The John H. Glenn, Jr.
Oral History Project

Oral History Interview 2

with
Senator John Glenn, Jr.

in his home
in Potomac, Maryland

October 28, 1996

Brien R. Williams
Interviewer

[Begin Interview 2, Tape 1, Side A]

WILLIAMS: This is the second interview with Senator John Glenn at his home in Potomac, Maryland. The date today is October 28, 1996. This is Brien Williams.

Let's start today with the notes that you have here. Can you explain how these came about and then just run through them?

SEN. GLENN: These notes we found in the file, and I do remember doing this. I don't remember it real well. But I was home on leave, apparently, in 1964. Now, this was two years after my orbital flight, and Mother and I had been talking about whether I was going to do a book about the flight and all that and recollections about my childhood around New Concord and so on. My daughter Lynn found these notes in the file here. They're about the personal and family history, and they're recollections with my mother and dad during a visit in May of 1964. Then

I have a note at the top of the first page, "Mother's recollections for book in the future," in case we ever got around to doing a book sometime, which obviously we haven't over the past thirty-three years or whatever it is.

I'll just run through these just as little vignettes that we could put in wherever, if you wanted. Mother had a real penchant for poetry, and Mother could recite poetry from her girlhood. Apparently back in the days when she was in school, she had learned many poems. I can remember her just standing at the kitchen stove, just reciting a poem of one kind or another, and I got a kick out of it as a little kid. She had taught me some of this. One of the ones that she recalled that I knew, I could do most of it at the age of three, was her recollection of it. I have a note on that to that effect, and it was by Eugene Fields, "Little Boy Blue." I can't remember it now but I remember the poem started out, "The little toy soldiers are covered with rust, but staunch and true they stand," and something, the rest of it goes on. The general story is about this little boy who played with the soldiers, the toy soldiers, and then he died, and the soldiers were still there. I remember the poem, but I can't remember it all now. Anyway, I knew that, apparently, at the age of three.

Another one Mother said was the only time that she really, really, really felt bad about the way she had treated me when I was a little kid. We had a creek down below our house where there were some pools, and later on, when I swam with all the kids later on, that's where we went. We had several swimming holes we used to go to down in the creek, and then, later on, in the college lake. She had cautioned me not to go down there, and I was just like, I don't know, four

years old or something like that. I was fairly small, four or, at the most, five, and she'd cautioned me not to go down to the creek because I couldn't swim. There was a neighbor girl, Regina Regier. I was missing outside one day. Well, it turned out Mother started looking for me, and here I was down at one of these pools with Regina Regier. Mother really was unhappy with that, because she really thought I was in danger down there, and she got a little switch off a little bush or something and switched my legs coming home, and every time I'd slow down, she'd touch my legs up a bit, and then the next day I had red welts on, and she felt horrible. [Laughter] I told her it was a good thing it was back in those days, or I'd charge her with child abuse if it was today.

WILLIAMS: Is that the only time you remember being reprimanded physically?

SEN. GLENN: Oh, I was reprimanded, but my mother and dad didn't go in for paddling much, maybe a little swat on the tail with a flat hand once in a while, but not switching like this. Mother said that was the only time she really, really felt horribly guilty for the punishment she had given, when she saw the red welts.

These are jumping around all over the place, but in the parades in New Concord, they'd have bicycles all decorated and so on. My dad found an old bicycle built for two, a real old one, up in Norwick, Ohio, and we were going to bring it down to New Concord. He bought it from somebody for a few dollars. A fellow that worked for my dad was named Johnny Vessels [phonetic], and Johnny drove a car up, and instead of putting this bike in the back some way, we decided I would ride it. For some reason, I don't remember why, we put a rope on the thing to pull me up a little hill to get out of Norwick, and then I was on behind

with this rope on, and he got going too fast, and I remember I was scared to death, and I can remember to this day going along on that bicycle built for two on a rope behind this car going faster than I thought we should go, which was a dumb thing to do.

WILLIAMS: That was on Highway 40?

SEN. GLENN: Yes, old Highway 40, on the old brick road.

WILLIAMS: And how long a trip was that from Norwick?

SEN. GLENN: Oh, it's only about three miles up there, two and a half or three miles.

Another time we were at Lazarus Department Store in Columbus, and I wanted a big red wagon that was there, and my dad said we didn't have any money for a wagon like that, and my response—and he said I was about six years old—"Well, just give them a check and pay them later," a kid's approach to things, I guess.

Another one that involved a bicycle also, I used to take trumpet lessons when I was a kid up at Will Hammond's [phonetic] home, and he and his son—he taught music and was the director of the town band. I was up there once for a trumpet lesson, and after it was over, I was riding my bike down the hill, down a rather steep hill behind the high school which had been a dirt road and had deep ruts in it from the rain where somebody had driven a car down this very steep hill. I came down there, and I had the trumpet on one handlebar, which sort of unbalanced things, and the front wheel dropped off in one of these ruts and got crossways and stopped. The bike stopped and I didn't. I went over the handlebars and landed sort of on the point of my chin going down the road, and it

had split open the whole chin. I have a scar on the point of my chin about an inch and a half long if I wrinkle up my chin a little bit. I split it open, and it just bled like crazy. That was about the worst bike wreck I guess I had all the time I was a kid. Split it open, and went up, and Mother thought I'd been killed for sure when she saw all the blood.

But went up to old Doc Forsythe up the street, and he put some clamps on it. They didn't suture things like they do now, didn't put stitches in it much. So he clamped it, and it got okay, of course, but I still have that scar to this day, and I think that was the worst bike wreck I ever had. But when we were making these notes, mother recalled that one very, very well.

Another one when I was a little kid, I wanted to down go to the creek one time to fish. I had just learned to swim, so she let me go down there, and I wanted to go fishing in this little pool, and we didn't have a fish hook at home, so Mother, thinking she'd humor me a little bit, I guess, said, "Well, we'll try a bent pin. That's what people used to fish with sometimes." So she took a safety pin and bent it out, and I put it on the end of a fishing line and got a fishing worm. I went down to the creek, and actually, where I was fishing was in sight of the front porch of our house. And doggoned if I didn't catch a little fish. So I came home with that fish on the safety pin, and nothing would do but we'd cook it. It was a little thing about five or six inches ling, sort of a king-size minnow more than anything else. And that was the first fish I ever caught.

I'm not a big avid fisherman to this day. The only kind of fishing I really do enjoy is going out dry fly fishing in the mountains or something like that where you walk along the stream with a little action along with it, and that's fun.

WILLIAMS: About how old do you imagine you were?

SEN. GLENN: I couldn't have been over, I don't know, six years old, maybe, something like that, not over that, I don't think.

Oh, another thing about hunting. The dogs that were my dogs when I was a kid were two little beagles. I named them Mike and Ike. Ike and Mike were good little hunting dogs. I remember my dad, having grown up on the farm, had had some hunting dogs, rabbit hunting is all they were. He told me I could train the dogs, and the way to train them to hunt rabbits was what he had done when he was a kid, is get an old soup bone with a little meat on it, and you sear it real good in the fire, put it on a string and just drag it around through the grass and through the weeds and so on, and the dogs would sniff along the trail and follow you. For some reason or other, that scent was easily translatable to tracing rabbits.

So I trained those little beagle pups, and they were the best little hunting dogs any kid had in town, and that's exactly what I did, just tracked them around that way and did that a couple of times, and pretty soon they were tracking rabbits, and they were good. So we used to hunt for rabbits and squirrels sometimes back then. That was common. Most men went out hunting back then some, and they had their favorite places where they would hunt, and whatever we got we brought home and either ate or Mother would can the stuff. She'd put it

up in Mason jars, and we'd have rabbit meat next spring out of the hunting season.

WILLIAMS: What kind of gun did you use?

