Robert L. Cahill
Narrator

Michel Russert
Wayne Clark
New York State Military Museum
Interviewers

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Hampton Inn
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Michel Russert: Would you tell me your full name, date of birth, and place of birth please.

Robert Cahill: Robert L. Cahill; September 11, 1924; Beacon, New York.

MR: What was your school background or education prior to entering military service?

RC: Graduated from Beacon high school in 1942. I was drafted in 1943.

MR: Could you tell me where you were and what you remember hearing about Pearl Harbor?

RC: Yes, I was in the city of Newburg as a matter of fact, at a football game on a Sunday morning. Obviously it was morning, well afternoon here. They made an announcement over the PA system, and everybody in the crowd said where is Pearl Harbor? Just a week ago, I met my former, POW[Prisoner of War] buddy, was from Newburg and we were talking about Pearl Harbor. He mentioned the fact he was at the same football game, and the same reaction from people, where is Pearl Harbor?

MR: So you were drafted?

RC: Yes.

MR: In the Army-Air force near-

RC: Well, it started, in those days you went into the Army. I was drafted into the Army in April; I think it was I went to Greensburg, North Carolina for basic training. After basic training, they just decided where you went. I was sent to radio school in Schofield[unclear], Illinois. This was the Air force. Some fellas were sent to different things, which made them part of the infantry of something else.

MR: So you were trained as a radio operator?

RC: Yes.

MR: Could you tell us a little about your training?

RC: Well it was in Schofield, Illinois, which was a very hot place in the summer time. This was when we were there. The thing I remember most was very monotonous listening to the tada, tada, tada, for an hour at a time in the top. They didn't have any air conditioning in those days. After about an hour if you looked up, half of the guys have fallen asleep with the pens, and I have done that many times. I could get up to twenty five words a minute. I don't know why they sent us to school, because we never used code in combat. It was all voice, whatever we used was voice. It was very little if any communication. Anything would help the enemy.

MR: Now, you were also trained as a gunner?

RC: Yes, that started in Dalhart, Texas. Then they sent us to Uma[unclear], Arizona (clears throat). Then we went over to a place in Florida to finish our training. It was called phase training. We actually did some practice bombing, and some gunnery work from flying B17. I can't remember the name of the place at this time. Then we went to Salt Lake City, where we were put on permanent cruise and then we went into combat.

MR: Basically, that was your crew for-

RC: Yes, except we lost the copilot. I don't remember why. They changed copilots on us. I have no understanding why.

MR: You were assigned to B17's?

RC: B17, flying fortress.

MR: How did you get to Europe? Did you fly?

RC: We left Salt Lake City and went into Atlanta, Georgia. We spent a few days in Atlanta and then we went up the coast to Banger, Maine, to New Finland, to Iceland, to Azeri, to Maracas, into Fogger, Italy.

MR: What was your unit you were assigned to?

RC: Ninety seven bomb group, three hundred and forty one bomb squadron. In the fifteenth Air force.

MR: Did you keep the same plane?

RC: Yes, the same plane. It was a brand new plane that we took over with us.

MR: Did you decorate it with any nose art or anything? Did you name it?

RC: Our pilots name was Freddy, so we called it Freddie's Fools. That's all.

MR: Did you ever decorate your jackets or anything?

RC: Well, I was a prisoner of war so fast after I got over there. That didn't give me much time to do anything like that. I was shot down on my second mission.

MR: Will you describe your fist mission and then your second mission?

RC: Well, the first mission was to Prowest. It was not the famous Prowest raid, but it was one of the worst targets you have to go on. I do remember, I remember more now, it was the first time I fired my fifty cal. machine gun and someone fired back at me. I realized that he was trying to kill me and I was trying to kill him. I had gone through training and it never really dawned on me, at least the way I recall now, that I might get killed or that I was going to be killing other people. A humorous thing happened to me. When I got out of basic training I had worked at the post office in Beacon, and they offered me a job in a post office in Atlanta, Georgia. I didn't want that. I am from a family of eight brothers, eight boys, where six were already in the service and I was the seventh. I wanted to go fight the war. As I am flying over Prowest on a Sunday morning, and they are shooting at me. Flack is coming up and I'm very nervous and quite honestly, ready to heave out. I thought I could be in Atlanta, Georgia and in a sunny spot sorting mail right now. That is how bright I was.

MR: Will you describe your second mission?

