

UNITED STATES ARMY RECRUITING SERVICE

Scn. 2
110.12

Soldiers of the Air
No. 2 Second Series

ANNCR: KGIN presents - - - - - Soldiers of the Air!

MUSIC: THEME "SECOND CONNECTICUT REGIMENT" (475) UP AND FADE

SOUND: TELEPHONE BELL

BILL: Army recruiting Service. Sergeant Harris speaking.

MRS. MCTAVISH: (CROSSLY IN PHONE) Young man, are you a soldier?

BILL: (RESPECTFULLY) Yes, madam, I am a soldier.

MRS. MCTAVISH: (ACCUSINGLY) Have you seen my son?

BILL: Have I -- (AGAIN RESPECTFUL) No, madam -- that is -- Who is your son?

MRS. MCTAVISH: My son? (ANGRILY) My son is a long legged, absent minded, red-headed ---

BILL: Sorry, madam. No recruit of that description has been here today ---

SOUND: DULL, MEASURED HAMMERING, DOOR OPENED AND FLUNG BACK, THEN RUSH OF PUT-PUT MOTOR, THEN CRASH

MRS. MCTAVISH: (TRIUMPHANTLY) That's him!

BILL: (SARCASTICALLY) Madam, if your son is a red-headed cyclone on a -- on a -- contraption ---

RED: That's me, mister. Tell mom not to hold lunch. I just plumb forgot it!

BILL: Madam, your son says to inform you he is now at the Army Recruiting Office, that is -- his contraption is a wreck, that you are not to wait lunch.

MRS. MCTAVISH: Thanks. Tell him to try to remember to get home for dinner.

RED: Thanks, mister.

BILL: (CAREFULLY CORRECTING HIM) Sergeant Harris.

RED: O. K., Sergeant Harris. I didn't mean to bust in on you this way, but something went wrong with my invention and ---

BILL: It is an invention is it, and not a -- a contraption?

RED: (ENTHUSIASTICALLY) Sure, it's an invention! What'd you think it was? It's a swell invention. It takes you right up to a door, knocks on the door, opens it and lets you in ---

BILL: (LAUGHING) It lets you in all right, but it comes near to knocking you out, if I'm any judge.

RED: Well, it did sort of jangle, didn't it?

BILL: Well, it wasn't exactly silent.

RED: Mom says she doesn't mind so much my inventing things, but she would like to have the neighborhood a little more peaceful. That's why she wants me to join the army.

BILL: So that's why you're here?

RED: Gosh, yes. I plumb forgot. You see, she figures that if I'd enlist, my time would sort of be filled up with drilling and eating and sleeping and -- oh, you know -- the things a soldier does ----

BILL: Yes, I know.

RED: Well, she figures I'd be so busy I wouldn't have time to be so resourceful.

BILL: You fooled me, Red. I thought you were going to say "inventive".

RED: Nope. You see, Sergeant Harris, I really wouldn't be inventive if it wasn't I'm always trying to find a short cut, a quicker, easier way to do things. My idea of a perfect job would be one that let me -- but what's the use?

(CONT'D)

RED: Mom has made up my mind I'm going into the army to keep from inventing things and that's that.

BILL: But don't you want to serve your country?

RED: Oh sure, I'm patriotic enough, but --

BILL: But a guy wants most to do the things he likes to do, to find his job in life -- (SIGHS DEEPLY)

BILL: (QUIZZICALLY) Your mother is a very determined person, isn't she?

RED: Mom? She sure is!

BILL: And she wants you in the army?

RED: (SIGHS DEEPLY, PLAINTIVELY) Yes.

BILL: Sounds hopeless, doesn't it?

RED: Yes. (SIGHS RESIGNEDLY)

BILL: Did you ever hear of Jimmy Rinehart, Red?

RED: (DISINTERESTED AND RESIGNED TO HIS FATE) Never heard of him.

BILL: Nice fellow. Resourceful too.

RED: Uh-huh.

BILL: His resourcefulness made him famous ---

RED: Famous, huh -- but look at my machine, Sergeant Harris -- (SUDDENLY ATTENTIVE) Hey, what did you say?

BILL: I said Jimmy Rinehart's resourcefulness made him famous.

RED: (INCREDULOUS) You mean his figuring things out and making something out of nothing made him famous?

BILL: That's right. Too bad we haven't a lot of guys like him in the Army Air Corps. You see, Jimmy Rinehart was a Portland boy, just like you -- a boy who was always making short cuts toward the things he wanted. I suspect his mother, like yours, was forever finding contraptions under foot -- (FADING)

SOUND: WHIRRING OF MOTOR, BANGING OF EXHAUST, THEN CUT

MRS. RINEHART: (FRIGHTENED) Jimmy! Jimmy! Are you hurt?