SEN. GLENN: I had a twelve-gauge. My dad had an old single. I started out with a twenty-gauge, and then my dad had a twelve-gauge I used to use. Well, when I actually started out, when the men would carry twelve-gauge shotguns, I'd carry a .22 rifle. If you ever saw a rabbit standing still, why, you could get it with a .22, of course. [Laughter] But then graduated on to shotguns later on.

Selling rhubarb—Mother recalled that one. She thought I was about nine years old when I started this, and I think I was. We had a huge rhubarb area in our garden. It was very big, healthy rhubarb. So every spring, we had far more than we needed, even with what Mother would can or would preserve. So I started a little business, and every spring I would get this rhubarb, and I'd cut it and put it in little bundles and sell it for ten cents a bundle. A fellow named Grimm, who was one of the coaches up at the college, he was the son of the people who ran one of the drugstores in town, and his name was Puny. How he came up with Puny, I don't know where he got that nickname, but he had played football at the college, and he loved rhubarb, so they were my best customers, really. I'd put this in my little wagon, and I'd have a whole wagon full of rhubarb, and go around all over town knocking on doors and selling it.

Then sometimes in the spring, also, we'd go out in the woods and dig sassafras. People liked sassafras tea. I'd make little bundles of sassafras and sell that, too. I think that was a little more expensive. I think that probably went a

quarter a bundle for sassafras. I don't remember that one. And I like sassafras tea. I still like it to this day. Down in the woods behind our home here we have some sassafras, and I tell people when they're clearing the woods down here, "Don't touch that sassafras. I want that left in the woods."

Another one, when I was a little bit older and worked with my dad some in the plumbing stuff, one summer when I was working with him out at a place called Lone Pine, it was out at the north end of Lakeside Drive in New Concord, and my job usually was to—I'd be outside when they were doing a job like that, and they would yell out a type pipe, half-inch pipe, twenty-three inches end to center of L or something. Well, I'd take a piece of pipe, then, half-inch pipe, and I would cut it, ream it, thread it, which you did all by hand back in those days, put a thread on it, put the L on the end of the pipe with the sealant on it and then run it in to them, and somebody would have another piece. So that was my main job, was cut, threading, and reaming pipe outside.

One time, though, my dad—they had a boiler that they were putting in this place out at Lone Pine, and the boiler was put together in sections, and you set a section up, and then to drive it into place, you'd put a two-by-four on the end of it, and somebody would get on the other end and hit it with a sledgehammer, hit the two-by-four, and drive these sections of the boiler into place. It's very tight fitting. I was leaning over and holding the two-by-four while my dad swung and hit the end of this two-by-four with a sledgehammer, a big sledgehammer. Well, he swung and swung pretty hard. We'd been doing it a little while, and I was sort of leaning over, and the sledgehammer hit the end of the two-by-four and glanced

off and continued right on up and hit me in the eye. The sledgehammer in my right eye. It broke. It's like a fighter gets a split eyebrow or something from being hit up there. That's exactly what happened on this. So it broke over my eyebrow up there, and I was bleeding out of that down through my eye, over my cheek. Of course, my dad thought he'd killed me, you know. I wasn't too sure what had happened either, because it hit pretty hard. But he recalled that as one of the times that just about scared him to death when we were working together.

Then Mother was recalling about every Christmastime. My cousin had had a train, a little electric train. That was big with the kids back in those days. One Christmas I wanted an electric train. Some of the kids had those. One of the other kids had had a train that his older brother didn't want anymore or something, and so we had brought this used electric train with all the track. I had that, and we had a lot of track, and I used to build these little cabins out of Lincoln Logs. Every Christmas from then on we had the Christmas tree and then always had the electric train around the tree and running around part of the living room and around this little cabin of Lincoln Logs, and that became a fixture at our house almost every Christmas.

We still have those trains in a trunk here today. In fact, I had planned this year to get those things out and send them off and have them put back in working condition and give to our grandkids, and the grandkids these days aren't that much interested in electric trains or anything, but I think I'll give it to them. If they want to try them a little bit, fine. If not, well maybe they can pass them on to

their grandkids some day when the cycle comes back popular for electric trains. But we still have those.

Another area, my cousin Robert Thompson had a big area under their back porch where there was a lot of dirt, and our favorite thing when we were over at his place is we built dirt roads and roads and roads and ran little cars over and around, under these things all the time. I remember that one.

This being almost Halloween now when we're doing this recording right now, it may be good to recall some of those things. We were talking a couple of days ago about different tricks and pranks that we used to play as kids around a small town like that on Halloween. Halloween was a big time. Kids looked forward to that. And there was what they called "Corn Night," and you had to find a bag of corn you'd shelled out, and you'd go around and throw corn on people's porches. I don't know what the derivation of that was at all, but that was a big deal. And you'd throw these, and they'd bounce up against the window, and we'd all run like crazy before someone came to the door. [Laughter]

Then I was recalling yesterday with Annie that one of the things that we used to do when we were kids is take a hubcap off a car and put a fistful of rocks in there inside the hubcap so when you started, it made a racket. There were kids that would let all the air out of people's tires and things like that. I never though that was too funny or that that was a good prank myself, but that would happen sometimes, and porch furniture would get misplaced to the other side of town off somebody's porch or things like that, those were pranks of one kind or another.

But I remember one time we had done something, and we were running back down across some back yards, very fast, as fast as we could run for some reason or other across some back yards, and I ran into a clothesline, a wire clothesline, and it hit me right across the bridge of the nose, and my head stopped, and the lower part of my body kept going, and I still remember that crash very well to this day. [Laughter]

WILLIAMS: And that was connected with Halloween?

SEN. GLENN: Yes, that was with Halloween.

And one other one, when we had a town constable, he was the town policeman, named Mike Cox. We had been out on Halloween night. We had been all over town, and we had misplaced signs and we had done all sorts of things. This fellow that was staying at our house that night, he was staying with me at our home, and we were in bed, and it was about two o'clock in the morning, and there was a knock on the door. Mother still remembers this one. She got a big kick out of that. She went to the door, and here was Mike Cox, who was the town constable, and he said he wanted to talk to me. Well, I was upstairs asleep, and Mother called upstairs and got us up, and she said when I came out and looked down the steps and saw Mike Cox there, she said she never saw anyone as shocked in her whole life. [Laughter]

What Mike wanted to know was, he said, just did we know where Ballard's sign was. Well, Ballard was sort of the town sign painter, and he had a shop downtown, a big round-shaped sign that hung on a little pipe support out along the street in front of his place. We had taken his sign and put it down

behind some place two or three doors down or something. He said Ballard was driving him crazy, and could we tell him where that sign was because he knew we had been down around that area. He had seen us there. Well, we did. We were the ones that had done it. So we told him where it was, and he left. That was it. That's the last we ever heard from him. Mother recalled that, she got such a kick out of it.

The old cruiser. Another story about the old cruiser. The practice football field for the high school used to flood out occasionally and get a little thin skim of mud on it after it flooded out, and there had been some weeds grown up on the field, and I was down there in the cruiser once. We'd get it going, and then we'd turn the wheel and gun it and spin the car. It turned out that a log had washed up on the field, and it passed the front end up over and bent up the oil pan on the bottom of the engine, so we burned out a bearing after hitting that log. My dad grounded me for that one. I was grounded for a few weeks from driving for that one while we got it fixed. I remember working on that. I worked to put the bearing back in myself. I did most of the work on it.

Back in those days, and I suppose people recoil from it a bit now, but some of the kids had trap lines, and you'd trap animals. Once in a while you'd get a muskrat of something like that, but that was a little more rare, but you got skunks and some rabbits and things like that. Lloyd White and I had a trap line for a couple of winters, and, I don't know, we had fifteen or twenty traps that we had set out around some farms there. We'd run the trap lines every other morning or something like that, or we took turns doing it. One time we got a skunk. I

think we got about a dollar and a half or a dollar seventy-five for a skunk pelt, something like that at that time. So we brought it back in. We had a garage up behind the house, and I was going to try and skin this thing. My dad, he'd trapped animals when he was a kid and knew how to skin them better than I, he was going to show us how to do it. So we had this thing hung up, and he started to skin it down and made a mistake and punctured that scent sac, and this yellow stuff dribbled down over the garage wall and over the floor, and it was the most stinky mess you ever smelled in your life in that garage. You could hardly go near the place for about two weeks after that. And we scrubbed it down. We did everything we could, but, boy, that is one persistent odor, I'll tell you that.

