A Veterans Oral History

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Glenn Thoreson
Narrator

James Soderberg
Interviewer

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JS: My name is Jim Soderberg and the date is August 4th 2014. I'm at the home of Glenn Thoreson in Mayville, North Dakota. "Where were you born?"

GT: I was born in Mayville, North Dakota, in 1941. I attended high school and graduated in 1959 and attended Concordia College. And after three years of Concordia, I had enough credits and I applied to medical school and to veterinary medicine school because my dad was a veterinarian. I was accepted at both and when I came home one day in the spring, I said, "Dad, I got letters from both. What do you think?" He said, "You don't have to think." Do you want to take care of patients in an air conditioned clinic or deliver babies in a hospital or deliver a calf when it's 10 below in the barn." I said, "Thanks." I was accepted at UND Med School 1962, finished 1964. It was a two-year school at that time and now it's four-year. Then I transferred to the University of Kansas and graduated M.D. in 1966.

JS: Who were your parents and what did they do?

GT: My mother and dad were born on farms by Buxton, North Dakota, at the turn of the century. My dad was born in 1897 and mom was 1901 and they met in high school. My father was the earliest trained Ohio State veterinarian graduate in Trail County. My mother graduated from a two-year program at Mayville Normal at Mayville, before Mayville State. She taught two years up north someplace and then got married and had a family. They are from Trail County. They grew up here, lived in Mayville. I was born here and grew up and went from there.

JS: How many brothers and sisters do you have?

GT: I have one sister. I have two older brothers and I am the baby of the bunch. My oldest brother died and the second brother is still living in Florida. My sister is older than I and she also is a retired nurse and lives in the Twin Cities. So we have three of us. My older brother in Florida, my sister in St. Paul, and me in Mayville.

JS: Were you drafted or did you enlist in the service?

GT: I was at the right time of my training where the Vietnam War and just curiously I just got the VFW magazine. The Gulf of Tonkin incident happened 50 years ago today. August 4th, I know that because I read it last night. I still got memory for that. Gulf of Tonkin when President Lyndon Johnson got the information that they didn't know what they were doing and not because I don't like President Johnson, but because he got misinformation and that was the beginning of the Vietnam conflict, August 4th 1964.

While I was in medical school and of course I was exempt until I graduated. I knew that when I graduated I would be vulnerable for the draft. Because of it when I was at the University of Kansas, my senior year, I signed up for the Air Force Early Commission Program, meaning that when I did graduate and had finished my internship which I did in Fargo at St. Lukes, that as soon as I was done with my internship I was committed to the Air Force. I did not want to go in the Army or Navy or Marines or whatever. I wanted to be a flight surgeon. I wanted to be a physician, go into flight surgeon aeromedical training and I wanted to fly. And luck would have it, I was – not luck I guess – but I was accepted into the Air Force five days after I finished in Fargo my internship, my family and I drove to San Antonio and was sworn in as a young green-horn captain, and was assigned to aeromedical space school in San Antonio at Brooks Air Force Base.

JS: What were the dates you were in the service?

GT: It was the first week of July of 1967 and I was discharged when I got home from Vietnam at the end of July of 1969. So I had two active duty years, five years reserve which at that point there was no reserve. I mean there was reserve on paper but nothing else I had to do.

After being assigned to flight surgeon training, I was assigned to Lubbock at Reese Air Force Base where again fortunately as a trained flight surgeon. People say what's a flight surgeon, you don't do surgery in the air and you don't fly? Well I did fly but you don't do surgery. Flight surgeons are a World War II – pre-World War II term which docs go in and some do surgery, some take care of shrapnel and some take care of pilots and the crews, all their medical problems. And because of that, they let the flight surgeons if they wanted to fly with missions, they did. They never had a gun or needed to fly. I wanted to fly.

