The year 1960 finds the Petroleum Industry embarked on a new decade in world history and on its own second one hundred years. This coincidence brought forth more than the usual number of published year-end reviews and forecasts. Oil's major and minor prophets dug deeply into their statistics, charts, and sociological data to form their estimates of what the next 10 years will hold. Since the course of the Petroleum Industry will also mark the path for Western, we are all deeply interested in what these oil economists foresee.

Briefly, they agree that the next 10 years will be strenuous, but rewarding. They see the industry in a stronger position at the end of this decade than at the beginning.

Contributing to the problems that must be solved by the industry are the existing surplus of refined products, the existing overproduction of crude oil in some areas, the unsettled political conditions in much of the world, the strong competition among producing nations (including Russia) for world markets, and the ignorance of the laws of economics among a minor but vocal segment of state and federal legislators.

Among the principal favorable factors is an expected normal increase in world demand for petroleum products of 5% to 6% each year over the year before. By the end of 1969, at this rate, consumption is expected to be 63% to 79% greater than in 1959. Allowances were made in this figure for the impact of nuclear and other energy sources on the total market.

In addition to the increased consumption due to the normal growth of population, energy requirements are expected to mount with rising living standards of the underdeveloped nations. The rate is difficult to judge, but the trend clearly is gaining momentum. The needs of these burgeoning economies for more commercial energy and lubricants mean expanded markets for petroleum.

The discovery, production, and marketing of oil is a long-range proposition. The industry's leaders think in terms of having 15 to 20 years' reserve supply in the ground. With demand due to grow at an accelerated pace, exploration must be maintained. New potentials must be investigated, and known oil provinces must be re-evaluated in the light of new geophysical techniques.

A situation that bears directly upon Western's outlook in the United States is that discoveries of natural gas reserves have not been maintained at a desirable level. Since a 20-year supply of reserves is considered essential, a very great deal of exploration must be done in this decade if the nation is to maintain a safe margin of reserves.

Western's growth and position of leadership in the geophysical field have rested on two pillars. One is the excellence of the performance of our operating personnel, coupled with a strong desire to render a completely satisfactory professional service. The other is our ceaseless progress in research to improve the techniques, instrumentation, and other equipment available to the men in the field. We are still strengthening both of these foundational factors.

Currently, Western is well advanced in its experiments with the Stratigram record section. A great deal of work is still to be done. Nevertheless, we are quite optimistic about the future of this new system in determining the location of stratigraphic traps where oil and gas may have collected because of changes in the nature of the formation. Up to this time such variations have been difficult, if not impossible, to detect on seismograms.

The new Dual Display camera—variable amplitude traces superimposed on variable density traces—is being favorably received by the industry. This presentation almost automatically picks the record section for the geophysicist. The Dual Display has recently been made available at both the Los Angeles and Shreveport data reduction centers.

The Los Angeles data reduction center is testing a new technique that, we hope, will extend our ability to clear up 'singing' marine records. Western has in the past been successful in devising partial solutions for this problem in some areas. However, this new technique, which involves removing the undesirable frequencies, is expected to apply to most cases of 'singing' and to improve previous results.

I feel, very sincerely, that Western will be even stronger at the end of this decade than it is today. This conviction is based partly on an assessment of prospects for the oil industry. Mainly, though, it is based on the history of Westerners throughout the years in surmounting problems of every nature. Our esprit de corps has repeatedly made the difference between success and failure under circumstances that appeared to be all but insurmountable. This dauntless spirit, combined with the "know-how" of Westerners in all phases of the geophysical business, will carry us to new heights—no matter what challenges the next 10 years may present.

[Signature]
In the book entitled “Exploration Fawcett,” Col. Percy H. Fawcett vividly describes his adventures over a 20-year period along the borders of Bolivia, Brazil, and Peru among white and Indian families forced to work the rubber plantations, among savages, cannibals, wild bulls that will attack a man on foot, and anacondas over 50 feet long. With his oldest son and another white man Fawcett disappeared in 1925 while on an expedition to discover a lost city in the Brazilian jungle. Now, Western Geophysical’s Party 88 has not disappeared, nor has it encountered the savages, anacondas, and wild bulls described by Fawcett, but its American personnel also have had adventures in Bolivia.

Take the morning a certain driller from Mississippi (names will not be mentioned) was driving to the field with his crew and the group caught a fox. The driller tied the fox to a tree on the side of the trail, planning to take it to camp on his return trip that evening. In the meantime, a certain surveyor, who hails from Texas, chanced upon the scene. “What ho!” he cried—and with his trusty .22 he stalked this, the slayer of the forest creatures. To his great satisfaction and surprise, he managed to get within accurate firing range and with one true shot killed the fox. At the dinner table in camp that evening there was one very angry Mississippian and one very quiet Texan.

In truth, it is the hunting skill of the boys from Montana, Texas, Mississippi, California, and Arkansas that has a great deal to do with enriching the camp menu with duck, pig, turkey, and deer. These “hunters” are the nucleus of Party 88’s field crew, which is operating in the Chaco, the forested plains area of southeastern Bolivia.

A railroad running between the towns of Villa Montes and Yacuíba forms the western boundary of Party 88’s operations. The border between Bolivia and Argentina marks the southern limits of Party 88’s working area while
the Rio Pilcomayo, which runs southeast through Villa Montes and drains into the larger Rio Paraguay, outlines the northern and eastern edges of the project.

The Chaco plains area is considered to be a northern extension of the Argentine pampas and should not be thought of as a jungle region. It can better be described as a semi-tropical, lowland region with a heavy cover of forest and vegetation.

Animal population of the area is varied. Representing the cat family are tigers (smaller than those of India), leopards, and panthers. Rattlesnakes, boa constrictors, fox, wild pigs, small deer, wild turkeys, ducks, and yes, domestic herds of cattle are other inhabitants. Found also in the region are parrots and other varieties of birds, alligators, and Piranha and Sabalo fish.

When the Sabalo migrate up the Rio Pilcomayo in July, they darken the river with their numbers. The natives catch them by building obstructions of brush and trees out into the shallow river. Then, as the fish choke through the narrow river flow left open to them, they are scooped up and landed by the natives. These fish weigh from two to eight pounds and are good eating.

While one of the seismic lines was being cut, a lagoon was found, and a short time later alligators and Piranha were discovered in it. Marksmanship with the .22 rifle was soon tested and found to be true. The deadly Piranha made short work of the wounded alligators. The Piranha are common in the rivers of Bolivia that drain into the Amazon, and tales are told of unlucky men who have fallen into these rivers and been “picked clean.”

The climate, foliage, and topography are Party 88’s greatest operational enemies, as encounters with the dangerous cats of the region are limited to rare long-distance glimpses of them as they disappear into the underbrush.

Another major problem, directly associated with operations, is the length of time that it takes to receive boat shipments of replacement parts from the States. Shipments via Antofagasta, Chile, were tried to compare, in time, to those shipped in the past via Buenos Aires. (Result: It still takes months either way.) From Antofagasta or Buenos Aires, boat shipments continue to their unloading point at Yacuiba via railroad. Rush orders, kept to a minimum by careful planning between Supervisor Frank Ellsworth and Driller Fred Lammert, are received by airfreight.

To operate in the Chaco, two, and sometimes three, bulldozers are constantly at work clearing seismic lines, camp sites, and shot-point locations. A bulldozer is also used to help the trucks through mud holes and over slippery hills during the rainy season.

The rains begin during the latter part of December and last through April. During this period, the bulldozed trails of the low, flat, eastern half of the work area become so water-soaked and muddy that truck movements are made possible only by constant winching. What was a two- or three-hour drive from camp to Yacuiba becomes a muddy, patience-trying, eight- to twelve-hour trip. If the truck becomes hopelessly stuck or breaks down, it is a long, muddy walk to get help. If one is lucky, there may be a geological camp somewhere between him and his destination. In the more rugged western half of the work area, the steep trails become so slippery as to be almost impassable.

The winter season is from the latter part of May through August. The temperature may drop to near freezing during the night, and the days are sometimes cold, sometimes warm. The portacamp living quarters of the staff personnel (American and Bolivian) are like homes in regard to heat and cold; thus, in winter, blankets and heaters are needed. Also, the camp night watchman keeps a fire going all night.

In the summertime canvas tarps are rigged over the portacamps to ward off the sun’s rays. September, Octo-
ber, and November are the hottest months of the year, but
the nights then are usually cool. It is during these months
that the sweat bees invade the worker's peace of mind,
swarming over hands and face. Head nets must be worn
during this period to avoid this nuisance. Dust and a scar-
city of water for drilling and camp use add to the heat and
pesky bees to make things more difficult.

Each Westerner adjusts to these conditions in his own
way, and one week out of each four-week period he de-
parts from camp for rest leave, A Beechcraft Twin Bonan-
za, operated by the client with an American pilot, trans-
ports men and materials regularly between Cochabamba
and the client's base camp near Yacuiba.

Now in its twenty-second month of operation in Bolivia,
Party 88 reduced its stateside field personnel from twelve
to four. This reduction was possible by training Bolivian
nationals. Now the three drill units are operated by Bolivian drillers and their respective helpers. Two Bolivian
surveyors, with their helpers, handle the survey work;
and the "cats" are operated by Bolivians. A Bolivian
shooter fires the charges when Observer Vernon B.
(Stretch) David or Assistant Observer Oviv Woolverton
gives the command. Driller Fred Lammert goes to the
field periodically to keep a watchful eye on the drilling
operations.

