The John H. Glenn, Jr.
Oral History Project

Oral History Interview 5

with
Senator John Glenn, Jr.

in his office
Hart Office Building
in Washington, D.C.

January 16, 1997

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Interviewer

[Begin interview 5, Tape 1, Side A]

WILLIAMS: This is the fifth interview with Senator John Glenn. It's January 16, 1997. We are in the Senator's office in the Hart Office Building in Washington, D.C. I'm Brien Williams.

SEN. GLENN: While we were in El Centro, there were other diversions, too. One that I happen to remember was the vineyard owners there—and El Centro is a highly irrigated area out in the Imperial Valley in California where a lot of our vegetables and things still come from for the whole country. There were some vineyards and grape areas out there and places that were particularly attractive for the jackrabbits, and the jackrabbits were just thick in El Centro. They were all over the place. The vineyard owners and the owners of the vegetable-producing land

there loved to have people come in and hunt the jackrabbits, because they were trying to do everything to get rid of them. They were trying to poison them and do everything else. And since the war was on, some of the ammunition was not all that plentiful there, and so they loved to have us come and shoot jackrabbits out in that area. Of course, a lot of the squadron thought that was pretty good sport, was to be out rabbit hunting. We particularly enjoyed it at night, because you go out at night with a jack light, in effect, a spotlight, and you could see their eyes, and it would sound like the battle of Gettysburg when we'd see a couple of rabbits there. Pete Haines, our squadron commander, would always lead the charge out there. He thought that was great sport and thought it was good gunnery training, he would say, at the same time, too, of course.

So there were other activities there. The wives would get together around the swimming pool, either at the O Club or in town near where we lived, and played some bridge, and there was a lot of visiting back and forth between the different couples who had been put together into this particular squadron. We enjoyed very much a neighbor family there, the Barretts, who lived right across the street from us, Colin and Shirley Barrett and their little daughter Cindy, who was about three and a half or four years old. One of the things I remember best about Cindy is I used to toss her up on my shoulder, and one day I tossed her up a little too hard, and she didn't grab hold, and slid over and down my back and hit her head on the concrete. Ever since then I've always been leery about making sure that when you pick up a child like that, you don't toss them too high. But I still remember that very well.

When we got ready to leave El Centro and go overseas, the squadron was in what we called stand-down status. You weren't doing any training, and all of our equipment was boxed and ready to be shipped, including the airplanes that were being sent someplace else. So we wound up a period of about two or two and a half weeks in which there wasn't much to do except to socialize and meet at the O Club. We decided we'd have one big long weekend up a Big Bear, California, which is up above San Bernardino and was about, I guess, 150 miles or so from El Centro. We all went up there as a squadron to go skiing, and there's still a ski resort up there to this day. But we were back there when all they had was rope tows. I still remember that squadron vacation up there, though, because we were up there for that weekend, and I think it was during the following week, then, that we all shipped out.

When we actually left the States, we went to San Diego, and went to North Island, where we actually loaded aboard ship. It was there that we felt we were really off to the war at that point. I think the ship's name that we went aboard was the USS *Santa Monica,* as I recall, and it was a converted banana boat. It had been used in plying trade up and down the Pacific Coast, and they had taken the holds, where they used to have these big racks of bananas, and had put walkways and put decks in there, and you were literally sandwiched in with about eighteen inches for your total space in your bunk, from one bunk down to the next. So when we left and went out, I think we spent about the first night down there, and from then on we spent every other night, I think, sleeping up on deck if it wasn't raining, because by the time we'd been out two or three days and people had

taken food down there and the ventilation wasn't very good, and it was a pretty miserable trip. But I'll always remember that USS *Santa Monica*.

We had some 1,800 or 2,000 people on the ship. We stopped at one of the islands in the Pacific, one of the Hawaiian Islands, after we'd been at sea for whatever the time was, five or six days, I guess, to let about 1,500 Marines off to do their training on one of these other islands, and then we went on into Pearl Harbor, and some of the devastation of Pearl Harbor was still obvious just coming into there. It was quite a spectacular sight. I remember coming around Diamond Head and seeing Pearl Harbor for the first time, all of us up in the bow of the ship trying to see everything we could see.

We were there at Pearl Harbor then. Where we thought we were going to go was into the Marshall Islands, but that was delayed. They decided then that they would send us out for fifty or sixty days out to Midway Island. This was long after the Battle of Midway had been completed, a year and a half or so, I don't know the exact length of time, but Midway by that time was used as a submarine base. American subs out on patrol would come back there for replenishment or would also come back in for battle damage repair if it was something that could be taken care of there at Midway.

We set up a training syllabus while we were there at Midway, of course, so that we could get as much training and be as ready to go as possible when we finally went down and went into the Marshall Islands. We trained there for about six or eight weeks, I believe it was, and we got to know some of the submarine people very well.

One of the incidents that I remember very well, the submarine people, when they were in there for a couple of weeks for battle damage repair, loved to come up and have us take them up in one of our training airplanes, SNJs, the old North American Harvard Trainer, it was called. We called them SNJs. The Air Force called them AT-6. It was a two-seat plane, and the submariners loved to go up. We'd go up and do some acrobatics and wring them out a little bit. Then before the submariners were going back out on their next patrol, they would take their repaired submarine out for a one-day cruise offshore at Midway just to make sure that everything was okay. They would fire dummy load torpedoes at targets and things like that and do a deep dive down to whatever the highest pressure was they could put on the hull.

The reason I remember one of those trips very well is because I had decided to go out on one of these little one-day trips just to see what it was like to be in a submarine. The submarine that several of us went on that day was the USS *Barb*. The *Barb* was a submarine that later on became famous for going into Tokyo Harbor and sitting on the bottom there and shooting torpedoes into a Japanese carrier as it came down the ways after it had been constructed and was just being launched, but I'll get to that in a minute.

We were out and went down, and I think the *Barb* had what was called a 300-foot hull. It meant that it could go to a depth of 300 feet. They had two different levels back in those days. I think there were some hulls used in World War II that were 600-foot-depth hulls, but the *Barb* was a 300-foot-depth hull. Several of us were standing in the little control area when we did the deep dive,

and one of the problems on the ship had been that they'd had some problems with the periscope and had it all repaired. When we hit our 300-foor depth, some of the packing around the periscope blew, and in the little control room where we were, it was like someone turned a fire hose loose in there, hitting everybody, and it was soaking. Of course, those of us that didn't know much about submarines thought we were dying at sea for sure, and I certainly did. The submariners were getting a big kick out of it because they knew what we were not a aware of, was that the water was being pumped out the bottom just as fast as it was coming in the top, and this meant that they were going to get to stay on Midway for another couple of weeks before they went out on patrol.

So we came back up again and came in, but I remember that very vividly to this day. I can still see that water squirting around. That's the only time I've ever been submerged in a submarine, but that was quite an impressive first dive.

There were a lot of things on Midway that we—some of the training there did not go so well. We lost several airplanes, as a matter of fact. One of our leading pilots in the squadron was a fellow named Joe Johnson, and Joe was a good pilot. He was a good person. He was very well-humored and was always cracking jokes. He was not lighthearted about everything, but he was a good-humored fellow and was very well liked in the squadron.

On Easter morning of 1944, we were going out on just a practice mission, a gunnery mission off of Midway. John Reynolds was our executive officer at that time, or the operations officer at that time, and he was a particularly good friend of ours. We had known him and his wife and their little daughter Vicky

very well. He started his takeoff run in the Corsair, and the taxi way out to the end of the runway was right along beside the main active duty runway. As he started his takeoff roll full power, for some reason or other, Joe Johnson, who was down along the runway, picked that time to taxi across the runway. John Reynolds' nickname was "Drifty," for some reason I don't know, but anyway, when "Drifty" saw the nose came down on the Corsair so he could see down the runway and here was Joe Johnson directly ahead of him, and he had enough speed by that time, he just horsed back on the stick and had enough air speed to get airborne but not clear the airplane, and the landing gear, which was still down, hit Joe's airplane, flipped it over upside down. "Drifty," in turn, went sliding down the runway on the belly and wiped out the landing gear on his plane, and he had about a dozen stitches across his head.