My best friend, a picture of that gentleman right there on the fridge, lieutenant colonel, grew up with me in Mayville. His name is now retired Colonel – Full Colonel Bolstad, Richard Bolstad. He finished Mayville State and wanted to fly. He became a career officer and a career pilot. I wanted to fly like Rich except with glasses, I wasn't going to be a pilot, I was going to be a copilot. And that's what happened. I did get through the flight surgeon training, assigned to an air training command where we got to fly in T-37's, T-38's, the white bird over there is a T-38.

That's the sport's car of the Air Force. They still fly it. NASA still flies them for their pilots.

A year later I got a Christmas card from President Johnson inviting me to Vietnam, June 1st 1968 for one year to June 1st 1969. And I served at Cam Ranh Bay Air Force Base and was assigned again luckily to F-4 fighter squadron. The 559th TAC Fighter Squadron, the Billy Goats, hence the billy goat on my plaque. They asked me when I got there, "You don't have to fly, Doc." I said, "I know I don't have to." And although my wife was a little bit hesitant, "Why do you want to do that hon. Why do you want to go up and be exposed." Well, young and foolish, I guess. My friend, dear friend was a pilot and I wanted experience, not full time like he did but occasionally. And I was accepted into the squadron very well because, yes I will fly and they needed pilots at that time. They were short of trained pilots.

JS: How long was the pilot training?

GT: My introduction to flying was at Reese Air Force Base and that was about 10 months and that's when I got called up to Vietnam. When I got there, of course I'd never flown in an F-4, even though I had flown in other jets, this is a whole new ballgame because it's combat fighter. And when I got there, they inquired, are you interested in flying Doc. Do you want to be a back-seater? You're not going to fly the airplane, except you're going to once in the air if you have a knack for it, we'll let you fly it. But you don't take off. Well, I had no business taking off and landing. First of all, you can't see from the back seat very well. Second of all, my job was not to take off and land. That was the front-seater, the air craft commander.

And my roommate, the picture on the right up there with my roommate and I, we still communicate monthly. We see each other in the winter in Arizona and he and his friends put me in the back seat of that F-4 and took me out of the clinic, mercifully and put me in the back seat on a trainer right there and said, "Alright Doc, this is what you do to get the airplane going." And they rammed it to me for about three or four weeks and I was apparently a quick study because they said, "Alright, you're ready for a check ride." And what a ride. They took me up and they monitored to see if I knew what to do.

My job in the back seat of an F-4 was again not to fly it, although I could fly it from once we get airborne to the target, turn it back, but my job was to align the inertial navigation system which got us to the target and got us home again or if we had to go to a different base or something. Plus communication, talking to the towers, talking to the front-seater, talking to other squadron, how to use the radar. I mean this was all brand new stuff to me, but I loved it. I caught on and passed my check ride and subsequent to that over the next 11 months, they didn't let me fly my last month, which is fine.

I flew approximately 30 combat strikes. Putting in weapons in South Vietnam. Never was I supposed to go north, because that was a whole new game with missile

control and stuff like that. That's what the Air Force career pilots were taught to do and at the academy and/or in pilot training. So that was my in-country training was this below the DMZ.

But we did put in all kinds of weapons from standard bombs. You see the armament display were from 500-pound bombs, 750-pound bombs, rockets and awful weapon of napalm, which is a devastating awful weapon. We would come in at an angle. Part of my job was to call the airspeed and the angle so the pilot could focus on his – it's called a Piper. That's the scope that flip and that's the driver's copy control. And we'd come in about 450 miles-an-hour at about 45 degrees and ripple them and we'd get out of there because the fire would chase us. But it's an awful weapon.

It would take one napalm tank to take a football field. Whatever was there is gone, whether it's plants or people or trees, anything. That was not fun. So I did that. I got to fly and the squadron accepted me because of it I became one of the fighters although I worked in the clinics during the day. The day that the squadron needed me to fly, the commanding officer said, "Alright you're out of the clinic. Be over here at 6:40, we are going to prep and go and take off and land." And made it.

