With the dawning of 1964, our United States will lack only 12½ years of being two centuries old. And what is so newsworthy about that? Well, according to a card reaching my desk recently, 200 years is the average length of life of the world’s great civilizations.

No law says that the United States must follow the path of these others into the limbo of failure. When one looks at the life cycles of our predecessor civilizations, however, he is likely (if he reads the newspapers at all) to notice some alarming similarities between their histories and ours. Here is the sequence through which these past civilizations progressed:

From bondage to spiritual faith,
From spiritual faith to great courage,
From courage to liberty,
From liberty to abundance,
From abundance to selfishness,
From selfishness to complacency,
From complacency to apathy,
From apathy to dependency,
From dependency back again into bondage.

“This cycle is not inevitable,” says the card. “It depends on you!”

No one will question that we, as a nation, have progressed to some point beyond the fourth step. There is considerable evidence that we are now taking the eighth step, from apathy to dependency. No matter where we may be today, however, it behooves us to retrace our path to the heights of the fourth step and stay there.

How do we accomplish this seemingly impossible task? The card tells us, “It depends on you!” Too often we are tempted to reply, “What can I do? I’m only one little guy among 190,000,000.”

This is a good question. What can one person do? The starting point for reasoning out the answer might be the foundational principle of our nation — the dignity and worth of individual man. Everything possible was done in the framing of the Constitution and the Bill of Rights to protect him from domination by an all-powerful governmental clique. In our republic the ideal is that government follows the will of the people. Under a centralist system, the citizen follows the will of the government. Therefore, when one individual becomes apathetic towards his responsibilities of citizenship, when he fails to inform himself adequately on the important issues, and when he fails to tell government what he wants it to do, the whole structure of freedom is weakened and dependency upon government is brought just one bit nearer.

A grain of sand will not outweigh a pound of lead; but add more and more grains, and eventually the scales will tilt. Enough individual Americans devoted to freedom, throwing their weight into the scale against government monopoly over the lives of the people, can overbalance the weight of the historic trend towards dependency and bondage.

The answer, then, to “What can I do?” is “Be the kind of person a citizen of a free society should be — strong in character, self-reliant, independent in thought, trustworthy, and willing to accept the responsibilities of freedom.” One “responsibility of freedom” is to contribute to the betterment of the community, state, and nation. The citizen must take an active part personally in civic, educational, and political affairs (thus strengthening and developing himself), and he owes it to freedom to contribute financially to those institutions and organizations that are wisely and effectively propagating the ideals of individual liberty and morality.

Such a citizen also will support those candidates who stress principles rather than how much of other people’s money they can get for him. Between elections, however, he must be alert to express himself to officials (state, local, national) so that they know they have his support against the ever-mounting pressures of special interest groups seeking to raid the public treasuries or to gain control over the lives and affairs of their neighbors.

What better New Year’s Resolution could one make than to do whatever he can, no matter how little it may seem, to return this civilization to the peak of “spiritual faith,” “great courage,” and “liberty”? “Abundance” will then be all the greater and more secure because its fountainhead is preserved.

It is a distinct pleasure to wish each and every Westerner and family an abundant and joyful holiday season.

Nean Balling
Party 90 Enters
The Desert of
The Hadhramaut

Contributors:
Story
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Photos
J. P. Denniston
George Jones
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Muhiddin Taraboulsi
Map
Dorothy Adams

Starting from Mukalla, the Party 90 convoy inched its way slowly along the very edge of the world-famed Rub al Khali (the Empty Quarter) near the southern edge of the Arabian peninsula. To Kassim, tending his father’s goats along the side of the wadi, it was a strange sight. Never before in all of his 6 years had he seen such an odd caravan! He had clambered up the sand dune to retrieve a straying goat and suddenly — there it was! The shiny vehicles were slowly threading their way in and out of the huge dunes, and he could hear the roar of the trucks as they labored through the deep sand. He blinked his eyes and squinted against the blinding sun — but it was still there, the white plumes of dust lazily rising into the scorched air far into the distance behind the caravan.

Kassim was seeing Western’s men and vehicles on their way to establish the first camp site from which to begin an extensive exploration program in the Hadhramaut.

It had all started some months before with the necessary contractual arrangements to explore a large portion of the upland regions paralleling the southern (southeastern) coast of the Arabian peninsula. The area is politically a loose federation of essentially independent sultanates, or states, locally administered under the advisement of the British. Until recently, a crown colony (Aden) of approximately 90 square miles was maintained by the British as headquarters for the administration. The colony itself is now in the process of becoming a member of the federation under local administration.

Above—Around such sand dunes as this, the Party 90 convoy wound its way from Mukalla to the crew’s first camp site in the Hadhramaut desert.

Left—This is Mukalla. As the hills rise almost directly from the water, it’s an exceptionally narrow town.
The entire area referred to as the West Aden Protectorate and the East Aden Protectorate is bordered on the northwest by the Yemen, on the north by Saudi Arabia, and on the east by Oman. That portion known as the Hadhramaut is a physiographic region generally including and bordering the Wadi Hadhramaut. Those who have seen the “Cinerama” movies will no doubt recall the breathtaking flight through the Wadi, the precipitous canyon walls rising menacingly on either side. Because of the relative abundance of water along the Wadi, it has served as the central nucleus for many past cultures. Extensive archeological remains, the origin of many still unknown, are continuously being unearthed in the Wadi. Some of them are in remarkable states of preservation because of the arid climate. Some of the construction remains in use while its history is recorded only in the form of tradition and folklore.

Within the confines of such a “desert”—appearing region it is quite surprising to reach the crest of a barren hill and suddenly find oneself confronted with lush tropical vegetation in the valley beyond, complete with roadside stands offering fresh coconuts for sale. Then, only a scant few miles beyond, the eerie sandscape may appear as vast and deserted as the surface of some unknown planet.

But on with our Western story. The major portions of the equipment and supplies slated for use by the crew were assembled at Houston, Texas, for shipment to the Hadhramaut. Additional equipment, such as the camp trailers, was to be picked up at Las Palmas in the Canary Islands to complete the full complement of material necessary for crew operation.

Headquarters for the operation was to be in Aden Colony, about 600 miles by air from the work area; so in January the first members of Party 90, Supervisor H. F. Murphree and Driller C. W. (Chet) Hill, left the States to “start the ball rolling” for arrival of the equipment. They were joined shortly after arriving in Aden by Muhiddin Taraboulsi, who came from Tripoli, Libya, to act again as liaison for Party 90. Party 90 had formerly been active for about five years in Libya, and many of the personnel were rejoining the crew in Aden.

Meanwhile, a dock strike had taken its toll in delays in on-loading the equipment at Houston. It was the end of February before the ships finally were under way, with planned arrival dates in Aden for late in March. Therefore, on March 22 a large part of the crew, including the families of many, met in New York City for the trip via air to Aden.

Three members were to come later: Observer Willis...
D. (Smitty) Smith from Australia; Party Chief J. P. (Jim) Denniston from Shreveport, Louisiana; and Observer C. C. (Cal) Williams from Lodi, California. Those who made the en masse flight from New York with their families were: Equipment and Drill Supervisor R. T. (Bing) Crosby from Shreveport; Party Chief John C. C. Mathewson and Driller R. L. (Dick) Long from Long Beach and Lompoc, California, respectively; Senior Computer Palmer L. Larsen from Salt Lake City; Driller E. R. (Bud) Steele from Circle, Montana; and Surveyor J. O. (Jim) Goodgame from Andrews, Texas. Other crew men on the en masse flight were: Surveyor John Ward and Shooter Fred O. Leonard from Cody and Powell, Wyoming, respectively; Shooter George Jones from Lodi; Surveyor Berry W. Childs from Australia; and Jennings G. Smith from the research department in Los Angeles. Later four members of Western Ricerche Geofisiche of Italy arrived to complete the crew roster. They were Driller Giovanni Reale, Driller-Shooter Mario Costantini, Assistant Observer Arnaldo Passeri, and Shooter Raffaele Nanni.

The Westerners flying from New York arrived in Rome for a 36-hour layover. There they took advantage of the numerous guided tours available for sightseeing purposes. The traditional cathedrals and remains of the late Roman Empire are everywhere in evidence, having been carefully preserved as major attractions within the city. A late afternoon flight from Rome carried the Western group to a brief stopover during the night at Athens, Greece, where very modern and apparently well-kept airport facilities were available. Since this was only a short rest stop, and made in the night, not much outside the airport proper could be seen. Sunrise the next morning found the plane landing at Khartoum in the Sudan. The African sun and heat gave the crew members and families a foretaste of things to come — although everyone was assured by the local populace that this was not the SUMMER season! By noon the plane was landing at Aden, and, whatever the season chronologically, it was hot and humid.

Housing facilities in Aden were extremely difficult to obtain because the headquarters for the British Middle East Command is stationed here and the families of the service personnel were literally overflowing the apartment dwellings as fast as they were being constructed.

After arrangements had been made for such temporary housing as could be had, the rather anxious wait for the equipment and supplies began. Ship arrivals were poured over, and finally news of the Jaladhanya's and the Musi Lloyd's seeming snailpace down the Red Sea began arriving. The Jaladhanya was carrying the office equipment and supplies for the parts warehouse and hence was off-loaded in Aden. Palmer, John (Mathewson), and Jennings had great "fun" getting all of the crates delivered and opened, the parts inventoried, and an office set up.

Meanwhile, the Musi Lloyd had dropped anchor just off Mukalla, a seacoast town some 250 miles up the coast, northeast of Aden. The remainder of the crew had flown there a few days ahead and were ready to off-load the really heavy equipment — drills, trailers, water trucks, and the like. This proved to be quite an undertaking since it had been necessary for the Musi Lloyd to anchor in the bay outside the reach of docking facilities because of the shallow water. In view of this, previous arrangements had been made with the British Army Engineering Corps for the use of one of its landing craft. Thanks to the Corps, and particularly to the gallant crew of the Z-craft, the off-loading was accomplished without incident. Without this help, however, it would have been practically impos-
sible to have off-loaded such heavy equipment since facilities to handle such loads were simply not otherwise available.

By various and devious maneuverings the trucks and drills were slowly moved through the city of Mukalla, but not before actually having trenches dug in the street in one instance to permit the passage of the core drill unit under an ancient, arched city gate. The heavy equipment, of course, created quite a stir among the local populace; so the people turned out in great numbers to play "sidewalk superintendent."

Previously, a drill and water truck (shipped earlier) had been driven from Mukalla to the planned camp site by Chet and John (Ward). They effectively blazed the trail that the remaining heavier vehicles would attempt to follow to get to the camp site. In the interim, they were busyly engaged in drilling water wells and velocity holes and building an airstrip in preparation for the arrival of the main convoy. Chet and John were adequately protected from numerous "inquisitive" bands of Bedouins, who roam the region with their camel caravans or large herds of goats, by the Hadhramaut Bedouin Legion.