But Joe was upside down in the airplane, and the airplane burned, and he was killed. I remember very well, we buried him as sea the next day, took him out on a PT boat, and it was the only actual burial at sea that I ever took part in. We had a ceremony for him, a very moving ceremony, as a matter of fact, with "Taps" and the body sliding out from under the flag and so on in the depths off of Midway, which is a very deep, deep ocean area.

We had several other crashes during that time period also. Another one of our pilots—I think his name was Danicek—came in one day. The plane got away from him on landing and went off into a sand dune, tore off both wings, hit hard enough that the engine was thrown clear off the airplane and up over a sand dune, and he came to rest upside down and sliding backwards in the airplane.

Miraculously, his only injury was some sand in his eyes, and they kept him in the hospital overnight for observation. He was back around the squadron the next day.

We had another fellow, Stan Lutton, who, I remember, was up on an altitude flight, took the airplane up to about 20,000 feet, and during some maneuvering I believe he got into a spin and couldn't get the airplane out of the spin. He rode it down to about 1,500 feet and finally got out, and the parachute came down, and he got into his little rubber life raft then, and they picked him up, and he was okay.

So we lost several airplanes out there during training. We had very realistic training. Out there, of course, there was always the thought that the Japanese submarines might come up and shell the sub base on Midway, and so we actually sat what we called strip alert. We had four airplanes fully loaded and ready to go and they were on duty out there all the time, day and night. So it was our first mild introduction, anyway, to a combat zone, although the submarines never did show up.

They probably did have Midway under observation at that time, though, because I recall that the radio broadcasts of Tokyo Rose were famous during World War II. Tokyo Rose came on when a new runway had just been completed on Midway, and Tokyo Rose came on and congratulated the Seabees the next day for completing the runway. There was no way they would have known that unless they either had somebody on shore broadcasting, which was unlikely, or they might have observed this from a submarine just off of Midway. So we

always though that they probably had some indication from a sub report, but never saw any enemy subs while we were there.

I mentioned that I would say later a little bit about the *Barb*. The *Barb*, that we were on, where the periscope packing blew, was the one that later on—I think it was Commander Flukey, I think, was his name—took the *Barb* into Tokyo Harbor by laying off the entrance to Tokyo Harbor and, by periscope, watching a merchant ship come up toward the harbor entrance. They had submarine nets, which are big huge cable nets that hang way down in the water, and ships go out, and they then will open those sub nets, pull them back, and let ships in the harbor and then close the sub net behind the ship.

He had watched this ship, and he submerged and came in under and behind the ship and got into Tokyo Harbor. He went in one area of Tokyo Harbor where the depth was just right and actually sat down with the sub on the bottom, but it was at a depth where every day he could put the periscope up and see what was going on on shore and then pull the periscope back down.

They sat there for some time watching a brand-new aircraft carrier being completed, and they were there the day that the carrier was launched, and with all the flags flying and the bands playing and all the naval people celebrating the launching of this ship. When it hit the water and floated for the first time, as I recall the whole story, the *Barb* put a couple of torpedoes into it from there where they were lying not too far away, and sunk the ship in Tokyo Harbor.

Well, the Japanese then panicked, and all the ships thought there was something going on inside, and they then had the sub nets opened at the entrance

to the harbor so ships could get out, and Flukey then took the submarine and followed the ships out, for which he later got the Congressional Medal of Honor.

That, I believe, was the ship that we were on when we did the dive, and as I recalled later on, I think that Commander Flukey, who was the sub's skipper when that occurred in Tokyo Harbor, was the PCO, the prospective commanding officer, when we were on board that ship. It was one of the more famous incidents of World War II.

Midway was an interesting place to live for a short period of time. We had some barracks there, but outside the barracks were some of the most unusual birds I had ever seen. They're actually an albatross, but they're better known as gooney birds. Gooney birds, this albatross, is a bird that lives a good part of its life at sea and fishes at sea. They're beautiful birds. You've seen them, like an albatross, and they have almost unbelievable aerodynamics and wing control, and they can ride along almost on the surface of the water just in the ground effect of the air that's running along on top of the water.

They would come in from months out at sea, and when they tried to land, they'd put their feet out ahead of them just as they had in water, and quite often, until they got used to their land landings again, would just go tail over beak, sand flying, and pick up, dust themselves off, and look around as though they meant to do it all the time. We used to get a big kick out of watching them fly. They would be ashore during their nesting season, mating and nesting season, and then they would go back out to sea again. They're beautiful birds.

One of the things that was a lot of fun, too, we happened to be there just during the time period when the birds were hatching out and getting big enough to fly on their own, the young ones. That was fun watching them, because they would stand up on a sand dune with the wind blowing and they would test their wings and test their wings and hop a little bit, and then these birds, when they were first learning to fly, they would launch off the top of a sand dune and get out, they'd be maybe ten, twelve feet in the air, and you could just see their little heads twisting, looking around one way or the other, and they'd decide this wasn't for them, and they'd fold their wings up and come crashing down in a big heap on the sand. So that's one of the most entertaining things we did on Midway, was going out and watching the gooney birds or the albatrosses there. They've been studied a lot. I've seen several articles through the years in National Geographic and some other magazines about the gooney birds on Midway. They're rather famous.

On Midway we did a lot of the same kind of training that we had done at El Centro as far as gunnery training and bombing training. We did do some survival training that was unusual out there. There had been one of the squadrons in the South Pacific that had lost several of their flight crews, their pilots, by having run out of gas off of an island and not being able to land, and having ditched their airplanes or set them down in the water and then got into their life rafts and tried to work their was ashore on a little island where there was no airstrip for them to land, but they intentionally landed where they could get ashore.

Well, several of the pilots, including a friend of mine named Moran [phonetic], who had been in the first room I was in when I went to pre-flight school in Iowa, Moran was one of the F4-U pilots there who tried to make their way ashore in a little rubber raft, and the big waves dumped them on the sharp coral, and several pilots, him being one of them, were killed when they tried to get ashore.

This, then, caused the generals in Hawaii to put out the order that we would all receive instruction and training in going ashore in that kind of situation, so we did some of that training at Midway. Of course, there were big coral reefs around Midway and big rollers coming in, big waves coming in, and after having gone through what training you could get ashore with that—for instance, if you had your heavy flight boots on, always keep your boots toward the coral so you didn't cut up your body and get disemboweled on the sharp coral.

So we went out in a whale boat off Midway and they lined us up and all went over the side, and we worked our way ashore, paddling along until you find a place where the waves aren't quite as big and then paddling so your feet remain toward the coral, and came ashore that way. I still remember that training very well because I always thought that was a bit like parachute jumping; you do it right the first time or it doesn't count. So that was some of the extra training that we did at Midway.

When we came back, then, from Midway back to Hawaii at the end of this time period, we came back and some of the squadron was shipped then on a separate ship down to go to the Marshall Islands, to be there just when they're

taken, and start flying immediately in the old F6-Fs that the Navy had, the Hellcat. We then were to come down with our flight echelon, of which I was selected to be one,, and we would go aboard a carrier, the *Macon Island*, which was one of the little small Jeep carriers, and we then would go down and bring our F4-Us down there and go ashore, which is what we did. We had a number of days, ten days or so, aboard ship on the way down to the Marshall Islands.

The *Macon Island* is what later in the war came to be known as the Kaiser coffins. They were very lightly built carriers with a flight deck that wasn't very long. They rode very high in the water and tended to roll around more than the bigger ships, the *Essex* class, but compared to the USS *Santa Monica* that we had gone out to Hawaii on, they were still very stable platforms.