JS: So you're duties besides the flying then was being a doctor?

GT: Absolutely. My first mission there was a physician. We had three flight surgeons for about I suppose 70 or 80 men pilots and then all the crews that go with each airplane, all the maintenance people are part of my clientele. I didn't see walk-ins at the clinic. We had enough business with our own pilots staying and keeping them healthy and so on. And then the maintenance crews also would come in to get to see the flight surgeon. However, weekends and one night a week we had a pretty good active emergency room at the hospital. The 12th USAF Hospital and we were assigned to take a rotation. I would say once a week at least and we'd be there from five until seven the next morning. And see everything from shrapnel to murders to drownings to colds to coughs to fights, drunks, anything. And that was my physician job. And the next day, I'd be in the clinic looking after pilots and then the third or fourth or fifth and tenth day why I would fly. And the flying part was – that was a thrill. It was dangerous and dumb, okay. But I loved it.

JS: What were some of your best memories that you had when you were over stationed over in Vietnam?

GT: The memories to me would be the camaraderie that I developed with 40 guys that I had never met before and spent a year with them. We had four guys, four officers, to hooch. A hooch was a small quonset as we know it in North Dakota with two beds here, two beds here and a sitting room in between and an air conditioner. Pilots got to use it. I got to stay with the pilots.

Learning to know the officers that I was assigned to and getting their confidence and becoming one of the guys, it sounds a little chauvinistic but they accepted me because: a) I wanted to fly and b) I was adequate. I was reasonably accomplished in it and the memories of that. My roommate, to this day, we still communicate as I mentioned and my youngest son - his name is Lynn Adams - and my youngest son is Mathew Lynn. And we have a special relationship and we flew together. We'd have a brewski now and then together. We cried together when somebody was lost and I did lose – I lost two roommates in the 12 months and four or five total in the squadron that I was in, the 559th TAC Fighter Squadron.

One was a very sad incident where my friend and one of my roommates, his name was Doc R, Captain Robert Cameron. We were flying nights and, of course, on my duty at nights as flight surgeon was to be available if there was an emergency. Well unfortunately, this airplane took off in early 1969 in the dark and the cabin somehow condensation, the fog didn't clear when they hit the power and he couldn't see where he was going. And as he took off, he rotated. The airplane caught the big cement. They had side posts on the side of the runway and he caught with his wing and of course he never got off the ground and the airplane crashed and he was killed instantly. The back-seater was killed instantly and our squadron was on alert so I was in the ambulance and so I was there in about 10 minutes as the doctor. Well there was not much to do as a doctor except seeing terrible dead. You could see them. One was on the runway and one was in the cockpit yet.

But all the armament weapons came off the airplane and as it took off, it hit and went sideways and ended up like this going down the runway, off the runway and the weapons were bombs, bomblets, rockets, CBU's, cluster bomb units that came off like watermelons – small cantaloupe out of a big pod bomblets. Each one was a bomb, were all over the territory.

And as the firemen got there and we were standing at a respectable distance, all of a sudden one of the rockets that had come off caught fire and went right back into the airplane and another massive explosion. And the fireman right next to me, I suppose we were at 50 feet away roughly and he was on my right side and the shrapnel came and just like a scalpel severed his whole right arm off. And of course he was bleeding and passed out. I was standing there and we got him out of the area and got the bleeding stopped and the ambulance came and we saved him. So that along with the combat strikes are great moments for me to recall; one tragic and the rest of them very special. Each one I can recount and I've got a diary of all of them.

And the people, in fact my squadron commander was a Thunderbird boss. If you know the Thunderbirds and the Angels which you do, just before as I got there this guy was assigned from them. They had shut them down for the war basically. And they needed pilots and they needed airplanes so this guy came over and became my squadron commander. His name was Colonel Paul Kauttu, and he and I for whatever reason hit it off. And he liked the flight surgeons that flew and he liked the fact that I was willing to hang it out there. And because of it he took care of me.

