Roy Ash, president of our parent company, Litton Industries, recently addressed the Conference on Foreign Licensing at the University of California in Los Angeles. His discussion went to the heart of one of the more important and pressing problems facing our generation today. Because of the timeliness of his subject and the force of his logic, I am presenting a condensed version of his address for your consideration.

Mr. Ash said, in part:

History will record this period as the initial stage of a new, or second, industrial revolution. New products and processes are being generated at rates that absolutely would astound any previous generation. Out of these arise whole new ways and new levels of living.

We hear around us the voices of those who cry out that we are developing a technological Frankenstein—a monster so awesome and so uncontrollable it can only be the work of the devil. These voices proclaim that man will lose his freedom to a technology that ultimately will destroy him. Then, also, we have witnessed such magnificent accomplishments from our second industrial revolution that others are too willing to place their blind faith in the new sciences, and their practitioners, to solve all our problems.

Both of these positions are absurd. We need not be fearful; we need not resign our fate to others. Instead, the world is on the threshold of a rare opportunity—the opportunity to harness for the benefit of all humanity the dynamic strength of technological revolution.

The very pace of this revolution, which allows us to encompass in one lifetime the gains that would take generations in other times, brings its own burden of social cost. The more rapid the change the more traumatic its effect. Solving the problems of individual adjustment on a massive scale is our challenge.

Then, also, in recent years a new dimension has been introduced into our affluent society. Through accomplishments of the past we are not only able to meet our individual needs and many of our individual desires, but we have productive capacity left over in this country to support record levels of governmental functions. Along with those commonweal endeavors that deal directly with technology itself, such as our military and space activities, are a plethora of social programs.

We would all agree that some of these programs for the common welfare and protection are appropriate charges against our national productivity. But an increasing proportion of government activities are no more, in effect, than the commandeering of the fruits of our individual enterprise system—and paying them out, ostensibly on our behalf, for services or products many of which we individually do not want and would not buy—at least at the price or in the manner purchased.

We are rapidly approaching a time when governmental activities are, or seem to appear, so complex that the American public is allowing control to slip.
Western's Boats Journey to Equatorial Africa

Leaving the cold weather and rough waters of the North Sea behind them in the middle of last winter, Western's boats, the Linda Walker and Cynthia Walker, steered a southerly course and, after stopovers in Dover, England; Lisbon, Portugal; Las Palmas, Canary Islands; and Port Harcourt, Nigeria, arrived finally in Port Gentil, Gabon, just 43 minutes south of the equator on the west coast of Africa. Here Party 77 was reassembled when the boat crews were met by the Western crew, most of whom had taken the fast route by air via Paris and had arrived in Port Gentil a few days before the boats. While final preparations on the boats were made to begin the survey work, the crew began to survey their new surroundings.

Thinline populated, Gabon has a total of 500,000 inhabitants, made up of 40 ethnic groups and less than 1% Europeans. The country is about the size of Colorado; and although it straddles the equator, the climate is not so hot as one would imagine. The average temperature is 78°, and variations never exceed 16°. The high humidity and rainfall — over 100 inches per year — explain the immense forest and lush vegetation that covers the entire country.

Gabon is one of the newest of the new African republics, having received its independence from France only four years ago. The official language spoken is French although the Africans usually use their native tongues among themselves.

Port Gentil is a new town that was built to house the infant petroleum and gas industry and the world's largest okoume plywood factory. From the Port many tons of okoume and other hardwoods are exported to the countries of the world to be made into fine furniture.

The peninsula on which Port Gentil is located is cut off from the mainland of Africa by the huge Ogooue River delta; and as there are no bridges across this river, there are no roads leading out from town. As a consequence, this small town has probably more air travel than any other city of comparable size in this part of the world. Beyond the edge of town lies storybook Africa — primitive, wild, and impenetrable. The forest is dense, and much of it is covered with a few feet of water.

Located about 100 miles up the Ogooue River at Lambarene is the home of one of the world's most noted humanitarians, Dr. Albert Schweitzer, who came to Gabon...
as a young man and, at the age of 89, still cares for the African natives at his unusual hospital deep in the forest. The tourists who come to Gabon and make the trip to Lambarene are richly rewarded by a rare view of African life and often hear some very cogent words on Africa from “Le Gran Docteur” (The Great Doctor).

Your writer was fortunate to take a weekend trip in a speed boat along the quiet river system to Omboue, observing the immensity of Africa, the beauty of nature, and the abundant wild life. Among his impressions were tall trees, some with brilliant scarlet flowers; water fowl of many kinds; hippos and crocodiles along the water course; and buffalo and gazelle in the small grassy savannas, which are like islands in the forest. Always there were monkeys chattering in the trees, announcing our arrival to all. Other members of the crew have seen elephants, and one reported seeing two gorillas when he was on air trips over the forest. At Sette Cama, a native village about 100 miles south of Port Gentil, a white hunter maintains his headquarters where clients fly down to join him for an African safari hunt.

When the boats were working close to the shore, we often saw scenes of primitive native villages built along long, beautiful white sandy beaches that would be the envy of any resort. Here in Africa these beaches are empty of people, and only occasionally can an animal be seen along them or an elephant bathing in the surf.

The Cynthia and Linda returned from the last trip in Gabon in mid-March, and the Western crew flew to Cameroun for a rest break in the big city of Douala, where Supervisor Frank Ellsworth had been making arrangements for the start of our next survey. The boat crew waited in Gabon for the electronic-surveying equipment to arrive in Port Gentil and be loaded on the boats; then they headed north, guiding the boats across the equator again to Douala. Meanwhile, the boys in Douala “took over” the beautiful Hotel des Cocotiers and monopolized the swimming pool, yelling “Shot point!” as they cannon-balled into the clear water. Exploring the numerous night spots, bars, and other attractions in the evening, the crew had a week of fun and rest after their arduous time in Gabon.

Cameroun, like Gabon, was a former French colony and was granted independence a few years ago. The Republic is headed by a president and has a legislature made up of elected delegates, who campaign as actively as any politician in America. The country is much larger than Gabon and is more densely populated. The capital, Yaounde, is located high in the mountains and enjoys a moderate climate; the northern portion of Cameroun reaches almost to the Sahara and is hot and dry.

Douala, the principal seaport of Cameroun, is located on the wide Wouri River, about 30 miles inland from the sea. By contrast with Port Gentil, Douala is a modern city, with movie theaters (for those who speak French), large hotels, supermarkets, and roads leading out of
the city to the rest of Africa. It is here that one can see the different cultures of the African peoples through their variances in native dress. With the exception of those Africans who wear something resembling a white nightshirt or flowing white gowns with red caps, most seem to prefer bright colors and very loud patterns, wearing the cloth often as a sort of sarong or sari.

Apparently one common characteristic of the African culture, to our observation, is the place of women as the bearers. She not only bears the children, both before they are born and also strapped to her back after they are born, but she is almost always seen with large loads of every conceivable type balanced on her head: loads of wood for cooking, water in 5-gallon cans, baskets of fruit, bolts of material, a bottle of Orange Squash, or sometimes only her handbag. Even the little girls balance their schoolbooks on their heads while going to and from school. It is seldom that one sees a man carrying anything. He may be pushing a wheelbarrow with a heavy load or pedaling a leg-powered cycle truck loaded with roofing materials, but never carrying anything in his hands or balanced on his head.

Across the Wouri River from Douala and on the coast rises Mount Cameroun, the fifth highest mountain in Africa and still an active volcano, last erupting in 1957. Many native fishing villages of the Bantu tribe are situated along the coast; and often as the boats took seismic shots close in to the coast, the whole village would come out on the beach and watch the strange goings-on at sea.

Another landmark to the crews of the Linda and Cynthia has been the island of Fernando Poo, lying just 40 miles off the coast of Cameroun. The island, which can be seen on a clear day from Douala, is entirely volcanic and is very similar to Hawaii. Fernando Poo belongs to Spain and has many scenic attractions, including the typically Spanish city of Santa Isabel and the well-kept cocoa and tea

In the native market of Douala one can see the different types of dress and customs. Many of the Africans prefer brilliant colors and loud patterns, as worn by the woman in the top picture. Women are the bearers and tend to carry everything on their heads in various types of containers as can be seen in the middle photo. The men seldom carry anything in their hands but do transport loads in a leg-powered cycle truck such as the one at the far left of the general market scene at the bottom. Note the "bunch of girls gossiping" (in center of this picture) with heads laden but arms free.
estates. Several members of the crew have visited the island for a change in scenery and some practice in Spanish.

