

UNITED STATES ARMY RECRUITING SERVICE
July 27, 1942-----KOIN 10:45 P.M.

SOLDIERS OF THE AIR

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

MUSIC: THEME, "CONNECTICUT REGIMENT" UP AND FADE TO BG

ANNCR: Time was when the United States Army, like the old-time barber shop, was a refuge for men, and when a soldier warbled, "I'm in the army now; I'm not behind the plow," he was pretty certain he was safe from feminine contacts. But times have changed, and,-- well, you know what happened to the barber shop. Women have not actually invaded the regular army, but now they have an army of their own, The Women's Army Auxiliary Corps. Recruiting for this group, familiarly known as the WAACS, is carried on through the United States Army Recruiting Service, so,-- Well, down at three twenty-three Main Post Office where Sergeant Bill Harris has enlisted thousands of men he now finds himself faced with a new problem,-- signing up women. Here he is now, trying to do three things at once--defend himself from a blonde bomber who wants to enlist in rhythm, sign up a brunette bookkeeper, (FADING) and answer the ever-ringing telephone -----

SOUND: TELEPHONE BELL AND RECEIVER RAISED FROM HOOK

BILL: Army Recruiting Service! Sergeant Harris speaking.

AMY: (UNDER COVER OF BILL'S TALK AND OFF MIKE. ACCENT BEAT SO IT SOUNDS AS IF SHE WERE SYNCOPATING HER SPEECH)

AMY: Oh, I've got glamor, I've got charm BILL: Women's Army Auxiliary Corps?
And that "Come hither look -- Yes, you make application here at
It's not that I can cook, three twenty-three Main Post Of-

Con't

ANN: Or know things from a book --
Success with men's no mystery
In writ cunieforn!
It's simple as plain A-B-C!
Get in a uniform!

BILL: fice-- What are the Waacs? The same
thing,-- Women's Army Auxiliary--
(PAUSE) It's the only woman's organi-
zation, exclusive of the Army Nurse
Corps that is authorized to serve
with the regular United States Army--

BILL: (ASIDE TO AMY) Madam,-- please!

AMY: (BLISSFULLY CHANTING)
Oh, I got glamour, I got charm,
And that "Come hither" look!
It's not that I can cook,
Or know things from a book---
Success with men's no mystery,
In writ cunieforn!
It's as simple as plain A-B-C!
Get in a uniform!

BILL: (LOUDER INTO PHONE)
Come down to three twenty-three
Main Post Office and make out an
application. (PAUSE THEN VERY LOUD)
Ple-ase! (PAUSE, THEN IN ALARM)
Do I really want you to? Well,
I -- (DESPERATELY) Come down to
three twenty-three Main Post
Office!

SOUND: RECEIVER SLAMMED ON HOOK

AMY: (WITH NO BREAK FROM ABOVE) Hi-ya, Sergeant! Want to sign me up as a
Waac?

BILL: (BEING URBANE WITH DIFFICULTY) There are several formalities to be com-
plied with first, Miss-- Miss--

AMY: Call me Amy! Oh, I want to join the Waacs, (PAUSE) But no not in slacks--

BETTY: (FADING) Stop it, Amy. Here, let me handle this.

AMY: Oh well, -- just as I was getting him interested!

BETTY: How do you^{do,} Sergeant. Amy and I are interested in this new Women's Army
and we want to know something about it.

BILL: Well, the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps is a uniformed organization composed entirely of women, directed and administered by women officers ----

AMY: (BREAKING IN)

No men, not one among the Waacs?

No tennis stars or quarter-backs?

No Jims or Johns or Joes or Jacks?

BETTY: Amy!

AMY: Oh well, no harm in asking.

BILL: However the Waacs will work with the regular army---

AMY: (HAPPILY) With the army?

BETTY: (FIRMLY) But not in it!

BILL: That's right. With the army.

AMY: Well that's good enough for me. What I couldn't do with the army --

BETTY: (SCANDALIZED) Amy!

BILL: You understand that all the duties for the Waacs are non-combatant---
They are subject to foreign service, but they do no actual fighting--

AMY: (SYNCOATED) I don't have to shoot a gun!

That's not how my killing's done!

Ammunition's in my eyes;

All I do is hypnotize.

(THREATENINGLY) Oh, I am ruthless like Japan,

But I always get my man!

BILL: (AS IF UNINTERRUPTED) The main purpose of the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps is to enroll women with special skills and from special professions to take the place of soldiers who will then be released for troop duty.

BETTY: You mean like clerks and typists and that sort of thing?

BILL: Yes and hundreds of others. Cashiers, cooks, dietitians, draughtsmen, hospital assistants, bookkeepers---

BETTY: That's what I want--

AMY: If Betty was a Waac bookkeeper could she wear a uniform?

