UNCLE SAM'S FOREST RANGERS

Episode No. 15.

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11:30 to 12:30 A.M. C.S.T. APRIL 14, 1932 THURSDAY

ANNOUNCER: And now, ladies and gentlemen, "Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers ----

(ORCHESTRA:QUARTET)

ANNOUNCER: The wearers of the "pine tree badge" of the U. S. Forest Service are with us again today. You will recall that Forest Ranger Jim Robbins is in charge of the Pine Cone Ranger District of the national forest to which we are about to take you -- and it is his job to keep the forest green and growing, so that it will be of permanent value to the people of the nation. His young assistant, Jerry Quick, has been learning the ropes in this work of protecting and developing the forest resources. Already he has been initiated into the complicated duties of timber sale management, regulation of grazing, tree planting, and many other things.

After an unpleasant experience in horse trading last week, Jerry learned that he would finally get a horse of his own -- a real saddle horse this time. Well, the horse arrived, and we can report that Jerry is mighty proud of him.

We take you now to the Pine Cone Ranger Station ----

(MUSICAL INTERLUDE)

JIM: (calls) Jerry. -- Oh, Jerry. -- What's become of Jerry, Bess?

BESS: I think he's out in the barn, Jim. -- (going off) I'll go call him.

JIM: All right.

BESS: (off; calls) Jerry. -- Jim wants you. --- He's coming, Jim.

JIM: Thanks, Bess. (chuckles) I'll bet I know where he was.

(DOOR OPENS)

JERRY: (Coming up) Want me, Mr. Robbins?

JIM: Yes. What you been doing, son?

JERRY: I was just looking after Spark - my new horse, Jim.

JIM: (bantering) Hmm. I'm not so keen on having a horse by the name of Spark on this forest. Sparks sound too much like fire coming -- and fire means trouble.

JERRY: Oh, no. My Spark won't mean trouble. I'll have him to chase down the sparks on, and put 'em out before they do any damage. See? -- Then he'll be living up to his name.

JIM: (chuckles) You're pretty proud of this new horse, aren't you, son?

JERRY: Sure. He's a dandy, don't you think?

JIM: Yep. He is a good horse, Jerry. I'm glad to see you taking good care of him. You've got to give a horse good care if you expect him to do right by you.

JERRY: I'm taking care of him the best I know how, Mr. Robbins. -- And I've already sent for a book on the Care of the Horse.

JIM: (chuckles) "Care of the Horse," eh? (more chuckles) ---- Well, never mind that now. I want you to help me here.

JERRY: Okay. -- Wait, somebody's coming.

JIM: Wonder who that is?

(SOUND OF FOOTSTEPS AT DOOR; AND DOOR OPENING)

BLAKE: (entering; excited) Where's the Ranger? -- Mr. Robbins!

JIM: Hello there, Mr. Blake. -- Say, what's the matter? You look like you'd seen a ghost.

BLAKE: My son! -- Donald! -- He's lost!

JIM: Lost? Hold on, there, Mr. Blake. Pull yourself together, old man.

BLAKE: Get men and horses! Get men and horses! Quick! He's lost, I tell you!

JIM: Wait, now. Don't get excited, old man. Tell us what happened.

BLAKE: Donald's lost up there in the forest! -- He disappeared yesterday afternoon --

JIM: Where were you when he disappeared?

BLAKE: At our summer cottage -- I took him up with me yesterday -- to see if the cottage would need any repairs this spring -- and he disappeared! I've been looking for him all night. -- Look, I found a piece of cloth from his coat!

JIM: Well, now. Sit down, here, Mr. Blake. You're all done up. -- Probably the boy just snagged his coat on a bush. -- (calls) Oh, Bess.

BESS: (off) Yes, Jim.

JIM: Fix Mr. Blake a cup of coffee, won't you please?

BESS: (off) Is Mr. Blake there? Of course I will.

BLAKE: But we can't wait, Mr. Robbins! You've got to come with me and find my boy!