Of Party 88's original American field crew, several
have been reassigned in the States, with Surveyors Roy J.
McClure and James R. Ely going to Parties 32 and 21,
respectively, and Driller-Mechanic Wilton (Boots) Dun-
gan to Party 34. Boots was replaced by Fred Lammert.
Driller Joseph T. Gable transferred to Africa, first with
Party 74 in Nigeria and now with Party 92 in Portuguese
Guiné. (Ed. Note: As the Profile went to press, word
was received that Driller Dick Long had returned to the
States for reassignment and, in addition, that he had been
married on January 2 to Yolanda Teran, a pretty "Cochab-
bambina.")

When rest leave rolls around, Buenos Aires, Lima, San-
tiago, and Rio de Janeiro are the major cities that beckon
Jim (Bernard Baruch) Fullerton, Oviv Woolverton, and
Fred Lammert. These three and Stretch David all have
had stateside vacations since their arrival in Bolivia. Jim's
comment on returning from the States was "Buy low, sell
high." Of course, all rest-leave and vacation trips start
from Cochabamba, Party 88's headquarters.

In contrast to the "Ilanos," or Amazon-Chaco lowlands,
Cochabamba, at 8,500 feet above sea level, is set in the
fertile "yungas" and "valles," an intermediary region com-
prising the eastern slopes and valleys, the region between
the arid "altopiano," or high plateau, and the Amazon-
Chaco lowlands of Bolivia.

It is in this setting that the office personnel of Party
88 work and play. Radio communications bridge the
300-mile gap between field and office. In addition to
Western, seven American oil companies, three helicopter
companies, and five other geophysical contract firms have
their headquarters in Cochabamba. Also included in the
American colony are families of the U. S. Army Mission,
the U. S. Consulate, and Point Four. At a house party
given some time back by Supervisor Frank Ellsworth and
wife Chola, the Westerners—Party Chief Frank A. Cosen-
tino and wife Jane, Senior Computer George Arze and
wife Virginia, Chief Computers Billy Scroggins and Ed
McCutchen, and Senior Computer Bruce Sweezy and wife
Alicia—had the opportunity to meet most of the American
colony couples. (Ed. Note: Bruce is now on leave of ab-
sence attending school, and Ed has returned to the States

MARCH 1960

3
for reassignment. Also in the meantime, he has become a husband, having married Anita Lurtovic, a native of Yugoslavia, last December 6.)

Cochabamba, with a population of approximately 80,000 people, has six movie houses that frequently show Spanish and American films and occasionally run a European one, including Russian. The Americans favor the Capitol Hotel and the Hotel Cochabamba. For night-clubbing, dining, or a lazy Sunday afternoon spent swimming or sun bathing on well-kept lawns, spotted with fruit trees and trimmed with flowers, there are the Hotel Cochabamba, the El Cortijo, the Beverly, and the Copacobana.

During the winter season, of course, it is too cold for swimming on Sunday afternoons; so at that time Frank Ellsworth and Billy Scroggins usually can be found on the softball field with other players from the American colony, trying desperately to beat the Maryknoll Fathers, who always seem to win. If one likes to play tennis, courts are available at the Tennis Club and the Hotel Cochabamba. If duck-hunting or trout-fishing are desired, the mountain streams and valleys surrounding Cochabamba can be reached in three to five hours by jeep. Professional soccer games are played in the stadium on Sunday afternoons in winter and spring. There is also a golf course for those hardy enough to climb the hills around which the course is laid out.

Of the “future Westerners” residing in Cochabamba, Hank Ellsworth, 13, is the only one old enough to be receiving some of his formal education in Bolivia. He attends the Cochabamba Co-operative School, which was started in January 1959 by the parents in the American colony. Textbooks are obtained from the Calvert System of Baltimore, Maryland; and qualified wives, mostly American, do the teaching in the grades from kindergarten through the eighth.

Shopping in Cochabamba is the biggest headache for Western wives. Some canned goods and other U. S. food products are available—but at two to three times stateside prices. Cochabamba’s counterpart to the “five and dime” and supermarket is the cancha, or open market, which covers about four square blocks. Indian women, sitting on the ground, spread their wares before them to sell. Fruits, vegetables, shoe strings, combs, blankets, and contraband American cigarettes are but a few of the articles to be found in the cancha. Located in another sector of Cochabamba is the open meat market. It is difficult for the housewives to become accustomed to this market, where the meat is hanging in the open or set out on open counters, without refrigeration or protection from flies. By trial and error, the Western wives have learned to recognize a chunk of meat that will serve for a roast or a steak.

If you have ever wondered what became of grandfather’s Model T, wonder no more. Prowling the streets of Cochabamba, along with the bicycles (approximately 60,000 of them), are taxicabs that range from grandfather’s Model T to the 1959 Chevrolet.

The temperature at Cochabamba ranges from 25° F. in June to 78° F. in November, with a rainy season in January and February. Although most of the homes have fireplaces, few of them work satisfactorily; thus, electric heaters are needed in the bedrooms and living rooms in the winter. Sometimes during the driest part of the summer, one can turn on a faucet at home only to discover that there is no water—but this does not happen too often. Of course, water for drinking must always be boiled first.

Bolivia, often called the “Switzerland of South America” because of its spectacular snow-crowned Andean peaks, is tremendously rich in mineral deposits—tin, silver, gold, lead, tungsten, zinc, antimony, bismuth, and, last but not least as far as Party 88 is concerned, petroleum. It has been described as a country with a silver past, a tin present, and a probable “black gold” future. Thus, it may well be that Party 88 is contributing a small part toward the economic development of this land-locked South American country. In the meantime, the Westerners are continuing to enjoy their experiences among the Spanish and Indian Bolivians of their “snow-crowned” neighbor to the south.
Globe-trotting with Party 86

Though the extensive travels of Party 86 have not been concentrated in so short a period as those of Party 73-74 ("The Wanderings of Party 73-74," Western Profile, December 1959), they do have an earlier beginning and cover a longer arc of the globe. The tale of this globe-trotting crew, Party 86, is presented here, as prepared with the assistance of Neal P. Cramer (story), Charles F. Sebastian, Jr. (story and pictures), Franco Quarta (pictures), and a Party 86 reporter in the Sudan who neglected to sign his name (story).

The Red Sea on Africa's northeast flank is not red. It is blue-green and exceptionally clear. Its tides swirl around stately coral castles that rise nearly to the surface of the water or break slightly above it.

A skin diver would revel in this underwater beauty—up to the moment of realization that a half dozen sharks were giving him a sort of preliminary inspection. His emotions then would be akin to those of Party 86 Westerners when they first looked down at those massive walls and towers. The prospect of piloting the Jackson Creek and the Red Creek through the maze of jagged pinnacles, of towing the long seismic cable safely past millions of razor-sharp coral polyps, and of extracting valid data from among the nuisance noises of the reefs would turn any geophysicist slightly the color of the sea.

As this goes to press, Party 86 has completed its job in the Red Sea. The Creeks made it safely back and forth through the tortuous channels. The cable missed the polyps—enough of the time, anyway. A successful survey was made, despite the reefs' insistence upon getting into the act. Now the boats are approaching the more cooperative waters of the Adriatic Sea.

This Red Sea survey off the Sudan was the latest episode in the colorful career of Party 86. Organized in July 1957 with C. W. Nicholls as supervisor, Party 86 became the first Western marine group to transit the Panama Canal. Later, while prospecting off Ecuador, the Jackson Creek added another first to its record, that of being the first boat ever to lay a seismic cable half a mile from water! The Western boat must share credit for the feat, however, with a 10-foot tide, which raced out of a shallow inlet to leave both boat and cable stretched out on the sand. Except for this unscheduled landing, the party maintained an average of almost 200 profiles per working day.

After completing a survey in Guatemala, the two seismic boats returned to home port at Pascagoula, Mississippi, to be outfitted for an Atlantic crossing. Western
cooks George Ebehnoch and Jessie Hammond stoked the crews of the Creeks during the 53-day voyage—Pascagoula to Miami to Madeira to Gibraltar to Algiers to Port Said to Abadan (Iran) at the head of the Persian Gulf. The crews still reminisce over their experiences in these ports, but not for publication. It seems that their tours were not the guided kind.

Supervisor Neal Cramer, Party Chief Bill Calledare, Party Manager Louis G. (Tony) Neilson, and other Westerners of America and Italy met the boats at Abadan to begin the offshore survey. The saga of Party 86 had three Iranian chapters: two in the Persian Gulf and one in the Gulf of Oman.

The Persian Gulf, like the Red Sea on the other side of the Arabian peninsula, is green. It also is very salty. But a skindiver there would not be troubled so much by sharks. Snakes, instead. Occasionally a snake would mistake a cable or line for a long-lost cousin and try to ride aboard with it. When the serpent came within head-cracking range, the Westerners changed its plans.

The landscape around the Gulf is drab, but the people are likable and interesting, according to reports from Party 86. Too polite to say no, the Iranians answered yes (bali) to every question. Bill Calledare once spent half an hour telling the captain of a chow where to reach the Creeks with some supplies. “Bali,” the captain repeated from time to time as he received his instructions. Soon the party chief became suspicious.

“You haven’t understood a thing I said, have you?”
“Bali,” replied the captain, smiling graciously.

That did it! Westerners then began phrasing their questions so that no would be the correct answer. If they got a bali, they knew the message had not gone through.

