INTERVIEW I

DATE: July 7, 1987

INTERVIEWEE: ROBERT F. MCMAHON and MARK T. MULLER

INTERVIEWER: Ted Gittinger

PLACE: LBJ Library, Austin, Texas

Tape 1 of 1, Side 1

Mc: Start on the convoy element.

M: The story about our experiences starts on November 21, 1941, when we set sail on an army transport called the *Republic*, *USAT Republic*, from Fort Mason, California, *en route* to Manila in the Philippines. There were approximately 3500 American troops on board the *Republic*, and on the twenty-eighth of November we arrived in Honolulu and remained overnight and set sail the next day for Manila. As we steamed out of Honolulu, we were joined by a destroyer, an escort destroyer, called the *Pensacola* plus five other ships, three of which were freighters, one a Dutch passenger ship, which contained a lot of China volunteers, pilots for the--AVG [American Volunteer Group].

Mc: AVG. American Volunteers, and, incidentally, I'll correct you on that. That was a cruiser, not--the *Pensacola* was a cruiser, not a destroyer.

M: The heavy cruiser *Pensacola*, *USS Pensacola*, and then there was a sub-chaser, the *Niagara*, also joined the convoy. But all in all, there were seven ships, and we crossed the equator, and Pearl Harbor occurred on December 7, and we noticed that the convoy

was diverted south, and on the thirteenth of December, we arrived in Suva, Fiji, where each ship went up and refueled at the docks while the others waited out in the harbor. On the fourteenth of December we set sail, and we arrived in Brisbane, Australia, at the docks on the twenty-third of December, l94l.

Mc: Mark, I think it might be significant to note that the very last part of November, almost five days before the attack on Pearl Harbor, our convoy was diverted due south, and we actually crossed the equator on the sixth of December, which would be two days before the attack on Pearl Harbor, eastern time.

G: You are--

Mc: So evidently somebody in Washington knew this attack was coming. Pearl Harbor was not an accidental fluke that no one in Washington knew about. It was even apparent to us that there was some drastic reason we were being detoured because we had pilots on lookout and watch all the time. We could look down on the bridge on occasion and see where that compass was headed, and then we started plotting it on the map, and we weren't headed for the Philippines. We were headed due south, so we were obviously being diverted out of harm's way, and why no one knew until after--

M: Also, when we pulled into Honolulu we noticed there were barbed-wire entanglements, machine gun emplacements, all kinds of perimeters and fences right there in the harbor, and this was before Pearl Harbor. So I guess an alert must have been issued, but I don't think they expected that heavy a strike at one time.

Mc: Well, they--obviously the basic commanders were not knowledgeable on the capabilities of air power at that time because of--a navy lieutenant by the name of Jimmy Robb, who was on the ship, and I--and we grew to be friends on the trip over as far as Hawaii--we

toured by Hickham, and the place was lit up like a Christmas tree with one or two sentries standing out there with the wingtips of the P-40s all lighted with searchlights and wingtip to wingtip, and obviously there was no protection against an air attack, and that type [of] situation just made a very compact and easily-destroyed target, which we commented on at that time, and that was in--just about Thanksgiving time.

M: Well, when war was declared, we immediately went into black-out conditions on the ship, and they put some field artillery pieces on the deck. Unfortunately, the ammunition was in one of the freighters, which could not be accessed. So, all in all, we did fortunately arrive safely in Brisbane where everything was unloaded, and the headquarters was set up in the Lennox Hotel, one of the largest and newest hotels in Brisbane. From there on, with the arrival of other troops and other logistics and support material until General [Douglas] MacArthur got out of the Philippines, things were kind of--well, in a state of chaos because of the impending threat of the Japanese. Well, on this same ship, on the *Republic*, there were thirty-four crated P-40s aircraft, fighter aircraft, and one of the people in Brisbane was a captain, Floyd J. Pell, who had come out of the Philippines with a mission of guiding and selecting landing strips for the B-17 Flying Fortresses coming across the Pacific. Their route was across the west coast, Honolulu, Tientin Islands, Australia, and then the Philippines. Well, he being the senior air corps officer, organized these young pilots just out of flying school, had them assemble the P-40s, taught them combat tactics, and I'll let Bob tell the rest of the story because he is a pilot, and I'm a signal corps officer.

