

UNITED STATES ARMY RECRUITING SERVICE  
August 3, 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: Since the activation of the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps, Sergeant Bill Harris of the United States Army Recruiting Service finds himself so surrounded by femininity that he's beginning to wonder if Congress couldn't award a medal for gallantry in action in fighting an office job. But since enlisting women soldiers, or Waacs as they are called, means releasing him and thousands like him for active troop duty Sergeant Harris signs them up as fast as he can at three twenty-three Main Post Office. He has pretty well learned how to cope with flesh and blood women recruits these past few weeks, but when it came to enlisting the spirit of Molly Pitcher,-- Well, that nearly had him licked. It all happened when a red-headed girl named Mary Hays applied, and enlisting right along with her was the spirit of Molly Pitcher, and well,--- You know how Molly was,-- right in there pitching. Yes, that's Molly now, whispering to Mary while Mary (FADING) tries to answer the routine questions put to her by Sergeant Harris---

BILL: Now let's see, Miss --- Miss --- What's your name?

MARY: Mary Hays--

MOLLY: (WHISPERING URGENTLY VIA FILTERED MIKE) Go on! Tell him who we are!  
Tell him!

BILL: What did you say?

MARY: Hush! I mean-- Mary Hays.

BILL: Mary Hays-- Seems like that name is familiar--

MOLLY: (AS ABOVE) Seems like it's familiar! Are you going to let him get by with that, Mary Hays?

MARY: (IMPATIENTLY) Oh, let me alone, will you?

BILL: I beg your pardon!

MARY: I'm sorry. It's only that Molly----Please, let's get on with my application.

BILL: Of course. Now let's see, where were we?

MARY: I had just passed the intelligence test and you were checking on my vocational qualifications.

BILL: That's right. Now tell me, just exactly what branch you wish to qualify for--

MOLLY: (AS ABOVE) The Artillery! Quick,--tell him the Artillery!

MARY: I want to enlist in the Artillery.

BILL: (ASTONISHED) The Artillery! MOLLY: (FILTERED) Well, now, that's better!

MARY: (ABASHED) I wanted to be a cannoneer like Molly Pitcher!

BILL: (AMUSED BUT POLITE) I'm sorry but we don't enlist women in the various Arms and Services. We sign them up according to their vocational qualifications,--you know, their jobs--

MOLLY: (INDIGNANT) Well, I like that! As if firing a cannon isn't a job!

BILL: What did you say?

MARY: I didn't say anything. I mean,--I said I guess I'm better at being a radio operator than anything else.

BILL: Code?

MARY: Yes. I've held a private license and, well, I'm a ham,-- an amateur short wave operator.

BILL: That's fine! We haven't had a call for a radio operator yet but that's on the list of must haves. The Waacs can certainly use you as a radio operator--

MOLLY: (AS ABOVE) Radio operator? Now what in tarnation is a radio operator? What about the Artillery,-- Field Artillery?

MARY: All right, but hush! (PAUSE) Did you mean that the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps doesn't actually fight? Doesn't fire guns?

BILL: That's correct. We enlist women only for non-combatant service.

MARY: That's too bad. Molly's going to be awfully disappointed.

BILL: Molly who? MOLLY: (SNORTING) And he calls 'em women soldiers!

MARY: Molly Pitcher.

BILL: Molly Pitcher? You don't mean that woman who fought in the American Revolution?

MARY: (ENTHUSIASTICALLY) Sure, that's the one! The woman that took her husband's place and fought right alongside of the men at the battle of Monmouth Court House--

BILL: Now I remember! He was a cannoneer and she--

MARY: That's right! MOLLY: (WITH SATISFACTION) Well, now we're getting somewhere.

BILL: Say, we could use a few like Molly Pitcher in the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps!

MARY: She was married. You probably couldn't enlist her in the Waacs.

BILL: Married women are eligible if they have no dependents.

MARY: I guess that let's Molly in. MOLLY: Try and keep me out!

BILL: We've got sort of side-tracked here. Let's see,-- You'll have to have two written statements from references as to your proficiency as a radio operator---

MARY: I can get them.

BILL: Did you bring documentary evidence of birth and citizenship?

MOLLY: (INDIGNANTLY) Birth and citizenship! Us!

MARY: Well, I-- that is--

MOLLY: (AS ABOVE) We don't have to be born! Tell him! Why, we're American history!

MARY: Well, you see,-- I thought-- Well, look at my name on the application, and my home town and-- Why, I'm as American as-- as--

MOLLY: (WITH SATISFACTION) As Molly Pitcher.

