as did the still unpaved main road to the Tanzania-Kenya border. We were very fortunate in seeing some gerenuk along the way. The border town of Namanga was one of the most interesting and frustrating. Interesting for the great number of Masai milling about or sitting in their roadside stalls selling colorful beadwork, carvings, shields and spears. Most of them were willing to pose for pictures for a few cents. The frustration was caused by the long delay in passport formalities – typical bureaucracy

at about its worst.

For a delightful change, the road from Namanga to Arusha was a paved one and was really a treat after the past two days. Arusha, on the Cape to Cairo route, is a pleasant small town dominated by brooding Mt. Mero, 14,900 feet, which seems to tower over it menacingly. From our hotel in the center of the city, it appeared to be within walking distance; actually it was about five miles away. The highlight of our short stay in Arusha was the discovery of a small shop where Doug was able to find the same type pocket knife which he had found some time ago in Frankfurt and which he had subsequently lost. This time he bought two.

Lake Manyara National Park, our next stop, was 73 miles southwest of Arusha, fifty miles of which was paved road and the remaining gravel and extremely rough going. Just before we reached the gravel portion we came upon one of the most colorful African outdoor markets with lovely vegetables and fruits, all sorts of basket work, cattle – and just about the greenest bananas ever seen. From here we drove to the western wall of the Great Rift Valley and a short distance beyond was the park entrance. Here there is a small, interesting museum and a delightful sign: "LET NO ONE SAY IT, AND SAY IT TO YOUR SHAME; THAT ALL WAS BEAUTY HERE, UNTIL YOU CAME". A short distance inside the gate is another, warning people to please not feed the gorillas!

The park covers an area of 123 square miles, of which about 88 square miles are taken up by Lake Manyara. There are some open meadows and a great many large mahogany, fig, and acacia trees. At one time, Manyara was one of the most popular hunting grounds in Africa for white hunters and their clients. It was made a game reserve in 1957 and three years later a National Park. The name Manyara comes from a euphoria plant used by the Masai for making living stockades around their Kraals. The park has one of the greatest concentrations of animals and bird life in East Africa. It is famous for its large herds of buffalo which sometimes number 400 or more, and for its tree climbing lions. These lions have the remarkable habit of spending most of the day spread out along the limbs of acacia trees, ten to twenty feet above the ground. There are quite a few theories as to why the Manyara lions, unlike lions in other areas, spend so much of their time in trees: to avoid being bitten by flies, to catch a breeze, to obtain a view, to find a spot a bit cooler than on the ground, or



Mosque – Nairobi, Kenya



African market on road to Lake Manyara

more probably, to keep out of the way of buffalo and elephant herds. Someone has said that they climb trees simply because they are climbable, which may be as good a reason as any.

We had come to Manyara just to see and photograph the lions; in the course of looking for them we did come across a few other animals, but no large herds. This was fortunate as our driver managed to get us stuck in the sand at one point in rather dense bush, and Doug and the ranger who was accompanying us had to get out and practically lift the vehicle out of the ruts. Shortly thereafter, we came upon several cars parked near a large tree. In any park in Africa, this means lions in the vicinity – and there were two females and a number of cubs meandering about. We learned from the guide of one of the tours that the pride had been in a tree a short distance away but had been evidently frightened by a truckload of Red Chinese tourists who had been yelling at them, so had come down and were now looking for another tree. Presently one of the lionesses began slinking away through the tall grass and was shortly followed by the other. The cars gave them a slight start, then followed the animals to a very large, spreading acacia tree – with two cubs already exploring the lower branches. They, being shorter, had made it through the grass without being seen.

Lake Manyara Lodge, where we had lunch, is

beautifully situated on the edge of the Rift escarpment. The terraces and swimming pool area were bright with flowers, flowering shrubs and trees – and a pet zebra cropping the lawn. From this point on we would be driving on top of the escarpment and would not see the Rift Valley again until our return to Nairobi. The Great Rift Valley, its proper name, is a part of a fault in the earth's crust extending from Turkey to the mouth of the Zambesi. It follows the line of the Dead Sea in Israel, through the Red Sea, along the Ethiopian Highlands, and down through the Sudan, Kenya, Tanzania and Malawi.

Immediately after lunch we proceeded on to Ngorongoro Crater, only an hour's drive but over some of the worst road yet encountered – but still not the roughest by far as we were to discover later.

