WHEN THE EARTH begins to heave and buckle under the compulsion of some cataclysmic force, the normal course of life is shattered and everything suddenly goes out of focus; but when the dust has settled and the flood waters have ebbed, some aspects of human life seem (at least to the distant observer) to come more clearly into focus than they were before.

In comparative perspective with nature's mighty surges, for instance, mankind's struggles in the political and commercial arenas seem almost like the scurrying of ants on their hill; the most drawn-out of historic crises seem no more than a moment out of eternity. Does this mean that our struggles are not important? Certainly it does not; we are living them. It does remind us, however, to be humble, to refuse to take our material problems and cares too seriously. It shows us that, against the vast backdrop of universal history, even the rise or fall of a nation is ultimately important only to the extent that such an event reflects the compassion and moral fiber of a people.

We begin to see the ultimate futility of sacrificing moral principles to political or economic expediency. We grasp some understanding of the fact that universal law—epitomized for us in the two great Commandments—governs and controls the progress of mankind, just as it holds the planets in their orbits.

While nature's great upheavals may thus expose the fragility of men's works, they also reveal the bigness of most people—men, women, and children—when faced with catastrophe. In Anchorage, Valdez, Kodiak, Crescent City, and other hard-hit communities, those who had suffered less pitched in to help those who had suffered more. "We will rebuild" was the confident cry. Sometimes an outsider wondered how they could do it, but the necessary courage and determination were there.

When one has no friends or family in a stricken area, he reads about it with sympathy but with a certain impersonal detachment. We have many Westerners and their families in Anchorage and elsewhere in Alaska; so the first news made the catastrophe a personal concern and caused a great deal of anxiety for their welfare. We all felt tremendously relieved when word finally came through that all of our people were safe—and I am sure that the substantial losses sustained by them could not overshadow their gratitude that they came through it alive.

We were gratified, but not surprised, to learn that our personnel immediately set about doing whatever they could to help other Westerners and to serve the community. We were glad that some of our equipment was available to help in the clean-up. This response is typical of these people and of their neighbors. Although it will not bring them medals or fame, it is the spirit that enables us to turn the stumbling blocks of disaster into the stepping stones of mankind's progress through the ages.
'Floating Land Crews'

Doodlebug in

IF ALL OF THE INHABITANTS of the world were to visit the United States simultaneously, it would still be less crowded than East Pakistan is today. Here in this part of Southeast Asia 55 million people live in an area about the size of Arkansas. Since most Westerners are not very familiar with "the teeming East," a brief portrayal of the country will be given before we try to explain how Parties 88 and 89, the "floating land crews," doodlebug here.

The nation of Pakistan, later renamed the Islamic Republic of Pakistan, was created in 1947 by carving out the predominantly Moslem areas from what was then British India; but the partition was far from perfect. Between the two major parts of Pakistan lie a distance of a thousand miles and 400 million people who are not always friendly. (The much larger, less populous western part has been described in an earlier PROFILE article on West Pakistan.)

East Pakistan was constituted from a part of Assam, the Chittagong Hill Tracts, and East Bengal. The subdivision of Bengal awarded Calcutta, the historic and economic center of Bengal, to India. Dacca, which is the largest city of East Pakistan and which had twice before served as a capital, was made the capital of East Pakistan and the "Second Capital" of Pakistan. At the time of partition of Bengal about 15 million people were left on the wrong side of the new boundary. The plight of these minorities has been of great concern to both India and Pakistan and the cause of much friction between their governments, and at the present time mass migrations still continue.

The overwhelming majority of the citizens of East Pakistan are Bengali by racial extraction whether they be Moslem, Hindu, or Christian although a few Buddhists and Animists of Burmese stock inhabit the southeastern region. Most of the Christians are descendants of converts made by the Portuguese three centuries ago.

The language is also called Bengali, a derivative of Sanskrit in both the spoken and written forms. Fortunately for us, English is taught in the public schools above the fifth grade, and much of the university instruction is in English. There is little difficulty with the language — except that most of us are accused of speaking American, an un-understandable dialect of English.

Nearly every phase of life in East Pakistan is influenced
by her rivers. In winter the water level is low, and irrigation is practiced in some areas and planned in many more. When May arrives, however, the snows of the mighty Himalayas begin to melt, filling the Brahmaputra River from the northern slopes and the Ganges from the southern; and the monsoon adds as much as 10 inches of rainfall a day. Then there is plenty of water. By August, 5 to 15 feet or more of flood water cover almost all of the land. Since the slope of the land is only 20 feet in 200 miles, the rivers with their many outflowing branches run where they will (almost) — eroding farm land here, making a new channel there, but always adding another layer of soil-enriching silt. The Brahmaputra and Ganges have, for the past century, flowed in the same main channel, called the Padma, and, after receiving the waters of the Meghna River, swell to a width of 16 miles before pouring into the Bay of Bengal.

The rivers provide transportation. Side-wheel paddle boats, diesel launches, jute barges, towed boats, rowed boats, freight boats, passenger boats, homemade sampans, bamboo rafts, and the most picturesque and numerous, the sailboats. Most of the streams flow southward so that north-south movement is easy, but the rivers are a great hindrance to east-west transportation. Who can say where to build a bridge if the river is going to be somewhere else when the bridge is finished?

The rivers grow the crops, jute and rice, which can keep their heads above the water. Rice 22 feet high has been reported. Where the year-round water supply is adequate, there are three crops of rice. In the higher elevations of northeastern Pakistan tea is grown commercially; coconuts, betel nuts, bananas, papayas, and other exotic tropical fruits are grown in some areas; and in the winter sugar cane, pulses, and garden crops, such as tomatoes and dozens of varieties of cucumbers and squash, are raised locally. The farmers do not live on their farms but in small villages nearby, which have been built on artificial mounds.

If a man wants to build a house — or a factory, for that matter — he first digs a pond in which to maintain a water supply and to provide the dirt to make a hill on which to build the house. When the waters rise to within a foot of the floor, the village people and their animals become very crowded; and the snakes, too, are there seeking refuge from the rising water. With all this water, though, the villager at least does not have to walk far — he has a sampan tied up nearby. It no longer seems odd to see boats sailing through and between the green fields.

There are two seasons here: monsoon, or summer, and dry, or winter. These are separated by a cyclone (hurricane) season in May regularly and another in October occasionally. The cyclone of May 1963 was one of the most destructive in recent times. Generally the winter season is very pleasant, although 40° is too bitterly cold for the natives. Summer is hot and humid, with rain nearly every day. As it is too hot for raincoats, everyone carries a black umbrella, which becomes a parasol when the rain stops.

It will be readily observed that seismic work in East Pakistan must be somewhat different from that in, say, Kansas. After consultation with the client — and anyone else who had a word to offer — and observation of production reports of previous seismic work in similar areas, it was decided to form crews that could be adapted to either land or water work, under the following basic conditions: We would not even try to work during the monsoon; we would not use amphibious tractors because of the damage they would probably cause to crops in rice deficit areas; we would house our crews in houseboats; we would hand-carry every bit of equipment; and we would send Supervisor Harvey Johnson to find a suitable place to store explosives in that mass of humanity.

We should have invented a portable thumper! Surely it would have been easier to hire an extra few hundred men to carry it than to find a dynamite-storage site, an
unpopulated area four miles in diameter, where the rural population density exceeds 1,500 per square mile and to have it accessible by water winter and summer yet not be on a navigable stream. Of necessity, and at the suggestion of the authorities, a site in the Sundarbans was selected, which is perfect except that it takes 6 to 10 days to go for a load of powder and that there are river pirates who once attacked our explosives expediter, Abu Baker Siddique.

The Sundarbans is the unpopulated, forested area of southwestern East Pakistan, the tidal area where the land gradually goes under the sea. It is a protected national forest, which yields firewood and pulpwood for paper making. It also is the home of the man-eating Royal Bengal tiger and numerous deer and crocodiles. A hunter who is a sportsman in the true sense of the word should enjoy going after one of the tigers. Published reports state that in an average year 10 tigers are killed by hunters, and 10 men by tigers. Fair game.

In mid-September (1963) the personnel for Parties 88 and 89 began to arrive in Dacca, the headquarters for our East Pakistan operations. First on the scene was Surveyor Charles Waldrop, from Kuwait on the Arabian Gulf; but he was soon dispatched to Khulna to keep his eye peeled for the Nebo, which was carrying all of our equipment and supplies from the United States. John Spooner, a surveyor from Australia, came in second; but the next day he found himself in Karachi, West Pakistan, waiting for our explosives import permit. Then came Party Chief George Wilson from South America, but more recently on vacation in Greece. From Africa, the Miller's, Party Chief G. O. and wife Sunny; from Europe, Observer Supervisor Arnold West; and from North America, Surveyor John Hollander — all arrived at about the same time. Driller J. C. Wallace was detained in Karachi to pick up other important documents. With the appearance of Observer Lesley Schmidt from Kuwait and Assistant Observer Darrice Mason from Alaska, we had completed the roster of our first "all continents" crew. Shortly thereafter Arnold left to join his family in the States; and Surveyor Delor A. Letourneau, Driller Charles E. Martin, and Computer James B. Mundy later arrived in East Pakistan.

G. O. was elected to ramrod the field operations of Party 88. First he interviewed a few hundred applicants. There was no dearth of job seekers after word got around that seismic exploration was about to commence again, and all of the experienced help of previous crews were ready to go to work. The climax was reached when 82 applications were received in one mail, 61 with return receipt, and all from two post offices near Jagganathganjhat. G. O. hired several key men and took them and his expatriate staff to Shahajibazar, the driest area available, to start shooting, but they had to wait a few days for the equipment.

Meantime, the Nebo arrived on schedule (a phrase we no longer use) and was ready to discharge her cargo—eager, in fact, because she was almost out of food, fuel, and drinking water, none of which are available in the anchorage of Chalna. To begin unloading, lightering barges were needed, but none were available. Within a day, however, arrangements were made and unloading could begin. Our houseboats did not sink (part of the cargo), only one was mounted backwards, and the third dynamite-handling gang did not quit until time for the soccer game. (Charlie Waldrop argued that they certainly could miss one local soccer game if he had to miss a whole season of real first-class University of Oklahoma football games, but he received little sympathy for his effort.) In a couple of days we had our explosives firmly stashed away in the Sundarbans and all the other
cargo tied up at the Customs Ghat in Khulna. (A ghat is a landing place, or a place where one can go down to the water.)

