



ILO

THE
PIRATE



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Oleanders

By David Lunde (DH '56)

Embraced by the stone wall,
greeting and guarding, the oleanders,
"rose-bays," with blossoms in bunches,
clumps of small cups, pink or white,
deep green, sand dusted laurel leaves,
pointed, narrow, isolate each from each,
the beautiful poisonous leaves and blossoms
delighting the eye, oleandre,
oleandro, oleandrum, lorandrum, these
became out of bushes trees
beside the door, beside the gate,
where you entered, where you went out.

David Lunde, who grew up in Dhahran and Abqaiq in the late 1940s and 1950s, contributed this poem to the Aramco-Brats Web site (www.aramco-brats.com). The son of John and Alice Lunde, he lived next door to Paula and Stormy Weathers in Dhahran, and now resides in North Bend, Oregon.

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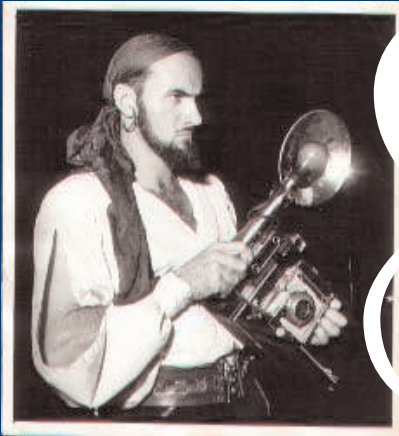
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Eve Lee travels down memory lane, exploring Hungary with friends and a (slightly mad) Hungarian in 1976.

Thanks to Friends

>> FEBRUARY 2, 2005

I would like to thank all of our many friends who acknowledged Dick's passing.

Eve K. Lee

1312 Pasadena Ave., #14
South Pasadena, FL 33707

Thanks for the Issue

>> MAY 6, 2005

The [Spring 2005] magazines arrived and they are wonderful. Not just the nice feature you gave to "5-6-7-8," but the whole layout. Thank you for including us!

Nancy Ackerman

2575 Malabar Ave.
Las Vegas, NV 89121

Missed Group Photos

>> MAY 6, 2005

We just received the beautiful magazine, and thank you for your efforts in covering the Pinehurst Reunion. The quality of the publication is excellent.

As I recall, in the past all the group photos were included in each reunion issue. This time the members of our group photo are most disappointed that their photo was not included. In my opinion, when a group makes the effort to have their photo shot it should be included in the magazine. We all like to keep the Reunion *Al-Ayyam Al-Jamilah* magazine as a historical memory, and if our group photo was not included it's unfortunate. I notice some people included themselves in two or three group photos that were published. Possibly in the future a request could be made to limit their inclusion in no more than one group.

Thank you,

Coila Sims

Editor's Note: We will do our best to include as many reunion guests as possible in group pictures in the future.

Does Anyone Know Her?

>> JUNE 14, 2005

Regarding "Does Anyone Know Her?" in the Spring 2005 magazine, I think it is possibly a photo of Kath Barger, Tom Barger's wife. I knew her from 1946 onwards.

Paula Winters

29162 Laurel Valley Dr.
Vista, CA 92084

Editor's note: We checked with Tim Barger, Kathleen and Tom Barger's son, and he confirmed that the mysterious lady whose photo was discovered in a Public Relations Department filing cabinet was not his mother.



Please Send Copies

>> AUGUST 6, 2005

I was working for Aramco from 1976 to 1993. For the last couple of months I am in the States and met a couple of my friends who worked for Aramco. Most of them receive your magazine *Al-Ayyam Al-Jamilah*.

After going through [copies] I liked the content and the great work you do and am impressed so much I would like to receive the magazine. Please send them to my following permanent address since I will be leaving by 20th of August to India.

Azeem M. Mangalore
'Kaashana' Kilpadikass
Jayashree Gate
Mangalore - 575005
India

Who Is the Diver?

>> JUNE 14, 2005

In the lower left corner of page 3 of the Spring 2005 issue of *Al-Ayyam Al-Jamilah* there is a photograph of some men on a boat, but the photo has no caption or credit. I would like to know where and when the photo was taken and who the people are (as far as possible). The reason I am curious is that the man in the background at the left wearing diving equip-

ment looks exactly like my father, John P. Lunde, and I wonder if it really is him. Any information you could provide would be appreciated.

Thanks very much,

David Lunde

Dhahran Class of '56
2218 McPherson
North Bend, OR 97459

Editor's note: *Arabian Sun* staffer Mona Hassan checked on the picture, which appeared in a story about the crash of MEA Flight 444. It was shot by V.K. Anthony and published in the April 20, 1964, *Sun and Flare*, with the following caption: "Tension shows on the faces of the recovery team aboard Aramco launch *Ma'aqla 5*, awaiting word from below. Professional divers and Scuba divers both played vital roles in the recovery operation in the Gulf." The caption did not name the members of the recovery team.



→ The unnamed crew aboard recovery vessel *Ma'aqla 5*.

Dave Lunde replied: "... The information that amateur as well as professional divers assisted in the search makes it even more likely that my dad is the guy in the photo. I showed the picture to my mother [Alice] and asked whether she knew whether Dad had helped. She said she didn't remember but that he might well have done it."

Editor's note: If any readers can confirm that John Lunde is the diver on the left, please let us know.

Nonagenarian Nicholson is Subject of Double Feature



→ Eleanor Nicholson relaxes in Rancho Palos Verdes, Calif. Photo by Cynthia Dizikes, Easy Reader Newspapers reporter.

Eleanor Nicholson, whose books *In the Footsteps of the Camel* and *Through the Lion Gate* documented what she learned about Saudi Arabia while living in the Eastern Province in the 1950s, '60s and '70s, was recently the subject of stories herself.

"Scripps College, my alma mater, asked to write an interview about -- me! I couldn't believe it, but it's nice to gain recognition ... for the books," she wrote. *Scripps* magazine titled its article "A Life Well Lived," and said: "From scholar to Hollywood player to Saudi Arabian adventurer to nonagenarian author, Eleanor Edwards Nicholson has made the most of each year of her life."

In another story, *Peninsula People* said, "From working on the sets of Paramount's 'Road' series, to raising her family in Saudi Arabia, Eleanor Nicholson's life has been anything but scripted." That magazine covers Nicholson's home region of Palos Verdes, Calif.

Each publication touched on the highlights of Nicholson's life: Graduation from Scripps College in 1932. Work with stars like Bob Hope and Bing Crosby at Paramount Studios after that. Marriage to Aramco employee Russ Nicholson in Rome in 1950. And then the new world of Saudi Arabia -- and two daughters.

She spent 21 years in Dhahran and Ras Tanura with Aramco and eight more in Dammam and Jubail. Along with detailed memories and diaries, she came away with a treasure trove of striking black-and-white photographs of the world that she discovered.

"Eleanor felt compelled to photograph the desert landscapes and the faces of the Bedouin she and her family encountered on these excursions," said *Scripps*. "The Nicholsons' respect for Bedouin history and culture and Russ's excellent command of classical Arabic broke down any barriers they encountered.

"Eleanor and her family were able to witness, and in some cases share, the daily life of the nomadic Arabs. They were treated to Bedouin hospitality which at times meant sharing in what Eleanor describes as 'dried goat cheese tickly with black hairs and gritty with sand.'"



→ The author-photographer, center, with two classmates at their Scripps College graduation party in 1932.

"The Bedouin did not care that they spoke a foreign language and wore odd clothing; they accepted the Nicholsons as family," reported *Peninsula People*. "Throughout Eleanor's encounters with them, the nomads always upheld the virtues of courage, generosity, hospitality ... and honor.

"They were always overjoyed," Eleanor says. "They didn't know anything about Americans; we were just people."

The magazine notes that Nicholson's excitement at making movies had begun to wane after a decade with Paramount, and that meeting Russ Nicholson proved serendipitous.

When she traveled to Saudi Arabia, she was reminded of a film set.

"I waited for a director to shout, 'Cut!' but of course he never did," she related. "The scene I watched was real."

As her daughters matured, they wanted to learn more about the country in which they were born, Nicholson said. That led to a life-long friendship with the family of the Amir of the Eastern Province, then based in Hofuf, a tale told in *Through the Lion Gate*.

"At the age of 94, Eleanor still shares her knowledge of Saudi Arabia through talks and articles," *Scripps* concluded. "She encourages an understanding of Saudi customs, traditions and laws, many of which are foreign to us but rooted in history or Islam. She speaks with a passion about current issues in the Middle East"

Editor's note: The *Scripps* story drew a letter to the editor from a fellow Aramcon and 2003 Scripps College graduate Jennifer Delaney, who resides in Grass Valley, Calif.

"Even though Eleanor lived in Saudi Arabia 30 years before I did, the life she described seemed all too familiar," she wrote. "I never imagined that another Scripps student was an Aramcon."

"The kingdom has modernized since she left. The Bedouins are all but gone, the desert has been chopped up by asphalt roads Nonetheless, my memories are surprisingly similar to hers. We share a love of the unique and rich Saudi culture.

"I grew up looking at the pictures she took As a child in Dhahran we learned about the 'pioneers' of Aramco like children in the United States learn about the pioneers of the west. It was women like Eleanor Nicholson who recorded and helped create what has become the very distinct world of Aramco I hope the example she set will not be forgotten."

“All Aboard ...”

“There are train buffs, and there are train buffs – and then there is Walter O’Rourke,” the *New York Times* reported this spring. O’Rourke worked for Aramco from 1978-88 overseeing oil shipments on the rail line between Dammam and Riyadh, the story said.



➔ Walter O’Rourke oversaw oil shipments on the rail line to Riyadh, which also carries passenger trains.

“One Millionaire’s Strange Cry: Tickets Please” focused on O’Rourke’s fascination with trains. Despite his wealth – he earns more than \$2 million annually from investments, the *Times* said – O’Rourke worked until last April as a New Jersey Transit conductor running trains out of Pennsylvania Station in New York, N.Y.

“Heck, Mr. O’Rourke could have been off running his own railroad But there he was, a millionaire ... punching tickets on a suburban train full of tired faces, bouncing from shoulder to shoulder like a pinball,” the *Times* said.

O’Rourke, 65, said he got involved with trains because of his interest in “the science of machining” steel. That led to restoring railroad equipment at a museum when he was a student at the University of Miami and then, at age 30, the purchase of H&W Railway Contractors, a rail-track repair firm.

That investment and others paid off, big time. He signed up to work for Aramco in the late ‘70s when he spotted a newspaper ad seeking “an adviser to the Saudi railroads,” the story said.

Along with his regular job for Aramco, O’Rourke “also helped build a miniature rail-

road ... in Abqaiq. He built a 150-pound locomotive that ran along 2,000 feet of track, attracting children from Abqaiq and neighboring towns.”

After leaving the company, he moved back to his farm in Townsend, Del., and bought his own railroad with 112 miles of track in West Virginia. He hired on with New Jersey Transit in 1999.

As well as owning a real train, O’Rourke has a 4,000-square-foot model train workshop in his home in Townsend. So, despite leaving his conducting job, he can still say, “All Aboard!” whenever he likes.

Editor’s note: Walter O’Rourke really can’t stay away from trains. The *Charleston Daily Mail* reported this summer that he’d moved to West Virginia when elected treasurer of the Durbin & Greenbrier Valley Railroad by fellow stockholders.

Former *Aramco World* Editor Named Metro VP

George F. Smalley, who served as assistant editor of *Aramco World* magazine from 1985-88, and then as head of the International Public Relations Unit in Dhahran, before moving on to a joint-venture company and then to Shell Oil Company, has been named a vice president for the Metropolitan Transit Authority (METRO) of Harris County, Texas. He is responsible for media and public relations.

Metro provides the 1,285-square-mile Houston, Texas, area with bus and light rail transportation.

Smithsonian to Publish *Aramco Print*

Saudi Aramco recently gave the Smithsonian National Air and Space Museum (NASM) in Washington, D.C., permission to publish a picture by an Aramco photographer showing the aircraft piloted by the first woman to fly solo around the world in a single-engine plane. The picture was taken by former chief photographer Burnett H. Moody when Geraldine L. “Jerrie” Mock landed her *Spirit of*

Columbus in Dhahran in 1964.

The photo will appear in *The Best of the National Air and Space Museum*, to be published by Smithsonian Books in May 2006. The heavily illustrated, hardcover trade book will highlight 100 of the museum’s most famous aircraft and spacecraft.

The caption for the *Spirit of Columbus* photo reads: “One-half right front view of the Cessna 180 taxiing into position in front of King Fahd Dhahran Air Terminal, Dhahran, Saudi Arabia, April 1964.”