Dr. Bernard Grzimek in his famous book *Serengeti Shall Not Die* wrote, "It is impossible to give a fair description of the size and beauty of the Crater, for there is nothing with which to compare it. It is one of the Wonders of the World".

An attempt will be made, however, to describe the physical aspects of this marvelous spot, but it really must be seen to be appreciated and to get the true picture. For instance, I had always thought of it as being a heavily wooded area,

especially the road going down – dark Africa at its darkest. It is anything but. The entire atmosphere is one of light and airiness. The crater is 2,000 feet deep and ten miles across, with an area of 102 square miles. It is located at an altitude of 5,500 to 7,500 feet, and there are six mountain peaks of over 10,000 feet in constant sight. Actually, the Crater is like a deep serving dish: rather flat bottom containing one large saline lake and some smaller ones, plus a number of watering holes, some forest areas, marshes, and extensive plains, all saucering up to the surrounding cliffs, some rocky, others wooded.

The Crater contains the greatest permanent concentration of wild life in Africa, about 14,000 wildebeest and 5,000 zebra being the most numerous occupants. There are also numerous gazelle and other plains animals, lion, buffalo, elephant, rhino, hippo, and the usual scavengers – hyena,



Zebra and foal – Ngorongoro Crater

jackal, fox, and a tremendous number of birds. The large lake is constantly ringed with flamingos by the thousands. In addition, about 10,000 Masai live here (many of them moved from the Serengeti) along with their 100,000 cattle which run and live peacefully among the wild life. This situation is being carefully watched by ecologists and conservationists all over the world. Nearby is the famous Olduvai Gorge where the Drs. Leakey discovered the earliest human remains, 1,750,000 years old.

The lodge is the oldest, largest, and most up to date in East Africa. The earliest buildings were built in 1937, the magnificent log-style dining room and lounge were added rather recently. Each bedroom faces the crater and each has a huge picture window – bring binoculars. The lodge area is mosquito and tsetse fly free due to its altitude of 8,000 feet. Warm clothing is needed for early morning and evenings. We spent what was left of our



Siesta after a kill – Lions in Amboseli Park

first afternoon glued to our picture window watching the hundreds of animals, small specks 2,000 feet below. Three huge elephants were making their slow but sure way across the sand flats from one forest area to another.

The next morning right after an early breakfast we loaded up cameras and film and started out in a Land Rover (available at the lodge) with a driver and guide for the bottom of the crater. A short distance from the lodge, close to a Masai village, we came upon a large cape buffalo standing on a small rise along side the road. Strangely, he and one other were the only buffalo we saw in the crater area. The road down to the bottom was a narrow rutted one, wide enough for only one vehicle. There is another road for the return trip. During the course of the morning trip we saw animals by the hundreds – large herds of wildebeest and zebra (these usually seem to travel together), Thompson and Grant's gazelle, water buck, elephant, rhino, hippo, reed buck, eland, jackal, hyena (unusual in broad daylight), and numbers of various types of both large and small birds. The highlight of the tour was a pride of about twenty lions, females, a couple of young males and two small cubs. They had just made a kill of a cape buffalo, the second such animal we were to see, and a few were feeding, encircled by about ten Land Rovers. In fact, one young male was lying in the shade underneath one vehicle. The most amazing spectacle was the number of antelope and zebra standing not too far off, motionless, watching the lions. It soon became apparent that this one unfortunate buffalo was not going to feed the entire pride, and several females and one young male, started inching through the high grass in the direction of the watchful herds. The male, however, clumsily flushed a group of

birds which, of course, alerted the animals to their danger and they moved off a short distance but remained motionless and watchful. Also waiting and watching in the vicinity of the kill were fox, jackals, hyenas and vultures; but with some of the lions still hungry, it appeared there would be slim pickings for the scavengers.

All the Land Rovers met in a clearing in the forest area for a box lunch, packed by the lodge. Just about this time, however, it began to rain quite heavily so we were confined to our vehicles, observed very seriously by a few dripping Masai children and their dogs.

Africa, it seems, always has something new to offer, and the following morning was no exception. On a hill high above the Masai village near the lodge, two bull elephants were fighting it out, tusk locked in tusk. Unfortunately, as we had about a four hour or more drive ahead of us to Serengati, we didn't take time to wait for the outcome.

