Thanks to Mr. Khruschev and Co., people of Christian nations are more than ever aware this year of the deep significance of Christmas.

As usual, many persons will rightly deplore the commercialism surrounding this joyous festival. Because, however, the youngsters delight so much in Christmas, because so many people enjoy buying gifts to bring pleasure to others, and because merchants, manufacturers, and employees are so happy with the increase in business, most of us are inclined to shrug off the commercialism as merely "one of those things."

We are more or less aware, also, that no active Christian really allows the pleasant sights and sounds of Christmas to make him forget why the Christ Child came to earth. People of other faiths may not recognize Christ Jesus as the Messiah, but they nevertheless do endorse the principles of "Peace on earth, good will to men" that are both the foundation and the fruits of Christianity.

The struggle of communism against the free world is fundamentally a war of atheistic materialism against the principles that Christ gave to the world two thousand years ago. According to our teaching, every individual is endowed with inalienable rights and responsibilities and is important for his own sake. He is charged to work out his own salvation — free to do so or not, free to choose his career, his religion, and his politics — but responsible to God for his acts and for his conduct in relation to the rights of others. Communism denies God and the rights, the dignity, and the immortality of the individual.

Our economic and political structures are based on man's God-given rights and responsibilities. So founded, these structures have made us the freest, wealthiest, and most nearly classless people on the face of the earth. Communism seeks to destroy the foundation of these structures. It cannot, of course, be said that we have as yet approximated the wholly principled society to which we aspire. What we already have accomplished, however, should inspire us to remember always that the great moral principles that are the strength and vitality of our American way of life rest squarely on the teachings of the Christ, whose birth is commemorated in man's own way at Christmas. We must also remember that the United States cannot hope to remain great and free if we fail to hold fast to these principles.

Can you imagine what it would be like to live in the communist's theoretically Godless society? His explanations of life as originating accidentally from lifelessness and of conscious intelligence as springing forth from electromagnetic mindlessness not only do away (in his belief) with God but also with the soul of man. What meaning would there be to honesty, diligence, thrift, marriage, honor, family loyalty, personal morality, charity, self-respect, and the like if man is only a sort of animal-vegetable?

What a frightful jungle this world would be if we did not know within ourselves that there really is a Supreme Being and that man is spiritually related to this eternal Presence. Wherever crime and violence trample the rights and property of others today, the cause is found in the Godlessness of the criminals.

Russia's communist rulers discovered that atheism is impractical; so the god-state was recreated to provide an ideal their people might serve and through which they might satisfy their innate longing for immortality. Some day they will realize that their god-state is merely a false front for an unscrupulous ruling clique. Although adopting in domestic affairs some of the economic principles that make the United States strong, the communists reject all honor, integrity, justice, charity, brotherhood, and humanitarianism in dealing with the peoples they have enslaved and with all other nations. These qualities, as well as freedom and democracy, that are so dear to us are only propaganda terms to them, to be employed to confuse intended victims.

The soul and its affinity to God cannot be suppressed forever. This, together with man's thirst for truth and the few American principles that Soviet rulers have adopted to spur productivity, will surely cause the facade to crack, eventually revealing the true nature of the clique to their slaves. Animal cunning will be outwitted and overcome by God-directed intelligence. Thus the god-state must ultimately fall. If we wish to speed this process, we must grow in the Christian graces, appreciate them, practice them before the world, and above all these things put on charity, which is the bond of perfectness. Then man's God-ordained freedom will be shared by all men, not in bonds of communist slavery, but of peace and good will.

Christmas is always wonderful, this year more than ever. It is our sincere wish that you and yours will have the happiest Christmas yet and your most satisfying New Year.

Oscar Scalling
Westerners Establish Beachhead, Explore

Spanish West Africa

Western Profile is indeed indebted to Supervisor Harvey Johnson for this interesting account of Western Geophysical's entry into the Spanish Sahara and to Party 96 Mechanic Erich Richter, to Capt. Howard Williams of the LSM, and to a photographer working for Party 95's client for their pictures of Las Palmas and the "establishing of a beachhead" on the barren coast of Spanish West Africa.

If you look at a map of the world, you can see, at the extreme western edge of Africa, a small country of the same color as Spain. Formerly called Rio de Oro, it is now known as Africa Occidental Española, or Spanish West Africa. This bare spot, uncluttered by place names, is entirely part of the great Sahara Desert. There are but few towns in its more than 100,000 square miles, only a few people, and no tourist attractions. In fact, visitors are not admitted without special permits.

Carry your eye an inch westward (depending upon the size of your map), and you will see the Canary Islands, altogether and absolutely different: volcanic mountains, verdant valleys, and tourists who are welcome. In this latter area is the headquarters for the oil search now under way in the Spanish Sahara, the city of Las Palmas.

While some preliminary surface geology work and gravity and magnetometer surveys were performed earlier, it was not until the spring and summer of this year that exploration activity began in earnest. Western is, of course, in the forefront of this activity, with three seismic crews and one marine crew in the area. Party 96 led off early in June and Party 95, which includes gravity work in its operations, started work in September. Party 74, the water crew, arrived on the scene in October, coming up the coast from Cabinda, and began operations the latter part of that month. The third seis crew, Party 98, is on the high seas as this goes to press and scheduled to arrive in the Spanish Sahara about the end of November.

After some unavoidable delays, the first contingent of Westerners for Party 96 flew in to Las Palmas from Canada and the United States during the first week of June. Having become accustomed to waiting, they thought nothing of marking time for another few days, awaiting the arrival of that portion of the equipment on board a sturdy LSM. This spare time was put to use hunting houses and practicing Spanish, dodging traffic, and asking such questions as: How much is a peseta really worth? Where are our clothes? Which is the best part of town in which to live? Where are doctors, schools, stores? And of other details common to a group of doodlebuggers out of their element.

(Ed. Note: We are disillusioned by that last statement. We had concluded that Westerners were never out of their element. Of course, though, Canadians in the African desert - -)

After the LSM arrived in Las Palmas and was readied for departure to the mainland, all of us were detailed to fly down to Villa Cisneros on the Spanish West Africa coast to help with the unloading operations at French...
We reached Villa Cisneros, a military post, in time for a day off as it was a holiday there. We spent the day “sightseeing” and speculating as to where we could eat and sleep that night. This problem was solved by our enlisting as first-class passengers on the Viera y Clavijo, a passenger boat that happened to be lying by in the harbor for a night. For all of 90 cents each we had a fine dinner and first class cabins and were privileged to ride in the launch. Admittedly, we were crowded around the flywheel (left uncovered so that the engineer could start the engine by using a Stillson wrench on the crankshaft) — but the second-class passengers had to ride in a row-boat towed behind. Early the next morning we departed for the beach across the bay, transported in a Spanish navy landing craft of the equipment to be brought from Las Palmas, where it had been offloaded from a steamer, slowly lengthened to ten. Since we were without communication and the seas were high, we indeed doubted that the LSM would return at all.

In the meantime, hands were not idle. Party Manager George Jakubowski and Surveyor Dewey Holt took off with guides and guards to explore the projected route north. Trucks were unloaded so that the explosives left on the beach (under the watchful eye of the army) could be transported to the magazines at El Aargub. Boxes were opened and unpacked and then repacked on the trucks for better utilization of space. The questions of how much could be hauled in one trip and of where to stow casings and pipes that are twice as long as the truck bed were repeatedly raised. Unused boxes were torn down and all usable wood scavenged. Supervisor Harvey Johnson acted as a miserly rationer of water and food, and Shooter D. J. (Bud) Caldwell gained some renown as a purveyor of fresh fish from the Moro fishermen.

The time came, however, when a group of us had to walk the long distance to El Aargub to ask about purchasing some bread from the army. (There are no civilian stores of the normal type in El Aargub — just four Moros with foot-lockers of cigarettes, candy, and toilet articles.) As we approached El Aargub, we spotted the LSM arriving across the bay. When the ship landed on the high tide the next day, we were a little disappointed to see that apparently no more Westerners had arrived. A short while later, however, a small motorboat came bouncing over the waves. Under private charter to Vice President V. E. Prestine, this boat was full of men, including a cook. The second load, consisting of all truck-mounted equipment, was speedily discharged in a near-perfect operation.

Now we were set to go except for one thing, army approval of our move. So while waiting this word in the radio shack at El Aargub, we had our last fling of civilization at the enlisted men’s PX, where, when they say lights out, they mean that the CO turns off the generator!

Our journey north started by our heading straight east toward Bir Nazaran through the barest landscape ever — no landmarks of any kind, not even sand hills or bushes; in fact, because of the dust and wind, not even an horizon. We had been cautioned to be sure to check in at the fort at Bir Nazaran; but since we turned north on a trail of our own making before reaching that point, it is possible that the personnel at the fort are still waiting for us. Except for a 20-mile stretch of soft ground in the Rabt Sebeta, the trip was uneventful. In that area Observer Supervisor John Henry, Driller James Ivy, Mechanic Erich Richter, and Supervisor Harvey Johnson, all riding at the tag-end of the convoy, became very experienced at winching.

At noon of the third day we arrived at Hasu Bu Guerba, a well on the side of Sebjet Aared. It was a very poor well indeed, but a vital landmark in that arid country. From
Cabo Bojador, which has nothing but a lighthouse and a small army detachment, is the closest thing to civilization we have. The area around is relatively green and populous, supporting quite a few nomadic tribes with their goats and camels. Gazelles abound, and there are also rabbits, lizards, grouse-like birds, and doves, as well as horned vipers. The inhabitants seem to be quite self-sufficient, except for grain.