We got a lot of briefings on the way down to the Marshalls as to what to expect and what we were going to do when we got in there, and what we could expect to run into in the way of flying in the islands once we started operating. The *Macon Island* went into the Marshalls and into the lagoon at Majuro, which is where our base was going to be, and anchored in the lagoon. We had enough wind the next day to launch without being under way, to launch at anchor, which means you don't have as much deck wind as you might otherwise have, but they cranked the catapult up to full power, whatever that was, and so we actually were at anchor in the lagoon and took our Corsairs off of that.

I think the track length on those catapults was about, I think, 90 or 95 feet, something like that. What you wanted was about 80 or 85 knots minimum air speed with full power and flaps down in the Corsair, and so with about a 12 or15-

knot wind over the deck just from the wind that was blowing over the whole carrier, it meant you had to pick up about an additional 70 or 75 knots of speed in the length of that catapult, which was about 90 feet. So that was a pretty good jolt, and the catapults then were not quite as smooth as the big steam catapults that we have now. I remember that launch very, very well. We circled the island then landed, and we were ready to go.

The other people who had gone down and arrived just a few days before us were flying the F6-Fs until we could get the Corsairs down there. I remember I checked out the next day in the F6-F, too, just to get acquainted with it and to use it if we needed to use it, if we didn't have enough of our F4-Us, our Corsairs. We started immediately then on out flights on the bypassed islands there. There were four major islands that we were to keep knocked down in our role of not letting the Japanese reoccupy those islands. There was Mili, Jaluit, Maloelap, and one other one. I don't remember what the other one was. But those were islands that we were to keep knocked down, and they still had a lot of people on them. The Japanese had left a great number of people on the islands and plenty of antiaircraft. Our strategists, wherever they were, were afraid that the Japanese might come back in and try to reoccupy those islands and do a sort of an end run around our efforts to make advances across the Pacific.

We did not believe at that time that we were likely to run into air opposition there, and we didn't during our whole time there, but what we did run into was every time we went over one of these islands to keep it battered down, we ran into usually a lot of antiaircraft fire, because they had plenty of that. The

first mission we ever flew, as a matter of fact, was when we were to go up and hit the small island Taroa, not Tarawa, the one that was famous earlier on for the battle where the Marines came ashore at Tarawa, but this was Taroa and was one of the islands at Maloelap.

On our very first time, of course, being in combat, everyone was all keyed up and wanting to do the best job possible. Our assignment on that first mission, which was about a little over 100 miles away from our home island of Majuro, was to come in strafing. The dive bombers, the SBDs, dive bombers, were to follow us in and do the main bomb-dropping that particular day. We were to come in, and because the antiaircraft was likely to be so heavy, we were to come in strafing ahead of them to keep the antiaircraft fire down while they made their attack, and that's what we did.

I can remember looking back and seeing Monty Goodman, who was my wing man, the fellow that I had flown with all during training at El Centre and at Midway, and we operated just as a team. Our two-plane section, we really had gotten it down to a high level of cooperation. He was an excellent wing man, and so we had flown together a great deal, and he was one of my closest friends.

[Begin Tape 1, Side B]

SEN. GLENN: We made our approach to the island of Taroa, which is part of the Maloelap bigger atoll, and our mission was to strafe ahead of the dive bombers to keep the antiaircraft down. I remember I made some notes later on about the flight, and I remembered looking back, and Monty Goodman was on my wing and was

dropping back a little bit just as we started the attack, which is just want he should do, and then went in. I was then concentrating on my run all the way down and made my run strafing across the island and particularly aiming at spots where we had been briefed where there were antiaircraft positions so we could keep the fire down to a minimum for the dive bombers coming in behind us. That was the last time I saw Monty, because as we came out of the island and headed out on the east side of the island toward the rendezvous point, everyone had to climb up through a little cloud layer and rendezvous on top. We rendezvoused, and the only one missing was Monty.

We stayed in the area. Pete Haines was our squadron commander, and I and two other pilots stayed in the area and went back to look to see what had happened. There had been one report from one of the dive-bomber pilots that he'd seen a splash off the island, or had seen some water disturbance off the island, and he had reported that. Tom Miller, who was coming in behind our particular division, said he saw a plane which he presumed was Monty, with something streaming out of the left wing, but no one actually saw the impact.

There was an oil slick that we found that was about a mile and a half of so off of the island, and we searched and searched up and down there at low altitude, including having what was called a Dumbo plane, which was a seaplane that could land at sea, the old PBY Catalina flying boat that could land at sea and pick someone up if they had to. They flew back and forth across the area, and we stayed in that area searching for probably a couple hours before we flew back to Majuro.

That was quite an introduction, to have that happen on the very first combat flight that I had ever flown. Monty was a very good friend, one of my very closest friends. We had not only flown together, but had gone overseas together as bunkmates on the ship and had been in the same group when transferred out to Midway and back and had run around Hawaii together. Even aboard ship, on the way down to the Marshalls, Monty had strained an ankle playing volleyball, I guess it was, and was having trouble walking around. He had a pair of crutches, but quite often when we'd have to go the length of a hangar deck or something like that, he'd pile on my back and I'd carry him and off we'd go. So it was that kind of a relationship, and that was a real loss when he went in.

So I remember coming back from that flight and coming into the ready room area with everyone there back ahead of us, because the four of us that had stayed up looking for him were the last ones to return from that particular mission, and how tough it was to go back in the area behind the ready room where we stored our parachutes. Each one of us had our individual parachute bin. I was a division leader by that time, leader of four planes, and we had our parachutes together. I still remember to this day how tough it was to go back and put my parachute away and to see the bin next to mine with Monty's chute still empty and with his name on it. So, anyway, that was quite an introduction to combat and made war making very, very personal and made you want to do the best job you possibly could do into the future.

We flew almost daily missions. There were occasions when we flew two missions in a day, but it was rare that the same pilots would fly more than one

mission a day. We were working on the bypassed islands all the time, and most of our flights were attack flights, where we were dropping bombs. Sometimes we would do strafing ahead of the other planes doing dive bombing, since we could come in low and fast and strafe across an island and try and keep antiaircraft down for those coming in behind during bombing runs.

Some got hit a number of times. I was hit, I think it was five times. Three of the times I was hit were single or multiple bullet holes, just small holes. One time, however, I was hit in the leading edge of the left wing with something that probably was the Japanese equivalent of our twenty-millimeter because it blew a hole in the leading edge of the left wing that was about the size of my head. It did not get into the main structure of the wing, however, and the plane flew okay coming back, although I remember I landed a little bit fast to make sure I had good control.

Another one was a little bigger hole than just a single hole, but it was not an explosive shell. It was one that maybe was supposed to be an explosive shell but didn't go off, and it made a hole about two or three inches across. But the one that did the damage in the leading edge of the wing was an explosive shell of some kind or other. If it had been closer in toward the cockpit out on that wing, it probably would have gotten into the wing tank, but it didn't. So once the plane was repaired, it flew as good as new.

WILLIAMS: And you continued to fly while your plane was being repaired?

SEN. GLENN: Oh, yes. Sure. No, you didn't always fly your own airplane. Sometimes airplanes would be out to have engine work done on them or a hundred-hour

check or something like that done on the airplane, and when that occurred, why, you flew another airplane in the squadron, and other people flew my airplane. If I'd been on a mission in the morning in my airplane, which I remember was Number 162, and if I had flown my airplane and there was another flight going out in the afternoon, why, obviously someone would fly my airplane.

You were assigned your own airplane for reasons of being able to make the best assessment of what that airplane needed. If you're flying the same airplane every day, day in and day out, every airplane has its own little idiosyncrasies, and even though they may look the same, they're not the same. You can move from one Corsair to another and they'd fly slightly differently. We had pilots assigned to the airplanes so that they could work with the crew chiefs and make sure that that particular airplane was right up to snuff all the time, but that didn't mean that you only flew that airplane. You had other planes you might be assigned to fly also.

