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by Fred Perry and Joe DiMaggio, obstacle races, drill, and studies. The saying there was that the discipline was so tough you'd be giggled if they found air under your bed. We took enough mathematics in six weeks to go from two plus two makes four to trig and calculus. I suspected I might be washed out as pilot material, so to keep from getting a broken heart like a lot of other fellows, I applied to be sent to bombardier school. That was just good strategy on my part, but apparently the officers liked it. We—the bombardier candidates—were sent on to Deming, New Mexico. We arrived there and lined up in one hell of a sandstorm, in terrible heat, feeling a million miles from anywhere. I can still remember the C.O. yelling, as the sand blew down his throat and blinded his eyes, 'Welcome to Deming, men!'

"There were a thousand men at the base and two bars in the town, and things were about as unpleasant as that sounds. We had three months of training with the Norden bomb sight at Deming. The men who had been trained before us had not even been allowed to take notes on what they learned. We could take notes, but we had to burn them as soon as we finished memorizing them. We used to take our notes out to the latrines at night after lights out and study them there. We had to learn how to strip and assemble a bomb sight, a job that became sort of a religious ritual with me. The more I found out about the bomb sight, the more ingenious and inhuman it seemed. It was something bigger, I kept thinking, than any one man was intended to comprehend. I ended up with a conviction, which I still have, that a bombardier can't help feeling inferior to his bomb sight—at least, this bombardier can't. It's not a good feeling to have; it doesn't help you very much when you're over Germany and going into your run to realize that everything depends on your control of something you'll never fully understand, but the feeling is there.

"In July, 1943, I finished the course at Deming and got my wings as a second lieutenant. Muriel had stopped corresponding with me for the umpteenth time by then, and I had got so sore that I had written her that I would never see her again. At the last minute, though, I hopped on a train and stood up all the way back to Portland. As soon as I saw Muriel, I told her, 'You know you're going to marry me, don't you?' She said, 'Well, maybe,' which was the greatest encouragement she'd ever given me. I wasted a lot of time—three whole days—making

up her mind for her, which left us only three days of my leave in which to get married and have a honeymoon. We spent our honeymoon in a hotel in Portland. Then we took a train to Ephrata, Washington, the training center for B-17s to which I'd been ordered to report.

"Muriel stayed at a hotel in Wenatchee, several miles away. That meant that I was A.W.O.L. a good deal of the time. But I guess I learned something. I didn't like the first pilot to whom I was assigned, so the C.O. assigned me to another pilot, a fellow just my age, with whom I got along fine. It's literally a matter of life and death for everybody in the crew of a Fort to get on well; the ship just won't fly otherwise. There are ten men in a Fort crew—the pilot, co-pilot, navigator, bombardier, and six gunners, and there's more than enough responsibility to go around. The bombardier, for example, is also gunnery officer and in charge of fire control, first aid, and oxygen. Most of those jobs are theoretical in practice flights, but they can all need you at once in a hot raid.

"After a couple of months at Ephrata, where we got the hang of flying a Fort, we were sent on to Rapid City, South Dakota, for some bomb practice on the target ranges there. Muriel and I felt really married for the first time in Rapid City, because we rented a bungalow and Muriel, who'd never cooked before, practiced her cooking on me. As it turned out, we lived on spaghetti most of the time. Muriel and I had a lot of scraps at Rapid City. I'd come down from a flight looking for trouble, looking for someone to pick on, and Muriel was always the easiest to hurt. That kind of irritability seems to be a characteristic of high flying. I blame it mostly on using oxygen, but, oxygen or no oxygen, there's no doubt the sky does something to you. There it is around you, and it's so damn big, and yet you have a false feeling of having mastered it. And when you come down out of it you feel like elbowing all the civilians you see into the streets that from above looked like little trickles of nothing. The difficulty is, you have to try to live in two different scales of worlds, the one up there and the one down here, and it's not a natural thing to do.

"Muriel must have understood what was going on inside me, because in spite of the way I behaved we had a good time in that cheap little bungalow. As soon as I finished the course at Rapid City, we went to Washington, so I could say goodbye to my parents. My father had been made chief of the Facility Security Division of the F.C.C. when

the war broke out, and he and Mother had had to move to Washington. Later, we came up here to New York for a day or two before I went across. We spent most of our time at Nick's in the Village, getting a last fill of good music. In November, 1943, I shipped out to England, and Muriel went back to Portland and got a job at an advertising agency there."

I asked Hallock a few questions about Muriel, and then he took up his story again. "Right from the start, I liked England. That helped me to stand my separation from Muriel and the fact that I was fighting in a war I'd never particularly believed in fighting. England was so much older physically and spiritually than I had expected that I felt shocked. I understood for the first time that there were people in the world who looked the same as us but thought differently from us, and I began to wonder if the Germans were maybe as much different from the English and us as a lot of writers and politicians claimed. After a day or two in an indoctrination pool, our crew was assigned to an old and well-established operational base south of London and given our Fort, which our pilot christened Ginger. None of us ever found out why he named the ship Ginger, but it's the pilot's privilege to choose any name he likes; probably ginger was the color of his girl's hair or the name of his dog—something like that. We never painted the name on our Fort, because the Forts with names seemed to get shot up more than the ones without.

"My first raid was on December thirty-first, over Ludwigshaven. Naturally, not knowing what it was going to be like, I didn't feel scared. A little sick, maybe, but not scared. That comes later, when you begin to understand what your chances of survival are. Once we'd crossed into Germany, we spotted some flak, but it was a good long distance below us and looked pretty and not dangerous: different-colored puffs making a soft, cushiony-looking pattern under our plane. A bombardier sits right in the plexiglas nose of a Fort, so he sees everything neatly laid out in front of him, like a living-room rug. It seemed to me at first that I'd simply moved in on a wonderful show. I got over feeling sick, there was so much to watch. We made our run over the target, got our bombs away, and apparently did a good job. Maybe it was the auto-pilot and bomb sight that saw to that, but I'm sure I was cool enough on that first raid to do my job without thinking too much about it. Then, on the way home, some Focke-Wolfs