AS THE YEAR 1962 leaves the scene, we in Western owe it more than a casual farewell. The year 1962 not only brought us an increase in over-all activity but also revealed a trend by the exploration industry to turn more often to Western for service when confronted with problems which demand the highest degree of professional competence.

It has been apparent to most of our field personnel, of course, that our operations have been expanding. From December 31, 1961, to December 1 of this year, there was a net gain of seven domestic land crews. This is especially encouraging since the course of the geophysical industry in this sector has been downward for several years. Activities in Alaska are also expanding at an accelerated rate. Foreign land operations have been extended during the year to Australia, Kuwait, and Argentina; and Western marine crews have covered much of the globe in 1962 with tens of thousands of miles of seismic surveying offshore West Africa, Italy, Kuwait, Iran, Pakistan, and Australia and along the Atlantic seaboard and the Gulf Coast of the United States.

The inclination of the industry to look to Western, with its greater capabilities, is perhaps a reflection of the increased difficulty of locating new reserves. Exploration today demands the best in instrumentation, equipment, design, techniques, organization, resources, and, above all, highly trained and qualified personnel with the widest possible experience throughout the world.

This trend does not represent a relaxation of competitive pressures upon Western or the geophysical industry, but rather an intensification of them. Western must measure up to the increasingly greater challenges which we face with each new day. Western has always held its own in all competitive areas, of course, or we would not have attained our present position of leadership. Primarily, however, our Company's reputation has been built on the capability, responsibility, and dedication of our personnel in all departments of our work and their imaginative approaches to assignments that were both geophysically and physically very difficult. Pride of accomplishment and satisfaction with a job well done always have been among the true Westerners' greatest rewards.

Aspiring young geophysicists in Western, together with those of you who over the years have become the heart, body, and soul of Western, will find in this new trend the opportunities for wider experience in geophysics and more satisfactory professional advancement. The future with its opportunities for achievement is in our hands to do with what we will.

The true "Good News" of Christmas will be foremost in the hearts of most of you at this time of the year, of course, but I hope that this current report will help also to brighten the holiday season.

To all of you and your loved ones — in whatever part of the world you may be — I extend warmest wishes for a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

[Signature]
Western Party 17 Tells of LIFE ON THE ALASKA PENINSULA

To describe the Alaska Peninsula one should first inquire as to who wants to know about it. To the sportsman it is a land of plenty, whether big game, waterfowl, ptarmigan, or fish is his particular interest. For one who appreciates nature in the rough there are wildly beautiful mountain peaks and snow-topped volcanoes, some with glaciers around the craters. To the salmon fisherman it is a place to earn a living and hope for the big catch. To the doodlebugger it is mile after soggy mile of swamp and bog — except where interrupted by patches of extremely rough, dump-like plants, which have an uncomplimentary local name and which the Party 17 doodlebugger loved even less than the swamp and bog.

The geographer would say that the Alaska Peninsula is the 400-mile piece of land stretching southwest from Illiamna Lake, which divides Bristol Bay from the Pacific Ocean. It is the beginning of the Aleutian Chain, which continues westward in a thousand-mile arc to separate the Bering Sea from the Pacific. The backbone is a series of rugged peaks, some of which are actively volcanic, called the Aleutian Range. A portion of this range containing the Valley of Ten Thousand Smokes and Alaska's best-known volcano, Mount Katmai, has been reserved as the Katmai National Monument.

The geographer also has recorded many names on the map; there are, perhaps, more names than people. These names furnish valuable clues to the history and people of the peninsula. In the western part we notice Morzhovoi, Leontovich, Kutuzof, Pavlov, Veniaminof, and Strogonof to name a few, all obviously Russian. Mainly in the northeast are Chignik, Meshik, Ugashik, Egegik, and Naknek — Eskimo or Indian names.

We do not know exactly when the first Russian, in search of more sea otter pelts, paddled across from Siberia to the New Islands (which include Attu, familiar to all Americans in World War II); but it was not long until the fur traders had advanced up the chain, exterminating sea otter and reducing the native Aleut population from 25,000 to 5,000. Gradually they acquired control of all of coastal Alaska and probed as far south as California. In 1828 an expedition under the Russian Lutke discovered and named Port Moller and Port Heiden (for Count Heiden).

Port Heiden is the name of a small bay, accurately located; but Port Heiden is also the name of a place — somewhere. It can be found on one map on the west side of the bay; on another, north of the airfield. A native of Meshik says that Port Heiden is another name for Meshik. Mail sent to Port Heiden is received by the airport manager, who claims his place is not Port Heiden. (He calls it Port Heiden Airfield.) There is no post office for Port Heiden now, but there was some fifty years ago at some place now unknown. At any rate, Party 17 thought that
Although this is not Ilinik and Seal Islands, it is a sand spit and islands located on Bristol Bay near Port Heiden and is the summer home of thousands of hair seals, including the giant Ugrug seal.

we worked out of, and received our mail, at Port Heiden. Western Geophysical Company has had six operations on and near the Alaska Peninsula in recent years. They began in the summer of 1955 when Party 64, under the leadership of Party Chief C. Q. (Quin) Williams and Party Manager Lloyd Logan, conducted a water survey in Shelikoff Strait and also did some land work on the peninsula. Western returned to the peninsula in 1958 with Party Chief B. W. (Red) Brown and Party 36 men working in the vicinity of King Salmon. During the following year a gravity operation was led by Party Chief Claude O. Dooley, with Pilot Point as headquarters. In June 1961 Western showed up just across Kichak Bay from the peninsula when Party Chief Richard A. Mercer and Party

34 explored in the vicinity between that bay and Nushagak Bay. During that operation Dick was recalled by Western of Canada, and Party Chief William H. Young took over the crew in December. When Bill finished the Party 34 work early in April 1962, he immediately crossed the bay to the peninsula to head up the re-activated Party 36. This large crew explored the area around Esgegik into the fall. In the meantime, Western's sixth operation began when we of Party 17 flew onto the peninsula southwest of Party 36. Supervisor J. Harvey Johnson was in charge of Party 17 from the beginning. Late in September, however, Harvey had to depart for Australia to supervise one of Western's operations there, and Party Chief James H. Gribbin arrived to relieve him and complete Party 17's job.

The most difficult and expensive problem involved in seismic operations on the peninsula, as in most of Alaska, is transportation. Since roads exist only in and around the villages, Alaskans take to the air or water. Barges are employed generally to carry heavy equipment and supplies for the initial move-in, but thereafter reliance is placed on aircraft for day-to-day transportation. The use of one-, two-, and four-motor, fixed-wing planes — some on pontoons, some on wheels, and some amphibious — and helicopters adequately solves the logistical problem. The marshy terrain, however, poses a problem of local transportation — that of moving seismic equipment from point to point. For this we used helicopters, amphibious buggies, and tracked vehicles.

Destined to land at Ilinik, Seal Islands, our equipment was loaded at Seattle on barges that were towed up and across the Pacific, through Unimak Pass into Bristol Bay, and northeast to Ilinik, where they were unloaded. This latter was a rather amazing feat in that on just one tide the 16 trailers, tons of mud, and 900 barrels of fuel were put ashore. Another unusual thing about this was that when the crew arrived at this destination — Ilinik, Seal Islands — we found that there were no people in Ilinik and no seals on Seal Islands and furthermore that these islands were not islands but a spit.

The more than 20 men who made up Party 17 arrived by plane at the prospect the first week in June. Most of us flew in from other Western of America crews in Alaska, but five were from Western of Canada. So that we would be sufficiently close to the scene of our work, a portable
camp was provided, which included barge-mounted trailers for sleeping, cooking and eating, office work, utilities, and the power plant, plus a tent for spare parts. Each of the three camp sites had a beautiful backdrop, the snow-capped Mount Veniaminoof, with its seven glaciers and blown-off top (not a peak as it is a dormant volcano). We lived in camp for 25 days at a time, at the end of which we had five days off for "the city."

The city for us was Anchorage, which is the largest in Alaska and to which our entire group flew in a chartered plane. Because transportation is exceptionally expensive, it was less costly for everyone to have their days off at the same time and go together by charter plane than for a few to go on scheduled flights.

Air freight also involved considerable expense. Supplies were flown from Anchorage to the Port Heiden airfield, and the cost depended upon the type of aircraft. Via a C-82 it was approximately $1.65 per mile each way. The cost was further increased because it was necessary to use the helicopter to carry the supplies from the Port Heiden airfield to Party 17's camp.

Perhaps the most exasperating problem experienced by the field crew was the roughness of the terrain caused by the clump plants. (Instrument Supervisor Ben Niehenke, Los Angeles, who spent some time at the Party 17 camp, concurs in this, saying that he has never had such a rough ride as that in a buggy over these "clumps.") The clump-like plants grow in patches that can cover an area of from 200 to 300 square feet to 200 or 300 acres. Although they are not rocks, they are as hard as boulders, for bits of gravel are imbedded in them. In fact, they are so hard that when the "clumps" are clustered together, rather than scattered over the area, our heavy equipment rolls across them as if it were crossing flat land. That, however, is where the trouble comes in; for between these "clumps" (some several feet high) are huge holes, or indentations, which unfortunately cannot be avoided by the driver. Suddenly he experiences a terrific jolt. If the hidden hole is not too wide, he joggles on, shaken and perhaps bruised, but still going. Sometimes, though, the hole between and beneath the tops of the "clumps" may be as wide and deep as 5 feet; and a 5½-foot buggy wheel is stuck — but good! Thus, "clumps" slow down an operation. Our men soon learned to go around a patch if possible, for in the long run it was faster and also easier on both men and equipment.

Though bothered by the "clumps," we had no trouble with neighbors, for we had none. As Party 36 pointed out in the last Profile, a Western camp is considered a large town in this area, especially on the Bristol Bay side of the Peninsula. Even Pilot Point has less than 100 people. There were no towns near us, but we did see some fishing huts used a month or two each year. The nearest village was Meshik, which boasted a population of 54 "natives." They lived in houses and dressed much as we do rather than as one thinks of the typical native Alaskan. While Party 17 was there, the chief of Meshik was planning to take the entire village to the Seattle World's Fair by charter plane. This plan was made when it looked as if
the village would have a “good season” business-wise. Unfortunately, the salmon were not so plentiful as expected, and so the villagers of Meshik remained at home.