WILLIAMS: Describe a strafing run and how that's different from the bombing run. Just operationally, how does that work?

SEN. GLENN: We had six 50-caliber machine guns mounted three in each wing, and they fire, of course, straightforward, and in the cockpit you have a sight that shows you where the guns are bore-sighted to hit. Those guns are accurate out to about 1,000 feet to 1,200 feet, something like that and the fire pattern off of those guns is set to cross out there at a certain point, a convergence of fire out there, so that is your most effective spot. If you have six 50-caliber machine guns firing through

a certain spot, obviously it's going to have a pretty major effect on that spot if it's another airplane or whatever.

For strafing, we would come down, and obviously if you're just trying to get as many shells as you possibly can lobbed into an area to make the enemy keep their heads down, you will probably start firing out of range. In other words, you'll probably start firing at a couple thousand feet instead of waiting until you get in tight. If you had a point target that you really wanted to hit accurately and you had a spot on the ground—an actual antiaircraft position that you could see and you really wanted to hit it in particular—then you probably would wait and start firing when you got into about maybe 1,200 to 1,000 feet away from it and rake it on in until you had to pull out to keep from running into it.

Your ammunition load, you had one tracer that you could actually see going out, where there was burning out of the back of the shell and you actually can see where the shell is going. You'd have a tracer and probably maybe two straight ball rounds, just regular ammunition. You might have then a load where you had one or two armor-piercing shells in there. So you had a mix with about a one-in-five or one-in-three sometimes load of tracers so you could actually play it like a fire hose, you could see where they were going.

If you got carried away and fired bursts that were too long and overheated the gun barrels, they'd also start coming out and tumbling, so you could see that if you had tracers also, and that was something you had to watch out for because that meant you fire was not going to be very accurate at all.

WILLIAMS: What about altitude?

SEN. GLENN: If we were doing strafing runs, we probably would be—you could do them two ways. You could come in down very low and right on the treetops and go across an island just picking up targets of opportunity as you went across and just hosing them, in effect, with a 50-caliber, or you came in steeper. You could come in firing machine guns. You could even do it having the wheels down, which acted as dive brakes and kept you slowed down coming down so you didn't over-speed. Usually, I think, on strafing runs we usually tried to be down to maybe something like 3,000-feet altitude just off the island so that you then came in in sort of a reduced power glide and strafed as you went across the island. You'd pull off then, and kept changing course and altitude and direction, jinxing you call it, just, in effect, horsing around on the stick to keep the airplane going in different directions so they can't get a bead on you when you're pulling out of the run also.

WILLIAMS: And you would do this in a formation with other planes?

SEN. GLENN: Well, usually you were coming across, not watching some other airplane in formation. When you were actually in the lower part of your run, you'd be coming across more in a string of airplanes than you would trying to fly wing on somebody else. You left space between airplanes, or sometimes if you knew there was antiaircraft on both sides of an island, you'd have part of the squadron assigned to make a run down one beach on one side of the island and the rest of the people on the other side, or you would have some planes come in at a certain angle, and you might have other planes then coming in from a little different direction as sort of a second wave.

There were all sorts of different ideas on attack, but in general, when you were down actually firing at an enemy position, you were not at the same time trying to fly wing on somebody or fly formation on another airplane. You had enough separation that you didn't do that.

WILLIAMS: Were there opportunities to react to what was coming at you from the ground?

SEN. GLENN: No. You can see tracers coming at you sometimes, too, and if you see that and someone is firing a little off to one side and you see the string of tracers coming toward you, start moving in toward you, actually you could pull up above that or dodge it a little bit, but that wasn't usually the case. Usually you were down low enough and you were going fast enough and you were concentrated enough on a target that you didn't usually react that much to a stream of tracers when it was coming at you or somebody else they were shooting at nearby.

WILLIAMS: And then the bombers would be behind you.

SEN. GLENN: They'd be behind us, yes. They'd probably be up on top coming down. The old SBD dive bomber, which is the one that was used during the Marshall run, some that we flew flak suppression for, the SBDs was a plane that could come in almost directly over target, directly overhead, and put their big dive brakes down. They had big splitter flaps on the trailing edge of the wing, and when they extended those flaps, they made a huge drag on the airplane. So the pilots could come almost directly over target and come down from straight above on a target, just hanging on the prop almost, and drop their bomb from straight above. They'd retract their dive flaps and make the pullout down low. They were a slow airplane, but they'd carry a pretty good load also.

When we were doing bombing on the Corsairs, we used heavy loads, ones that in the early days of the use of the Corsair, I think many people thought it would not have been possible. We were one of the first squadrons in the Pacific, I believe, to use a 3,000-pound bomb load as a standard load for that airplane. We'd have three 1,000-pound bombs on the airplane, and that was heavy for that airplane, but it also did a lot of damage, too. You lay down three 1,000-pound bombs together, and that really has a big impact.

The heaviest load I ever knew of being flown on a Corsair was when [Charles] Lindbergh came out, and he was doing demo flights with the Corsair, since he had worked for United Aircraft, and did some demo flights and flew with our squadron for a few missions. I think on one of his missions he carried two 2,000-pounders on a Corsair, and that's the biggest load, I think, that I ever heard of being carried on a Corsair. We used 3,000 pounds as sort of our standard attack load.

Now, if you wanted to, you could carry more bombs but lesser weight. In other words, you could carry five 100-pounders or two 50s, or you could mix it up. You could carry a 1,000-pounder and two 500s, but usually we carried three 1,000-pounders as a standard load. When you have eighteen or twenty airplanes come in with that kind of a load all hitting on one target, somebody's going to get it, just about.

WILLIAMS: How were the bombs attached to the plane?

SEN. GLENN: They were in bomb shackles underneath the airplane, a bomb rack. Centerline, you had three major bomb racks under there. You had one on each pylon on each

side, and then you had a centerline rack that was directly on the centerline of the airplane. And when you came down, usually it released all three of them at once on a pullout when you were coming in. On bomb attacks, you could either make a glide bomb, in which you come in at an angle of maybe twenty, twenty-five degrees, something like that, or we'd come in steeper. We'd come in much more vertical and put the landing gear down to act as a dive break, and that way you keep your speed down so you can control the direction of flight better. You would then make your attack and pull the gear up then as you did your pullout.

We would occasionally use bombs that had armor-piercing long noses on them, long special hardened steel needle-nose points on them, which was good for penetrating blockhouses and fortified structures. Sometimes if you used those and hit a blockhouse of some kind or something used for storage, you would get what you called a secondary. You'd get the initial explosion of the bomb, and then you would get a secondary eruption because you had gotten into ammunition or bombs or pyrotechnics of some kind on the ground. That was particularly meaningful, because then you were getting into their supplies, and anybody that got a secondary, you always thought that was pretty good. So we used different loads of bombs. We had some rockets that we could use, but we were mainly in the bombing business out there, and, of course, we were always looking for other airplanes because they wanted to make sure that no Japanese aircraft could come back in to man those bypassed islands.

All of our flying was out over open ocean except when you're actually on target over another atoll. So you did a lot of navigation, and it was all dead-

reckoning navigation, or 90 percent of it was. You took a course, you figured out your course and your winds and the exact heading you would want to get there. Usually we didn't have too much real bad weather. We had low scattered clouds from time to time, but there was very little of the bad frontal weather like we think of in this country when you're flying from, say, here to Chicago or something like that.

Just some things that I recall as far as navigation goes. Sometimes when you could not see an atoll yet that you were going toward, you would see sort of a light greenish reflected tinge on the clouds above it just from the reflection of the particular colors off the island, and you got quite adept at picking out those color differences because that told you where the islands were.

