

UNITED STATES ARMY RECRUITING SERVICE
August 10, 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: Wanted: Men who love the sea---and the fog---and the thrill of handling a swift and powerful motorboat in the dark of night! (PAUSE) Wanted: Men who crave a chance at dramatic action in the landing operations of the American Commandos--- The United States Army Engineers Amphibian Command! (PAUSE) That's the need that sent Sergeant Bill Harris of the Army Recruiting Service to the Oregon Coast, and that's the need that has him sitting disconsolately on a pile of fish net, staring out at the returning fish boats and muttering to himself. For more men are needed for this exciting job of striking hard blows at the enemy on his own soil, and somehow before August fifteenth, Sergeant Harris is going to sign 'em up. But right now he's sitting, and staring, and muttering, while just behind him there approaches Mary Dutton, the friendliest girl in the village, and incidentally a girl he signed up last week for the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps. She has come down to the dock to tell the news to her father's fishing partners,---two of the pleasantest fellows who ever crowned each other with gaff hooks. But let's listen and see what happens (FADING) when Sergeant Harris sits---and stares---and mutters---

SOUND: SURF UP TO ESTABLISH BACKGROUND AND THEN DOWN AND OUT (OR HARBOR SOUNDS)

BILL: (MUTTERING TO HIMSELF AS IF REHEARSING A PART) You'd like a chance for some dramatic action, wouldn't you, fisherman? Dramatic action,-- dramatic--- Let me think--- Oh yes! (WITH ENTHUSIASM) An outlet for your patriotic energy---a chance to throw an oversized monkey wrench--an

oversized monkey wrench---

MARY: (OFF MIKE BUT FADING IN) Hello, soldier! Like our Oregon coast?

BILL: (UNHEEDING) That's it! An oversized monkey wrench in the enemy's plan!
It's a new, hard-hitting organization---

MARY: (THOUGHTFULLY) Must be the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps---

BILL: (EXHORTING WITH ENTHUSIASM) Fight in the fleet of small boats that will
land fighting troops on enemy--- Hey, what did you say?

MARY: (LAUGHING) First I said, "Hello, soldier," and then I said--- (ASTONISHED)
Hello, soldier! Why, you're the sergeant who signed me up in Portland
for the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps.

BILL: Well, this is a surprise, Miss--- Miss---

MARY: Mary Dutton, telephone operator, remember? You know---good hearing,
clear speech, suitable voice and previous experience.

BILL: (CHUCKLING) You sound like a vocational guide to the Women's Army Auxiliary
Corps.

MARY: (SERIOUSLY) Well, I feel kind of like a deserter,--deserting my father's
business, but-- honest, Sergeant Harris, I've had all the small-scale
fighting I can take---

BILL: Small scale fighting?

MARY: Sure. From now on I do my fighting where my dad does--in the army.

BILL: So your father's in the service?

MARY: In the Engineers. And I'm so tired of trying to keep peace between his
two partners--Jack and Jerry--- (WEARILY) Look,---out there in that fish
boat--- That's Jack and Jerry now-----

BILL: You mean that boat that's heading straight for dock--- (EXCITEDLY) Why,
the crazy fool, he'll hit that dolphin!

MARY: (CHUCKLING) Not Jerry! He can skin through between those two dolphins as if his boat was greased. Never saw anyone could handle a power boat so well--- Oh, my goodness,--they're at it again!

BILL: At what?

SOUND: MOTOR LAUNCH AT DISTANCE AND FADING IN UNDER CONVERSATION (Sp. Q 47)

MARY: (RESIGNEDLY) Fighting. Maybe all you can hear is the exhaust of that motor, but me--- I hear--- Listen!

JERRY: (AT DISTANCE SHOUTING ANGRILY) I can!

JACK: (AT DISTANCE SHOUTING ANGRILY) You can't!

JERRY: (A LITTLE CLOSER) I can!