The laundering of a shirt involves soaping it, twisting it tightly, and whacking it on a flat rock. When a Westerner requested that his shirts not be put through this button-shattering experience, the porter would cheerfully reply bali—but the open-air, river-bank laundry proceeded according to the tradition of the centuries.

Chuck Sebastian, who joined the party in July 1958 and later relieved Tony Neilson as party manager when the latter left for a new assignment, told the Profile that he had both read and heard in advance a great deal about how to work with the Iranians. When he forgot the advice, however, and began dealing with them just as he would with people in the United States, everything went fine.

Westerners endeavored to keep the local authorities informed of the Company’s program and operating methods. In return, the officials co-operated fully with the party. Several Iranians made valuable, hard-working members...
of the crew. The prevailing concepts of work and responsibility differed, however, from those of the Westerners.

Headquarters for the party was Khorramshahr, up the Shatt' al-Arab River from Abadan. The river is controlled by Iraq; hence, the boats traversed the river with Iraqi pilots. Khorramshahr experiences eight months of intense heat, two months of rain, and two months of California-type weather. Business is transacted in the mornings; from noon until 4:00 or 5:00 P.M., everything closes and the streets are deserted while the Iranians nap. Friday is their day of rest, and they shrugged off the strange ways of the Americans and Italians, who work all day every day, including Friday.

Many women in northern Iran have adopted European modes of dress, but in southern Iran women still go about the streets swathed from head to foot, with only a slit left for their dark eyes. Polygamy is still practiced.

Westerners admired the Shah of Iran, who is endeavoring to raise the economic and educational levels of his people. As soon as farmers learn to manage property, the Shah gives them parcels from his own lands. He also is carrying out a number of public projects successfully.

On most days the Persian Gulf was like a mirror, which contributed to good record quality, as well as to rapid production. One severe storm was experienced. Waves ran 10 to 12 feet—at least that is how they felt to the Westerners aboard the Creeks. Several fishing boats were lost during the storm.

After the first survey in the Persian Gulf, Party 86 moved to the Gulf of Oman for some work on the Makran coast. The boats then went to Turkey’s Gulf of Iskenderun via the Red Sea, the Suez Canal, and the Mediterranean. The voyage was not without incident. Enroute up the Red Sea they encountered a violent storm, which smashed all glass out of the wheelhouse. Arriving at Beirut, Lebanon, to meet Party Manager Tony Neilson and take on supplies, they were commandeered by the American Am-bassador to evacuate some American nationals from Tripoli, Lebanon (Western Profile, June and September 1958).

Meanwhile, the rest of the party had flown to Ankara, Turkey, to lay the groundwork for the survey. The plane was a non-pressurized DC-4, flown so high that everyone aboard became ill. As clearing the necessary paper work in Ankara took longer than expected, the men had an opportunity to learn more of Turkey. Several became proficient in Dutch, as spoken by the Dutch girls in a dance troupe at the Gar Kasino.

The seismic crew met the boats at Iskenderun (which means Alexander). Transportation in this town was by horse and buggy; however, the men were too busy for sightseeing. As soon as the survey was finished, the “cruise ships” returned to the Persian Gulf with some of the Western personnel aboard. Other Westerners took off for European vacations while the boats were enroute.

From July 1958 to November 1959 Party 86 worked in the Persian Gulf with only one short interruption. Bill King relieved Bill Caldecare as party chief for a time while the latter went to Morocco and Italy on temporary assignments.
When the Sudan prospect began, Calledare resumed his post as party chief, and Julian Potter arrived from Nigeria to serve as party manager. With Potter were Carl Weldon, observer; Mack Parrish, helper; and C. E. (Doc) Rodgers, shooter.

Charles (Slick) Willmuth, who joined Party 86 as shooter at its inception and stayed with it through all of its moves; Harvey Hearn, helper, who came to Party 86 about two months after it was organized; and Leonard Hoyt, chief observer, arrived in Port Sudan after flying vacations to Europe.

George Ebennoch, cook, also an old-timer with Party 86, returned to his galley after two months in the United States. Vincenzo Perrone, Severino Milanese, Aldo Cantoni, Vittorio Piasini, and Augusto Brenda returned to Party 86 at Port Sudan after visiting their homes in Italy. With them came Francesco Chechizia and Cesare Palombaro.

While the Sudan prospect was difficult, it was interesting. Ashore the Westerners were intrigued by the many languages and dialects they heard. Arabic is the most general language, with English a distant second.

The Sudanese are a medley of races, religions, and shades of color. Members of the Hadendoa tribe, the “Fuzzy-Wuzzies” of Kipling’s ballads, interested the Westerners the most. The “’ayrick ’ead of 'air,” of which the poet wrote, still characterizes these independent, dark-skinned desert people. Kipling described the Fuzzy-Wuzzy’s “long-anded sword, coffin-eaded shield, and shovel spear” and said, “You’re a pore benighted ’eathen but a first-class fightin’ man.” Today the Fuzzy-Wuzzies still carry a sword, lance, or curved knife in their wide belts. They also carry their food and other odds and ends in this same belt. A small box strapped to the left arm at the elbow contains something to ward off evil spirits. Since the Westerners did not see any evil spirits hanging around, they assumed that the box does the trick.

Not far from Port Sudan is Suakin, the “Venice of the Red Sea.” Once it was a thriving city. When the British, who ruled the Sudan for many years, wanted to expand the port, however, the local owners of the land set prohibitive prices. The British moved north to establish what is now Port Sudan, and Suakin became almost a ghost city.

The terrain of Sudan is desert-like along the Red Sea, with a small mountain range inland. Paved or improved roads are nonexistent. The dirt roads are passable, however—except when a flash flood rushes down from the mountains. (Western supply trucks sometimes were delayed three or four hours by one of these floods.) Camel caravans are used extensively for transportation of market goods, farm produce, and mail to and from inland cities.

Having finished their work in the Red Sea, the Western boats made their fourth passage of the Suez Canal and sailed out into the blue Mediterranean for the next chapter of the long odyssey of Party 86.

Above — A caravan goes into the desert of Iran to set up a Shoran station. Left — The Fuzzy-Wuzzies of Sudan, the “’ayrick ’ead of ‘air,” really interested the Westerners.

Shows such as these, with Iranian crews, occasionally carried supplies to the Party 86 boats, the Jackson Creek and the Red Creek.
His passing leaves a gap that can never be filled, but it is a better world for having known him and having been associated with him.” One friend has thus summed up the feelings of all Westerners who both loved and respected the late Delbert F. (Red) King, Western's senior drill supervisor in Midland, Texas, who passed away October 27, 1959, at the age of 48 years and 9 months. Ill with Hodgkin's disease, Red's indomitable spirit brought him not only through five additional years of life after talented medical men had given him up but also to the Midland shop each time the progress of his disease seemed arrested.

Not only such courage and conscientiousness but also Red's loyalty, integrity, ability to get along with others, interest in training new men, and his unflagging enthusiasm for life in general were of the highest order. He was a very devoted husband and father, with a justifiable pride in his family. His Will Rogers-type sense of humor and innate refusal to get excited prevailed in both his home life and his work. One example of this imperturbable nature is told by one man who was his party chief on a crew in the Rocky mountain area.

"Arriving in a small town on a Saturday morning after a long move, all of the crew members scattered as usual over the town looking for apartments, which, to say the least, were not plentiful. In mid-afternoon I saw Red, his wife Velma, and two daughters sitting in their parked car on the main street, casually engaged in the favorite small-town sport of ‘people watching.’ Some of the other crew members who were about ready to push the panic button converged upon the scene and asked Red if he had found an apartment. His answer was that they hadn’t looked yet. The next alarmed question was ‘Do you even have a place to sleep tonight?’ Red, with his customary nonchalance, looked at his watch and then answered, ‘It ain’t time to go to bed, is it?’ You can imagine the tranquillizing effect on the disturbed people.”

A native Kansan, Red started with Western as a rodman on a crew in California, later becoming a shooter, then a driller, and, in 1950, a drill supervisor.

“He was not just good at these jobs—he was excellent,” says another of Red’s early-day party chiefs. According to this former “boss,” Red's proficiency as a driller was so outstanding in the general office’s analysis of drill costs and production that twice the main office requested this party chief to request a raise for Red!

“A number of people have been said to have that ‘Western spirit’ that has contributed so much to Western's reputation,” states one supervisor. “Red not only had this ‘spirit’ but continually preached it by example. His pet peave was abuse of equipment, and his philosophy was ‘Let us find a better way to do the job, and let us repair the equipment now so that it can go back to work.’”

This Red did so swiftly that even a breakdown did not retard him to the point that time was lost. “Back in 1943 to 1946,” recalls one former party chief, “our observer was always trying to catch our driller, and the driller—Red—was always trying to stay ahead. On several occasions the observer thought that at last he was going to win when he saw Red working under his drill. By the time the observer had moved up to the new hole where Red was ‘broke down,’ however, Red had already let his mast down and was moving off the completed hole.”

This amusing, as well as efficient, Westerner could find humor in even the direst of circumstances. His wife Velma, whom he met when his crew was in her home town of Stillwater, Oklahoma, says they even enjoyed their one-room “home” in Meadville, Mississippi, though it was well-filled with them, their two little girls, and such “conveniences” as a five-gallon lard can that served as a refrigerator for the three-week-old baby's milk.

