Western Profile

MARCH 1959
As you have already been informed, Dean Walling became president of Western Geophysical Company of America on February 10, 1959, and I assumed the newly created post of chairman of the board of directors. As soon as the necessary corporate steps can be effected, Dean also will become president of Western of Canada, and I shall become its chairman of the board.

In recent years other interests have demanded more and more of my attention and have crowded into time that I felt should have belonged to Western. As chairman of the board, I can meet these demands and still fulfill the more limited obligations of my new post. Dean Walling, as president, assumes full responsibility for the management and administration of Western.

Our new president is eminently qualified to head our organization, and I relinquish my active administration functions with complete confidence that the future of Western is in good hands. As one of my oldest associates, Dean has worked very closely with me for many years, and I know that he will provide the effective and energetic leadership necessary for the continued success and progress of our Western companies.

I had felt for some time that Dean Walling’s long and conscientious service, outstanding character, and rare ability and professional competence merited further recognition. In fact, this consideration was the second reason for my decision to move out of the presidency. He certainly has earned this opportunity to become president of our great organization, and I know that you will extend to him, in his new position, your full co-operation and loyal support.

Today Western’s reputation as a worldwide leader in the geophysical field stands at a new peak. Unsurpassed in its competence, zeal, and morale of its personnel and with a top-flight management team, Western is assured of its continued high standing in the oil exploration field. While I shall no longer be at the helm, Western’s future progress will remain of paramount interest to me, and I can assure each and every Westerner that his welfare will continue to receive our utmost consideration and constant attention.

In closing my final “President’s Page,” I want to express my thanks and appreciation for your loyalty and support during the past many years. No one could have had a more enriching and satisfying experience than I have had as head of our great Western team, and I am looking forward to many more years of service in my new capacity.

Newy Salvatore
"... to the Shores of Tripoli"

Western's New Party 90 Probes the Vast Sahara Desert

Western Profile is indeed indebted to Senior Computer John B. Hlastala for the following dramatic and graphic account of Party 90's introduction to the 'Land of Sand'; to Supervisor Harold F. Murphree for his contributions to the story; and to those Westerners who, in the glare of the sun on the sand, photographed these excellent shots of the caravan trip into the Sahara and of the crew at work in this vast desert: Assistant Observer John E. Ward, Observer Willis D. Smith, Supervisor Murphree, Computer Hlastala, and Interpreter Muhiddin Abdullah Ali.

A lone, with a line of the U.S. Marine Hymn on his lips—"From the halls of Montezuma to the shores of Tripoli"—Supervisor Harold F. Murphree in June 1958 trail-blazed some 5,000 air-line miles to Tripoli, Libya's multilingual capital of more than a quarter of a million people. Distance was no barrier to Western in the creation of Party 90.

"Murph" soon ended his "loneliness" and doubled the Western personnel in Libya in one act. He hired Muhiddin Abdullah Ali. Muhiddin became interpreter, assisting in government relations and purchasing. Together they had a Western door plaque printed in both English and Arabic, nailed it near the entrance of the modern office building, and in a short time were greeted by a queue of Arabs waiting to fill employment applications. Party 90 was in business.

Though it was thus officially in business, Party 90 was not technically so. A supervisor, an interpreter-agent, and a queue of Arabs could not begin the seismic operations. They must wait for a crew of skilled Westerners. It was not until the latter part of July that Murph saw any Western men or his wife and family. Then the arrival of Drill Supervisor Russell T. Crosby and Field Party Chief Herman Semeliss again doubled the size of Party 90. Still not enough—more waiting—this time for the arrival of the majority of the Western employees who were to be the
Party 90 crew and for customs to release the new trucks and vast amount of equipment.

**Westerners Fly to Rome**

On August 2 a huge transcontinental plane took off from New York City carrying most of these Westerners. For 13 hours there ensued much Western talk at high altitude. Then Rome—and another period of waiting. During the slight delay there several Westerners toured the “Eternal City,” visiting the Roman Forum, the Vatican City, the Sistine Chapel, the old Appian Way, and a few of the famous statues, including Moses by Michelangelo and Trevi Fontana (“Three Coins in a Fountain”). Feeling the need of exercise and being a brave soul, Observer Willis Smith even walked to the Colosseum. The next day saw the end of this wait—and of the need to go for a walk for exercise—for all set out on the last lap of their trip, the 700 miles to Tripoli.

And the joyful word came. “We can take the trucks out of customs,” announced Supervisor Murphree. Then followed the sound of cranes, the sight of swaying cables, and a feeling of awe in everyone as the trucks were suspended in mid-air. Half the battle was won.

**Drama of Desert Begins**

The other half was just beginning—transporting all of the equipment from Tripoli to the middle of the vast Sahara Desert and setting up the field camp there. With a huge smile on his face, Driller Chester Hill pointed to his brand-new drill in the long caravan of Western equipment and Western men and said, “That’s my baby!” The drama of the desert had now begun, with the sight of its four great actors: the Bedouin, the camel, the palm tree, and the sand meeting the snake-like caravan weaving its way on its southward journey.

The Western caravan was basically comprised of 14 trucks and 9 trailers. Accompanying it from Tripoli to the camp site were the men of the field crew and from Sebha, Supervisor Murphree. For eight days the caravan traveled, encountering several oases along the way. Restaurant and hotel accommodations? The men “ate from cans” and slept on cots in the desert.

With the movement southward began the dawning of the most impressive thing about Libya, from an operational standpoint—the tremendous size of the Sahara. Distances stagger a person. For example, by road it is 1,000 miles from Tripoli to the camp site. A 1,000-mile road trip in Libya, however, is comparable to a 3,500-mile one in the United States, for roads as those from the States know them are non-existent. Party 90 travel most of the time is done by following tracks made in the desert by doodlebugs who preceded the Westerners or by making their own tracks, as they have done in the vicinity of the camp.
The Sahara—a thousand miles by road—but virtually no roads. Food, supplies, and personnel must be flown in and out of camp—and even by DC-3 it is an eight-hour round trip from Tripoli. Self-sufficiency has become a key word of camp. If the crew runs out of anything, it may be many days before their supply can be replenished. An entire week if it is coming by plane, as this is due only once a week, and eight days if by truck. Again they are impressed by the size of the Sahara.

As the crew came to the end of its caravan journey into this vastness, Assistant Observer John Ward was asked what he had missed most since leaving Tripoli. His answer: “The soft, rhythmic music coming from the towering minaret above an Arab mosque. It beats a sleeping pill any day.” Five times a day a muezzin cries from the tower for his fellow Mohammedans to come to prayer, and the eerie, trilling tone echoes through every Arabic village.

Production Begins

With the same echoes still trailing the caravan, it reached the camp site. The men immediately put up stakes—in a new setting, one of sand as far as the eye could see—and Cooks Francesco Casegrande and Bubaker Belker soon fed the hungry men. Even before giving himself a chance to finish a delicious pastry, Surveyor Max Stewart was rounding up location stakes, transit, and tripod. In short order Drillers Chester Hill, Darrell Clapsaddle, Elio Spurio, Luigi Valbonesi, Carmine Mantini, and Secundo Vicini had the drills moving. The periods of waiting were over. Production had begun. Party 90 was now technically, as well as officially, in business.

Field Party Chief Semeliss and Chief Computer Peter Clara laid out the program and work schedules. This calls for continuous field operations, with rotations of three weeks’ work and one week off for each field man. The week off usually is spent in Tripoli, where the wives and families of some of the men are living in the modern villa section of Giorimpopoli. The trip to town is “in style”—plane both ways—and visible for miles during the plane trip is the long Jebel plateau, where the Berber and Taureg tribes live.

Both of these tribes are represented in Western’s labor camp near the trailers. The majority of these natives are jug hustlers, who, incidentally, have devised an efficient system for dividing the work of laying out the flyers and picking up the jugs. Observer Dean Chadwick says that...
these laborers all look alike, except for Amgar, whom he identifies by his elbow amulet.

'The Veiled' Work with Party 90

These local laborers, whose home is the mid-Sahara, are, for the most part, a veiled group, who cover the entire face with the exception of the eyes. Other Arabs call them the Mukattamin, which means “the veiled.” Now and Mr. Prestine, with his already expired visa, gazed apprehensively towards the sky. Not an object in sight—not a sound to be heard. Suddenly, the approaching drone of an airplane motor. Anxiety disappeared—and with it Mr. Prestine. He boarded the plane for Tripoli—and an extension of his visa.

In Tripoli Mr. Prestine joined his wife Geraldine and son Douglas, who had been visiting and “exploring” the city, finding many strange tales to take back to Los An-

a custom, the veiling originated as a hygienic measure. To Americans this group is an astonishing and perhaps even awesome sight. A host of these veiled laborers approaching en masse upon him would startle any American—and this was exactly the reaction of Vice President Prestine when he saw them “advancing” upon him.

This happened in August on the first of Mr. Prestine’s frequent long trips from Los Angeles to Libya. He spent most of those several weeks in Africa in the field camp, where he aided the start of seismic operations. For a while it appeared that this trip to the Party 90 camp might be “for the duration” of the Libyan operation instead of the first of several visits. Shortly before he was due to leave camp, the plane’s schedule was disrupted;
The Prestines, during their visit in Libya, had a
taste of the many unusual things that the men of Party 90
and their families are seeing and learning. The extreme
temperatures, the winds, the sand, the country's economy,
its people, the history of Libya, the different customs.

