

UNITED STATES ARMY RECRUITING SERVICE

ser. 2
no. 9

Oct. 6, 1941 ----- KOIN 10:15 P.M.

SOLDIERS OF THE AIR

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

MUSIC: THEME "SECOND CONNECTICUT REGIMENT" (475) UP AND FADE TO BACK-
GROUND

ANNCR: This evening KOIN is pleased to cooperate with the United States Army Recruiting Service in presenting another chapter in the life of Sergeant Harris, soldier of the air.

MUSIC: THEME UP AND OUT

ANNCR: Even on days when no special orders have come to Sergeant Harris, he finds that the life of a recruiting sergeant is never dull. Sergeant Harris has recruited bankers, cooks, radio operators, aviators, and mechanics, but he has never yet signed up a musician for a three year hitch of tootling for the Army. However, there is always a first time, so --- let's listen ----

SOUND: TELEPHONE BELL

BILL: Army Recruiting Service. Sergeant Harris speaking.

VOICE: (VIA TELEPHONE) Hello, Sergeant Harris. This is Major Brown, of the Portland Air Base. My nephew, Charles Brown, is on his way to see you ---

BILL: You mean to see me, Major Brown, or to see Colonel Hensley?

BROWN: (EMPHATICALLY) I mean you! That young nephew of mine already has an exaggerated opinion of himself. You talk to him as you would to any ordinary recruit.

BILL: Yes, sir!

BROWN: And remember, the next time I see that nephew of mine, I want to see him in a uniform of the regular army!

BILL: Yes, sir, Major Brown!

SOUND: CLICK OF TELEPHONE RECEIVER

BILL: Did you hear that, Sergeant Lawrence?

LAWRENCE: No, what was it?

BILL: Major Brown just phoned that he is sending his nephew down to see us.

LAWRENCE: Well, what are we supposed to do about it?

BILL: We're supposed to enlist him! It seems he thinks rather too well of himself, from what Major Brown says ---

LAWRENCE: Sergeant Bill Harris, the ego-buster, will now gallop into action!

BILL: (INTERRUPTING) Oh, lay off, will you? Besides here comes Charley ---

LAWRENCE: Is his name Charley?

BILL: That's what the Major said. (PAUSE) Here, take the phone while I turn psychiatrist --- here he comes ---

LAWRENCE: (CHUCKLING) O.K., Sergeant Harris. (FADING) I'll take the headphones and you take the headaches ---

BILL: Hello, there, Charley, we've been expecting you.

CHARLEY: (ASTONISHED) Hello, yourself! (FADING IN) Any law against an outsider looking into your crystal ball?

BILL: (EQUALLY ASTONISHED) Crystal ball? What crystal ball?

CHARLEY: You know --- crystal ball -- that funny little round object that you gaze into when you want to know the future ---

BILL: But I don't want to know the future!

CHARLEY: Well, strangely enough, Sergeant, I do. (PAUSE) So, if you've got a crystal ball that is smart enough to tell you that I was coming up here, when I didn't know it myself five minutes ago -- then I want to look into it. I could do with a little crystal gazing myself at the moment!

BILL: (BEGINNING TO SEE THE FUNNY SIDE OF THE CONVERSATION) Well, Charley, I'm sorry, but the Army Recruiting Service is fresh out of crystal balls. However, you'll find we're pretty good on predicting a man's future once he enlists with the regular army. Now, take you, for instance ---

CHARLEY: (WARILY) Oh, no, you don't! You don't take me. I'm twenty-eight!

BILL: Twenty-eight, eh? And so you don't have to serve your country. (PERSUASIVELY) You can volunteer, you know, up until you are thirty-six.

CHARLEY: Sure, I could. But I'm not going to. (PAUSE) Say, -- how'd we get off on this track? I didn't come up here to talk about enlisting. I came up here to borrow something ---

BILL: (LAUGHING) Borrow something? We're not in the lending game. You're thinking of Cohen, down the street ---

CHARLEY: (WEARILY) I've been to Cohen. He hasn't got one. I've been to every pawn shop in town, and there just naturally aren't any Soldier's medals in hock.