This is a group of legionnaires, under the administration of British and local officers, who maintain a security guard for anyone traveling or working within the Protectorate. In certain cases it becomes rather difficult to convince the local tribesmen that we are not in fact trespassing upon their lands or that we mean them any harm. About 50 soldiers maintain a full-time guard at the Western camp and patrol the adjacent areas in case of incidents involving the local Bedouin tribes.

Such supplies as could be convoyed to the camp site
were loaded aboard the trucks, and the long trek was under way. From Mukalla to the proposed camp site was approximately 350 miles as the crow flies, but the distance by "road" was about 750 miles. Along this route is found practically every type of terrain imaginable. The first leg of the journey consisted of steep, winding, and treacherous mountain roads, essentially no more than a step hewn halfway into the side of the mountain with the debris stacked along the outer edge to complete the roadbed! In many instances a slip would have resulted in a vehicle's tumbling headlong a thousand or more feet down the mountainside.

Up from Mukalla, through Madi Pass, and down the other side into the very heart of the Wadi Hadhramaut roared the Western convoy, substantially without incident except for a few hair-raising moments even though the trucks were well loaded and some of them pulling heavy camp trailers. From the town of Seiyun they proceeded west along the Wadi and then into the SAND! The sand is no respector of persons or convoys. This is the supreme test for even the most rugged pieces of equipment. No amount of laurels could ever compensate for the heroic feats accomplished on the road by Bing in keeping all of the equipment moving.

The "sand-dune veterans," Smitty, Bud, Berry, and Fred, introduced the newcomers to the desert to the fine art of "throwing sand tracks." To those not in the know, a sand track is an approximately one-foot-wide by six-foot-long section of the steel mat used during World War II for temporary airstrips. A section weighs about 50 pounds, and the trick to its successful utilization is the speed with which one lifts it, carries it ahead of a moving vehicle, and lays out practically an endless track for the vehicle when in soft sand.

At times the sand would appear to relent, and good going would be obtained. Then it would only return with a vengeance, finally becoming literally mountains of sand in the form of monstrous dunes. Three or four rains, however, packed it sufficiently for the convoy to pass through the trackless wastes and reach the approaches to that leg of the journey leading into the town of Thamud.
Stringing up "Big Daddy," the 2000 drill used for core holes and water wells, are, from the left, a native field assistant, Driller "Bud" Steele, Shooter Fred Leonard, and Driller Dick Long.

Supplies and equipment had been previously flown into Thamud, and the remainder of the route was known to be quite a bit more navigable.

The weather, though, was not finished with Party 90. The rains came! Thus, from out of the scorching heat and dry sand dunes into the flooded wadis of the lowlands came the Party 90 convoy. After some delay waiting for the swollen waters to subside, Thamud was at last reached. Here the water supply was replenished, gasoline tanks refilled, and the last leg of the journey to camp completed. Though it was a barren stretch of plain at that point it was HOME.

It was only necessary now to assemble the camp, and the work could be started. Of course, there were still certain "minor" problems to be solved, such as obtaining sufficient water and getting the additional supplies to the camp from Mukalla and Aden; but the real ordeal, the "unknown" and "unsuspected" quantity, was accomplished — that of getting the vehicles from the ship to the camp site.

The first few days were spent setting up trailers and tents and generally organizing the camp, and then the operation turned to more serious problems. Also accompanying the crew was "Big Daddy," a 2000 drill to be used for drilling core holes and water wells; and this was important as the first of these problems was the water. Upon Party 90's arrival at the camp site, a drill was set up in an effort to locate water, both in quantity and quality. This was urgent because the nearest water supply was 115 miles from camp over a rough trail. Two days were necessary to negotiate this distance. After drilling near the camp to depths of 600 feet, two pumping units were set up; but with continuous operations, only enough water to supply the barest needs of the camp was obtained. With the anticipated program for the big drill, this was not sufficient.

After the convoy completed its 750-mile trip over every type of terrain, the Party 90 crew set up Camp A (below) on this barren stretch of plain — but it was "home" at last! Next they tackled the water-supply problem by using a regular drill. Results of the one in the distance (upper right) did not yield nearly enough water for camp, let alone the drills. Finally, though, sufficient water was accumulated and hauled to put "Big Daddy" to work, and that aptly-named drill came through — a producer of a real water well.
After a while, just enough water was accumulated to put “Big Daddy” to work on a deep-water test. With Bud at the controls, a hole was drilled to a depth of 965 feet, and it was a producer. Although the water is not so sweet as “Arkansas Spring Water,” there is a good supply of it. With this accomplished, it was expected that the core-hole program would soon be under way.

The camp site, as this is written, is situated near the northern extremity of the East Aden Protectorate, approximately 60 miles south of the Saudi Arabia border. The terrain in the immediate vicinity of the camp is different from the normally portrayed desert scenes on postcards and in magazines. Typical of this area are north-south trending hills, with sharp escarpments separated by wadies (flat, flood-plain type surface). The upper crust (1 to 3 feet) is composed of loose sand or sandy loam over a hard anhydrite.

With the area so near the equator, the summers here are rather warm. June, July, and August are the hottest months of the year, with temperatures going above 120°. It generally cools some at night, however.

As in all operations such as this, a certain percentage of the laborers on the crew are required to be natives of that country in which work is being done. At the present time 40 of these natives are being used in this operation. They serve as truck drivers, cooks, sweepers, jug hustlers, and helpers. Approximately one-third of them are from the immediate locale, coming from the Al Manhali tribe of the Bedouin Nation of the East Aden Protectorate. The remaining are from the coastal region to the south. Although the wages paid to the laborers are much higher than they have ever received, there is still quite a turnover.

To add color to the operation, a full company of HBL (Hadramaut Bedouin Legion) British-trained soldiers is assigned to the crew as protection. This was thought necessary because of the constant tribal clashes and unrest of the different Bedouin tribes. No trouble has been encountered; however, the soldiers have been useful as night guards on the vehicles left in the field.

To date (of writing) the operation is well under way, and the problems are settling themselves with the aid of valuable Western experience.

At the beginning of August Party Chief Herman Semeliss arrived to take over permanent operation of the crew from Jim Denniston, who had served as interim field party chief. Herman had previously “managed” Party 90 during the time it was in Libya; so it was somewhat of a homecoming for him. At his departure Jim seemed rather “disappointed” to leave the “mild” climate of Aden and the desert for the “sticky” humidity of Shreveport; however, we feel sure he will survive.
THE RETURN OF THE SQUARE

By Charles H. Brower

With the kind permission of the author, we are giving our readers the following excerpts from a timely and forceful address he made before the Illinois State Chamber of Commerce in Chicago late last year. Mr. Brower is president of Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn, Inc. (BBDO), one of the largest nation-wide advertising agencies.

BACK IN THE DAYS before the phrase “Going to His Eternal Rest” meant getting a job with the government, Mark Twain arrived in a small town where he was scheduled to make a talk. Noticing that his lecture was poorly billed, he stepped into a store and said:

“Good evening, friend—any entertainment here tonight to help a stranger while away his evening?”

The storekeeper straightened up, wiped his hands and said: “I expect there’s going to be a lecture. I’ve been selling eggs all day.”

There have been quite a few changes made since that day. Although the price of eggs may prohibit their use as indoor guided missiles, we have become so well to do as a nation that we have a guilt complex about it. Conformity is sweeping the country. And while more and more people want to get seats in the grandstand, fewer and fewer want to sweat it out down on the field. More and more youngsters who come in looking for jobs are asking, “What can you do for me?” rather than, “What can I do for you?” They want to discuss the extras they’re going to get rather than the extras they’re going to give. They want to know how cool it is going to be in summer. And how warm in winter. And how safe at all times of the year. And when they go to work, they hasten to hide their light in the security of a committee, where there is safety in numbers. The progress may be slow and the glory may be small, but the work is steady. Their eyes are on the clock rather than on the calendar. The Coffee Break is more important than the Big Break.

* * * * *

We have always had our share of free-loaders in this country. And, as Channing Pollock once said, every generation produces its squad of moderns who march with peashooters against Gibraltar. But only in the past quarter century, it seems to me, has non-involvement become an accepted way of life. For when we were poor, we had to sweat it out. We couldn’t afford detachment from the life and fate of our country. And one of the great dangers of affluence is that it permits such detachment.

I’m going to talk quite a bit about a six-letter word today... The word is “square”—S Q U A R E.

Back in Mark Twain’s day, it was one of the finest words in our language, among the top ten on any lexicographer’s hit parade. You gave a man a square deal if you were honest. And you gave him a square meal when he was hungry. You stood foursquare for the right, as you saw it, and square against everything else. When you got out of debt, you were square with the world. And that was when you could look your fellow man square in the eye.

Then a lot of square characters got hold of this honest, wholesome word, bent it all out of shape and gave it back to our children. Convicts gave it the first twist. To them a Square was an inmate who would not conform to the convict code. . . . Now everyone knows what a Square is. He is the man who never learned to get away with it. A Joe who volunteers when he doesn’t have to. A guy who gets his kicks from trying to do something better than anyone else can. A boob who gets so lost in his work that he has to be reminded to go home. A guy who doesn’t have to stop at a bar on his way to the train at night. . . . A slob who still gets all choked up when the band plays “America the Beautiful.” A square, and strictly from Squaresville.

His tribe isn’t thriving too well in the current climate. He doesn’t fit too neatly into the current group of angle players, corner cutters, sharpshooters and goof-offs. . . . He doesn’t want to fly now and pay later. He’s burdened down with old-fashioned ideas of honesty, loyalty, courage and thrift. And he may already be on his way to extinction.

He and all the rest of us are living in a country today that is quite different from the one that we were taught to love. Parents have successfully defended in court their children’s right to ignore the flag salute. Faculties and student bodies have found it distasteful to publicly take an oath of loyalty to their country. And the United States Military Academy has found it necessary to place a sign beside its parade grounds at West Point reminding spec-
tators that it is customary for men to remove their hats at the passing of the banner that was once unashamedly referred to as “Old Glory.”

The force of government is now directed more fully toward the security of the weak than the encouragement of the strong. In business, it is said the way to survive is to emulate the turtle — grow a hard shell and never stick your neck out, just as the young man in the army was taught by his fellows to keep his mouth shut ... and never volunteer.

We have come quite a way since Theodore Roosevelt told us: “Far better it is to dare mighty things, to win glorious triumphs, even though checkered by failure, than to take rank with those poor spirits who neither enjoy much nor suffer much, because they live in the gray twilighet that knows not victory nor defeat.”

