

SUSTAS 1102

THEIR SAME FOREST RANGERS

WIP1

10:00 to 1:00 P.M.

SEPTEMBER 28, 1954

FRIDAY

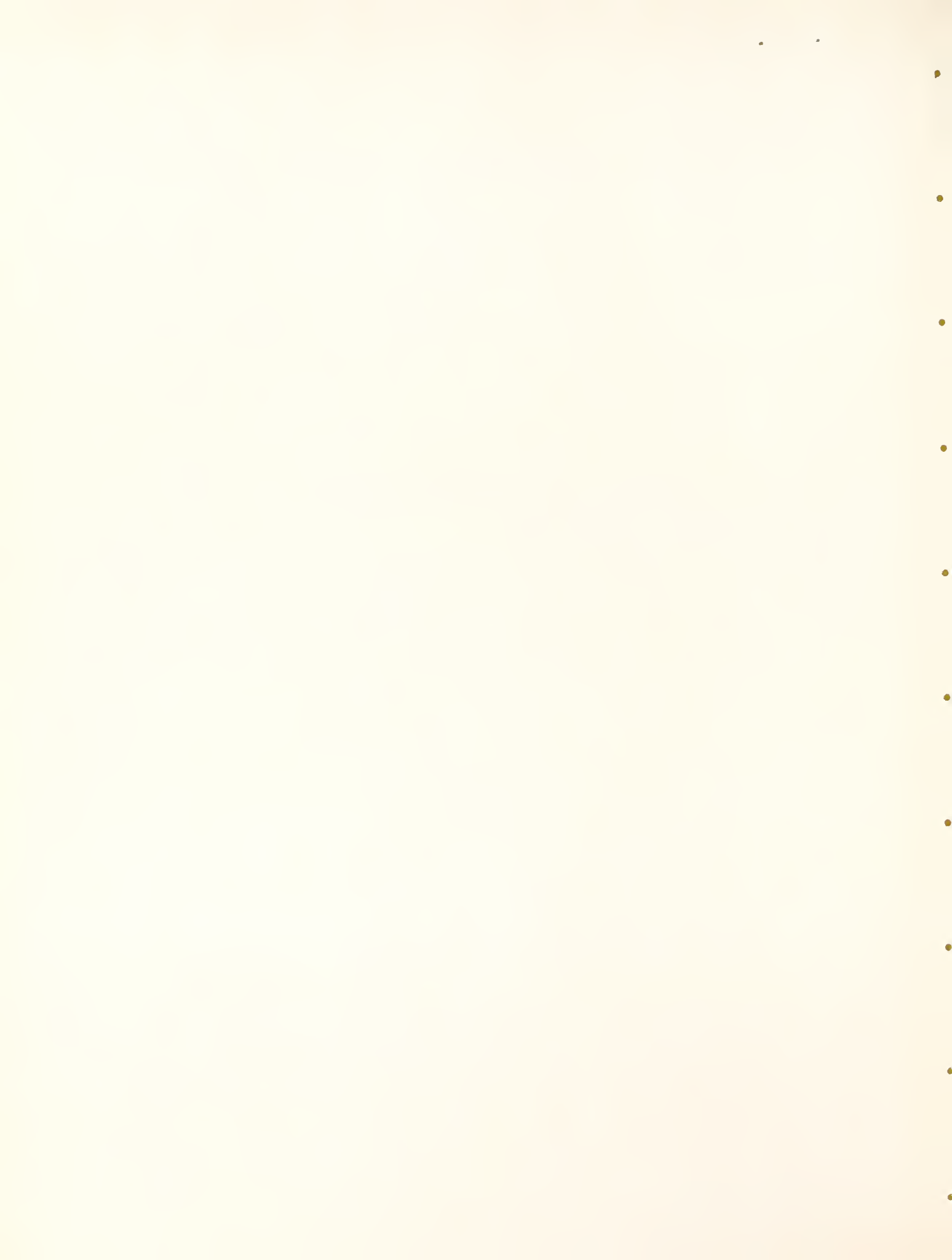
ANNOUNCES: And now, "Dole's Safe Forest Ranges" --