Mc: Well, when we arrived, nothing much was done due to inability to get the off-loading facilities out of the port of Brisbane, and, in fact, our ship was a pretty deep-draft ship

and had to be gotten into the docks a little later after they got some of the weight off it. So about the first of January we started working around the clock in four-hour shifts. You can imagine about thirty-two lieutenants being responsible for assembling thirty-six P-40s, and all of them just fresh out of college. I think when I left Hamilton Field, I had a total of fourteen hours in fighter aircraft, four of which were in a P-36, and none of them in the new P-40 E. But we did get them assembled, more or less, with the aid of some Aussies and the tutelage of a few sergeants that were destined for the Flying Tigers of the American Volunteer Group. They sort of oversaw the operation, and we performed the rest of it, and, as I said, we'd go four hours and then be off four hours, and then sleep four hours, and it was a continuing process. We finally got most of them assembled and test-flown, and the senior people that we had, and we were augmented by a few more pilots who had a little more experience, some of them out of the Philippines and some of them from back in the States.

We sent three provisional squadrons--as we'd assemble the aircraft according to the amount of experience we had, we'd just organized a provisional squadron and send them to Java, which was in immediate threat of complete collapse at the time. The first was the Seventeenth Provisional Pursuit, and I believe they left about the last ten days of January, which would put it on around the seventeenth or eighteenth. We formed another squadron, and I'm not sure what the nomenclature for that was, but I think it was the Twenty-ninth, or some such, Pursuit Squadron, Provisional. They went up, and part of them were able to get in, and part of them--they had accidents and problems all the way along the line including, when they first got into combat, their guns were all frozen up

because of moisture at altitude over the islands, freezing up and rusting the guns, and *et cetera, et cetera*.

We had everything that you could imagine in the way of obstacles, including we couldn't get coolant, ethyl and glycol coolant for our in-line engines, and so some wiseacre in the Quartermaster would say, "Well, why didn't you procure it locally?" Well, they never heard of ethyl and glycol or Prestone in the tropics or in Australia, particularly in the summer season, so we had to depend on trans-oceanic shipment halfway around the world by air to get coolant in our engines and things like this to even start operations. But that was just another day in the life of a fighter pilot in those days and we finally did get some up, but we didn't--we got the planes there and bodies, but there was no training and no cohesive units as such, and it showed up in the results.

Ours was the third provisional outfit formed, and it was formed by [Floyd] Slugger Pell, just then promoted from captain to major. And we were formed in Brisbane on about the third of February and given about six days of intensive training, which was the equivalent of primary flight training, staged landings, only in P-40s, and that was the only cohesive training we had. The fact that I had picked up a little air-to-ground gunnery in a P-36 at Hamilton Field in November of 1941 was probably the most gunnery we had in the squadron. I think that one or two others in the squadron had had some experience, and how much experience Pell had, I don't know. As it turned out, he probably wasn't the world's best fighter pilot, but he was certainly a military-type leader, and when he said, "Jump," you were expected to jump and the only question was, "How high?" So that's the way we started off on our odyssey around Australia.

We were initially told that we were to fly south rather than the northern route across Quancurry [?] and into Darwin, which the other two squadrons had taken. We were going to go south down around Brisbane and Melbourne so to be used as a morale-boost for the Australians and also confuse the enemy, as if we could confuse them with our little effort, we were confused enough ourself. So we started out around, and about that time we got the rumor that we were going to be met by an aircraft carrier on the western coast of Australia and flown--or taken up to the proximity of Java, and then fly off the carrier and into Java and land in Java. Well, this made sense to us as pilots, but none of us knew the practical aspects of it inasmuch as I don't think any of the pilots had even seen an aircraft carrier before let alone try and take off from one, and it wasn't the type of equipment that you could readily do this with. It wasn't a--it was a long-nosed plane that you had no visibility in front, and there were a lot of things that would have probably have contributed to disaster even had it been a firstline carrier. It turned out that the majority of the squadron had been pre-picked or designated to go aboard the carrier *Langley*, which was no longer a carrier. It was the navy's first aircraft carrier and had been--the deck had been chopped in half and used as a collier and transport, and we were to be transported in with our airplanes lashed on the various decks.