JIMMY: (EXCITEDLY) It works! It works!

MRS. RINEHART: (RELIEVED) Yes, it works, but --- Oh, Jimmy, you worry me to death with your ---

JIMMY: (BRIGHTLY) Contraptions! But, Mother, it's not a contraption really. It's an airplane motor!

MRS. RINEHART: An airplane motor?

JIMMY: (WORSHIPFULLY) Yes -- isn't it beautiful?

MRS. RINEHART: (SADLY) Oh, I never should have permitted you to stay at the beach that summer with Earl Gray. Since he gave you those airplane parts, you've been a changed boy. First you filled the basement up with parts, then you dashed off to Seattle for a -- a ---

JIMMY: Fuselage!

MRS. RINEHART: And now an engine from ---

JIMMY: Texas! (EAGERLY) And, mother, I heard of some wings I can get right here in Portland. A plane was wrecked and I've been sort of inquiring about them.

MRS. RINEHART: (RESIGNEDLY) All right, son, what else?

JIMMY: Well -- you can't make a plane without a propeller, but Earl Gray says he can manage that for me. And then I heard of some tail pieces I can get in Ohio, (WITH GROWING EXCITEMENT) and a man practically give me enough linen for the wings and I know a place in Virginia where I can get ---

MRS. RINEHART: (COMPLETELY RESIGNED) Next you'll be wanting to fly.

JIMMY: OF course, I will. (FADING) And it won't be long either.

BILL: Sure enough, it wasn't long before Jimmy had his plane in working order. He assembled it in his own yard out on Williams Avenue. He tried out the motor, put it in the fuselage, and one day, with the help of a lot of neighborhood boys (FADING) along Williams Avenue ----

SOUND: ROAR OF MOTOR, WHIRRING OF PROPELLOR, THEN FADE TO UNDER-TONE

BOYS VOICES: (AD LIB) Whee! It works! Lookit that propellor go! LISTEN to that motor! Come on, Jimmy, let's wheel it down the street!

JIMMY: Wait a second. I'd better cut off the motor. Gosh! What if it'd fly right off with me! There, now. Off she goes.

SOUND: CUT MOTOR AND PROPELLOR

JIMMY: Easy now, fellows. Bob, you and Joe go over on the other side. There, that's right. Now -- shove! Watch out! Don't run over Mrs. Smith!

MRS. SMITH: Good heavens, Jimmy, what are you shoving down the street?

MRS. JONES: It looks like an airplane. It is an airplane!

MRS. SMITH: (WHISPERING LOUDLY) It's the Kinehart boy, that's what it is. Of all the outrageous, dangerous ---

MRS. JONES: (PIOUSLY) Well, at least he won't break anybody's neck but his own, and that's something. But how his mother ever stands up under the strain of his goings on is more (FADING) than I know.

RED: (SYMPATHETICALLY) Sounds just like our neighbors, Sergeant Harris.

BILL: But Jimmy Rinehart didn't break his neck. Instead he broke a world's record.

RED: A world's record? What for?

BILL: For an endurance flight. But I'll have to go back a little. As soon as Jimmy had his plane in running order he took it away from Williams Avenue and over to Vancouver where Jack Clemens, a Canadian World War pilot taught him to fly it. It wasn't long before Jimmy was doing tail spins, loop the loops, and half barrel rolls. And will you believe it, his mother caught the aviation fever and learned to fly too.

RED: She did?

BILL: Yes. And when Jimmy was eighteen he got his Oregon pilot's license. Two years later he went to Seaside, down on the coast, the place where he first became interested in airplanes. Early one morning he took off in his little plane, determined to break the world's endurance record for machines of his class. All day long the folks on the crowded beach watched the little soaring speck --- eight hours, ten hours, twelve hours, sixteen hours, and darkness was creeping in from the ocean. On the beach below hundreds of spectators (FADING) craned their necks and waited ---

SOUND: RABBLE OF VOICES AD LIB AGAINST BACKGROUND OF SURF, THEN
FADE TO BACKGROUND

VOICES: Why doesn't he come down? He's already broken the world's record! What's he waiting for?

MRS. RINEHART: I know! He's waiting for the beach to clear. He can't come down. If he lands now, he might run over someone.

MRS. JONES: (AFFECTEDLY) Oh, Mrs. Rinehart, you must be so proud of Jimmy today. Just to think that he was once one of my neighbors. Why -- it even makes me proud.

