ARAMCO WORLD
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OIL FROM THE AIR

The shape of each of Aramco's storage tanks at Ras Tanura has been specially designed either for crude oil, a particular petroleum product, or blends. Seen here from the air are floating-roof tanks, cone-roof tanks, a spheroid.

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SOCCER / BASEBALL OF ARABIA

Although the world's most popular sport is relatively new in Saudi Arabia, the action is fast and rugged

Game time! Led by goalkeeper with ball, the Hajir Soccer Club trots onto the field for contest against al-Khobar's al-Wadha Soccer Club.

A NEW HERO is emerging in Saudi Arabia. His face may be seen in photos and clippings on school bulletin boards in Jiddah, the ancient Red Sea gateway to the Holy City of Mecca. His trophies are on display in the sports clubs of the Eastern Province, the center of the country's oil industry. His feats are lauded officially in Riyadh, the national capital, and are reported each week in *Al-Riyadhah,* a sports paper. He is the Saudi soccer player, and although none among his growing number has yet achieved the glamorous status enjoyed by Mickey Mantle or Arnold Palmer in the United States, such honors are not far off. For soccer has in the past four decades become the baseball of Saudi Arabia.

Youngsters across the country in schoolyards and on community playing fields inherit worn soccer balls handed down by older brothers, and so learn the rudimentary footwork of the game. One and all, they dream of the day when they will play goalie or right inside or center forward for one of Saudi Arabia's outstanding sports clubs and compete in the country's "world series" of soccer, the national inter-province play-offs. The national competition is divided into three categories: major league teams representing individual clubs, major league teams representing each province (these are all-star teams selected from the clubs in each province), and minor league teams from the individual clubs.

Players and fans alike at the end of Ramadhan, the Muslim month of fasting, hail the opening of the soccer season and set their hearts upon the four highly prized national soccer trophies. They are the King's Cup (for the best "A" club team), the Crown Prince's Cup (for the best all-star province team); the Ministry of Labor and Social Affairs Cup (for the best "B" club team), and the Directorate of Athletic Affairs Cup (for the outstanding minor "A" league team). The distinctions between the major and minor league teams are roughly those of American baseball. However, soccer in Saudi Arabia is an amateur sport; there are, as yet, no professional teams. The national championship cups are awarded annually under regulations enforced by the Department of Social Institutions of the Ministry of Labor and Social Affairs.

A traveler with a keen eye doesn't need to see a thousand fans crowding the sidelines or sitting in the stands to deter-

mine quickly the popularity of soccer in Saudi Arabia. There is an offhand touchstone that, incidentally, he can use anywhere in the world. Let him watch a group of young men strolling along in Jiddah, or Riyadh, or Dammam. They approach an object lying in the street – a wadded paper bag, a tin can, or even a rock. One of the young men moves toward it restively, and with a sudden, graceful flick of his foot sends the object scudding. Another takes this "pass" and begins to run easily while guiding the object forward without breaking stride. A third moves in and with a swift foot gesture steals the play. The movement flows with ballet-like grace. Suddenly, like a *veronica* of a Spanish boy flourishing an imaginary bullfighter's cape at a passing car, the ritual gesture is all over and the young men walk on. This, the traveler assures himself, is a good soccer town.

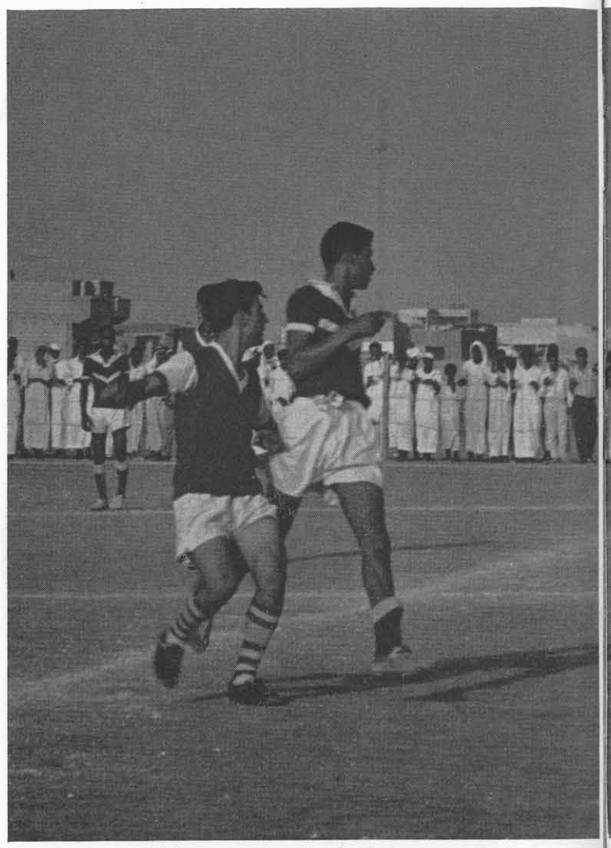
The odds heavily favor his assumption, whether it be made in a Saudi Arab city or in Buenos Aires, for the sun never sets on soccer. When the Saudi Arabs adopted the game as their national sport, they allied themselves with thousands of players and millions of fans the world over. Soccer is the number one global sport. The game evolved in Great Britain during the past three centuries, and, as one historian has observed, "everywhere that Britons went they played association, or 'soccer.' The fact that it could be played under almost any conditions except in fog added to its appeal." Just before the American Civil War the "Football Association" was founded in England to regularize the rough and tumble sport which had once pitted entire villages and towns against one another in bloody brawling. The correct name of the game is *association football*. British players long ago embraced *soccer*, a corruption of *association*, as the common term for their favorite sport. They dropped the word *football* in ordinary speech, and late in the nineteenth century it was taken on the rebound by American college students as the name of the game in which the foot is almost never used.

Soccer requires little equipment – a set of goal posts, a ball, tough feet and shins, a highly competitive spirit, agility, and endurance.

Not long ago a middle-aged Saudi Arab, now desk-bound at his job with the Arabian American Oil Company (Aramco) in Dhahran, recalled playing soccer as a child in Mecca. "We used a stocking filled with rags for a ball," he said. "And, of course, we stubbed our toes and bruised our feet. We played mostly in the streets. But at least there were practically no automobiles to worry about." He retired early from the game – "It was too rough" – but his youthful memories remain as a witness to the beginnings of soccer in Saudi Arabia. Like his Meccan playmates, he was merely imitating a new game that the older boys were playing.

Al-Sharif Muhammad ibn Shaheen, secretary of the well-known al-Wahda Sports Club of Mecca, has written an historical essay on the sport in Saudi Arabia, and he has placed its beginnnings in Mecca in 1925. He has credited "our brothers, the Malayans and Indonesians" with introducing the game which they had brought with them as pilgrims to the Holy City of Islam.

Although only one Saudi Arab is remembered as having



Al-Wadha Club center forward passes the ball to teammate during game with Hajir club. 100° heat never slows the pace of Saudi Arab players.

Coach 'Ustadh Shafia' gives al-Wadha Club players last-minute instructions on roof of clubhouse in al-Khobar before team met Hajir Club of al-Hasa on the Dammam soccer field.

