Top winners at Qaisumah's Open Golf Tournament face the camera. From left, Steve Booth of Qaisumah (low net), Mrs. F. H. Gieseking of Rafha (low net), Mrs. M. Rutherford of Sidon (low gross) and Ed Ritter of Qaisumah (low gross).

Ritter, Booth, B. Gieseking and B. Rutherford Share Golf Honors

Ed Ritter and Steve Booth of Qaisumah, Mrs. F. H. Gieseking of Rafha and Mrs. M. Rutherford of Sidon walked away with top prizes at the first annual Open Golf Tournament sponsored by Qaisumah's Al-Hilal Golf Group on Feb. 4.

Participating in the tournament from pump stations along the "Line", Beirut and Sidon Terminal were a record of 25 entrants in the men's division and 11 contestants in the ladies' group. Fifteen other visitors crossed the station to cheer their favorite swingers.

Rutheford led the field with a low gross of 94. Mrs. Putnam was a close second with 95, followed by Mrs. W. J. Ludvigsen of Sidon who grossed 98.


Other less successful but battling contestants in the tournament were:


The Tapline exhibit will include large panels of photo murals depicting the pipeline crossing the desert, a tanker-loading operation, employees on the job and a map of the pipeline route with the main pump stations, the auxiliary pumping units and the Sidon Terminal. The map will show the longer runs which have to be made by the tankers transhipping Saudi Arabian crude around the Arabian (Continued on page 5)
Finding more beauty and charm in yesterday's dresses, the Turaif committee revealed the "Gown 1960," in January at a party hosted by Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. Anis. The first costume prize went to Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Petersen. The Switzerland Shines (below) staged by Mrs. H. H. Petersen, Mrs. C. H. Feldman, Carl Schrader, Mr. Petersen, Mr. Turaif, Dr. K. Aziz and George Hanna was voted an outstanding success.

A 40-year petrochemical career that stretches from Venezuela's Caracas to the Middle East is nearing a new phase. Soon it will be Oscar T. Swanson's "somewhere in North Carolina."

For about 111 days, starting Feb. 10, Oscar and Ruth Swanson will be vacationing in Beirut, the date of Mr. Swanson's retirement from Tapline as Comptroller becoming effective next June 1.

After April, Mr. Swanson's mailing address will be 31 Guyer Road, Westport, Connecticut.

The lure of foreign employment back to New York in 1944, Mr. Swanson joined Tapline in "somewhere in North Carolina," as a financial analyst and Assistant Comptroller. He was promoted to the position of Assistant Manager of Accounting.

Mr. Swanson joined the oil industry as a junior department employee of Texaco Inc. in New York City. He had graduated with a degree in accounting from Pace Institute, N.Y. In 1944, Mr. Swanson transferred to Texaco's Philadelphia office, remaining a year and a half later to New York as Chief Accountant of the Foreign Operations Department.

The lure of foreign employment found him in South America working as Chief Accountant for the Columbia Petroleum Co., an affiliate of Texaco Inc. The following year be transferred to the Texas Petroleum Co., Caracas, Venezuela, in the same capacity. Back to New York in 1962, Mr. Swanson travelled back and forth to South America as Assistant Department Agent of Texaco's Foreign Operations until 1961— the date he traveled to Caracas to Damascus as Assistant Manager of Accounting.

Mr. Swanson joined Tapline in October, 1962, as Assistant Treasurer and Assistant Comptroller. He was promoted to the position of Comptroller on June 1, 1967, in recognition of two years of successful service with Tapline, stockholder and affiliated company.

It was on July 29, 1925, that Tapline was founded, and on the 15th of February, 1926, Mr. Swanson joined the oil industry as a Junior Department employee of Texaco Inc. in New York City. He had graduated with a degree in accounting from Pace Institute, N.Y. In 1944, Mr. Swanson transferred to Texaco's Philadelphia office, remaining a year and a half later to New York as Chief Accountant of the Foreign Operations Department.

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ROAD PROGRESS CONTINUES

F. W. New, Coordinator—Road Program, returned to Beirut Feb. 22 from a four-day trip to Dahlah where he conferred with contractors and Anamat’s Products Distribution Department to coordinate crushed rock production and asphalt supply for the Road Improvement Program.