BILL: (NON*PLUSED) Soldier's Medal! In hock!

CHARLEY: Sure, -- sure -- sure -- don't run a temperature over it!

BILL: (STERNLY) Charley, do you know what a soldier's medal is?

CHARLEY: (PATRONIZINGLY) Sure, -- sure -- it's a little scrap of metal with a pretty ribbon on it ---

BILL: Charley -- if you weren't Major Brown's nephew -- I'd forget I'm a soldier and punch you right in the nose!

CHARLEY: Major Brown's nephew! Me? That's a laugh!

BILL: (ASTONISHED) Aren't you Major Brown's nephew, Charley Brown? He phoned me you were coming up to see me.

CHARLEY: No, I'm not Charley Brown. I'm Charley --- Charley Clay --- ever hear of me?

BILL: Charley Clay --- Hm-m-m ----- Not Good Time Charley Clay, the dance band leader?

CHARLEY: (PROUDLY) That's me! Good Time Charley ---

BILL: (PENSIVELY AS IF TO HIMSELF) Good time Charley --- Gosh, what a break for the army if you'd enlist ---

CHARLEY: Sure, it would be a break for the army! But what about me?

BILL: (VERY FRIENDLY AND AFFABLE) Look, Charley, -- I'm curious -- just as man to man, -- what would you consider a break for yourself?

CHARLEY: (LAUGHING BUT DEFENSIVE) Oh, I know what you're getting at, but I'll string along with you. I'll tell you what I consider a break. A break is something a guy figures out for himself --- a smart move, see, and then he just naturally goes and does what he's figured out.

BILL: Do you mind telling me --- was that what you were doing when you came up here trying to borrow a Soldier's Medal?

CHARLEY: Sure. I'm in a spot. I need a soldier's uniform and a soldier's medal to get me out of the squeeze. So, naturally I'm trying to pick up a uniform and a medal -- and by the way, -- if it hadn't been for Major Brown I wouldn't be in a jam ---

BILL: So, -- Major Brown is mixed up in this too?

CHARLEY: He sure is! If it hadn't been for him ---- no ---- if it hadn't been for my brother ---

BILL: Your brother?

CHARLEY: Yes, my twin brother, -- Cordell Clay. If it hadn't been for him being so darn noble -- if it hadn't been for his getting a soldier's medal -- and if Major Brown hadn't happened to see the ceremony when Cordell got it -- (SUDDENLY DEADLY SERIOUS AND WORRIED) Look, here, Sergeant Harris, -- there's a lot of things I don't believe in.

(CONT'd)

CHARLEY: Most of this life is hokum -- pure hokum -- but my brother Cordell is different. He's the pure McCoy. I believe in him. And now he's in jail and the only way I can protect him is to borrow a uniform and a medal and carry on until he gets out of jail!

BILL: Jail! Your twin brother, Cordell, the guy that earned a soldier's medal is in jail?

CHARLEY: That's right. Cordell is in jail. Over in Yakima -- but they don't know who he is and they're not going to find out. He got in a fight -- and they think he hit a guy! If the guy dies, it may go hard with Cordell. If the guy gets well, he'll alibi my brother because Cordell didn't do it. I know he didn't! In a few days they'll find the guy that did. Then they'll release Cordell and I'll fade out of the picture and no harm done.

BILL: You mean that until he is released you want to masquerade as Cordell, is that it?

CHARLEY: That's right. There isn't any sense in anyone finding out about this little --- er --- skirmish.

BILL: But, if your twin brother, Cordell, is in jail in Yakima, I don't see what you are worrying about here in Portland. Nobody here will know about it.

CHARLEY: (LAUGHING BITTERLY) That's what you think! Major Brown will know about it. Do you think I'm going to let anyone in the army know Cordell is in jail ---

BILL: But how will Major Brown know it?

