

UNITED STATES ARMY RECRUITING SERVICE

ser. 2  
no. 11

Nov. 10, 1941-----KGIN 10:45 P.M.

SOLDIERS OF THE AIR

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

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

ANNCR: This evening KGIN 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: Sergeant Bill Harris likes United States Regular Army Service. In fact, he's so sold on his job that he never misses an opportunity to talk about it, and right now he is, -- well, let's listen in and see what's going on ----

SOUND: TELEPHONE BELL

FOSTER: Army Recruiting Service. Sergeant Foster speaking.

BENTON: (VIA TELEPHONE) I'd like to speak with Sergeant Harris.

FOSTER: Sorry -- Sergeant Harris is out with the Mobile Recruiting Unit this week. He'll be back late today, however. May I take a message?

BENTON: (AS ABOVE) This is Clark Benton. I was talking to Sergeant Harris about enlisting but I have to leave town. Which way is he returning?

FOSTER: He's coming back by US 30 -- that's the Old Oregon Trail. Right now he ought to be somewhere this side of The Dalles.

BENTON: That's fine. I'm going to The Dalles. (FADES) I'll probably see the Mobile Recruiting Unit on the road. I'll flag him down ---

SOUND: TRUCK MOTOR. FADE IN AT AVERAGE SPEED, HOLD LONG ENOUGH TO  
ESTABLISH THE SOUND, THEN FADE TO BACKGROUND AND HOLD

BRITT: This baby sure rolls along pretty doesn't it, Sergeant Harris?  
Sweetest little truck in the service, -- that's what it is.

BILL: That's taking in a lot of territory -- when you say this truck  
you're driving is the best in the service. You know, there's  
something like twelve thousand vehicles in the four armored  
divisions of the army -- and that's not considering the motorized  
divisions---

BRITT: (DISDAINFULLY) Huh! One in twelve thousand! Say, this baby  
is one in a million! I could drive her with a finger. Look at  
the way she purrs around these curves -- and listen to this  
motor----

SOUND: MOTOR IN LOUDER AND ACCELERATED

BILL: Hey! (ABOVE TRUCK MOTOR) Take it easy! I'll take your word  
for it!

BRITT: O-kay! O-kay!

SOUND: TRUCK MOTOR TO BACKGROUND AND HOLD, MOTOR SLOWER

BRITT: Ain't it sweet the way she switches that trailer around?  
Just like it was a tail grown on her --

BILL: (LAUGHING) Shades of Darwin! a tailer with a trail-- No --  
a truck with a trailer -- Say, -- you've got me all mixed up!  
I mean--

BRITT: A truck with a tail.

BILL: Yes, that's what I mean. (CHUCKLING) A truck with a tail!  
That's one up on Darwin!

BRITT: Who's Darwin? Wasn't he the guy that way laying on the grass  
and an apple dropped on the ground and --

BILL: That was Newton -- he discovered the principle that permits you  
to drive this Mobile Recruiting Unit on the road and not right  
off into space---

BRITT: Say -- if you don't think a fellow could drive a truck off into space on this road, you're crazy! A lot of guys have -- and it's a long way to the bottom -- Hey -- look at that crazy driver just ahead of us -- looks like he's trying to drive that old truck off into space now!

BILL: Look. It's a Benton line truck. I didn't think an up and coming outfit like Benton would permit an old wreck like that on the road! Not with their sign on it anyhow.

BRITT: He's sure making wide spots out of narrow ones --

BILL: Maybe you'd better go around him--

BRITT: Yeh, and maybe I hadn't. <sup>+</sup>his is Uncle Sam's truck and trailer and it's my job to see it gets back to Portland all nice and shiny! I should take a chance on letting that goofy truck driver side swipe me when I pass -- and get a scratch on the Mobile Recruiting Unit? Huh-uh -- not me!

BILL: Whoever is driving that old Benton line truck is moving right along anyhow. Pretty fast for this kind of a road --

BRITT: Yeh. Every time I drive this road I wonder how the builder managed to get it so crooked. I'd like to see a fleet of those new 28-ton M-3 army tanks cruising along a road like this -- I bet this road would slow 'em down!