**Heat, Wind, and Sand**

Weather-wise, the desert, of course, is exceedingly hot
during the middle part of the day in the summer. By mid-
November, however, the days are very pleasant and the
nights actually cold, requiring the use of several blankets
at sack time. Humidity is exceptionally low and quite like
that of Arizona.

In the spring and early summer comes that most un-
pleasant of desert phenomena, the *ghibli*. This is a very
hot south wind that blows in, carrying sand with it—
similar to a dust storm or ground blizzard in the States.
When the *ghibli* hits Tripoli, it can make a person alto-
gether miserable. Unlike that of the desert, the humidity
of the city is high, and that combined with the hot wind
is anything but pleasant and comfortable. This wind is
strong enough to blow down tents, sandblast vehicles,
and, in general, disrupt things rather well.

Economy-wise, Libya is very poor. There is no manu-
facturing, and only a very narrow strip along the coast
(about 40 miles wide) is under cultivation—the rest is
desert. A U. S. Air Force base, Wheelus Field, at Tripoli,
and the oil companies exploring the country, all of which
have offices in Tripoli, provide Libya with its most prof-
itable business.

Officialdom, of course, is more than usual. Duty on
most articles is 35%. Thus, since nearly everything is im-
ported, the women are finding living costs fairly high.
American goods are available, though at a price. In most
of the stores in Tripoli three languages are spoken—Ar-
abic, Italian, and English; so there is not much of a lan-
guage barrier for the wives when they go shopping.

**Western Boy 'Goes Arabic'**

The Western wives in Tripoli also have found the
people, their customs, and their dress fascinating. Once,
when playing bridge became too tiresome, Donna Chad-
dwick, Mary Jane Stewart, Joanne Clapsaddle, and Velma
Crosby decided to make little "DD" Clapsaddle an Arabic
*barracan*. The result was a good facsimile of the Roman
toga-like blanket that Arab men and women use to drape
around themselves throughout the entire year. At the
height of the fun the 3-year-old "DD" mumbled, "Me heap
big Arab."

It is not uncommon to see women wearing *barracans* of
colorful stripes and some tribeswomen from the interior
with tattoo marks on their foreheads and points of their
noses and chins. Often the same women redden their feet
and hands with henna, a red dye, and blacken their eyes.
with kohl, a black powder, which makes their eyes larger. The native women also greatly admire silver ornaments. Their favorite is the little hand, the "Hand of Fatima," who was the daughter of Mohammed. This hand symbolizes good luck. Office Party Chief Don Heaney’s Italian wife, Flora, has a favorite pastime of windowshopping for these curious ornaments.

To Dianne Ali, Muhiddin’s West Virginia-born wife, the dress and customs of her husband’s country are no longer strange, for Tripoli has been their home. Though busy caring for their 1-year-old daughter, Nereman, Dianne has learned to cook some of the native dishes.

The children, too, are having their experiences. Though the new form of transportation is as much a novelty to the adults on the crew as to the children, the latter often are heard exclaiming, “We like the camels and horse taxis best of all.” This is especially true of Candy and Ginger Chadwick, a fact not surprising of 6- and 5-year-old American girls who, back home, would have to ride in common automobiles or, at the very best, on a merry-go-round.

Kathy Murphree is having difficulty taking to her spelling lessons, all because of pronunciation. When a British teacher asks her to spell “kot,” how is the 8-year-old American Kathy to know she means “c-a-t”? David Murphree is keeping a steady flow of letters going to a teacher in the States, reporting his observations on the history of Libya, which this 10-year-old finds fascinating. It truly is, indeed!

Libya Steeped in History

Until the United Nations made Libya a free, independent country in 1951, its people had been ruled by outsiders for some 2,000 years. A country of three giant provinces, it is steeped with history. Tripolitania, its coastal province to the west, was first colonized by the Phoenicians; and Cyrenaica, the eastern coastal province, was founded by the Greeks. Fezzan, the third province, is inland—the desert.

During a weekend off, Observer Willis Smith, Assistant Observer John Ward, Computer Aldo Patroncini, and Senior Computer John Hlastala rented cars to visit the Roman ruins of Leptis Magna, one of the three excavated cities of the ancient Phoenician colony of Tripolitania. The other two such cities are Oea (now Tripoli) and Sabratha. Oea became the capital of the colony under the name Tripolis, meaning “Three Cities.” Like its ancient predecessors, the Tripoli of today was left many visible ruins of war, remnants of the British capture of the city during World War II.

It is in the modern Tripoli that the office crew of Party
That sound again... The echoes... That rhythmic beauty in the call of the muezzin at prayer time... Those eerie tunnels in Ghadames... The mud and stone huts on the countryside... The sight of camels drawing up water from a double-pillared stone well... The Arab customs... The new culture... Those tales.

Koomela — Goodby

Underlying all of these tales will be old emotions, now so new as they dwell among these people, living under a desert code of hospitality from time immemorial. And for now, while that trilling tone comes from a minaret at prayer time, they bid their Western colleagues goodbye—in Arabic, koomela.

Those Memorable Tales

Every Westerner with Party 90 is finding his or her stay in Libya a memorable one. The tales they shall tell back home some day will be many. In fact, Shooter Ronald Bakke has a list of them a mile long. When they join other Westerners in years to come, they will tell of the open market at Sok El Gliama... Of the bartering... And of the equatorial rains with their resulting wahaddis... The sight of Arabs seated on the ground, surrounding a warm charcoal brazier, waiting their rounds of three small glasses of strong, sweet tea... The veiled Tuaregs... The Berbers.

Of the Arab boys with their long shirts and flowing upper garments... The Arabic way of salutation: touching the mouth, breast, or forehead, followed by shaking hands on every meeting... The Arab “Old City” and its caverns, arched streets, secluded shops... The subterranean bread ovens. And the Arab boys balancing mounds of the bread on their heads—large mounds—unaided by hands... And the taste of Arabic dishes: kuskus, bazin, and leben (clabbered milk)—the Arabic cure for a “gippy” tummy.
Bing says, "Youth and love have no fears." He soon had another highway job though and then on May 1, 1934, Western.

Just two days after Bing started with Western, the "hovering stork" descended on the Crosby home, delivering baby Joyce Crosby. Now Mrs. Raymond Straits, of Laramie, Wyoming, Joyce and her husband have presented the Crosbys with one grandchild, Cathy, age 1½, and currently have Grandpa and Grandma "sweating it out" in far-off Libya. A grandson perhaps?

Back in Casper, other Westerners are also "sweating it out"—but not for a stork. Affixed to a trailer deep in the Sahara, they hear, is a sign, "Casper Shop." It is on Bing's trailer, of course, and his friends in Casper are eagerly awaiting the appearance there of this particular sign.

Hobby-wise, Bing admits only to being the "original

RUSSELL T. (BING) CROSBY

Somewhere in the Sahara
Desert! Since his "early-day" pictures are stored in Casper, the PROFILE substituted this "present-day" photo showing "Bing" beside one of the many drills as the Party 90 caravan pauses on its way from Tripoli to the camp site in the Sahara.
—Photo by Willis D. Smith

'U-fix-it' but insists that he usually tears up more than he fixes, "especially the TV." (Others credit him with additional hobbies, photography and the smoking of good cigars.) He was 11 years old when his mechanical aptitude first revealed itself. That was when his stepfather bought a tractor—and thus unknowingly charted the life of the lad towards doodlebugging instead of farming.

This life evidently has pleased Bing, for he has been with it almost 25 years. Of Western he says, "With the solicitude top management has for minor associates, you don't feel like a part of a machine but as a group working together."

The future? "I live for today. Tomorrow, who knows?" concludes the amiable Russell T. Crosby.

*Yes—Steven Ray. He arrived January 10.
PARTY PICKINGS

PARTY F-9 — BOLOGNA, ITALY...

AURELIO GIORGIO and JOE ROSS, Reporters
JOE ROSS, Photographer

Last March Party F-9 departed from the cold Ferrara fog and entered the warm Bologna sun. Before moving, they had been working the Bologna area from Ferrara; after moving, they went back and finished the Ferrara area from Bologna! No one was too unhappy about the transfer to the “Twin Tower City,” synonymous in Italy with excellent food and hearty eaters.

Of course, Party F-9’s four observers might not be so happy. They came north to Bologna from the south, expecting to find a recorder’s paradise. FRANCESCO CHECCHIA took over the observer post from CARLO CANDIANI until QUINTILIO (PEPSICOLA) PETRICOLA was transferred to F-9 from the Persian Gulf water crew. Eventually both were sent to other crews when the present observer, GUIDO DEL MONTE, arrived.

Surveyors PALESTINO VILLA and ORAZIO CHIOZZI complain because they cannot find a level spot on which to set up the transit. PALESTINO stayed on a rock ledge five hours one day until GINO AGUIARI, second driller, came up with a rope to rescue him.