The first fifty-some miles of the road were absolutely the worst yet. We tried driving off the road but this was almost as bad and the tracks were interrupted frequently by deep fissures; then it was a problem getting back on the regular road. We honestly didn't think the small Fiat would make it and had visions of being stranded with a broken spring or a punctured radiator. We didn't pass or see another vehicle. We did finally reach the gate to the Serengati and the remaining 43 miles to the lodge were paved. Before too long we saw our first kopje (coo-ee), a large rock outcropping peculiar to this part of Africa, which stood out clearly on the open plain. The kopjes have their own range of

vegetation and wild life. They provide shade from the sun and protection against the dangers of fire and flood to the animals and birds that inhabit them. The main inhabitants are the hyraxes, small thickset animals with short legs, about a foot long when full grown and noted for being the nearest living relative of the elephant. They share the kopje with the dikdik, a very small antelope, also mongoose, snakes and birds of prey who nest on top of the rocks. Monkeys are also sometimes found on kopjes.

Serengati Park extends over an area of about 5,700 square miles in the northern part of Tanzania — an area as large as Kuwait or northern Ireland. It contains the greatest and most spectacular concentration of plains animals left anywhere in Africa. The park is famous for its lions — they were hunted here before the area was made a park, particularly the black-maned males — but it also contains a fantastic number of other animals and birds. For example, it is estimated that there are approximately 1,500,000 animals in the area, composed of about 500,000 gazelle, 350,000 wildebeest, 180,000 zebra, 43,000 buffalo, 15,000 eland, 20,000 hartebeest, with somewhat lesser numbers of elephant, giraffe, hyena, leopard, lion, topi, hippo, hunting dog, rhino, and cheetah.

Because there is no permanent water on the short-grass plains and because the grass withers in the dry season, most of the wild life can only live here when there is a supply of surface water in hollows or natural depressions. So, the wildebeest, zebra and some gazelle, the animals making up the largest population, make an annual migration, usually in May or June, from the central plains to

the permanent water near Lake Victoria. This is one of the most remarkable sights in Africa. The herds gather as if on a signal in the central plains and move steadily westward, sometimes at quite a pace, and quite noisily; the zebras yelping bark blended with the bleating of the wildebeest, and the galloping hoof sound of the herds. At times, the stream of animals is several miles wide. At the tail end come the cripples and those animals too old to keep up, with the usual following of lion and other carnivora. Some lions follow the herd all the way, others remain in the park. As wildebeest, zebra and gazelle make up the main part of the lions' diet, when these animals take off, the lions go very hungry indeed until they decide to change their eating habits. By this time, some of them are too weak to attack and kill anything, so they too die and thereby feed the hyena and other scavengers.

Poaching, always a problem in all parts of Africa, is a continual menace during the time of migration, and only ceaseless effort by the Park staff makes it possible to check what would otherwise mean the end of the most wonderful wild life concentration left anywhere in the world. The poachers trap, snare, or shoot thousands of head of all types of animals indiscriminately. They are also responsible for the grass fires which sweep across hundreds of miles of country and are impossible to control. The light aircraft has proved to be a most valuable tool in controlling poachers as their camps can be spotted from the air and ground forces directed to them. Of course, all this is quite costly and the East African Wild Life Society is always grateful for memberships or donations.

In Amboseli, our driver was obsessed with finding us a cheetah. As we neared the Seronia Lodge, he insisted we take a slight detour to find a leopard in a tree along the river. However, instead of a leopard, we came upon a pride of beautiful lions, eleven females and one huge, black-maned male, the latter just finishing off the last inches of a zebra, evidently one that had missed the migration.

It was quite evident that the females, who were in a half circle facing the male, were still hungry as one or another of them would edge forward and then edge back as the male growled at them. After shooting up almost an entire roll of film, we headed back in the direction of the lodge, but only a short distance from the lions came upon a cheetah and her two half grown cubs who were just finishing

off a gazelle. We later learned from the wife of the lodge manager that there had originally been four cubs. However, when they were very small the mother decided to move them for some reason and during the move a hyena got one and a lion the other. Cheetahs are my favorite wild animal, I think, and they are extremely photogenic with their



Antelope — Serengati Park

“tear marks” which almost join the corners of the eyes to the corners of the mouth. The cheetah is at times mistaken for a leopard, but it is a lighter built animal. It is also unlike the other cats in that it is not able to retract its claws which are blunt like a dog's. Another uncat-like characteristic is its great speed, between 60 and 70 miles per hour, making it easy to run down small antelope. It is also unlike other cats in that it does not attack man, even when cornered. Cheetahs make lovely pets.