BILL: Every member of the Corps wears the official uniform. It looks a lot like a soldier's uniform, only of course it has a skirt and --

AMY: (INTERRUPTING BUT THOUGHTFULLY AS IF STUDYING) Uniform-- uniform-- non-combatant-- (SUDDENLY) I've got it! How's this:

I'll follow the army with special zest,

Because I know I am well dressed!

There's nothing like a new chapeau,

To make me feel bravissimo!

I march--

BILL: Yes, you'll march all right. Military discipline and courtesy will be part of the Waacs training--

BETTY: I think I'd like that.

AMY: (AS IF UNINTERRUPTED) I'll march where battle is all ablaze,

And gore runs thick as mayonnaise,

And smoke is black as a thunderstorm---

(AGHAST) But I don't want spots on my uniform!

BETTY: (UNMOVED) Just in case you've forgotten, Amy, you'll have to get the uniform first!

AMY: Well, if that's all---

BILL: As I was saying, there are a good many preliminaries to wearing a uniform---

BETTY: Like physical and mental tests and evidence of citizenship?

BILL: Yes. A candidate for the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps must be in excellent health. However our army doctors are the final authority on that subject and each woman must pass a rigid test. And that reminds me, -- You'll have to qualify on height and weight too.

AMY: (COQUETTISHLY) Now don't tell me I'm overweight, Sergeant.

BILL: It depends upon your age. You see, the Waacs accept only women between twenty-one and forty-five, and in the various age brackets there are weight limitations.

AMY: I'm twenty-three and five feet five.

BILL: Well, then,-- let's see. Oh, yes, according to our chart you should weigh approximately one hundred and thirty one pounds--

AMY: That let's me in!

BETTY: You forget that intelligence test, Amy.

BILL: It's really not an intelligence test. It's more of a test to discover your alertness, your resourcefulness, your ability to judge,-- You know, that sort of thing.

AMY: (FOR ONCE SENSIBLE AND INTERESTED) You mean like judging the pull on a hill so you'll know when to shift gears,-- or calculating how much inertia you'll have to overcome to start your truck rolling--

BILL: Truck rolling? What do you know about a truck?

AMY: Why, I want to enlist as a truck driver! Didn't I tell you?

BILL: No, you didn't tell me.

AMY: Once I wrote a poem about horses.

BETTY: But Amy, you were talking about trucks--

AMY: Sure. This poem is about horse power,--in truck motors! It goes like this--

BILL: I'm sure it is very interesting but---

AMY: It's really about ponies,-- You know, young horses, and it's all about how sad they are to find themselves in a truck motor. Pathetic, isn't it?

BILL: Very, but--

AMY: I knew you'd like it. (PAUSE) Once we were young ponies but to our remorse,
Each is no longer merely a horse,
Sad was the day and black was the hour
That changed us from ponies into horse-power!

You know, sometimes when I'm topping the hill with ten ton of wheat on the truck and trailer and I look down into the pasture and see Spct, that's my poney, gosh I feel sad. I think:

Madly we race through the motors all day,
Till our whinny is cracked and so is our neigh!
Pray pity our fate for no one asks whether
We'd rather be one than ninety together!

BILL: (INCREDULOUSLY) Can you really drive a truck?

BETTY: Honest, Sergeant, she can. You mustn't judge Amy by the way she talks--

BILL: No, that's the Interviewer's job.

AMY: What's an Interviewer?

BILL: An Interviewer is an officer who talks with all applicants to determine their poise, alertness, tact, emotional stability, and language--

BETTY: My goodness! (SLOWLY) An applicant for the Waacs has to pass physical and mental tests, be examined by an interviewer, be within the proper height and weight classifications, and--

BILL: It sounds like a lot, doesn't it? But it's not so tough. Of course the Waac applicant has to have references too, and, getting back to truck driving,-- She must have vocational skill that will permit her to relieve

a soldier for active duty--

AMY: Maybe I'm a dumb cluck,
But I can drive trucks,
So I'll offer myself as a Waac!
I'll drive with a will
And let some Jack or Bill
Give the Nazis one more mighty smack!

SOUND (AT DISTANCE) AUTO OR TRUCK CRASH AND SCREAMS (Gennet #27)

BETTY: Good heavens! What was that?

AMY: (AS IF PLEASED WITH HER RHYME) -- Give the Nazis one more mighty smack!
(SUDDENLY ALERT) That's it! Smack! Auto crash!

BILL: (FADING SLIGHTLY) I'll look out the window and see--- (CALLING) It's a
truck and trailer and a car! Come and see. Man, what a mixup!

AMY: (FADING OUT THEN IN AS SHE TALKS) Truck. Mixup! Why, look--- Come over
here Betty!

BETTY: (FADING IN) Where? Oh, down there on the corner! That trailer is --

AMY: Cross traffic, that's what it is! There, they're carrying the driver out.
Wonder if he's hurt?