STATEMENT SUBJECT: RANGERS 200

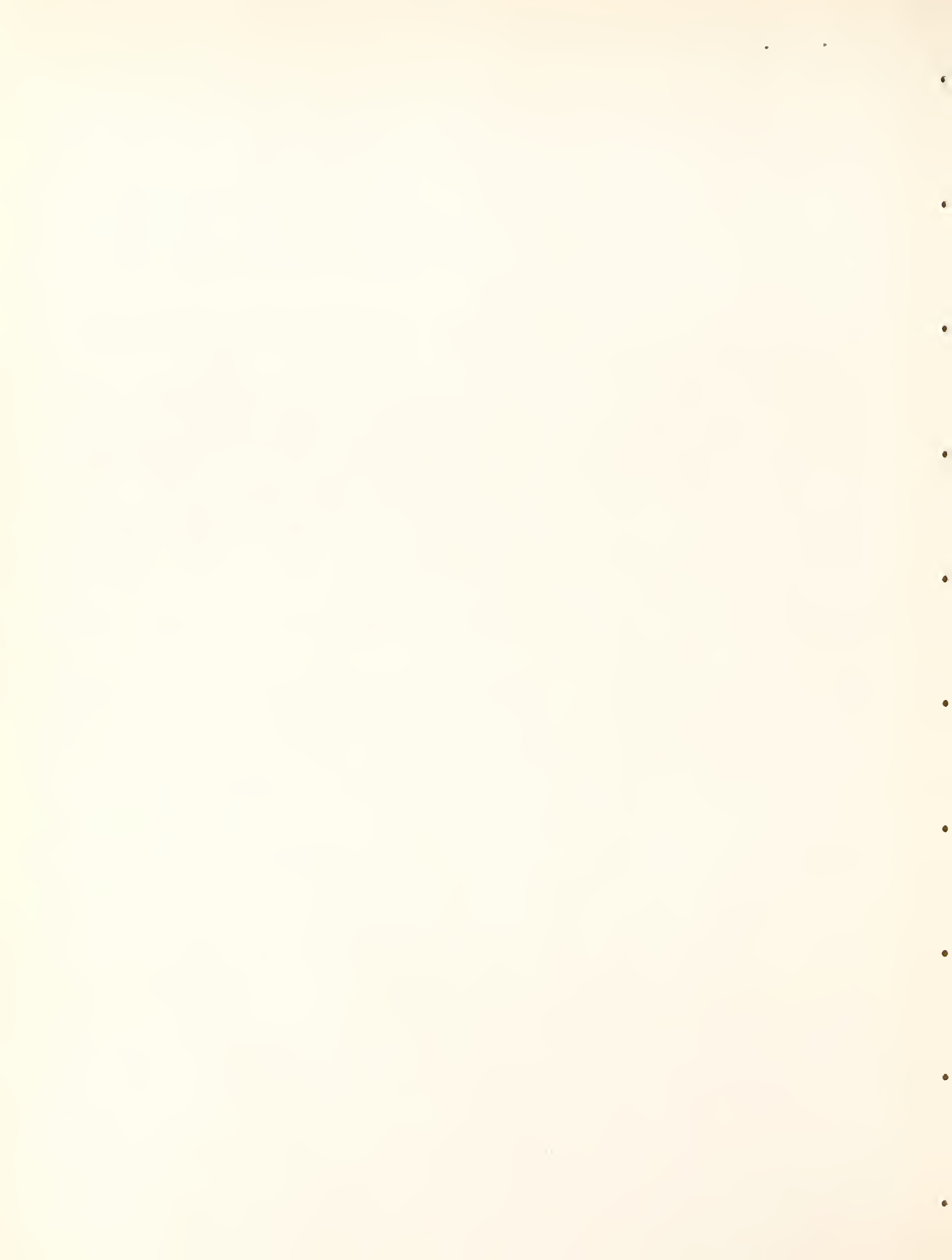
ANNOUNCES: For successful use of the resources of our National Forests, constantly depends upon the alert responsiveness of the Forest Officers and the Ranger staff. In the remote wilderness of these areas it is often necessary to deal with the various types of forest fires, such as, fire, flood, snow, rain, lightning and other natural elements which threaten the forest itself, the lives and property of the public and the use of the forest resources. It is the duty of the Ranger staff to be alert and ready to meet any emergency which may arise.

When we left Jessup last week we had lightning and rain storms which did us considerable damage. It is necessary to report all such damage to the Bureau of Forest Ranges. Do not get any more of this kind of thing.

We're looking for you at the Pine Cone Ranger Station, and we'll be glad to see you. Just contact the station from 8:00 to 10:00 P.M. office.