JIM: You're going to stay here and rest up, old man. You've been out running through the woods all night. Look at your torn clothes.

BLAKE: But there's no time to lose!

JIM: Don't worry, we'll find him -- How old is Donald?

BLAKE: He's eight. -- Aren't there mountain lions up there in the canyon?

JIM: A few, but not much danger there. -- Where was the boy the last time you saw him?

BLAKE: He was playing out in front of the cottage when I went in. -- I was in there quite a while and it was almost dark when I came out. -- I called him but there wasn't any answer. -- I hunted for him all night.

BESS: (entering) The coffee's on the stove, Jim. -- Why Mr. Blake! What is the matter?

JIM: His boy's lost up in the woods, Bess. I told him to stay here and rest awhile --

BESS: Yes, indeed. I'll have a cup of hot coffee ready in a minute --

BLAKE: But you've got to hurry, Mr. Robbins! Get a searching party. Get everybody in town!

JIM: That's just what I don't want to do -- yet, Mr. Blake. I don't want anybody up there but experienced woodsmen. A large party would just track up the country, and most likely half of them would get lost themselves.

BLAKE: Yes, but my boy --- !

JIM: Don't you worry, Mr. Blake -- Jerry, now's your chance to try that new horse of yours. You go put the saddles on him and Dolly -- Step on it.

JERRY: You bet, Jim. Right away.

(SOUND OF DOOR CLOSING)

JIM: I'm going to call the logging camp. -- Let's see. Their ring's three shorts, isn't it? (RINGS PHONE THREE SHORTS) -- Hello -- Let me talk to Al Perkins, will you? -- Hello, Al? -- Say, Al. We've got a boy lost up in Bear Creek canyon somewhere. -- Mr. Blake, one of our summer home permittees. It's his boy. -- About eight years old. -- Since yesterday afternoon. Yeah. Jerry and I are leaving right away -- well we don't want too many running around up there -- yes -- yes a few good men who know the woods. That's fine, Al. Start your men from the road at the top of the grade, and have 'em work down the canyon, will you? I'm coming up with Jerry by horseback from the lower end. -- Yeah. Fire three shots for a signal, if you find the boy. -- All right, Al. Thanks a lot, -- Goodbye. (HANGS UP RECEIVER) -- Well, Mr. Blake, you just rest easy now. We'll have your boy back here before you know it.

BLAKE: I'm mighty grateful to you, Mr. Robbins.

JIM: Don't mention it, old man.

BESS: (coming up) Here's a cup of hot coffee for you, Mr. Blake. It'll do you good.

BLAKE: Thank you, Mrs. Robbins. -- My, this is fine. -- I -- I didn't realize I was so upset, I guess.

BESS: You were a little upset. You just rest here awhile now. -- Jim, stick this in your pocket in case you and Jerry get hungry.

JIM: Thanks, Bess. I was going to hunt up some. -- Here comes Jerry. I guess the horses are ready.

(SOUND OF DOOR)

JERRY: (coming up) I've got the horses saddled, Jim. They're all ready.

JIM: All right, Jerry. Get that portable telephone in case we want to hook on a wire and call the station. -- And stick a pair of pliers in your pockets. We might find some of the line down.

JERRY: I'll get 'em.

JIM: Let's see, now. -- I want my gun for signals -- I gess we're all set, Jerry.

JERRY: All set! -- We'll find your boy, Mr. Blake.

JIM: (chuckles) Yep. Jerry's most likely right for once in his life. -- Don't worry, old man. We'll let you know what happens.

(MUSIC)

(SOUND OF HORSE GALLOPING - RECEDES IN DISTANCE)

JIM: (calls) Hey there! Hold it, Jerry ---

(GALLOPING IN DISTANCE SLOWS TO WALK; JIM'S HORSE ALSO WALKING)

JERRY: (in distance) What's the matter?

JIM: Who do you think you are? Paul Revere?