But usually our missions there that we're going, say, 100 to 200 miles, something like that, nautical miles, were ones where our dead-reckoning navigation, as it's called, was plenty accurate. You were very careful about your navigation, but you knew exactly what you were doing, and we never had any problem with getting lost. There had been some incidents out in that part of the Pacific earlier in the war where people had been caught in some bad weather and had had to detour, and wound up having difficulty with their navigation, but the time that I was in the Marshalls, we were always very careful of that and never had any problem, and our CO, our commanding officer, Pete Haines, was a stickler on navigation and used to make us practice that quite a bit, and that paid off.

WILLIAMS: You mentioned earlier that the strafing runs were to divert the enemy so that the bombing—is that right?

SEN. GLENN: Yes.

WILLIAMS: Explain that aspect of things.

SEN. GLENN: Well, if you have an attack coming in and the enemy is on the ground manning their antiaircraft, they would have small antiaircraft, they would have large-caliber antiaircraft, all kinds that could cover altitudes, probably everything from the surface up to probably 12 or 15,000 feet with the guns that they had available to them at that time, and you knew they were loaded for bear. They were down there ready to throw everything up.

Well, if a dive bomber is coming in and all the antiaircraft on an island can concentrate on that one airplane, the chances of hitting it are pretty good, just by the volume that they would throw up. If, however, you can come in with a number of airplanes, one right after the other, very fast, or pour them in across target and across the whole island, you not only split the fire up, but if some of your planes are actually shooting 50-caliber machine guns coming in at those people that are doing the antiaircraft firing, why, it certainly distracts their attention because they have an interest in survival also. So they're not as concentrated in what they're doing, and you're splitting up their fire. So it means that any one of our planes coming in, if you have flak suppression, antiaircraft-suppression firing going on, it makes it safer for the bombers coming in behind. You also can split up fire by coming in from different directions. You split it up

that way, so everybody isn't pouring through over the island, going right down one track it's easy to concentrate on.

WILLIAMS: So in a typical operation here, how many strafing planes would be involved and how many bombers, and how far apart would they be time-wise?

SEN.GLENN: We had twenty-four planes in our squadron. Sometimes they'd all be in commission and we'd have a full twenty-four up, but usually there would be one or two or more planes down. So your average flight was probably somewhere, eighteen to twenty-two airplanes, something like that, and we would be assigned one mission. Or we had flights, as I recall, where we, within our own squadron, had some of our planes attack planes with bombs on them and other planes going in strafing ahead of them for flak suppression so that they could concentrate on their bombing without getting shot at as much.

But usually, if you're working with another squadron, let's say we were going to do flak suppression, we would have probably eighteen or twenty airplanes, and we would split up different parts of the island to concentrate on so as you came in we'd be shooting at different targets across the island. You might split up from left to right on who's going to take this half of the island, that half of the island, or if you knew where the antiaircraft positions were from previous missions or from pictures, you could concentrate your fire on where you knew the antiaircraft positions were to try and keep them disturbed as much as possible.

The bombers coming in behind them would probably be another eighteen or twenty airplanes, and they would be concentrated on bombing, not on firing their guns. So total planes in an attack could vary anywhere from a dozen to

forty. If you had a particular target you wanted to sneak in real fast and try and get, you might be hitting with only eight to ten airplanes where you depended on surprise, particularly if you were doing a low-level run, something like that. That was another kind of attack. I didn't mention that before.

If you had a target that had a side to it, a vertical surface to it, that you would hit better by coming in low and flying straight at it, why, you could make an attack like that, and you could have a bomb that was fused for a delay so that it didn't go off right under your airplane, and you could fly right at a target, and when you're just about to ram into it and have to pull up, you pickle a bomb off and drop it, hopefully so it hits the target, and pull up.

Another kind of attack. I think we made some of the first napalm attacks that were ever made in the Pacific. That was a brand-new technique where you loaded some fuel tanks, droppable fuel tanks. You loaded them with what in effect is jellied gasoline or jellied kerosene. You have the tank filled with kerosene, then you add this napalm jelly stuff to it, and then the fuse for it was the cap to the tank, and that was usually a white phosphorous grenade. White phosphorous, once the shell is broken and it's exposed to the air, ignites into flame.

These were really low-level attacks. They were very low-level attacks. You flew just right on the treetops, and you flew at whatever your target was going to be. If it was a personnel area or an area that had a lot of ammunition dumps or supplies, things like that, you could come in right on the treetops, and not going too fast so that you could more accurately drop these things. You flew

at your target, you literally flew at it, and when you had to pull up to keep from hitting it, why, just before you started your pull-up, you would hit the button and drop all these napalm tanks. Well, they then would ignite into fire, and they just fried whatever was under them. If it was troops, they were just like they were in the middle of a furnace all at once, and the same thing would apply to equipment or things like that that were there on the ground also.

There was one mission in particular I remember that was a napalm mission where I led the mission. Pete Haines was gone someplace and he selected me to lead the mission, which I did. This was a little bit later on. We moved from Majuro, we were going to be moved to the main island of Kwajalein in the Marshall Islands. That was about some 250 or 300 mile north of Majuro. Until they got our places ready at Kwajalein, we flew to another island on the Kwajalein atoll called Roi-Namur [phonetic], and it's an area where, later on, the famous Task Force 58 formed out of some of that area at Kwajalein and so on. We based out of Roi-Namur and did some of the first napalm attacks.

WILLIAMS: Let me stop you right there. I have to change the tape.

[Begin Tape 2, Side A]

SEN. GLENN: One of the first times we used napalm on a large scale, other than just dropping a few to try them out and see how they worked, was a place called Jabortown on the island of Jaluit, and that was the first time we had really run a big major napalm strike. Another squadron, I think it was VMF-111, that was based in the area

there went in on flak-suppression strafing ahead of us, and we came in then with a full squadron all loaded with napalm to hit this little island.

I remember that Tom Miller and I were not flying in our regular positions up in the front of the attack, and came in on the tail end sort of as mop-up. When we came in, there were only two spots on the island that did not have fire and smoke coming up from them, and he took one and I took the other. When we looked back later on, there was no part of the island that did not have smoke and flame coming up from it.

Napalm is hideous stuff, but war is hideous stuff also, and it was a very, very effective weapon. It was considered hazardous enough to carry napalm that the orders at the time were that if for some reason a tank hung up and would not release from the bomb rack, orders were to bail out of the airplane. It was considered that serious, because they didn't want anyone landing and letting the plane get out of control and go off into what were usually airplane parking areas along the sides of the runway, and maybe destroy a number of airplanes. They were also afraid that if a bomb rack had hung up for some reason but when you landed there was enough of a jar there that it broke loose, you could wind up with a napalm going off underneath your own plane. So the orders were to bail out.

I don't recall that anyone out of our squadron ever had to do that, but there were several instances in other squadrons where they had to do that. There was one flight in particular where there apparently had been some maladjustment of bomb racks in one of the squadrons. As I recall, they lost three airplanes to that. They had three pilots that went out over the middle of the lagoon and bailed out,

and that's a pretty expensive error when you have to give up an airplane because of an error on the bomb rack.

To watch napalm, which I did not only there, starting out, but later on, we did a lot of napalm work in front of the troops in Korea when I was flying jets later. But these days of World War II were where we started napalming, and it's hideous, but it's very, very effective. I'll certainly never forget those first days when we started doing napalming.

Also out of Roi-Namur, while we were up there, usually Pete Haines, our CO, he led the flight or the executive officer led the flight on all these missions, but there was one time at Roi-Namur where Major Haines couldn't go because of some squadron business and major Reynolds, "Drifty" Reynolds, hadn't yet arrived from Majuro, and so Pete Haines chose me to lead the strike on the island of Jaluit, and so I was very proud of that, to be selected to do that. So I led the squadron at Jaluit, made our bombing run on some gun positions, returned to Roi, and I think that was about 500 nautical miles round trip. It was a fairly long mission.