BILL: No, it wouldn't. That M-3 is a slow moving tank. It's only supposed to cruise at thirty miles an hour, but that new ten-ton Diesel buggy that's supposed to make eighty on the highways -- well -- that's another--- Hey -- look out! That Benton driver has gone wild again!

BRITT: Stopped like a stone in the middle of the road! And on the crest of a hill too! Hang on, Harris --

SOUND: SCREECH OF BRAKES THEN TRUCK MOTOR IDLING.

BRITT: (BRAGGING SLIGHTLY) Two inches to spare!

BILL: What do you mean two inches! We're practically hovering that jalopy!

BRITT: Jump out, Bill and see what's wrong. I'll get this truck off the road and flag down traffic --

BILL: O-kay: (FADING SLIGHTLY) Pull away --

SCOUND: TRUCK MOTOR UP WITH CLASH OF GEARS THEN FADES OUT

BILL: (FADING IN) I say -- what's the trouble? Why on earth did you stop right in the middle of the --- Oh, I beg your pardon ---

JEAN: Never mind the apologies -- just help me get this antique freight wagon off the road! I've got to get to Portland.

BILL: I'm sorry. I didn't expect to see a woman driving a Benton line truck---

JEAN: And I didn't expect the army to come to the rescue, -- so that makes us even!

BILL: What's the trouble, anyhow? What made you stop in the middle of the road?

JEAN: I didn't stop. This old truck did! Whow! (GLEEFULLY) Wouldn't Clark Benton be wild if he could see this old wreck out on the road with his name on it!

BILL: I wonder--- Well, let's see if I can't shove it off the road.

JEAN: Off the road? Oh no, you don't! We'll shove it on down the road -- just one little shove and it'll roll down that long slope and maybe up the next hill!

BILL: Look, Miss--- Miss --

JEAN: Hanover. Jean Hanover, late freight dispatcher of Benton Freight, Consolidated --

BILL: Late dispatcher of Benton Freight?

JEAN: (WITH SPIRIT) That's right. Late - very late - until this morning to be exact! This morning I quit! And now -- I've got to get to Portland --

BILL: But not in this -- this---

JEAN: Yes, in this antique freight wagon! (WITH DETERMINATION) I'LL drive it or push it or pull it -- but somehow I'm going to get to Portland in this truck!

BILL: You sound pretty determined, Miss Hanover.

JEAN: I am. I've never seen this stuffy boss of mine, Clark Benton but I'm going to show him that someone in his organization has a little spirit! Five times I ask Clark Benton for a light delivery truck for local freight -- and do I get it?

BILL: Well, do you?

JEAN: No! I get a polite letter about national defense and priorities! I'd like to know what he knows about defense -- interfering with the truck business! It's subservice! That's what it is!

BILL: But it's his truck business isn't it?

JEAN: Oh yes. It's his all right. When his father died last month, Benton Consolidated just fell into his young arms! He ought to be in the army, that's what --

BILL: But the trucking business and transportation are important to national defense. Maybe he's more important in business than in the army --

JEAN: Say - he couldn't even drive a truck let alone -- and just this morning when I had convinced myself he was telling the truth -- here comes an inventory for the delivery of a new station wagon --

BILL: Well, that's fine. But if that's true what are you running away for--- and of all things -- in this old wreck?

JEAN: THE INVENTORY WASN't meant for my office. It was sent there by some mistake! That station wagon was for Clark Benton's personal use! Oh -- I hate him! Here -- shove on this -- museum piece --

BILL: O-kay, Miss Hanover! It's your truck! Here we go -  
(GRUNTING) Hard now --

JEAN: Here -- not so hard. Shove the easy way -- (GASPING SLIGHTLY)  
It's easy! If I can get it going down hill -- Now --

BILL: A -- few feet -- farther --

JEAN: Watch out! When she kicks over I'll jump in and (GRUNT) be off --

BILL: But --

SOUND: OLD TRUCK MOTOR KICKS OVER AND COMES UP AS JEAN SHOUTS LET  
MOTOR ROAR IN THEM AS TALK CONTINUES FADE AS IN DISTANCE

JEAN: (SHOUTING) There she goes! Thanks, soldier --

BILL: (SHOUTING) Hey, wait!