At this time, when we got to Melbourne, I, due to a--I was one of the flight leaders on orders and also in actuality, and Sydney, and take-off from the--let's see; what was the--Kingsford-Smith Airport, where the eager Australian fitters, we call them mechanics, managed to drop a wrench down by my coolant tank, and it fell down in the engine compartment and held up my take-off, which Pell was religious about. When he said we'd do this, we'd do it, and I was late getting off so in addition to my other duties he

made me adjutant for the squadron. In that capacity, I got to accompany him into Melbourne where we met General Pat Early [Hurley?], and, at that time they decided we'd split off ten of us--or twelve of us, rather--which was two flights. We used six ship flights in those days, and we were to go direct by the most expeditious route to Darwin, Australia. We started the most expeditious route from Port Thierry [Pirie], landing at Daly Waters--well, before that was Alice Springs and Daly Waters.

Daily Waters--when we landed, we lost two P-40s because of the manner in which they had been taught to land. They landed in a pile of dust, and there happened to be a ditch in the middle of the pile of dust, the pile of dust being created by Major Pell's first element. Then when we took off the same thing occurred; only I was the recipient of the accident on the take-off. The dust was so thick that you couldn't see half or a quarter of the length of the field. Pell took off first, creating all the dust, and as he was up out of it, looked back down, and said, "All right, where's the second element?" and we were lined up nine abreast and took off, and in the interim an Australian on a diesel tractor decided to drive across the field. I said, "All right! Second flight's rolling," and he got it. I collected the tractor with my left wing, and luckily, I was able to get the fighter up to Darwin, and we lost one other--Dick Sears' engine quit part way in, and mine was trashed after landing it at Darwin. We just saved the engine out of it, and it was a series of things like that all the way up.

We were trying to get a convoy and the team or fly escort for that. The convoy was under continual attack, but we weren't able to make any intercepts from that distance without radar or anything. We lost one pilot in that time period, Blackie Buehl [?], who was just going to be attached to us to fly to Java. We returned to the port of Darwin--or

LBJ Presidential Library
http://www.lbjlibrary.org

More on LBJ Library oral histories:
http://discoverlbj.org/exhibits/show/loh/oh

the convoy was returned to the port of Darwin on the night of the eighteenth, and they were trying to unload, and the next morning it was hit by the Nagumo Task Force [the Japanese carrier task force led by Chuichi Nagumo]. We were already on our way to Java, which was blanked out pretty much by weather, and we turned around and landed. My radio was out, so I couldn't vouch for all the details, but I picked it up from the survivors later, and we were about that time hit by the entire Nagumo Task Force. They pretty well did a number on us, shooting down I think four out of five of the airplanes that were circling the field, and the rest of us on the ground tried scrambling off. We did manage to get a pretty good accounting for ourselves, but all of us were shot down as the end result. I managed to stay in the air a total of about eighteen minutes and expended all my ammunition and got several of them in the interim, and that was my initial combat experience. Darwin was leveled in the series of raids which hit it, which were, I think, about two-and-a-half raids or three that day. I recuperated in the hospital and then went to New Guinea with the Thirty-fifth Fighter Group in defense of the port, Port Moresby, and it was at this juncture that I ran into the LBJ episode.

Some of us got there a little early, and we had about a half a dozen pilots in our group that had combat experience--mine was included--and our main group of people were stuck at Second Horn Island--they arrived about the seventh or eighth and were ready to fly. Essentially our first mission was this combined mission that Lyndon Johnson rode along on as an observer, and it was to be our first combined assault. I just happened to note here in this diary of Johnson's that he refers to "a combined assault that didn't work," and he was quite right, and part of the reason it didn't work was that the Japs were just a little bit too alert. I guess they had, obviously, a system of detection, and

also the fact that the B-26s were jumped was due in part to the fact that they were late trying to accommodate these two VIP's, including Lyndon Johnson and this other colonel that were from Washington. They were due to take off, as I recall, six minutes before their actual take-off, which would have put them six minutes over the target, but the plan, as I recall, was that the field was to be bombed at high level by B-17s. The B-25s were to come in on the deck, strafing and frag bombing at extremely low altitudes, and--

G: Was it B-25s or B-26s?