While the sea otter fur industry furnished the impetus for the original expeditions in this area, it has now been out of existence for a long time. (The animal has flourished so well in some areas that it is speculated there may be limited harvesting next year.) Salmon fishing is now by far the most important industry, with most of the permanent native population engaged in it. The bulk of the workers for the many canneries on the peninsula are flown in for the season. The canneries, which are privately owned, buy the fish by the head, not by the pound. Barges go along the coast picking up the catch. This is done frequently as the barges are not refrigerated. This is one of the reasons for the canneries’ being located on the spot rather than in more populated and more industrial areas. Some companies have contracts with the fishermen or villages, but others have buyers who pick up what they can as the barges proceed along the coast.

In connection with the fishing industry Party 17 unexpectedly learned an interesting sidelight. One day we noticed in the distance a lone man just standing on a tower alongside a river bank, seemingly doing nothing. We soon learned that he was a “fish counter,” counting the number of fish that got away! Our curiosity was further satisfied when we learned why he was there. To be sure that there are enough fish left each year to spawn, the government puts these men on the river banks to count the number of fish that elude the fishermen and escape upstream. The government’s goal for “free” fish this year was 8,000,000 for the whole Bristol Bay. (If they achieved it, perhaps the Meshik villagers will have a more profitable season next year — when, alas, there is no Fair in Seattle.)

Oil is not one of the peninsula’s economic resources, but many may be surprised to learn that two areas — Iliamna and Chignik-Cold Bay — were “hot” prospects 60 years ago, and some shallow wells were drilled before the federal government prohibited further activity around 1910.

The location of several Distant Early Warning stations (DEW Line) has done much for the local economy in many areas and has further served to establish good, reliable communications systems. “White Alice,” developed for the military but available to the public is a radio-relay telephone communications system that keeps isolated communities — and Western crews such as Party 17 — in touch with the rest of the world. Because of “White Alice,” Party 17, via its camp radio, could telephone to any place in the intra-continental states just about any time “central” was on the air. Every “subscriber” has a scheduled time for his calls; but when central comes on in the morning, she gives the names of those for whom she has messages and the types of messages for each. This alerts these people to be listening at their scheduled times. Of course,
Though Kent isn’t in the picture, this is the equipment in which he made his famous safari that ended in a bear chase. The buggy is full of barrels of various kinds of fuel that have been loaded from the gas dump and ready to be driven back to Party 17 camp.

The numerous little “specks” in this Bering Sea coast scene are glass, fish-net balls similar to those collected by the Party 17 “beachcombers.” Most of the balls were small and light green in color; the prize ones were amber. According to what one party chief was told, anyone who was fortunate enough to find a ball that was two feet in diameter could sell it in Anchorage for $20!

— though none on Seal Islands — thrive in Bristol Bay. Non-game fauna include trumpeter swans, loons, terns, and a few odd million sea gulls, who live in small holes in the face of the cliff at Cape Seniavin; and around our camp were playful prairie dogs.

Not too many men liked to make the 60-mile-long drive (via an equipment buggy) from Party 17’s camp to Seal Islands to get a load of fuel. For one journey Kent Logan volunteered. With Bill Young as a companion and two rifles for “protection,” he set off on this safari, returning late in the evening with six barrels of aviation gasoline, two barrels of tractor gas, one barrel of stove oil, one caribou, and three geese.

Now a grizzly old she-bear had the habit of loitering around our camp at night and was so grateful at the sight of fresh meat that she left it alone only until it was quartered and carefully stowed in our supply tent. The next night after Kent’s safari, apparently not noticing the door, she made a new one on the far side of the tent with a few slaps of her paws, stood up and looked at us over the top of the tent, and departed with one quarter of a caribou. The following day Kent and the 'copter mechanic repaired the tent and placed the remaining three quarters of the caribou on the roof of the drillers’ trailer.

That night she returned, tore up the tent in vengeance, and snooped out something to eat. Indicating a preference for surveyors, of which we were short anyhow, she got within a few feet of Del Letourneau. He responded with a
Aside from the bear chase, which was not a normal form of entertainment, fishing and hunting occupied the time of a few men, picture shows were for some, and others looked for the mail, which arrived each Monday and Thursday with the supplies. Nearly everyone turned to beachcombing when travel along the beach was required. Score after score of glass-ball fish-net floats, lost by some unlucky Japanese or Russian fishermen, found their way into camp, as did saki kegs, fish nets, whale vertebrae, and other souvenirs.

Also for entertainment there was the radio, which gave the men two choices, Radio Moscow or the Armed Forces station broadcasting out of Delano, California. The latter was especially popular for its baseball games. Every night at about the time the field crew was coming into camp, the Delano station would just be coming on with the Los Angeles game or, if both the Dodgers and the Angels were idle that day, with some other major league game. Sometimes we did not have two choices, for Radio Moscow, broadcasting on the same frequency as the Armed Forces station, would cause the latter to fade. On some occasions the Cold Bay radio telephone operator would not accept calls because she knew that the connections would be “clobbered” by the Russians.

The Westerners who were with Party 17 on the Alaska Peninsula for a long summer included an office staff of the party chief and two computers; a field crew of three drillers and one each surveyor, observer, and shooter, and nine helpers; and a cook and his helper. The men in the office were kept busy with the records brought in by the field crew. Equipment for Party 17, including sleeping, office, cooking, and supply and repair quarters, as well as operation vehicles, consisted of a total of 27 pieces. Twenty-five were amphibious, nine of which were powered. The other two were large track-mounted units, one carrying a Model 1000 drill and the other the water tank for this drill.

This, then, is “life on the Alaska Peninsula” as experienced and observed by one group of Western doodle-buggers, Party 17. Each man has his own views of it, depending upon his own experiences — how often he stepped into water over his waders, whether the “clumps” were knee high to him or neck high, whether his equipment crossed the streams upright or contrariwise, whether he was disturbed by bear or could calmly continue his card game in the midst of the confusion, and how he reacted to many other incidents unique to the area. Each, though, will undoubtedly remember his experiences and, we hope, pleasantly.

**Coincidence**

Quite by coincidence we noted while we were editing this article that even the caged bears in Los Angeles have names now familiar to Party 17. Our local community newspaper carried the following item:

“Kodiak bear cubs grow fast. A year ago Ilnik, Meshik, and Chignik arrived at Griffith Park Zoo weighing 12, 13, and 14 pounds. This year they weighed in at 260, 290, and 295 respectively.”

—The Editor.
It's a Long Trip
From an Idea to a Patent

Every Tuesday, and only on Tuesday, Uncle Sam hands out just over a thousand new patents. About every tenth Tuesday one of these patents has on it the words "Western Geophysical Company of America."

July 10, 1962, was one of those Tuesdays. On that day Patent Number 3,044,041 for a Multi-Channel Recording Apparatus, Inventors: Henry Salvatori, Melvin J. Wells, and Hardy Glenn, was issued to Western. This patent is the most recent of those that cover the Western tape recorder that is used in all of our playback offices. This is the machine that enables us to apply both static and dynamic corrections to field tapes. A new copy of this machine leaving the lab carries the inscription "Pat. Nos. 2,998,952; 3,005,184; 3,020,521; 3,044,041." This inscription serves as a notice to everyone in the United States of the four issued patents that now cover certain features of the machine.

Our patent story begins on the day when the playback machine was first invented, but the date has to be kept confidential until the time limit for others to challenge our patents has expired. All we can say is that at a certain time some years ago Western’s management began a series of discussions with members of the laboratory and research staffs to see if we could design a rugged, accurate, and versatile playback system. After a considerable amount of discussion, the building of a number of test models, and the drawing up of various schemes, a general line of procedure was established. As a matter of fact, two types of machine were started and carried along for some time. Both general schemes worked; the choice of which one was to be built for regular use was based mainly on which one would enable us to offer our clients the most expeditious and most inexpensive service.

During the course of design and construction, records were kept of who contributed which ideas and when. Even with our accurate records, it still requires a careful examination to decide which persons are the legal inventors of any particular feature or combination of features of the equipment. All of the actual inventors must be listed, and all those listed must be real inventors.

Finally, when plans were sufficiently well along, Western’s patent attorneys were called in for a conference to decide what patent applications would be filed, how the ideas could best be described, and when and in what order the applications should be filed.

At last, quite a while after all of the inventions were made and even after some of the machines were put into regular use, the first patent applications were filed on May 15, 1957. These were two separate applications to cover the two basic approaches to the dynamic correction problem and to incorporate the methods of per-

What does a patent look like? This is one, specifically the original, or "ribbon copy," of U.S. Patent 3,044,041 covering the basic ideas of the Western playback machine. Many people believe that a patent gives its owner the right to make or to use his invented product or technique. Actually, all that a patent grants is the right to exclude others from making, using, or selling the invention in the United States for a period of 17 years. A device may be described by several patents, each at a different degree of specialization. Therefore, someone wanting to use the invention may have to obtain licenses from several patent holders.
forming the dynamic corrections and static corrections. Application Serial Number 659,434, with Henry Salvatori, Melvin Wells, and Hardy Glenn as co-inventors, was filed to describe the basic machine that we now use. Number 659,435, with Henry Salvatori and Carl Savit as co-inventors, represented an alternative apparatus but still incorporated some of the features that we use in our machines.

Additional conferences among the patent attorneys and Western researchers resulted in the filing of two more applications on October 28, 1957. One, with Melvin Wells as inventor, covered the control system of our present machine; and the other, with Carl Savit as inventor, described the mathematical distribution of the dynamic corrections among the various groups and according to spread length.

As frequently happens in dealings with the Patent Office, these last two applications were the first to result in issued patents. The one on the control system was issued on Tuesday, August 29, 1961, followed shortly by the one on moveout distribution on Tuesday, October 17. The one on the alternative apparatus was issued on February 6, 1962, but the basic patent on the entire machine was not issued until July 10 — just over five years after the application was filed.

Let us go back and follow this patent step by step in its course through the Patent Office.

Early in 1957 an application was prepared by the patent attorney and the patent draftsman. Specific features that were to be covered and the manner in which they were to be described were decided in a series of meetings between Western's patent attorney and Carl Savit, who directs Western's patent activities. Finally an application was agreed upon and filed. It described the system in 43 pages of specifications and three pages of drawings. A set of claims that spelled out the new features on which we wished to obtain a patent was included. There were 19 such claims, ranging in length from one-half to about one and a half pages (legal size). All of this, with the necessary affidavits and other legal covering papers, was filed in the Patent Office in Washington on May 15, 1957.

Almost a year later, in March 1958, a letter was received from the Patent Office stating that the application covered more than one invention and requiring us to choose which of these inventions we wished to claim in this application. We made our choice, leaving ourselves the option, however, of continuing to seek patent protection on the other inventions if we so wished at a later date. We also made a number of minor changes in the application, and this material was sent in on July 21, 1958. Additional claims were sent in on April 17, 1959.