Mock was first woman to land and take-off an airplane in Saudi Arabia. Recently Captain Hanadi Hindi, 27, was picked as the first Saudi woman to fly a plane in Saudi Arabia, in the private fleet of Prince Walid ibn Talal ibn ‘Abd al-‘Aziz.

Moody, contacted at his home in Hilton Head, S.C., said he remembered the photo assignment.

“It was a woman and it was kind of unique,” he said, adding that it was uncertain during the day if she was going to land in Dhahran or Bahrain. “I was told I’d better be



➔ The *Spirit of Columbus*, Dhahran, 1964. Photo by Burnett Moody.

ready if she came,” he said.

Mock did not stay long. She refueled and talked to Aramco pilots, including Mo Morris, the manager of the Aviation Department, Moody said. “She was a very polite person,” he noted.

The photo of Mock’s plane was made “from the original 8 x 10 inch print in our collections,” said Melissa A. N. Keiser, chief photo archivist at the NASM.

She said the shot of the *Spirit of Columbus* “is the only Aramco photo I know of at present [in the NASM collection], but I wouldn’t

be surprised if a few more show up over time. Our collections are very large – about 1.7 million images – and there are quite a few we haven't fully catalogued yet."

Keiser said she's not sure how NASM acquired the photograph of the Aramco photo. "I would guess that the Aramco print might have come from Jerrie Mock – donors often give the museum some historic material when they donate a large artifact like an aircraft. It looks like the *Spirit of Columbus* was added to the NASM collection in 1975, which was the year before we opened our main museum here on the National Mall."

Keiser said NASM also has the Joseph D. Mountain Collection, consisting of some 490 photographs shot by pilot-photographer Mountain when he worked for Aramco in the 1930s. "It's a lovely collection," she said.

Al-Ayyam Al-Jamilah ran an article in its Fall 1990 issue entitled "Joe Mountain: First In a Series on Aramco's Early Pioneers."

Amin Picked as Photo Judge

Shaikh Muhammad Amin, former Aramco chief photographer, put his experience to work as a judge at the Photographic Society of America (PSA) International Exhibition in Minneapolis, Minn., on July 30. He was one of three judges for the event.



→ Folksingers from Pakistan's Sindh Province perform with traditional instruments at an annual heritage festival in Islamabad, Pakistan. This was one of the pictures Shaikh Muhammad Amin presented in his "Visions of Pakistan" slide show in Redmond, Ore.

Amin, who resides in Islamabad, Pakistan, also attended the PSA annual conference in Salt Lake City, Utah, Aug. 28-Sept. 3. Last October, he presented a well-received slide show entitled "Visions of Pakistan" at the 46th Annual Convention of Columbia Council of Camera Clubs in Redmond, Ore.

Amin has been a PSA member for 39 years. He has received awards including 39 gold medals for his photography from international salons and exhibitions.

Birthday Gathering



Shaikh Amin sent this picture of a group of children of former Aramcons who celebrated the fifth birthday of his granddaughter Nayha (the daughter of Zahid Shaikh and Tayyaba Zahid) in Edison, N.J., on Aug. 21. Pictured with Shaikh Amin (center) are, from left: Drs. Seemeen and Ednan Sheikh (children of Sheikh Salahuddin of Abqaiq); filmmaker Sameer Butt (son of the late Yusuf (Joe) Butt of Dhahran); technology consultant Zahid Shaikh (son of Shaikh Amin of Dhahran) and Tayyaba Zahid (daughter of Ashraf Babri of Ras Tanura); and Salwa Kashif (daughter of Ateeq Khan of Dhahran).

It's Official: Dhahran Has World's Worst Humidity

Bob Lebling, who compiles the daily "Online News Report" for Saudi Aramco in Dhahran, sent the following story from the Richmond.com Web site in Richmond, Va. Former Dhahran residents will recall the "sticky, ghastly" summertime heat, but now it's official: Because of its proximity to the Arabian Gulf, Dhahran's humidity is the "worst in the world," according to Richmond.com's "Strange But True" column in August.

Q. In what parts of the world might you encounter the stickiest, ghastliest summer heat?

A. Bangkok, Thailand is one tough place to keep your cool, with average highs in the upper 90's and minimums in the lower 80's for six months of the year, says Penn State meteorologist Paul Knight. A simple way to measure the discomfort level is to combine the air temperature (measured in the shade at 1.5 meters above the ground) with the dew point, the temperature where the air becomes saturated and condensation occurs. Combined values over 160 are very uncomfortable and 170 is downright oppressive. The lack of ventilation plus other heat sources in a large city such as Bangkok only add to the stifling atmosphere.

Some of the worst discomfort levels may be found in the southeastern U.S., with its high continental temperatures and very high dew points exacerbated by moisture coming up from the Gulf of Mexico, says University of Missouri atmospheric scientist Anthony Lupo. Highest recorded dew points occur in the Middle East, surrounding the Arabian Peninsula, adds Louisiana State University climatologist Barry Keim. Such soaring dew points are common in hot places with vast areas of shallow water that also get heated up. The absolute highest dew point ever measured was 95F at Dhahran, Saudi Arabia, on July 8, 2003.

Carrying Oleanders to Abqaiq

Story By Paula Weathers * Illustration by Debbie Clark

When Paula Weathers flew from Cairo, Egypt, in 1947 to join her husband L.T. (Stormy) Weathers in Dhahran, she brought not only her son Christopher, age 4, and daughter Lorna, not yet 1, but the makings of the first company lawns – in the form of clumps of grass her father had dug up from a golf course in Alexandria. Later, she planted some of the first oleanders in Abqaiq, but not without clearing a few hurdles ...

My sole claim to fame was bringing the first grass for lawns to the Eastern Province. That story was printed in *Al-Ayyam Al-Jamilah* in the fall of 1996 and *The Arabian Sun* in the fall of 1997.

From two small clumps of Uganda Bermuda grass came all the lawns in Dhahran, Ras Tanura, Abqaiq and along Trans-Arabian Pipeline.

People would stop and gaze at my beautiful garden in Dhahran and ask if they could trim the runners from my green grass to start their own lawns. Alice and John Lunde lived next door to us on King's Road, and when they moved to Abqaiq they took grass runners with them to start a lawn there. A few oleander bushes were already growing in some gardens in Dhahran, and by taking cuttings I was also able to grow oleanders in my garden.

Mr. Charles Bevan, who became the district manager in Abqaiq in 1948, lived across the street from us in Dhahran for a short time and we became friends. When we were posted



→ Left, Paula Weathers stands behind her daughter Lorna, seated center, and Paula's mother sits at the right in this picture from Abqaiq around 1950. Red Bevan sits left and her husband Charlie stands behind her in black trousers. Above, Paula Weathers (and Maddi), center, and her children (l-r) Paula Anne Moore, Chris Weathers, Lorna Aschbrenner and Lexie Benjamin, at her home in Vista, Calif., in 2004.

to Abqaiq in 1949, my husband drove me over an oil-sand road on a trip that took almost three hours (very different from today's super-highway).

When I first saw Abqaiq, I thought I had come to the end of the world. In retrospect, we had a lot of fun there because we made our own entertainment. There were morning coffees, bridge afternoons and dinner parties. I remember my first New Year's Eve party, traipsing across the sand in my long evening dress barefoot because there were no sidewalks at that time, and dusting off my feet at the door before putting on my gold sandals.

There were also picnics for golf course-building crews. The golfers decided they

wanted a golf course, and the men surveyed the surrounding desert and picked a likely spot. They worked on the weekends rolling the fairways and oiling circles for greens. We wives made picnic lunches, and someone would drive in and take us out to where they were working.

But back to the oleanders.

As Mr. Bevan was going on leave for three months, we were to live in his house. Housing was in short supply, and our permanent house was being used as the hospital until that building was completed.

It was no use taking grass runners to Abqaiq without any place to plant them, and I knew I had a supply of new grass runners

from the Lundes, but I could take oleander stalks. I found six large tin cans and cut sturdy oleander stalks from my own bushes and planted them in the cans. These came with us when we moved, and I placed them along the front wall of Mr. Bevan's house and watered them daily. Pretty soon I had nice little green shoots on all stalks.

By the time Mr. Bevan returned, my six cans of shoots had become little bushes. Unfortunately, the hospital was not yet finished, so we moved to another temporary house. Rather than move the oleanders, I left them and asked Mr. Bevan's houseboy to water them for me.

It was altogether six months before we moved into our permanent house, and I set about collecting runners of grass for my new lawn. When I had that completed, it was time to collect my oleanders. They were now nice and bushy.

Now, Mr. Bevan was not only my husband's boss, but those Aramcons who remember would know he was a very volatile man. When I next saw him at a party, I casually remarked I would be over to pick up my oleanders. His face went red, and he just stared at me, and in a very loud voice said, "Those are my oleanders." I said I had cut them, planted them in the cans, and transported them from Dhahran to Abqaiq, and they were mine. Everyone present went very quiet, and again he said very loudly that they were his by "squatter's rights" and they were not to be moved.

Stormy was no help and said I should just leave them where they were to keep the peace. I just bided my time. Every now and then, Stormy and Mr. Bevan drove to Dhahran for meetings. The oil-sand road had now been paved, but they would be gone for most of the day. When the next meeting in Dhahran was scheduled, I made my move.

My houseboy and I dug six nice holes for the oleanders and, as women were not allowed to drive, I borrowed my son, Chris's, little red wagon and off we set for Mr. Bevan's house. When we tried to lift the cans onto the

wagon, we found the roots had grown through the rusted bottoms of the cans into the ground. We had to return home for a spade to dig them all out. It took us four trips with the wagon to get them home, and then a lot of work to remove them from the cans and into the ground. The task took much longer than I had planned, and we had to clean up the mess we had made at Mr. Bevan's house.

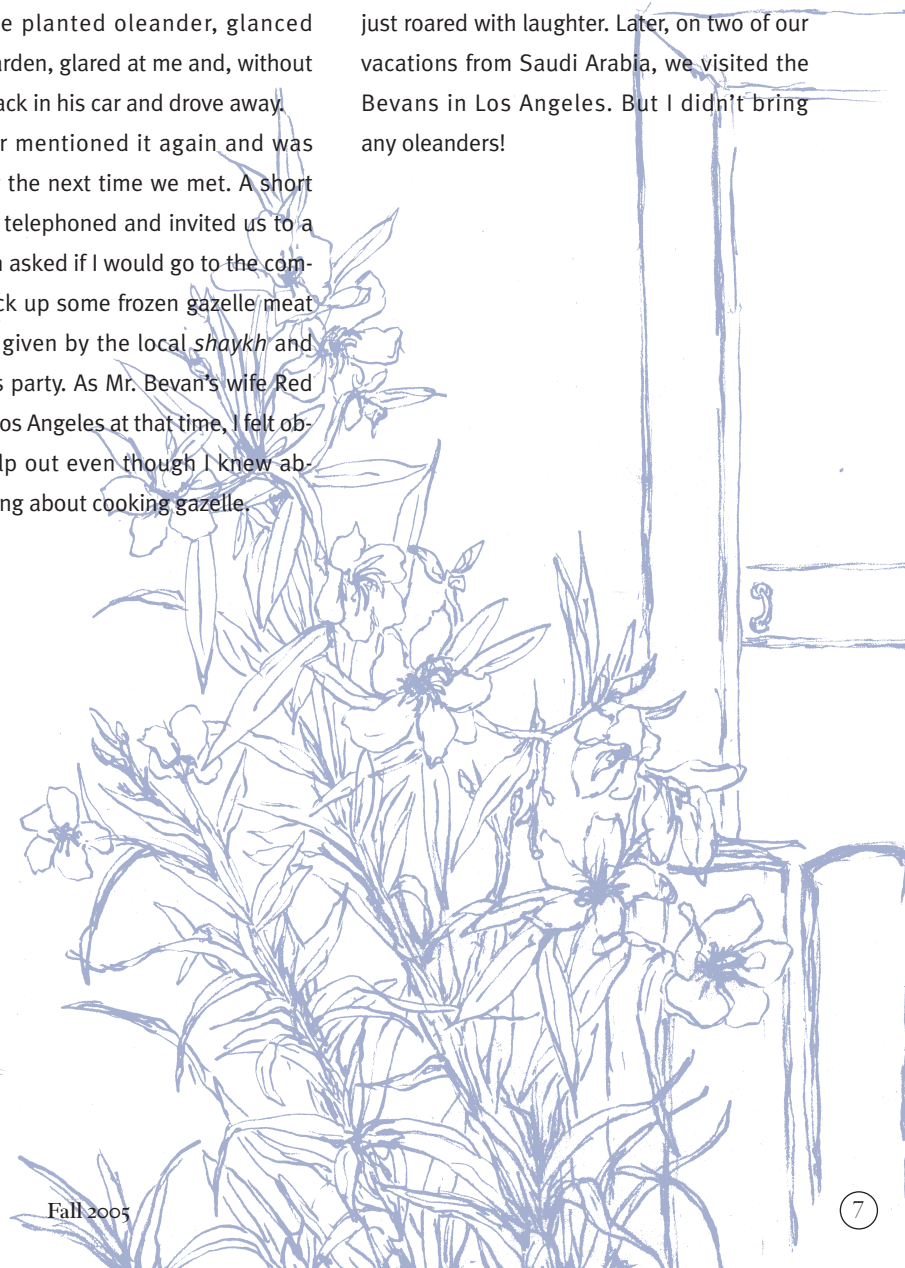
I barely had time to wash up before Stormy arrived back home. He knew right away what I had been up to because there was an oleander bush planted by the front gate and others in full view around the garden. We didn't have much time to talk because we saw Mr. Bevan's car coming down our street. I must admit my heart was beating rather fast, but I stood my ground at the front gate. Mr. Bevan got out of his car and walked to the gate, looked at the planted oleander, glanced around the garden, glared at me and, without a word, got back in his car and drove away.

