

Oral History Number: 163-028

Interviewee: Oliver Lynn Huset

Interviewer: Gregg Phifer

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Gregg Phifer: ... of communication at Florida State University. I'm interviewing Oliver Huset. He's going to tell us why this Huset is Huset.

Oliver Huset: Well, Huset is a Norwegian word meaning "the house." In Norwegian you have "et" nouns and "en" nouns, E-N and if the "et" is in front, it means "a house," or "a" something, and if it's behind it's "the." So "Huset" is "the house."

GP: And that's your name. "The House." All right. Now, you are an engineer, by profession, am I right?

OH: Yes, civil engineer.

GP: Civil engineer. Tell us a little bit about your background, however. You were at North Dakota, however?

OH: Yes, North Dakota.

GP: From the very beginning. Born and bred in North Dakota.

OH: Crosby, North Dakota, it's up in the northwest corner, about 30 miles from Montana and six from Canada.

GP: And your father? What was his work?

OH: He was a farmer and at the same time, evolved as a hobby, a private weather forecasting service, which he operated for over 30 years.

GP: And didn't you work in that private forecasting business for a while?

OH: Yes, after his death I worked at it for six years.

GP: Then you went to New York City as an engineer and you worked elsewhere as an engineer?

OH: Yes, well, I worked in New York City prior to that.

GP: Prior to your father's death?

OH: Yes. I worked for the firm of Tippetts, Abbett, McCarthy & Stratton, one of the major consulting firms in New York City, during most of the '50s.

GP: Why don't you say just a word or two about what you're now doing.

OH: At the present time, I'm working for a consulting engineering firm out of Williston, North Dakota. While the main office is in Jamestown, North Dakota, with branches in Bismarck and Williston. And I'm involved primarily in surveying work. We just finished a project of re-platting the town of Pickstown, South Dakota, former government construction town.

GP: When we are talking about CPS, Civilian Public Service, smokejumpers, one of the questions that automatically comes to mind is religious background. Would you say a word about your own?

OH: Well, my background has been primarily Presbyterian. I was baptized as an infant as a Lutheran, I guess, but grew up in the Presbyterian Church and had been active in it up 'til recently.

GP: And you've changed now?

OH: Yes, at the present time there isn't any church that I really consider a Presbyterian church in Williston, so I am now Methodist.

GP: Well, good for you. I'm a Methodist, been historically a Methodist for a long, long time. In fact, I was so much a Methodist that when we got married, my wife, who'd been a Presbyterian and attending First Presbyterian Church in Tallahassee, decided she would come over to the Methodists with me. Now, when you registered for the draft, back in the 19, what was it, '40, '41 thereabouts. When you registered for the draft and asked for a CO classification—that's a 4-E classification—did you have any trouble getting it?

OH: No, I didn't have. The chairman of the draft board was a member of our church and had been a paper route customer of mine for several years. He was the editor, publisher of the Divide County Journal, which was the only newspaper there. So I had known him personally, and other members of the draft board. As soon as I registered, however, they evidently informed the scoutmaster of the troop of which I had been assistant scoutmaster, in which I had become an Eagle Scout, of my registration, and he wrote me a long letter urging me to change my mind, that I was ruining my life by taking such an action.

GP: Well, I gather you haven't quite ruined your life that way. I had more trouble than you did, because I went to the second level, that is a hearing level. My draft board in Cincinnati, Ohio, did not give me the 4-E classification. Simply routinely rejected all such applications. I'm told that was true, at least. And since my parents were in Nashville, having moved from Cincinnati to

Nashville, I had a hearing officer in Nashville and he agreed, gave the 4-E classification. But where were you assigned first?

OH: I was assigned to Fort Collins, Colorado. Well, I should mention first that my local draft board deferred me so I could finish the summer session at the University of North Dakota. I had completed two years, and knowing that the draft was coming up, I went to summer school to get as much training in as possible. And my draft date came up, it would have been mid-summer, and the draft board deferred me until fall so I could finish that semester. The state director of the Selective Service became very irritated with them over this. He did not want any considerations being shown to conscientious objectors and felt I should have been drafted right out of school. But they deferred me until I could finish that semester.

GP: Well that was nice of the draft board. Congratulations to you and to them.

OH: I was sent, then, to Fort Collins, Colorado.

GP: What were you working at, at Fort Collins?

OH: Well, that was a soil conservation camp, and our project was primarily soil conservation development on farms. We made topographic maps of farms, laid out irrigation systems, tried to control erosion and things of that type. And then the secondary project, or maybe an equal in importance project, was the construction of Seaman Dam, on the Cache of the Poudre River. This was a dam that would create a reservoir to supply the city of Greeley with drinking water. And I was operating a jackhammer, primarily, on that.

GP: Did you volunteer for smokejumpers from that unit?

OH: Yes.

GP: I see. So really, I gather, you had not had firefighting experience before coming here.

OH: Not really. We'd had a little grass fire. We'd gone out to another fire that was pretty well out when we got there. But two men from that unit had come here in '43. Allen Moyer and Dick Zehr. I had been in touch with them. I hadn't been in the camp long enough to ask for a transfer at the time the first unit opened, but they were up here, I kept in touch with them and I was very interested in the project. So 1944 I applied.

GP: And even without previous firefighting experience, the Forest Service was anxious to build up their unit to full strength. And therefore you got a chance to come here in '44.

OH: Yes. I was in the last squad trained that year. D squad.

GP: So was I.

OH: Which you're familiar with.

GP: That's right. I should know a lot about D squad. Having washed out of C squad because of a bad shoulder, I went on with D squad and made the jumps and finished up there. Had you done any firefighting aside from that grass fire and otherwise? Nothing else of that kind?

OH: No, nothing at all.

GP: How about the Forest Service? Ever been involved with anything to deal with the Forest Service before coming to smokejumpers?

OH: No, I hadn't.

GP: Soil conservation, and now to the Forest Service. In thinking back now, you expressed a real interest in the smokejumper unit, having kept up the correspondence with two of the men who came from your camp here. Why did you do so, and why were you interested in the smokejumpers?

OH: Well, to me it looked like an exciting project, and it also looked to me like a project in which I could be of real service, and a project that had some excitement in it that one could look at and say that I wasn't just sitting the war out.

GP: And the soil conservation didn't have the same sort of excitement, I assume, although it was work of national importance, by definition of Selective Service and some other groups as well.

OH: Yes, it was work of importance, and coming from a farm background I appreciated the importance of that work, but parachuting and flying was a little more exciting.