Another one I talked about a little bit the other day was about the cabin that we'd built, the Rangers built out on the back of Lloyd White's dad's farm. We had two rooms in it, and we slept in the back room. We made bunks in it. We had built the whole cabin, and, as Mother recalled, we were ten years old. She'd made a note, we were about ten years old at the time. They had a lot of watermelons planted along the edge of a corn field right up above there, so we'd sometimes get corn out of the field and cook it, and we'd have corn, and we'd also have watermelons and so on. That was a great experience for a bunch of kids.

In the fourth grade we had a teacher called Miss Quillan, and one time she had read this old poem to us, "The Highwayman," and that became a favorite of the class. Every time we had done something good as a class, then she'd want to know what we wanted, and we always wanted to hear "The Highwayman," and

she could recite that. She knew it from end to end, or she would read it, and that became quite the favorite. It stuck with that bunch of kids going through. Here we are in the summer of '96, and we had an old high school class reunion, and most of the kids had been in that fourth-grade class, or at least half of them had been in that fourth grade class with Miss Quillan. One fellow, Fred Booth, who was a real good friend of mine, he has memorized that to this day, and at each one of these class reunions, he recites "The Highwayman" like Miss Quillan used to do way back in the old days. That was another one.

One of our favorite games when we were kids, on a summer's night, if you were going to choose up sides and do something, we played "Capture the Flag" either out in the pasture someplace or in the schoolyard or stadium or someplace, where you sneak around and try to sneak up behind the—this old game of "Capture the Flag." Usually down in the school yard behind the elementary school was where we did that one.

WILLIAMS: How did that game go?

SEN. GLENN: Well, you had somebody guard. You could only have one guard, and they could only be within ten yards, and you had a flag, and the other side would try and sneak around. You'd crawl up ditches and everything else in the dark trying to secret your approach to the flag, and you tried to capture it and run back by a middle line, a center line out in the field. If you got across that with the other side's flag, you won. It was lots of running and lots of sneaking around, and for some reason, that was a very favorite game when we were kids.

Some of the rest of these I already covered, the New York World's Fair and some of those. Then, in high school, a couple of times we had some big winters. This was back like in '36 or '37, something like that. There were a couple of real rough winters that just clobbered everything. It was a big deal for us as kids, because the schools were all closed, and the county was hiring every kid they could hire to go out for like—I don't know it was fifty cents an hour or seventy-five cents an hour or something like that, which we thought was really big money—and shovel snow on some of these little old county roads to get them open. So we did that in the winter, a couple of winters. As I recall now, they were drifting in behind us about as fast as we'd open them up with shovels, but that was it.

And then my dad got a kick out of—when he had this automobile dealership, he had a fellow who worked for him, Harvey Haney [phonetic], who was wonderful at painting cars. He could do the best paint job, and he'd rub it down and sand it and sand it, and sand it, and put another coat on and sand it, and he'd just come out with a glossy finish on it. He became known for that, and we had people come from Zanesville and Cambridge to get Harvey to paint their cars. Well, he had all the compressor equipment and things like that, and he knew how to mix the paint.

I had the old cruiser, this old thing, and it was pretty tacky, and I decided I wanted to paint it. Well, we didn't want to go to all the expense of paying Harvey to paint it, and I didn't know how to run all the compressor equipment and all that, and I wasn't checked out on that and the spray gun and how you cleaned it

and all that. My dad got a kick out of this, because what I did was I took some of the paint and the thinner and mixed it up real well, mixed it up a little thinner than it might otherwise have been, and I used one of these old pump fly sprays with a pump handle on it, you know, and I painted the whole car with that thing. Then I sanded it down a little bit and put another coat on it and sanded that down, and it looked pretty doggone good, and my dad got such a kick out of me painting a car with a fly spray, and he kidded me about that for years after that, and he used to bring it up. He really remembered that one.

Right after World War II started and I had volunteered to go in and another fellow, "Pop" Hanshee [phonetic], Dane Hanshee—his nickname was "Pop"—he and I had signed up at the same time. We were just awaiting orders, and so we dropped out at the semester since we were going to go away to flight training real shortly. We didn't want to just sit around, so that was just at a time when they were starting the spring plowing, and they had these little old gray Ford tractors. There was one fellow that did contract plowing for a lot of the farmers around Concord, and at that time some of the people still did their plowing with horses, a few of them, but most of them had tractors, or a lot of them did, and he did contract plowing then.

"Pop" Hanshee and I signed on then to run these two little tractors until we got our orders to leave for the military, and so up until March of that year [1942] when we actually left, in late March, we plowed I don't know how many hundred acres of land around New Concord, the two of us out there with these little Ford tractors. We got quite expert at this.

I remember the only time he got unhappy with us was we'd go along, one tight behind the other, plowing, and he had a governor on those things, and you'd plow along at a pretty good rate. You had two plows back there behind you to plow bottoms behind you. You could reach down over on the right side of the engine and pull a little handle that cut out the governor so you could go much faster, and we wound up—we got a little exuberant a couple of times and were going too fast, cutting the governor out, playing around with it, and you'd throw the furrow of dirt clear up out of where it was supposed to go when you got going too fast like that. He happened to come out and saw us doing that, and he really didn't care for that at all. That's the only time I think we got reprimanded for our plowing.

[Begin Tape 1, Side B]

SEN. GLENN: Just to continue a little bit about the plowing, we would turn the headlights on. We'd plow up 'til maybe midnight when the weather was good and when the farmer really wanted to get it done before some rain was coming or something like that. We'd start early in the morning. We'd still be plowing at midnight with the headlights. I still drive by fields out there at New Concord and recall the exact fields where he and I did the plowing that spring. I still have a fond spot in my heart for those little old gray Ford tractors every time I see one.

Skipping ahead to much later, a little event on this, and maybe we'll get into it more later but I'll give it now anyway. In 1957, I did a cross-country speed run in the Crusader aircraft that made the first supersonic crossing of the United

States. It was a great project, and I really got a kick out of flying it. It's an idea I had had on a cross-country spend run that went back to my days at Patuxent River where I was doing work on the Crusader and thought we could set a new transcontinental record. They were going to do some high-speed tests on the airplane, sustained high-power tests on the engine anyway, actually in flight, not just on a test stand, and so I proposed this idea when I moved up to the Bureau of Aeronautics in Washington from Patuxent, proposed to the admiral up there that we do a cross-country speed run, run the thing wide open coast to coast, three in-flight refuelings. We'd have to slow down for that, but the rest of the time would be a high-power engine test. That's the technical reason why we sold the project, although the real reason, what I wanted to do was go at this thing and get the speed record in addition to the engine test.

Anyway, going cross country, everything went fine, and my last, the third of the in-flight refuelings before I was to make the run into Floyd Bennett Field into New York, was made over Indianapolis. At that time, when I accelerated off of that refueling and was in a slight climb, and it just happened that the course from Los Alamitos in California to New York, south of L. A. to New York, the course from that last Indianapolis refueling went just a couple of miles north of New Concord just by accident. I didn't design it that way. It just happened that way. And, of course, it was at supersonic speeds, and even in a climb like that, the atmospheric conditions were just perfect that day in that part of the country so that a sonic boom would reach the ground.

A sonic boom is a pretty awesome thing anytime you hear it. If you heard one up close, it really can startle you. I had told Mother about what time I would probably be coming by New Concord within a little time period, and Mother had told some of the neighbors about this. I was going to be at an altitude and they wouldn't be able to see me, probably, but that would be about the time when I would be coming by. Mother had told Mrs. Dixon down the road about this. I went by, and apparently the sonic boom reached the ground in New Concord and made a double bang—whomp, whomp—and Mother's phone rang. It was Mrs. Dixon on the phone saying, "Mrs. Glenn, Johnny dropped a bomb! Johnny dropped a bomb right in the back of my house, dropped a bomb!" [Laughter] She heard this sonic boom, and she thought that we'd dropped a bomb.