BILL: (READING APPLICATION) Name,--Mary Hays. Home town--Monmouth, Oregon. (PAUSE) Sorry, Miss Hays, but I don't get it.

MARY: Mary Hays,--that was Molly Pitcher's real name, and it's my real name, an American name for over a hundred years. And Monmouth,-- that's an American name and that's where I was born. I don't see why that isn't enough.

BILL: It might be enough for me or for you, but it's not enough for Uncle Sam's army. In these days of sabotage and spying, Uncle Sam can't take chances on anyone-- not you or me-- No one.

MARY: Would the family Bible record do, the one that tells when and where I was born?

BILL: Yes, if the interviewing officer were satisfied as to the age and condition of the record.

MOLLY: (AS ABOVE) A lot of fol-de-rol if you ask me. Why don't we stop all this born when and where and what's your name business and get down to fighting?

MARY: Hush! You know what a time you had proving your own name-- and nobody knows now you're really recorded as Mary Hays--

BILL: Mary Hays? Is that the way you're recorded?

MARY: Yes, and she was too. I mean Molly was. Oh, I'm all mixed up. First I'm Mary and then I'm Molly and she keeps nagging me--

BILL: (APPREHENSIVELY) You're not a psychopathic case, are you? But no, you couldn't be,-- not and pass that intelligence test the way you did!

MOLLY: Psycho--psycho-- What in tarnation's that? A fancy name for fighting mad?

MARY: (LAUGHING) No, I'm not crazy, although I do seem to have a sort of dual personality the last few weeks. Ever since June twenty-eighth, to be exact.

BILL: June twenty-eighth? What happened then?

MOLLY: (INDIGNANTLY) And he calls himself a soldier! And don't know the anniversary of the Battle of Monmouth Court House!

MARY: On June twenty-eighth I was reading about famous American heroines in a book and well, I discovered my name was the same as Molly Pitcher's real name, and what was more exciting, I discovered it on the anniversary of Molly's biggest battle--

MOLLY: June twenty-eighth, seventeen hundred and seventy-eight! Tarnation, was it hot!

MARY: And I guess I sort of identified myself with that other Mary Hays, or Molly as everyone called her, and I too wanted to be a soldier-- a woman soldier--

BILL: Maybe if you'd tell me about it she'd stop haunting you.

MOLLY: (AS ABOVE) Not till you get her signed up!

MARY: (PLEASED) Oh, she's wonderful, really. Not much education, but of sturdy emigrant stock. Red-headed, like me, tall and strong, but gentle too because she worked so long in Doctor Irvine's Quaker family.

BILL: That was when she was Mary Hays?

MARY: No, that was when she was Mary Ludwig. That was her maiden name. She left her parent's home and went to work for Dr. Irvine's family and then when she was twenty-five she married John Hays, a barber.

BILL: But where does this Molly Pitcher business come in?

MOLLY: (AS ABOVE) In a water pitcher! That's what!

MARY: At the Battle of Monmouth Court House. You see, when John Hays enlisted in the Continental Army, Mary, or Molly as he called her, went with him, living with the soldiers, ministering to John and the others. That day at Monmouth Court House it was hot--terribly hot-- And all day as the Americans under General Washington fought on the little hill, Molly carried water to them from a well at the foot of the hill,-- carried it in a pitcher-- (READING) carried it while the battle raged hour after hour--

SOUND: BATTLE SOUNDS UP AND HOLD TO ESTABLISH BACKGROUND THEN DOWN A LITTLE

MOLLY: (PUFFING AS IF CLIMBING) Whew! It's hot! And so dusty I can't see where I'm----Oo-of! Hang onto your pitcher, Molly, my girl. You almost spilled it that time.

JOHN: (AT DISTANCE) Hi, Molly! Over here! Water--Water! We're dry as---- (WILDLY) Watch out for that cavalry charge!

MOLLY: Coming, John-- Coming!

CAPT: (AT DISTANCE) Now down those horsemen! Fire! Fire!

JOHN: (CLOSER) Yes, sir! Down they go!

SOUND: CANNON IN CLOSE BATTLE SOUNDS UP AND THEN DOWN TO BG

CAPT: (ON MIKE) Good work, Hays. Now, once more! Here comes their cavalry again!

MOLLY: (FADING IN) Here you are, Captain, water fresh from the spring--

CAPT: Thanks, Molly-- (CHUCKLING) Molly Pitcher! Now give your husband a---

SOUND: BATTLE UP A LITTLE

CAPT: (ALARMED) Hays! Gunner Hays!

