

SOLDIERS OF THE AIR

United States Army Recruiting Service

KOIN ----- July 20, 1942

10:45 P. M.

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

MUSIC: THEME UP AND OUT

ANNCR: "Wanted: Women between the ages of twenty-one and forty-five for the United States Army Auxiliary Corps! Wanted: Women, courageous, and fit to fight the hardest battle in the world--the battle behind the lines! Wanted: Women to free soldiers for troop duty!" That's the kind of talk you hear down at three twenty-three Main Post Office these days as Sergeant Bill Harris signs up recruits for the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps. (PAUSE) The army needs women-- typists and technicians, stenographers and secretaries, cashiers and cooks---Yes, even cooks. Cooks like Emma Darwin, whose talents are so obvious they are overlooked when all the talk is of the men folk who are enlisting in the army. As a matter of fact, if it hadn't been for the men folk in this case--the men being Jerry Warnock and his father, Jim, the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps might have missed an excellent cook and the Air Corps would have--- But wait. Let's get the story from Jerry himself,---a very much agitated young man, who, right this minute, is hurrying down the hall to Sergeant Harris, (FADING) apparently quite determined to enlist---

BILL: (WITH VOICE SLIGHTLY RAISED) Plenty of time, fellow. No hurry---
(SUDDENLY APPREHENSIVE) Watch out!

SOUND: CRASH OF FALLING BODY

JERRY: (OFF MIKE) Ugh! Oof! (PAUSE) Gosh, what a tumble!

BILL: (TRYING HARD NOT TO BE AMUSED) Hurt?

JERRY: (FADING IN) Nope, didn't hurt me. I just didn't see that stack of paper.

BILL: I'll swear it isn't fly paper, but about half a ream is stuck fast to your sleeve.

JERRY: (IN DISGUST) Cake icing! Goo-ey, sticky cake icing! As sticky as that dame---that female Amazon---that----

BILL: Well, suppose we just remove the icing-- and the papers--

SOUND: (UNDER CONVERSATION) CRUMPLING OF PAPERS

JERRY: (MUTTERING) Banana cream cake,---banana cream--- If ever again I----Chocolate cake, mocha cake, angel food cake--- Angel food! With wings! (SUDDENLY LOUDER) Hey, that's what I came down here for--wings! I want to be an Aviation Cadet!

BILL: There now, fellow, that's the most of it. Now sit down and we'll talk about this wing business. (PAUSE) Want to be a pilot, navigator--

JERRY: (HURRIEDLY) Sure, sure, anything. (WITH SUDDEN EMOTION) Anything to get me out of this town-- quick.

BILL: Wait a minute! What's the hurry,-- rob a bank or something?

JERRY: No, I---

BILL: The Air Corps can't use anyone with a police record.

JERRY: Gosh, is it a crime to throw a cake at a woman?

BILL: (STARTING TO LAUGH, THEN SUDDENLY BUSINESS-LIKE) Well,-- if that's all. (PAUSE) Are you serious about this Aviation Cadet business?

JERRY: I never was so serious about anything in my whole life.

BILL: And how long is that? You've got to be at least eighteen---

JERRY: I'm nineteen.

BILL: O-kay. You'll need a birth certificate, written references from three reputable citizens, pass the screening or aptitude tests, be in excellent health, and--

JERRY: (AWED) Gosh,-- all that?

BILL: (AS IF UNINTERRUPTED) Have perfect or normal vision--

JERRY: (MORE IN AWE) Go-osh!

BILL: And present a certified written consent from your parents--

JERRY: Parents? (PAUSE) I haven't any mother---she's dead, and dad,--- dad---(BITTERLY) Dad's so mired down in banana cream cake he doesn't know I'm living!

BILL: (RESIGNEDLY) More cake.

JERRY: (BITTERLY) Too bad she isn't my step-mother! I'll bet she'd sign a consent quick enough---anything to get rid of me! Ugh! Cake!

BILL: (WITH SYMPATHY) I don't know what the score is, fellow, and my business is recruiting, now psychiatry, but if--

JERRY: Thanks, but I guess I'll get along. (PAUSE) It's not that I mind losing dad so much---but to have him alienated by a cake--

BILL: (HELPFULLY AMUSED) Banana cream cake?

