

THE NATIONAL MUSEUM OF THE PACIFIC WAR

Center for Pacific War Studies

Fredericksburg, Texas

An Interview with

John Richard Junior Cadle

Lakewood Center Branch, Washington

November 29, 2007

328th Bomb Squadron, 93rd Bomb Group, 2nd Air Division, 8th Air Force

Pilot B-24

02/26/45 Bailed out and Picked up by Russians

My name is Richard Misenhimer and today is November 29, 2007. I am interviewing Mr. John Richard Junior Cadle by telephone. His telephone number is area code 253-475-2648. His address must be written absolutely exactly as listed here:

John Richard, Junior; Cadle

Pierce County Judicial District

C/O Box 99931 Lakewood Center Branch [zip exempt]

WASHINGTON

This interview is in support of the National Museum of Pacific War, Center for Pacific War Studies, for the preservation of historical information related to World War II.

Mr. Misenhimer

John, I want to thank you for taking time to do this interview today and I want to thank you for your service to our country during World War II. *(Mr. Misenhimer then had Mr. Cadle recite his address exactly as it should be written and that address is noted above. It is important that the address be written exactly as listed, no deviations from this form at all).* And now, your middle initial is R?

Mr. Cadle

Yes, for Richard.

Mr. Misenhimer

So you want us to list your name in this interview as John Richard Junior Cadle?

Mr. Cadle

Yes.

Mr. Misenhimer

Now the next thing I would like to do is get an alternative contact. We have found out

that sometimes in two or three years we try to contact somebody and he has moved or something has happened. Do you have a son or daughter or someone that you might give us a name and phone number in case we can't reach you?

Mr. Cadle

You're right and as old as most of us are, dead is what we're going to be. My son's name is Richard John Cadle. PMB 95 8103 Steilacoom Blvd, Southwest Lakewood Washington, 98498. His cell phone number is 253-310-1146. His wife is Annmarie and her phone number is 253-310-1145.

Mr. Misenhimer

Let me ask you next, what is your birth date?

Mr. Cadle

September 13, 1922.

Mr. Misenhimer

Where were you born?

Mr. Cadle

Washington, D.C.

Mr. Misenhimer

Did you have brothers and sisters?

Mr. Cadle

One sister.

Mr. Misenhimer

Was she involved in war work at all during World War II?

Mr. Cadle

What do you mean by involved?

Mr. Cadle

Did she work in a defense plant or office or something along that line?

Mr. Cadle

I was away and I'm not sure. I'll tell you the story, but I won't make a judgment whether it meets your criteria or not. You can decide. She got married while I was away in the military, which would make it about 1943 or so when she got married. She was working and married a guy that was a Naval officer. He was an Engineer. He worked in a Naval Research Lab and she ultimately went to hotel school and learned how to run a hotel and did extremely well in that job. As a matter of fact, if you remember when President Reagan was shot, she said that she couldn't remember the number of times she had stood at that same door welcoming important people in or out of the hotel. Willard Hotel was a meeting place, 14th and Pennsylvania in D.C. She remembered Lyndon Johnson and she named several of them. She had been Assistant Manager of that hotel. At that hotel I don't think she was ever above Assistant Manager. At various times she worked with different hotel chains. She was a troubleshooter as I understood it. They would send her out with a team of five or six people with various specialties to run a hotel. She would go with full authority to hire and fire everybody, including the manager. It would be a hotel that wasn't doing well for whatever reason. It would be her job to find out why and fix it.

Mr. Misenhimer

You grew up during the Depression. How did the Depression affect you and your family?

Mr. Cadle

It affected us more than I realized. My sister and I were talking about this some years ago, 20 years ago or so. I don't remember how the conversation got started or what we were talking about. I just remember her turning to me in the midst of the conversation and saying, "Would you say we were poor?" We both laughed and said, "Yes, I think you could safely say that." "But," she said, "I don't remember ever feeling poor." I had to agree with her. I don't ever remember feeling poor. In the Depression, almost everybody was having financial troubles. I wasn't big enough to know that I cared. That is about the best description that I can give you. I know that my mother had a great deal of difficulty just staying even and she had no education. The only time I was at the place where she was born, the school was still 25 miles away. 25 miles away with a horse and wagon on dirt roads, was not something that you thought about doing twice a day taking kids to school. As far as I know she never went to school a day in her life. She had a difficult time surviving, but we did.

Mr. Misenhimer

What was your father's occupation?

Mr. Cadle

He was a builder. He was a foreman and a carpenter. He was a foreman on the first boardwalk in Atlantic City when he was 15 years old. He was good and he was fast. He taught me to be good, but I'm not near as fast as he was. He was very observant. My son is like that but I am not. I'm not as observant as he was and my son has inherited that. He is very observant of things and handy. I'm a good carpenter. When I put trim together, for example, it looks like it grew that way. No cracks allowed. Hell, if I even put a nail

hole in the wrong place he would raise hell. (Laugh) One part of the story that may be of interest, when I got to the point where I could start nailing stuff, plywood hadn't been invented yet. We still used 1" x 6"s. When I got to nailing those 1" x 6" down, he gave me a brand new 20 ounce hammer. Everybody else used a 16 ounce hammer but he used a 20 ounce, so that's what I got. In those days a hammer cost about \$5. I was making about 40 cents an hour, so that was quite an investment. He handed me that hammer, told me what to do, and let me peck my way through one handful of nails. Then he came over. I had choked the hammer up about half way. He reached down by my hand, took hold of it, put his thumb down as a marker and took it over to the sawhorse. He picked up a saw and I said, "What are you going to do?" He said, "I'm going to cut the handle off this hammer before you hit yourself in the stomach and rupture yourself." (Laugh) So we talked about that and decided that I would hold it at the end of the hammer like you are supposed to. Then the next step was I turned all the heads in the same direction before I started. He let me do that for one handful. Then when the next hand came around he said, "What the hell are you doing?" I told him and he said, "How is that guy over there doing it?" I said, "He's turning it with his left hand as he comes to them." He said, "Give that a try." So I did that for a couple of handfuls and got to where I could do that a little. Then I was still pecking away at these things. Hitting them 5 or 6 or 7 times. He came back around and said, "How many times did you hit the nail?" I said, "However many it took." He said, "How many times is that guy over there hitting them?" I looked and I said, "Three times." He said, "Try that." I said, "I'm not as good as he is. If I swing hard enough, I've got to hit it really hard the first time. If I swing hard enough the first time to stick that nail in and miss and hit my hand, it's going to hurt." He said, "Yep, that's

probably so. Once you hit it about twice, you'll find out where it is and you won't hit there anymore." (Laugh) That's the way I learned.

Mr. Misenhimer

Where did you go to high school?

Mr. Cadle

In Washington, D.C.

Mr. Misenhimer

What year did you finish there?

Mr. Cadle

I was too smart to go to school, so after the first year I quit school and went to work and that was when I learned to drive nails for my father. After a couple of years of that, I got pretty good at it, as a matter of fact subsequently I wound up with a journeyman's card in a carpenter's union based on what I learned from him during that years. He could do everything so much better and much faster than everybody else on the job. So there wasn't any question about whether he could do it, it wasn't a matter of talking. And he damn well expected me to do it. So when he told me to do something, he told me how to do it the way he wanted it done and I had pretty well better do that or all hell would break loose. Then I went into a machine shop for a couple of years. I had two years in a machine shop when 1941 came along and I went off to the military. So I didn't graduate from high school until around 1946, I guess, after the war and I got home.

Mr. Misenhimer

When did you go into the service?

Mr. Cadle

I worked in a machine shop in a naval gun factory in Washington, D.C. The only place in the world they ever made 16 inch guns. I had a 2B classification. I would never have been drafted but December 7th happened. That was right at the end of the year and very shortly after that, right at the beginning of 1942 I found out that if I could pass the test I could go into the Army Air Corps and become a pilot. I had no military experience and didn't realize that what they told you and what actually happened was usually different. I went off and signed up thinking that I was signing up as an Aviation Cadet not knowing that I was signing up as a Private. But I did get to go to flying school and became a pilot.

Mr. Misenhimer

What date did you go into the service?

Mr. Cadle

It took a while to get out of that 2B classification job. I took the exam and got all ready and then I had to fight the Navy to resign. I was sworn in I think the 12th of October, 1942.

Mr. Misenhimer

You mentioned December 7th. Do you recall where you were when you heard about that?

Mr. Cadle

Yes, I was in a gas station building a rack for the owner of the gas station. He wanted a place to keep his batteries off the floor. He wanted a substantial wooden rack built up the wall. So I drilled holes and had some 2 X 4's and nails and built him a rack up the wall about 4' wide and 8 or 9' high as I remember. It was a Sunday and I was putting that rack together. The importance of it didn't really impress most of us. It didn't impress me at

the moment. It didn't take long before we began to pay attention. I think we had kind of an "Oh Crap" reaction and then went on with what we were doing.

Mr. Misenhimer

Now you were 19 at that time?

Mr. Cadle

Yes, I must have been.

Mr. Misenhimer

How did you think it would affect you? Or did you think it would affect you at all?

Mr. Cadle

I didn't think of it at the time.

Mr. Misenhimer

Now when you joined you went into the Air Force, right?

Mr. Cadle

Army Air Corps, right. The Air Force didn't exist at that time.

Mr. Misenhimer

I think they started calling it the Air Force a little later.

Mr. Cadle

Yes. The Air Force came into existence in 1947 but in those days it was called the Army Air Corps. It was just a part of the Army like the Army Artillery or whatever.

Mr. Misenhimer

And it became a separate branch in 1947 or 1948 or something like that.

Mr. Cadle

Yes, in 1947. I should know the exact date, but I don't at the moment.

Mr. Misenhimer

And you chose that because you wanted to be a pilot, right?

Mr. Cadle

Yes. Actually the difference between Artillery and Air Corps, Signal Corps, that was another thing that we didn't really understand or give much thought to. If you were in the Army, you were in the Army and that was it. That sort of thing, most of us if we were aware of it at all, didn't give it any thought.

Mr. Misenhimer

Where did you actually go in at?

Mr. Cadle

Washington, D.C.

Mr. Misenhimer

Where did you take your basic training?

Mr. Cadle

Miami Beach, Florida.

Mr. Misenhimer

How did you travel down there?

Mr. Cadle

By train.

Mr. Misenhimer

How was that train trip?

Mr. Cadle

(Laugh) Every train trip on a troop train was terrible.

Mr. Misenhimer

So you went on a troop train down there?

Mr. Cadle

It became a troop train when they filled it up with soldiers. (Laugh)

Mr. Misenhimer

Is there anything in particular that stood out about that train trip down there?

Mr. Cadle

No. All the guys in the group that were sitting there kind of got acquainted. Compared our wrist watches and how far away from our ears we could hear these little bitty things ticking, which you can't hear anymore. That sort of thing. If everything went right we were going to be subjected to some kind of severe tests and the only ones that we could imagine was eyes and hearing. That turned out to be part of it, but there was a lot more to it than that. We had no idea what was coming.