He never mentioned it again and was quite friendly the next time we met. A short time later, he telephoned and invited us to a party. He then asked if I would go to the commissary to pick up some frozen gazelle meat he had been given by the local *shaykh* and cook it for his party. As Mr. Bevan's wife Red was living in Los Angeles at that time, I felt obligated to help out even though I knew absolutely nothing about cooking gazelle.

I walked to the Commissary and was given a box. When I opened it to see what I was to cook, I had a nasty shock. There, with its little legs folded close to its body, was a skinned baby gazelle with its head curled down. There was no way I could touch it, as it looked like a newborn baby.

Having just gone through the oleander episode, I did not relish the thought of telling Mr. Bevan that I could not cook his gazelle. Then I thought of a friend, Edna Lupien, who was also going to the party and was a good cook. I phoned her from the Commissary, and she kindly said she would cook it. The party was a great success and everyone said the gazelle was delicious, but I could not bring myself to taste it.

Mrs. Bevan later came to Abqaiq, and I told her of my run-ins with her husband. She just roared with laughter. Later, on two of our vacations from Saudi Arabia, we visited the Bevans in Los Angeles. But I didn't bring any oleanders!





→ Ilo Battigelli, his black beard turned white and minus his pirate's scarf, tells his grandson Bruno about the days when he roved the Eastern Province with his camera as a calling card.



by Arthur Clark

ILO THE PIRATE

“NOBODY BELIEVES ME
WHEN I SAY MY GRAND-
FATHER WAS A PIRATE.
THEY SAY PIRATES DON’T
ACTUALLY EXIST!”

So says eight-year-old Bruno Rogers of Oxford, England, whose grandfather Ilo Battigelli was a self-proclaimed “pirate” who lived in Ras Tanura from 1946-54 – part of a large group of Italians from Eritrea who helped build the Ras Tanura Refinery. And if Bruno’s doubters needed proof of his grandpa’s bona fides, they had plenty in the form of Battigelli’s photos, including pictures of him in his swashbuckling outfit, at exhibitions in England and Italy this year.

Battigelli, known to many who lived in the Eastern Province half a century ago as “Ilo the Pirate,” was honored with a retrospective of his work July 16-Oct. 2 in Castello di Spilimbergo in his home region of Friuli in northern Italy. He received the Friuli Venezia Giulia Photography Award at a ceremony the day the exhibition opened.

The show, not far from his birthplace of San Daniele del Friuli, featured a range of pictures from the kingdom and around the world. Just before that, there was a month-long display of his work at Oxford University Press in Oxford, arranged by his daughter Danielle Battigelli Rogers.

The two exhibitions offered new looks into the treasure chest of the 83-year-old photographer, who began learning his craft at age eight in his uncle’s studio near Genoa. Battigelli turned that craft into an art over the years, as his photos of people and places in the Eastern Province clearly showed.



..... The assistant to Amir Sa'ud ibn Jiluwi poses on the summer palace balcony in Hofuf in 1948.



“The 24-year-old transformed himself into Ilo the Pirate partly because his studio was on a beach where, according to legend, corsairs used to land, and partly because of his own romantic flair.”

He has also exhibited in the United States and Africa, and in 1964 won medals for color photography in the “The World and Its Peoples” show at the International World Trade Fair in New York, N.Y. He received honors from the Italian government for his services to photography and to the Italian community in Zimbabwe (formerly Rhodesia), where he lived for more than 40 years.

His unique Saudi Arabian collection has been cataloged in the National Archive for Historic Photographs at the King Fahd National Library in Riyadh. His full collection is being cataloged by Centro di Ricerca e Archiviazione della Fotografia (CRAF), the body that sponsored his show in Italy.

Battigelli’s pictures have been published in *King Abd al-Aziz: A Life in Photographs* by

Al-Turath for the Saudi Ministry of Information, and *The Story of the Eastern Province and Saudi Arabia by the First Photographers*, both by William Facey. A bilingual publication called *Ilo Battigelli, Fotografo/Photographer* was produced by CRAF to coincide with the Italian exhibition.

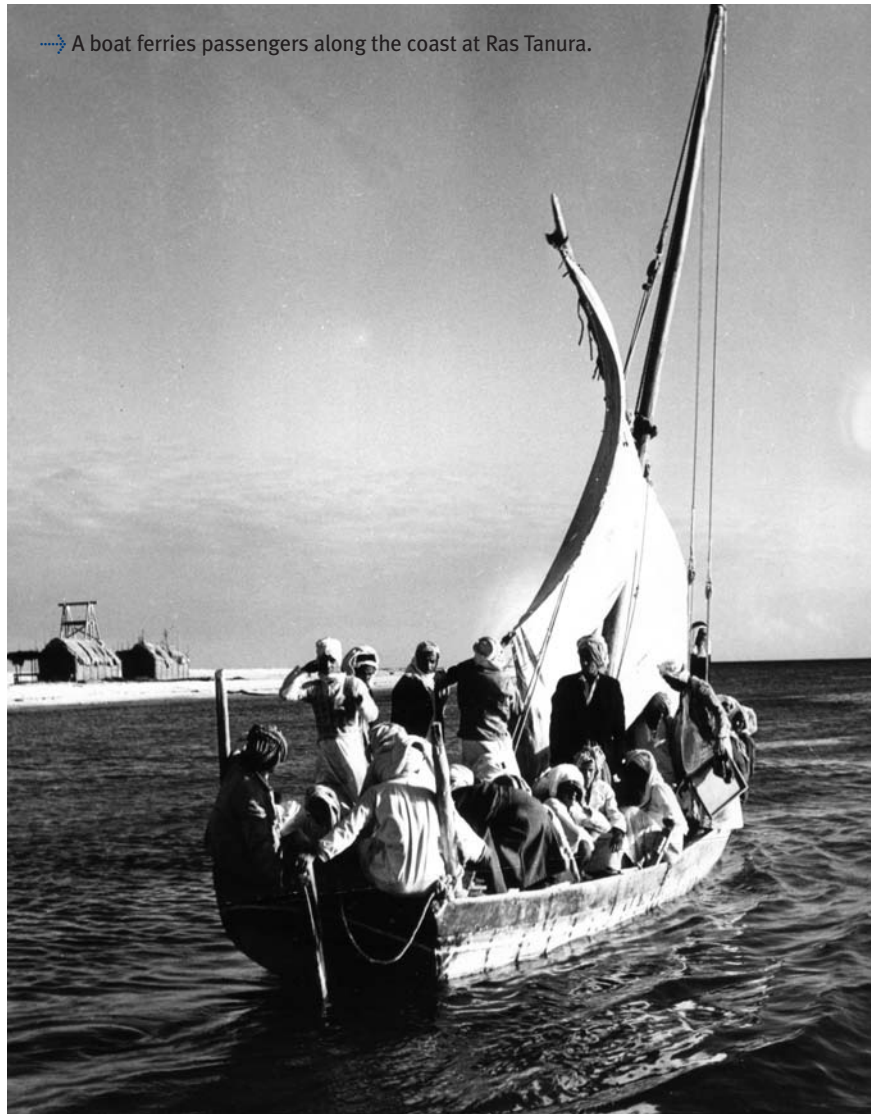
Working from a studio fashioned from an automobile packing crate on the beach when he wasn’t handling jobs for the Engineering Department, Battigelli quickly displayed a gift for capturing the spirit of his subjects. His intimate black-and-white photos of Bedouin, townsmen and their environs highlight a now nearly vanished Saudi Arabia.

“It was a unique time and place to be,” the photographer says. “I got to know all kinds of people as humans. I enjoyed the family feel

→ A youngster scans Jubail harbor at low tide around 1950.



→ A boat ferries passengers along the coast at Ras Tanura.



“Working from a studio fashioned from an automobile packing crate on the beach when he wasn’t handling jobs for the Engineering Department, Battigelli quickly displayed a gift for capturing the spirit of his subjects. His intimate black-and-white photos of Bedouin, townsmen and their environs highlight a now nearly vanished Saudi Arabia.”

of their society, where everyone was a friend.

“There was good weather for photo opportunities ... the excitement I found there was never quite repeated.”

In fact, when he traveled to New York to

shoot and exhibit after leaving the kingdom, he says he found himself thinking, “Is that all [there is]?” compared with what he had discovered in the Saudi Arabia.

The son of a cabinet maker and the eldest in a family of 10 children, Battigelli emigrated to the new Italian colony of Eritrea in 1938 with his parents and a brother and sister. “His father was a Socialist and in Fascist Italy he was forced to get out to find work,” explains Danielle Battigelli Rogers.

Ilo Battigelli worked as photojournalist and as a commercial photographer in Asmara through the beginning of World War II. In 1941, he was among a large group of Italians in Eritrea who were interned by the British as the war in Africa heated up.

It was a trying time for the internees, and

many jumped at the chance to work for the company toward the end of the war.

“We left Eritrea for Saudi Arabia not for adventure, but out of hunger,” says Battigelli. “I wanted to eat more than once a day.”

The Italians had caught the eye of the company in 1944 as it embarked on a project to build the new refinery and needed skilled manpower. Col. L.T. (Stormy) Weathers, then the petroleum officer with the U.S. Army in Cairo and later head of Aramco’s Local Industrial Development Department, told the company about the pool of labor in Eritrea, and King ‘Abd al-‘Aziz granted permission to hire the Italians in late 1944. By 1947, there were 1,384 Italians on the payroll.

They lived in a camp on the peninsula between the new refinery, located almost on the

mainland, and the tank farm and marine terminal out at the tip. Conditions were hard, but by and large the Italians thrived.

“It was hot [and] we awoke with the sunrise at five,” says Battigelli. “We worked eight-hour shifts, but before the shifts, and after that, we did other work. In those years, I worked 16 to 17 hours a day.”

For his “official” job, Battigelli photographed and cataloged items related to the refinery project. His work was meticulous and he finally became superintendent of his section.

But his true love was capturing local scenes with his large-format Rolleiflex 3.5 camera. The 24-year-old transformed himself into Ilo the Pirate partly because his studio was on a beach where, according to legend, corsairs used to land, and partly because of his own romantic flair. Along with his pirate costume, he put up a pirate flag and sign.

“A lot [of his success as a photographer] had to do with his pirate persona. He developed a reputation and was invited out,” says his daughter.

“He genuinely had an interest in photographing people and children, and he learned enough Arabic to communicate with people. His portraits reflect that communication. It’s not just cold, distant photography,” she adds.

“He was very much a ‘people person’ who responded to individuals around him. That’s why there are so many portraits ... taken outside the studio.

“He’s interacting with the Saudis. You can see that in the portraits. He was very good at interacting with anybody.”

Even princes, it seems.

