

the country needed a change. While I don't remember good times, I'd hear Mother and Dad talking about what they'd had once and didn't have any more—nothing like yachts or fur coats, just something like security, whatever that is. It's the same thing Muriel and I talk about sometimes, wondering what the hell it looks and tastes like. Most of the other guys in the Army who grew up when I did feel the same way. We keep trying to figure out what it was our parents had before we grew up, or what our grandparents had. There must have been something back there someplace, or we wouldn't miss it so much.

"Moving around the country during those bad times, I had plenty of trouble with schools, and I guess it's a wonder I managed to learn anything at all. In California, for instance, I'd have to take French but not Latin, and in Maryland I'd have to take Latin but not French. I finally graduated from a Portland, Oregon, high school in 1939. I wasn't very popular at school, partly because I never was in a place long enough to know anybody well, but mostly because I spent my time reading books and listening to good jazz, which can be a lonely thing to do. I was a pretty serious character in those days, and I boned up a lot on the first World War. I listened to my father talk and I read about the munitions kings and I felt sure I'd never be willing to fight in any war about anything. I delivered the commencement address when I graduated from high school, and I called it 'Cannon Fodder?' You can bet I made that question mark a big one.

"Then I began to grow confused. I was disgusted when the League of Nations gave in to Mussolini on the Ethiopian grab, and even before that, when the Spanish War broke out, I saw that that was a war the Loyalists had to fight, and I also saw that it was a war the Loyalists had to win. I was only fifteen or sixteen at the time, but I wanted them to win more than anything else in the world. Besides, there was the Jap attack on China. Naturally, I sided with the Chinese right from the start. What it came down to was that I believed in other people's wars but I didn't believe in any American war. I guess I was as bad as a lot of people in that respect, like the other kids who were brought up on Senator Nye and the Veterans of Future Wars.

"I wanted to go to Reed College, in Portland, so after I got out of high school I spent a year working as busboy, dishwasher, and things like that to make some money. I also got a job at a radio station, where I had charge of the record library and helped out

the announcers on the night shift, and I played drums in a local band. Being on the air when the flash announcing the second World War came through, I remember the time exactly: it was 2:17 A.M., on September third, 1939. As soon as I got home that morning, I asked my father if he thought we'd ever get into the war, and he said, 'No, of course not.' But I suspected we might, and I hated the thought of it. My father had already taken the Civil Service exams for a job with the Federal Communications Commission and passed them, and at about that time he was sent to an F.C.C. job in Texas. I found out that I couldn't afford to go to Reed College unless I was able to live board-free at home, so I had to plan on going to the University of Oregon instead. My family and I got separated back there in 1940, and I've been away from them pretty steadily ever since. There were only the three of us, and we miss each other." Hallock smiled without embarrassment and said, "Damn it, we miss each other a lot."

Hallock and I talked about his family for a while, then got back to the war. "All the time up to Pearl Harbor, I kept trying to pretend that the war wasn't really happening," he said. "I kept telling myself that this was a different kind of war from the Chinese and Spanish wars. When my roommate at college woke me up on Sunday morning, December seventh, 1941, and told me that the Japs had attacked Pearl Harbor, I didn't believe it. It sounded like Warner Brothers stuff to me, so I went back to sleep. Later on I was listening to the Andre Kostelanetz program when the announcer cut in with some news flashes, and this time I believed it. I guess it's typical of me that as far as I was concerned the war started in the middle of the Coca-Cola program, 'the pause that refreshes on the air.'

"Nearly everybody at college got drunk and burned his books. My roommate and I killed a bottle of kummel between us and I painted our windows with black enamel as an air-raid precaution. I spent the next two weeks scraping off the enamel with a razor. Undergraduate guards were posted on the library roof, and when the rumor got around that San Francisco had been bombed, twenty-two-calibre rifles started showing up around the campus. Everybody else seemed to be doing something, so I wired my father that I wanted to enlist in the Signal Corps. My father wired back for me to sit tight until the Army told me what to do. In spite of him, I tried enlisting as a cadet in the Navy and Marines, but they said I had insufficient

chest expansion and too few college credits. I didn't mind terribly when they turned me down. I had no real convictions about the war in Europe, and I was more or less willing to wait my turn at taking a crack at the Japs. I'd started an orchestra at college called Ted Hallock's Band, which played at sorority and fraternity dances, and during the year I'd had an article on jazz published in *Downbeat*. I'd even made a quick trip to New York and haunted all the night clubs that had good bands. I'd had to hock my Speed Graphic camera to do it, but it was worth it. I felt I was really on my way.

"Besides all that, and a lot more important than all that, I had Muriel, back in Portland. That is, I'd fallen in love with her and I wanted to marry her, but she didn't give me much encouragement. She just wouldn't say anything when I'd ask her to marry me, and I figured that if I got into the Army I might never have a chance to see her again. I wanted time to see her. I wanted time to do a lot of things I hadn't been able to do, and every day outside the Army was worth weeks and months in terms of Muriel and jazz and reading and ordinary living. Finally, in June, 1942, thinking I was bound to be drafted soon, I enlisted as an aviation cadet in the Army Air Forces. I was underweight the first time I took my physical, but I ate fifteen bananas, drank three quarts of milk, passed a second physical, and was sick as a pup for a couple of days afterward.

"The Air Forces told me they'd notify me when to report for training. I didn't feel like going back to college, and I was sore at Muriel because she wouldn't say she'd marry me, so I went down to Galveston to visit my mother and father. I got a job there as a pipe-fitter's apprentice—a fine fate for someone who thought of himself as a rising young authority on jazz and other fine arts. When I couldn't stand not hearing from Muriel, I returned to Portland and got a job in a record shop in a department store. Later, I set up a pitch as a disc jockey at the radio station, playing jazz records and ad-libbing from midnight to eight A.M. I managed to pick up sixty-five or seventy dollars a week, and Muriel and I had some fine times. It seemed as if for once I wasn't just a cog in something bigger than me; I was doing what I wanted to do. But of course that feeling was too good to last. I was ordered to report for duty on February second, 1943, at the A.A.F. base at Santa Ana, California, where I received my pre-flight training.

"That training was really rugged. We had two and a half months of calisthenics led