

UNITED STATES ARMY RECRUITING SERVICE  
June 8, 1942-----KGIN 10:45 P.M.

SOLDIERS OF THE AIR

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

MUSIC: THE "SECOND CONNECTICUT REGIMENT" (475) UP AND FADE TO BACKGROUND

ANNCR: Wanted: Men of experience who have the courage and daring to pry themselves out of the comfortable rut of their early forties! Wanted: Men who know construction and demolition, -- men who are willing to let the United States Army Corps of Engineers use the skill and wisdom of their maturity. If you are under forty-five, experienced in any branch of engineering, and still long to challenge life and to show these youngsters a thing or two about construction, here's your chance. The United States Army needs experienced men,-- hundreds of them, for the Corps of Engineers. Yes, the army needs men like Stub Davis, operator of a fleet of dump trucks since his father, "the old man", retired a few years ago. Ever since Stubs son, Jack signed up and was sent overseas, the old man, "Pop" Davis, who has just turned sixty-five, has been itching to enlist. In fact, he has gone so far as to go up to three twenty-three Main Post Office, and right now he's trying to convince Sergeant Bill Harris that he's as good as--- but wait,-- let's listen in at the Army Recruiting Service and get the story from Pop Davis himself. (FADING) Pop seems to be a little excited about being turned down-----

BILL: I'm sorry, Mister Davis, but that's the way it is. You see, ---

POP: (EXASPERATED) No, I don't see! You give me a fleet of dump trucks, and a crew, and one of them fancy new uniforms the soldiers are wearing and I'll do the rest!

BILL: But the regulations--

POP: Stuff and nonsense! Red tape! Bother and-- and tarnation, Sergeant! Give me the trucks and the drivers and never mind the uniform. I can move more dirt in eight hours than---

BILL: I'm sorry, Mister Davis, honestly I am, but there isn't a thing I can do about it. In the army we learn to take orders,--

POP: Now look here, young man, are you trying to tell me I wouldn't make a good soldier, just because I'm arguing-- (LAMELY) arguing -- arg---

BILL: (LAUGHING) Or arguing.

POP: (WITH A GLEAM OF HUMOR) Yeh. I guess I been yelling pretty loud, ain't I? I got so used to yelling at the truck drivers I don't seem to get out of the habit. ~~my~~ son, Stub says--

BILL: Stub says no yelling, eh?

POP: Say, Stub can out-screech me any day of the week. (PAUSE) You know, about three years ago Stub said he figured it was time I retired and took it easy, but dog nab it, Sergeant, there's times when I figure he just wanted to get rid of me so's he could do the screeching himself.

BILL: You mean yelling at the truck drivers?

POP: Yeh. Yelling louder'n the truck motors, yelling above the steam shovel, yelling-- Aw, yelling just for the fun of it. Us Davises just naturally got to exercise our lungs, and since I retired from the dirt moving business I ain't had much chance -- (CHUCKLING) Leastways, not until I took on this truck driving class of females, --

BILL: (INCRECULOUSLY) A truck driving class of females? What on earth--

POP: Mebbe I mean a class of truck driving females-- women drivers.

BILL: You going to replace your men drivers with women?

POP: Why, no. Leastways Stub ain't said nothing about it. These women figure they is going to be drivers for Uncle Sam, transport drivers, ambulance drivers, and that sort of thing, and me not having nothing to do, I'm teaching them.

BILL: What does Stub think of that?

POP: (CHUCKLING) Stub don't know nothing about it, and he ain't going to, if I have anything to say about it. Say, if he ever caught me out

there on Sunday afternoons with them female women in pants driving his precious dump trucks--- Tarnation, he would yell!

BILL: Stub sounds as if he'd make a good army sergeant.

POP: (EXCITEDLY) Say,-- do you mean what I think you mean?

BILL: What do you think I mean?

POP: (MUCH INTERESTED) You mean, why don't Stub enlist in the engineers and do what I been wanting to do for the army?

BILL: Why not?

POP: (EXCITEDLY) And then I could go back to dirt moving and bossing the trucks and -

BILL: (CHUCKLING) Yelling at the drivers.

POP: Yes, sir! Yelling at the ---(DRAMATICALLY) Why, you dirty-necked, fuzzy-faced offspring of a tractor! Move over and let a good driver past!

BILL: Good heavens, man, is that the way you talk to those women drivers?