RC: Second mission started out, we were going to Venae and we were starting in over the target. The flack was very heavy. We got hit in the number two engine. I was on the left side of the plane, and a big yellow sheet of flame goes by and the pilot says get the hell out of here before this thing blows up. So I didn't stop to ask him why or anything else. (cough). The B17 is divided by the bomb bay, five people up front and five people in the back. We all got off the inner com and we all got out. The four in the front had to go past the pilot's feet. He held them up because he got the fire out, but they got it again in another engine and they crashed landed. They were picked up by Yugoslavia, Partisans. They were taken pack to Italy. I hit the ground and we were taught to free fall as far as we could. We were flying at about twenty thousand feet when we hit. I couldn't tell you the altitude when we jumped out. As I told you before, we were taught to free fall so the enemy couldn't see us land. Well, I tumbled once so I decided that I was going to find out if the parachute was going to work or not work right now and it did. I hit the ground, grabbed the chute, ran across the road and hid it in some bushes. I was heading in a direction which I thought was the right direction. Around the corner came three civilians on bicycles with lends of iron pipes in their hand and they stopped me right away. We were taught to use the universal word of aid, and if they were Patrician they might help us. When I said aid they laughed like hell at me and rousted me down the street to a flack battery. I was amazed at the age of the kids in the flack battery, and outside of the lieutenant and maybe a sergeant. They were probably fifteen maybe sixteen years old. They took me, a Sunday morning, I had my flying suit, boots, everything, a walk about five or six miles to an Air force base. On the way, the scariest moment happened, an air

raid shelter was emptying out and the people were coming out. These two noncom's, who were taking me, were behind me and the people began to throw rocks at me, spit at me, curse at me, they started to walk slower, and the distance between them and I got greater. I thought well, I made it this far and I am not going to make it much farther. They didn't do anything. They didn't come near me, but to get close at me, spit at me, and make motions and things like that. It was probably the scariest moment of my time in combat, captivity, and everything. I thought the end had come. If I could back up, I would love to tell this part of the story. It is again humors. I grew up in Beacon and there is this place called the Alps. It was Greek candy shop and soda fountain. We use to hang around there after high school and it was down the street from the Catholic Church. Those days church was ten-thirty and after ten-thirty mass we went down there to decide where we were going on Sunday or what we have done the night before. Well, it was about eleven o'clock in the morning usually when that happened and when I bailed out of the Airplane it was between eleven and eleven-thirty. Many people don't believe this story, but I was wondering what they were doing at the Alps. A psychiatrist, who interviewed me for compensation said that was probably I wished I was there. A lot of people find it hard to believe. It's a true story. Then I was put in a room eight by ten, a door with a window very high and another window very high in back with a bed. I thought my God if I am going to spend the war in here I will go nuts, but that was only temporary. They took us out and they interrogated us. They asked me my name, rank, and serial number which I gave them. Then they asked me some other questions and I said well I can't tell you anything, you know that. Well with the size[unclear] that you need you don't have to tell me anything. I can tell you what you had for breakfast, who your briefing officer was, what your alternate target was, everything you can tell me, we already know. We were then led out into the court year. There was a bombardier there, I asked him what they asked him, was our bombardier, what they asked him was the northern bomb site. They didn't ask me anything. They told me they knew all about the northern bomb site, but the problem was they didn't know how to duplicate the lens. Obviously, I couldn't tell them that. They were almost blown up just before they left the air craft and from there we were taken up by train, by boxcar. It was called forty and eights, and from Venae to Baltic Sea, the East Prussian at the time in a place called Rust Town where there were four prison camps, all air court people. The box car was sub post to hold forty men and eight horses. Well, they must have had fifty or sixty of us in the box car. They had us in half of the box car and two guards in the other half. On the way, it took about a day and half to get there. I fell asleep standing up. I couldn't fall down because it was so crowded. When we got off the train we had been given Red Cross parcels with toiletries and things like that.

MR: Did you a waste gunner-

RC: Waste gunner, right.

MR: Were you ever given any food?

RC: Not yet, a cup of coffee in Venae, which was air, sets[unclear] coffee, which was awful.

Wayne Clark: Are you with the other fellas that were with you, your crew members from your airplane?