We were not quite prepared for Seronia Lodge after the lush quarters we had been enjoying at other lodges; the rows of tents, each with its small porch area in front and shower and lavatory tent tacked on behind, were quite a surprise. They proved to be very comfortable and safe enough, though later that evening we were to have doubts of the safeness. The outdoor bar and lounge and the airy dining room were more than adequate.

After lunch, and a stop in the canteen to purchase more film (at something over \$7.00 per roll of 36 exposures) we were off again to look for leopard and anything else which was available. It was then that we discovered we had used the wrong emulsion speed on all the pictures of the lions and cheetahs. The park guide, who was accompanying us, said not to worry, and assured us that we would be able to take more pictures of the same animals. This seemed like quite an order and we thought he



*Lions with a kill —
Ngorongoro Crater*

was really promising a great deal, but to our amazement he took us directly to the pride of lions, this time under another tree but in the same vicinity. The cheetah and her cubs were also quite close, taking a siesta in the tall grass.



Rhino - Amboseli Park

The remainder of the afternoon was spent in looking for the elusive leopard in a tree, and seeing en route our first topi, an antelope somewhat like a kongoni but much darker - a rich bay - with blue-black markings on the hips, thighs and upper forelegs. There were also families of wart hogs here and there, quite a number of secretary birds and guinea fowl. We didn't see elephant but did see some of the monstrous damage they had done to trees in several areas, and finally did find a leopard in a tree. It was quite a job trying to take a picture of him hidden and camouflaged as he was by the foliage while, of course, we had to remain in the car, and he casting cold, baleful glances down at us. However, we did manage to get several good shots in spite of the difficulties - never underestimate the tenacity of a couple of camera buffs.

We were enjoying our martinis and the gorgeous sunset that evening on the patio when we noticed what appeared to be two herds of Black Angus cattle grazing in the distance. As they continued to move toward the lodge, we could identify them as two rather large herds of cape buffalo, said to be the most dangerous and smartest of all African animals. When we came out of the dining room after dinner, one huge animal was calmly grazing alongside the walk directly in front of the

entrance. Another was around the corner from the bar and still more in the open area between these facilities and our tent. A couple of African boys accompanied us past these, saying they were "dangerous" animals. Another black bull was grazing immediately in front of the tent - he didn't even look up as we ducked inside. Sounds of munching went on for some time while we were awake and wondering just how safe our tent was. Doug, who stayed awake longer than I, said some lions came around later; one of them jumped on the table on our patio, or so it sounded.

There is a road and also a very nice lodge along the road from Seronia Lodge to Nairobi but, unfortunately, our small Fiat couldn't make it be-



Elephant - Kilaguna Lodge, Tsavo Park, Kenya

cause of the large boulders and chuck holes. Even the much higher riding VW combos were having a rough time of it. This meant that we would have to retrace our entire trip - back to Ngorongoro, past Lake Manyara, to Arusha, through Amboseli and then on to Nairobi, a distance of almost 400 miles, and include another overnight stop probably in Arusha. This prospect was unappealing to say the least, so we took the advice of the lodge manager's wife and chartered a small plane and were back in Nairobi in fifty minutes. Incidentally, all the game parks now have landing strips for small one or two engine planes so one can make quite an extended tour in a short period of time and very comfortably.

When we first planned this trip, it was to have been a camera safari in Kenya, Tanzania and on the island of Madagascar. However, upon our return to Nairobi Doug decided he would like to get in some bird shooting, if possible, before we took off for Madagascar - but that, along with our trip to Madagascar and return to Kenya, will have to await another time. This account of the game parks has

already run on far too long. Needless to say, we had a wonderful time, came back with some very good pictures, met some very nice people - and are now looking forward to a trip to the Congo in the not too distant future.

We will be looking forward to the next chapter and hope Pat prepares it soon (she might forget some of the interesting detail if she waits too long).



Williams Get-Together

Dear Virginia:

It's time Ann and I convey to you, and through you, our thanks for Al-Ayyam Al-Jamila, other Aramco publications, and for the book "Discovery". The latter enabled us to re-live again a very important period of our lives.