What has happened to us, I think, is that we have changed from an exporting country to an importing country.

The United States of America was once the greatest exporter of ideas the world had ever known. We created and sold abroad the idea of individual dignity, responsibility and freedom. We created and sold the idea of government of the people, by the people, and for the people—an idea that is still being bought today. We exported the idea of freedom of worship, the idea of an unfettered press, the idea that those who are taxed should be represented.

... From our most mortal enemy we have bought the idea of a strong government for weak people. We have bought abroad the ideas of “Let Jack do it,” of “What’s in it for me?” and the gesture of the neatly shrugged shoulder.

... Our colleges are loaded today with youngsters who are hardly prepared for high school—kids who cannot do simple arithmetic and who cannot spell simple words. This, too, was an import—the idea that the dull discipline of the three R’s was disturbing to little Johnny’s ego. So we got real scientific and went to work on the Poor Little Kid and his I’d, with the result that today hardly any school that really is a school is without a class in remedial reading. ...

Our museums today are exhibiting on their walls paintings by people who never learned to paint. It used to be a sort of joke that you could not tell which was the top and which was the bottom. But recently a museum did hang a bit of modern art upside down. It was days before it was discovered, and I still do not know how they knew.

Non-books are being thrown together and sold by non-writers who never bothered to learn how to write. And murky poems are being ground out by scraggly poets who sing them to their friends because they are unreadable. ...


And what, by the way, ever happened to laughter? Once we were a laughing nation. We laughed easily and deeply. The corn may have been as high as an elephant’s eye—but we laughed, and it was good for us. We laughed at Lincoln, and Mark Twain. ... We laughed at Will Rogers, because he made us laugh at ourselves. Remember the sly, dry way he spun that rope and spun those yarns and got off those wonderful quips of his about life in general and politics in particular?

We laughed at Robert Benchley. Remember when a magazine sent him on an assignment to Venice and he wired back, “Streets full of water. Please advise.”?

We refer to our humor as sick, sick, sick and it is, is, is. Mort Sahl, to me, represents the cackling of despair. And even Bob Newhart, clean and clean-cut and buttoned-down as he is, cannot resist the temptation to give a hotfoot now and then to our national idols.

I claim we need those idols. And I am not going to be amused by a skit in which Lincoln’s publicity man tells him “write it on envelopes, Abe,” or “Why don’t you take it easy tonight, Abe, and take in a show?”

Laughter today is stored in Hollywood in cans, just as the gold was once stored at Fort Knox. It is taken out as needed and pasted onto TV films. And the laugh track trips us off to when things are funny.

But I want to laugh when I am amused. And I want to decide what I think is funny. And this, I suppose, will mark me as a square. And if it does, I will be in pretty good company. For this country was discovered, put together, fought for and saved by squares. It is easy to prove that Nathan Hale, Patrick Henry, Paul Revere, George Washington, Benjamin Franklin and almost anyone else you care to include among our national heroes was a square—by simply thinking what he might have said had he not been square.

NATHAN HALE: Me spy on those British! Are you trying to be funny? Do you know what they do with the spies they catch? I’ll give you a news flash, chum. They HANG them.

PAUL REVERE: What do you mean—me ride through every Middlesex village and town? And in the middle of the night yet. Why pick on me? Am I the only man in Boston with a horse?

PATRICK HENRY: Sure, I’m for liberty. First, last and always. But we’ve got to be a little realistic. We’re a pretty small outfit. If we start pushing the British around someone is going to get hurt.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN: What we really need as Ambassador to France is a young man. I’m 70 years old! It’s time a new generation took over.
It is perhaps a significant fact that what such men actually did say has been quietly sneaked out of our schoolbooks. This Week Magazine made a survey recently of school history books issued before 1920, compared with those issued since. Nathan Hale said, "I regret that I have but one life to give for my country," in 11 of the old texts and in only one of the new texts.

Patrick Henry said, "Give me liberty or give me death" in 12 out of 14 earlier texts and only two out of 45 recent ones.

But John Paul Jones set the record. He said, "I have not yet begun to fight," in nine of the old books and in none of the new ones.

* * * * *

Arnold Toynbee, the historian, says that of 21 notable civilizations, 19 perished not from external conquest but from evaporation of belief within.

Today, our country still has a choice. I believe it has already begun to make that choice. I believe it is going back to its old beliefs in such things as ideas, pride, patriotism, loyalty, devotion and even hard work.

We are great believers in statistics in this country—and while the things that really count can never be measured even by the most advanced computers—sheer head-counting seems to indicate that people are beginning to struggle for better things.

Twenty years ago, half of us belonged to churches. Today, 64 per cent of us do. It is perfectly possible that the churches are full and the people are empty—but the statistics are on our side.

Sales of classical records have jumped 78 per cent in the last three years. Advertising, perhaps, but the statistics are on our side.

Millions of people are visiting museums, millions more than a decade ago.

We spent over a billion dollars on books last year, and people are taking 670 million volumes out of our public libraries each year.

There are 50 per cent more symphony orchestras than there were 10 years ago. And expenditures on all cultural activities have increased 70 per cent in the past 10 years—to a total of more than 3-billion dollars.

You might point out to me that 3-billion dollars spent for culture, stacked up against 50-billion spent for war, still isn't much but you will have to admit that there is definite movement. And in the right direction too.

Since the turn of the century, the percentage of our population that has graduated from high school is up ten times. And the percentage that has gone to college is up seven times. And the percentage in higher education who are in there trying to get higher marks is encouragingly higher than it used to be. Yes, there are indications that the day when it's smart to be smart is finally at hand.

But the greatest thing that has happened, of course, is that our nation has a whole new set of heroes. Named Glenn and Grissom and Shepard. Named Carpenter, Cooper and Schirra. Named Crews and Bock and Twinting; Smith, Siple, Spence and McIntosh; named Knolle and Hoover. The towns they came from have nice small names; Sparta, Boulder, East Derry, Mitchell, Shawnee, Brownwood.

These lads apparently lived too far from the big city and grew up to be squares. For who but a square would volunteer his life for his country's good?

They are not even ashamed of their feelings.

John Glenn says he gets a funny feeling down inside when he sees the flag go by. Imagine that.

He's proud of his small town, proud of his small college. Proud that he belonged to the Boy Scouts and the YMCA.

I hope that some of him rubs off onto the next generation.

For the forces of conformity are still strong. Too many of us are still sitting it out instead of sweating it out. Too many of us haven't got the guts to stand up straight and dare to be square. Because the opposite of square is round, and being round is so much simpler. Responsibilities and problems roll off nice and easy. And we can just roll down the path, without any bumps, being careful to stay in the middle, because that's where the most comfortable ruts are.

Too many of us know the short cuts, and too few know or care where the path leads. Too few of us dare to leave the path, because the path is always the easy way, the way most people go. But there is no path to the future, no path to greatness, no path to progress. No path to outer space or to inner satisfaction.

How shall we fight for personal independence? How shall we avoid the group poop, the vortex of mediocrity, the great nothing of cynical sophistication and bored non-participation?

May I suggest that we all join the S.O.S.? The S.O.S.—the Society of Squares. It doesn't even exist but it could. Not a left-wing organization. Not a right-wing organization. Just an organization with wings!

* * * * *

We would be for participation and against sitting life out...for simplicity and against sophistication...for laughter and against sniggering...for America and against her enemies...for the direct and against the devious...for the honest way against the easy short cut...for a well-done job and against the goof-off...for education and against the pretense of learning...for building and against tearing down...

We have, at least, the satisfaction of knowing that our problem is not new.

When Benjamin Franklin was told that the war for independence was over, he said, "Say rather the war of the revolution is over—the war for independence has yet to be fought." And today—179 years later—the war for independence has still to be fought.
PARTY F-80—RANDAZZO (CATANIA), ITALY...

VITTORIO PASINI, Reporter and Photographer

Our Party F-80 started to work in Sicily on the first days of last April. During the first two months, we operated in the zone of Vittoria, province of Ragusa. On May 27 the crew was moved to Randazzo (Catania), on the slope of Mount Etna (the largest active volcano in Europe) at 750 meters of altitude. This new location is surely one of the most beautiful to which we have happened to be sent. Here the half-mountain climate is excellent. Randazzo, on the horseback (ridge) between the Ionian and Tyrrhenian Seas, offers the most enchanting views.

The origins of the city go back to the Middle Ages. The footsteps of these different civilizations—Greek, Roman, Byzantine, Arab, Norman, Aragonese—left their traces in its history. After gray centuries of Spanish domination, the city was pillaged in 1537 and suffered the plague from 1575 through 1580, the revolution in 1647, alluvions in 1682, the cholera in 1911, and last, in 1943, bombardments, which caused so heavy and, in part, irreparable damages that Randazzo deserved the appellative of “second Cassino.”

That faithful mirror of history, the arts, reflects and documents it. Randazzo is the only Sicilian city in which both Swabian and Aragonese periods’ artistic works are to be seen. Monuments, ancient castles, churches, and narrow streets dividing allusive, small houses succeeding one to the other maintain the fascinating aspect of the XII century. Furthermore, the classic art is properly represented in the archaeological museum, of high artistic value and rich of rare and precious objects.

Also, the popular customs reflect the antiquity of this town. The folklore burst out in the characteristic “Ferragosto” holidays, the origin of which is lost beyond the XV century, and the carrying with ropes of the “Fercolo,” made by the Randazzo citizens, throughout the city’s main street. Such still link these people to the ancient habits.

Mount Etna slopes offer, both in winter and in spring, the best that could be desired for winter sports. The ski trails are as numerous as are their different characteristics. On their short declivities (slopes) or on the longer, rapid trails, skiers of any ability measure themselves in sloping from 2,000 (the central crater base) to 1,200 meters. From Randazzo one can take fascinating excursions to characteristic grottoes, with attrahent (attractive) names: the “Burro grotto” (large as a cathedral), the “doves grotto,” the “woman grotto,” the singular “Damusi passage” caves, and, over all, the unique phenomenon in the Etna Volcano. Also, there is the “Frost grotto” (perennially frosted, also during the warmest months), which opens at 2,000 meters altitude among basaltic lavas, contorted in the thousand forms that the incandescent magma assumed by cooling. Another characteristic walk is to the Gurrida Lake. With regard to natural and artistical beauties, Randazzo is, therefore, more than interesting.

Less agreeable, however, are some conditions for workers because of the scarcity of hotels and restaurants. Almost all personnel of our crew were obliged to accommodate themselves in mediocre boarding houses as nothing better was available. Also, we encounter work difficulties, either in drilling hard rock or in traveling without any road for our trucks to the zone of operation, located at 1,500 meters of altitude. Many times we can proceed...
PARTY 32 — GONZALES, TEXAS...