The area near Bologna was the scene of extensive World War II operations, and much of the region explored by Party F-9 had not yet been cleared of unexploded shells and land mines. ANGELO MAGGOLA, the crew’s parachute jumper, therefore worked with the Italian army engineers to clear the crew’s spread lines and shot points; and Rodman BENITO VILLA, working ahead with the engineers, watched nervously where he put his feet. Incidentally, if any parachute jumping is being done, the other members of the crew can be certain that ANGELO will be one of the jumpers.

Keeping up with the busy activity of the eight drillers is sometimes a big job. Drillers ERMANNO GRILLANDA and SAUBO FERRARI had hoped to spend some time close to Ferrara, their home town, when they returned to Party F-9. Instead, with Drill Helper ENRICO BERTOLINI, they have been running a special drill shift for the client all over the Po valley, from 150 miles northeast of Bologna to 200 miles west. This “wandering” sometimes delays the drill reports, which makes life difficult for Chief Computer CARLO CAVALLERETTI. He cannot always complain, though, for being a strong supporter of the soccer team, he often comes to the office without his voice.

The pet peeve of Driller GINO FERGNANI is people who think that he does not know how to drill in gravel because he comes from Ferrara, where the surface is mostly clay. When Drillers CLIVIO ARTONI, PAOLO PASINI, and EUGENO GRILLANDA transferred to Party F-9 from the so-called difficult drilling zones in the south, they watched GINO
for a while drilling for five hours in the round, loose gravel of a river bed without getting past the Kelly. Naturally they got the urge to try it themselves. Eventually the idea got across to them that the gravel around Bologna also is fairly bad. This problem has been licked, however, with the help of Spudder Driller Renato Beccati, who drives 5-inch casing into the gravel down to the underlying clay or sandstone. It is then not so difficult to drill out the gravel with the rotary and go on down in the underlying rock.

This system, developed by F-9, is now being used on the client crews.

A recent arrival on Party F-9 is Roberto Rossi, who was formerly assigned to the staff of Western’s late vice president and director, Michael A. Boccalery, whose passing the crew all felt very deeply.

The crew spirit award should go to Filippo Sabatini, jug hustler. He liked the coversals that he received for Christmas so well that he obtained two more by trading his Christmas wine gift for one pair and two guinea hens for the other.

The office humorists, Aurelio Giorgio and Gian Sandro Scalzo, both computers, are no longer looked upon with great regard by a fellow computer, Floriano Cenci. They substituted the full bottles in his wine gift with empty ones. It seems that his wife found the empty bottles when she opened the case just before Christmas—in the presence of Floriano’s “in-laws.”

The shock of the year was provided by a telegram received by Draftsman Edoardo Macchia. His wife had been expecting a baby; Edoardo had been more specific in his expectations—he was expecting a baby boy and, in fact, would not even hear of a girl. The telegram announcing the baby’s birth arrived. A girl? No, Two girls! Daniele and Manuela. Edoardo went around all day muttering to himself.

A velocity test determination New Year’s Eve was a new experience for the local men, Giuseppe Petrillo, Guido Nanni, and the crew’s former boxer, Antonio David. Antonio has to his credit victories as an amateur over Piero Rollo, current European bantamweight champion. The son of an Inca Indian mother who is now a United States citizen and lives in Buffalo, New York, Antonio, of course, hopes to work for Western in America some day. Information as to what doodlebugging in the United States is like is close at hand; for Antonio’s party chief, Joe Ross, who was born in Portland, Oregon, began his Western career in the States.

PARTY 67 — TAFT, CALIFORNIA...

PATRICK G. HARDESTY, Reporter
CHUCK SLATER, PATRICK G. HARDESTY, Photographers

Straight north “as the crow flies.” Such would have been the route traveled by Party 67 had it been flying since it last reported to the Profile from Cortez, Colorado; for, on the map, the line from Cortez to Lander, Wyoming, and then on to Roundup, Montana, is a straight one. Party 67, however, not being a crew, took a more winding route, that of roads through mountainous country. Having approached the top of the map of the United States when it reached Roundup, the crew, after it completed its assignment there, then dropped down to Taft, California, where it is now working.

Party 67 left Cortez in the middle of March 1958, moving out as a snow storm moved in. The trip to Lander was a rather rough one but did have its bright side. Along the way was Steamboat Springs, Colorado, one of the skiers’ “paradises.” Westerners who tried it pronounced it great—but not so good as that at Aspen, Colorado.

Arriving in Lander, the crew found it a snug little town
at the foot of the Wind River Mountains, claimed to be one of the best fishing areas in the West. The spring snows made work a bit difficult for the crew, but soon the sun was shining longer and brighter each day. Eli Svilar’s, an excellent steak house in nearby Hudson, was the site of Party 67’s safety dinner.

Everyone was ready to spend the rest of the summer in Lander, and Party Chief Bill Brooks had talked Computer Patrick G. Hardesty into buying a membership in the local golf club. That did it! Immediately came the word — northward, go northward — and Party 67 departed for Roundup the first week in June.

From a geologic point of view, the crew found the Wind River Canyon part of their 300-mile trip the most interesting. The wide highway they traveled through the canyon is carved right through pre-Cambrian rock. Fore-runners of this highway were the Wind and the Big Horn Rivers, which are actually one river with a change of name at the north end of the canyon.

Roundup is an old but still active mining town and has all of the earmarks of a real pioneer settlement. The streets of the small town are paved, but as the time for Roundup’s centennial celebration drew closer, a stranger passing through would have thought that he had been in one of Zane Grey’s towns.

The crew worked on the plains and in the Big Snowy Mountains in the Roundup region. To some the vast open spaces and the feeling this gave them of being the only ones on earth meant a great deal. To others the notice to pack for the move, in mid-October, to the more populated area of Taft, California, was a welcome one.

Though not a large town itself, Taft is in the immediate vicinity of Bakersfield and only approximately a hundred miles from metropolitan Los Angeles. Even the “wide-
open-space lovers” of the crew admit that they are beginning to like Taft. The skiers, Driller Jim Moore and Computer Hardesty, do wish for some snow, though. The golfers of the crew, Party Chief Brooks, Chief Computer Alan Winfrey (known as “the two-iron kid”), and Pat Hardesty, are pleased with Taft’s golf facilities.


Computer Richard D. Brunet traveled all the way from gay New Orleans, and it was a trip not soon to be forgotten by his wife and four children — nor by anyone else who has heard of it. In fact, some claim that Rich broke by only 12 hours the record set by our forefathers and their covered wagons.

Party Chief Jim Gribbin came to Ventura to relieve Ed for vacation just before Christmas. He liked it so well that he voted it a good place in which to stay indefinitely — only doodlebugs never stay that long any place! But who can blame Jim? Ventura is a beautiful coastal town with ideal weather and good fishing.

Filling out the office force is Draftsman Dick Leighton. He was hired locally last fall, and the others are sure that it is the beginning of a long association with Western. Dick, the only single man on the crew, lives with his parents on the world-famous Laimoneira Lemon Ranch, where his father is employed.

At Christmas time Party R-4 joined forces with Party 32, also in Ventura, for some holiday gaiety. Thanks to some of the wives on Party 32, a fine spread of turkey, ham, and all “the trimmings” was the highlight of the early part of the evening. The holiday season was made complete with a party for the children of both crews. It was held at the home of Tom Sinclair, party chief of Party 32.

PARTY R-4 — VENTURA, CALIFORNIA...

E. G. BELOSIC, Reporter
DWAYNE BRUCE, Photographer*

Party R-4, a review office, was formed in Ventura, California, in July 1958. Although this is the first Profile report from this newly activated party, its members, with one exception, are no strangers to the magazine.

Party Chief Ed Belosic was transferred to Ventura from Los Angeles. Apparently he is really a small-town boy at heart, for occasionally incoherent mumbles of “smog and freeways?” can be heard emanating from his office. He conservatively places the population of Los Angeles at 40 million and estimates that half of this number are homeless and must live in their automobiles.

* Of Party 32, also in Ventura

PARTY 33 (Office)—SHREVEPORT, LOUISIANA...

L. A. HOLLIER, Reporter
WM. CLAYTON SCHMIDT, Photographer*

Come May, Richard H. Wardell will have been a Westerner for 17 years, during which time he has covered most of the southern tier of states. Born in New Mexico, Dick was educated in Texas, receiving a B.S. degree from Texas Technological College. He was a math and science teacher and a principal in Texas schools for four years before joining Western as a computer. Promotions came fast for Dick, and three years later he was a party chief. Dick and Mary Wardell have a 14-year-old daughter, Linda, whose mere list of activities leaves a person breathless. She comes by this naturally, though, for her father is not one to sit around and twiddle his thumbs. A football, basketball, and tennis player in high school, Dick now goes in for golf, hunting, and fishing. In addition, he is active in his church, being a member of its board of stewards, and belongs to three square dance clubs! The Wardells live in Shreveport, office of Party 33, of which Dick is now party chief.

The office of Party 33, located in Shreveport, Louisiana, is manned by the rare combination of “Chic,” “Dick,” “Mick,” and “Flick.” Telephone calls are a bit confusing at times!