- JIM: (STAMPS FEET - OPENS DOOR) -- There wasn't any mail, Pete. There's the door-mat. It's kind of hot.
- BOB: Right over there, Jim. Kind of cool where it's welcome and blue rock cone. I can scarcely keep the house warm this morning with both stoves going.
- JIM: It's plenty cold all right. I'm gonna move to a warmer climate. (SHUTS DOOR)
- BOB: (LAUGHS) You say that every year, Jim, when the first cold spell comes. You ought to be glad it ain't as hot as it was last week. -- It's stopped raining, hasn't it?
- JIM: Yes. That cold breeze lasted all night though. I'll bet it really snowed up at timberline.
- BOB: Mr. I hope Jerry didn't get caught in it up there. Do you think he did, Jim?
- JIM: Oh, don't worry about Jerry. He's learned how to take care of himself pretty well. I'm wondering about the sheep though. I'd like to know if Tom Wilson got his sheep out of Summit Basin, before the snow hit 'em.
- BOB: That could be a bad place to get caught in. I remember that trip I made with you over there about ten years ago.
- JIM: Well if Wilson got caught the other side of Snowdrift Pass it's just log bad.
- (RING OF DOOR)
- BOB: There's somebody at the door. I guess it's Mary Bellamy,



JIM: (CALLS) Come in!

(DOOR OPENS)

MARY: (BREATHLESSLY) Oh, hello! Is that a terrible accident?

BESS: Why, Mary, you shouldn't have come out so early. It's so hot

MARY: Oh, I don't mind it, Mrs. Robbins, and - and - I was anxious to have it you'd heard from Jerry.

JIM: None, not a word. (CHUCKLES) I expect he'd've felt better though with you here last night if he'd known that someone was calling about him.

MARY: Oh, I wouldn't help out - but that concerned about him.

JIM: (CHUCKLES) Yes, of course, I understand. I wish someone would worry about me once in awhile, when I'm out in -

BESS: Oh, Mrs. Robbins, how do you think I got all those gray hairs -

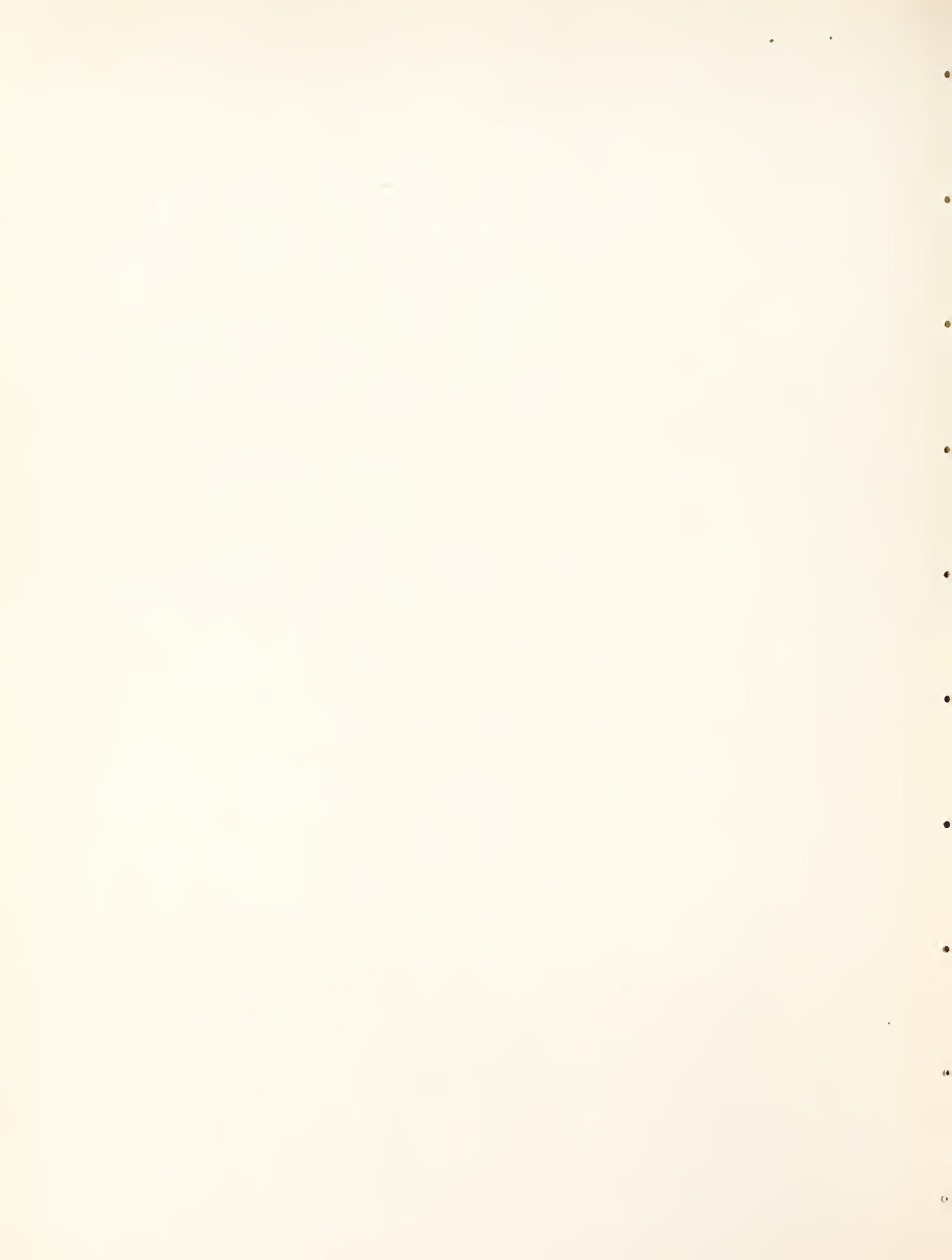
JIM: (CHUCKLES) Got a rise last time, Mary.