But a little more seriously, going on in toward New York, the sonic boom was pronounced enough that there were actually some windows broken, and the Navy investigated this and actually paid damages on some of the windows that were broken, one out of a post office someplace over in Pennsylvania somewhere. So it's a serious problem.

Another one that involved—my mother and dad remember it very, very well. I took a T-33, a jet, into Zanesville Airport, which was just a few miles from home, and that was a big thing then because there hadn't been any jets into that airport. It was all safe enough. But they recall that very well.

WILLIAMS: That would have been about—

SEN. GLENN: This would have been about in the early fifties, probably.

Going back to an earlier time, learning to drive, I used to sit over real close to my dad up on a pillow, and he' let me steer the car, and, of course, he was watching everything that was going on. So I'd sit there and steer the car, and that's the way I really learned how to handle an automobile first.

WILLIAMS: You would be about how old for that?

SEN. GLENN: Oh, I suppose I was nine or ten when we started that.

Another one I was recalling, too, was our favorite swimming hole, which was up the valley, up Crooked Creek a little ways from our home. There was a huge sycamore tree, had big roots stuck out over this place where a pool had developed. It was probably thirty feet long and maybe fifteen or twenty feet wide, and it got off fairly deep. We had a rope swing out over this thing. You could stick on the end of this rope where you could hang onto this thing and go out and drop in the deep end of this pool. We had a little mud slide we'd made down on the bank of the creek, and that used to be one of our favorite places when we were kids. We used to go up there to "the sycamore swimming hole," go up to "the sycamore."

This one that I don't remember myself, but my mother did. She said she thought I was only about two years old, and this was when we were back in Cambridge, they had planted a lot of geraniums, and they were fresh planted, and I was out pulling them up. I'd grab onto them and pull them up. And my dad scolded me like the Dickens and shook his head, "No. No, no, no," and shook his head "no." And he turned around and left and looked back, and I'd pulled another

geranium up and shook my head "no," at the same time. [Laughter] Obviously I don't remember that, but they got a kick out of that.

This is another one of Mother's stories, that when we moved, when I was about two and a half, I had my own room, and she let me pick out the wallpaper I wanted from the sample, and it had a bear, too, on this thing, and she remembered my being so surprised, when the whole room got papered—I was so surprised because I didn't know there were going to be so many bears. I apparently thought there were just a couple of them.

Apparently I had cut some pictures out of a magazine, and then I cut up on the curtain. I used these same scissors and had cut up on a curtain about the same depth with some little blunt point scissors, and Mother said, "Now, who do you suppose would do that?" and my response was, "I never could tell ya."

WILLIAMS: That was wallpaper in the new home in New Concord?

SEN. GLENN: I guess so.

WILLIAMS: And you selected the wallpaper?

SEN. GLENN: Yes, they let me select the wallpaper for my room, and I was surprised at how many bears there were on it.

Another time when I was a kid at school, and I remember this one, they had Arbor Day, and on Arbor Day they'd have little planting trees that you could take home and plant. They'd have a whole bundle. You could pick the tree you wanted, and they had a picture there of what kind of tree you wanted it to grow into. I picked an America ash. I took that thing home, and they said, "Okay. Plant it up there by the back end of the garage in our yard," and that's what I did.

And everybody, I think, expected it to just die, and it turned out that was one of our best trees. It grew into a great big nice tree there at the end of the garage.

One time my dad was out hunting, and they found a little squirrel, and it was one like I never saw any other time back there, but he found it out in the woods. It was a flying squirrel, one of these that has a web between its legs, you know, and they'll get up in a tree, and they'll actually spread this web out and glide to the base of another tree and run up it. I never saw one in the wild out there, and they were very, very rare around there. My dad found this little one and caught it and brought it home, and we kept that thing in a little wire cage for a long, long time, and I fed it and raised the thing, and it got big enough. We finally—we took it out in the woods, then, and we let it go out in the woods about the same place he had found it, and it did just exactly what flying squirrels do. It ran up to the top of a tree and spread out and went to the bottom of the next and ran up that tree and spread out its little web and glided to the next, a very steep glide, but that's the only time to this day I've ever seen a flying squirrel. He found it, brought it home, and we actually raised it there.

This is one my dad was recalling about how—well, we used to have a place under our fireplace where the ashes could go down in a pit down below, and a couple times a year it was my job to go down there and take all those ashes out. That was quite a job, because we'd let them accumulate, and it was a messy job because ashes would just fly all over the place. You had to be sort of careful with it or you'd get everything all messed up.

One time Mother was away someplace overnight. I don't know what kind of a meeting, but she was away someplace. In the middle of the night my dad smelled smoke. We'd had a fire in the fireplace, and it turned out that from the time the house had been built there had been some wood joists left in that fire pit area that we didn't know about, and they could have charred back through where they came from and gotten into the rest of the house. He smelled smoke, and my dad was a very sound sleeper, and it's probably the only reason we caught it is that he wasn't sleeping very well since my mother was gone that night. And it went back into that area, anyway.

One of the things that happened was the ashes had built up so high in that pit that they'd gotten up to where these joists came through that area. So always after that—my dad was recalling—we always were very careful after that and never let the ashes down there get built up. And I was sure careful of it, too, because that was one if my little side jobs.

Another thing I recall was my bed was just right by the window above the porch roof. I used to leave the window open at night in the winter, and quite often when it was snowing, why, the snow would come through and bounce off the screen and come in, and I'd actually have a little snow on the edge of the bed sometimes. I remember that very well.

I had a little radio I had made. When I got to high school and we had Mr. [Ellis] Duitch, who taught the physics class, he was teaching us radio and electronics and so on, and I decided I'd make a little crystal set radio, just work off a dry cell battery. It had a set of earphones with it, and it worked surprisingly

well. I could pick up radio stations all over on this little one-tube crystal set radio. That was quite a deal.

WILLIAMS: When did you listen to that?

SEN. GLENN: Oh, I listened to it when I was going to bed at night, and sometimes I'd forget to turn the thing off, and it would play all night with those little earphones there. But it worked surprisingly well. I can still remember that. WLW in Cincinnati was the first of the big high-powered stations, the first 50,000-watt clear channel stations in that part of the country, along with PDKA in Pittsburg, I think. And late at night, WLW used to go on that 50,000 experimental wattage at midnight. So at midnight they'd come in loud and clear. We got those in New Concord even though it was, I suppose, 175 or 200 miles away, which was quite a distance for radio then.

WILLIAMS: You probably on certain nights would be able to pick up Chicago, too.

SEN. GLENN: Yes, you would. You'd pick stuff up from all over the place. What is WLS—Nashville? And Chicago. When the conditions are right, why, you get stuff from all over.

Here's some stuff on my dad, and these are some of the notes my dad gave me, then, when we were recalling some of these things. My dad, when he left school after the sixth grade, which was the norm in those days, went to work in the electric shop at the National Coal Company in Dogtown, Ohio. Then he left there and went to work on the streetcar, on the interurban line that serviced Cambridge. And then when war broke out, he was the second man in Cambridge to enlist, and he was one of the first that was going to leave. That was before the

draft was even instituted. Then he went down to Montgomery, Alabama, with the Ohio 37th Division, but then came back, and after the war, he went to work first on the railroad because of his past experience, and then he went to work in Cambridge as a plumber. He didn't like the railroad because he spent too much time away from home, and he worked on that. I remember in later years when he was much older when I was growing up, he'd say what a fool he was to have left the railroad because if he'd stuck with it, he'd be retired by now at a good salary. But he didn't do that. He didn't like to be away from home as much, being a newlywed and back from the war. He and Mother had been married in Montgomery just before he went over to France.