Working in foreign countries offers Westerners many new experiences and at the same time presents many new and often unanticipated problems. Of course, there is the language problem, which is especially acute here where very few of the French or Africans speak English and only one Westerner (a Louisiana) can speak French. How often we have heard the complaint, “She seems very nice and I’d like to meet her, but I can’t talk to her.” One item on a recent requisition to the States consisted of a large quantity of light bulbs for our boats. It seems that the French community of nations, which includes these former French colonies, use bayonet-type instead of screw-type light bulbs; and the normal electric power here is 220-volt, 50-cycle, making it difficult to find other electrical equipment for the boats, which generate 110-volt, 60-cycle current. Mops and single-edge razor blades are other impossible items to get here.

Equatorial Africa lies near the end of the shipping lanes from Europe and the United States, and scheduled arrival dates for ships bringing Western's supplies bear little relation to their actual arrival dates, except that we can count on actual arrivals being later by “X” days than the schedule. One recent shipment of explosives was delayed in Nigeria for two weeks, and our vessels had to make a short visit to the Nigerian Port of Calabar in order to trans-ship these explosives to the shooting boat. All of this required port clearances for the seismic boats from Douala and then into and out of the Nigerian port and then back into Douala again, plus all of the permits from Nigerian port officials and customs officials to make the trans-shipment and the co-operation of the freighter. Customs regulations in each country fill volumes, and a capable forwarding or transit agent guides our recording supplies and explosives and those emergency air-freight shipments through the local customs red tape, enabling us to take the necessary tools of our work on board the seismic boats with a minimum of waiting time. Our almost daily contact with these people becomes a personal friendship and opportunity to learn about the country and people for whom we are working.

The reverse also holds true, and many French and African people come to know Westerners for the first time and something about Americans and America. They have been exposed to our custom of drinking Coca Cola with our meals instead of wine, our large breakfasts, and our spirit of working together to get a job done well and
Our African employees have learned that Westerners are kind and generous but demanding when there is work to be done.

What to do with all of the bright yellow, plastic-coated cap wire collected on the shooting boat in foreign countries is a problem that no longer faces Shooter Ed Mangum. In the States it can be sold for scrap copper at a few cents per pound, which is next to impossible here because of customs regulations and the lack of a ready buyer. Ed's two Cameroun helpers, Joseph Byssi and George Douglas, have made some very fine woven baskets for the boat and have made some fish traps for themselves. Their latest project was the construction of a bird cage made from this cap wire for Timmy Welch, who was given an African parrot as his mascot by one of our base station operators.

Co-ordinating the operations at sea until he left Africa in May to return to Australia was Julius Rasmussen. Steve Novak, who came from Canada via the North Sea to take over from "Ras," has been collecting the many interesting stamps of these countries for his philatelist friends. Captain Willis Gautreau, Engineers Richard LeLeaux, and Charley Stevens, and Helpers Mark Hudson and Charles Garner complete the Westerners from America on the Linda. Our international cook, Chris Niehot, and Helper Johan Vellinga, are natives of Holland and, with Assistant Observer Paul Cooper from New Zealand and Helpers Santiago Padron and Cristobal Gil, who both started with Western in the Canary Islands, round out the international crew of the Linda.

Shooter Ed Mangum and Helpers Donald Renfroe and Timmy Welch, all from America, man the Cynthia, captained by Charley Davis and assisted by Engineer James Bowling and Mario Navarro, another Canary Islander, who recently completed one year on the Cynthia and has just returned from a vacation with his family in Las Palmas. Helper Lucas van Kammen, another Hollander, spends his time on the upper deck of the Cynthia keeping track of our cable with his Pelorus readings while Cook T. E. B. Thomas, who joined the crew in Douala from Party 75 in Nigeria, sends up tantalizing odors from his electric range below.

Back in Douala, Computer Mel Weidner, Party 77's Western "expediter," mans the crew's office while the party chief (this author) divides his time between office and boats.

In a few weeks, weather permitting, Party 77 will be departing Cameroun in a southerly direction, passing from summer into winter again as they re-cross the equator, for a re-visit to Gabon.
The Litton Story:

during that first year. With no oven for finishing products, file cabinets were dipped into an ordinary barrel of paint and allowed to air dry. By the end of the year, however, seven employees had managed to parlay Scheinman’s small investment into sales of $64,000. It was not long before consumer demand required another risk — a move to larger quarters.

The new location (20,000 square feet) was in the basement of a five-story building. Cole had expansion in mind. It soon built up floor after floor to their factory space and then overflowed to a vacant building next door. When that space became inadequate, Cole’s next move was to a 330,000-square-foot factory location in York, Pennsylvania. One year later new buildings had to be added to meet demands for the company’s fine products.

Today Cole has achieved world-wide distribution, with about a million units a year of its trim-lined, sturdy, steel equipment shipped out from three modern, well-equipped plants at York alone. Added to York’s million square feet of manufacturing space is an additional plant at Scarborough, Canada.

Warehousing for Cole’s extensive product line includes a quarter of a million square feet of completely automated facilities at York, where a half mile of conveyors shunt the finished units directly to the loading docks, and seven field warehouses and showrooms strategically located at Los Angeles, San Francisco, Houston, Atlanta, Minneapolis, Chicago, and Kansas City, Kansas, and at two locations in Canada.

Twenty-two thousand dealers blanket the United States with the most complete distribution system in the industry while many more dealers bring Cole products to over 50 countries in South America and Europe. Headquarters for the domestic, as well as the international divisions of the company, are in New York City.

From the very beginning, Cole has operated on the premise that a good market can be built by promoting superior products through effective mail order catalogs and advertising material.

As this system proved successful, Cole increased its product lines, now comprising office furniture in every price bracket and style, and added various office tools, such as dictating machines, duplicating machines, and portable typewriters. For the tons of paperwork that are a constant storage problem in the conduct of business today, Cole makes cabinets of all descriptions, including letter file cabinets, card file cabinets, supply cabinets, blueprint cabinets, sample cabinets, transfer cases, and steel shelvings for factories, storerooms, and warehouses.
Cole Steel Equipment

Behind this burgeoning product line lies a continual program for technological improvement in production and design. Cole's industrial engineers at York are constantly seeking ways of improving the company's already strong position in a highly competitive industry.

A manufacturer of products subject to hard wear and abuse must be extremely conscious of the durability of his goods. Consider for a moment the function of the files in an office: the many thousands of times the drawers must travel in and out of the cabinet yet continue to work smoothly, unprotestingly. They must rest obediently in any desired position despite 85 pounds of paperwork enclosed and the changing temperature and humidity conditions to which they are subjected.

All important, say Cole engineers, is the drawer's "suspension," the mechanism it rides on in its daily trips in and out of the cabinet. The expertise of Cole design is embodied in the suspension of its "Madison" file cabinet. Actually a cradle within a cradle, each drawer rests on 38 precision steel balls. Design features such as this, undetectable from the outside, enabled a Madison file to complete 500,000 cycles of opening and closing with flying colors while its nearest competitor broke down after 38,000 cycles.

At an average annual rate of 5,000 cycles per year, this file should last for a hundred years without breaking down.

Cole does not claim this for its files, but it believes in providing a generous margin of security to purchasers of its equipment. In fact, Cole's all-aluminum-cast chair bases are required to withstand a 3,000-pound load although most secretaries these days probably average less than a twentieth of that weight, with a copy of "Thomas' Register" thrown in.

Besides designing for durability, Cole has another problem built into its far-flung distribution system, product transportability. This factor must be considered way back in the drawing board stage. Cole designers approach product design and package design as two sides of the same coin. Ocean freight rates are usually based on cubic volume. Sometimes a "skeleton" crate must be built around a carton to protect it, or, most expensive of all, a solid wooden case to give utmost protection.