(DOOR CLOSING)

JIM: (ANSWERING PHONE) Hello! Jim Robbins speaking. -- Why, hello Jerry, where's you A -- Salt Pond, what is there some of there? -- Drifts in the park, eh? (FALSE) Yes! -- Yes! -- Great Scott! You must be about all in now. -- Yes -- Of course I will. You better come on in Jerry. -- Well, don't worry. I'll get there as soon as possible. So-long, you. (HANGS UP)

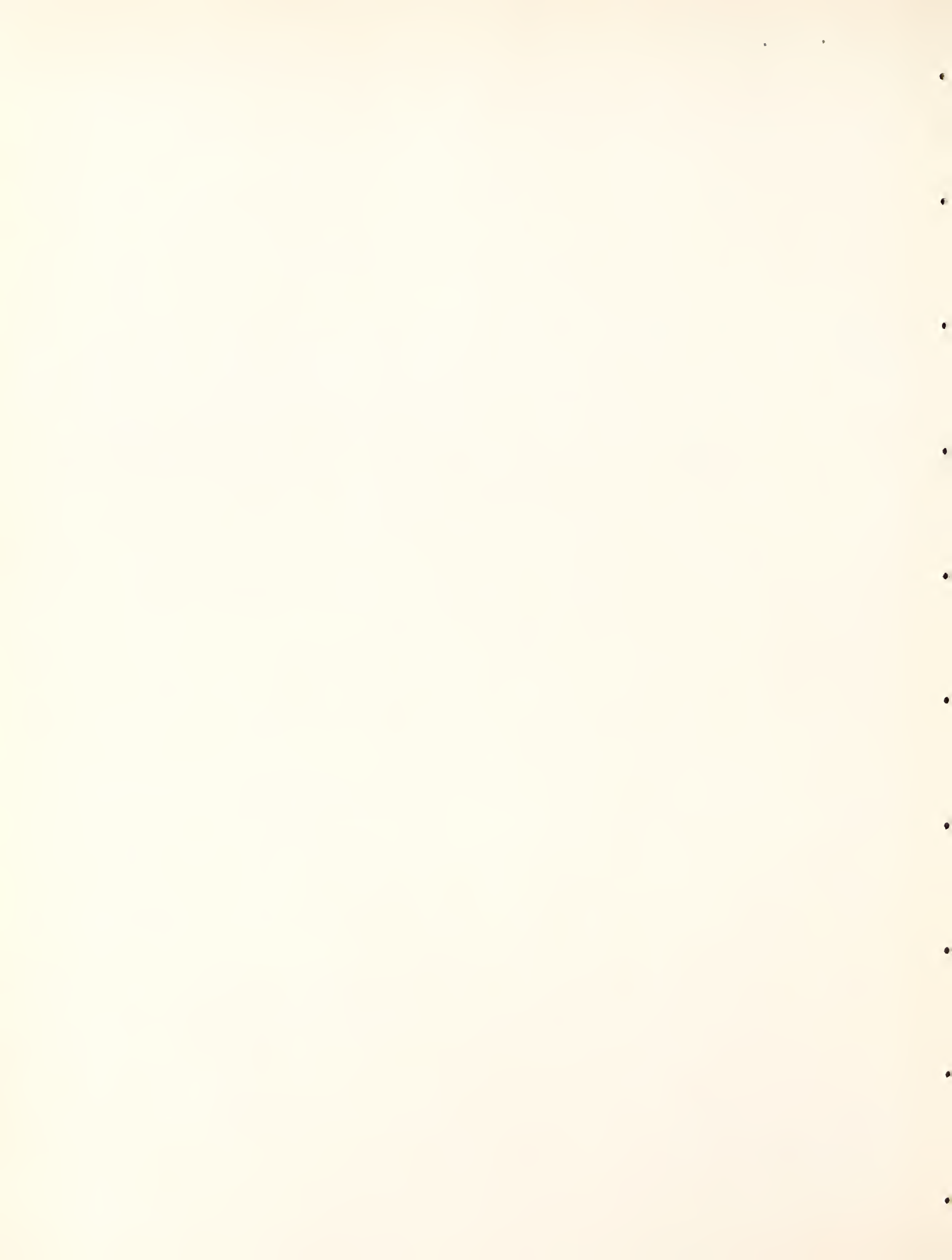
MARY: Oh, Mr. Robbins, is he all right?