GP: And furthermore, with a farm background I imagine your physical condition was really much better than many of the men who...some of the men, at least, who came here to the smokejumper unit.

OH: I was in fair physical condition and most of my work at Fort Collins had been quite manual. Running a jackhammer, and shovel work, although for a while I was the draftsman in the Soil Conservation Service office, since I had had two and a half years of civil engineering college training. I had had surveying and I had had drafting, so they used my skills in that area too.

GP: I'm glad they could use your skills. That isn't so common in CPS, unfortunately. Well, you were trained at Huson, Montana, at Ninemile, of course, as I was. What memories do you have of your training?

OH: Well, I remember it was pretty vigorous, and the negative memory I have is the jumping tower—

GP: Yes.

OH: Because that buckle on the front of the harness, I felt it crack the...Is it the sternum, the bone in the front that connects your ribs?

GP: Yep.

OH: That bone was so sore I couldn't touch it. I had to pack a couple of the Bemis bags in there to protect myself when I was jumping. It hurt enough that it could have been cracked, although I never did have an x-ray of it at that time.

GP: I think I had my injury, shoulder injury, on the same thing, on that tower. I remember it really jerked us around, when you dropped off that tower. That's the most strenuous of the various things we had.

OH: There was a lot of people injured on that. I only had one parachute opening that was as rough as that tower was. I did have one that really snapped me around.

GP: I think most of my parachute openings were considerably less difficult than the tower. The easy part was sitting in that little mockup plane and having them tap you on the shoulder and having to step out of the plane, remember that?

OH: Yes.

GP: That was fun.

OH: Fall all of three feet.

GP: Yeah. But then going up that tower and then hit and roll, jumping off, and hit and roll, you remember that training over and over again, routinely? Did you actually do that when you came down in your other jumps? Did you do the hit and roll the way we were supposed to?

OH: I attempted to, and occasionally I was successful. Landing face down and ready to pull in your lower guidelines, but I remember on one fire jump that I landed against a hill and I rolled straight summersaults a couple times going uphill, came in at such speed due to high wind.

GP: The direction you were coming and the lay of the land, I think, made a lot of difference there. On the practice jumps you were landing on a flat field, and you could hit and roll the way you were supposed to. But coming in to a side of a hill was quite different, I know. Any other

memories of the training, aside from getting your sternum cracked there, or thinking it was cracked. Any other troubles with the training program?

OH: Not troubles. I think it was a good program in some sense, because it did condition us. I may have been in fair condition when I came there, but they put me in a lot better condition, working on the wood piles, sawing logs and splitting them with a maul and a wedge, and training hikes in which we maybe ran the last two miles back to camp. I was probably in the best shape I'd been when that training program was finished.

GP: I remember those early morning calisthenics and then the run afterwards. Those were before breakfast, weren't they? I forgot.

OH: I don't remember. I don't think there was too much before breakfast.

GP: And then afterwards you got out and did your running, maybe that was it. Now, after you finished your training, where were you assigned?

OH: Well, the first year I stayed right in Grand Menard, or Ninemile as it was called.

GP: Grand Menard. We remember that name.

OH: That's the official name of Ninemile.

GP: Is that right?

OH: And Ninemile was a misnomer.

GP: That's all I ever heard. All I ever knew.

OH: Ninemile is really the Remount Depot. But that camp up there is Camp Grand Menard, and in the book that Nafzinger had here yesterday, of the mule skinning, book on the history of mule skinning, there was a picture of a big stud that fathered most of these mules. And his name was Grand Menard.

GP: Oh? So that's where we get the name. All right, you finished up your training successfully, you had seven practice jumps. Any particular memory—how about the first jump? You remember that one?

OH: Well, I remember it and I remember it as not being too difficult because actually I was unable to comprehend what was going to happen. I was just a little numb and went through it sort of from routine, from practicing jumping out of that mockup, and when someone hit me on the shoulder I jumped no matter where I was.

GP: Did you have to ride the step the first time or were you back of somebody?

OH: No, I think I was back of somebody. Came out second or third.

GP: I was number two on that first jump, after Harry Burks. Did you have soft landings each of the times you had the training?

OH: Yes. I don't remember a really difficult landing in the training period.

GP: Now, jump number four or five, and I can't remember which one it was, we were instructed to hang up in rather low trees near the jumping area. Told to head for them so we'd have the experience of letting down. Did you succeed in hanging up?

OH: I really can't remember for sure, but I think I did. I think I completed most of that project satisfactorily.

GP: I was satisfactory, I guess, but I slammed into the side of a tree and slid down, so I didn't hang up at all. In fact, in 20 jumps I never once hung up. Did you hang up in later jumps?

OH: Oh, yes.

GP: How was your let-down procedure? Did you really follow the same procedure we were supposed to follow in letting yourself down?

OH: Yes. Yes, I did. I was a little nervous in unsnapping from the parachute, [unintelligible] I had done everything right, because in a couple cases it was quite a ways down, but I did hang up several times. And my last jump, I should have hung up but the tree broke.

GP: Did you get injured on that one?

OH: Yes. This was the second year of jumping.

GP: Aside from that, did you have any other injuries on smokejumpers? Aside from the sternum you talked about on the tower jump.

OH: No, just that one opening that I said was very, very hard. I was sort of heading downward, going head first downwards against the way the chute opened, so it just—

GP: Snapped around, I know.

OH: Snapped me back and I had a sore back for several days from that.

GP: How serious was in the injury on that last jump of yours?

OH: Well, that last jump was made in the second year of jumping, August 19. And Ed Vail and I went out on a small fire. Now, I had just come in from Angle Peaks fire the day before, and the season was really hot and the list rotated so fast that we never got out of town. And I went out on this fire—and this is strictly from what other people have told me because I had a brain concussion and do not remember it at all—but we went out on this small fire and I jumped first and they saw the top of the tree break off, and they told Ed to check on me right away, and they always waited for a signal from the ground that you were okay. And he hung up in a tree nearby, and before he let himself down yelled over at me and asked if I was all right, and I gave some kind of response. Well, he got down to the ground and came over to where I was. He said I was standing up and had my helmet off, but I was incoherent. He tried to converse with me, I didn't make sense. So he signaled the plane that we were in distress and they radioed Missoula and they sent another plane out with another group of men to carry me out and one to stay with Ed to help him with the fire. I learned last night that Jim Brunk was one of those that carried me out. The only one I had known before was Ad [Adison] Carlson, because Ad always kidded me about my wanting to take turns carrying the stretcher. Now he was willing to take turns but the other guy said he wouldn't carry him.