Having lived in their own home in Midland for over nine years, Red's family is carrying on as he would wish, both on the job and in their home and church activities. In addition to his wife, he leaves his daughters, Delphine, a senior in high school; and Sharon, a ninth grader and the one who inherited her father's love of sports. (He enjoyed bowling, hunting, and playing baseball and was a sharp tennis player.) A baby son, Dwayne Alvin, preceded Red in death in 1949 at the age of six weeks.

"Red's wonderful sense of humor endured even through his long illness," observes one of his former co-workers. “His spontaneous optimism and wit came naturally, and he was careful not to lose these qualities when trouble persisted. His courage and determination were an inspiration to all who knew him, and he will continue to hold a very special place in our personal remembrance, as well as in the Western saga.”
Ricerche Establishes Playback Office

A new playback office in Pescara, Italy, was put into operation on November 1, 1959, by Western Ricerche Geofisiche. This office is set up to process not only the magnetic tapes of Ricerche's Italian crews, but also it can handle the work for other crews in the Mediterranean area, the Middle East, and West Africa. Since Italy is approximately in the center of this zone, it was decided to establish the playback center in Pescara. For the Italian crews this means the return of record sections from the playback office in a matter of days.

Pescara playback office instruments, all of which have the latest improvements for making playback records and printing cross sections, center around a set of Western Geophysical's most recent FA-35 reflection and refraction playback amplifiers and moveout tape transport. In addition, an electronic unit and counter system was installed to work in conjunction with the new playback cameras. The FA-35 playback instruments were assembled in the Pescara laboratory from components sent from the Los Angeles laboratory while many of the power supplies were designed and built in the Pescara lab.

The computing staff was instructed in the various techniques of computing static corrections for the playback records and sections by David W. Scharf, party chief of Party F-57. Arnold W. West, observer supervisor of the Pescara laboratory, was in charge of assembling and installing the instruments and instructing the observers in the operation of these instruments and of the cross section printer.

Manning the Pescara playback office are Computer Giuseppe Ruggeri, Draftsman Ubaldo Crescenzi, Observer Giuseppe Di Blasio, and Junior Observer Anatolio Simoncini.
UNDER CONSTRUCTION in Pescara, Italy, is a new building that, after its completion this spring, will house Western Ricerche’s Pescara office, playback center, parts supply, laboratory, and shop and also will have office space on the second floor for Western crews working in the Pescara area.

Valuable service units of Ricerche, the Pescara shop and lab provide parts and repair facilities for Western crews in Italy and Sicily. The laboratory is equipped to make any repairs and to furnish all parts needed to service the recording operations, including tape instruments, refraction instruments, and refraction radios, and to supply necessary recording cable and geophones.

For work in the difficult areas, this Pescara unit has on hand portable reflection and refraction instruments. A well velocity pressure geophone is kept in readiness at all times. As refraction shooting is done regularly in Italy, the Ricerche laboratory has designed and maintains the special recording and shooting radios for this work.

The Pescara shop has the distinction of having the largest inventory of Ford truck parts in Italy. In addition to these, it also has a complete stock of parts for Western drills, water trucks, and recording trucks and for four-wheel-drive units. All motors, transmission, differentials, drill pumps, and rotary tables are rebuilt in Ricerche’s own shop, with original parts sent from the States.

Ricerche also repairs and maintains in Pescara such special equipment as four complete sets of portable drilling units, six battipalos for sand and gravel drilling, a light tractor drill for mountainous regions that are lacking in roads, and three air-compressor units for use in areas where water drilling is impractical or impossible.

Observer Supervisor Arnold W. West is in charge of the shop and laboratory and is ably assisted by Goffredo Zambelli, assistant observer supervisor; Domenico Guardani, driller-mechanic; Erzio Lupone, mechanic; Gaetano Zucarini, laboratory technician; Fiore Renzetti, welder; Bruno Delle Vedove, parts supply; and Luigi Zazzetta, body repairman and painter.
PARTY 91 — ANCHORAGE, ALASKA...

DON PORTER, Reporter
BILL GRANT, Photographer

It's four in the morning, the day is the first,
When all of Party 91 wakes with a curse.
They rub their eyes and look at their clocks,
They know it's time to head for the boondocks.
They've had their ten days of rest, you know,
Now for twenty days of work, off they must go.

It's cold in Alaska, as everyone knows,
Snowing all winter while the cold wind blows.
The smart man stays in his home and sleeps
While the dummies like us stay out and weep.

First comes our cook, the incomparable Ted,
He's up while the rest of us are still dozing in bed.
He fries and he bakes and he washes all day,
Just one little compliment is his best pay.
There's Frank, his helper, who serves the food,
And helps to keep us in the right mood.
He washes the dishes and scrubs the floor—
And makes camp life a pleasure instead of a bore.
Next come the drillers, who're all mighty fine,
There's Jim Ivy, Don Anderson, and Oliver Krein.
They can drill any hole with gusto and speed,
Except on a hill slope, which is their pet peeve.
If the hole's on a hillside or on a slant,
They run to the surveyors and rave and rant.
Then come their helpers, Paul, Tom, and Chet,
Who'll try to get water from anything wet.

We have the recorders, those jug-hustling knaves,
There's Buck, there's Paul, there's Ted, and there's Dave,
They hustle those jugs from morning till night,
Then for amusement they talk of their plight.
There's Vic, the observer with the mustashed grin,
Who worries o'er those buttons till it's almost a sin.

I hear he often gets quite perturbed
Over the results of a record that he's observed.
Next Roy, an observer, that sheepman of old
Hails from Wyoming so I've been told,
He develops those records in his little darkroom
And hopes to be back with his little sheep soon.
Then come the shooters, Bill and George, you know,
Waiting under their truck for the hole to blow.
For shooting these holes they're quite a pair,
But for shooting the bull they're beyond compare.
We see the mechanics working on the trucks,
These new track units that (almost) never get stuck.
They go by the names of Al, Bud, and Jay,
And without them there would be $$$ to pay.

Distances seem forever in Alaska—at least they do to Party 91 men
when their bunk trailers are ready to move down a snowy road.

In balmy Alaskan weather, Vic Mittasch, observer with Party 91 heads into the track recording unit to prepare for the shot.
Party 13’s photographer, Vic Smith, declares that this view of the Montana hills is not a trick shot. “The wind actually blow this hard along the disturbed Belt Mountain Front,” says Vic. Six-foot, four-inch Ev Runge is really trying to hold back the wind! Perhaps the wind won the contest — anyway, Ev “landed” south in Oklahoma on Party 34.

Then come the surveyors, old Don and Jim, and Frank, their helper, how I pity him! He has to listen to their gab each day, ‘Tis the toughest way possible to earn one’s pay.

Next the “cat” operators, Marion, Louise, and John, Two great big “cats” and a very small one. We like to gripe when their roads are rough, But without them things would really be tough.

Then there’s our boss with the blue eyes snappy, His name is Lloyd, but we call him “Pappy.” He leads us on and drives us, too, But we all know that he has a job to do.

Next is the office, “C. Q.” leading the way Flowing through records day after day, Followed by Garry, chief computer all “reef,” And Lil’ John, a draftsman that’s hard to beat.

Last but not least is Russ the bachelor — We don’t think he’ll stay that much longer hereafter.

Now that’s my crew of which I’m proud, I’ll say one thing and I’ll say it loud, “Tis mighty nice, as you know, son, To be a part of Party 91.”

Ed. Note: For those interested in knowing more specifically who is with Party 91, following is a list of their full names, in the same order in which Reporter Don Porter poetically mentions them above: Theodore (Ted) Erdwein, Frank Taylor, Jim Ivey, Don Anderson, Oliver Krein, Paul Gardner, Tom Blazy, Chester (Chet) Walker, Dedrick (Buck) Childers, Paul Pederson, Vesper (Ted) Tadlock, David Williams, Vic Mittasch, Roy Morris, Bill Grant, George Howard, Albert Kearney, Ivan (Bud) Benson, Jay Shoemaker, Don Porter, James Goodgame, Frank Fenters, Marion Keeler, Louis Harter, John Symens, Lloyd Logan — party manager, C. Quin Williams — party chief, Garry Dornandy, John McDonald, and Russell Linford — computer.

PARTY 13 — BOWMAN, NORTH DAKOTA...

WILLIAM C. FROST, Reporter
V. W. SMITH, Photographer

Howdy from the roamers of the “cow country.” In the past year Party 13 has worked in four various locations and also done uncountable spike jobs around and through the “cow towns” of Wyoming, Montana, and North Dakota.

It all started when, after a winter of spiking over western North Dakota, the field crew moved to spring range in Miles City, Montana. There they greeted some old and a few new “sidekicks” from the office force who had spent the winter in Bismarck, North Dakota’s capital. Party Chief V. W. (Vic) Smith, Assistant Party Chief Wendell Seaton, and Chief Computer Ray Narlock seemed as glad to see the green grass and warm weather as the field crew. Later Vic and Ray departed for an even warmer clime, that of California. Vic is heading up the night shift for the Los Angeles playback office, and Ray is with Party 68 in West Sacramento.

Two new doodlebuggers “joined” the crew in Miles City. The first, Timothy, was delivered to Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Partridge June 6. Not to be outdone, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Atwood received Dwayne David July 13.

Although spiking out of Miles City, the men spent the weekends at home and always enjoyed the Sunday afternoon bowling contests between the field and the office teams.