A nice greeting on the picture here from him. When he left he made full colonel. Six months later he was bumped up to a DCO job and got out of the airplane. He didn't want to go but he got either promoted or "your screwed" so. Colonel Kauttu was a good friend and I got to fly with him. But as a Thunderbird boss, he let me fly lead [undeciperable**]. Well luckily I seemed to learn it and they trusted me and we got home again, got the target and got home again. So I flew two or three times with him and memories of that kind of thing … incredible. I'll go back a little.**

My first day in Vietnam. I landed in Seattle at McChord Air Force Base, took off, got there the next day. The guy that I was replacing met me, a flight surgeon. And he said, "Before I go back in this airplane, I'm going home and you're coming over here. I'm going to introduce you to some of the squadron members." And so he took me to squadron ops and they were sitting around. They weren't flying for the day, having coffee and talking smart. So I get there and he says, "This is your new doc." And he had to read my name, Thoreson. And takes me, "This is Bob, this is Al, this is Henry, this is Jim." And I looked at his name. I said, "Jim McMullen?" "Yeah, I'm Jim McMullen, Major." I said, "You're from Hoople, North Dakota, and your older brother is Harvey. He was my high school coach and my peewee baseball coach." And he said, "How in the hell did you know that." And that was Jim McMullen. His brother who I had never met, only was aware of him and his brother Harvey who lives a [indecipherable**] away from me now, was my high school coach. When I went over, he said, "Glenn you may run into my brother. He just got there. I don't even know where he is." And sure as hell, excuse me, I walk into the squadron and here is Major McMullen, Jim, and we even ended up in the same hooch together. This is a picture, this is Jim McMullen on our last mission. And James finished his Air Force career. This is a summary of my last mission with James, Major Mac, and he moved back to Mayville right next door to me where he died unexpectedly several years ago. His wife still lives right next door to me, right across the hedge. So we go from strangers to roommates to neighbors. So those kind of memories, the flying, the incidents, the awards, the thrill of combat, I guess.**

JS: What was your very first impression of Vietnam when you first landed?

GT: Heat. It's all concrete, you know, all the runways and even where the houses were, at least we had air conditioning as I mentioned. But heat and as an officer I had access to at least a bed with an air conditioner and we ate food. Of course it was a mess hall. And officers had to pay for it, you know. Enlisted men had their own at no charge. That's great.

But we used foreign MPC Monopoly money. Military Pay Currency it's called. So we'd have a 10-cent piece. It looked like a Monopoly 10-cent piece or a 50-cent or a dollar or a 5 or 10 or 20, I think. And about every six weeks they would change the color of them because the VC would get a hold of these things and they came on the base and we called them the VC – the national guard. Well they were Vietnamese that came onto the base and cleaned and did the menial work. I'm sure they were screened pretty well. But how many of them were VC, I don't know probably a

very small amount. Anyway if they got a hold of it they had access to the black market so they would change it unannounced and if they had $500 in play money, suddenly it was zero, because they were the wrong color. And we had the right color. You didn't want to get caught with greenbacks.

So Vietnam, my impression was the heat, the Vietnamese people that I had experience with were on the base and were friendly. I took care of them in the clinics. They also had access to the emergency room, so I took care of moms and dads and kids in the emergency room as a doctor.

I lived a different life over there, than say the people in the Marines and in the Army, because they were in the jungles. That was awful. They were wet constantly or hot constantly and the diseases and the wetness that goes with being in the jungle all the time. Plus they're getting shot at all the time. So the Air Force was different in that we had a bed. They slept in the jungle. We were protected basically and except if you got shot down, that's a different story. But overall it was a place that we knew what we could bomb and what we could destroy was off limits because of McNamara, President Johnson, Dean Rusk, etc. You can't bomb anything that might kill a civilian. And you just can't go arbitrarily and say, "This is my target, but I'm going to go over hear instead and take out this oil factory." They'd court martial you. Rules of engagement. We studied them once a month. They'd have a quiz on what you could do and what you could not do, so. It was a different life.