By the time Party 95 arrived on the scene, the weather along the northern coast of Spanish Sahara had improved and the seas were calm. Thus this crew's equipment could be offloaded from the LSM at El Aaiun. Inasmuch as El Aaiun is much closer to their camp site than French Beach to the Party 96 camp, the Party 95 men and equipment did not have to make a long trek across the desert country to reach their prospect as did Party 96.

On reaching the site, Party 95 had a comparatively easy job in setting up camp, for this crew was fortunate in having available an old, abandoned mining camp—complete with a well for drinking water and several buildings. The latter are being used for storage of supplies and a repair garage. With camp quickly set up and an airstrip prepared for the weekly plane, Party 95 men also began their seismic operations.

The families who accompanied some of the Westerners reside in Las Palmas, a city of about 150,000 population located on a peninsula on the northeast corner of Gran Canaria in the Canary Islands. At its narrowest point the city has beaches on each side of the peninsula only five blocks apart. This volcanic island with its deep valleys, high mountains, and profusion of flowers, gardens, vineyards, and banana farms offers many welcome changes from the bleak desert—not the least of which is that the wind doesn't blow all of the time.

The first point noticed by foreigners arriving in Las Palmas is the beautiful young women. It is not wise, however, to notice too closely or too long when one is walking along the streets, for the second thing that one learns is that all cars have the right of way over all pedestrians—always, except perhaps on some sidewalks. This is where
old cars survive the longest, and there are many old-timers such as Chandler, Willys, Graham, and Cleveland still chugging along. As in the States, the post office department seems to get the best mileage from its trucks, for a 1915 Panhard still makes its daily runs.

Housing is no particular problem once one becomes accustomed to some of the local situations, such as the water being "on" only on alternate days. Most Westerners live in apartments in Las Palmas proper, but three families have taken houses (or chalets) in nearby Tafira Alta. Party Chief C. N. (Andy) Anderson has a bachelor apartment that is the envy of all who have seen it. It is complete with indoor garden, boat, and bar and restaurant service. Furthermore, he can dive off his back patio right into the sea.

The islands are considered to be self sufficient as far as food is concerned. Fresh fruits are in abundance, but only bananas and tomatoes are exported on a large scale, though formerly wine and cochineal were important. Fiestas and holidays seem to occur with a higher-than-normal frequency, and one gathers from the natives that each is the most important of the year. Only two, though, are really big enough to merit a month's pay bonus.

The summer is considered the "off" season for the tourist trade; and since winter is supposed to be even better, I am sure that we shall enjoy it even more, especially those of us who have been in Canada or Alaska for several winters past.

Twelve of the 17 men of Party 96 and this crew's supervisor are from Canada and Alaska. This party's complement includes: C. N. (Andy) Anderson, party chief; W. F. (Bill) Ross, assistant party chief; Palmer L. Larsen, senior computer; George A. Jakubowski, party manager; John Edd Henry, chief observer; Charles Bing and Frank A. Freeman, observers; Dewey J. Holt, surveyor; James Ivy, driller-mechanic; Erich Richter, mechanic; Eugene Atwood, Tom G. Bennett, and Joseph Miller, drillers; Duane J. Caldwell and David G. Milligan, shooters; and Charles L. Parmenter and Jimmy M. Ray, helpers.

Party 95, on the other hand, is made up of Westerners from the States with three exceptions: one man from Canada; one who came from the States via Party 88 in Bolivia and Party 92 in Portuguese Guinea; and Supervisor Leo J. Dunn, who has been with Western in Venezuela and more recently along the southwest coast of Africa. Personnel of this crew includes: Jerry A. Schuller, party chief; William M. Hudson, Edgar O. McCutchen, and William H. Reeves, chief computers; George Kostashuk, playback office party chief; Roger M. Coker and Don Meek, observers; Jack Litchenberg, assistant observer; B. B. Bedell, surveyor; Joseph W. Thomas, utility; Amon W. Davis, driller-mechanic; Rex D. Barton, Edward Bender, and Richard Long, drillers; Harry C. Larrabee and Nuel L. Putnam, shooters; and W. L. Treadway, gravity party chief.

Party 74 is headed by Party Chief Robert L. Nicholls, with L. G. (Tony) Neilson as party manager; Robert D. Scott as chief computer; William K. Miller and Phil Murray, observers; J. W. Hammond, Harvey Hearn, and Charles S. Willmuth, shooters; Cecil Dixson, helper; and George Ebernoch, cook.
FUNCTIONAL. That one word describes Western Geophysical Company’s new headquarters office building at 933 North La Brea Avenue in Los Angeles. Its simple, straight lines reflect the increased efficiency of the Company’s new and combined facilities, just as the building’s cool beauty mirrors Western’s high quality of service.

“M-Day” for executives’ and headquarters service departments’ furniture and equipment to be trucked from downtown Los Angeles to the new quarters, next door to Western’s main laboratories and shops, was August 13, and the magnetic data reduction center was moved from its former location to this new facility two weeks later.

Being the only office building more than two stories high along North La Brea Avenue, Western’s four-story office stands out against a backdrop of the Hollywood Hills and the Santa Monica Mountains. Also, it is not completely divorced from an oil-industry view. Whereas from the downtown office one looked out on the office buildings of at least five oil companies, from the new office one sees the industry represented by an oil-drilling rig. To many, however, this rig would be unrecognizable as such, for it is encased in a soundproof, cloudy-sky colored shell that looks more like a chimney stack than a rig. It stands on Gilmore “Island,” between the famed Farmers Market and what was the baseball diamond of the now extinct Hollywood Stars, and across the street from the eighteen 13-story Parklabrea Towers apartment buildings. (Such is the life of an oil rig in the heart of a big city.)
Imported Granite Used on Front

The steel-frame and masonry Western structure is faced on the sides and back with red brick, which matches that of the one-story adjoining laboratory and shop building. Its front facade is made up of vertical panels of Royal Danby Vermont marble, spaced by panels of sliding windows and dark gray Breinnlis granite from Belgium and trimmed with anodized aluminum.

The imposing entrance features a ground-to-ceiling glass wall in front and three walls of travertine marble from Italy and the Breinnlis granite. The exterior is further enhanced by the lawn of dichondra, carissa, and ficus benjamina, with three ficus retusa trees also set in the parking. The driveway to the back parking area cuts between the laboratory and office buildings under the south end of the second floor of the latter and is closed off at night by a beautiful aluminum grill gate, which rises into the roof of the driveway.

Pleasant Interior Adds to Efficiency

The interior of this building is as inviting as the exterior and provides exceptionally pleasant working conditions. Its 18,000 square feet of space allows every employee adequate room in which to do his or her work comfortably and efficiently, without bumping elbows and disturbing others. The acoustical ceilings deaden all typewriter and accounting machine noise and other normal office sounds, and recessed, panel, ceiling light fixtures are placed so that no person casts his own shadow over his work. To make working conditions even more pleasant, the building is completely air conditioned, with individual thermostats in the offices.

Tastefully decorated, the building has had 11 compatible colors used on its walls, with two of the colors employed on the walls of many offices. The 11 colors range from an off-white through the soft grayish and yellowish greens and tans to the bright mustard-yellow of one wall of the Western Profile office. Morning sun is kept out by oatmeal linen drapes and the afternoon sun by venetian blinds. Floors of the executive offices and reception rooms are covered with tan and brown, tweed-effect, wool carpeting and the floors of other offices and halls with high-grade, marbelized, gray vinyl tile. The rest rooms on each floor are colorfully painted and tiled.

The offices are built around a central core containing rest rooms, stairways, cooling and heating ducts, and an automatic elevator. A push of a button in this self-operated elevator and the employees and Company guests are delivered from the first-floor lobby to the floor desired, depending upon their jobs or business.

On the second floor one steps from the elevator into the general reception room, where the receptionist-switchboard operator greets guests and directs them to the office of the person for whom they ask. Offices on this level include those of Office Manager Lee Armond; Auditor Robert C. Houston; the steno pool; and the personnel, billing, foreign shipping, safety, and accounting departments. The mailing and printing room is also on this level.
Riding the elevator on up to the third floor, one finds
the offices of President Dean Walling, Vice President V.
E. Prestine, Secretary-Treasurer Joseph A. Holton, Legal
Counsel John P. Hanrahan, these officers’ secretaries (who
also serve as receptionists for this floor), the mathematical
research department, and the Western Profile, as well
as the library.

Those persons having business with Chairman of the
Board Henry Salvatori, his secretary, or Everett Purcell,
advertising and public relations, ride to the top (fourth)
floor. Here also are the Board of Directors Room and a
lunch room for employees.

Playback Offers Many Services

Now back down to the first floor, for this level offers
clients a great deal more than an entrance lobby. It houses
one of Western Geophysical’s largest and most modern
magnetic playback centers, which supplies such services
as conventional (squiggle), variable area, variable density,
Dual Display (squiggle superimposed on variable density),
and Stratigram total energy sections. It also is equipped
to apply the Frequentil Resonance Rejection system,
which provides a process to remove “singing” from off-
shore tapes that have picked up this particular type of
interference.

The seven rooms that make up this playback office furn-
ish ample space for both convenience of production and
expanded capacity. The center of the LAPO is the large
instrument room. It includes not only all of the playback
equipment and its power units but also a washing tank
with continuous running water and an electric pump for
additional agitation.

Opening off of the side of this room nearest the play-
back machines are two dark rooms and two printing rooms.
The two dark rooms, one used for developing seismograms
and the other for record cross-sections, are almost identi-
cally equipped. Each has a developing tank with thermo-
static control to maintain constant temperature for the
solution, a stop-bath tank, a fixing tank, and special light
for inspection. One printing room is equipped for plotting
variable density sections. The other printing room is used
for conventional, variable area, Stratigram, and Dual Dis-
play sections. There is also a large room in this central area
that is used for drying and storage of tapes and supplies.