He struck up a friendship with Amir Turki ibn Utaishan, the mayor of Ras Tanura, and got “a silent ‘ok’” to take pictures around the area,” Battigelli recalls. “I met people from different places and they would invite me because they knew I was a friend of the amir. In Arabia, I fell upon the springtime of my photographic life”

Battigelli’s skills took him all the way to the palace of the redoubtable Amir of the East-

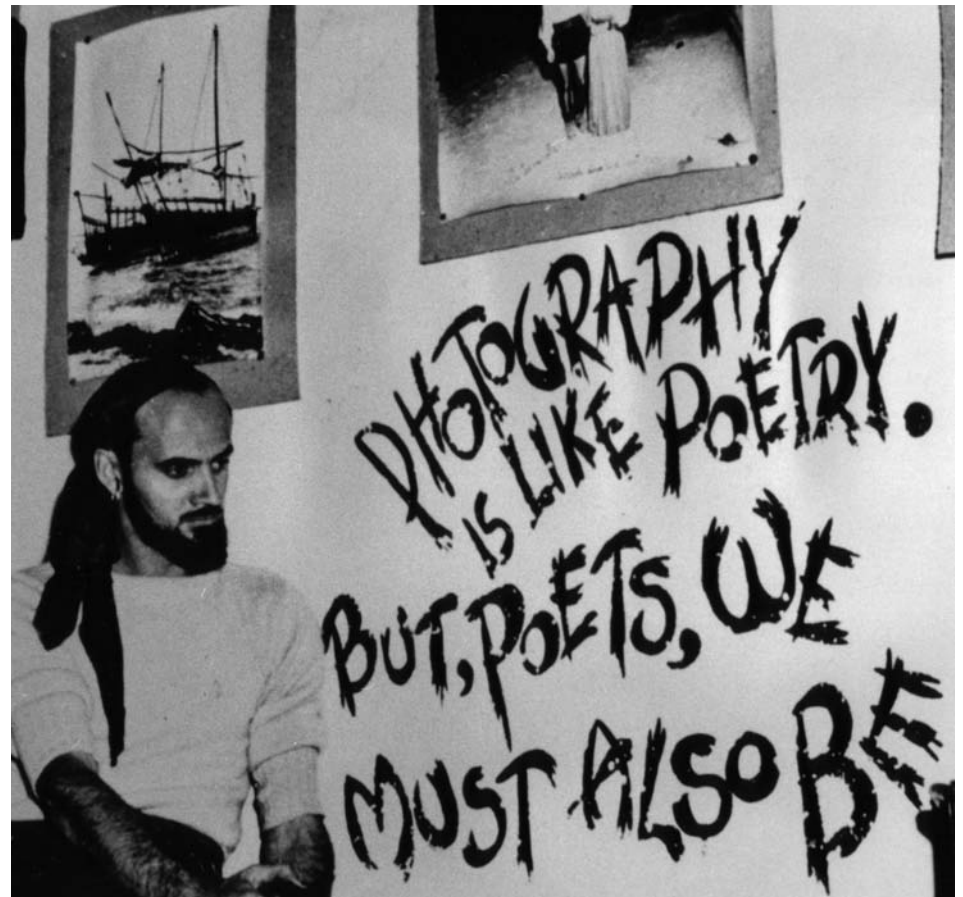
ern Province Sa’ud ibn Jiluwi in Hofuf, where he was invited to spend the night and where he photographed the king’s horses.

One of his best-known pictures is of King ‘Abd al-‘Aziz visiting Ras Tanura in February 1947 – the monarch’s last trip to the Eastern Province. Battigelli climbed to the roof of a building and took a photo that pleased the king himself.

He left Aramco in 1954 and was exhibiting and photographing in the United States, often in pirate garb, when he was called home by a telegram telling him that his mother was ill. He moved to Rhodesia in 1957 to photograph the construction of the giant Kariba Dam for its Italian contractor – and then opened a studio in Harare and continued to shoot studies of people and places. In 2000, he retired with his wife Pauline to San Daniele del Friuli.

Ilo Battigelli put away his pirate outfit many years ago, but the spirit of “Ilo the Pirate” and that of traditional Saudi Arabia live on in the photos from a pivotal part of his career. In 2005, the legacy of one self-styled “pirate” was on display for all to see.

“Ilo’s flair and feel for the exotic are manifested in the pirate, complete with beard, earrings and pirate’s scarf, and it is this imagination and sense of human drama which mark Ilo’s work and capture one’s attention [His] work is largely concerned with people, for he is a man of emotion who identifies with his fellow men”
From the exhibition “Battigelli as ‘Ilo the Pirate,’” celebrating half a century of work by the photographer, held in Bulawayo, Zimbabwe, in 1980.



→ Years in the desert sun are etched into the face of this Eastern Province gentleman.



THE BRAT CONNECTION

By BILL TRACY (RT'50)



→ Left: DH'77 classmates reunite (l-r): Jennifer Onnen McDaniel, Maad Abu Ghazalah, Albert Cszasz, Dave Goff (history teacher and Bears basketball coach), Hania Shiblaq-Saleh and Jareer Elass. Photo courtesy of Hania Shiblaq-Saleh.

→ Center: Steve Furman (DH'53), Howie Norton, Tim Barger (DH'62) and Mary Norton. Photo by Pam Magee.

→ Right: Making re-acquaintances. Photo by Hania Shiblaq-Saleh.

When children grow up in communities where their fathers work for a company sometimes called “Mother Aramco,” it follows that a reunion of Aramco “Brats” is, at least in a metaphorical sense, a kind of family reunion.

Expatriate children who grew up in Saudi Arabia, far from their homes of origin, have shared places, histories and memories that built enduring connections with childhood friends and classmates, while distinguishing them from friends made later in life. They even relate to old friends' obnoxious younger siblings! And the three- or 30-year age difference that seemed an insurmountable gulf between siblings or parents when they were kids is hardly relevant to adults now in their 30s, 40s or even 60s.

That's the way it was at the 2005 Aramco Brat Reunion, held in Houston over Memorial Day weekend, a familiar "family" gathering where you could tell a story about a long-ago Friday when you rode a red-and-silver bus to the Hofuf *sug*, and your listeners understood immediately what you were talking about – not once responding with a blank stare or a confused "Where?"

It's not uncommon these days that three or four Aramco kids raised in the same household in Saudi Arabia might find themselves scattered across the United States, seeing one another infrequently. For such annuitant families, the biennial Brat event can become a family reunion in the literal sense as well.

Just over 900 Aramcons gathered at the reunion's gala closing banquet, including Brats of all ages, many with spouses and a new generation of baby Brats in tow. The crowd also included a number of original-employee parents as well as representatives from Aramco Services Company in Houston, which honored its own Brat connection by sponsoring the evening.

Parent Twila Jones, who will be 95 in December and makes her home in Arkansas, was sitting at Table 24 along with her three children, Myles, DH'52, of Grass Valley, Calif; Marshall, DH'56, also a former Aramco employee, of Montgomery, Texas; and Toodie (Jones) Morgan, DH'62, who lives in Jesup, Geo.

On the other hand, parent Mary Norton of Austin, Texas, recalls straining to read the nametag of a young lady standing next to her

and discovering that she'd penciled in the words, "No, my brother is not here." Mary and husband Howard attended with son Dan, DH'79, of Berkeley, Calif.

The 2005 Aramco Brat Reunion was the latest in a string of gatherings held in Arizona, California, Georgia and Texas, beginning back in 1987. The 2007 reunion will move to the East Coast, where Brat Mary (Martin) Venker, DH'73, has volunteered to host it "somewhere in the Carolinas."

The 2005 organizing committee, all from the Houston area, included chairperson Marie (Littlejohn) Dunn, DH'77; Andrew Bobb, DH'74; James Erwin, DH '60; Penny (Dougharty) Maher, DH'72; Osama Mikhail, DH '61; and Lisa (Menicke) Sandefur, DH'74.

They planned a program crowded with activities, including receptions and individual

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would be a nice coincidence
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for far-away Arabia,
it was awesome.”

class dinners; the gala banquet with speeches, Middle Eastern music and dancing; a Brat organization business meeting; a mammoth outdoor group photo and individual class photos; and golf, tennis and bowling tournaments. (Several parachutists who attended jumped for the pure fun of it.)

For the record, here are the first-place winners of the sports tournaments. The golf winning threesome: Travis Dowell, Douglas Johnson and Kevin Durham. Tennis: Amy Woods and Maria Collier. Bowling: Karen (Fogle) Smith, Sue Comfort, Scott Doughty and Phil Doughty.

The reunion's printed program filled in the details of the packed, four-day schedule, including information on Brat vendors of Middle Eastern art, crafts and souvenirs in a room labeled "Sug," news of raffles and auctions, and a list of cosmopolitan Houston's 50-some Mid-

dle Eastern restaurants.

The committee transformed several of the Post Oak Hilton's public spaces into festive "oases" with floor-to-ceiling palm trees created from inexpensive PVC pipe, rolls of contractor paper, packing tape and strings of tiny white of lights, crowned with genuine palm fronds. These lounges attracted constant and ever-changing clusters of Brats remembering old times and updating each other on the new, spontaneous encounters that were the heart and soul of the reunion.

I joined a group one evening and suddenly found myself transported back to Ras Tanura in the late 1940s. In those days the addresses of the houses in Nejma were based on a system of numbers and letters, the numbers extending along the turquoise water of the Gulf, the letters indicating the setback from the

white-sand beach. There in our little circle stood Billy Tracy, house 2C; Myles Jones, my neighbor one house closer to the shore in 2B; little Dickie Fulton, now six-feet plus, who lived next door across the sidewalk in 1C; and raven-haired teenager Joan Hubbard (now Wass), whose house at 1D backed up to the Fulton's and faced Nejma's main boulevard.

Half a century ago, the four of us, (much) older now and drawn to each other in this room in Texas by chance or by magic, lived in an Aramco neighborhood in houses with lawns that touched B through D within a circle smaller than a football field across. That kind of a meeting would be a nice coincidence at a high school reunion in small-town Kansas; for far-away Arabia, it was awesome.

Such serendipity continued throughout the weekend. I'd stand beneath a palm, and listen to memories from across the years. I col-

lected stories like strings of Gulf pearls, each reflecting the glow from its neighbor.

I ran into friends from school days like Diane (Ryrholm) Geerdes, RT'62, the outgoing president of Aramco Brats, Inc., and Tim Barger, DH'62, who was busily autographing copies of his book *Out in the Blue*. It's about his parents in the late 1930s, when his father was a young Socal geologist in Saudi Arabia.

There were others I knew from my days as an Aramco employee. Brat Greg Dowling, RT'67, was a desert camping buddy when he worked in Government Affairs in the late 1970s, and we met again in 2003 when we were members of a study group visiting Saudi Arabia. John Miller, not a Brat, was a colleague during my days at ASC in Houston in the 1990s. His Brat son Matthew Miller, DH'91, at-

cousin, Milo Cumpston, who was already an Aramco employee in 1947, when we were still kids, and always active in self-directed groups such as the AEA. Milo told about the time in 1984 when he was flying to Yanbu' on a company plane. He remembered the pilot leaving the cockpit, coming back to sit on the arm of his seat and saying, "You were the leader of my Boy Scout troop in Ras Tanura in 1949." It was grown-up Paul, by then also an Aramco employee.

Myles Jones, DH'52, told me the happy ending of a story about his long and interrupted engagement to Susan Kellenberg, DH'54, who was born on Bahrain in 1939. Her father worked for Bapco before his time with Aramco and Tapline. Friends since high school, Susan and Myles were engaged to be married

pipeline to Bahrain, which went into service in March 1945. In August that year, Bud became one of the first American children born in Saudi Arabia after World War II.

I was particularly touched when Mimi (Howard) Silver, DH'74, searched me out at the reunion. She knew I'd been a classmate of her late father, Richard Howard, RT'50, first in Ras Tanura and later at the American Community School (ACS) in Beirut. Mimi asked if I'd look through one of her father's old photo albums with her and try to identify some of our fellow students. I joined her, helping put names with faces while immersing myself in nostalgia. Later, I mentioned Mimi and her book to fellow ACSer Joan (Hubbard) Waas, RT'52, who also volunteered to look at the album, and told Mimi that her father had been the first boy she'd dated when she moved to Ras Tanura.

Joan and I mentioned Mimi and her photo album to Mimi Wasson, DH'74, a third-generation Aramcon through both sets of grandparents, who is the daughter of Brats Don Wasson, RT'51, and the late Anna (Shultz) Wasson, DH'51. Her parents met at ACS in Beirut, where, like Joan and I, they were schoolmates of Rich Howard. For Mimi Wasson, looking through the album with Mimi Howard and finding many pictures of her always-smiling, high-school-age mother was a bittersweet experience. Half a century ago, a camera had captured Anna Shultz, surrounded by friends, popular, junior class president, pretty and sweet-natured, in photos that can make the eyes of those who remember her shine with tears of joy today. Another lovely pearl on the string of reunion memories.

There are older Brats, but at almost 70 I was probably the oldest (excluding parents) attending the Houston event. Still, I appreciated a comment that Marie Dunn e-mailed to me after the reunion: "We had great turnout from the younger Brats, the future of this organization. It's important to us all that they become involved and help continue the tradition." Judging from the reactions of my niece, Erica Tracy DH'94, in her companion article to this one, the Brat connection has a future as bright as its past.