RC: Three of them were there, yes, one of them wasn't. The tail gunner broke his ankle so they took him to a hospital. We got off the train; the German guards were there with police dogs. It was about a five mile uphill climb to prison camp. They started to race us up the hill. Bayonetting, seeking dogs at us, and we didn't find out till later why they did it or what sub post to have been the reason was. The German Officer in charge of the prison camp, his family had been killed in Berlin in an air raid by American Airmen. If the guy dropped the parcel they stopped bayonetting him, but we managed to make it to the camp. Another interesting thing happened; the fella leaning up against the administration wall says to me, what the hell are you doing here? He is from Beacon, a friend of mine. We worked on the same golf course during the summer when we were in high school. (cough) it was a new prison camp. They hadn't finished the fourth complex, so we slept in the tents for ten days to two weeks. We started to build trenches around the tent so when the rain came down the water wouldn't come in. Germans thought we were trying to dig trenches to get out of the place. The Germans who took care of us were not the brightest Germans. They were well beyond combat age, and they were more or less a guard, that's all they were. There was one guy who, when we went in to be stripped searched, there was a comic stripe at the time Terry and the Pirates. There was a guy in it, Big Stoop, a very big man; this guy reminded every body of Big Stoop. He actually threw one guy out over petition because he wasn't getting dressed fast enough. So when I saw that, I only weighted about one hundred and fifty pounds. So I got dressed very quickly. I didn't get tangled up with Big Stoop. Eventually we were moved into the barracks. We slept in two tear bunks the whole, probably ten guys in a room, maybe twelve. We had straw ticks and they gave you a couple of boards to support the ticks. Now when they did a search, if you had a wide board, to split it up to spread it out, they took that part away from you. You were only allowed to have three boards in there. So now your mattress sagged a little bit more. I was in that room with one of my crew men and then I was also there with a guy from Boston. He was an Irish cop from Boston. Then we later in a forced march became buddies. I will tell you more about that later in my story. Life began to get very monotonous really. There wasn't anything to do. We walked around and at that time the weather wasn't that bad. It was July/August. We walked around the compound; we played a little bit of touch football and some softball. If you have seen any of the movies where, like the Great Escape, they had a short railing away from the outer fence. If you threw a football in there or softball in there and you wouldn't get it. Then they would shoot you and kill you. The guards would eventually get the football back. We had a small library, nothing much, had a lot of time. A fireman from Detroit, taught me scrimmage[unclear], played a lot of scrimmage. It really wasn't that bad, we didn't get much to eat. We had two meals a day.

MR: What kind of food did you get?

RC: Meal in the morning was barky soup, watery soup. Sometimes there were some mean. I remember one time they brought us a big bucket, this was dinner, one of the guys

from the barrack was allowed to go down and get the ration and bring it back. There was an animal head in the bucket. They were trying to decide, a couple hill billies from Tennessee, whether it was a dog or pigs head. I don't think I ever made up my mind what it was, but decided what the difference it makes. Let's eat it. Now the soup was always very watery. We got a half of loaf of black bread, which had a lot of saw dust in it, large contain of saw dust. If you kept it for a week and threw it up against the wall, you couldn't break the bread, but it put a dent in the wall. One of the other main stays was boiled potatoes (drinks water). We use to get Red Cross parcels, and they were split one between two. We would get chocolate bars in there, cigarettes; I didn't smoke so I use to trade for candy bars. I did pretty well with that. As a matter of fact on all of the barrack walls there was a trading schedule that showed how much a pack of cigarettes was worth, how much a Hershey bar was worth and so on. We got raisons in the package too. Some fellas saved the raisons and around Christmas or New Year's they made some raison jack. It wasn't that hard to get drunk at that time, you weren't eating anything. The Germans couldn't figure out the stuff to get drunk. I remember one German guard talking to me, saying that we would win the war. It was no question that you will win the war. Why would you say that? (cough) he said well if we send a thousand planes over today and you shoot down a hundred we send back nine hundred and fifty. If you send a thousand planes over and we shoot down a hundred, the next day you send a thousand planes back. It is just a matter of time. You are making them in America. We are making them in Germany. The ones in America are coming over and bombing the factories where we are building them. Eventually, it is a war of tradition. I'm a Roman Catholic and the Germans, we use to have rosary every night in the barrack and the non-Catholic, we would go in the latrine to do it, and they would give us ten or fifteen minutes every night. People say how do you get through it? I think two things allowed me to get through it. My faith was one. The other factor was that I was a young man. Later on in this narration you will hear about some older guys, how hard and how difficult it got for them. I have come through it physically, I think a lot better than the older guys too because I was young.