But when he came back, then, he went to work for Bohn and Kern as a plumber, and then moved to Zanesville to work for Fred Bohn's father in Zanesville, then back to Cambridge with a company called Brathuver [phonetic] and Johnson, and then decided to go to New Concord to work with a man named Welch, Bertel Welch in New Concord, and they were partners, and then that partnership eventually broke up, and that's when my dad went into business for himself. So we were back and forth there some.

I was born in Cambridge in July of 1921. They moved to Zanesville when I was three months old, and so we lived in furnished rooms from October 'til March, from the time I was three to eight months old, and then back to Cambridge until I was two years old, then moved to New Concord in August of '23. So we were sort of playing ping-pong back and forth in those areas, Cambridge to Zanesville, during that time period.

Different subject. Remember it was sort of customary you got your tonsils out back then when I was a kid, and they wanted to have my tonsils out. I'd had several cases of sore throat, sore tonsils, and I still remember that to this day. I don't know how old I was, I guess seven to nine, somewhere in that age, but I do remember and went to the hospital to do that. I was sort of like the Bill Cosby skit, you know, where he talks about ice cream, that they promise him if he has his tonsils out he can have all the ice cream he can eat, and then how awful it is afterwards. He didn't want anything, including ice cream, because his throat was so sore. I was a little bit the same way, I guess.

WILLIAMS: Where was the hospital that you went to?

SEN. GLENN: That was in Zanesville. It was Bethesda Hospital, which is no longer there. It used to sit up on a bank that was right along the east side of Zanesville, but it's not there anymore. It was torn down some years ago.

Just another note Mother remembered from this time in Zanesville. She said I had colic, very bad colic, apparently, after I was born. For about the first three months I cried and cried and cried all the time, day and night, apparently, until they got that taken care of some way. She recalled that as not being a very pleasant period, either.

A different one. We had some neighbors in Cambridge, Elmer Luyster, and we visited back and forth to their place all the time. He used to joke about the fact that when I was about one and a half, I watched a cat drinking out of the cat dish, and then when the cat finished, I went over and tried to do the same thing, drinking like a cat, apparently. He got a kick out of that.

Someone sent Mother a crest from Scotland, from a branch of the Glenn family that was in Scotland, I believe, not Ireland. I think it was Scotland. They sent her this family crest that they had over there for the Glenn family, and it was *Ad Estra* [phonetic], meaning "to the stars." And Mother had that. There was another one that someone sent her, was *Alta Peit* [phonetic], which, as I recall, it means ever higher or something like that. And they sent a ring along with that *Alta Peit* on it that they'd had in the family for generations over there, and Mother had that somewhere, and she thought it was very appropriate. I remember this *Alta Peit*, "ever higher," had a bird on it that was flying, but the bird had no feet. Once it had started flying it had to go higher and higher, some way, was the theory, I guess, and that was sort of the family crest from way back in the early days over there.

While I recall, let me say this, too. Later on, Annie and I had a chance to travel over to Edinburgh once, and I was in a place there where they had all the plaids and the tartans, Scotch tartans. I was asking for Glenn plaid, and they had the Glen plaid with one N, and I said, no, I wanted the authentic stuff. I wanted something that was two Ns on it. He said, "Oh, we don't have that. That's impossible. I'll tell you what that means." Way back in the early days, part of the clan moved from Scotland to Ireland, and over a period of time, to show the difference between the two branches of the clan, they added a consonant on the end. So when you see what's basically a Scotch name with a double N on the end, it means you really are Scotch-Irish, because the family moved to Ireland, and then, later on, during the potato famines or whatever, they came to the United

States. But we were not able to buy a Glenn plaid with two Ns on it in Scotland. He said that was the reason. I've never confirmed that with anyone else, but maybe it's true.

WILLIAMS: Did you find a Glenn tartan in Ireland at any point?

SEN. GLENN: No. I never looked for it there. I should do that. I don't know whether they have those as much in Ireland now or not. I don't know.

WILLIAMS: And would this doubling up of the last consonant be something that other families might have done, too?

SEN. GLENN: Probably. The only fellow I used to kid about this was there was a fellow that ran the program for General Dynamics at the Cape. He was the Atlas booster expert down there, B. G. McNabb. B. G. took great pride in his Scotch once in a while, and he was one of the supporters of a Scotch old men's club over there, as a matter of fact, supporting a home over there for some elderly citizens. He took quite a lot of pride in his Scotch ancestry. His name was spelled McNabb with two Bs on the end of it, and I used to kid him about it. I could prove that he got contaminated by coming through Ireland. We used to kid each other back and forth about the double consonants on the end of it.

This was another one. I mentioned Regina Regier, the little girl who was—my mother remembered once that when I was about four or something like that, she was hitting me with a broomstick, and she'd done this a number of times. She'd pick the stick up and hit me. I didn't hit her back. I gripped to my mother about this, that Regina was hitting me with a stick. Mother said, "Don't hit." And she said, "Well next time she does that, why, you just hit back." Well, the

next time it happened, when Regina was hitting me with this stick, there was hoe there, and I picked up this hoe, and I swung this hoe and hit her over the head with it and split her skin, and she was bleeding and went running home. And, oh, that was a big deal. [Laughter] Mother recalled that one very well.

Reese Keck, we mentioned him earlier. Mother recalled that when I was in the fifth grade, "R.M.," as we called him—that was his nickname, "R. M."—wanted to give me a vocabulary test when I was twelve years old, and I had the vocabulary, however they measured it at that time, of a sophomore in high school, whatever that would be.

This goes to an earlier time, back into the second grade. Miss Ford was our teacher in the second grade. George Ray—we called him Pete—Pete Ray and I, we'd been doing something, and you used to get punished by—she'd put you in a closet, and this was a dark closet, and you had to go in and sit in that coat closet. You were isolated from the rest of the room. So we had done something. We'd talked or something. I don't know what we did. It wasn't a very major infraction, but Pete and I had to spend time in the closet.

Well, they had this big bowl of modeling clay that the kids used to use, and I don't know how long we were in there, but even Miss Ford got a kick out of it. She told my mother about it later, even though she didn't tell us this at the time, but she got a kick out of it later, because when she opened the door to let Pete and I out, we had, in the dark in there, taken all this modeling clay, and we made all sorts of little models and figures and all sorts of things and had them

sitting on the shelf in a row, and when she opened the door, and it wasn't funny at the time, but she got a kick out of it later.

This is another one sort of out of context; we'll probably get into it later, but let me tell it now while I think about it. Anyway, after I was in the Marine Corps and I was at Quantico and getting ready to go to Korea, I was back home on leave, one of our close friends, a fellow named Tom Collins, he was also a Marine pilot. He'd gone to Korea about a year before and had taken off out of K-6, Sky Raider, an AD, and went over the mud flats, and he had an engine failure, went down over the mud flats, flipped upside down, and he had suffocated in the mud. His wife and three daughters were almost like members of the family.

Well, when I was on the way to Korea, his body had come back, and his will had indicated he wanted to be cremated and his ashes spread over the old family farm at Fairfield County, Ohio, which was just south of Columbus a little ways. His wife's nickname was "Feathers." I don't know where they got that from, but anyway her nickname was "Feathers," and she called and said since I was home on leave, would I do this. So I did.

I went up to the air reserve base, which was at Columbus at that time, got an old F-6F, a Hellcat, that I was checked out in, and so we went up, and I taxied the thing out, and they brought the urn of ashes out, opened the top, and pulled up this little plastic sack that was all that was left of Tom, which was about like two great huge handfuls is all there is to it, if you've ever seen any—it looks like oyster shell or something like that on the road—and handed this plastic sack up to me in the airplane. So then I taxied out, and I had a map and went down and

found this area where the old family farm was, down in Fairfield County, Ohio, and flew down low, about three or four hundred feet off the ground, slowed down, had the canopy open, and took this plastic bag and took the wrapper off the top of it and held it out, let one end of it go, and spread the ashes over the old family farm. That's the only time I ever had to do anything like that. To think that that was all of the remains of Tom was a little bit hard to realize, but that was a close connection there, as I was on the way out to the Korean War and he was just coming back. That was rather strange duty. I never had to do that another time.