**"We had great turnout
from the younger Brats,
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It's important to us all
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tended the reunion with friend Todd Nims, DH'95, both interviewing Brats of all generations for a video documentary about growing up in Saudi Arabia.

One evening I talked to Danee (Sullivan) Hubbs, DH'60, now from Buren, Wash. In 1947, the year my "little sister" Susan was born and I was 12, Danee lived next door to us in Dhahran. I knew her then only as the two-year-old "little sister" of my friend Jim.

I asked Susan if her childhood friend Jane Crampton had come to the reunion. "No, but I talked to her little sister Barbie." (Barbara (Crampton) Gayler, DH'65.) Later, as I stood with Susan waiting for the group photo, we saw Paul Christensen, a member of her Ras Tanura graduating class of 1962. I first knew Paul as the little brother of schoolmates my own age, Jim and Dave. Today he's a pilot with Southwest Airlines living in Scottsdale, Ariz.

Later, Paul's name came up when I was talking to Steve Furman, DH'53, and his older

in 1960; then his military service pulled them in different directions. Some 40 years later, both single once again, the childhood sweethearts reunited at the 2001 Brat Reunion in Tucson and married two years later.

Richard Fulton, RT'55, also had a romantic tale to tell. He believes he first fell in love with Evelyn Smith, RT'55, when they were together in the ninth grade, but 50 years ago he was just too shy to tell her so. They met again at the 2003 Brat Reunion in Tucson and married in June 2004 (see photo inside back cover). Tucson seems to be an auspicious location for reunions. Maybe it's the romance of the desert.

Siblings Marilyn (Townsend) Maas, DH'62, and Robert "Bud" Townsend, DH'60, told me how their father, one of the earliest company employees, married their mother in South Africa in 1938. Robert Sr. was a deep-sea diver who walked the floor of the Arabian Gulf during the building of the undersea



“Expatriate children
who grew up in Saudi Arabia,
far from their homes of origin,
have shared places, histories and memories
that built enduring connections
with childhood friends and classmates...”

→ Clockwise from top: Russell Webb and Hania Shiblaq-Saleh share a free fall during a sky-diving session led by Webb; Pam Arey-Magee, Jean Schenewark-Braswell, Renell Swartz-Bourne and Janet Arey-Granade are all smiles; Tina Lorentzen Winters AB'59, poses by aptly plated pick-up truck owned by Paul Robinson RT'56. Photos courtesy of Hania Shiblaq-Saleh, Pam Magee and Paul Robinson.



..... Hundreds of attendees turned out for the 2005 Brat Reunion Official Portrait. Photo courtesy of Kian's Elegant Portraits, www.elegantportraits.com



By ERICA S. TRACY
(DH'94)

My 1st BRAT REUNION

Whenever someone asks me where I'm from, I choose between a short answer, "Texas," or a long one: "I grew up in Saudi Arabia in a town built by Aramco, the company my father worked for. I moved to the States when our company schools ended after ninth grade and, except for trips back and forth throughout my college days, I've been living in Austin, Texas, ever since. Living in Arabia was an amazing experience, and taught me so much."

My response depends on how much time I have, who I'm talking to and how I guess they might react. I save the long version for the few and privileged.

There's an Arab proverb that says,
**"What is learned in youth
is carved in stone."**

Sometimes when I tell people my story I worry it might sound like I'm bragging, because my life has held such originality and allure. There's an Arab proverb that says, "What is learned in youth is carved in stone."

Certainly, my childhood experiences have helped form the person I am today. I love traveling and ethnic food, I'm open-minded about people and cultures, and I've formed lifelong friendships with others who've shared my experiences. That's why, for my fellow Aramco Brats and me, the simple question, "Where are you from?" can't be answered simply.

I'm a member of Dhahran's graduating class of 1994. My Brat-Aunt Susan (RT'62) has been a regular Brat reunion attendee, so when

she told me that this year's event was being held over Memorial Day weekend in Houston, Texas, I thought it was about time to check it out. I gathered four of my closest Brat girlfriends; we packed our car with festive reunion gear (24K-gold jewelry, old Aramco T-shirts, digital cameras) and headed out. It was our first reunion and we had no idea what to expect. Anticipation, curiosity and the normal "girly banter" filled the air, along with some fun Arabic tunes my Brat-Uncle Bill (RT'50) sent me to get us in the mood.

When we pulled up at the Hilton Post Oak Hotel, we saw a sea of faces in the front driveway, a few familiar, most new. Several hundred people were assembling there for a group photograph. Instantly, we realized the huge scale

**“There were so many of us,
with such an amazing connection!
I found myself smiling
as I realized how easy it was
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stranger or otherwise.”**

of the event and got caught up in the excitement. What an attendance! What organization it had taken!

We parked and raced back to be in the photo. We wanted to be a part of history in the making – the 2005 Aramco Brat Reunion Official Portrait.

Saying “Hi!” to a few of the familiar faces, we posed, smiling and waving, as we looked up two stories toward the photographer. Afterward, we quickly checked into our room and headed back downstairs to sign in and mingle.

That first night, everyone gathered in the foyer for announcements: “Welcome Brats, one and all!”

Later, when I rode the hotel elevator, I noticed that virtually every time someone stepped on, they seemed to be wearing both a friendly face and a Brat nametag. I knew the Brat web was intricately woven, but seeing hundreds of Brats fill an entire hotel gave me an almost surreal feeling. There were so many

of us, with such an amazing connection! I found myself smiling as I realized how easy it was to start a conversation with anyone, stranger or otherwise. All I had to do was mention something we shared in our unique childhoods and faces lit up: repeat vacations, school intersession, camp cars, oiled golf-course greens, the Snack Bar!

As it turned out, there were lots of Brats around my age, most of whom I hadn't seen in over eight years. Dawn Kolb stopped me and said “Hi!” We'd played soccer and softball together. Older Brats around my brother Whitney's age (DH'89) all seemed to say the same thing: I had “grown up.” It was great to see them, to find out what they are doing these days – and to have them actually affirm that

I'm all grown up now!

My former babysitter's daughter, Maria Turissini, even approached me, which was neat, because I got to

share with her some bits that I remembered from being cared for as a toddler by her mom. She let me watch my favorite kid movie of all time – *The Last Unicorn* – but she also forced me to eat those dreaded peanut butter sandwiches that my dad, Jim (RT'58) made every morning.

As I mingled, I heard many individual stories and interesting connections. Hans Stockenberger is taking voice lessons and likes to sing opera. (He always did have an ear for music.) Caroline Hann is living in Canada, dating a professional boxer and hoping to get Canadian citizenship so she can work in environmental management there. John Barry recently opened up his own Cajun restaurant called O'Cajcen Seafood, in Pearland, Texas. Yelda Batur is moving to Turkey so she can be closer to family and is applying for grad schools to get her MBA. It was fantastic to talk about the present, while being able to slip so comfortably into conversations about the past – songs

we danced to, sleepovers at the homes of other girls, shopping trips to al-Khobar.

The weekend flew by. I had so much fun hanging out and reminiscing with friends old and new. We scoped out some of Houston's Middle Eastern cuisine, we bowled, we shopped at the reunion *sug*, and we sang and danced and chit-chatted. My girlfriends and I sunbathed by the pool under the hot Texas sun (almost as hot as the blazing Arabian sun).

As one of the younger Brats, I thoroughly enjoyed my first reunion. I can hardly wait for the next one. As one older Brat told me, it's important for the connections to remain strong and for the younger Brats to carry on the tradition.

With this pen as my mighty sword, I proclaim my fervent hope that the number of Brats my age and younger attending will continue to grow as the years pass. Our families will be able to meet and our web can grow even bigger and stronger. If you haven't attended a reunion yet, try it! It's really fun, I promise!

An extraordinary bond connects everyone present. It's so refreshing to reunite with acquaintances, friends and family who actually “get it.” Not once did I feel set apart from people or have to explain my background, because every soul at a Brat reunion, new friend or old, already knew the answer to that dreaded question, “Where are you from?”

Author Erica Tracy, the daughter of Jim and Claudia Tracy, is a third-generation Aramcon. Author Bill Tracy, her uncle, says he became a Brat so long ago that he's a part of a select group whose members proudly refer to themselves as “geezers.” His parents, Frank and Margaret Tracy, lived in Ras Tanura (and briefly in Dhahran) from 1945-6 to 1968. Bill went to Saudi Arabia in 1946 at age 11. He worked at AOC in The Hague, in Dhahran and at ASC in Houston, and retired in 2000. Erica graduated from the University of Texas in 2001 and works in Austin for a publisher of research-based curriculum content for pre-kindergarten to eighth-grade students.



→ Danny Norton and Amy Thompson Steindorff, holding the Saudi flag center and right, pose with former classmates (standing, from left): Gen (Johansson) Sullivan, Ben Kearney (RT), Geoff Korwan, Travis Dowell, Robin (Vanderzee) Seago and Duane Hopple (RT). Seated: Pam Branch (AB), Kim (Nix) Hurlbut, Brent Letellier and Diedre (Halpin) Ambrose.



→ Checking in with old friends on Day 1. Photo by Hania Shibliq-Saleh.

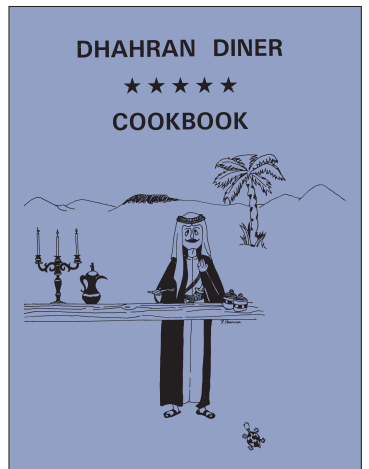


→ Brent Cleaver, Gail Rines-Leathers and Rick Owens take time out for a picture in the hotel foyer. Photo by Pam Magee.

COOKBOOK CAMARADERIE

Brats keep close ties.
There's no argument about that.
Sometimes what ensues
is surprising.

Take this account of a birthday gift-giving between Dhahran School Class of '79 students Danny Norton, son of Mary and Howie Norton, and Amy Thompson Steindorff, daughter of Phil and Sharon Thompson. Danny lives in Berkeley, Calif.; Amy lives in Houston, Texas.



"I had a funny experience this morning," Danny wrote just after the Houston reunion. "A Brat friend's birthday is coming up next month and I was trying to find something interesting for her. Over the weekend I found a copy of the *Dhahran Diner Cookbook* listed for auction on eBay. I thought that would be perfect ..., so I put in a bid."

Danny's bid fell short, topped at the last minute by someone else with a taste for Dhahran cuisine. Guess who?

"Oh Danny, you cracked me up this morning!" wrote Amy. "As I was watching and bidding on the cookbook, I thought it might be another Brat bidding It gave me pause for just one second, should I or should I not outbid someone who might be a fellow Brat?"

"I decided to go ahead and bid a lot more than you had, just to make sure I'd get the cookbook, and I did."

Being nipped at the finish line on eBay is "normally a source of disappointment," Danny wrote to Amy, "but when I checked the bidding I found I had been outbid by the person who I was buying the cookbook for!

"So, Amy, Happy Birthday. You got just what I wanted you to, you just got it a little early. Now I've got to think of something else."

"So, thanks for thinking of me, friend," replied Amy. "Great minds do think alike, you know! Isn't this the sort of Brat story that gives you the warm fuzzies?"

GREAT **Get-Togethers** **SPRING UP**

Folks with company connections going back as far as the 1930s made it a point to meet at venues in the south and west this spring. **Here is a sampling.**

San Diego ~ April 7

One-hundred-fifty annuitants, Brats and company friends gathered Manchester Grand Hyatt in downtown San Diego for what Aramco Services Company President and CEO Mazen Snobar called a dinner of appreciation for Aramcos past and present.

The event was the third regional mini-reunion sponsored by ASC. Earlier gatherings took place in the Washington, D.C., area last October and Austin, Texas, in December. The get-togethers offered a chance for guests to renew old connections, forge new ones and catch up on company news.



→ Stepping out in San Diego.

Daytona Beach, Fla. ~ March 19

Fourteen members of the Daytona Beach Saudi Lunch Bunch met at the Pelican Bay Country Club to share travel experiences and stories of their time in Saudi Arabia. The group, founded by Carolyn Thomas and Betty Sandifer, is open to women who have lived in Saudi Arabia, as well as in Aramco communities.

Attendees who lived in Dhahran included Thomas, Sandifer, Connie Fosson Morgan, Chris May, Maggie Shoemaker and Barbara Dowling Schuerman. Lynn Brown lived in Abqaiq. Other attendees lived in Riyadh, Jiddah, al-Khobar and Tabuk.