Mc: And then the third element was the B-26s, which were to come in at about ten thousand, or close altitude, push-over, drop their bombs, turn, and head east down the coast toward Point Cape Ward Hunt in the Buna area. Being the last ones, they were expecting some hot pursuit by the Zeros [Japanese Mitsubishi A6M Zero fighter aircraft], but the B-26 had the sufficient speed and the diet to just about outrun a Zero or stay equal with them if they weren't right on them. Well, as it turned out and as Lyndon Johnson said, it didn't work. Somehow or other, there was a patrol of Zeros up at that time, and the rest of them scrambled, and they were a fantastically fast-flying airplane. They would out-climb a P-39 four to one; they had about three to one range on us. They had almost the equivalent of firepower, and probably more effective air-to-air firepower, than ours was, plus the fact they had veterans with up to four years combat experience, so--including the top aces of the Japanese air force to that date. So we ran into a hornet's nest and we were actually, due to the lack of range of the P-39 and P-400, which we were flying--the P-400 was the British export version of the P-39 that the British wouldn't even accept, its performance was so poor. It wasn't up to the P-39s.

I was flying one of those turkeys, and we were orbiting over Ward Hunt to pick these B-26s up as they came off the target and down the coast, and we could hear they were in trouble because of the radio chatter, and you could hear, "Here comes one!" "All right! I'm on the bastard!" And then the bum-bum-bum and so-so and so, and the RT [radio transmitter?] traffic kept getting louder and louder as we listened and circled. We were almost to what the air force might call our "Bingo" fuel state. We had to start back, or we'd lose all ours, and about this time, I was flying top cover in a flight that was led by Kern Jones here in Texas, and Kern--it was his first combat experience or mission, and I picked up, personally picked up the flash from a canopy. The bombers were supposed to be one mile out over the water, so we could pick them up. They were all painted camouflage gray--I mean green, standard army green drab--and it would be easy over that pale blue water.

Well, they weren't. They were hugging the palm fronds all the way down the coast, and I picked up a flash just off the water, so we were out just a little too far for the actual position which they were. But I picked up this canopy flash, and I called to Joe Green, who was leading the main two flights--we called them "Charlie" flights. I said, "Charlie leader, check your--" it was at ten o'clock to me as we were weaving over them, and I had to think of what clock position it would be to him. I said, "Check your seven o'clock position." And he said, "There they are. Let's drop tanks," and so I slid wide from Jones and dropped my tank, and at that time, I saw Green and those guys peel off, dropping tanks and heading toward the place that I had seen the flash. Meanwhile, Jones said, "I've got one over here," and I heard his transmission, and he started down for some

lone ranger that was coming out across this big bay and going to cut these guys off at the pass--those were the B-26s.

Well, I'd already started to follow the main flight. Then I switched back, seeing Jones take off all by himself, and Jonesy opened fire as this Zero started climbing, and I tell you I had never seen anything better outside of a sky rocket than the way that Zero went up, and Jones started firing about a quarter of a mile at him and never let up the trigger. He must have expended his whole batch of ammunition going after that Zero, but it looked like somebody with a slow spray of water trying to chase a fast kid across the lawn. It just sprayed all the way right behind the Zero until he got up almost to his back, and then he fell off, and the Zero did a customary maneuver which was called a split-S turn--and that's like "s" as in sugar--and they get up and flip over and kick that big rudder. He was right back on him, and about this time I had problems; as I tried to advance my throttle, I started getting a series of backfires, and with that engine sitting behind you, it sounded just like a 20 millimeter going off behind you. So you clear your tail a couple of times, which got me too far behind Jones to be effective as a wing man, and so I still pressed on and finally got the engine stabilized after a couple of more backfires and clearing my tail again.

And I started down after Jones, and the Zero by this time had flipped over and was on Jones' tail, and so I could see what was going to happen. He was headed straight for Rabaul, and it was a long swim through shark-infested things, so I took a long burst at the Zero, shooting considerably over his head hoping that a few tracers would fall around and make him break around off Jones, and it was successful, only he started climbing again. From relatively nothing, he climbed at least another eighteen hundred feet almost