The Patent Office acted on our application on April 28 that year and told us that they considered that our claims described other inventions than ours. They gave us a list of five issued patents that they said described previous, similar inventions. On October 22, 1959, we sent a letter modifying some of our claims and explaining how our machine differed from those mentioned by the Patent Office.

In addition to more correspondence, two visits were made to the Patent Office in Washington to discuss the points of difference between our machine and the others brought up by the Patent Office. During this period it was discovered that another company was making a machine that was quite similar to ours. Accordingly, we asked the Patent Office to give our application special consideration to hurry the issuance of a patent. By this means the normal time for each reply from the Patent Office is reduced from an average of about one year to one of about two months.

At about the same time the Patent Office notified us that our application was rejected. We filed a notice of appeal, stating that we wished to appeal the rejection to the Patent Office Board of Appeals. Immediately thereafter a patent attorney for Litton Industries visited the Patent Office to discuss the appeal. As a result of his discussion, certain changes in the application were agreed upon with the patent examiner; and finally, after the changes were formally made, a Notice of Allowance was issued on May 17, 1962. By this time nine amendments had been made to the original application. This patent, the one with which we began our story, was issued more than five years after the application was filed.

Although this particular application took a little more
time than the average to mature into a patent, many of the complications encountered in our other applications were not present. In others, for example, we have been notified by the Patent Office that someone else had filed an application for the same thing at about the same time. In such cases the Patent Office uses a formal procedure to determine which applicant, if either, is entitled to the patent. Such a procedure includes something very similar to a trial and is called an "interference." At the time this is being written, we are involved in an interference in one of our cases.

Nearly all of Western’s patents and patent applications deal with instruments or techniques that are actually used. Very few applications are filed on ideas that may only conceivably be used. Western nevertheless has a respectable collection of patents. In addition to those covering the playback apparatus, we have, for example, patents on the record sectioner, on our hydrophone, on one of our variable density cameras, and on some of our electronic equipment.

In order to live up to our obligations under government contracts and under licensing agreements with other companies, we now have to require that all employees who invent something submit a description of the invention. It is Company policy to examine such descriptions and to file applications on behalf of the Company on all inventions that deal directly or indirectly with its normal operations. If the invention does not deal with operations of Western or of any of its affiliated companies or if for any other reason the Company does not wish to file an application, the employee ordinarily will be given a release so that he may exploit his invention.

Patents are just one of the many factors that help Western maintain its competitive position in the industry.
The following article is so forceful that it speaks for itself. The author, Jenkins Lloyd Jones, is the editor of the Tulsa Tribune; and this, the text of a speech he made at a meeting of editors and publishers, has since won nation-wide interest.

This afternoon I am about to inflict upon you a Jeremiad.

Long before the prophet Jeremiah uttered his lamentations about the evil behavior of the Children of Israel, the world had seen many calamity howlers. We have cuneiform tablets describing the moral decay of Babylon and Chaldea. We have hieroglyphic inscriptions predicting that Osiris and Ra will smite the Egyptians for their wickedness. And so when I rise today and make some comments about the moral climate of America, and about our responsibilities therefore as temporary custodians of America's press, I speak in a very old tradition.

The calamity howler! It is customary to dismiss such fogginess as I am about to display with a tolerant laugh. For while it was freely predicted all through the ages that the world was going to hell, it hasn't gone to hell yet. Who can deny that in practically all the crafts and certainly all of the sciences we are farther advanced than we ever have been? Why not be cheerfully optimistic?

I think I can tell you why. Human progress has never been steady. It has washed back and forth like waves upon a beach. Happily, there has also been an incoming tide; so the waves have washed higher and higher as each great civilization came on.

### History Littered with Fallen Empires

But the pathway of history is littered with the bones of dead states and fallen empires. And they were not, in most cases, promptly replaced by something better. Nearly a thousand years elapsed between the fall of Western Rome and the rise of the Renaissance, and in between we had the Dark Ages in which nearly all of man's institutions were inferior to those which had gone before. I don't want my children's children to go through a couple of centuries of dialectic materialism before the sun comes up again.

So the Jeremias haven't been so wrong, after all. It is sad to watch the beginnings of decay. It is sad to see an Age of Pericles replaced by the drunken riots of Alcibiades. There was, indeed, just cause for gloom when into the palaces of the Caesars went Nero and Caligula, and when the once-noble Praetorian Guard became a gang of assassins willing to sell the throne to the top bidder.

Ailric's Goths finally poured over the walls of Rome. But it was not that the walls were low. It was that Rome, itself, was low. The sensual life of Pompeii, the orgies on Lake Trasimene, the gradually weakened fiber of a once self-disciplined people that reduced them at last to seeking safety in mercenaries and the payment of tribute—all these brought Rome down. She went down too early. She had much to teach the world.

And so, ladies and gentlemen, I look upon our own country, and much that I see disturbs me. But we are a great people. We have a noble tradition. We have much to teach the world; and if America should go down soon, it would be too early.

"Advanced State of Moral Decline"

One thing is certain. We shall be given no centuries for a leisurely and comfortable decay. We have an enemy now—reprehensible, crude, brutal, and cocky. However much the leaders of the Communist conspiracy may lie to their subjects about our motives, about our conditions of prosperity, about our policies and aims, one thing they believe themselves implicit—and that is that we are in an advanced state of moral decline.

When Nikita Khruschev visited Hollywood, he was shown only one movie set, that of a wild dance scene in "Can-Can." He said it represented decadence, and I am sure he really thought so. It is a dogma of current Communist faith that America is Sodom and Gomorrah, ripening for the kill.

Do you know what scares me about the Communists? It is not their political system, which is primitive and savage. It is not their economic system, which works so badly that progress in a few directions is purchased at the price of progress in all the rest. It is their puritanism. It is their dedication and self-sacrifice.

It does no good to comfort ourselves with the reflection that these are products of endless brainwashings, of incessant propaganda, of deprivation by censorship and jamming of counter-information and contrary arguments. The dedication is there. The confidence that they are morally superior is there.

The naive questions of your intourist guide reveal only too quickly that she thinks she is talking to a self-indulgent fop from the court of some latter-day Louis...
The Soul of America?

XIV. In the school yard the children rush up to show you, not their yo-yos, but their scholarship medals. And when you offer them new Lincoln pennies as souvenirs, they flip off their little Young Pioneer buttons and hand them to you, proud that they are not taking gifts but are making a fair exchange.

The Russian stage is as austere as the Victorian stage. Russian literature may be corny but it is clean, and it glorifies the Russian people and exudes optimism and promise. Russian art is stiffly representational, but the paintings and the sculpture strive to depict beauty and heroism—Russian beauty, of course, and Russian heroism.

And what of us?

Well, ladies and gentlemen, let's take them one at a time.

We are now at the end of the third decade of the national insanity known as "progressive education." This was the education where everybody passes, where the report cards were non-committal lest the failure be faced with the fact of his failure, where all moved at a snail pace like a transatlantic convoy so that the slowest need not be left behind, and all proceeded toward adulthood in the lockstep of "togetherness." Thus the competition that breeds excellence was to be sacrificed for the benefit of something called "life adjustment."

With what results? We have watched juvenile delinquency climb steadily. We have produced tens of thousands of high school graduates who move their lips as they read and cannot write a coherent paragraph. While our Russian contemporaries, who were supposed to be dedicated to the mass man, have been busy constructing an elite, we have been engaged in the wholesale production of mediocrity. What a switch!

How Is Your School's Curriculum?

When was the last time you, as editors and publishers, examined the curricula of your local schools? How did your schools rank on the standardized Iowa tests? When have you looked at your schools' report cards and the philosophy behind their grading system? Have you asked to examine any senior English themes? Have you offered any recognition to your schools' best scholars to compare to the recognition you accord your schools' best football players?

For the funny thing about "progressive educators" is that theory vanishes when the referee's whistle blows for the kick-off. In the classroom they pretend to grade sub-

jectively, against the student's supposed capacity, lest he be humiliated by natural inadequacy. But on the football field they never put in a one-legged halfback on the theory that, considering his disability, he's a great halfback. They put in the best halfback they've got, period. The ungifted sit on the bench or back in the stands even though they, too, might thirst for glory. If our schools were as anxious to turn out brains as they are to turn out winning football teams, this strange contradiction wouldn't exist.

Disciplines Neglected in Art

Having neglected disciplines in education, it was quite logical that we should reject disciplines in art. The great painters and sculptors of the past studied anatomy so diligently that they often indulged in their own body-snatching. And today, after many centuries, we stare at the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel or at the walls of the Reichsmuseum and marvel at their works.

But this self-discipline is of little concern to the modern nonobjective painter. All he needs is pigment and press agent. He can throw colors at a canvas and the art world will discover him. He can stick bits of glass, old rags, and quids of used chewing tobacco on a board and he is a social critic. He can drive a car back and forth in pools of paint and Life magazine will write him up.

Talent is for squares. What you need is vast effrontery. If you undertake to paint a cow, it must look something like a cow. That takes at least a sign-painter's ability. But you can claim to paint a picture of your psyche and, no matter what the result, who is to say what your psyche looks like? So our museums are filled with daubs being stared at by confused citizens who haven't the guts to admit they are confused.

But the Age of Fakery in art is a mild cross that American civilization bears. Much more serious is our collapse of moral standards and the blunting of our capacity for righteous indignation.

Our Moral Standards Have Collapsed

Our Puritan ancestors were preoccupied with sin. They were too preoccupied with it. They were hag-ridden and guilt-ridden and theirs was a repressed and neurotic society. But they had horsepower. They wrested livings from rocky land, built our earliest colleges, started our literature, caused our industrial revolution, and found
time in between to fight the Indians, the French, and the British, to bow for abolition, women suffrage, and prison reform, and to experiment with graham crackers and bloomers. They were a tremendous people.

And for all their exaggerated attention to sin, their philosophy rested on a great granite rock. Man was the master of his soul. You didn’t have to be bad. You could and should be better. And if you wanted to escape the eternal fires, you’d damned well better be.

"Behavioristic Psychology" Reaps Evil

In recent years all this has changed in America. We have become enamored with "behavioristic psychology." This holds that a man is a product of his heredity and his environment, and his behavior to a large degree is foreordained by both. He is either a product of a happy combination of genes and chromosomes or an unhappy combination. He moves in an environment that will tend to make him good or that will tend to make him evil. He is just a chip tossed helplessly by forces beyond his control and, therefore, not responsible.