That was also the first time several of us carried single 2,000-pound GP bombs instead of the three 1,000 ones. A single 2,000-pounder is a sight to watch when it blows up, particularly in the humid air round some of those atolls. Shock rings go out from it, so it makes it very spectacular. The flight went off without a hitch. We had good results on it, and later on I was told by our group operations officer that they thought that we had done enough damage there that they were going to shift our targeting to some of the other islands. They thought that there

wasn't much left on that particular island. So that made me feel very good that I'd been chosen to lead the squadron at that time and we brought everything off just like clockwork.

Following our stay at Roi-Namur, we moved down to Kwajalein, and we were based right along the edge of the water on the south side of the airstrip at Kwajalein, and flew our missions out of there. The runway on Kwajalein literally began in the ocean on one side of the island and ended in the ocean on the other side of the island, and our tented area we lived in was just on the south side of the strip. That island didn't have as many palm trees or foliage on the island as some of the other islands, as Majuro had, for instance, because when Kwajalein was taken, it was completely devastated. It was just stripped clean by all the shellfire. So it was literally nothing but an atoll with none of the usual palm trees, or if there were palm trees, they were stubs sticking up that had been damaged and only very few palm trees that were still alive on the island.

We lived in a tent there, not Quonset huts as we'd been living in at other places, and out tent was right on the edge of the water where at high tide the water would actually come up right under the edge of our tent. So we were very close to the water. Living there was much the same as it was on any other island. I remember that we had some coral heads just maybe seventy-five to a hundred yards out from our tent, and to do the laundry, which everyone did for themselves, of course, nobody did your laundry for you, we'd either have a 50-gallon drum and build a fire under it and boil the water with some salt water soap in it, which was semi-effective, or at other times we would take the laundry, take your shirts

and pants, and make a little bundle and tie a very tight rope around them and take them out and just tie it onto the coral head and let the ocean water wash back and forth across them for a day or so, and that would take everything out of them. We'd bring them back, hang them up, and every afternoon there was a rainstorm, about three or four o'clock, and hang them up, let the rain rinse them out, and that would take care of that. Or you could have rainwater. We usually had a drum of water that had come off the tent where we kept a little scupper to keep fresh water and dip them in that to wash them out. So that was the laundry system at the time, but it worked all very well.

We stayed there, then, until the end of our tour at Kwajalein and still were hitting the bypassed islands clear up to the time we left.

There was one thing I had left out a little earlier that I might repeat on also. I mentioned that one of our jobs was to keep any Japanese aircraft from coming back in and reoccupying those islands, and there was one morning one day at Majuro we received word that one of the reconnaissance airplanes had reported a possible sighting of enemy aircraft; namely, I think it was a seaplane that they talked about that was at one of the islands to the west of Majuro. I can't remember exactly which island it was. They wanted us to be out there at first light the next morning to make a run across the island and see whether we could see the airplane, and if we could, that or other airplanes that might have been flown in, and catch them on the ground if we could at first light next morning.

Pete Haines was going to lead the flight. I think John Griffith was usually his wing man. I flew the second section, and Tom Miller, I believe, was my wing

man, and the four of us were to go make this sweep. We went out and were actually out there at very first light the next morning, had to let down through some clouds, and came out right on the island. All we ever saw really, were the same old aircraft wrecks that we had seen there before, but we made our sweep around the island and, that time, went clear around the—usually you came in on what was the main Japanese-occupied island of that particular atoll, and there were other little islands around where there were some natives and native huts, but usually the Japanese only occupied one major island there, whatever the biggest island was. We made our run across and did some strafing and just shooting at targets of opportunity, but never did find the airplane. We made a swing out then, went clear around the atoll, which was a little farther and back across the main island again and still didn't find anybody, but all we ever were able to do then was do some strafing of just targets of opportunity as you went over.

One other mission down there, too, that I should have mentioned earlier, that was a little bit different from the usual routine. While we were still at Majuro, they wanted us to go hit the island of Nauru. Nauru was 300 or 400 nautical miles, I don't know the distance, west of Tarawa, where the famous battle was, the battle for Tarawa, where the Marines took that island against such heavy odds and took heavy losses. That had been some time before, but we went down and used the island then to stage out of, to conduct a couple of days of strikes out at Nauru, which was an island owned by the British before the war, had huge phosphate deposits. The Japanese were apparently still mining this phosphate,

and the reports were that they were somehow getting this off the island. Anyway, our job was to go out and knock out those plants on Nauru.

That was the longest open-ocean flight that we flew any time. I don't know, I think it was something like maybe 400 nautical miles out, which was a long, long flight for a Corsair. Because of navigation requirements, it had to be very, very accurate. There were no islands between Tarawa and Nauru. So you're talking about dead reckoning on about a 400-mile swing of open ocean, which was a little far. They sent a P-2V, a twin-engine Lockheed Lodestar-type aircraft along for a navigation lead, and then we flew a very rough formation on that airplane until we got out there close to the island. Then when we could see the island up ahead, then we broke off from him and set up our attack on that island.

I remember that attack in particular, because it was about as heavy antiaircraft fire as we ever saw in the time that I was in the Pacific. To make it worse, there was only one way you could approach. Because of the hills and the terrain and so on, there was only one angle that you could make your approach onto this particular target. And so we all had to, in effect, come down one after the other, down about the same course, and that meant that antiaircraft on the island could just concentrate on that approach pattern. I still remember looking back at that island and just seeing the approach pattern, the attack angle we had come down; it was just dotted clear up and down from low up to our starting altitude with black bursts of antiaircraft fire. We didn't lose anybody on that, which was rather surprising, but I think there were a few planes got shrapnel

holes, but nobody went down off that. They had provided for a Dumbo flight, a pick-up flight, a PBY Catalina rescue plane out not too far off the island so if anybody got hit we could try to get out. Either bail out or land in the ocean out there where you could be picked up, but nobody had to on that, and we rendezvoused with out P-2V guide plane and came back in.

Tarawa itself was an interesting place in that it had been a year or so or year and a half before when the big battle had been on there, or maybe even a little bit longer than that. There was still very little on the island that had not been completely devastated during that battle for Tarawa. When we were down there, we had to wait for good weather to make this attack on Nauru, so we spent several days on Tarawa, and to keep our airplanes in good shape. We'd go out every day and run the airplane engines up and work them out on the ground, just to keep them in good working shape. I remember one day, I was rather startled when I—my plane was tied down, and I'd just finished running it up, and when you ran the airplane up, you blew away a lot of the coral sand and stuff behind the airplane, and it would just sort of go off in a little cloud and settle down. I had finished running my airplane up and shut it down and climbed out of the cockpit, walked around the tail of the airplane, and here was a skull sticking up out of the sand back there behind the airplane.

\ So, I dug the thing up, and I took it up and showed it to our flight surgeon, as a matter of fact, and he looked at it, said it had all the characteristics of a Japanese skull, near as he could tell. So there were still some remnants like that on Tarawa.

I remember, too, getting off, several of us, and crawling in some of the old fortified areas there, and when you got in some of those fortified areas, they had not really been cleaned out that much, people hadn't felt any need to clean them out. There were still bones and things in there from people that had been killed during that battle of Tarawa. You know, there was no need to clean it out, so they didn't, and there were other things that were more important, and now, I guess, today we'd say, well, you know, we should have given those bones a proper burial in respect, but that was survival out there then, and there was more to be done than take care of a few bones off in some fortified structure.

So we made a couple of those trips down to Tarawa and a couple of strikes out on Nauru. That was a long open-ocean flight in a Corsair out there, and we were fortunate that no one went down out there around Nauru also.

WILLIAMS: You say there were just four aircraft in you operation there at Nauru?

SEN. GLENN: Oh, no. At Nauru we had the whole squadron down there. The whole squadron was down there and took part in that one. Sometimes if we were going on a particularly long open-ocean flight, we would carry one external fuel tank, which is probably 100 gallons, or I think maybe we even had some droppables that were 150-gallon tanks, and then you'd carry your 1,000-pound bomb on each side of that, on the pylons. It seems to me maybe that's what we did on those flights out to Nauru so we'd have a little bit more fuel reserve than we'd otherwise have. What you did when you went out on something like that, then, you'd drop that droppable tank, you'd just jettison that tank once it was out of fuel.