JERRY: Yeh. (PAUSE) And honest, Mrs. Darwin wouldn't be so bad if it wasn't for the-- the--

BILL: Cake--

JERRY: Yeh. (PAUSE) A fellow wouldn't mind losing his dad some ways,--

You know, like a soldier or something. But I guess they don't take old men like my father--

BILL: How old?

JERRY: Forty-five.

BILL: Forty-five. (THOUGHTFULLY) Hm-m-m, forty-five. (PAUSE)

What did you say your name was?

JERRY: Jerry Warnock.

BILL: (SOFTLY) Jerry Warnock. Hm-m-m. Jerry Warnock. Someone phoned about you just before you came in--

JERRY: (ACCUSINGLY) She did! Trying to stop me! Just because I took her old cake and threw it--

BILL: On second thought you'd probably make a bombardier!

JERRY: A what?

BILL: Bombardier. You know, the fellow that drops the bombs squarely on the target.

JERRY: (CHUCKLING IN SPITE OF HIMSELF) I guess that's me. I sure made a bull's eye this morning--- But she had it coming. I tell you it's been something fierce. Day after day her bringing cakes to our house, trying to hook my dad. She couldn't fool me. And this morning--- that was the last straw! Banana cream----

BILL: Cake--

JERRY: And when I found it on the kitchen table,-- and a mushy note too--(MOCKING FALSETTO) "For a dear boy I wish was my own."
(DISGUSTEDLY) I'll bet she does! Well, I was just so mad

I grabbed it up and marched right over to her house and started banging on the door. And then--(FADING) she heard me and---

SOUND: RUDE AND IMPATIENT HAMMERING ON DOOR

JERRY: (SHOUTING) Mrs. Darwin! Mrs. Darwin!

SOUND: OPENING OF DOOR

EMMA: (CHEERFULLY AND CORDIAL) Well, good morning, Jerry! Come right in!

JERRY: Here, take it!

EMMA: Why, it's the cake I made you--

JERRY: We don't need your old cake.

EMMA: Of course not, but--

JERRY: And you let my father alone! We were getting along fine until you---- Cake! Here, take it!

EMMA: I'll do no such thing. I made that cake for--

JERRY: For my dad! (MOCKING FALSETTO) "For a dear boy I wish was my own!" Don't you just! And him trying to fool me by all that tripe about maybe he'd be going away, and could I get along without him and--- Going away! Sure, he's going! You got him going-- going away with a banana cream cake! Here, take it before I---

EMMA: Jerry,-- why Jerry,-- You're all excited--

JERRY: You bet I'm excited!

EMMA: And so wrong, darling---

JERRY: Darling! Save that for dad! You can have him. And he can have you! You and your--- Here, take it! I'm going down and enlist in the army-- get out of your way! And I hope you drown in banana cream cake. Take it!

EMMA: But Jerry, I wouldn't for anything in the world--

JERRY: All right, you asked for it! Here's your old cake--

SOUND: CRASH OF DISH

EMMA: (AGHAST) Jerry,-- You-- you threw it at me!

JERRY: You bet I did! (FADING) And now, I'm going to enlist and I hope they never have cake in the army! Never! Good-bye!

SOUND: DOOR SLAMMED SHUT

BILL: Well, you certainly fixed that up.

JERRY: (SUDDENLY VERY QUIET) Yeh, I guess I did. I guess she's not so bad--

BILL: Well, Jerry, suppose you toddle home and get the documents you need for application as an Aviation Cadet, and I'll talk to this lady right behind you--

JERRY: Sure, I'll go and---Why,-- why,-- Mrs. Darwin!

EMMA: (QUIETLY) Hello, Jerry.

BILL: How do you do, madam. May I help you?

EMMA: Yes, please.

BILL: Wacks?

EMMA: (COMPLETELY MISUNDERSTANDING) Wacks?

BILL: Women's Army Auxiliary Corps. We call them the Wacks. I thought you might want to enlist.

JERRY: (SLIGHTLY OFF MIKE AND VERY LAME) Well, I guess I'll be moving on--

EMMA: No, Jerry. Wait,-- Please wait. Yes, I want to enlist in the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps.

JERRY: But I--

BILL: Sit down, Jerry.

JERRY: Yes, sir.

BILL: Now, madam? Sit down, won't you?

EMMA: Yes, thanks. (PAUSE) Well, Sergeant, I seem to have a problem on my hands--

BILL: (SLIGHT HUMOR) A cake problem?

EMMA: I suppose it does seem funny to an outsider, but it's pretty serious to me. You see, there are a lot of things I can't do, but I can cook--

JERRY: (SLIGHTLY OFF MIKE) She sure can!