When J. C. (Wallace) arrived with the import papers, we prepared for the long trip to Shahajibazar. First we had to transfer the cargo to another barge because the one we were using had sprung a leak. (Fortunately, there is a crane in Khulna.) Then after this barge was towed to Chandpur, the cargo had to be put onto railroad cars since that is the only way to reach Shahajibazar. Our import expeditor, Abdul Matin Khondokar, was stationed there, supposedly hanging on to two explosives wagons and two ordinary boxcars. (Explosives cars come from a different headquarters than regular boxcars. Also, there is a terrible shortage of freight cars.) Murphy's Law came into play, and we got four explosives cars while the other two were left on a siding several miles away. Khondokar "persuaded" a passenger-train driver* to hook onto the two errant cars and drag them to Chandpur on time. No other hitch occurred, and in the good time of six days the equipment arrived in Shahajibazar and G. O. was off to work.

The equipment for the office, Party 89, and that not then needed by Party 88 remained on the barge and was sent on to Dacca for unloading. We surely wished that whoever made the big boxes our supplies came in had
to unload them where there are no cranes, forklifts, crowbars, or other equipment heavier than bamboo poles. (We had a crowbar made locally, but it bent the first time it was used.)

Charlie Waldrop, who had been riding on the barge all the time, eating up the canned apricots, selected the labor gang boss, or sardar. The sardar carries a short bamboo club to emphasize orders. Right away the first of 23 truckloads of supplies was sent from the crowded Dacca waterfront clear across town, fighting its way to the octroi post. Octroi won the day, however, and part of the next one, too, while arrangements were made to pay the city customs duty. All but three boxes were unloaded by hand; for these three it was necessary to move the barge to a crane. When the 10 men who carried a package of skiffs on their heads let the load down, not one was squashed underneath.

Party 88 worked in the vicinity of Shahajibazar until just before Christmas. Most of this area consists of heavy jungle and tea gardens. Slow line-cutting, rugged terrain, long water hauls in 5-gallon cans, and hard drilling were problems we have not had since. Nor have we had any more of what G. O. calls rough games: On the second day one of his guards was murdered.

Party 89 started work the latter part of November. On this crew the interpretative staff and recording operators are client personnel, and interpretation takes place in the field. Charlie Waldrop is party manager; Charlie Martin, who arrived with a Smith Brothers beard, watches

*Six: He is called a driver and has a regular driver's license just like truck, car, rickshaw, road-roller, tractor and other drivers.
the drilling and keeps all of the small motors running; and Del Letourneau handles the surveying with the help of John Spooner.

This party started out using floating equipment. Special skid-mounted huts, one kitchen-diner and one sleeper-bathroom, were set onto a 24' x 40' pontoon. These were soon made into comfortable quarters, but there was nothing we could do to make them large enough for the interpretative staff. A small pontoon was rented and equipped as an overflow office. Electric power is supplied by two generators mounted on another, smaller pontoon anchored somewhere downwind. Large, flat-bottomed jute barges were converted to houseboats to accommodate our Pakistani personnel.

Transportation would be a terrible problem if we had to rely on only one means. Each party has one Land Rover pickup, one Ford truck, six skiffs, and one diesel launch, which can carry a hundred passengers. At various times, however, bullock carts, rickshaws, sampans, ferries, public trains, and buses have been used. A helicopter service provides the best means to visit the powder storage, though the last few miles are by sampan. A new powder boat we purchased was delivered by four men who rowed it for 24 days! But 99% of the field transport is done by men on foot — all of the equipment, all of the explosives, all of the drilling water.

Since walking very far to and from work is not economical, it became apparent soon after operations started that we would have to resort to fly camps. The tent camps have added versatility, eliminated a lot of walking, and are reasonably comfortable — but it has not started raining yet. Not all can be so fortunate as John Spooner was when fly-camping was started. While looking around a school for a good location, he was invited in by the schoolmaster, who promptly made a bed available in the dormitory. John stayed there several days.

Communication between fly camps and base camp is by radio. Each party also has some walkie-talkie radios that are useful over short distances. In addition, each base camp, Dacca, and Chittagong are connected by one radio network, and both camps and Chittagong by another. There is little hope of getting a telephone for the office.

For the most part, all operations of both parties have been in farm land. The individual plots are very small, mainly because the system of primogeniture has never prevailed here. Three landowners per group or 15 per spread are not uncommon. The whole crew's being on foot minimizes crop damages; but when the rice is in head, we do have lots of claims in some areas, seldom exceeding 45c each. Many streams have to be crossed, and not all villages can be detoured. We understand what the surveyor means when he notes the "group" is in the house and can believe reports that the chain crew went right through a house, under one wall and out the other.

Only two Western families reside in Dacca, the Millers and the Johnsons. Both live within a hundred yards of the office, which is located in a newer section called Dhanmandai, near the Hindu village of Rayer Bazar.

These are native fishermen near Tongi. The man jabs the conical net into the mud, hoping to catch a fish; then he reaches his hand through a hole in the top and, very rarely, comes out with a fish.
Most of the foreigners based in Dacca live in this community.

Housing here is quite expensive, large down payments are required, and all are rented unfurnished except for many doors, steel-barred windows, and the plumbing fixtures. The tenant is expected to furnish—and take with him when he leaves—all of the door locks, window screens, hot water heater, light bulbs, and closets, as well as all of the shrubs, trees, and garden he may have planted. All houses have quite large rooms, several baths, piped water to a tank on the roof, and electricity of approximately 230 volts. The best houses have small cement ditches to lead the sewage water to the ditch that runs on either side of the road. Ceiling fans and air conditioners are necessary for comfort in the summer and also help keep down the mildew and drive away the mosquitoes. A free extra in all houses is a small, harmless gecko (lizard), which runs around the walls and ceilings making loud noises.

A wide choice of food is not usually available. Imported foodstuffs are rather expensive, but some local produce is not. A Christmas goose costs as much as two bottles of beer and a pound of grapes about the same as five chickens. All servants are men, and usually four are sufficient if one is a night guard.

Dacca lies in the middle of a large expanse of silt; consequently, there is no rock or gravel for building purposes. Everything substantial is made of bricks. After the floods subside, hundreds of brick factories spring up in the river bottoms, where a fresh supply of clay has been laid for them. Not only are these bricks used for building houses and paving streets, but the greater part are beat up by hand to make various-sized aggregates for concrete. After agriculture and transportation, there are probably more men engaged in brick beating than in any other occupation. Reserve piles of bricks occupy many vacant lots and roadsides.

A situation that one never becomes completely accustomed to is that there are people everywhere. One Sunday afternoon Les Schmidt and the Johnsons went for a picnic on the road to Narsinghdi, an area where there is a lot of hand looming. After searching for an hour, they found a deserted spot under a shade tree and built a fire. Within five minutes 75 persons had gathered to stare at those strange foreigners. Of course, there are always scores of the curious watching the field operations.

Everyone works hard enough in the field so that when his time-off comes, he wants mainly to rest, or have a haircut, or buy another handful of pocket-books or magazines. None has yet taken up the local custom of taking "pan," a delicacy of ground betel nut (species of pepper), flavored with chile, tobacco, and other spices, served in a rolled-up leaf with some lime (not the fruit).

In closing, we cannot help bragging a little on the performance of these walking crews who walk to work, walk all day to shoot 10 to 15 kilometers of line, then walk back (or maybe forward) to fly camps—seven days a week. We are certainly fortunate to have so many hardworking Pakistani and expatriate employees. Les Schmidt dreams of the day when everything goes perfectly, there are no rivers to cross, and the fly camp is in exactly the best place morning and evening—"Then I'll get 40 holes."
The indomitable spirit, courage, and resourcefulness of Westerners has been something of which we have long been aware, but the earthquake in Alaska on March 27 brought these qualities to the foreground so intensely that we were — and still are — overwhelmed by the fortitude of all Westerners in Alaska. We think that you will be, too, when you read their story. But why tell it in Party Pickings?

Well, among the crews selected early in March to report in this Party Pickings was Party 91, based in Anchorage. Several days before their copy was due, these and other Westerners in Alaska were subjected to this terrifying and devastating earthquake — but you cannot get a Westerner down. In spite of the destruction all around them, their business and personal property losses, and their attempt to get back to some sort of normalcy, these Westerners wrote and sent in their Party Pickings report! Thus we feel that it should go in the section of the magazine for which they wrote it. “It” is in four parts, accounts written by the party manager for and from the field; by the supervisor for all Western facilities in Anchorage; by the party chief and one of the computers for the office (but not from their office as it was destroyed); and by a party chief’s wife for the chronological and personal feelings and experiences of not only herself but also other Westerners. There is a bit of repetition, but we feel that each account should be printed as written. We are departing from the usual office report followed by the field report and putting the latter first, for a reason you will understand when you read it. Before you start reading of your colleagues in and around Anchorage, you would like perhaps to know that the two crews (Parties 36 and 93) based farther north in Fairbanks felt the quake but suffered no damage or injuries. — Ed.

PARTY 91 (Field)—COPPER RIVER, ALASKA...
V. J. MITTASCH, Reporter-Photographer

Winter quarters for Party 91’s field crew has been in the Copper River basin, a vast area of forests, rivers, and hills surrounded by the Wrangell and Chugach Mountains and extending south 150 miles to the coast of Alaska near the towns of Valdez and Yakutat. Party 91’s camp was located on the footsteps to Mount Sanford, 16,208 feet, and Mount Drum, 12,000 feet, some 200 miles from our homes and office in Anchorage. Driller DON ANDERSON and wife PAT and children left Party 91 to go to Party 35 in Wyoming, and Driller RON BAKKE went to Party 90 in Aden. We recently welcomed world travelers JIM MOORE and ARVEL GUESS and wife JEAN and son JIMMY to our crew.

The recent tragic earthquake in Alaska occurred while this was being written and has somewhat delayed and also changed this report. (This explains our leading off with the field report, which started out to be a normal report. It was written first — started before the earthquake and finished the day after Easter, during which Vic had flown to Anchorage for two hours. — Ed.)