JEAN: (FADING) See you on the next hill, soldier --

BILL: Well, I'll be ---

BRITT: (FADING IN AND PUFFING AS IF OUT OF BREATH) I got a line of traffic half a mile long back there -- Say -- where'd that old truck to?

BILL: Unless I'm mistaken it's gone over on the next hill to wait for us!

BRITT: (INCREDULOUSLY) Wait for us!

BILL: That's where she said she'd be. (over on the next hill. It seems that old truck --

BRITT: She! Was a dame driving that old Benton line jalopy?

BILL: Look at her go---Down there around that curve---

BRITT: Where? Oh -- down there. Gosh, she's sure sailing. That dame's a menace!

BILL: Menace! She's a darn good driver. Look at the way she's taking those curves ---

BRITT: Curves ain't all she'll take when she's driving that old truck!

BILL: Wonder if she could manage one of those little four-ton army trucks --

BRITT: Say -- we ain't enlisting women, are we? I thought the army was one place a man would get away from women!

BILL: (LAUGHING) That's right! (PAUSE) Come on! Let's get on with the recruiting business. Twenty enlistees yesterday -- and none so far today. Come on -- let's get back to the truck --

BRITT: Yeh. Let's get back to the truck. I set my heart on enlisting a truck driver today -- so --

BILL: You did! I never heard you speak of it --

BRITT: I didn't. I just now made up my mind. If there's going to be a lot of dames like that one on the road we got to enlist expert drivers---

BILL: I don't see the connection --

BRITT: So's they can dodge the dames on the road!

BILL: Well, let's get going in a good truck --

BRITT: Sure-- and let's pray she ain't waiting in that museum piece on the next hill---

SOUND: TRUCK MOTOR STARTING, CLASH OF GEARS, MOTOR UP AND IN TO ESTABLISH SOUND, THEN FADE TO BACKGROUND

BRITT: I wish the guy that planned this Columbia River Highway could ride on it in this baby--- some ride, huh?

BILL: It's supposed to be a real engineering feat -- the building of this road.

BRITT: Yeh. I read in a book about it.

BILL: Well, (LAUGHING) every time I drive it I wonder how the builder ever managed to get the road so far from the bottom of these cliffs. Gosh, it's a long way to the foot. Look---

BRITT: You look. I'll do the driving. Can't tell what second we might round a curve and there smack in the middle of the road would be---

BILL: (TEASING) The general in a four ton truck!

BRITT: No, not the general -- but a dame in a--- look! What'd I tell you? There she is!

BILL: Ease down, a little, and come up behind her slow. Maybe she'll let us shove her with the truck.

BRITT: O-kay, Bill, but it ain't dignified. I don't like the idea of this baby shoving a nineteen twenty eight --

BILL: Come on, come on --

BRITT: O-kay.

SOUND: TRUCK MOTOR UP, THEN IDLED TO FAINT UNDERTONE

BILL: I'll jump down and run up and see what we can do this time.  
(FADING) Stand by for a shove--

BRITT: It ain't dignified, that's what it ain't!

BILL: (OFF MIKE) All right, Sergeant Britt. Give us a hand here --  
Come ahead -- easy --

SOUND: TRUCK MOTOR SPEEDED UP AND CLASH OF GEARS

BRITT: Here goes!

SOUND: MOTOR IN STRONG, THEN SUDDENLY FADE TO UNDERTONE WHEN BILL  
YELLS "SHE'S OFF"

BILL: That's fine. Hold it! She's off. (PAUSE) Here, (FADING IN ABOVE MOTOR) Give me a hand up -- there -- thanks -- and here we go again!



BRITT: Sure! (SWEETLY SARCASTIC) Here we go again! Playing tag with a -- female menace in an old truck! Look at her go!