JERRY: (up) But -- but we've got to hurry, Mr. Robbins.

JIM: It ain't done that way, Jerry. If you want to ride a long ways fast, you've got to start out easy. Then pretty soon when you've got your horse warmed up good, you can run him a ways, but slow him down to a fast walk again before he gets winded. See?

JERRY: Yeah, I see. -- But it seems awfully slow.

JIM: We'll get there quicker in the end. (chuckles) You've got your head full of these western movies, son. You'll get over that after a few long, hard rides like we've got ahead of us today . -- (CLUCKS) All right, Dolly, let's trot awhile now.

(SOUND OF HORSES WALKING CHANGES TO TROT)

JERRY: Giddap, Spark. -- I guess you do know more about making long gast rides than I do, -- Jim.

JIM: Well, I've had to make quite a few of 'em in my day.

JERRY: Gosh, I hope we can find Mr. Blake's boy.

JIM: We'll find him all right, if he's anywhere in this country. -- I reckon we can gallop a spell now, Jerry, Giddap, Dolly.

JERRY: Giddap, Spark.

(HORSES' TROT CHANGES TO GALLOP; - DOG BARKS - FADE OUT WITH HORSES GALLOPING)

(MUSICAL INTERLUDE)

JIM: Well Jerry. -- Let's leave the horses here for a breathing spell, and try it on foot.

JERRY: Okay, Mr. Robbins.

JIM: (Pat's horse's neck) Good old Dolly - stand here awhile, old girl.

JERRY: Look! There's a man's tracks in the trail - heading both ways.

JIM: That's Mr. Blake's. His tracks are all over the place. The poor man got panicky and ran through the woods calling his boy all night. -- If we could pick up the boy's tracks, trailing would be easy here. -- Let's head up this way.

JERRY: All right. -- Say, Donald Blake is one of the pupils in Mary Halloway's school, I think. I bet Mary'll be worried about him too.

JIM: Most likely.

JERRY: I wish I could find the boy -- Mary would think it was fine.

JIM: Never mind thinking about playing the hero for the fair lady, young fellow. -- Just keep your eye peeled.

(DOG BARKS)

JIM: What do you see, Rex. -- Oh, Jerry. Look here.

JERRY: It's-- it's a boy's handkerchief -- with blood spots on it. --- That looks bad, doesn't it?

JIM: Hmm. -- Hard to say.

JERRY: Do you suppose any wild animals might have --

JIM: Not very likely -- unless the boy happened to surprise a mountain lion at close quarters. Then I wouldn't like to think what might happen.

JERRY: Gee. I hope it's nothing like that.

JIM: There's more danger from the cold.

JERRY: Yes, it must've been cold up here last night.

JIM: Rex went kiting off up this way. -- Come on.

JERRY: All right.

(PAUSE) -- (SWISHING OF BUSHES, ETC.)

JIM: Here! Look here. -- There's the boy's tracks, all right. -- Hmm.

JERRY: Looks like he stopped here, and turned up that way.

JIM: Yep. The kid was running. See how the toes dig in? -- We can trail him here, all right. -- Come on.

JERRY: I'm coming.

JIM: I bet the boy's not far away right now. Ran one way and then the other, most likely, not knowing where he was going.

JERRY: Probably scared to death.

JIM: Hmm. -- Turned again here. -- Let's see -- Track's lost here.

(DOG BARKS IN DISTANCE)

JERRY: Rex must have found something.

JIM: Yes. -- Call the boys name, Jerry.

JERRY: All right. (calls) Donald. -- Donald!

JIM: Rex was over that way. -- Come along, Jerry -- (calls) Donald.-- Donald. -- Where are you, boy?

DONALD: (from distance) Daddy!

JERRY: Hear that! Hooray! We've found him!

JIM: That's our boy, all right.

JERRY: And still alive!

JIM: Yep. -- (calls) Stay there, Donald. We're coming

(SOUND OF JIM AND JERRY CRASHING THROUGH BRUSH)

JERRY: (out of breath) There he is!