WILLIAMS: So what brought about the end of your tour? Was that in relationship to the end of the war?

SEN. GLENN: End of the tour was just at the end of a year overseas. That was a standard tour out there then. Living on Kwajalein, usually people out of your own flight or your own division, you were organized in what we called a division, which is four planes that normally flew in sort of a fingertip formation, like your fingers out in from of you here, and each two of those planes was called a section. The division lead would be responsible for those four planes, and then the section was responsible for he and his wing man. Then you had a flight, which would be two divisions, which would be eight planes, and then three flights made up the squadron of twenty-four planes.

I started out as a section leader and then became a division leader and then a flight leader at the end of our time out there, in other words, a flight being eight planes. So as you moved up, you worked with a different group of people and you worked out with them in practice to where you just knew what to expect out of those people in every situation you were into. You took great pride in what one division or one flight could do against another within the squadron, too. There was a lot of competition as far as aerial gunnery went on working on a towed target or on bombing accuracy that you practiced over and over and over again.

Practice, incidentally, was not with live bombs when you're just doing practice drops. You had what were called two-pound minis. They were miniature bombs, and they were hollow down the center with a shotgun shell in there except

it was set up with smoke powder so that it intentionally made a big smoke puff. The aerodynamics of these little two-pound miniatures were such that they had about the same aerodynamic characteristics as a 500-pound bomb or a 1,000-pounder, close to it. So if you went up on a practice flight, you had a little rack of these. You could carry eight of these little two-pounder minis on a bomb rack under the airplane. You could make run after run, practicing your sighting and practicing, and you'd go down and make your attack just as though you were dropping a 1,000-pound bomb or a 500-pounder, and then as soon as you dropped, why, you'd pull out, roll up, and look back to see where the smoke puff was, see how close you had hit to the target, what you were aiming at. So we dropped—I don't know, I suppose I've dropped a thousand of those things in all the practice, maybe more than that, but that's how you practiced. You didn't practice wasting 500-pound bombs all the time, but these gave you a real workout on accuracy.

We did not have automatic sights back then. You had to use an old ring sight that was a reflector sight reflected off the windshield, and you put what's called the pipper, the center of that sighting pattern, you put it on that target and then estimated the wind on the target and how much lead you needed for that and what angle you needed, and then you made your approach, keeping that pipper a certain spot just off the target, and then dropped, and then went back. If you missed the target, then you'd go back up and try again, and that's the way you developed your own bombing accuracy. Of course, you had to estimate the angle at which you were making this attack, the angle of glide, your angle of dive, and

your speed had an impact on it also. So there were a lot of variables in there if you were going to be able to hit anything.

At the end of a year of that kind of work out there and going from island to island, then we were relieved a few at a time to come back as other replacements came in. The whole squadron did not come back together. We had gone out as a squadron, but the squadron and its equipment were to stay out there, and we had replacements that came in to let some of us go back one at a time.

We had several of us, a fellow named Baldwin and Dick Rainforth and Tom Miller and I, the four of us lived in one tent together at Kwajalein. Miller and Rainforth and I had been very close. Our wives knew each other, we had trained together, and we had lived together wherever we were all the time we were overseas. We came back from a mission one day, and we'd had mail that day, and I was out of the tent for a while, and I came back, and I noticed Tom Miller had his head down on his arm over on a little desk. We always made desks out of two-by-fours and food crates and things like that, you put them together, and it worked fine. We'd make a little desk. He had his head down, and I didn't pay any attention to it. I thought he was just tired. In a little bit he started moving. I asked him if something was wrong, and he had received a letter from his wife, and their baby that he had never seen had died, and that was quite a shock, because we knew Ida May and Tom very well.

The baby had had one of these things where an intestine telescopes into another part of it and blocks the intestine, and if it isn't diagnosed very rapidly, why, it can be very, very serious. Well, they had diagnosed this and had operated

on the baby, and it looked like things were going to be okay, and then something went wrong and the baby had died. Ordinarily in a situation like that, war being on, a lot of times if it was earlier in a tour, people might not have been permitted to even come back then, but Tom was right at the end of his tour. We were within about thirty or forty days of what would be our normal year's tour. So rather than just letting him go home on emergency leave, why, they just terminated his tour, and he went home about a month early. So he was the first of our group to leave.

Then Dick Rainforth and I, I think we left together about a month later after that, came back and went home on leave, and we were going back into squadrons, which would have been training to go back out for the invasion of Japan.

When I came back, I was sent to Patuxent River, Maryland, for temporary duty for ninety days, and the purpose of that, they had new aircraft that had been developed through the war. Higher performance, prop aircraft, the F-8F, which used the same engine the Corsair had had except it was a smaller airplane and lighter airplane and very, very high performance for a prop airplane. They had a Tiger Cat, the Grumman twin engine, had been developed as a night fighter. They had what was called the Orion Fireball, which was a single-engine airplane prop but had a little jet engine that had just been developed in the fuselage in the back to give it a booster in combat operations. There were a number of planes like that that had been developed through the war or modified. They were being tested at the Naval Air Test Center, Patuxent River, Maryland.

I was ordered to Cherry Point, but then put on temporary duty to the Naval Air Test Center as a recently returned experienced combat pilot to put on what they called accelerated flight test, or accelerated life test, on these airplanes at Patuxent. What they did, they decided what the typical life of an airplane was, combat life. It would drop so many bombs; it would be run at so much time at what was called combat power, which is wide open full power; it would have done so many landings, so many takeoffs and landings; it would have done so much acrobatic time. They had the whole life of the airplane figured out, and our job at Patuxent, then, was to take these new aircraft and fly them through that routine as fast as possible. So the airplanes were scheduled twenty-four hours a day. So you were assigned to an eight-hour shift, and during that eight-hour shift, if your airplane remained in commission, why, you would fly probably two three-hour flights on that airplane out of an eight- hour shift if everything was in commission. Now, it usually didn't work out so that things were in commission quite that good, but that was what I went back to, then, for ninety days at Patuxent. I thoroughly enjoyed that. I guess that's where I got a little bit of my feeling for test flying when I had to really go through test pilot training later on. We were scheduled for all this flying there, and then there were some times you got five or six hours of flying in during one day.

I was assigned to the F-8F project there called the Bear Cat. One incident there that I was recalling not long ago, one of the people in the squadron overseas had been a fellow named Fred Ochoa, and he was better known as "Bubba"

Ochoa. "Bubba" was quite a character. He was always a practical joker of one kind or another, a wonderful sense of humor.

One night at Patuxent, my airplane was out of commission, but it was in the middle of the night on the shift that I was on. I was over in the ready room stretched out on the couch asleep, and I got a call on the squawk box from the operations office wanting to know if Glenn was there, because they had thought I was not flying that night, and I said, "Yeah, this is Glenn."

And he said, "Are you sure?" or words to that effect, doubting whether it was really me or not, and I gathered something was wrong.

So I said, "Yeah." I guaranteed them it was me. Well, they wanted me to come over to the operations office right away, which I did. What had happened was that our parachutes were kept in one area, and if your parachute was out to be repacked, which took two or three days, sometimes you would borrow another person's parachute to use on a particular flight. It turned out that "Bubba" Ochoa was flying an F-7F, the Tiger Cat, the night fighter, and he had let down apparently through some weather—

[Begin Tape 2, Side B]

SEN. GLENN: "Bubba" had apparently let down through some weather. Well, he ran into the mountainside back here and was killed, after having just come back from all this being shot at out in the Pacific, and there he was, killed back here.