In late summer Party 13 moved to new pastures at Rawlins and spiked the agate and sheep country of southern
The real traveler on this crew is Niles Chutherd. For the past three years he has worked on crews from Florida to Iran, in addition to tours of duty in numerous South American towns. After a long awaited vacation in his home town of Bond, Mississippi, Niles was transferred to the “Golden West.” This meant a reunion for Niles, Rich, and Ed Belosic (party chief of R-4) as all three of them had worked together in Mississippi in 1955.

Niles has kept the other Westerners spellbound with tales of his wanderings. Some of them are quite fantastic, but he swears that they are all true. The only complaint he has about Ventura is the weather. He is convinced that Party R-7 is in Chicago. Admittedly, the temperature was in the 30’s and the wind approached 40-m.p.h. gusts as the old year bowed out and the new one arrived, but the other crew members have assured him that this is “unusual” (?). Being true “Yankees,” Jim and Rich took the cold spell in stride (huddled around the gas heaters in the office).

PARTY 67 — COLUSA, CALIFORNIA...

R. P. SHERMAN, Reporter
M. J. LARSEN, Photographer

After a year of migrating up and down the state of California, the gypsies of Party 67 are presently encamped at Colusa. Last reporting to the Profile from Taft, California, the crew remained there until March of 1959.

While in Taft a new face was added to the office staff in the person of Jim Scott, draftsman, who journeyed from Fargo, North Dakota, via Los Angeles to join Party 67. Shortly before the crew departed from Taft to go to Wasco, Party Chief W. T. (Bill) Brooks was recruited for duty in the “land of the midnight sun” (Alaska), and B. W. (Red) Brown came from the Los Angeles playback office to take over the reins from Bill. (Bill has since returned from Alaska and is heading up Party 7 in Moab, Utah.)

Party 67’s stay in Wasco was brief, and in early May they folded their tents and softly (?) stole away to Hanford. There another new face appeared in the office, that of Bob Sherman, computer, who relinquished a home and
career in Los Angeles for the doodlebug game. Shortly after Bob's arrival, Delmas Thornhill, permit man, received the word that he had been drafted for duty in the expanding Alaskan campaign; so with regret he bid his Party 67 friends adieu and headed for "Seward's Folly."

Weather in the San Joaquin Valley of California becomes quite warm in midsummer, and so our understanding client apparently took pity and moved the crew to cooler Camarillo early in July. While in Camarillo Party 67 enjoyed excellent steaks at a safety dinner, at which they heard Supervisor Joe Bartheley talk on the general safety program and congratulate them on their safety record.

Returning to the San Joaquin Valley later in the summer, Party 67 spent a week on a spike job in Bakersfield enroute to Rio Vista. There they were met by Surveyor Loren Levitt and his glad tidings—no apartments, no houses, not even any chicken coops to be had at any price. After a complete survey of the town was made, the main body of the married folks journeyed to Pittsburg—California; that is—22 miles away, where housing was plentiful.

After completing his tour in the northern tundra, W. F. (Bill) Farmer came to Party 67 as permit man. Soon after his arrival, Bill was joined by Fayrene McIntosh, whom he had met in Alaska; and, with very little time wasted, they took a trip to Reno and returned as Mr. and Mrs. Farmer.

The fishermen of the crew looked forward to some good fishing as Rio Vista is situated on the Sacramento River, which is noted for striped bass. The only angler who had any luck, however, was Chief Computer Alan Winfrey. He landed a few five- or six-pounders and kept telling everyone who would listen about the "big ones that got away."

Some old-timers on Party 67, Driller-Mechanic Ed Borene and Surveyor Delmas Thornhill, and their families rejoined this crew in Rio Vista. Delmas became one of the commuters between Rio Vista and Pittsburg. "Lucky" Ed, however, found one of the rare vacant places in Rio Vista.

Making up the "old guard" of Party 67 are Observer J. E. (Bubba) Buschmihle, Assistant Observer M. J. Larsen, Driller Ernie (Henry) Herschkowitz, and Chief Computer Alan Winfrey. While the crew was in Rio Vista, it gained Volley Saylor, drill helper, who came from Party 58, and Shooter Jimmy Ray, who traveled from Sacramento and Party 68 to fill an existing vacancy. Jimmy says, however, that he plans an early return to the 49th State.

After almost five months of levee road commuting for Party 67, the word came that the time had come again; so, like true gypsies, to the sad strains of their violins, the crew members packed their ditty bags and on December 21 moved to Colusa. Upon arrival in town the crew drew a deep sigh of relief as there was ample housing, which would therefore eliminate the necessity of their arising at 5:00 A.M. in order to make it work on time.

Colusa is situated, as was Rio Vista, on the banks of the Sacramento River. In this section, however, the fishing is for steelhead and salmon. Once again the Izaak Waltons unlimbered their poles. So far nothing worth mentioning has been landed. An added attraction in this area is the proximity of a game refuge; and ducks, geese, swans, and many other birds make constant processions across the sky. It is purported to be one of the finest fowl-hunting areas in the United States; but with the close of hunting season so near at hand after their arrival, no one on Party 67 had time to try his luck.

Recording Helpers Donald McKasson and Lewis Almada joined the Western travelers in Colusa and, as of this writing, are just cutting their teeth on the joys of jug hustling.  

"In Philadelphia nearly everybody reads the Bulletin"; on Party 67, however, everyone reads the PROFILE. This is evidenced by Computer Bob Sherman, Surveyor Loren Levitt, and Surveyor Delmas Thornhill.

"We'll take this shot when the shooters get that hole loaded." Assistant Observer Melburn J. Larsen tells Surveyor Delmas Thornhill of Party 67.
PARTY 54—FARMINGTON, NEW MEXICO...

BEN QUINTANA, Reporter
CHUCK WILLIAMS, Photographer

Only time and a few personnel have changed since Party 54’s last Profile appearance a year ago. This crew extends their greetings from the rapidly growing city of Farmington, New Mexico, in the beautiful San Juan Basin. Farmington is located where the plains end and, to the north, the mountains of Colorado begin. As one looks to the north, he can see the tall, majestic mountain peaks of Colorado, all dressed up in winter finery and offering the best in winter sports within an hour’s drive from Farmington.

To the south and west can be seen the beginning of the vast flat land, with its eroded standstone surface, which is the Navajo Indian Reservation. Only here can one feel so close to the “Old West.” Progress has been an almost total stranger to the Navajo Indians, and they can be seen living as they did in the days of “wild and woolly west.” Thus, it is no wonder that the Navajos regarded the doodle-bug as an odd intruder, for they did not understand these persons who came and drilled holes only to cover them up again or who drove a truck forward for a way only to back it up again. They did not know that this is the scientific way of looking for oil.

This search has led Party 54 camp operations to a remote area in northeastern Arizona, where doodlebugging varies from deep sand to hard sandstone surface. Add two bunk trailers, an office, a kitchen, and a shower trailer—set them in the picturesque Navajo Indian Reservation—and that is Party 54. The day goes by with its regular scheduled work, but the evening finds the men involved in pitching horseshoes and playing ball or the more popular game of cards.

Party 54 has had several crew outings, the favorite being a barbecue, at which the best in food and refreshments were offered—and eaten. Also, a safety dinner was celebrated at Sully’s Supper Club. Among the guests were J. F. Wright, client representative, and his wife, A steak dinner was enjoyed by all.

This crew enjoys a fine safety record, with 3,715 days (or 10 years, two months, and 24 days!) without a lost-time accident as of December 31, 1959. Also, only one crew has gone longer without an accident of any kind as Party 54 at the end of 1950 had had no accidents since October 23, 1957 (or 809 days).

When LESLIE SCHMIDT left to join a crew in Portuguese Guiné, BURL SALLEE came from Morgan City, Louisiana, to take over as assistant observer for Party 54. Other new personnel on this crew include Helper JIMMY BLAIR, who transferred from Oklahoma; Helper CLAUDE ROUNDTREE, who was hired to replace the summer employment students, and A. L. QUINN, who is assisting in the office. It would seem that Party 54 is slowly being overtaken by “Ookes,” who now number five out of a crew of eleven.

Taking the Petroleum League bowling championship by an easy margin last spring was Party 54’s team. This league was made up of 12 teams, with the Westerners being the only geophysical representatives. The other 11 teams were from oil companies and oil well supply firms working in the Four Corners area. Of the “champs,” Computer CHUCK WILLIAMS, Observer ROGER COKER, and WATT SMITH (client employee) are still with the crew. Bowling with them this season are Party Chief STEVE WINBORN, Chief Computer BEN QUINTANA, and Assistant Observer BURL SALLEE. This team is not doing quite so well as that of last season but hopes to improve before the season is over.

Shooter NUEL PUTNAM, who is fast approaching the Western “veteran” standing, finally bought a new pickup while he was on vacation! The only reason that “Put” made this purchase was that his old 1950 model wore out the original tires—in just nine years. With more than 17 years with Western on his record, Put has been a shooter since 1952.

The “ladies’ auxiliary” of Party 54 has kept busy in various ways. With all of her children now in school, Party
Chief Steve Winborn’s wife Phyllis has joined a bowling league. With two children of pre-school age and their daddy in camp, Connie Coker does not have to look for a hobby. Marguerite Satterwhite occupies herself with reading and sewing while her two children are in school and her surveyor husband Cleo is in camp. Marguerite and Connie are next-door neighbors and so find it easy to exchange news over a cup of coffee.