MR: Define older guy.

RC: Thirty years old.

MR: Thirty years old.

RC: Yes, on the verge of being too old to be drafted. This cop was thirty years old. We were told, too, by our officers to not to try and escape. First of all you don't know what is out there, you have no idea where you are, and you probably die or freeze to death out there. If you don't get shot by the German guards going out or shot by civilians if they catch you. I was shot down July 14, 1944.

MR: Did you have American Officers in your camp?

RC: Yes.

WC: They didn't separate-

RC: They were in a separate, yes. This was late 1949. The war was beginning to turn the right way so they said don't be foolish. We are going to win the war; you will get out of here eventually in one piece. In around January, we began to hear rumors that they were going to evacuate the camp. There were four separate compounds and I think there was somebody that said between twelve and fifteen thousand prisoners in it. A friend of mine, in the POW group, went out on train. When it came our turn there was no trains left. So we began to walk. We took with us what we could carry. We had winter over coats, boots, and stuff like that. GI over coats, at that time, was not the best thing for a forced march. We went almost three months, actually eighty days, we walked over six hundred miles. Sometimes ten miles a day, sometimes five miles, and some days we would sit. One time during, we had very little to eat. If you think we had very little to eat back at the prison camp, they had no way of carrying rations with us. Stop at German farms and if there were any potatoes there they would condensate them, boil them. A couple of times we would get into a farm, the American ingenuity, we would steal a couple of chickens and we would cook them ourselves. One time during the march, (cough), four days with nothing to eat. This is after having not that much. As a friend of mine said that if, when people talk about being obese, or they have a thyroid problem, did you ever see a fat prisoner of war? We were the pity me of that. We were skin and bones, that's what we were. Finally on the fourth day we reached another prison camp. We went in and found out that there were some British soldiers, Indian troops. They had some American Red Cross packages. So we went down and we began to trade. I traded my shoes, which were very good, for a can of spam. I didn't know why, at the time, he would give up a can of spam. In being Hindu they didn't eat beef. Guys traded their belts and whatever and we went back and had something to eat. I had to then walk the rest of the way in these broken down shoes, which this guy had, with holes in them and everything else. Dan Tomé, the British cop, which I had met in prison camp, we stayed together in pairs and he and I were buddies. I remember one night, outside of Berlin, raining, something awful. I got up sometime early in the morning. He went down and had a camp fire, and he said to me, how in the hell can you sleep with this rain? I said Dan when you are tired you can sleep any place and it is unbelievable. Now I don't sleep well sometimes when I travel in a hotel room today. That was a lot different. Then we perceived to continue the march. This would be sometime in late April. We noticed that the guards began to get nicer and nicer. Some of the other things that had happened that I forgot, some of the guys were in bad physical condition. If they weren't able to make it, the Germans would throw them waist side and either kill them or leave them for the German people to do whatever they wanted with them. I know one guy, a friend of mine, from Rhode Island; he was not in the same march as me. He was in another march. He carried a guy the last three days.

Carried him on his back, to save his life. Eventually we were in a farm yard; I can remember it was a very nice sunny day. The rumors began to circulate that we were going to be liberated. Because we had been followed by a piper clop airplane. We later found out it was General Terry Allen's. We don't know if he was in it, but it was his airplane. They were arranging for surrender. We walked into the town of Bitter field, Southeast of Berlin, white flags on all of the buildings. We walked up and the German guards handed over their guns to the soldiers. We were liberated. They had some k-rations which we grabbed and ate and got sick as hell; had diarrhea the next day. Then they took us again, an interesting thing, I went from being Liberated in Bitter field to a place in the halve called Camp Lucky Strike. Where they were getting ready to bring us back, they named them after cigarettes, but I personally don't remember if they flew me or by train. I read an article in our POW magazine, some guys accusing them of having doped us to get us there. I don't know what he meant by it but I do remember that I don't know how I got there. I think his was some fantastic dream. Anyways, we spent a few weeks there and they did something to us then that recently I read today that they would never do today to a prisoner of war. They gowned us with all the food we wanted and made us drink eggnog twice a day, out of a canteen cup. Worse thing in the world, people who hadn't been eating regularly was sub post to take it back gradually. We got on a boat called the Admiral Benson. In three and a half, four days later we were back in New York. I remember the band playing a very popular tune at that time, it was called Don't Fence Me In. Cause the boat was full of formal POWs. That is basically my story. I don't know if you have any questions on anything that I can elaborate on.