Since crating can add as much as 50% of the cost of the items to be shipped, it is obvious that every design skill that will reduce the size of the unit to a compact package is worth dollars to both the manufacturer and the ultimate consumer. Cole often succeeds in reducing shipping rates 30% or more by shipping products disassembled, to be put together at the final point of sale. Since the additional expenses of shipping may often determine whether a foreign customer decides to order a consignment of furniture,
Cole has become expert in the techniques of compressing essentially bulky and durable hardware in compact form for transportation halfway around the world.

The company's success in solving these considerable problems may be judged by the fact that any traveler on a round-the-world trip might encounter Cole desks and chairs in the luxurious hotels of the Caribbean or the offices of the Bolivian National Atomic Energy Commission. If he has dealings with an oil company in Libya, the chances are that the receptionist will greet him seated in a Cole chair, behind a Cole desk. And even in places where most travelers would find it virtually impossible to go, such as the Royal Palace of Nepal or the French embassy in Havana, the globe-circling Cole line is present to represent contemporary American design, manufacturing, and distribution.

Much of Cole's line is designed on the "modular unit" plan, which allows the customer the maximum of choice in his selection. Thus, one may choose a given style and price range and order his desk with a file drawer at right angles and a box drawer on the right or left, an extended working surface on the opposite side; or a bank of box drawers or a storage cabinet or typewriter compartment disposed where he wants them in compliance with his working habits and the space at his disposal. Dozens of arrangements are possible. For his comfort as he sits at the desk of his choice, Cole chairs range appropriately from the "Clerical" to the "President" and will swivel, roll, tilt, and adjust to his physical proportions. Cole also makes furnishings for the reception room and interlocking, stackable chairs for auditoriums or institutional use. All are built for maximum comfort and convenience in a world of busy people.

Besides the basic purpose of furnishing efficient equipment for the 10 million workers in America's offices, Cole feels that its products should also furnish a positive pleasure to the beholder. An attractive environment, Cole maintains, builds a sense of pride in one's work and contributes to the satisfaction of daily achievement. Color, too, has a significant effect on office morale. Cole-designed offices replace yesterday's drab browns and olive greens with glowing coral, atmospheric blue, or sunlit yellow; and the sparkling desk tops have a talent for shedding the signs of hard, daily usage.

At Cole's New York office a staff of office design specialists study blueprints of customer's offices and plot traffic patterns and the flow of work to help achieve the most efficient and attractive environment for each company's particular needs. Although the original Cole line stressed economy, the company now produces both medium-priced and luxury lines as well. At the new research laboratories of Bethlehem Steel in Pennsylvania, a "show-place" where design counts most and cost is secondary, Cole furniture is used throughout.

Many large corporations today are choosing a single line of furniture to use throughout all of their corporate offices and branches, to help establish a uniform corporate "image." Standardization also allows them to move furniture and equipment from one location to another and often permits economies in mass buying.

Because Cole's coverage is nation-wide and its choice range is so extensive, its furniture will now be found used exclusively in the offices of such familiar firms as Sylvania Electric, IT&T, the Loew's chain of hotels and motels (including the spanking new Americana Hotel in New York), the Celanese Corporation, Grumman Aircraft, the May Company, A & P, Kresge, and many others.

While the office equipment industry shows an over-all increase of 64% since 1954, Cole's volume increased by 150%; and Cole expects comparable expansion to continue.

New manufacturing facilities under construction on the West Coast and the enlarging of the Toronto area installation are indications of Cole's efforts to be a leader in ever-widening markets.
PARTY 68 — MERCED, CALIFORNIA

RON DAVENPORT, Reporter
GEORGE BYNUM, Photographer

Merced, California, has been the new home of Party 68 since last March. Merced is located in the east central portion of the geomorphic province known as the Great Valley of California. This valley encompasses an area of 50 by 400 miles, with an elevation of usually less than 400 feet. The temperatures have been unusually mild so far this summer, not exceeding 80° until recently, but are expected to soar to 110°+ before long. The valley can be generally described as a low fluvial plain.

The local chamber of commerce advertises Merced as "The Gateway to Yosemite" although this national park is located 80 miles to the northeast in the Sierra Nevada Mountain Range. The first tourist party to visit the Yosemite area was brought in by J. M. Hutchings in 1855 with the aid of two Indian guides. Because of an increase in visitors and their subsequent praise of the area's astounding beauty, President Lincoln signed an Act of Congress July 30, 1864, to provide for the Yosemite area to be used for public recreation.

This area is not only a rendezvous for vacationers, campers, and naturalists, but it also offers excellent examples of physiographic features produced by alpine glaciation during the Pleistocene for the amateur and professional geomorphologist. Hanging valleys, U-shaped valleys, cirques, tarns, and aretes are a few of these features that can be seen.
Many of the crew members have visited Yosemite for just one day or for a weekend of camping, fishing, hiking, or just lounging around in the cool mountain atmosphere. Party Chief George Bynum has visited the park on a number of occasions already, taking his wife, Ramona, and their two children, Scott, 5, and Meredith, 2. On one occasion, on a Sunday evening, George and family noticed two hitchhikers along the road near El Portal. On closer observation the hitchhikers were identified as Computer Mervyn (The Englishman) Jones and Surveyor Melvin Carlisle. Melvin has recently returned to the company after a two-year absence while completing his military obligation.

Merced is ideally located for other weekend trips also, depending upon one's interest. There is outstanding nightlife in San Francisco (only 150 miles), gambling at Lake Tahoe (200 miles), the beautiful Monterey Bay and fashionable Carmel (110 miles), or Kings Canyon and Sequoia National Parks (120 miles).

Almost everyone seems to like it here in Merced, but as George commented, "Maybe that's because almost everyone on the crew is from here." We have a number of local helpers working on our recording unit and drills. They are: Hank Penner, Chuck Visher, Russell Bry-
SON, BOB ARMSTRONG, TAG GREGORY, and CHUCK DANEK. Driller WARREN TUFTE, Shooter RAYMOND PHILLIPS, and Helper KEITH (SKEETER) FOUST hail from Taft, California.

In contrast to our crew in Wasco, California, three months ago, the ratio of married to single personnel has reversed. We now have only four married men on the crew. Other than George and family there are Permitman DAWSON (SLIM) EWERT, who has wife “PENNER” and son BILL; Observer JACK LITZENBERG, with wife NANCY and daughters TERRI and TRACI; and Driller ED BENDER, with wife BERNICE and their two children, ROSEMARY and EDDIE.

PARTY 31 — STOCKTON, CALIFORNIA...

AL IOFUS, Reporter

This absolutely (almost) normal crew numbered Three-One has been located (perhaps headquartered is a better word) for 18 months in Stockton, “Queen City of the San Joaquin River Delta,” California. As proof of this long stay, we have our name in the phone directory and still have the same box number that was assigned to our annex post office in March 1963.

The “newcomers” to Party 31 include Chief Observer R. A. KAMINSKY, Permitman C. A. HESSER, and Party Chief B. W. (RED) BROWN. RUSS and DONNIE KAMINSKY showed excellent foresight by leaving Alaska four days before the disastrous earthquake — and they have not complained once about their being moved. “JOHN” and RUTH HESSER (with two dogs yet) are settled in Stockton after “touring” California with Parties 35 and 68. RED first joined the crew last February, but he and his family traveled through the “unusual” snow, rain, and wind storms of the Midwest and Southwest, with a stopover at Western’s Shreveport interpretation center before returning to Stockton in April.

Mark Twain first publicized the Jumping Frogs of Calaveras County and Angel’s Camp. This jumping contest is now the featured event at a gala three-day celebration held in this Old West community that nests in the foothills of the Sierras, just 50 miles east of Stockton. While watching this year’s winner triumph over approximately a hundred frogs jumping in as many directions, it seemed that we were watching Party Three-One in action. A note of explanation: Party Three-One is so named because we usually average three days of operation in one place before jumping to another.

The trail of Party 31 has been from the sub sea-level islands of the delta region to the rugged hills along the Ridge Route just north of Los Angeles; back through the grain and cotton of the San Joaquin Valley; and on to the orchards and timber country in the Upper Sacramento River region. This was followed by a nice, but rather chilly, visit to the wind and rainswept Pacific Coast and a quick return to the 100° heat of the grape vineyards and beet (sugar) fields of the Upper San Joaquin Valley.