The reason I was involved was a sheriff or deputy sheriff had gone out to the crash site when somebody had reported it and had called into Patuxent that

they had identification on the pilot from dog tags, and the pilot's name was Glenn. Well, the operations people at Patuxent, then, were preparing to call Annie [Glenn]. They'd called over to the ready room, and that's the reason it surprised them when I said that I was Glenn, because dog tags in the military is positive identification. You don't fuss with somebody else's dog tags. That's positive identification.

It turned out later what the deputy sheriff had found was a little cardboard tag with a metal edge on it that had my name on it that we used to identify the parachute. It was just hanging off one corner of the parachute. He had found that, and that, to him, was positive identification, so he called in the pilot was Glenn, and they were preparing to call Annie and tell her that I had been killed.

So I went racing over to the operations shack to prove who I was, and we finally figured out what had happened when we realized that he had used my parachute that night.

The time period at Patuxent, though, was one we enjoyed very much. It was a very different type tour. We lived in a place called Seven Gables Hotel, which was a very old, old sort of ramshackle hotel out on the edge of the Patuxent River. That summer Annie was very much pregnant with our firstborn, Dave. That's the summer the war ended in Europe, and I can remember the celebration at that time, when that occurred.

Anyway, later that year, when we went back then to Cherry Point, is when Dave was born down at Camp LeJeune, North Carolina. Cherry Point didn't have any hospital at that time, and when women were getting ready to have their

babies, they went down to Camp LeJeune, which was about fifty miles away, something like that. In fact, I remember when Dave was going to be born. That was a very momentous night, as it naturally would be, but to me it was like something out of a cheap grade B movie because Annie was going to have to go down there to be in the hospital, and she started having labor pains like at, I don't know, two o'clock in the morning or something like that. By the time these got closer together where we knew we were going to have to go to the hospital, we were literally in a blinding rainstorm, and we started driving in this little Chevy Coupe down the two-lane road to Camp LeJeune. The labor pains are getting closer together, and this rainstorm is not letting up. It is just pouring and lightning, and I have visions of me being a midwife out about halfway down through the swamps in North Carolina. [Laughter] But it didn't work out. We got down there like at 4:00 or 4:30 in the morning, and Dave was born like at 6:30 in the morning. So we had made it by a couple of hours, and everything was okay. But I still remember that midnight ride. It was like something out of a movie.

WILLIAMS: The diary that you've been referring to here today, where does it end in relationship to your tour?

SEN. GLENN: Ends up pretty much, I believe, where I come back, just come back to the States. I had added something to the end of this, that I'd gone back and forgotten to put in about that. Going down the time we thought an enemy airplane had come into this island out west of Majuro, and just sort of ends there with this tour, and we

apparently came back and I sort of ended this writing that I was doing about that time.

WILLIAMS: So that pretty much covers the year?

SEN. GLENN: Yes, pretty much covers that. We came back in'45. So we had gone from Pearl Harbor, which is December '41; trained through '42 in flight training; graduated in March of '43, which was a year training; then to the East Coast, West Coast, and El Centro, then, during the rest of '43; went out at the beginning of '44; was out in the Pacific all during the year of '44 and back in the first part of '45; then was at Patuxent doing some testing on the airplanes and dropping bombs and shooting guns, doing all of those things on the new airplanes, through that summer and early fall; and then back down to Cherry Point.

In the middle of all this, Pete Haines had talked to me about whether I wanted to apply for a regular commission in the Marine Corps. When you're graduated from flight school, you're put in the reserve, when you graduate from flight school. I had thought about that because I love to fly. There was nothing gave me any more of a thrill than flying, and not just combat flying. I just enjoyed airplanes and flying, and it was a challenge and I just thoroughly enjoyed it. Particularly after I had gone to Patuxent, had done a little of that test work, it was rather rudimentary. It was more just putting the service life of the airplane on it as fast as you possibly could, but we flew, and when things were wrong, why, we were making suggestions on how things could be made right and working out these new airplanes. I really got a kick out of that in feeling that I had contributed to maybe making that a better airplane for everybody to fly later on. In other

words, it was increasing the combat capability of this country, and I was proud of that.

So Pete Haines had convinced me to put in for a regular commission, with the idea that if it went through and I was selected for a regular commission in the Marine Corps and decided I wanted to make it a career, I could do that. If I did not want to make it a career, decided later on, well, I could always turn it down, but the first step was to see if it would be accepted to begin with. So I had put in for a regular commission. After Patuxent, when I went back to Cherry Point, I didn't know for sure that the regular commission would come through, so I was back looking at what I might be doing. Another fellow and I looked at whether we might buy some of these war surplus small transport aircraft like the twin tail Beechcraft. Being down at Cherry Point where there was so much seafood around that area at New Bern, where it was a real center for seafood, we had the idea of setting up some of these planes and doing flying back into the Midwest to Ohio or wherever and flying seafood back and forth. So that was one idea. I looked into that, and that didn't really seem to be something we wanted to get into, plus we didn't have any money or capital. Whether we ever would have developed into another FedEx or not, who knows. So we looked into that.

I thought about trying to go to work for the airlines, but I had spent so long in fighters that that was sort of my kind of flying, and while I'm sure I would have adapted like everybody else did to the new requirements of airlines flying, when my regular commission was—I was accepted—then I decided to accept

that. I was never sorry. I liked the Marine Corps, and I enjoyed the life, and I particularly enjoyed the flying.

So after Dave was born, then, when we were stationed there at Cherry Point, there wasn't much flying going on then. There were so many people, and people were still getting out, and we didn't have as many airplanes. A lot of our maintenance people were getting out. So it was a time when there wasn't a whole lot of flying, and yet we were trying to keep the squadrons together and keep them as well trained as you possibly could, but that was a hard job back then.

About that time I was transferred to the West Coast. They decided there were too many people at Cherry Point, and I was transferred to the West Coast and was out there, then, during the time period when, literally, if we wanted to fly in a squadron, we literally did much of the maintenance ourselves, the pilots out working on the airplane. That used to give me a little pause, because I wasn't sure I wanted to fly an airplane that the pilots had worked on. I'd rather have the fully qualified maintenance people working on it. [Laughter]

But I was in a squadron called 323. The Death Rattlers was their nickname, out on the West Coast at El Toro, Marine Corps Air Station at El Toro, Orange County, right by Santa Ana. During those days, in the post war days, we kept as many airplanes in commission as we possibly could, and for some reason, there were a zillion requests for fly-overs and for air demonstrations and for squadrons to take part in air shows and local community things. And so while we did a lot of training, we did air shows when I was in that squadron at San Diego

and over Orange County, at Long Beach, San Francisco. That was a big thing then to have a Corsair squadron fly over some event, and we got pretty good at it.

We trained whatever we could do there. We were there a few months, and there was an opportunity to go to—well, they were looking for people to go to China. I was due for another overseas tour anyway, and the way they had it planned was that you would go to China, and we were supposed to be in China just for another like sixty or ninety days, something like that. Then the plan was that the squadron would be pulled out of China and come back. At least, that's what we thought was going to happen. That looked like a pretty good thing, because I would get full credit for an overseas tour, and with Dave having been born and by this time Annie was pregnant again, so we're going to expect another baby. I would be gone, we thought, at the most three months, and then I'd be back. So the China tour looked like a good thing. So I was going to go, and I did.

The China tour was one that was in support of General George Marshall's peace teams that were in China trying to get peace established between the communists and Chiang Kai-shek, the nationalists. There was a Marine squadron, VMF-218, stationed just outside Peking, and it flew North China patrol, which was down, say, like flew every day over most of that area of North China, back and forth on a grid pattern, down low, 500 feet or so, looking for bridges that had been blown up or something like that and sort of showing the flag in support of General Marshall's peace teams. So that was the purpose in going out there, and the thought was that General Marshall's peace teams were going to be winding up

their work and be getting out of there in about sixty to ninety days, and then we'd come back to the States. So that was what generated the China trip.

[End of Interview]