EMMA: And I-- well,--I lost my own son at Pearl Harbor and I--

BILL: (SYMPATHETICALLY) Air Force?

EMMA: Bombardier--

JERRY: But I thought--

EMMA: Jerry,-- please. (PAUSE) Well, you know how a mother is. I lost my own son, so I looked around and discovered Jerry, and I knew that pretty soon he'd be getting into the army and I thought maybe he'd like someone to send him cakes and things and---

JERRY: But look, Mrs. Darwin, I thought--

EMMA: And then Jerry's father told me he too was planning to enlist, Army Engineers Amphibian Command or something like that-- They take older men, don't they?

JERRY: Dad enlisting! He didn't tell me--

EMMA: Jim,-- that's his father--was sort of waiting until you decided to like me, Jerry, and as he said,-- until you'd have someone to lean on----

JERRY: Hey, Mrs. Darwin, wasn't my dad going to marry you?

EMMA: (CHUCKLING) It's an idea,--but he didn't mention it.

JERRY: Jeepers!

EMMA: And so, Sergeant, I've sort of thought it over and if you'll just explain this Women's Army Auxiliary Corps to me, I think I know how to make everybody in this mess happy.

JERRY: But Mrs. Darwin--

EMMA: Well, sergeant?

BILL: You're not over forty-five, Mrs. Darwin?

EMMA: Forty-three.

BILL: You will be required to furnish evidence of birth, citizenship, and character--

EMMA: I can do that easily.

BILL: Qualify as to health, height and weight.

EMMA: (PLEASANTLY) Excellent health, five feet seven, weigh one hundred and fifty-two pounds.

BILL: That's fine. (PAUSE) And of course, if you have special qualifications--

EMMA: I can cook--

JERRY: (ENTHUSIASTICALLY) You bet she can!

BILL: (TEASINGLY) Banana cream cakes?

JERRY: The best in the world!

EMMA: I guess I haven't any other special qualification, except maybe,-- mothering,-- and I seem not to be so good at that lately, eh, Jerry.

JERRY: I'm awfully sorry, Mrs. Darwin, honest I am--

BILL: Here's an application blank. Fill it in, then you can take the mental qualifying test and then--

EMMA: Then I'll be in the army. Well, I guess I can do my mothering on a bunch of girls, if they'll let me cook for them.

JERRY: But that'll mean you're going away!

EMMA: That's the general idea, Jerry. Don't you understand? All the time I've been thinking about finding another son---someone else's son to give back to the army in place of my son, and, well,-- I was overlooking the fact that I could give myself. And when I go,-- why then, you'll stop worrying and--

JERRY: Who's worrying?

BILL: I thought you--

JERRY: Mrs. Darwin, did you say my dad never proposed to you?

EMMA: No, Jerry.

JERRY: Well, all I got to say is--- He's a dope! What he needs is a campaign manager!

EMMA: But Jerry-- I don't think he--

JERRY: Oh yes he does! I tell you what let's do. Let's you and me sign up these applications for enlistment--I'll be a bombardier--

EMMA: And I'll be a Wack--

JERRY: And then we'll sign up dad!

EMMA: In the Engineers?

JERRY: Sure, but first,-- in matrimony! Come on,-- Mother!

EMMA: (DEEPLY MOVED) Jerry,-- son!

JERRY: Jeepers, come on! We got a lot of things to do, Mom. Buy a ring, (FADING) find a preacher, get a wedding cake--

BILL: (CHUCKLING) A banana cream cake?

EMMA: (HAPPILY) A Wack wedding cake!

MUSIC: THEME UP AND DOWN TO BG

ANNCR: Women of Oregon, if you are between the ages of twenty-one and forty-five, are in excellent health, and can furnish satisfactory evidence of your citizenship, character, and special qualifications, you can enlist in the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps. You will be furnished comfortable and congenial living quarters, medical and dental service, and as well, receive all the other benefits of military training and discipline. Moreover you are paid for your services, and you will have the satisfaction of knowing that you are doing a real job in a real army,-- and freeing another fighting man for active duty at the front. Full details of the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps may be had at three twenty-three Main Post Office.

MUSIC: THEME UP AND DOWN TO BG

ANNCR: Next week at this same hour KOIN will present another in the 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. Tonight's cast included:

MUSIC: THEME UP AND OUT