Mr. Misenhimer

When you got down to Florida what did you do in your basic?

Mr. Cadle

Just the same thing that everybody does in basic. We learned to march. That first Sunday I had KP and I learned KP. I think eventually we all did. There were so many people coming in at a time. They would get a train full and it would take a while to run them through anything. It was about a week before we got uniforms issued. The next day we had KP. They got the uniforms to us just in time to have KP. (Laugh) I had KP in a mess hall that fed 3,500 guys three times a day. I had no idea. I could cook and that sort of thing at home, but I couldn't cook for 3,500 people. But it didn't really make any

difference. I was tall so I got assigned to the garbage can detail.

Mr. Misenhimer

What did you live in there?

Mr. Cadle

Hotels.

Mr. Misenhimer

How about the food? Where did you get food?

Mr. Cadle

They did have a mess hall. I remember being in it, but I don't remember whether that was in a large hotel or a separate building. I don't remember that.

Mr. Misenhimer

How long was your basic training there?

Mr. Cadle

It was only about six weeks. Getting into the Army Air Corps for pilot training, they were requiring two years of college. Hell, I hadn't even graduated high school. So they decided when the war got started they had a few thinkers around and they right quick realized they needed cannon fodder a hell of a lot more than they needed college. So they dropped the college requirement. In those days two years of college was a lot. A college graduate just almost didn't happen. I only know one guy that I grew up with that went to college. He became a doctor. He had wanted to be a doctor ever since I remembered. It required going to a four year college and then a lot more. The rest of us, anybody that had a 8th grade education in those days was doing really well. We had an exam. I took the exam at Maryland University which is off the northeast corner of Washington, D.C. They

had just graduated a class of engineers. There were 300 of them give or take. The whole class came down to the Elks Club which I think was at #914 H Street NE in Washington. I'm not absolutely sure of that number. The Elks Lodge, in their basement which had space, and we all went down into that basement and took our entrance exam and I was the third one in the room to finish. Ultimately eight of us passed. I didn't think it was all that hard of an exam. It made me wonder about engineers. (Laugh) Fortunately it was not an exam on science or math. You know who Rube Goldberg was? It was kind of a Rube Goldberg exam. Push on point A and what happens at P. You just follow the levers and wheels and things through and you find out what happened at P. When I heard that only eight of us passed it I thought, "Jiminy Christmas" and that's about the way it went. So there was a thinning out process.

So they realized that here's all these guys that are willing and they passed it. I suspect that exam was designed by a psychologist and psychiatrist from whom I am skeptical still today, maybe even more so than before. It apparently told people like that something that the average person could look at and not understand, including me. They realized that they had all these bodies and they were going to need a lot of math and physics and most of them couldn't even spell the words let alone have any idea what physics was about or calculus or those sorts of things. So they invented a thing they called a college training detachment, CTD. They sent us off to various colleges and I was sent to Buckhannon University at Buckhannon, West Virginia. You stayed there until you got certain grades on the things that they taught you. They brought in instructors from other colleges all over. Math Instructors and Physics Instructors mostly. I didn't have any idea what physics was when I first went there. Some of those instructors were just like

today I suppose. Some were outstanding and some of them couldn't hit the floor with a lead hat. There was one handsome little man. He was a little man relative to most of us who were tall. I was 6' 3" at the time. I've shrunk a lot as I've gotten older. This guy was very pleasant. He was a handsome man as we had movie stars to compare him with and a very nice man. In six weeks he had me doing spherical trigonometry and understanding what I was doing. I have no idea how to go back and try to do that today, but he was really good. We had a kid in our class named Wendell Brown. Wendell was a math whiz. I don't remember if he had graduated from college but he had certainly been to a lot of college. He was a mathematician. He understood all that stuff that I didn't even know what it was. Wendell absolutely would not do his homework. He would just say, "I know more about that than the damn teacher." He would stay up half the night trying to teach the rest of us how to do it.

Mr. Misenhimer

This school, was this after you finished your basic training?

Mr. Cadle

Yes after basic, it was the next step.

Mr. Misenhimer

So you took the test after basic and then went to the school?

Mr. Cadle

No, I took the test to get into the military and then went to basic and then went to CTD. CTD was a college cram course but it wasn't well rounded. They taught us the things we needed to do. Mainly math and physics and things of that sort.

Mr. Misenhimer

How long was that CTD school?

Mr. Cadle

Each person was on an individual basis. When you finished a certain amount of work, and you finished by demonstrating that you understood it and could do it, then you would go on. In my case it lasted about four months.

Mr. Misenhimer

Now you went into the service on October 12, 1942 and then to basic training. So this was probably in the spring of 1943 when you finished there?

Mr. Cadle

Yes.

Mr. Misenhimer

Then where did you go?

Mr. Cadle

At that point, CTD was a preparatory school for flight training. If I had flunked out of there, and many did, then it wouldn't have made any difference. But I went from there to Nashville, Tennessee for some more tests. These were physiological tests and coordination tests. One that I can remember, that may give you an idea of what they were all like. They had a plate about the size of a 78 RPM record sitting on a table and it was turning at a moderate rate, not very fast. Within that plate there were several smaller disks between the size of a quarter and a 50 cent piece and they were turning in a different direction and at a different speed. Then you had a wand with a 90 degree bend at the end that you had to keep on that disk as that whole thing went around. The trick to

it was that right up close to the handle of that wand was a hinge. You couldn't put it down and press on it and have it follow, you had to be able to move your hand and eye and hold it there because when you pressed down the hinge would bend and you couldn't put any force on it at all. So it really was a physiological evaluation. I went through a lot of other things that apparently were fairly thorough. They had doctors there that seemed to know what they were doing. One example was there was another guy there that had been in a machine shop also and they had pulled him out of the line and went through a big to-do about his health. They said he had polio and whatever debilitating disease that would affect his muscle structure and scared the hell out of him. Then they finally decided that no, he had worked in a machine shop and he had been on the same job. He was young and we were still growing, he had a job where he had to lift castings that weighed close to 100 pounds and he would lift them from one side and put them up on the machine. Then take them off and lay them off to the other side. It had built the muscle structure in his back in such a way that the doctors looked at him and could pick that out. They finally, after evaluating, decided that he was still in the growing stage and the job had caused him to grow into that muscle imbalance and that it wasn't a disease and he was still healthy. It had amounted to weight lifting and had built that muscle that only someone trained could determine. So we were all subjected to those sorts of things. It was a several day thing. I'm going to guess, remembering, that it took about a week. We had a whole series of things going on all the time. They were all of the sort of that turntable device. There wasn't any real way to cheat on the thing even if some guy who came out had explained it to know what to expect. It didn't make any difference. That hinge in that wand kept you from cheating. You could stand there and watch it all day

and not learn anything about it. You either had the hand-eye coordination or you didn't.

Mr. Misenhimer

And then what happened?

Mr. Cadle

Then after qualifying there, passing all of that, then we were sent off to begin the three phase flight training. From there I went to Maxwell Field, Alabama. By this time it was certain that we were going to flight crew training. It was not really certain yet that it was going to be pilot training but that was the ultimate objective. If you didn't make it in the pilot training then you would drop down to a navigator or a bombardier or eventually down to gunner. Those things required different physiological abilities. A navigator didn't have to be able to follow that rotating disk. He had to be smart, but he didn't have to do that physiological stuff and the bombardier the same. At any rate, we went to Maxwell Field. From here on each phase was about three months as I remember. At Maxwell we had Basic. It was nothing like it is today. We did PT and we marched a little and did KP but there wasn't a whole hell of a lot else that we did. Miami Beach didn't have a basic training set up to handle the numbers of people that were going through. So here was where we really got our basic (Maxwell). We got some stiff PT. It was early in the mornings and late at night every day and we began to get flight training. We got aircraft identification. I can't really remember all the classes. But we became acquainted with the 50 minute class and a 10 minute break and another 50 minute class. That worked pretty well. We had 8 or 9 classes a day starting early in the morning, which PT was one of them. We had PT every day. We didn't have to do KP. The other people did KP. The primary reason we didn't do KP was there just simply wasn't time. You would have had

to have a 26 hour day or more for us to have any time to do KP. We didn't have any free time. Very little free time. I think we didn't do any of those things on Sunday. I think Sunday was a day off. We could go to a movie and they had a bowling alley. You were quarantined everywhere you went in those days. Penicillin didn't exist or we didn't know about it anyway. So you were quarantined everywhere you went for six weeks. So you only got a chance to go off base, to have an open post as it was called, about the last two weeks of wherever you were stationed.

Then the next step was flying. I went to Carlstrom Field in Arcadia, Florida and took primary in a PT-17. That's where we really began the flying business. That was kind of fun because that's what we felt we were there for.

Mr. Misenhimer

Was this the first time you got into an airplane?

Mr. Cadle

Actually no. At the CTD they brought in some small airplanes, and we had about five hours in a J-5 Cub. That was a new, kind of an experimental thing. I had forgotten about that. They didn't even have those when we first got there. They brought them in towards the last of my stay. We got about five hours. Actually they soloed us but they didn't solo us. The instructor didn't get out of the airplane while you went around in the plane. They eliminated a few guys that got sick all the time or were afraid of it, after they got that far they found themselves being afraid of flying for whatever reason. They eliminated all of those. The rest of us made progress to the point where, today you get a lot more time before solo. In those days you got five hours and you could safely take the airplane out, fly it in a pattern and land it and do it about three times, that constituted a solo. They did

that and by about the fifth hour the instructor was riding along, the safety instructor. We didn't know it at the time until it was over, but he was doing just as he would do with any other student that was paying him. As your proficiency progressed he would do less and less with the controls. Eventually you were doing it and he was just sitting there with his hands in his lap in case you screwed up, which amounted to a solo, except we didn't know it. Then we went to Primary to a PT-17. Then to Basic where we had a BT-13 which was a single wing low wing airplane and began instrument flying. After that I went to Gunter Field, back to Montgomery Alabama on the other side of town from Maxwell Field. PT-17 was a lot of aerobatics. That was a good aerobatic airplane and trainer.

Mr. Misenhimer

Is that the Stearman?

Mr. Cadle

Yes. Everybody that ever flew the Stearman liked it.

Mr. Misenhimer

That was a bi-wing?

Mr. Cadle

Yes the Stearman was. Then we went to Basic into a BT-13 was a single wing low wing.

That was the Vultee Vibrator.

Mr. Misenhimer

Back to Primary and the PT-17, how long was that school?

Mr. Cadle

They all lasted about three months during that phase.

Mr. Misenhimer

Did you do any cross country flying in the PT-17?

Mr. Cadle

Yes we had a little cross country. We were down in Florida just west of Lake Okeechobee. We did preliminary cross country, daylight VFR. We didn't know anything about instrument flying up to that point, just map navigation where we would navigate out and back. I think we might have had two cross countries in those days.