Chic is C. W. Nicholls, who has had this crew “under his wing” ever since he became a supervisor. His home life is supervised by his lovely wife, Bonnie, and young

* Of Shreveport Playback Office
is a rather large town near beautiful Lake Boguehoma, a sports paradise in the summer months. Due to cold weather, however, the crew members have not been able to enjoy it. (Ed. Note: Nor did they later have the opportunity to enjoy it, for, since sending this report to the Profile, they have moved to Magnolia, Mississippi.)

The field crew arrived in Laurel just in time for the mad rush of Christmas shopping. This was left strictly to the wives, however, as the men were fighting rain, long hours, and permits. When the last hole was shot, they headed for town, starting their Christmas celebration in the well-known manner. The next morning the men and their families departed for their respective holiday destinations. After stuffing on turkey and dressing with all the “trimmings” for a few days, everybody returned in high spirits and glad to be back in their new homes.

The social event of the holiday season was the “Christmas party” held New Year’s Eve when all had returned to Laurel. Following a delicious dinner, the group danced out the old year and brought in the new at the Civic Center.

Arriving in time for Santa was Lisa Sue Hartwig. She was born November 20 to Sue and Ed Hartwig.


The Harwood family has purchased a lot and settled their trailer home in Waynesboro, Mississippi. Joining other trailer members of the crew with a trailer office is Party Manager A. R. Leake.

Whatever task you undertake, do it with all your heart and soul. Always be courteous, never be discouraged. Beware of his promises something for nothing. Do not blame anybody for your mistakes and failures. Do not look for approval except the consciousness of doing your best.

—Bernard M. Baruch

Don’t be misled into believing that somehow the world owes you a living. The boy who believes that his parents or the government or anyone else owes him his livelihood and that he can collect it without labor will wake up one day and find himself working for another boy who did not have that belief and, therefore, earned the right to have others work for him.

—David Sarnoff

All the strength and force of man comes from his faith in things unseen. He who believes is strong; he who doubts is weak. Strong convictions precede great actions.—J. F. Clarke

PARTY 33 (Field)—LAUREL, MISSISSIPPI . . .

PAT ROSS, Reporter
HAZEL TAYLOR, Photographer

Party 33’s field crew is located in Laurel, Mississippi, an area that is familiar to a majority of the crew. Laurel daughter, Cindy, age 3. Born in New Jersey, Chic graduated from Lehigh University, majoring in geophysics. He will soon be eligible for Western’s 10-year service pin.

Dick is Party Chief Richard H. Wardell, who, with his wife, Mary, and 14-year-old daughter, Linda, joined the crew a little over a year ago. More about them above.

Mick is Chief Computer L. A. Hollier. A native of Louisiana, Mickey is a graduate of Southwestern Louisiana Institute, with a civil engineering degree. He started with Western four and a half years ago and has been with Party 33 all of this time. Mickey’s family consists of his wife, Joyce, and young daughter, Brenda, age 3.

Flick is Computer F. A. Pecoul, also a Southerner, having been born in Mississippi. A geology graduate of Mississippi Southern College, Flick has been with Western more than two years and with this crew 14 months. He brought to Party 33 his wife, Linda, and baby daughter, Rene, who is only 17 months old.

It just happens that this rare combination of men—the Party 33 “Teks”—each has one child, and it further happens that each of these children is a daughter. Cindy, Linda, Brenda, and Rene make a somewhat rare combination themselves. The wives—well, they are a rare combination, too, even though they share no similarity whatsoever in names. Bonnie, Mary, Joyce, and Linda are very much all right. Dick thinks that the office force needs a few boys here and there—but mostly there.
PARTY F-62 — MILE 219, ALASKA HIGHWAY,
BRITISH COLUMBIA . . .

JOHN DYCK, Reporter
A. L. JOHNSON, CHARLIE NOUSEK, and JOHN DYCK,
Photographers

More than a year has elapsed since Party F-62 reported in the Profile, and during that time it has achieved a Western "first." Last spring, after completing a ninety-mile trek by bombardier up the Liard River and out of its winter prospect in nine hours, it became the first crew in Western's history to use the mobile, track-mounted camp. This consisted of three track-mounted sleeping trailers, a utility trailer, and a deluxe kitchen. The mobile camp, being easy to collapse and unfold, can be moved every few days, thus drastically reducing traveling time.

AL Johnson, Party F-62's level-headed and always unperturbed party manager, took this new equipment in stride. Charlie Nousek, head chef, and his assistant, Guy Pearson, were in their glory with the new kitchen.

To move this kitchen unit, which is mounted on a bombardier muskeg tractor, a section of the floor is taken out, the driver's seat and controls are slipped into place, and the kitchen is ready to "roll." On top of the mobile kitchen is the antenna for the camp entertainment radio. (Another antenna is used for the communications radio, by which contact is made with the Northwest Communications System's Fort Nelson or Blueberry stations, where telephone connections to Edmonton and Calgary are then put through.)

Being pioneers of the mobile camp, Party F-62 had some experiences in the sluggish muskeg and on the precipitous hills that were rather hair-raising. Guy (Pierre) Pearson had his share of thrills, once in jack-knifing a trailer down a steep incline and again in having the kitchen rear up almost vertically when climbing another such incline. Pierre was rather shaky. These initial experiences, however, enabled the crew to modify the equipment as needed.

Observer Jock Coull, Assistant Observer Ray Cook, and Helpers Nick Gooliaff, Les Asuchak, and Benny Schneider have been busy laying out cables while Shooter Sandy Larson and Assistant Shooter James Bruck have been coping with patterns. Driller Don Carter and Helper Emil Bask have been punching holes with great regu-
larity. In addition to this, tough Don always finds time, however, to exercise his wit at the expense of some member of the crew. Eric Richter, the crew's fine mechanic, keeps the equipment mobile, and Camp Manager Bud Gallant entertains all with exciting tales of his pioneer days. These include, according to him, rumrunning in Nova Scotia, trapping, big-game hunting, and acting as professional guide in the early days of Canada's northland. (Ed. Note: "Tall Tales of the North")

Once a month the crew has 10 days off, during which they fly back to civilization and families. Surveyor Ken Dossen heads directly for Edmonton and home in order to rest his eyes after the many sun shots that he has taken. Assistant Surveyor Bill Cherniak teams up with Sandy Larson, whereupon these true doodlebugs, with their vast cumulative experience, prowl northern Alberta towns in search of — well, who knows?

Party F-62's present location is west of Milepost 219 on the Alaska Highway amidst the majestic peaks and overhanging crags of the Rocky Mountains. Unusually heavy snowfalls have transformed trees and cliffs into a glistening grandeur of whiteness while angular juttings of rock create subtle shadows modulated by tenuous clouds swirling about the mountain peaks. The men are really awed

Mobile, track-mounted camps of collapsible trailers are the delight of those Canadian crews that have them. At the right, members of Party F-62 are unfolding one of their three sleeping trailers. Top—Eric Richter, Guy Pearson, and Clayton Barrass let down the floor of the other half of the trailer. Middle—Bud Gallant hurries to help John Dyck complete the unfolding of the sleeper. Bottom—Ready for occupancy—and sleep.

and inspired by these noble fortresses of nature that accompany them in their chill winter explorations. In fact, they prefer the cold beauty of the Canadian Rockies to Party 52's Yazoo-Mississippi swamp. (Ed. Note: Reporter John Dyck, computer-clerk with the field crew, is no doubt referring to Party 52's picture on page 12 of the December 1955 Profile.)

The office staff of Party F-62 is located in Edmonton, Alberta. Party Chief Ray Whitt hails from Texas. Ray, his wife Sylvia, and sons Mike and Stevie are well known in Western circles. (See "Western's First Ladies" on page 24.)

Chief Computer Grant Bates, a native Albertan, joined Western of Canada in 1951. His wife Doris and children Myrna, Brian, and Ronnie, ages 8, 5, and 3, respectively, are happy and well adjusted to the Western way of life.

Chief Computer Ernie Kreboom came to Canada from Hannover, Germany, in 1952 and was first employed by Western in 1955. He finds doodlebugging in the Canadian Rockies a bit different, to say the least, from that in Libya, where he has had previous exploration experience. Ernie's
wife Inge gave birth to a baby girl, Barbara, on January 4, a sister for 3-year-old Margaret.

Computer John Hewitt is a geological engineer who has recently joined Western. He comes originally from England and has spent some time sailing the seas.

“Jackie” Mittasch enjoyed barbeques and grunion hunting on the beach. For those who do not know, grunion are small silvery fish that are caught with the hands (if you are lucky!) before the waves wash them off the beach. The grunion runs occur at the highest tide during the full moon, and the best time to try to catch them is within the last half hour that this tide is coming in. They sparkle in the moonlight as they stand on their tails on the beach! (They are digging holes in the sand in which to lay their eggs.) ‘Tis a lively sport, one that brings gales of laughter and much fun. A word of warning, though, as for many fish and game, there is an open season for them, set by the government.

Since Party 32 moved to Ventura, some new faces have popped up, both of old-time Westerners and of newcomers. Senior Draftsman Charles (Wing) Tobin re-

PARTY 32 — VENTURA, CALIFORNIA . . .