GP: Ad was a pretty big chap, I remember. Big boned and heavy.

OH: Yes, Ad was pretty good size.

GP: I wouldn't want to carry him. I'd rather carry you than him.

OH: But, when I got to the hospital, Doctor [Howard] Blegen at the hospital in Missoula asked me what had happened, and I told him I'd been in a boxing match. And again, I don't remember this. I don't remember being carried out or jumping or flying to the fire, even, the stuff prior to the jump. I don't remember flying there. And I don't remember the first few days in the hospital. And when I did sort of become a little more rational, I thought that I had been injured on a refresher jump in April or so. I thought I must have come back and got hurt on a refresher jump. I could not remember anything that had happened all summer. Well, the fellows came into the room and visited with me and talked about fires we'd been on, and gradually I felt I recalled all of those except the last one. But because I had had the brain concussion, they felt it wasn't advisable that I go back on the jumping list, so I was sent up to the area south of Glacier Park to work on timber access roads for Hungry Horse Dam, the surveying of them. We worked out of the Coram Ranger Station and lived in a tent camp out in the woods. Ralph Spicer volunteered to go up there with me, and Ralph and I spent that fall surveying these timber access roads with another surveyor.

GP: Well, you had an interesting closing project then. That was the last one you were on?

OH: There was some interesting fires under various conditions, like the Devil's Farm Creek Fire, we jumped in the dark.

GP: Oh my!

OH: Over the Snake River Canyon. And Ad Carlson and I were the first two out of our plane, and we could see the fire on this ridge and just a black canyon under us, and we planed as much as we could towards the fire. My forearms just ached from pulling down on the front of those risers. Ad lit up the slope a little bit, and I came in behind him and I lit in a tree, on the uphill side of a tree that was right on the brink of the canyon. And I was hanging on the ridge side and I got down, and if I hadn't been planing as hard as I was, I might have been down in the canyon, because I just barely cleared the edge.

GP: Barely did.

OH: And we sat down under a tree there, waiting for the other fellows to come down. Well, there were two Tri-motors dropping men, and before the second group was completely down, the first plane started dropping cargo. I think it was Herb Crocker and someone else were coming down, this Tri-motor passed between them. We could see the lights of the plane and we could see the white of the chute—

GP: Coming up dark...

OH: Yeah, this was at dark. But then we heard a crash in the tree we were sitting under, and a guy had landed up there, way up. Couldn't see the ground. It was Marlyn Shetler, and he managed to get in on a branch and hooked himself and his parachute and let his rope down, and we let him know that we were down there, and he kept climbing down through the branches until the rope was down. He didn't dare start down the rope because he didn't know how far above the ground he'd be when he came to the end of the rope. But he came down through the branches 'til the rope reached the ground, then he tied it on. But he did not run it through his harness, he came down just on the rope, and he had some pretty hot palms by the time he got to the ground. And that chute was up there so good that we could not get it out by ropes, you know, pulling to the side and stuff. Harry Mishler was on the fire, and Harry's a professional timber topper, used to climbing trees, but they dropped us poles first instead of trees first. And these kept pulling out of the bark and he couldn't get up. We had quite a debate what to do, whether to leave the chute up there or to cut the tree. We eventually cut the tree down. I think we all regretted it as soon as we'd done it. It was a magnificent tree and we should have left the chute there.

GP: Was that one of the larger fires you were on?

OH: There were 18 of us on that fire. The largest fire I was on was the Meadow Creek fire. If I remember correctly, there were about 100 jumped that fire, between smokejumpers and Negro paratroopers, and then they walked in around 300 other people. And this included German internees, Italian internees, high school blister rust kids, it was a real mixture of people

on the fire. I know I was working next to a German internee who had been a mining engineer in Chile. He said he came in for supplies from his mine one day, was arrested by Americans, put on a plane, and flown to the United States without having a chance to contact anybody or any arrest warrant or anything else. He was virtually kidnapped from his project down there and flown into the United States and put into an internee camp.

GP: I gather the prisoners of war have done some work here. They finished up, for example, the bridge we started out of Lozeau, Montana, one winter. Were you on that project?

OH: No, no I wasn't. Is that the winter of '44-'45?

GP: That's right. Winter of '44-'45. What other projects did—

OH: "Hoot" Moyer and I spent that winter up on Coeur d'Alene River, at Prichard, north of Wallace, Idaho. We were cutting cordwood up there. This was a former CCC [Civilian Conservation Corps] Camp, and we lived in what had been the officers' quarters. We were the only two there. But we cut cordwood for the kitchen use that summer. The camp was to be used by Mexican nationals that came up from Mexico, worked in the forest in the early spring, thinned sugar beets in the spring, then came back to the forest for blister rust control, then they harvested beets in the fall and went back to Mexico. So our job was to get the camp ready for them. We repaired several of the buildings, and we cut about 40 cord of wood for use in the kitchen. We were cutting down dead-top trees close to the campsite, we didn't cut down any fully live trees. If the tops had died out we cut them down. Some of these trees were so large that when they were on their side you couldn't see over them. So you started crosscutting with a saw with your hand well over your head. Very difficult position to saw. And you sometimes wondered if the guy on the other end was doing anything.

GP: You couldn't see him.

OH: No, you couldn't see him.

GP: You were just pulling.

OH: Not sure whether he'd gone for coffee or what.

GP: Now I never had any contact with the Negro paratroopers. They were not on any fire that I was on. Did you have any contact with them while you were there on that Meadow Creek fire?

OH: Not really. Just momentarily. I didn't work close enough to one to have any good conversations, but I did see them there.

GP: If they jumped 100 men on Meadow Creek, I suspect I was on that too. But I did not see any of the Negro paratroopers. I saw some blister rust boys and some Mexican nationals and other

come in. part of that time I was on the radio, SPF 21 to Missoula. Trying to reach contact with them. I think that must have been the Meadow Creek fire. We were on one spur of that, with Art Cochrane (?), had started coming through the trees, crowning out on us. We simply got off to the sides and let it come because there wasn't anything we could do about it.