Well, the theory that misbehavior can be cured by pulling down tenements and erecting in their places elaborate public housing is not holding water. The crime rates continue to rise along with our outlays for social services. We speak of underprivilege. Yet the young men who swagger up and down the streets, boldly flaunting their gang symbols on their black jackets, are far more blessed in creature comforts, opportunities for advancement, and freedom from drudgery than 90% of the children of the world. We have sown the dragon's teeth of pseudo-scientific sentimentality, and out of the ground has sprung the legion bearing switch-blade knives and bicycle chains.

Relief Becoming Honorable Career

Clearly something is missing. Could it be what the rest of the world's children have been given—the doctrine of individual responsibility?

Relief is gradually becoming an honorable career in America. It is a pretty fair life, if you have neither conscience nor pride. The politicians will weep over you. The state will give a mother a bonus for her illegitimate children, and if she neglects them sufficiently, she can save enough out of her ADC (Aid to Dependent Children) payments to keep herself and her boy friend in wine and gin. Nothing is your fault. And when the city fathers of a harrassed community like Newburgh (New York) suggest that able-bodied welfare clients might sweep the streets, the "liberal" editorialists arise as one man and denounce them for their medieval cruelty.

I don’t know how long Americans can stand this erosion of principle. But I believe that some of my starry-eyed friends are kidding themselves when they pretend that every plane load of Puerto Ricans that puts down at Idlewild is equivalent in potential to every shipload of Pilgrims that put into old Plymouth. Nations are built by people capable of great energy and self-discipline. I never heard of one put together by cha-cha-cha.

The welfare state that taxes away the rewards for responsible behavior so that it can remove the age-old penalties for irresponsible behavior is building on a foundation of jelly. It is time we stopped this elaborate pretense that there is no difference between the genuinely unfortunate and the mobs of relievers who start throwing bottles every time the cops try to make a legitimate arrest.

Finally, there is the status of our entertainment and our literature.

"Dirt" vs. "Realism"

Can anyone deny that movies are dirtier than ever? But they don't call it dirt. They call it "realism." Why do we let them fool us? Why do we nod wistfully when they tell us that filth is merely a daring art form, that licentiousness is really social comment? Isn't it time we recognized Hollywood's quest for the fast buck for what it is? Isn't it plain that the financially-harrassed movie industry is putting gobs of sex in the darkened drive-ins in an effort to lure curious teen-agers away from their TV sets? Last week the screen industry solemnly announced that henceforth perversion and homosexuality would no longer be barred from the screen provided the subjects were handled with "delicacy and taste." Good Lord!

And we of the press are a party to the crime. Last year the movie ads in our newspaper got so salacious and suggestive that the advertising manager and I decided to throw out the worst and set up some standards. We thought that due to our ukase there might be some interruption in advertising some shows. But no. Within a couple of hours the exhibitors were down with much milder ads. How was this miracle accomplished?

Well, it seems that the exhibitors are supplied with several different ads for each movie. If the publishers are dumb enough to accept the most suggestive ones, those are what they get. But if publishers squawk, the cleaner ads are sent down. Isn't it time we all squawked?

Clean Movie Ads Available

I think it's time we quit giving page-1 play to the extra-marital junkets of crooners. I think it's time we stopped treating as glamorous and exciting the brazen shackle-ups of screen tramps. I think it is time we asked our Broadway and Hollywood columnists if they can't find something decent and inspiring going on along their beats.

And the stake: They raided Minsky's; so Minsky's has spread all over town. Bawdiness has put on a dinner
U.S. Play vs. Russian Ballet in Rio

Two months ago an American touring company, sponsored by the State Department and paid for by your tax dollars, presented one of Tennessee Williams' more depraved offerings to an audience in Rio de Janeiro. The audience hooted in disgust and walked out. And where did it walk to? Right across the street where a Russian ballet company was putting on a beautiful performance for the glory of Russia! How dumb can we get?

We are drowning our youngsters in violence, cynicism, and sadism piped into the living room and even the nursery. The grandchildren of the kids who used to weep because the Little Match Girl froze to death now feel cheated if she isn't slugged, raped, and thrown into a Bessemer converter.

Old "Eye-Poppers" Now Tame Stuff

And there's our literature. The old eye-poppers of the past, which tourists used to smuggle back from Paris under their dirty shirts, are now tame stuff. Compared to some of our modern slush, "Ulysses" reads like the minutes of the Epworth League. "Lady Chatterly's Lover" has been draped with the mantle of art, and it is now on sale in the corner drugstore to your high-school-age son or daughter for 50 cents. Henry Miller's "Tropic of Cancer," which resembles a collection of inscriptions taken from privy walls, is about to join Lady Chatterly. The quick-buck boys have apparently convinced our bumphuzled judges that there is no difference between a peep show and a moral lecture.

And, of course, we have our latter-day historical novels in which the romance of man's upward movement from savagery is lost in a confused welter of bandlings and tumblings. The foreign reader of one of these epics on the development of the American West must marvel that our forefathers found time to quell the Comanches, plow up Kansas, and build the transcontinental railroad while spending practically all the time in the hay.

Don Maxwell of the Chicago Tribune has recently asked his book department to quit advertising scatological literature by including it in the list of best sellers. The critics and the book publishers have denounced him for tampering with the facts. I would like to raise a somewhat larger question: Who is tampering with the soul of America?

For nations do have souls. They have collective personalities. People who think well of themselves collectively exhibit elan and enthusiasm and morale. When nations cease believing in themselves, when they regard their institutions with cynicism and their traditions with flippancy, they will not long remain great nations. When they seek learning without effort and wages without work, they are beginning to stagger. Where they become hedonistic and pleasure-oriented, when their Boy Scouts on their 14-mile hikes start to hitch, there's trouble ahead. Where payola becomes a way of life, expense-account cheating common, and union goonery a fiercely defended "right," that nation is in danger. And where police departments attempt to control burglary by the novel method of making it a department monopoly, then the chasm yawns.

Hammer blows are in store for us.

Ladies and gentlemen, do not let me overdramatize the picture. This is still a great, powerful, vibrant, able optimistic nation. Americans—our readers—do believe in themselves and in their country.

But there is rot and there is blight, and there is cutting out and filling to be done if we, as the leader of free men, are to survive the hammer blows which quite plainly are in store for us all.

We have reached the stomach-turning point. We have reached the point where we should re-examine the debilitating philosophy of permissiveness. Let this not be confused with the philosophy of liberty. The school system that permits our children to develop a quarter of their natural talents is not a champion of our liberties. The healthy man who chooses to loaf on unemployment compensation is not a defender of human freedom. The playwright who would degrade us and the author who would profit from pandering to the worst that's in us are no friends of ours.

It is time we hit the sawdust trail. It is time we revived the idea that there is such a thing as sin—just plain old willful sin. It is time we brought self-discipline back into style. And who has a greater responsibility at this hour than we, the gentlemen of the press?

So I suggest: Let's—

So I suggest:

Let's look to our educational institutions at the local level, and if Johnny can't read by the time he's ready to get married, let's find out why.

Let's look at the distribution of public largesse, and if, far from alleviating human misery, it is producing the sloth and irresponsibility that intensifies it, let's get it fixed.

Let's quit being bulldozed and bedazzled by self-appointed longhairs. Let's have the guts to say that a Continued on page 28
COMPOSITING of seismic data, a well-known method of improving the signal-to-noise ratio in "poor" areas, may now be accomplished more rapidly, more accurately, and with greater versatility — thanks to the ingenuity of Western's lab engineers working with an inspiration wafted up from Shreveport.

The development is a new tape-processing system, utilizing three magnetic-tape transports harnessed together, that achieves both horizontal and vertical compositing, as well as "trace scrambling" at 24 traces per operation.

The new system is used in conjunction with another recent development by Western, the novel multiple-spread recording technique for marginal prospects.

Compositing is a means of bringing out true reflections and canceling the various "noises" that plague geophysical interpretation in marginal areas. Poor energy return, low signal-to-noise ratio, multiple reflections, "ghosts," or inadequate energy due to limitations on the sizes of charges in inhabited areas are some of the problems that compositing is designed to handle.

Dynamic and static corrections are made when field tapes are transcribed from the first transport to the second. A novel synchronization unit (for which a patent application has been filed) permits recording up to 72 tracks on the same tape with all track starting times at the same physical location on the tape. The system can transcribe simultaneously from tapes on all three drums to a photographic record. Transcription may also be made from two transports simultaneously to a tape on the third drum. The third drum may be used, too, for ordinary "full-track-to-full-track scrambling" with no corrections.

Transmission is expedited by a sub-system that switches 308 data circuits with one click of a switch. Interchangeable, plug-in, circuit patchboards are responsible for the exceptional versatility of the machine. Merely by the changing of patchboards, the unit becomes a different machine, performing an entirely disparate sequence of functions. This feature will make it possible for the Western system to accommodate new compositing techniques as they are developed.
PARTY 97—NEUQUEN, ARGENTINA . . .

GEORGE L. WILSON, Reporter
FRED LAMMERT, Photographer

Party 97, working out of Neuquen, Argentina, is an "old-timers" crew with the majority being 10-year men and the others having had extensive experience in their categories before coming to work with Western. In addition, many had a working knowledge of Spanish or Portuguese. The present party is a new edition of the old Party 97 that operated in southern Argentina in 1960-61. Resident Supervisor FRANK ELLSWORTH and Driller-Mechanics FRED LAMMERT and JACK HARWOOD are returning veterans of the earlier job.

Crew personnel, with the exception of Party Chief HERMAN SEMELISS, who was recovering from an operation in the States, assembled in Buenos Aires, Argentina, May 9. Stored vehicles and equipment were checked, supplies loaded, and truck permits and driver's licenses obtained. On May 16 the first group of vehicles began the 1,100-kilometer move to Neuquen. A second convoy departed the following day, and by May 19 the entire party was temporarily headquartered in Neuquen, where HERMAN located his elusive crew.

Meanwhile, a large water shipment of camp trailers, supplies, and various vehicles, including a 'dozer, had been cleared through customs at Bahia Blanca and transported to Neuquen by rail. Permission was secured from the railway officials for Western to off-load its own equipment, and a second phase of loading and checking began. This work was handicapped by an intermittent rail employees strike, which made cranes and switch engines frequently unavailable, but most of the problems were solved with manpower and an "A" frame.