LBJ Presidential Library
http://www.lbjlibrary.org
ORAL HISTORY TRANSCRIPT
Lyndon B. Johnson Library Oral Histories [NAID 24617781]
More on LBJ Library oral histories:
http://discoverlbj.org/exhibits/show/loh/oh

in a forty to fifty degree climb. I went on like I was going to continue on after Jones, and he flipped over a little early, and then he was completely stalled and on his back, and I just sucked it up into him and shot him up pretty well. I was so concentrating on my shooting that I--all of a sudden when I saw I was getting hits on him I realized that the next thing that was going to hit him was going to be me. I pushed forward in a zero-gravity maneuver and got practically blinded by the stuff coming off the floor in the cockpit and was flying through the air at him in a nose-down position, and he was hanging upside down over me, and we were passed canopy to canopy. As I went under him, I could see something strange in the cockpit, but I couldn't tell what at that speed, and then I saw him last. He was streaming all kinds of stuff and going straight toward the ocean, and I pulled around toward the main bunch, Jones having disappeared under sort of an early-forming type cloud that was prevalent about ten thirty or eleven in the morning over there in the Pacific.

And the other guys bored on in through the bombers, the [B-]26s and the Zeros. Joe Green, that was leading it, all of a sudden developed some engine problems and said he was going home, and that developed immediately after Dick [inaudible] was shooting off his wing, opened up early on the Zeros and was hosing everything that he could see in sight. Jean Wall also got a crack at them, and then Jean's engine--I heard him give a couple of expletives and then say, "I'm going to try to put it in on the beach." By this time, I'd put the nose down again and got sufficient speed so that if I had another engagement I could get on through them, at least. With my engine still backfiring, I'd blocked it up to about thirty-one inches manifold pressure, where it wasn't giving me too much trouble, and re-set my prop, and headed down into the fray.

By the time I got there everything had split up and the Zeros were headed back up toward Lae and Salomia [?], and we didn't have enough fuel to chase them or do anything except hopefully get back over the mountains, and I made two big circles of the area trying to find Wall, who said he was going in. Unbeknownst to me, they were already over the beach when he said that, or inland, and he was headed back for the beach, and he didn't make it. He landed in the tall coona [kunai?] grass instead, which completely obscured his airplane. But the significant thing was that I made two big circles of the area at the time and saw at least six great big splashes and oil slicks, large ones, on the water, and, well, based on that I assumed that--one of them was so big that I'd heard that a bomber had gone in or was going in. One of them appeared to be the one of the bomber, and the other five--one of them could have been accounted for by--you couldn't tell from the altitude, I was around eight hundred feet--what the debris was in the water. At any rate, we assumed that we'd gotten four Zeroes on that raid, and I don't know. That was about it. I made another circle climbing and headed for Kokoda Pass and got through the pass by a matter of a few feet. I couldn't fly without the engine shaking and backfiring, and I didn't know when it was going to quit cold, so at any rate I got over the pass, and because of the condition of my engine, I had to land at Seven Mile [now Jackson Airport neat Port Moresby], which was not our regular strip.

We were at Twelve-Mile Strip [now Berry Airfield] , which was--Eleven-Mile rather, which was about five or six miles over the range of hills, and it was a considerably shorter strip than the bomber strip at Seven Mile, so I elected to land at Seven Mile for safety purposes and made it in there. As I did so, one of the bombers came in just immediately behind me on a one-engine procedure, or single-engine procedure, and I was

up in the mess hall with a bunch of flying school classmates, and they were kidding me, and they'd just--. They always got the deluxe treatment at Seven Mile because they could con the incoming bombers and planes that unloaded there out of a little extra beer and stuff the guys were bringing up that never got over as far as our strip.

So I was enjoying a beer with them for the first time in a couple or so weeks and having lunch, and I think it was Ben Green brought over this tall Navy commander, non-rated, and I--my immediate thought was, "Well, I know that maybe the Navy is about due to get into action here with us, but why would they send a non-rated officer?" And it turned out it was Lyndon Johnson, and he was primarily--wanted to meet some of the guys who flew the fighter escort on the raider pick-up. And inasmuch as the guys from Seven Mile were responsible for the local air defense when we came back over the field, well, none of them had flown, and so Ben introduced me to him instead as one of the guys on the raid. He was primarily interested, I noted, in how many Texans we had, so this turned out to be an especially over-nice trip [inaudible], and I allowed as how we had three or four, and that was my initial introduction to Lyndon Johnson.

G: How did he impress you? What were your personal impressions?

Mc: He was a pretty big guy, especially when you're used to fighter pilots who usually are a smaller stature. We had one guy who was about that size. He was Bob Fauraut, his brother later was coach--

G: How do you spell that?