CHARLEY: (PATIENTLY) Look, Sergeant Harris, -- Cordell and I are identical twins. You couldn't tell me from him in a year of Sundays by looking at us. I'm out west on a vacation, looking over these defense centers with an eye to winter business. 5-5-5

(CONT'd)

CHARLEY: Someone's going to take the money these soldiers get and it might as well be Good Time Charley and his orchestra. And what happens -- what happens ---

BILL: Well, what does happen?

CHARLEY: This Major Brown runs into me on the street. He was so tickled to see me I thought he was going to kiss me. Kept pumping my hand and blabbing about my soldier's medal and what a hero I was that time to save my comrades from a burning plane ---

BILL: I see --- He thought you were Cordell.

CHARLEY: I tried to tell him I was myself but he wouldn't listen. Just kept talking about how glad he was to see me out west, and was I on leave or had I served my hitch and wouldn't I be glad to dash out to his house and play the piano like I did that time at Camp Dix for the boys?

BILL: And did you?

CHARLEY: Did I what?

BILL: Dash out to his house and play the piano?

CHARLEY: No, I got out of that, -- but I got into a worse mess. It seems that some of the guys that I -- that is that Cordell -- served with back at Fort Dix, have been transferred out here to the Air Base and they'd like to have me come out. (BITTERLY) Nothing will do but I must trot out to the Recreation Hall tomorrow and have a reunion with my buddies -- play the piano while they sing the old songs and --- Oh -- what's the use?

BILL: You figure that if you could masquerade as a soldier for a few days you'd be doing your twin brother a good turn, is that it?

CHARLEY: (IMPATIENTLY) What do you think I've been talking about, soldier? These guys believe he's a hero with a medal. Do you think I'm going to let them find out Cordell's in jail --- even if he isn't guilty?

BILL: I see --- and these other guys -- the buddies -- what about them?

CHARLEY: Well, what about them? They'll never know the difference?

BILL: And if they do find out you are masquerading -- what then?
What effect would it have on them?

CHARLEY: What do you mean?

BILL: Oh, nothing, --- except --- well -- fellows don't like to have
someone they believe turn out to be a phony ---

CHARLEY: That's their hard luck!

BILL: You don't care much about the other fellow, do you, Charley?

CHARLEY: Only when the other fellow is my twin brother, Cordell. He's
noble enough for the two of us! --- Now, tell me, do I get the
medal and the uniform?

BILL: No, --- and No!

CHARLEY: What do you mean, no and no?

BILL: (DEADLY SERIOUS) I mean just this: No man should wear the uniform
of the United States Army unless he deserves to wear it ---

CHARLEY: (INTERRUPTING) O.K. -- O.K. ---

BILL: Every man who wears a uniform of the United States Army is pro-
claiming that he is willing to give of himself, -- of his time --
his talent -- of whatever he has -- so that the other fellows in
this country may live in freedom and happiness. (WITH RISING
INDIGNATION) But you -- why -- you --

CHARLEY: Relax, Sergeant. You forget your blood pressure! (PAUSE) If
that's the way you feel about it, I'll toddle out to the Air
Base tomorrow night in civilian clothes. I'll get by -- I'll
fool Major Brown and those soldier buddies of Cordell's --
uniform or no uniform ---

BILL: (KINDLY) Well, I don't wish you any bad luck, but -- well, those
fellows out at the Air Base are a pretty intelligent lot, you
know -- and Major Brown isn't exactly a fool ----- 7-7-7

CHARLEY: Neither am I. When I give them Good Time Charley's version of Loch Lomond --- (FADING) they'll forget everything else ---

SOUND: PIANO INTERPRETATION OF LAST FEW MEASURES OF "LOCH LOMOND" IN BOOGIE WOOGIE

SOUND: APPLAUSE

JACK: Gosh, Cordell, that was swell! Now play us another one --- something more like you used to play back at Fort Dix ---

DON: Sure, like that Tchaikowsky Concerto in D Minor -- you know --

CHARLEY: You fellows sure are fools for punishment! Here I been playing for an hour and you keep yelling for more ---

JACK: Sure, -- we like it. (PAUSE) Of course, we were sort of astonished when you started playing boogie-woogie --- You never used to do that, Cordell.