VAN SULLIVAN and FAYE WILLIAMSON, Reporters

Hello again from Gonzales, Texas. The fellows have fairly well covered the country for a radius of 75 miles in all directions; so we know that our time here is running out. We think that we can safely say that everyone has been happy here.

Socially, it has been too hot to do much. A 107° temperature and no rain make it a little sticky. This spring, however, some of the fellows caught enough fish for a fish fry in the park. The last of May we had a steak supper as a farewell for Party Manager AL LEAKE and family before they departed for Morgan City, Louisiana, and points beyond. When relatives come to visit, they have to be taken to the Alamo and Old Mexico. Out-of-Staters cannot imagine why the Texans fought for the land from the border to 100 miles north. There is nothing as far as the eye can see.

Western had a bowling team during the winter and did fairly well considering spiking, transfers, and long hours. Driller WILFRED WILLIAMSON bowled a 219 game one night for Western and a 210 game for a local team in the summer league. MRS. POLLY TIDWELL, wife of Permitman W. L. (HAP) TIDWELL, is the only league bowler at present.

Party 32's school children made and are making good showings at the schools they attend. JUDY SULLIVAN, daughter of Party Manager ROSCOE SULLIVAN, was an honor roll student last year and was elected as one of the class representatives to the Student Council. LINDA LEAKE and JILL SULLIVAN were presented awards for all A's last year, and LINDA also received an award for perfect attendance — something that is hard to come by for a Westerner.

JAMES TIDWELL, a mathematics enthusiast, completed the ninth grade at Ellisville, Mississippi, before joining the crew.

You have to be a football hero in Gonzales to make a hit with the girls, and LARRY PHILLIPS, son of Observer T. J. and FAY PHILLIPS, is certainly the football hero. His team has a 3 and 0 record so far this year, and the last win was by a score of 84 to 0! He will not say much about the girls.

JULIUS WILLIAMSON was on a little league baseball team this summer, and his team was second in the final standings. JULIUS is also a patrol boy at school crossings and received a nice award for not letting a single student get run over. He entered Permitman JOE and ANOLIA THOMAS' Boston bulldog, Fi Fi, in the dog show and came home with first prize.

We would like for friends of ANOLIA THOMAS and WILLIE WILLIAMSON to know that they are well again and back with their noses to the grindstone. ANOLIA's illness might have been caused by the excitement of a new grandson born in August to Buddy and Mary Thomas.

Current Party 32 personnel are: Party Manager ROSCOE L. SULLIVAN; Computer Jim TAYLOR; Permitmen JOE THOMAS and HAP TIDWELL; Chief Observer T. J. PHIL-

WESTERN PROFILE
LIPS; Observer Jimmie Barbour; Recording Helpers Henry L. Byars, Windall Sigler, Charles Cox, Abe Garcia, Douglass Farrar, and Vernon Ravel; Shooter Nuel Putnam; Surveyors Harold Leary and Huey Butler and their helpers, Don Cain, Joe Padilla, and Weldon Turner; and Drillers Willie Williamson and Robert T. (Mickey) Nash and their helpers, Guy Brazell and Vernon Person.
Merry Christmas to one and all from Party 32.

Back at work in Long Beach, California, are these Party 64 men: Top—Computer Reinis Kampe and Chief Computer Bill Williges discuss a record section. Center—Senior Computer Roberto Milla looks up from picking a record section. Bottom—Senior Computer Sam Burnside computes some data for plotting.

PARTY 64 — LONG BEACH, CALIFORNIA . . .

SAM BURNSIDE, Reporter
BEN QUINTANA, Photographer

Party 64 in August celebrated two years in Long Beach, California, a suburb of Los Angeles. The ocean is only about 10 blocks south of our office, and this is certainly welcome in the heat of summer, which seems to come in September rather than July and August as in most places. Long Beach is in the midst of numerous oil fields, the most famous being Signal Hill, and is also the base of many naval installations.

Since our last report, we have a new party chief. W. H. (Bill) Young, of Alaska, Australia, Wyoming, and most recently Salt Lake City, arrived to take over from A. E. (Art) Hird, who is spending a leave of absence in San Luis Obispo. Being a sports fan, Bill is happy to be near the sports mecca, Los Angeles, with its Dodgers and Angels in baseball and Rams in football.

Vacations also were welcomed by Party 64 members. Chief Computer Ben Quintana had an enjoyable one in the mountains of Colorado, where he renewed old acquaintances. Computer Roberto (Bob) Milla's vacation was spent in Lima, Peru. Soon after his return, Bob's wife, Daisy, "blessed" him with a son, Roberto, Jr. Computer Sam Burnside headed south on his vacation to San Diego. He also visited Caliente Race Track and other points of interest. Senior Draftsman Charles J. (Wing) Tobin's vacation was a motor trip through California and up into Oregon.

William A. (Bill) Williges, also one of our able chief computers, continues working on his coin collection, plus following the latest stock market reports. An unforgettable event in the life of Computer Reinis Kampe was attending the wedding of his daughter, Ajia.

Assisting Wing in the drafting department are Louis Barela, the "hot-tod man", Jose Ruiz, the "whistler"; and Bob Graham and Steve Wocik, who replaced Charles Butler and Jose Milla when the latter two left for college.
PARTY 70-P (Office) —

SHREVEPORT, LOUISIANA ...

C. R. McGOWEN and M. M. ANDERSON, Reporters
W. R. BROWDER, Photographer

Shreveport, home of the Party 70-P office and other Western Geophysical offices, lies on the west bank of the Red River in the northwestern corner of Louisiana. Named for the intrepid Capt. Henry Miller Shreve, who opened the Red River to navigation, Shreveport, like most southern cities, has a past linked with the Civil War. It had the distinction of being the last city over which the Confederate flag waved.

In 1864 Union gunboats attempted to launch an attack on the city via the Red River. In anticipation of this attack, Confederate soldiers armed the bluff of the river. Few cannons were available; so they mounted logs as imitation cannons in an attempt to deceive the approaching enemy. A Confederate officer remarked, "This fort is nothing but a 'humbug.'" Today this is the site of Fort Humbug Confederate Memorial Park. Incidentally, the Union attack failed.

The Shreveport area is the locale of Barksdale Air Force Base, which is well known as a military installation.

The nationally famous Centenary College Choir makes its home here on the Centenary College campus. This choir has held concerts in Radio City Music Hall and has appeared before nation-wide television audiences. The group has rightly been given the title, the "Singing Ambassadors."

Shreveport is endowed with many recreational facilities. A Party 70-P Westerner may golf at Querbes Golf Course, water ski on Cross Lake, or bowl at one of the many bowling alleys in the area.

For the hunter and fisherman the Shreveport area has much to offer. The hunter has his choice of anything from dove to deer, and some locales not too distant from Shreveport offer a limited season on turkey and bear. Incidentally, dove season recently opened, and Chief Computer WALTER R. BARKSDALE reports that although the doves are plentiful enough, they are mighty hard to bring down.

Several large lakes in the Shreveport area await the fisherman and his talents. Party Chief J. W. (Wick) ERVIN, who is head of the party's official duties, tells us that fishing is very good around here. He also states that fishing is good for the nerves. By the way, Wick fashions his own lures for those "big ones."

For those who do not know, Party 70-P is a marine interpretation office and is currently engaged in work being done off the coast of southern Louisiana. PAUL A. SCHUELER, chief computer, who is ordinarily associated with the party's office activities, is temporarily assigned to interpretative duties on the field crew.

Party Chief J. W. RUSH and Seismologist W. C. BROWDER recently brought to Party 70-P their "know-how" from, respectively, the Western offices in Jackson, Mississippi, and New Orleans. Both now make their homes in Shreveport.

Computers NOAH W. MOFFETT, DAVID C. LAWRENCE, P. A. (PETE) DANNA, GAYNELL S. McGOWAN, and ANDREW J. MICIOTTO comprise the new members of our crew. NOAH, DAVID, GAYNELL, and ANDY are new to the doodlebugging business, but PETE has had previous experience with Western. PETE has plans (at writing) to return to graduate school, where he is working on an M.S. in math, and ANDY departed in October to answer "Uncle Sam's" call. Computer ROSE MARY WHITE, who had been with us for some time, left to enter graduate school, where she is beginning work on her M.S. in geology.

Wedding vows were said Saturday, September 7, by ANDREW J. MICIOTTO (mentioned above) and the former Miss AIMEE JULIA ANN WILLIAMS. Both are from Shreveport. The couple spent their honeymoon in Dallas. Best of luck to both of them.

While on the matrimonial scheme of things, it might also

be mentioned that Computers Jennie Sue Sconyers and Lynda Ann Price have wedding plans, but neither will reveal the date of the “big step.” Computer Marion M. Anderson, the only eligible bachelor of the Party 70-P office, says he has no plans but is keeping his eyes open for “that special one.”

In charge of our drafting department is Wiltrud Ingeborg Gebauer, or, as she is known around the office, “Willie.” Willie hails from Ludenscheld, Germany, and has been in the United States only about one and a half years. When not engaged in drafting duties, Willie assists the electronic surveying company representative in his shot-point plotting.

And, last but not least, a daughter, Lisa Lynn, was born to Office Manager-Computer C. R. McGowan and wife Margaret. Lisa was born May 7, 1963, and weighed 6 pounds, 12 ounces.

That about wraps it up for Party 70-P’s office report; so until next time, Party 70-P signs off.

PARTY F-63 — FORT NELSON,
BRITISH COLUMBIA...

LEN SIDOROFF, Reporter

Although it is only September as this is written, it will be almost Christmas when you will be reading this article. The summer months have brought Party F-63 changes only in scenery. With the past few months filled in at Trutch, British Columbia, we have now migrated, not south but north, to Fort Nelson, northern British Columbia’s oil capital, which in the past few years we have watched grow from a small population of 300 to its present approximately 3,000.

The area we are now working in is along a fair-sized stream running through mountain country, which we are now trying to scale. Here we have some very picturesque scenery of mountain streams, which are loaded with fish, and mountains that are mountains.

Today, September 15, it is snowing fairly heavy — and has been since yesterday! Some of the boys have already donned their long underwear. Of course, up here anything can happen at this time of the year.

So much for the bright side of things. We shall now proceed down the line and inspect the work of our “cat” operator. He is a busy man and has a dangerous job. He must follow ledges and old goat trails and be forever on the lookout for falling rocks. The trails are steep and in places very narrow — so narrow, in fact, that the operator gets off either via the front end over the ‘dozer or at the back over the winch. On these occasions, of course, the “cat” is against the mountain on one side and at the edge of sheer drop offs on the other. The track vehicles have hatches on top of the cabs that the men use. When we are on these narrow trails, the doors are usually wired shut so that they will not be used by mistake.