Party 97 commenced operations at the beginning of the Argentine winter and, after three months of frozen water lines and thermal underware, is enjoying a far-south spring. A comparison between West Texas and Central Argentina is almost inevitable. This is not the high grass Pampas country but a semi-arid region of sage, thorn bush, and dust. Topographically the region is fairly flat, with occasional hill ranges. Excellent fruit farms are found along the Rio Neuquen, and an irrigation program has considerably increased the productive acre-
age. Within the prospect proper, however, only a few scattered sheep and goat ranches are to be found.

The party manager's old ambition to "get everything on wheels" was attained when Party 97 was equipped. All living and working camp units are trailers. This dispenses with the "break-down" and "rig-up" time loss on camp moves, an important item to a crew that makes frequent 25- to 50-kilometer moves. Drilling and recording operations are carried on as usual during a move; these crews simply leave one camp site in the morning and report to another that evening. Working in an area remote from a sizable city presents supply problems; and Mechanic FRANK GIBBS, already adept at improvisation from several Alaskan tours, has added to his stock of gimmicks.

Argentina is one of the few countries where meat is a diet staple. When we first arrived, the best grade filet could be purchased for about 15c (U.S.) a pound. The price has risen considerably lately due to an inflationary period, but Party 97 is probably the only crew whose idea of a safety dinner menu is seafood!

Housing in Neuquen, the closest town to the work area, was at a premium, due largely to a small exploration boom; but the married crew members eventually managed to find quarters. JEANNE LAMMERT, PAQUITA CASANOVA, and SIRYLE HENRY were already familiar with Latin-style housekeeping. THE LAMMERTS had been on Western jobs in Bolivia and Argentina; the CASANOVAS had spent considerable time in Spain and South America; and the HENRYS recently completed an extended tour in the Canary Islands.

Several shotguns were brought in Buenos Aires, but the rumored excellent hunting never materialized. Surveyor JOE LESOWAY, however, did manage to supply the kitchen with a brace of martinetes, a local game bird closely resembling a small guinea fowl. With hunting and fishing out, the major recreations are reading, talking, and scheming to get routed to the next assignment via Copenhagen.

The principal topic of table conversation is Surveyor FRED CASANOVA's projected Spanish chicken farm. FRED, unfamiliar with the numerous breeds of commercial fowl, sought the advice of his fellow employees, which was, and is, being given in a comradely, helpful manner. Some dissension, however, has arisen among the authorities. The two larger factions are contesting the merits of Poland China and Golden Bantam while a splinter group is holding out for Percheron because of the larger drumsticks.

The Party 97 complement includes Party Chief HERMAN A. SEMELISS; Seismologist GEORGE L. WILSON; Computer RAUL DIEHL (an Argentine citizen); Mechanic FRANK GIBBS; Surveyors JOSEPH LESOWAY and FRED
PARTY G-2—PIERRE, SOUTH DAKOTA...

DON BYRD, Reporter
HOMER HOLDER and HAROLD LEARY, Photographers

Party G-2 is now working in Pierre, South Dakota; that is, the office force is based here. The field crew is on "spike" operations all of the time.

G-2 began operations here in South Dakota July 20, 1962. Party Chief HOMER HOLDER, after a flying trip to the Los Angeles office where he picked up a survey unit, then made his way eastward, stopping in Moab, Utah, for some office equipment and supplies. On arrival in Pierre, he was met by HAROLD LEARY, G-2 surveyor, and DON BYRD, computer for the crew. HAROLD was transferred from Palestine, Texas, and DON came from the Shreveport office.

Locating "local hires" for rodmen soon became a problem. Due to harvest time, construction work, and a small supply of labor, men seeking employment were hard to find. Finally, after hours of searching and numerous phone
calls, we located two boys, Richard Gerdeeman and Keith Lawrence. Keith worked through the summer months and just recently resigned to return to college. He was replaced by Kenneth Buck.

After the crew was organized to some degree and an office located, our gravity meter operator, Huey Butler, drove in from Party 28, based in Circle, Montana. Now the crew was complete, and the survey rods and the gravity meter were made ready! All hands on deck—time to hit the road and get those lines run!

Party G-2 has one outstanding feature that cannot be overlooked. The crew is manned entirely by single men! Huey Butler, however, keeps talking about returning to his home town, Uvalde, Texas; and talk around the office is that he might not come back to Pierre alone. With the exception of the rodmen, who are from Iowa, this crew is strictly “Southern.” Homer and Huey hail from Texas, Harold’s home is in Mississippi, and Don claims Louisiana as his home state. Some of the native people here say that they detect some of the “Southern drawl” in our speaking!

Pierre is the state capital of South Dakota and is located on the Missouri River directly across from Fort Pierre. Fort Pierre was a fur-trading post and a crossroads for explorers. Located about five miles north of Pierre is the Oahe Dam. This dam is the world’s largest rolled earthen dam and creates a lake 260 miles long. Oahe Dam was just recently dedicated. G-2’s office force took a break in their operations to attend the formal ceremonies.

Party G-2 is honored to have some “old-timers” on the crew. Party Chief Holder recently received his 20-year Service Pin, and Huey has received his 10-year pin since arriving here.

During the Labor Day weekend, G-2’s personnel trod westward on a sightseeing trip. Among the numerous sights that were viewed was the Mount Rushmore National Memorial, the world’s largest sculpture. Also visited were Custer State Park, the Badlands, and the old mining towns of Deadwood and Lead.

Since the Labor Day weekend, G-2’s operations have been proceeding under normal conditions. The personnel are just waiting now for the cold weather and some of that deep snow that South Dakota has. Maybe G-2 will migrate with the birds to the “Sunny South” by the next reporting date.
PARTY 32—GONZALES, TEXAS . . .

MARGARET LEAKE, Reporter
AL LEAKE, Photographer

Members of re-activated Party 32 started gathering in Gonzales, Texas, the week of August 14, 1962. The usual eagerness to find living accommodations and get settled in our new homes created quite a problem for some. We found the people very friendly, but it seemed that most of the landlords were allergic to boys and dogs. Well, we were not just about to give up either, so most of us found ourselves staying in motels for about three weeks. This pleased the children. Those fortunate enough to have just daughters or no children at all and no dogs found moving in quite simple.

Party Manager Al Leake heads the crew and came from Morgan City, Louisiana, with wife Margaret and children Linda and Scotty. Moving in from Palestine, Texas, and Party 21 were Permitman Homer Lewis and wife Alice; Party Manager Roscoe Sullivan, wife Van, and daughters Judy and Jill; Observer T. J. Phillips, wife Faye, and children Larry, Marcia, and Aletha; Shooter Nuel Putnam, and Driller Kerney Raley, and wife Gladys. Driller Willie Williamson, wife Faye, and son Julius came from Ruson, Louisiana. Since we arrived here, Shooter Jerry Whatley, wife Helen, and son Bryan have joined us from Party 65 in Oklahoma City.

Some of the 6,000 residents informed us right away that Gonzales is “a great place to live, raise a family, and retire.” Gonzales is laid out in the form of a Grecian Cross, near the banks of the Guadalupe River. We are told that one can enjoy a year-round temperature of 70 degrees. Each year a celebration is held, commemorating the firing of the first shot of the Texas Revolution, which took place in Gonzales. The first battle flag of the Texas Revolution, the “Come and Take It,” was made in Gonzales and unfurled in the face of the enemy. It was the first and only settlement to answer the call of Travis from the Alamo, and 32 men marched to die with his band.

Gonzales offers many means of entertainment and relaxation. Lake Wood and Lake Gonzales are favorites of fishermen, campers, and boating and water-skiing enthusiasts. Palmetto State Park, located 12 miles north of Gonzales, is one of the Southwest’s unusual tourist attractions. It is a natural botanical garden, unique because of its tropical appearance. Independence Park, situated picture-ously on the banks of the Guadalupe River, provides excellent recreational facilities. Among these are a beautiful nine-hole golf course, tennis courts, little league and other baseball diamonds, a swimming pool, and a kiddie playground.

The most popular spot, however, seems to be the bowling alley. Al Leake, Willie Williamson, Kerney Raley, and Emil Magjarevich, known as the “Western Doodlebugs,” are trying their luck in the fall league competition. After the first night Willie was given recognition in the local paper as one of the three high scorers. Then there was Al Leake who, after having acquired a new bowling ball, was full of excuses for not quite holding his average.

Texas Heroes Square, in the center of Gonzales, Texas, is a current scene to Westerners of Party 32. The statue is in honor of Texas heroes who offered the first armed resistance to Mexico.

DECEMBER 1962
Fishermen sometimes are doubted on just how big was the “biggest.” It seems that Roscoe Sullivan and Homer Lewis brought in quite a haul, the “biggest” tipping the scale at 6 pounds. Roscoe landed it — and to prove it, Homer suggested that, in case all had not seen it, the head be cut off and a fruit jar stuck in its mouth. We believe you, boys.

Our arrival in Gonzales was just in time to enroll the little Westerners in school. Some of us “rooted” our local football team to a 20 to 6 victory for the opening game of the season. So this finds us settled in our new homes and looking forward to a long stay in Gonzales.

By printing time the Yule Tide Season will be upon us, and so members of Party 32 join me in wishing you and yours a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

PARTY 34—PRICE, UTAH...

RUDY BERLIN, Reporter

Party 34 was re-activated August 6, 1962. Prior to the commencement of operations, personnel and equipment arrived from practically every direction. The activation of this crew would not be called atypical. It is probably very typical of the activation of any crew, with this situation being repeated several times each year by other Western crews. This activation story, then, is not merely a story of Party 34, but rather a story of Western, with names and origins adapted to a particular crew.

With Price, Utah, as the assembly point, Larry Gift came from Circle, Montana, and Ron Crawford from Rangely, Colorado. Larry’s trip was rather uneventful, but the same cannot be said for Ron. Ron detoured through Denver and came away with a new bride, Judy.

NORMAN AYERS, LAVOR WELLS, and WARREN BRAZELTON came from Worland, Wyoming. The trip to Price was routine for these three; however, Warren had a surprise after being in Price for a few weeks. Warren was called to active duty by the National Guard. Needless to say, he is no longer with us.

LARRY (SHORTY) SWANSON and family arrived from Modesto, California, as did RUDY BERLIN and family. DEAN CHADWICK and JIM RAY started out from Piri, California. Dean drove the recording truck from the Los Angeles laboratory to Price. Other vehicles came from Los Angeles and Modesto, California, and Denver and Grand Junction, Colorado.

After getting their families settled, the personnel started to work. The area being worked is in fairly rugged country. One line, located in the foothills of a mountain range, runs parallel to a swift-running stream. Besides being beautiful, this stream, it is said, is also well stocked with trout.