JIM CONDREAY, Reporter

DWAYNE BRUCE, Photographer

After having been settled in one place for 21 months, the members of Party 32 packed their belongings and moved from Bakersfield, in central California, southwest to Ventura, on the coast. Although they hated to part from the members of Party R-2, with whom they had been working jointly, they did not mind leaving Bakersfield before the hottest weather of the year set in—especially when their destination meant the pleasure of the beach and the cooler weather of the coast. They find it hard to believe, however, that it is winter now in Ventura because the weather is so warm.

Finding housing was a problem for those who do not have house trailers, for it was July and the tourist trade was at its peak. And in Ventura a peak is a real peak as the area is a favorite vacation spot for many, many Southern Californians, as well as for out-of-staters.

Living near the beach brought the opportunity for different types of recreation than were possible in other areas. Party Chief Tom and Betty Sinclair, Driller Al and Barbara Smith, Chief Computer Jim and Carol Condrey, Helper Paul Schlemmer, and Observer Vic and

As Party F-62 makes a short camp move somewhere in British Columbia, the bombardier tows one of the track-mounted sleeping trailers over the rocky terrain.

Draftsman Wing Tobin, Computer Sam Burnside, Party Chief Tom Sinclair, and Computer Jim Condrey look over a Party 32 record.
turned to Party 32 after being "on loan" to Parties 51 and 68 for two years. Surveyor Delmas Thornhill and wife Dorothy and Surveyor Bob Brown came from a gravity crew in Bakersfield, and Observer Bill Skaggs and wife Ruby transferred from Alaska. Helper Cal Williams and wife Peggy returned to the doodlebugging business after being away from it for three years. Helper Marilyn Solemsaas and wife Eileen came back this winter after harvesting their crops in North Dakota. Marilyn calls doodlebugging a vacation. Also joining the crew as newcomers to Western are Helpers Jim Ray, Richard E. Parker, Bill Ross, and Richard Sparks.

An old-timer who has enjoyed some special attention this winter is Senior Computer Sam Burnside. Having dislocated his ankle, he just sat at his desk, pointed his crutch at whatever he wanted, and then waited until someone got it for him.

Party 32 may not hold a record, but it, too, has its house trailers. These are occupied by Driller Warren and Lola Tufte, Helper Dwayne and Eileen Bruce, and the Williams. Surveyor Roy Moore also owns a trailer but refused to pull it over the mountains again. Could be that he is waiting for the crew to move back to Bakersfield.

PARTY R-6 — GLENDALE, CALIFORNIA . . .

LOUIS CREVELING, JR., Reporter
HIDEO Iwanaga, Photographer

Party R-6 was organized and commenced operations last October in the greater Los Angeles area. The party's office is on a hill above the city of Los Angeles. Between the city and the office, however, is a peculiar gray cloud bank that is known as smog (spoken with a distasteful note in the voice) and that also envelops this crew at approximately 2 p.m. almost every day. There is nothing of any particular import to report concerning the immediate area inasmuch as, due to the smog, one is unable to see much of said area.

(Ed. Note: In all fairness to Los Angeles, let it be said that occasionally the smog disappears, and not only Los Angeles but also Catalina Island can be seen!)

Only three members make up the crew. Gene Schneider made the longest move, coming from New Orleans to take up the duties of party chief. Accompanying him were his wife Rosa Lee and two children, Terry, 5, and Gary, 3.

Lou Creveling and his wife Priscilla came down from Woodland, California. He had been getting field experience with Party 68 and is now handling computing tasks. The Crevelings are the proud (and somewhat weary at this point) parents of a new baby girl. Monika Kathryn was born last November 29 in San Jose, California, weighing in at 7 pounds, 15 ounces.

When the party was activated, Draftsman Cliff La Frenais came out from the main office in Los Angeles to handle the drafting. He has since been transferred to the Los Angeles playback office, and Hideo Iwanaga has taken his place with R-6. Hideo received his bachelor of science degree last September from the University of Southern California and joined Western several months ago.

The only group activity to report thus far is the Christmas party. The crew members and their wives got together Friday evening, December 26, for Chateaubriand and burgundy at the Chef's Inn, a nice restaurant in the neighboring town of La Cañada. 'Twas a most enjoyable evening for all.
PARTY 13 (Office)—

BISMARCK, NORTH DAKOTA...

CLAUS OESTERWINTER, Reporter
V. W. SMITH, Photographer

While Party 13’s field crew has worked in various locations in North Dakota and Montana during 1958, its office members have enjoyed the comfort and convenience of staying in North Dakota’s capital, Bismarck, all of this time. As each day’s record production is sent to the office by bus or mail, there is little delay between recording and interpretation, and this arrangement has worked out very well.

Recently Party 13 has fully utilized the advantages of magnetic tape recording. As soon as weathering patterns and datum plane corrections are established, the tapes are fed into a playback machine. Consequently, the interpretation is done directly from the playback sections thus produced. Since the pickers are no longer “distracted” by normal move-out and weathering jumps, their life has become easier.

Of the present office personnel, only Party Chief V. W. (Vic) Smith has been with Party 13 ever since it started work in North Dakota. Later additions to the office staff are CHARLIE SELMAN, RAY NARLOCK, and CLAUS OESTERWINTER. John Mathewson was with Party 13 until January, when he was transferred to Party 18 in Montana.

Being a rather quiet bunch of Westerners who favor soft living, the members of Party 13’s office do not engage in any spare-time activities that might bear the threat of physical strain. Thus, the most “exhausting” recreation encountered by them is league bowling, which is practiced by Vic and his wife, Gwen, and Claus and his wife, Ursula. Vic also can often be seen loaded down with cameras and tripod; and, as a result, he keeps local newspapers well supplied with pictures of “sputniks,” car wrecks, and the like.

Both Ray and Charlie are fascinated by the great national past-time of watching the “one-eyed monster” (television, not the “purple people-eater”), and they are usually in agreement on the performance of their favorite quarterback. Being thus occupied, they have to leave it to their wives, GLADYS and MARY, to see that there is an ample supply of refreshments at hand.

One event enjoyed by the entire group was the annual Christmas party, held at Jerry’s Supper Club. For the record, let it be said that the party was thoroughly enjoyed.

Two new babies have been “acquired” by Party 13 in the past months. Born last October 29 was JOHN CARY, son of John and Joan Mathewson. Several days later, November 4, YVONNE GLADYS was born to GLADYS and RAY NARLOCK.

PARTY 13 (Field) — STANLEY, NORTH DAKOTA...

ARNO GILLIS, Reporter
CHARLES BING, Photographer

Since last reporting, Party 13 field crew has become quite familiar with the northwestern corner of North Dakota and the northeastern one of Montana. At the time of writing the crew is located in Stanley, North Dakota. While continuing its work around Kenmare, North Dakota, Party 13 spiked in Makoti, Stanley, and Parshall, and during April 1958 the crew moved from Kenmare to Powers Lake—all North Dakota towns.

While Party 13 was in Powers Lake, J. W. (SPIDER) WEBB and family joined the crew. Spider, who had been with Party 36 in Texas, took over as party manager when HERMAN SEMENTIUS went to Libya as field party chief for Party 90.

With the entertainment of a boat regatta and water carnival due on July 4, Party 13 moved on July 3—to Scobey, Montana. Alas! With the exception of two spike jobs in Plentywood, Montana, the crew settled down for a five-month stay in Scobey. The proximity of Party 18, in Plentywood, provided an opportunity for many old Western friends to get together.

It was in Scobey that Observers CHARLIE BING and CARL SIVAGE, Surveyor LAWRENCE DEAN, and Shooter VORCIE DARNELL joined Party 13, bringing their families with them from Parties 18, 58, 34, and 9, respectively. Carl has since been transferred to Party 8.
Highlighting the stay in Scobey was the safety dinner, held at the Blue Moon in Plentywood. Guests that evening were Party 13's party chief, Ted Babiracki, and his wife. Mr. Babiracki was joined by Spider Webb, Driller Lowell Hull, Permian Bill Frost (now on leave), and Shooter M. J. (Pete) Rix in giving short congratulatory speeches to the crew members.

Early in December Party 13's field crew moved back to North Dakota and is living in Stanley. The area being worked is one that changes from plains to gently rolling hills to rolling hills as the crew progresses toward Lake Thompson, an artificial lake created by the Garrison Dam.

Stanley is almost home for several crew members. Helpers Willie Wendling and family, Kenneth Haxton and family, Harvey Haxton, Larry Swanson, Larry Nelson, and LaVerne Meyer call North Dakota home, as does Reporter Arno Gillis. Not in full agreement with these North Dakotans about the ideal home state are Helpers Elmo M. Jones, Lesley H. Weber, and Stuart Partridge, who seem to like Wyoming or Montana much better. Helper Jim Pittillo, however, is hoping for a warm breeze from Texas, his home state, to help thaw out a few frozen bones.

Assistant Observer Everett Breland in January began a leave-of-absence in order to attend college. The crew regretted seeing him leave but wished him lots of luck.

PARTY 54 — FARMINGTON, NEW MEXICO...

BEN QUINTANA and CHUCK WILLIAMS, Reporters
CLEO SATTERWHITE, Photographer

Greetings from the Four Corners area—Farmington, New Mexico, that is, "fastest growing city in the U. S." The oil business is the main contribution to its growth although construction and the new Navajo Dam have also had a part in this growth.