OH: This fire broke loose several times. It started out as a small fire. I think they had jumped, oh, about two crews on it I think, in the late afternoon. Usually fires die down some at night. The humidity comes up, the wind goes down. These fellows had radioed Missoula that they knew they weren't going to be able to hold it. They felt they couldn't. But since it was late in the afternoon, Missoula figured, well, it'll calm down at night, they can maybe get ahold of it, if not we'll send people out in the morning. Well, that particular night, the humidity didn't come up, the wind didn't go down, and by morning it was a big fire. They had to drop that many men in. It was a project fire. We had regular eight-hour shifts.

GP: Which was unusual. For smokejumpers, eight-hour fires are very unusual sort of thing. Many of your fires, you worked all night.

OH: Yes. Two-man or six-man or so, you'd work 'til the fire was out. I think that was the fire that Herb Crocker split his head, you know. He was going to take a swim in Meadow Creek and dove in and hit the bottom and got a nice gash in his head, blood running down his face when he came up. Not good swimming technique, to jump into a strange river head first.

GP: That's right. Jump in feet first if you jump at all. How many jumps did you have altogether?

OH: Seventeen jumps. The one I was injured on was my 17th.

GP: Seventeenth jump. And then afterwards they decided because of your concussion they would not put you in the jumping rotation. But that was pretty well along toward the end of that second year, wasn't it?

OH: Well, it was August 19 when I jumped, and by the time I was out of the hospital and stuff, it was into September. It was a busy hospital. Levi Tschetter was in there with a broken hip, Hubert Rohrer was in with a broken foot and Sheldon Mills was in with a broken jaw. We had plenty of people to visit.

GP: Plenty of conversation there, didn't you? Have a smokejumper reunion right there in the hospital. Now, obviously, one group was sent in to rescue you and carry you out. Were you ever in a rescue unit yourself?

OH: No, I wasn't. I never did jump on a rescue unit.

GP: And the largest fire you were on was this Meadow Creek. But I imagine a good many of yours were like those that I went on, that is two- or three-man fire where you had a lightning

strike and the lookout spotted a smoke and we were sent in to control it before it could get out of control. Is that most of what you had?

OH: Yes. Well, my first fire was a fire on the Clearwater.

GP: I was on the Clearwater for my first fire.

OH: We may have been on the same fire.

GP: Charles Chapman was the other on that trip. I don't know whether you were with me on that or not. There were four of us, I remember. I think Larry Morgan was one. Well, anyway, you were in the Clearwater.

OH: And that was a small fire, easily put out. It was a good introduction. It wasn't a severe fire, it wasn't a big fire, and I think we came out the Cayuse Landing. That was a side camp, and they had a dagger stuck into a bulletin board with a sign there, "Ninemilers keep out." They felt it was in their territory and that we had invaded the territory, that they should have gotten to jump.

GP: If we were on the same fire, the fire I was on the Clearwater, they dropped some ham sandwiches and we never found them. The bears, we figure must have gotten those ham sandwiches.

OH: Could be.

GP: They also, if I remember correctly, on this fire, dropped us a crosscut saw, which we never found. So we had fire established pretty well up in a big tree, and if I remember correctly, we took turns, and with a double-bit axe we cut that big tree down with no crosscut saw. And that was a job. You cut a tree down with an axe, you're into hard work. Probably different fire, because I think you'd remember that if you'd been doing that particular one.

OH: Yes. I don't remember that—I really don't remember that fire too well. There was nothing too unusual that I can remember from that. The ones I remember best are ones where something happened. Granite Ridge fire, which blew up, and got completely away from us and finally, well, we had jumped, again late in the evening. Just before dark. And there was absolutely no place near the fire to jump. It was a granite ridge, very rocky. We jumped in this meadow—that was one of my easier landings. I jumped an Eagle chute and I landed on a log with my feet split and I just sat down on the log. But it took us until 2 a.m. to get to that fire. Murray Braden was it, Sheldon Mills, and we came along the ridge at night with flashlights shining lights over a rock and having the beam disappear and then try a different route. We gradually worked our way over to the fire. And we came into it then right at the top of the ridge. And there was almost no dirt to work with. It was a granite ridge with trees coming out of rocks. So we started cutting a fire path, cutting trees down, making a clearing going down one

side, and by 6:30 that evening—we'd been working since around 3 a.m.. About 6:30 we were almost to the bottom when the fire came around the bottom and up the other side. It just roared to the top and then it moved over to bottom and roared to the top again. Was nothing we could do. And it kept doing this until it ran into a rockslide that stopped it. We did not stop it. We climbed back to the top of the ridge where our equipment had been stashed, on the Bear Creek side, and had a supper up there. I've got a picture of us sitting there looking rather bedraggled, eating our meal. And then we hiked down into Bear Creek to find someplace to sleep. We jumped around 10 o'clock on Thursday night, we'd been up since 6:30, we'd been putting up hay all day at the Remount Depot. And just as we were getting on the trucks to go back to camp, the fire call came in.

GP: What a time.

OH: So we had been up since 6:30 Thursday and we finally got down into the bottom, where we could find a place to rest, at about 2 a.m. on Saturday. We'd gone through, we'd climbed down the face of a cliff on a long crack, and we had gone through a big boulder field, we'd gone through a hawthorn patch which was puncturing us all over, we finally got into a nice cedar forest and we could hear a brook nearby, and we just could not find it, staggering around in the dark. We figured we'd camp near it so we could wash up in the morning. We finally just rolled out our bags and crawled in at 2 a.m. Saturday, and we slept 'til 11 a.m., nine solid hours. Got up and I looked at myself and I thought I had developed chicken pox or something. I had little brown spots all over on my arms. And I realized later that was spots of blood where the hawthorns had punctured me and the drop of blood had come out and hardened, so I had these little specs all over. But we hiked out to a ranger station, or a guard station, and there weren't any pack strings available for us, so the packer had us get down on all fours with our harness, and he packed us like mules. He didn't know how to work on a vertical beast of burden. Lloyd Harbold took a picture out there, of us all down on fours with the packer cinching us up.

GP: Just as thought you were about to become mules, playing across country.

OH: Bell Creek fire was on at the same time. That was pretty big—

GP: That was a big jumper fire. I didn't get on Bell Creek either.

OH: From Granite Ridge, we could see the people jumping on Bell Creek. Bell Lake, or whatever it was.

GP: I didn't have experience of watching other people jump on any of the fires I was on. Don't remember it, at least. May have been but I don't remember it. Well, any other—what was your most exciting fire? One of those that we've already named, or some other one?

OH: Well, I'd say probably Granite Ridge. We really worked hard and then it got away on us. But one fire that I'll always remember is the Angle Peak fire, because this was a fire that we jumped on and we didn't know where we were.