MR: Do you know how much weight you lost?

RC: Yes, I was about a hundred and fifty six and about a hundred when I was liberated, and I weight a hundred and seventy right now.

MR: What kind of effect did the heavy diet eggnog have on you?

RC: Oh, I put weight on. What they were trying to do was to get us back so when our people saw us we wouldn't be emanated. That's really what the idea was.

MR: Right, so it didn't have any effect, did you get any diarrhea from it?

RC: No, not at that time. (cough) Now, one of the other comments I would like to make. It sounds like a terrible experience that I went through. It surely was a terrible experience. It is probably not as bad as or worse than a lot of other combat soldiers were in. One thing about it, it stood me a good stead as I went through life. When people complained, I worked at IBM, and they complained about things. You don't know what bad is. I mean

this is easy. Tomorrow everything will be fine, but that is not the way it was for ten months. It took me through life pretty much that same way. I took the bad bumps with the good ones.

Other interviewer: Did all of your crew survive?

RC: Yes, I still hear from one of them. Tail gunner is out in Montana or some place. Same age as me, from Pennsylvania, weighted about the same as I did, tells me now he weighs two hundred and eighty pounds.

MR: Now did you all stay together for the whole time?

RC: What do you mean? In prison camp?

MR: Yes.

RC: No. I didn’t see him after the march because we were in groups of maybe fifty people. So he was in a different barrack. Didn’t see anybody from my crew again, didn’t hear from any of them when I got back, had contact with the other waste gunner from Syracuse but it was brief. So the only one that I really keep in contact with is Joe Tucana. Now the Boston cop was another interesting story. He and I very good friends, very close, and after the war friends of mine went to a wedding in Boston. He was from Quincy, Mass., and he heard the mention Beacon and he asked them if they knew me. They said certainly. They said he began to cry when he heard that. He wrote me one letter, he got my address from them. I sent him back another letter, and never heard from him again. I went to Boston on a convention about fifteen years ago. Picked up the phone and there was one deem to me in Quincy, Mass. I started to dial a number and I put it down. My wife says what the matter? I says well maybe it’s better off, it could be his grand-son, son, maybe he died, maybe I don’t need to know what happened to him. Maybe I would be better off leaving it the way it was. Some fellas from the camps are still very close, well some of the prisoner of war, if you were in an infantry outfit you were with the same guy for a very long time. We were only together for maybe a couple months. We didn’t build up that comradeship that an infantry group does who has been together for a year, two years.

MR: You said that the effects of the camp were different for older prisoners.

RC: Right.

MR: Could you go back about that?

RC: Well, I think that they came back with health problems as soon as they got back. More from a stomach and an alser kind of problem. Some of them with PTSD and they didn't find it out till later. Really didn't know what PTSD was at the time. But almost every prisoner of war suffers from some PTSD.

MR: Why don't you tell us what that means?

RC: Post Traumatic Stress Syndrome (Disorder). I still have dreams of being captured. I was talking to a guy the other day, who was in Vietnam. He said I didn't know what PTSD was until one day, he worked in IBM, he came out of one of the buildings and a helicopter came over, bringing the CEO to the pad. He said it scared the hell out of me. Brought back to being over in the fields in Vietnam with the helicopters flying around. Some of our people are much more, as much as fifty to sixty percent PTSD. Some of them had problems holding jobs, almost all of us have alsers, traumatic arthritis, and some have very very irritable bowels. I had that for years. My doctor could never figure out what the problem was. Until I finally went for a physical. The other thing was, most all prisoners of war came out, didn't think anything about benefits. When I say benefits any kind of pension or anything. It wasn't until 1984, that the government began to have what they called protocol physicals on POWs. Checking on conditions they had. In Congress through the years have come up with things called presumptions. This means if you have an alser they presume you got it as a prisoner of war because there were no medical records on any prisoner of war. If a man got hurt in combat there was a record that the doctor could look at. Even if we got shot on the way down they took us to a hospital then they put you in a regular prison camp. They kept no record of what they did for you at that time. So they came up with all kinds of presumptive. Now I had to go through the physical to make sure you had it. Then a psychiatric talked to all the guys and some of them are still having trouble with certain aspects of everyday life. It is amazing. My wife, we have luncheons, one day we go to the hotel fair at WestPoint, one day there were eight of us, four guys and their four wives. We all got talking about our experiences. My wife said to me later, I never heard about half of what you were talking about at that because we didn't talk much about it. Today since I been active in the POW group, I am not a New York State Commander. I go to my talks at high schools and things like that. So people who have known me for a long time have become aware to the fact that I was a prisoner of war. I worked at IBM for years and guys didn't know it. I played golf with a guy who was a prisoner of war and we didn't know it because we didn't talk about it. How we found out was because the state issued POW plates. Then we realized we were both prisoners.

