

Joseph D. Hutchison: In Salt Lake City, they let us off at the city airport for Salt Lake. And we sat in the hanger there, until they got ready to take care of us. Most of us were so weak, we could hardly stand. Then they marched us around in the rain for awhile. They got a ... they issued us mattresses and bedding, and marched us around in the rain till they were wet. They found us a barracks, so we made our beds and went to bed. And a few hours later they woke us up, took us out to stand in the rain and read us a proclamation by President Harrison telling us it was illegal to sell liquor to Indians. We [laugh] had no liquor, and we sure wouldn't sell it to the Indians. [Both Laugh]

So anyway, I decided I didn't like that place right off the bat. And we ... the next day, they woke us up and told us we had to go to the mess hall for breakfast. And half of us were so sick we didn't want to go. They said, "Well you got to go. You don't have to eat, but you have to go." So they marched us down and ... first, I had to go in and shave and so forth. And I washed up, I pulled the plug on the sink, [Chuckle] and there was no plumbing connected to it. So, all the water [Chuckle] ran out at my feet. So, again I didn't like this place.

The next thing they did was to take us out and give us close order drill. But, the first thing they did: they had a guy on each corner of the formation with a shotgun and a guy behind us in a jeep with a machine gun on it. And I said, "Well, what the hell is going on here," you know, "We're not prisoners, we're all volunteers to be aerial gunners." They told me, "Shut up. Get back in formation." So, they marched us over to the tarmac and we went back and forth a few times. And then they made the mistake of making me in command, because they got tired of yelling at us. So I started marching the guys back and forth, [and] each time I'd turn 'em around I'd get a little farther away. And finally [Chuckle] we got away - about a block. And they were yelling at us to come back. And I told them to break formation and take off in all directions. [Both laugh] And they did; we were fighting back a little bit. Anyway, then they took us in to tell us what we were going to do there. They told us we had to be there for sixteen weeks. And sixteen weeks ... was more than I wanted.

I was one of the first ones to be called up to be interviewed. And they told me I had three choices: I could take radio operator courses; I could take armor gunner courses, or mechanic courses. I said, "Well, I'm not going to take any of them; I just want to be an aerial gunner." And they said, "Well, you better think it over; you get out and go down there and sit down awhile and think about it. And then you decide which one you're going to be, 'cause you're going to be here for sixteen weeks." And I went down and sat there, and I was madder than heck again. And one of the guys asked me, "Well, what goes on up there?" And I told him. He says, "What are you going to do?" I said, "I'm not going to take 'em." And he says, "I'm not either." [Laugh] Pretty soon, the whole bunch of them decided that they were not gonna. And so they had a, kind of a mutiny on their hands, and we were on the next train out.... [Chuckle] Well, actually we were there for two, or three weeks. It was on December 5th that we got out of Salt Lake City.

And there was again, three cars. And it was all gunners ... and one went to El Paso, one went to Tucson, and the other one went to Alamogordo. And I was on the one to El Paso. There were about, oh, twenty of us, and we were assigned to a squadron there which already had its orders for going to England. They had the planes out on the runway and were preparing to leave when we showed up. And it was the one that Clark Gable was in, by the way. I met him two or three

times while I was there. He didn't go home. Most of them were at home on furlough; they hadn't yet gotten back.

Anyway, they loaded up and departed for England, leaving us behind because they didn't have room for us. Which put us a month behind the rest of the guys on the other two cars of the train. My buddies were in the other cars. So, I lost track of most of them.

Anyway, then we went to Tucson, and that's where we picked up our pilot. And most of that month, was him getting used to flying the plane; we were just riding along and going to classes in the meantime.

Janis Kozlowski: Now, was this Wadlington?

Joseph D. Hutchison: No. This was, Ware, Lt Richard Ware.

Janis Kozlowski: Oh, OK.