DON: You sure didn't! Gosh, don't you remember how mad you got once when you heard that Tchaikowsky Concerto played by a dance band ---

JACK: (INTERRUPTING) Sa-ay! Come to think about it, -- it was your brother, Good Time Charley's Band -- remember? He was sure in the groove.

CHARLEY: Yeh -- he's pretty good, isn't he?

JACK: Oh, he's all right, I guess, if you like that kind of follow.

DON: Sure, Good Time Charley's O.K., -- but --

CHARLEY: But what?

DON: Well, -- look, Cordell, -- he's your brother and all that, but he isn't like you at all.

CHARLEY: How's he different from me?

JACK: Well, being his twin brother, you probably wouldn't notice it. But Charley is a phoney, Cordell. He's always thinking of himself. He never does anything that doesn't bring Charley right up front and center -- with his had out for the dough. And he gets a glad hand from the public all the time he's taking their money.

CHARLEY: (DEFENSIVELY) Aw, -- Charley's not such a bad egg.

DON: Sure, we know! There's nothing crooked about him. He's just looking out for Charley. Look, Cordell -- what's he doing right now ---

CHARLEY: Why -- er -- why -- he's -- he's trying to work up a winter schedule for his dance band.

DON: Uh-huh! What'd I tell you! He's out right now trying to figure out ways to get a soldier's nickels, when he ought to be in the army just like you, Cordell.

CHARLEY: You forget, my hitch is up. That's how I come to be out west vacationing.

JACK: Well, you were in the army, and I'll bet a dime you re-enlist!

CHARLEY: I don't know -- but I wish you guys thought a little better of Charley -- he's not so bad ---

DON: Oh, let's forget Charley. Come on, Cordell, let's have some real music now. We're tired of your new brand of hot stuff. Forget this syncopation and give us that Tschaiikowsky Concerto in D Minor.

CHARLEY: (EVASIVELY) But honest, fellows, I'm tired -- I --

DON: Come on, -- come on -- just this one more --

JACK: Gosh, you've sure changed, Cordell. It used to be you never wanted to quit ---

CHARLEY: Oh well, -- you asked for it! Now see if you can take it!

SOUND: CRASHING CORDS AND THEN SWING VERSION OF TSCHAIKOWSKY CONCERTO IN DISCORDS

CHARLEY: (ANGRILY) Well, why don't you say something?

DON: (QUIETLY) I guess there isn't much to say --

CHARLEY: (SARCASTICALLY) Oh, I know what you're all thinking -- but you haven't got nerve enough to say it!

JACK: That's where you're wrong, Mister Good Time Charley! We've got plenty of nerve, but not the kind you can understand.

CHARLEY: Try me, -- I might surprise you!

JACK: O.K., Good Time Charley, -- this time you are asking for it!
(PAUSE) You pretty near had us fooled with your smooth talk and your swing music. We thought you were Cordell. But you're a phoney -- just as you always have been ---

DON: And always will be. Once a phoney -- always a phoney!

CHARLEY: You guys are pretty tough on a fellow, aren't you?

JACK: We aren't half as tough as Cordell will be when he finds out you've been playing jokes on us!

CHARLEY: Maybe Cordell won't find out ---

JACK: Maybe not. After all he's too good a friend for us to make him unhappy by telling what you are really like.

DON: That's right, Jack. I reckon we'd be the last two men to say or do anything to hurt Cordell. After all, we're the two whose lives he saved ---

CHARLEY: (HUMBLY) You mean, you two fellows, Jack and Don, are the ones he saved from that burning plane -- the time they gave him the Soldier's Medal ---

DON: Sure, -- me and Jack.

JACK: (EXCITEDLY) That's it! That's it! The soldier's medal. If you aren't a phoney -- if you really are Cordell -- let's see your medal!

CHARLEY: I -- I ---- Oh, what's the use? You know as well as I do that I haven't got a Soldier's Medal ---

JACK: (EXULTINGLY) Uh-huh! What'd I say, Don?