→ Lunch Bunch attendees, front row, l-r: Carol Grigas, Bonnie Geise, Jackie Gunn, Barbara Dowling Schuerman and Connie Fosson Morgan. Back Row: Alma McMillan, Christine Fosson, Lynn Brown, Beverly Shook, Betty Sandifer, Chris May, Maggie Shoemaker and Carolyn Thomas.



→ Abqaiq reunion: Abqaiq émigrés Joseph and Linda Mulvaney and Laurie Swanson reunited aboard the *Biscayne Lady*. The Mulvaney's lived in Abqaiq from 1951-81. Swanson lived there from 1973-8, and then moved to 'Udhailiyah (1978-81) and finally to Dhahran (1981-2005).

Miami ~ April 1

Seventy-five annuitants, retirees and Brats boarded the yacht *Biscayne Lady* for a mini-reunion on Biscayne Bay, catching up with the activities of old friends as they watched the sun go down behind the Miami skyline.

Host David Bosche, director of ASC's Washington office, read a welcome note from Mazen Snobar and told the group about developments in the company and kingdom. He expressed the thanks of management at ASC and in Dhahran to guests for their contributions to the company.

The evening concluded around 10 p.m., with friends swapping e-mail addresses and phone numbers.

Houston ~ April 1

More than 120 former Aviation Department employees and their guests gathered at the Houston InterContinental Hotel for a get-together hosted by Mazen Snobar, former Aviation Department manager and a veteran pilot himself. He welcomed attendees, including many old Aviation colleagues, and expressed the company's gratitude thanks for their years of service to the company.

The evening's festivities lasted until after midnight. At breakfast the next morning, guests were treated to an Aramco Aviation video featuring the many different types of company aircraft and aviation operations.

Elk Grove, California ~ April 23

Twenty people, many of whom had never met before, gathered on a rainy morning at the Valley Hi Country Club. The dining room was immediately buzzing as if all had been friends for life. The common denominator? Experience and knowledge of Saudi Arabia and Aramco.

As the sun came out, the Sacramento Lunch Bunch enjoyed tales of days past, and remembered friends in common. Roy Haug said that he had gone to Saudi Arabia in 1946. Three generations of the Moore family were present: Harvey and Gemma, their daughter and son-in-law, Marcelle and Mike Thomas, and their nine-month-old granddaughter Maria. Mel and Paulette Misanko traveled all the way from Reno, Nev., to attend.

San Francisco ~ April 24

Eight Aramco Old-Timers – Mike and Doris Wanty, Walt and Jean Dell'Oro, Cliff and Dawn Flittie, Norah Harriss and Nestor "Sandy" Sanders – held a luncheon at El Patio Español for their annual gathering. All in the group joined the company before 1950 and all were involved in exploration activities.

Sanders, 90, is the oldest Old-Timer. He arrived in the kingdom in December 1938, nine months after oil was discovered, and was the first of the group to reach Saudi Arabia.

Norah Harriss, the wife of one of the company's pioneer explorers, Jerry Harriss, joined her husband in Saudi Arabia in 1947. She flew to Dhahran from Los Angeles via Damascus with the couple's seven-month-old daughter Maureen.

Mike Wanty also traveled to the kingdom in 1947. On his first long leave, he spotted Doris coming down a stairway in the Excelsior Hotel in Rome, courted her in Europe, followed her home to Modesto, Calif., and married her. The couple lived in Dhahran, and returned to the United States in 1951 to operate a cattle ranch.

Walt Dell'Oro arrived in Dhahran in 1947, too. Early on, he worked on the geology of deep wells under the supervision of Sanders. He married Jean in 1955 in Canada. The couple returned to Dhahran in 1956 and lived there for 20 years.



Happy picknickers included (l-r) Andy Guinosso, Howard Berg, Carol and Marty McKnight, and Brian Dunloy. Photo courtesy of Brian Dunloy.

Austin, Texas ~ April 19

Eighty-four people turned out for the annual Austin Area Aramco Picnic, an event inaugurated by Cal Ham in 1984. This year's picnic was arranged by John and Anne Cuddeback.

Jim Tracy, who arrived in Saudi Arabia at age three in 1946, was the "earliest arrival" to attend, and nearly 50 years separated the earliest and latest arrivals in the kingdom. Guests savored a meal catered by a local barbecue.

Old-Timers, seated left, front to back: Walt Dell'Oro, Doris Wanty, Dawn Flittie and Jean Dell'Oro. Right: Cliff Flittie, Sandy Sander, Norah Harriss and Mike Wanty. Photo by Sandy Sander.



Cliff Flittie went to Saudi Arabia in 1948 and Sanders introduced him to Dawn Lee, a secretary in the New York Office, when both geologists were on assignment there. They married in New York in 1954 and returned to Dhahran for a short time.

The Old-Timers spent the afternoon reminiscing at the Flitties' St. Francis Woods home, overlooking San Francisco Bay. The gathering was probably the eighth reunion of a group that originally totaled 15, Sanders said. Charter members included the late Lloyd Reed, Bob and Roberta Carr and Art Pocock. Old-Timer George Blakslee lives in Wisconsin, too far away to attend the last three get-togethers.

Austin, Texas ~ May 6

Twenty-six retired Austin Area Aramco Women met for a luncheon at the Austin Women's Club. They reminisced about old times over an elegant luncheon. Guests brought stuffed animals to be donated to Sammy's House, a non-profit entity serving children with special needs in the Austin area.



.....→ Row 1(l-r): Phyllis Hasson, Lucy Templer, Hazel Ball, Mary Norton and Maya Marinovic. Row 2: Paula England, Coila Sims, Rebel Pais, Anne Cuddeback and Harlene Morrow. Row 3: Marion DeFord, Kaye AbiKhaled, Sally Aslan, Vicki Lamp, Magda Cszasz, Mary Collier and Ellen Speers. Row 4: Edie Offield, Carol McKnight, Judy Walker and Marte Powers.

Las Vegas, Nevada ~ June 25

It was a magical night at the Tuscany Hotel Resort for the 105 guests with special ties to the Dhahran ensemble "5-6-7-8." Twenty years after the original production debuted on the Dhahran Junior High stage, the ballroom glittered, and the gentlemen in their tuxedos proved handsome foils to the ladies turned out in rhinestones, feathers, satin and sequins ... it was pure Hollywood glamour.

Guests arrived from across the United States, as well as Canada, Australia, Scotland, Belgium and England, to celebrate "5-6-7-8."

Revival organizer Nancy Ackerman and her husband Bob kicked off the event with a Hummus Happy Hour at their home the evening of June 23. Their house was filled with the loud chatter and laughter of friends who hadn't seen one another for some time.

Choreographers Kay Seibold (tap), Nancy Ackerman and Linda Ksiazek and a group of 27 dedicated veterans spent three days putting together a 100-minute performance. But first guests bid on a variety of eye-catching creations specially crafted for the event. Proceeds totaling more than \$1,000 were donated to support research on hearing impairment. Items included a replica of a scale, reminding performers of the dreaded weigh-ins they had to endure during Friday rehearsals.

On gala night, as dessert was served, it was showtime. Dancers and singers emerged from the audience in cocktail attire and joined on stage for the opening acts: "It's Showtime!" and "Eenie Menie Miny Moe." They proved the old "5-6-7-8" standard hadn't slipped – and the show only got better after that!



.....→ "5-6-7-8" vets (l-r) Elaine Lingard, Liz Ross, Linda Ksiazek, Dawn Essoe, Lauren Flynn, Gwen Holmes and Diane Burgoyne belt out "It's Showtime."

Hungary & Budapest

GEMS OF EUROPE



.....> All set for a Gulyas (goulash) Party in Budapest are, Row 1 (l-r): Vi and Bill Gyorek, Eleanor Goellner, Marny and Bert Golding, Gerri Goss and Joe and Lillian Mulvaney. Row 2: Al Csaszar, Stuart Holm, Bill Bartlett, Betty Blanchard, Kay Lund, Dick Lee and a non-member of the group. Row 3: Non-member, Al Blanchard, Paul Lees, non-member, Victor (the guide) and Eve Kritikson. Right: Close-up of the Parliament.

Eve Kritikson Lee

In mid-1976, I learned that Al Csaszar was organizing a trip to Hungary in September. At that time, I had no intention of taking any more trips from Saudi Arabia, as I had already started preparing to leave Aramco and Saudi Arabia. My fiancé Dick Lee and I were planning to get married in 1978.

After discovering what a bargain the journey was going to be, however, it took no great deliberation to decide on joining the other travelers, all good friends. And you couldn't beat having your own native-born (and slightly

mad) Hungarian, Al Csaszar, as guide and translator. Along with Dick and Al, my fellow travelers were Bill and Vy Gyorek, Al and Betty Blanchard, Bert and Marny Golding, Bill Bartlett, Stu Holm, Paul Lees, Eleanor Goellner, Gerry Goss, Joe and Lillian Mulvaney and Kay Lund.

Hungary, slightly larger than Indiana, has a population of about 10 million. Hungarians call themselves Magyars. While most of the countries that surround Hungary are Slavic, it is important to note that Hungarians are not Slavic in origin. They are related to the Finns, Estonians and Laplanders.

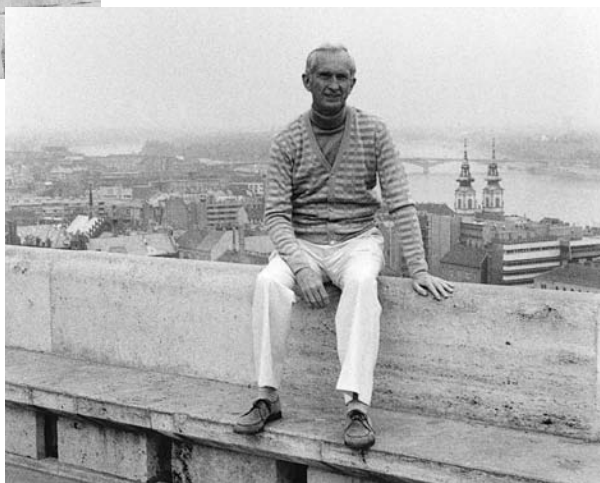
DAY *One*

We departed Dhahran for Rome on Alitalia on Sept. 23, flying on to Zurich where we changed to Malev and arrived at Budapest at about 4 p.m. Waiting for us at the airport was a full-size bus that was ours during our entire stay. We immediately converted it into a party on wheels.

From the airport, we passed through Budapest proper on our 1½-hour drive to Sio'fok, a resort city on Lake Balaton in western Hungary. We arrived in time for dinner at the Hotel Lido, where we spent the night. Lake Balaton, 50 miles long, is Europe's largest freshwater lake and people often call it the "Hungarian Sea."



➔ From left: the centerpiece of Heroes' Square in Budapest; Dick Lee poses with Buda and Pest, split by the Danube, behind; and the Hungarian Parliament.



DAY *Two*

We woke up hungry, but found only empty tables in the restaurant. There was no activity in the kitchen. The morning staff didn't know what kind of food to serve for tourists from Saudi Arabia! But we solved the problem quickly and had a great breakfast.

That morning, we drove to the north side of the lake to Badacsony, where we saw bizarre and beautiful formations from old lava flows. The town is well known for the grapes it produces on the volcanic soil around Mount Badacsony, a large, extinct volcano. In fact, we found that the entire country was dotted with countless old vineyards, presses and cellars.

The next stop was Keszthely on the western end of the lake. It is the largest town in the Balaton area and has a beautiful beach. Here, we enjoyed lunch and refreshments and then explored and shopped. We over-nighted at the Keszthely Helikon.

DAY *Three*

We traveled to Tihany, a picturesque town overlooking Lake Balaton that houses a 14th-century monastery. We lunched at Balatonfured and headed east to Szehesfehervar, an ancient city that is rich in monuments and relics. The ruins of the medieval cathedral where many Hungarian kings were crowned are carefully preserved. Some fine Baroque buildings survive, including the bishop's palace. That night we stayed at the Alba Regia Hotel in Szehesfehervar.

DAY *Four*

We arrived back in Budapest before noon and checked in at the Hotel Olympia. After our busy schedule, we got a chance to relax and enjoy the pool and sauna. That evening was free. I understand that several of the group barely made it back to the hotel in time for breakfast.

DAY *Five*



We took a tour of Budapest, a gem of Europe. It is a beautiful and charming city with a population of almost 2 million today. We went to the Gellert Hill for a panoramic view of Buda and Pest (pronounced "pesht") and the Danube with its bridges in the heart of the city. The two towns, on the east and west banks of the river respectively, were united in 1873. It is a lovely walk across the Danube on the Szechenyi Chain Bridge, the oldest (1848) of the city's nine Danube bridges.

On the Buda side of the city, we visited Buda Fort, the Museum of Art and Gellert Cathedral, where many kings were crowned. At Obuda, the oldest section of Budapest, we saw Celtic ruins and the 2,000-year-old Roman city of Aquincum.

We lunched in the romantic Buda Hills and boarded the bus for downtown Budapest. There, we saw beautiful boulevards, embassies, fancy restaurants and boutiques and Heroes' Square, one of the most popular tourist attractions in Budapest.

DAY Six

We drove to Egar and the Valley of the Beautiful Women, about 150 miles northeast of Budapest, an ancient and historic city where Al Csaszar was born. Our host graciously arranged for us to meet his mother and cousins, and share a meal and refreshments.

In the center of Egar is a fort dating to the 13th century. Here, in 1526, the Hungarians defeated the Turkish army, ending Turkey's 100-year occupation of Hungary and the Balkans. A minaret remains from that period, and there are many beautifully decorated churches. On our return to Budapest, we stopped at a cellar-bistro where a gypsy band entertained us. I should mention that there was hardly a restaurant, bistro or club that did not feature excellent live gypsy music, with its characteristic *cimbalon*, or hammered dulcimer.

DAY Seven

This was our day for shopping in Budapest, mostly for the crystal and glassware for which Hungary is noted. That night, Al arranged for us to see folk dancing in one of the taverns. This dancing is truly a family activity. Everyone danced, including children of all ages.



➔ From left: A visit to Al Csaszar's home town of Egar offered Eve Kritikson a chance to drive a precious cargo to market; visitors pose with Al Csaszar's mother, center; a knight guards Egar's Dobo Plaza.

DAY Eight

One more day-excursion, this time to the Danube Bend, specifically Visegrad and Esztergom, just northwest of Budapest. Visegrad was the residence of the first King of Hungary in 900. We explored Visegrad Castle high up on a hill. We also visited the old Treasury in Esztergom, and we saw the residence of the Archbishop of Hungary.

That night we had our big farewell dinner-dance. The meal was a delicious *gulyas* (goulash to us, but unlike any I had ever tasted). We said goodbye to the many people we had met. We would all long remember this beautiful trip to Budapest and Hungary.

One word about Hungarian cuisine. It is for true lovers of the pleasures of the palate. Music is also a big part of tradition and culture in Hungary, home of Liszt, Bartok, Kodaly, and Dohnanyi, as well as gypsy composers. Hungarians also have a rich tradition of literature and poetry.

Hungarians are also noted for romance, and for being savvy business people and hard workers. These independent-minded people mounted early and continued resistance to the occupation by the Soviet Union after World War II. Later, they were leaders in the social and business recovery of Eastern Europe.

EDITOR'S Note

Eve Lee dedicates this travel article to her late husband, Dick. The trip to Hungary was by no means Dick and Eve's final trip, but it was the last of their many jaunts directly from Saudi Arabia during their Aramco days. Eve also thanks annuitant Charles Antonacos for his assistance with the story.



DAY Nine

We caught our flight to Rome, where some vacationers split off from the main group that was returning to Dhahran. Our departure was delayed briefly, and we arrived a few minutes too late in Rome for our scheduled flight back to Dhahran. Our baggage, however, went on to Dhahran without us. Alas, we were stranded in Rome for three days.

DAYS Ten & Eleven

Did I say "stranded?" Being stuck in Rome was not exactly what I would call real suffering (except for being docked two days' pay when we arrived back in Dhahran two days late). We made our own arrangements, and my hotel was high up on the hills overlooking Rome. We enjoyed the sights. We shopped along the Via Veneto. We explored the many small streets and alleyways.

Hungary is still a too-well-kept secret among Americans. It is the Europe of old, par excellence. Two things I regret not having done were visiting one of the numerous baths from the Turkish era and going to a natural-spring health spa. Thank you, Al, for making this trip possible, for your enthusiasm and great sense of humor, and for keeping your cool in solving our problems.



In Memoriam

William R. Abercrombie, Jr.

December 3, 2004

Survived by his wife Hattie A. Churchill, his son Robert Abercrombie and his daughter Hallie Vanderhider. He joined ASC in 1977, retiring as a logistics technician in 1987. Correspondence may be sent to Hattie at 1315 Lakeshore Drive, Centralia, WA 98531.

Paul R. (Bob) Attix

April 25, 2005

Survived by his wife Kathryn and his son Rick. He joined Aramco in 1954, departing as a construction engineer I in 1969. He was rehired in 1971 and departed in 1972. Correspondence may be sent to Kathryn or Rick at 120 Playa Boulevard, La Selva Beach, CA 95076.

Doris Bagley

July 29, 2005

Survived by her husband, retiree Glenn R. Bagley, and her children Stephen Bagley, Teri Goodwin and Kristine Larsen. Correspondence may be sent to Glenn at 59 W 3140 N, Provo, UT 84604.

Howard Beir

January 23, 2005

Survived by his wife Amy. He joined the New York Office in 1946 and left his position in Public Relations in 1953.

Charles S. Bell

March 27, 2005

Survived by his wife Kannika and his children Jennifer Bell, Charles (Beau) Bell, Jr., Montana Burton and Christine Byson. He joined Aramco in 1984, retiring as foreman, instrumentation/electronic and digital in 1996. Correspondence may be sent to Kannika at 4194 Admiral Drive, Chamble, GA 30341.

John C. (JC) Bond, Jr.

April 13, 2005

Survived by his wife Janet and his son Timothy. He joined Aramco in 1979, retiring as a traffic planner in 1994. Correspondence may be sent to Janet at 36428 Jackson Road, Slidell, LA 70460.

Larry Borst

April 19, 2005

Survived by his wife Jane, his daughters Laura

Borst and Patricia Hebert and step-daughter Marianne Rowe. He joined Aramco in 1952, working at the New York Office until 1975 and then transferring to ASC. He retired as administrator of the Manufacturing and Oil Supply Department in 1992. Correspondence may be sent to Jane at 10727 Holly Springs, Houston, TX 77042.

John Bowelle

April 18, 2005

Survived by his wife Beth and his children Paige and Brad Bowelle. He joined Aramco in 1975, retiring as engineer I in 1986. Correspondence may be sent to Beth at 226 Wheat Ridge Trace, Oliver Springs, TN 37840.

Mary Brooks

November 25, 2004

Predeceased by her husband, retiree Roland Brooks. She is survived by her children Patrick and Mike Brooks. Correspondence may be sent to Mike at 5211 Redstart, Houston, TX 77035.

Ester Bunyan

May 2005

Predeceased by her husband, retiree Matt Bunyan. She joined her husband in Saudi Arabia in 1946 with the couple's two children, Marilyn and Norton, arriving in Ras Tanura after a 49-day trip on the first foreign ship to carry Americans across the Pacific Ocean after World War II.

Elsa Cherwinski

April 22, 2005

Survived by her husband, retiree Carl Cherwinski, and her children Carla T. Woodcock and Charles W. Cherwinski. Correspondence may be sent to Carl at P.O. Box 687, Grantham, NH 03753.

Edward F. Chiburis

August 13, 2005

Survived by his wife Ann, his children Edward Jr., Christopher, Stephen, Andrew and Catherine Culver. He joined Aramco in 1982, retiring as a geophysical specialist in 1992. Correspondence may be sent to Ann at 310 Skyline Ridge Lookout, Wimberley, TX 78676.

Patricia Cole

March 30, 2005

Predeceased by her husband, retiree Melvin W. Cole. Survived by her daughter Christine Adamson. Correspondence may be sent to Christine at P.O. Box 404, Genoa, NV 89411.

Pilar J. De La Cruz

April 8, 2005

He joined Aramco in 1978, retiring as a materials investment and control analyst in 1985.

Heinz G. Ditz

June 10, 2005

Survived by his brothers Kurt and Gerd Ditz. He joined Aramco in 1975, retiring as Cartography supervisor in 1985.

Helen M. Dlouhy

August 14, 2005

Survived by her husband, retiree John Dlouhy, and her children John and Anne Dlouhy and Elizabeth Kochinski. Correspondence may be sent to John at 303 17th Ave. SW, Olympia, WA 98501

Marylou Doody

May 24, 2005

Predeceased by her husband, retiree David Doody. Survived by her sons Joe, Bob and Tom. Correspondence may be sent to Tom at 7160 Las Ventanas Drive, Austin, TX 78731.

Violet D. Elliott

June 6, 2005

Predeceased by her husband, retiree Frederick W. Elliott. Survived by her daughter Deborah Elliott. Correspondence may be sent to Deborah at 4425 Brandywine St. NW, Washington, D.C., 20016.

Richard J. Ellison

February 7, 2005

Predeceased by his first wife Geraldine and survived by his second wife Claudia and his daughters Cindi Ellison and Leigh Ann DuBois. He joined Aramco in 1970, retiring as materials standardization advisor in 1990. Correspondence may be sent to Claudia at 4803 Lost Oak Drive, Spring, TX 77388.

In Memoriam

Edwin J. Eustice

March 17, 2005

Survived by his wife Turry and his son Robert. He joined Aramco in 1954, retiring from Accounting in 1961. Correspondence may be sent to Turry at 12005 Trailridge Drive, Potomac, MD 20854-2890.

William T. Fairbank

August 7, 2005

Survived by his children William G. Fairbank and Wendy E. Contri. He joined Aramco in 1952 and retired as superintendent of Central Area Maintenance in 1977. Correspondence may be sent to William at 1237 Pinebrook Way, Venice, FL 34285.

William Freeman

June 22, 2005

Survived by his wife Phyllis and his children Mitchell Freeman, Peggy Miller, Steven Self and Sandra Steele. He joined Aramco in 1979 and retired as supervisor of the Engineering and Maintenance Support Unit in Ras Tanura in 1990. Correspondence may be sent to Phyllis at 1600 Corleone Dr., Sparks, NV 89434.

Aubrey L. Griffith

June 8, 2005

Survived by his wife Patty Mack Griffith. He joined Aramco in 1981, retiring as a planning and programs analyst in 1993. Correspondence may be sent to Patty at 303 N. Broadway Street, Shelbyville, IL 62565-1603.

Alice G. Haraldson

September 2, 2005

Survived by her sister Azalia H. Chunn, her brother Thomas F. Haraldson, four nieces and three cousins. She joined Aramco in 1956 and retired in 1971 after teaching school and working as a librarian in Abqaiq and Dhahran. Correspondence may be sent to Azalia at 1109 Juniper, Grants Pass, OR 97526, or Thomas at 407 S. Fifth St., La Sueur, MN 56011.

David W. Harden

June 12, 2005

Survived by his wife Elisabeth and his son Dirk. He joined Aramco in 1988, retiring as a pilot in 1995. Correspondence may be sent to Elisabeth at 2100 Berkeley Circle, Port Royal, SC 29935.

William O. Harriman

March 4, 2005

Survived by his wife Lucille. He joined Aramco in 1950, retiring as supervising craftsman, Maintenance and Shops in 1969. Correspondence may be sent to Lucille at 725-B East 4th Avenue, Escondido, CA 92025-4452.

Charles D. Head

February 23, 2005

Survived by his wife Valerie and his children Suzanna Friedly and Alicia Head. He joined Aramco in 1979 and departed in 1989, and then rejoined in 1992, retiring as supervisor of Area Job Skills Training in 2003. Correspondence may be sent to Valerie at 3804 Cottonwood Drive, LaPorte, TX 77571.

Linda Heikkinen

May 1, 2005

Survived by her sisters Sharon Hall and Karen Zeider, her brother David Heikkinen and her father Chester R. Heikkinen. She joined Aramco in 1977, departing as a nurse in 1981. Correspondence may be sent to Sharon at 1923 Grant Avenue, Unit No. 3, Redondo Beach, CA 90278.

Virginia Hopman

June 5, 2005

Survived by her brothers James, Robert and Bill Hopman, and her sister Patricia Hopman. She joined Aramco in 1953, retiring as the supervisor of Executive Office Services in 1979. Correspondence may be sent to Bill at 4908 Colonial Drive, Monee, IL 60449.

Jack G. Hosmer

May 5, 2005

Survived by his sons William and Jack. He was employed by Aramco, AOC and the New York Office from 1937 to 1962, retiring as director of Industrial Relations in 1962. Correspondence may be sent to William at 1 Patriot Lane, Napa, CA 94558-4736.

Carl C. Jackson

March 5, 2005

Survived by his wife Diane and his children Lisa, Tina and Michael Jackson, and Jane Lehmann. He joined Aramco in 1956, retiring as area administrator for construction camps in

1982. Correspondence may be sent to Diane at 802 South Hermosillo Drive, Payson, AZ 85541.

Rupert Johnson

February 24, 2005

Survived by his wife Emanuelita and his daughters Marisa, Romana and Marina. He joined Aramco in 1948, retiring as purchasing and control specialist in 1984. Correspondence may be sent to Emanuelita at 46-450 Holiolio Street, Kaneohe, HI 96744.