MOLLY: He's hit! John's shot!

CAPT: They've killed him! Oh, my poor Molly-- to see your own husband---

MOLLY: (STARTING TO CRY) John--John--Oh my darling--

CAPT: Step aside, Mistress Molly. There's no one to fire his cannon.

(COMMANDING) Wheel it out of the way, men!

MOLLY: No one to fire it! No one to fire--- (WITH DETERMINATION) I'll fire it! Leave it stand where it is!

CAPT: You! You, Molly Pitcher!

MOLLY: (CONTROLLING HER TEARS) Yes, me! John's voice is silenced, but if I help, his gun can still speak-- speak loud for liberty!

CAPT: Well, if you're sure-- Careful! Mind your water pitcher! It's falling!

SOUND: CRASH OF PITCHER BROKEN ON GROUND

MOLLY: Yes, it's broken--but it's not water we need here. It's fire! Fire!  
(SOBBING BUT WITH COMMAND) Give me that match! Load the charge!

CAPT: (CROSSLY TO COVER EMOTION) You heard what she said! Lively, men.  
Do what Gunner Molly tells you!

SOUND: BATTLE SOUNDS UP WITH CANNON CLOSE IN THEN TO BG

MOLLY: Take that, you red-coated Tories! (SOBBING ANGRILY) Kill my John, will you? Shoot him down! Well,-- Fire, men! Load another charge! The Tories can't kill liberty by killing John. He has shown them how to die! I'll show them how to live!

CAPT: Give it to 'em, Captain Molly! Give it to 'em! The General himself will thank you for this day's work!

SOUND: BATTLE SOUNDS UP AND HOLD THEN FADE OUT BENEATH CROWD NOISES WITH RISING CHEERS

VOICES: (AD LIBBED) Here comes Captain Molly! Hooray for Molly Pitcher!

CAPT: Here's Mistress Hays, General Washington, come as you bid her.

SOUND: CROWD NOISES FADE OUT

WASH: Mistress Hays, you have gained the profound respect and admiration of the whole Continental Army. Every man knows your bravery, your courage and devotion. There is little I can say that will comfort you for the loss of your husband, and little I can do that will repay you for what you have done in the cause of liberty. I can, however, assure you of a place in our army, as gunner in the Artillery with the grade of Sergeant.

MOLLY: Thank you, sir. I only did what-- what John would have wanted.

WASH: Is that his coat and cap you're wearing?

MOLLY: I'm sorry General Washington, but--my dress was burned away. This is all I have.

WASH: You do the uniform of the Continental Army honor, Sergeant Hays.

MOLLY: Sergeant Pitcher, if you please, sir. That's what the soldiers call me--Molly Pitcher.

WASH: Sergeant Molly Pitcher, the Continental Army salutes you.



SOUND: CROWD NOISES UP WITH SHOUTS OF APPROVAL AND AD LIBBED CHEERS

MARY: Well, Sergeant Harris, that's the story of Molly Pitcher--Mary Hays.

BILL: And that's why you want to enlist in the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps?

MARY: Well, since my name is the same,-- it's sort of an obligation, don't you think,-- to fight for liberty the way she did? (SUDDENLY RECALLING MOLLY) Oh my goodness! She's gone!

MOLLY: (VIA FILTER) (SLEEPILY RESENTFUL AND YAWNING) I have not gone! I fell asleep hearing that same old story.

BILL: What's that?

MARY: I just asked if I can't finish enlisting right away?

BILL: As soon as you pass the physical examination. Then you can be sworn in.

MOLLY: (VIA FILTER) And serve eight years the way I did!

MARY: And then I'll be an enlisted reserve, subject to call as soon as I'm needed.

BILL: That's right.

MARY: Well, I'm ready.

MOLLY: (AS ABOVE) And I'm ready! Always ready to fight for liberty!

MUSIC: THEME UP AND DOWN TO BACKGROUND

ANNCR: You women between the ages of twenty-one and forty-five, are you, like Molly Pitcher ready to fight for liberty? Ready to fight in the way women best know how-- to be the gal behind the guy behind the gun? Then investigate your opportunity in the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps, where dozens of vocations permit you to earn and to learn and to serve your country. This is a women's war,-- your war.

ANNCR: (cont) Every woman who enlists in the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps will receive free medical and dental and hospital care, food, lodging, and base pay with additional pay for specialists rating. For full details inquire at three twenty-three Main Post Office, the United States Army Recruiting Service.

MUSIC: THEME UP AND DOWN TO BG

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