It's anyone's ball during action-packed game between Dhahran and Ras Tanura Aramco teams.

had the ability to participate in the new sport launched by the Malayan and Indonesian teams in Mecca in 1925, there were all-Saudi teams playing in Mecca and Jiddah by 1931. By then the game had spread rapidly and the year was marked by some outstanding "international" contests. There were teams made up of Saudis, Malayans, Filipinos, Siamese, and other groups from the far-flung Muslim world. Sponsors began to donate cups such as the Shaikh Sadaqa 'Abd al-Manan (the chief shaikh of the Javanese) Cup, the Najmat Shirbini Cup, and the Muhammad ibn Yassin Cup. The sports clubs that were to become a permanent feature of Saudi life were first established during the late 1920's and 30's. Also, the "minor" teams were started for schoolboys not yet ready for the vigorous competition of the older and more experienced teams.

The game, which had spread to the far corners of the world from Great Britain (the Malayan and Indonesian pilgrims had, of course, learned it from the British), had always required severe regulation to keep it from degenerating into a Donnybrook. The lack of such regulation led to difficulties in Saudi Arabia. A personal dispute between two of the clubs led to quarrels. The then director of Public Security canceled a grudge game between the feuding clubs and declared a general ban on the game which lasted six years. One is reminded of the Frenchman who watched an early form of soccer being played at Derby in England. At the end of the match he was supposed to have remarked: "If this is what the English call playing, it would be impossible to say what they call fighting."

However, the game was re-established successfully in Saudi Arabia, and the clubs again sponsored a schedule of matches. One of the first inter-country matches took place in 1950 when an Egyptian all-star team representing the Ministry of Health played two games against all-star teams from Jiddah and Mecca. The Saudi Arab host teams defeated their guests in the first game and dropped the second. By 1954 Saudi Arab soccer had found an influential friend and sponsor in H.R.H. Amir 'Abd Allah al-Faysal, the then Governor of the Hijaz and Minister of the Interior. The Amir established the Directorate of Athletic Affairs in his Ministry and saw to the healthy development of the sport, which by then had become a passionate public favorite. A director was appointed – 'Ustadh Mustafa Kamil Mansur – and charged with the establishment of uniform rules and general jurisdiction over the game of soccer in Saudi Arabia.

In clubhouse al-Wadha team prepares for game with Hajir Club. On table are dominoes and game called *damah*, similar to checkers.

The year 1954 also marked the establishment of the King's Cup, which for the past nine years has gone to the best team in the country. In 1957 a system of national championships was started, with categories of championships based upon the cups described earlier. During the 1950's, the game finally assumed a completely national character, and today the public registry of players is open only to Saudis. The decade was noted for the growth also of matches with teams from other Arab countries.

Soccer first flourished in the western part of the country, in the historic area known as the Hijaz. However, the growth of the oil industry in the Eastern Province after World War II gave rise to a soccer schedule in the recreation program of Aramco. Sudanese and Italian workers together with Bahrainis and Saudis from the Hijaz, playing after work, started informal teams in 1946, and young Saudis in Dammam, al-Khobar, al-Qatif and other nearby communities soon became enthusiastic fans. The Sudanese players spoke Arabic and soon began to coach the boys who followed their games. In 1948 soccer was formally incorporated into the Aramco recreation program, and a schedule of games was established. Overnight, as one of the first Saudi players remembers, "it *was* the game for us. We tried baseball and cricket, but soccer was just right. At first we had six Aramco teams that were all-Saudi, and we also had some mixed teams with Yemeni, Sudanese and Italian fellows. The company supplied the equipment and the transportation and prepared the fields. Then the clubs were started and Aramco helped them too because they were started by employees. The company has donated chairs, TV, books and games to the clubs. Now today we have both the Aramco season of competition as well as the national season. Many players from the Aramco teams, which are made up of employees only, also play with the club teams. In 1962 the all-star team from the Eastern Province – the best players from the different clubs in the communities – won the national Crown Prince Cup.

"What happened was this. The Eastern Province team played the all-star team from Riyadh. The game was a tie and was decided by a toss of a coin. The Eastern Province team won and then went to Jiddah and defeated the Hijaz team. You know, back in 1955 a team from the east went to Jiddah to play for the King's Cup and lost two games. Now we have better teams to send."

In 1958 an American team was formed in Dhahran among Aramco employees. It didn't last long. When asked what happened to the Americans, a Saudi Arab soccer enthusiast replied with friendly circumspection, "Maybe the game is too tough." An index to the native hardihood of the Saudi player can be found in the fact that during the summer, when the temperature rarely drops below 100° and the hot winds, the eye-stinging and suffocating *shamals*, trap Americans indoors, the Saudi teams go right on playing. They will even try to play right through a *shamal*, the desiccated, flying-sand equivalent of a British fog.

In inter-district contest, Abqaiq goalkeeper picks up the ball in front of the Dhahran center forward. During height of season games are played under lights.

As already has been indicated, soccer in Saudi Arabia is strictly an amateur sport. However, a visitor with a background as a sports reporter in the United States notes that the Government has already had to regulate against the better players moving from one team to another. Each player must register before the season and remain with the same team for at least three years, a hedge against incipient professionalism. The tremendous competitive spirit of the sports clubs also provides a climate of attitude that would support underwriting a team so that it would be free to practice all day without the players having to work.

However, this is mere conjecture. What seems more likely, and imminent, is the arrival of a Babe Ruth of soccer in Saudi Arabia, a national hero who will capture the public fancy from coast to coast. Not long ago the Prime Minister called for the establishment of a television network in the country. The popular Aramco Television station long ago discovered that films of soccer matches have an extremely high rating with the TV audience. Given coast-to-coast coverage, and frequent exposure, a great goalie, for example, may suddenly become the new national hero, a sports-world knight in shining armor. History sometimes has a beguiling sense of the appropriate, and such a development would be only fitting. The chivalric hero of knighthood came out of the desert and was celebrated by the Bedouin poets. The new knight may find his bard in television. ■

"Commander of the Sultan's Galleys"

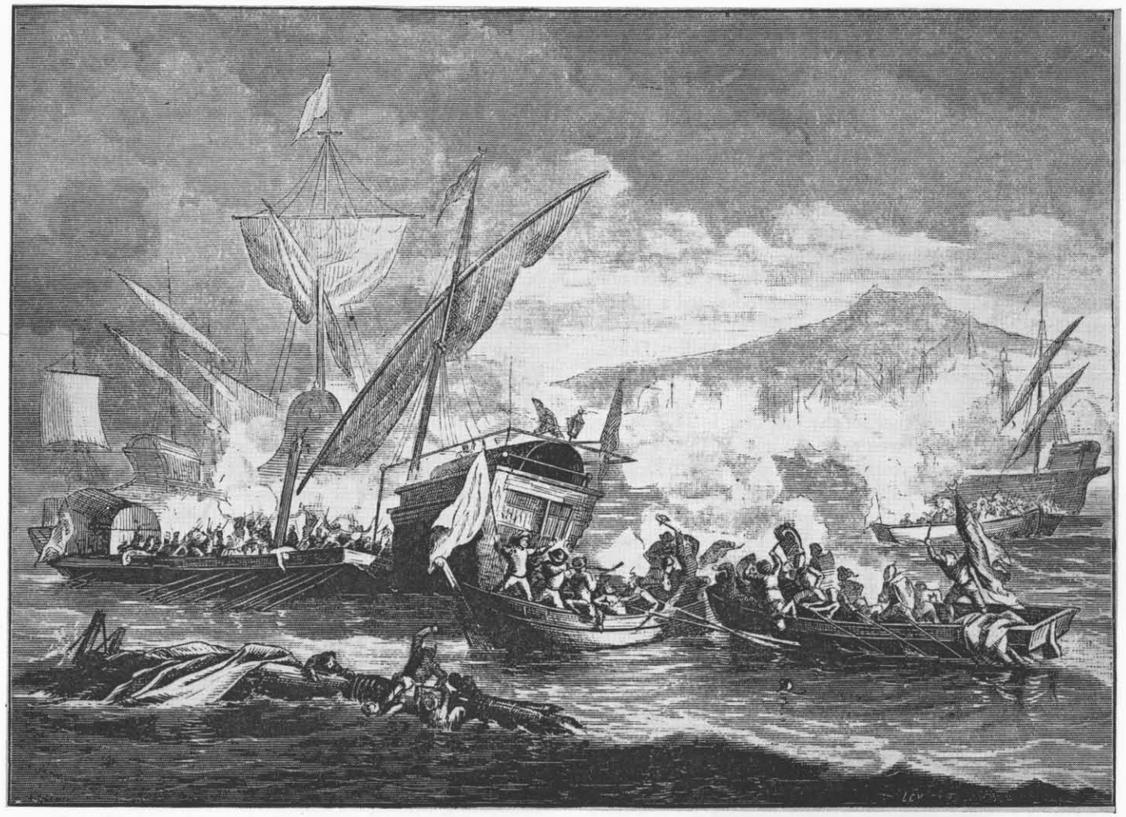
Control of the Mediterranean was the big prize as two famous sailors squared off