SOUND: (AT DISTANCE AND FADING IN) AMBULANCE SIREN THEN CUT

BILL: Must be (PAUSE) Yes, they're carrying him away-- And there comes the
ambulance. But that truck-- It ought to be moved.

AMY: (WITH DETERMINATION) It's as good a s moved, soldier! (FADING) If it's
got wheels, I can move it!

SOUND: (FADING IN) CROWD NOISES

AMY: (JOYOUSLY FADING IN AND TALKING ABOVE CROWD) Here, you guys! Make way
for a truck driver! (PAUSE) Give me a hand up in that cab, will you?

VOICE: Hey, you! You can't do that! You can't drive that truck!

AMY: That's what you think! Here, help me up and I'll have that trailer out of traffic so fast it'll make you--- Aw, come on, help me!

VOICE: O-kay, sister! Up you go--- Now give her the gun!

AMY: (HAPPILY) I don't have to use a gun!

That's not how my killing's done!

I got glamor, I got charm!

I'm going to wear a uniform!

SOUND: TRUCK MOTOR UP STARTED AND RUNNING AS AMY TALKS THEN FADE OUT

AMY: (SHOUTING ABOVE MOTOR) Get out of the way, there! I'm going to switch that trailer around! (PAUSE) That's it! (PAUSE) Here we go! (FADING)
I'll park it around the corner-----

SOUND: TRUCK MOTOR FADE OUT

AMY: (FADING IN) Oh, I'm a creature, oild, odd,
I belong to the Greaser's squad!
Not in a field with a barrage,
But hidden in a dark garage,
I fought a battle and I won
With only one high pressure gun!

BETTY: (DEPRECATINGLY) Oh, Amy, darling, you'll never get into the Waacs if you don't stop---

AMY: (BLITHELY SYNCOPATING) Some shot bullets in the fight,
But I shot only Alemite!
I'm dirty and oily from the muck---
But you ought to see me drive a truck!

BILL: (ADMIRINGLY) I did see you drive a truck! And lady, for my money, you've got what it takes to--

AMY: To wrangle ten ton of truck and trailer? All you got to do, Sergeant, is to be on speaking terms with five speeds forward and two in reverse---Well, when do we sign up?

BILL: Here's an application blank, and a folder containing full information. You fill out the application, every single item please, and have your own physician sign the preliminary physical report. Then bring them back here and we'll check them and arrange for your interview.

BETTY: If we pass all the tests can we go immediately to Fort Des Moines,-- that's where we'll be trained, isn't it?

BILL: That's right. At Fort Des Moines. But you'll have to wait until there is an opening in your special skill,-- that is, if you ask for assignment on special duty.

BETTY: That's what I want. To stick to my own line of work,-- bookkeeping-- but to make my bookkeeping fight for Uncle Sam---

AMY: She won't have to use a knife
When she wants to take a life,
She prepares a sweet demise--
Ammunition's in her eyes!

BETTY: Oh, Amy---

AMY: Raw recruit or veteran!
She will always get her man!

BILL: Well, Amy, if you can drive a truck all day and still keep up your enthusiasm, I guess you'll make a pretty good soldier.

AMY: Soldier? You mean buck private, don't you?

BETTY: They're Auxiliaries in the Waacs, aren't they?

Amy: What, no generals?

BILL: No generals. The Waac officers are called leaders.

AMY: What a shame! And I'd already made up my General poem. It goes like this--

I'm General Charm of the Waac-y Corps

At my recruits I loudly roar,

And though they stop when I say "go",

I'm still the Generalissimo!

BILL: (CHUCKLING) Well, Amy, if you can make the Waacs move as fast as you moved that truck and trailer---

AMY: When I cry, "March" they stand at rest,

As if by weariness oppressed.

And when I order them "At ease!"

They march precisely as they please!

BETTY: Well, suppose we march out of here and fill out these applications. This is a woman's war and it looks to me like the quickest way to win it is to enroll with the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps.

AMY: We'll work with a will,

And let some Jack or Bill

Give the Nazis one more mighty smack!

MUSIC: THEME UP AND DOWN TO BG

ANNCR: And so we leave the United States Army Recruiting Service signing up two more applicants for the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps. There's a place for you other women, if you are between the ages of twenty-one and forty-five and have no dependents. There are openings in numerous professions and trades: Clerical, cooks, dietitians, drivers, laboratory assistants,

messengers, radio operators, secretaries, telegraph operators. In fact, everything from an accountant to a waitress is needed. Inquire into the attractions of this new kind of war work for women that pays you while you follow your own professions. Moreover you will have the satisfaction of knowing that when you enlist you release one more soldier for active duty at the front. Call or write the United States Army Recruiting Service, three twenty-three Main Post Office.

MUSIC: THEME UP AND OUT

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 Civic Theatre. The cast included:

MUSIC: THEME UP AND OUT