A Tri-motor load had flown up north to cover four small fires that had been reported. We dropped a man and we circled and dropped another man, we circled and dropped our gear. This was the first year I was jumping and I got airsick several times that first year. We were dropping these men and circling, getting into our own backwash and by the time we had dropped six men on three fires, I was pretty well gone. Then we got to the fire that George Case and I were supposed to jump on, and we couldn't find it. It had settled down, so we could not locate it. So we headed back for Missoula. Then we spotted an unreported fire. They jumped us on this. Well, there were five lakes in an L-shape in a high mountain valley, and since we weren't equipped to jump into water, they took us down pretty low to make sure we got between two lakes. We actually jumped from about 800 feet above the surface. I took my head out of the paper bag where it had been resting and put my helmet on and I went out the door and I could care less where we were. I was so glad to get out of that plane. Because once I was out I was well. As soon as I was out, here I was heading for a big, dead snag. That's the worst thing you can hit. Being right handed, I immediately turned right, which brought me right into the face of a cliff. I had visions of two broken legs as I hit those rocks. Well, I lifted my feet as high as I could in front of me and just rolled onto a ledge and my chute laid up against a tree. George Case landed below me and he snapped a picture of me standing up there on that rock. But we spent a day putting this fire out, it was a small one, and we camped overnight and cold trailed it in the morning, and everything was okay, but then we didn't know where we were.

GP: Did the Forest Service know where you were?

OH: Well, Johnson Brothers may have known, I don't know. But they may have just wanted to get me out of there too—I was smelling up their plane. But we climbed up to the top of the mountain we were on, and we had a map, you know, of that big hunk of forest, and we could see a couple other lookouts, but we just couldn't orient ourselves to know exactly what peak we were on. But from the top, we could see a road way down below us. We spent the rest of the day hiking down there. When we got down there, we ran into a couple berry pickers, and they took us in to Libby, Montana to the Forest Service Ranger Station there. Since it was an unreported fire and so forth, no pack string had been dispatched to pick our equipment up, and it was all still back up by the lake. So they sent us back in with a packer so we could locate the stuff for him, and we came in over the opposite side of the mountain and we went back with him, picked our equipment up, and came back out and then stayed another night, I think, at the ranger station. Then they put us on a train and shipped us back to Missoula.

GP: Train?

OH: Yeah. Traveled by train.

GP: How about that? Never sent me back by train anywhere. They sent us back by plane out of Grangeville more than once. We'd come out one way or another, hiking out, or the Forest Service truck taking us out to Grangeville, but never by train.

OH: I think the Devil's Creek fire we came out to Grangeville, eventually, on that.

GP: That seems to have been one of the places the Forest Service would send a plane in after us.

OH: This Meadow Creek fire, the big one, they took the jumpers off after two, three days there, and just left the ground crews. We were flown out of some place called Dixie Field. Dixie Landing Field. It was a high altitude meadow and I know they couldn't come in during the heat of the day, because the lifting qualities of the air were such that they waited 'til evening to get better lift to take us out of there.

GP: Those pilots really must have been amazing in their ability of backcountry flying. To locate where they were going and to land on these landing strips back in the back country.

OH: A group of us flew over to Chelan, Washington, once. There'd been a whole lot of fires reported there, more than the local crew there at Twisp could handle. We flew over there in the Tri-motor, and I think Slim Phillips was flying, and he came in at the end of this field, passed his wing between a couple branches on a tree, and rolled a tail wheel on a fence as we came over, then turned back and laughed as we were all about to have a fit.

GP: You weren't exactly laughing about this. He was having fun.

OH: Those men were excellent pilots, really. To be admired.

GP: Yes they were. They had a crash, afterwards, down the Jackson Hole region, and one was killed, wasn't it? It was one of the Johnson brothers?

OH: One of the Johnson brothers was killed, and then one of their other pilots was killed. Can't think of his name right now.

GP: But those old Tri-motors are really very reliable planes. I remember on one fire, the military plane was dropping, maybe some of the Negro paratroopers, and they went over and over, high over the ridges, whereas a Tri-motor would zig-zag down lower and be able to drop people close to where they were wanting to be.

OH: Yeah, those big planes couldn't turn fast enough to get below the ridges. That Ford Tri-motor is quite a plane. I saw a reconstructed one in Oshkosh air show last year, which had at one time been a Johnson Brothers plane.

GP: Did you use a Travel Air at all? Were you up in that on fire jumps?

OH: Yes, I was occasionally. I don't remember specifically. I remember one fire—the name that slips my mind—that Ed Vail and I jumped on, and a couple others and it was right on the top of the mountain. It was a lookout, very close by, and the lookout and the forest guard were on the fire when we arrived. I remember coming down, Ed Vail was tumbling, got tumbled in his jump, and got some guidelines around one foot and he came down with one foot up in the air and one down. I was ahead of him and I could see him back there, and I was sort of concerned, but luckily he came into a tree so he didn't have to land on that one leg. But that fire, we started at the top, near the tower, and went down one side and across the bottom and left these other two men at the top to watch that. But we hit a natural wash which completed a third side, and they had the top side, but the fire had jumped over them and had burned all of our equipment. All we had left was buckles. Our chutes and jumping equipment we had stashed all up on top and all of that burned. These fellows, they weren't injured, they got out of the way enough, but sparks had gone over them and picked up—we thought we had the fire all licked. We ate our lunch in that wash. Although we had a little intimation there was something going up there, because rocks started coming down the wash and we had to make a hurried exit from it, which was a little difficult when we heard these rocks bouncing down towards us.

GP: Knew something was wrong then. Do you have any memories about food on these jumps? How about C-rations? Did you learn to love those?

OH: Well, I didn't really learn to love them. My K-rations, C-rations... since I was a vegetarian I had a little more problem than some of the men. I had to—a lot of the K-ration—I became quite a cracker eater, since most people didn't like those soybean crackers.

GP: Those crackers taste to me like sawdust. I thought they must have mashed them out there in the forest sometime. Take on the whole pile of sawdust and mash them up into crackers. That's what I used to call them.

OH: Well, I'd trade my tinned—

GP: Chopped pork and egg yolk.

OH: Yeah. I'd trade those things to the other guys for their soybean crackers.

GP: They also had little mixed lemonade, didn't they, in those packets?

OH: Yes.

GP: How about the chocolate bar?

OH: I think I ate the chocolate bar. Just trying to think what all was in there.