Dragut's warships fought for Sultan Suleiman the Magnificent, ruler of the Ottoman Empire.

WHEN THE FLAGSHIP of the Imperial Spanish Fleet, the powerful galley *Mora*, pulled up to its moorings in the harbor of Genoa on a November day of the year 1544, most of the rowers collapsed across their oars. It was a mass concession to the weariness that came from pulling the big vessel – fifty-six oars, five men to a bench – over the Mediterranean from Majorca.

One galleyman who did not collapse sat in the front row on the right, a muscular figure whose tawny skin, black beard and eyes proclaimed that he was not a European. The headsman of his oar, that is, the one on the inside from whom the other four took their cue as they cut the water with their heavy wooden blade, he had survived four years of the brutal toil that kept sixteenth-century navies operating at sea.

Now, as the shackles were stricken off and the rowers filed ashore, he expected to be incarcerated and put to other strenuous work until the next naval campaign. Instead, the boatswain tapped him on the shoulder and said in the Mediterranean patois that galleymen understood from Barcelona to Constantinople: "Signor Dragut, the Admiral wishes to see you."



During sixteenth century, Dragut led his Turkish men-of-war against the fleet commanded by Andrea Doria, representing King Charles of Spain.

"What, the invincible Andrea Doria himself?" There was a mocking note in the question.

"Yes, come with me."

They mounted the dock and advanced toward the admiral who, flanked by his officers, was watching the rest of the galleys of his fleet cast anchor. Andrea Doria spoke first, and to the point. "Signor Dragut, you are a free man. Your Sultan has ransomed you. He considers you worth the three thousand gold ducats we demanded."

Dragut smiled. "Lord Admiral, the mighty Suleiman, whom you call the Magnificent, has always placed too high a value on my services."

It was Doria's turn to smile. "Suleiman the Magnificent knows, as we Genoese know, that without you he cannot hope to hold control of the waters beyond Sicily against the King of Spain."

"You are flattering," replied Dragut. "But why, then, do you not keep me as your prisoner?" The words were velvet, for Dragut knew what the answer would be.

"I do not fear you," said Doria sharply. "I have defeated you in the past, and I will defeat you in the future – should our paths cross again."

"That they will surely do," Dragut replied, almost smiling.

"In Tripoli?"

"In Naples."

Nothing more needed to be said. Bowing an adieu, the erstwhile galley slave disappeared into Genoa to begin his search for a passage back to the nearest seaport in the dominions of Suleiman the Magnificent.

The name of Dragut – corrupted by the European tongue from the original Torghud Reis – was as famous as that of Andrea Doria, Europe's foremost naval commander. An Anatolian, born in what is now Turkey and was then the Turkish territory of the Ottoman Empire, Dragut took to the sea aboard ships plying the Bosphorous below the Golden Horn. He became a fighting sailor during the duel for power that extended from the Riviera to the Levant.

Turkish power, expanding after the capture of Constantinople in 1453, moved around the eastern end of the Mediterranean, from the Balkans through Asia Minor and Egypt, and along the littoral of North Africa as far as Morocco. Such was the great Ottoman Empire at its height under Suleiman the Magnificent.

Meanwhile, Europe was going through a similar develop-

"Commander of the Sultan's Galleys"

ment. The Emperor Charles V of Spain built a massive empire that included Germany, most of Italy, Spain, and the vast overseas possessions dependent on Spain. Once the Emperor had solidified his position by defeating Francis I of France, he began to look farther afield for conquests.

Thus Suleiman the Magnificent and Charles V faced one another across the Mediterranean. Each possessed a potent battlefleet, each gave the top command to an admiral of genius. Suleiman had Dragut; Charles had Andrea Doria; and the two naval men largely decided the fate of the Sultan and the Emperor.

They fought one another for the first time in 1538 at the Battle of Trevisa off the west coast of Greece. Andrea Doria brought his galleys up in formation outside the gulf. Dragut, then a subordinate commander, persuaded his admiral to wait for the Europeans to retire under the impression that no battle was going to take place. As Doria swung his warships around toward the open sea, Dragut led the dash out of the gulf that took them from the rear and sank or scattered them.

Two years later Doria got his revenge when his adversary carried the war into European waters. He trapped Dragut's raiding task force, drove it ashore on Sardinia, and captured the Islamic marauder. That was how Dragut happened to pull a Spanish oar as a galley slave until he was ransomed by Suleiman in 1544.

Returning home, raised to the highest command in the Ottoman Navy in 1546, Dragut prepared for a showdown battle with Andrea Doria. Once more Doria outmaneuvered him. The Genoese admiral dashed across from Sicily and bottled him up in the lagoon of the island of Djerba. Back to Naples went the war bulletin: "I have trapped Dragut at Djerba where he has no hope of escape."

The bulletin was premature. Dragut massed his artillery at the mouth of the lagoon and began a furious bombardment of the European fleet. Sure that a sortie was coming, Doria hastily summoned his ships from their battle stations around the island. Whereupon Dragut had his own galleys transported on greased rollers across an isthmus to the open water beyond. As he sailed away, he laughed heartily at the thought of Doria closely guarding an empty lagoon.

This statagem brought Dragut the official title bestowed on him by the Sultan: Commander of the Sultan's Galleys. His proud fellow countrymen bestowed on him an unofficial title: The Drawn Sword of Islam.

He lived up to both titles by becoming the Mediterranean's most famous sailor. He captured hundreds of vessels sailing under the colors of Charles V. He developed the technique of hitting an enemy flotilla in its own harbor just before it was due to sail against him. He took thousands of European prisoners; he rescued thousands of Muslim prisoners. Seaports from Naples to Barcelona had to maintain a special guard against an assault from the sea heralded by the blossoming of Dragut's sails across the horizon.