JS: Do you feel your military service was a benefit to you?

GT: No question about it. First of all, I grew up. I was a green horn, North Dakota kid who had been in college and med school, pretty sheltered in North Dakota and Kansas and then Fargo for a year. But I matured, I realized that the world has some places with bad stuff going on and war was one of them. And even though I wasn't in the jungle getting shot at, I was in the air getting shot at. And you were gone from your family. We had an R & R, my wife and I, Rose, met in Hawaii, more than halfway through. I flew from Cam Ranh to Honolulu and she flew in a blizzard, Fargo, Billings, whatever, just to get to Seattle, then they were stuck. Then in Seattle finally she got to Honolulu a day or two into our seven-day rendezvous, which became a five-day. I learned that there are good things going on and there are bad things going on. That you meet new friends, new acquaintances, whole new experiences that has affected me the rest of my life, in a positive way. That way and comraderies with pilots was something that I had not encountered before. And great memories and diaries and pictures and friends developed.

JS: While you were over there, did you get much news back the United States about the protests?

GT: Yes, definitely the *Air Force Times.* **We got it delivered once a week, I think it was, and the protests were there. The pictures of how they disliked, especially of killing "civilian" Vietnamese. How the bombers were bombing civilians and we were**

trying not to but eventually you know. What was going on in Israel right now and Gaza and someone was going to get hurt. So we read about one episode specifically, I have the Air Force Times that I saved and it was in the Spring of 1969, semester break the 'Zip to Zap'. In Zap, ND where this, was it the university or all kinds of young college kids gathered, got the message, and just annihilated Zap, ND. And that made front page in the Air Force Times. And I said, "I've heard of Zap, but I don't know where it is." But that was, plus the fact we were told when we get home again, when I went home June 1, 1969 – one year to the day later. We were warned, there was a phasing out of your service and we had to go to sessions where you signed over stuff that we got from the Air Force and what to expect when you get home. Expect very bad reception. We were even told that maybe wherever you landed, whatever airport, don't hesitate to put on civilian clothes. Don't walk through the airport or go out to the parking lot and meet somebody with your uniform on, because it could be disastrous for you. Hollered at, condemned, spit at, and we had guys who went home and come back said they were.

Now when I landed and I came home again, I didn't, I stayed in my uniform and I got to Seattle, Mcchord Air Force Base. It was early in the morning and I was discharged, so I got an early out from there and I flew from there to Minneapolis-Fargo, in my uniform 1505, not the flight suit but the uniforms. And I didn't have a problem in Fargo. But stories of harassment and hate because of the war.

JS: What did you do after you were discharged?

GT: I promised the group in Mayville that when I returned in 1969 after one year, that I would set up a practice in Mayville in family practice. It was a four man practice, basically it still is. But in 1969 one of the older gentlemen said, "Glenn when you get back, I will retire," because he was in his 70s, "and you take my spot as part of a four man." They were young physicians then, so there were four of us. Three of us, two of them had been in the Air Force themselves in Peace Time. So I joined them and I practiced medicine here from 1969-until 1996 or 97. Again cold turkey retired and said, "No, I can't do this. I've gotta work." And Valley City needed help because they lost a couple of guys who had left. So I worked there for two years and then the last year of my career, I still wanted to do something so I went to the VA Hospital, applied and they said, "Yeah, we'll take you right away. You can start work next week." So I worked a year and a half at the VA in Fargo in their clinic and then I retired totally in 2006 or 7. Totally done practicing medicine. So I've retired totally for about six years.

JS: What do you do now?