The field crew operates from a trailer camp out in the Arizona "boon dooks." Camp life apparently agrees with everyone, particularly the single men as they are thus spared the search for housing and good restaurants.

Party 54 can boast a total of 53 years of service with five men: Shooter Nuel Putnam and Surveyor Cleo Satterwhite both were awarded 15-year pins, and Party Chief Steve Winborn received his 10-year pin. Chief Computer Ben Quintana has eight years and Observer Roger Coker, 5 years.

Assistant Observer Lesley Schmidt, Surveyor Darrel Heer, and Helpers Lewis Robert and Billy Duncan compose the bachelor force of the field crew. Computer Don Byrd, "refugee" from the water crews, and Computer Chuck Williams make up the rest of the office force.

Sports activities of Party 54 have been rather scanty due to the small crew, 11 men. All are proud, however, of the team's No. 1 place in the bowling league.

Chuck Williams went home Thanksgiving and brought back the prettiest bride in Tulsa, Oklahoma. He and the former Phyllis McGill said their "I do's" November 29 in Tulsa. Chuck claims to be the "lord and master" of his castle, but he is not fooling anyone.

Ben Quintana was the typical nervous father last October 9, when he and his wife Juanita became the proud parents of an 8-pound girl, whom they named Kathy Susan. They now have a boy and a girl.

The crew's Christmas party was a combination of hungry doodlebugs and their wives and luscious sirloins and the "fixins." A right smart bit of sociability and dancing were added, with the result being a successful gathering at the Skyliner Lounge. All extend their thanks and appreciation to Western for a wonderful evening.

As Christmas is a time for children, the crew had a party for all of their "future Westerners," who ranged in age from 2 months to 13 years. Phyllis Winborn was the
hostess; Connie Coker and Marguerite Satterwhite helped with the refreshments; and Juanta Quintana played Mrs. Santa Claus by buying the gifts. Most of the children were thrilled, and a few were wide-eyed, at seeing Santa Claus, played by jovial Jimmy Wright, client supervisor. Santa brought gifts for each child – doll for the girls and airplanes for the boys. All received stockings full of candy, and each told Santa what else he or she wanted for Christmas. Refreshments were served after the jolly old gent had departed for the North Pole.

Party 54’s safety dinner was held in October at Sully’s Supper Club and was attended by all of the crew members and their wives. Special guests included two client representatives, Jimmy (Santa) Wright and Archie Ammons.

Its safety record has Party 54 out rolling the drums. On the last safety report, this crew was fourth only to Parties 73, 85, and 86 (more power to ‘em) without an accident. Party 54 has another record that it is giving other crews as a goal to shoot for, a record that is growing day by day: It has gone nine years and three months without a lost-time accident. Each man has maintained his enviable perfect safety record during this time. Not only they but also their fellow workers have benefited from their high safety standards. While maintaining safety for themselves, they have helped prevent accidents to others.

Among those enjoying the Party 54 Christmas party at the Skyliner Lounge, Farmington, New Mexico, are, left to right: Computer Don Byrd, J. F. Wright (client representative), Party Chief S. A. Winborn, and Marguerite Satterwhite.

PARTY F-60 — FORT NELSON,

BRITISH COLUMBIA . . .

ELRED WON, Reporter-Photographer

Greetings to one and all from Party F-60. After spending a pleasant summer and fall in Saskatchewan, the men find themselves back in the muskeg country north of Fort Nelson, British Columbia. Here amidst the muskeg flats, swamp spruce, and narrow bush trails where coyotes, wolves, and lynx abound, it is the crew's task to survey the lines, drill the holes, and shoot the profiles and to maintain production at a high level whether the thermometer registers 20° above zero or 60° below. (These, incidentally, were the extremes of temperature experienced by the crew during January.)

The unique highlight of the season was the temporary loss of a seismometer. The uniqueness of this was in the manner in which it was lost. It was taken from the line by a hungry coyote! Helper Dave Milligan recovered it, however, after overtaking the coyote in deep snow. Condition of the seismometer? Badly damaged pigtail insulators.

Individual highlight was, perhaps, the important event that occurred in the family of Party Chief Jack F. Trotter. The number of little Trotters increased to five on January 31 with the birth of Kathleen Marie, who weighed in at 8 pounds, 6 ounces.

One of the most pleasant highlights of this winter’s operations was the acquisition of a brand-new mobile camp. This consists of three units, the kitchen, utility, and office trailers. All of these units have folding floors, walls, and ceilings, which, when unfolded, form the sleeping quarters for the men. The mobile camp will be Party F-60’s “home” for the next three months. In the meantime, there will be the card games and crib tournaments to while away the evening hours as the members of the crew think of their families back home.

Sharing the work, the new mobile camp, the extremes in temperature, and the evening recreation are: Party Chief Jack F. Trotter, Assistant Party Chief Eldred Won, Computers Ray LeBlanc and Burt Crawford, Party Manager Roy Rault, Drillers Joe Miller and Ernie Prosser, Chief Observer Stan Stevens, Assistant Observer Daryl Winder, Surveyor Jerry Abbott, Shooter Bob Hostyn, Helpers David Milligan, Keith Cornelius, Rollan Pearson, George Poole, Albert Kiemel, Don Stevenson, Tom Bennett, and Bernie Kam, CookJim Fells, Second Cook Cliff Crawford, Camp Attendant Lou Field, and Mechanic Andy Swanson.
APPOINTED TO SUCCEED the late Michael A. Boccalery in heading up Western’s Italian-European operations, Thomas P. Maroney has taken over his new duties in the Company’s offices in Milan, Italy. Prior to the death of Mr. Boccalery, Tom was senior supervisor of Italian operations.

Though first joining Western in the United States in May 1944, Tom has been with the Italian crews since December 1948. His pre-Italian service was with parties in California, Texas, Wyoming, Montana, Canada (Alberta), and Paraguay.

COMING TO PARTY 8 on October 28, 1958, was Dinah Jane Steele, new baby daughter of Driller and Mrs. E. R. (But) Steele. She was born in Florence, Colorado, and weighed 7 pounds at birth.

Party 8 had two parties near the end of the year. The crew held their safety dinner in Florence, soon after which they returned to Las Animas, Colorado. The annual Christmas party was held in the latter place, with Drill Helper Jesse Henson receiving his five-year service pin.

New members on the crew since Party 8 last reported in the Profile are Chief Computer Hal Harris, Surveyor Ray Nelson, Helpers Sam Hardin, Dick Kinslow, and Harry Atkinson, Driller Charlie Martin, and Computer Harold Herman.

—James Baird.

“F.D.R. HAD HIS ELEANOR, Ike has his Mammie, and Truman has his Bess, but we have our own ‘First Ladies.’” Such was the toast proposed by Neal Cramer to three special — and very surprised — guests at a holiday party given by Neal and his wife Florence in their Shreveport home.

The honorees were three close personal friends of the Cramers, three of “Western’s First Ladies” — Martha (Mrs. Bruce) Pack, Margaret Hale, and Judy (Mrs. Charles E.) Crawford.

The toast preceded Neal’s presentation, on behalf of himself and Florence, of silver charm bracelets to their special guests. The charms were appropriately engraved on one side with “First Lady W. Geo. Co.,” and on the other side with the individual “Lady’s” initials. On display at the party were three copies of the Western Profile, those in which Martha, Margaret, and Judy were featured.

LIKE COMO, WE GET LETTERS. “No one ever found out where Plentywood got its name.” This statement, made by the reporters for Party 18 in the December 1958 issue of the Profile, attracted the attention of the good father of two Western employees, and he very thoughtfully wrote to the editor and related the interesting story of how Plentywood did get its name. Although he sent the information for the benefit of Party 18, it is being printed here for all Westerners because, as Party 18 pointed out, Plentywood is “a somewhat perennial home of Western crews.”

Einer M. Larsen, our correspondent, lives in Medicine Lake, Montana, which is in the same county as is Plentywood. He wrote that the Plentywood Herald celebrated its fiftieth birthday last October 30 and included in its issue that day the following story, under the headline “Early Cowboys Named Plentywood”:

“Back in the earlier days of the territory now embraced by the boundaries of Sheridan county, a group of weary cowboys from the Diamond (Ranch) outfit made camp on a little creek. They were cold and hungry and not in the best of humor. The cook was striving vainly to coax some buffalo chips into flames. The dampness, however, brought all his efforts to naught. There were some uncomplimentary remarks about cooks passed around, and the general impatience grew stronger. Finally, Dutch Henry, a notorious figure in these parts, jumped up: ‘If you’ll go two miles up this creek, you’ll find plenty wood.’ From then on, the little creek was known as Plentywood.”

Though the story ended there, it is assumed that the town derived its name from the creek.

Mr. Larsen, who is the father of Palmer L. Larsen, Party 28, and Melburn J. Larsen, Party 58, has worked on the Diamond Ranch. It is, he wrote, 50 miles “as the crow flies” from where the cowboys camped.

A WELCOME ADDITION to Western’s family in Shreveport are the Ben Thigpens. The supervisor and his family moved here the last of December. Ben and Barbara, with sons Forrest and Travis, are enjoying their new home in a lovely new residential area overlooking Cross Lake.