In 1551 Dragut sent a decoy expedition to lure Doria toward Sicily. Safe from a counterattack, he burst into the harbor of Tripoli, sank or captured the ships he found there, landed a storming party, and wrested the city from the Knights of St. John. This was the decisive battle for North Africa. Coming after the Turkish capture of Tunis, it ensured that the southern littoral of the Mediterranean would remain Islamic.

The only question now was whether the northern shore would fall to Islam. Malta held the answer. Dragut advised against a direct attack on this impregnable stronghold of the Knights of St. John. Overruled, he obeyed orders and landed his men on the island, then led them in a valiant effort to storm the Fort of St. Elmo. Dragut was one of the 6,000 who fell at the foot of its massive walls. Malta held fast. The subsequent European triumph at the Battle of Lepanto ensured that the European shore of the Mediterranean would remain European.

Andrea Doria had died five years earlier (1560), so the two redoubtable antagonists were now gone. The Genoese admiral had prevented the Mediterranean from becoming an Islamic lake. But he knew that the honors were even, for Dragut had prevented it from becoming a European lake. Such was the achievement of The Drawn Sword of Islam. ■

Andrea Doria, the admiral from Genoa, was Dragut's chief opponent.

A table laden with favorite foods of the Middle East is a sure bet to set appetites soaring

GOOD EATING IN THE MIDDLE EAST

With jellies soother than the creamy curd
And lucent syrops, tinct with cinnamon;
Manna and dates, in argosy transferred
From Fez; and spiced dainties, every one,
From silken Samarkand to cedared Lebanon.

Keats: "The Eve of St. Agnes"

THERE'S A SUBTLE fragrance of cooking over that great and ancient arc that hugs the Mediterranean across northern Africa, over into Saudi Arabia, northward into Turkey and east and south through Iran and Iraq on the Persian Gulf. From the workman's lunch of crisp or chewy flat bread and white goat's-milk cheese to a festive stuffed roasted whole lamb . . . from a simple milk-and-rice pudding to the nutty succulent sweetness of baklava. . . .

Middle Eastern people thrive on food of infinite variety and rewarding substance. It's as exotic as rose-water jelly; as refreshing as soft summer drinks made from "lucent syrops, tinct with cinnamon"; as filling as an Algerian *couscous* of chicken, lamb, chick-peas, and a dozen other ingredients. The flavor may be as delicate as the flavor of rose leaves dipped in icy water – or as emphatic and multi-toned as a blend of prime mutton, onions, garlic, herbs, and spices can make it.

Here the preparation of food is a cherished art; the eating of it an exciting adventure – no matter how simple or inexpensive the things that go into the pot.

Middle Eastern dishes, however exotic they may be to the Western palate, begin with staples most of which can be found in any American supermarket. The difference is a matter of accent – and of the traditional patience, thriftiness and ingenuity of Middle Eastern cooks.

The accent is embedded in history and geography. There's regional cooking aplenty in the West, but none that covers anything like the area of the Middle East. There a traveler finds a meld of tastes and cultures going back to Arab conquests in the seventh and eighth centuries, and to succeeding incursions by the Turks. Both empires were Muslim; both mingled seeds of custom among many lands and peoples.

Result: though they eat in at least three different languages – Arabic, Persian, and Turkish – they all handle their pots and their bake-ovens in much the same way.

The sharper contrasts are those of climate and fertility; but they, too, have yielded to a regional culinary character. Saudi Arabia, for instance, is mostly desert; its nomads have lived largely on their flocks of sheep and goats. But Iraq and some of southeastern Turkey are in that ancient Mesopotamian land where agriculture first began, and much of the Middle East produces a rich variety of fruits and vegetables. Wheat and barley flourish; so does the olive tree. Rice is grown in lower Egypt, Iran, southern Iraq, and the valleys of southern Turkey.

Centuries ago southern Arabia was a center of two-way spice trade between Far East and Middle East, and the taste for spices has never died in the Mediterranean and near-Mediterranean world. These people like flavors – mixed, like their own cultures.

Lamb and mutton, olive oil, onions, and garlic are fundamental in the Middle Eastern kitchen. So are vegetables: almost every one a person could think of, and a few that are seldom encountered by Americans. So is rice, except where it's thought of as a luxury.

Fluffy cooked rice, every grain separate from its neighbors, is known as *pilaf*; but *pilaf* is also the name for an infinite variety of culinary wonders based on it – happy weddings of rice with meat and vegetables and flavorings.

Cracked wheat is a stand-in for rice in *pilaf* dishes. It is also indispensable in a basic food of Syria, Lebanon, and

GOOD EATING IN THE MIDDLE EAST

Jordan: *kibbe* – a mix of ground lamb, cracked wheat, and onions. *Kibbe* is eaten raw, boiled, broiled, baked, fried, cooked with yogurt. It's made into meat balls and meat patties and meat loaf. And it's always given more body and more zest with whatever the cook likes – including more ground lamb.

Butter is mostly for baking. It may be a rendered butter that will keep for weeks in a crock on the pantry shelf. But olive oil often replaces it in pastries, and olive oil is universally used in frying and other cooking. Vegetable shortening is an alternate, and in Saudi Arabia some cooks use *ghee,* a fat usually made from goat's or sheep's milk.

Milk – cow's, goat's, or sheep's – doesn't have overmuch to do in the Mid-Eastern kitchen. Its greatest and most esteemed function is to turn itself into yogurt, the food Keats surely had in mind when he wrote "soother than the creamy curd." Like most other staples in these venerable lands, yogurt has a versatility beyond all Western culinary experience. It can be eaten as a dessert, as a side dish, as a snack. But its unique, quietly sweet-sour flavor also can be detected in stews and sauces, soups and salads, pies and pancakes and *pilaf,* and in yogurt cheese. In summer it's a drink, thinned down with water and salted.

To these culinary basics the resourceful Middle Eastern cook adds the special treasures of her own land and of the Far East: olives, dates, figs, nuts, spices, seeds, and herbs. She orchestrates her food, creating rich harmonies of meat and vegetables cooked together, blending in the bright notes of basil and bay leaf, mint and marjoram, parsley and thyme and oregano and dill, ripe peppers and paprika, allspice, ginger, cinnamon. As grace notes she adds the seeds of anise and sesame, of caraway, cardamon, coriander and cumin.

Many-flavored, many-textured surprises emerge continually from her kitchen. She stuffs grape leaves, cabbage leaves, chard leaves, fish, potatoes, artichokes, squash, eggplant, dates, pancakes, and pastries – just about anything that can hold something else. An American, confronted here by even such familiar standbys as stuffed chicken and stuffed peppers, would find his taste-buds newly touched. Chopped meat, cheese, yogurt, pine nuts, tomatoes, rice, chick peas, spices, herbs – the combinations in stuffings are almost endless.

Exciting variety comes naturally in such cuisine: variety among regions as well as recipes – and cooks. Among the innumerable sauces poured over rice, a Persian specialty is *khoresh* – a stew in which fruit is cooked with meat and vegetables. Obviously *khoresh* can be – and is – made in many combinations.

Throughout North Africa the monarch of dishes is *couscous,* a formidable mélange of vegetables, peppers, spices, and lamb or chicken – occasionally beef. Here again the recipe varies with the cook – and, perhaps, with what's best in the market on any particular day. But the foundation is always the same: *couscous* – steamed granules from wheat, used as rice is used in a *pilaf.*

The Turks say they have forty ways to prepare eggplant. One of the favorites begins with cooking the vegetable whole in charcoal ashes – or directly over an open gas burner on the stove. Incidentally, it must be peeled while hot, and the cook manages that by dipping her fingers in cold water from time to time as she peels.