All of this has given this crew some commuters who would put the Los Angeles personnel to shame. For instance: Driller-Mechanic ED BORENE leave wife NORMA and their family in Colusa when he goes to work. Colusa is roughly 125 miles north of our office. Then there is Driller ELDON FINKBEINER, who lived in Lodi for a while, but that was only 15 miles; so he moved ELsie and their two small ones to Merced, some 65 miles southward along Highway 99. Modesto is only 30 miles away; so Shooter HARRY MEEKER has his home there. Harry could set up a car pool with Driller’s Helper LEMLON MANN and Shooter’s Helper W. G. SCOTT, who have also established residence in Modesto. We have reason to believe that Chief Computer MARSHALL BURSTAD and Rodman JOE STRAKOFF are planning to invest their money in a motel. They are apparently attempting to find the best one as they try one after another up and down the state. Observer’s Helper BARRY DOUGLAS spends his time off in Bakersfield or Los Angeles. The daily letter from L.A. probably has something to do with his trips to the Southland. To complete our commuter roster, we have suburbanites BETTY and JOHN CRANE, our surveyor, with their house trailer in Lodi, just a short 15 miles from the office.

All of this may have a tendency to show that we were selecting our wording rather carelessly when we mentioned that Party 31 was located in Stockton. We apologize for
having no pictures to submit with this report. We “shot” several rolls of film, but the prints have not caught up with us yet! So, if any of our friends and/or former members of Party Three-One happen to be in our neighborhood, please give us a call.

PARTY 74 — CAIRO, EGYPT, and
PORT TEFIQ, SUEZ . . .

R. C. WALTON, Reporter
R. C. WALTON and P. O. OSBORNE, Photographers

Upon completion of our Persian Gulf job, all personnel scattered like a pound of feathers in a windstorm. Party 74, with its two vessels, the Jackson Creek and the Red Creek, proceeded south out of the Gulf to Aden, where they picked up powder. The boats reached the northern end of the Red Sea in late April. Assistant Party Chief DON LUCE arrived soon after to begin organizing the shooting procedure with Field Manager JIMMY HULL and Coordinator-Chief Observer PHIL MURRAY.

The recording crew of Assistant Observer BILL DONOVAN and Technicians UGO PECCHIANI, WENDELL BOYCE, ALDO CANTONI, and P. O. OSBORNE are kept busy at all times by PHIL, for shooting in the northern portion of the Red Sea is an endless problem. The ship traffic from the Suez Canal is a constant procession on some days. Boat Captains C. J. RUSHING, AL BATTAYA, and OSMOND (BLACKIE) LELEAUX, as well as their engineers, V. D. TROCHESSET and R. L. SEYMOUR, must be constantly at watch to spot and avoid approaching convoys. Wind has been another problem. On one occasion one of the electronic survey camps was blown away in a gust of wind.

Finding “Good ole Southern cooking” has been no problem for the boys on the Red Creek as Shooter JESSIE HAMMOND has been serving as part-time cook to satisfy the huge appetite of his helper, BILL RAINS.
When the bell rings for four days off, the field crew hits for Cairo, the thriving capital city of Egypt. Civilization has flourished here for thousands of years. Remnants, such as the countless pyramids and tombs, are scattered throughout the Nile River Valley. Some of the field crew find it better to take the breaks in Port Suez, where the population is much smaller and the hubbub of the big city is less noticeable. Port Suez is a stop for all ocean vessels, and it is not uncommon to meet people from every nation in the world in an evening there.

All crew members have managed to take trips to the world-known pyramids at Giza during one break or another. The Egyptian museum is another site that most have managed to see. It is here that the treasurers of King Tutankhamen are on display.

The only family to join the crew since its arrival in Egypt was Don's wife, Betty, and their two children, Susan and Mari. Betty soon became well known for her wonderful conversation and hospitality whenever the crew was in town. She was always ready with a coke or a sandwich when needed. Truly her home has been an American oasis in the Egyptian Desert. Betty, who is a school teacher, is very interested in the history of the Nile Valley and keeps Don on the go with trips to the pyramids, tombs, and other historical spots of this ancient civilization.

Observer Les Schmidt, who came from Dacca, East Pakistan, when the monsoons suspended the operations of Parties 88 and 89, thinks that Egypt is a fine place.
PARTY 36 (Office) — FAIRBANKS, ALASKA...

C. L. SMITH, Reporter

The office for Party 36 is located in Fairbanks, Alaska, a city with which Westerners are well acquainted from the article written by Party 93. (WESTERN PROFILE, September 1963.)

Party Chief W. H. (BILL) YOUNG and wife DEE arrived from New Orleans in time for BILL to supervise the move-out of the field crew. Shortly after he was joined by Chief Computer BOB HAIL, Senior Computer RUSSELL LINFORD, and Computer WALTER KELLEN from Anchorage.

WALT is a newcomer with Western but has had several years’ experience. All of the computers are technically bachelors since RUS’ left his wife, SUE, and family in Anchorage.

Off-duty activities have been limited — both by work schedule and opportunity. During the winter months indoor sports are the rule in Fairbanks. Those available include beer drinking at the local pub, Playboy reading, and arguing politics. Now that spring has arrived, it is probable that outdoor girl-watching will be added to the list.

PARTY 36 (Field) — NORTH SLOPE, ALASKA...

DEL STEPHENS, Reporter

JAMES A. MOORE, Photographer

In the latter part of March OLLIE KREIN, shop supervisor from Anchorage, and MACK TOWNS, headquarters mechanical expert from Los Angeles, arrived in Fairbanks to supervise the task of moving by airlift a complete seismograph crew. This consisted of the recording unit, shooting unit, survey unit, drills, sleeping units, kitchen-

Because weather and temperature conditions were best from midnight to noon on Alaska’s North Slope this summer (24 hours daylight then), those were the hours Party 36 worked; and the boys pictured were “early” risers. Driller BILL Griebel and Mechanic CHUCK WALT are emerging from their sleeper. Next to them Driller Jim Moore waits impatiently in front of a tracked unit for all of the men to come alive. Below him Party Manager DON PORTER looks out to see how the “day” is. Beside Don is Driller DAVE McCoy, who apparently does not mind the chill air. Below the men is shown the camp, with the sleepers and supply unit fanned out from the kitchen. (Looks something like “Wagon Train” camps.) High winds prevailed at times; so the drill crews become fairly expert in erecting wind screens, such as the one behind the drill in the left corner. Next to it Driller BILL Griebel and Helper FLOYD HENDerson have folded up their screen and are pulling it up the most for the move to the next shot location. Below is a camp move, with some of the powered units pulling some of the sleepers; the rest are following off-picture. The dark patches are guns as the snow at this time of year was light—and often melted rapidly.
dining, bathhouse, power plant, and several utility units, all mounted on track carriers. Everything was assembled in Fairbanks and flown to Alaska’s North Slope in C-82 “flying boxcars.”

Alaska’s North Slope is a vast treeless area of snow-covered tundra undulating north from the Brooks Range to the Arctic Ocean, contrived by nature to sustain caribou, moose, wolverine, fox, and doodlebugs. As yet no other use for the area has been discovered.

When all of the equipment had been unloaded at the Sagwan airstrip, Surveyors Gary Nelson and Del Stephens, with Helper Mike Towne, staked the first location and Party 36 went to work. During the first two months bright sunshine and high winds prevailed. These produced a rash of sunburned eyes, cheeks, and noses. Drillers Jim Moore, Bill Griebel, and Dale McCoy and Helpers Floyd Henderson, Richard Davis, and John Keith became expert in erecting wind screens — though at times they were not too successful.

Combined off-time activities of the crew are somewhat limited since the men take breaks in rotating order so that only a few are in town at one time. Assistant Observer Kent Logan is seen loaded with fishing gear, waiting for time off and the ice to break up for some greying. True western sourdoughs like to cultivate face hair. Helper John Kvarford returned from break with the whiskers intact, but Bill Griebel was not so hardy. Mechanic Charles L. (Chuck) Wall is waxing a handle-bar mustache of heroic proportions. The exploits of the “Hairy Wonders” in Fairbanks are prime material for the inspired (?) poetry of Driller Ray Gorrod.