Two and one half hours after our camp was violently shaken for 4½ minutes, one of Anchorage’s four radio stations was on the air, verifying our fears by their silence. It was some 22 hours later that radio contact was made from our camp to the shop in Anchorage. Supervisor BILL ROSSER and Party Chief C. O. (QUIN) WILLIAMS by this time had contacted most of the Western families and were busy attempting to contact others. The news of their safety was a great relief to us, as well as to Western Party 93 members on the North Slope, some of whose families also were in Anchorage. Communication between these remote areas and the offices in Anchorage and “Western—Fairbanks” were beyond value during this time.

Details of the disaster are still scarce at this time (Easter Monday). We were sorry to learn that QUIN and BILLIE
The earthquake broke the ice on the Copper River as can be seen here at Party 91's crossing. The crew's equipment was thus temporarily isolated. Party Manager Vic Mittasch later reported that the river flow was stepped for some time by a slide; that another river went dry and the water level in a lake dropped considerably; that land elevations appear to be changed—the south of Anchorage being several feet lower, with tidewater flooding places never before flooded; and that the highway from Anchorage to the Kenai Peninsula would be out until sometime in June or July, leaving one road out of Anchorage, that to Fairbanks and the Alaska Highway.

and children had to evacuate their damaged home. Also more tragic was the loss of the new home of Bill and Lee Rosser along with all belongings. Their home, along with many others, fell into Cook Inlet. We are relieved to report that both Bill's and Quin's families escaped with minor injuries.

As Quin's Party 91 office was also destroyed, he made headquarters with Bill in the Anchorage Office and Shop. All activities were focused on handling personnel situations and assisting in Civil Defense operations. We cannot at this time report on some Westerners in Anchorage but from reports received so far, we believe all to be safe.

Personnel on Party 91 field crew with families in Anchorage are Party Manager Vic Mittasch; Observer Arvel Guess; Assistant Observer Kent Logan; Drillers John Orth, Jim Moore, Fay Gorrod, Tom Phillips, and Bill Grant; Drill Helpers Sam Kelly, Doug Blossom, Wayne Jack, John Kvarford, Jim Hartner, Paul Pederson, and Mike Aamodt; Surveyor Del Stephens; Rodman Doug Koski; and Mechanic Helper John McConnell.

The only amusing incident that can be reported was that of "Wild Bill" Grant's trying to catch his track drill as it rolled along on level ground during the shake. A not so amusing incident was when Cook Frank Taylor returned to the kitchen and found his fully prepared dinner on the floor along with an assortment of pots and dishes. The quake also put a kink in a drill Kelly and a corkscrew twist in some of the drill stem as they were augered out of the hole.

The shake broke the ice on the Copper River; so Party 91's equipment is isolated until we can build up the ice to reinforce it. We had planned to take it all across before normal breakup in May.

("Note: April 3 — The crew moved back across the Copper River yesterday and arrived in Anchorage today. —Quin Williams.")

"WESTERN—ANCHORAGE"—ALASKA

BILL ROSSER, Reporter
CALVIN SMITH, Photographer

Friday, March 27, 1964, 5:36 p.m., Good Friday. The Alaskan Westerners and families, particularly those based in Anchorage, would probably be forlorn if they change the adjective to read Bad Friday; for that was the day of the earthquake that devastated Anchorage, Seward, Valdez, and other south central Alaskan communities.

It is almost incomprehensible to those who have seen the ravaged areas that the injuries and loss of life could be so light in view of the destruction to homes and business buildings.

Although Western's new shop and office building in Anchorage came through with almost no damage, the interpretative offices of Parties 91 and 17 were ruined. Party 91 had its office in the same building as was occupied by its client. This building was totally demolished, and it was very fortunate that the seismic records (somewhat the worse for wear) and a few computing supplies were salvaged. This was accomplished by cutting holes in the roof of the building with chain saws to gain access to the places that had once been offices. Party 17 was the first tenant in a very nice brand-new office building in downtown Anchorage. A major oil company had just moved into adjacent offices, and a bank occupied the lower floor. Although the structural steel skeleton of the building is still safe, the masonry and glass of the building suffered severe damage, and Party 17 joined Party 91 in temporary quarters in the Western building. (This is on Spensard Road between downtown and the Anchorage airport.)

A week has gone by as this is being written; and as the initial shock has begun to pass and our people are beginning to return as much as possible to normalcy, the personal losses are being accepted as fact and plans for the future are being laid. Aside from the destruction itself, the main subject of comment is the admirable way in which the people reacted to this crisis. There was never at any
time anything resembling panic. The first reaction was a sort of numbed shock. This was almost immediately replaced by action—rescue and salvage work. This was at first on an individual basis as everyone began to do anything that had to be done. Almost unnoticed, these efforts became organized as police, firemen, and Civil Defense authorities, and, particularly in the early stages, natural leaders assumed guidance of the operations.

On Sunday and Monday major salvage operations were begun by civil agencies, and the military posted guards in the devastated areas to protect people and property. Only those who could show proof of residence or business in these zones were allowed to enter. Western personnel and all available track vehicles were in the midst of the salvage operations. As the 'dozers cleared trails into the ruined homes in the Turnagain area, our men and track carriers were there to haul out salvaged food, clothing, bedding, and other necessities. As the salvage operation continued, the cargoes changed, evidencing again the level-headed attitude of the Alaskan people—necessities first and then automobiles, refrigerators, furniture, and other less critical items were saved.

Although many professional newsman have commented in the press and on other news media on the amazing aplomb and resilience with which the Alaskan people reacted to this crisis, perhaps the best summation was made by a lady helping to load her salvageable possessions (including a beautiful three-foot sailing ship model in a glass case) onto one of our carriers. Her comment: "It makes me glad to be a member of the human race to see people helping each other like this."

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PARTY 91 (Office)—ANCHORAGE, ALASKA...

RODNEY KRAUS and C. Q. WILLIAMS, Reporters
C. Q. WILLIAMS, Photographer

Shake, rattle, and roll. This became the new theme song of Party 91 as they were evicted from their office by Mother Nature at 5:36 Good Friday afternoon. The earthquake completely demolished the office building, breaking all of the furniture as the top came down. Fortunately, the maps, records, and files were recovered from the wrecked building, along with some of the supplies and a small amount of equipment. Even more fortunately, all Western personnel in the 49th State survived the "Good" Friday earthquake with only two minor injuries being reported.

Damage to personnel property was varied. Supervisor BILL ROSSER'S lovely home was among the one hundred plus houses lost in the Turnagain residential area. Mechanic JERRY HOWELL'S car disappeared into a fissure, and his downtown apartment was wrecked. Assistant Computer DOYLE CROTT'S apartment was rocked from its foundation in the Spenard area. Party Chief C. Q. (QUIN) WILLIAMS' house has large cracks in the basement. Computer RUSSELL LINFORD'S wife, SUE, rode out the earthquake 11 stories up in the L Street apartment where she was visiting her mother. For the most part, damages to the remaining members of the "Western Family" were confined to broken dishes, pictures, lamps, windows, and fraayed nerves and to learning to get along without electricity, water, heat, sewers, and the like for awhile.
Every Westerner has his own story of his experience during and following the quake, but everyone felt much like Roy Allen, son of Roy and Anita Morris, when he cried, "Mommie, please make it stop shaking."

Search and rescue efforts in the Turnagain area and downtown were quickly organized by volunteers and by the police, army, and Civil Defense agencies; and small groups of people gradually emerged from the broken buildings and uprooted homes. By the time darkness descended over the blacked-out city, the initial search had been completed, but it continued through the night in some areas. For the next few days most of the energies of the people were devoted to living under completely changed circumstances, to cleanup of broken debris, and to salvage of those things of value that could be recovered from the wreckage.

Three of Western's truck carriers assisted people in the Turnagain area in recovery of their personal belongings, with Helper Eugene Clugston (Shop), Assistant Party Chief C. L. (Red) Smith (Party 17), Driller-Mechanic Ollie Krein (Shop), Party Chief Jim Gribbin, (Party 17), and others taking part.

The day-to-day chores of a crew must go on, however. Party 91's office was relocated in the Western Shop, which had sustained little damage, and Party Chief Williams, Computers Rod Kraus and Russ Linford, and Assistant Computer Doyle Crotts are back at work. Doyle, who recently joined the Western ranks, hails from Fairbanks and brings with him his wife, Jackie, and two children. Another son, Jim, is a student at the University of Alaska.

A LETTER—ANCHORAGE, ALASKA...

From Billie (Mrs. C. Q.) Williams

Dear Family and Friends

Why so many of us survived I'll never know. From the looks of downtown and our neighborhood, it seems truly a miracle that so few lives were lost. I thought I'd tell you about us.

It was a pretty normal Good Friday. Quin was working at Western's new shop in Spenard. I had picked up the last few things for the kids' Easter baskets. A friend of ours, who was outside, was going to leave their 6-year-old boy with us for the long weekend. We could hardly wait to fix his basket and the kids' and color eggs with him. I had gone after Quin at the shop. We had a letter for Charlie and Mary Selman, (former Westerners), who live about three blocks from us, and we delivered that and were standing by the car ready to go when I said, "Gee whizzy! There's an earthquake!"

I could feel it rolling under my feet, and the car rocked a little. Then the screaming and thunder and cracking of houses started. We tried to get in the car, but it was jerking and shaking so bad that we couldn't. Houses—Mary and Charlie's house was twisted, bent, and throwing them all over the room. The shaking continued, but we managed to get in the car and somehow got home. We jumped out. There was a crack in the ground about 3 inches wide going
right up to our house, and the garage was broken from the house and about 2 inches away.

We rushed inside to find the three kids huddled in the middle of the living room floor amid the debris. We probably should have taken a picture for you; but imagine, if you can, the book cases overturned, pictures and paintings on the floor, plants upturned, broken dishes literally all over — and three scared kids and two practically hysterical parents. The tremors continued. We took the kids outside to the car. The screaming continued down the street. People were running towards us. Just one and half blocks away, houses were buckled or carried off their foundations and into enormous crevices, or the houses were shattered into kindling.

About this time Lee Rosser and three of her four children came running from their house, which was on the edge of the churning. She had run out of her house and had seen the houses behind her break into or disappear into crevices. She saw her car drop into an enormous crack, and the ground was opening around them; so she ran with her family three blocks to our house. The fourth child arrived a short time later. He had a bad cut on his leg from a fall he'd taken on some broken glass. He had returned to his house for first aid supplies, not knowing that the back basement wall had fallen off with the initial shock. He took the time at home to dress his own leg.