Mr. Misenhimer

In your primary training, were there any accidents where people were hurt or killed or anything?

Mr. Cadle

I don't remember there being any accidents. Statistically there must have been but I don't recall there be any accidents.

Mr. Misenhimer

Were many people washed out from that?

Mr. Cadle

Yes, at least 25%. We were in a group of 4 with a single instructor. My instructor was an interesting character, Edgar V. Todd. I guess Mr. Todd is dead by now because he wasn't young then. He was a good pilot and he had the respect of all the other civilian pilots around as a matter of fact. He was funny too. He said, "None of my students are going to solo until they can do an inverted spin." So he taught us to do an inverted spin. Let me tell you, that will run your eyeballs right out to the end of the stem. We did. Edgar had a Lincoln Zephyr V-12 and because of the gas shortage he had reworked he engine and

took 6 cylinders out. That thing ran just as smooth as a cat but it didn't have enough pickup. You almost had to push it going downhill (laugh) but that thing ran just as smooth and helped his gas mileage. He was working on about his fifth wife. Edgar said it had been a long time, at any given day, that he hadn't had a good drink of whiskey. I've seen him tilt up a pint and never stop until it was gone. But I never saw him drunk. He said that he would go home at night and he would have a snort, which could be quite a lot for him. He was a heck of a guy, a fun guy too. He helped us more I'm sure than most of us realized, then or even now.

Mr. Misenhimer

And he was a civilian, right?

Mr. Cadle

Yes he was a civilian. Then they had Second Lieutenants, brand new Second Lieutenants as check pilots. They didn't know near as much about flying as Mr. Todd did. Their main claim to fame was to be as harsh as they could because that's all they knew. Most of them had only been through that flying school a year or so before. Hell they didn't know much more about it than the guy walking down the street. Aerobatics was the important thing there because we didn't know yet who was going to fighters and who was going to bombers. In retrospect I'm sure they knew more than we realized because with my size I couldn't fit into a fighter. Everybody wanted to go fly P-51's which had just come out but I was just too big. I sat in them several times and I could see that I could get in one and squeeze everything shut but I would have had a terrible time flying combat or anything else much in a P-51. There just wasn't room. They were built for guys that were about 5'7" or 5'8". If you were much over that you just didn't fit. It was like trying to stuff a

number 10 foot into a size 8 shoe. You can stuff it in there but you would have a hard time come parade time.

Mr. Misenhimer

How about basic?

Mr. Cadle

We still had some aerobatics but the primary concentration was on instrument flying. Then we began to learn formation flying and night flying and cross country and night cross country. It was the Vultee Vibrator as you said. After that was over then I went to Advanced. That was at Turner Field in Albany, Georgia in an AT-10 which is a twin engine. At that point we began to realized that we weren't going to be in P-51's. We had never sat in those or even been up close to one. We had no idea about, "Oh, if we can do this, we can handle that a little better." But we couldn't. We didn't know it, but we couldn't. *(Tape side ended.)*

Mr. Misenhimer

Now the AT-10, what kind of plane was that?

Mr. Cadle

It was a twin engine Beechcraft. It became a C-45. I've been told, although I wouldn't want to take an oath on it, but I've been told by others that when they began selling them off at the end of the war, they had made bombardier trainers out of them, navigational trainers out of them, as well as pilot trainers. They just reconfigured the inside of the fuselage. I've been told that the amount of use on them, there was a heck of a lot of flying done with those, and rough landings through the years, but they began to lose wings. They would be sailing along and have a wing come off. To the best of my

knowledge they didn't have x-rays yet that would x-ray that metal. They do now, all kinds of x-ray type machines for metal fatigue and such. They didn't have those yet. So they just flew them and if they didn't see a break, it didn't exist. If that story is true, then I have another one to go with it. One of the guys that I knew later on, one of the last of the flying Sergeants and a guy that was in B-17 en route to Hawaii on the day that the Japanese bombed, and that's a whole story by itself. Anyway, he was killed in one of those things at a later time around 1960 when he had a wing come off of one of them. He was on his way to Southern California or maybe Mexico with an airplane full of people. That's the story I've been told. I don't know for sure that it is true but the people that told me that, we all knew him and we liked him. I feel sure that the people who told me, believed that is what happened. I don't know. I did notice that those things have kind of disappeared. I see one sitting around here with no wings on it or anything. I saw it the other day. I hadn't seen it for several years and I remembered that it has been sitting in the guy's backyard. You just see them around here and there but I don't see them flying anywhere. Something like that must have happened. They were a good little intermediate airplane. They would carry 5 - 8 people very nicely. If something like that had not happened I'm sure they would still be flying like the C-47's.

Mr. Misenhimer

There are still a few around. Once in a while I hear of them. I think the Confederate Air Force has several of them.

Mr. Cadle

They've got all kinds of stuff, mostly in the museum stage that doesn't fly, but that may be. Once those things start coming apart, I suspect that they could start inspecting them

and begin finding and repairing them before they broke and that would keep them in service.

Mr. Misenhimer

Yes and with the modern methods of x-ray and all that, they can find them and take care of them.

Mr. Cadle

Yes.

Mr. Misenhimer

What else happened in your advanced training?

Mr. Cadle

That was it. Nothing spectacular. That became pretty intense too with the instrument flying. Formation flying. Night formation flying. Night cross country. In those days we had a thing called a light line. That was one form of navigation. We were flying the beam, the radio range. That was a form of navigation. Those were the two major forms of navigation available, except for dead reckoning which applies even today to some extent. Dead reckoning is just mostly keeping track of what you've done so that from that you can approximate and map where you are.

Mr. Misenhimer

Tell me about the light line.

Mr. Cadle

The light line were towers all over the countryside and they were rigged to relay lights in a Morse Code letter. It was a pattern and I don't remember the pattern. They've been gone so long that I don't remember the pattern. You know what the radio range was on

the beam?

Mr. Misenhimer

Yes.

Mr. Cadle

It was similar to that in that these lights were positioned. I'm trying to remember if they were positioned specifically for the light line or if they were just lights on top of telephone poles. I don't remember that but I think they were specifically positioned but they used, in many cases, the standard equipment that was always on high power lines and they just put a 30 foot extension on the top of that and put a rotating beacon light on it. You would take off and you could follow those beacons. They were spaced at a certain distance and I don't remember how far that was. It was something that you could hopefully see. It would be shown on a map much like a radio range or any other radio or electronic facility. You had a map and you could see the light line. Again, I don't remember the letters so I'm just going to say A, B, C, D, E and it would start over. You would take off at night and start out from your home base on a heading and before you had gone very far you should pick up that light line. By about 30 or 40 seconds you should be able to see that light line flashing at you. You would let it go around about twice and then check the Morse Code and go to that and make a turn according to the map and head to the next light line and wander all over the country. It was kind of hard. It only worked in VFR conditions. If it was cloudy you couldn't be sure that you would ever see it.

Mr. Misenhimer

You are only the second person that I've heard talk about the light line. I've interviewed

a number of different people that took flight training and you are only the second one to talk about the light line.

Mr. Cadle

I might have been among the last to use them because shortly thereafter VOR began to show up and things of that sort and they rapidly outpaced the light line. So it may be that most of the people available alive today never saw or heard of one.

Mr. Misenhimer

What were some other things that happened in your advanced training?

Mr. Cadle

That was about it. In each event we had to solo. In primary you soloed. That was your first solo and that was a big deal, a big day. Then you had to solo in the BT and in the AT-10 also. By that time you knew how to fly. If you got to that point you knew how to fly and now it was a matter of learning smaller things to go with it, polishing up. When you went into the BT-13 the instructor would take us up and teach us how to fly that particular airplane. As soon as we soloed, and we would do that in about five hours, then you were off on your own with a number of things to be accomplished. You had a lot of aerobatics again because this was a bigger, heavier airplane. You had to do a lot of aerobatics and training. You didn't need an instructor to sit up there and go through the routine with you. You knew how to do a snap roll in the airplane. If there was some particular thing with that airplane as opposed to the PT, and I don't remember if there was or wasn't, but commonsense tells me there had to be, he would go over it with you until you knew how to do it. Then you would go up and practice until you got good at it, got smooth. There was a lot of instrument flying. It seems to me that we would fly with

other students on instrument flights. That is, the guy driving the thing would be in the backseat and the guy in front as a safety pilot really. He was looking around, keeping you from running into anybody because you were in the back with the hood over you, learning instrument flying and you couldn't see. Seeing in a crowd like that is kind of like being in the midst of a beehive and you've got to be able to see or pretty soon everybody would be on the ground. That went on and you would get a check ride with your instructor every now and then. Your instructor or they would change instructors and that would be a check ride. There was a lot of that but there wasn't anything spectacular. We just went forward. Finally to the AT-10. In the AT-10 we didn't do any aerobatics in that. It was a twin engine airplane. The P-38 was a twin engine airplane and it was a high performance plane. The AT-10 wasn't up to any of that stuff. I know we flew with the students in that thing and practiced instruments and practiced formation flying and navigation. The sort of things that we did everywhere else, we just got better at them in a different airplane.

Mr. Misenhimer

Did you ever have any of the female pilots, the WASP's?

Mr. Cadle

Not with us. Some showed up when I was at Boise, Idaho on the way overseas. Half the airport was turned over to the Air Corps. They called it Gallant Field. I don't know what they called the other part, Boise International Airport or something. Some of them showed up there because their missions took them through and Boise would be a place where they would drop off an airplane or land when the weather was bad or something like that. As I remember they didn't do a whole lot of instrument flying. They were all

instrument qualified but the system was such that none of us knew anything about instrument flying. We all thought we did because we went up and passed a test but the fact is that most of us, in looking back at it, I wonder how we survived really. Most of us didn't really know much about it and there wasn't anybody to teach us because there wasn't anybody that had much instrument time. When I was at Boise the Base Commander there was Colonel Cane. He was one of the guys on the Ploesti raid. He was a full Colonel and a Captain came in as an instructor with 1,500 hours of flying time. He was the high-time man on the base. So that just tells you that most of us didn't know a hell of a lot about what were doing. We lucked out.

Mr. Misenhimer

When did you finally finish your advanced training? When you finished that is that when you got your commission?

Mr. Cadle

Yes. I graduated and got commissioned at Turner Field in Albany, Georgia.

Mr. Misenhimer

About when would that have been?

Mr. Cadle

May 23, 1944.

Mr. Misenhimer

Did you have any kind of a ceremony?

Mr. Cadle

Oh yes. We had a graduation ceremony much like at a school or a college, mostly to help out morale and to impress on us that we were now going on to bigger things and they

expected to see us get on the horse and get it done.

Mr. Misenhimer

And you became a Second Lieutenant, is that right?

Mr. Cadle

Yes.