Mc: F--well Fauraut, the same as--F-A-U-R-A-U-T, I believe [F-A-U-R-O-T], and Bob was, I think, an all-American from Missouri, and his brother coached there later for years. Bob would just about fit into a P-39 by slamming it in with two hot irons, and they'd taken the

cushion out of his parachute and dropped the seat and everything else in the P-39, and that was the only way he'd fit in it.

G: What kind of armament does that P-39 have, or were you flying a P-400?

Mc: Well, we had--the P-39's standard armament was two synchronized 50s that fired through the prop, and a thirty-seven millimeter cannon, which seldom worked over two or three shots, and two--or four thirty-caliber machine guns in the wings. The P-400, the only armament variation [was that] we had a twenty millimeter cannon, instead of the 37 millimeter, which was a pretty effective weapon, the most effective of the P-39 series.

G: So you had four light machine guns, two heavy machine guns, and a cannon.

M: And a cannon.

G: That's a lot of firepower.

Mc: That's a lot of firepower, but you had to coordinate it to get it at the right point at the right time, and it was a perfect airplane for ground-strafing, but we never used it for ground-strafing. It was a high altitude interceptor, it would take us usually about eighteen minutes to get to twenty thousand feet, which wasn't a very accessible thing, and then by that time, we were about halfway out of fuel. You either dropped your tanks or--we had to make this climb with belly tanks just to be sure we survived over our own air field.

G: Did LBJ say anything to you about the raid or the flight or [inaudible]?

Mc: No, he didn't say anything about the raid. He just wanted to meet somebody who was on the raid, and I thought he was a coordinator for what we'd hoped would be a combined navy defense of the area. It was pretty obvious that the Japs were trying to soften us up and take New Guinea, and we'd known that there had been some navy air fights to the

east of us between--off the eastern tip of New Guinea someplace, but we didn't know whether it was propaganda or for real or what.

G: Did you find out why he was there?

Mc: He didn't go into any details with us other than we just had a conversation mostly about how many Texans and what all transpired, and with that, I sort of promptly forgot it. I remembered his name was either Olson or Johnson. We were, as you recall, a group of comedians at that time, and I hate to say this about the future president, but that's the way I remembered who it was.

G: Did you have any subsequent dealings with him? [inaudible]

Mc: Well, I met him later at Waco, Texas. Yes. I didn't mention the other situation. This was after he became a senator.

G: Tell us about that.

Mc: He'd been elected, I believe it was, to the Senate, and this was about 1949, I think, in Waco. And Tommy Thomas, another PR at our base, was interested in some local issues, and we'd both boned up on a particular side of a local issue. It was something to do with one of the rivers and some project up there, so he'd hit him one minute with some questions--we were all dressed in civvy clothes--and then I'd take and hit LBJ with the other side. And I'd be damned if he didn't field both sides with equal aplomb and he had us both convinced that he was on our side. We went to the bar and had a big laugh after that one, but-- He sure kept his eye on me, and I was tempted at the time to bring up the incident in New Guinea, but I never did.

G: You don't know if he realized who you were?

Mc: I don't think so, but he was kind of watching us because we were setting up a mousetrap for him, and he was pretty wary. It was pretty funny, at least to us at the time.

End of Tape 1 of 1 and Interview I

NATIONAL ARCHIVES AND RECORDS ADMINISTRATION

LYNDON BAINES JOHNSON LIBRARY

Legal Agreement Pertaining to the Oral History Interview of

ROBERT F. McMAHON and MARK T. MULLEN

In accordance with the provisions of Chapter 21 of Title 44, United States Code, and subject to the terms and conditions hereinafter set forth, I, Robert F. McMahon, of Tampa, Florida, do hereby give, donate, and convey to the United States of America all my rights, title, and interest in the tape recording and transcript of the personal interview conducted with Mark T. Mullen and me, on July 7, 1987, in Austin, Texas, and prepared for deposit in the Lyndon Baines Johnson Library.

This assignment is subject to the following terms and conditions:

(1) The transcript shall be available for use by researchers as soon as it has been deposited in the Lyndon Baines Johnson Library.

(2) The tape recording may be made available to those researchers who have access to the transcript.

(3) I hereby assign to the United States Government all copyright I may have in the interview transcript and tape.

(4) Copies of the transcript and the tape recording may be provided by the Library to researchers upon request.