Okay. I think that covers most of these recollections here. I don't know how you fit those back in.

WILLIAMS: No problem. You don't recall the circumstances under which you and your parents did this little session. Was it like one evening, do you imagine, or over a period of time?

SEN. GLENN: I think we were just sitting around the living room one evening, and I don't recall exactly, but I think we were just sitting around, recollections. I think Mother had always had an interest in writing, and she loved literature and she loved poetry. She really liked poetry. I guess that's where I get some of my appreciation of poetry today. I like to do a little verse. I like to write poetry a little bit, too. But I think probably we were just sitting around talking about some of these things, started recalling things, and I started putting some of them down, because I think she had said, "was I ever going to do a book?" She thought it could be a good book for kids, out of this space experience. I never got around to writing one. Some other people did some of those things, and I think it's

probably a discussion where it started like that, and then I said, "Well, let me make some notes," and these are just little rough notes. That's where these things came from. They were just little recollections.

WILLIAMS: Probably your advanced vocabulary in that test was due to your mother's influence, I suppose.

SEN. GLENN: More than anything else, I guess, that's probably right. My dad had a good vocabulary, and I don't mean by what I said before that my dad was any dummy just because he went through the sixth grade. That was about the norm for people back in that time, for most people, and my dad took a great interest in education, school work, and did a lot of reading. In fact, he wound up as president of the school board and did a great job, by all reports. That's when I was in high school, in junior high, I think, was when he was president of the school board. He may not have had the formal education, but he had a lot of common sense, and he had more empathy and more feel for people than most people have, and that showed in his business.

[Begin Tape 2, Side A]

SEN. GLENN: Around New Concord where there were the other people, the people in business, the bankers, and Annie's dad, a dentist, and other people who had had more formal education never held my dad back. I can say with all truth and sincerity, not just because he was my father, but he was one of the most respected businessmen around that area, and the most ethical, and they knew that they could take his word to the bank and depend on it. So he was one of the leaders of the

community, and I remember being proud, as a kid, when he was elected president of the school board.

WILLIAMS: What about reading in your family and other families at that time? Was that something you did normally every night?

SEN. GLENN: Not every night. I think back then there was a lot more emphasis on that in school. I had worked with my mother, I think, early on in like, school—I don't know, at kindergarten age, I guess, in some of these areas of vocabulary—not vocabulary as much as learning the alphabet early and things like that, being able to do elementary math and things like that from the day I got to school. I didn't learn it all there; Mother had already been tutoring me a little bit in that, so I was in good shape on that.

I remember we used to have, though, in school, we'd have lists of words that you were to see how many you knew, and if you didn't know, you looked them up, and then you had quite a list. We did that, I don't know, once or twice a week, I guess. I'm sure that was a vocabulary-expanding thing, too. But Mother liked to read, and we always had a lot of kids' books around the house. I read quite a bit as a kid, these old Tom Sawyer-type books and ones like that, ones that were written for kids that were ten or twelve or thirteen years old, something like that. We maybe have some of those left around here now, I don't know. Probably do.

WILLIAMS: Before you were able to read yourself, did your parents read to you a fair amount?

SEN. GLENN: Yes, they did. I can remember that, sitting and listening to them read, too, when I was probably five to six years old. I don't think I'm imagining that. I think I

remember sitting and listening to Mother read to me. I don't know how old you have to be before you really start remember as opposed to what you think you remember. [Laughter] But they always took an interest in it, and they always took a big interest in my schoolwork, and what I did or didn't do in schoolwork was a big area of discussion, and every time I brought a report card home, whether I'd done well or not.

They started something that I continue with my own kids, too, that I think was good, too, in that you were given to understand that you had certain responsibilities in the family. My dad's responsibility was to go out and work and make money, of course. Mother's was to keep the home and help him at the store. My job was to do good in school. That was my job as part of the family, and I took that as a responsibility, and so when we'd be talking about what my dad's work was, around the dinner table, and what Mother had done that day or something, and I'd tell them about what I had done, and that was my responsibility, and I was to report on that just like they were talking about their work. The older I got, the more I sort of appreciated that as giving a kid a little sense of responsibility in the area that they could be responsible for. And so when my own kids were growing up, we did that.

Annie, in particular, always wanted dinnertime in the evening to be a special time, as much as we could, where we shared the experiences of the day. So we used to do that, and sometimes it didn't work right when the kids got to high school age, where they had other activities or practice for this or that or something else, but as much as possible we tried to make dinnertime a time when

we sat, we finished dinner, we stayed there, and each person talked about what they had done that day, how the grades were coming, what they were having problems with, something like that. They'd ask a question, "Here's the *World Book*. Go look it up. You'll remember it longer." It's still a joke in our family today that I used to hoodwink them into that. If I didn't know the answer, I'd say, "Look it up because you'll remember it longer." [Laughter] So, that's something my parents started that I think was very beneficial for me.

WILLIAMS: Did you have any special responsibilities for Jean?

SEN. GLENN: No, not particularly with Jean. Oh, just a normal big brother taking care of somebody occasionally or something like that. As far as reading or education or things like that, I don't think I did much in that area.

WILLIAMS: I'd like to go through and ask you just a few question based on your review of these notes. What was wildlife like in rural Ohio at that time? Is it any different today? You mentioned flying squirrels. Talk about nature.

SEN. GLENN: Well, the flying squirrel, that was the only one I ever saw or ever had any contact with. My dad said when he was a kid they used to see them fairly often, but they were rare, and I don't know that there are any back there now. Actually, wildlife now, back there around New Concord, is far more plentiful than it was when I was a kid. It was rare that we saw a pheasant. Now they hunt pheasants regularly back there. I don't know that I ever saw a deer. Now the deer are overrunning back there sometimes just like they are here in certain areas of the state. Ducks—we never went duck hunting. Now they go duck hunting back there in some of those areas, and goose hunting once in a while, I think, too.

The only things we ever hunted were rabbits and squirrels, and that was sort of just a growing-up experience. You hunted rabbits and squirrels, and we went out every—one of the days we always hunted was, for some reason, Thanksgiving Day. My uncle, Ralph Thompson, would come over, and my dad and Ralph and his son Bob and me and Don Cox, who worked in the bank in New Concord, and sometimes some others, but those people almost always got together every Thanksgiving morning, and we'd go hunting out on some of the farms around New Concord, and we'd get back around two or three in the afternoon. By that time, the women would have the big Thanksgiving dinner ready, and so we'd eat late in the afternoon and listen to the ball games or something on the radio back at that time.

I still remember those times with my dad, tramping out across some of those fields back there, and, like I say, what you got you brought back home and you ate. You had rabbit the rest of that week or next week, and then Mother would can those that were left over, and so it wasn't something where anything got wasted.

WILLIAMS: Were there sort of rules of the hunt? In other words, ways to keep hunters from shooting one another on Thanksgiving Day?

SEN. GLENN: Oh, yes. You were very careful of that. This was not a gun-happy group of people off shooting at everything in sight like you find some of these dumbbells doing now. We hunted in a row, and you kept everybody else in sight. If somebody got out of sight, why, you stopped and you called to them until you got

them back in sight, and that was about the only real rule, and that's about the only safety rule you really needed.

During most of those time periods, I had Ike and Mike, my little beagles, out there. They were great. If we jumped a rabbit and we didn't get it right off, they took off after it. It was fun. You could sit there along a fence row or something and listen to them. And rabbits—wherever it was in a rabbit squat, which is what they call the little place where a rabbit sits under some weeds or something, a rabbit squat, if you jumped a rabbit and didn't get it, a rabbit will come back to that squat. It'll run maybe a mile around a big circle, and Ike and Mike would take off after that rabbit, and we used to just stay there, still, and wait, and you'd hear them going way down over a hill someplace. You'd hear them barking. Then you'd hear them getting closer over here, and they'd be coming back in a different direction. The rabbit would be coming back to where it came from. Pretty soon here it comes. Sometimes you got it, sometimes you didn't.