Mr. Misenhimer

Then what happened?

Mr. Cadle

Then we had 30 days leave. That was the first leave that we had. Then we went to whatever we were going to fly next. So I went back to Montgomery to Maxwell Field again to learn how to fly B-24's. In those days, to get out of an AT-10 and crawl up into a B-24, that was the biggest thing in the world. We had never seen so much airplane before. I couldn't hardly find my way up front, let alone have any idea how I was going to make all that stuff go, but surprisingly, we did. That was just another class, like all the rest We went through the same routines of first you learned to fly the airplane, then you learned to fly instruments in the airplane and you were beginning to get good at instruments. We flew some formation and all the things that you are going to have to do if you continue to survive the training. From there back to Nashville, Tennessee again. This time you got a crew assignment. You were assigned a crew and then you went to RTU, which was the Replacement Training Unit. That was at Boise, Idaho. You got your whole crew and every time you flew, your whole 10 man crew flew. So everybody went. It was crew training among other things. You learned how to work as a crew, where before when you were learning how to fly the airplane, you had an instructor in the right

seat and a student pilot standing between the seats watching and you took turns flying for half hour periods and everybody was concentrated on the airplane itself, learning how to make the airplane go and the various parts. Flying straight and level and flying instruments was completely different for example. Then you learned night flying and formation, but by this time, all of that you were supposed to be able to do and we could do pretty well because it was all fresh. We had been doing nothing but that for about 16 months by this time. We started aerial gunnery practice and bombardier practice and I might say that Hearol Veteto, if you ever talk to him, Hearol was particularly good at that. Based on Hearol's performance in RTU we were scheduled to be a lead crew when we got to Europe if we hadn't got shot down so quick. They built targets on the ground, just great big bull's eyes. At 20,000 feet they had to be pretty good size. Right in the center they would build a shack out of scrap lumber and such. Maybe a 10' X 10' building. If you hit one of those with a 500 pound practice bomb, you would have a small black powder charge in it, just enough to make it go boom and make some smoke. Hearol got a shack on his first bombing run and very quickly he managed to get three shacks. That's more difficult than it sounds and I'll go into that in a minute. We kind of got pulled off the bombing training, breaking up all their shacks. We proved that we knew how to do that so we got to do other things. We got more instrument flying, which everybody needed. A pilot always needs instrument proficiency. It's kind of like being a gymnast or a high wire acrobat. A guy is a high wire operator and if he is off that high wire for 30 days he doesn't go back on to high wire with no net under him. He starts with a wire about 2 feet off the ground. When he picks up his proficiency and gets his coordination back and his speed up, then he'll go up a couple steps and eventually work

back up to where he was. Your proficiency goes down very fast. Most people find it difficult to admit to themselves that their proficiency has dropped off. But I was a flight examiner for the last 7 years and a simulator instructor and in MATS we had a rule that if you hadn't flown in 30 days you had to go out with an instructor. Actually you took a check ride except that you were just with an instructor to demonstrate that you could do things. Every now and then we would get a guy that was just adamant, "I've only been gone 30 days. I could do it then and I can do it now." So whenever I ran into one of those I found that the solution was very easy. I would say, "Okay Charlie. I'm not an instructor or a flight examiner. I'm a copilot. This is my first flight out of flying school. My first time in a big airplane. You are the airplane commander. You don't want to take this check ride. You don't want to go by the book. I'm going to be an uninformed copilot just like I said. I'm not going to trap you. I'm not going to do anything deliberately wrong. But you are going to tell me what to do and I guarantee you, we'll never get off the ground." (Laugh) And I never had one get off the ground. Your proficiency just goes to hell. Like dropping an egg on concrete. You just cannot believe how fast your proficiency goes down. It kills a lot of people.

Hearol was very good. We did navigation. We were fortunate. We got a good group. Our navigator, we were on a cross country from Boise to Walla Walla, Washington or somewhere up there, I don't remember. For us that was a big deal in those days because most of our cross country's had been in AT-10's and smaller airplanes. You would go 100 miles and that was a long ways doing it at 85 to 90 miles an hour. Now we were in an airplane doing 160 to 180 miles an hours. Man we were going like a rocket. Actually it wasn't, but it seemed like it to us. Anyway we got up there to where we were

going to turn and we were Tail-end Charlie in the formation of I don't remember how many airplanes but it was a lot, 6 or 8 or 10, which was a lot in those days. It got to be a lot bigger in combat flying, 36 ships. My navigator said, "It's time to turn." So he and I discussed it on the interphone for maybe 30 seconds. He convinced me and so I called the Lead and said, "My navigator says its time to turn." We talked about that and the he said, "No. We've got the squadron navigator up here and we're not ready yet." I said, "Alright. I'm giving you five more minutes and then I'm going with my navigator." In five more minutes they suddenly decided that they had overshot it and they'd better turn. That was impressive to everybody because they could all hear us on the radio. So then we razzed the squadron navigator about that. Fortunately we had a good crew. Everybody was good at their job. Hearol was particularly good. The navigator was particularly good and it all worked out well. We went from there to Topeka, Kansas. Then we had a 30 day leave over Christmas. We came back to Topeka, Kansas and started getting on trains and boats. We were shipped out on troop trains. In those days they didn't have a lot of big transport airplanes. Even though we were doing a lot of flying there really wasn't anything like it is today. There wasn't anything you could put 400 people in. If we could get 50 on an airplane that was a big airplane. We wound up at Camp Kilmer, New Jersey and then on to the Queen Mary. On the way across the ocean, I remember the first night out the Captain came in and gave us all a speech in one of the dining rooms or ball rooms, whatever it was, they got a bunch of us in there. His final statement in every speech was, "If you fall overboard the ship will not stop for you." He would caution us then for the safety regulations. Don't play with the railings. Don't climb up and do some stupid thing where you might fall of because if you fall off the ship will not stop and there was a hell

of a lot of water out there, I'll tell you. So that's the way that went and it put us in England.

Mr. Misenhimer

Now your whole crew went over together, right?

Mr. Cadle

Yes.

Mr. Misenhimer

When you crossed in the Queen Mary, were you by yourself or did you have escorts?

Mr. Cadle

That ship was so fast that it traveled by itself.

Mr. Misenhimer

How crowded was it?

Mr. Cadle

It was crowded. If you dropped dead you couldn't fall down until you got out on deck. I think there were about 27,000 people onboard.

Mr. Misenhimer

Yes, they would put a lot of them on there.

Mr. Cadle

We were in a cabin that was a one-person cabin and there were six of us in there.

Mr. Misenhimer

And the enlisted men were even worse I guess.

Mr. Cadle

Yes. It wasn't any better, certainly.

Mr. Misenhimer

When you got to England, where did you land over there?

Mr. Cadle

The first place that I remember was a place called Stone, Scotland. I've not seen that on a map for years so apparently it wasn't very big. Most of the maps that I see now are just 8 ½" X 11" sort of things and don't have a lot of places on them. We were there for a short while. A short while just being hours. Then we were shipped off to the various stations where they were sending us to be replacements. We wound up at Hardwick in East Anglia. It was near Norwich in East Anglia.

Mr. Misenhimer

About what day did you leave to go overseas, do you know?

Mr. Cadle

No I don't but it was in the middle to latter part, it was after the 15th of January. It only took us five days to get over there. That ship was so fast relatively that no escort could keep up with it. I think they could have run a destroyer perhaps with us and kept up with us but a single destroyer wouldn't have been a heck of a lot of help for a big ship like that if we had gotten torpedoed and they needed the destroyers to guard the slower ships. We didn't need one, so we didn't get one.

Mr. Misenhimer

Then when you got to Hardwick what did you do there?

Mr. Cadle

That's where the trouble really started. That was a combat outfit and we went to every place that you could go. Even today you get some initial training. For me, the first thing

was in the link trainer. It would be simulators today but they didn't have simulators, they had link trainers. I don't remember if I got a ground school or just a lecture by the instructor of the instrument procedures for finding the base under bad weather conditions, which is mostly what they have over there. Then again I got in the link trainer to fly that program. I did pretty well at that. So my red ink-track was right on top of the black ink-track on the map. So I didn't get much of that training because I did it right the first time. The bombardiers got training. The navigators got their trainer machines to run them through and the gunners went out and fired the guns a little. Then the pilot was sent as a copilot with an experienced crew on his first mission. Then your second mission you had your whole crew with you, so that was their first mission and your second. That was an interesting flight. The weather was bad and got worse. We were supposed to cross the coast at 10,000 feet. The weather was supposed to be good. We were supposed to cross the coast at 10,000 feet and bomb a little town that wasn't very far inland and didn't supposedly have a lot of antiaircraft support. So we started out and the command pilot did that wrong. I don't remember why we decided that he did it but in my opinion if I had been doing it, if I did it today, I would do it differently. He started climbing to stay on top of the clouds. We were supposed to be on top of the clouds. There was supposed to have been a broken cloud condition good enough that we could fly through the clouds. Well, we couldn't see anything. He just kept climbing and we wound up at 20,000 feet. We were supposed to have been gone about six hours and had fuel for that. We had fuel to cross the coast at 10,000 feet and bomb from 10,000 feet and come back. Now we were at 20,000 feet for the next hour into France. So we started meandering around looking for a target of opportunity. We found a target of opportunity and they all bombed. We were

the new crew so we were tail-end charlie of about 24 to 25 ships. The biggest formation we were in was about 36 ships, so it was somewhere in that neighborhood. Whatever all could get off the ground that day. My trim tabs were frozen, which was not unusual, so it took both me and the copilot to hold the control up or down, I don't remember whichever way it was when it would freeze. Anyway, they started letting down now. We were now six hours into what was supposed to only be a eight hour flight and we were at least three hours away from England. Gas was getting a little slim. We kept on until finally the controls thawed out and we now had control, which made life a little easier. We were back in the clouds and we stayed in the clouds right across the Channel. We were down around 1,900 feet over the Channel, coming up on the coast and we were flying in the clouds. You could usually see the other airplanes when you fly in formation. It takes a little getting used to but you could usually do it. But all of a sudden we drove into a cloud and we couldn't see the wingtip. I was on the outside edge so I climbed out of there and lost the formation. Everybody got lost. I wound up meandering around trying to work the radio navigational aids. I don't know exactly what was happening but I couldn't get a fix on the radio aids that we were supposed to be able to use to find the base. So I got an HF steer from a high frequency direction finding station and they brought us over the base. But a guy crashed on the base and the bases were so close together that traffic patterns overlapped. I was down around 200 feet and I could just barely see the ground and went down north to south over the base and made a left turn, which I knew would bring me across the path of the traffic pattern of the base that was immediately to our east. My nose gunner version had an interesting version of this. But later on, a few minutes had gone by, and we were going along at about 200 feet. They would get out on the end of the

runway in bad weather and fire flares from the right side over to the left side. They would fire them up in the air and that would make kind of a croquet wicket and we would land through. We knew they would be firing from the right to the left and we would fly through that wicket, land through that wicket. That worked really well in the bad weather. A B-17 crossed right in front of me, right at our altitude. If I had been standing out there I could have probably hit him with a rock. It was that close. My nose gunner said that was when he decided to come out of the turret. (Laugh) About that time the copilot said we've got a flare on the right. I just stood that thing up on the wing and turned and followed that B-17. I landed about 500 feet behind him, which was a no-no. But I had that runway in sight and I wasn't going to let it get away. We landed and rolled up, taxied up and shut the engines down. The engineer and I decided it was time to stick the tanks, to measure the gas. So we went out and stuck the tanks and we couldn't get a drop of moisture on any stick. I have no idea how, but God must have been taking care of us because we were sure out of gas. We didn't have a drop one. So then we hopped in the truck and went on home. The next day when they sent somebody over to pick up the airplane they found that one of the engines had a lot of the exhaust and was damaged and gone. Now whether it was burned off or we got hit and didn't know it, I'll never know. I don't think they ever decided, or at least I never got wind that they ever decided if we had or had not gotten hit or if it was just the exhaust had begun to break and burn and just disintegrated. They had to refuel it before we could even bring it home because we were about two hours from home. We were supposed to be gone about 6 hours and we out about 8 ½ hours. We used up every drop and every drop of the reserve and maybe some that we didn't even have.