Supervisor Charles P. Stegall is the newly elected chancellor commander of Damon Lodge No. 2 of the Knights of Pythias, now in its ninetieth year in Shreveport.

Surprised honorees at a Christmas party given by Supervisor and Mrs. Neal Cramer in Shreveport were three of “Western’s First Ladies,” left to right: Martha Pack, Judy Crawford, and Margaret Hale.

—Photo by Neal Cramer
Pvt. Donald Ray Cooper, formerly a computer on Party R-7, has been elected Soldier of the Month at Fort Chaffee, Arkansas.

After 13 months in Iran, Louis C. (Tony) Neilon was happy to be with his family in Houston for the Christmas holidays. His wife Minerva and daughter Faith are hoping that his return to the Mediterranean area will be for a shorter period this time.—Margaret Hale.

A RECORD SET RECENTLY by Party 20 may seem no record at all to many Westerners, but to Party 20 it is a real novelty. As of January 18 this crew had been in Hobbs, New Mexico, for one year. The "nomads of the Southwest" have taken root at last and hope that these roots have time to spread before they have to be pulled up. Although Party 20 has been, and still is, a highly mobile crew, they like to settle down at least long enough to know their neighbors. The term mobile applies to this crew in that six members of it own trailer houses and the other four married members own luggage trailers.

Party 20 had a "come as you are and bring what you can" Thanksgiving party on Friday, November 28, 1958, The Women's Civic Club of Hobbs was the location of the feast — turkey, ham, dressing, and all the "trimmings," with a "bi carb" chaser, for, as always, everyone ate too much.

Newest "member" of the crew is Wesley Allen Carmack, who was born November 8, 1958, and weighed 8 pounds, 8 ounces at birth. He is the first bwa for Helper Charles and Shirley Carmack, who also have a 4-year-old daughter, Sherry Lynn.—Darrell Butler.

WESTERN FAMILIES IN MIDLAND, Texas, enjoyed a Christmas season dinner at the Blue Star Inn Sunday, December 28. After the dinner the group went to the home of George and Betty Shoup, where a ball game on TV attracted the attention of most of the guests. Later the men exercised by playing badminton.

Present were George and Betty Shoup and son Mike; W. T. and Elizabeth Ross and daughter Sarah; Jay and Eloise Fraizer; the Shoup's daughter and son-in-law, Nancy and Pat Mann, of Austin, Texas; and the Fraizers, daughter, Beverley Spaw, of Lubbock, Texas. The two babies, Mike Mann and Ricky Spaw, while not in attendance at the dinner, put in their appearances later at the Shoup's home. A deer-hunting trip kept Bob Spaw away. Though unable to attend the dinner, Delbert (Red) King and wife Velma were present for a visit during the afternoon.—Eloise Fraizer.

THEY COME AND GO. Since Party 86's last report to the PROFILE, there have been some personnel changes. Party Manager Tony Neilson left the crew just before Christmas, but rumor has it that he will be back soon. Both he and the former party chief, Bill Calledare, are currently carrying out similar duties with Party 74 in Morocco.

A new arrival on Party 86 is Bill King, who replaced Bill Calledare as party chief. Enzo Perrone has returned to Italy and Phil Murray to the States. Phil is on a leave of absence to obtain his college degree, and, as a parting gesture before he left, the men of Party 86 gave him a gold Rolex watch. Assistant Party Chief Chuck Sebastian has returned to the crew from the new American hospital in Shiraz (Iran), whereillness detained him for two weeks.—Art Campbell.

A GROUP OF REVELERS, consisting of New Orleans Westerners and their wives, welcomed in the New Year with a cocktail party and buffet supper. Combining their Christmas party allowances, Parties 70 and 74 (now 64 and R-1, respectively) engaged a local restaurant to cater their holiday affair in the office of Party 74.

Plenty of sandwiches, hors d'oeuvres, fun, laughter, and dancing made the occasion a highly festive one. In fact, everyone was enjoying the party so much that the dancing continued far past the welcoming of the New Year.

The committee responsible for the arrangements was composed of Mrs. Maurice Lewis, Lowry Lane, Robert Scott, Jim Sickles, and Bill Frommeyer. Bob DeJournette was the ever busy photographer of the event.—Peggy White and Bill Frommeyer.

FROM CHOTEAU, MONTANA, to which they moved in mid-December, Party 18 reports a loss and two gains. Soon after the crew arrived in Choteau, Chief Computer Dick Watson, a Western employee for 13 years, left for Odessa, Texas, where he is working for Grant Oil Tool Company. Chief Computer John Mathewson, formerly with Party 13 in Bismarck, North Dakota, has replaced Dick.

The crew’s other gain is a bit smaller — and prettier — than John. She is Shelley Dee Linder, who was born December 1 in the Cut Bank, Montana, hospital. Her parents are Drill Helper and Mrs. Alan Linder.
ELATED ON ACHIEVING ITS SAFETY DINNER, Party 51 celebrated with platter-filling sirloin steaks at Lindsay, Oklahoma, in early December. A steady downpour of rain, instead of having a dampening effect, made the after-dinner social time more enjoyable, for the heavy rain meant no work the next day. A full crowd of 27 men and wives enjoyed the function, with the lone absentee being Chief Computer Marshall Burstadt, who was flooded by a bug.

Latest note on new Westerners, as far as Party 51 is concerned, was the arrival of Michael John Schuller. He was born July 28 to Party Chief Jerry and Betty Sue Schuller.

Another special occasion for Party 51 was its annual Christmas party, held December 18 in the Legion Hall in Lindsay. In a traditional holiday setting complete with Christmas tree, crew members and their wives and guests enjoyed roast turkey and baked ham with all of the “trimmings.” Dancing to the music of “Nick E. Lodeon” rounded out the festive occasion.

Special thanks to Computer Mat and Wanda Herrington; Gloria Garner, wife of Helper Bernard L. Garner; and Bettie Blevins, wife of Chief Observer Hayden T. Blevins (now with Party 83), whose combined efforts in organizing the affair served to make it a gala evening for all. Thanks also to Western, without whose backing the party never would have been staged in the first place.—J. A. Schuller.

WESTERN POPULATION continued to increase during the fall and winter months. In addition to the “future Westerners” reported above and in Party Pickings, news of others has reached the PROFILE.

Bill and Margo Frommeyer became proud parents for the first time on September 12, 1958. The baby, who weighed an ounce over 8 pounds at birth, has been named Rosanne Marie. Bill is a computer with the Party 64 office crew in Shreveport.

A baby girl was born to Amy and Shoji Kamishima on October 29, 1958, at St. Vincent's Hospital, Los Angeles. Little Karen Rae weighed in at 6 pounds, 3 ounces. "Sho" works in the purchasing department at the L. A. Laboratory.

—Jo Albright.

Party 78 stayed in Orange, Texas, long enough for Michael Alan Rigdon to make his appearance! He arrived November 8, 1958, weighing 7 pounds, 13 ounces, and is the son of Hurshel and Lois Rigdon, who have two other children, Charles and Susie. The Rigdons hit the jackpot when Lois was a lucky winner at the City Drug Company in Beeville, Texas, present location of Party 78. The prize was $50 worth of toys for Christmas!—Lola Robinson.

Latest addition to Party 68 is Dale Raymond Quam, born to Surveyor Howard and Sharon Quam on November 15, 1958. Little Dale, who weighed 6 pounds, 7 ounces and was 19 inches tall at birth, has one brother, Danny.—Penner Ewert.

Mail addressed to L. R. Adams must now have a further identifying item—senior or junior—for Lewis Reagan Adams, Jr., arrived November 19, 1958. The 7-pound, 9-ounce boy was welcomed not only by his parents, Lewis and Marilyln, but also by his 2-year-old sister, Susan Dawn. Lewis, Sr., a senior computer, was with Party 28 when his namesake was born but is now with R-8 in Shreveport.—Palmer L. Larsen.

A near-Christmas present at the home of T. J. and Faye Phillips was Alethea Ann Phillips, who was born December 21, 1958. Then new baby has a brother, Larry Thomas, 10; and a sister, Marcia Dawn, 6. The father of this fine trio is chief observer on Party 7.—Bill Waltz.

The stork visited Mr. and Mrs. L. E. (Bebo) Bratos at 10:36 P.M. on January 6 to deliver Steven Martin Bratos, weighing 8 pounds, 11 ounces. Bebo is a technician at the Shreveport playback office.—Wm. Clayton Schmidt.

Cigars were passed around the Los Angeles headquarters office by Gene Klinkert, assistant auditor. Gene and wife Joan became parents for the second time with the birth of Mark Jerome on January 16. Brother Eugene James will be 5 years old in July.

WELCOME IN AND WELCOME HOME. Not only was the Shreveport annual New Year's Eve party a festive occasion by which Western employees and their wives and dates welcomed in the New Year, but it also was a welcome-home party for L. G. (Tony) Neifson, who had just returned from Iran. Tony and his wife came from their home in Houston for the party.

Shreveport Westerners included members of Parties 33, R-5, R-7, and R-8, the Shreveport and SIE playback offices, and the Mid-Continent Division office. Each person was given a name tag, registered for the door prizes, and then greeted by Booth B. Strange, Western vice president and manager of the Mid-Continent Division, and the following supervisors and their wives: Neal P. Cramer, H. L. (Bud) Grant, Charles Nicholls, and Bruce Pack.