Bighorn mountain sheep seldom roam below 4,000 feet, but up here we often see them leaping from ledge to ledge. Although inaccessible to tourists, this is a sportsman’s paradise. Big game and fish are plentiful. Whenever they get the chance, fishermen C. M. (Sandy) Larson, shooter, and J. T. (Jock) Coull, observer, who, by the way, are authorities on fish, often come in with grayling and Dolly Vardens, two types of very tasty mountain-water fish.

Junior Observer Nick Gooliaff has all but given up any gold strike ideas as his adviser told him “there just ain’t any here.”

When Driller Herb Johnson became ill a while back, he was replaced by Joe Fuller. Joe came from a town crew in Alberta and at first did not think much of the idea of a country crew but is coming around rather well. His assistant is Don Bussche.

In due time — at least that is the present plan — we shall be working our way back south 150 miles or so. It would be much simpler to follow the highway, but
then that is not the idea; we must blaze our own trail over the mountains, shooting as we go, inasmuch as shooting is why we are here and on the move. Our scheduled arrival down south is set for sometime in December. This sounds like a lot of time, but some of the “hills” get fairly annoying.

After winching, moving camp, and shooting a couple of holes while we are at it, all in one day, one tends to become annoyed with oneself occasionally. When time off rolls around, however, and we all gather in some local place for reminiscing, it really does not seem so bad. We all come to the conclusion that we are probably the only ones who would have done it!

Party Manager Ken Dobson, who is also surveyor, and Mechanic Erich Richter share the chores of supply hauling. Erich also acts as rodmans. Ken enjoys the surveying here, for he does not have to take such long shots. (My surveying knowledge is nil, but I would assume that it is much easier to read a rod every 50 feet than to strain one’s eyes to read it every half mile.) Reporter Len Sidoroff handles the cooking job and many more chores too numerous to mention.

Before closing, we would like to congratulate our supervisor, Jack Trotter, and Vice President Warner Loven on their promotions.

All in all, these mountains are not so bad; the only thing we are missing is the mountain dew. Christmas may have rolled around again by now and the New Year only a few days away; so on behalf of the boys and myself, I would like to wish each and every one of you the best in both.

PARTY F-57 — POLICORO (MATERA), ITALY . . .

GIORGIO FORLANI, Reporter
ROBERTO ROSSI, Photographer

Party F-57 is currently operating in the zone of Matera in southern Italy, southwest of Bari. Its headquarters are in the smiling city of Policoro, risen on the ruins of the ancient and opulent Greeks’ colony Heraclea, which Romans destroyed in the III century B.C.

The good location of our offices in the open country awakened memories of our youth and our latent love for nature, which had been submerged during long years spent in modern, unfeeling cities. Also, our knowledge about the insect species has been dusted off. We found relaxing beyond any measure (and could suggest it to all neurotics) the gymnastic they compel our arms to do to avoid, for instance, the excessive proof of affection of a rare specimen of Mantide Religiosa on our left cheek. In this case, I confess, we feel no inclination strong enough to follow the dictates of the Gospel and sweetly offer the other cheek.

In this found-again “heaven’s paradise” work Chief Computer Sauro Casadei, Computers Ernesto Casati and Adolfo Sellani, and Party Chief Giorgio Forlani. The surveyors, represented by Menotti Maddi, Domenico Montani, and Palestino Villa, argue with us daily to convince us about the advantage of operating in the country, where one can move gracefully and chasing insects is more rewarding and more of an athletic exercise. With regard to Shooter Ercole Canali, we can instead enviously well understand as the problem does not concern him at all. In fact, his looks are such to incinerate every animal life within a radius of several yards.

The particular location of our office (among three farm

Left—This is not just A donkey; it is the famous “Seismic Donkey” that so annoyed Party F-57 by trying to read seismograms through the window and stamping on the ground all day. Helper Salvatore Bombino leans against the truck while Surveyor Palestino Villa holds the culprit and Surveyor Menatti Maddi looks on. Above—Tis the end of the day and Shooter Ercole Canali and Helper Giovanni Barra thirstily wait for Menatti to get his fill at this Italian water fountain. Right—Party F-57’s office is here in downtown Policoro. The old castle in the background is a splendid example of a self-sufficient residential center. Nothing is lacking within the walls of the castle; there is even a church, whose spire can be seen over the roof.
houses) made it possible for us to gain a striking victory in teaching the donkeys’ and cows’ sounds to our youngest children. Our wives, astonished, listen to this new expression of our personality, asking themselves how they could discover only now this natural tendency of ours to utter donkeys’ braying and cows’ bellows. At the top of the success, we now consent to explain our secret: Our subconsciousness is so permeated with bellows and braying of any kind that we feel spontaneous to give out such a quadruped’s sound every time we open our mouth.

Our drilling unit is formed by Driller Francesco Bezzi, Terzo Prati, and Eustachio Santilli and Assistant Driller Eustachio Papapietro. These drillers, who, as known, are particularly experienced in deafening noises, maintain that their imitations of the clashing noise are more efficient and further that these latter noises are more in keeping with the most modern trend of the popular music.

In these last days we happened to note the strange interest that a dark-furred donkey showed for seismics. The animal continuously stops before our window to observe the reading of our seismograms. Last week this donkey clamorously manifested his disapproval about the correlation of a particularly uncertain point (with evident demonstrations of scarce manners, as nobody had consulted it) by wagging its tail and stamping its fore hooves on the ground for the whole day. After a special meeting, our personnel decided to interpretate the more difficult points during the night, only after being sure that the donkey was soundly asleep.

For their part, instead, Observer Fulvio Gargano, Assistant Observer Roberto Rossi, and Helpers Giovanni Barra, Prospero Lateana, Lucio Antonio Manolio, Salvatore Bombino, and Francesco Pastore declared that — limited to reflection work — the animal to be indicated as the most competent is the goat. They more than once could observe how this animal does not surrender in continuously browsing on the cable at points most favorable to create on seismograms those interruptions necessary to secure closures.

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

FRED MERTEN, Reporter

The office of Party 52 is centralized in Jackson, the capital of Mississippi. The modern city of Jackson and the surrounding countryside give very pleasant conditions in which to work.

The field has concentrated its operations in a neighboring state. Working in Louisiana is familiar to many of Western’s personnel. The term “Sportsman’s Paradise,” as stated on the license plates, is true for the complete range from water skiing to rabbit hunting. With a great part of the state either heavily wooded or under water, the fish and game abound. It is a good country to see and
play in — but just talk to anyone here and you will be quickly informed that it is not so good to work in. Be it cotton field, tree farm, or just plain swamp, it is rough country.

Party Chief Tom Toschlog and wife Karol were, at time of writing, in the midst of preparing their home for their new arrival. The new baby was expected the latter part of September. Kim, 4 years old, and brother Jeff, 3, were anxiously awaiting the new playmate.

Computer Cal Hansborough and wife Peggy were longtime members of Party 52's staff. Being native to Mississippi, Cal seem to have a leaning toward Southeast Conference football, and the "Ole Miss Rebels" in particular hold his attention through the season. At this writing, Cal is waiting for the word to leave for Iran (thus the "were" above).

Jerry Murphy, also a computer, came from Shreveport to replace Larry West, who has accepted the government's invitation to serve in its armed forces. Since his arrival in Jackson, Jerry has become more and more accustomed to the idea of a home life. In fact, he let it be known that Miss Gay Collins, of Jackson, has had little difficulty in convincing him of the niceties of married life. No specifics are available now — but Gay's friends have been buying quite a bit of rice lately!

Computer Jim Bellar is the most recent addition to Party 52's staff. Both Jim and his wife, Mary, are from central Louisiana. Jim's experience as a surveyor, before finishing college, has been very helpful in the office.

Chief Computer Fred Merten's newly acquired "luxury" convertible graces our office parking lot, obviating any hint of drabness there. The "good life" has finally reached Party 52!

(Ed. Note: A later note from this crew brought big news. Tom and Karol Toschlog welcomed a 7-pound, 7-ounce boy into their family at 8 P.M. on September 23. He is to be christened Douglas Andrew.)

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

AUDIE HARDIN, Reporter
C. N. HARDIN, Photographer

Reporting time for Party 52’s field crew finds everyone in the vacationing mood. Observer Carl W. Scott and family took off for Oklahoma where "Scotty" was best man for his brother's wedding. Driller William C. (Sarge) Nelson had a non-scheduled vacation and assumed the duties of chief cook and bottle washer when wife Evelyn presented him with a daughter. Shirley Ann checked in August 12, weighing 7 pounds, 10 ounces. All of his spare time was spent fishing, but the big ones got away.

Party Chief Claude and "Bert" Dooley are the fish-
There is more work to seismic oil exploration than drilling, shooting, recording, and the like; and Party 72 shows, from top to bottom (and on the next page), some of the detail that goes on in the interpretative office after its field crew has sent the records to them in New Orleans.

Party 72 Party Chief R. D. DeJournette (left) and visiting Party Chief R. L. Nichols inspect a proposed new program. Office Manager Don Bealer puts down in the book that all important "time" for the previous day. Assistant Computers Frances Solvagio (left) and Diane Willis go over the process of filling out the labels on a water record. Something unusual to most crews are the film sections being "feroused" by Computer Margie Burton while Computer Bruce Mize gives some helpful suggestions.

ing "champs" of Party 52. Claude landed a 3¾-pound bass while Bert took first for white perch. Driller Don Swint and Observer Don Meek tried their hand at night fishing and, from all accounts, did really well.

Surveyor Alvin Warren takes the lead on the survey crew and is assisted by Helpers Kenneth Beazley and Dick Watts. Scotty heads the recording crew of Jug Hustlers Gene West, Neal Hardin, Perry Desadier, and John Worsham and Shooter C. F. (Butch) Brown. Helpers Valley Joe Smith and Travis White are the right-hand men for Drillers Sarge Nelson and Don Swint. Valley Joe hails from Friendly, West Virginia, and carries a lot of his home-town personality with him.

Neal Hardin has acquired a new love, his Renault Dauphine, and brother Mike acquired the wash and polish job. Neal will return to Oklahoma University in January.

Between vacations the ladies of Party 52 field crew enjoyed their coffee breaks and found time for a crew barbecue. Everyone was present and enjoyed a wonderful dinner of barbecued chicken.

Friends and visitors from other places have included Party 52’s party chief, Tom Toschlog, and wife Karol, from Jackson, Mississippi. Coming from Party 65 for a surprise visit on Party Manager C. N. Hardin and family were Party Manager Dalton Taylor, wife Hazel, and son Randy. A few tall yarns were spun, and Taylor even gave "Lake Texoma" back to Audie.