Hunting in this area is very good. RAYMOND (RABBIT) JOHNSON drew an elk permit and got a fine four-point buck. In addition to elk, there are deer, birds, and all sorts of game available. Bowling is a recreation for “RED” Hollingsworth, driller, and EURL TEMPLE of Party G-3. Both “RED” and EURL have turned in some fine scores in practice.

A joint activity is shared by LARRY SWANSON (accordion), LARRY GIFT (guitar), and LAVOR WELLS (guitar). These three fellows caused quite a neighborhood sensation one Sunday afternoon while having a back-yard jam session. It is rumored that they were offered a job in one of the local clubs.

RUDY BERLIN is still trying to learn how to play “cow pasture pool,” and he claims he is becoming quite accomplished at it. RUDY entered two tournaments and has won a place in each one. Good authority has it that in each case he had an exceptionally good partner.
Price is a very nice, clean town; and, for the size of it, it has as much to offer as most other towns. People in Price are very congenial and were helpful in getting Western's people settled when the crew first arrived in town.

RUSSELL KAMINSKY, observer, and his wife joined Party 34 in Price. Russ returned from a leave of absence and replaced DEAN CHADWICK, who was assigned to the lab and later to Party 31 in Tracy, California. JIM RAY earlier had left us to go to Party 21 in Wolf Point, Montana.

PARTY 28—CIRCLE, MONTANA...

W. F. FARMER and L. L. DEAN, Reporters
JAMES C. OLSON, Photographer

Party 28 was activated on January 1, 1962, and commenced operations in Lewistown, Montana, a scenic location on the eastern slope of the Rockies. After three and one-half months of cold and snow at Lewistown, the men packed their suitcases for a six-week, hot-shot job at Baker, Montana, which, true to form, turned into a three-month operation. The heavy rains and bottomless gumbo did not make the job easy. In June Party 28 moved to Circle, Montana, and expect to call this wheat, cattle, and sheep country our home for some time.

"Old-timers" on our crew include Driller ELMO M. (Moe) JONES, with wife DEANNA and sons BILLY and ALLEN from Party 18 at Cody, Wyoming; Surveyor JAMES C. (Ole) OLSON and wife DONNA from Party 9 at Moab, Utah; and Shooter KENNETH P. CARR, with his bride EVELYN and her daughter JACQUELINE. KENNY and EVELYN were married on January 1, 1962, at Cody.

Later in January, Driller E. R. (Bud) STEELE came from Libya by way of Miami, Florida, to rejoin NANCY and their daughters DINAH and ROXANNA, who had left Libya several months before. Assistant Party Chief WILLIAM F. (Bill) FARMER put chains on his old "Caddie" and made it over Donner Pass from Tracy, California, late in February to take over as party manager. Permitman LAWRENCE L. DEAN, who is surveying for us now, CHARLOTTE, and their children, KAY, LARRY, and PAM, took a longer but easier route to Lewistown a week later, from Party 35 at Modesto, California. Observer M. H. (HOYT) TYSON, JOYCE, and son MICHAEL vacationed in Georgia from Party 13 at Price, Utah, before returning to the Rockies and joining us in Baker the first of May. Assistant Observer W. P. (PENN) BRELAND came up from Mississippi to Baker in April. We are fortunate in that both HOYT and PENN are not the usual large-sized observers as our recording truck is beginning to overflow with radios and extra instruments necessary to cope with our changing shooting techniques.

Our number one recording crew helper, JOHN O. KROOK, joined Party 28 in his home town of Baker, but he must have become lonely as soon as we moved to Circle. He spent one week in Circle as a bachelor, drove back to Baker, married CAROL ANN SINCLAIR on June 23, and brought his bride back to Circle the same weekend.

Helper JOHN C. HIGGINS also joined us in Baker and is working hard to become a shooter. Drill Helpers JOHNIE C. KLINDT and KENNETH I. MILLER became part of our crew in Circle, as did Surveyor's Helper LEROY G. SPIDEL and Shooter's Helper ROBERT C. MARSHALL. Also joining us in Circle and learning how to handle our miles of cables and hundreds of seismometers are Helpers RICHARD D. TRAVIS, DONALD HUBER, CHARLES R. FREDRICKSON with wife VICKY LEE, HARLEY A. BERG, and RONALD...
J. STUNDAHL. Helper FLOYD RILEY completes our present roster of men, but we expect to hire one more helper to relieve the shooting crew of plugging 30 or more shot holes per day.

Several of us regretted leaving Lewistown and the fine fishing streams there and will have to be content with the bird, antelope, and deer hunting here. Some of the men are talking big about hunting; however, it remains to be seen if anyone goes beyond the "shooting the bull" stage.

Party 28 has operated since activation without an accident and all members of the crew and their wives enjoyed our first safety dinner on August 11 at the V. F. W. Hall in Circle. BILL FARMER and Supervisor H. D. McGRADY had the honors of speech-making after the dinner. Then the party moved into the club lounge and danced and had the usual refreshments for the rest of the evening.

We recently welcomed a second Western crew to Montana when Party 21 passed through Circle on their way to our neighboring town of Wolf Point.

A Dyer Dink Class sailboat, a Volkswagen camper, and a Honda motorcycle are recent acquisitions. Party Chief JOHN MATHEWSON bought and repaired a sailboat. After a few weekends of sailing, the epoxy glue came out of the seams; and he is now hoping to have it repaired before his match race with Junior Draftsman TOM BARDEEN. Besides his sailboat, amphibious TOM also has a new motorcycle to ride to work. Senior Draftsman CHARLES J. (WING) TIBBETT used his camper for vacation and on weekend jaunts to camp.

Our financiers are Computer JOHN BARSTAD, Chief Computer BOB HALL, Junior Draftsman FRED SPAGNOLI, and Chief Computer BERNIE QUINTANA. John has taken a big loss in the stock market as has FRED. BOB, after a visit to a silver mine in Baja California, decided that it was not rich enough in silver to become a silver tycoon.

Babies have arrived at the homes of Chief Computer BENNY QUINTANA and wife JUANITA and Senior Computers SAM BURNSIDE and ROBERTO MILLA and their wives, ROSALIE and DASIE, respectively. PHILLIP JAMES QUINTANA was born August 29; WILLIAM LAWRENCE BURNSIDE, December 8 last year; and MARY ANN MILLA, May 23.

Chief Computer BILL WILLIGES' wife GLADYS is very busy as the treasurer of the Westminster P.T.A.

Computer REINS KAMPE's son ANDREW won a General Motors four-year scholarship to Cal Tech (California Institute of Technology). He is planning on majoring in rocket engineering. ANDREW has been in eight different schools during his grade and high school days and is a straight-A student.

Chief Computer ART HIRD has been spending most of his time remodeling his mobile home, polishing the car, and caring for his flower garden.

PARTY 64—LONG BEACH, CALIFORNIA...

BILL WILLIGES, Reporter
BENNY QUINTANA, Photographer

Party 64 has been enjoying the cool weather of Long Beach, California, for more than a year. The originals on the crew are beginning to feel like natives. Since being here we have shot and interpreted not only offshore California records but also have interpreted thousands of both offshore and land records from several widely separated areas. While staying in one place, we have covered a lot of territory!
PARTY F-63—NORTHWEST TERRITORIES . . .

LEN SIDOROFF, Reporter
JACK TROTTER, Photographer

In the North, or wherever it may exist, muskeg is still muskeg. At present I cannot recall any purpose to justify its existence; but it has been around awhile, I have heard, and they say that it will remain for some time to come. When oil companies first encountered this, they had constructed for them a small track unit to conquer this soupy mess. Time changes everything; and although it didn’t do much good to the muskeg, it did come up with a man who invented a large track unit. It was new, it was different, and we had heard that it would go anywhere. So, of course, we wanted some of these large units. Well, we got them, and here we are now with what has proved to be very satisfactory equipment.

They put us in the Northwest Territories, a piece of land with a considerable variety of terrain. Here in the region of the Liard and Nahanni Rivers, where one does not dare to wander too far alone for fear of losing one’s head, we are presently camped between two ranges of what are called mountains along a cozy lake shore in the wilderness.

Nahanni is also known as Headless Valley. The name goes back quite some time, when apparently three trappers entered the valley for the purpose of acquiring gold. Months passed and no word was received from the fortune hunters. When finally someone became concerned for their whereabouts, a group set out to see what might have happened to these unfortunate souls. One was never found. The other two were finally located but had had the misfortune of losing their heads. Although the reason for this is a matter of opinion, it resulted in the name of the Headless Valley. Our purpose for being here is, of course, searching not for the yellow but the black gold.

In order to arrive at this point of the world, the equipment was barged in to a spot on the Liard River some 180 river miles north of Fort Nelson, British Columbia. Directly across from our dock lies the picturesque settlement of Fort Liard, which consists of an R.C.M.P. detachment, a Hudson’s Bay post, a forestry office and a small hospital and nurses’ residence, plus numerous Indian cabins, all of which are very well cared for, with lawns and gardens that give the place a clean appearance.

Back at our own dock we unloaded the equipment on the bank, from which our ‘dozer proceeded to cut line inland towards the mountains. From an 800-foot elevation at Fort Liard we shot the lines north through muskeg and high land, around lakes, and over the mountains, which took us 400 feet up. We managed these steep grades up and down safely only with the help of our ‘dozer operator, who claims to have won the North American bronco-riding championship at the Calgary Stampede in 1946. We are still pondering this point. Party Manager Ken Dobson says that it is true but agreed to check on it further. The bronco rider also claims that the Stampede officials have a habit of keeping records on this sort of thing and dares us to doubt his word.

Our camp is the portable type, mounted on small track units. The kitchen operates on its own power as does the utility, with sleepers on both sides. The crew in all consists
of nine Western personnel and two 'dozer operators. The recording unit serves a number of purposes. It has its own water tank, with which the camp is kept supplied, and it also serves as a supply and survey unit. Operator Jack Coull, who handles this all-purpose machine, is assisted by one man, who is the junior observer, the jug hustler, and the shooter's helper and goes by the name of Nick Gooliaff. Shooter C. M. (Sandy) Larson also has a few titles. He usually hauls the water and goes on gas hauls and supply trips, which keep him fairly busy.

In their spare time (they do have some) you will see the men on the lake shore fishing. Sandy boasts of having caught the largest fish (out here, I mean), a 35-pound jack fish. At least, that is what he says. We do not argue the point as he claims that he has done a little fishing before. In addition to fishing, there are card games, cribbage being the main game — for a small fee, of course. Len Sidoroff holds the record in cribbage, losing 32 consecutive games.