Lee had left home without her purse, coat, or boots. She had grabbed boots and jackets for the children. Quin went back to her house and brought out her purse, coat, and shoes. He returned to us pale and shaken from the sight of the area. Bill Rosser drove down the street about this time. He had been downtown in Jim Gribbin's office (Party 17). As soon as things steadied, both men left for home. The drive home was an eternity for Bill. He saw buildings flattened and the high school twisted and fallen in. We stopped him and he was relieved to see his family safe. He then took off for his house. He saw the back wall off but decided to enter and retrieve some clothes for his family.

In the meantime at our house neighbors arrived to say that all men were needed to go into the area to look for the living and dead. It was decided that all of our families would stay together. We joined the women in the neighborhood and their children — there were 18 children and 6 adults. The tremors continued, but to avoid panic we started the children singing camp and school songs. Upon surveying the children we found that our Mark had cracked his toe when a jade book end hit it. We wrapped this and looked at Jerry Rosser's leg to find that it was

Left—As Party Chief C. Q. (Quin) Williams and wife Billie drove up to their Turnagain home during the quake, they were greeted by this 3-inch wide crack that ran right up to their house. Their garage was broken about 2 inches from the house, and the basement had cracks. The camper and car belong to Supervisor Bill Rosser, being brought here after they were recovered from chasm that was once the Rosser yard. Right—Rickey Rosser and his mother, Lee, and Billie Williams look down into the broken Rosser house.
bleeding profusely. LEE and I did a bit of minor surgery by cleaning his cut and making butterfly stitches from bandaids and adhesive tape; then we tore sheets for the bandage and used part of a gasoline box for a splint.

Darkness fell quickly, and with it came a thick fluffy snow. The men returned; they had assisted a few people out but were sure that there must be many trapped. Our radios (transistor) asked us to evacuate because of the possibility of a tidal wave. ROSSERS and WILLIAMS came back to the WILLIAMS' and were discussing whether to evacuate or not when the firemen came and ordered us to leave. Everyone else had left on our street. We asked where we were supposed to go and were told any place that was away from the area and on higher ground. We stripped our beds of bedding, loaded the sleeping bags, foods, and some extra clothing and then headed out toward the mountains. The roads were full of cracks.

We ended up at the church, St. Mary's Episcopal. We bedded the children down in the backs of our cars. We ran our car motors for heat and on all night. The parents huddled in the front seats listening for radio news. The snow stopped and an ice fog rolled in, giving an eerie look to everything. We knew that we could take our boys to a hospital for care, but we were sure there would be masses of people there with far more serious injuries than ours. Someone left us a Coleman stove at the church; so we fired it up and melted snow for coffee about 3 A.M.

We took our boys to the hospital at 5 A.M. JERRY had eight stitches taken in his leg, and LEE and I were complimented on our homemade butterfly stitches. MARK's foot was wrapped with an ace bandage. We were shocked at the hospital news. Only 18 injuries and three dead-on-arrivals so far. They were preparing for the morning rush—and they were not disappointed.

To leave our experience here, I'd like to mention BARBARA SMITH, RED's wife. She was home during the quake, having just returned from an 8-hour day at Presbyterian Hospital. She rushed back and helped evacuate all of the patients to Providence Hospital. She stayed at Providence all night working. RED was in Glenallen with the crew. He came back Saturday afternoon to find BARBARA still at the hospital.

After our sojourn in the hospital, we returned to the church, and QUIN and BILL returned to Turnagain to find that BILL'S house had collapsed into a chasm as had his personal car and camping trailer. They stopped at Western's shop, which had escaped damage, and picked up a few things for us and then came back to the church. We moved back to our house in Turnagain for about 5 minutes. Another tremor occurred, and the house rocked, rolled, and shook. Three seconds later we were all in the cars and decided to go to the shop until we could check the house out.

We decided to settle at the shop, and BILL and QUIN moved a tracked bunk house over next to the building. The reception room was our eating area. We slept four in the bunk house, five in the large shop area, and two in one of the offices. Keep in mind that we were without heat and water and that our electricity was spasmodic.
Monday we moved back to our house as the office was needed for office space. Our efforts since then have been towards restoration and order. We are still eight days later without water or sewer. We continue to have tremors large and small. Everyone is a bit nervous but confident that our city can be rebuilt and that we can withstand the hardships of doing it.

This about covers us. I'd like to add a bit about Jim and Ellie Gribbin. Their baby boy was 3 days old — Ellie had just brought him home from the hospital. When Jim reached home, they were standing in the street. They went back into the house and settled their children down for dinner. About 8 P.M. the call of evacuation hit them. They put their children in the car and took off for the Russ Linfords' up in town. They settled there with 19 other people for the night.

Linfords' house was undamaged but without heat, water, and lights. Russ was home with his four boys. Sue was visiting her mother in the “L” Street Apartment Building on the eleventh floor, and they were thrown to the floor and rode out the earthquake rolling from one side of the room to the other while everything fell around and on top of them. They walked down the 11 flights together by candlelight and then drove to Sue's house to see how her boys were. They were relieved to find Russ and the boys in fine spirits among the broken furniture and dishes.

On Saturday following the quake Gene Clugston and Clark Phillips went to see every one of the Western families and gave assistance where needed. They found Frenchy Howell's and Dean Wilson's families with friends, having lost their apartments downtown. These men came in from camp to help their wives resettle.

Now we look to a future of building and cleaning up. We appreciate your concern for us and thank you for all that you've done.

Billie Williams

P.S. An interesting note is that this was written between our last quake, which registered 6+ on the Scale. Might also add that the Rossers are in a new house. I am finishing this in the middle of their living room with men and children moving in their personal belongings that were salvaged from the house.

"From Out of the Ruins . . ." was the headline on the top, front-page story of the April 1 Anchorage Daily Times in which Western Geophysical Company and two of its employees were prominently mentioned. The paper, which reached us after the foregoing accounts were processed, told of Western's track carriers and men going into the hard-hit Turnagain area to help salvage everything movable. Although other Westerners were among the volunteer workers, the story specifically mentioned Gene Clugston and Ollie Krein. There was also a picture of three volunteers (not named) loading a washing machine onto one of our track carriers. Thus, though we already knew that Westerners are always right in there, now all Anchorage Daily Times readers also know it.—Ed.
PARTY F-71—FORT NELSON,
BRITISH COLUMBIA...

DIETER JUERGENS, Reporter
DAVE JOHNSTON, ROLAND PEARSON and
WINSTON LARSON, Photographers

Party F-71 opened one of the earliest winter seasons for Western of Canada with our exit from Calgary on November 10, 1963, our destination a bush camp in northern British Columbia. Although no records are kept on these matters, we feel we must have come close to breaking quite a few and for sure the ones for the most major camp moves.

Operations started in the foothills country north of Fort St. John, where impending land sales attracted quite a few seismic crews. Some days it took precise timing for Observer Jim Nels to space his shots between our competition’s shooting on crossing or even the same lines. While Drillers Cecil Brulotte and Clarence Pudlowski, with assistance from Helpers Joe Spendifff and Bill Dedick, provided the necessary holes in that part of the country, 400 miles to the northwest an advance crew made hole for us in the hard formations of the Barricade Range. For Driller Orville McDiarmid it was the first time that he had to have his four-wheel-drive truck lowered down the hills at the end of a stout winch line. Another time it took him 17 back-and-forth maneuvers to get his rig around a switchback on a narrow side-hill cut.

Driller Joe Miller had charge of the other drill, and the water trucks were manned by Driller Dave Jackson and Helper Dan McNaughton. Surveyors Dewey Holt and Dave Johnston and their rodmen, Werner Mayrhofer and Lyle Ray, flagged our trails ahead and charted our wanderings on their maps.

After a short break for Christmas, Party F-71 started on its move into the mountains. But, OH, how it had snowed during time-off! Although a ‘dozer was started well ahead to open up the road, it took two days to move our

The size and depth of the snow drifts Party F-71 encountered on its way up to "Mount Baldy" in northern British Columbia is demonstrated here by Assistant Observer Roland Pearson.
Bob Harrison and Helper Willie Steinrotter brought their wet-auger drill to our crew. The “supporting cast” was made up by the supply truck driver, Helper Jim Gingles, Mechanic Vern Oslund, and Party Manager Dieter Juergens. Jim and Vern also got lots of field time in when they went chaining line for the ravenous drill crew. Thus the story for Party F-71 for this winter was an ever-changing one, never monotonous, but always steady in one respect: top performance.

As is the case for most mobile camp field crews, the Party F-71 interpretative office was centralized, with the headquarters in Calgary, Alberta.

Bus and air service kept the field records and tapes coming in a never-ending stream. With the field crew on an extended schedule, the same applied to the office staff, who at time of writing are pretty weary, to say the least.

Handling the duties here were Party Chief Don Propp, with Assistant Party Chief Grant Bates and Computer John Riva ably assisting. In addition, a newcomer, Les Einerson, was shared on a part-time basis with Party F-76.

Supervising the office and field operation was R. H. Whitt, who was kept on the move, shuttling back and forth, for both F-71 and F-76.

PARTY 33—MOUNT PLEASANT, TEXAS...

Jerry Schuller and Jo Meek, Reporters
Jo Little, Photographer

Party 33 began its “year” in Laurel, Mississippi; and perhaps by the time this report goes to press, they may be back there. It may not be too erroneous to state that a good portion of Western field personnel have either worked out of Laurel or actually begun their Western association on a Laurel-based crew.

Party Chief Mickey Hollier was on the crew long enough to qualify for the year, going to east Texas in mid-June. Joe Walker and Pete Kubik comprised his office staff. Party Chief Jerry Schuller and Computers N. W. Moffet and W. G. Smith are the current office personnel, based in Shreveport, Louisiana.

The crew was utilizing some special shooting techniques, which to the field crew simply means that the line goes
through swamp and forest, pasture and town, whatever may fall along a straight line drawn on a piece of paper called a program map. To those familiar with typical Mississippi surface culture of varying pine and native hardwood forests — all thickly overrun by thorny thickets and clinging vines — of numerous creeks and bogs, of many small landowners with “good” fences that cannot be taken down, the problems of a special crew can readily be visualized. These problems were the daily chores of Dwight Rich as permitman and surveyor and Burl Smith as Dwight’s assistant.