We wish all our friends Merry Christmas from Party 52.

PARTY 72 (Office) —

NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA . . .

DON BEALER, Reporter
BRUCE MIZE and JOE BOUDREAUX, Photographers

With school bells ringing across the nation noting the beginning of fall classes, Party 72 saw the departure of three of its members, Karen Walz, Don Feldheim, and Norman Boyles, to colleges and universities. We were happy to see them continue their education but sad to lose them. At the same time Senior Party Chief Robert D. DeJournette and wife Frances were busy with the preparations of fitting the twins, Mary Frances and Teresa Ann, with their new school clothing.

Assistant Computer Bruce Mize, who on Friday plans to go fishing every Saturday morning, brings in the woeful
news that he pushed the button on the alarm clock — and fished in his dreams! His partner in crime is Assistant Computer JOE BOUDREAUX.

In addition to all of the normal routine at the office, Computer MARGIE JOHNSON took over the added task of cooking, washing, ironing, and cleaning for her new husband, HERB BURTON. Best wishes from us all.

With the records pouring into the office by bus, the members of Party 72 are busy checking tapes, records, and electronic surveying information with the fastest possible efficiency.

Party Chief JOHN AMATO often tells us of the “great life” in Italy and of Western’s operations in that country. JOHN spent some eight years there.

During the summer most of us took our vacations, and Computer OSCAR A. BUJTrON was no exception. He went farther, however, as he vacationed in Peru. Travel is OSCAR’s middle name.

Five of the technical personnel from this office — Seismologists JOE SALTAMACHI, JOHN WHITE, and ROBERT SCOTT, Chief Computer DEITMAR TOM DIECK, and Party Chief JOHN AMATO — spent two days in Shreveport, Louisiana, at Western’s compositing center there becoming familiar with the system in relation to the work they are carrying on in New Orleans.

Assistant Computers FRANCES SALVAGGIO and DIANE WILLIS are preparing for the onset of fall by spending their checks weeks in advance on the newest fashions. This really helps us to have an attractive office.

With Supervisors AART DEJONG and HOWARD DINGMAN busy with preparations for the national convention of the Society of Exploration Geophysicists, we hope that many of you will have dropped in on us. We shall try to cover some of the S.E.G. convention in our next report. AART is general chairman of this annual meeting and HOWARD is district representative.

New hires GENE SENAT and RON VITRANO are currently working well in our organization and look forward to a long and pleasant association with Western.

PARTY 72 (Field) — MORGAN CITY, LOUISIANA...

JIM PACK, Reporter and Photographer

Greetings from Party 72 field crew. You may remember that in last year’s (1962’s) September WESTERN PROFILE Party 72 reported in from Brunswick, Georgia, and Lewes, Delaware. Operations are now out of Morgan City, Louisiana, aboard the Johnny Walker and the Sharon Walker.

At the time of writing, our nearest port of call is Venice, Louisiana. Venice is 40 miles up the mighty Mississippi River from the sea buoy at South Pass. Just around the bend and down river from Venice is Pilottown, where the Mississippi is approximately a mile and a half wide, reaching an average depth of 150 feet. At Pilottown the river branches out into the delta area, comprising four main channels.

Party 72 Co-ordinator is CHARLES E. CRAWFORD, who is assisted by Observer O. W. (OVIE) WOOLVERTON. ED MANGUM, of Madill, Oklahoma, is shooter. On the recording crew are BOB JOHNSON, of Burlington Flats,
New York; John Groves and Malcolm Stehr, of Alexandria, Louisiana; and Jerry (Dutchman) Wristers and John Kostmayer, of New Orleans. The shooting crew includes Hadley Helton, of Morgan City; Paul Fuhrman, of New York City; and Jim Pack, of Shreveport, Louisiana. Cooks are E. H. (Jim) Glasgow, of Biloxi, Mississippi, and Lionel Guillory, of Abbeville, Louisiana.

Carrol M. Smith, of Woodville, Mississippi; Harry Vercher, of Cloutierville, Louisiana; and W. L. (Bill) Donavan, of Shreveport, have just left the crew for a new Western job in the Persian Gulf. Charlie Crawford, Ed Mangum, and Hadley Helton were sent on special assignment on two surveys off Puerto Rico and the Bahamas. These operations are a part of Western's work on Project Mohole.

Party Manager John Hancock is now seen around the Gulf Coast in his new company car — a welcome addition for the many miles that must be driven to keep supplies going to the boats, to pick up their records, and the like.

Party 72's business is scheduled to extend over to Aransas Pass, Texas, for a few days and then back up to Morgan City. We are all hoping that the weather will remain calm, but that may be asking too much in the middle of the Gulf Coast hurricane season.

Do not fail to take advantage of our standing invitation to visit the crew if you are in any part of the country. A supply boat run in calm weather is a favorite of our fellow but landlocked Westerners. Also, do not forget your cameras. If you can make it, there is nothing to compare with an offshore sunset or a school of porpoise ripping through the water at 40 miles per hour.

(After he wrote this, Jim Pack returned to college, Party 72 returned from a boat with Hurricane “Cindy” off the Texas coast, and Charlie Crawford returned to the Project Mohole crew, which this time was exploring sites off Maui, one of the Hawaiian Islands.)

Surveyor Dewey Holt was caught on a more typical day for “Sunny Alberta” as he squints to take a sight on the rod for Party F-76.

PARTY F-76 — LETHBRIDGE, ALBERTA...

DEWEY HOLT, Reporter
DIETER JUERGENS, Photographer

Once again the members of Party F-76 send a hearty hello to all Western personnel. Since our last PROFILE report in March, we experienced a three-month de-activation period during which most of us worked in the Calgary shop or took vacations. Re-activating in August, Party F-76 emerged with relatively few changes in personnel.

Chief Observer Stan Stevens and Shooter Jim Thomp-
son still head up the recording crew. Backing them up is Shooter Jim Henry, Assistant Observer Albert Normandeau, the reel truck driver, Ray Normandeau, and Helpers Bill Davis and Melvin Tugman. Our well-manned drill crew consists of Drillers Orville McDiarmid, Cecil Brulotte, and Ernie Prosser and Helper Roger Morrow. Surveyor Dewey Holt and Rodman Larry Claffey round out the field crew. Pushing this fleet is Party Manager Dieter Juergens.

Everyone enjoyed a one-month stay in Olds, Alberta, with plenty of good roads and green pastures for work. The occasional flowing hole kept Dieter and his “one-man” hole-plugging kit busy to control the artesian water. As many of the personnel on this crew are “Calgarians,” close proximity to home made it that much more pleasant. Spiking out at Vauxhall, Alberta, Party F-76 fought a daily battle with countless irrigation ditches, canals, and gateless fences—approximately one per spread. At the time of writing we call Lethbridge our base of operations.

Albert Normandeau was welcomed back by the crew after a difficult spinal operation and lengthy convalescence and is offered all kinds of advice on how to take off that extra weight accumulated during his long period of inactivity.

Party F-76 office force, based in Calgary, features two recent returnees from the United States in the persons of C. N. (Andy) Anderson, party chief, and George Jakubowski, party manager (acting chief computer). They join Assistant Party Chief Arnold Aylesworth.

At the time this article will be read, it will be very close to Christmas; so with the prospect of another three months in the north ahead of us, we on Party F-76 wish all of you a very Merry Christmas and a Happy 1964.
PARTY 75 (Field) — LEWES, DELAWARE...

MARGARET LEAKE, Reporter
L. E. BRATOS, Photographer

Coming from Trinidad late in May, the M/V Cedar Creek, with some of the ship crew and Western's Cook George Ebehnoch on board, and the M/V Kay Walker, with its crew, arrived in Morgan City, Louisiana. They were met by Party Manager A. R. (AL) Leake, who had left MARGARET and children, Lynda and Scotty, behind in Gonzales, Texas, to complete the school term.

Already in Morgan City were Observer BYRL SALLEE and wife NORMA and Helper STEVE McDaniels and wife LOU. RAY JONES, co-ordinator, came from Shreveport, Louisiana. Assistant Observer TOMMY PACK and Helpers TOM GEORGE and E. R. RICKETS completed the recording crew. The shooting crew, consisting of Shooter JESSIE HAMMOND and Helpers T. L. SWACK, FLOYD WHATLEY, and GEORGE (BUTCH) FAZAKERLY, began breaking in a new cook, RALPH (COOKIE) PELLA.

I am sure that most of you have read about Morgan City in previous Profiles as this is more or less "home base" for most of the water crews. It is located approximately 100 miles west of New Orleans.

A water crew is somewhat different from a land crew. Time of day, day of week, and date of month (except the 5th and 20th) do not mean a lot. If you drive by a party manager's office at 3 a.m., you may find him either working on an expense account or shipping records or just getting in from or going out to meet a supply boat, which has docked in a small town 100 miles away. On the boats all calendar dates are crossed out each day so that the crew will know how many days they have been out. Asking any man what day it is probably will bring the answer, "The day after yesterday" or "The day before tomorrow."

During one of the frequent "coffees" among the wives, MARGARET LEAKE and NORMA SALLEE found themselves racing off to the hospital with MARGARET DAVID, who gave birth to a son, VERNON EDWARD, on July 15, 1963. Both MARGARET and NORMA agree that pacing the floor is not an easy job! The proud father, BILL, was robbed of the privilege as the boats were out in the Gulf at the time. The DAVIDS have another son, JOHN, age 2. MARGARET was honored with a "stork shower" during her stay in the hospital.

The crew left Morgan City on August 16 to "spike" in Lewes, Delaware. At this time Observer L. E. BRATOS, wife CAROLYN, and their children; Shooter B. E. GOFF, wife ANN, and children; and Observer VERNON (STRETCH) DAVID came to join the crew.

Lewes dates from 1631, when the Dutch expedition planned by Capt. David Petersen De Vries brought the first settlers to the broad mouth of Delaware Bay. Known by many titles, Lewes clings to the appellation, "Birthplace of Delaware." It has long been the ideal spot for summer vacationing. Sailing is a great sport in the area.

As Lewes is a top port for menhaden fishing, the processing of these fish is an important industrial activity. Lewes also has an electronics plant, clothing factories, and a processing plant for clams and is a prime center for farm produce. Zwaanendael Museum, built in 1931 to honor the first white settlement (Dutch), attracts thousands of visitors annually. Only 5 miles away is beautiful Rehoboth Beach, where vacationers from far and wide come to stroll the "mile-long" boardwalk and relax in the sand.

Once again, as this goes to press, the Yuletide Season will be upon us. Members of Party 75 wish you and yours Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

(Ed. Note: Since reporting, Party 75 has moved to Maracaibo, Venezuela.)