The LAPO’s office and drafting room is near the front-
entrance lobby. Here the chief of all of these playback
services, Dallas C. Morrow, handles the necessary paper
work and other administrative details. Supervisor Thomas
L. Slaven, under whose direction the Los Angeles play-
back office operates, is conveniently headquartered in the
same building, his office being on the third floor in the
mathematical research department as Tom also serves as
a staff geophysicist.

Included in this view of the large instrument room of the new Los
Angeles Data Reduction Center are some of Western’s recent inno-
vations. Doorway at right leads into seismogram developing room.
MERRY CHRISTMAS TO THE SMALL FRY

Yes, Dad and Mom, "Christmas is for children." This remark, though often heard, may not be entirely true, but perhaps Christmas does have a greater meaning for children than for adults. Greater in the sense that it means two things to the youngsters—the Christ Child and Santa Claus.

There are few of us who do not experience a full heart when we see their serious, little faces as they "dramatize" the Nativity scene or sing "Away in the Manger" at the Sunday School's Christmas Eve program. There are few of us whose hearts do not lighten when we see their eager, shining faces as Santa arrives at the end of that program or their wide-eyed excitement the next morning as they scurry to the gifts left by him under the Christmas tree.

Children have a simple, trusting faith in the true meaning of Christmas, untouched by the commercialism that too often "colors" it for adults. So, it is to the "future Westerners," our small fry, that we direct this page.

For them we have one of the all-time Christmas classics, Clement C. Moore's "A Visit from St. Nicholas." Written in 1822 solely for the entertainment of his own children, this famous story has been enjoyed by practically every child in our nation for well over a century. Perhaps you yourself have recited it at a Christmas program.

Nostalgic? Yes—we can still hear our brother, now a grown man but then hardly more than a toddler, reciting it in the most "sing-song" manner that it ever evoked. We've often wondered why this particular poem always comes out this way when a small child "speaks" it as his "piece." But they love it—and we hope that your little Westerners will too.—The Editor.
Twas the night before Christmas,  
when all through the house  
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse.  
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,  
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there.  
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,  
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads,  
And Mamma in her kerchief and I in my cap  
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap.  
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,  
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.  
Away to the window I flew like a flash,  
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.  
The moon, on the breast of the new-fallen snow,  
Gave a luster of midday to objects below;  
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear  
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,  
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,  
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.  
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,  
And he whistled, and shouted,  
and called them by name:  
"Now, Dasher! Now, Dancer! Now, Prancer  
and Vixen!  
On, Comet! On, Cupid! On, Donner and Blitzen!  
To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall!  
Now, dash away, dash away, dash away all!"  
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,  
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,  
So up to the house-top the coursers they flew  
With a sleigh full of toys — and St. Nicholas, too  
And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof  
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.  
As I drew in my head and was turning around,  
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.  
He was dressed all in fur, from his head to his foot,  
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;  
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,  
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.  
His eyes how they twinkled! His dimples how merry!  
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry;  
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,  
And the beard of his chin was as white as the snow;  
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,  
And the smoke, it encircled his head like a wreath.  
He had a broad face and a little round belly,  
That shook, when he laughed, like a bowl full of jelly.  
He was chubby and plump — a right jolly old elf,  
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself.  
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head  
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.  
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,  
And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,  
And laying his finger aside of his nose,  
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.  
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,  
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle.  
But I heard him exclaim ere he drove out of sight,  
"Happy Christmas to all and to all a good night."

—Clement C. Moore
The Monroe Calculating Machine Company, Inc.—the manufacturer of the calculators and adding machines used in many of Western's offices—is the first of the Litton Industries' divisions to be featured in this series about the over-all Litton corporation, of which we Westerners are now a part. The following article was prepared by Robert F. Keeling, advertising manager of Monroe.—The Editor.

Out of the early years of the twentieth century came a new concept—a concept to shorten the day of businessmen and office workers everywhere and to free men's minds from the drudgery of pencil-and-paper figuring.

From this idea, conceived by a youthful office worker named Jay R. Monroe, came the world's first practical calculating machine—a machine that could handle all of the basic figuring of everyday business quickly, easily, economically. And with it, in 1912, the Monroe Calculating Machine Company was born.

A force of nine men, equipped with one lathe and two small presses, began the production of Monroe calculating machines in a small shop near Orange, New Jersey. Today thousands of people staff Monroe's world-wide facilities.

Monroe's headquarters, general offices, and research laboratories are located in Orange, New Jersey. Its production facilities are in Bristol, Virginia; Amsterdam, Holland; and Stockholm, Sweden, as well as in Orange.

More than 350 Monroe branch offices, known as "the field," are strategically located in the United States and Canada. From these offices more than 1,000 salesmen reach the far corners of the continent selling Monroe machines. In addition, subsidiary companies and dealers provide almost 500 more sales outlets for Monroe machines in virtually every other part of the world from Hong Kong to Helsinki.

An integral part of the company is the service organization. In every branch office there are expert technicians, trained to keep Monroe machines operating for years as efficiently as on the day they were made. A carefully planned preventive maintenance program, through Maintenance Guarantee contracts, helps to make this possible.

In 1959 the Sweda Cash Register Company joined the Litton-Monroe team. Sweda is the world's second largest manufacturer of cash registers and a leader in the field of data-processing equipment for retail store use. The Sweda organization's activities are co-ordinated through Monroe.

Monroe is best known for its calculating machines, which add, subtract, multiply, and divide. Calculators
have as wide a range of uses as there are figuring problems in the world today. They may be used, for example, to figure insurance rates for actuaries—or batting averages for baseball statisticians; to determine patterns for cutting sheet steel; to compute the breathing capacity of the lungs; to figure payrolls; or to do any other computational work involving the basic figuring functions.

A complete line of automatic, semi-automatic, and manual calculators are produced by Monroe. With the automatic machines, the operator simply presses the desired keys and operating buttons, and the answers appear in seconds.

Adding machines produced by Monroe, both manual and automatic, are used universally in businesses where addition and subtraction are an integral part of the business day. Some of the more advanced models have two "registers," or machine memories, and allow two sets of figures to be added at the same time, with grand totals provided when necessary. Adding machines equipped with shuttle carriages add and print two or more columns of figures as needed.

Accounting machines designed by Monroe are helping businessmen everywhere to automate bookkeeping methods. Monroe accounting machines can record figures on several forms simultaneously, thereby eliminating the need to handle the figures more than once. New account balances are produced automatically, and end-of-day totals provide proof of all posting.

Other Monroe products include card verifiers that automatically print and accumulate amounts to a total while cards are being punched; small batch card tabulators with instant field selection for listing and totaling numerical information from punched cards; balance scheduling machines, which compute installment payment schedules; and bank passbook posting machines.

Monroe also has developed a wide range of equipment for data processing, in which figurework data is punched on tape for teletype transmission to central offices or for use in electronic computer systems. Furthermore, Monroe's electronics laboratories are constantly developing new electronic computers and equipment for the business world, scientific study, and military projects.

Included in the Monrobot series of electronic computers are invoicing machines that compute, print, and total bills automatically. A special purpose Monrobot computer is used to summarize and categorize vast quantities of information from punched tapes at high speeds. Monroe achieved a major breakthrough for business and science with its development of the world's first low-cost general-purpose electronic computer.

Monroe/Sweda cash registers are used for every type of business, with special features that make each machine virtually custom-built to meet the needs of the user. More and more, Monroe/Sweda cash registers are being placed in the most modern supermarkets in the country.

Monroe/Sweda cash registers figure prominently in data-processing systems for retail store use. "Point-of-sale" cash registers, with tape punch attachments, automatically transmit sales information onto punched tape as amounts are rung up. The tape then may be processed at electronic speed by Monroe computers to give accurate up-to-the-minute sales and inventory figures.

Each day Monroe machines speed figuring processes, simplify accounting systems, and help to eliminate costly duplication of effort the world over.

Fred R. Sullivan is the man who directs the Monroe operations. He is president of the Monroe Calculating Machine Company and also a vice president and director of Litton Industries, Inc.
Western Ricerche Geofisiche’s new modern building in Pescara, Italy, houses this company’s laboratory, shop, playback office, and stock room. Also, on the second floor of this structure are offices for any two crews that might be working in the Pescara area.

While Western of America main office personnel were unpacking and settling down in their new quarters, Westerners in Italy (laboratory, shop, and magnetic playback center employees) were packing to move to their new building. Then, on Saturday afternoon, September 3, Western Ricerche Geofisiche inaugurated its new office and maintenance headquarters in Pescara, Italy.

On hand for the occasion were Chairman of the Board of Directors and Mrs. Henry Salvatori, Director of Italian Operations Thomas P. Maroney, Supervisor Antonino Bucarelli, Counselor and Mrs. Andrea Berardi, Observer Supervisor Arnold West, and Party Chiefs William Calledere, David Scharf, Giorgio Forlani, and Ezio Trucchi.

Along with the growth of the Italian petroleum industry, the Pescara area has become the nucleus of Italian operations. In addition to the laboratory, shop, playback center, and spare parts and truck depot, three to four crews are stationed in the immediate area. In the past, this necessitated the renting of three garages and two office suites, which resulted in an inefficient operation.

Thus last year, after a fruitless effort to purchase a suitable building, the Company decided to construct one to its own specifications. A site was found on the heights overlooking the city of Pescara. The site selected encompasses some 35,500 square feet and is on the intersection of two streets. Following the approval of the plans by the City Planning Commission, ground was broken on November 9, 1959, for Ricerche’s first construction in Italy.

