

VANCE D. JOHNSON – CONTINUED

they were wanting to get me into the system so they had me fly to NYC for an interview. I stayed in a hotel near the Radio City Music Hall. On the taxi ride from the airport I asked the driver the best way to get to 60 Hudson Street. He replied that in the morning, the best way was to take the Subway. So, on the first day, I took the Subway and when I climbed the steps to the street, the WU building was right before me. I went to the 17th floor for the interview. Unfortunately, I can't remember the gentlemen's names that interviewed me. Actually, they didn't really interview me, they were very busy and didn't talk to me much. I eventually went into a private office and met another man, but I don't remember who that was either. The next day when I got off the Subway, I must have gone up a different set of stairs, because the WU building wasn't in sight. I walked a few blocks, saw street names that I'd heard of in songs and stories, but not Hudson. Looking up, I couldn't see a familiar skyscraper and it was getting close to 9:00 A.M. So I hailed a cab, got in sat down and told the driver my destination. He said, "Fine!" and we went less than one block and turned the corner and we were there!!!

"When I got back to Denver, WU HQ wanted me to get into the system ASAP, but La Macaza wasn't going to be for me. They decided to send me to Goose Bay, Labrador. There was a man there who was willing to leave and go somewhere else. This terminal didn't use a landline to hook-up to the AESC, it used an RCA radio link. They made reservations for me to leave Denver about a week later and fly to Montreal, spend the night there in a Travel Lodge and take another airplane to Goose Bay the next day. I was nervous. I was worried about all my furnishings, my car, my bicycles, my unicycles, my skis and my camping equipment. Was I going to have enough clothes to keep warm that far North? I went to a White Spot Restaurant I used to frequent and had a spaghetti dinner. For some reason it made me sick and I woke up in the middle of the night sick and thought I was having a nervous break-down. I decided, "No, I'm not going to go to Goose Bay!" So, the next morning I telephoned Abe Rabinoff and told him I was sick worrying about this and I decided that I don't want to go. He said, "Are you reneging?" I hadn't heard of that term before, but that's what I did.

"So, Abe sent me back up to Cheyenne for a couple more months. My biggest trouble while I was there this time was repairing a twisted pair that hung low between the RR pole-line. It had to do with the line between the Bomb Alarm Detector and the 210 Signal Generator for one of the three detectors that was around Cheyenne. The problem was that a farmer loaded his semi-trailer flat-bed with bales of hay in his field that was probably piled to about the legal height of 13.5 feet. But when he came from his field to cross up over the tracks, the front of the load must have caught our twisted pair detector line and pulled it down. I was able to climb the poles and get the detector line back up, but I didn't have the tackle to pull it up as tight as the iron wires the RR circuits were on. So Abe Rabinoff told me what to do: I was to park my WU truck under the middle of the span and just slightly to one side of the centerline of the lines. Then he wanted me to place my ladder against the RR's iron wire so that the ladder was almost straight up. Then as I climbed the ladder, it would lean toward the WU truck- the higher I climbed-until it would rest against the truck and keep from breaking the iron wire. When I got up to the RR's iron wire, I could fasten our Bomb Detector twisted pair field wire to the RR's iron wire. I used an insulated field wire to fasten our wire to the RR wire and climbed back down. There were no more troubles with hay trucks.

"Here's another story about working with **Abe Rabinoff**. One time in Denver, Abe had me go with him to check on another Bomb Alarm trouble. We traveled in his WU 4 door sedan. When we got to Greeley, Abe handed me the end of an inside wiring type of triple twisted insulated wire cable. Then he had me climb a pole that had steps near the RR Station. I didn't have a safety strap on nor did we have one with us. When I got to the top I didn't have anything to hold onto but the lead sheathed cable that came up the pole. Abe told me which telegraph wire he wanted me to touch with the cable he gave me. I asked him which wire of the three he wanted me to use. He couldn't hear me and was looking down at his Simpson 240 multimeter. So I took the wire that was skinned-back to touch the telegraph wire and put the other two insulated leads back into the palm of my right hand which was the hand I was using to touch the telegraph wire on the cross-arm. When I touched the Bomb Alarm Detector's circuit with the wire of the cable from Abe, I knew it was good because I completed the circuit to ground through me – which caused me to pull my hand away from the telegraph wire on the pole and maybe saved my life since those Bomb Alarm Detector circuits had +120 volts DC on one side and -120 volts DC on the other side. I hollered to Abe, "Yes that wire is good!" Abe said, "I didn't see anything. Do it again!" I took the two insulated wires whose bare tips had been against the palm of my hand and twisted them tightly around the one that was skinned back before touching the detector's wire the second time. You see, Abe had the other end of the triple twisted wire cable and he had them twisted together. He had the Simpson 240 Multimeter set to look for a voltage reading to a ground rod near him, so there would have been resistance through the multimeter. I was holding on to the lead sheathed cable coming up the pole whose sheath was probably at ground potential. When I touched the Detector's line with the one skinned wire from the triple twisted insulated wire cable, the voltage on the Detector circuit came through the