Work progress on the program continues unabated.

The company embarked on the program to improve the 220-kilometer main line road parallel to its pipeline between Qaisumah and Turaif shortly after signing a new agreement with the Saudi Arab Government in March 1963.

By Feb. 22 this year, the Road Improvement Program crews had applied the first armor coat on 200 kilometers northwest from Qaisumah. The prime coating had been applied on 243 kilometers and initial shaping and grading had been completed on 239 kilometers.

The mobile camp accommodating employees directly involved on the jobsite work and currently located at Km. 206 will be moved to Rafha March 1.

The newly-asphalted stretch of the pipeline road is open for traffic.

SERVICE STARS

Seventeen Topliners were awarded three-star emblems in Feb., for completing 15 years of continuous company service. They are:

- Bechara Baradi, of Marine.
- Nicolas Ghafari, of Marine.
- Mohammad V. Hashem, of Operations & Repairs—Station.
- Mikayel Kardachian, of Marine.
- Nicolas Kirdahi, of Operations—General.
- Adnan Shahab, of Operations & Repairs—Station.
- Hassan Yamani, of Marine.
- Elias Zaboura, of Marine.
- A. R. Popen, of Storehouse.
- A. B. Moham, of Storehouse.

(Slides)

A baby-doll fashion show was organized at Turaif Jan. 19 by Kathy Snow and her mother, Mrs. J. D. Snow, for the young girls at the station. Ten and cap sabies were served at the function attended by front row, from left: Kathy Snow and Jan Christman, and back row, Lyn Stephens, Charlotte Hopen, Merian Robertson, Carolyn Clarkhouse, Linda Scherer and Lyn Potten.

A 94 ft. tall turbine trailer tire of water was used for earthing and final surfacing compaction by Feb. 22. Another 1,109,000 gallons of asphalt were also consumed in the application of the prime and first armor coats by then.

Surface treatment of the road is almost complete for completion in early 1967.

OIL EXHIBIT

(Continued from page 1)

Thousands of copies of two new company brochures — “Through Ancient Lands... Tapiol: Middle East Route of Steel” and “Tapiol: A Pioneer in Pipeline Technology” — will be made available to visitors to the Tapline exhibit.

Chief Oil Dispatcher, Emile Ayad and Senior Shift Foreman Lat Siatay will be in charge of the exhibit floor and reception.

Mrs. J. J. Mahfouze (right) receives her golf prize from Mrs. Ian Ross.

Dr. J. A. Ghafari (right) accepts award with the Dal Pinckney trophies. On left is Capt. E. Greenwood. (Photo by Soussi).

Mrs. J. J. Mahfouze (right) receives her golf prize from Mrs. Ian Ross.

O. T. Stoussan (left), 1964 golf winner of the September and December monthly medals, receives the Dal Pinckney Trophy from Capt. Martin Batherfeld, president of the Zahrani Country Club. (Photo by Soussi).

The nearly-asphalted stretch of the pipeline road is open for traffic.

The Zahrani Country Club sponsored a trophy banquet at its clubhouse Feb. 6 for the presentation of awards to winners of its 1964 golf tournaments and monthly medal competitions.

Master of Ceremonies was Capt. Martin Batherfeld, assisted by Capt. Edward Grauman. Mrs. Ian Ross made the presentations before a packed audience:

- Roy Fleming, winner of the F. E. Cole Trophy.
- Mrs. K. L. Tromstad, winner of the North Cole Trophy.
- Dr. Arjual Ghafari, winner of the Dal Pinckney Trophy.
- Ian Ross, winner of the Charles Martin Shibli and the February 1964 monthly medal.
- John Crancy, winner of the Sayyid Shibli and the monthly medals for April, August and November.
- Capt. M. K. Nesheim, holder of the March 1964 monthly medal. (Continued from page 1)

Mrs. A. Ghanma (right) walks away with the Dal Pinckney trophies. On right is Capt. B. Greenwood. (Photo by Soussi).

(Continued from page 1)

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- Capt. M. K. Nesheim, holder of the March 1964 monthly medal. (Continued from page 1)
Turaf

Our hats are tipped in honor of eight newcomers to the station:

A. M. Itani
¢ ... Representative Mahmoud K. Saab escorted the Jordanian official on his tour of the terminal facilities. (Photo by Soussi).

