

The thread on measuring the how highs on aerial line crossings brought to mind an incident that took place when I was working for the USBR. Although it doesn't pertain to any line height determinations, I thought it would be worth sharing with those that use the site since it relates to a power line survey we were doing during the winter of 1961 and the spring of 1962 for a proposed transmission line from the Bureau of Reclamation Substation West of Cody, Wyoming to their substation South of Lovell, Wyoming.

I guess the first thing is to provide a little background of some of the personnel on this job and the Bureau at that time. All power plants, transmission lines, etc. were a Bureau of Reclamation entity and they controlled dam construction, power line surveys and design, and anything related to irrigation projects and hydro power. This was the norm from the beginning of the Bureau until some politicians got the bright idea to form another Bureaucracy and put all these electrical related functions under the newly formed Western Power Administration (WPA) in the late 1960's or maybe in the early 1970's. We were not able to get any type of radio communication system issued to the survey crews as we were the low man on the totem pole, per se, so everything had to be done the old fashioned way by waving flags and staring through a pair of binoc's. We would always have a roll or two of muslin with us in either red and white or red and yellow colors. We used to cut strips of the red to make redheads or poppies (tie the strip on a spike), before the days of roll flagging. When we made up the big flag to wave, we would use about a 3'x4' piece of both red & white or red & yellow muslin stapled onto an 8' long 2x2 and hope those that were looking for a wave could see it.

On this particular project there was Owen N. "Mac" McCurdy, the Chief of Surveys for the Casper Office, Myself, Bob Diemer, Bob "Yogi Bear" Martin, Whitey Thompson, Bob Oram, some others, and a feller named, Loren "Deadly Dudley" Lewis. Bob Diemer had only one good eye, and was on probation from the drafting department trying to transfer over to surveys and maintain his GS 5 rating and needed to meet the status of survey party chief in a very short period of time. Loren Lewis, was a GS 2 crew flunky.

**How Loren got the name "Deadly Dudley"!!** The street or highway into Cody, Wyoming at the South side of town had a median about 3' wide and maybe 1.5' high. Loren had a 1960 Dodge Dart that he had with him, which was allowed at that time. Anyway, one evening, 4 or 5 of us rode with Loren to go to a restaurant South of Cody for supper. After supper we were heading back to the motel. He had a habit of looking at every vehicle on the opposite side of the median heading toward us to check out if there were any girls in them. He would invariably bang into the median and one time almost jumped on top of the concrete. So, I gave him the name "Deadly Dudley" and that was what he was known as thereafter. He also couldn't remember any instructions 5 or 10 minutes after they were given to him. The other crewmembers were all pretty normal people compared to "Deadly".

We had the main tangents and P.O.T.s pretty well defined and were in the process of making the P.I. intersections, which was at times a lengthy endeavor running lines in from both directions. At times we were on a ridge top looking for a flag wave anywhere from 1 mile to maybe 4 or 5 miles away and staring through the binoc's until your eyes burned to see which way to move to get on line to set a point. Sometimes the range pole would be a foot wide and seemed to be doing a "Saint Vitas" dance. On the one particular P.I., we worked for two or three days projecting the lines toward the intersection and the point fell in the bottom of a fairly deep pocket about 200 or 300' from the ridge on Mac's side and maybe a ¼ mile or so from my side. We got all our straddles set and Mac walked back up on top of the ridge and gave me the sign to pull up and come on ahead.

When we got up to where Mac's crew was, Bob Diemer walked up to my Jeep and said "Don't Say Anything To Mac". I asked why and Bob said that when Mac was starting back down from the ridge to set the P.I., Deadly Dudley was kicking over all the straddle stakes they'd just set. Bob said the Mac's face was beet red and he was stumbling through the sagebrush to get down to the bottom where they were. He said he felt sorry for Deadly Dudley, as he had never seen Mac so mad. I can't remember what transpired as Mac was one of the easiest going guys that you'd ever have the pleasure of knowing. Anyhow, we had to go back and do it all over again.

Whenever we would have a transmission line project, I would be in on the start, and would get to work on them whenever I needed to fill in between jobs. I kept wondering why I never got to do the whole project, so one day I asked Mac, why he never gave me a transmission line project from start to finish. He said that I was the only highballer he had and he could put me anywhere without any supervision and didn't want me tied down for any length of time on any projects and wanted me free to move around any place in the area we covered.