JACK: (A LITTLE CLOSER) If you do I'll--- Stop it!

MARY: You see. Small scale fighting.

JERRY: (STILL OFF MIKE) I'll cut you in tatters! I'll slice you!

BILL: Sounds like a major battle to me---

JACK: (DERISIVELY) You couldn't slice a potato with that propellor! Watch me!

MARY: Oh my goodness! He's going to dive overboard! There goes his boots!

BILL: And there goes---

SOUND: SPLASH OF WATER

MARY: There goes Jack, the crazy fool. (PAUSE) It's something about the propellor! (CALLING) Jerry! Jerry! Cut that motor, you idiot!

JERRY: (CALLING FROM OFFMIKE) I ought to let him cut his fingers off!

MARY: (CALLING) Please, Jerry.

JERRY: O-kay. O-kay, but he asked for it.

SOUND: CUT MOTOR BOAT

JACK: (AT DISTANCE PUFFING AND SPLASHING) What'd I tell you? Stuck my hand in and---stopped the propellor with my hand, see? And---

JERRY: (FADING IN BUT CALLING TO JACK) Sure, sure---after I had cut the motor off! (CONVERSATIONALLY) Hello, Mary. How's the war?

MARY: You mean your private war? If you do---

JACK: (FADING IN PUFFING) If you do,-- well, it ain't finished! I'm going to cut a hole in Jerry's lip and tie a rope through it and tow him across the bay! I'm going to---

MARY: Please,-- boys, please. Stop it! I want you to meet Sergeant Harris---

JERRY: (NOT ESPECIALLY INTERESTED) Hi, ya, Sergeant.

JACK: (SOMEWHAT SOGGILY) Hi.

BILL: Sergeant Harris of the United States Army Recruiting Service---

JERRY: (DERISIVELY) Did you see Jack, Sergeant? Over and under--that's Jack, and stopping the propellor with his bare hands--- And up from the bay and out on the dock for all the world like---

MARY: Like an amphibian---

JERRY: Sure, sure,--an amphibian! One of them slimy critters that comes up out of the sea and crawls around the land on its belly!

BILL: (AGREEABLY) Why no, an amphibian is an engineer, and army engineer,--a commando.

JACK: (MUTTERING) Slimy critter that----crawls around---- (ANGRILY) Why, you,-- you water snake! I'll make an amphibian out of you!

MARY: Don't hit him!

SOUND: BLOW ON FLESH THEN LOUD SPLASH COVERING JERRY'S YELL

JERRY: Why, you--- Hey---

MARY: Oh, Jack! You knocked him into the Bay.

JACK: Sure! That's how amphibians are born!

BILL: (THOUGHTFULLY) Amphibians are born-- Hm-- And all the time I thought---
Say, Jack, how'd you like to be an amphib---

JACK: (BELLIGERENTLY) Don't you call me names! Uniform or no uniform, I'll
slap you into the bay like--- (SHOUTING DERISIVELY) Hi, Jerry! Hi,
down there. Amphibian!

MARY: (SOFTLY TO BILL) Stop them, somehow, can't you? It's awful but this
goes on for hours. Ever since dad left---I--- Please stop them.

BILL: (SOFTLY) Let's enlist 'em and get them fighting together.

MARY: Could you?

BILL: Could I! (PAUSE THEN CALLING) Hey, you down there,--Jerry! How'd you
like to be a Commando?

JACK: What's a Commando?

MARY: Hush, Jack!

JERRY: (AT DISTANCE, PUFFING) What's a commando?

BILL: (CALLING) Come on up and I'll tell you about it.

MARY: For heaven's sake, Jack, stop fighting with Jerry. (PAUSE, THEN SADLY)
When I think of my dad,--out there somewhere in the Pacific Islands,
fighting for his life--our lives--and you two--fighting for nothing---
why, it makes me sort of sick---

JACK: Aw, gee, Mary. We didn't mean--- You know we'd do anything for your
dad,--for Joe.