When we returned to the United States in 1965, we came to Central Florida and stopped. For the next two years I took a course in retirement, but flunked it. Then I got involved with the Elks, the Lions, and the local college. Now we are occupied and happy.

Four generations of our family were together this summer. There were Bob, Sr., my dad, Ann and myself, and the Sanchez family from Quito, Ecuador: Mary Virginia, our daughter, Diego, her

husband, and Christina Maria, our first granddaughter. At that time, our youngest daughter Susan, who graduated from the University of Florida last June, was in Europe, and Tom, our son, was in Honduras with the Peace Corps.

We have drifted into educational work. Mary Virginia is an elementary school principal and Susan is a high school teacher - both employed by the American School at Quito. Tom does some teaching in San Pedro Sula, and I do a little administrative work at Central Florida Junior College.

Think this has brought us up to date.

Our best to all,

Bob (R.G.) Williams



Left to right: Diego and Mary Virginia Sanchez, R. G. Sr., Ann with granddaughter Christina Maria, and our correspondent Bob, Jr.



Fifth Annual Bay Area Golf Tournament

(By The Committee)

Fourteen golf carts lined the pathway at the Walnut Creek Municipal Golf Course. The Fifth Annual Aramcons Golf Tournament was ready to begin. It was dubbed the "Whiffenpuffers" tournament this year, but there was no whiffing or puffing as the twenty-eight participants teed off in record fashion.

It was September 24th – a clear and chilly morning. Preparations for the gala event had been going on for weeks! The committee, consisting of Edie and Clint Copeland, Betty and Homer Miller, Edna and Don Brown, Dorethy and Bill Pearson, were on hand early to greet the golfers. They came from all directions: Avice and Karel Beekhuis, who haven't missed a tournament in five years, from Santa Barbara; Betty and Les Snyder and Julie and Mac McKim from Sonoma country; Jack and Betty Martin (looking like all well-dressed golfers should look) from Oakdale; Mel and Don Wallace and Lola and Howard Wells, first-timers to the tournament;

Gladys and Bob Underwood, two-timers; Nell and Dale Nix, old-timers; Roz and Larry Crampton, fresh from Saudi Arabia; and Irene and Eddie Field, who are hard to beat!

We cannot record all of the course action, but here are some of the highlights:

Dottie Pearson made a hole-in-one on the 425 yard 5th hole. Unfortunately, it was a gopher hole. Les Snyder spent ten minutes digging the ball (new) out of the hole, and what score she wound up with is still under discussion!

Eddie Field, who shoots in the 70's (occasionally) found his handicap reduced to 3, due to Don Brown's secret computing system made in the back of his automobile. (Calloway system.) Ed Field is only asking that we return to the good old days and just forget all this computer business.

Although there is still some discussion taking



Melda Wallace, Roz Crampton, Don Wallace, Edie Copeland, Les Snyder



"Look, no houseboy!"
The Copelands and Howard Wells (center)



Edna Brown, Dorethy Pearson, Betty Snyder, Ed Fields, Gladys Underwood

place among friends regarding Don Brown (Amir of handicaps and scoring systems), Bob Underwood blasted into a creditable gross of 89.

Melda Wallace responded well to her game and Don Wallace still claims he out-drove Bill Pearson for the longest drive, even though his ball hit a 150 year old oak tree and possibly added 25 yards to a 275 yard drive.

Karel Beekhuis was very happy with all parts of his game except he is in the market for a chipper.

Jack Martin still maintains he had his golf shoes on when he blasted his ball out of the edge of a water hole. Was a nice shot anyhow.

On the 12th hole, Clint's foursome all drove the green, with Les Snyder's ball ending up two feet from the cup. Each player in turn sank a long putt. Les – you guessed it – missed his!

Dale Nix lost the most balls. He said he really didn't think he had that many!

On the 13th hole, Les, with a long drive and hook, put a golf ball into a barn. Nell Nix went to help him find it. Since they only held us up five minutes it was ruled "no penalty".