In mid-July it was decided to locate the office in Shreveport, and Chester Smith took up the reins as party manager. Two “old-timers,” Observer Harry McGehee and Drill-Mechanics Jack Harwood, have acquired homes in Petal and Magnolia, Mississippi, respectively, where their families have settled down and the children are going to school.

At July’s end the crew moved to the rice fields of central Louisiana near Alexandria, where the problem became one of not getting caught with your cables down when the rice farmers decided to drain and refill certain rice paddies. Driller Ray Humphrey was in familiar territory here, having worked in this area in the not too distant past.

After a month of Cajun country work, the crew moved into the town of Springhill, Louisiana, for an assignment just over the state line in Arkansas. This is lumber country — pine lumber and pulp wood, with the sulphite fumes to prove it. In mid-September it was decided to operate in Mississippi and the crew was split, with the Springhill contingent becoming Party 37 and Party 33 moving into Forest, Mississippi. Al Leake, who was wrapping up his final chores on an East Coast offshore operation, assumed party manager duties of Party 33.

Again we were in typical Mississippi terrain of hill and dale and wooded glen, except that here the poetic mood is hard to come by when beating through the brambly briars and clinging vines. One line ran in the vicinity of Sherman’s Hill, a bald, red, sandy clay projection overlooking all of the surrounding countryside. General Sherman’s forces camped here while on his Atlanta foray, considering it an ideal site in preventing any Rebs from sneaking in on his encamped forces.

In mid-December Party 33 was in operation in Canton, Texas. A short Christmas break enabled Party Manager Al Leake to move wife Margaret and children Linda and Scotty from Roswell, New Mexico. Observer Don Meek brought wife Jo and children Corwin, Danny, and Kim from Shreveport, Louisiana. After much apartment searching, they found “Little Ponderosa,” a log cabin in the pines about five miles out of town. Permitman Leo Ivy and wife Elizabeth spent their vacation completing a new home in Newton, Mississippi. Shortly after their arrival, Driller Harvey Hearn and wife Joanna acquired a new trailer house, much to the delight of their young son, Tommy.

After a short stay in Canton, our next stop was Mount Pleasant, Texas. Surveyor Bob Brown, wife Delores, and daughter Barbara joined us from Oklahoma. Coming to us also were Driller George Little, wife Jo, son “Bucky,” and “Baby Jane” (dog-baby that is). Mickey Nicholls, wife Minette, and daughter Necoie arrived, as did Gaston Pate.

On our departure from Canton, Helper Fred Lawley and wife Doris made their first crew move. Other personnel on the crew include Ronnie Cox, Kenneth Pierce, Don Coffman, J. B. Smith, and Office Clerk Joe Haynes.

With spring here, the fishing bug is beginning to bite, and Mount Pleasant offers many surrounding lakes and picnic areas. Heavy rains have wiped out many planned
PARTY 28—GOLIAD, TEXAS...

HAZEL TAYLOR, Reporter-Photographer

Hello again to our Western family. It would be almost impossible to give reports on each family for the past year; so we shall start with Party 28 in Laredo, Texas. There a new Westerner joined a lot of the "old" ones, Jim Ford, with wife Sharon, daughter Jennifer, and son Jimmy. Jim, who hails from Oklahoma, is our surveyor.

It was the month of September, and that, of course, is the "End of Summer Vacation" and "Back to School" month. Beginning their first year in school were Randy Taylor, Donny Watts, Kenny Skinner, and Terry Nash. It was a joyous experience for each one and did not alter two months later when their respective papas, Observer Dalton Taylor, Permitman Donald Watts, Surveyor Kenneth Skinner, and Driller Tommy Nash, gave the word to move on to our next stop, Pearsall, Texas. A brief but enjoyable two months was spent in Pearsall. The crew then ventured on to Goliad, Texas, where everyone is now happily settled.

Goliad is one of the oldest municipalities in Texas and is among the richest historically. Gnarled oaks stand in the streets, and the buildings that surround the courthouse square seem to be from a Western movie. The "Hanging Tree" on the courthouse lawn adds to the authenticity.

Our "trailerrites"—Driller Rex Barton, wife Nell, daughter Kaye, and son Don; Driller Tommy Nash, wife Mary, and sons, Terry and Gary; and Observer Dalton Taylor, wife Hazel, and Randy—are parked in a trailer court built around a home that is 150 years old and still occupied by members of the family who constructed it.

The Goliad State Park, with its missions and historical sites, has been enjoyed by all, including some of our sister crew members, Party 32, which is located in Kenedy, Texas, just 31 miles down the road.

Everyone is looking forward to summer and those weekends on the coast. Helper Ernest (Steve) Stevens has wet his hook, but no one knows what happened to the fish. Steve is on the list of prospects for the Goliad girls. Other prospects include our pickin', singin' shooter, Jim McClintock, and bull-ridin' helper, Al Kendrick. Better luck next time with those bulls, Al! We lost our most eligible bachelor, Party Manager Jim Taylor, not to marriage but to Party 65, located in Oklahoma.

We have welcomed Delmas Thornhill, who took Jim's place as party manager, and his family. To loan Delmas "a helping hand" came Lewis McKinney, clerk, from Shreveport, Louisiana.

We would like to announce that Donald and Jeanette Watts had a visit on November 12 from "Ole Mr. Stork." He left a bouncing baby sister for Donny, 7, Kim, 6, and Susan, 5. Her name is Nancy Jo.

Safety Awards have been proudly received by Dalton Taylor, 12 years; Donald Watts, 10 years; Robert T. Nash, 9 years; Rex Barton, 7 years; and James D. McClintock and Kenneth Skinner, each 1 year.

PARTY 35—BIG PINYEWYOMING...

CARL SIVAGE, Reporter-Photographer

Party 35 was re-activated in late February, and its new assignment is Big Piney, Wyoming. Big Piney is near Jackson Hole, the Wind River Mountains, the Grand...
Tetons, and in the Green River Basin. Back in the early
1820's to 1840 the Indians, Canadians, Mexicans, and
the American white men met in the Green River Basin and
exchanged geographical knowledge, as well as furs. This
was called the Big Green River Rendezvous.

Arriving at Big Piney via South Pass were Surveyor
R. K. (Bob) Anderson, wife Eunice, and son Boyd,
age 7 months. Eunice is a long way from her native
England. Also among the other arrivals were Helper Don
Erwin, wife Janet, and daughter Donna, age 3 months.
Janet is a native of "Wonderful Wyoming."

For Chief Observer Carl Sivage and wife Evelyn, the
winter crossing of South Pass was a long desired wish.
From the California freeways came Don Jarman and wife
Betty. "Colorful Colorado" is Betty's homestead. Also
from California are Helpers Don Martel and Bob
Hilfer. Both young men are former Dakota residents.
The local recruit is Porter Bailey. From the Alaskan area
arrived Driller Don Anderson, wife Pat, and two chil-
dren, Antone, age 3, and little sister Tracy, age 1½.
At this writing, Pat and the children are visiting relatives
in Fort Morgan, Colorado.

Nature was kind by extending a thick blanket of snow,
shining up the mountains, as well as by throwing in a
refreshing northwest wind. Party Chief W. T. (Bill)
Brooks, assisted by John McDonald, from the Salt Lake
City office, had already arranged for parking space, a
service station, and a large warm office. Also present
and helping for good sledding was Supervisor Jack Desmond.
Homes are found in trailers, the Piney Motel, and the
Cottage Inn.

Beside keeping the home fires burning, the wives find
time for coffee, tea, and coke sessions. Eunice Anderson
gave a Spring Season coffee party, which was enjoyable
and exciting and gave the women a chance to forget winter
parkas and snow boots.

Big Piney Crew Personal: Traveling home for Easter—
the Erwins to Wyoming and the Jarman to California.
Motoring to Colorado—Don Anderson, and his family
will return with him. "Crewing"—Jack Desmond. School
Break Vacation—Carl Sivage, Jr. The Guys and Dolls
Circle—Don Martel and Bob Hilfer. Visitors—Bill
Brooks and Tim O'Leary (the latter is also from the Salt
Lake City office). Spending Easter at Home—the Bob

Party 35 found Big Piney, Wyoming,
beautiful but white. Top—Surveyor
Bob Anderson really has to wade in
snow to do his work. Second—The crew
finds this road that it travels to work
scenic, but rough! Third — For this
Party Manager-Chief Observer Carl B.
Sivage (third from left) rounded up
three of his four Don's, Jarman, Er-
win, and Martel. Perhaps Don No. 4,
Driller Anderson, took the picture.
Bottom—The wives enjoy the snow by
staying inside as are, from left: Eve-
lyn Sivage, Betty Jarman, Eunice An-
derson, and Janet Erwin and baby
Donna. Right—Little Boyd, son of Bob
and Eunice, is happy with his toys.
ANDERSONS and the CARL SIVAGEs. Amusements—bowling, ice fishing, rock hunting, sightseeing, photography, and armchair TV. Safety Awards—CARL SIVAGE, 18 years; DON ANDERSON, 6 years; and DON ERWIN, 1 year.

If you are the exploring type, adventurous, or interested in the historical, you need not “go foreign” to find these interests. Just visit Party 35, “when it’s spring time in the Rockies.” (Since reporting, this crew has relocated in Mount Pleasant, Utah.—Ed.)

We of Party 35 wish to extend to our fellow-Westerners in Alaska our regrets for their unpleasant experiences in the Alaskan quake.

PARTY 78—MORGAN CITY, LOUISIANA...

BERK DOOLEY, Reporter
JIM SQUIRES, Photographer

Two years have passed since this reporter, BERK DOOLEY, has seen the Atchafalaya River, glistening in the Louisiana sun. It is good to be back! We have our house trailer with us and are at home to our many Western friends in this area.

We were surprised at the rapid growth of Morgan City. Avondale is building a shipyard along the river; consequently, thousands of families have had to move into the city proper. This makes it difficult for doodlebugs to find places to live.

Since our last report to the PROFILE, Shooter LEWIS PADDIE left us to go home (West Africa) and was replaced by PAUL MOUTON. JERRY and RUTH ELMORE are with us, and he is doing a fine job as observer under JAMES SQUIRES, our co-ordinator.

JIM was married on September 23, 1963, to ROSE ANN SPINELLA, a Morgan City girl. The ceremony was performed in Morgan City at the Sacred Hearts Catholic Church. They honeymooned in Durango, Colorado, JIM’s home.