JERRY: (FADING IN) Who said anything about Joe! I'll smack the guy who---

BILL: (PLEASANTLY) Suppose you help me on a little deal to smack the Axis,
Jerry.

JERRY: That Commando business you were yelling about?

BILL: Sure,--- The United States Army Engineers Amphibian---

JERRY: (WARNINGLY) That's a fighting word, Sergeant---

BILL: You bet it is,--a fighting word for the toughest bunch of red necks you ever laid eyes on!

JACK: (INTERESTED AND HORNING IN) What's a red neck? Sounds like a turkey gobbler!

MARY: Hush!

BILL: Yes, sir! The most resourceful fighters in the United States Army,--the Engineers,--the fighters that lick a job that's too tough for any other outfit!

MARY: Gee, Sergeant Harris. You make me proud my dad's in the Army Engineers.

JACK: Sure, Joe's a swell guy. Why, there ain't nothing---

BILL: (IGNORING HIM) And these new Commandos,--well, they're engineers---

JERRY: Engineers? Well, then, where would a guy like me come in? All I know is motor boats---

JACK: (DERISIVELY) All he knows is motor boats! All he knows is what I taught him.

MARY: Hush, Jack!

BILL: Where would you come in? In a motor boat. You see, this Amphibian Command--- Hey, take it easy! That's another word for Commando!

JERRY: O-kay. O-kay.

BILL: These Commandos are all enlisted men--real soldiers--scrappers every one. And every one a specialist in night work on the water---men who are experts in handling a motor boat in the dark in a channel that's so hard to find you have to smell it out---

JACK: (SMUGLY) Sounds like my meat!

JERRY: Your meat! You couldn't pilot a boat through the Panama Canal!

BILL: These are men who love danger,--men who glory in carrying the fight right across the water and into the enemy's own territory! Get there in a boat, strike,--dynamite,--and run! That's one of the jobs for the Commandos.

JERRY: Is that what Joe's doing?

MARY: No, I don't think so. Dad's helping to land troops and---

BILL: That's a part of the Amphibian's work--they're men with both feet and fins!

JERRY: Feet and fins! That's me. Why, I was born with a propellor in my hand--

MARY: (LAUGHING) No, that was Jack---and the propellor is the one he dived overboard to stop!

JERRY: Did you see me bring our boat in a few minutes ago, Sergeant?

BILL: I sure did. I thought you were going to crack into that dolphin---

JERRY: Think I'm good enough for your Commandos?

BILL: You bet.

MARY: Why, that's marvelous, Jerry.

JERRY: Well, I guess that's settled---

JACK: Hey, what about me?

JERRY: You? Why you lop-eared, salmon-swiping seal! You can stay here and learn how to pilot a fish boat!

JACK: I can learn how to--- Why, you,-- you--- You amphibian! I'll put that fish face of yours back where it belongs---among the dog salmon!

SOUND: (COVERING JERRY'S PROTEST) FIST ON FLESH AND THEN LOUD SPLASH

JERRY: Ugh! Why---

JACK: (YELLING) And while you're piloting yourself out of the bay, I'll show the Sergeant how a real pilot handles a boat! Come on, Sergeant---

BILL: But---

MARY: Go on, I'll take care of Jerry.

JACK: (FADING) Come on, Soldier!

BILL: (FADING) All right, but---

SOUND: MOTOR BOAT IN STRONG AND HOLD

JACK: (SHOUTING ABOVE MOTOR) So I'm not good enough for your Commandos, huh?

BILL: I didn't say---

JACK: Jerry did! Look out, Sergeant! Here we go!

SOUND: MOTOR UP STRONG AND THEN FADE TO BACKGROUND

JACK: See that float out there?

BILL: (EXCITEDLY) You're heading straight for it! You'll hit it!