The building consists of two stories. The ground floor houses the lab, shop, playback office, and stock room, and on the second floor is office space for two crews. The area allotted to each unit provides for completely separate and yet wholly integrated operations. Some 11,500 square feet of floor space is divided among the various services and units.

The style of the building is typical modern Italian, being stucco finish on a reinforced concrete framework of pillars, girders, and beams, with double-layer masonry walls made of mortared hollow tile bricks. This type of wall proved to be quite convenient for the internal wiring. It involved
simply a minor chore of chipping out the desired path, inserting the "spaghetti" tubing and switches, and covering this with the finish plaster.

The box-like design is subdued by a skillful use of colors, as well as by a 20-inch ledge and overhang along the street sides of the building. This overhang is painted light blue, and on the front-street portion of it the Company name is attached in white lettering. The corner and wall facing the streets are finished in Roman brick to balance the long (180 feet) expanse of white stucco wall. For pleasant color contrast the support pillars of the portico are painted gray.

Doming the front entrance is the shrubbery-lined, tree-and-flower-studded lawn. A stone path leads from the gate to the main entrance. A gull wing-shaped portico covers the entrance steps. The door itself is made of plate glass framed in black marble from Labrador.

The entire lot is enclosed—on the street sides with panels of square mesh, white, wire fence and on the interior sides by high masonry walls with strip window openings near the top. These windowed walls constitute the support for the open-front, leanto-type shelter that is used for truck parking and storage. Light blue plastic laminated sheets form the roof of the leanto.

The office-space floors and stairway are completed in tan marble mosaic tile, and the lab and shop have light blue ceramic-tiled half walls and fused red mineral tile floors. All of this tile and marble appears expensive to an American visitor, but in Italy this is actually less expensive than wood. On the other hand, an Italian visitor looks twice at the "double-hung sash" windows as shutter-type windows are almost universal in Italy.

Service Units Occupy Ground Floor

The lab, shop, and parts department occupy the largest part of the first floor of this new building. Each section was especially designed for the service and repair of Western’s recording and drilling equipment.

The laboratory is divided into three sections: instruments, radio, and geophone. The instrument section is well equipped to repair all of Western’s instruments, and the radio section designs and builds the special refraction radios. The geophone section repairs the field geophones, services the well seismometer, and builds and repairs the seis cables, jumpers, and shooting-cable equipment.

The shop, too, is separated into various sections. The welding section is used for general repairs and rebuilding drag bits. The motor section has facilities for complete overhaul of motors, differentials, and transmissions, and it also includes a drop-pit. The paint section not only paints but does body work, and the electrical section repairs and rebuilds all starting motors, generators, and two-speed shifting units. A recent revision of the Italian highway code provides that all trucks must have regulation head-

Party F-57 Moves into Top Floor

During the second week of August Party F-57’s office crew joined the Pescara shop, lab, and playback employees in the exodus from their various rented quarters in “down-town” Pescara to the new building “on the hill.” Compared to the others, though, F-57’s move was child’s play, involving no more than office furniture, supplies, and records, and was accomplished in a single day. Needless to say, the reaction of the crew’s office personnel to the brand-new, light, airy quarters was “bello, bellissimo.”

Such enthusiasm was not confined to Westerners, for the new building’s color scheme, its landscaping, and the newness of its construction, not to mention its practicability, have drawn many congratulations and expressions of admiration from Ricerche’s friends in Pescara.

Taken from the rear, looking toward the street in front of the building, this picture shows the “truckport.” This leanto-type of shelter is formed by the high, masonry walls (with strip window openings) and a roof of light blue plastic laminated sheets.
Western’s most western family is undoubtedly the Griswolds—Jim, Patti, and their son Jamie.

Now in his thirteenth and most successful year of professional rodeo riding, Jim rounded out a summer season crowded with rodeo events in California and Nevada.

During the week he rode a computer’s chair in the office of Party 68 in West Sacramento, California. Weekends found him on the hurricane-deck of saddle broncs at fairs and rodeos. He is a member of Rodeo Cowboys’ Association and participated this summer in RCA events at Oroville, Dixon, Hayward, San Jose, Orland, Novato, Redwood City, Sonora, Yuba City, Merced, Woodland, Stockton, and Plymouth, all in California, and at Fallon, Nevada.

Of these, his bout with the broncs at Yuba City was his best of the season. Jim participates in the saddle-bronc events only, and at Yuba City he came out with a first for the two-day event and a “best cowboy” tag because he was the only rider to stay aboard two of the plunging, twisting animals. At Merced Jim had a good riding session, too, getting a first one day and a second the other for an over-all second place for the two-day contest.

Patti, a cowgirl of no mean skill in her own right, has been a participant in rodeo grand entries and barrel races at Pioche and Las Vegas, Nevada, and at Lamont, California. She began her riding career when she received her first horse at nine years of age while living in Nevada.

Though Jamie, now five years old and a kindergartener in West Sacramento, has had no professional career, he knows how to appear with true western aplomb in cowboy garb and is extremely fond of the Griswolds’ horse, Sassy, bought when they were located at Price, Utah, with Western.

Sassy is probably another Western “first”—for who but the Griswolds in this job of “traveling light and fast” has appeared on the scene with two trailers—their big comfortable house trailer and a horse trailer? While in Utah they owned two horses but sold one prior to a move to Montana. They took Sassy, a beautiful buckskin quarter-horse with them. Patti was training her for barrel racing—a feat on horseback involving timing, balance, and instant response from one’s horse to make the slalom-like turns without knocking over a barrel or breaking stride. When they returned to California, Sassy was left temporarily on a ranch in Montana.

Horses were not all the “livestock” the Griswolds had in Utah. Their “all-American” dog, Feller, and a Java sparrow are still with them; a big 10-inch turtle is currently “living with relatives or friends” until they can better accommodate him; and along with their second horse they disposed of a billy goat, which they had acquired for the practice of roping and tying.

Jim, who has been with Western Geophysical approximately seven years, grew up on a Texas farm and began his rodeo saddle-bronc riding when he was 17 years old. He and Patti, like many “show people,” have a few pet superstitions. One is Patti’s long hair. She cut it once, only to find that as long as it was short Jim had nothing but bad luck with his riding; so she let it grow again. Along with this Jim retired his old cowboy hat (still in a place of respect in the trailer, though) and acquired a new one for riding. And things began to look up this year. Since they reside in trailer space 13 and this is Jim’s thirteenth and best year on the circuit, it is easy to guess what they think about that “unlucky” number.

Patti Griswold and Sassy, the family’s beautiful buckskin quarter-horse, had their picture taken near Jordan, Montana. Sassy, being trained by the long-tressed Patti for barrel racing, travels from one Western Geophysical prospect to another in her own trailer.
Though not a professional yet, 5-year-old Jamie Gris­

ewold looks the part when he dons his Western garb. Also, he is extremely fond of the Griswold's horse, Sassy.

PARTY 93 (Office) — TRIPOLI, LIBYA . . .

THE OFFICE STAFF, Reporters

TIMOTHY O'LEARY, Photographer

It is just over a year since Party 93 established offices at the edge of the business district in Tripoli, Libya. Because this is in the Italian residential section, members of the office staff, during this period, have become accustomed to the variety of street vendors selling their wares outside our windows. Since the vendors advertise their products in various versions of Italian and Arabic, it is not always easy for us to tell exactly what they have for sale; but we have seen goldfish, coat hangers, live chickens, fruit, vegetables, eggs, fish, and almost any item that one can imagine. During the year we developed such stiff sales resistance that we are looked upon as the only Americans in Tripoli without any money.

Since last June, when the field crew families were moved to Benghazi, our life in Tripoli has become somewhat routine. We miss having direct contact with the field crew—and we miss the tall stories about "how rough things are in the desert" told by some of the party members when they dropped by the office.

While Tripoli is a city of approximately 180,000 persons, its recreational opportunities are rather limited. Party Chief George Bynum spends a lot of his spare time on the golf course. He claims that it is a pretty tricky course as it has a couple of grass traps that are very rough. George also has been studying Italian and has found it quite useful in ordering food at the local restaurants.

Computer John Winkler deserted us for a week last spring to return to North Carolina. There he married Con-
ie Lucas on April 6 at Charlotte. The new Mrs. Winkler seems to like Tripoli and spent a lot of time last summer enjoying the ocean and beach. The Winklers have as a "house pet" an 80-pound German Shepherd. There is some question as to whether John walks the dog or the dog walks John.

Tim and Rita O'Leary have used part of their free time for sightseeing. In addition to visiting Roman ruins here in Libya, they made two trips to the Island of Malta. Their second trip to Malta cannot be counted as mere sightseeing, however, since they returned with a new son, Roland Timothy. He was born in Malta on July 23. The hospitals in Malta compare favorably with those in the States, the O'Learys say. Young Roland has been doing very well since returning to Tripoli.

We are looking forward to the completion of our second year so that we may return to the United States and visit our families and friends. Until then, we take this opportunity to wish the very best of the Season to all of you.

(Ed. Note: Party 93's field crew was unable to get its report in from the desert of Libya by press time.)

PARTY 52 (Office) — JACKSON, MISSISSIPPI...

W. G. LANE, Reporter

Greetings from Mississippi, the home of Miss Americas, the "Ole Miss" Rebels, and one of Western's finest office forces, which includes Chief Computer W. G. Lane, Computers Cal Hansbrough and Larry Brennan, and Party Chief Jim Rush. Jim, Cal, and Willie are old-timers on Party 52 while Larry is a newcomer from St. Louis University.