(DOG BARKS)

JIM: All right, Rex, old boy. Down, Rex.

DONALD: (sobs) The dog --

JIM: The dog won't hurt you, boy.

DONALD: (still sobbing) Where's Daddy?

JIM: Don't worry, little fellow. We'll take you to your daddy. -- Poor little fellow -- all tuckered out -- scratched his face on a thorn, too.

JERRY: That accounts for the bloody handkerchief.

DONALD: (still sobbing) Yes -- I want my Daddy.

JIM: Jerry, go get the horses, will you?

JERRY: (going off) All right, Jim. I'll have 'em here in just a shake.

JIM: Now, Donald. Listen. We'll have some fun. Make believe it's the Fourth of July, see?

(THREE SHOTS)

DONALD: (between sobs) What's that for?

JIM: That's just to let some other people know we found you, sonny.

DONALD: (between sobs) Some other people? -- Who?

JIM: Oh, lots of people, son. All out looking for you.

DONALD: (between sobs) I knew daddy would look for me -- I didn't know -- anybody else would.

JIM: Of course they would, sonny -- Poor little fellow -- You're all blue from the cold. Here, let me rub some warmth into those little arms and legs of yours.

DONALD: (frightened) No!

JIM: Oh yes, Donald. (friendly laugh) I won't hurt you. -- There -- how's that? (laughs cheeringly) - How'd you come to get lost, sonny?

DONALD: I -- I don't know. -- I was playing Indians -- out on the warpath -- and then it got dark -- and I was scared -- so I ran --

JIM: And kept running till you dropped, eh? -- Well, next time you just remember that a good Indian doesn't get scared, sonny. He just stops and tries to remember where he is, and then walks back looking for familiar signs, see? -- There now -- feel warmer?

DONALD: Yes.

(SOUND OF HORSES TROTTING; APPROACHING)

JIM: Here comes our horses, sonny.

JERRY: (coming up) Here's the horses, Mr. Robbins.

JIM: All right, Jerry. -- Like to ride, Donald?

DONALD: I ---- don't know. ---- Will we see Daddy soon?

JIM: We'll take you to your daddy all right -- and we'll hook on to the wire when we get to the road, and telephone him we're coming.

JERRY: Going to up him on your horse, Mr. Robbins?

JIM: Yes. -- Here, Donald -- Let's bundle this blanket around you --- like this. -- There. Now we'll put you up on Dolly -- in front of me in the saddle -- Up we go! (grunts) -- There, how's that?

DONALD: (dubiously) All right, I guess.

JIM: I'm coming up too. -- There -- Now we'll play Indians again, eh sonny? Your daddy's the big chief, and you're an Indian scout with your blanket around you, coming home to tell him what a big night you had in the woods, see?

DONALD: (begins to laugh) All right! -- Giddup, horsey!

JIM: (laughs) Here we go. Whoopee.

(FADEOUT WITH CHILD LAUGHING AND HORSE'S HOOF BEATS.)

(MUSICAL INTERLUDE)

ANNOUNCER: Well, old Ranger Jim and young Jerry found their boy, all right. We wish we could be on hand when they bring the lost boy back to his father at the Ranger Station, but we'll have to leave our friends here. --

Every year hundreds of persons are reported lost in the national forests. Persons inexperienced in the way of life in the woods and mountains lose their way, and then the rangers are called upon to find them. The records of the United States Forest Service contain many, brief, business-like reports of lost persons rescued, and lives saved by the national forest rangers. Behind every one of these records is a story of cool-headedness, unselfish willingness, and heroism. But it's all in the day's work for the ranger.

The role of Ranger Jim Robbins is played by Harvey Hays. Others in today's cast were:

Tune in next Thursday at this hour, when Ranger Jim and Jerry will be with us again. "Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers" is a presentation of the National Broadcasting Company, with the cooperation of the Forest Service, United States Department of Agriculture.

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