

War Era Story Project 2012

Submitted by: Janice and Christine Glenn

Current home town: Lancaster, Ohio

Age: Not given

We would like to submit this bit of information in honor of our late dad, James L. Glenn. We hope you will find it helpful.

Dad was born with a heart defect in 1921. When the war broke out in 1941, he was finishing farm contract work. He attempted to enlist in the Army and the Navy on three different occasions, but was rejected each time due to the heart issue. The recruiting officers told him he could drop dead from a heart attack and jeopardize the safety of the whole unit, wherever that might have been. Dad always felt bad for not being allowed to enlist to serve his country, especially since our family's history includes much military service, not unlike countless other families. Dad lived with that sense of rejection all of his life. The topic came up often.

Not to be deterred by having been rejected, Dad left farm work and sought employment at Goodyear Aircraft in Newark, Ohio, as machinist. His responsibilities included making tail hooks for aircraft carriers and airplane parts for P-38s, B-29s and Grumman Hellcats. He told us about the federal inspectors who came through the factory almost daily making sure the equipment was made correctly and to specifications. They took no chances. The work had to be done right or it was barreled. A paraphrase of a quotation he often shared was along the lines of: "If there are going to be problems, it's NOT going to be because of something we did wrong!" Someone's safety depended upon their (good) work. (Would that that same kind of pride existed in one's work today.)

When the war was over, we were told that there was quite hoopla of celebration in downtown Newark. Our parents, like so many others, resumed a normal daily routine, not giving a second thought to the many sacrifices they had made for the war effort, including but not limited to growing "victory" gardens and rationing nylon hose and gasoline.

Our uncle, Harold R. Glenn (Dad's brother), served at the Battle of the Bulge. He was sent home to stateside after his feet were frozen in that particular battle. Another uncle, James a Evans (Dad's brother-in-law), served on a battleship. Dad couldn't lay claim to that degree of service. We always felt, though, that he did indeed serve his county just as honorably to the best of his ability. (He did receive his Army/Navy E pin.) In fact, we had applied to and had been accepted for Honor Flight; but, sadly, he passed away before they had a flight with one more seat. He will never get to see the Memorial in Washington, D.C., dedicated to the efforts of his generation for freedom's sake. While his contribution to the war effort may have seemed of little consequence to him or to others, his meticulous machinist skills did help win the war. He went on to be an "A" turret lathe operator For Diamond Power Specialty Corporation, retiring in 1986 after 36 ½ years of service.

We hope this information will add a degree of quality and interest to your search for stories of the The War by those who lived them. Lovingly dedicated to our dad, our hero.