SOUND: TRUCK MOTOR UP CLASH OF GEARS, THEN FADE TO UNDERTONE

BRITT: Honest, Bill, if Colonel Hensley ever finds out we been shoving old trucks out of the road with this Mobile Recruiting Unit---

BILL: The Colonel will commend us for courtesy. You forget Britt, that a real soldier is never discourteous.

BRITT: (GRUMBLING) No, I ain't forgot, but gosh--- this truck and trailer is something special --

BILL: Well, that Hanover girl in that old truck ahead of us is pretty special too. Her boss, this Clark Benton was in the office talking to me about enlisting the other day. He said this Hanover girl was a whizz at business. I wish we had more soldiers with as much spunk as she's got.

BRITT: Well, I wisht her truck had more pep and she had less. Maybe she'd make it on to Portland alone -- Look -- there she is just ahead of us again -- slowing down on that slope just this side of Memaloose View Point --

BILL: She's made it---No, not quite -- yes -- she's ---

BRITT: (LIKE SPORTS ANNOUNCER) She's up! She's down! She made it! No, she didn't make it!

BILL: Ch, pipe down! She is going to make it! (PAUSE) Well, of all the nerve -- Look at that guy in the big station wagon --

BRITT: Cutting in ahead of her!

BILL: She's breaking down to let him pass --

BRITT: Hang on! He's going to hit her!

SOUND: SCREAM OF BRAKES, CRASH OF CARS, METAL AND GLASS

BILL: He did hit her!

BRITT: I'll pull off the road. You get over and see if she's hurt!

BILL: O-kay! (FADING) That old jalopy is folded over like a handkerchief!

JEAN: (FADING IN AND VERY ANGRY) Clumsy! Clumsy! Cutting in on me -- Help me out of here! Help!

BILL: Steady, Miss Hanover. (ANXIOUSLY) Are you hurt?

JEAN: Oh, it's the army again!

BENTON: Well, what do you want? The navy and the marines too?

JEAN: (ANGRILLY) Who are you?

BENTON: I'm the man who ran into you, Miss --

JEAN: Miss Hanover. Jean Hanover --

BENTON: It's a pleasure to meet you, Miss Hanover.

JEAN: What's pleasant about it?

BENTON: Well, you see --

JEAN: (COMPLETELY EXASPERATED) Well now that we've met socially mister -- oh, for heaven's sake get me out of here! I want to get to Portland while I'm still mad!

BILL: Here, help me, mister -- (ASTONISHED) Well, I'll be if it isn't Mister --

BENTON: (INTERRUPTING) Pry on that door, Sergeant. That's right -- now -- out you come, Miss Hanover.

JEAN: Thanks, Sergeant (IGNORING BENTON) And now, if you can give me a lift on into Portland -- I'm afraid that my original plan will have to be abandoned---

BILL: You mean that now you can't drive that old Benton truck into town?

JEAN: No, much as I'd like to -- but then -- (LAUGHING MALICIOUSLY) It will do almost as much damage here. This is a pretty prominent place.

(CONT'D)

JEAN: A lot of folks will see this wreck and if they judge Clark Benton's precious old Consolidated by this--- (LAUGHS MIRTHLESSLY)

BILL: Don't you think you're being pretty hard on Benton? He might not be so bad. After all, you don't even know him.

JEAN: (WITH SPIRIT) I don't want to know him! I know him too well already! Look, that Benton guy has everything--- money, clothes, cars, education -- everything. Nobody is in a better position to help Uncle Sam. But does Benton --

BILL: Maybe he --

JEAN: No! He won't even buy decent trucks so we can keep freight moving on to Hermiston and Pendleton where they need supplies for ammunition depot and air base -- Why -- I'll bet he never even bought a defense bond!

BENTON: He did so! He bought fifty large denomination --

JEAN: Well, mister, how do you know so much about it?

BENTON: I ought to know. I'm Clark Benton!

JEAN: (ASTONISHED) Clark Benton!

BENTON: Yes, Clark Benton.