GT: Well, I still get bored once in a while, but now I'm resigned to the fact. I love to golf, we have a lovely golf club here. My wife and I, a couple of years later, bought a cottage in Detroit Lakes. Where she is as we speak. And my kids they were all married and with jobs. So we were free to kind of come and go. We would go to Arizona for a month in the winters and piddle in yardwork and then you go to the

cottage and piddle in the yardwork, back and forth so for the past four or five years that's what I have done. Now I'm good with the retirement part of it. I still have great communication with my dear friend, Rich Balstad, and some of my Air Force friends. We communicate and we don't get together except for Lynn. Lynn and I get together. But now I have accepted the fact that I'm not working anymore and now I'm good with it.

JS: Do you still get chances to fly?

GT: Good question, the answer is yes. When I became friends of Bob Odegaard from Fargo. He built the Mustangs. I contacted him one day and said, "I'm a past Air Force officer, flight surgeon, flew combat, da, da, da." And he picked up on that and called me and said, "Alright Glenn, let me hear your story." I said, "I'd like to fly in the Mustang." And I have a picture of it over here. He said, "Well the summer I'm busy going to shows and doing stuff. So in September." This was in 2001 or 2002. I contacted Bob Odegaard and he said, "Okay I can come in September. I'll let you know." So he called me, happened to be on my birthday in September, the 9th of September. And Bob said, "Yeah, I'll take you up with the two seater. We got the T-model from the trainer." And he built it, of course. He said, "I don't know what time I'll be there but it will be in the afternoon and you'll know when I arrive." So a couple of my friends came out with me and my wife, of course, Rose and all of a sudden from the south. Here comes on the deck, this P-51. Nice cruising speed, it came right over the airport Mayville and picked it up and lifted up and split [indecipherable**] and came back and landed. And that was my 62nd birthday so that would in 2002-03 or whatever it was. And took pictures and flew and got to fly in the Mustang. That was a thrill. It is one of the great American traditions in flying, in the Air Force, Army is the P-51.**

I had an hour ride, we did some acrobatics over the city and showed off a little bit over the golf course – it was men's night. Got pictures and so I got to fly.

And now he was killed at the air show in Ohio. He crashed and then his wingman was the one who also crashed. But it was actually his son, it wasn't Bob.

Bob crashed six or seven years later over Valley City at the air show. That was just a couple of a years ago in the P-51. No that was in the Corsair, that was in the old rare, rare, rare Super Corsair. The red one. And of course I flew in this one and I didn't get to fly in that one. But it was only or two in the world and I think that might be the last one that was flying. Of course, he was killed instantly, the plane was burned completely.

The flying part was fun and flying with him was a thrill and I got to fly the airplane to boot. So that was a pretty special treat and memories.

JS: How would you like to be remembered?

GT **First of all as a family man with my kids. They all understand that 'Gee Dad why did you expose yourself in the war like that?" I said, "I did it only because I wanted to. I wanted to fly whether it was in combat and not." I loved the flying bit. My best friend, Rich Balstad, Colonel Balstad, was in the Air Force. He was there in 1966 in Vietnam at the Nang. I was still in training, interning at Fargo. He wrote me letters from the Nang to Fargo, two and a half years later he's back in America and I'm in Cam Ranh Bay Vietnam writing him letters. So we grew up together, we married high school sweethearts, he married a classmate of mine, my wife was a high school sweetheart. So I have contact with him and now we talk smart once in a while flying and he flew F-4s, I got to fly the F-4 and that was absolutely a thrill. I drifted off …**

JS: How do you want to be remembered/

GT **Most of all as a caring father, caring physician. I practiced 38 years of medicine here in Mayville or in North Dakota – Mayville, Valley City and the VA Fargo. I hopefully will be remembered as good doc, a caring father and husband, and the fact that I did participate, maybe not welcomed by my wife, but I had a chance to do something that very few doctors do. Not only fly, as a flight surgeon, but to fly in combat. That part to me was an incredible memory that I will go to my grave saying, "This was what I did for one year. I took care of people over there. I had all kinds of medical experience after interning in Fargo and going to Vietnam in the Air Force."**

But the flight experience, was … now they don't allow flight surgeons, there is special training for that, which I did. They don't allow them to fly in combat. Think about it, it makes sense. You've 11-12 years of training behind you and you go up and get one bullet, you know. Well, I was lucky enough that I didn't. I have friends still from 40 years ago and experiences.