Phyllis Williams is active in several clubs, such as Desk & Derrick and Oil Wives, and has joined a more widely known fraternity, that of motherhood.* She and Chuck were expecting their firstborn in February.

A. L. Quinn’s family resides in Cortez, Colorado. The Quinns decided not to move to Farmington since their daughter has only one more year in high school. Juanita Quintana spends her time at home taking care of her and Ben’s 17-month-old daughter while their son is in his first year of school.

To close, members of Party 54 would like to say hello to all of their friends and former crew members and also to take advantage of this opportunity of belatedly wishing all a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

*Terri Lynn arrived January 21.

PARTY 21 — ALICE, TEXAS...

CLYDE LEE, JR., Reporter

Go, man, go! This is not just a “hep” phrase on Party 21; it has become an appropriate reality, for the members of this crew have been doing quite a bit of going—holiday and vacation travel, that is.

Leading the list, not because of distance but rather because of their very short notice of departure, was the Denniston family. Although Party Chief Jim had been dreaming of the many days of good golfing weather that he was going to enjoy, at the last minute he gave in to the arguments of wife Enline and children Brenda and Jimmy and off to Arkansas sped the Dennistons.

Apparently the United States just could not hold all of Party 21, for Computer Bill Budd and Driller Mathew Smith and their families just had to go see what Old Mexico is really like. Of course, the trip to Mexico for the Budds was delayed by a jaunt into Corpus Christi to pick up a kitten—and not too small a one, either—for Susan.

To quote Computer A. J. Blanco, “I’m headed for that Cajun country, and I’ll be a new man when I get back, thanks to some home cooking.”

Traveling in the same direction but a greater distance were Surveyor Roscoe Sullivan and family. “Sully” had saved a week of his vacation to combine with the holidays so that they might return to Mississippi for a visit.

Texas travel found Chief Observer T. J. Phillips, Surveyor Jim Ely, and Computer Clyde Lee and their families bound in three directions—the Phillips to the Houston area, the Elys to Alpine and Loop, and the Lees to Fort Worth.

Don Poenisch, who hails from a former “stomping ground” of Party 21, Cuero, Texas, can sometimes be found there. J. D. Smith and E. T. (Moon) Mullins are others in whose home town Party 21 has lately found itself, for it was from their Cleveland, Texas, that the crew moved to its present location.

Perhaps the most versed travelers on Party 21 are Assistant Observer Jim Rutledge and his wife, Jim and Lida came to Party 21 from South America, via Mississippi and Oklahoma.

PARTY 90 — DESSERT OF LIBYA...

RONALD BAKKE, Reporter
DARRELL CLAPSADDLE and MUHIDDIN ALI, Photographers

Party 90’s camp crew, headed by Party Chief Herman Semeliss, has made several moves during the past year and a half, but their wanderings have not taken them out of the southwestern corner of Libya. At the present time the camp is located between two dunes of the Muszurk Sand Sea. As the sand is very soft and the dunes steep, everyone on the camp became well experienced in winching and sandtracking before getting the trucks and trailers to the camp site.

The crew members work three seven-day weeks and then have one week off. Friday is plane day; and, even though at the present time it is an 80-mile truck drive to the nearest airstrip, there are always smiling faces at the breakfast table on Friday morning. Especially anxious to get to town are Drill Supervisor R. T. (Bing) Crossby, Drillers Darrell Clapsaddle and E. E. (Bud) Steele,
Surveyor Max Stewart, and Observer Dean Chadwick, all of whom have their wives and families living in Tripoli.

Driller Jim Moore joined Party 90 in July. Having spent the previous winter in Alaska, he says that the hot, dry climate suits him fine. On the arrival of Party 93 in Libya last November, Drillers Chester Hill and Secondo Vicini and Assistant Observer John Ward were transferred from Party 90 to this new Western crew. They were replaced by Drillers Bud Steele, Driller-Shooter Arvis (Shorty) Dyches, and Assistant Observer William Breland. All three began work in the desert even before their work clothes had been cleared by customs.

Although Tripoli is a well-situated taking-off point for sightseeing jaunts to other parts of Africa and to Europe, most Westerners have been holding off on such trips until their vacation times. Herman Semeliss spent a week's leave in Egypt. It is not known if he found time to look at the pyramids, but he did say that it was a very good trip. The island of Malta, one hour from Tripoli, has been visited by Chief Computer Pete Clara, Observer Willis (Smitty) Smith, and the Max Stewarts. As Rome is only a three-hour flight, Driller Carmine Mantini and Shooter Kazimierz Bartulewicz occasionally travel to Italy to spend their week's leaves at their homes there.

Something always seems to make field work more difficult than it should be. It may be snow, muskeg, or, as in the case of Party 90, fesh-fesh. Fesh-fesh is the Arab name for a very treacherous type of sand. In all appearances it looks like the rest of the desert sand but is as soft as snow and seems almost bottomless. All of Party 90's trucks are equipped with airplane tires; but even with those, to the heavier trucks, especially the drills, fesh-fesh is truly the curse of the desert.

During the long summer nights, great Western talent is shown in the forms of horseshoe, ping-pong, volleyball, and badminton. Max Stewart and Bing Crosby keep busy trying to drive their golf balls out of the biggest sand trap in the world—the Sahara Desert! The cold winter nights are spent reading, playing cribbage, listening to Smitty's tape recorded music, and, of course, counting the days until the next trip to the outside world.

The Swan Club in modern Giorgim Popoli, American-European residential section of Tripoli, was the exclusive hide-away for the Christmas festivities of Parties 90 and 93 on December 23. Late in the evening the place was giving to "beatnik" music while members of Party 90 officially welcomed to Libya their colleagues of Party 93 and all became acquainted. Great fun was had by all present. Party 90's office force missed the party, however, as they had taken advantage of the holidays for short trips.

Party Chief Don Heaney and Computer Aldo Patroncini had taken off for four days in Italy, and Computer-Author John Hlastala had gone to Tunis in search of...
another story idea. (John wrote the very descriptive article, "... to the Shores of Tripoli," in the March 1959 Western Profile.) If he were asked what he started writing after his sojourn, he would no doubt report that it was really a thriller, "The Case of the Empty Wallet."

The Monday after Christmas Supervisor Harold F. Murphy gave a huge sigh of relief—his office force was once more banded together. His oral greeting to each man was "How was the trip?" but his eyes said something more like "I'm glad you're back."

Thanks to Party 93's loan of Computer Bob Hail, Computers Hlastala and Patroncini can breathe easily without wondering how they will ever catch up before Saturday morning's duffel bag of seismic records from the desert camp is plunked on the floor with a groaning thud. Darrell Clapsaddle's little son "DD," however, cannot understand Aldo's hesitation in opening the bag. "DD," you see, keeps Aldo amply supplied with sharp pencils.

Observer Carl Sivage left his wife and son in Wyoming so that Carl, Jr., can finish his high school education in one school. After completing vacation relief duties, Observer Lyle Powe moved his family back to Taft in their portable home. Party Manager Jack Patton, Driller Ed Bender, and Shooter Paul Schlemmer came to Party 8 from Bakersfield. Having scouted Taft in the summer, Jack Patton had no trouble locating a place for the family trailer home.

The number of "Eds" on the crew, namely Drillers Ed Bender and Ed Hansen and Party Chief Ed Gaulke, causes some confusion, particularly when they all are together in the office in the evening.

Comparisons between north and south have been made by Driller Earl Floyd and Computer Jim Baird, who came from the deep South and cold North, respectively, and by Party Manager John (Spider) Webb, who worked last summer in Alaska, and Assistant Computer David

PARTY 8—TAFT, CALIFORNIA...

E. T. GAULKE, Reporter
JACK PATTON, Photographer

After a summer of rapid moves and short stays, Party 8 is once more surrounded by oil wells in Taft, California. During a 2½-month break the equipment was given a rest and the personnel scattered to many states. Before the break, the crew agreed, life had become a bit hectic as Party 8 worked on four consecutive contracts; thus, the opportunity to relax and breathe slowly was welcome.

When Party 8 resumed activity in Taft in November, most of the faces were familiar since they were the same ones that had graced Party 8 several months earlier. Chief

ALLAN, who spent the same period in the South. Their individual conclusions remain unchanged.

Surveyor Adrian Louis is making the transition from surveying for gravity crews to the same work for this seismic crew.

The holiday season inspired the crew to participate in a Christmas reunion and get-acquainted celebration on December 23 at the Elks Club. Dave Allan helped the married men with their dancing duties by swinging each wife around the floor at least once. The husbands retired to the side lines and philosophically discussed field problems. With holidays past and some time before the next one, all are working hard—but wondering: "Why do the holidays have to come in bunches with such a long wait in between?"

Arriving at a new prospect in Libya, Party 93's first operation is to drill a water well. At the controls is Chester Hill (now with Party 93); standing, "Bing" Crosby; seated, Herman Semeliss.

A Christmas party wound up the year 1959 for Party 8 in Taft, California. Among wives attending were these: (from left) Clara Patton, Mary Baird, Roberta Hanson (back to camera), Frances Gaulke, and Margaret Webb.
PARTY F-9 — BELLUNO, ITALY...

MARIO DE PASCALE, Reporter
JOSEPH ROSS, Photographer

After one year spent in the foggy Bologna area, Party F-9 has been transferred to the healthier Venetian region. Belluno, the new headquarters of Party F-9, is located at the confluence of the Torrente Ardo with the Piave River and is about 110 kilometers from Venice.