Badanah

Welcome extended to Mohammad T. Sulh, who joined the station’s staff in January as laboratory technician. Mr. Sulh comes from Lebanon as a reference specialist in the petroleum field. He has a B.E. degree from the American University of Beirut and a diploma in petroleum engineering from AUB. During his stay here, Dr. Sulh will be working at the Petroleum Laboratory.

Masoud A. A. Kiani
¢ ... Mr. Kiani established his residence in Badanah in May 1968, where he has been living ever since. During his stay here, Dr. Kiani has been working as a research assistant in the Petroleum Laboratory.

Laila Youhanna
¢ ... Ms. Youhanna was appointed as a full-time employee in the Laboratory and appointed as the Laboratory’s Instructor. She holds a B.S. degree in Chemistry from the University of Beirut and an M.S. degree in Analytical Chemistry from AUB.

G. C. Saldoon
¢ ... Ms. Saldoon received her B.S. degree in Chemistry from the University of Damascus in Syria. She has been working in the Laboratory as a Research Assistant since 1971.

G. A. Babali
¢ ... Mr. Babali received his B.S. degree in Chemical Engineering from the University of Riyadh in Saudi Arabia in 1971. He has been working in the Laboratory as a Research Assistant since 1972.

J. M. Zadiki
¢ ... Mr. Zadiki received his B.S. degree in Chemical Engineering from the University of Riyadh in Saudi Arabia in 1971. He has been working in the Laboratory as a Research Assistant since 1972.

N. M. Faraz
¢ ... Ms. Faraz received her B.S. degree in Chemical Engineering from the University of Riyadh in Saudi Arabia in 1971. She has been working in the Laboratory as a Research Assistant since 1972.

S. J. Kiani
¢ ... Mr. Kiani received his B.S. degree in Chemical Engineering from the University of Riyadh in Saudi Arabia in 1971. He has been working in the Laboratory as a Research Assistant since 1972.

Qaisumah

Mrs. George A. Hoom received the highest honor at a tea party held in her honor by Mrs. Charles K. Andrews on the occasion of the arrival of Mr. Andrews and his family to Qaisumah. Mrs. Hoom is the wife of Mr. Andrews and the mother of three children: Mrs. Andrews, Mr. Andrews, and Mr. Andrews.

N. M. Faraz
¢ ... Ms. Faraz received her B.S. degree in Chemical Engineering from the University of Riyadh in Saudi Arabia in 1971. She has been working in the Laboratory as a Research Assistant since 1972.
As we came down the hill at under 40 mph, I noticed the tan car coming around a mountain corner just ahead of us. Its wheels were slightly over the center line, but I thought it had taken the curve wide and would recover. Little did I know, as police began later, that the driver's attention had been diverted. She had glanced momentarily in the back seat when the baby cried. The car didn't cut back, but came toward us. I was automatically swerving to the right, but there was no place to go.

We shook head on in an awful crash. There was a huge blue beam in my eye and a horrible job in the car buckled. All I remember is being thrown this way and that, feeling the crushing of the steering wheel against my chest, and hearing the screams of my children.

As the car settled, my first thought was to get out of the car in case of fire. I yelled at my wife, but she sat there in shock, holding her face. I pushed her out the door and struggled out myself. I couldn't stand up and collapsed on the ground. My knee had been grasped bloody by the shaft of the emergency brake. I just lay there on the stones, listening to the screams of crying children and the sound of a woman coming from the other car. I called to my wife, but she didn't answer. Dana, she was wondering unknowingly around the wreckage. Gloria and Jeff, still strapped in the car, were sobbing: "Daddy, Daddy, let us out."

Suddenly another car stopped. Someone put a pillow under my head and told me the kids were all right. From the sound of a siren, I knew an ambulance had arrived and they had taken someone away.

I saw people walking around and caught snatches of conversation. "There's a woman in the room. They're trying to get her out."

"And if she had been wearing a seat belt."

I thought of my own two children in the rear seat next to a dead girl. The children were always leaning against the doors, and I was afraid they would fall out. At that time I don't want to spend the money for seat belts in the front seat, but my wife and I didn't wear them. Besides, I was convinced we needed them.