GP: I remember that as not being very tasty chocolate, but edible. And I mean, we're out on a fire line, you'd love anything of that sort.

OH: Food is food.

GP: That's right.

OH: Didn't the C-rations have some canned goods in them?

GP: Yes.

OH: Some canned fruit and different things—

GP: I got mostly the K-rations though. We had that little package there. I remember the main difference between the ones they gave us and the ones they had for the military was the lack of cigarettes in ours.

OH: Most of us didn't need them.

GP: Some people smoked, some people didn't. I certainly didn't, but some did.

OH: It's interesting the change in the military at the present time. They have just banned smoking on most military posts.

GP: I saw that. That'd be quite a change. Quite a change. Well, looking back at the smokejumper unit as a whole, do you have memories of that that are pleasant or not?

OH: Oh, yes. My memories are very pleasant. It was one of the highlights in my life, really, as far as excitement and friendship goes, and I wouldn't have missed it. In fact, as I mentioned, when I started on...I just changed employers this year, and a precondition of my new job was that I was going to be gone for the smokejumper reunion. If they had said no I would have gone elseplace to find a job.

GP: Well I wondered also about the smokejumper experience. Looking back at that. We were drafted, presumably for work of national importance. Looking back at the smokejumper unit, were you satisfied that we did work of national importance?

OH: I think so. Of course the attitude on forest fires has changed some now. They're letting some fires burn—

GP: I know!

OH: And even starting some fires. But I've also been in areas where fires have devastated regions, you know, taken 50 years to recover and there's been a lot of soil erosion damage and stuff in the meantime. Rivers clogged. So I felt that we were doing work of national importance and I'm glad I was part of it.

GP: When you left the smokejumpers after your concussion and were up working on that project for a while, were you assigned to any other CPS camp after smokejumpers?

OH: Yes. I went home on leave in December and came back in January to the Savenac Tree Nursery and I was assigned to La Pine, Oregon.

GP: But you were one of the last people to close up the camp here. One of the last.

OH: Pretty close, yes. But not the last. The camp closed a couple weeks, I think, after I left.

GP: Well, you were a lot longer in the camp than I was, because I moved down to 149, Olustee, and was there for quite a while that fall after finishing up the potato harvest. Because I went home on furlough. Went directly from there to Olustee. So I went to 149. My transfer there came through.

OH: Well, the La Pine camp had originally been a Mennonite camp. Their project there was building this dam. And the dam was pretty well built when we came there, so we were clearing the reservoir of trees. That was primarily our job, just cutting wood, most of which we burned for our own warmth in our barracks there.

GP: La Pine was originally a Mennonite camp?

OH: Yes.

GP: By the time you arrived, what then?

OH: It was a government camp.

GP: Government?

OH: Yeah, they had changed. Originally there had just been Mancos, Colorado, and I think later—

GP: Germfask.

OH: Germfask, Michigan.

GP: Boy. That was a hellhole CPS, according to what I heard.

OH: Well, then they converted La Pine into a government camp. It was a Bureau of Reclamation camp. And they supplied us with a couple changes of clothing, something like Forest Service did here. Of course, most camps, they did not provide any clothing.

GP: I know, that's right.

OH: But they provided us with two changes of clothing there. Mostly old military clothing. And the work project—I felt sorry for the men that were just being drafted at that time, because there were still men being drafted. They were coming into this camp where the morale was pretty low, the guys were just waiting to get out, they weren't interested in making new friends especially. These fellows came in to a rather unpleasant atmosphere. There was resentment against the project and there were people there who felt that the whole CPS system was sort of a slave labor project, and weren't too cooperative with it.

GP: How about the attitude of the government—

[Break in audio]

OH: —there was a Bureau of Reclamation man there who had reached retirement but was staying on just to help out, because they were still short of personnel. And he'd had a CPS fellow who took the roll for him on the project in the morning. And this fellow, I guess, was discharged and left, and he asked me to take the roll. And I said, "I can't do that." And he says, "Why not? And I said, "I don't believe in this system." I said, "For me to do that, I would be cooperating in your project here of slave labor." And it sort of startled him. I told him how I felt about it. I said, "We've been in this project for years and no pay and no benefits of any kind. And I'm not going to help administer it." And the next day I met the fellow on the road and he shook hands with me, and he said, "I've quit."

GP: Is that right. You persuaded him. Well congratulations about that.

OH: I made him think about it, at least.

GP: You certainly did. Well that's interesting. The director of one of the camps I was associated with, I think probably Coleville, went to become director of one of the government camps and I guess had a rather disillusioning experience there. Coleville was not that radical a camp and I think we got along pretty well. [Unintelligible] fires fighting out of Coleville, and morale was reasonably high at least. Because we had a lot of side camps, at June Lake and Mammoth Lake, and Dog Valley and elsewhere, and the men would get in a small unit and they would get along pretty well. But the government camp, I gather, was quite some different. How long were you at the government camp?

OH: Just from January to mid-March or so, when my release came through. I'd been in camp for three years, six months, and 17 days at that time.

GP: That's pretty exact.

OH: I didn't bother checking the hours.

GP: [laughs] You didn't? I thought sure you would have. Well, now, after you left and were discharged from CPS, then what?

OH: Well, I went back to my hometown of Crosby, North Dakota, and at that time there was a Bureau of Reclamation project going on there, what they call the Missouri Service Diversion Project. They were going to take water out of Fort Peck Dam, pump it over a divide at Grenora, North Dakota, and run it through canals and reservoirs to the Delax (?) valley for irrigation. And so I applied for a job there and went back to work with the Bureau of Reclamation that I had just left in Oregon. And worked as a chief of a survey party there, mapping part of the canal area and one of the reservoirs until fall and then I went back to college at the University of North Dakota in Grand Forks after an absence of four years.

GP: And finished up your degree there?

OH: Finished up my degree in civil engineering. Was on the gymnastic team there.

GP: Oh. How about that. Now, had you been in gymnastics before you went to the smokejumpers?

OH: No, I hadn't been. While the University of North Dakota had never had a gymnastics team prior to that. I was on the first team that they ever had. Leonard Marti, who had been on the University of Minnesota team came up there as athletic director and started the gymnastic team, so I was on the first team that UND had. And I think the condition that I was in for my smokejumper experience served me well as a gymnast.

GP: I'm sure it did. Probably about that same time, Florida State was changing from a women's college to a University, brought a man in from the University of Illinois, and he brought with him some very good gymnasts. Bill Roetzheim was one of those. And he got our first, I believe, our first national championship in gymnastics. Florida State University—

OH: Florida State was well known for their gymnastics.