With the Cedar Creek and Kay Walker docked during an "off" period, Party 75 men are repairing the cable.

DECEMBER 1963
IT'S A BOY! Westerners go to strange and unusual countries, but Thomas O'Connell Murphree has the edge on them. He was born in one. In faraway Aden, at the southern tip of the Arabian peninsula, Florence Murphree gave birth to this young man on September 18. Why Aden? Because the baby's father, Supervisor Harold F. Murphree, is directing the operations of Party 90 in the Hadramaut. The Murphrees' two other children—David Harold, 15, and Kathryn Ann, 13—are experiencing an unusual and interesting childhood, for, previous to moving to Aden, they lived for more than four years in Tripoli, Libya, where their father had charge of Parties 90 and 93's explorations in the Sahara Desert. Congratulations to the Murphrees on the birth of their new son.

THE SHREVEPORT PLAYBACK CENTER points with pride to one of its members, Harry Thompson, who received his bachelor's degree in math and sociology last June from Baptist Christian College. While working full time for Western, Harry studied and attended classes at night for six years.

Ray Jones, whose daughter, Carolyn, is making honors in college, has a son who is also headed for academic achievements. Howard, who has worked for Western three summers, has received a freshman scholarship to Centenary College in Shreveport, Louisiana, where he plans to take a pre-med course. He is also a member of the freshman basketball team. Ray himself has enrolled in a night course in electronics at Shreveport Trade School.

Robert Britner and his wife, Nell, announced the birth of a daughter, Amanda Lee, on September 10. This is their seventh blessed event—four girls and three boys.—S. M. Mellette.

WITH MANY WESTERNERS IN ATTENDANCE, several of them played prominent roles in the international convention of the Society of Exploration Geophysicists in New Orleans October 20 to 24. Supervisor Aart deJong had the distinction—and the chores—of being the general chairman of the convention; and Supervisor Howard Dingman, elected by the Southeastern Geophysical Society as its district representative, took part in the S. E. G. Council meetings. Both Aart and Howard headquartered in Western's New Orleans office.

Carl Savit, chief of mathematical research in the headquarters office in Los Angeles, presented a paper at the general session October 23. His paper, "Seismic Surveys of Proposed Mohole Sites," was co-authored by Lloyd Paitson, chief geophysicist of Brown & Root, Houston, prime contractor for Project Mohole. (At the time of the convention Mr. Paitson was aboard one of Western's boats off the island of Maui, where Party S-5 was conducting a second Mohole survey.)

Western Geophysical added something new to the convention by introducing, for the first time, its Digital Seismo-
THOUGH SHE IS THE YOUNGEST in the La Frenais family, no longer is 4-year-old Laura the only U.S. citizen in this Los Angeles Western family. On August 23 of this year the other four members of her family attained this status when her father and mother, Clifford and Betty, received their final naturalization papers. This automatically made United States citizens of the two older daughters, Catherine Ann and Elizabeth Jean, of this family of varied native countries.

Cliff, who arrived in the United States on October 4, 7 years ago, and started with Western four days later in the headquarters office, was born in Karachi, India (now Pakistan), and was thus a British subject. On her naturalization, Betty renounced two citizenships, that of Ireland and Great Britain. A pretty, black-haired Irish girl, Betty was born in Dublin, but her marriage to Cliff gave her British citizenship, too. Catherine, 11, and Jean, 10, are London-born children.

None of the La Frenais girls probably will ever be the linguist that their father is, for Cliff speaks French, Urdu, Persian, and English and writes French, Urdu, and English. (He contributed several of the foreign “Merry Christmas” on the back cover of the December 1958 and 1960 PROFILES.) Educated in England, Cliff had two years of college before entering the British Air Force during World War II. Now, in addition to working full-time as a draftsman in the laboratory and playback office and raising a family, he is working for his college degree by attending night school, with math as his main subject.

Although she was taking nurses’ training in England and worked in a Los Angeles hospital when she first came to the United States, Betty is now employed by the Prudential Insurance Company. As its huge Los Angeles office is less than 1/2 miles from Western’s buildings, she and Cliff commute together from and to their suburban Woodland Hills home, which they purchased in August last year.

Congratulations to the La Frenais on their becoming citizens of the United States.

SEVERAL CALGARY Westerners of Canada took their vacations this summer driving through the Rocky Mountains over the new Rogers Pass between Calgary and Vancouver. June and Brian Grieve (accountant, Calgary office) and son Donald drove to Vancouver, but Brian says that they did not play golf even once. Elda and E. E. (Mike) Hanson (Calgary drill supervisor) and family also headed west over the Pass. After talking to Mike, we are not quite clear as to whether the fishing was good or if it was a matter of good fishing stories that we heard. At any rate, Brian and Mike agree that it is a “beautiful drive.”

Ray Quarry, Calgary office secretary, went farther afield this summer and after spending a few days with her brother, who is stationed with the R.C.A.F. in Germany, enjoyed a bus tour of the Scandinavian countries with a brief “Hello” to relatives in England.

Ed Selzer, Calgary recording supervisor, has taken his vacation “when convenient” and has worked hard (he says) on his new home in northwest Calgary — that is, when he is not tending his pumpkin garden. Joyce and Warner Loven (vice president and operations manager of Western of Canada) and family and Allan Chandler (administrative assistant, Calgary office) and Joyce and children spent busy vacations developing their “country homes.” Mr. Loven calls his “The Homestead,” in the Peace River country; and Al calls his “The Ranch,” just outside Calgary. Both

report good progress was made. Donald O. Frisbee (vice president and business manager of Western of Canada) has divided his “days off” between building his patio and going fishing.

Daphine and Harvey Turcotte (driller for Party F-56 but in Calgary for a few days) announced the birth of their second son, Larry Duane, brother to Harvey, Jr., on August 28. Mother and son are doing nicely.—Ray Quarry.

RECEIVING A PILOT’S LICENSE at age 17 is quite an accomplishment, and it is one that a young Westerner achieved—on his 17th birthday, September 3, 1963. Clifford Biggs, son of Machine Shop Foreman Paul Biggs and wife Signe, Northridge, California, passed his flying test that day and, having already taken the written examination, was granted his license.

Birthdays and flying milestones seem to coincide for Cliff. He soloed for the first time on his 16th birthday. His next goal is to obtain his instrument rating and commercial pilot’s license at 18. Thus, he is now taking instrument and blind-flying lessons under the tutelage of the same commercial pilot friend who has been his teacher since Cliff started flying at the age of 15.

Cliff is a Westerner not only by being the son of one but also by having worked for the Company this past summer. His wages, incidentally, as a helper in the Los Angeles laboratory are helping to pay the rent on the plane for his lessons. Cliff is now a senior in high school.

This young Westerner, Clifford Biggs, has an excellent reason to look so happy. He has just passed his flying test and received his pilot’s license—on his 17th birthday! Cliff is the son of Machine Shop Foreman Paul and Signe Biggs, and he himself worked as a helper in the Los Angeles laboratory during summer vacation.

—Photographed by Ralph Samuels
SEPTEMBER 9, 1963 will linger in the minds of Percy Schacter and wife Estelle as one of the most important days of their lives. On that day Marla Sandi, their first born, made her appearance. She had a flock of black hair and weighed in at 6 pounds, 12 ounces. Percy is R-71 party chief in Calgary.

After nine years of geophysical wandering, which took him over most of western Canada, the Rocky Mountain district of the United States, and the Spanish Sahara, Party Manager George Jakubowski is partially settling down. On August 24 George took the former Miss Mary Pavelich, of Rycroft, Alberta, for his bride. After honeymooning in British Columbia and the Pacific Northwest, Mr. and Mrs. Jakubowski have settled in Calgary, where George is currently contributing his computing talents to Party F-76 in the interpretative office.—Arnold Aylesworth.

FROM THE AERO DRIVE "DISTRICT" of the Shreveport division, we have the following data processed for those who attempt to keep up with friends and acquaintances around the world.

K. J. (Gus) Fiongos came to us last June from Texas A & M via four years of the U. S. Air Force. With him came his wife, Reta, and youngsters, Constance and Jo Ann. More recently we were joined by Marcus Pilgreen, formerly with an oil company in New Orleans; and Thomas H. Barret, a product of Centenary College here in Shreveport. Marc brings his wife, Fern, and daughter, Sherry; and Tom's wife and children are Celia, Sarah, and Becky, respectively. We look forward to a long and happy association with these newcomers.

Old-timers in this truly international office include Willie Lane, from Mississippi; W. F. (Bill) Ross, from Canada; David Johnston, from Montana; W. C. (Bill) Calledare, with many years experience in Italy; and Jim Denniston, just returned from a "vacation" in Aden setting up the field operations in that Middle East "oasis." Jim's sojourn there might have seemed more like a vacation if the fairways and greens had not seemed so much like sandtraps!

Bill Calledare reports that training wives to drive "big" cars in metropolitan traffic can be frustrating after the "bug" cars, narrow roads, and lax traffic regulations of Italy. The Calledares family left Italy aboard the U. S. S. Independence from Genoa. They were seen off by T. P. Maroney, vice president of Western of America, and Sergio Trucchi, of Western Ricerche Geofisiche. After arrival in the States, the Calledares vacationed in Van Nuys, California, with Bill's parents before reporting to Shreveport. While in the Los Angeles area, Bill visited Western's headquarters office.

Relatives of Margarita (Mrs. David) Johnston visited this country from Peru recently and were impressed by, among other things, the miles and miles of green — forests, grass, and flowers typical to the southern states, not to mention the heat and humidity typical of midsummer here!—David Johnston.

ALASKAN OPERATIONS — or, news of Parties 91, 36, 34, and 17. Statistics show that men in Alaska outnumber women by a large ratio. This fact has apparently not adversely affected the pursuits of our enterprising Western bachelors as 12 Western employees have found their brides here. Now for the latest news —

On August 17 Ollie Krein and Miss Carol Sue Love were married in Chicago. After a brief trip Ollie and Carol are settled in an apartment conveniently close to Western's new shop and equipment yard where Ollie works as a mechanic. The newlyweds were greeted with a gala party and reception following their return to Anchorage.

The engagement of Party 17 Computer John Engel to Miss Barbara Clark was announced, with November 2 set as the wedding date.

Work is being rushed (at reporting time) to complete the new Western shop and office building at 3944 Spenard Road to have it ready for occupancy by the last of October. In addition to having facilities for major overhaul and repairs
of all equipment in Alaska, the new building will provide offices for the Alaskan supervisor and a central supply service headquarters for the Alaskan crews.