MRS. RINEHART: (ABSENTLY) Thank you, Mrs. Jones. Yes, I am proud of him.

MRS. SMITH: What time is it now?

MRS. RINEHART: It's -- Why, it's getting dark. I can hardly tell the time. (ANXIOUSLY) Oh, I do hope he comes down before dark.

VOICES: (AD LIBBING TO CUT) Look, he's coming down! Clear the beach! Get back! Sixteen hours and a half! It's a world's record! Get back!

SOUND: FADING IN, AIRPLANE MOTOR TO ROAR, THEN CUT

BILL: Well, that was that. Jimmy, the crazy kid with the resourceful mind, found himself famous over night. His time was officially checked by Lieutenant Valentine Gephart of Seattle, and released as 16 hours, 34 minutes and 25.2 seconds -- four hours more than the record for a plane of the OX-5 class (PAUSE - SIGHS) We sure need guys like Rinehart in the Army.

RED: Golly, Sergeant Harris, I'll bet his mother was proud of him.

BILL: Yes, she was.

RED: Do you suppose if I'd -- what I mean is, would my Mom -- But no, I got to join the Army, so go ahead Sergeant Harris and let's get me enlisted.

BILL: O. K., Red. Just a minute while I get my blank papers.

SOUND: RIFFLING OF PAPERS AND SCRATCHING OF PEN

BILL: O. K., Red. What's your full name?

RED: (DULLY) Norman John McTavish.

BILL: Age?

RED: (RESIGNEDLY) Ninotten.

BILL: Married?

RED: (ASTONISHED) Married?

BILL: (SARDONICALLY) Unmarried. Any dependents?

RED: Well, Mom isn't exactly a dependent, Sergeant Harris.
She can pretty well take care of herself.

BILL: (LAUGHING) And you too!

RED: I wouldn't mind this Army stuff so much if I could do
things like Jimmy Rinehart did.

BILL: (CONFIDENTIALLY) Sa-ay -- How'd you like to be a flight
mechanic?

RED: What's that? What's a flight mechanic?

BILL: (AS IF DISINTERESTED) Oh, he's a fellow who always goes
up with the pilots. If anything goes wrong it is up to
him to get the plane together, someway, somehow, and
keep it in flying shape. You know -- if the plane cracks
a wing or the fuselage should be damaged and the plane
grounded, the flight mechanic is the man who gets it in
the air -- somehow. He's got to know all about gadgets
and contaptions and -----

RED: (BREAKING IN EXCITEDLY) Resourceful!

BILL: Yes.

RED: Like me!

BILL: Well, more or less.

RED: Do they have them in the Army?

BILL: (STALLING) Have what?

RED: You know, flight mechanics?

BILL: (BLANDLY) Sure, sure. Lots of them.

RED: And could I maybe be one of them?

BILL: (LAUGHING) You sure could!

RED: (SUDDENLY ALARMED) For gosh sake, Sergeant, don't tell Mom.

BILL: (SOLEMNLY) Don't tell Mom.

RED: If Mom ever finds out that in the Army I'll have a chance at gadgets she's sure to change my mind again!

SOUND: TELEPHONE BELL

BILL: Army Recruiting Service. Sergeant Harris speaking.

MRS. MCTAVISH: (CROSSLY IN PHONE) Has that long-legged, absent-minded, red-headed son of mine signed up yet?

BILL: (URBANELY) Not quite, Mrs. McTavish. We're just finishing up the preliminaries. There are some things he will want to talk over with you ---

RED: (WHISPERING) Sh! Sh! Don't tell Mom.

MRS. MCTAVISH: How long does he sign up for?

BILL: Three years, Mrs. McTavish. Three years of good, healthful, regular routine. Just what you want for him!

MRS. MCTAVISH: Yes, that's just exactly what I want. Thanks, Sergeant. Tell him not to forget dinner.

RED: Whew! You had me scared! I thought you were going to tell her.

BILL: Of course not. That's our little secret.

RED: (ANXIOUSLY) There aren't any women in the Army, are there, Sergeant?

BILL: No -- not yet!

MUSIC: THEME UP AND OUT

ANNCR: And so we leave Sergeant Bill Harris in his office at
323 Main Post Office Building until next week at this
same hour when KOIN will again cooperate with the U. S.
Army Recruiting Service in presenting Soldiers of the Air.
This program was written by the Oregon Writers' Project
and produced by members of the Youth Theatre Guild.
The cast included:

Listen in again at this same hour, ten thirty p.m. next
week and you will again here -----

SOUND: TELEPHONE BELL

BILL: Army Recruiting Service! Sergeant Harris speaking!