"UNCLE SAM'S FOREST RANGERS"

Episode #46

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11:30 to 12:30 P.M. C.S.T. JANUARY 5, 1933 THURSDAY

ORCHESTRA: Ranger Song.

ANNOUNCER: "Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers." --

ORCHESTRA: QUARTET

ANNOUNCER: The watchword of Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers is "Service." It is their job to manage and protect the great national forests of the country, to see that the resources are properly cared for and wisely used in the public interest. And in carrying on their work they must always stand ready to aid in national and community welfare; many a time the rangers have been called upon to play the part of doctor, minister, arbiter or advisor -- even of undertaker - in the isolated regions they serve. -- Now, let's see what's going on up in the Pine Cone District, where our old friend Ranger Jim Robbins and his young assistant Jerry Quick are on the job. It's a cold, snowy evening up there as we find Jim and Jerry on their way back to the Ranger Station from a spell of timber survey work. --

(SOUND OF HORSES' HOOFS CRUNCHING SNOW - CONTINUES THROUGH FOLLOWING)

JIM: Hmm - it's starting to snow again, Jerry.

JERRY: Yeah - Doggone, it's sure tough going, ain't it - in this soft snow. Spark's blowing like a steam engine.

JIM: Better pull up a bit, Jerry - and let our horses get their wind again. - Whoa, Dolly.

JERRY: Whoa, Spark.

(SOUND OF HORSES STOPS)

JERRY: It sure gets dark early these days, Jim.

JIM: Yep. We'll be gettin' longer days to do a day's work in before long now, though.

JERRY: Uh huh. -- Hey, what's that light up ahead there?

JIM: That must be Joe LeMoine's cabin - he's a trapper, you know. Puts out a line of traps around here every winter - and works for the lumber company some in the summer time.

JERRY: Oh, yeah. I remember about 'im. -- Gee, it's cold sittin' still here.

JIM: Yep. - Giddap, Dolly. - I guess we can be movin' on now.

JERRY: Giddap, Spark.

(SOUND OF HORSES RESUMES; CONTINUES THROUGH FOLLOWING)

JIM: I hear Joe LeMoine and his wife had a new baby a little while back - I've been intending to stop in next time I came by this way and see how they're gettin' along - but I reckon we'd better not stop tonight.

JERRY: No. The sooner we get home outa this storm, the better it'll suit me. --

JIM: Hello! There's Joe now - Whoa - Whoa, Dolly - (HORSES STOP) He looks kinda excited, bustin' outa the cabin door that way.

JOE: (SHOUTING; OFF) Hey -- Hey, Meestair - Messieurs - Come queek!

JIM: (CALLING) Hi, Joe. -- (CLUCK TO HORSE) (SOUND OF HORSES) What's the matter, Joe?

JOE: (CLOSER) Ah, it's le Rangaire! Rangaire Jeem -- das gude, das gude - tres bien -- !

JIM: Whoa, girl.

JERRY: Whoa there, Spark.

(SOUND OF HORSES STOPS)

JIM: What's the matter, Joe? What wrong?

JOE: Da wife -- shees seeck - ver' seeck - lak son-of-a-gun!

JIM: Your wife's sick, eh? What's the matter with 'er, Joe?

JOE: Shees seeck -- shees - wat you call heem? - Pass out? huh?

JIM: Fainted?

JOE: Yeh-yeh! She's fain' - she's fall down - jes' lak shees dead - ver' queeck!

JIM: Fainted all of a sudden, eh? -- Jerry, we better see what's wrong.

JERRY: Yeah - we sure had, Jim.

JOE: Yeh. You come in, Mistaire Rangaire - pleece? uh?

JIM: All right, Joe. -- Better tie your horse, Jerry. Might take a notion to take out for home.

JERRY: Yeah. You wouldn't blame 'im on a night like this -

(BRIEF PAUSE)

(SOUND OF DOOR)

JOE: Shees still fain' - see?

JIM: Still unconscious, eh?

JOE: Yeh-yeh. I peeck 'er up - put 'er on bed - see? Ze heart - he still go.

JIM: Uh-huh. -- Hmm. Better get 'er head a little lower, Joe -- That's it. Here, Jerry, help me rub 'er hands a bit here. Let's see if we can bring 'er to

JERRY: Yeah. -- Gosh, they're cold as ice, Jim!