Belluno is not a big town, though quite ancient (its foundation goes back to the pre-Roman times); and if not rich in work of arts, it enjoys, however, splendid panoramas. Belluno is, in fact, surrounded by the rugged and majestic Dolomite Mountains, under which green and woody hills gently slope towards the Piave valley. Especially during the winter season, Belluno is a center of remarkable interest for those who love the sport of skiing.

From a geological point of view, Belluno is of great interest to Party Chief Joseph Ross and his assistants. Party F-9, in fact, is one of the first crews to operate in the Alpine regions. The rocky conditions of the ground (limestone and dolomites often covered by moraine and strata deposits) give plenty of arduous tasks to the drillers, ERNANNO GRILLANDA, GINO AGUIARI, PAOLO PASINI, GINO FERGNANI, and SAULO FERRARI. They lately had become accustomed to the soft drilling in the Po valley. From their standpoint, Shooters GLAUCO ZANELLA and ANGELO MARCOLLA enjoy very much the new air-shooting experiments, which have worked out to be very useful and efficacious, particularly in the less accessible zones.

GUIDO DEL MONTE, observer, remembering his past activities as a captain of the Alpine corps, feels himself completely at ease. We are all waiting to see him at work when, in order to shoot some new lines, we shall be climbing the mountains with the aid of only some temperamental mule.

Also our new local helper, GIOVANNI CRETES, will be very useful to us as he seems to be insensible to fatigue.

Chief forms of amusement in these parts seem to be the sport of skiing, the games of chess, and the characteristic chorus songs of the mountains. To all of this, Party F-9's personnel add endless games of cards—and famous are the ones played by Chief Computer CARLO CAVALLETTI and Topographer ORAZIO CHIOZZI.—Translated by Anna Masirio.
"INTERNATIONAL GOODWILL" received a helping hand in one small part of the world from Western’s Supervisor H. L. (Bud) Grant and Party Chief Wilbur E. Green in the form of seeds for Portuguese Guiné and a water system for one town of that country. Now these Westerners did not actually give the seeds and the water system, but they were instrumental in the expressed wishes of these two Portuguese governments being fulfilled.

When the Portuguese agriculture department asked Western’s client for assistance in obtaining seeds of all types—garden vegetables, rice, corn, wheat, cotton, and other field crops—for their agricultural experimental station, the client’s manager, a gardener himself, thought of Western’s Louisiana supervisor. The fact that Bud was from Louisiana was important because, inasmuch as the climates of his state and of Portuguese Guiné are somewhat similar, he could check on seeds that grew well “back home.”

Upon returning to the States, Bud consulted the Louisiana Department of Agriculture and then arranged the shipment of approximately 100 different varieties of seed in experimental quantities for the Portuguese. He also sent them various pamphlets on agriculture. Thus, if Portuguese Guiné becomes the “garden spot of the world,” Supervisor Grant can take at least a small bow.

The progressive administrator of one small town in Guiné wanted to install a complete water system for the community—a well, two fully-equipped pumps, and a 5,000-gallon water tower. He asked the assistance of his Western Geophysical friends of Party 92, Party Chief Green and Supervisor Grant rose to the occasion. Grant contacted several consultants in the United States and obtained advice as to the type of equipment needed and prices. He relayed this information to Green for the town’s administrator. After the latter had made his decision concerning it, Bud then arranged for the shipment of it to Portuguese Guiné.

AN ALL-TIME CLASSIC—This is the category in which an article produced by Western’s mathematical research department has been placed. The silver anniversary issue of Geophysics, February 1960, included among its “Classic Papers of Geophysics” the article “The Moveout Filter,” by Carl H. Savit, chief of mathematical research, and John T. Brustad and Joseph Sider, former employees of the department.

Selection of papers published from 1936 to the present in Geophysics, official magazine of the international Society of Exploration Geophysicists, was made by a group of 32 members for this special issue. Judged as “classics” were papers to which frequent references are made, pioneer papers on important subjects, and papers that for any reason are considered especially significant. The Western paper was originally published in Geophysics in January 1958.

CAME YEAR’S END and Calgary Westerners suddenly realized that they had neglected to post the arrivals in the Profile of a number of their 1950 offspring. Thus, the following stork news was rounded up.

Michael Dennis Rosser was born to Lee and Bill Rosser July 10 in Calgary General Hospital. Bill is a supervisor for Western of Canada and works out of the Calgary office.

Left — Wilbur Green, of Party 92, sent this drawing of an incident in which he and Jim French came too close to a mama hippo and her calf.

Right — Party 92 had these unidentified employment “applicants” in Portuguese Guiné. The unique attire seems to feature rope ornaments.

Left — Newest addition to the herd of cattle maintained by Party 92 is appropriately named “Windstrip.” Calf and mother are doing fine; father was guest of honor at a barbecue in Portuguese Guiné.
Also in Calgary General, but on August 19, Mary Ann Kostashuk made her appearance in the world. Parents Shirley and George Kostashuk were happy to have a sister for George Michael, who was then 14 months old. Father George heads up the Calgary playback center.

November 16 was the birth date of Julia Elizabeth Stacey in Holy Cross Hospital, Calgary, where she was born to Beverly and Dan Stacey. At that time Dan was a computer-draftsman in the Calgary playback center but since has been transferred to Party F-39 as a junior observer.

Joyce and Russel Kalakalo received an early Christmas gift on December 15 when Wanda Joy weighed in at 6 pounds, 12 ounces at Calgary General Hospital. Her father is a computer in Party F-11's Calgary office.—Ray Quarry.

FLASH FLASH FLASH FLASH

The Russians sent the first rocket around the moon, but Miss Leila Urrutia, formerly of Caracas, Venezuela, and more recently of New Orleans, topped it all. On October 12, 1959, at the First Methodist Church in New Orleans Leila put a stop to the gay, free, bachelor days of one James R. Ives. Jim left the following month for Libya, where he is party manager of Party 93, and his bride joined him in Tripoli in December.—Charles F. Stevens.

A COMBINATION HOUSEWARMING AND SAFETY BANQUET were enjoyed by Party F-60 late last November. The delicious safety dinner was served at the Mocambo Club in Edmonton, Alberta. Later, when the Saturday midnight curfew sounded, the group moved to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Fischer for the house-warming.

"For men must work and women must wait..." and so the Party F-60 crew left to put in their time on bush duty. While most of the men went to Athabasca, Alberta, Party Manager Alex Dietz, Driller Orville McDermid, and Assistant Observer Willie Viehmann joined Party F-71 for the winter months. All on F-60, including its female contingent, are awaiting the spring breakup and the end of another 90-day operation, for "if winter comes, can spring be far behind?"—Susanne Stevens.

Top left are some of the men on Western's management team whom the PROFILE camera managed to catch at one time during the last SEG convention in Los Angeles. The supervisors, department heads, and officers shown are, from left (standing) J. E. Barthelemy, Bakersfield, California; B. A. Rosser, Calgary, Alberta, Canada; Dupree McGrady, Casper, Wyoming; George Shoup, Midland, Texas; Carl Savit and W. B. Fazakerley, both Los Angeles; N. P. Cramer and C. W. Nichols, both Shreveport, Louisiana; Aart de Jong, New Orleans; and B. J. Ramey, New York; and seated Vice President Booth B. Strange, Shreveport; President Dean Welling, Chairman of the Board Henry Salvatori, and Vice President V. E. Prestine, all Los Angeles; Western of Canada Vice President J. M. Desmond, Calgary.

Above, in Western's booth at the SEG convention, two Los Angeles laboratory men, Art Bates (left) and Mel Wells (right), discussed with Party Chief Ed Gaulke the exhibited equipment—(left) new Dual Display Camera and (right) Variable Density Camera—as Ed looked at their literature.

ANOTHER DOODLEBUGGER'S CHILD has proved that the transient life is no bar to active participation in community activities. Jean Ann Downey, daughter of Darby R. and Yvette Downey, was elected Queen of the Wasco, California, Future Farmers of America Halloween dance.

An important part of school activities in farming communities, the Future Farmers chapters elect their queens by vote from a pre-selected panel of 15 girls chosen from all four high school grades. The Wasco High School has an enrollment of 700 students.

A petite blonde of 14 years, Jean Ann had lived in Wasco only eight months when elected Queen, is a trailer dweller, and is a "lucky" freshman. These factors combine to make her reign as Queen a remarkable exploit and prove that doodlebugging and trailer life need not limit the life of a "future Westerner" or make it any different from that of any other child in the community.

Jean Ann's father, Darby, is a surveyor with Party 58 and is an eight-year Westerner.—Carolyn Harsh.

This regal young lady is Jean Ann Downey, Queen of the Future Farmers of America, Wasco, California. Father Darby R. Downey is a Western surveyor.

These wives of Party F-60 in Canada were photographed by Wonetta Abbott during a merry moment at a combination safety banquet-homecoming party in Edmonton. They are (from left) Liz Hostyn, Greita Miller, Gwen McDermid, Susanne Stevens, and Fran Milligan.
BECAUSE OF A CHANCE DRAWING, a Westerner of Canada and his family moved into a new home last November. Frank Durrer, an accountant with Western Geophysical of Canada since 1953, filled in his name and address on a coupon one day when he purchased gasoline at a service station. Several months later his coupon was drawn for the service station dealers' first prize, a $1,600 downpayment on a new house—24' x 40', three-bedroom bungalow, completely painted and decorated and semi-landscaped. Renting their previous home, which they own outright, Frank, wife Betty, and their 17-year-old daughter Darlene happily moved into their new house.