POP: (SLIGHTLY GRIEVED) Sergeant Harris, you don't know the Davises. With women we're vociferous,-- but gentle.

BILL: Well, Pop, I'm sorry the army can't use you. Bring that son in, though, and we'll sign him up for the engineers.

POP: (CONFIDENTLY) Sure, I'll bring Stub in tomorrow. Why, when I tell him about the army needing construction foremen---- (FADING) Stub'll sign up all right---

MUSIC: LIVELY UP AND OUT

SOUND: TRUCK MOTOR (S Q 127) SUP TO ESTABLISH BACKGROUND, THEN FADE TO BG

STUB: (IMPATIENTLY) Look, Pop, I can't do it, so stop arguing with me, will you? Can't you see this truck is stuck and the driver (YELLING ABOVE TRACTOR)--- Hey, you ill-visaged oaf! Give her the gun!

SOUND: TRUCK MOTOR UP AND FADE TO BG

POP: (IN DISGUST) Ill-visaged oaf! No wonder that driver's stuck. Now if you ask me--

STUB: Well, I don't ask you! (MORE KINDLY) Go on, Pop. Let me handle these trucks. This is a tough job and I --

POP: (STUBBORNLY) No tougher'n what the army engineers do.

STUB: (YELLING) Hey, you, swing on that wheel! What do you think you are, a radiator ornament?

POP: (COMPLETELY DISGUSTED) Radiator ornament!

SOUND: TRUCK UP CLOSE THEN OUT AS STUB SPEAKS

STUB: (CALLING) Swing it! Swing it! That's it--- Now,-- out you go and dump that load. (PAUSE) You see?

POP: (STUBBORNLY) No, I don't see.

STUB: This is a new generation, Pop. We do things different. You handled drivers onway, by calling them coarse names. I handle them by ---

POP: (DOGGED) I could manage 'em, honest I could. (PAUSE) Look, son, the army won't take me. I'm too old. But they need construction men bad. They need 'em to make the going easier for the young fellows (PAUSE) You know, Stub, ever since Jack enlisted, why I get to thinking---

STUB: Yes, I know, Pop.

POP: What if it was Jack come to a stream and couldn't get across on account there hadn't been enough engineers to bridge it? Dog nab it, I ---

STUB: Stop it, Pop. There's no use getting all worked up about something we can't help. Half the drivers have talked about quitting to enlist anyhow, and if I started encouraging them, why----

POP: (ENTHUSIASTICALLY) They'd all join up!

STUB: (WITH DETERMINATION) Now look, Pop, you toddle home and let me get back to work. Until we get a crew you can manage there isn't a thing-- Hey, where are you going?

POP: (FADING RAPIDLY) To get me a crew I can manage!

MUSIC: LIVELY UP AND OUT

SOUND: CROWD NOISES UP TO ESTABLISH BACKGROUND, THEN FADE TO BG AS POP SPEAKS

POP: (YELLING ABOVE CROWD) Ladies! Ladies! (PAUSE) Ladies! (PAUSE THEN

YELLING) Why, you- bonny bunch of buttercups,--- Shut up! (PAUSE)  
Well, now, that's better.

JANE: (A LITTLE OFF MIKE) Sorry, Pop, we were just arguing about double clutching. Mary says she---

MARY: (FADING IN) I say I practiced on my passenger car. It works swell. Now I can shift down on one of these multiple speed jobs and---

JANE: (ON MIKE) Yes, but Pop,---

MARY: Sure, sure, you are better on backing up than I am, but that's because you've got such long legs and can stand on the running board and still reach the foot feed---

POP: O-kay, o-kay. We'll soon find out how good you are. (PAUSE) Now, listen, you (GRIMLY) pulchritudinous little crack-pots, are you serious about driving real trucks?

SOUND: CROWD NOISES UP

MARY: (ABOVE CROWD) Sure we are! We want to drive for Uncle Sam!

JANE: (ABOVE CROWD) I want to drive an army truck!

MARY: I'll settle for a jeep.

POP: (ABOVE CROWD) Well, then, listen, I got an idea.

SOUND: CROWD NOISES DOWN AND OUT

POP: You know them trucks, them dump trucks we been practicing on every Sunday? Well, I figure we could haul dirt as good as anyone. We could run them trucks.

MARY: Who's we?

POP: You girls,-- and me.

JANE: Sure, we could. When do we start?

POP: Tomorrow night, when the swing shift goes off duty.

JANE: (DISMAYED) At night! You mean the graveyard shift?