At this writing Party Manager Vic Mijtasch is enjoying a rest period in Anchorage with wife Jackie and their children, and Observer Roy Morris is on vacation in Wyoming with wife Nita and children Robin and Roy Allen. In his absence the recording truck is commanded by Arvel Guess, who came from the shop in Anchorage, where wife Jane and son Jimmy are now living.

Other members of the “Western family” are Recording Helpers Terry Robb, Mike La Rose, Loren (Andy) Anderson, Earl Root, and Dean Costello. All hail from Fairbanks.

May 20 saw the arrival of another “Lill” Westerner, Kerri Dawn, who joined the household of Party Manager Don Porter, wife Myrna, and daughter Kellie.

PARTY 71 (Office) —

NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA . . .

NORMAN BOYLES, Reporter

When spring came to New Orleans this year, a new party was in the making; and by early summer this new crew, Party 71, had begun full-scale operation.

First to be chosen to man the staff of our new party was Party Chief John Amato; next came Chief Computer Oscar Buttron. Both of these men have seen long service in various capacities with Western. The rest of our office party is composed of Assistant Computer Jim Davenport, who, like John and Oscar, came to us from the staff of other parties located here in New Orleans; Assistant Computer Ken Camallo, who was recruited by Western after having received his B. S. degree in mathematics from Southeastern Louisiana College in May; and Assistant Computer Norman Boyles, who has returned to work with Western during the summer, leaving his assistantship in the Graduate School at Tulane University until he returns to school in the fall.

Like the majority of the parties located in the New Orleans area, our party is occupied with the processing of marine records acquired by Western’s field crews aboard boats in the Gulf of Mexico.

Although our party has been in existence only a short
time, it has been a healthy organization; and we hope that, like the party that bore this number before us, we shall have a long and useful future, in which case, you will be hearing from us again.

**PARTY 71 (Field) — MORGAN CITY, LOUISIANA . . .**

ERNEST STEPHENS, Reporter
PAUL GALLETT and ERNEST STEPHENS, Photographers

Amid the sweltering heat and high humidity, Party 71 field crew has been spending long, busy days here on the Gulf of Mexico. Working out of Morgan City, Louisiana, Co-ordinator WILLIAM E. (BILL) DAVID and Observer HARRY (RACEHORSE) McGEE have been face to face with all of the unique problems that besiege a deep-water crew. When we are towing our cable, buoys, riptides, oil platforms, and numerous boats pose perilous situations. If these problems are not enough, there are others: For example, who ate the bananas for the banana cream pudding, and how do you calm the cook when he discovers the loss? The bananas may give you some insight to the mischievous nature of our crew members. It is all in a day's work — and interesting work at that.

Our day usually starts with a rousing yell from JIM GLASGOW, cook on the Sharon Walker, our recording boat. A veteran of Party 72, Jim has developed a powerful set of lungs that we find very successful in arousing men for breakfast. Not long after breakfast the cry “Lay it out!” rings through the ship, BILL, RACEHORSE, and Helpers ERNEST (YANKEE) STEPHENS, J. C. LEAKE, JOHN (RABBIT) ANDERSON, VIC FINKLEY, and BEAU (BO) BIRON head for the fantail, commencing another day of teamwork.

Meanwhile, the Bill Walker, Party 71 shooting boat, headed by Shooter J. K. BONNETTE, with Helpers JOHN RAY, T. T. (TILLEY) JOHNSON, and THOMAS (RED) HUTSON, has moved near the recording boat. They keep a wary eye on the cable as it unreels. So the day begins, but the party had its beginning several months ago. Perhaps a brief resume would be in order.

Party 71 had its start on the second day of spring 1964. Western's fifth Gulf of Mexico crew was rigged at a shipyard in Morgan City under the supervision of T. C. (CUEBALL) BOUCHILLON and with the help of Party Chief JIM ARLEDGE and MIKE ESTACHY, who later took over the role of party manager. CUEBALL was our co-ordinator until May 18 when he left to enjoy the pleasures of Western's North Sea prospect. Junior Observer CLAUD (CHESTER) ROUNDTREE also went to the North Sea prospect the last of April. BILL took over as co-ordinator after CUEBALL's departure, and RACEHORSE then joined us as observer.

The crew hails from Mississippi with the exception of four. They are from Louisiana, Tennessee, Texas, and Illinois.

Fishing here, off the coast of the Sportman's Paradise, has become practically everyone's evening pastime. The race between the anchor and the fishing line inevitably is a close one. Dominoes and a few hands of cards also share our evenings.

For our personals, BILL tells me that his wife MARGARET, and boys, JOHN and EDWARD, are fine. They are nesting in Morgan City. RACEHORSE, wife HARRIET, and their three children, JANE, DALE, and MARIE, are also fine and living in Petal, Mississippi. J. K. BONNETTE and wife SHIRLEY are settled in Woodville, Mississippi, and he reports that TERRY, TAWNYA, and 6-month-old TIMOTHY are well.

Most of the crew consists of happily unmarried bachelors. RABBIT goes home to the waiting arms of his 19-year-old girl friend, and "THE YANK" heads for New Orleans, where he claims he is truly beginning to understand the South. VIC doubts the latter but heads for Grenada, Mississippi. Houston calls to BO, and as he departs with his surf board, I, too, shall go, bidding all Westerners a fond adieu from Party 71.
PARTY 90 (Office and Field)—
ADEN and the HADHRAMAUT...

H. F. MURPHREE, Reporter
J. C. C. MATHEWSON, H. F. MURPHREE, and
MUHIDDIN ABDULLAH, Photographers

A warm greeting from the sunny South Arabian peninsula. Now having completed well over a year's operation in the area, the original members of Party 90 consider themselves Arabian veterans and take delight in "enlightening" the newer Westerners as they arrive to take part in our expanding operations in the Hadramaut. No longer are Mukalla, Seiyun, Shibam, and Thamud just strange names on a map but bases from which fuel, food, and other supplies reach the seismic camp, efficiently managed by HERMAN SEMELISS, field party chief, and the core drill camp, where 30-year-veteran R. T. (BING) CROSBY, drill supervisor, is at the helm.

Since inaugurating operations in April 1963, a number of new (to Aden) Westerners have joined us, including former Party 90 members from Libya, Drillers RONALD BAKKE, CARMINE MANTINI, and ELIO SPURIO.

BAKKE, Driller-Mechanic JIM IVY, veteran of Western overseas operations in Jamaica, Spanish Sahara, and Australia, and original Party 90 member Driller E. R. (BUD) STEELE fill out BING's core drill crew. To take BING's place on the seismic crew, we welcomed Driller-Mechanic TOM SERGEANT, who had been with Party Chief SEMELISS in our Argentine operations.

Most recent newcomers are Drillers MELVIN GABEL and ROBERT HILFER. MEL arrived from the States just in time to have the dubious honor of driving one of our two new light drills from Aden along the coast to Mukalla and then up to the camp site, a distance of some 800 miles across, first, beaches (which could only be crossed at low tide), then mountains, and finally desert. Accompanying MEL in the second drill was SPURIO, no newcomer to Middle East "roads" (usually nothing more than a track). Actually, Driller CHET HILL pleaded with Party Chief SEMELISS to let him make this journey, not being satisfied with pioneering three of the first trips across the desert in 130° heat. Reason and fairness prevailed, however, and MEL was given the privilege of becoming immediately experienced in the area.

Free Port Aden offers crew members the opportunity to buy such items as radios, cameras, tape recorders, and watches at prices considerably lower than in almost any other place in the world. Initiated by an old hand in taped music, Observer WILLIS (SMITTY) SMITH, the tape-recorder bug hit the crew several months ago when Surveyor JOHN WARD, Drillers DICK LONG and BUD STEELE, Supervisor H. F. (MURPH) MURPHREE, and BING succumbed and joined SMITTY's club. As most of the families live in the same apartment building—which, incidentally, is called the Taher Western House as Taher is the owner
Chief John Mathewson talked novice sailor Chief Computer Royall Frazier into partnership in a neat little sailboat. John and Royall now spend weekends sailing around in Aden Bay. Preferring power to sails, Chief Computer Palmer Larsen and Liaison Officer MuHiddin Abdullah are in the process of building a small motor boat. The only problem is that they are building the boat in the dining room of Palmer’s apartment, and his wife, Nina, is currently suffering nightmares of a permanently fixed motor boat landmark, unable to be moved through the doors of her dining room to any place!