JIM: Sure. Had a fine road trip over the park though. He says that Wilson's boat is away for about the other side of Bonanza Pond and he wants me to bring help to get it out. He'll meet me at Elmer Lake.





BOB: Oh, Jim, I do hope you can give them your help  
 MARY: How do you get them out, Mr. Robinson?  
 JIM: You'll just have to drive in enough horses to break trail for  
 the team, the snowdrifts in the pass, I reckon. You'll  
 figure out my other way.  
 BOB: You'll surely get help, won't you?  
 JIM: Isp. I'll risk quite a party to break trail over that pass,  
 and I'll need help. I swear I'll give up Stoney Eight  
 and his string at the Dodge Ranch. Give me your word you'll be  
 a week while I get out of horses?  
 BOB: Of course, Jim.  
 MARY: (SUCCEEDED) Oh, Mr. Robinson, what I do wish you  
 BOB: You, Mary, could press to death.  
 JIM: You ought to stay, I'm afraid your life.  
 MARY: But I can give it if you give Mr. Stoney, and I give you  
 I'll try to help about the work.  
 JIM: Please. It's a party, and I'll try to be when.  
 BOB: Jim Robinson, when I was Mary's age I used to be like you with  
 any trip you could. Don't you remember the time when  
 JIM: You sure could. Well. (SUCCEEDED) Well, Mary is you must be  
 around that corner last, you -  
 MARY: Oh, goodie. It's going to get dark so right now. I'll be back  
 on the line you can get horses now. (BOB) Goodbye.  
 Mrs. Robinson.  
 JIM: (CALL) Don't forget to come with me now.  
 (INTERNAL AND MARY)





(SOUND OF SEVERAL HORSES PLODGING THROUGH SNOW - CONTINUES THROUGH FOLLOWING)

JIM: Well, Mary, we made that trip pretty quick

MARY: Didn't we?

JIM: Having the horses plod, so we could change off helped a lot. Are you cold?

MARY: No, just shivery. My, you'd never believe it would snow so much up here when it didn't snow at all down in Windy Creek.

JIM: Well, it's pretty high elevation up here. Pretty high up. It's going to clear, looks like. If the wind would just die down it wouldn't be so bad. (DOG BARKS) (OFF)

MARY: Aren't we almost to Brights? I heard a dog barking.

JIM: Yep, - whoa Dolly - (HORSES STOP) You'd better run in and warm up a minute, Miss. There's Stanley out by the barn. (CALLS) Hello, Stan

STAN: (OFF) Hello, Jim. (COMING UP) Good mornin', Miss Halloway. Get down. Come in and git warm.