JEAN: (SOFTLY) Clark Benton! Why I thought -- I thought --

BENTON: I doubt it! If you'd done any thinking at all you wouldn't have run off and left an important job. If you had any idea of responsibility---

JEAN: Why -- why I -- you --

BENTON: (SEVERELY) This young women, Sergeant, has just perpetrated a most unpatriotic act --

JEAN: If you mean stealing your old nineteen hundred twenty eight truck --

BENTON: Not at all, Miss Hanover. I mean that your running away from your job is going to cost the United States Army at least one pretty good soldier --

BILL: How's that, Mr. Benton?

BENTON: Well, you see, it's like this. I don't know a thing about the trucking business --

JEAN: I'll say he doesn't --

BILL: Miss Hanover -- please --

BENTON: But I do know radio. Been an operator for years. I heard that they needed men like me in the signal corps and --

JEAN: You mean you were going to enlist?

BENTON: (WITH ASPERITY) Why not? Is there anything wrong with me?

BILL: (ADMIRINGLY) Not that I can see. Got any dependents, Mr. Benton?

BENTON: None.

BILL: Married?

BENTON: No, not married.

JEAN: (SOFTLY) Hm-m---not married.

BENTON: What's that, Miss Hanover?

JEAN: I said -- if you hadn't been so mean about that light truck I wouldn't have quit this morning --

BENTON: Look, Miss Hanover. I wrote you the truth. I couldn't get the truck you wanted. I did try. And finally, yesterday I decided to take what I could get--- and so -- well -- look -- there it is --

JEAN: You mean that station wagon?

BENTON: Yes. That's the nearest I could come to getting what you wanted. And then this morning I got your telegram of resignation. (PAUSE) Too bad you won't get to use the new station wagon. 12-12-12

JEAN: (TENTATIVELY) Could I just sort of -- look at it, please.

BENTON: Sure, take a look. It can't do any harm, --- now.

BILL: Gosh, look at that mahogany body. Sure is sturdy -- Say -- what's that name on it -- under the Benton Consolidated sign -- there on the front door?

JEAN: (REVERENTLY) Jean Hanover! Jean Hanover, manager. That's what it says -- Oh -- Mr. Benton --

BENTON: (IGNORING HER) Well, I'm sorry, Sergeant. I did want to enlist. But you know how it is. I can't leave a really important defense business without a traffic manager. I guess I'll just have to learn the truck business.

JEAN: Would it sort of help, Mr. Benton, if I drove this new wagon back to The Dalles.

BENTON: No, I'm afraid that wouldn't do much good. Just be a temporary help. I'd have to stay on the job -- no freight dispatcher, you know. (RESIGNEDLY) I suppose I'll make a mess of it - but---

BILL: Look, Mr. Benton, maybe if Miss Hanover would re-consider --

BENTON: That's nice of you, Sergeant, but I guess I'll just have to reconcile myself to running the truck business --

JEAN: (HUMBLY) Please, Mr. Benton, I want my job back. I'll drive this new station wagon back to The Dalles and I'll stay on the job --

BENTON: And what about this wreck? Is it to remain here to shame Benton Consolidated?

JEAN: I'll have it off the road in three hours. I promise.

BENTON: And in the junk pile in three days?

JEAN: Yes, sir.

BENTON: I'll be gone for three years, Miss Hanover. That's right isn't it, Sergeant?

BILL: Yes. A three year hitch in the United States Regular Army.

BENTON: You understand what that means, Miss Hanover? And I don't want you getting mad and running away again.

JEAN: No, sir. I'll be right there waiting in the office when you get back.

BENTON: (SOFTLY) Is that a promise, Jean Hanover?

JEAN: Why -- why -- I -- why -- maybe it is!

MUSIC: THEME UP AND OUT

ANNCR: And so we leave Sergeant Harris signing up another recruit 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 Portland Civic Theatre. The cast included:

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

SOUND: TELEPHONE BELL

BILL: Army Recruiting Service. Sergeant Harris speaking.

MUSIC: THEME UP AND OUT