Murphy and wife Florence are proud of the academic record achieved by son David at the Notre Dame International School in Rome, Italy, this past year. (Notre Dame is affiliated with the American university of the same name.) David finished his sophomore year in high school with highest honors and a 99 percentile on the National Educational Development Tests.

Further illustrating the fact that doodlebugging presents few scholastic problems for Western children, Joan and John Mathewson’s oldest son, John, Jr., age 5, was a
standout student in his first year of formal schooling at the British-run primary school in Aden. Younger son, Eric, age 4, gets a crack at trying to keep up with his brother this September. Cynthia and Beth Goodgame, Dinah Steele, and Kathy Murphree also attend British-run schools here, with the result being that soon none of us will be able to understand any of our school-age Westerners but "I say, it's very proper English they're speaking, you know." Dick Long's attractive Bolivian-born wife, Yolanda, says that she was just beginning to master American English when she was moved to Aden and now finds herself surrounded by not only adult Britshers but also supposedly American kids speaking with some strange accent.

A recent occurrence of interest to all Westerners here was the visit to Aden and the Hadramaut by Vice President V. E. Prestine and his gracious wife, Geraldine. While Mrs. Prestine was sightseeing in the spectacular Wadi Hadramaut, which contains remnants of some of the oldest known civilizations in the world, Pres and Murph visited the field camps.

Unknown to them, a plot was developing among poker players Berry Childs (surveyor), Fred Leonard (shooter), Jim Goodgame (surveyor), Cal Williams (observer), Chet, and Herman to relieve these "city slickers" of some of their money before they departed. Alas, the plot failed! Pres, however, very generously contributed his winnings to a future Christmas party for the crew. Not Murph, though — he has to visit the camps regularly!

Among our Italian contingent, Assistant Observer Arnaldo Passeri has taken the lead in the study of the English language. Arnaldo is trying to share his knowledge with shooter Raffaele Nanni and driller Giovanni Reale but with only limited success.

Biggest interest of the single-man contingent here is, strangely, GIRLS. The presence of several hundred unattached British girls in Aden makes that week's rest leave considerably more interesting for bachelors Cal Williams, Fred Leonard, and John Ward. It used to be that we saw quite a lot of these fellows when they were in town, but now, for some reason, it is difficult to locate them, even for such items as per diem checks.

Rumor has it that even though Royall Frazier, who is also single and in town all the time, takes a lead in locating attractive girls, he is still basically frightened by them. A "cute little thing" cornered him one day recently with: "Royall, where have you been for the past two days?" Eyewitnesses report that Royall panicked and that his answer was completely unintelligible. (It is a known fact that Palmer Larsen complained somewhat about having to do some of Royall's work for the next three days.) We are happy to report that John, Fred, and Cal have generously offered to relieve Royall of these problems. Sports-minded (sports in addition to girls, that is) bachelors Bakke and Semeliss will still take on all comers on any bets involving any sports contest. A little matter of giving Semeliss 10-1 odds and Cassius Clay in the Clay-Listung fight does not seem to have left any permanent marks on Ronnie!

Guarding and escorting the Party 90 field crew are approximately 30 such guards of the British-trained Hadramaut Bedouin Legion.

Our well-adjusted Western wives in Aden occupy their time with such things as the beach, cards (don't challenge Nancy Steele to a game of Scrabble), church activities, informal get-togethers, and waiting for that Friday flight that will bring their husbands home for a week after three weeks at camp. With the husbands gone so much of the time, most of the wives have become quite adept at repairing such items as washing machines, stoves, and plumbing fixtures. These acquired talents are more necessary than voluntary as one never knows exactly what the plumber means when he says he will be back Bokra Enchalla (tomorrow, God willing) to fix this or that. The best estimate is that this is sometime between next week and eternity, probably much closer to the latter.

While his friends clap the rhythm, a native does a Bedouin dance. The belts and necklaces on the black-robed and hooded person beside him are of silver. In the center background are several camels, or dromedaries, as the Arabian, one-humped variety is called.

SEPTEMBER 1964
Maa Assalama from Aden and the Hadhramaut.

(Ed. Note: Thinking that the PROFILE copy request would not reach the Party 90 field crew in the remote Hadhramaut in time for it to meet the deadline, Supervisor Murphree wrote the above report for both office and field. His desert contingent, however, surprised him; after he had mailed his copy, he received a field report and pictures from Party 90’s “all-around expert—photographer, writer, popcorn maker, movie-projector operator, etc.”—Willis D. Smith. Smitty wrote the following while helping with a camp move and still made the foreign deadline.)

PARTY 90 (Field) — THE HADHRAUT...

WILLIS D. SMITH, Reporter-Photographer

Greetings once again to all Westerners from Party 90. We are still “shooting” the Hadhramaut area of South Arabia and have just completed moving to our third camp location. Party Chief HERMAN SEMELIUS and Driller CHER HILL have solved the problem of what the “Bedouins” call “taking our water well with us.” That is the art of having a well drilled and completed at the new camp site at the same time the previous well is abandoned, with only one set of water-well equipment. Surveyor BERRY CHILDS located a short cut for us that was appreciated by all as it missed some very rough going. Everyone was sorry that Observer CAL WILLIAMS, Surveyor JIM GOODGAME, Driller CARME MANTINI, and Shooter FRED LEONARD were on leave and missed all of the fun of moving.

Poker, it seems, is still holding its own as the most popular camp recreation. The more exciting hands are topics of conversation at the breakfast table following these poker evenings. Assistant Observer ARNALDO PASSERI, Drillers ELIO SPURIO and GIOVANNI REALE, and Shooter RAFFAELE NANNI can be found most evenings playing table tennis. CARME MANTINI, the former “Horseshoe Champion of Kuwait,” has set up horseshoe pits and furnished shoes but has trouble getting up a game as he has us fairly well outclassed. Driller DICK LONG and Shooter FRED LEONARD are bookworms and spend their spare time reading. Our only Model hobbyist, Surveyor JOHN WARD, is currently building his second model boat. The first one he named “The Karen.” There has been some speculation as to the christening of this latest effort—but no comment from JOHN.

Top—Driller Melvin Gobel reached Aden just in time to have the honor of driving one of the new drills from Aden along the coast to Mukalla and then inland to the Party 90 camp site. Here he is stopped along the road between Aden and Mukalla for some water.

Taking a camp break after a day in the field are Labor Foreman Nasser, Surveyor John Ward, Driller Dick Long, and Party Chief Herman Semelius.

Assisted by Abdulkarim, Mechanic Tom Sergeant repairs equipment parts in Party 90’s portable shop deep in the Hadhramaut desert.
SUPERVISOR V. C. (Vic) Boyd is moving from Melbourne to Perth, Australia, where he is now supervising Western's land crew and playback center, as well as its Australian marine activities. Vic, who has had a vast experience of land and marine operations both in the States and on other continents in his 12 years with Western, has been in Australia since the fall of 1962. He and his wife, Shirley, have a year-old son, Robert William.

PARTY 75:A LOST THREE MEN to foreign assignments. Computer Tom Barrett left for The Hague, Netherlands; Seismologist H. A. Van Buskirk went to London; and Bob Spooner departed for Tehran, Iran. Bob will be the party chief there.

One of our bachelor assistant computers from Springhill, Louisiana, Ronnie Benson, is single no longer. On August 13, he married the former Miss Barbara Smith, dental assistant, in Springhill. They will make their home there following a short wedding trip.

Added to our new-arrival list is Julie Gay, born to Mr. and Mrs. Leland Kiper. Julie, born June 1, weighing 7 pounds, 4 ounces, is the first child of Virginia and Leland. Proud Papa Leland is a draftsman for Western.—Gaynell McGowan and David Lawrence.