The chief interest of our force has been football, with Cal giving tremendous point handicaps to "Ole Miss" opponents and still winning his bets.

When schools opened again, Randy Lane started his first year while big brother Buster entered the fourth grade.

Chief Computer Joe Shivers, of the Shreveport office, had a tour of duty with Party 52 here in his home town, doing vacation relief and some fishing.

Party 52's office force attended a dinner of the Jackson Geophysical Society at the Robert E. Lee Hotel in late September. The paper presented was most interesting to this group as it dealt with the Mississippi Salt Basin.

PARTY 52 (Field) — MONROE, LOUISIANA...

CLIFTON D. CHILDERS, Reporter

From Shreveport, Louisiana, Party 52 moved to Monroe, Louisiana, which is located on one bank of the Ouachita River while its twin city, West Monroe, is situated on the opposite bank.

Soon after arriving in Monroe, Party Manager Cliff Childers and family went to Florida on vacation. Cliff was relieved by Surveyor Homer L. Lewis, who, during Cliff's vacation, became a grandpa. Homer said that the
It's a bright world to Hoyt Tyson as he peers from the recording truck during a Party 9 survey near Green River, Utah, often connected with the Four Corners area.

only thing he regrets about being a grandpa is the fact that he is now married to a grandma.

Drillers JAMES C. HILBUN and CURTIS W. BARKER were like two kids with new toys when Party 52 received its tractor-mounted drill and tractor water unit. These two units are ideal for work in Louisiana during the wet seasons and in thickly wooded areas.

Permitman JACK N. ROBINSON is still head fisherman on Party 52, with HOMER LEWIS and JAMES HILBUN running a close race for second place. Jack has managed to do a fine job of permitting for fishing holes, as well as for shot holes.

Late this summer ALVIN WAREH returned to the crew after a short stay in the armed forces. He is currently helping on the survey crew, which is headed by HOMER LEWIS and Surveyor TOMMY THORNTON.

The wives of Party 52 were kept busy this fall getting their children (most of whom are girls) ready for school. Now they're even busier getting ready for Christmas.

Three of the children are in junior high: ROXANNE HILBUN, the oldest, followed by CHRISTIN KEITHLEY and BARBARA ANN CHILDERS. We are proud to say that they are pretty good students—at least, the mothers think so. Not in school for a few more years to come are VICKIE SCOTT, age 2½, and ELLEN KEITHLEY, 3½.

The summer fun was centered mostly around the city swimming pool. As the weather here was in the low nineties this fall, we are now enjoying the cooler temperatures.

PARTY 9 — GREEN RIVER, UTAH...

ROBERT A. ZANG, Reporter

J. E. BARTHELEMY and ROBERT A. ZANG, Photographers

It was a stifling hot July day in Green River, Utah. The heated silence was broken only by the passing of cars along the highway and by the occasional opening of a door when someone came out of one of the air-conditioned bars. But wait, what's going on at the Uranium Building? People are assembling, equipment is appearing, supplies are being moved about. Can anything come of this confusion?

Let's take a closer look. Who is that fellow over there directing traffic? Why it's JOE BARTHELEMY, supervisor of the newly re-activated Party 9, and there are ALAN WINFREY and ROBERT (Toney) ZANG, the chief computer and computer respectively, deciding after an hour of deep engineering discussion that someone sent the wrong parts for the drafting table.

Standing nearby with a determination not to have any part in this madness is NUEL PUTNAM, the shooter. And... aha! I thought I detected an Oklahoma accent. There are Ken "Jack-of-all-trades" Carr, rodman and shooter, and his brother Frank, a helper, unpacking those bright, shining, new breast reels. I sincerely hope that's sweat and not tears in their eyes.

Actually, there was method in the apparent heavy traffic. Party 9 settled down very shortly to normal crew operations. NEO FERRARI, the observer, checked out his 48-trace recording truck; the drills went to the field; and on July 25 production began. Within a week the draftsman, ART PORNAS, and his wife MARIE had arrived from Party 8 in Manteca, California, and the crew was complete except for MAX HUNT and ROBERT SEELEY, who were hired locally.

It is now late fall and several more events have taken place. Mr. and Mrs. LARRY SWANSON have proudly announced the arrival of a baby boy on August 25 in Billings, Montana; JIM BAIRD has arrived from Party 8 to take over the chief computer's job from ALAN WINFREY; and NUEL PUTNAM has been transferred to Party 95 in the Canary Islands. Later, Hoyt Tyson, observer, and his wife Joyce joined the crew after having vacationed in their home state of Georgia; and KEN WILSON, the surveyor, along with his rodman, JOHN HOBESY, reached the conclusion that horizontal ties in Utah are impossible.
In closing, a word to the wise from Neo Ferrari: “To beat the heat, work at night.” (Neo, however, does not recommend this unless you are stuck in the sand until 1:00 A.M.)

PARTY F-60—BETHEL, ALASKA...

DAVID MIDDLETON, Reporter
CECIL BRULOTTE, Photographer

Doodlebugging in Canada having become a wintertime operation, Party F-60 had settled down last spring in Edmonton and other points to a summer of review work and equipment refurbishing. Suddenly, the calm routine was broken by a call to go to Alaska.

The unexpected migration began in early July. Ken Dobson, party manager, and Cecil Brulotte, driller, stopped working on the bombardiers and headed for Anchorage. Down in southern Saskatchewan, Driller Don Good wiped the grease from his hands and headed north, too.

Party Chief J. F. Trotter came to the office and pulled Party Chief Percy Schacter away from a pile of records on which he was working. The records were repiled on Eldred Won and Roy Yasui for the summer. Then, with Chief Computer Art O’Connell from the Calgary data reduction center, Trotter and Schacter set out for the rendezvous in Anchorage.

Formation of the crew took place in this “Boom Town of Alaska.” Various figures have been given for the number of bars in the city, but actually the statistics appear to be misleading. There is only one bar; it simply covers most of the town. In Anchorage camp gear and supplies were bought; seismic instruments, flown in from Calgary and Los Angeles, were assembled; and everything—including personnel—was dispatched by truck, air, and barge to Bethel.

At this point other Westerners joined F-60 in Anchorage. Areas represented were widely assorted. There were Gerry Yetka, rodman, from Pennsylvania; Bob Kitchen, drill helper, from New Jersey; Ernie Flyyav, drill helper, from Alabama; Orville Voilxland, cook’s helper, from Minnesota; and Larry Shell and H. D. Payton, recorder’s helpers, and Bob Murphy, cook, all from California. And, of course, there had to be a couple of Texans, Drill Helper

Ken Dobson and Cecil Brulotte confer about F-60's next shotpoint, out on the lake. Ribbed wheels operate as paddles in deep water.
L. G. (Tex) HANKINS and Computer FRANK GARRISON, to suffer under the usual Alaska-Texas jokes. Alaska furnished SCOTT TODD, rodman, and the SEMPH brothers, DON and ERNIE.

The crew was introduced to the tundra, which can best be defined as "miles and miles of miles and miles" with water every few feet. To most of the "Muskeg Wallowers" the tundra did not look much different from the stuff they knew so well. There was just more of it. They also met the amphibious buggies—aluminum amphibians that appear to be a cross between an army jeep and a rubber life raft. The crew, buggies, and tundra were to be buddies for 92 days.

Ninety-two days is a long time for men with families to be away from home and for single men to be away from their accustomed haunts. Since the camp was permanent and the field personnel commuted to work, some entertainment facilities were possible. Motion pictures were viewed in great numbers—going back over 20 years at least. The camp had a few avid 8-mm. movie amateurs. Glenn Wheeler and Al Morasse, helicopter pilots who are well known to many Westerners, could usually be found during their spare time editing film and wondering how they had managed to lose up that last roll, too.

On September 21 the crew completed its assignment just in time to avoid the oncoming Alaskan winter, which is no time for buggy operations. Except for Jim Neis and GERRY ABBOTT, who were transferred to another crew, and for Shooter WILLIAM CHERNIK, who came to F-60 from Party 17, the crew had stayed in for the entire period.

At this writing some of us are still in Alaska with Parties 17 and 91, and the rest of us are in Calgary and Edmonton preparing for another winter in the muskeg.

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

(Part of Field) — LIBERTY, MISSISSIPPI...

PAT ROSS, Reporter

L. M. HERRINGTON, Photographer

"We'll never get our feet off this Mississippi mud" seems to be the cry of some members of Party 33. We natives, however, are well pleased. But we have been in the southern area for so long that we have little that is different or exciting to report.

After our 18-month stay in Magnolia, Mississippi, the "great white fathers" in Shreveport, Louisiana, said "Go west, young men, go west." So we did—20 miles farther west to Liberty, a very small town, which does not have much to offer in entertainment or scenic trips. In fact, the local football games are about all we have to anticipate, plus, of course, our TV sets and occasional crew gatherings.

Just before we left Magnolia, we earned a safety dinner. We went south of the border (that's across the line into Louisiana) and had a very delicious steak dinner with all the trimmings at Skinny's Nite Club. After dinner we pushed back the tables and enjoyed an evening of dancing. On this occasion Party Manager AL LEAKE presented safety awards to the following: MONROE TAYLOR, 14 years; HARRY MCGEHEE, 7 years; DWIGHT RICH, 4 years; E. O. ROSS, 6 years; ED HARTWIG, 6 years, and LEAKE, 9 years.

Recently the women had a coffee and canasta party in the home of MRS. LEAKE. They also welcomed Mrs. MATT HARRINGTON to the crew. Several of the women gave Stanley parties during the year.