Then there was the 19th hole.... The after-golf action took place at the Miller hacienda in



Hostess Betty Miller



Nell Nix, Julie McKim, Avice Beekhuis, Mac McKim, Howard and Lola Wells, Roz Crampton and Irene Fields



Homer Miller, Edie Copeland, Dorethy and Bill Pearson, Gladys Underwood, Nell Nix



It's hard to tell whether Don Brown is explaining or defending his system to Julie McKim, Karel and Avice Beekhuis, Mac McKim, Edna Brown and Roz Crampton

Alamo, with cocktails, prizes, and dinner. Specially bottled wine, bearing the "Whiffenpuffer" label was presented to the winners:

First Low Net (couple) – Bill Pearson and Edie Copeland

Second Low Net (couple) – Don Wallace and Roz Crampton

First Low Gross (couple) – Irene Field and Howard Wells

Second Low Gross (couple) – Melda Wallace and Jack Martin

Husband and Wife Low Net – Nell and Dale Nix

Husband and Wife Low Gross – Betty and Homer Miller

Special "Happy Birthday" Award – Avice Beekhuis

The Bill Pearson "Broken Putter" Award – Les Snyder (for missing the shortest putt)

Betty Snyder, Don Wallace, Larry Crampton



Our compliments to Bob Underwood for his photography and to chefs, Clint and Homer, who spent two weekends shopping and preparing food



Left to right: Back of Julie's head, Dale Nix, Don Wallace, Mac McKim, Melda Wallace, Karel Beekhuis, Lola Wells, Betty Martin lending a hand, and the back of Howard Wells head

for the party. Their Chicken-Sherry was delicious, but Betty says she's pretty sure all the sherry didn't end up in the proper pot!

The evening ended at the piano bar with "Pappy" Underwood presiding.

Plans are already under way for next year's tournament to be held in the Sonoma area. Since this tournament is limited to husband-wife golfers, we hope this will inspire other annuitants to get their spouses onto the driving range so they can qualify. We guarantee it will be worth it!



"And we'll drink to that!" Dale Nix, chefs Clint Copeland and Homer Miller, Jack Martin, Melda and Don Wallace



Bailey On The Move



In September we had a letter from C. G. "Bill" Bailey re another of his ventures out of Dubai. The last took him up the coast to Ras al-Khaimah. This time he headed inland and across the peninsula. The picture of his actual circuitous route didn't reproduce well. Sorry.

By seeing Fujairah, I've visited one more country. I always want to see more. Here's some data on these small countries, very well put together. And that bit about "pants" a la Ras al-Khaimah makes one want to use a canoe.

The latest is that I may go to Oman and/or Persia – next month will tell.

Dear Virginia:

I just drove Dubai – Fujairah – Dubai. It was quite a trip! Had to go through and around the mountains of Oman and our 4-wheel drive car almost stood on end trying to get through the recently washed out trails. With the water still pouring down and no good place to stop, it'd just GO.

We just had our first cool breeze and it felt wonderful, for that's a signal of summer's end and everyone is in a holiday mood.

We truly enjoyed the "data" which Bill referred to and could quote ad infinitum. However, to lend a bit of explanation to one of his remarks we'll include only this paraphrased extraction. Deep in the Ras al-Jibal mountains, where the terrain is very wild, there is a primitive tribe with many strange customs. One of the most curious being that of emitting a sound like howling dogs before and after a meal. They tend to be hostile to strangers and have been known to send back uninvited visitors, robbed and trouserless.

It seems all these mountain people carry rifles and a belt full of cartridges, and as I didn't see many foxes I kept my fur down. But all-in-all they are very friendly and helpful, for when we stopped they always seemed to be there and always offered to help.

HERE AND THERE



Back in July, when quite a few residents of the Northwest weren't very happy with the weather man, we had this note from Ralph Wells:

I shall not give myself the genuine pleasure of a long letter to you tonight. For the past week this usually rather "just warm" weather has competed with Arizona. The result has been a series of real hot days. Giving credit where it is due, the nights taper off and after the sun goes down, the real Oregon takes over.

Marianne has been living in San Francisco for the past several months and is up here for a few days of visiting. ... We live quietly in our pleasant house and extensive yard. Our social life is not worth reporting. This year we do not plan any long trips, although we did break away last week for a lovely drive up the coast to Astoria, where we overnights, returning to Corvallis by an inland route through the Coastal mountains.