"LIGHTNING" DOES STRIKE TWICE. At least, it seems that way to Party Chief John Harris in relation to Ely, Nevada. A jinx? John is not sure. He does know that twice he has encountered fires there. He had been in town only four days in June 1956 when his office burned down. In that fire everything was lost. This year he had a little more time; he had been in Ely seven days before fire attacked his office. Luckily, this time the Party 66 crew was able to remove all of their equipment before the building was destroyed. It was 3:30 a.m. on Sunday, May 17, when the fire started, and by 4:30 a.m. we had everyone on the crew awake and our equipment removed. Only thing lost this time were some papers.

After recovering from that episode, John and wife Tommy took off for Austin, Texas, for part of their vacation. They attended a very important event in the Harris family lives, the graduation exercises at the University of Texas on May 31. Their daughters, Jo and Jean, both received their master's degrees.—Tommy Harris.

WESTERNERS in Midland, Texas, gathered at the Blue Star for a farewell dinner for the R. H. Wardells the first week in June. Having been in Midland two years as party chief on R-3, Dick and wife Mary left June 6 for Shreveport, Louisiana. The previous weekend the Wardells and daughter Linda and Shop Supervisor and Mrs. Jay Frazier and their daughter and son-in-law, Janis and Bob Brown, spent boating and golfing at Granite Shoals Lake.

While attending the state convention of the Business and Professional Women's Club, Eloise (Mrs. Jay) Frazier, who is president-elect of the Midland club, called former Westerners Edward A. and Bernice Jackson. She learned that it was the wedding day of their son Bill and that he had received his M.D. degree earlier that week from Texas Christian University's medical school. Bill has an internship in Iowa City.

Supervisor George and Betty Shoup had welcome guests for a week in early summer, their daughter, Mrs. Pat Mann, and their three grandsons. They came from their home in Hobbs, New Mexico, when Pat made a business trip to Texas A & M.

We have welcomed to our Midland Westerners' group Supervisor Charles Dick and family, who are now settled in their new home here. Mrs. Dick and the children came after the Oklahoma City schools were closed for the summer.

—Eloise Frazier.

NOT TWO, BUT THREE GENERATIONS of Westerners departed together for a foreign assignment—half the world away! It was Thursday, June 25, in Shreveport, Louisiana, when Joe Thomas and wife Anola, Dalton Taylor and wife Hazel, and the Taylor's son, Randy, boarded a plane for their journey to the "down under" continent. Hazel, being the daughter of Joe and Anola, is the second-generation Westerner; and Randy is, of course, the third generation in this Western family. The group's final destination was Perth, where Joe and Dalton are working with Western's Australian land crew, Party 96.—Margaret Hale.

A "FIRST" for Douala, Cameroun, was an event involving a Westerner that took place in this African city May 12. The
first American ever married here was married to the first Swede ever married here! The groom, Charles F. (Chuck) Sebastian, Jr., took as his wife the former Miss Solveig (Kicki) Henricksson, of Kiruna, Sweden. The witnesses of the civil ceremony, performed by the mayor of Douala, were the American vice consul and the Swedish consul. Music was supplied by a pair of very colorful feathered songsters who perched on the window sill during the ceremony! After the ceremony a champagne reception was held at the home of the American vice consul, where we wished the happy couple the best of futures. Chuck currently is party chief of the marine crew Party 77, whose operations have been based in both Gabon and Cameroun. He first met his very attractive wife over a year and a half ago in Los Angeles, where she was then visiting. Los Angeles is Chuck’s home town, as well as home base for his work. On his return home after subsequent assignments, the romance grew; and the friendship culminated with Kicki coming to Africa and marrying Chuck. They are now two very happy people.—Mel Weidner.

A WEDDING, A BIRTH, AND A GRADUATION were among the highlights of the Shreveport “Western family” during the early summer.

The wedding was that of Paul Ferguson, son of Supervisor and Mrs. J. G. Ferguson. Paul was married to Miss Mary Jonna White, of Decatur, Georgia, at an evening ceremony July 2 in St. Phillips Cathedral, Atlanta. The Fergusons and daughter Kate were among those present at the wedding and the reception following it. Paul, a graduate of Jesuit High School in Shreveport, is a senior student in electrical engineering at Georgia Tech in Atlanta and a member of Delta Sigma Phi fraternity. His bride was graduated from Avondale High School and the Atlanta School of Art.

The birth of Glynda Denise Jones took place while her father, Chief Observer Ray Jones, was on foreign assignment. Glynda was born May 20 in Shreveport, where her father is usually working in the playback center. At the time, however, he was with Party 73 in the North Sea. Ray and wife Dot have four other children: Carolyn, 20; Howard, 19; Annette, 17; and Jason, 3½.

The graduation was that of James Pack, son of Supervisor and Mrs. Bruce Pack. Jim received the B.Sc. degree in industrial management, with a minor in mathematics, from Louisiana Polytechnic Institute at the end of the first semester this year. He then enlisted in the U.S. Marine Corps for two years and is stationed at Camp LeJeune, North Carolina. Jim is not only a second-generation Westerner but also a former Westerner as he worked on marine crews during summer vacations, 1960 through 1963, and several times was a Western Profile Party Pickings reporter and photographer.

Laura (Mrs. G. E.) Planck and daughter Sarah have joined Ed in Shreveport and rented a house in “Freestate Park,” a part of the town where our office is located. When Ed was transferred last November from the Rocky Mountains to Shreveport, his wife and daughter remained in Cody, Wyoming, so that Sarah could finish her junior year in high school there.

The Shreveport Western group has also welcomed into its midst the Company’s first employee, Dupree McGrady, and his wife, Dorothy, who came from Denver.—Margaret Hale.

A BABY GIRL made proud parents of Leroy and Dorothy Nuckolls. Weighing in at 6 pounds, 11 ounces on her birth April 21, she was named Roxanne. Leroy is a computer in the Shreveport Reproduction Office.—Joe D. Shivers.

Roxanne, the first child of Computer Leroy and Dorothy Nuckolls, at 2 months, has her eyes on the camera while her mother’s are fondly on her. Shreveport friends say that Roxanne already has enough hair for a permanent!
AS SOFTBALL began to make its annual showing throughout the country, so it did in Shreveport, Louisiana. Western personnel were gathered under the leadership of team manager J. W. (Wick) Ervin, who is also Party 75-A party chief. A large number turned out for the practice games and tryouts, with the following men being selected to represent Western on the playing field: Nickie Daniels, Leland Kiper, Bobby Moore, Willie Lane, Bob Britten, Don Gregory, Carl Thakofper, Kenny Young, Gene Deputy, David Walker, Tom Hannigan, Bobby Collins, Bobby Pack, Wick Ervin, John Moore, and T. A. (Bubba) Beauregard. Top stick men for the team are: Bobby Moore, 423; Leland Kiper, 385; Bob Britten, 350; David Walker, 350; and Carl Thakofper, 321. (Our Los Angeles Dodgers could use them!—Ed.) We believe that a big hand is in order for all of the wives, friends, and relatives who attended the games—cheering the team to second place, with its seven wins in ten outings. Yes, we are really proud of our hard-working men here at Western!—Gaynell McGowan and David Lawrence.

VACATION TIME is here again for Party 21 members. In the next few months each and every one of us will be heading in one direction or another—all spelled H-O-M-E.

We have just bid a fond farewell to Driller Lawrence Dowdy, but not before he and his wife, Dorothy, welcomed their first daughter, Cynthia Darlene, who was born on June 3. Weighing in at 9 pounds, 4 ounces, she will soon be giving brothers Michael and Kenny a merry chase.

The last new addition (baby-wise, that is) to Surveyor Gene Brannon's family has necessitated another addition—a new and bigger trailer. Corine and the children are especially proud of their new 10'-wide, three-bedroom trailer home.

School is over, and we are proud of our three graduates—from kindergarten, that is. Mike, son of Shooter E. L. (Ookie) and Pat Ross; Jann, daughter of Observer Dale and Mary Jo Morgan; and Vicki, daughter of Gene and Corine Brannon, were the proud recipients of certificates from the Jack and Jill School in Sulphur Springs, Texas.

Chief Observer Monroe Taylor's wife and sons have recently rejoined the crew after spending the school year in Rusk, Texas. Joe brought home the family school honors this year with an academic award and also one in spelling and one in penmanship.