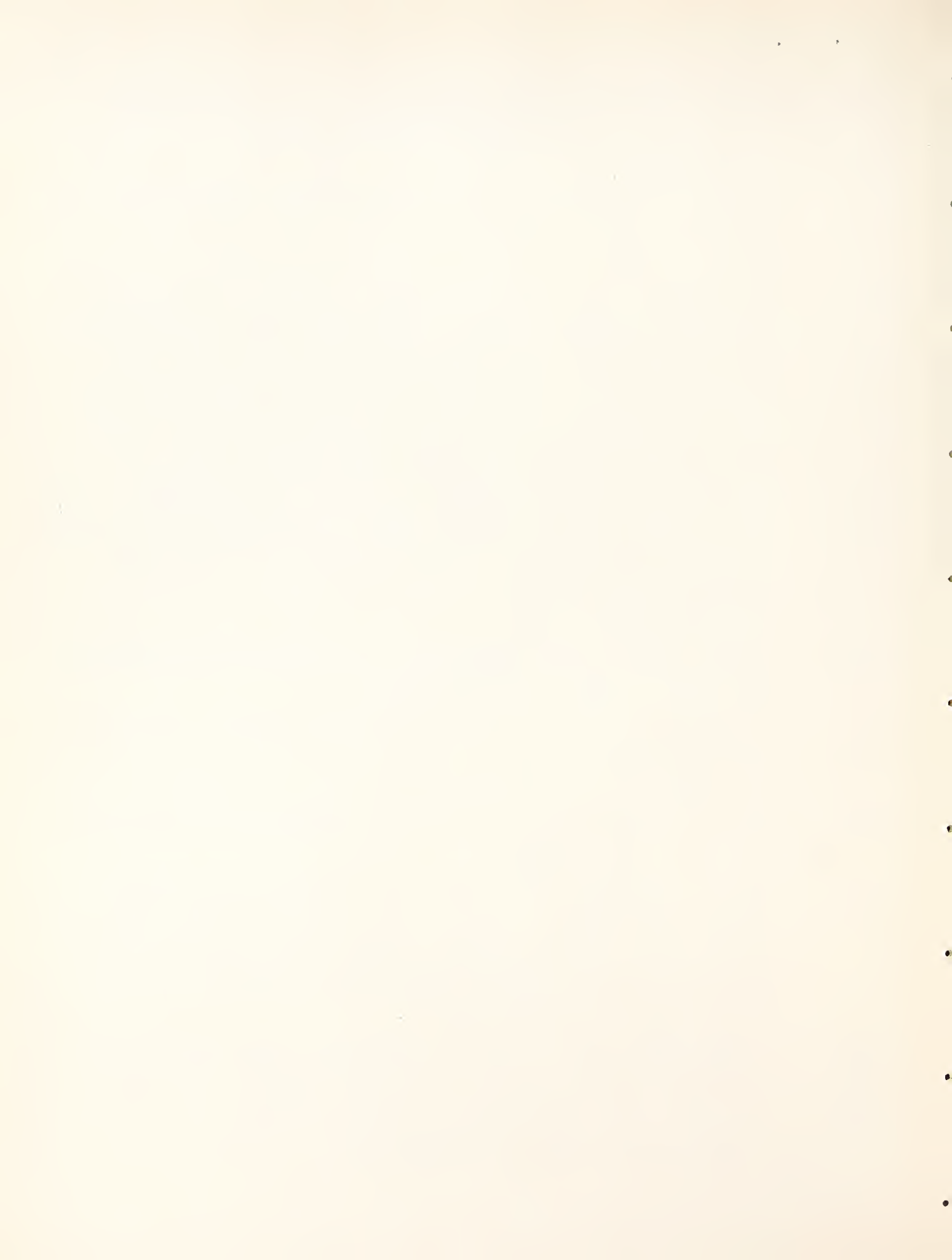
JIM: Haven't much time, Stan. Miss Halloway'll run in a minute, I s'pect. Whoa Dolly --

STAN: What you folks goin'? Elopin'? (LAUGHS) Yeh hosses look like it. (ALL LAUGH)

JIM: Nope. (CHUCKLES) You know 'bout how Mary had a little lamb, Stan? Well, the darn woolie run off. Followed Tom Wilson over into Bonanza Basin and got stuck in this snow. We're going to rescue him.

STAN: (PERPLEXED) Lamb? What in thunder are yuh talkin' about?

MARY: Oh, he's just trying to kid me, Mr. Bright. Mr. Wilson's sheep are up there -- and Jerry --



BRIGHT: Jerry, huh? Mary's lass. I getcha (LAUGHS) (SERIOUSLY)

But what you goin' with all this business, Jim?

JIM: Jerry phoned from Bald Peak this morning. Said the sign  
caught Tom Wilson's ass in Banana Basin. They couldn't  
get over Snowdrift Pass -

BRIGHT: Jesus Christ! How'd Jerry get over?

JIM: He booked through to Deaf Dan's shack somehow. Stayed there  
till day light, and found some old snowshoes and used it up  
to the lookout -

BRIGHT: Well if he got out, you don't have to worry about Tom Wilson  
and his tangled woolies, do you? Let him freeze, I'd say.

JIM: Maybe you don't like woolies mixed up with your clothes, Sam,  
but we've got to help him out in this emergency.

BRIGHT: I 'low so, Jim.

JIM: Well, I'm startin' for Snowdrift Pass in about ten minutes.  
Stay

BRIGHT: Jim, if I didn't know you so well I'd think you was crazy -

JIM: (CHUCKLES) Kinda figure that way myself sometimes (SERIOUSLY)  
But Wilson's in a tight hole. Everything he's got is tied up  
in those sheep. I got to help him - same as anyone else.

BRIGHT: I 'low you're right, Jim. You've done us several good turns  
too - but blast my hide, Jim, it'd take twenty weeks to  
break a trail over Snowdrift Pass today.

JIM: Well, I've got four here -

BRIGHT: Meaning I can throw in sixteen more, I suppose (SARCASTIC)  
You don't want much, do you?