We were distressed to learn that Florence Hamm had been ill for quite a while and for the time being is under her sister's watchful eye in Kenmore, New York. Phil Harley, too, is traveling a lengthy recovery route following surgery. He's back home in Las Vegas and a recent chat with son Robert in New York indicated his dad was improving. Hope they both are doing better as each day passes.

Our publications are received and read by many ex-Aramcons and widows of former employees whose names we are unable to include in the Annuitants Annual Address List, but who through long association feel very close to the friends they made along the way. Helen P. Williamson, widow of the late Capt. G. Austin Williamson, lives at 701 Cherokee Drive, Fort Collins, Colorado and would like very much to keep in touch with old friends, both in Saudi Arabia and those who have returned to the U. S. Mrs. J. Kelly Davis (formerly Mrs. J. R. Cruciger

and now remarried) lives in Houston, Texas. In a recent note she was hopeful that old friends and associates coming through Houston might find time to get in touch - their address, 12223 Perthshire.

A late September note from Florence Marino said, "We have just settled in our new home in Sarasota, Florida, but unfortunately an emergency condition hospitalized Clement a week ago. He is a patient in the Memorial Hospital, Sarasota, and although his condition is somewhat improved, he is still undergoing tests. I do not know when he will be well enough to be discharged." We do hope that by this time Clement is completely recovered and back home, busy with all the chores necessary around a new place.

Congratulations to Les Jorgenson, who with his new wife, Connie, have joined the ever-growing "membership" in the Valley of the Moon area, Santa Rosa to be specific.

Last Spring, T.B. and Jo Ward purchased the fifty-year old, fourteen room, Clifton Daniel home in Zebulon, North Carolina, together with all the furnishings. At time of purchase they were wondering just what to do with 320 crates of "treasures" accumulated over the years they spent in the Middle East..... Last we heard, T.B. had been sleeping in the bedroom Harry Truman used when visiting his old friend and aid, with T.B. coining(?) the phrase, "Harry and I slept here". T.B.'s gotten himself involved in the real estate business in nearby Raleigh (twenty miles away), Jackie is enrolled in Peace College in Raleigh. Reports are that things are progressing and we would prefer to only use our imagination as to how Jo has been spending her time the past few months. (But just where.....)

An unhappy note arrived recently from Jim Mead wanting to know why we had changed his address to Tiburon, California. His Post Office in Palm Springs returned our publications and gave it to us as his correct address. Sorry, but our crystal ball can't differentiate between the legitimate change of address which the Post Office provides when someone actually moves and just a temporary vacation address sent in by an overzealous postal clerk. It's a situation over which we have no control, unfortunately. Anyway, the Meads have not moved to the Bay Area and can still be reached at 1830 Sandcliff Road in Palm Springs.

This from a letter received from Charles Winchell in mid-November: My wife Lorene and I have been to each reunion since 1960, but last year at Lake Tahoe I had a slight heart attack and had to leave before the big dinner, which is the main part of the get-together. I stayed in the hospital for two weeks and the doctor said my heart was O.K. But now Lorene has emphysema and is in the LaVina Hospital at 3900 Lincoln Avenue, Pasadena. She has been there for a month and the doctor thinks she may have to be there for another month. We plan to sell our home and move into a small apartment when she gets out as this is too large for just the two of us. We do hope that Lorene is home by now, that they had a nice Christmas and that 1972 will be a much better year.

The grapevine says the Norton Jaggards have roamed two continents since we last heard and are now somewhere between the West Coast (of this one) and Florida, where they will probably settle. In the meantime, certain friends were furnished the temporary Bakersfield address which we've included in Mail Call. Don't be surprised, however, if we get a more current location for them just about the time it gets printed.

A lot of people are interested in the origin of names and we've wondered now and then about C. B. Ridgeway, but never inquired. Recently, however, when he let us know he was leaving Beirut and moving to Yucca Valley, California, he included an unsolicited comment that his first

name was truly "Connie" and that he had been named after Connie Mack. Now, we wonder if he has been as interested in the "national sport" over the years as apparently was the parent who named him for this outstanding Baseball Hall-of-Famer.

From Dick Bovard in Carmel - Dear Virginia: Our weather is heavenly now so most of my time is taken up between one of our numerous local golf courses and our BBQ which never seems to get fully cooled off. Retirement is great and we're both having a ball. Moms is fine as always and sends you her very best and so do I. (And we love our new title.) Please be assured that your role as the "Voice of the Annuitant" is genuinely appreciated by all concerned.