Mr. Misenhimer

So that was your first mission?

Mr. Cadle

That was my second mission but my crew's first mission.

Mr. Misenhimer

Now were you assigned to the same airplane every time?

Mr. Cadle

No. We just flew whichever one they could get into commission because they would come back all shot up. Sometimes they could get them in commission fast and sometimes it would take days to be able to get them fixed so they could go again.

Mr. Misenhimer

What outfit were you in?

Mr. Cadle

We were in the 328th Bomb Squadron, 93rd Bomb Group, 2nd Air Division, 8th Air Force.

Mr. Misenhimer

Then what happened next?

Mr. Cadle

I guess it was about two days later and we were off on another mission that would turn out to be my third and the flight crew's second. We were going to Berlin. Everybody kind of groaned when they uncovered the map and we saw where we were going to go. We knew we were going somewhere deep because we were alerted early. We were alerted about 1:00 in the morning so we knew we were going a long ways. That was the day that we got hit over Berlin. We had one engine out by that time. The number three,

which is the inboard, right hand engine. Then they ended up hitting number four, the outboard, right hand engine. So that put two engines out on the same side. That old airplane had 165 bombs painted on it. They made them stop painting bombs on it because the crews were getting a little shaky about it. The inboard, left engine, the number two engine, didn't have a starter. We couldn't get a starter for it, parts were so short. So they had a half track there and in those days, remember we used to have props that we would wrap a string around to make it spin. They were using that principal and wrapped a rope around the hub on the propeller and that half track, they would drop the clutch on that thing and go full power and spin that engine. I thought they were going to pull the wing off the damn thing. The fifth or sixth time they did that we got the engine started and that's the way we got that engine started. The whole airplane was bent and twisted. It had been damaged quite a lot. Every little bend and twist affects the flyability of the thing and the stability and the aerodynamic characteristics of it. They had twisted the wings and all of that. You can't really see that unless you have some factory type jigs to take the thing off and stick in the jig and then you would find out that it was twisted four inches here and an inch and a half over there, but you can't really see that otherwise. We started going down at 26,500 feet, which was unusually high. Usually we were at 25,000. We started going down at 600 feet a minute. Max power on the two left engines. We were in the jet stream. The jet stream hadn't been discovered yet. There may have been some meteorologist who had a theory but nobody had heard of it. We had a 165 knot tailwind. The wind is predominately west to east around the world. There are a lot of reasons for that which don't relate to this story, but its only necessary that you know that. In the United States we take off from McCord, for example, and the wind is on the ground is

say 8 to 10 knots or whatever it might be. By the time you get to 1,000 feet you may have picked up 1 knot. For temperature there is what they call the Lapse Adiabatic rate, temperature usually drops about 1 degree centigrade per 1000 feet for ascent. None of that is ever exact but it's close enough to use for planning. It's kind of a mathematical mean that works pretty well. There is a similar system for the wind but I can't remember the name of it. Here it works about 3 knots of wind per 2000 feet. In Europe, if you're in Western Europe you are close to the ocean to start with and it is much more intense. To take off from the ground with a 10 knot wind from any given direction. By the time you get to 1000 feet it's 15 knots and by the time you get to 10,000 feet it's 40 knots and it just goes up exponentially. It does that in Europe so as we were going up the wind was increasing and we knew we had a big tailwind. Again the jet stream, per se, had not been identified. They would run a radio sond balloon up in those days and it would go up and up and up and get around 25,000 feet or so and all of a sudden it would go from 60 knots to 160 knots and then in about five minutes it would be back down to 70 knots. They would just write those things off as an anomaly. They didn't think more of it. A balloon 5 miles to the south and a balloon 5 miles to the north wouldn't hit that jet stream so they would just write it off as an anomaly. So we actually had a 165 mile knot tailwind. The airplane would only indicate about 180 miles an hour. But we were really streaking along, for us. When I tried to turn into that wind, to come back England, and I was losing altitude at 600 feet a minute, it didn't take the navigator but a short time to figure out that we were backing up 181 miles an hour. That didn't make a whole lot of sense. It was the first day that we had been briefed for contact with the Russians. I turned to put the wind at my tail to go as far as I could so as to try and not be captured by the Germans because

the Russians were nominally on our side. That's a whole separate story that I will give to you in a little while. I could never get the rate of descent below 600 feet a minute, which was about twice the normal landing speed. I had no idea where there might be a runway over there. We knew the track that we were on but we didn't know how far along that we were. Mountains became a problem because again we could lay out a track and we were pretty well on it, but how far along it we were, we had no way of knowing. We were in the clouds. Ice all over everything. The flight engineer spent half his time scraping the ice off my flight instruments so I would have two or three of them open at any given time. I never could have all of them clear. He couldn't scrape that fast. At 5,000 feet, we talked about it and I decided that at 5,000 feet if we hadn't broken out we would get out. We hadn't and we did. We bailed out beginning at 5,000 feet. By the time one guy gets out and the next guy gets up in position to get out, if that takes 15 seconds, my airspeed, which should have been around 180, was 107 and stalling speed was about 104, I remember thinking about that. I could figure that out in my head. I don't know how I did that, because we did it differently by the time I got around to retiring. That was some 25 or 26 years later. I don't think I could do that today. I don't think I could force myself to pull my airspeed down so close to stalling speed. But in those days I was young and I didn't know how much I didn't know and I didn't know very much. I was young. My reflexes were good. I was quick, as we all were. I had confidence enough that I could do it and fortunately I did, and survived it. But with 15 seconds between jumpers, or even 10 seconds, that put us about half a mile a part. So when we hit the ground, we were all spread out. I was probably spread out a little farther than most. The copilot and bombardier were spread out. When I came out of the clouds I was drifting just exactly

backwards. There was no heat in those airplanes and they leaked so bad that it would snow in the front and out the back without the snow or rain ever touching anything. That's only a slight exaggeration. It might run into some vertical stanchion and run all the way through the airplane but it would rain in and rain right out and snow in and snow right out. It was colder than heck. I saw a guy on TV the other night, one of these programs currently on called World War II and he talked about it being 35 degrees below zero. Hell, I've seen 65 degrees below zero Centigrade and about 91degrees Fahrenheit. I've seen that a lot. It was pretty cold. We had no heat in those things. We had electric flying suits but you couldn't wear your GI walking shoes and have your electric boots on at the same time. You had to take your shoes off. So the guys had devised a system of tying their shoelaces together and set their shoes right by their chair. If they had to go out, they would take their shoes with them. Figuring they would change as soon as they got to a place where they could hide a little bit. You would have better walking because those electric booties weren't much for walking. They were made for sitting still and keeping you warm and they worked well. I grabbed my shoes as I went out and everybody was gone but me. Hearol Veteto took upon himself, we had kind of agreed on this before, but he volunteered. He crawled out of his position. The space that the navigator and bombardier worked out of in front is about the size of the bottom half of a telephone booth. It was a pretty snug fit and my navigator was bigger than me and I was 6'3" then. I'm down to about 6' 1 1/2" now. He was bigger than me by a good deal, a little bit taller and big. He was a big guy. And Veteto was not too tall, but Veteto was not small. He was pretty muscular and big boned. So they filled that place up pretty doggone full. Vet had volunteered, and he had that chest parachute, which was smaller, a 20' chute

and mine was a 24', or his was a 24' and mine was a 28' chute, I think. I had a backpack. It had to do with crew position and space for the parachute. He had to disconnect his parachute, carry it with him and crawl back through the bomb bay to the back and supervise the crew departing and he would be the last one out so that I could be sure that everybody was gone before I let go of the controls because once I let go of the controls I had to get out right now or I wouldn't get out at all. He had done that. He was in the back. As soon as we realized we were going to have to bail out, he crawled back there and he reported he was gone and that the navigator and nose gunner were gone, the copilot got out of his seat and left and then the flight engineer. I let go of the control, picked up my shoes, dropped down on my knees under that top turret, got my feet through a hole down in the bottom. *(Tape side ended)*

Mr. Misenhimer

Tell me again, you bailed out and then what happened.