WILLIAMS: Were there a lot of fences that they were having to go under?

SEN. GLENN: Sure. Everything was fenced. There were no big open areas. It was all farmland of one kind or another and a lot of woodland around New Concord and that area. Every farm had some woodland left on it. If you fly over that area, to this day, it's more trees than anything else. Some of those have grown up since it was farmland. That farming area down there used to be major farm country, but then it got to where it couldn't compete with the bigger farms out to the west, so there's less farming as a percent of the total industry there than there used to be.

WILLIAMS: You mentioned the dogs. Were there other pets in the family?

SEN. GLENN: Yes, we usually had a cat or two around. The dogs at that time, they'd be in the house once in a while, but they weren't usually house dogs. We had an old chicken coop back up at the end of the property, and if we didn't have chickens in it, that became the dog house. When we had chickens in it, then there was a doghouse area and a little pen that I kept the beagles in. Then I'd take them out and let them run almost every day, let them go out and get some exercise.

WILLIAMS: What about Christmas? You mentioned the electric trains and whatnot. What would your expectations be, coming downstairs? Would you open your presents on Christmas morning or how did that work?

SEN. GLENN: Yes. Some people had their Christmas part of Christmas night. We always were Christmas morning at our house. Christmas was a time when you thought about what Christmas was all about, too, what the real meaning of Christmas was, and that received emphasis, and there were church services. That was a very important time of year. We'd start a couple months ahead, I guess, talking about what we'd like to get for Christmas, and Mother and Dad would always try to get something we wanted anyway. They didn't guarantee getting everything, but they'd get what they could with a limited budget.

WILLIAMS: So your expectations coming downstairs wouldn't be that there'd be thirty or forty presents for you?

SEN. GLENN: Oh, not that many, no. No, not that many. But you'd always have one main present and several little ones, something like that. We exchanged back and forth with Thompsons, with my mother's sister and Robert, my cousin. Quite often on

Christmas day, either we would go to their house on a Christmas day in the afternoon and have dinner, Christmas dinner there, or they would come to our place. That was sort of a standard, too, is the Thompson came to—we alternated years back and forth on Christmas dinner.

WILLIAMS: How far away did they live?

SEN. SLENN: Eight miles; Cambridge. We were in New Concord; they were in Cambridge, which was just eight miles.

WILLIAMS: And the relationship there? Just review that with me.

SEN. GLENN: My Aunt Florence was Mother's sister, and her husband was Ralph. Their son Robert, my cousin, who still lives in Xenia, Ohio, now. We get in touch with them rather infrequently, but we were close. Aunt Florence was almost a second mother to me. We were very close.

WILLIAMS: You mentioned the tricks end of Halloween. How did the treat end of Halloween work in those days?

SEN. GLENN: Well, there wasn't as much—you did some of that, trick or treat. It wasn't like it is today where the kids carry little bags around and you collect all the candy. Had more tricks. I think in New Concord, a little town, most of us running around, we did some of that. You'd get cookies and things, and trick or treat. But the main thing I think most kids from those days would remember around New Concord was running around and doing all sorts of things. It wasn't anything vicious. It was more pranks than anything else.

WILLIAMS: I suppose at some stage in your growing up you'd stop doing that kind of stuff.

SEN. GLENN: Yes, I think when we were, oh, I think, in late high school we probably stopped doing that. I don't remember doing much of that when I was—I think that was more about the time when I was in junior high school, when I was about, say, maybe nine to thirteen, something like that. And there, too, I think kids were given—it's just the nature of how things were then. Kids were given a lot more freedom at an earlier age to run around all over town. Parents didn't worry about a kid that was nine years old going downtown someplace by himself or running around at night. You were expected to be home by a certain time, whatever our curfew hours were at that time, but parents didn't worry about it. The fact that I was downtown running around and hiding somebody's sign didn't worry my parents that much.

WILLIAMS: That leads into my next question. You mentioned the town constable, Mike Cox. What about law-keeping and such?

SEN. GLENN: Not much requirement for it. There wasn't a lot of law-keeping required in New Concord. There was some. You had some theft, and you had things like that go on once in a while, but I think the only brush we ever had—and this would be rather interesting, I guess—the only brush we ever had with big-time crime was one time when I was—I guess I'd be maybe nine or ten years old, there were some cars came down old Route 40 going too fast. They tried to go through the S bridge, got out of control, and one of them went down over a bank and hit some big trees, and the people were hurt, and it was quite a wreck.

I don't know who came out, whether state patrol was out to investigate or what, but one of the people out of this wreck who had some cuts and bruises came

up—which was only about maybe 200 yards away and knocked on our front door, and Mother didn't know about this, and he said they'd just had a wreck down here, and he had some cuts on him, and could he clean up a bit. And she said, well, sure, and she took him back, and he was okay. He didn't think he was hurt. So she helped him out, and he left.

Later on it turned out this wreck was part of the—I think it was the Barker gang that was terrorizing the Midwest, bank robberies. It was in the time of Dillinger and all that stuff, you know, and this was the Barker gang. They tracked that guy all over—I think it was down into West Virginia some place, and I don't know whether they ever—I think they caught him some time, but that was quite a big time. That was a brush with big-time crime after we found out who he'd been, and mother was aghast. She said, "I could have kept him by locking the door." [Laughter] I remember her telling that story.

WILLIAMS: So what was the constable's job description?

SEN. GLENN: The constable's job was more to take care of any little fracases that erupted around town, and his job wasn't a whole lot—I think directing traffic at Homecoming time or something like that. There were little things that happened. There were people that would file a suit, or you'd have a problem where the constable had to serve papers or something like that, so there was an official duty. And he ran the little one-cell jail. Quite often, back in the days of the Depression, when some bums were coming—"bums" is what everybody called them then, and they'd be, unfortunately, homeless now, I suppose, but they were people who were wandering around at that time in the days of the Great Depression. If they

came through town and they wanted a place to sleep all night or something, why, they let them sleep there. Not that they were crooks or anything. They let them sleep there as a place to have a bed, and they'd serve them some food, give them some stuff. I guess the town paid for it. The constable took care of all that sort of thing.

WILLIAMS: I remember someone warning me that that section of I-70 east of Zanesville was a famous place for speed traps. Was there anything like that on Highway 40 at that time?

SEN. GLENN: There were several speed traps, but I don't remember them being around Zanesville. The ones that I remember on the way to Columbus were up around—there was one at Hebron, I think. There were a couple of places along there that were notable. You used to see them all the time. They ran part of the town off traffic fines. You don't see much of that these days, I guess, but back then people knew where the speed traps were, and you slowed down. So it worked. But they actually tried to get people there, because the fines helped run the town. That was not uncommon then at all.

WILLIAMS: You're talking about on the interstate, or are you talking about in 40?

SEN. GLENN: No, not the interstate. This was on old Route 40. I don't know that there were any speed traps on the interstate out there, but this was on old Route 40 when I was a kid, and when we'd go to Columbus, you knew to slow down, I think it was at Hebron, and there was some other—there's one other town in there, too. I don't remember which one it was now.

WILLIAMS: And the constable was—that was New Concord.

SEN. GLENN: Yes.

WILLIAMS: Was there, then, a county police and highway patrol?

SEN. GLENN: Yes, county sheriff, and you had the state highway patrol at that time. And there were a couple of people in New Concord that were in classes ahead of me in high school who went into the highway patrol and spent a career in it.

WILLIAMS: You mentioned "The Highwayman" recited at reunions. What are some of the other activities that typically go on at the reunions?