Ken Dobson, who doubles as surveyor, has to talk nice to Jock Coull for a ride to the field with his instrument and rod. From there on he is on foot, getting whomever he can to hold up that colored stick.

The drill is mounted on the other large track unit, which surprisingly is used only for drilling. Orville McDiarmid, who has drilled on just about every kind of unit, is having his first try at this type. Don Good is drill helper at present but is capable of doing almost anything. He is an observer and can take over the mechanic's duties, which he was required to do in August while the regular mechanic, Erich Richter, took the long, long step into holy matrimony. As almost every young boy and girl do sooner or later, Miss Ericha Bleich and Erich pledged vows — in Calgary on August 18, 1962. The bride is a native of Calgary, where the Richters now make their home.

Looking after cooking and camp chores is Len Sidoroff. As a replacement for Jock Coull for a month while he was on holidays, we had the services of Ed Fischer.

We do not know as yet where we may be when you read this, but word has it we may graduate to a truck crew for the winter work. If our luck holds out, the next time you hear from us we should be on a track crew. You guessed it — back in the muskeg.

So for now we say Merry Christmas to all of you from all of us.
CELEBRATING THEIR 25TH WEDDING ANNIVERSARY, Western Vice President and Mrs. Booth B. Strange entertained approximately 30 close friends and relatives at a buffet supper in their home in Shreveport, Louisiana, June 22.

The buffet table was covered with a lovely, all-over cutwork cloth that Mr. Strange had previously brought his wife from Las Palmas, Canary Islands. It was set with 25 gorgeous red roses in a silver bowl, flanked by silver candelabra and white candles. The focal point, however, was the two-tier anniversary cake, done in palest pink and silver, which was served with coffee from another table. The home was decorated with many and various floral arrangements sent by friends, and Mrs. Strange wore an arched on her shoulder and a diamond pendant, an anniversary gift from her husband.

A highlight of the day was a telephone call Mrs. Strange received from her niece Gayle in Oklahoma City announcing the birth that day of a girl, named Elizabeth Gayle for Mrs. Strange and the baby's mother.

Among the guests were the Western supervisors and their wives who live in Shreveport and Miss Margaret Hale; Mr. Strange's mother and sister, from San Antonio; his brother, sister-in-law, and two nephews, from Fort Worth; his sister, her husband, and their daughter, son-in-law, and three grandchildren, from Altus, Oklahoma; and Mrs. Strange's mother, who lives in the home with her daughter and son-in-law.

Unable to present were Mrs. Donald Ferguson (Gayle), her husband, and their two sons and newly-born daughter: who now live in Fort Worth; and Mrs. Strange's nephew, of Oklahoma City, who was recuperating from an operation.

BOTH HAPPY AND SAD EVENTS have touched Party R-3 in Midland, Texas. The “happy” is the newcomer to R-3, who arrived via the Storkline. She is the little daughter of Bill and Neta Walz, who named her Susan Marie after her birth July 23. She then weighed 7 pounds, 4 ounces.

The sad new concerns the Wardells. Dick and Margaret were called to Shreveport, Louisiana, in October by the illness of their daughter Linda Margaret. Linda is a freshman in Centenary College, Shreveport, this term.—Eloise Fraizer.

(Good news. A later report was received indicating that Linda’s illness is not serious and that she was back in school.—Ed.)

SEVERAL WESTERNERS visited the headquarters office in Los Angeles this fall on their way to new assignments. First came Supervisor Harvey Johnson from Party 17 on the Alaska Peninsula. He was in Los Angeles briefly to see his family and confer with Western officers before he flew to Australia to initiate Western operations there. Later from Alaska, of both Parties 17 and 36, came Party Chief William H. Young, also on his way to Australia.

Returning from Libya, Party 93, Observer Willis M. Skaggs, Surveyor Howard Cridger, and Computer J. R. Scott also “checked in” at the Los Angeles office. Other visitors included Chief Observer Julius A. Rasmussen, Party Chief V. C. Boyd, Observer Supervisors Ben Thigpen and W. T. Ross, of Shreveport, Louisiana, and Midland, Texas, respectively; and Neal P. Cramer, Assistant Division Manager, Shreveport.

ACTIVE WORKERS in the Shreveport Symphony Society have been Betty and Paul Jones. They have contributed countless hours and varied talents, particularly in the costume and staging of the opera productions, which have become a popular part of the Symphony activities. Betty has served as regular Symphony reporter for the Shreveport Times for a number of years and has been especially busy this summer as chairman of publicity for the Lyric Ball, an outstanding social event of the season for patrons of the Shreveport Symphony Society and the Shreveport Civic Opera Association. Paul is a gravity meter technician here.

Betty and Paul had quite a surprise (to put it mildly) when their daughter Deborah revealed that she and Gerald Williams were married in Marshall, Texas, on April 21. The couple will reside in Shreveport while continuing their education.—Margaret Hale.

PRIZE WINNERS at the 10th Annual Doodlebug Golf Tournament held in Banff, Alberta, September 7 to 9 inclusive were J. Lyall Campbell, Calgary office, and Donald G. Propp, assistant party chief, Party R-13. Lyall has enjoyed this event each year since it started in 1953, and although this is not the first time he has won a prize, he is happy to have won a tape recorder. Don entered the tournament this year for the first time and was the winner of a set of three matched golf clubs (woods) and a poker table.—Ray Quarry.

REACTIVATED on July 1 as a “bobtail” crew, Party 20 established headquarters in Shamrock, Texas. Shamrock is as Irish as it sounds, having a piece of the original Blarney Stone mounted in the city park, and its school song is “When Irish Eyes Are Smiling.”

The original crew was composed of: Don Meek and Jim Monsey, handling the recording; Rex Barton and Guy Brazell, in the drilling department; Jack deGrouchy as combination surveyor, permit man, and recording helper; Fred Merten and Jerry Schuller, in the office. Subsequently a second drill unit was added, manned by Don Swint and Charlie Larkin, and two local boys, Truman Gilmore and Clarence Bohlar, were added as recording helpers. LeeRoy Brinkley, drill helper from Party 65, has recently joined the crew. Fred Merten has since left Party 20 to help out Jim Rush and Party 52 in West Virginia, with Chester Smith (an old West Texas “pro”) replacing him in Shamrock.

Recently this area has been reminding us of southern
Louisiana and Mississippi in the wet season. During the last two weeks of September we were rained out Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday. Sunday, of course, was the only day we managed to sneak in as a work day! And this is the Texas panhandle!

Over a long weekend Jack deGrouchy visited in Oklahoma and brought back a “mess” of fish, which formed the backbone of a crew picnic. Jack has also been supplying everyone on the crew with excellent watermelons, donated by grateful landowners in the area.—Jerry Schuller.

CAME THE END OF MAY, and Party 9 moved to Worland, Wyoming, with many happy faces appearing on the scene. Worland is well liked by all Party 9 members, and we are looking forward to a long stay.

New to Party 9 are Jim Blair and family from Price, Utah; Alan Linder and family from Akron, Colorado; and Neo Ferrari and family from Morgan City, Louisiana.

We also greeted the arrival of Sharon Jeanette Wells on June 11. The proud parents are Lavar and Susan Wells. Sharon joined a brother, Kenny.

We regret to report the death of Richard (Dick) Kinslow in a Labor Day automobile accident. Dick left a wife Shirley, four boys, and a new baby daughter. Our deepest sympathies go out to this fine family.

August brought another Western crew to Worland. A coffee was given to welcome the ladies of Party 38 by Janet Baird and Clara Patton. New friends were made and old acquaintances renewed.

Party Chief C. N. (Andy) Anderson and wife Fela arrived in August to relieve during vacations. Andy has since taken over Party 38.

Western is being represented in the bowling league again this year. Their rating won’t be announced at this time?!?!! Bowlers are Jim Baird, Ken Nilsson, Andy Anderson, Jack Patton, Vic Smith, and Louie Brents.

Late, but not least, is the announcement of the marriage of Ronnie Cooner to Dixie Kerby in Moab, Utah. This cere-

mony took place last January 29. Our apologies to Ron and Dixie for not reporting this much sooner.—Jack Patton.

THE SHREVEPORT OFFICE has lost again to the stork! Elizabeth Hunter, receptionist-stenographer, resigned June 30 hoping that it was a little girl for whom she was waiting; so the arrival of Lisa Ann on August 22 was proof positive that dreams do come true. Proud father, John, has not made any offers to trade Lisa for a boy.

Miss Glynna Manis is now in the process of learning why there is never an idle moment in the Shreveport office. After two years of secretarial training at Louisiana Tech, she decided to see what life is like in the business world. She has had to learn many details in a short time, but the pieces are beginning to fit together and she may soon be ready to challenge Elizabeth’s very excellent typing record.

Shreveport Westerners are happy to have Charlie and Judy Crawford in their group. The Crawfords, who have lived in Lafayette, Louisiana, sold their home and moved here when Charlie was assigned to the Shreveport playback office. —Margaret Hale.

ACCOMPANYING Supervisor Fred Di Giulio to Midland from Shreveport for a week were his wife Aline and three of their four sons, Bob, Fred, and Richard; and all were kept very busy throughout the week visiting all of their many friends in the area. The Western wives in Midland did manage to sandwich in a luncheon one day for Aline. In addition to the guest of honor, those present were Mrs. W. T. Ross and daughter Sarah, Mrs. George Shoup, Mrs. R. H. Wardell, Mrs. Loren Harsh, Mrs. D. F. King, Mrs. Jay Fraizer, and Mrs. Robert Brown and baby Lisa.

At this writing, Observer Supervisor W. T. Ross is in Australia, where he is installing new instrumentation on one of Western’s recording boats. When in the States he continues to come in and go out of Midland while helping crews in Oklahoma, Texas, Louisiana, and other states in this area.
With father away or at home, Sarah keeps up her progress with her piano lessons in addition to her regular school work and singing in the children's choir at the First Presbyterian Church.

Mike Shoup, who attended Odessa (Texas) Junior College this summer, is continuing his studies there this semester. That reminds us — Mike's parents, Supervisor George and Betty Shoup, do not have so far to travel now to visit their grandchildren as daughter Nancy and family live in Hobbs, New Mexico, having moved there recently from Austin. Here is another tip: If any of you Westerners are out or down this way, drop by George and Betty's home to see the lovely painting adorning their living room wall. It is a beautiful seascape by A. Dzigiaski, a Yugoslavian artist. Mr. Dzigiaski studied in Germany but left there and went to Italy when Hitler came into power, and in 1945 he came to the United States.