JIM: Stan, if I didn't know you so well I'd think you were a real hard-boiled horse from Powder River (CHUCKLES)

BRIGHT: You old son of a gun. (LAUGHS) I b'lieve you could serve a fellow shank stev and make him like it. (GALLS) He, you, Slick? S-l-i-c-k? (PAUSE)

VOICE: (OFF) What's that, boss?

BRIGHT: Saddle my boss and turn the wheels a-riding out up the Blue Lake road.

VOICE: (OFF) Sure pop, boss. What's gonna do? Where 'am on Anceballs?

BRIGHT: Aops, I'm again' to make sheep herders out of 'em.

MARY: (COMING UP) Are you ready, Mr. Robbins?

BRIGHT: In about a minute, Miss Holloway. (LAUGHS) Jim thinks you might need help to rescue that little lamb.

MARY: (LAUGHS) Well, Mr. Bright, it's certainly nice of you to help us.

JIM: I'm appreciatin' it, too, Stan.

BRIGHT: Go on, you ol' boss thief. You don't think I'm going to all this work just to save them woolies, do yuh?

VOICE: (OFF) Here's your boss, Stan.

BRIGHT: Thanks. Whoa, Sandy — all set, Slick? Turn 'em loose.

(HORSES RUN BY) (MEN YELL) (HORSE BELLS RING)

(MUSICAL INTERLUDE)

(FADE IN WITH SOUND OF SEVERAL HORSE PLODDING)





JIM: Well, here's Blue Lake, but she ain't so blue today. (YELLS)  
Doggone yuh, Snip, go on there.

MARY: (ANXIOUSLY) I don't see anything of Jerry

JIM: I reckon he'll be at the campground. Whoa Zip -- (HORSES  
STOP) Yep. There he is over there - stompin' 'round in the  
snow. (CALLS) Hi, Jerry.

JERRY: (OFF) Hi, Jim. Hello, Stan. I see you made it all right.

MARY: (CALLS) Hello, Jerry.

JERRY: (COMING UP) Why, Mary, what in the world are you doing up  
here?

JIM: (CHUCKLES) We just brought Mary along for a guide

JERRY: Yeah? Mary, you shouldn't have come up here.

MARY: (SHIPPY) Why shouldn't I?

JERRY: That trip over the pass is terrible. The snow's drifted  
five feet deep some places.

BRIGHT: Come on, we'd better be movin' then. These hosses're gettin'  
restless. They might break back on us. (YELLS) Snip yuh  
ol' devil. Get back there. (HORSES RUN)

JIM: Sure, Stan. We'll hafta keep movin' if we get over and back.  
Snow's spittin' again.

BRIGHT: We'd better change hosses before we start. I'll rope Snip  
fer yuh, Jerry. The ol' scalawag wants to turn back all the  
time.

JIM: I reckon we'd better change too Mary, and turn Buck and Zipper  
loose -- Stan, old Buck's been over that pass so many times,  
I b'lieve he'll lead the savvy right across -- whoa, Zip





BRIGHT: Guess I'd better rope you across, too Miss Mary. Your permit of yours might get lost in all that snow.

MARY: I'll bet you a cookie, Mr. Bright, that Tricket will go through as well as that big aerial of yours.

JERRY: Mary, you'd better not try to go over the pass.

MARY: (INDIGNANT) Indeed I will. I'm going right along.

JIM: Well, let's go then. I'll take the lead 'till we get 'em started up the pass. Come on, Dolly. (SOUND OF HORSES BLEATING - BELLS JINGLE - MEN YELL - FADEOUT)

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

(FADING WITH SOUND OF HORSES)

BRIGHT: (CALLS) You'd better let the masses lead now, Jim. Hold up 'till we run 'em by you.

(TRAMPING SOUND OF HORSES UP)

JIM: (CALLS) What'd I tell you, Stan, look at old Buck leadin' right on up. Knows the trail better'n I do!

BRIGHT: Buckin' right through like a snow plow, ain't he? Good thing it's soft.

JERRY: The snow's deep in there too. Hope he don't get stuck in that drift. I had a hard time gettin' through it last night.

JIM: It's sure caking up the pass all right. Look at old Buck. He's sising it up. I'll be damned if he ain't turning back. Must be pretty deep.

BRIGHT: (CALLS) Look out Jerry, they're all turning. (YELLS) Hey, get back there, you. Scott, Bless. Hear that blue devil, Jim.