When I woke up on the hospital bed, it gave me an eerie feeling. At that very moment, about 15 minutes away, another car was coming up the canyon toward us. In the front seat were two women, and in the back were the two children—a baby and a seven-year-old girl. They were all their way to spend a week at their cabin. We were driving from our home in Everett, Washington, through Township Canaan, on our way to a wedding in Wenatchee. The road is mountains—a winding two lanes with high cliffs on one side and a steep drop into a river canyon on the other. We had driven it many times but it always made my wife, Sandra, slightly nervous. That day she was particularly on edge. She was holding our two-year-old son, Jeff, on her lap, and Gloria, age six, was sleeping in the rear of the station wagon.

Several miles past the summit of Township Pass, my wife suddenly said, "Stop the car at the next pull off, Ron. I want to put the belts on the children."

"But why?" I asked. "We're almost there."

"I don't know. I just have a funny feeling."

Reluctantly, I put on the belts, although the children were tired and fussy, and not happy about being strapped in. I had bought the belts for the rear seat a couple of months before. The children were always leaning against the doors, and I was afraid they would fall out. At that time I didn't want to spend the money for seat belts in the front seat, but my wife and I didn't wear them. Besides, I was convinced we needed them.

As the stay at the hospital continued, the doctor examined me and told me that my son and daughter had only a few bruises on their foreheads where they had bumped against the front seat during the crash. Then he said: "The little girl in the other car died."

"I was shocked. "Apparently," he said, "she was hurled over the front seat and hit her head on the dashboard. She died only 15 minutes after they brought her in—of a broken neck."

It's easy to visualize what happens to people in the rear seat during an accident—-they go through the windshield. But most people I've talked with believe that the front seat provides a soft barrier which contains back-seat passengers in the car during a crash. How wrong they are, as I now know. Not only did I see that Babin thinking related seat belt, but I have recently learned that little Sharon's seat belt over the front seat was not a fake occurrence.

Researchers at Cornell University, using remote controlled cars and dummies, have found that even in low speed crashes the back seat passenger is often hurled over the rear seat and strikes other passengers or the dash or runs out the front door. Their studies show that a person held inside the car by a belt in test has more likely to survive than someone ejected.

As for me and my wife, we were extremely lucky to survive without belts. Her face was swollen, and she lost a tooth from hitting the dash, which fortunately was padded. My face was black and blue for a month, my chest was injured from the belts. Her face was swollen, and she lost a tooth from hitting the dash, which fortunately was padded. My face was black and blue for a month, my chest was injured from the belts. We wear them faithfully everywhere, even around the house. The children strap themselves in automatically. Gloria says, "Better get your belt on. We ought to have one of those restraints."

"In all probability," said the doctor, "if the child had been wearing a seat belt, as was the other woman in the front seat, both would have been serious injury. But what of little Sharon, the seven-year-old daughter who had been asleep in the back seat? She did not have a seat belt and it was she who had been rushed to the hospital in the ambulance.

After an hour I was taken to the hospital. My wife and children were already there. The doctor examined me and told me that my son and daughter had only a few bruises on their foreheads where they had bumped against the front seat during the crash. Then he said: "The little girl in the other car died."

"I was shocked. "Apparently," he said, "she was hurled over the front seat and hit her head on the dashboard. She died only 15 minutes after they brought her in—of a broken neck."

I thought of my own two children in the rear seat next to a dead girl. Wondering playing happily in the rear seat to the side of the cold body of a little girl who was then being placed on a table in the hospital morgue, and of her mother in one of the hospital beds—unfortunately overcome with grief if they had told her yes. The whole thing gave me a chill I cannot describe.

"And if she had been wearing a seat belt? Would she be alive?"

"In all probability," said the doctor.

It's impossible to say, but I can only feel that except for that quick step to put on belts, my children, too, might be dead. Jeff was thrown against the left rear door which was sprung open. Undoubtedly, he would have fallen to the pavement. And Gloria was standing approximately in the same position as the dead girl in the other car. Without a belt to restrain her, might she not too have cracked her neck in a head-first flight over the front seat?

I have never talked to the woman driver of the other car.

Therefore, I do not know why belts were in the front seat and not in the back. But I can only guess that she was like most persons, very few of us realize the need for belts in the rear.