When BOB NICHOLLS was assigned to take charge of Western’s boat fleet office in Pascagoula, Mississippi, KEN BRYANT took over as party chief of Party 78, and KEN and VIRGIE live in New Orleans. In the office with KEN are Chief Computer W. H. HUDSON and Assistant Computers F. C. GANDOLFO and NICHOLAS J. DISTEFANO. JAMES DENNISTON is our supervisor. The March PROFILE reported his promotion.

DANNY STEGALL came down from Shreveport to be junior observer, and the helper duties are capably filled by TOM SAWYER, CARL LIVAUDAIS, NEAL HARDIN, and MERVIN (RED) REED.

The crew has covered a good part of the Gulf. During the winter months we encountered a great number of storms. The boats picked up two inches of snow in one of these storms, to the delight of some of the crew members who had never seen the “white stuff.”

We are going fishing if I can ever catch Party Manager (and husband) CLAUDE DOOLEY as he goes by. Come join us in the “Land of the Bayous!”
PARTY 67—MORRILTON, ARKANSAS...

PAUL MIELY, Reporter
STEVE WINBORN and PAUL MIELY, Photographers

A 1,400-mile move to a new contract, from Montana to Morrilton, Arkansas, where the field and office forces were reunited, was the big event of February for Party 67. Supervisor C. W. Dick was on hand to help Party Manager Delmas Thornhill set up an office. Housing was readily available in this town of 6,000 population, and Chief Observer J. E. (Bubba) Buschmihle was able to begin taking records in the new horizontal stacking style with little delay. An abnormally large rainfall, however, soon forced a great deal of delay in operations. The silver lining in our rainclouds, though, was that this enabled the crew members to become acquainted with their scenic, new location.

Morrilton is located on the broad Arkansas River 82 miles north of the famous spa of Hot Springs. The terrain is that of gentle valleys and plateaus at the northern front of the Ouachita Mountains. It is atop one of these mountains, directly across the river from Morrilton, that Winthrop Rockefeller settled in Arkansas and established Winrock Farms. This is the headquarters from which Rockefeller has worked to industrialize his adopted state and will likely campaign this year as Republican candidate for governor. (A week after we received this, Mr. Rockefeller confirmed Reporter Miely's "prediction" by announcing his candidacy! —Ed.)

Winrock is a show place for Santa Gertrudis cattle breeding—7,500 acres of lush grass, irrigated by an elaborate pumping system from the river several hundred feet below. Adjacent to the impressive barns and home of Winrock is Petit Jean State Park, which promises to be a fine spot for boating and picnics this summer.

Party Chief Steve Winborn had to leave daughter Lura behind as she had enrolled last fall in nursing at the University of Wyoming. He and Phyllis, however, still have an active household, what with Gail's current crush on the Beatles and Terry’s Scouting activities. Peggy and Bubba Buschmihle also have an active teener in Yvette, who gets bundles of mail from friends back in Broadus, Montana. Driller Floyd (Pogen) Davis has centralized his family in Stratford, Oklahoma, where Gwen is supervising the education of Cynthia Ann and Butch. I detected a twinkle of fatherly pride recently when Pogen mentioned Butch's top grades in senior high to his old friend, Supervisor George Shoup. Other young doddle-buggers include Helper Ralph and Vera She's Dana and Dave, who play with neighbors Jim and Gene Diver, children of Driller Allen and Ima Jean, and Party 67's youngest, Kyle, 8-month-old son of Computer Ron and Kathy Black. A proud family in the Easter Parade, replete with corsages and boutonnieres, was Surveyor Jim and Marvene Blair, with Lori and Ron, seen out at the Colonial Restaurant after church. Speaking of
flowers, Jim’s assistant, George Underwood, says wife Bonnie is working for a local florist. Discount on the corsages, Jim?

But what about our bachelor contingent? No, they have not found the likes of Arkansas’ own Donna Axum yet though they have looked hard. Chief Computer Paul Meely was busy singing in an Easter Cantata with the Morrilton Community Chorus; and Shooter Stan Kopper, Helper Glenn Murray, and Junior Observer Chester Roundtree claim to have caught a 35-pound catfish in the Arkansas River. When pressed for the evidence, they said they had a fish fry and ate it. Come on, men, this is Arkansas, not Texas!

Welcome to Permitman Harry Larrabee and wife Louise. We hope they like this place as well as we do.

PARTY 65 (Office)—OKLAHOMA CITY,
OKLAHOMA . . .

SAM BURNSIDE, Reporter
BOB GRIFFIN, Photographer

As Louella says, “Hello Again” from Party 65 on Route 66, in the city that is mighty pretty according to the song, Oklahoma City.

My first excuse is the weather, which is as changeable as my ideas for this article. Parkas one day, Bermudas the next.

Heading the office are the two golf duffers. Ben Langston, promoted to supervisor in January, finds that, with his family and new duties, his hacking the fairways is at a minimum. The other budding “Pro,” Bill Walz, has had two surprises, being assigned the duties of party chief in January and being blessed by his wife, Neta, with a baby boy, Gregory, born last July 30. The Walz also have a daughter, Susan Marie.

Another “old-timer” is Computer Bob Griffin, who wafts the office with his smoking cigars while plotting through the haze.

Party 65’s office staff has been augmented by the arrival of Chief Computer Don Gardner and his wife, Sharon, by way of Shreveport, New Orleans, and points south. Don waits for the weekends to take his trusty rod, reel, and wife and head for the nearest fishing hole. Also, Senior
HENRY ROSS is spending time alone while wife SHARON remains in Madill, Oklahoma, waiting for “Mr. Stork” to arrive in April.

HOMER HOLDER left for Montana to head a new gravity crew, and JIM TAYLOR has replaced him. JIM is happy to be nearer his home in Arkansas, where he visited his family over the Easter weekend.

PARTY 65 (Field) — DUNCAN, OKLAHOMA . . .

DORA SHEA and GAIL BRYANT, Reporters

Reporting from Duncan, Oklahoma, the men of Party 65 field crew have made several moves recently. The crew has been in Mincola, Texas; Lindsay, Oklahoma; and Duncan, where it remains at the present time. The men have been on numerous spike jobs, including some in both eastern and western sections of Oklahoma.

Since the wives remain behind and are living in different towns, there have not been any “get-togethers,” but we are hoping that in the very near future we can all be together for coffees and chats.

While Observer BILLY MCNEW was spiking, his wife, PATSY, and children were visiting relatives in Texas. Assistant Observer DAN SHEA made a flying trip to California, driving back a new drill and returning to a happy wife, DORA, and their children. While DRILLER CLARENCE PERRYMAN and Helper TOM KANIVE are breaking in the new drill, CLARENCE’s wife, CHRISTINE, and son CLARENCE, JR., remain at home in Ardmore, Oklahoma. Shooter
by what seemed like an ever-changing number of seismometers used by the crew. Recording problems proved a constant challenge to Chief Observer Stan Stevens and his aid — PROGRAM GAIN.

Lynx were numerous in the area. Driller Bob Harrison brought one down with his trusty twenty-two. Wolves hauled down a moose a short distance from our camp site, proving to certain doubting Thomases that it is indeed possible.

The move to the flat, brush-covered, potential farm land around High Level saw several changes in equipment and personnel. Surveyor Dewey Holt and his helper, Werner Mayrhofer, were switched for Surveyor Dave Johnston and his rodman, Lyle Ray. For Dave this flat going proved a welcome change from the mountains where he had started the winter. Driller Bob Harrison and his helper, Willie Steinrotter, took the Sewell to Party F-71 in exchange for Driller Orville McDiarmid and his helper, Bill Dedick. The move was spread over three days to give the crew a break to let off steam after 60 days in the bush. Party F-63 was encountered en route, and old times were discussed over a couple of cool ones. Larry Towers was acquired from Party F-63.

Some of the work was around the Chinchaga River. Being frozen over, it offered a good access to some of the area. Drilling got a little rougher, forcing Drillers Joe Miller and Orville McDiarmid to push a little harder. A four-hour water haul from the river to the edges of the prospect did not help. Drill Helpers Dan MacNaughton and Bill Dedick saw these long water hauls in a different light as Party Manager Arnold Aylesworth sometimes sent them out at 4 o’clock in the morning so that they would be back with a load of water when the rest of the crew was ready to go to work.

St. John’s Ambulance sent out a First Aid instructor to our camp to administer a course in First Aid. The majority of the crew took advantage of this opportunity to get their certificates, vouchers, or medallions. Shooter Jim Thompson, the most advanced man in the crew in First Aid, obtained his First Label.

With the advent of spring, the crew was de-activated. Arnold Aylesworth has been banished to a summer in Calgary. Stan Stevens will spend the summer in the playback center, also in Calgary. Jim Thompson and Dave Johnston are slated for Party F-71, and Orville McDiarmid is heading back up the Alaska Highway to Party F-63. Joe Miller is returning to his farm.

Party F-76’s office staff weathered the winter’s operation in Calgary, approximately a thousand miles south of the field crew. Radio-telephone kept the office and field units closely knit. Party Chief Bill Ross and Computer Gary Hadford are second-year men with F-76. They were assisted by Ches Lewis and Les Eineron. Joining Western with Ches are wife Joyce and sons, Randy, 12, and Ron, 3. Les is useful around the office and can tell jokes.

PARTY 70 (Office)—NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA . . .

JOE BOUDREAUX, Reporter-Photographer

Office members of marine Party 70 are extremely fortunate to be located in the “Crescent City,” New Orleans. Being the South’s center of culture, it offers the Westerner unlimited opportunities for enjoyment and relaxation. For music lovers there are two opera theaters. The historic minded sightseer may spend hours in the famous Cabildo and Presbytere, which houses part of the Louisiana State Museum. Short drives along the old Mississippi River roads, presently Louisiana Highways 18 and 44, will take one to the pre-Civil War ruins of plantation homes. Westwego, Oak Alley, Evergreen, Elmwood, and San Francisco are only a few of the many ancient homes that
overlook the Mississippi River from New Orleans to Baton Rouge. They represent splendors of the Old South.

The countryside is dotted with battlefield markers. It was in Chalmette, which is just southeast of New Orleans, that Gen. Andrew Jackson led his troops, with the Kentucky Rifles and Jean Lafitte, in battle to defeat the British at the turning point of the Battle of 1812. The Civil War also left its mark on this great city.