Frank is not the only winner in the Durrer family, for Darlene also has brought fame to the family. The exceptional vocal talent of this high school senior won her a scholarship at Mount Royal College's School of Music in 1959. She was the Silver Medalist there and also was awarded a trophy cup for her singing. Her ardent desire is a musical career.—Lyall Campbell.

IT IS A BOY NOW for the Arnold West family. Baby William was born in Pescara, Italy, last December 29 and was happily welcomed by his two sisters, Diana Lee, 6 years old, and Louise Gemara, 3. The proud father is supervisor of Western Recherche Geophysique’s shop and laboratory in Pescara.

A new record was achieved by the Pescara Laboratory. As of December 29, 1959, they had performed 18 months without having an accident and were awarded a safety prize.

All of the Milan office personnel gathered together for a Christmas party. The evening was most brilliant—but unfortunately the photographer was not up to his fame, and all of the pictures that were shot went wrong. We had to abandon the idea of presenting the group of us to the PROFILE. The menu was half American and half Italian. Italian were the hors d'oeuvres and the Christmas cake, which is typical of Milan and is called Panettone; and American were the stuffed turkey and roast ham (or so we were made to believe).

—Anna Massirio.

JOINING THE RANKS OF THE FIRE BRIGADE unexpectedly but voluntarily. Party F-69 received a letter of gratitude from the fire department of Langley, British Columbia. On their way to work one morning, the Westerners driving the crew’s water trucks noticed a house on fire and promptly brought their water to bear on the situation. In expressing the appreciation and thanks of the fire department, its secretary wrote: "The water came at a time when we could use it to best advantage and was a very great help to us."—Luke McNab.

"OUTSTANDING ALUMNUS OF THE YEAR" is the most recent honor accorded Western's president, Dean Walling. Selected from among more than 20,000 alumni of Abilene Christian College, Abilene, Texas, for this award, Mr. Walling was the second person ever to be so recognized.

With his wife, daughter, and son-in-law (all former ACC students also), Mr. Walling on December 31 attended the Purple and White Party in San Antonio, one of some 50 cities in which these year-end alumni parties were held, and received a citation there. Formal presentation of the 1959 "Outstanding Alumnus of the Year Award" took place February 22 during the Third Annual Alumni Day activities at Abilene.

Final selection of Mr. Walling for this honor was made by the executive board of the Abilene Christian College Alumni Association. They acted upon names submitted by the students, faculty, and former students. Nominations could be made of any of the college's long list of alumni.

Born in New Mexico, the Western president attended high school in Amarillo, Texas, and in 1930 was graduated cum laude from Abilene Christian College with a bachelor's degree in mathematics. While a student at ACC he also was manager of the basketball team and a cheerleader, sang in the glee club, and worked in the registrar's office.

THE COMBINATION of Calgary's hedonism and the cheer of the Christmas season self-started the 1959 Christmas party for the Westerners in the various Calgary offices. Organized by George Kostashuk, party chief of the Calgary playback center, and "Ray" Quarry, Calgary office secretary, and catered by the Lone Pine Club, the regular fun of dining and dancing was augmented by a floor show presented by Ray Kinney and his Royal Hawaiian Revue—and one of the other ways that this group provided entertainment is submitted here for all to see. (See pictures on this page.)—Don Frisbee.
Western's First Ladies:
Betty Shoup

Proficient at riding a cow pony? One of "Western's First Ladies"? 'Tis true! Though she is now a Western supervisor's wife, Betty Shoup began life as Mary Elizabeth Prather, the daughter of a dairy farmer and rancher. As such, she had the chore of rounding up the cows at milking time—and she wasn't bad at milking them either, it is said.

When George Shoup discovered this small, dark-haired, dark-eyed woman in Santa Fe, New Mexico, in 1933, she had a good start on the doodlebug living that they were to take up in 1941; for Betty, born in Lake Arthur, New Mexico, had already moved a number of times and had lived in Montana, Texas, California, and several towns in her native state. Working as a secretary in Santa Fe, Betty met George, a young accountant, at a party. Came June 1934 and the wedding bells in Albuquerque rang out for Betty and George. The young couple returned to Santa Fe to start their married life.

Betty's social activities of Spanish Fiestas and governors' inaugural balls made an abrupt change when she again "took to the road" in 1941, the year George joined Western. The new Western wife with the shy smile and warm personality then became a frequent hostess for Western crew parties, both planned and impromptu.

The children often accompanied their parents to crew parties at the Shoup home; and, as is often true of a group of small, tired tots, the battle would begin. It takes a real diplomat to quiet a group of screaming, battling children without hurting their feelings—or those of their parents—but, in her quiet way, Betty Shoup did it.

Being of a happy, cheerful disposition, Betty not only philosophically accepted moving as a part of doodlebug-
THEY SERVE

Service Anniversaries ... October, November, December

25 YEARS
*Desmond, Jack M.
Prestine, V. E.
*Sheffet, David

21 YEARS
DiGiulio, Fred J.
Ellsworth, Frank

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

17 YEARS
Borene, Edmund
*Bonchillon, Thomas

16 YEARS
Dooley, Claude
*Hyb, Robert L.
*Jones, John P.
*Pack, Bruce A.
*Phillips, T. J.

15 YEARS
*Guess, James A.
*Rex, Melvin

14 YEARS
Harsh, Loren T.
Hill, Chester W.
Jordan, James B.
Knox, Alan W.
Teschler, John P.

13 YEARS
*Johansen, Nels B.
*Renick, Loy E.
*Smith, Victor W.
*Wallace, John W.
*Welch, Cecil A.

12 YEARS
Armond, Lee L.
*Barton, Rex D.
Broughton, Roland
Bryant, Robert K.
Hepburn, Paul N.

11 YEARS
Chandler, Allan J.
*Dick, Charles W.
*Sergeant, Thomas

10 YEARS
Lesoway, Joseph C.
*Nash, Robert T.
Novak, Stephen
Rummerson, Julius A.
Trippel, Richard C.

9 YEARS
Belosic, Edward G.
Henry, John E.
Linder, Leonard
May, John
*Sullivan, William F.
*Tyson, Milton H.
White, John D.

8 YEARS
Abott, Gerald
Alexander, James P.
*Anderson, Harold B.
Fischer, Edmund E.
May, Myrtle
McGehee, Harry W.
*Seaton, Elton W.
Steele, Russell C.
Stevens, Stanley A.
Won, Eldred
Wong, Thomas G.
Xavier, Alberto G.

7 YEARS
Green, Wilbur E.
Grieve, Brian
Hartwig, Edward
Langston, Ben.
Quam, Howard E.
Quary, Rachel I.
*Reines, James M.
*Rich, Harold D.
*Tokarz, Guy
Watts, Harold D.

6 YEARS
Anderson, Don C.
Berlin, Rudy C.
*Blair, Jimm I
DeVold, Omar E.
Dormandy, Garry W.
*Griswold, James
Hansen, Henry E.
Hatton, William H., Jr.
Hesser, Clifton A.
Kalakaiilo, Russell
Krein, Oliver
Luce, J. Donald
Mathewson, John C. C.
Mellette, Soule M.
Pflab, Benedict A.
Priester, Willie C.
Raley, Kerney
Shivers, Joe D.
Stevens, Charles F.
Williamson, Willie J.

5 YEARS
Arledge, James B.
*Conklin, Charles W.
*Fells, James J.
*Gallant, Herbert J.
*Morris, Roy I.
*Nousek, Charles F.
Nousek, Donald A.
*Porter, Donald R.
Talley, James H.
Viehnman, William

4 YEARS
Bratos, Leslie E.
Brueneau, Vaughn S.
Byrd, Donald J.
Cosentino, Frank A.
Fullerton, J. B., Jr.
Gaskin, John A.
Herrington, L. M.
*Johnson, Julian
Meland, Willis D.
McCullough, Alyce V.
*McInteeheen, Dayman H.
Myers, Bernice S.
*Page, Donna M.
Parker, William H.
Schmidt, Lesley J.

3 YEARS
Brick, James A.
Finkbeiner, Eldon D.
Franklin, Homer J., Jr.
Graham, Clifford P.
Kelly, Jimmy R.
Martin, Francis L.
*Orr, Daniel W.
*Richter, Erich
Unruh, John

2 YEARS
Bakke, Ronald D.
Clarke, M. Marianne
Davis, Herbert F.
Kam, Bernard P.
McDonald, John L.
Petty, Jack S.
Sidor, Walter
Stacey, Daniel P.
Ward, John E.

*Interrupted Service

CONTENTS

Vol. VII, No. 1, March 1960

Inside Front Cover:
President's Page
1 Exploration Bolivia
5 Globe-trotting with Party 86
9 Playback
In Memoriam: Delbert King
10 Ricerche Establishes
Playback Office
11 Pescara Shop and Lab
To Have New Home
12 Party Pickings
21 Windstrip
24 Western's First Ladies

FRONT COVER
This panoramic of a prospect in Colorado surveyed last fall by one of Western's Rocky Mountain seismic crews shows some of the barren, dry, rough territory encountered by domestic parties. The average elevation of this area is approximately 7,000 feet. In the left background can be seen the western slope of the towering Rockies.
—Photo by V. W. Smith.

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MARIANNE CLARKE, Editor
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