GP: At that time. Now, we hadn't had any since then. Since he left—we actually dropped that program before he left. He was working with some other programs, including starting a very active Tallahassee Tumbling Tots, which is still going strong. So in Tallahassee the program is

going strong, but at Florida State it is no longer operational. The women at the University of Florida, by the way, now have a very good gymnastics team.

OH: I'd like to go back to La Pine from here—

GP: Please.

OH: I just remembered something there. I'm not sure if one of the agencies had sent this man out, but a vocational advisor, I don't know if he was a psychologist or just a specialist in vocational work, but he came out there as a volunteer, not a government agency but as a volunteer, and was giving vocational test to the men in camp to help them think about what they would do when they did get out. And I remember that my test came out such that he said that that job with the Soil Conservation Service or some related thing involving the land and farming would be a very appropriate job for what these tests showed my interests to be. And although I never did go back to work with the Soil Conservation Service, I now farm and am very active cooperator with the soil conservation service.

GP: So I guess maybe he was right.

OH: I'm sure I could have been very happy in a career with the SCS.

GP: But you didn't ever apply or want to go back with them?

OH: No. When I graduated from college in '48 with a degree in civil engineering—at the time I was taking it I really didn't intend to be a civil engineer. I intended to farm and possibly work with my father in his private weather forecast service. And so when I graduated I went to work with my father for two years, primarily on the road, selling. And then I met my future wife. That could go back too to the winter between the two smokejumper seasons, when Moyer and I were cutting cordwood up at Prichard. I got a Christmas card from Martha Higasjoda, who was an internee at the Hunt relocation camp, the Minidoka relocation camp at Hunt, Idaho.

GP: We ought to interview her. I'm sure that was quite an experience there.

OH: And she was a member of the Fellowship of Reconciliation, and we had a mutual friend in Margaret Roarer, (?) who was a Rocky Mountain area secretary. And Margaret had provided Martha with some names of FoR members in CPS and prison that she could send greeting cards to. And I was on that list and received a card from her, and I can thank you for part of the result. I sent her a copy of the *Smokejumper*, which you edited, and she found that very interesting, and we corresponded occasionally from Christmas of '44 until September of '50, when we finally met at an FoR national conference in Evanston, Illinois. And we were married the following spring.

GP: Well, that is good work. Yes, I'm glad I had some very tiny part in it. However, you and I know that if the United States and the USSR get involved in the exchange of nuclear weapons, there may not be anything left here. Probably no reason for drafting or a CPS or anything of the sort. But, forgetting that for a moment, and just kind of assuming in the old, old days that war would be of the old style, that armies would gather and fight and so forth, it wouldn't be over in 30 seconds, or 30 minutes or something like that. What about it? Would you do it again?

OH: No, I wouldn't. I'm so opposed to anything resembling conscription that I would refuse to register for the draft and take what consequences—probably be a prison sentence for that. I don't think I would move to Canada, although I grew up half a dozen miles from it, so it's a familiar territory. But I thought of this when my son—I have a son who's 27—and he was born just a year early. If he'd been born a year later he would have come under this registration business. He wrote us a note, said, "Thank you very much for having me born in '59." So he didn't have to worry about it. But I think there are several positions you can take. I don't criticize or condemn a person for taking one or the other. If it's going to Canada or if it's just keeping under cover in the United States, or if it's refusal to register. Or if it's accepting alternative service of some kind. This is something that the individual has to decide. And at the time, I was unhappy many times in CPS, because I felt—when I was in there and I came to the point where I felt that I shouldn't have registered and that I shouldn't be in there. In fact, when the smokejumper season finished, I packed up and went home and said goodbye to Murray and the rest of the people there at Savenac. I wasn't going to come back. I was walking out. But I ran into such really strong opposition to this position from my father. It really was upsetting him, so I came back and went out to La Pine and finished up the last three months.

GP: Most of it was over. Most of the CPS experience was all over by that time. Well, thank you very much. Is there something we have not said we should say?

OH: Well, unless it's what I've been doing since then.

GP: Please do. Let's talk a little bit about that.

OH: I had been working with my father in Huset Forecast. We published an annual almanac which was distributed over about 45 states and three provinces of Canada. And when I met Martha I went to New York; I figured I could court her a little better at closer distance. Went to work for a consulting engineering firm there, Tippetts, Abbett, McCarthy, and Stratton. Well, I first went to work with Brown and Blauvelt, and then we got married and went out to the west coast for the summer with the Forest Service, came by our honeymoon summer, and came back to New York and I went to work for Tippetts, Abbett, McCarthy, and Stratton.

GP: Were you out on a lookout that summer?

OH: Yes. Maybe we didn't talk about that, I don't remember.

GP: I don't believe so.

OH: Because of my experience in the forest, I decided that when I got married I didn't want to just take a two week honeymoon or something, go back to a regular job, so I rode out to the Forest Service and applied for a job as a fire lookout. And obtained one in the Snoqualmie National Forest. The fellows in the New York engineering office that I was working in kidded me and asked me if I'd sent a photograph along with my application because I was assigned to Bald Mountain Lookout. Which fit me pretty well. But this was a nice lookout. We were 36 miles east of Mount Rainier, so we had that magnificent mountain in our backyard all summer. And we stayed there 'til fall and then took a leisurely one month trip back to New York City. But my wife enjoyed it and, although she did not know what to expect. The ranger that brought us up to the lookout said that he could tell that my wife had never been more than a block away from a grocery store. And he was a little concerned about how she'd make out, but she did very well. She's from Seattle, and her parents live there. Her father's a dentist there. Her mother was the first woman of Japanese ancestry to attend the University of Washington. But she had visions of going in to Seattle two days out of every seven and doing her laundry there and so forth, and it turned out that the fire danger conditions the summer of '51 were the worst they had been in 25 years, and that we had the fifth and sixth of July off. And then we didn't get another day off until near the end of August. Consequently, the groceries she had bought for the first week had to last us two or three weeks, and she ended up doing the laundry in a little hand dishpan. Washing a few inches of a sheet, moving it over, washing a few more. On a wood burning stove. And we had to cut our own firewood and the first time I trimmed a tree up, a dead-top tree, and asked her to come out and help me cut it down, she thought I was joking. But she sawed down many a tree and many a fallen tree that summer.

GP: The ranger brought you in food though, I hope you didn't have to exist on that first week's.