DON: (AS IF TO JACK ONLY) Well, of course, before you can earn a Soldier's Medal, you have to be a soldier.

JACK: Yes, and before you can be a soldier you have to have in you a little of that stuff that's mentioned on the Soldier's Medal --

CHARLEY: What stuff's that?

JACK: The words inscribed on the Soldier's Medal that Cordell, your brother, earned -- are: For Valor.

CHARLEY: And you men don't think I've got any of that -- any valor in me, -- is that it?

DON: (SPECULATIVELY) Well, Good Time Charley -- we wouldn't know. Not until we'd see you in a soldier's uniform!

JACK: Or maybe we'd be able to judge if we heard your dance band playing a swing version of the Stars and Stripes Forever!

(FADING) But, of course -- there's not much chance of that ---

SOUND: OFF MIKE BAND PLAYING "STARS AND STRIPES FOREVER". CONTINUE AS BACKGROUND AND FADE IN AS CONVERSATION CONTINUES.

BILL: Hey, Sergeant Lawrence, do you hear what I hear?

LAWRENCE: Sounds like a parade. At any rate I hear band music.

BILL: I didn't know there was any kind of a parade scheduled for today. Look out the window and see what it's all about ---

LAWRENCE: (FADING TO DISTANCE) I'll give a look. (PAUSE) I don't see anything yet, -- but -- that's funny.

BILL: What's funny?

LAWRENCE: (STILL OFF MIKE) It looks like a college rally or something. Some kind of a band -- a lot of young fellows in civilian clothes playing like mad and a lot of other folks following them down the street ---

BILL: Probably some advertising stunt.

LAWRENCE: (FADING IN) Yes, more than likely. Good idea too. Nothing like good music to get folks interested.

BILL: Yes, -- we could use a few more bands in the army, eh?

LAWRENCE: Say, -- that music is getting closer. Sounds like it was coming right up the stairs! (WITH GROWING INTEREST) That band is coming up the stairs! Now, what in thunder ---

LAWRENCE: Hey, -- look! It's that fellow who was up here yesterday!

BILL: Good Time Charley Clay!

LAWRENCE: And his whole band!

SOUND: BAND PLAYING "STARS AND STRIPES FOREVER" IN LOUD AND AFTER A FEW SECONDS CUT ABRUPTLY

CHARLEY: O.K., fellows. Put down your instruments and get out your pens!

BILL: What's it all about, Charley? Why the serenade?

CHARLEY: We've come after that medal I talked to you about.

BILL: Going to take it by force?

CHARLEY: (LAUGHING) Nope! We're going to charm it! With music, -- you know!

BILL: (PUZZLED) I still don't get it!

CHARLEY: Maybe if we'd strike up that familiar old tune, "We're In the Army Now", you'd understand!

BILL: (ASTONISHED) You mean you want to enlist!

CHARLEY: We sure do! All of us!

BILL: You mean the whole band?

CHARLEY: The whole band! That is, if you'll enlist us together. We're all of legal age, all single, not a dependent among us, all healthy, -- (PAUSE) Of course, if the United States Regular Army can't use a good band on a three year hitch ---

BILL: (STUPIFIED) Can't use a band! Can't use a --- Hey! Sergeant Lawrence, give me twenty-five enlistment blanks!

CHARLEY: All right, men, -- let's sign off as civilians with a marching tune! On the down beat -- ready? Let's go ---

MUSIC: THEME UP AND OUT

ANNCR: And so we leave Sergeant Harris signing up the recruits for the regular United States Army at 323 Main Post Office Building. Next week at this same hour KOIN will present another in this series of Soldiers of the Air. Tonight's program was written by the Oregon Writers' Project of the Work Projects Administration and produced by members of the Youth Theatre Guild. The cast included:

Listen again next Monday night at ten fifteen over this station when you will again hear ----

SOUND: TELEPHONE BELL

BILL: Army Recruiting Service. Sergeant Harris speaking.

MUSIC: THEME UP AND OUT