I got to name an airplane, even. Up on that top left picture. My wife's name is Rose and of course she is Rosie. This was a sequence of our landing on our last mission. Jim McMullen? My ultimate neighbor here and friend of my brother and my coach. I've been through that. He and I were in the same squadron, Jim and I were due to be done together. And our last mission, we flew a combat strike and I was six months into the program and the commander called me in and said, "Glenn, how would you like to name an airplane after somebody?" I said, "Sir, I, there are majors and lieutenant colonels that don't have names on their airplanes." He said, "That wasn't the question. Would you like to have a name put on an airplane?" I said, "Yes sir." So I got together with not Jim, but the other guy, and his wife's name was Delores and her nickname was 'D'. He said, "You submit me a name and I'll approve it as long as it isn't some corny name." So we picked out 'Rosie D" and he approved it and the next day, we had an airplane named for our wives. Our colors were blue and white obviously with the squadron suits. It was his name on the front and Captain Thoreson on the back. So that was very special moment to be selected when there were senior men there, majors and lieutenant colonels who

didn't have a name on an airplane. That told me they seemed to like me. And that I was: a) doing a job and b) someone who was rather competent in the backseat that they trust me on an F-4. Flying at 500 miles-per-hour.

JS: So they didn't name the airplanes like they did in WWII, the bombers, that all had different names on them and …?

GT: I don't know how they selected them then. Obviously I know the Memphis Bell for goodness sakes. I have a picture of the Bell in here. They had to screen the name. It couldn't be a bad name, but the commander, Colonel Kauttu, who came from the Thunderbirds. He was the Thunderbirds guy, again took a liking to me, and I think that was why I got to name an airplane. And they were some tough names on noses B-17 and B-24 and B-29. The guys who got to name them had their wives names or clever cute name. But nothing malicious or 'half naked lady' or whatever and the 'snakes' or something.

Since I'm a WWII nut, I read history, I take courses right as we speak at Mayville State. I go for the history courses and one of my golfing partners is a golfing professor. Three years ago he said, "Glenn, if you're bored why don't you come and just audit the classes – history." I've been doing that, I've got seven semesters in now. No credit, but just the experience and learning now what I want to learn instead of a gun at the head you've got to learn this next week. And to me it was a thrill to have an airplane named. The Rosie D was shot down about six weeks before I came home and I lost two roommates because of it. But that was thrill, especially to be able to fly in it with my ultimate neighbor and friend from North Dakota.

JS: Do you have any closing comments?

GT: First of all the war itself was and how do I say this, it was run badly and that's not my opinion, that is 100,000 officers and GIs who were sent to Vietnam to do things that didn't seem to want to end the war. The guys in the jungle who slept in the rain and the mosquitos, in the quagmires, and so. And sat there, they couldn't bomb, you couldn't shoot this target unless you were approved by officers in Washington. LBJ, President Johnson, and McNamara were calling the shots for our squadrons. You can bomb this tomorrow from the White House but you don't bomb this. If you stray off and you see something going on here, you do not go to target 'B'. You hit something maybe significant or maybe a total waste of time and/or life. My experiences were something of a [indecipherable] **yet. I loved the flying part of it, the comradery with 50 other officers in my squadron, the 'Billy Goats'. That's the 'Billy Goats' up there the plaque. We were the 'Billy Goats' of Cam Ranh Bay and our fighter was the F-4 squadron. I enjoyed the comradery, I got to know people, I still communicate with my roommate. I've met people who are incredible and went out and picked them up in the jungle beside. My squadron in a bag after they'd been shot down. So, great moments, sad moments. Happy to come home Alive.**

JS: Thank you Glenn

GT: You are welcome