OH: No, the ranger didn't bring us in much food. There was a cowboy down below us—we provided our own food. And there was a cowboy named Kearney Haltz, (?) who was in a log cabin camp down below us, near where we got our spring water. And he had a girlfriend in Seattle that he would go visit, and he would buy groceries for us at a supermarket and bring them back for us. Otherwise we'd have had sort of a difficult time because we couldn't leave, really, the lookout. And as it was they really got the services of two people for the salary of one. We operated a U.S. Weather Bureau station, had to report the weather three times a day. We'd hear it coming back over the Seattle radio station, "Bald Mountain reports that..."

GP: Ah, that was you. [laughs]

OH: And the hottest temperature we had all summer was 75 degrees. At 8 o'clock on the fourth of July morning it was 35 degrees. We melted snow water until the first week in August. There was actually snow through the entire summer, but it was too dirty then. And there was fresh snow before the month was over.

GP: Where did you get your water? Did you have to walk down to a stream?

OH: We drove down two miles, two miles to this camp where Kearney Haltz lived, and there was a spring there. And we'd get our water there. And it was a little ways below his camp too, so we would pick him up, since he didn't have transportation. We'd pick him up and bring him down to the spring so he could fill his jugs. But he Aded a lot of interest to our summer. He'd come in to our camp. If he was walking we knew he was looking for his horses. If he was riding a horse, we knew he was looking for his cows. And he'd go up in our lookout tower, which was 40 feet high, and search the country for his livestock.

GP: Well I gather, then, the Forest Service was happy to hire you. They knew about your background and knew that you had been with the smokejumpers and CPS, and they were glad to get you as a lookout.

OH: They didn't seem to be bothered by that fact. I was a little concerned on the application blank—at that time the Forest Service asked you what race you belonged to. And I wrote 'human.' And never heard any response.

GP: There was no response. [laughs]

OH: It was a good summer. It was nice, really friendly personnel in the Naches Ranger Station.

GP: That was your last Forest Service experience, right?

OH: Correct. It wasn't my last jumping experience, though, because living in New York, in, oh, about 1961 and '2, I made seven more parachute jumps.

GP: Really? With a crew there? People who just like to—

OH: Yeah. Went up to Connecticut to a sport parachuting center and one weekend one year and made two jumps on a Saturday and two on a Sunday. We used to think that our training period was short, you know, about a week long. There they trained you for two hours and then you made you first jump, no matter what your background was. Even though I'd been a smokejumper, they jump differently. We used to try to jump vertically, and they jumped belly down. Arched with their belly down. Kicking out of a small plane. And you kept your eye back at the spotter—

GP: Not using the static line either.

OH: Well, the jumps I made were with static line. If I had gotten in eight jumps, then I could have qualified to make a ripcord jump. That's really what I went up there for—I was interested in making a ripcord jump, but the second time I went up I got in three jumps that weekend, but

there was an airshow going on Sunday afternoon and they didn't have time for the fourth jump there.

GP: So you never made a ripcord jump at all.

OH: No, I haven't.

GP: Neither have I.

OH: I see these new rectangular chutes out there, and I'm often tempted to try one. They're so controllable—

GP: Oh, aren't they though. I've watched some coming down in a stadium, a football stadium. They come right in the center of the stadium; they can hit almost exactly what they want to come down. Just practically step out of the chute there. Isn't it amazing?

OH: No impact at all to speak of.

GP: Times are changed. Well thank you very much, thank you.

[Break in audio]

GP: Okay, now about this company you're working for in New York. Tell me a little bit more about it.

OH: Well, Tippetts, Abbett, McCarthy, and Stratton was one of the major design firms. At one time they were number three on Engineering News Record's top 400 designers in millions of dollars of design work. And most of the work was overseas. And although I didn't get to those jobs, it was interesting working on the design some. I spent two years working on the plans for the Puerto Rico International Airport in San Juan. Worked some on the plans for the Péligre Dam on the Artibonite River in Haiti. Worked on New York State thruway plans and also spent two years in the field supervising work on a section immediately north of New York City. Worked on the Ohio turnpike and the Virginia interstate plans. 200 mile railroad up in Quebec. And this firm, we had 2- to 300 people in the New York office, and lot of work in Greece and Turkey on hydroelectric plans. Port and dock facilities in Haifa. Highways down in Bolivia. We when we finished the international airport in San Juan, everybody was worried about getting laid off, and Mr. Proquist (?), the chief architect, came in and said, "Well, there's nothing to worry about, we just got a job to design an international airport for Cali, Colombia, South America." And we started work on it, and they had a sudden change in government down there. They took the job away from us, gave it to some Texas firm, and 26 architects got a nice Christmas present that year, a week before Christmas, by being laid off. There was work all around the world, so much so that we had a company magazine to keep the various offices in

touch with each other. This firm, after I left them, designed the Dallas-Fort Worth Airport as one of their major projects.

GP: Big one, whew.

OH: They did a large dam in Formosa, they did the Pine Flats Dam in the King River in California. In the Engineering News Record this year, there was a half page article, said, "TAMS finally leaves Pakistan." They did a dam on the Indus River on Pakistan which they were on for 25 years, and just finished. So that was an interesting firm to work for, and I enjoyed that very much.

GP: Lots of different operations. Well, your work as an engineer, civil engineer, has been very interesting since you finished with your CPS experience.

OH: Well, I came back to North Dakota when my dad was dying of cancer. And he died within a year of the time I got back. So I took over his business and operated it for six years, but it was just turning out to be too big of a job for my experience. And I wasn't accustomed to being my own boss so much. I had been an employee. So I had a little difficulty in scheduling my time, and I'd end up with a crashed program when the book was to come out. I got so run down that I came down with the flu and I kept going back to work and having relapses, and I was sick for about six months that year and didn't get that book out. Well then, I needed work and I went to work as a teacher at North Dakota State University, Williston Branch, teaching engineering subjects—surveying, statics and strength, steel design, wood design, concrete design in a two-year architectural drafting and design program. And I worked in that for eight years, until the program was discontinued and then I worked for eight years as a construction inspector under an Indian program under HUD, building homes for Indians in the Trenton, North Dakota, area.

GP: Housing and Urban Development.

OH: Yes. And that, again, was a very interesting job. I found many different jobs, I've found them all interesting and enjoyed them all.

GP: And you've had quite a variety too.

OH: Sometimes I think too much variety.

GP: [laughs] Okay, anything else?

OH: No, that about brings me up to date.

GP: All right—

[End of Interview]