Party 33 has added two junior doodlebuggers since its previous report. Arriving in November 1959 was MORRIS ANTHONY BRANNO, son of Rodman and Mrs. WILLIE GENE BRANNO. In July 1960 TERRY LYNN met his parents, Mr. and Mrs. ED HARTWIG.

SURVEYOR DWIGHT RICH, Helper GENE BRANNO, and Drillers WILLIE J. WILLIAMSON and KERNEY RALEY, with their helpers, ED HARTWIG and THOMAS MARTIN, have been having the time of their lives keeping ahead of Chief Observer MONROE TAYLOR and his recording crew. MONROE is assisted by HARRY MCGEHEE, MATT HARRINGTON, ERNEST BLICK, and Shooter E. O. ROSS.

"Ten to fifteen" holes per day certainly keeps everybody moving. We consider this a fairly good record, considering swamps, creeks, water moccasins, and thick underbrush.

Party 33's office personnel is still composed of the same trio: Party Chief R. H. WAIDELL, Chief Computer L. A. HOLLIER, and Computer F. A. PECOUL.

Until we see you again in the Profile, we wish all of you a very Merry Christmas and a safe and Happy New Year.

DECEMBER 1960

Above—Three Party 33 "Mississippi Mudders" relax beside field equipment. From left are W. E. Brannon, Dwight Rich, and Al Leake.

Below—Helping Party 33 compile husky record of shots in swamps are, from left, Bobby Cupit, E. O. Ross, James Taylor, H. W. Mcehee.
PARTY 32 — BAKERSFIELD, CALIFORNIA...

YOUEL A. BAABA, Reporter

As ancient Mesopotamia has been the battleground for many of history's famous conquerors, so Bakersfield has been the stomping grounds of practically every doodlebugger who has ever worked in California. Neither nature nor history bestowed on this central California city any visible monuments that will inspire writers or poets. Its hidden gifts cannot be denied, however, for its subterranean strata embrace great reservoirs of black gold for which doodlebuggers toil ceaselessly.

Bakersfield has been the base of operations for Party 32 for more than 14 months. During this period—and since our last appearance on the pages of Profile—we have had many activities that deserve to be called news. Unfortunately, many of these have aged and lost their significance. The following are still fresh in our memories, and we hope that Profile readers will enjoy them.

T. D. SINCLAIR, Jr., with whom Party 32 has been identi-
and Mrs. A. J. Guess. Those who could not make it to the dinner party were there, and all had a wonderful time.

Replacing Tom as party chief was W. T. Scott, Jr., who, with his wife "Tommie" Jean and their son Bill, came from Shreveport, Louisiana. The Scotts have established themselves in Bakersfield as the proud owners of a beautiful home.

Prior to his transfer to Alaska, Tom organized two five-man teams in the summer league at the Bakersfield Bowling Academy. Both teams were officially registered as Western Geophysical Company. SAM BURNSIDE, Party 32's computer, coined two more controversial names, however—"The Elites" and "The Slob." Either by pure luck or dedicated effort, The Slob finished the season as third team from the top. This is considered very good since most of the players were new at the game. The Elites had many good games but never made the top three teams.

The original 10 players were: R. C. Powell, R-2 party chief, Dave Johnston, A. J. Guess, Fred Leonard, Warren Tuft, Roy J. McClure, Youel Baaba, Sam Bumsde, Al Smith, and Dean Phelps. Because of unexpected circumstances, many of these players were replaced either permanently or with substitutes. The "pinch bowlers" were W. T. Scott, J. A. Adams, and James Baird.

Rounding out the party are Assistant Observer Calvin Williams, Permitman Dwayne Bruce, Surveyor Roy Moore, and Helper F. Brewer.

PARTY R-5 — SHREVEPORT, LOUISIANA...

RONALD C. WALTON, Reporter

W. H. HATTON, Photographer

Party R-5 has been seeing Spanish Guinea, offshore Italy, and the Red Sea from the inside. Deep inside, that is—out of sight, under the surface. As a re-interpretive office, we have been reviewing data from these areas here in Shreveport.

Highlight of our social season was a steak barbecue and picnic in September. R-5 invited personnel from Parties 28 and 33, the Shreveport data reduction center, and the Midcontinent Division office to Ford Park on Cross Lake, just outside of Shreveport, for the event.

The menu included 12-ounce strip sirloin steak, barbecued beans, potato salad, hot rolls, hamburgers for the children (why do the youngsters always order hamburgers?), and soft drinks. The picnickers brought their own grills and utensils.

Mrs. J. W. Ervin, Mrs. R. C. Walton, and Mrs. E. J. Walz peeled the potatoes and fixed the salad. Mrs. P. A. Schueler prepared the rolls.

Party Chief J. W. (Wick) Ervin and Chief Computers Paul Schueler and Ron Walton arrived early to pick out the camp site and set up the grills. As the group arrived, orders were taken and steaks were soon sizzling.

After everything was ready and nearly everyone had been seated, it was discovered that one very important item had been forgotten.

Somebody had neglected to fix the weather.

So the rain came to the picnic, too. There was a scramble
After a cold winter in Stanley, North Dakota, Party 18 gladly returned to the mountains of Montana. The crew spent the summer just outside of Glacier National Park on the Blackfeet Indian Reservation.

Due to the lack of available housing, members of the party have been living in three towns, Cut Bank, Browning, and East Glacier Park, which makes it rather difficult for Party Chief Ted Babiracki to keep track of everybody. His office is located in Cut Bank. With the help of Party Manager-Observer Ed Pianc, though, Ted has been able to keep the operation running smoothly.

The field crew has been (1) enjoying the spectacular scenery of the Glacier Park region and (2) striving to keep their trucks in an upright position in the extremely rugged terrain. Helpers John Beaton, George Heinicke, and Michael Norrie would be perfectly happy if they had never been near the mountains because to them falls the task of carrying the cables and seismometers up and down the slopes. The seis lines are so steep in some places that the bulldozer cannot even cut a trail. Of course, the crew blames Surveyors G. O. Svee and L. L. Dean for most of the troubles with terrain. Driller Lloyd Johnson and Drill Helper G. L. Ferm claim that the surveyors go out of their way to locate shot holes on gravel piles.

Permitman Larry Nelson thinks he has it especially rough because, besides having to fight the rugged terrain, he has had to permit practically all of the Indians on the reservation — and most of them are nearly impossible to find. He thinks that Helper Gerry Nelson, his cousin, is having a pretty easy time of it as the second shooter on the crew, under Shooter Leonard Linder.

Five ambitious keglers are these members of the Party R-5 bowling team. Standing from left, are Den Gregory, Micky Hollier, Bob Britten; kneeling, Don Luce and Bill Hatton. The team is aiming high in the winter league.
PARTIES 70 and 77 (Field) — MORGAN CITY...

VIRGIE BRYANT, Reporter
R. A. CARTER and JAMES R. SQUIRES, Photographers

It seems that this reporter always manages to be in southern Louisiana when her turn to report to the Profile comes around. This time it is Morgan City, where oil, doodlebug crews, and shrimp are words common to all.

Early in June Parties 70 and 77 began the “summer rush” —taking advantage of the good-weather months (June to September) to get more seismic information from the ever-interesting Louisiana gulf.

Party 70 boasted of a crew of veterans in Field Coordinator Charlie Crawford, Observers Evon Renick and R. A. (Shorty) Carter, with L. E. (Bebo) Bratos and Carrol Smith handling the shooting chores. Party 77 agreed that 70 was the “oldest” but not the “best.” Field Coordinator James Squires was ably assisted by Observers Carl Weldon and Bernard Garner, with Harry Elmore, C. E. (Doc) Rodgers, and George Little as shooters. This friendly rivalry resulted in the “shooting up” of 800,000 pounds of powder and the recording of 20,000 reliable profiles for Western’s clients this summer.

Much credit for this good production must go to Party 70’s helpers, Ronald Harris, Tommy and Jim Pack, Jon Driendak, and Tommy Clawson, and its cooks, Lawrence Cousins and Charley Conklin. Party 77 also is proud of its helpers, Gene Dyer, Ken Emmet, Ed (Chicago) Cooper, and George (Buck) Mullins, and its cooks, Hank Bower and Fred Mitcham.

Supplies for both Party 70 and 77 were handled by Party Manager Ken Bryant, who at times had his problems in meeting two supply boats and crews. To him it seemed that the two crews were always working at “opposite ends” of the 300-mile Louisiana coast.

The stock has been getting in plenty of flying time with Party 18. Surveyor G. O. Svee and his wife Judy are proud parents of a baby boy born in April. Driller Charles Cannon and his wife Billie added another girl, Amy Jane, born September 14, to their family of two girls and one boy. Driller Alan Linden and his wife Florence, not to be outdone by the Cannons, had a son about a week later. The stork is expected to return three more times in the near future.

As the fall of the year arrived, it brought not only cooler weather but also a new member to Party 18. Driller Stuart Partridge and his family were transferred from Party 13. It also brought hopes from Chief Computer John Mathewson and his wife Joan for an early winter and good skiing, a wish that was not shared by all of this warm-weather-loving crew.

(Ed. Note: Since reporting, Party 18’s office force has relocated in Billings and its field crew in Choteau, both in Montana.)
While the boys were “shooting up” the gulf, the girls were getting settled in trailer parks and apartments. This was no chore as all had served at least one “hitch” in Morgan City prior to this assignment. After the always dreaded chore of unpacking was finished, Pauline Renick, Janet Weldon, and Virgie Bryant could be found at the city swimming pool watching the little ones in their swimming classes. They all seriously believe that they have the answer to “Uncle Sam’s” swimming problems for the 1964 Olympics!