By the time this magazine goes to press, Shop Supervisor Jay and Eloise Fraizer surely will have made at least one trip to El Paso to see their grandchildren, Ricky and Donna Tanine, and the tot's parents, Beverly and Bob Spaw. Following his graduation from Texas Tech, Lubbock, the last of August, Bob went to work for a cotton marketing firm. Jay and Eloise spent a week's vacation in the Highland Lakes area of Texas the first week in July.

Delphine and Leslie Buckalew and baby Angelia, of Winslow, Arizona, visited in Midland in October with the baby's grandmother, Mrs. Delbert King, and aunt, Sharon Ann King. Angelia was a tiny 2-pound, 13-ounce baby at birth on May 19 but on her arrival in Midland was a husky, little 5-month-old, having done a wonderful job in "catching up."—Eloise Fraizer.

A SECOND-GENERATION Westerner, Ronnie Teschler, helped out briefly in the Los Angeles shipping and receiving department while some of the regulars were on vacation. Ronnie, the son of John Teschler, who is in charge of the body shop, left Western to start his college course.

PARTY G-3 WAS ACTIVATED August 6 with Party 34, the site of operations for both being Price, Utah. Personnel arrived by way of Shreveport, Louisiana; Midland, Texas; and Salt Lake City. As this was a short crew, W. Loy Treadway acted as party chief-meter operator. James D. Blair was surveyor; Eual L. Templer, computer; and Don Gonzales, helper. Working lines at 10,000 feet by means of walking proved to be no problem to the surveyor and meter operator, but they became hardened to the chore. The area also had Eual straining his eyes trying to read terrain corrections. On completion of assignment in Price, Eual, who was on "lead lease" from Party R-4, returned to it in Salt Lake City; Jim went to Party 9 in Worland, Wyoming; and Loy reported to Party 66, Grand Junction, Colorado.—W. L. Treadway.

PARTY 78 IN SHERVEPORT, LOUISIANA, has lost and gained many since the last issue of the PROFILE. Party Chief Zane Baker and Computer Bob Collins left in early August for Kuwait. Party Chief John Amato and Chief Computer Bill Hudson are now working with Party 70 in New Orleans while Chief Computer Ray Richard went with Party 52 to West Virginia. Computers Ralph Akin and Robert Albers have returned to school. Ralph will be working on his masters degree at the University of Tulsa while Bob will be finishing up his last year at Lehigh University.

Arriving in the Shreveport office after a short contract in Ruston, Louisiana, were Party Chief J. W. (Wick) Ervin, Chief Computer Chester Smith (now on his way to Shamrock, Texas), and Computer Jim Hull. Party 78 has also gained Party Chief Jim Dees from Tripoli and Computer Bill Rains, a new hire from Shreveport.

We are happy to report that Party Chief Jimmy Jordan is doing fine and is back with us after being in the hospital and at home for about four weeks. May we say Merry Christmas to everyone from Party 78, Shreveport.—Jim Hull.

THAT GREAT THRILL of becoming parents was felt by Supervisor Joe Barthelemy and wife Mary September 7. Their first child, a daughter, was born at 3:24 P.M. that day in Holy Cross Hospital, Salt Lake City. Named Lora Ann, the little miss weighed in at 7 pounds, 3 ounces and was 18 inches tall. Joe was out of town—with Party 9 at Worland, Wyoming—when the baby arrived and so did not see her until she was all of seven hours old! As many a Western parent is probably saying, "That's doodlebugging, Joe!" Also, Worland must have excellent plane service for you to reach Salt Lake City that soon.

WHEN A 13-YEAR-OLD GIRL receives a trophy and also collects a large assortment of medals and ribbons in a competitive sport during one season, that's news! The girl? Kate Ferguson, daughter of Western Supervisor and Mrs. J. G. Ferguson, Shreveport, Louisiana. The sport? Swimming. The trophy and medals? Well—

The trophy was awarded to Kate by the East Ridge Country Club of Shreveport for being selected as the most valuable girl swimmer on the club's team. Kate's swimming activities

![Lora Ann, daughter of Supervisor and Mrs. J. E. Barthelemy, Salt Lake City, "poses" for the camera at the tender age of 8 days.](image-url)
Dripping wet, which is certainly appropriate for a champion swimmer, Kate Ferguson posed for the photographer taking pictures of East Ridge Country Club's special swimming awards winners. Kate, daughter of Supervisor and Mrs. J. G. Ferguson, Shreveport, Louisiana, was judged this club's most valuable girl swimmer. The patch on her suit is the emblem of Shreveport Swim Club, local A. A. U. club.

were not restricted to the club, however, as she emerged undefeated in freestyle events for the entire season in the city's various competitions. Being 13 during the swimming season, Kate was in the bottom of the 13 to 14 age group in each meet.

As each swimmer in the City Championship Meet in August was limited to three events, Kate entered the 50-, 100-, and 200-yard freestyle events; and of the more than 400 swimmers entered, Kate was one of only five triple winners. She first swam and won the longest, the 200. Then only 20 minutes later she won the 50 and set a new city record in so doing. Some time later she won the 100 and in this missed the record by only 0.2 of a second.

The Inter-Club Championship Meet, in which the private clubs in the city compete, followed, on August 31, and again Kate shone. As there was only one freestyle event for each age group, Kate entered it and chose as her other two the backstroke and the breaststroke. Yes, she took first place in all three of these events.

In competitive swimming for three years, Kate has been named on the SPAR-Journal All-City Swimming Team each year. The "SPAR" is the Shreveport Parks and Recreation department, and the "Journal" is the Shreveport Journal newspaper.

Most of the young Western girl's competitors spend three or four hours a day swimming, much as do hopeful Olympic competitors; but to our Kate, swimming is for pleasure, a hobby, and she does exceptionally well in that she swims only three or four hours a week. Also, she deserts this pleasure for five weeks each summer at Camp Fern in Marshall, Texas. Thus, she astounded many at the Southern A.A.U. Junior Olympics in Baton Rouge, Louisiana, this year by placing fourth in the 50-yard freestyle. The girl who took first in this event had broken the national record earlier in the year.

In addition to being a championship swimmer, Kate is also a champion in high jumping and bar chins and an accomplished horsewoman. The "Western family" is proud of this younger-generation Westerner.

book is dirt if that's what we think of it, or that a painting may well be a daub if you can't figure out which way to hang it. And if some beatnik welds together a collection of rusty cogwheels and old corset stays and claims it's a greater sculpture than Michelangelo's "David," let's have the courage to say that it looks like junk and probably is.

Let's blow the whistle on plays that would bring blushes to an American Legion stag party. Let's not be awed by movie characters with barnyard morals even if some of them have been photographed climbing aboard the Presidential yacht. Let us pay more attention in our own columns to the decent people everywhere who are trying to do something for the good of others.

In short, gentlemen, let's cover up the cesspool and start planting some flowers.

Well, that's the jeremiad. I never thought I'd deliver one of these. I never dreamed I'd go around sounding like an advance man for the Watch-and-Ward Society. I used to consider myself quite a liberal young man. I still think that on some people bikinis look fine.

Freedom, Not Last Stages of Decay

But I am fed up to here with the educationists and pseudo-social scientists who have under-rated our potential as a people. I am fed up to here with the medicine men who try to pass off pretense for art and prurience for literature. I am tired of seeing America debased and low-rated in the eyes of foreigners. And I am genuinely disturbed that to idealistic youth in many countries the fraud of Communism appears synonymous with morality, while we, the chief repository of real freedom, are regarded as being in the last stages of decay.

We can learn a lesson from history. Twice before our British cousins appeared heading into a collapse of principle, and twice they drew themselves back. The British court reached an advanced stage of corruption under the Stuarts. But the people rebelled. And in the wild days of George IV and William IV it looked as though Britain were rotting out again. But the people banged through the reform law and, under Victoria, went on to the peak of their power.

In this hour of fear, confusion, and self-doubt, let this be the story of America. Unless I misread the signs, a great number of our people are ready. Let there be a fresh breeze, a breeze of new honesty, new idealism, new integrity.

And there, gentlemen, is where you come in. You have typewriters, presses, and a huge audience.

How about raising hell?
28 YEARS
*Fraizer, Jay H.
Niehenke, Ben J.

25 YEARS
Crawford, Charles E.

19 YEARS
Satterwhite, Cleo W., Jr.

18 YEARS
Ferguson, J. G., Jr.

17 YEARS
Ewert, Dawson V.
Leake, A. R.
Rush, J. W.
Towns, Mack E.

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

15 YEARS
*Amato, John J.

14 YEARS
Childers, Clifton D.
Parr, Albert C.
Roton, Robert P.
Ryan, Gerald N.
*Tufte, Warren M.

13 YEARS
Dunn, Leo J.
Gerdes, Carl H.
Nicholls, Robert L.
Selzer, Edward
Thigpen, Ben B.

*Interrupted Service

12 YEARS
*Adams, Dorothy Stark
Mercer, Richard A.
Mittasch, Victor J.
Rothman, Bernard
Webb, John W.

11 YEARS
Brents, Louie H.
*Dobson, Kenneth E.
Hollander, John E.
*Miller, W. K.
Newman, Harry
*Riley, Wilbur W.
Schacter, Percy

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

9 YEARS
Brown, Robert A.
*Buitron, Oscar A.
*Coul, J. T.
*Gilliland, John E.
Golden, Irving
Houtart, Henri T.
*Hudson, William M.
Juergens, Dieter
McDiarmid, Orville
Milla, Roberto
*Prosser, Ernest A.
Saltamachia, Joe G.
*Woolverton, Ovie W.

8 YEARS
*Brulotte, Cecil

7 YEARS
*Cousins, Lawrence
Larsen, Palmer L.
McNew, Billy D.
*Normandeau, Albert J.
Scharf, David W.
Scroggins, Billy O.

6 YEARS
*Elmore, J. W.
Hirka, Bohdan
La Frenais, Clifford P.
Linder, Alan D.
*Thompson, James L.
*Turcotte, William H.

5 YEARS
*Breland, W. P.
Droescher, Carlos E.

4 YEARS
Birdsong, Don L.
Hendricks, John L.

3 YEARS
*Brown, Dean R.
Christianson, James D.
Maez, Ignacio
Taylor, Frank

2 YEARS
Carlson, William E.
Miely, Paul F.
Mundy, James B.
Natalini, Silvano
Orth, John J.
Shea, Daniel P.
Shere, David E.

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FRONT COVER
And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night. And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

MARIANNE CLARKE, Editor

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