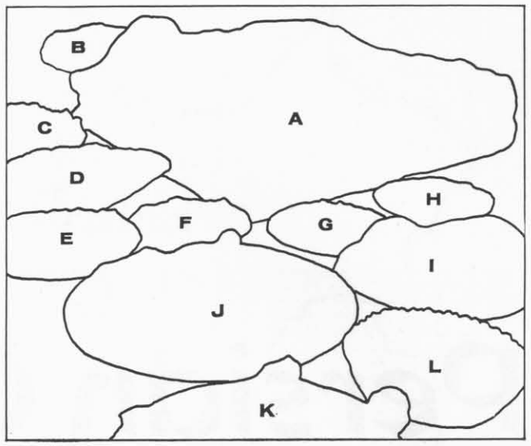
Middle Eastern cooks are not only artists, devising multitudes of variations on native themes; they are hard workers and good managers as well. The Muslim tradition of hospitality is inviolate and compelling: a housewife provides the best she has for anybody who honors the household by entering it–friend, relative, or wayfaring stranger.

So she must have plenty of good food, and have it ready; and it must be stretchable, in the event of unexpected but welcome guests.

Thus she masters the art of cooking things together in a pot that can be fattened at any time – and the flavor is greater than the sum of its parts. She cuts meat in cubes – for shish kebab, for stews and soups, for combination dishes; she grinds it – for stuffings, meat balls, patties; she strips the lamb bones and has them cracked to line the pot for stuffed leaves. Even the excess fat can be used in preserving meat for staple kitchen use. Almost nothing edible is wasted.

Finally – the artist again – she sees to it that eating is a rounded esthetic experience. To persuasive aroma and memorable taste she adds the enticement of color and arrangement. Thus white rice mixed with browned Italian semolina – or topped with browned noodles. Or rice all pink, from cooking in a mix of water and fresh tomato juice; or yellow, from saffron. Cool summer salads: green cucumbers and fresh mint speckling the pure white of yogurt. Whole baked fish garnished with mayonnaise, parsley, sliced olives, bits of pimento, and green pickles cut in fan shapes.

There are salads galore: imaginative combinations of greens and vegetables – sometimes with meat, with fish, with cheese, with yogurt. *Tabbouleh* is a mixture of cracked wheat with chopped mint, parsley, onions, and tomatoes. *Fattoush,* sparked up with little pieces of crisp



A—*faketh lahum ghanum* (lamb pilaf with raisins, pine seed nuts); B—*mamoul* (pastry with dates), *ghorayba* (pastry with pistachios); C—pickles; D—*homos bi tahini* (boiled chick peas with sesame seed oil); E—*zahra miqlee* (fried cauliflower); F—pickles; G—olives; H—*warak inib mihshee* (stuffed grape leaves); I—green pepper and tomatoes; J—kibbe (ground lamb, cracked wheat, onions); K—*makdous* (eggplant stuffed with garlic and parsley, pickled with lemon juice, olive oil); L—*idameh* (boiled chick peas, roasted and salted).

Arabian bread, is faintly reminiscent of the Caesar salad esteemed in the western United States, which offers the crunchiness of Frenchfried croutons. In salad dressings the olive oil is often cut with lemon juice instead of vinegar.

Dessert is often fruit or melon. Rice puddings gain flavor, body, and zest from orange blossom essence, rose water, spices and seeds and chopped nuts. And on special occasions, the Middle Eastern cook goes all out with sweet desserts such as halva, nut-stuffed cakes, and baklava.

It all adds up to a long day in the Middle Eastern kitchen, but the busy American housewife can try the cuisine without sweat or tears. Modern food choppers and blenders, electric refrigeration, and frozen foods make it possible, and there are shortcuts and substitutions that may challenge the cook's ingenuity but will save her time and much effort.

It's worth trying.

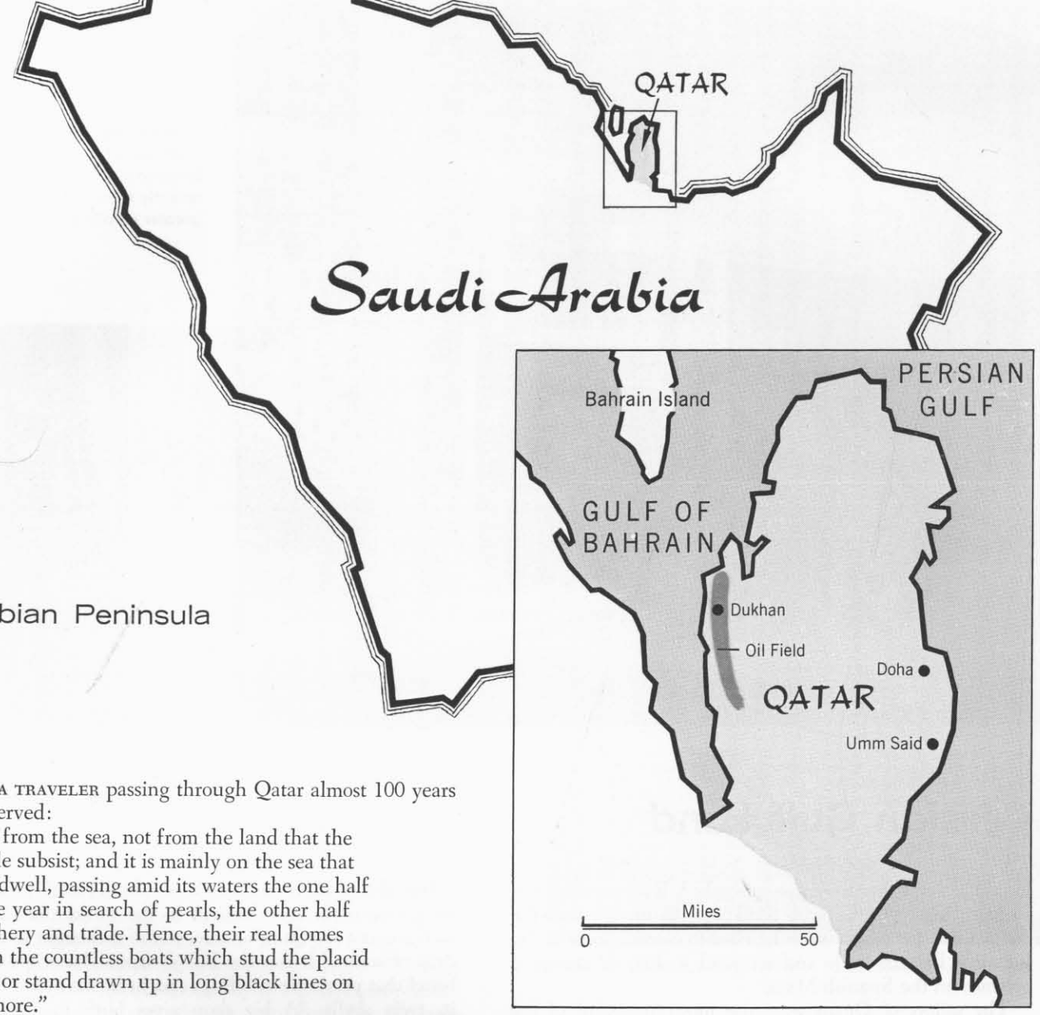
Shish kebab (Turkish *shish,* skewer; Arabic *kabab,* meat) is known to patio barbecue chefs all over America; but who has given a thought to *shish*fish (swordfish, for example), or have you ever *shished* a liver? Eggs are—well, eggs – until they're tried in a casserole with chopped walnuts and half a dozen chopped vegetables. And anyone who thinks he knows all there is to know about lamb stew has probably never made it with kidney beans, flavored with bay leaf, oregano, cinnamon, and lemon juice.