With the pool closed for the winter, Virgie, Janet, and Jo Little spent all of their spare time at the bowling alley practicing for the break-time contest with the local ace, Carl Weldon. Gloria Garner wanted to join this group but had to stay near home so that son Tony (age 3) would not miss a fire alarm. The Garners lived next door to the fire station and discovered that they had a full-time fireman in the family as young Tony spent all time possible next door with the firemen.

Our city celebrated its 100th anniversary the first week in September with speed boat races, a carnival, floor shows, and giant fireworks displays. A stranger entering town could easily have become confused as all of the gent's sporting beards and handle-bar mustaches while the fair sex dressed according to the top styles of 1860.

Morgan City, dependent on the oil and fishing industries for its livelihood, erected a fitting monument in the form of a miniature offshore oil rig, complete with gas torch, on busy Brashear Avenue and U. S. Highway 90. This new structure joined the shrimp boat, “Spirit of Morgan City,” as the favorite subjects for all tourist shutterbugs who passed through town.

In closing, we are happy to say that all of our preparations for the arrival of Hurricane Ethel were wasted. Ironically, while all of the boat crews were here to take care of the boats, Ethel changed her course and came inland at Passacagoula, Mississippi, home base of all of the boat crews.

PARTY F-5 — VASTO, ITALY ...

GIORGIO FORLANI, Reporter
ROMANO TASSI, Photographer

(Ed. Note: Our Italian reporters do not phrase their English exactly as do we; but even when they write in an unfamiliar tongue, the traditional humor and colorful expression of our Italian friends come through. Because we believe that this report would lose a great deal if we rewrote it into more conventional phrasing, we are leaving it just as it came to us. Frankly, we like it! Also, we admire the Italian reporters’ ability to express themselves in our language.)

From about four months Party F-5 is headquartered in Vasto, which (where) people repay with hearty hospitality.

The supply boat Sharon Walker comes alongside the Johnny Walker for pickup of records as some of Party 70 stand by for the transfer. Parties 70 and 77 both were working in the Louisiana gulf.
Party F-5's town, Vasto, Italy, is
an ancient one, and in late years a
"landslide" has threatened some of
to build the archeologist's house, as is shown in the
picture right, of the 12th Century St.
Peter's Church. Its nave has been
partially destroyed by the slippage.
Also, only a few of Vasto's old
civic walls remain, including (far
data) the Rosseti Square tower.

And exquisite kindness, our efforts strained (directed) to the
discovery of possible hydrocarbon deposits, necessary to
a rapid progress of this country.

This town, whose origin lies close to the legend, was
founded by Diomedes and called Histionium. Richest har-
bour of the old Frentania region, it was later a Roman
municipium. In the year 17 B.C. it was destroyed by Sylla;
later on it was fortified by Theodoric; thence it became
the seat of the marquisate of Avalos. Many monuments
testify the grandeur of those times, (such) as the cathed-
ral of St. Joseph and the Church of S. Maria Maggiore,
built in pure Romanesque style on 13th century, the Avalos
palace, and the grandiose civic walls.

In these last years the town was, unfortunately, inter-
ested (?) by a vast landslide which is threatening its monu-
mental shore. This event caused great emotion to the people
who are now engaged in defensive big works in order to
save the living testimony of the old magnificence.

The Party F-5 office force consists of: Chief Computer
Corrado Rubino, the organizer of instructive trip in
the country with the fair of Vasto; Computers Enzo Bovia
(called the carrier-pigeon), Edoardo Macchia, and Al-
berto Malearbo (the bicaly increased of the office); Ro-
mano Tassi, the cashier of the crew, every time (always)
short of money; and Party Chief Giorgio Forlani.

The "rod trio" is composed of Surveyors Alberto Chi-

Abe, Menotti Maddi, and Adelelmo Sperandini, whose
concerted groanings win the hearts of the surveyed zone
landowners.

The drilling gang counts as its members: the driller,
Divino Piazza, the mystic of the rotary table (especially
when he meets, in his work, with some gravel formations);
the mechanic, Paride Fontana, who maintains that
the walnuts must be cracked only with the 1-5/16-inch span-
ner; the old pocket drillers, Luigi Valbonesi, no more than
80 pounds in weight, with his helper, Luigi Moniz, which
(which's) 250 pounds net weight constitutes a valid reason
in their debate; the driller, Sergio Cantarelli, the no-
saic of the huge Turkish plains; and the helper, Giuseppe
Creatore, called the slender man.

The cable "pirates" hired in Vasto, not forgetful of their
sea-faring descent, Luigi Desidero, Pietro Paravia, Nicola
Scutti, Michele Somma, Nicola Stivaletta, Nicola
Verde, Giuseppe Torrello, Antonio Zambianchi, (who are)
under the command of "Captain" Observer Gianluigi
Dona, prone to use of knives (to cut the bread into slices),
and "Boatswain"-Junior Observer Carmine Parrella, the
pale-faced man (maybe as he is still in honeymoon), board
the hills and the mountains sheltered by the cross fire of
the shooter, Silvano Natalini, the fair-haired of the crew,
and helper, Gino Pescina (he is too strong to make what-
ever remarks in his regard).
WEDDING BELLS RANG OUT in Rome October 19 when Antonino Bucarelli and Erminia Iari, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Vincenzo Iari, spoke their marriage vows. The ceremony took place at 10:30 A.M. in the Mausoleum of St. Costanza, Basilica of St. Agnes.

The bridegroom is a supervisor for Western Ricerche Geofisiche. He has been with the Company for seven years, having started in December 1953 as a party chief assigned to Party F-5. A native of Bova Marina, Italy, Bucarelli obtained his advanced education in mining engineering at the University of Rome.

BOWLING WINNER. With the completion of summer league play at the El Rancho Bowling Alley (West Sacramento, California), Party 68 proudly announced that its J. H. (Jim) Gribbin had walked away with one of the honors. High point of the league sweepstakes was the awarding of the trophy to Jim for the highest individual handicap series—a booming 711 total pins.

Final team standings found the Westerners in about the middle of a 12-team league. Making up Party 68's bowling crew, in addition to Jim, were J. W. Jennings, Art Hird, Gerald (Mac) McQuilliam, Mike Tauscher, Party Chief Tom Mitchell, and John Crane (now with Party 67).—T. W. Mitchell.

SIX WIVES—SIX COUNTRIES! A cosmopolitan group is that of the Party 97 wives. The six who have joined their husbands on that crew in Argentina are from six different countries. They are: Chola (Mrs. Frank) Ellsworth, a native of Paraguay; Virginia (Mrs. J. B.) Arledge, United States; Josefa (Mrs. V. B.) David, Colombia; Susana (Mrs. W. B.) Dungan, Ecuador; Mary (Mrs. B. O.) Scroggins, Bolivia; and Viera (Mrs. Ovle) Woulverton, Czechoslovakia.

An interesting footnote to this concerns the second generation of two of the above. Colombian Josefa and Mississippian “Stretch” David have a son born in Bolivia. Likewise, Ecuadorian Susana and Texan “Boots” Dungan’s son was born in Bolivia. The Dungan family’s native land problem will be increased to four countries with the birth of their expected child in Argentina.—C. W. Nicholls.

WESTERN GEOPHYSICAL of Canada's “stub” crew is growing! From three Western employees at its conception in July 1960, Party F-63 is up to seven now. During the summer the crew provided client personnel an opportunity for field training. Also doing their part to aid the growth of F-63 were Bill and Stella Huculak. They announced the birth of their second daughter, Unis Ann, on September 30. Bill is a driller with Party F-63.
—Dieter Juergens.

THE THRILL OF THE ARRIVAL of their first child was experienced by Harry and Barbara Meeker this fall. Daughter Stephanie Ann was born October 1 at Sutter Memorial Hospital in Sacramento, California. At birth the baby weighed 7 pounds, 2 ounces and was 18½ inches “tall.” Other members of the Meeker household are one canary and a tank of guppies! Harry is a driller with Party 68, now working out of West Sacramento.

ONE OF THE VETERAN EMPLOYEES of Western Ricerche Geofisiche, Emidio Guardiana, who has been working for Ricerche for more than 10 years, was married October 16 at Tocco Casauria (Pescara) to Miss Almerinda Taglieri. Emidio is working at the shop in Pescara.

Also from Italy comes word that a second son, Marco, was born to the Carlo Cavallorettis on September 11. Carlo is a computer with Party F-9, stationed in the Belluno area.
—Anna Massri.
Jean further distinguished herself when on her graduation from high school, she received a science award from Westinghouse and, after taking the University entrance examination, was given three hours' credit in English and permitted to enroll in a more advanced English course than that for freshmen.

Also from Party G-4 comes word that the surveyor pictured in the upper right-hand corner of page 24 of the last Western Profile is Adrian Louis and not Merle Dillard, surveyor's helper.

PARTY 13 HAS AT LAST LEFT the cold northland (North Dakota and Montana) and taken up residence in sunny Vernal, Utah—a land of paradise. The crew's departure did not take place, though, before David Leone met Judy Edene Pfeifer, of Bowman, North Dakota, and married her on June 21 in Miles City, Montana.

James D. Christianson, shooter's helper, must have decided that he could not be outdone by a recorder's helper, for on September 5, also in Miles City, he, too, was married. Jim's bride is the former Doris Marie Blake, of Baker, Montana.

Party 13 also has news of a third new Westerner, this one arriving via the stork route. A son, Mitchell Todd, was born September 20 to Eileen and Eugene Atwood and weighed in at 5 pounds, 2 ounces on his arrival. His driller father is now with Party 96 in the Spanish Sahara. At reporting time the new baby and his mother were at their home in Kenmare, North Dakota, but were planning to move to Las Palmas, Canary Islands, headquarters for Party 96.