SOUND: UP AND ACCELERATE MOTOR THEN DOWN TO BACKGROUND

JACK: Missed it! (PAUSE) See those two dolphins---the ones where the logs are anchored---

BILL: Take it easy, man! You'll tear this boat to--- Look out!

SOUND: MOTOR ACCELERATED AND UP THEN DOWN TO BG

JACK: Missed 'em! (PAUSE) Think I'll do for your Engineers?

BILL: (LACONICALLY) You'll do. (PAUSE) Suppose you get back to the dock and I'll sign you up.

JACK: (LAUGHING) Not till you promise to sign me up first!

BILL: (LAUGHING) O-kay. It's a deal. Now let's get back.

JACK: You bet. Here we go!

SOUND: MOTOR UP STRONG

BILL: (SHOUTING ABOVE MOTOR) Hey, look out! You're really going to hit the dock!

JACK: No, I won't--- My gosh,--the rudder's stuck! Look out! We're going to crash!

SOUND: CRASH OF WOOD AND CUT MOTOR

MARY: Sergeant Harris! Sergeant Harris! Are you all right?

BILL: (A LITTLE DAZED) Sure,--sure, I'm---all-right.

MARY: Jack! Are you hurt?

JERRY: (ANGRILY) No, he's not hurt! But by jeeppers he's going to be! Smashing our boat! Smashing Joe's boat--- I'll smash you!

MARY: (PLEADING) Oh, Jerry, please, please! (NEAR TEARS) If you'd only stop quarreling long enough to listen to me.

JERRY: O-kay, Mary. I'm sorry. What's the trouble?

MARY: Plenty of trouble. While you were tearing around out there, Jack, a messenger brought this--this telegram. Here, read it.

JACK: (SLOWLY) It's from the Secretary of War...(READING) Miss Mary Dutton, Bayview, Oregon.-----Regret to inform you that Joseph Walter Dutton is reported missing in action in Australia.-----Mary,-- Gee, Mary, I'm sorry.

MARY: (WITH FEELING) And yet while dad is maybe dead or dying,--just for the lack of good fighting men like you two,--you, Jack and Jerry, can waste time fighting each other! (NEAR TEARS) Well, you can take our old motor boat and our fishing gear and scrap over it till the real war is over! As for me,-- I've already done what dad did,--joined the army!

JACK: (INCREDULOUSLY) You mean you've joined this female women's army?

MARY: I mean the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps!

JERRY: Gee whiz!

MARY: And I'm going to Fort Des Moines for training---tomorrow, and---
(CRYING) and---I want my dad! (CRIES SOFTLY)

BILL: (SYMPATHETICALLY) Here, Miss Dutton. Come along with me---

JACK: Wait a minute, Sergeant Harris. You got a little paper work to do yet,
signing up me and Jerry.

JERRY: Yeh. What's good enough for Joe and Mary is good enough for me. Jerry
and Jack and Joe,---that's the way it always was.

MARY: Yes,--Jerry and Jack and Joe,-----and Mary.

JACK: (SOFTLY) And Mary!

MUSIC: THEME UP AND DOWN TO BG

ANNCR: You men between the ages of eighteen and forty-five who have marine
experience, there is an opportunity for you in the United States Army
Engineers Amphibian Command. (PAUSE) The Amphibian Command,--the
American Commandos---are the fighting, driving men who prove their
daring in dramatic landing operations,--who carry the war into the
enemy's territory in the flashing maneuvers that have made this type of
warrior the hero of the army. If you are a seaman, an engine specialist,
a pilot, a marine mechanic, a rigger, a fisherman, or any one of a dozen
other specialists, you may upon enlistment expect rapid promotion, if
you are an expert in your line. You have just five more days to sign
up at the United States Recruiting Service. Phone ATwater 6171 or call
at three twenty-three Main Post Office. Be a Commando! Enlist now!

MUSIC: THEME UP AND DOWN TO BG

ANNCR: Listen again next week at this same hour when 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. Tonight's cast included:

MUSIC: THEME UP AND OUT