A number of good English-language Middle-East cookbooks have appeared in recent years. Each of them includes highly readable material on the food traditions in the area covered. For most Americans, the reading will be open sesame to a new world of cooking – yet a world as old as the Arabian Nights. ■

Persian Gulf Land

Change is the order of the day in Qatar, a finger of land that juts from the Arabian Peninsula

The clocktower in Doha, the capital of Qatar. In background is new wing of the palace of Sheikh Ahmed ibn Ali al-Thani.



A TRAVELER passing through Qatar almost 100 years ago observed:

"It is from the sea, not from the land that the people subsist; and it is mainly on the sea that they dwell, passing amid its waters the one half of the year in search of pearls, the other half in fishery and trade. Hence, their real homes are in the countless boats which stud the placid pool, or stand drawn up in long black lines on the shore."

The Qataris are still fishermen and pearl divers, but now they have a relatively new industry — oil. Last year, income from petroleum reserves amounted to more than 50 million dollars, and practically all of the 8,670,919 tons of oil produced were exported.

Approximately 45,000 people live on the peninsula of Qatar, a Middle Eastern sheikhdom that juts 100 miles out into the Arabian Gulf. Fifty miles wide, its land area is roughly equivalent to the state of Massachusetts. Qatar's land borders are with Saudi Arabia and Abu Dhabi, one of the seven Trucial Coast states, although these boundaries have never been officially demarcated.

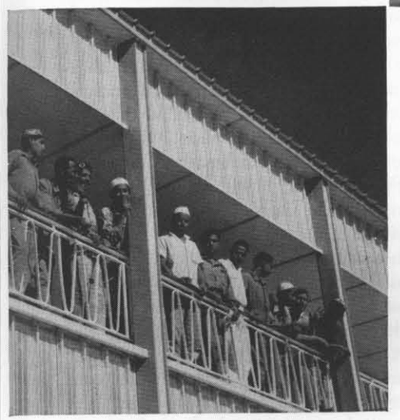
There is not a great deal recorded about Qatar's history. It is possible that it was once an island, since the salt flats and seven-mile-long lake that define its inland frontier comprise a very low-lying area. Since 1956, a Danish archaeological expedition has paid an annual visit to the peninsula and has excavated some ancient burial mounds at Umm al-Ma on the west coast. The mounds are similar to those found on Bahrain, a neighboring island state, but the archaeologists have not yet released their findings. Nonetheless, there is widespread evidence of habitation that dates to prehistoric times and reflects the changing fortunes of Qatar.

The peninsula of Qatar is mostly flat desert lands with limestone hills, the highest of which is 250-foot Jebel Dukhan in the west. It is at Dukhan that the oil field and camp of the Qatar Petroleum Company, an affiliate of the British-controlled Iraq Petroleum Company, are located. They lie approximately 60 miles from the capital city of Doha on the east coast.

Although Qatar's ancient past is still a matter of speculation, her recent history is quite well documented.

Arabs in the southern regions of the Middle East have a saying: "The more barren the coast, the more piratical the inhabitants." This was the case as far back as Roman times when Pliny recorded the fact that archers were carried aboard ships that voyaged to Egypt. Twelve hundred years later Marco Polo described cordons of dhows stretched across the mouth of the Persian Gulf, making it impossible

Students stroll through courtyard of Doha Secondary School between classes. School was recently enlarged to provide for greater enrollment.

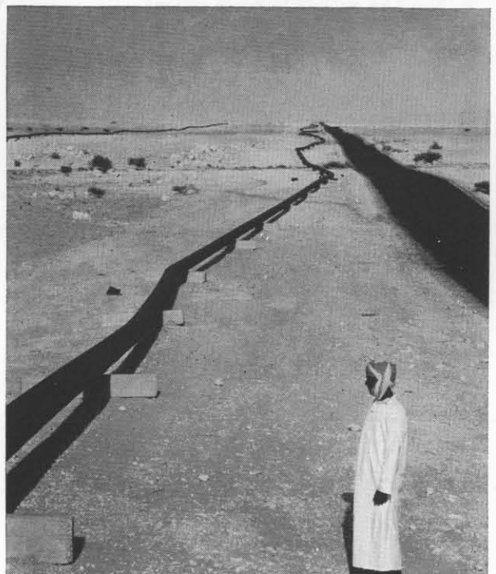


A group of trainees relaxes at the Qatar Petroleum Company Training Center in the port city of Umm Said.

One of the best-equipped hospitals in the Middle East was constructed in Doha in 1957.

Airport at Doha has long runways to accommodate jetliners.

This pipeline stretches across desertlands from oil field near Dukhan to port of Umm Said, where tankers wait to load up.



Persian Gulf Land

for a merchant ship to escape unscathed. Buccaneering was so fierce that even Captain Kidd was daunted, found the competition too rough when he tried to capture some of the lucrative Eastern trade and returned to his old stamping grounds on the Spanish Main.

The sailors of Oman were the most successful of the area's buccaneers, and their stronghold during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries was the coastal plain between the peninsula of Qatar on the west and the promontory of Ras al-Masandam on the east. The inhabitants of this region called themselves Jawasmis after the most important local tribe.

In 1853, the Jawasmi sheikhs signed a Treaty of Peace in Perpetuity with the British, and this coast has ever since been known as the Coast of the Truce, or Trucial Coast. Then in 1892, the sheikhs agreed not to enter into treaty relationships with any powers other than the British. To this day, all the Arabian Gulf states except Kuwait are British protectorates, including Qatar, which is ruled by Sheikh Ahmed ibn Ali al-Thani.

At the beginning of the twentieth century, the Arabian Gulf produced half of the world's supply of pearls. At least 3,500 boats of pearl fishers operated off Bahrain and Qatar, one-fourth of them directly from the peninsula. With the development of Japanese cultured pearls in the 1930's, Gulf pearling declined considerably.

But the pearl beds that lie off the Trucial Coast have always been the most famous in the world and may very well account for Qatar's name, which is thought to mean "a drop of water." It was the Babylonians who originated the belief that pearls are raindrops caught by the oyster between its twin shells. "A big drop gives birth to a big pearl and out of a sprinkling the seed pearls are born," wrote thirteenth-century Arab geographer al-Qazwini in his "Wonders of Creation."

Qataris still gather pearls, some fish for a livelihood, and the 10,000 Bedouin in the interior graze animals. But a substantial proportion of the people of Qatar work in the oil industry or in activities directly related to its operations.

Oil came to Qatar in 1940, although the first exploratory well was started in 1938 and the concession agreement signed in 1935. Three wells were drilled, then plugged as a defensive measure during World War II. Operations began again in 1947 and two years later the first shipment of Qatar crude was loaded onto the tanker *President Meny* at the port of Umm Said and headed for Europe.