Returning from two years of military service leave of absence, Burkett Neely was discharged from the U. S. Navy August 4 and became a Westerner again on August 31 when he joined Party 13's survey crew. While he was stationed with the Navy in the Mediterranean, Burkett took a buddy to visit a part of the Western company about which he had long been talking. The two sailors visited Western Ricerche Geofisiche's laboratory and shop in Pescara, Italy, and Party F-57 field crew in that vicinity and were dinner guests of Ricerche Supervisor and Mrs. Arnold W. West in Pescara.—M. J. Rix

These six men, all now "Angelinos," man the Los Angeles Data Reduction Center. Proud of their new quarters, they are shown in front of the modern playback equipment they use, from the left are the party chief, Dallas C. Morrow, Grant Peterson, Dale Bell, Howard Blackstone, Cliff La Frenais, and Jim Reinoestu.
On loan from Western to the Community Chest, Everett Purcell (back, right), the company’s advertising-publicity manager, visits the craft room of the Eastside Boys Club, Los Angeles, as part of the Chest’s training program for its campaign planners and workers.

DAN CUPID AND SIR STORK have been active among West- erners in South America this past year. Chief Computer Billy O. Scroggins and Observer Ovie W. Woolverton entered the state of matrimony in July; Senior Computer George Arze and wife Virginia became parents in April; and, as reported in the March Western Profile, Chief Computer Ed McCutchen and Driller Dick Long married girls they met while working with Party 88 in Bolivia.

The Arze’s “pride and joy,” their first child, was born April 13 in Cochabamba, Bolivia, also the birthplace of her father. Her name is Maria Elizabeth.

Billy and his bride, the former Mary Julia Ceran Camacho, of Bolivia, were married July 20 in Cochabamba—and then began quite a trip! They did have a one-day honeymoon, July 21, in La Paz, northwest of Cochabamba, but departed the next morning (Friday) for Buenos Aires, as Bill was transferring from Party 88 to Party 97 in Argentina. Bad weather, plane trouble, missed connections, and the like left them spending two nights in Santa Cruz, only approximately 300 miles from Cochabamba. They finally arrived in Buenos Aires Monday night, July 25.

Their trouble-laden wedding trip had just begun, however. In Buenos Aires Bill was kept busy helping to get Party 97 offloaded and ready to move. When the trucks left Buenos Aires at 4 a.m. the following Saturday, Mary was in one of them! The three-day trip to the prospect was a real experience for a young bride new to doodlebugging—cold, snow, long hours, cold hotel rooms with cold water—but Mary seemed to enjoy it all.

The wedding of Ovie to the former Viera Hubikova was a bit more prosaic than that of the Scroggins. Following their July 11 marriage in Cochabamba, the Woolvertons had time for a week’s honeymoon in Lima, Peru, before going to Buenos Aires. Viera then flew on to Bahia Blanca, Argentina, with her daughter by a previous marriage and, like the other Party 97 wives there, set up residence.—C. W. Nicholls.

WHILE THE PURPOSE of the Western Profile is to print stories about Western and Westerners, occasionally the Profile itself is the subject of a printed story. Following the publication of the September issue, V. W. Smith, party chief of Party 7, Moab, Utah, sent to the main office an example of this. On the front page of the Moab Times Independent was an article headlined “Area Subject for Articles in Magazines,” and the first of three magazines mentioned was Western’s. The Times Independent had this to say:

“In an article, ‘Of Indians and Monoliths,’ in the Western Geophysical (Western Profile, September 1960), Moab’s famed Delicate Arch, Balanced Rock, and Upheaval Dome captured the spotlight for many unique formations pictured and described.”

The Western Profile was further honored in September when three oil-industry firms requested permission to reprint some of the Profile’s “fine photographs.” This is a feather in the cap of the crew photographers, as well as in that of the magazine.

KATE DOES IT AGAIN! The United States—and Western—may have a multiple-gold medal winner in the making for the 1964 Olympic Games if young Kate Ferguson continues her present pace at winning athletic events. Since the report of her high jump, bar chin, and horsemanship awards (September Western Profile), Kate has added to her laurels. Her most recent honors are all in swimming.

The 12-year-old daughter of Supervisor and Mrs. J. G. Ferguson, Shreveport, Louisiana, on her return from camp decided that she would enter competitive swimming. something that she had never tried before. Less than three weeks later she won both a first and a second place in the city championship swimming meet. This resulted in her receiving an invitation a few days later to become a member of the Shreveport Swim Club, which is composed of the best swimmers in the city, who represent Shreveport very credibly in competition with other cities. Then, late in August, Kate was included in the Shreveport Journal’s All-City Swimming Team.

Crowning all this, however, were her Labor Day efforts, just two days after her twelfth birthday. Kate was a triple winner in the annual Labor Day Swimming and Diving Meet at the East Ridge Country Club, and she missed a fourth win by only one-tenth of a second. Her three first places were achieved in the 50-yard backstroke (44.6 seconds), 50-yard freestyle (35.8), and 25-yard butterfly (21.0). She was a “photo finish” second in the 50-yard breaststroke, coming in at 52.1 to the winner’s 52.2 seconds flat.

THE SEPTEMBER WESTERN PROFILE identified Thomas Maroney as “vice president and general manager of Western Ricerche Geofisiche operations.” Mr. Maroney is vice president and general manager of Western Geophysical’s services in Italy. All field operations in that country are carried on by Western of America’s subsidiary, Western Ricerche Geofisiche, with 100% Italian personnel and with Dr. Paolo Celli as management director.

Supervisor Harvey Johnson and son Allen survey the harbor of Los Palmas (background) in the Canary Islands from an LSM. The Western supervisor turned author this fall to write the excellent article on “establishing a beachhead” in Spanish West Africa (page 11).
THEY SERVE

Service Anniversaries ... October, November, December

26 YEARS
*Fraizer, Jay H.
Niehenke, Ben J.

23 YEARS
Crawford, Charles E.

18 YEARS
Anders, Guy N.

17 YEARS
*Jones, William R.
Satterwhite, Cleo W., Jr.

16 YEARS
Ferguson, J. C., Jr.

15 YEARS
*Carrington, Rudyard D.
Ewert, Dawson V.
Leake, Alonso R.
Rush, James W.
Towns, Mack E.

14 YEARS
Fazakerly, William B., Jr.
Frisbee, Donald O.
Hull, Lowell D.

13 YEARS
*Amato, John J.
*Cannon, Charles E.

12 YEARS
Childers, Clifton D.
Krug, Karl B.
*Larsen, Melburn J.
*Farr, Albert C.
*Roton, Robert P.
Ryan, Gerald N.
*Tutte, Warren M.

11 YEARS
Cassell, P. A.
Dunn, Leo J.
Gelder, Carl H.
Nicholls, Robert L.
Selzer, Edward
Thigpen, Ben B.

10 YEARS
Mercer, Richard A.
Mittasch, Victor J.
Rollins, William H.
Rotman, Bernard
*Stark, Dorothy
Webb, John W.

9 YEARS
Brents, Louie H.
Dobson, Kenneth E.
*Frost, William C.
Hollander, John E.
*Miller, W. K.
Newman, Harry
*Riley, Wilbur W.
Schacter, Percy
*Sullivan, George L.

8 YEARS
Anthony, Sonja
Brasher, Kenneth P.
Burstad, Marshall E.
Martin, Sam D.
Pacheco, Jose R.
Ross, Elbert O.
Walton, Ronald C.
Weldon, Carl R.
*Willmuth, Charles S.
Wilson, George L.

7 YEARS
Brown, Robert A.
Buitron, Oscar A.
Coull, John T.
*Cilliland, John E.
Golden, Irving
Houtart, Henri T.
Henson, Jesse W.
Hudson, William M.
Irby, Jesse H.

*Juergens, Dieter H.
*Laft, James
*Milla, Robert J.
McDiarmid, Orville
McQuilliams, Gerald F.
*Prosper, Ernest A.
*Saltamachia, Joe G.
*Wooderton, Ovie

6 YEARS
*Brulotte, Cecil

5 YEARS
Bartulewicz, K.
*Coates, Lawrence
*Elbidge, Oscar L.
Larsen, Palmer L.
McNew, Billy D.
Saloff, Stanley
Scharf, David W.
Scroggins, Billy O.
*Smith, Carrol M.
*Williams, Edmond E.

4 YEARS
Blackstone, Howard D.
*Emore, J. W.
*Ely, James R.
*Hirka, Bohdan
Grant, William E.
La France, Clifford P.
Linder, Alan D.
*Nicholl, John K.
*Thompson, James L.
*Toroz, William H.
*Williams, Fred

3 YEARS
*Bennett, Thomas G.
Braeland, W. P.
Droeschel, Charles E.
*Freeman, Francis A.

2 YEARS
Birdsong, Don L.
Hendricks, John L.
Iwanaga, Hideo
Nelson, Larry G.
Strange, Michael

*Interrupted Service

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THE COVERS
Throughout the world Christmas is a joyous season, truly a time to sing "Joy to the World." It is also a time to reflect upon the true meaning of the stars and bells used on these pages—the Star of Bethlehem and the church bells that peal out for Christmas services. It is the season also when the happy phrase "Merry Christmas" is sincerely expressed in many languages just as it is written in their native tongues by some of Western's employees on our back cover (which is repeated this year by special request).

MARIANNE CLARKE, Editor

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A SUBSIDIARY OF LITTON INDUSTRIES
Merry Christmas