Western gourmets agree that New Orleans French cuisine is incomparable to any other. Very few Westerners come and go without dining at one of the many fine French restaurants in the Vieux Carre (“Old French Quarter”).

Geographically, New Orleans is perfectly situated for the sportsman. A few minutes’ drive will take him to some of the best fresh- and salt-water fishing in the world. Fresh-water lakes and marshes are heavily populated with bass, bream, and crappie (sac-a-lait). Assistant Computer Eugene J. Senat, an ardent salt-water fisherman, reports that speckle sea trout are beginning to hit artificial bait in the brackish waters of this area. Computer Joe Boudreaux is happy to announce that bass and crappie are at their season’s peak.

Early spring in New Orleans is a time of recuperation. Computer Frances Salvaggio, a native Orleanian, is just now recuperating from the many traditional Mardi Gras balls and festivities in which she participated. She happily announced that she had not missed any of the 15 street parades during the 1964 Mardi Gras. (Frances reigned as Queen of the Krewe of Elenia Ball during the 1962 Mardi Gras.) Party Chief W. T. (Buck) Buckingham in late March left the chores of the office for a supervisory tour of the field crew. He was accompanied by acting Party Manager Mickey Hollier and Assistant Computer Eugene Senat. They boarded the supply boat Horn Island in Gulfport, Mississippi, and ventured southward in the Gulf of Mexico to the prospect, where they transferred onto the recording boat Tony Walker. Buck reported that the Gulf was calm and all went according to plans during the operation. On the return trip to Gulfport at night, however, a heavy fog set in; mere instinct on the part of the skipper led them safely into port.

Supervisor Howard Dingman revealed that the crew would be kept extremely busy throughout the year with the many jobs scheduled.
TWO "VETS" RECEIVE 30-YEAR SERVICE PINS. Thirty years is a long time to work for one company—especially when that company is not quite 31 years old—but G. E. (Ed) Planck and R. T. (Bing) Crosby have done just that, with Ed receiving his pin in April and Bing this month. Coincidentally, both of these loyal employees started their Western careers on drilling crews of Party 3 in Kansas. Ed is a native of Larned, Kansas; and Bing was born in “next door” Missouri but was working on a Kansas highway gang when he heard of the formation of a Western crew in Larned.

A year after Ed became a Westerner, he switched from drilling to recording, as a helper on Party 7, and worked on up through the ranks to party manager. During his 30 years he has explored in the Midwest, the South, the West, the Rocky Mountains, and Canada and served on many, many crews, with Parties 18 and 28 seemingly his “favorites.”

Last November, however, Ed was summoned from the northern Rockies to Shreveport, Louisiana, to assist in the rapidly expanding data and analysis offices there. This move may have meant more opportunity for his favorite sport, golf, but it also meant being away from wife Laura and 17-year-old daughter Sara until the end of the school year. They remained in Cody, Wyoming, for Sara, an honor student, to finish her junior year in high school.

Bing stuck to the drills and eventually found himself traveling out of the Los Angeles laboratory as drill supervisor to assist in solving drilling problems of crews in the Rocky Mountains area and Canada. In 1949 he became shop supervisor of Western’s shop in Casper, Wyoming. When the Company sent its first crew into the Sahara Desert (Party 90 in Libya) in 1958, Bing went along as drill and equipment supervisor, for he was to every Westerner who knew him the “old Pro” on equipment in any terrain. Wife Velma accompanied him and set up “home” in Tripoli. By that time their daughter, Joyce, had already made them grandparents.

After several years in that desert, Bing returned to the States and was assigned to the Shreveport shop—but only briefly. Party 90 was being re-activated for another desert prospect, this time in the Hadramaut and again needed the “old Pro” as core drill and equipment supervisor. The Crosbys joined the flight to Aden, where Velma established “home base,” and Bing went on into the desert with the field crew, where he currently is. Today Bing is one of Western’s most respected employees. Fortunately, he happened to be in Aden on rest break when Supervisor Harold Murphree received the WESTERN PROFILE’s request for Bing’s picture.

On behalf of all Westerners, the PROFILE extends congratulations to Ed and Bing on this milestone in their careers.

EAST TEXAS SOCIAL EVENT—Mrs. Matt Herrington, of Party 21, was hostess to a dinner-dance for three Texas-based crews, Parties 21, 33, and 19, in the Hospitality Room of the Flame Motel in Sulphur Springs, Texas. Members of Party 33 came from Mount Pleasant, and Party 19 journeyed over from Winnie, Texas. Supervisor Ben Langston, from Oklahoma City, happened to arrive in town just in time to join in the fun. Also present were Mr. and Mrs. Bob Gable and daughter Pat, who were visiting the George Littles. Following a cocktail hour, steaks were served and the Twisting began. Twisting instructions were given by “old Pro” Don Meek. With old acquaintances renewed and new friends made, a good time was had by all.—Jo Little.

HERE IN MONTANA we are always hearing about the “Big Blizzard of ’84” and all of the casualties of that one. Party 66 can now report that we had a casualty in the “Blizzard of ’64.” Tommy Harris, wife of Party Manager John Harris, was running an errand for her husband in a blizzard we had the first of February and broke her leg. She had parked her car in the office parking lot; and as she stepped from behind it into the 50-mile-an-hour wind and snow, she fell on the frozen ground and broke her leg. She is out of the cast at reporting time but will have to use crutches for several more weeks.
INSTALLATION of Western Supervisor Thomas L. Slaven as 1964 president of the Pacific Coast Section of the Society of Exploration Geophysicists took place April 9 during the two-day annual joint meeting of the S. E. G., the American Association of Petroleum Geologists, and the Society of Economic Paleontologists and Mineralogists at the Biltmore Hotel in Los Angeles.

Two Westerners also gave papers at the meeting. Carl Savit and Don Blue, both of the mathematic research department. Don spoke to the petroleum geologists on the subject, “Reflection Techniques Suggest the Nature of Deep Ocean Sediments,” using colored slides and information obtained from Western’s participation in the Mohole Project. Carl addressed his paper, “Digital Seismograms,” to the exploration geophysicists, discussing how to digitize geophysical records economically and effectively.

Tom first became a member of the Pacific Coast Section’s executive committee in 1959 when he served one year as the editor of the Section’s Geophysical Digest. Then followed a year as secretary-treasurer, and in 1962 and 1963 he was district representative to the international S. E. G. council.

With the 34th international meeting of the S. E. G. scheduled for the Biltmore November 16 through 19, committees have been established, with Westerners heading two of them. Vice President V. E. Prestine and Tom Slaven are chairman and vice chairman, respectively, of the entertainment committee, and Carl Savit and Curtis Johnson are serving the respective positions of the publications committee.

The new president of the Pacific Coast Section is one of those “rare birds” around the Los Angeles office, a native Californian. A staff geophysicist as well as supervisor, Tom began his Western career 16 years ago in the field as a helper on Party 32. Then a student at the University of California in Berkeley, Tom worked two summer vacations on this crew. He became a full-time Westerner in the summer of 1950 on his graduation from the University with an A. B. degree in geophysics. His first assignment was as a computer on Party 9. Since then Tom has worked California from one end to the other, including offshore, and has also seen some service in the Gulf Coast, the Rocky Mountains, and Cuba (“before Castro,” he says). His supervisory duties have also taken him to Hawaii on two different government jobs that Western did.

During World War II Tom was a sergeant in the army. Both he and his wife, Helen, an R.N., are avid sailors and campers. They have their own sailboat and camper truck, which means that they are never at a loss as to what to do on weekends. They also have been known to take off for the nearby mountains in the winter and get in some skiing.

The big smiles worn by Claude and Berk Dooley were caught by Evelyn (Mrs. W. C.) Nelson as the Dooleys lifted out the ice chest presented to them by members of Party 52 as a farewell gift when the Dooleys left for Morgan City, Louisiana, where Claude took over a Western water crew. The party was at the C. N. Hardin home.

PARTY 52 WAS FORTUNATE to hold its first Safety Dinner in several months on April 4. Audie Hardin acted as hostess and very capably saw to it that everyone had a good time. Even though Party Manager Clarence Hardin and Audie would not “break the ice” and show everyone how to Twist, they did manage to push a few couples onto the dance floor to try a few “old-fashioned” steps. Party Chief Tom Toschlog and his wife Karol came in from Jackson to participate in the dining and dancing. Driller W. C. (Sarge) Nelson and wife Evelyn did not wait for anyone to start the fun. Sarge attempted every different dance that came through the hi-fi speakers—even a short excerpt from the Apache War Dance—to the applause of all who watched.

PARTY 52 FIELD CREW recently returned to the “Magnolia State” and located in Hattiesburg, home of Mississippi Southern University, only 60 miles from the beautiful coast of Biloxi. After we went through the regular routine of house hunting, parking mobile homes, and enrolling children in school, “The Rains Came.” The rains and a four-day school break gave the crew an enjoyable leisure weekend. Charles F. Brown and wife Marie have joined the many Westerners who go in for mobile-home living. They have purchased a lovely new “Chickaasha.” Safety Awards have been presented to Party Manager C. N. Hardin, 13 years; Observer Carl W. Scott, 8 years; and Surveyor Alvin Warren, 3 years. Party 52 welcomes Permitman, W. L. Tidwell and Driller Mechanic E. E. Floyd to the crew.

AUDIE HARDIN.

NEWEST MEMBER of the Party 52 office is Computer Don Laddata. He replaced Jerry Murphy, who went to Party 32. A native of Shreveport, Louisiana, Don received his bachelor degree in mathematics from Louisiana Tech in Ruston, Louisiana. Prior to coming to Western, he spent several months as a mud engineer on offshore and south Louisiana coastal rigs. Don came to Party 52 single—just as did Jerry. We are all wondering if he can do what Jerry could not; I mean fight off the marriage-minded Mississippi belles.—J. H. Bellar.

A NATIVE OF IRAN is now a Westerner, having joined the staff of Party R-4 in September 1963. Irafi Forootan, “Roger” as the others on the Salt Lake City office crew call him, is a computer. He completed his studies at the MacKay School of Mines at the University of Nevada.

Eual Templer, one of Party R-4’s computers, spent his spare time during the past winter studying his law course. Charles Lesley, our draftsman, enjoyed Salt Lake City’s long winter and snowfall by spending most of his weekends skiing at the Alta and Solitude resorts.

Party R-4 is also serving as the office force for the Party 35 field crew, which is working near Mount Pleasant, Utah.