Mr. Cadle

I just rolled sideways and I rolled upside down immediately because I was kind of in a fetal position because there wasn't much space there. I just rolled over and as I turned with my back down and my face up I saw the airplane disappear into the clouds. The visibility into the clouds was only about 30 feet, so I could only see about half the airplane, the rest had disappeared into the cloud. But it was gone in an instant. By the time I got turned over it was gone. I knew the airplane was out of the way so I just started pulling on the ripcord. I had to pull it about three times. I've got pretty long arms but I pulled it out as far as it would go and the chute wouldn't open. I pulled it again and the chute didn't open. I pulled it again, took another swipe at it and I got the ripcord out. It

wasn't jammed, it was just long, longer than I realized it would be. You just think, pull it out to arms length and there you go. But that wasn't the way it worked on that particular parachute. It snapped open and when I came out of the clouds, we had about a 200 foot ceiling, which wasn't much. I was drifting just exactly backwards. I reached up and pulled my shroud lines around, turned me around but the parachute didn't turn. The canopy didn't have time to turn. That takes a minute or so. I dropped my shoes. I grabbed for my shoes and caught the shoes surprisingly enough. I was pretty quick. I'm still pretty quick. My reflexes are pretty quick, even now. But I snapped back around into the reverse position and hit the ground all about the same time. That's probably just as well because I went down into the mud about half way to my knees in a field. It flopped me over on my back. So the mud on my helmet was up over my headphones. So about half of me was buried in the mud. If I had gone forward that would have bent my knees forward and my knees don't bend that way normally and I wouldn't have been able to move. I would probably still be right there. I hadn't had time to get scared yet but now I'm on the ground, the airplane has crashed and things are fairly quiet. I can hear firing off to the side. It seems like it was off to the side. It was off somewhere. About that time I started getting scared. I had a terrible time getting out of that parachute. I was jammed down in it so tight. They fitted our parachutes to us at the home station. Then we would squat down and they would pull them up even tighter. Then you would unhook them and they would sew all the straps so that they wouldn't move. That was supposed to keep you in that harness. This was the harness under your behind, so that you could swing in it, kind of like sitting in a chair. That didn't work. When I hit the end of that string, the force was such that that thing that was supposed to be under my behind, came up to the

middle of my back. So that was how tight I was jammed down in it. To get the snaps unbuckled it seemed like I was never going to get it done. It seemed like it took forever. I suspect it was only a few seconds, less than a minute, but it seemed like a long time. Besides that, I was scared. I was beginning to shake. I just had a heck of a time getting all of that stuff unattached, but I did. I had broken my leg. I didn't know it was broken but I knew it was hurt. I figured if I could walk on it, it was sprained. But it was broken. I walked on it while it healed. I didn't know you could do that, but when I got back to England, the doctor x-rayed it and showed me where it had been broken. He said, "If there is no displacement of the bone, sometimes you can walk on it" and I apparently did. I was in a plowed field, walking on a broken leg. That didn't work very well but it did work. It was cold, raining and snowing, together. It was about freezing. There was a freeze crust on the top of the ground. There was as much mud as there was frozen ground. I started walking. I didn't make any effort to pick that parachute up. There were only so many things I could do and that wasn't going to be one of them. I would have liked to have taken it and hidden it or something or taken it with me, but I didn't, I couldn't. I started walking towards some woods there that I had seen. I was hiking along and all of a sudden I realized that off to my right, I had gone over a little road, just a two-track dirt road in the field, just a farm road. Half a mile or more to my right was a road running 90 degrees to it. I think that was east and the road that I crossed was running north and south. There was a house at the intersection and a truck was moving out from that. I figured that they had seen me and if I tried to hide now they are going to know that I'm not supposed to be there. I figured if I just kept on walking maybe they would think that I was supposed to be here. I just kept on walking and right away then

knew I wasn't supposed to be there because the truck stopped. I could see the people but I couldn't tell if they were white or green or whatever. I heard a bee go by and I thought that was kind of strange. Then very shortly after I heard the crack. Then I knew that wasn't a bee, that was a bullet. They fired at me 3 or 4 times. I flopped down into one of the furrows. It had been pretty fairly plowed with big deep furrows. They splashed mud on me but they didn't hit me. The rifleman only had a few rounds and he fired them all up. I didn't know that until later. There was another guy with him, apparently an NCO and he had a revolver. They came up closer and got to where they stopped and were talking. They realized that they didn't have ammunition and I didn't. I figured if I laid there they were just going to shoot me and shoot me and hit me 4 or 5 times and that was going to hurt and that if I stood up they would just do it all at once and get it over with. That was my thinking. So I stood up and held up my hands and then they came up and we went through a searching routine. I hobbled back to the house and then they started trying to interrogate me. They were speaking Russian and there was a German woman there who spoke Polish. We were pretty close to the Polish border. We were about 35 miles northeast of Berlin. Languages in Europe flow. Many of the people will deny that because the French don't like the Germans, the Germans don't like the French, the Poles don't like the Germans and vice versa and so on. A lot of the Poles don't like to admit they can understand Russian. I had a Lieutenant at Travis some years ago that was Polish and had grown up in a family that spoke Polish so he spoke Polish. How well, I don't know. I don't know if he could have qualified as a translator but he could understand Polish conversation. Finally one day after we had lots of arguments on the subject, he said, "I hate to admit it to you, Polish is different than Russian but when Kruschev makes

a speech I can understand everything he says." Their languages flow. Pretty soon in comes a little woman about 5'2" or 5'3", real skinny little lady. A little older than me, probably 50 years old. She had lived in Seattle for 20 years and spoke English almost the way I did. So that made life a lot easier. She talked to me and then she talked to the Polish woman who then talked to the German woman who could speak Polish and then talked to the Russians in Polish, so you can imagine how that went. So that went on for a while. In the meantime they took me into another room and I made a mistake. I was still thinking these guys were on our side. I have totally different opinion of them today but in those days I left my gloves laying on the table in the kitchen of this house. I never saw the gloves again. That went on and on. Finally they took me out and put me in the truck and we started down the road. They stopped and let me walk off into a field to see my crashed airplane. What I didn't think of was that there could have been mines all over that field. I didn't know and I don't think they knew. I got out there and back to the truck without stepping on a land mine and went on up the road a ways. In here is where it gets a little shaky because so many things were happening. The things that make up this story that you want I think, are detail that I don't really remember. The next thing I remember is that they came to a group of houses and I'm just going to call it a cluster of houses. In my mind I think I can see about four brick houses on the left side of the road, small. And two on the right side of the road which would have been what, a crossroads or a village or something. In Europe these things are not terribly far apart. I don't know what they called it but that's what I think I can see as a memory. They took me in a building. A Russian Lieutenant showed up who could speak a little English, not well, but we could communicate. I don't remember who I talked to or what any of the people looked like

except that Lieutenant. Then they took me out and put me in the sidecar of a motorcycle and we took off up the road at a terrible rate considering the condition of the road. The next thing I remember is they took me into a room and there was my navigator laying up on a table, like a gurney type thing. He was a guy who considered himself a big drinker. He liked to drink. He would get loud and boisterous but I never saw him pass out or get sick or anything like that. He would get obnoxious. Not mean obnoxious, just loud and a pain in the butt, just obnoxious. He was laying there and he flopped down off of that table and went right out on the floor which the Russians thought was as funny as hell. He had broken both legs but he was so drunk, they had been feeding him German cognac and he had forgotten about the legs. We gathered him up and the next thing I remember, I want to say we were across the road, but I'm not really sure of that. This road was running basically east and west so if we crossed the road it would be north and south. We were in a room with a full Colonel, Division Commander, and at least some of his staff and this Lieutenant who could speak a little English. We never saw the same English speaker twice. When I got into the motorcycle I don't remember who I talked to and if they understood me or if they just grabbed me and stuck me in the motorcycle. I had some paper and things with me. Hearol may have had his chits as they called them, the American and Russian flag on them and American and Russian writing. The problem was that nobody could read. None of the Russians had any idea what an American flag looked like or much of anything else for that matter. The Colonel was in an alcove, kind of in the corner of the building. He was sitting back in an alcove behind a table and about three guys were on his side and a couple at the end of the table. There were two or three of us on the other side of the table. I don't remember who "us" was. It was me and the

navigator and I don't remember if some of my crew were there yet. They ultimately brought seven of us together that night but I don't remember if that had happened yet. The Colonel started questioning me and I started limiting my questions pretty much. He and the Lieutenant spoke and then Lieutenant said, because I wouldn't answer his questions, the Lieutenant said, "The Colonel says that you are a good soldier." Or some words to that effect. The next thing I remember we were in a truck again, in a whole convoy. There were seven of us in this convoy of trucks. They rigged their trucks in order to save equipment, they rigged them so that only one headlight would come on at a time. That way they would only burn one out at a time because they had a hard time getting replacements. In the old Studebaker trucks if they were broke they were American and if they ran they were Studebaker (laugh). They all had a white star and a number on them and U.S. Army painted on them. But those guys couldn't read so it didn't make any difference what they said. We ran pretty much all night. Very late at night we stopped at a Polish house. By this time we were pretty far into Poland and they took us into the house and I don't think they fed us. They had a room with 3 twin beds in it. There were 7 of us and the navigator's legs were pretty bad so they took him into another room where the family was and where they had a little bit of heat. They gave him a bed to lay on. We dared not take off our clothes by that time. My nose gunner and I shared one twin bed. It was a place to lay down. By that time we had been up more than 24 hours and had all that stuff behind us so we were pretty well exhausted. We laid down and went to sleep. The next day they got us up pretty early and we started out again in the trucks. And the navigator, who could speak pretty good German, had been talking to the Polish man. The Polish man had been assigned duty as a watchman. They had given him an armband to

wear as an identifier and a long old single shot bolt action rifle. He was the local gendarme I guess. (Laugh) In that other room was a dead Polish girl about 6 years old, all dressed up in her ethnic finery. But the Russians wouldn't let them take her outside and bury her in the yard. How long that went on, I don't know. It was cold enough up to that point it hadn't mattered much but the Russians wouldn't let them take her outside to bury her. We got in the trucks and we left again. Somewhere along in the middle of the day we stopped at a small house and went in. We thought we were going to eat. We might have gotten a little something to eat there but the food was quite different. The bread was about 50% sawdust so when you ate it, not being used to it, it would take most of the skin off the inside of your mouth and it was sour. It was too sour to even be good sourdough. It was just sour and brown and black, dark, heavy, coarse bread. But the Russians were great drinkers. They call it "spinatos" and they would hold their finger up and put their little finger and their thumb out on an empty glass and pour the glass full up to their thumb of this clear alcohol. They called it vodka but it was just alcohol. They would pour it all down at once and flick their throat with their middle finger. We had a couple of drinks but then we tried to not drink because we knew we hadn't had anything to eat and it would be bad. But nothing would do for them but that we drink this crap. We went outside and were standing there and a Messerschmitt came down the road just roaring about 50 feet off the ground. We figured we were going to get strafed. But he got down to where we were, pulled up, made a big chandelle and went back to Germany, and he only did it once. That was the only time we saw him. We figured he didn't have any ammunition left and that he was just getting his last effort in. I doubt that airplane ever got off the ground again, just guessing, but the war had gone by them. That was a little

scary because we didn't know what was going to happen. Then we got back on the trucks and then the next thing I remember is that we were in Poznan, kind of the north-south, east-west center, about 5/8ths of the way to the west side of Poland. Poznan was a pretty good sized town. They took us to a dirt airfield and put us in what had been the Burgermeister's house and put a guard on us. We stayed there for a couple of weeks. I don't remember exactly. I should say at this point, to be fair to the Russians, they did not mistreat us. They had nothing. They had nothing even for their own people. But they didn't go out of their way to be mean to us. I just want to be fair to them. Many people didn't get that good of treatment. They had nothing, even for their own people. They left us there in the Burgermeister's house for some days and had a 24-hour guard on us. It was pretty cold and we didn't have any fire or heat in the place. Finally one day they came around and rounded us up, put us in a truck and the upshot of the truck ride was that we went from the northeast corner of town to the southeast corner of town. They put us in a military compound there. We walked in; they shoved us into a room and that room was just packed with people. Another one of my favorite sayings is, "If I would have dropped dead in there, I couldn't have fallen down in there until I got back outside." Everybody was talking and they were all Russians. What we didn't know was that on the other side of the room was a Russian NKVD Officer who could speak English, but would not in our presence and an American Sergeant, who was an Intelligence Sergeant, who could speak Russian. His job was to decide if we were Americans or if we were Germans speaking English. Fortunately, my navigator did not try out his German at that point or we might still be there. We wound up, they decided that we were Americans and the Sergeant and the Captain decided that we were going to stay alive. We stayed there for