Between 1948 and 1957 alone, 58 wells were drilled. Of these, 48 were producer wells and the other ten were observation wells designed to allow petroleum engineers to determine the changing gas and water levels between which the oil lies.

With the coming of oil, Doha, the capital, has changed from a sleepy village to a bustling city with 30,000 inhabitants. The streets are paved, hotels and attractive residential areas have been built, the airport is large enough to accommodate jets, the commercial district is thriving, and there is a drinking-water system serviced by two distillation plants.

Health treatment and education are both free. A large hospital, one of the best-equipped in the Middle East, was opened in Doha in 1957 and a Women's Hospital was also constructed. Qatar will soon launch a comprehensive public health service. All these facilities are in addition to the modern ones maintained for its employes by the Qatar Petroleum Company in Dukhan and Umm Said.

Since the first school was opened in Doha in 1950, considerable advances have been made in the field of education. Last year, over 7,000 youngsters attended school, not only in the capital but in the northern villages as well. There are a number of kindergarten and elementary schools, a secondary school, an industrial institute and a teacher-training academy. Adult education classes in many areas have also been started.

Nearly two-thirds of the world's oil reserves are located under the sands of the Middle East, much of it in a huge arc around the Persian Gulf. Yesterday, today and tomorrow exist side by side in these states of the Gulf. But some of these countries are rapidly leaping into the twentieth century. Qatar is one of them. ■

Seven Golden Odes

reflect

the adventurous spirit

of old-time

life in desertlands

A SOUND flew gently through the quiet, desert air of early evening. A *rawiya* (reciter) sang in moving cadence the desert songs of Tarafa. The business of the day seemed gone forever in the outstretched Bakri tribal camp in the Tigris River foothills.

With new-found pride and honor the Bakris had followed the banner of Islam throughout the Persian campaigns. But sadness mingled with a much more ancient pride as the descriptive odes of Tarafa reminded them of their former homes on the great Arabian plain.

Caught in the same emotion was Hammad ar-Rawiya, a thinly built young Persian scholar with sharp features. Hammad visited often with the Bakris and had long since learned the dignity of the ancient Arab poetry. Far more than mere tribal amusement, he saw and heard timeless images and feelings of men intensely involved with life, and he determined that he would collect the finest of these poems and preserve them for all time.

For the better part of a hundred years, the energetic surge of the Arabs under the impetus of Islam had consumed the total energies of the people. By the time the Omayyad dynasty of caliphs (661-749) had set their capital in Damascus and organized a new empire out of old Egypt, Syria, and Persia, the pre-Islamic culture of the Arab desert had suddenly become ancient history.

The earliest disciples of Muhammad had called into question the pagan way of life reflected in some of the desert poetry. But as the *Koran* spread further and further from the home in which it was born, many of the words and phrases culled from tribal life became obscure in meaning, and often the misunderstanding of a crucial metaphor altered the sense of an entire discourse.

Arabic grammar and lexicography were born when the Muslim teachers first turned to the ancient poets for help in understanding obscure texts in the *Koran*. Soon, the verses themselves demanded explanation so they in turn might shed a brighter light on the teachings of the Sacred Volume. By the start of the eighth century, many scholars recognized that the poetry had a beauty and a grandeur of its own.

Hammad ar-Rawiya (713-772), known as the Rhapsodist, lived during the peak of this enthusiasm and was himself perhaps its most important advocate. No one thirsted more than he to hear the traditional lore. His quest for the stories, poems, and reports of great battles in old Arabia inspired him to visit the scattered tribes in every corner of the empire.

He once boasted he knew a hundred lengthy odes for every letter of the alphabet, with rhymes for each letter. The Caliph himself challenged the truth of such a boast and brought Hammad to Damascus for a test. After 2900 poems had been recited, the weary Caliph stood convinced and presented him a gift of 100,000 dirhems. Surely no one was better qualified than Hammad to select the first and most famous anthology of Arab poetry.

Hammad's collection, the *Mo'allaqat* (the suspended), was long thought to have been "suspended" high along the walls of the Ka'bah in the Holy City of Mecca. One tradition said the "Seven Golden Odes" had been written in golden letters on pieces of fine Egyptian linen for display in Mecca. But it was their sheer richness of language and accurate portrayal of the desert experience which thrust these poems high into their exalted position, "suspended" in honor above the rest.

The first poem is the *kasidah* (ode) of love by Imr al-Qais, thought by many scholars to be the greatest of the ancient poets. Next comes Tarafa, the rebellious youth whose cutting satire cost him his life. Then follows Zuhair, the pagan moralist. Labid, who gave up poetry to follow Islam and lived to be a hundred and fifty. Antara, the legendary Arab-Negro knight. Amr, the Bedouin chief who avenged Tarafa's death. And finally, al-Harith, the Bakr chief whose thrilling battle songs made men forget he was a leper. Each one, during the course of the sixth century, created a classic example of the *kasidah*, the first and favorite form of poetic expression among the Arabs.

The *kasidah* develops with an intricate rhythm and rhyme scheme which produces an overpowering emotional effect at public readings. Excitement builds as, line after line, the poet produces precisely the right word with the right sound, so completely interwoven with the thought that it seems inevitable.

The subject matter of the *kasidah* is unabashedly autobiographical but follows a set, conventional pattern. To soften the hearts of his hearers, the poet starts by telling of the gracious childhood sweetheart he searches for. He finds only deserted remains where her tribe has tarried, and his heart is broken in sorrow. No friend can console him, and in his despair he continues on his journey, singing praises to the sturdy camel which carries him.

The valor and stamina of his camel reminds him of his own, and he remembers the hair-raising battles he has fought, all for the honor of the tribe or in pursuit of vengeance for some mighty crime against his kin. His courage opens outward to all good men: he sings of boundless generosity and extravagant revelry. At last, he speaks a eulogy of his host or patron or hurls invectives against those who have wronged him.

Few areas have accorded their poets greater esteem than did the ancient Arabs. Some excerpts from the poems illustrate how clearly the poet identified his own longings with those of his people. His virtues were their virtues; his victories, their victories. Hear as Tarafa tells of his camel:

Ah, but when grief assails me, straightway I ride it off
mounted on my swift, lean-flanked camel, night and day racing,
sure-footed, like the planks of a litter; I urge her on
down the bright highway, that back of a striped mantle;
her long neck is very erect when she lifts it up
calling to mind the rudder of a Tigris-bound vessel.
Her skull is most like an anvil, the junction of its two halves
meeting together as it might be on the edge of a file.
Her cheek is smooth as Syrian parchment, her split lip
a tanned hide of Yemen, its slit not bent crooked;
her eyes are a pair of mirrors, sheltering
in the caves of her brow-bones, the rock of a pool's hollow.
Her trepid heart pulses strongly, quick, yet firm
as a pounding-rock set in the midst of a solid boulder.
Such is the beast I ride. . . .