From the pen of Helen Kardos: We are now in our new home, a seven room ranch still in Edison, New Jersey. Lou is enjoying his own yard, having a place to barbecue surrounded by lots of trees. He misses those alley parties in Ras Tanura with his friends, though.

Our son, Jerry, is still with us, attending Newark College of Engineering, majoring in Electrical engineering. He was elected to membership in the National Engineering Honor Society. Our daughter, Marlene, and family are living in Anaheim, California and we have two lovely grandchildren, Ray Dean and Nadine. As for me, I am happy keeping house for my two men.... Our home is open to our Aramco friends here at No. 1 Watson Court West in Edison.

Of course, this won't be new to a lot of you, but we especially like this quote from Betty and Joe Powell's Christmas note: "... may all the good things that come to you in life delight you, may the less pleasant things of life not disturb you, and may all the Christmas gifts you receive be the exact size, color, pattern or quality that you most like".



“Turn Backward, Turn Backward, Oh Time In Thy Flight...”

Out of the blue, or perhaps it was a desert shamal, came this nostalgic taste of an early Dramaramco of Dhahran production. Our thanks to members of the Public Relations Department staff for the idea, the Can-Can Girls and the story almost as it was submitted.

Can-Can Girls of 1948

“Home Leave on a Magic Carpet” was the name of the review. It played Dhahran, Ras Tanura, Abqaiq, and Ras al-Mish’ab, where this picture was taken, November 4, 1948. The girls, l. to r., Marsha Naylor, Levonne “Sonny” Caldwell, Ellen Keller, Johnnie Rusher, Ruby Tidwell, Sally Norvell, Alice Stovell (Cantrell), and Anne Keel (Locke). Other stars of the show

were Jimmie Fullerton, Leo Nickoladze, Alex Pupulidy, “Skip” Elley, “Rags” Ragsdale, and Bill Sewell. There were songs by Roger Stauffer and Miriam Biggins, and Florence Hamm did her hula. Behind the scenes, as always, were Larry Barnes, Jim Owen, and Ivy Fullerton.

Only one of the original Can-Can girls remained with the organization until retirement. Johnnie Rusher joined the annuitant ranks in 1970.

P. C. Speers rescued the photograph from the waste basket into which a lot of old PR photos were being dumped. Bill Mulligan did the research into the past. His problems were solved when he enlisted the assistance of Larry Barnes.



The Can-Can Girls

In Memoriam

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

- Kathleen (Mrs. T. C.) Barger – La Jolla, California – December 25, 1971
- Julia F. (Mrs. Charles F.) Beck – Grants Pass, Oregon – November 27, 1971
- Fritz F. Blank – Loveland, Colorado – October 22, 1971
- Charles E. Braun – Aptos, California – July 17, 1971
- Clarence R. Burgess – Berkeley, California – August 25, 1971
- William M. Carter – Houlika, Mississippi – December 2, 1971
- Lawrence H. Daniel – Yantis, Texas – December 12, 1971
- Alma L. (Mrs. Charles W.) Evans – Orange, California – July 31, 1971
- Dale O. Hansen – Tempe, Arizona – December 28, 1971
- Norman Hardy – Santa Barbara, California – October 8, 1971
- Scott Harrison – Helena, Montana – August 18, 1971
- Richard C. Kerr – Walnut Creek, California – January 2, 1972
- Henry C. Kristofferson – Fallbrook, California – January 1, 1971
- Thomas McRobbie – Colorado Springs, Colorado – December 23, 1970
- Walter Purnell – Phoenix, Arizona (Libya) – January 25, 1971
- Hope L. (Mrs. Allen H.) Richards – Wichita, Kansas – September 14, 1971
- James R. Tallmadge – London, England – September 24, 1971
- Francis R. Terry – Mesa, Arizona – December 8, 1971

At the time of her passing, the family of Mrs. Barger suggested that in lieu of flowers those wishing to do so might make contributions in her memory to: The Catholic Near East Welfare Association, 330 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.





Mail Call!



Please use the following list in conjunction with the new Fall 1971 Annuitants Address List. All of these changes and additions have been received since the list was printed.

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| Mrs. F. R. Terry | 26 Madrid Place, Mesa, Arizona 85201 |



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Merry Christmas

Happy New Year



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