(5) Copies of the transcript and tape recording may be deposited in or loaned to institutions other than the Lyndon Baines Johnson Library.

Donor — Date: 12/10/07

Assistant Archivist for Presidential Libraries — Date: 4-15-2008

NATIONAL ARCHIVES AND RECORDS ADMINISTRATION

LYNDON BAINES JOHNSON LIBRARY

Legal Agreement Pertaining to the Oral History Interview of

ROBERT F. McMAHON AND MARK T. MULLER

In accordance with the provisions of Chapter 21 of Title 44, United States Code, and subject to the terms and conditions hereinafter set forth, I, Mary Muller Bevil, of Dallas, Texas, do hereby give, donate, and convey to the United States of America all my rights, title, and interest in the tape recording and transcript of the personal interview conducted with Robert McMahon and my father, Mark T. Muller, on July 7, 1987, and prepared for deposit in the Lyndon Baines Johnson Library.

This assignment is subject to the following terms and conditions:

(1) The transcript shall be available for use by researchers as soon as it has been deposited in the Lyndon Baines Johnson Library.

(2) The tape recording may be made available to those researchers who have access to the transcript.

(3) I hereby assign to the United States Government all copyright I may have in the interview transcript and tape.

(4) Copies of the transcript and the tape recording may be provided by the Library to researchers upon request.

(5) Copies of the transcript and tape recording may be deposited in or loaned to institutions other than the Lyndon Baines Johnson Library.

M Bevil
Donor

2-23-8
Date

Sharon Fawcett
Assistant Archivist for Presidential Libraries

4-15-2008
Date

NATIONAL ARCHIVES AND RECORDS ADMINISTRATION

LYNDON BAINES JOHNSON LIBRARY

Legal Agreement Pertaining to the Oral History Interview of

ROBERT F. McMAHON AND MARK T. MULLER

In accordance with the provisions of Chapter 21 of Title 44, United States Code, and subject to the terms and conditions hereinafter set forth, I, Mark T. Muller, Jr., of Port Orange, Florida, do hereby give, donate, and convey to the United States of America all my rights, title, and interest in the tape recording and transcript of the personal interview conducted with Robert McMahon and my father, Mark T. Muller, on July 7, 1987, and prepared for deposit in the Lyndon Baines Johnson Library.

This assignment is subject to the following terms and conditions:

(1) The transcript shall be available for use by researchers as soon as it has been deposited in the Lyndon Baines Johnson Library.

(2) The tape recording may be made available to those researchers who have access to the transcript.

(3) I hereby assign to the United States Government all copyright I may have in the interview transcript and tape.

(4) Copies of the transcript and the tape recording may be provided by the Library to researchers upon request.

(5) Copies of the transcript and tape recording may be deposited in or loaned to institutions other than the Lyndon Baines Johnson Library.

Donor — Date: 2/28/08

Assistant Archivist for Presidential Libraries — Date: 4-15-2008

NATIONAL ARCHIVES AND RECORDS ADMINISTRATION

LYNDON BAINES JOHNSON LIBRARY

Legal Agreement Pertaining to the Oral History Interview of

ROBERT F. McMAHON AND MARK T. MULLER

In accordance with the provisions of Chapter 21 of Title 44, United States Code, and subject to the terms and conditions hereinafter set forth, I, Conni Muller Elkins, of Amarillo, Texas, do hereby give, donate, and convey to the United States of America all my rights, title, and interest in the tape recording and transcript of the personal interview conducted with Robert McMahon and my father, Mark T. Muller, on July 7, 1987, and prepared for deposit in the Lyndon Baines Johnson Library.

This assignment is subject to the following terms and conditions:

(1) The transcript shall be available for use by researchers as soon as it has been deposited in the Lyndon Baines Johnson Library.

(2) The tape recording may be made available to those researchers who have access to the transcript.

(3) I hereby assign to the United States Government all copyright I may have in the interview transcript and tape.

(4) Copies of the transcript and the tape recording may be provided by the Library to researchers upon request.

(5) Copies of the transcript and tape recording may be deposited in or loaned to institutions other than the Lyndon Baines Johnson Library.

Conni Muller Elkins — February 26, 2008
Donor — Date

Sharon Fawcett — 4-15-2008
Assistant Archivist for Presidential Libraries — Date