POP: (GRIMLY) I mean the McArthur shift, and if any of you (VOICE RISING) lily-livered little anemones --- (LOWER) If you ain't got the love of freedom in your hearts and perfect control of a dump truck in your hands,

--you better stay home between the sheets.

MARY: We'll be there Pop. Just tell us exactly what you want us to do.

POP: Well, that's better. Now, I figure we got to dramatize this little deal to put it across. You girls get into them coveralls of yours,-- and I'll get that Sergeant Harris of the Recruiting Service out there in that big silver trailer and truck with all that music and stuff, (FADING) and we'll show that Stub Davis how to handle a crew.

MUSIC: (AT DISTANCE AND CONTINUING) MILITARY MARCH AS IF FROM LOUDSPEAKER

SOUND: TRUCK UP AND HOLD THEN CUT WHEN STUB SPEAKS

STUB: Lat har go! Lat her go! O-kay, that's all, boys. We'll knock off now. Line up the trucks! (PAUSE) Oh, hello, Pop. What are you doing out here this time of night?

POP: I was just figuring on a little job for Jack.

STUB: Are you crazy? Jack's in Australia.

POP: Yeh.

STUB: What's that music? Sounds like a parade.

POP: It is.

MUSIC: UP A LITTLE AS IF LOUDSPEAKER WERE DRAWING NEARER

Stub: Well, of all the -- What's that big silver truck coming in here for?

POP: (INNOCENTLY) Truck? In here?

STUB: (YELLING) Swing that floodlight around, Frank. (PAUSE) A little more to the right so we can see. (LOWER AS IF READING) Well, of all the -- "United States Army Recruiting Service." That's what it says-- right on the side of the truck--

POP: Yeh.

MUSIC: UP LOUDER

BILL: (AT DISTANCE AND ABOVE MUSIC) Here you are, Pop, truck, music, girls and all. Now you take over!

POP: (WITH ENTHUSIASM) O-kay, Sergeant. Keep that music going-- and -- blow that whistle!

SCOUND: WHISTLE BLAST REPEATED

POP: Fall in, you cherry-checked little chicadees!

STUB: Well, of all the -- Who are these women?

POP: (HAPPILY WITH THE MUSIC) Tum-ti-tum-ti-tum! Up you go, gals, into the cabs! (PAUSE) Now, wind 'em up!

MUSIC: FADE BENEATH TRUCK

SOUND: TRUCK MOTORS UP LOUD

POP: (SHOUTING) Give 'em the gun! (PAUSE) Swing 'em around and follow Number One over to the shovel!

SOUND: TRUCK FADING IN DISTANCE

POP: (GLEEFULLY SHOUTING) Double clutch that Federal, you mess of magnificence! Double clutch!

STUB: What's the idea, Pop? I don't get it.

POP: Sergeant Harris, where's that paper with the dotted line?

BILL: Right here, sir. (PAUSE) Application for enlistment in the United States Army Engineers.

STUB: (SERIOUSLY) Pop,-- is this the little job you were figuring on for Jack?

POP: Yeh. You said --until we got a crew I could handle. Well, I got 'em.

STUB: But my regular crew, what about them?

POP: Sergeant Harris, didn't you say you could use a few more fellows up to forty-five?

BILL: I sure did.

STUB: (SUDDENLY) I got it! (SHOUTING) Hey, you men! You dirty-eared, dust-covered, earth movers--

POP: (INTERRUPTING) You've got a new job--- in the United States Army.

MUSIC: THEME UP AND OUT

ANNCR: There's a new job for you too, you older men, in the United States Army. If you know bridge construction, highway construction, have experience as a water supply expert, concrete foreman, as an electrical or chemical engineer and are under forty-five and in excellent health, Uncle Sam

wants you in the Army Engineers. Inquire at three twenty-three Main Post Office for particulars on these special openings for older men. (PAUSE) Listen again next Monday night at ten forty-five over this station when you will again hear---

SOUND: TELEPHONE BELL AND RECEIVER RAISED FROM HOOK

BILL: Army Recruiting Service. Sergeant Harris speaking.

ANNCR: Next week at this same hour KOIN will present another in this series of Soldiers of the Air. Tonight's program was written by Claire Warner Churchill of the Oregon Writers' Project of the Work Projects Administration, Harrison E. Devereaux, State Administrator, and produced by members of the Portland Civic Theatre. The cast included:

MUSIC: THEME UP AND OUT