—IRAFI FOROOTAN.

“BYLINER OF THE MONTH” was the honor conferred upon Eloise Frazier, one of our PROFILE’s most faithful reporters, by another employee publication. Eloise, wife of Western’s Shop Supervisor Jay Frazier, Midland, Texas, is a dictaphone operator in the Midland district office of a Texas employers’ insurance group and is her office’s reporter for the group’s magazine, Brickbats & Bouquets. She began these reporting duties when she started working for the organization as a clerk-typist in 1956. Eloise was featured as “Byliner of the Month” in a story in the March issue of the magazine, which also had a picture of Eloise and Jay.

Westerners who are aware that Eloise worked on a newspaper in her native Kansas and who have followed her coverage of our Midland employees in the PROFILE over the years know that she is well qualified and deserving of the title bestowed upon her by Brickbats & Bouquets. Congratulations from all of us, Eloise.—The Editor.

OUR PARTY 74 reported in for this issue with the front page of its client’s weekly newspaper, which had, of course, a story and picture of Party 74. According to Party Manager Rui Esteves, the paper’s reporters and photographers took a trip with the crew on the Jackson Creek and the Red Creek and printed two articles, one of which Rui sent us.

Following its lead paragraph was this:

“The survey, part of the company’s search for additional oil reserves within the concession area, is being conducted by the Western Geophysical Company of America, owner of the two deep water craft.”

Farther down our Co-ordinator Phil Murray was quoted:

‘The survey has gone off with very few hitches. Our biggest problem in this area has been getting in and out of reefs.’

MIDLAND WESTERNERS “COMMUTE” AND PARTY. Super-
visor George Shoup, after returning from several weeks spent in Nigeria, was home only briefly before making a trip to Arkansas to visit his crew there. By the time this gets into print, Mike Shoup, son of George and Betty Shoup, will be giving his time to Uncle Sam’s Army for the next six months.

A coffee was held in the Shoup home to bid farewell to Virgie Bryant and to welcome Margaret Webb to the small coterie of Western women located here in Midland, Texas. Present were Mary Elizabeth Shoup, Elizabeth Ross, Mary Wardell, Eloise Frazier, Opal Rogers, Marguerite Satterwhite (of Odessa), Velma King, and the two guests of honor. The Satterwhites still live in Odessa for school reasons.

The Ken Bryants, as some of you would already know, moved from Midland to New Orleans and Party 78. Replacing Ken as party manager here is J. W. (Spider) Webb.

April 7 was just another day to Dick and Mary Wardell until they arrived home from work and found a congratulatory
telegram from daughter Linda. The occasion they forgot? Their 25th wedding anniversary! Such an event called for at least a little something different; so a quick phone call to the Jay Fraizers resulted in an impromptu “dinner out” for the two couples.

After “commuting” between Houston and Midland for two weeks or more, Shop Supervisor Jay Fraizer managed to remain at home about two weeks and then on March 26 flew to Billings, Montana, from where he was scheduled to return a rig to Midland. With the aid of Glenn Jones, from the Shreveport location, Jay transferred all stored equipment from Houston to Midland. He and Glenn would fly down, get two trucks in condition to take out on the road, and head back to Midland. After a night or two here, they would fly back down and repeat the process.

Observer Supervisor W. T. Ross has been kept busy most of the time in the Gulf area since his return from his last trip overseas.

Supervisor Charles Dick, who recently was transferred to Midland, plans to move his family here from Oklahoma City as soon as school is out. We welcome them to the Permian Basin Empire and hope they will like being “West Texans.”

“Old-timers” with Western might be interested in learning of the death on December 21 of a former Westerner, Rodger Waltz. His death occurred in Barstow, California, where he and Hilda had lived for many years. They had no children.

—Eloise Fraizer.

FELLOW STUDENTS HONOR LINDA LEAKE. This 11-year old young Westerner, daughter of Party Manager A. R. (Al) and Margaret Leake, was named to her school’s “Who’s Who” for the fifth six weeks of the 1963-64 school year. A pupil must be an honor student even to be eligible for the honor and then must be elected by popular vote.

This was a singular honor for Linda in that she had been in Mount Pleasant (Texas), current base of Party 33, only six weeks. She was well qualified in the honor-student eligibility, having received all A’s, with the exception of one B, throughout the year. Linda did this while attending five different schools in four states! She was in each school about six weeks. While in Athens, Texas, Linda was also honored, being elected

“Most Beautiful” for the annual and also vice president of her class.

Linda’s favorite subjects are history and science. Her activities are not confined to studying, however, for she likes to skate, swim, and play baseball. She is on a girls’ softball team. She also has a hobby, playing the piano. This talented, popular young girl would like to be a secretary or an airline stewardess.

Linda is further proof of the misconception that a doodle-bugger’s child, because of the nomadic life, is doomed to a poor school record. The “Western family” is proud of this younger-generation Westerner and congratulates her and her parents, Al and Margaret.

WESTERN RICERCHE GEOFISICHE transferred its head office on February 9 from Via Manzoni 5 to Piazza della Repubblica 32, Milano, Italy.

The building in which our new offices are located is called Il Grattacielo di Milano, “The Milan Skyscraper.” This is due to the fact that it was the first skyscraper erected in Milan when the city’s post-World War II renewal and rebuilding program began some years after the war. This program is still in progress.

The Grattacielo di Milano is located in the new business center of the city, close to the main railway station. It has all modern facilities, including a government post office and a restaurant on the ground floor, pneumatic mail service, travel agency, underground garage, and central air conditioning. With its 32 floors, it reaches a height of 116 meters (380½ feet). The U. S. General Consulate and various other consults are located in the same building.

The offices we occupy are located on the tenth floor and have well-lighted rooms with large windows on three sides of the building.—Giuseppina Cazzaniga.

Il Grattacielo di Milano, “The Milan Skyscraper,” is the building into which Western Ricerche GEOFISICHE moved this winter.
THEY SERVE

Service Anniversaries . . . April, May, June

30 YEARS
Crosby, Russell T.
Plack, G. E.

28 YEARS
De Journette, Robert D.
Strange, Booth B.

27 YEARS
Adams, John A.

23 YEARS
Ross, Walter T.
Shoup, George J.

22 YEARS
Hale, Margaret
Wardell, Richard H.

21 YEARS
Buschmihle, Joe E.

20 YEARS
*Hilburn, James C.
Maroney, Thomas P.

19 YEARS
Sullivan, Roscoe L.

18 YEARS
Bernhardt, Don
*Brooks, William T.
Davis, Amon W.
*Leary, Harold L.
*Pattin, W. J.
Whitt, Rayburn H.

17 YEARS
*Gibbs, Dewitt
Maines, John J.
Wells, Melvin J.

16 YEARS
Bosch, Frank
Browder, Walter C.
*Campbell, J. Lyall
*Dingman, M. Howard
Glan, Hardy
Hanson, E. E.
Martin, Charles E.
Rosser, Bill A.
*Slaven, Thomas L.
Williams, C. Q.

15 YEARS
Anderson, Clarence N.
David, Vernon B.
Grant, Henry L.
Kokoske, Arthur
Nichols, C. W.
O'Donnell, Arthur
*Sebastian, Charles F., Jr.

14 YEARS
*Anderson, Don C.
Bynum, George B.
Childs, Berry W.
Richard, Carl R.
Schuller, Jerome A.
Scott, Robert D.

13 YEARS
*Bates, Grant P.
Dees, James A.
*Ervin, J. W.
*Kopp, Stanley
Larrabee, Harry
Loven, J. Warner

12 YEARS
*Ayresworth, Arnold A.
Boyd, Victor C.
Denniston, James P.
Gribbin, James H.
*Pulowski, Clarence
Ross, William F.
*Walling, V. A.

11 YEARS
*Baird, James K.
Brown, William R.
Burnside, Samuel G.
Clingan, John E.
*Crider, Howard
*Grant, William E.
*Johnston, David
*Laboureau, Delor A.
McClure, Roy J.
Nelson, William C.
Semelis, Herman A.
*Templer, Eual L.
West, Arnold W.

10 YEARS
*Brannon, W. G.
Clapsaddle, Darrell
Hollier, Lawrence A.
Lane, Willie G.
Tobin, Charles J.

9 YEARS
*David, William E.
Dixson, Cecil R.
* Larson, Cecil M.
Propp, Donald G.

8 YEARS
*Brown, Dean R.
*Collins, Robert V.
Condrey, James E.
Frommeyer, William P.
*Gregory, Ernest D.
*Henry, James L.
*Kraus, Rodney
*Leong, Sam

Linford, Russell J.
Litchenberg, Jack
Livesey, John
Nottage, Thomas G.
*Pearson, Roland
*Schoenick, William A.
Thompson, Harry H.

7 YEARS
Besuregard, T. A.
Middleton, David

6 YEARS
Chadwick, William H.
Ireton, R. R.
Reeves, William H.
Swint, Donal
Walz, William J.

5 YEARS
Frazier, Royall H.
Goudy, Bill R.
Hail, Robert D.
Sherman, Robert P.
*Tedlock, Vester
*Taylor, Franklin

4 YEARS
*Dillard, Merle G.
Leonard, F. O.
*Logan, Kent E.
*Nelson, Gerald W.
*Pack, James A.
*Passeri, Arildo
Zowie, Richard L.

3 YEARS
Blue, Don
Brugnecoli, Mario
Diver, Allen
Dowdy, Lawrence
*Down, Emery E.
*Elland, L. Palmer
*Jackson, R. M.
*Marlett, Carl
Merten, Fred A.
Perryman, Clarence
Put, Bill
*Ryan, R. L.
*Stephens, Delbert L.
*Villamarin, Carlos
Vorapal, George A.
Zowia, John

2 YEARS
*Aamodt, Michael W.
Clarkson, D. K.
Griebel, William C.
*Hill, William R.
Kubik, James J.
Mertens, Theodore R.
*Perkinson, James C.
Ross, Henry L.
*Underwood, George

*Interrupted Service

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FIND COVER
On one of his Sunday excursions around the countryside in the vicinity of Dacca, East Pakistan, Supervisor Harvey Johnson took this picture of an old Hindu shrine. Although Pakistan as a whole is predominantly Muslim, 22% of the East Pakistan population is Hindu. There are also Christians and a few Buddhists and Animists.

MARIANNE CLARKE, Editor

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