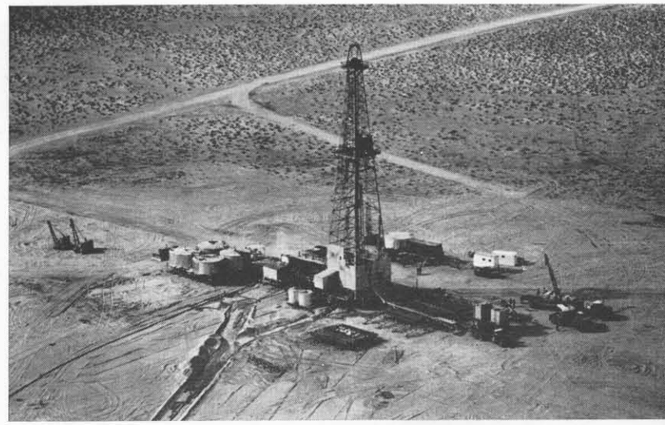
Labid extols the ways of the community:

When the assemblies meet together, we never fail
to supply a match for the gravest issue, strong to shoulder it,
a partitioner, bestowing on all the tribe their due,
granting to some their rights, denying the claims of some
for the general good, generous, assisting liberality,
gentlemanly, winning and plundering precious prize,
sprung of a stock whose feathers laid down a code for them,
and every folk has its code of laws and its high ideal.

Zuhair searches for the meaning of war:

War is nothing else but what you've known and yourselves tasted,
it is not a tale told at random, a vague conjecture;
when you stir it up, it's a hateful thing you've stirred up;
ravenous it is, once you whet its appetite; it bursts aflame,
then it grinds you as a millstone grinds on its cushion;
yearly it conceives, birth upon birth, and with twins for issue —
very ill-omened are the boys it bears you. . . .

Through the centuries the *Mo'allaqat* has continued to hold its place of prominence in Arabic poetry. Many scholars consider it the major classic of secular Arabic verse, and for many secondary schools in the Middle East it is required reading. The songs of Imr al-Qais and Tarafa still echo the ancient tribal life on the Arabian desert. ■



Left, bulldozers push crest off sand dune to make easier route for two portable structure drill rigs. Above, tire marks around Khursaniyah Well No. 6 are an indication of the activity that goes on around the clock in the vicinity of an Aramco oil drilling rig.

OIL FROM THE AIR

An aerial viewpoint puts a new perspective on Aramco's oil installations in Saudi Arabia

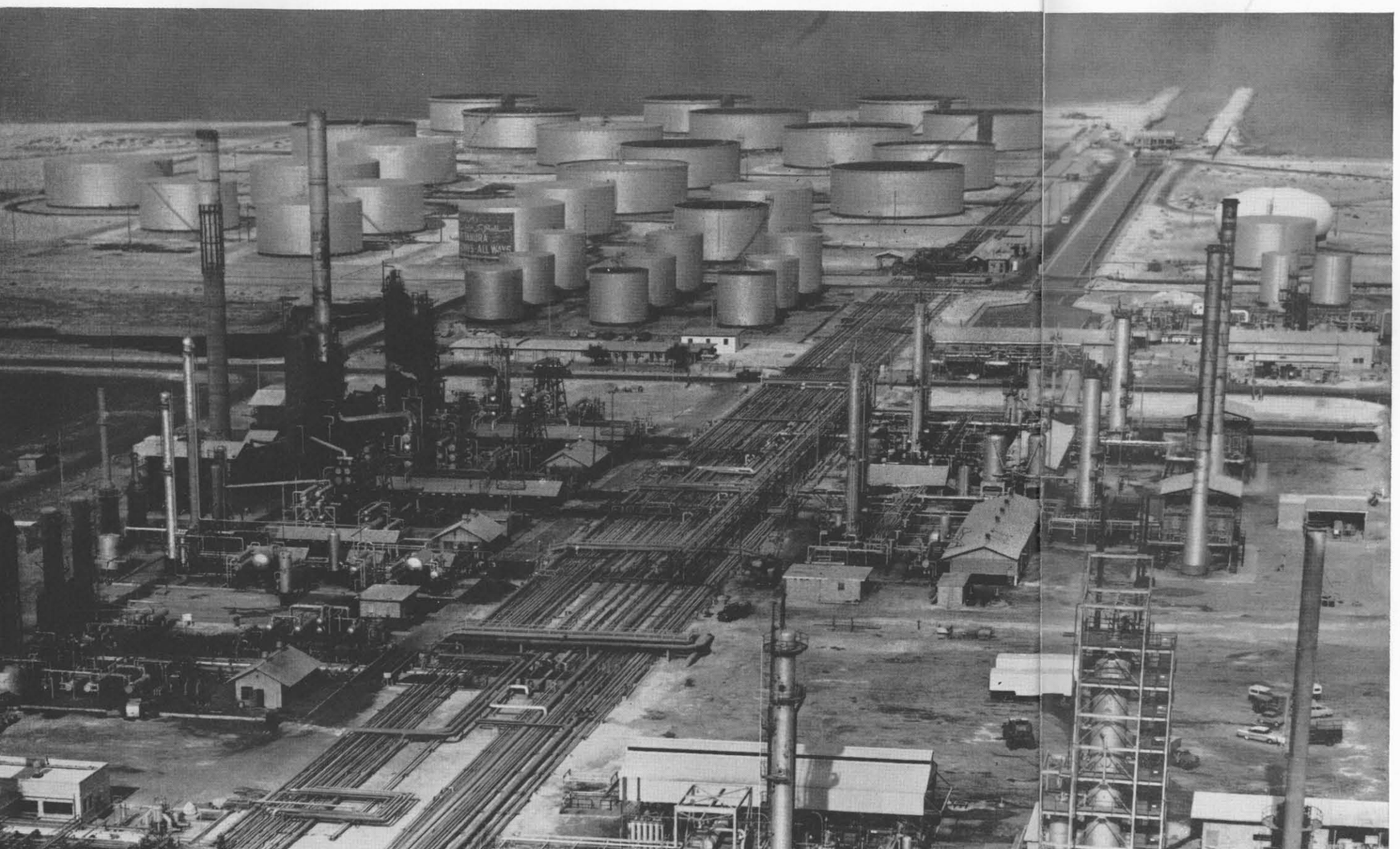
EVERYWHERE in the world the business of getting petroleum from deep in the ground to customers on the surface follows similar, inexorable paths. First, locations where oil is likely to exist must be discovered. Then wells are drilled to bring the crude, if found, to the top. The oil must next be moved varying distances either to tankers as is or to refineries for processing. Calling on skilled applications of geology, physics and chemistry, the steps are carried out with specialized motor vehicles, sensitive instruments, tall drilling derricks, vessels and storage tanks of

OIL FROM THE AIR

every conceivable size and shape, and pipelines that are thin and fat, vertical and horizontal, straight — or as convoluted as spaghetti.

Modern oil operations equipment is nothing if not functional; every expensive valve, vent, panel, pipe and tower has been installed for a specific purpose. Yet to the casual observer, standing on the ground, the net impression of the more complex plants especially is one of utter confusion. Often it is only when oil exploration, production, refining and shipping can be seen from aloft that the variegated patterns of iron and steel associated with the industry's physical appearance fall neatly into place. ■

Headquarters of the Arabian American Oil Company operations are centered in these buildings in Dhahran, Saudi Arabia.



More than half of Aramco's total crude oil production is delivered through six-berth North Pier of Ras Tanura Marine Terminal. Last year 2,242 tankers loaded 348,761,965 barrels of crude oil, refined products and bunker fuel at the terminal's two piers.

Aramco's refinery is located at Ras Tanura on the Persian Gulf (background). Under the big stacks at left are the two crude distillation units operated by the refinery. The large vessel encased in scaffolding in right foreground is a fluid hydroformer for making high-octane gasoline. In 1962 the refinery had a record daily average throughput of 249,003 barrels.