JIM: Sure are. --

JERRY: There - look - she's coming to!

JIM: Yep.

(SIGH OR TWO AND MURMURING FROM MRS. LEMOINE)

JIM: Take it easy, there, Mrs. LeMoine.

MRS. L: (WEAKLY) Oh - c'est le Rangaire - scuse me, Mistaire Robbin' - I fall down, uh?

JIM: (CHUCKLING) I reckon you fell down all right, lady - passed out, as Joe says, eh?

MRS. L: (WEAKLY) Scuse me -- I get som' soppaire now, uh?

JIM: No you don't, sister. You stay right there where you are -- see? -- Joe, you see that she stays still, now. Get that? She's gotta stay right where she is.

JOE: Sure. I see.

JERRY: Gosh, she sure looks weak, Jim. Doesn't she?

JIM: Yes. I reckon we'd better get the doctor up here, Jerry.

(BABY CRIES, OFF)

JIM: (CHUCKLING) Listen who's tuning up now, Joe. That's the new baby, huh?

JOE: Yeh. Zass li'l Pierre. -- Hees hongry -- hees no soppaire -- zass why shees bawl -- see?

JIM: I s'pect that's right. -- Listen, Joe. We're going down to the village and get the doctor -- see?

JOE: Da wife - shees ver' seeck, uh?

JIM: She ain't any too well, Joe. -- You see to it that she stays right where she is, will you? Don't let 'er try to get up - see?

JOE: Yeh, sure. - T'ank you, Meestaire Rangaire. T'ank you ver' moch -

JIM: Okay, Joe.

(SOUND OF DOOR)

(RUSH OF WIND)

JERRY: Doggone - it's turning into a regular blizzard - whew!

JIM: Yep. -- All right, Dolly & home we go - (GRUNTS IN MOUNTING) -- Giddap old girl.

JERRY: Giddap, Spark. -

(FADEOUT WITH SOUND OF HORSES HOOFS IN SNOW)

(MUSICAL INTERLUDE)

(SOUND OF DOOR)

JIM: Hi, Bess.

BESS: (COMING UP) Well now - so you're really home - late for supper as usual.

JIM: (CHUCKLING) Well, Bess, I reckon we oughta be excused this time. Huh, Jerry?

JERRY: Yeah, I'll say.

BESS: Why? What happened?

JIM: Well, you know Joe LeMoine, the trapper that lives up in that little cabin on the North Fork?

BESS: Oh yes. And he has such a pretty little wife.

JIM: Well, his pretty wife's pretty sick.

BESS: Oh, what a shame!

JIM: Yep. She fainted - dropped smack on the floor - just as we happened to be coming by.

BESS: Why, what do you think it was, Jim? What was wrong with her?

JIM: I s'pect it was trying to do too much heavy work while she was taking care of that new baby of hers - that and improper food and everything - just kinda broke 'er down.

BESS: Oh, isn't that too bad. How was she when you left her, Jim?

JIM: She looked pretty bad off. She oughta have a doctor, Bess. -- Jerry, why don't you see if you can get old Doc Peters on the phone right now?

JERRY: Sure. Right away.

JIM: It'll be tough on Doc Peters to have to make it up to LeMoine's cabin on a night like this - but I reckon he's used to it.

JERRY: He oughta be by now -- (TO PHONE) Hello - - Line clear? (RINGS TWO SHORT, ONE LONG) -- Hello? -- Is Doctor Peters there? -- Huh? -- When's he coming back? -- Oh. -- Well, I'll call again. -- Uh-huh. Thanks -- Good bye. (HANGS UP RECEIVER) (TO JIM) -- Doc Peters is out on another case, Jim. Over near Big Bend.

JIM: Hmmmm. That's bad.

JERRY: They don't know when he'll be back. Maybe not till morning.

BESS: Oh, isn't that s shame. -- Jim, do you know what?

JIM: No, what?

BESS: I'm going up there and look after that poor woman tonight myself.

JIM: Huh?

BESS: Indeed I am. I just can't think of her up [illegible]ch no one to look after her - and that little baby, too.

JIM: Yeah, but it's a bad night to be out, Bess. There's no possible way of getting up there with a car this time of year.

BESS: I can ride Zipper, can't I?

JIM: Well, I guess so. Zipper hasn't been ridden much lately though.

BESS: I guess I can still ride a horse. -- Look here now, