

PLEASANT DAYS FALL 2020

THE MAGAZINE FOR SAUDI ARAMCO RETIREES WORLDWIDE

Al~Ayyam Al~Jamilah

الأيام الجميلة





8 Memorable Artifacts Return to Saudi Arabia

This stone stamp seal is among the archeological and cultural treasures from Saudi Arabia that are “back home” or en route to the kingdom thanks to the efforts of former employees and their children. Retiree Mark Goldsmith, who taught technology at the Dhahran Hills School from 1997–2016, found the seal, dating back more than 2,500 years, at Thaj in the Eastern Province. Other donations came from Carol Mossman, who engineered the return of pottery pieces and metalwork, and Miles and Sharon Snyder, who returned pottery shards and also shared pieces of company history, including the *bisht* owned by Floyd Ohliger, resident manager in Dhahran in the 1930s, which the King Abdulaziz Center for World Culture in Dhahran has asked receive.

Al-Ayyam Al-Jamilah

“Pleasant Days,” is produced for annuitants, families and friends of Aramco, now Saudi Aramco, and its associated companies by Aramco Americas.
Website: <https://americas.aramco.com/en/creating-value/services/public-affairs/publications>

FALL 2020. ISSN-1319-1512

ADDRESS CORRESPONDENCE TO

The Editor, Al-Ayyam Al-Jamilah
Aramco Americas
Two Allen Center
1200 Smith St.
Houston, TX 77002
dick.doughty@aramcoamericas.com

12 Brats Combat Pandemic

Dr. Habib Jabagi [DH99] is a heart surgeon. He and a number of other Brats have been in the front lines fighting the Coronavirus—in medical facilities in Canada and the U.S. and in classrooms in America. Here are the profiles of five of these COVID-19 “first responders.”



PRESIDENT AND CEO Mohammed S. Alshammari

DIRECTOR, PUBLIC AFFAIRS Abdulrahman A. Bayounis

EDITOR Arthur Clark

DESIGN Graphic Engine Design Studio

18 An Eastern Arabian Image Trove

The green box from Washington held glowing gems: slides capturing the flavors of Aramco and the Eastern Province in the late 1950s and early '60s. Was librarian Mary Elizabeth Hartzell the mystery photographer? Margaret Hartzell thinks it's likely, and feels lucky she inherited her aunt's Rolleiflex camera.



26 'Turn Left at Damascus!'

If you are going to run out of road driving from Holland to Dhahran in the late '70s, don't do it at night in the Balkans. Jennifer and Don Simpson took such a trip and got to Dhahran just fine—and just in time. Ride along with the couple as they adventure on their 13-day, 4,250-mile trip—at 35 miles per hour.

30 Here Comes *The Sun*

"Let the Sun shine in" might be the motto of *The Arabian Sun*, which turned 75 on July 1. Here's a little of the paper's history, highlighting its evolution from the rudimentary *The Dust Rag*, to *The Oily Bird*, to today's high-tech color publication. Although its look and content have dramatically changed, one thing remains the same: It remains a satisfying challenge to produce—on time!



Cover: An Aramcon visits with Bedouin women at an encampment outside Dhahran in a photograph believed to have been taken by Mary Elizabeth Hartzell, Arabian Research Div. librarian from 1952 to 1964.

أرامكو السعودية
saudi aramco



MAIL CENTER

Rose Bowl Coincidence!

March 20, 2019

I happened to reread the Fall 2019 issue of *Al-Ayyam Al-Jamilah*, specifically "Mail Center" with my letter of May 8, 2019, and the "In Memoriam" story for Marte Marie Ledahl Powers. (What a fine lady!)

I'm the only person in the world who would notice a mindboggling coincidence such as... the happenstance of a young lady and a young man who met in Pasadena, Calif., and went to the Rose Bowl Game, on Jan. 1, 1950.

And I happened to be a member of the University of Michigan Marching Band which took the field in the pre-game and halftime events at the Rose Bowl game on Jan. 1, 1950.

Of course, Brock Powers [who attended with Marte] didn't meet me that day, but we did meet (in the mid-'70s) when I was on a business trip from Aramco Overseas Company in The Hague to Aramco in Dhahran...on a more-or-less "normal" business day.

That "business trip" was specifically in the routine of SCECO [Saudi Consolidated Electric Company] interface with Aramco and involved John Studebaker, George Pappas and Hank Barracano.

Hope my remembrances aren't too boring. ...

Bob Radford

rjradford2440@gmail.com

Company Coupons and License Plates

March 25, 2019

I was digging through some old files for information about Aramco 10 Points [coupon] history and found a reference to a story in the May 26, 1954 edition of the *Sun and Flare*.

My father and mother (and I) were there during that time. Too bad he turned all his Senior Camp coupons back in.

I am still trying to track down an Intermediate Camp coupon.

Based on this article, the 10 Points was in circulation until May 27, 1954. I guess I'll have to read as many older issues as I can to find out when they were first put into circulation.

I finally got myself an "Aramco" license plate. I believe they were first issued in 1948 and continued in use until 1955 when the government produced its own plates.

I joined the Automobile License Plate Collectors Association (ALPCA) last year and have won first place at two

regional meets (for my display of world and Saudi plates). I was planning to go to the World Convention in Barcelona in April, but that got canceled.

I am a lot more knowledgeable now and have fully cataloged my collection....

It would be nice if the car collection outside Ithra in Dhahran had the correct plates for the model years on display. But they will need a budget for that, as 1955 and 1962 plates run \$150. Plates from 1972 and 1981 can be found for \$75. ...

I do still need help finding a couple of photos from the archives. I am look-

David Jessich shows off his company coupon collection; he recently acquired a rare Aramco license plate.



ing for any photos of Aramco vehicles from 1948 to 1955 that show the license plate.

I really need one with a clear image of the ARAMCO issued plates.

David Jessich
jessich@hotmail.com

NOTE: The writer added that he believes "one point equaled one riyal, as all commissary items were prices in riyals and previously paid for using silver riyals." He noted that there were two series of coupons: Series Six for senior staff and Series Seven for Intermediate Camp, but said the Domestic Camp (houseboys and gardeners) might also have also had their own issue.

Retiree Muhammad Tahlawi

passed on the following information he received from a friend. The source (<http://www.numismondo.net/pm/sau/indexn1.htm>) said: "The coupons were issued from WWII until 1954. ... Originally only meant for Aramco facilities, they did find their way into the local vendors' domain".

Retiree Jim Mandaville wrote: "They were issued by Aramco mainly because there was no paper currency then in Saudi Arabia, and shopping meant carrying around a heavy canvas bag of silver riyal coins. Imagine buying a new car! Or even just a big commissary order. ... They may have been called 'points' by Americans because they looked rather like the ration coupons used during World War II. Those were always called 'ration points'."

'Blown Away' by Diary Story

April 28, 2020

NOTE: This correspondence comes from a Facebook posting by Jodie Castellani, Ph.D., (AB76) that received more than 160 replies.

Quite out of the blue, a story I worked up last year got published in *Al-Ayyam Al-Jamilah* ["Beginning to Look Like Home," Spring 2020]. This

is ... about my mom's [1967] diary when she made preparations to go to Arabia, 10,000 miles from her home, with just me in tow, and her first impressions after she got there. ...

I'm praying that somehow my mom and dad [Etta and Joe "Rog" Sutton] can see this from heaven as a tribute to them, but especially my mom's bravery in making that journey alone. I'm proud of her and forever grateful to ... Aramco for publishing this so we can preserve her memories.

Blown away ... so now I'll go cry.

Jodie Castellani
jpsych@msn.com

More Diary Memories

June 18, 2020

I read Jodie Castellani's story of her parents with relish, reading each word of the first paragraph out loud to myself. My dad also joined Aramco in Ras Tanura in 1966, as an electrical engineer, and retired from Gas Projects in Abqaiq in 1985, a year after Jodie's father retired from Abqaiq.

My father, Bill Allen, died in 2011 and my mother, Jane, died in January. One of her legacies to us was her

Writer Louise Kemprecos, left, is pictured with her brother, Mark, her baby sister, Clare, and her mother, Jane, in Ras Tanura in 1967.



amazing diary collection. Reading the story of Jodie and her parents through Etta's diary entries—bathroom flooding on the first day, calling Maintenance on the 'id, inviting people over to her house, the familiar names of Norma and Ray Branch—made me go to my own mother's diary from 1967 to look for connections to those long-ago, character-forming memories.

My grandmother was visiting from England that first winter, so my mother's diary entries were brief. They included:

- Jan. 4: Johnny and Mary Knutzen over for the afternoon
- Jan. 22: Great wind and cold weather started
- Jan. 23: To Leila Delgado's shower
- Jan. 29: Shopping in Rahima
- Feb. 4: First Arabic lesson
- Feb. 11: Got all dictation right in Arabic lesson!
- March 12: Tailor here, skirt SR45
- March 14: To Women's Exchange, received SR37
- March 21: To Jubail with rented car; stuck in sand
- March 24: Cleaned brass. All for walk along boardwalk; coffee in Club House.
- April 7: All for walk along beach

When I was in boarding school with Jodie, I wrote a poem in which I tried to capture the way that living in Saudi Arabia had helped to shape me. I wrote, "Arabia humming in my heart; Arabia singing in my soul."

I think it was the sun, the calm and the close-knit family life that shaped my spirit, and I'm thankful for it.

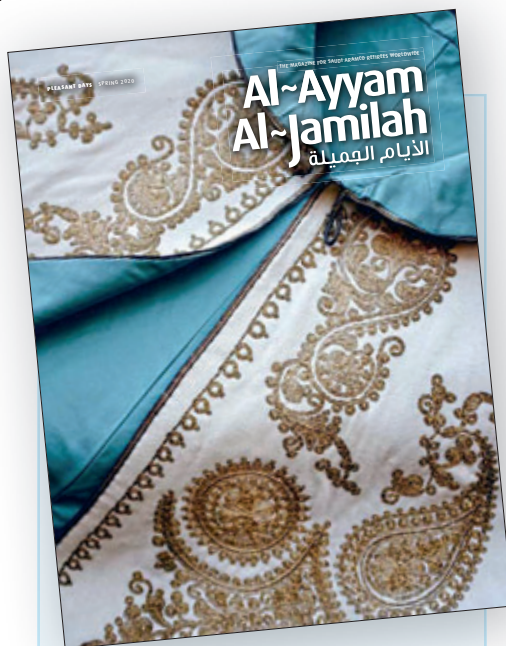
Louise Kemprecos
sunbeams@flatwaters.com

Cape Tale Appreciated

April 29, 2020

I have heard about the Barger cape for years, but didn't know it was such an exquisite piece of work or that Amelia Brown [granddaughter of Kathleen and Tom Barger] would lift it to even greater heights. To use it on the cover ["The Cape and the Couturier," Spring 2020] and show it so artistically—magical!

Lovely to see the connections



The fine embroidery of the Barger cape featured on the cover of the Spring 2020 *Al-Ayyam Al-Jamilah*.

between the three generations of the much-admired Barger family. Amelia resembles Kathleen quite strongly and I only wish Kathleen could have met her on this earth. Kathleen was only 54 when she died on Christmas Day in 1971.

I was totally in awe of her even though she was very down to earth and treated me like a peer. I wrote her retirement profile for *Aramco World* (a special issue in addition to the regular one) and had to interview [her husband] Tom for insights.

He said two things which I have never forgotten: "She never knows a stranger;" and "I think she's gorgeous!"—the love story never ended.

Loved seeing the photos of the Barger family, especially Annie as a little girl—still has that sweet face all these years later.

Jane Grutz did a marvelous job, and how wonderful is it that more than 30 years into retirement, you can still call on her to produce articles of interest to the Aramco crowd!

Mary Norton
slvrgrama@austin.rr.com

April 30, 2020

I was so touched to see the beautiful tribute to my mom and dad as well as Amelia. Thank you for all the time and effort this took.

Annie (Barger) Hebert
ahebert3@carolina.rr.com

Names Ring Bells

April 29, 2019

Eric and I have very much enjoyed reading the Spring 2020 issue of *Al-Ayyam Al-Jamilah* and seeing names of people we've known over the years. We especially enjoyed the article about Tom and Kathleen Barger.

Janice Madsen
madsen_janice@yahoo.co.uk

T-Shirts Going Global?

May 2, 2020

Debbie Urenovich-Vassallo and I both want to thank you for publishing the story about our chance meeting in Philadelphia. Penn., in September 2019 in the Spring 2020 "Mail Center" ("T-shirts Spark Friendships").

Sami Juraifani sports his Aramco T-Shirt, next to new-found Brat friend Debbie Urenovich-Vassallo.



Thank Debbie and you for your support in having this amazing Aramco encounter on a beautiful fall in Philadelphia published.

Maybe now after reading the article that some Aramcons will start wearing their Aramco T-shirts when walking around the world, and you will never know who will stop you and say, "Aramco?"

Sami Juraifani (RT72)
sjuraifani@hotmail.com

May 4, 2020

Sami Juraifani suggested I contact you] in my quest to get an Aramco T-Shirt like the one Sami is pictured wearing in the latest edition of *Al-Ayyam Al-Jamilah*.

I retired from Aramco in 2010 after 30 years of service, all of it in Dhahran. I read Sami's story about how he has connected with people when they see Aramco on his shirt. Thought to myself: What a great idea.

Brian Gilroy
gilroybrian@gmail.com

Saudi Retiree Seeks 'Serious Help'

May 20, 2019

I need some serious help. I'm still looking for my first American boss, Maxine Naylor Sparks. She left Saudi Arabia in 1952 and joined a law firm in Los Angeles. Their address was 844 Lorraine Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90005.

I called them about 20 years ago and they refused to give me her address. We stayed in touch until 1977. She left them around 1979.

Since then I have been trying to find her. She must be in her 90s now. I would love to know or hear her whereabouts. Could you help?

Ali Baluchi
alimbaluchi@gmail.com

NOTE: Marsha Maxine Naylor was a secretary in Training when Baluchi, from al-Khobar, joined Aramco as an office boy in 1948. Baluchi, the retired head of Community Services, called Naylor "my first boss" in the Spring 2009 "Mail Center." He described her as "someone whom I respected



Ali Baluchi, who has friends around the globe, bids adieu to Dawn Higgins, from Sydney, Australia, at the third Expatriates Reunion in 2015.

and accepted," even though working for a woman was "shocking" to his friends. She brought him his first pair of trousers when she returned from a vacation in Spain, but his father—a Customs House inspector—wouldn't allow him to wear them until the government mandated that Coast Guard members and Customs House inspectors wear shirts and pants. Naylor must also have been a beauty, for she was among a trio of women crowned queens at the 1951 Waajid Bowl—the end-of-season American football match held in Dhahran on Jan. 1. Her fellow regents were Gen Stelter and Dolores Cooney.

Blaze Story Unites Former Brats

May 8, 2019

Brat and retiree Jim Davidson just contacted me via Facebook Messenger as he had seen my article in the spring issue of *Al-Ayyam Al-Jamilah* ("Brat

Recounts California Blaze Escape") and lives in my community of Windsor, Calif. He thought that he was the only one.

We agreed to get together when life normalizes and talk shop. Before COVID-19 came upon the scene, I had been communicating via Facebook with about a half dozen Brats in the North Bay area and we had been planning to get together in Santa Rosa for a popular walk around one of the parks and perhaps lunch. That is on the back burner for now, but someday....

Mike Keller (AB69)
jmichaelkel@comcast.net

NOTE: Davidson is the son of Peter and Joey Davidson. He was born in Dhahran the summer after his mother joined his dad in the kingdom in 1952. Keller was born in Dhahran in 1954. Davidson later worked for Aramco himself, from 1977-'88 and 1991-2012. In a message to Keller, he admitted to having "a hard time getting the sand out my shoes" to retire to Windsor. "Good to type, someday we will talk. You remember the Ruweidal family? Petey Cannon? Ahhhh, al-ayyam jami-lah," he concluded.

Reunion Tennis Coordinator Excels On and Off Court

Longtime Annuitants Reunion tennis coordinator Diane Jackson had a new series of matches lined up to manage (and play) at the planned 2020 biannual get-together—until the party set for Sept. 26-30 in Colorado Springs, Colo., was canceled because of the Coronavirus pandemic. But it's likely she'll sign up for the 2022 reunion, wherever it's held, she says.

"Too bad for this year's reunion," she says, "but for the best, considering the age of most of the attendees."

Jackson hasn't let the grass grow under her tennis shoes since moving to Colorado Springs in 2018, however.

"I have played a great deal of tennis since moving to Colorado, and for one of the U.S. Tennis Assn. teams that I competed on, four of the members belong to the Country Club of Colorado, Cheyenne Mountain Resort [the planned 2000 reunion venue], so I practiced a lot at that club which is four miles from my house.

"It was a 65-plus ladies team of six and we won districts in Denver and then went to Utah to play sectionals and won there also, which made us eligible for the National Championships for the

65-plus at the National Tennis Center in Lake Nona/Orlando, Fla., which we played in February."

Luckily, they managed to play before the pandemic struck.

"We ended up in the middle of 15 sectional teams, which we were very happy with," Jackson says, adding that a team from Hawaii and a team Puerto Rico participated, "so it was a well-attended event."

Jackson built on the record she achieved in the kingdom.

"All my 13 years I lived in both Dhahran and Ras Tanura [1969-'82], I was fortunate to win almost every tennis tournament I entered: singles, ladies doubles and mixed doubles," she says. "I have great memories of my playing days in Saudi Arabia."

"I am now 73 and am still competing in singles and won my club championship in 2019 playing against several ladies half my age! I am still as competitive as I ever was and I don't like to lose!"

Tennis wasn't the only thing that drew Jackson to Colorado

Springs. One of her daughters, Lisa, lives there, "and I now have a grandson who is seven months old and naturally, super cute!"

Now if she can only figure out a way to play with a youngster under her arm!



Tennis-team champ Diane Jackson has stayed busy on the courts and with her grandson, Rory Lucas, since moving to Colorado Springs, Colo., in 2018.



The McGinleys' prizewinning West Sandy Creek Winery boasts not only handsome vineyards, but also well-appointed log cabins where guests can soak up the place's ambiance.

Retirees' 'Dream Come True' Wins Business Award

The West Sandy Creek Winery (WSCW), home to the vineyard that retired Saudi Aramco General Council Stan McGinley and his wife, Peggy, had long dreamed of establishing, won top honors in May in the "Food & Drink" category in the annual "Best of Huntsville/Walker County Readers' Choice" awards sponsored by *The Item* newspaper of Huntsville, Texas.

The contest covered a variety of types of businesses in the county just north of Houston and *The Item* called the winners "the best of the best." The WSCW had previously won other awards in Texas and New York.

Located on the McGinleys 360-acre ranch, the WSCW is adjacent to the Sam Houston

National Forest near Huntsville. The WSCW is managed by the McGinleys son, Sandy.

The McGinleys planted their first grapes—Blanc du Bois and Lenoir—in 2009 and today's vineyard covers 15 acres.

The property also includes a tasting room, several log cabins for rent and a menagerie including horses, cows, goats, dogs a zebra, donkeys and two zebronkeys.

"WSCW extends a sincere 'thank you' to everyone in Huntsville and Walker County who voted us the #1 Winery," the McGinleys said on the WSCW website (<https://www.wscwinery.com/#top>). "We're proud to be part of this community."

Hibrawi Extends 'Services' Career in California

Khalouk "Cal" Hibrawi, who retired from Government Affairs Services in 2000 following a 21-year career with the company, has been recognized as a "civic leader" by the Irvine, Calif., City Council. He won the honor March 13 and took a place on the city's "Wall of Recognition" on August 11.

His daughter, Kinda, attended the ceremony. The "Wall of Recognition" honors around 400 individuals.

"I have been enjoying my retirement by being an active member of my community in Irvine," Hibrawi said. "I volunteered at several areas and many events."

City Councilwoman Farrah Khan, who nominated Hibrawi for the honor, called him "an active member of the community and the city." An engineer by profession, the 80-year-old native of Aleppo, Syria, "has served on the leadership committee at the Irvine Senior Center, the Senior Fitness

Center and the Irvine Multicultural Assn. for over 12 years," she said.

In addition, he served on Irvine's Community Services Commission from 2010-'13 current.

He is a currently member of the Irvine Senior Council and a committee member at the Senior Center.

Khan called Hibrawi "a committed and compassionate leader [and] an asset to every committee and commission he has served."

Hibrawi said his favorite activity "by far" is volunteering in the fitness center, where he works out daily.

"In addition to getting the exercise every person needs at any age, you meet all the fun seniors," he says. "It is very enjoyable; grouchy people do not come to the gym."

Hibrawi was living in Southern California when he joined Aramco in 1979 and returned to the state when he retired.

Despite his broad civic experience in



Khalouk "Cal" Hibrawi, poses with his "civic leader" award in front of the Irvine, Calif., Wall of Recognition, next to City Councilwoman Farrah Khan, who nominated him for the honor.

Irvine, Hibrawi said he has no plans to run for political office. "I served on several election plans and I know I could never survive one myself!" he said.

Brats Plan 2021 Desert Reunion

By Caroline Homolka-Masters

The sun had barely set on the 2019 Brats Reunion and the Aramco Brats, Inc. (ABI) Board of Directors was already planning for the 18th mass gathering, slated for Memorial Day weekend, May 27-31, 2021. Throughout the reunion, board members held discussions with Brats of all ages to hear ideas for future reunion locations.

Attendees overwhelmingly asked for hot and sunny weather, a centralized

The verdant Loews Ventana Canyon Resort in Tucson, Ariz., will host the 18th biennial Brats Reunion Reunion, planned for May 27-31, 2021.

gathering space with a great pool and less walking than in 2019. The board listened and found the perfect spot: Loews Ventana Canyon Resort in Tucson, Ariz.

Tucson residents Tavi Sandin (DH61) and Jeff Civile (RT85) graciously volunteered to serve as reunion cochair. Joining them on the Reunion Committee are Bridget Halpin (DH84), Liz Germani (RT84), Caroline Homolka-Masters (RT84), Sandra Kerr-Louchard (DH84) and Marie Littlejohn-Dunn (DH77).

This resort, nestled in the scenic Santa Catalina foothills, has features including: two heated pools; award-winning PGA golf

courses that blend into the natural features of the Santa Catalina Mountains; four lighted tennis courts with mountain views; Lakeside Spa, an *Architectural Digest* choice as one of the eight "Most Beautiful Desert Spa Destinations in America" in 2018; and the Flying Bar & Grill, featuring Executive Chef Ken Harvey, Food Network's "Chef Chopped" Winner in 2019.

The resort and its surroundings offer experiences both familiar and unique for reunion attendees. Brats will welcome the traditional bowling and golf tournaments.

In addition, a resort shuttle bus will carry Brats to see the beauty of the Sonoran Desert and take guided or self-guided hikes. Jeep tours, Kartchner Caverns tours and horseback riding are all also available.

As summer turned into fall, the ABI remained optimistic that the travel situation with regard to COVID-19 would improve.

At press time, ABI and the resort remained cautiously optimistic that the reunion will take place and are working together to maintain flexibility. We don't know exactly what will happen, but we'll continue to move forward. *Inshallah!*

Go to <https://www.aramco-brats.com/ReunionHotel/> and book your room to join the 550-plus Brats expected to attend!





Memorable ARTIFACTS

RETURN TO

SAUDI
ARABIA

BY ARTHUR CLARK



Recent shipments of archeological finds from the kingdom, including what may be unique bead-drilling equipment, are back in Saudi Arabia or en route to the Saudi Commission for Tourism and National Heritage [SCTNH] in Riyadh, thanks to the efforts of one retiree and the children of two more. And key cultural artifacts for the company, the *bisht* given to Floyd Ohliger by King Abdulaziz Al Sa'ud, has been offered to the King Abdulaziz Center for World Culture in Dhahran. Ohliger was resident manager in Dhahran when the company struck oil at nearby Dammam No. 7 in 1938.

A Neo-Babylonian stamp seal (above) and (left) what's likely a bead-drilling device—with a bead still inside—were among the most fascinating archeological artifacts returned to the kingdom by retiree Mark Goldsmith.

The donations highlight the value former Aramcons place on the heritage of Saudi Arabia and Saudi Aramco.

The SCTNH has expressed its appreciation to the Saudis and expatriates—mainly Americans—who have returned more than 50,000 artifacts. They include more than 40 individuals who have returned antiquities through Saudi Aramco's Antiquities Homecoming Project, launched in 2012.

The SCTNH is studying the artifacts and some are on display the National Museum in Riyadh.

The latest donations to the SCTNH include pottery, coins, stamp seals, jewelry and what's likely a piece of bead-drilling gear discovered at by Mark Goldsmith at Thaj, north of Dhahran.

He taught technology at the Dhahran Hills School from 1997 to 2016 and loved to explore the desert. He found all the artifacts in the Eastern Province and recorded of the provenance of each.

Goldsmith said the bead, housed in a metal casing, was especially intriguing.

"It was a finished product, but was never removed from the lead holder," he said. "To find an artifact that gives *prima facie* evidence of the manufacturing process is a rarity. I think archeologists will enjoy studying and explaining its meaning."

Goldsmith learned about the artifact-repatriation program by reading "Returning Treasures to the Kingdom" in the March-April



Miles and Sharon Snyder plan to donate this *bisht*, owned by Floyd Ohliger, resident manager in Dhahran when Well #7 made the maiden commercial oil strike in the kingdom in 1938, to the King Abdulaziz Center for World Culture in Dhahran.

2016 issue of *AramcoWorld*.

"I wanted to return the finds because they are part of the culture and heritage of the country and

should be appreciated by the people who live there," he said. "They needed to go back, not sit in a box."

Daniel Potts, a professor of Near Eastern archeology at New York University, identified a stone stamp seal that Goldsmith found at al-Sabah, east of Hofuf, as Neo-Babylonian (dating from approximately 635 to 540 BCE).

That seal, one of several that Goldsmith returned, shows three smartly coiffed and bearded men engaged in conversation.

"It was a great find," Goldsmith said. "I thought it was an oversized bead, and when I flipped it over [and saw the figures] my heart just about stopped!"

"I am totally flattered that D.T. Potts has actually dated an artifact that I found," Goldsmith said. "That's just awesome!"

"Maybe one day I'll get to see a few of these artifacts on display, but even if not, it's very rewarding to know that they are once again in their native land."

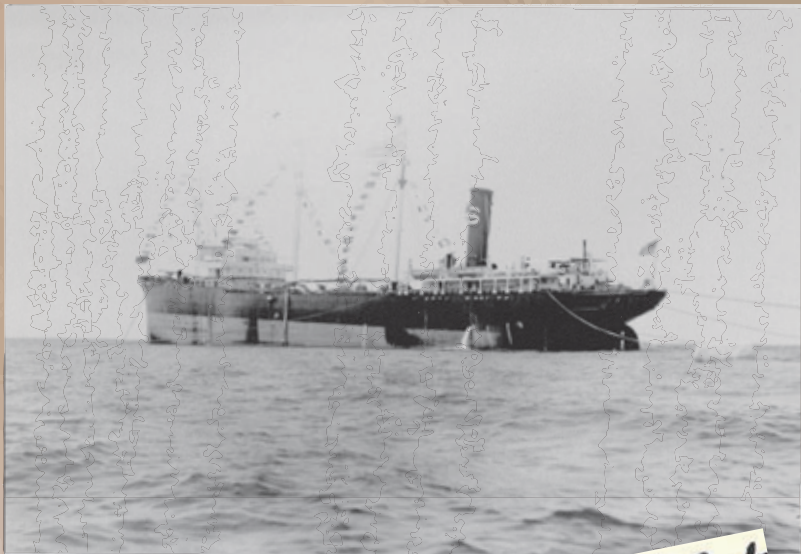
Carol Mossman, of Washington, D.C., engineered the return of a number of pottery shards (some carefully pieced back into the original bowl or jar they formed), metalwork, sculpted clay objects and a tiny gold object that looks like modern-day charm.



The daughter of the late Paul and Ann Mossman, she contacted the company to see how she and her siblings, George, Donald and Vicky, could repatriate the antiquities.

"My father was doctor in the Medical Dept. in Dhahran for five years and in Ras Tanura for one year from 1963 to 1969," she wrote. "As did many Aramcons, we regularly went 'shufing for shards' and have pottery (most not whole) and various small pieces. I believe many were retrieved in the Jubail area.

"At long last these have been delivered to their rightful owners," through the Saudi Embassy in Washington, D.C., she said.



The Snyders shared the photos at left, from Miles's father, Les. At **top** is the *D.G. Scofield* loading the first tanker shipment of crude oil from the kingdom on May 1, 1939, with **(below)** a message to Miles on the back. At **bottom** is a photo of Dhahran around that time.

Dhahran, Saudi Arabia
July 30, 1939

Dear Miles:

This is another picture of the big boat into which lots and lots of oil was loaded during the time the King was here at Dhahran. There ~~was~~ lots of flags on the boat in order to celebrate the occasion. When you sail from San Francisco in the big boat to come to Arabia to live with Daddy there will probably be lots of flags on the boat too. You'll have to write & tell Daddy all about it. Lots of love from Daddy



Miles and Sharon Snyder, who live in Sacramento, Calif., returned several pottery shards that his mother, Dorothy, found near Dhahran in the 1940s. She and her husband, Les, were friends of Chief Geologist Max Steineke, and the Miles Snyder thinks Steineke directed his mom to the site where she found the pottery.

It was the couple's second donation of shards found by Dorothy Snyder.

The Snyders also shared photographs taken by Les Snyder in the late 1930s and early '40s, before his family arrived. In addition, they offered to donate a tan bisht, or cloak, owned by Floyd Ohliger.

Les Snyder traveled to Dhahran in 1938, the year the company struck oil in commercial quantities near Dhahran, and was at Ras Tanura when the first load of Saudi crude oil flowed into a tanker at Ras Tanura in 1939. His family joined him from California in 1940, then left the kingdom during World War II, returning in 1945-47.

He later became an Aramco vice president, a board member and president of Aramco Overseas Company. He retired in 1960.

On the back of a photo of the *D.G. Scofield*, the first tanker to receive Saudi crude oil, at Ras Tanura on May 1, 1939, Snyder wrote a message to his son in California, noting:

"This is another picture of the big boat into which lots and lots of oil was loaded during the time the King was here at Dhahran. There were lots of flags on the boat ... to celebrate the occasion. When you sail from San Francisco in the big boat to come to Arabia to live with Daddy there will probably be lots of flags on that boat too.

Another photo shows a tiny figure atop a sand dune. On the back is a message dated June 29, 1939, to his daughter, Dorothy. He identifies the lady in the photo as "Mrs. [Edna] Stirton," the wife of James Stirton. A key employee in developing tanker facilities at Ras Tanura, he was among the six-man company delegation onboard the *D.G. Scofield* when King Abdulaziz Al Sa'ud arrived to oversee its loading.

Miles Snyder remembers his days in Saudi Arabia as a magical time, noting that he and his sister were "the fifth and sixth American children" to enter the kingdom.

"We are happy to share those memories and to return what my mother discovered and treasured from her time in Saudi Arabia," he said.

BRATS *COMBAT*

PANDEMIC

WRITTEN BY
JANE WALDRON GRUTZ

Most Aramcons are doing what they can to fight the Coronavirus—washing hands, wearing masks, avoiding crowds. Some, however, are on the front lines, helping COVID-19 victims battle the disease, or mastering the digital platforms that are now central to remote learning. Among them are a number of Brats, including nurse practitioner Jan Taylor, Dr. Habib Jabagi and educators Lisa Plank, Fred Huetter and Maria Marchi.



Nurse-practitioner Jan Taylor was on the front lines at the outset of the COVID-19 fight, helping patients recover in a post-acute hospital in Luling, Texas, south of Austin.

COVID Recovery

Jan Taylor, a nurse practitioner at Luling (Texas) Post-Acute Specialty Hospital in Luling, Texas, south of Austin, works an unusual schedule. Rather than putting in an eight-hour day, she's on duty for 120 hours over 10 days, and since the coronavirus pandemic surged in the state this summer she has been busy almost every minute.

"It's called a recovery hospital," said the DH80 graduate, the daughter of Becky Taylor and her late husband, Jim Taylor, and it is designed to help patients recuperate from major surgery, serious trauma and, most recently, COVID-19.

When the pandemic began to take hold early this spring, the hospital had only four COVID-19 patients, ages 72 to 93. Then came July and the Coronavirus surge, which hit Texas hard.

Houston began to report more than 10,000 cases a day, and Hidalgo County in the far south, with a much smaller population, was so overwhelmed that health officials there began to send patients all over the state for treatment. Several arrived at Taylor's hospital.

"One day I checked in 10 patients, which is a lot for a small hospital like this," she said. "Many came from south Texas—Corpus Christi, and small towns I never heard of before."

Most of the new patients were in their 40s and 50s, but some were in their 30s and younger.

"Many came with the medical consequences of being on a ventilator for so long," said Taylor, "with heart and lung damage, kidney injury and sometimes failure, confusion/delirium,

unable to swallow and eat food. Some were not able to walk or care for themselves, even though they had been completely independent before they were infected."

Most devastating of all, "not all of them were able to make it through the ordeal of a COVID infection."

"COVID affects all your organs," said Taylor, and the standard treatment often causes other problems. "Long periods of intubation [when a ventilator tube is inserted through the windpipe to the lungs] ravage the body," often damaging the lungs and sometimes the heart.

The patients arriving at the hospital were far from fully recovered and still testing COVID-positive. Indeed, one of Taylor's patients suffered a series of mini-heart attacks, and all patients are at high risk for blood clots.

"They may feel fine, but there's still a lot going on inside, and they need to heal," said Taylor, adding that the hardest part of her job is convincing patients, who are often still infectious, that they are not ready to go home.

Taylor didn't set out to be a nurse. She went to the University of Houston to earn a degree in hospitality management.

But the long restaurant hours soon paled her enthusiasm for a career in that field, and she enrolled in the University of Texas in Houston to earn a master's degree as a nurse practitioner. She is now licensed to treat both geriatric and adult patients.

Taylor seems to have an affinity with older people. Her dad passed away October 2019 and her mom now lives with her in Austin. She is doing well, but Taylor cannot help but think of the many other older people so badly threatened by COVID-19.

"I hope the pandemic ends soon," she said. "It's awful."



The Doctor and the ECMO

When he began medical school in 2009, Dr. Habib Jabagi had no idea that he would one day be working with COVID-19 patients. Ever since he could remember, he had dreamed of becoming a heart surgeon, and he was well on his way to achieving that goal when the pandemic struck.

Jabagi was concluding his sixth and final year of residency at the University of Ottawa Heart Institute when the coronavirus hit Canada.

“Canada never had as many patients as the U.S.,” he said. Even at its peak, there were only about 40 or 50 at the Ottawa Civic Hospital where he worked. And of these, Jabagi came into contact with only three.

One was a 91-year-old man who died soon after his arrival. The others were women, one in her late 40s and the one in her 50s. Both had been on ventilators for some time when they arrived in the heart unit, and neither was doing well.

“Ventilators help compensate for the breathing difficulties faced by COVID-19 patients,” Jabagi explained, “but, unfortunately, COVID-19 impairs the ability of the lungs to actually absorb or use the oxygen by damaging the alveoli and capillaries ... that are responsible for oxygen exchange. This means that even if the ventilators can deliver the oxygen, lungs damaged by COVID-19 cannot use it effectively.”

To give the women enough time for their lungs to rest and heal, each was placed on an extracorporeal membrane oxygenation (ECMO) machine. The ECMO machine takes over the functions of the lungs and, depending on a patient’s need, those of the heart, to allowing the affected organs to heal naturally.

At first one of the women seemed to be improving. “She would rally, and then she would fall back, then rally, then fall

back,” said Jabagi. Although the hospital team did all it could to save the women’s lives, neither survived.

Overall, however, the Ottawa public-health system saw good results during the period Jabagi was there. There were “roughly 2,800 cases of COVID, with 2,514 resolved cases,” said the doctor. In early September there were only around 200 active cases.

When Jabagi was 6 years old, he moved from Canada to Dhahran with his parents, Ibrahim Mohamed and Jinan Jabagi. Soon after, that he was diagnosed with a heart murmur.

He was frightened until a kind doctor assured him that, in his case, the murmur would not harm him; it just made him “super-special.” The doctor’s reassurance convinced the DH99 graduate that he, too, should become a heart surgeon.

He graduated from McGill University in Montreal and medical school in Australia and began his six-year residency at the prestigious Heart Institute at the University of Ottawa in 2014. In July 2020 he began a fellowship at the Cardiovascular Center at the University of Michigan in Ann Arbor. There, he will spend the next year concentrating on advanced aortic surgery.





Remote Learning Goes High Tech

A few months ago, Lisa Plank had never heard of Pear Deck and Parlay. Now they are part of her teaching routine.

“Pear Deck is an interactive program that allows students to participate as you go through a content-based lecture,” said Plank. “Parlay is a way to host live discussions and debates.”

For Plank, who teaches 11th- and 12th-grade social studies at Fossil Ridge High School in Fort Collins, Col., such new digital platforms are proving a big improvement over the tools she had when COVID-19 arrived in Colorado and schools began to launch remote learning to help prevent the illness from spreading.

Another big improvement has been the return of a comprehensive grading system to ensure everyone is onboard in the new teaching environment.

“There were reasons the students were not held accountable last spring,” she said, “a lack of Internet access, parents out of work, students caring for younger siblings, someone sick at home, even a death in the family.”

“Or,” she added ruefully, “they might have been seniors.”

Even in the best of times, seniors can be lax when it comes to schoolwork, especially as the academic year nears its end. This is the time of the prom and all the hoopla that goes along with graduation.

But last spring there was no prom, no graduation ceremony and little else in the way of festivities.

Plank can sympathize. Born in Dhahran, she had reached the ninth grade at the Dhahran School in December 1995 when her parents, Bill and Suzy Plank, decided to retire early. Rather

Lisa Plank deployed new software tools to interact with students and host live debates when the pandemic interrupted in-school classes at Fossil Ridge High School in Fort Collins, Col.

than graduating six months later with her classmates, she found herself completing ninth grade in rainy Oregon, where she knew no one.

Sympathy, however, is one thing and education is another. And the educational process in Fort Collins lacked a certain something: the classroom environment.

Before the pandemic, Plank taught two classes in 12th-grade government and politics and three in 11th-grade U.S. history. Most ran 90 minutes, beginning with a 15- or 20-minute lecture and moving into small-group activities, perhaps a mock trial. The class would usually end with a group discussion, with all the questions, answers and group comradery that make in-person teaching so special.

This term Plank still teaches most of her classes in 90-minute periods, but she delivers them online using tools like Pear Deck and Parlay, with half of each period to her lecture and half to students working independently.

In addition, the school year has been divided into eight-week quarters rather than semesters, which has resulted in less time for Plank to cover what she’s done in the past.

“I now teach a semester course—AP Government—in an eight-week quarter instead of a 16-week semester, and a year-long U.S. History class in a semester,” Plank said. As a result, she had to “slash a lot of what I typically cover.”

Still, little by little, things were getting back to normal at the school where Plank has worked for the last five years when classes started in the fall. That started with the return of the teachers, most of whom were teaching remotely from their classrooms, awaiting the time when the students could be back.

“I know the students miss their friends and their teachers, and we miss them,” said Plank as the term began.

Anyone Can Learn Math

Fred Huetter did not come to teaching in the usual way. Rather than earning a degree in education, he majored in business, only to discover that the life of a retail business analyst was not for him.

“It just wasn’t satisfying,” said Huetter who spent his early years in Dhahran with his dad, Duane, and his mom, Mary. His father died in 2016.

With the encouragement of his wife, Candace, a teacher herself, Huetter ultimately took an exam that allowed him to teach in Tulsa, Okla., schools. That was five years ago, and now he can’t imagine doing anything else.

Nor can he imagine a world without math. “You can’t do anything without math,” said Huetter, who believes that anyone can master math, including each and every one of his seventh-grade students. All they need is a little help.

That was easy enough for Huetter to provide in the classroom, where he could work with individual students. But when the pandemic arrived and students went home, that immediacy disappeared and Huetter turned to the virtual world.

He offered some lectures and group projects online and asked each student to complete two math activities a day, choosing from eight or nine possibilities.

“It might be a math puzzle or an equation, or they could do an online math game,” he said, “but it couldn’t be all fun. Two of the activities had to be traditional.”

When students finished their assignments, they took a photo of their work and sent it back to their teacher.

But there was a problem: Huetter could tell if the answers were correct, but he couldn’t tell how each student solved the problems. This is important because a teacher needs to understand how a student arrives at the solution.

“If a student makes mistakes because he’s going too fast, that’s one thing,” said Huetter. “If he doesn’t understand the process, that’s another.”

Huetter deployed a new technology called Edgenuity to help bridge that gap by allowing student and teacher to work on the same equation at the same time. Edgenuity turns computer screens into virtual chalkboards.

“The student can write on it, and I can write on it too,” said Huetter, adding that no child will be left behind because his school district has supplied new touch-screen computers to each student.



Fred Huetter, a math teacher in the Tulsa, Okla., school system, embraced virtual-teaching modes when his classroom emptied in the spring. He’s teaching online again this term.

Other digital platforms solve other problems. One called Flipgrid allows students and their teacher to communicate virtually—shifting from one-on-one conversations to group meetings.

When the schoolyear began, Huetter asked his students to talk a little bit about themselves so he “could get to know everyone a little better and the class could get to know them too,” he said.

Grading was put aside when the pandemic began, but that’s changed now. A new digital program called Canvas files each student’s assignments in one place, making grading easier.

To help test the new platforms, Huetter is teaching online again this term.

“At the end of the spring term, parents and teachers were told they could choose to continue virtually or switch to going to school in person,” he reported. Most students chose in-person learning, but Huetter believes virtual learning will have its day.

“After all that’s happened,” he said, “teaching will never be quite the same again.”

Reading, Writing and 'Rithmetic

If Maria Marchi has anything to do about it, her pupils will become great readers.

Marchi teaches first grade at a San Francisco Bay Area elementary school. That's the time youngsters learn to read and write, master basic math and in Marchi's class have lots of fun besides.

Fun was set aside when COVID-19 arrived in the spring and [when] schools asked their teachers to master distance learning.

For Marchi, the answer came in three forms: learning packets, Zoom and video.

"Altogether I think I made 240 packets," she said, one for each week for each of her 19 pupils and one for herself. Each packet included materials for reading, writing, phonics, spelling, math and science or social studies, plus a day-by-day schedule so the children's families would know what activities to expect and when to expect them.

Every day included Zoom video-communications sessions when Marchi met with her students, either one on-one or the whole class at once.

The one-on-one sessions were low key and went well, but she soon sensed problems with the class sessions: Pupils couldn't chat with one another as the session went along.

"They just had to sit and listen to someone else talk. And for chatty six-year-olds, that was stressful," she said.

The third component of her teaching plan consisted of videos that Marchi made.

When the formal school day ended at 3 p.m., she turned to her Mac computer and Ladybug document camera to film herself instructing the children about the work they should do the following day and how best to do it.

With the video to guide them, the pupils dove into their assignments, tackling place value and double-digit addition and subtraction in math, and used their own special passports (made by their teacher) to travel the world via PowerPoint. They also listened to stories and composed "the most charming poems," Marchi said.

Every day Marchi sent each child a video showing her reading a story. And pupils regularly videoed themselves reading another story, which they sent back to Marchi.

"I was so lucky," said Marchi. "The children were amazing, and so were the parents."

Marchi never wanted to be anything but a teacher. Her dad, Jack Marchi, was director of Curriculum and Special Educa-

Maria Marchi left no stone unturned when it came to preparing her students from a San Francisco Bay Area elementary school to enjoy distance learning—especially reading—by combining learning packets with Zoom and video.



tion at the Dhahran Schools in the 1970s when she was little, and her mom, Mary, spent her entire career in elementary education.

Distance-learning had its challenging moments, but special events, including Star Wars Day on May 4, make it all worthwhile.

To celebrate the occasion, Marchi donned a Princess Leia Halloween costume and read the class a "Star Wars" book on Zoom. The children wore "Star Wars" costumes, too, or held a "Star Wars" book or toy.

"There they all were," Marchi remembered, "looking adorable."

Marchi might wear her Princess Leia costume again next year when Star Wars Day rolls around. There should be a big difference, though.

By then, she hopes, she'll be back in her own classroom, once again surrounded by first graders eager as ever to hear their teacher read them a really good story.

Was mild-mannered librarian Mary Elizabeth Hartzell an unsung Aramco historian whose photos captured aspects of the Western and Saudi communities in the company's areas of operations in the 1950s and early '60s? It seems so.



Mary Elizabeth Hartzell piloted the company's Arabian Research Library to excellence in the early 1950s and mid-'60s. It's also likely that she preserved memories of her community in striking color slides like the one at **right**, showing Aramcons strolling among Hofuf residents at the city's Thursday market.

An Eastern Arabian Image Trove

By ARTHUR CLARK

The evidence is in a green box that her niece, Margaret Hartzell of Okanagan, Wash., donated to the King Abdulaziz Center for World Culture in Dhahran. The box, which belonged to Mary Elizabeth Hartzell contained around 60 slides—most in glass holders—that show a variety of company-community and local activities in the region.

“Enclosed please find 59 negatives in various holders. These photos were in the possession of my aunt,” Margaret Hartzell wrote in a letter that accompanied the green box.

The fact that Mary Elizabeth, as she was known, doesn't appear in any of the slides makes her niece think she was the photographer. Margaret Hartzell said she felt “lucky to have inherited” her aunt's Rolleiflex camera.

The slides are now in the Knowledge and Research section of the King Abdulaziz Center for World Culture.

“We were thrilled to get them,” said Debbie Edwards, the section's now-retired content archivist.

Mary Elizabeth was the librarian at the Arabian Research Division (ARD) Library from 1952 to 1964. The library was an important part of the Government Relations Dept. (today's Government Affairs).

Only about a dozen of the slides are captioned, but it is easy to recognize the al-Hasa and Qatif oases, as well as Dhahran and Dammam, often with Saudis and Westerners interacting. Many of the pictures appear to have been taken on sightseeing trips by employee self-directed groups.

They feature old forts and houses and Bedouin encampments, and scenes with local women and children.

In addition, there is a unique picture of pioneer guide Khamis ibn Rimthan, who joined the company in the mid-1930s, and after whom the company has named an oil field and a



2.1-million-barrel oil tanker.

"I recall her talking about Arab guides who visited the library and she particularly remembered some of them," wrote Margaret Hartzell. "I imagine that women employees had little interaction with Arab men during that time, so this may have stuck in her memory."

Hartzell, who was born in 1915, died in Seattle in 2009.

"I'm afraid my aunt was not the most exciting person," said her niece. "[But] she was intrepid for a single woman of that time, going off to Saudi Arabia and traveling in the Middle East as well as other parts of the world."

She added that her family's connection to the company has continued over the years through *AramcoWorld*.

"I remember as a child reading *Aramco* magazine," she said. "It was always interesting and [gave] a glimpse into a fascinating other world for a child."

Government Relations staff member Bill Mulligan wrote about Hartzell in "The Growth of a Library," published in *The Arabian Sun* on July 4, 1973.

He said Aramco hired Hartzell from her job as assistant map curator at the American Geographical Society in New York to be

only the second ARD librarian. She held a degree in library science, had published articles in her field, had studied Arabic at the Asia Institute and traveled in the Middle East.

Mulligan said Hartzell deserved "much of the credit for the excellence of the Arabian Library," adding that she developed an original classification system for the collection, published in the *Special Libraries* professional journal in 1957.

The library moved to the Darwish Building in Dammam when Government Relations researchers and translators relocated there in 1953 and returned to Dhahran in 1958. ARD and the Central Technical Library became the Aramco Headquarters Library in 1973. It has since become the Technical Information Center.

"The library in my early days was called The Arabian Research Library and was established when The Arabian Research Division was still located in Dammam—the idea being to be located outside an American compound in a place accessible to our Saudi 'relators,' the literal translation of the early Islamic term *rawi*," said Government Affairs retiree Jim Mandaville. "Down in Dammam, and later up in Dhahran, we hired and had long conversations with tribesmen of many parts of Arabia [to learn] where we could drill and where we could not drill [according to the Concession area] which was in



The photo collection received from Margaret Hartzell, Mary Louise's niece, included this shot of pioneer guide Khamis ibn Rimthan, who joined the company in the mid-1930s and after whom an oil field and tanker are named. The photos that follow form an album of the region shortly after mid-century.

Dowling said. Harlene Morrow, who served as acting Arabian Research librarian in 1970 and returned to work there when it was combined into the Headquarters Library, vouched for Hartzell's accomplishments. Morrow, a fledgling librarian

many places defined by the borders of the country."

"Our much-respected librarian was Mary Elizabeth Hartzell," Mandaville said. She was "hand-picked by people like George Rentz," chief of the Research and Translation Div., "and had already had a good acquaintance of Middle East libraries that had titles in Arabic before her time with Aramco."

Hartzell played an important role Aramco's relationship with the Saudi government through the ARD library, which became one of the world's top facilities in its field, said Greg Dowling, who worked in Government Affairs in the late 1970s and early '80s.

Citing Bill Mulligan's papers at Georgetown University in Washington, D.C., Dowling said Hartzell "inquired about the job of librarian in March of 1952." The fact that she arrived in Dhahran very quickly—by early June that year—reflected the library's need for someone with her professional capabilities "not only in library sciences, but academic study in Asian history and knowledge of Arabic and French" and as an administrator.

ARD "was a critical component" in managing Aramco's relationship with the Saudi Government, Dowling said. "It...was in avid pursuit of published information" about Saudi Arabia and the Gulf.

"As a result, the research library housed a large and expanding collection of books, periodicals, newspapers and microfilm in multiple languages. There was a clear and pressing need to formalize and improve its process of acquisition, cataloguing, preservation and control."

The library's holdings trebled to around 10,000 volumes during Hartzell's tenure and "enjoyed the reputation of being one of the very best specialized libraries on Arabia and the Middle East,"

ian when she took the job, said she was worried about being up to the task, but her boss, Mal Quint, later told she'd "done the best job of any [librarian], with the exception of Mary Elizabeth Hartzell. I took that as a nice compliment as I'd heard her name often while working in ARD and knew they thought very highly of her."

Tom Lippman drew from letters that Hartzell wrote home to her family, revealing another side of her life, in his 2004 book about the kingdom called *Inside the Mirage*.

"[S]he had a challenging full-time job, but the life she described in Dhahran was one that could have been painted by Norman Rockwell," Lippman wrote.

That would be an apt description for the slides her niece donated, if Rockwell had painted in the Eastern Province.

Lippman said he wished Hartzell had written more about life outside Dhahran, noting that one of her letters describing a 1955 trip to a local Saudi clinic with several badly burned children offered a rare insight into the local community.

"It is a common injury here," Hartzell wrote. "Arab toddlers tumble over their own and their mothers' robes and fall into the unguarded cooking fires. The women are often burned, too, as their long gowns catch fire while they bend over their cooking fires."

Mulligan concluded his 1973 *Arabian Sun* story by noting that Hartzell "is employed by the Seattle Public Library system" and that the ARD library, part of the Headquarters Library, "continues to serve Aramco today and to gather compliments under its competent Saudi Arab librarian, Ilyas Mansur-Bima."

Hartzell, it appears, left quite a legacy.













‘TURN LEFT AT *Damascus!*’

BY JENNIFER SIMPSON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY IVY JOHNSON

Some funny things happened driving from the Netherlands to Dhahran, via Damascus, in late 1977 and early 1978. At least they are funny in retrospect.

What I know for certain is that by the time we turned a left after leaving the Syrian capital we’d notched up a number of several once-in-a-lifetime experiences.

While not exactly like Paul’s epiphany on the road to Damascus some two millennia earlier, navigating there—and then driving on to Dhahran—opened vast new vistas for me and my husband, Don.

Indeed, our trip from The Hague, where Don had worked for two years as an engineer at Aramco Overseas Company, proved remarkable all round as we squeezed a planned six-week journey into a 13-day sprint, with a bit of “time off” to sightsee.

I’d spent 15 months in The Hague as a newlywed when we decided in the fall of 1977 to transfer to Dhahran to learn scuba diving.

Simple enough: Catch a flight from Amsterdam to Dhahran, buy scuba gear and dive into the Gulf, right?

Not so fast.

Instead, we took the advice of AOC friends who suggested that we drive. We purchased a sturdy Chevy Blazer in the U.S. and shipped it to Rotterdam. For good measure, we nicknamed it “Lawrence.”

Because of Don’s time at AOC, we found we could move directly into Dhahran, bypassing temporary housing in al-Khobar during the period of huge energy-production growth. But our house could only be held until Jan. 9, 1978—and by the time we received the Blazer it was already the last week of December.

Complicating matters, on Dec. 27—after frantically loading sup-

Left: The author's husband, Don, pulled a vehicular sleight of hand on a winter's night in the Balkans, driving the couple's Chevy Blazer between boulders on both sides of a replacement bridge, en route to Dhahran.

plies for a 4,250-mile trip that ran closer to 5,000 miles because we got lost often—Don discovered that Lawrence came with a catalytic converter that required last-minute modifications to be able fuel up with the large-bore gas nozzles used in Europe. So, as the sun rose Dec. 28, Don lay on the freezing pavement in front of our hotel performing endoscopic automobile surgery.

The next day on the autobahn we got another surprise.

I stand five feet tall at best, and when I finally took my turn at the wheel my feet didn't reach the accelerator or brakes. Inching down into the seat, I could just stretch my legs and touch my toes to the pedals using my finest ballet *tendu*. But that put my field of vision squarely into the middle of the steering wheel!

I craned my neck to clear the dashboard and navigated onto Germany's equivalent of the Indianapolis 500. After five minutes of this kamikaze ballet, Don recommended that we pull over and he resume driving. For the remainder of the trip I served as navigator.

Days three and four took us through Austria to Split in Yugoslavia (in what's now Croatia). On New Year's Day we left on the long, mountainous drive to Pristina, in today's Kosovo, on a road lined by snow-laden pine trees.

After hours of climbing, finding no road signs and watching the road narrow to one lane, our stress levels accelerated. Don pressed on in the dark, coming to an abrupt halt only when the road disappeared.

He set the emergency brake. Then, standing in the illumination of the headlights, we looked into a thousand-foot chasm. Twenty or so feet ahead, we could see the road continue. But the bridge between the two parts had vanished.

I begged Don to go back, but he insisted Lawrence was too big to turn around. "I am not driving in reverse down a mountain for 200 miles!" he insisted, walking back to where the headlights beamed against the mountain to ponder the situation.

Then, off to the left, he spotted what looked like a goat path chiseled into the vertical mountain face. As if on cue, from the opposite direction came a Volkswagen Beetle, moving along the track like a swift turtle.

We had driven for hours without seeing another vehicle and here, in our darkest hour, was a glimmer of hope. Putting mind over matter, Don pointed to the path and said, with typical male logic: "That's why we have four-wheel drive!"

I thought he was insane. But we buckled up and slowly made our approach. I frantically started silent prayers as we inched our way to the path. The driver's side scraped the moun-

tain wall, leaving my side hanging over the precipice. All I could "see" over my right shoulder in the darkness below was thin air.

As Don inched along, the tires on my side groaned, earth and rock crumbling away beneath. The distance of 20 or more feet took an eternity to cover. By the time we'd flanked the chasm, I felt like I'd aged a hundred years!

After several more solitary hours, we arrived at another missing bridge. Its replacement was still under construction and two huge boulders blocked the way on. Don surveyed this new obstacle, reporting car tracks on the bridge-to-be.

The space between the boulders was sufficient for "little" cars to squeeze through, but Lawrence was altogether different. There was no way to move the boulders, and even if that had been possible we didn't know if the unfinished bridge could sustain the weight of our heavily laden truck.

The engineer in Don measured the distance between the boulders and scrutinized Lawrence's girth. "We can just squeeze through," he said. By the grace of God, we made it—by millimeters.

Once we'd cleared that hurdle, the task of crossing the unfinished bridge loomed. As Don drove delicately over, the sounds of cracking ice (or concrete?) echoed in our ears. It seemed another eternity as we crept the inches, feet, yards to the other side.

After 100 feet of emotional torture, we discovered that the far end of the bridge was also barricaded by large boulders. They looked closer together than the previous set.

It was now about 1 a.m. Drained of luck, patience and rational thought, we sat there, shattered. Snow fell and the night was incredibly silent.

Then out of the darkness two figures in parkas approached, like characters from "Dr. Zhivago." We locked the doors as the young men drew nearer. They walked around Lawrence as it were an

Don Simpson was under the Blazer before the trip started, doing automobile "surgery" to enable it to gas up in Europe.





The rumpled author gets set to check in at the Istanbul Sheraton, after giving the doorman the couple's "luggage": two garbage bags full of dirty clothes.

equally reassuring thud.

We'd made it, without a dent. The spectators scratched their heads.

Don grabbed his camera to commemorate the occasion. He motioned for the two onlookers to stand beside Lawrence, then snapped the picture. The flash lit up the entire area. Our new friends jumped and bid a hasty farewell.

Since it was extremely late, we weren't sure we'd find a room in Pristina. Eventually, we saw a sign for a little motel. Inside, we found ourselves in the midst of a rally for President Tito, complete with raucous accordion playing and singing.

aquarium display, examining every detail.

Deciding they were no threat, Don rolled down the window, held out our map and asked if we were on the right path to Pristina. He repeated the word "Pristina," with a flurry of hand movements pointing ahead. With much nodding of heads, they replied, "Da, Da."

Once again, Don sized up Lawrence's width and the space between the boulders. It was definitely less than the previous road-block. When the two locals figured out what Don was going to do, they took ringside seats to watch.

We buckled up and braced ourselves. Don gunned the engine, the wheels spun against the interior of the boulders and we suddenly felt ourselves lifted up. Lawrence crawled up the inner sides of the rocks and when front tires made it past the obstacle we landed with a thud. Don gunned the engine again, and this time Lawrence's rear end lifted, cleared the barrier and landed with an

Due to our recent near-death experiences, we turned down an invitation to join and went directly to our room, where we found four twin-sized mattresses lying on the floor.

I gingerly pulled back the wool army blanket on my "bed" to inspect the sheets. They were not only wrinkled, but bedecked with hairs, so I slept in my jeans and parka. Fortunately, when I awoke I found no additional roommates, or any bedbug bites. Then, as luck would have it when we headed out early in the morning we spotted a beautiful new high-rise hotel right down the road.

We entered northern Greece, got lost in Thessaloniki on the coast and then worked our way west to Turkey, where we had planned our only full-fledged tourism stop: two nights at the Istanbul Sheraton. As we entered the curved driveway the glass entry provided a panoramic view of a marble lobby. A doorman wearing a grey waistcoat with tails, top hat and kid gloves approached.

By this time we looked like a mudwrestling version of the Beverly Hillbillies, my unshaven wild man with hair that resembled Woody Woodpecker and me clad in camping attire with my hair in braids. As the doorman opened my door, I attempted to exit with a modicum of grace. But I'd forgotten that Lawrence was exceptionally high off the ground. Consequently, I fell straight into the doorman's arms.

Without batting an eye he asked, "Madam, may I have your bags?"

I reached into the car and grabbed two bags. He took them and said, "Follow me, please." Suddenly, I realized I had given him the two garbage bags into which we had been stuffing our dirty clothes

in as we traveled. Nonplussed, he walked to the front desk carrying the green plastic sacks as though they were Louis Vuittons!

Waiting for Don to park our vehicle, I sensed something was wrong as the minutes ticked by. It turned out that the underground garage was designed for small European cars. As Don drove down the ramp, Lawrence got stuck. Garage attendants tried to direct Don's efforts to dislodge our incredible hulk and finally, after much multi-



lingual bantering, Lawrence broke free.

We immediately took a glorious hot bath, but couldn't help noticing that the temperature in our room was dropping. The front desk informed us that Sheraton had run out of heating oil—which meant no more hot water and no heat during 17°F weather.

After deliveries of additional blankets, we thawed out and called room service for some drinks. The staff had no trouble understanding my 7-Up order, but they couldn't comprehend Don's request for an orange soda. "Like a Coca-Cola, only orange!" he explained.

Our drinks arrived in 20 minutes, Don's order a glass of Coke with a slice of orange floating on top.

Driving south from Ankara en route to Adana, we veered east off the main road in central Turkey to visit Cappadocia. The region is known for its "fairy chimneys," tall, cone-shaped rock formations riddled with carved-out shelters dating back thousands of years. During the Byzantine era, the faithful added sanctuaries containing wonderful frescoes.

The valley through which we drove was covered in snow, without a soul in sight. We climbed up and down slopes and, armed with flashlights, explored numerous chapels.

Driving south from Adana toward Damascus took us past Roman aqueducts and cities with names from biblical times. We soon found ourselves lost at a junction of unpaved roads in a desert area. There stood a solitary pole with nailed up wooden signs pointing in multiple directions. But the signs were in Arabic—which neither of us could decipher.

"Now where do we go?" Don yelled to a lonely donkey standing in the pole's meager shade. I instinctively knew that that if we kept driving south we would find the Syrian capital, and that Dhahran lay southeast after that.

"Just turn left at Damascus," I shot back.

We arrived in the city late that day and the next morning headed for Jordan.

From Istanbul onward we'd driven in a bumper-to-bumper stream of huge trucks, many en route to the Arabian Gulf. By the time we arrived at the border between Jordan and Saudi Arabia it was dark. We joined dozens of truckers waiting to get their paperwork processed.

A lone clerk manned a counter spanning the 20-foot room filled with yelling and *ghutra*-waiving drivers. I eventually left for the safety and security of Lawrence, while Don handled the visa process.

Hours later, we were finally free to go. But we were a full day behind schedule due to border delays both there and when entering Jordan.

We'd planned to drive the 750-mile Tapline road across northern Saudi Arabia, spending a night at the Badanah pump station before finally dropping down toward our destination. But now we had to drive straight through to Dhahran to arrive before the offices closed for the weekend.

That proved a gift. During a 3 a.m. roadside stop, hundreds of miles from anywhere, I looked up and gasped. Never had I seen

the sky so filled with stars, twinkling and falling like luminescent raindrops. They were so close I felt I could reach out and pluck them from the sky like cherries from a tree. Don and I were transfixed.

Early the afternoon of Jan. 9 we approached an unmarked intersection with a brand new highway off to the right. We thought it would route us to Dhahran, but an hour later we made the sickening discovery that the road had carried us 60 miles out of our way south—almost to Abqaiq—adding two hours to our drive.

With the clock ticking, and both of us on the verge of sleep-deprived breakdowns, we eventually joined traffic on the Old Abqaiq Road to Dhahran. Our introduction to local driving practices will long be remembered.

As we crested a rise in the desert, we saw what looked to be six lanes of traffic headed straight toward us, sand flying, on the two-lane highway. I closed my eyes, and Lawrence sliced miraculously through the chorus line of vehicles.

When we arrived at the Housing Office in Dhahran, Don leapt out of Lawrence and ran to the door. It was 4:20 p.m.

We'd gone astray more than once, and navigated poor roads, winter storms and customs difficulties, averaging 35 miles an hour over the trip. But we'd made our deadline with just 10 minutes to spare.

As we drove through Dhahran to our temporary house, #313, an old prefab on Third St., I was stunned by the profusion of trees and flowers. We approached via the alley and my heart skipped a beat upon seeing the enormous clusters of bougainvillea hanging over the fences and walls.

After a more than a year in cold, wet Holland, I thought I'd gone to heaven. The house made me feel like a time traveler to the 1950s, but it was ours, in a community full of flowers and sunshine. Pending the arrival of a shipment of furniture, Don removed Lawrence's backseat to serve as our sofa. Parked in front of the television, we ate Pillsbury slice-and-bake cookies from the Commissary, an American treat not found in The Hague.

After turning left at Damascus—with enough adventures for a lifetime—we were home!

Home sweet home! The Simpsons enjoy their first day in Dhahran, in House #313, sitting on their Blazer's backseat and munching Commissary delicacies.



Here Comes The Sun

BY ARTHUR CLARK

Saudi Aramco celebrated the diamond anniversary of its English-language weekly this year with a colorful story in the July 1 issue of *The Arabian Sun*.

The article, featuring more than a dozen of the paper's mastheads from over the years, described its progenitor, *The Dust Rag*, launched exactly 75 years before, as an "an informal, employee-led and -focused newsletter" for company employees.

Its sister Arabic-language weekly, *Al-Qafilah* (The Caravan), started life in 1959 when the company split its monthly magazine *Qafilat al-Zayt* (The Oil Caravan), begun in 1953, into two publications: the magazine and *Al-Qafilah al Usbu-iyyah* (The Weekly Caravan).

The English-language paper grew later in the '40s into a biweekly with wire-service stories for residents starved for world news, before settling back into a weekly with its Aramco-centered persona.

In a front-page editorial in the first issue of *The Dust Rag*, editor Jack Mahoney told readers it was "a means through which you can write as you please, without getting your face red." It aimed "to solicit articles or bits of news about any subject anyone wishes to submit."

The inaugural issue also included a welcome from *The Flare*, a weekly in Ras Tanura that predated *The Dust Rag* by three months. "We, of 'THE FLARE,' have long desired a paper in Dhahran with which to exchange views and like suits," wrote Ralph Reed. Reed became that community's correspondent for the neighboring paper.

The Dust Rag became *The Oily Bird* on Oct. 7, 1945, but the paper reverted to its original title two weeks later and its name changed to *The Arabian Sun* on Oct. 28.

While short-lived, *The Oily Bird* could make one claim to fame: On Oct. 21, it published "The Origin of Oil," a report on sedimentary geology by Chief Geologist Max Steineke. In it, he sketched out what had underlain his belief that eastern Saudi Arabia held petroleum deposits—proved right when the company struck oil near

Dhahran in 1938 after five long years of exploration.

In 1946, *The Arabian Sun* merged with *The Flare*. It took the name *Arabian Sun and Flare*, keeping that title for many years until settling on *The Arabian Sun*.

Today's *Sun*, featuring slick design and often a full front-page photo, is a far cry from the early days when it was produced by Ditto machine. Still, some things never change.

"I think the challenges of [producing] *The Arabian Sun* are probably not unlike my predecessors'," says Todd Williams, today's editor. While certainly flashier and much more refined than its precursors, the modern *Sun* faces similar tests: finding and presenting company news in an inviting manner.

He notes that advances in digital technology have changed the manner of publishing the *Sun* from even few years ago.

"Not only are stories simply e-mailed, but we can send print files [for production], which means no navigating difficult and busy highways to the press," Williams says. "Also, digital photography submissions



These banners show the progression of *The Arabian Sun* (and its predecessors) beginning at the top, left to right, from the publication's dawn on July 1, 1945, until today.

can make securing useable images from all around the kingdom much more likely.”

That was a boon during the Coronavirus lockdown. “Now we [can] work from home, just sending files back and forth for review and ultimately to print,” Williams says.

“Our final submission deadline is relatively nonexistent,” he adds. “We have actually received articles after close of business on print day and managed to get them into the next day’s edition quite often, even when we weren’t expecting them.”

That would have stuck a chord with Mahoney, who served as editor until early 1954. Early on, he oversaw the shift from Ditto to Mimeograph production. “Journalism in Dhahran was up and walking” by that time, wrote Brad Bates in a July 8, 1970, *Sun and Flare* story marking the paper’s 25th anniversary.

By then, printing had moved from Dhahran to a commercial press in al-Khobar.

Looking back to the early days, Bates noted that the paper “reflected both the intimacy of the company and the rapid progress Aramco was even then making towards expanding its physical plant.

“An issue in March [1946] listed by name every America woman living in the oil camps—all 80 of them. Alma and Herb Fritzle observed their 25th wedding anniversary by inviting through the pages of *The Sun and Flare* everybody in town to help them celebrate the occasion.

“Completion of the first pipelines between Dhahran and Ras Tanura and Dhahran and Abqaiq was noted in print, as was the installation of a radio telephone circuit linking Dhahran with what proud Abqaiqians unabashedly called ‘The Oil Producing Capital of the World.’”

Around this time, a number of columns appeared, including—believe it or not—one called “Leaks in the Pipeline,” along with “Through the Arabian Keyhole” and “Sand Fleas.”

Bill Mulligan of Government Relations penned the paper’s pioneering sports column—about softball—while a column first called, curiously, “Notes Off the Pillowcase” ran for nearly 11 years, listing every expatriate patient at the Dhahran Health Center (but not why they were there).

The paper’s single hiatus lasted for eight months after publication of the May 28, 1947, issue while its official status with the Saudi government was ironed out. It came back as a twice-weekly, which lasted until Nov. 3, 1948.

The first photo—showing an unidentified oil installation—appeared in the April 8, 1951, issue. And the first crossword puzzle, a feature which still appears today, ran on April 16, 1952.

“A local paper is ... a reasonably accurate mirror of the place and time where it is read,” Bates wrote half a century ago. That remains true today, although there are many fewer papers today than in the ‘70s, much less the ‘40s when the *Sun* was born.

“Through the years, as Aramco grew, [certain publication] treatments were quietly dropped in favor of new approaches and hoped for improvements,” Bates added. “Sometimes, however, we yearn for the good old, less complicated days, when our paper could run, for instance, a reader’s letter thanking Ras Tanura Health Center personnel for their good care during a recent hernia operation.”

Still, news about the company and its communities gets into print every week, and there’s a good feeling about accomplishing that task (as this writer, *Arabian Sun* editor in the late 1990s until 2001, can attest).

As today’s editor puts it, “There is something remarkable about working on *The Sun* that few Aramcons get to enjoy: There’s a deadline and a product every week.”

Long may the *Sun* shine!



The company weekly debuted as *The Dust Rag*, and invited readers to “write as you please.” The colorful diamond anniversary issue of the paper appeared July 1, exactly 75 years after the publication’s birth.

IN MEMORIAM

ROBERT G. “BOB” ACKERMAN

April 21, 2020

He joined Aramco 1980 and retired as a systems-design specialist in 1994. He formed the first Saudi Arabian National Basketball Team in Jiddah and coached it from 1967–’72. A fine-arts appraiser with extensive collections of oriental carpets, Chinese porcelain, Indonesian textiles and Asmat tribal art, he devoted much of his retirement to those pursuits. Survived by his wife, Nancy, and children, Lynne, Jamie, Martha and Scott. Correspondence may be sent to Nancy at rnackerman@aol.com or 31 Mesquite Village Circle, Henderson, NE 89012.

JANE ALLEN

January 5, 2020

Predeceased by her husband, Bill. She worked as a secretary at Roads and Wellsites in Abqaiq from 1980–’85. Survived by children, Louise, Mark and Clare. Correspondence may be sent to Louise at sunbeams@flatwaters.com.

JOAN E. CURTIS

May 22, 2020

Survived by her husband, retiree Walter May, whom she joined at Aramco in 1956, and children, Laura, Eric and Carol. She worked as a librarian, secretary for the superintendent of schools, secretary for the director of communications and a writer for the company weekly. Correspondence may be sent to the family c/o Curtis-donovan@comcast.net.

DOLORES “DEE” HERMAN

September 11, 2019

Survived by her husband, retiree Richard Herman, and children Karen, Donald and Susan. She worked at the Najmah School. Correspondence may be sent to Richard at herman_r_g@juno.com.

RICHARD W. HEWGLY

April 3, 2020

He joined Aramco in 1982 and retired in 1996 from Purchasing, where he was responsible for training Saudi employees on the Purchasing and Traffic Information System. He served as president of Hangar Flyers International. Survived by his wife, Linda, and

daughters, Shareen, Charlene, and Kathleen. Correspondence may be sent to Linda at lhewgley@hotmail.com.

M. RAFIQUE LANGAH

May 10, 2020

He joined Aramco in 1973 and spent majority of his career in Northern Area Producing (which became Northern Area Oil Operations), based in Ras Tanura. He was a pioneer in establishing and expanding NAOO into eight departments based in the Ras Tanura, Juaymah, Tanajib/Safaniya and Shaybah areas. He transferred to Medical Dept. in Dhahran and R&D Dept. in Dammam, before retiring in 2000 from the Domestic Marketing & Technical Support Dept. Survived by his wife, three sons and three daughters. The family may be contacted through his son, Omair, at +92 344 444 5885.

MARTIN “MARTY” LEVINE

April 19, 2020

He joined Aramco in 1980, retired in 1992 and succumbed to COVID-19. He managed the digital Patient Care System at Dhahran Health Center. Survived by his wife, Rosemarye, and children, Peter and Wendy. He was a man of the world with an unerring compass, said his son. “We lived everywhere,” he wrote. “And it never mattered where we were—somewhere in Italy winding the Alfa Romeo to some tiny...town, downtown Tehran, gridlock in New York, Dad was never lost....” Correspondence may be sent to Rosemarye at expat191827@gmail.com.

CHRISTINE MAY

February 12, 2020

Predeceased by her husband, retiree Lamar May, with whom she joined at Aramco in 1956. She worked as a secretary in the Consulting Services Dept. The couple had two sons, Scott and Kim.

JOHN F. “JACKY” MOWBRAY

December 27, 2019

He joined Aramco as a civil engineer in 1957 and retired in 1984, capping his career as a project manager in Ras Tanura. He helped build the Ju’aymah

Crude Storage and Offshore Loading Facility and the Ju’aymah NGL Trestle. Survived by his wife, Rose, and children, John and Tamara Ann Berry. Correspondence may be sent to Rose at 282 Dogwood Dr., Danville, VA 24541.

DAVID W. TSCHANZ

August 23, 2020

He joined the company as an epidemiologist in 1989 and retired as communications officer for the Medical Services organization in 2012. He contributed to *The Arabian Sun* and *AramcoWorld* for many years, and he also authored *The Nabataeans: A Brief History of Petra and Madain Saleh*. “Dave had such a zeal for research and reflection, and he brought a professional’s skills to documenting especially the medical history of the Middle East,” said *AramcoWorld* Editor Dick Doughty, adding that several of his stories, including “The Arab Roots of European Medicine” and others on the history of pharmacy and hospitals, remain among the most-read articles in the magazine’s history. He also served as a Boy Scout leader in Dhahran, and received for his service the organization’s top leadership award, the Silver Beaver. He was active for years in the Arabian Natural History Association, and served as its president. Survived by his sons Karl and Eric, and his partner Julie McMahon. Correspondence may be sent to the family c/o Farley Funeral Home, 265 Nokomis Ave. S, Venice, FL 34285.

BENNIE WALTHALL

January 10, 2011

He served as a senior staff geologist for Aramco and spent many hours working with young Saudi geologists in the field. He also led classes from the Saudi Aramco Schools on geological field trips. His wife, Marisa, died in 2016.

MARCUS WALSH

May 29, 2020

He worked for Aramco in the 1980s and ’90s, holding managerial positions in the Exploration and Geophysical Operations departments. Survived by his wife, Pat, and sons Marc and David. Correspondence may be sent to Pat at patlynchwalsh@sbcglobal.net.

AN INSPIRATIONAL FIGURE: HAMSAH MATHKER AL-HAJRI

Al-Hasa resident Hamsah Mathker Al-Hajri, a member of the Aramco family who was known for her commitment to nature, the environment and traditional Bedouin life, has died at the age of 86.

Mother of retired well-sites leader and desert specialist Quriyan Al-Hajri, she devoted much of her life to sharing with others her knowledge of local culture, environmental preservation and herbal remedies.

On one occasion, at a Saudi cultural event in Dhahran, she arranged for a traditional Bedouin tent to be set up for visitors and she taught desert weaving techniques to interested Aramcons.

She also shared a wealth of information on medicinal herbs used by the Bedouins and made substantial contributions to *Natural Remedies of Arabia* by retiree Robert Lebling and Donna Pepperdine Evans. Excerpts from the book appeared in *Saudi Aramco World*.

"I was impressed with the depth of Hamsah's knowledge of medicinal herbs used in the kingdom," Lebling said. "It was clear these herbal remedies were an important part of her life."

She was born in 1934 in the town of Ar Rayn, some 155 miles west of Riyadh on the road to Makkah. She was the oldest child of Mathker Al-Hajri and Shaikha Al Qahtani.

Eventually, she moved to al-Hasa and later married Mohammed Quriyan Al-Hajri, settling in his hometown of 'Ain Dar.

At that time, 'Ain Dar had no permanent houses, only tents. She and her husband first lived with Mohammed's parents.

After a few months, they moved about 15 miles west of 'Ain Dar to Jaww Laban where they raised their own family and cared for a herd of camels.

Aramco.Expats.com recently published an account by retiree Mark Lowey of the experiences of Hamsah Mathker Al-Hajri and her mother, under the title *Tales of the Bedouin - Part VI: A Mother's Journey Part 1*.

In a in postscript to his articles, Lowey said he considered it "a profound privilege that Quriyan and his beloved mother, Hamsah, have allowed me to share her story, shedding light on her life, and, thereby, lending a voice to Bedouin women and their seldom-told stories.

"My hope is that others will also be inspired by this remarkable woman, whose strength, fortitude, and many kindnesses touched the lives of so many over the course of her life. Hers was the story of a wise, resourceful woman who embraced the day-to-day challenges, heartbreaks, and joys of a Bedouin life lived in the desert, forever timeless, forever cherished."



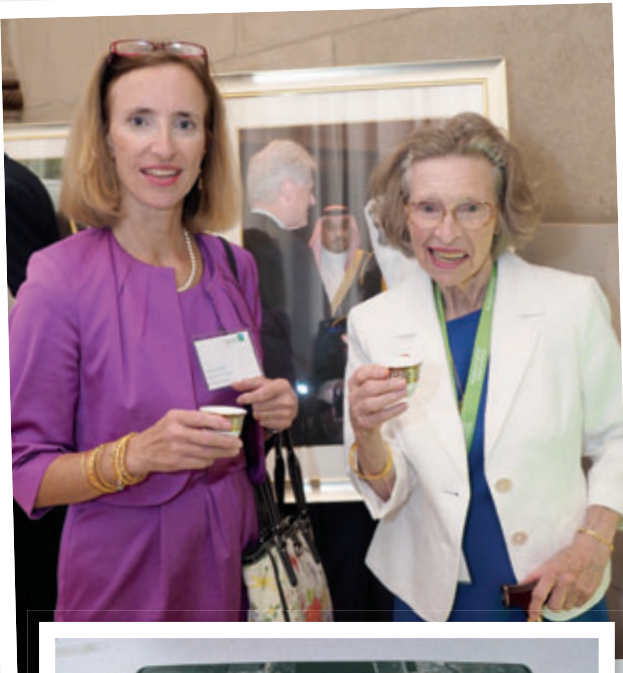
PLEASANT DAYS FALL 2020

Al~Ayyam Al~Jamilah الأيام الجميلة

ISSN-1319-1512

Aramco Americas
Public Affairs Department
P.O. Box 2106
Houston, Texas 77252-2106

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TOP: ARTHUR CLARK; LOWER: JOHNNY HANSON

A Timeless Memento

The late Jane Allen (see "Mail Center," p. 3, and "In Memoriam," p. 32) is pictured with her daughter, Louise, at the Saudi Aramco celebration held in honor of King Salman's visit to Washington, D.C., in 2015. In 2017, she sent archival materials relating to her family's time with the company, from 1966-'85, to Aramco Services Company. She included a special keepsake, a clock received by her husband, Bill, as a Safety Award when he worked for Gas Projects in Abqaiq. "You can tell that we appreciated it," she wrote. "Because when it began to fall apart [Bill] first taped it and then put two bolts in it to hold it together!"