several weeks. The Captain was NKVD, which is KGB today and I should go back and learn the Russian words for that. I've known them at times, but have forgotten them again. He had on a garrison type cap with a green band on it. Everybody that wasn't color blind knew what that green band meant, and those that were paid attention to what the ones who weren't color blind were doing and they did the same. They got the hell away from him, as fast as they could and as far as they could because he had life and death control over everybody there, at any moment. There were two Russian Sergeants with him. Hearol has some pictures of this stuff. He may have shown them to you. We fumbled around there and they were supposed to send transportation for the Captain and it didn't come and it didn't come and it didn't come and finally he waltzed out to an airport. I don't remember if it was the same airport we were at first or another one showed up somewhere. He commandeered a Russian C-47 Transport. It was built just like a C-47 except for a few modifications that you could see if you were really familiar with airplanes. But it was basically a C-47 knock-off. We climbed into that thing and it never got over about 200 feet. We went by Warsaw. They asked the Russians why they were flying so close to the ground. The standard answer to any question like that is, "What's the matter? Are you afraid to die?" We went to, if you have a map of the border between Belarus and Poland, there is a town Brest and Brestlitovsk. I think Brestlitovsk is on the Russian side and the border runs through it. We landed in a muddy field and tore the elevators off the airplane, so that ended the airplane ride. At that point I think we went back to Poznan for a bit. They did let us out of the barbed wire compound to walk around. Sergeant Gregory, the American Sergeant, I should elaborate here. We still had a lot of patriots in the country and in Washington, D.C. We don't have many today, if any.

Do you know what the shuttle runs were? We are back to the west to east flow of the wind. We got to the point where we could bomb deep into Germany like Berlin or even into Poland where there was a FW-190 plant at Poznan. As you probably know, there is a basic weight of an airplane. The fuel is burned and the bombs are dropped and the difference between the basic weight and the max gross of any airplane is split between cargo and fuel. We could carry enough fuel to go into Poland and get back to England, but we couldn't carry enough bombs to make the trip worthwhile, especially with the losses and vice versa. If we carried enough bombs to make it worthwhile, we couldn't carry enough gas to get back to England. So they worked out a deal with the Russians where we would go in and bomb deep into Poland and then go on and land in a couple of designated fields in Russia, one of them being Poltava, down in the south central Ukraine, below Kiev. I'm saying Ukraine and I think Belarus is what I should be saying. I'm looking at my map. Poland, Belarus and Brest and Brestlitovsk is about due east of Warsaw and about due east of Poznan right on the border. My little map only shows Brest so that's on the Belarus side so Brestlitovsk must be on the Polish side which doesn't show on this particular map. Then shortly thereafter going south you get into the Ukraine. Kiev is about in the center of the Ukraine up close to the north side and then Poltava is down about 4:00 o'clock, down about halfway between there and the eastern border down by a city I can't pronounce. They let us go out and walk around some because Gregory was pretty persuasive. He had a .45 and they called that a canon. They would back off if you stretched your arm out and stick your little finger up the barrel and twist it around and point it at them. They called it a canon. That's what he told us they called it. That was impressive. Most of them had a .32 caliber that rattled when they

walked. They were really kind of afraid to fire them because they were afraid it would blow up and take their hand off. So he got pretty much just anything that he wanted. The Captain would let us go out and walk around. We walked over to the town of Poznan and it was a fort town from the days of fighting with spears and shields and swords and things. The first day that we were out there, they had some bazookas that they were trying to blow open a section of the fort where there were some Germans holed up. The Russians used a military tactic which is really a good idea. When they come to a very difficult place, if it was possible, they would bypass the area, leave a guard there, to keep anybody from escaping and then let the war go on and move. Moving was important because standing still in a war is not very productive. If you've got the front line moving and pushing the Army back then you keep them rolling, walking as fast as you can, which is what they would do. Well, this is what they had done and these forts were supposedly all connected underground by tunnels. We never saw that but the walls were about 30 feet thick. Again, Hearol has some pictures. They gave me 10 pictures of this and I had them copied and gave all the guys a set. Sergeant Gregory had a camera and he was taking pictures like mad. We obviously didn't have anything like that and not being able to speak Russian probably wouldn't have been able to take many pictures anyway. But Gregory took pictures and waived his .45 around and he had a passport too, but that didn't help much because most of them couldn't read. If you have an occasion to see Hearol, he will probably show you those pictures.

I'm going to have trouble with some of this as I go on. After 60 years you would think this would go away, but it doesn't. It just gets worse. It happened suddenly and I don't apologize for emotions but I wish I could control it better. We wound up down at

Poltava and that was one of the shuttle run bases. I guess I've got several things in here that I haven't completed. Gregory was one of those Russian speaking Americans that had wound up in the Intelligence Service, of course with his language ability. He had been sent to some of the bases in Russia. Everybody that had been sent to one of those bases in Russia could speak Russian and they were people that although they were born American were people who probably spoke Russian before they spoke English, their parents were from the old country and never learned English very well and the kids spoke Russian and they spoke English with no accent. I don't remember talking to him about that much. He was from Russian extraction and could speak Russian and apparently quite well because he would take part in discussions with them and he always held his own. When we got to Poltava Gregory disappeared. He was the one that took all the pictures and they would only give me copies of 10 of the pictures which really didn't amount to much. They are very interesting to somebody who has never seen anything like that but they didn't really have a whole lot of the information in them from an intelligence standpoint. A lot of the pictures, I'm sure, went into the Intelligence network and I never saw them and never will.

Poltava was one of the shuttle run bases. We lost a whole wing of B-17's there. The Russians had copied the Leica cameras and made a thing called a Fed and those were available on the black market for \$100 American dollars. By the time we got to Poltava we were able to draw \$100 against our back pay so that we could go into the PX there on the American base and get shoe laces and toothpaste and toothbrushes and things of that sort that we hadn't been able to have for months. I talked to Sergeant Gregory and he talked to some of the other guys. The upshot was, those of us who wanted to invest our

\$100 in a camera were able to get one of those cameras, a 35mm. They were good cameras because they were exact copies of the Leica which was always a good camera. I have a lot of pictures that I took at Poltava of the B-17's where they had caught fire and melted. There were big puddles of aluminum, 6 - 8" thick and 20 feet in diameter where they just melted the whole airplane down. The Russians were supposed to provide antiaircraft protection. Well, the story was there at Poltava that the Germans came over one night to bomb and they turned on their navigation lights so they wouldn't run into each other and came down to 1,000 feet and flew around in a pattern around the airport, around and around and around, for about 45 minutes. Each time around they would drop one bomb, which gave them maximum performance out of the bombs because nobody was shooting at them to amount to anything. The Russians shot down one airplane in the 45 minutes and the Germans destroyed a whole wing of B-17's. Finally they only ran three of those and we figured out if they kept doing that with the same degree of success, pretty soon we wouldn't have any B-17's and they knocked it off because we just couldn't afford to lose so many airplanes at a time. At Poltava we were allowed to go off base. Having been in the military, you know that American soldiers very rarely have a weapon unless they are in combat circumstances and even then I've seen a lot of guys, even myself, walking around a combat zone with no weapon. I don't know of any other soldiers in the world that do that. They issue a Russian his rifle and he had better damn well have the rifle. He can run out of clothes and walk around naked, but he had better have that bloody rifle. (Laugh) I'm not kidding. The Commander called us in and not only did we not have any weapons, if we did have one it was only under special orders. Certainly don't take it off base and don't wave it around. The Base Commander got all of

us new guys into the base theater and gave us the lecture about weapons because some of the guys had managed to keep their weapons. I didn't. I had a .45 and the Russians got it. The Colonel said, "Now you guys understand the military regulations against carrying a weapon. If you are going off base and you get to the gate, have your weapon out of sight or the guard is duty bound to take it away from you." He wouldn't look under you coat if you had a big lump. Some of the guys had rifles that they picked up somewhere or other and you could tell they had it under their coat. But if he couldn't see it directly, he left it. Because they knew that if we went into town without a weapon, somebody wasn't going to come back alive. The people who were stationed there had a little game where they had a wager going on all the time. They had vehicles assigned to them at various times for various reasons. They would see who could go into town and get the most bullet holes in their jeep or whatever without getting shot. You can get that blase' about it and they did, the Americans that were stationed there. We did walk into town and we always got a couple of the local guys, if we could, to go with us because most of us didn't have a weapon unless the Russians had skipped us. One place, one time, one of the situations, they had a guy, I'm going to call him a New York street gangster. This kid thought he was tougher than he was. Kind of a smart alec. He was probably Jewish because he could speak in some manner to communicate with some of the people, so I'm guessing it was Yiddish. I may have known at one time. So I'm guessing it was Yiddish and he was speaking to some of the Jews that lived at Poltava. I'm not sure but I do know that he spoke something that he could talk to them yet he did not speak Russian to my knowledge. He met a very pretty girl there and talked to her and she told him, "Don't ever come to the house at certain times." I don't remember the schedule now. They

couldn't converse like you and I are conversing now but he could communicate with her somehow. The story was that she was afraid of the Russian soldiers. His opinion was that she was afraid of what the Russian soldiers would do to him. He was a tough kid, right from West Side Story, street fighter and such, and he didn't give a damn about the Russian soldiers. He figured he could deal with the Russian soldiers. He was in the town one day in daylight and decided that he wanted to see her. That wasn't what her problem was at all. She was worried about what the Russian soldiers would do to her and the old lady that she lived with. That part of the exchange he missed somehow. I'm not suggesting that he was mean in that respect or anything, although he was a mean SOB. He just didn't understand that much of the language. He decided that he was going to go see her. She wasn't at home but the old lady was there. The old lady didn't want him to come in but he just pushed the door open and went on in. Now I don't remember if he stayed until the girl came home or left or whatever. It didn't take the Russian soldiers long to figure out that he was there to see that girl. The next time he went in a day later, her breasts had been cut criss-cross through to the ribs and she had been raped 11 times. It took her three days to die. And again the Russians wouldn't even let the old lady take her out in the yard to bury her. That was the way life was in Russia.