Shirley D. Kearns

March 2, 2005

Survived by her brother Richard Kearns. She joined the New York Office in 1953 and transferred to ASC in 1974, retiring as assistant contracting representative in 1994. Correspondence may be sent to Richard at 147 Valley Ranch North, Prescott, AZ 86303.

Harold B. Knott

December 23, 2004

Survived by his wife Asha and his daughters Stephanie Knott and Heidi Gundling. He joined Aramco in 1950, retiring as assistant to the general auditor in 1975. Correspondence may be sent to Asha at 19191 Harvard Ave., #126-E, Irvine, CA 92612.

Marcia LaFrenz

March 21, 2005

Predeceased by her husband, retiree Melvin D. LaFrenz. Survived by her children Gray Kristofferson, Brooke LaFrenz, Antoinette West McCarthy and Paul LaFrenz. Correspondence may be sent to Paul at 5795 Bellevue Avenue, La Jolla, CA 92037.

Jake E. Lambert

July 18, 2005

Survived by his wife Linda. He joined Aramco in 1980 and retired as supervisor of the Safaniya Engineering Inspection Unit in 1990. Correspondence may be sent to Linda at P.O. Box 187, Ola, AR 72853.

Robert T. Lameier

May 31, 2005

Survived by his children Jean Maynard, Alan, Mark and Andrea Lameier, and Mary DiMaio. Correspondence may be sent to Alan at 7311 Jamaica Way #1, Maineville, OH 45039.

William L. Lathan

March 25, 2005

Survived by his son Ken. He joined Aramco in 1946, retiring as zone maintenance foreman in 1961. Correspondence may be sent to Ken at 878 Quarters Court, Port Orange, FL 32129.

Bernice Liljeberg

January 29, 2005

Predeceased by her husband, retiree Jack W. Liljeberg. Survived by her children Peter and Lisa Liljeberg and Ann Herrmannsdoerfer. Correspondence may be sent to Peter at 183 McKinley Road, Palatine Bridge, NY 13428.

Jesse Logrbrinck

March 25, 2005

Survived by his wife Jane. He joined Aramco in 1955, retiring as maintenance engineer II in 1970. Correspondence may be sent to Jane at 23465 Harborview Road # 724, Port Charlotte, FL 33980-2146.

Joy H. Marshall

June 8, 2005

Survived by her husband, retiree Wayne D. Marshall, and her children Andy Marshall and Evelyn Locke. Correspondence may be sent to Wayne at 17275 SE 104th Ave., Summerfield, FL 34491.

Donald S. Mastriforte

April 30, 2005

Survived by his wife Christina and children Gregg, Keith, Philip and Sarah Mastriforte, and stepchildren Dominic and James White and Dietrich Becker. He joined Aramco in 1981, retiring as an EDP application/system consultant in 1992. Correspondence may be sent to Christina at Flat 211, York Manor, 106 Lancaster Avenue, Craighall Park, 2196 Johannesburg, South Africa.

Barbara F. Mathis

May 24, 2005

Survived by her sister Shirley Cates. She joined Aramco as a nurse in 1990 and retired in 2005. Correspondence may be sent to Shirley at P.O. Box 365, Bradford, TN 38316.

Robert V. McCarthy

December 23, 2004

Survived by his wife Maria, his sons Ian and

Aidan McCarthy and his daughter Anita Nicosan. He joined Aramco 1977, retiring as an engineer in 1987.

Virginia McDonald

February 4, 2005

Predeceased by her husband, retiree Harry J. McDonald. Survived by her children Margaret, William and David McDonald, and Eileen Helms. Correspondence may be sent to Margaret at 5608 Knollwood Road, Bethesda, MD 20816.

Donald McLeod

March 12, 2005

Survived by his children David and Donald McLeod, and Marianne Adams. He joined Aramco in 1939, retiring as vice president of Finance in 1972. Correspondence may be sent to David at 1647 Highland Drive, Solana Beach, CA 92075.

Thomas J. Meehan

March 6, 2005

Survived by his wife Theresa and his children Thomas Meehan, Jr., Keith Meehan and Colleen Schlaefli. He worked for Aramco 1951-74, and for ASC from 1974-86, retiring from Controller's in 1987. Correspondence may be sent to Theresa at 11 Prism Cove Place, The Woodlands, TX 77381.

Opal C. Mills

November 1, 2004

Predeceased by her husband, retiree Westin H. Mills. She is survived by her son Michael Mills and her daughters Donna Gore and Karen Mills. Correspondence may be sent to Michael at 8952 Polaris Street, El Paso, TX 79904.

Dr. Ivor I. Morgan

June 16, 2005

Survived by his wife Marguerit "Betty" Morgan, his sons Mike and Mark and his daughter Mary Atkinson, and his stepdaughters Lee Barry and Laurine Drennan. He joined Aramco in 1952, retiring as senior physician in Obstetrics and Gynecology in 1967. Correspondence may be sent to Betty at 4141 83rd Ave. S.E., Mercer Island, WA 98040.

Harry Nagle

January 30, 2005

Survived by his wife Marilyn, his son Francis and his stepson Christopher Blackstone. He joined Aramco in 1971, retiring as assistant chief geologist in 1981. Correspondence may be sent to Marilyn at 8102 Richard King Trail, Austin, TX 78749.

Sunil Nayampalli

March 15, 2005

Survived by his wife Usha and his daughter Sheila. He joined Aramco in 1980, retiring as EDP systems analyst II in 2001. Correspondence may be sent to Usha at 5869 Copper Canyon Drive, The Colony, TX 75056.

Badie K. Nijim

May 28, 2005

Survived by his wife Liela and his children Samar, Samia and Sahar/Dawn. He joined Aramco in 1985, retiring as a translation specialist in 1996. Correspondence may be sent to Liela at 3018 Manchester Road, Madison, WI 53719.

Isam "Sam" Nimr

July 15, 2005

Survived by his wife Erna and his children Gary, Steven, Michael and Patricia. He joined Aramco in 1978 and retired as a senior projects engineer in 1985. Correspondence may be sent to Erna at 5631 Indigo, Houston, TX 77096.

Marian Passmore

December 30, 2004

Predeceased by her husband, retiree William E. Passmore.

Irene Peters

March 21, 2005

Predeceased by her husband, retiree Donald I. Peters. Survived by her children Donna King and Mark King. Correspondence may be sent to Donna at 375 S. Old Pacific Highway, Myrtle Creek, OR 97457.

George R. Plassmann

Aug. 25, 2005

Survived by his wife Joan and his children, James, John, Charles, Carolyn and Roger Plessman. He joined ASC in 1976, retiring as an air transportation specialist in 1984.

In Memoriam

Martin H. Platt

August 21, 2005

Survived by his children Michele Cribley and Martin H. Platt, Jr. He joined the company in 1947 and retired as a senior aircraft pilot in 1970. Correspondence may be sent to Michele at 1547 Rocky View Rd., Castle Rock, CO 80108.

Grace Poston

2004

Survived by her husband, retiree Bill M. Poston, and her children Deborah K. Richard and Linda and Stephen Poston. Correspondence may be sent to Bill at 15906 Stratton Park Drive, Spring, TX 77379.

Robert A. Prusinski

December 31, 2004

Survived by his son John Prusinski and his daughter Anna Gertz. He worked for Tapline 1947-64 and joined Aramco in 1964, retiring as manager of Plants and Pipelines in 1971. Correspondence may be sent to John at 25 Cedar Lane, Warwick, NY 10990.

Arthur E. Radar

August 28, 2005

Survived by his wife Evelyn and his children Roy Barrett and Pamela Phelan. He joined Aramco in 1962, retiring as senior power lineman in 1976. Correspondence may be sent to Evelyn at 78544 San Marino Court, La Quinta, CA 92253.

Alice Rodstrom

March 11, 2005

Predeceased by her husband, retiree Charles A. Rodstrom. Survived by her children Charles Robert Rodstrom and Betty Granger.

Ronald K. Rutherford

August 13, 2005

Survived by his wife Peggy and his children Marlene M. Cash, Anna Marie Oliver and Jill Marie Dewaele. He joined the company in 1976, retiring as technical advisor, Communications, in Ras Tanura in 1996. Correspondence may be sent to Peggy at 13624 Dunwoody Court #D, Hudson, FL 34667.

Jean Slaine

August 12, 2005

Predeceased by her husband, retiree John Slaine, and survived by her daughters Sandie Brechin and Kathy Slaine. Correspondence may be sent to Sandie at 2117 Balsam Way, Round Rock, TX 78664.

Edith Salisbury

May 27, 2005

Survived by her husband, retiree Robert A. Salisbury. Correspondence may be sent to Robert at 1313 S.W. 144th Place, Burien, WA 98166.

Renee Scott

May 11, 2005

Survived by her husband, retiree Robert Scott, and her children Robert, Brian, Natalie and Danielle. Correspondence may be sent to Robert at 105 Capilano Lane, Broussard, LA 70518.

Ralph W. Sherman

May 16, 2005

Survived by his sisters Mary Groves, Alice Godlove, Hazel Miller and Betty Ann Ours. He joined Aramco in 1959, retiring as Government Relations staff advisor I in 1986. Correspondence may be sent to Mary at P.O. Box 235, Petersburg, WV 26847.

Herbert Shulz

July 27, 2005

Survived by his wife Grace. He joined Aramco in 1963, retiring as senior harbor pilot in 1978. Correspondence may be sent to Grace at 20 Indian Ave., Unit #10, Portsmouth, RI 02871.

Alexander Munroe-Swift

June 19, 2005

Survived by his wife Kimberlee and his children Alexander and Andrew Swift, Jennifer Bowers and Katherine Kelly, and his stepsons David and Jonathan Shaw. He joined Aramco in 1978- and retired as cost engineer I in 1999. Correspondence may be sent to Kimberlee at 134 Lyme Road, Hanover, NH 03755.

Joseph Testarmata

December 29, 2004

Survived by his wife Beatrice and his children Joel and Jan Testarmata. He joined Aramco in 1954, retiring as a general manager in 1985. Correspondence may be sent to Beatrice at 19 Magazine St., Bedford, NH 03110.

John L. Tucker

May 15, 2005

Survived by his former wife Dottie and his children Beth Everett, Cissy Stanford and John Tucker. He joined Aramco in 1964, retiring as planning and programs engineer I in 1981. Correspondence may be sent to Beth at 25 Timber Lane, Randolph, NJ 07869.

Mary Turner

May 21, 2005

Survived by her husband, retiree Wiley B. Turner, and her daughter Brenda. Correspondence may be sent to Wiley at P.O. Box 6603, Incline Village, NV 89450.

James B. Weems

July 10, 2004

He joined Aramco in 1978 and retired as supervising area craftsman in 1996.

Lawrence R. Wilson

July 21, 2005

Survived by his children Nancy J. Short, James O. Wilson and David L. Wilson. He joined Aramco in 1948 and retired as a TV and audio engineer in 1968. Correspondence may be sent to Nancy at 220 Lane 101 Barton Lake #161, Fremont, IN 46737

Donald T. Wood

April 5, 2005

Survived by his wife Edna and his daughter Denise Bouchard. He joined Aramco in 1983, retiring as an engineering specialist in 1986. Correspondence may be sent to Edna at 4488 Chatterton Way # 268, Victoria, BC, Canada V8X 5H7. 🌸

Evelyn Smith Lauritsen and Richard Fulton, Ras Tanura graduates half a century ago, pose center with their wedding guests. (See Brats Reunion story page 14.)

Mrs. Evelyn Fulton

*Aramco Services Company
Houston, TX*

Attn: Mr. Clark

Bill Tracy thought you might be interested in Richard Fulton, RT'55, and Evelyn Smith Lauritsen, RT'55, Aramco Brats who met at the 2003 reunion in Tucson, Arizona, and were married June 12, 2004. Pictured are my cousin Lynn and Joan (Hubbard) Waas, RT'52, myself and Richard, Bill Fulton, RT'53, and Jack Smith, RT'52.





SANDS OF TIME → Youngsters Linda Logan, daughter of Sam and Mildred Logan, and now a veterinary attaché for the U.S. State Department in Cairo, Egypt, and Jeff Jones, son of John and Lola Jones, now the CEO of Ward Manufactured Homes in Olathe, Kans., watch a passing dhow at Half Moon Bay in June 1950. *Photo by Al Rowan*

Al-Ayyam Al-Jamilah

الأيام الجميلة

PLEASANT DAYS
FALL 2005

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