Congratulations are in order for Mike Moore and Linda Rae Swatsell on their engagement. Both are from Sulphur Springs. No news yet about a wedding date, but we hope it will be soon.—Corine Brannon.

THE MANY FRIENDS of Joe Lesoway, Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Davis and family, Mr. and Mrs. Dalton Taylor and Randy, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Thomas, and Mr. and Mrs. Dwight Rich and daughter will be pleased to know that they are settled in Perth, Western Australia, and that Party 96 went into the field on July 4. Mr. and Mrs. Al C. Parr and family arrived in Perth on the Fourth, and Al is going to open the playback stacking center in Perth.

PROUD PARENTS of a son, born June 20, are Ludgren (Butch) and Sandy Mrozek. They named their baby Wayne. Butch is with Party 66 in Ely, Nevada.—John Harris.

All dressed up, complete with corsages and boutonniere, for their kindergarten graduation are these Party 21 "small fry." This diploma business seems to be a big joke to Vicki (left), daughter of Surveyor Gene and Corine Brannon, while Mike, the son of Shooter E. L. (Ookie) and Pat Ross, and Jann, the daughter of Observer Dale and Mary Jo Morgan, are smilingly pleased. Such proud little tykes as these three are a joy to behold and a credit to Western.
out of its hands, and with it an important element of individual freedom.

If this trend continues we may still marvel at the technological progress yet to come, but as in the case of the bank robbers who, having made a large "haul," fight over the split, we may face a whole new form of problem contesting whether the private or the public sector of our economy is to consume the gains through our technological progress.

This is the outlook, and also the warning, as I see it in our western society even now reaping the benefits of the technological developments of this new age. But that is not even half of the problem.

In the new world of instant and total communication and near instant transportation, the disparities among different peoples around the globe in the enjoyment of the technological fruits of our time also will plague us. We in this country, particularly, cannot avoid the seriousness of this problem. A world with disparities such as currently exist can only continue in turmoil. If the pot boils over we will be able to take little consolation from the scientific achievements that have been developed to such heights in this country.

This, also, is not a new thought: But the well-meaning efforts of our country to attempt to meet the problem have resulted in somewhat less than a success. Is't it time to examine a different approach—one that just might be the successful beginning to the solution of the problem of world-wide sharing of the wonderful potential of this technological age?

During recent times when many of the present new nations were progressing towards independence, we in America offered ourselves as an example of the kind of destiny to which they also could aspire. But now as they view our actions to help their advancement they cannot but see that these are in complete contrast to the way we achieved our own advancement. Where, in our broadly proclaimed program for aid to developing countries, is there a concerted effort to foster the magic system of enterprise upon which our own success was built?

It is a matter of fact that most of our billions of dollars of aid funds have been channeled not to or for the development of a spirit of individual enterprise abroad but, instead, have been routed through the more greased government-to-government channels. Along with its many other shortcomings, will not this policy inevitably result in the stultification of pluralistic private endeavors, developing instead nationalized industrial bases in these countries; not only notoriously less productive ones generally, but perfect economic structures to hand over to or to be taken by Communism?

The many agencies of the U.S. government through which we try to "help" the developing nations hold us up as an example of the vast benefits our own system of private enterprise has brought us. But, even as our political representatives dealing with these countries extol the "image" of a free and dynamic America, our government has asked little of the business community, the backbone of its dynamism, but that it pay its taxes.

These new countries need the vitalizing hum of business — initially at levels we might consider primitive, but true energetic enterprise on a pluralistic and competitive basis. They cannot achieve this goal alone — at least not within the time scale desired. But also, government-to-government channels for our help will not do it alone on any time scale.

Enterprise, depending as it does on the personal factors of initiative, resourcefulness, energy and responsibility, cannot be ordered like breakfast. It must be stimulated, encouraged, induced. Who can better add this stimulus than those who are aware of its workings — American business. To anticipate a question, I am not suggesting a return to colonialism. But instead, American private capital, technology and know-how, in partnership with indigenous foreign private ownership, can be the underlying formula.

With our own government in the secondary role of environment provider, of lender and insurer, I am further convinced that American industry will bring not only the fruits of our wonderful technical accomplishments to other shores, but more than that will bring the true values of responsible individual enterprise to the peoples of the world.

With this renewed sense of values on a constantly broadened scale, there can be released throughout the world a dynamic source of constructive energy more powerful than that of all atomic explosions to date — the energy of individual responsibility and initiative. With faith in this force we can be confident of the full development of the world's resources to meet human needs for generations to come.
THEY SERVE

Service Anniversaries...July, August, September

31 YEARS
McGrady, Dupree
Salvatori, Henry
Walling, Dean

23 YEARS
*Davis, Floyd E.
*Swage, Carl B.
Skaggs, Willis M.

22 YEARS
*Gable, Joseph T.
*Holder, Homer C.
Putnam, Nuel

21 YEARS
Brown, Burian W.

20 YEARS
Buckingham, Walter T.
Powell, Richard C.

19 YEARS
Araven, Norman
Sickles, James W.
Taylor, James M.
Young, William H.

18 YEARS
*Dungan, Wilton B.
*Ferrari, Neo
Hars, John W.
Ivy, James L.
Murphy, Harold F.
*Shut, Hon.
Smith, Jennings G.
Thorndil, Dumas C.

17 YEARS
Alden, Aart
Holman, Mark
Rogers, Richard
Zaldivar, William V.

16 YEARS
Calle, William C.
Floyd, E. E.
Hoyt, Leonard M.
Johnson, J. Harvey
Kirt, William J.
Ross, Joseph C.
Savit, Carl H.
Webb, Nolan A.
Winburn, Stephen A.

15 YEARS
Cramer, Neal P.
*Rau, Adolph
Taylor, N. D.

14 YEARS
*Bender, Edward
*Long, Richard L.
Smith, Willis D.

*Interrupted Service

13 YEARS
Harris, John
*Kaminsky, Russell A.
Kawabe, Eugene
*Klinkert, Eugene J.
Miller, G. O.
*Moore, James A.
Quintana, Benny
Robinson, James E.
*Sideroff, Leonard
*Williams, Calvin C.

*Liberty, William
Mantini, Carmine
McCoy, E. D.
*Neeley, Gordon C.
*Pattie, Louis
*Renfro, Donald R.
*Renzick, J. D.
*Stein, Marie T.
*Thomas, T. E. B.
*Winder, D. E.

12 YEARS
Baker, Zane H.
Butler, Huey H.
*Goff, Branner E.
Jared, Bernard D.
Morgan, D. D.

11 YEARS
*Bigg, Charles R.
Carter, Robert A.
Coker, Roger M.
Evans, Rose W.
*Jones, Glenn S.
Little, George E.
*Meeh, Don.
*Nesn, James V.
*O'Leary, Timothy D.
*Suites, James R.

10 YEARS
Budd, William R.
Crawley, J. J.
*Good, Donald J.
*Goodgame, James O.
Jakubowshi, George A.
*Kirchman, Ray
*Neilson, Louis G.
*Schuler, Paul A.
Scott, Carl W.
Southwick, Hillman
Steele, E. R.
Tom Dieck, Detmar

9 YEARS
Biggs, Paul G.
Bratner, Robert M.
*Etheloch, W. G.
*Hansbrough, C. C.
Heur, Harvey
*Holt, Dewey J.
*Hostin, Robert A.
*Hull, James S.
Le Blanc, Raymond
Lee, C. K.
*McDaniel, Gene E.
Smith, Chester D.

8 YEARS
Barksdale, Walter R.
Boudinore, Merrill E.
*Bonnet, J. K.
*Cherniak, William J.
*Garner, Bernard L.
*Goodwin, Nicholas
*Hammond, Jessie W.
*Henderson, Harry

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FRONT COVER

Taking equipment to Party 90 camp sites in the Hadramaut is rugged driving over various types of terrain and bad roads. This recently added drill had a really tight squeeze getting through this narrow pass on the road from Aden to Muscat. The white building at the left is a type of shrine to a deceased religious leader. Inside it are kept several pots of water for weary travelers. Local Bedouins keep the pails full in memory of the religious leader.—Photo by Mahfiddin Abdullah.

MARIANNE CLARKE, Editor

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