Everyone enjoyed the fine meal prepared by the cuisine of the American Legion Club, where the party was held; and Clayton Schmidt, of the Shreveport playback office, was on hand taking pictures of all in their “rarest poses.” Winners of the door prizes were Gordon Neely of the SPO (but now in Alaska), and Carol Clearman, a guest. Their names were drawn from the “hat” by Minnie Neifson. At the stroke of midnight, balloons drifted from the ceiling, confetti came down like rain, streamers tangle at everyone’s feet, and the sound of “Hap—py New Year” rang throughout the room for some time.

A big hand and three cheers go to Ollie Fairchild, Ruth (Mrs. Dallas) Morrow, and Bruce Pack for the wonderful planning, decorating, entertainment, refreshments, and prizes.—Carol Ann Champagne.

Selecting food from a bountiful table seems to be a serious business for Essie and Jim Does, Willie Priestor, and Alice Barnidge at the Shreveport Westerners’ gala New Year’s Eve party.

—Photos by Wm. Clayton Schmidt.

Drawing the names for the lucky winners of the door prizes at the Shreveport party is Minnie Neifson as Supervisor Bud Grant, master of ceremonies, looks on.
Western’s First Ladies:

Sylvia Whitt

"Real Norske," as she frequently tells others, Sylvia Ekeland Whitt is as proud of her Norwegian ancestry as Westerners are of her. A "real lady," they say, one of "Western’s First Ladies."

Now living in Edmonton, Alberta, Canada, where husband Ray is party chief of Party F-62, Sylvia has been doodlebugging ever since Ray joined Western in 1946. During that time the doodlebug trail has taken her ever northward—from Texas to Wyoming, to Montana, to North Dakota, and, in 1953, to Alberta. Wherever she has stopped along the way, Sylvia’s "pot of Norwegian coffee" has always been on for the other wives of field crew members. Even today in the city, an afternoon seldom passes without someone’s dropping in at the Whitts’ for coffee.

It is much more than coffee, though, that has drawn Westerners and others to this charming, intelligent, and attractive young woman. "Sylvia has the gift of being able to get along with everyone—from helper to supervisor," says one Western wife. "She makes each person she talks to feel that he or she is all-important to her."

Sylvia’s interest in others, her cheerfulness, and her optimistic approach to all problems have made some of the difficult situations of various crew wives a little more pleasant. Though she, too, has encountered her share of the seemingly impossible circumstances in which Western wives occasionally find themselves as they go doodlebugging through life, she has made the best of what was at hand, thus inspiring others to do likewise.

Happiest when she is doing something for others, this petite, brown-haired young woman began life in Sioux Falls, South Dakota, where her father, a retired building contractor, and mother still live. (Sylvia’s parents came from Norway as young adults, met and married in the United States, and had three sons and a daughter.) Educated in Sioux Falls, Sylvia received her B.A. degree, with a major in English and minors in history, education, and Latin, from Augustana College. She then taught school a year in nearby Humboldt.

About that time the U. S. Air Force needed civilian instructors for its new radio school in Sioux Falls, and Sylvia was hired. (She taught international Morse code, radio operating procedures, and code systems.) In 1942 the Air Force stationed as an instructor at this school a young man by the name of Ray Whitt. April 1, 1944, Sylvia Ekeland became Mrs. Ray Whitt—"April Fools’ Day in leap year" she jokingly describes her wedding day.

Goodbye, South Dakota—hello, New Mexico. Sylvia accompanied Ray to Albuquerque, where he was temporarily stationed before going to Saipan. On his return to the States in late 1945, Ray and Sylvia, who had spent the interim teaching in a Sioux Falls school, took a long vacation and then became doodlebuggers.

Along the Western trail they have added to their family circle two sons, Michael and Stephen, now ages 6 and 3, respectively. Mike and Steve are described by a Westerner as being "two of the best behaved boys" she has ever seen, a behavior that she attributes to the quiet way in which their mother handles them. Referring to Sylvia as a wonderful mother and pal to her children, another young Western mother says, "Sylvia Whitt is the person I would most like my little girl to imitate as she grows up." High praise for any woman and especially befitting one of "Western’s First Ladies."
THEY SERVE

Service Anniversaries... January, February, March

24 YEARS
* Desmon, Jack M.
* Prestine, V. E.
* Sheffet, David

20 YEARS
* Di Giulio, Fred J.
* Ellsworth, Frank

17 YEARS
* Hardin, Clarence
* Logan, Lloyd E.
* Morrow, Dallas C.

16 YEARS
* Borone, Edmund
* Bouchillon, Thomas

15 YEARS
* Dooley, Claude
* Ivy, Robert L.
* Jones, John Paul
* Muck, Bruce A.
* Phillips, T. J.

14 YEARS
* Guest, James A.
* Bix, Melvin J.

13 YEARS
* Harsh, Loren T.
* Hill, Chester W.
* Jordan, James B.
* Knox, W. A.
* Teschner, John F.

12 YEARS
* Johansen, Nels B.
* Konig, Willie R.
* Renick, Loy E.
* Smith, Victor W.
* Wallace, John W.
* Welch, Cecil A.

11 YEARS
* Armond, Lee L.
* Borton, Rex D.
* Broughton, Roland
* Bryant, Robert K.
* Hairwood, Jack
* Heupburn, Paul N.

10 YEARS
* Chandler, J. Allan
* Dick, Charles W.
* Jones, Frank D.
* Sergeant, Thomas

9 YEARS
* Lesoway, Joseph G.

* Interrupted Service

*Nash, Robert T.
* Novak, Stephen
* Rasmussen, Julius A.
* Sullivan, William F.
* Trippel, Richard C.

8 YEARS
* Belosie, Edward G.
* Henry, John E.
* Lindler, Leonard
* May, John
* Tyson, Milton H.
* White, John D.

7 YEARS
* Abbott, Gerald
* Alexander, James P.
* Fischer, Edmond
* May, Myrtle
* McGehee, Harry W.
* Murray, Phillip E., Jr.
* Seaton, Elton W.
* Stevens, Stanley A.
* Won, Eldred
* Wong, Thomas G.
* Xavier, Alberto G.

6 YEARS
* Green, Wilbur E.
* Grieve, Brian
* Hartwig, Edward
* Langston, Ben L.
* May, Uhes J., Jr.
* Quam, Howard E.
* Querry, Rachel I.
* Reinecke, James M.
* Renick, Billy D.
* Rich, Harold D.
* Watts, Harold D.

5 YEARS
* Anderson, Don C.
* Berlin, Rudy C.
* Dewald, Omar E.
* Dornbush, Carry W.
* Furchild, Ollie, Jr.
* Griswold, James
* Hansen, Henry E.
* Hesser, Clifton A.
* Kalasko, Russell
* Krein, Oliver
* Luces, J. Donald
* Mathewson, John C.
* Mellette, Soile M.
* Murrell, Ronald G.
* Nardini, Guy
* Prab, Benedict H.
* Priester, Willie C.
* Raley, Kerney
* Schmidt, W. Clayton
* Shivers, Joe D.
* Stevens, Charles F.
* Talley, Frank E.
* Williamson, Willie J.

4 YEARS
* Arledge, James B.
* Evans, Arthur
* Fells, James J.
* Gallant, Budrick
* Johnson, Gerald L.
* Morris, Roy I.
* Nousek, Charles F.
* Nousek, Donald A.
* Porter, Donald D.
* Riden, Hurshel
* Talley, James H.
* Tokarz, G"uy
* Viehmann, William

3 YEARS
* Bennett, Elvis E.
* Britton, Leslie E.
* Byrd, Donald J.
* Cosentino, Frank A.
* Fullerton, J. B., Jr.
* Gaskin, John A.
* Herrington, L. M.
* Jones, D. E.
* Jones, Elmo M.
* McCullough, Alyce
* Meason, Willis D.
* Myers, Bernice S.
* Simard, Lesley J.
* Schofield, L. J.
* Soper, Elsa M.
* Sweery, William B.
* Walker, O. W.

2 YEARS
* Amador, Edward E.
* Boscan, Victor
* Brack, James A.
* Bruneau, Vaughn S.
* Carmack, Charles W., Jr.
* Dyck, John
* Eilers, Edward
* Finkbeiner, Eldon D.
* Franklin, Homer L., Jr.
* Graham, Clifford P.
* Kelly, Jimmy Bay
* Moore, Zoneal R.
* Orr, Daniel W.
* Perkins, Donald W.
* Richter, Erich
* Swanson, Andrew
* Travis, T. J.
* Urruh, John
* Vidalpando, Ray
* Weber, Leslie H.
* Wilson, Leonard
* Wilson, Wallace W.

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FRONT COVER

King Idris’ palace in Tripoli. Although its history includes the Phoenicians, Carthaginians, Greeks, Romans, Turks, and Italians, Libya has been an independent kingdom since December 1951. The Allied Powers, after World War II, had referred the problem of Libya to the United Nations, and the General Assembly voted independence for this North African country. The King has residences also in Benghazi, Libya’s other capital, and in Tobruk, Derna, and Beida.

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Marianne Clarke, Editor
A good SAFETY record

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