MR: Did you ever use the GI bill when you returned?

RC: Yes, I bought a house with the GI bill. Other than that (cough) I didn't go to college because my brother started a business. He had an appendectomy; I already put applications into Syracuse and a couple others. He had an appendectomy and in those days you had to stay in the hospital for ten days to recuperate. So I was working in Green haven Prison as a file[unclear] cook and I took over the business for him. When he got out we stayed in the business, but sometime early fifties we decided to sell the business. Then I went to work for IBM.

MR: Did you ever use the fifty-two twenty quote?

RC: No, I was home one week. That is how I got a job in Green haven Prison. I went into the post office and there was a post mistress at the time that I had worked for before, trying to get a job because I had hung around the fifty-two twenty guys one week at the diner, go to the American League hall and shoot baskets, go back to the diner to have coffee. I said I can't do this, this will drive me nuts. So I went to see Mrs. Murphy and she says well I can't hire you right away, but she says I am sure in another three or four months I will be able to take you on. So I ran into somebody who told me then the Federal Prison, now the state was hiring. I went out there to get a job as a file cook. I quite when my brother opened the business. I don't know if you remember the name West Western but a baseball player for the Giants, catcher, a before your time probably. He was out there as a Sargent at the time. This is not part of my war experience, just let me tell you this. There was a young fella out there, very congenial young prison. He was a trustee; he use to come in to my department, other departments whenever he likes. One woman use to bring him home for, came from a very wealthy family in St. Louis, and use to take him home for weekends. She had two daughters; I think she was trying to get married off on one of them. One day I picked up, we rode a bus, a bus stop in front of the newspaper stand and picked up the daily news. There was his picture; he had stolen a P38 over in Italy. They were after him. Well the local newspaper guy called me and said do you know him Bob? Well I know him, but call Mrs. Shay, she use to have him over for dinner. He called me back a few minutes later; she doesn't know who you are talking about. She didn't want to be connected with him.

MR: Now were you a member of the caterpillar club?

RC: Yes, I still have the card someplace at home. One other interesting thing, might not be interesting to you, I just received a purple heart. Originally, the Purple Heart you had to bleed to get the Purple Heart. Then after Bosnia, there were two pilots, which were shot down and were beaten to death, not beaten to death, but beaten and then liberated. They were rewarded the Purple Heart. Some POWs and some combat soldiers said wait a minute that happened to us too, what's the difference? They did change, Congressmen

Hinchey, it took them eight months before to finally be rewarded the Purple Heart. I got it two years ago. They like to have a nice ceremony well, I'm on the committee with the director Castle Corn and he will never get even for what he did. He sent it out over email to everybody in the hospital and had a sign out front. The Congressmen had his boss come and they rewarded the Purple Heart. It was very nice, but I was thinking I would go into the Director's office, the Congressmen would give me the metal and I would go home.

MR: I thought you said six of your brothers were serviced and they all survived.

RC: I'm the only one who even came close; another brother in Italy was an armor on a fire group, twelfth Air Force. He and I met the day before he was shot down. He tried to contact me a few days later and was told that I, they didn't know I was missing in action for four or five months, before they got the telegram which said I was a prisoner of war. It was very interesting, I remember the first time I got home, I only lived a block away from the Alps, I remember the first time I walked down there, I met guys and we never talked about it. They were in other divisions of combat. We never talked about it; just never talked about it. Many of the guys today, their children find it very difficult to get anything out of them. Some guys would have a very hard time during this kind of interview. You may even run across that. We had one fella down at the VA Office in House in Street, they wanted some people to come in, kind of part of a sensitivity training, to tell their experiences. He got half way through his and he broke down. He couldn't finish.

MR: Okay, thank you very much for the interview.

RC: Alright