Subsequently, they finally let the Americans fly us out of there. They flew us out to Tehran and then from Tehran to Cairo. We stayed at Cairo for 3 or 4 days and then we got in an empty airplane and went from Cairo to Athens to refuel and change cargo and then to Naples. We stayed at Naples for about a week. Then an airplane to Marseilles, Paris and then to London. That was about the 5th or 6th of May. We got back to our outfit on the 8th of May which was VE-Day. All of the film that I had taken, my engineer and I

got back the same day together. They wanted to debrief us but they had a lot of British stenographers. This British woman asked me to tell her the story. I said, "What do you want?" She said, "Every thing." So I no more than started that she started saying, "Is that important?" "Is that important?" I said, "You told me to tell you everything. I'm telling you everything. How do I know what you want?" In the meantime, the intelligence officer had talked to my engineer and me. We didn't know that tomorrow was going to be VE-Day. He had talked my engineer and me into letting him having that film and he would have it developed for us and send it to us and he would have copies of the pictures. I haven't seen them since. I had forgotten where they were until a few years ago in one of our meetings and my engineer reminded me of that. So I'm going to, and I'm late doing it, I'm going to write to the Army Intelligence to see if anybody will go to the trouble of flipping back through the files. I'm sure the pictures are there and I'm sure there is a record of them but I seriously doubt that I will ever see them again. But I'm going to write a few letters to see if I can stir up anything.

That was about the end of it. We got back to England and right way, I mentioned earlier, that if you hadn't flown in a certain amount of time, we would go fly with an instructor to refresh us because our proficiency would have dropped so much. They hadn't figured that out yet at that stage. Nobody had any flying time. One guy that came to Boise while I was there from completing his tour in Europe, had 35 missions only had 1,500 hours flying time. He had what was called a green card which was the highest rating on instrument flying. So, nobody had any experience. We didn't know what we didn't know. We didn't even know there was stuff that we didn't know. We had gotten to this point and thought we knew everything there was to know. Which was a long way

from being correct. There wasn't any checkout. I had been gone for several months and they just decided that the war was over and they were going to fly. The ground crews had been there for 3 or 4 years. The flight crews would fly 35 missions in however long that took, and if you lived through that, then you would be sent home. The ground troops just stayed and stayed and stayed there. They were in England. They were fairly safe. Buzz bombs were a problem but basically they were fairly safe. Those guys had been there 3 to 3 ½ years and while it was a civilized country, and living was not too bad, it wasn't home and they worked. Those guys worked the clock around. It is just amazing the things that they did and the work that they accomplished. They decided that we were going to fly low level missions over Germany and carry our airplanes full of maintenance men and the ground troops to let them see what all their efforts had resulted in. They did that and I got to fly several of those. That was the major part.

Then they decided they were going to send us home and they assigned me as a copilot for another guy to fly home. At that point we found out, we had given up our copilot. The copilot, navigator and bombardier were together and my ball turret gunner was by himself. He spent 2 ½ years in the hospital after we got back to this country. He suffered a lot. He's still alive surprisingly. He's almost 90 years old but he's still suffering. One leg is 1 ½ inches shorter than the other and all the problems that causes, his back and things of that sort. When we flew into New England and we went into a little airfield up there. I had found out when I got back to the base that the bombardier and copilot were alive and the ball turret gunner was alive. Three days after the Russians got us we gave them up for dead. The way they treated us, even though it was not as bad as it could have been, the way they treated other people, we just figured that they were

dead and that the Russians just weren't going to tell us. We went along for months thinking that these guys were dead and all of a sudden I found out that they were all alive. That was a happy day. I got into this field up into New England and I found out that the hospital was not that far away and that the ball turret gunner was there. As soon as we got rid of the airplane, I packed my bags, although I didn't have that much to pack because when I was shot the other guys in hut # 1 didn't really know us, because we had only been there a short while, and I think we got there the 2nd of February and got shot down the 26th of February, so we didn't spend a whole lot of time there and they distributed all of our clothes. Everybody took whatever they wanted. A lot of brand new flying equipment. We hadn't even taken the plastic packages off of them. So they just split that up and everybody just took what they wanted because the presumption was that we were dead. To their way of thinking they weren't taking stuff from live people. The presumption was that under the current conditions. If they had somehow known that we were alive it would have been different. But with the conditions they way they were.

(Tape side ended.)

Mr. Misenhimer

So they decided that you were dead and took all your stuff?

Mr. Cadle

Yes. All of our stuff was gone so I didn't have much to pack up. I think I did get a B-4 bag somewhere and I could get everything I had left in that bag. They didn't have anything to issue us much. It was a matter of wearing your clothes until they got so dirty they were sticking to you; get them washed and they put them back on. I got into the field and knew where my ball turret gunner was in the hospital at. It was late at night and I

showed up at the hospital at about 11:30 that night. The nurse was not going to let me in. I explained to her what had just happened and where we had come from. So she said, "Don't make any noise. Keep quiet and come with me and I will take you to see him." She took me in and we woke up my ball gunner and he and I visited a while and then I didn't see him again for many, many years. Veteto was the bombardier. I ran into the copilot in North Carolina somewhere but then we were both in the process of getting out. Veteto lived in Texas and I lived in Washington, D.C. It was still in the position where air travel was really not available to the average person. To start with, there wasn't much of it. In the second place, relatively it cost a lot of money. I don't really remember a price but I know that the average person never gave any serious thought to getting on an airplane to go somewhere. You would get on the train and even that was relatively expensive. When I got out of the Army I went back to work as a carpenter. The carpenter's union rate was \$2.62 ½ cents an hour, which was more than I had been making when I went in. I always made more as a carpenter than I did as a soldier. No matter what the level. So when you think of \$2.62 ½ cents an hour for a 40 hour week and that was more money than I could make as an aviator flying a four engine airplane, you see how little a soldier makes. When I went in I was making \$50 a month. Very shortly thereafter it got raised to \$75 a month. That was when I was a private. As an officer I don't think I ever made more than \$325 a month. As time went on I got out and then got back in when the Korean war started. When I retired in 1968 with 26 years as a Lieutenant Colonel, my first retirement check was \$680. So everybody was saying, "How much is that guy making as a retired officer?" "Oh, \$3000 to \$4000 a month." (Laugh) Not even close. I'm sure that I have left some things out but at the moment I can't think

of any. If you have any questions, try them.

Mr. Misenhimer

Did you get home with any souvenirs?

Mr. Cadle

I did. Not many. The Russians gave me a bar of three medals that they had taken off of somebody and a helmet and a couple of other things like that. I got home and left them with my mother when I got called up into the military. I should have taken them with me as soon as I could but they were cumbersome and a problem. My sister ultimately inherited them and when I got around to retiring and thought it was time to pick all that stuff up, she had already disposed of it somewhere. I don't really have anything left.

Mr. Misenhimer

Did you have any experience with the Red Cross?

Mr. Cadle

Not that I can remember. I must have run into them somewhere but nothing spectacular.

Mr. Misenhimer

Did you ever hear Axis Sally?

Mr. Cadle

No, I don't remember hearing her. I don't remember one way or the other. I must have been in the Quonset hut where we lived because some of the guys had been there for a while and they had radios and cameras and things of that sort but I don't have a memory of it, one way or the other.

Mr. Misenhimer

On April 12, 1945, President Roosevelt died. Did you hear about that where you were?

Mr. Cadle

Yes. We were in Russia. Their reaction was, "Are you guys going to try and go home for the revolution or are you going to stay here with us?" They figured that if we got a chance we would go home for the revolution. They couldn't believe that with a leader dying there wasn't going to be a revolution.

Mr. Misenhimer

What date were you actually discharged?

Mr. Cadle

The 5th of November, 1945. I was at Victorville, California retraining to go to the Pacific when the Japanese surrendered. Shortly thereafter they put a sign up on the bulletin board, "If anybody wants to get out, sign here." I think I was about the third one to see it and I signed it. Shortly thereafter they modified that and said, and I don't remember if it said 'anybody' or if it said 'flying officers' only, "If you join the Reserves you can get out in six weeks." So still being young and dumb I thought that was a good deal. I figured I would take a Reserve commission, I could fly their airplanes and I would never be able to fly airplanes by myself. Even as a carpenter making \$2.62 ½ cents an hours, that was good wages for a blue collar worker, but not many blue collar workers were pilots. So I took the Reserve position and I got out the 5th of November, 1945 and five years later to the day, November 5, 1950, I was recalled to active duty to go to Korea.

Mr. Misenhimer

Did you get to Korea?

Mr. Cadle

I was a forward air controller in Korea. I flew a 100 combat missions in a T-6 and was

supposed to spend 80 days with the Infantry. I was relieved 4 days early and was only with the Infantry for 76 days. I had been with the Infantry a couple of months or so and I received a letter telling me that if I would fill that thing out and send it back to them by a certain date that I could get out in 6 weeks. It was already past the deadline but I'm sure that if I had wrote and told them that I was in Korea that I could have requested a waiver and probably gotten it. But for reasons that I don't remember now I decided "What the heck, just stay." So I did.

Mr. Misenhimer

Now you flew a T-6. What was a T-6?

Mr. Cadle

A T-6 was a trainer. When I was flying the AT-10 in training, the single engine guys were flying AT-6's for fighter training.

Mr. Misenhimer

So you used that for combat in Korea?

Mr. Cadle

Yes. They beefed up the main spar, put 40 more gallons of gas in the wing, put 16 2 1/4 inch Navy reject rockets, that the Navy had and didn't use, under the wings. We had spotters for artillery and we would go into an area. They had an airplane over the Infantry all the time from can see to can't see, daylight to dark. We would be just inside of the MLR but about 1/4 of mile back. We would get fire missions to try and get some bombs on something someplace where they were dug in and we couldn't get them out. We had an Army Observer with us in the backseat. The Army uses different maps than aerial navigators. The theory was this guy would be able to read the maps better. I'm not sure

that it always helped but that was the theory. We would get the coordinates from the guys on the ground, where they wanted the bombs dropped. We would go and try to find that spot and get an artillery shot so that when the fighters came in we could see the spot from 20,000 feet above. He would get an artillery shot in, phosphorous. Wherever that hit we would track them from there in to the target. We would go in over the target area and fire these rockets which didn't really work very well. They would burn out and they would tumble in all manner of things. I found that instead of trying to fly in at a sloping angle and fire them, knowing full well that they were going to burn up before they hit the ground and probably not go off, if I went in right over the target and did a wing over and aimed it just right straight down, a nose dive towards the ground, I could fire those rockets and when they burned out they kept falling straight. Then I could get a good splash and from there I could talk to fighters a little ways to wherever we needed them. However far I missed the target with those rockets I could tell them 100 yards or so.

Mr. Misenhimer

One thing I didn't do at the first that I need to do now is to read to you this agreement with the Nimitz Museum. When I do these in person I give them to the man to read and sign but since this is by phone, let me read it to you to make sure it is okay. "Agreement Read." Is that okay?

Mr. Cadle

I don't have any objections. Send me a copy of this when you're through.

Mr. Misenhimer

That's all the questions I have for the moment unless you have something else.

Mr. Cadle

At the moment I don't.

Mr. Misenhimer

John I appreciate your time and your service to our country. I'll be in touch with you.

(end of interview)

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April 16, 2008**

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