(HORSES BLEATING - PUFFING; BELLS JINGLES; MEN YELL)



JIM: They're all right now. I'll go ahead with Dolly and try to break through. Come along, old girl! (CLUCKS)

(HORSE PLODS - MEN YELL AT HORSES, OFF)

JERRY: (EXCITEDLY) Great guns. Dolly's in gear. Near up to her neck. Look at 'er plow through. Oh - oh, she's down.

MARY: Oh, Jerry, I hope Mr. Robbins isn't hurt.

BRIGHT: He's all right, Miss Mary. See 'im crawlin' out! (CHUCKLES)  
Looks like a snow-man.

JERRY: Yeah. He's giving us the high sign.

BRIGHT: No use trying to push the cavvy through - they'll break back on us. If you can hold 'em, Jerry, I'll take a whirl at it with Snapper.

MARY: Let me try Trinket, Jerry.

JERRY: What's the idea? You can't get through there.

BRIGHT: (LAUGHS) She'd sure get lost with that little runt of a horse. I bet that drift's five feet deep anyhow!

MARY: (ANGRY) You men think a girl can't do anything. I'll just show you. Come, Trinket - come Trinket! (HORSE PLUNGES - BUNTS)

JERRY: (CALLS) Hey! Come back here, Mary - Can you hold the heavy, Stan? I'd better go stop 'er.

BRIGHT: Let 'er go. She can't get hurt much in that soft snow. Doggone, she's buckin' right in. Jim's trying to stop 'er, too.

JERRY: Boy, look at that little horse plunge. Gee, she's darn near out of sight.

BRIGHT: Blamed if I don't think she's going to make - (EXCITEDLY)  
She is! She's through, by golly!

JERRY: (SHOUTS) Good work, Mary! You made it!



BRIGHT: Some cookin', I'd say. There goes the horses. (SOUND OF HORSES)

JERRY: No more trouble now. The top is wind-swept as clean as a floor. Come on, Skip. (HORSES PLOP)

BRIGHT: Them sheep ought to make it easy now. The horses broke a way as wide as a road.

JERRY: They sure did. It'll be easy now - (CALLS) Mary you did nobly - some rider, I'll say.

MARY: (COMING UP) Oh, Jerry, it was glorious. Tricket never stopped plunging till she was through.

JIM: And it's damn lucky she didn't. She'd've stuck there like glue. I tried to stop her, Jerry, but she went by like a cyclone.

BRIGHT: (LAUGHS) I see I'll have to give you fellows a few lessons on how to handle yer women-folks.

MARY: (LAUGHS) I guess it was a crazy thing to do but I just had to try it.

JIM: (CHUCKLES) You're all right, Miss. Got us through in a hurry -- say -- isn't that Tom Wilson's outfit down there -- just above timberline? Something's a'going.

JERRY: Yeah, that's Wilson. We've been trying to reach out with the outfit, but I guess he didn't get very far.

BRIGHT: I (low would better run the survey down to 'em and do the job up right.

JIM: Yep. We'll help 'em trail out his band of sheep pronto. Mary there's no need of your going down. We'll be right back if Wilson's all right.







BRIGHT: Jerry'd better stay, too, and chastise 'er for being so head-strong, don't you think, Jim? (LAUGHS)

JIM: (LAUGHS) I reckon so -- she sure needs it.

MARY: (LAUGHS) Do I?

JERRY: (LAUGHS) Well, it isn't so easy riding bareback downhill. Maybe I --

BRIGHT: (LAUGHS) Yore shure right, Jerry! Come on, Jim. (YELLS) Hide out, you broom-tails! Spot! Blaze!

(HORSES RUN -MEN YELL)

JERRY: (CALLS) Be sure to get Spark.

MARY: See them go, Oh, Jerry, I'm glad I could come. Isn't it glorious up here?

JERRY: It sure is, Mary - Say, Mary, you sure were great, going through that drift. I'm sorry I squawked about you coming up here.

MARY: Are you, Jerry?

JERRY: Yeah. -- You're all right. I -- I wouldn't mind you being with me any time.

MARY: (SWEETLY) Thank you, Jerry.

JERRY: In fact --

MARY: What, Jerry?

JERRY: In fact, all the time.

MARY: Oh, Jerry!

(FADEOUT)



ANNOUNCER: Well, it looks like everybody's happy up above timberline --  
And I guess Tom Wilson, the sheepman, will be happy too. It's  
a serious matter to be caught by a snowstorm with a big  
band of sheep in the mountains, but now with the help of the  
Rangers and their friends, he'll have no trouble getting his  
sheep over the pass.

Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers will not be with us next Friday,  
but two weeks from today, they'll be back again.

This program is a presentation of the National Broadcasting  
Company, with the cooperation of the United States Forest  
Service.

11/10:10 AM  
Sept. 25, 1934