SEN. GLENN: Oh, just recollections. People bring some of their old pictures they found, things like that. That's about it, and just recalling some of the things that happened back in those days, and mainly getting together and seeing what people looked like. We hadn't been to one of these reunions for a long time, and a lot of people I remember very well have changed so much now that I really didn't recognize about half of them. We're at a bit of a disadvantage there, because they've seen me because of being here in the Senate and campaigning. They've seen me or seen pictures of me recently, so everybody recognizes me and recognizes Annie, and we're at a little bit of a disadvantage. But they had name tags, so that helps a little bit.

WILLIAMS: How long ago did you go to this reunion?

SEN. GLENN: Oh, this was just this past summer. This was in early August, about three months ago, four months ago now. That's the first one we'd been to. We had planned several times to go, and always something came up and we couldn't go. This summer we were able to make it, so we went back there, and we had a good time. It was a good reunion.

WILLIAMS: What was it like?

SEN. GLENN: Well, there's no formal program. They had made a reservation for all of us at a little place where you could have lunch served, at a little restaurant there just outside New Concord, and so we all just got up there. When we got there, most of the people were already there. So it was just a matter of meeting people and recalling who was who and just talking about things that happened back in those days, athletics and school activities and things like that. Also we're getting to the stage where each year there are a few more who have passed on and aren't coming to reunions anymore. We'd talk about them a little bit, sort of a memorial few minutes for those people. That's the only thing that really is planned.

WILLIAMS: I'd be curious to know, were you able to reestablish sort of the buddy relationships with some of these people, or did you feel that they were deferring to you because—

SEN. GLENN: No, not at all. I'm just John back there with all that gang, of course. And I've seen most of them through the years. It's not that we haven't seen them individually. It's just we hadn't been to one of these reunions. But a lot of them, when we're back around New Concord there, we run into them or see them. One of the people that was in my class, for instance, Annie and I were back at Homecoming and a Muskingum Board of Trustees meeting a couple of weekends ago, and just walking down the street, here came Geri Johnson. She was a girl that was in my class and real good friends of ours, and she and her husband, Dick, who I played football and basketball with in high school, live a few doors behind my folks' old home there in New Concord. So we see them every once in a while

just driving around, see them in the yard up there, and we stop and talk to them. So we've seen a lot of these people through the years, but this was the first time we'd been to a reunion where everybody around the area came in.

WILLIAMS: How long did it last?

SEN. GLENN: We were there about three hours, I guess, something like that. The whole high school now has a reunion for alumni of the high school that they have, and this was on the same day. So we left from there, and all of us went out to not just our little class reunion, but to the high school reunions.

WILLIAMS: You mentioned the fireplace and ashes and whatnot. What about fires and threat of fires? Was that real commonplace?

SEN. GLENN: Yes, it was. It was not unusual to have a barn burn down or something, or a rural house burn down where they didn't have as much control over fire. New Concord had a volunteer fire department, which they still do, and they'd go out and try and do what they could on farms.

We only had one fire right near us that was a very serious one, and I remember that very well, because I think I was in junior high. I was in about the eighth or ninth grade, and I had gone home for lunch, and we heard somebody yelling about fire, and went out, and it was the second house from ours. One house right beside ours and then a small vacant lot and another home on what's called Shadyside Terrace. Mother was not home that day, and my dad and I went running over. The fire had started somewhere upstairs, and by the time we got over there, it really was a going fire, and by the time the firemen got there, they couldn't do a thing about it, and they tried. I still remember that very vividly,

because we were trying to get some of the stuff out and helped the people carry belongings and furniture and things like that out. I remember going around into a hallway, and then there was a stairs that went upstairs, and I remember to this day very vividly, opening that door and looking up the stairs, and at the top of the stairs, I was looking at nothing but a fireball up there. It was really just nothing but fire, just a big fireball. So finally we kept taking things out and getting things out and getting things out, and finally decided it wasn't safe anymore. By that time, the whole upper story of this thing was on fire.

The fire department at that time had the tanker truck that could come out, and then the only fire hydrant was down at the end of the city limits of New Concord, so they had to string a hose, and that took them a long time, and by the time they got all this done, they'd exhausted the water on the pumper truck. There wasn't anything to do but just get out. It burned to the ground. So it burned, caved in, fell into the ground.

I still remember going over that night—all this was still smoldering down in there at night—going over and looking down in the area, and I remember he had been a doctor, or he had a whole set of doctor's equipment, tools and forceps and things like that, that I think he'd inherited from his father or something. I remember after this thing cooled down, there were a couple of days where we could go down and mess around, I remember plowing through all this and finding all these tools and picking them up, seeing if he wanted them, and gathering them up and gave them to him. I don't know if he kept them or not.

The other thing that I remember for some reason, this woman had a big diamond ring, and she was all very sad about losing this diamond ring. They went over, and they knew about the part of the house where the diamond ring was, where it might have fallen into the basement. So they decided they'd sort of sift through some of the ashes down there and see if they possibly could find this diamond ring. I helped them do that for a while. We sifted and sifted and sifted. I don't think I was there when they found it, but they found that diamond down in there, and most of the setting had been burned off of it, but they found the actual diamond, and, of course, it wasn't hurt from the fire. So they found the diamond. I don't know why I remember that.

But that's the only near brush with fire we had in our neighborhood, and that house burned right—fell into the basement.

WILLIAMS: Was there any point while the house was burning that you feared that the next house would catch, I mean your house would?

SEN. GLENN: Yes, that was a big problem. McLeod's house, which was right next to ours, that was so hot that they had hoses out and were spraying water on the side of McLeod's house, which was across one small, rather narrow vacant lot. They sprayed it all the time that the other house was on fire, and it was okay. They were afraid that it would catch fire, too. And, of course, if it had gone, our house was real close to McLeod's. Ours would have gone for sure if McLeod's had gone.

WILLIAMS: You mentioned the winter of ’36, ’37, and the heavy snow. Anything else you might recollect about winter times or droughts in the summertime or weather-related things?

SEN. GLENN: There would be droughts sometimes and it ruined the crops, and that was a disaster for the farm area around there. That area of New Concord and Muskingum County depended a lot more on agriculture then than it probably does now. So if there was a drought, that was a tragic thing.

During the Great Depression, I don’t remember what years the dust bowls were out in Kansas and Oklahoma and that area, but I remember the people talking about how there was a time period when the sunsets were particularly glowing and particularly red, and the story was that that was the dust that was coming east out of the dust bowl and that’s what made it that way. I remember seeing some of that.

WILLIAMS: You and your pal were doing the plowing after you had dropped out of college. Can you sort of create what your frame of mind was at that point?

SEN. GLENN: Yes, anxious to get going, and every day or every couple of days we’d call to the place and see whether our orders were in yet or not. I think we finally got orders to report maybe forty days later or forty-five days or something like that.

So we finally had a date, and so we just wanted to work to make some money before we left and keep busy, and that was a perfect way to do it. We both enjoyed that. We were both, I guess, sort of mechanically inclined, anyway, and I’d driven a tractor but not to do anything constructive with it, just had driven it. But to do it and actually be out working with a tractor, that was fun. I enjoyed

that, and I still remember that very fondly to this day. When I see people out plowing, I think about that every time. We plowed—I don't know how many hundred acres he and I plowed that spring, but we plowed them and disked them and harrowed them and did the whole bit, and we got to be very, very good at it. We got a lot of compliments, even though we'd never plowed a thing in our lives. [Laughter]

WILLIAMS: In your thinking, now that we know what you were heading off to and whatnot, of course, by then the war in Europe was well under way. What about fear?

SEN. GLENN: Well, no, you're anxious to get going more than anything else. I was very anxious to move and get going. My dad was very, very proud of his service in World War I, and never talked about it outside, but he talked about it occasionally sitting around the dinner table, and some of my best memories of my dad are of him sitting around recalling things that happened over in France in World War I and some of his experiences. I guess that affected me quite a lot. In New Concord you sort of grew up in an extremely patriotic atmosphere.

[End of Interview]