The first snowfall in the Chugach Range near Anchorage occurred this year on September 27. With this change of seasons, many of our personnel are in transit at the present time as summer operations are coming to a close and winter operations are being resumed. This is one aspect of doodlebugging, however, that is familiar to us all. —Calvin Smith and Quin Williams.

SUPERVISOR George and Betty Shoup attended the wedding of George’s niece, Judy, in Albuquerque, New Mexico, in August. . . . The Shoup’s son Mike is back at the University of Texas after a brief holiday at home between summer and fall semesters; and by the time this is in print, he will no doubt be coming home for the Christmas holidays. . . . We were glad to welcome Party Manager Ken Bryant and his crew back to Midland in June, but their reporter will fill you in on details! . . . Linda Wardell, daughter of R-3 Party Chief Dick and Mary, re-entered Centenary College in Shreveport in September. . . . Dick, George, Midland Shop Supervisor Jay Fraizer, and R-3 Senior Computer Paul Mielly managed to get in some golfing during the summer. With the approach of fall, Jay got back into the bowling game, too. . . . There have been a number of bridge “skirmishes” but no startling results to report! . . . We miss Drill Supervisor Amon Davis and family, who have been transferred to Shreveport and taken up residence in Bossier City. Amon is in charge of the Shreveport shop now. . . . Dick and Mary Wardell and Eloise and Jay Fraizer took an end-of-summer outing at Colorado City Lake and camped out overnight. Though a “norther” blew in during the night and the tent “noises” were not conducive to sleep thereafter, a good time was reported, in spite of the chilly temperatures. The fishing? Let’s not go into that! Boating was fun, though! . . . Elizabeth Ross gave a “jewelry” party at her home one evening late in August, assisted by daughter Sarah. Among the guests were several Westerners, including Mesdames Betty Shoup, Virgie Bryant, Geneva Roton, Pat Ross, Eloise Fraizer, Velma King, and Janis Brown. . . . Observer Supervisor W. T. Ross went to Khorramshahr, Iran, and the Persian Gulf area about mid-August. . . . The last Saturday in September Elizabeth Ross and daughter Sarah and Virgie Bryant and daughter Vickie were among those who “took in” the Shrine Circus in Midland. . . . That’s it for this time. Come and see us, ya’ll! —Eloise Fraizer.

SPREAD ALL OVER THE WORLD, as this is written, are the members of Party 98. The crew wound up its operations the end of August, and many of the men left Las Palmas, Canary Islands, to return to the States for long awaited vacations. These included Observer T. C. Bouchillon, Assistant Observer Roy J. McClure, Drill-Mechanics Floy (Pogen) Davis, Drillers R. T. Nash and E. E. Floyd, and Surveyor John Hollander. Remaining in Las Palmas to work on the equipment was Driller H. C. Larrabee. Finishing up in the office are Party Chief G. O. Miller, who will go to East Pakistan from here; Assistant Party Chief Billy Scroggins, scheduled to go to the North Sea; and Computer Rui Esteves, who is scheduled for a tour of the Persian Gulf. Supervisor Leo Dunn has become a commuter of late, shuttling between Las Palmas and The Hague, Netherlands, and Copenhagen, Denmark. Chief Computer Bill Reeves is busy packing up his playback office equipment and plans a Stateside vacation. —William H. Reeves.

“A WELCOME ADDITION to the Shreveport shop family is Amon Davis, who, with his wife, Mary, were settled here in time to get daughters Susan, Patty, and Sallie in school for the beginning sessions. It will be interesting to see how they adapt to the Southern way of life after two years in Las Palmas, Canary Islands, and a year in west Texas.

Not many of our Shreveport office personnel have had time for vacations yet this year. The H. L. Grants took a fast swing through Arkansas and Oklahoma one week. Chic, Bonnie, Cyndi, and Chuck Nicholls spent a short time on the Gulf. Gilbert, Kathryn, and Kate Ferguson also enjoyed a week on the Gulf, and Kate has again won top swimming honors — this time a lovely trophy for the “Outstanding Swimmer” of the East Ridge Country Club Swim Team.

When the expansion of marine work in the Gulf made it necessary for Charlie Crawford to spend most of his time offshore, he and wife Judy decided to move back to their home in Lafayette, much to the disappointment of their many friends in Shreveport.

Interesting newcomers to the Western family in Shreveport are Joe and Felicita Ross, who, with their three sons, Joseph, Paul, and Stephen, have purchased two acres of land overlooking beautiful Cross Lake, where they are building a lovely new home. After 13 years in Italy they are beginning to feel at home again in the U. S. A. Joe is in charge of the velocity section of the Shreveport Compositing Center.

Kambiz Zarrabi, his wife, and two children spent several months in Shreveport working on a special assignment.
for one of our clients. After eight years in the States completing his education and working three years for Western, Kamaitz will soon return to his native Iran to continue his profession in geophysics.—Margaret Hale and Elizabeth Hunter.

WITH THE COMING of warm weather this past summer, Party 9 members in Worland, Wyoming, began making vacation plans. Families, friends, and scenery lured Drillers Al Linder and Roy Ireret and Party Chief Vic Smith and families to Montana. Junior Observer Ron Cooner and wife Dixie enjoyed showing Ron’s Florida parents the wonders of Wyoming. Party Manager Jack Patton and family entertained the bears in Yellowstone Park. With quite a bit of vacation time coming, Observer Louise Brents and family had a leisurely trip visiting friends and relatives from Denver to Texas. Assistant Party Chief Jim Baird and family visited the grandparents in the Dakotas. Jug boss Bob Showalter and wife Marilyn and two daughters spent their time off in a cabin at Rosebud Lake in Montana.

Meadowlark Lake in the Big Horn Mountains and July 21 provided an ideal place and time for an outing for those not on vacation. Grilled steaks and hamburgers did the job, and former Westerner Carl Schaff’s boat provided fun on the water for an exciting day’s activities. Party Chief C. N. (Andy) Anderson, relieving Vic, and wife Fela, and Supervisor Jack Desmond were on hand to participate in the fun.

A baby shower was given in honor of Doris (Mrs. Louie) Brents just in the nick of time. A few days later, on May 1, a girl was born—Angela Grace, weighing 7 pounds, 7 ounces.

We are enjoying the company of Westerners new to Party 9. Among them are Dale McCoy and wife Betty and two children, Dale, a driller, has been on other crews filling in for vacationers. Betty stayed behind to put her oldest boy in the first grade. Ron Keefer, the junior observer, is here with his wife, Kay, and their young daughter, as are Charles Wright, the surveyor, and wife Fern. Jerry Bihl has returned to our crew with his new wife, Georgia, after spending the past school year at the University of Wyoming. Jerry is helping on the recording crew with Joe Torres, Sam Dellos, George Gartner, and Warren Brazelton.

Other members of Party 9 include Surveyor Bill Cherniak and Computer Ralph Knapp. Bill comes to us from Western of Canada, and Ralph is from Ohio. The latter replaces Rick Williams, who enrolled at the University of Texas this fall. Both boys spend time at the bowling alley trying to become good enough to join the Western team in the Petroleum League.—Dixie Cooner.

THE SADDEST TYPE of news reached the PROFILE as it was going to press—the deaths of three Westerners, Charles E. (Doc) Rodgers, Ruby Skagg, and F. C. (Ferdie) Stephan.

Doc, only 40, passed away in his sleep the night of October 27. A shooter, Doc was with Party 77, operating in the North Sea, at the time of his death. Originally hired by Western in 1949, he had worked mainly on water crews and in foreign waters a great deal of the time. He was a native of Mississippi.

Ruby, 53, had been ill for some time when the end came Friday night, October 25, in a hospital in Santa Maria, California, where her daughter and family live. With her husband, veteran Observer Willis M. Skagg, with Western since 1941, Ruby had traveled extensively, not only in the States but also in Canada, Cuba, Alaska, and Africa. After their second tour of duty in Libya, the Skaggs returned to California, where most of Bill’s crew assignments have since been, his current one being Party 35 in Willows.

Ferdie, 51, died November 13 from a brain concussion he suffered October 26 when he was thrown from his motorcycle. A great cycle enthusiast, for years he rode his to and from work, via the freeways, a total distance of more than 80 miles daily. Ferdie was on his way to a national motorcyclist’s rally in Death Valley, California, when he suddenly and for no apparent reason went flying through the air near Lone Pine. He never regained consciousness.

Ferdie had worked for Western since 1948 in the electrical shop and received his 15-Year-Service Pin this summer. He leaves his widow, Katharina, and two grown children, Ronald and Wilma.

On behalf of all Western friends of these three well-known and well-liked Westerners, the PROFILE extends deepest sympathy to their families at this time of great loss.
THEY SERVE

Service Anniversaries...October, November, December

29 YEARS
*Frazier, Jay H. Niehenke, Ben J.

26 YEARS
Crawford, Charles E.

20 YEARS
*Jones, William R. Satterwhite, Cleo W.

19 YEARS
Ferguson, J. G.

18 YEARS
Ewert, Dawson V. Leake, A. R. Rush, James W. Towns, Mack E.

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

16 YEARS
*Amato, John J.

15 YEARS
*Parr, Albert C. *Roton, Robert P. Ryan, Gerald N. *Tuft, Warren M.

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

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

*Interrupted Service

12 YEARS

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

10 YEARS

9 YEARS
*Brulotte, Cecil

8 YEARS
Larsen, Palmer L. McNew, Billy D. *Normandeau, Albert J. Scharf, David W. Scroggins, Billy O. *Smith, Carrol M.

7 YEARS
Costantini, Mario *Elmore, J. W. Hirka, Bohdan La Frenais, Clifford P. Linder, Alan D. *Marty, Wayne S. Picchiani, Ugo *Thompson, James L. *Turcotte, W. Harvey

6 YEARS
*Brelan, W. P. *Droescher, Carlos E.

5 YEARS
Birdsong, Don L. Hendricks, John L. *Murray, Peter Purcell, Everett

4 YEARS
*Brown, Dean R. Christianson, James D. *Garner, Charles R. Maez, Ignacio Taylor, Frank

3 YEARS
Mielly, Paul F. Mundy, James B. Orth, John J. Shea, Daniel P.

2 YEARS

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Merry Christmas from the North Pole! It is not really the North Pole, of course. It could be the "home" of our "North Slope crow" (Perry 93 in Alaska), however—but it isn't. It isn't even Santa's Village near Lake Arrowhead, California. This Santa's House and North Pole are in a Los Angeles suburb and are part of a holiday display set up by its merchants. With this photographic reminder of our childhood Christmases, we wish you all a Happy Holiday Season.

MARIANNE CLARKE, Editor

Published by and for the employees of Western Geophysical, 933 North La Brea Avenue, Los Angeles 38, California. Printed in the U.S.A. Copyright 1963 by Western Geophysical Company of America.

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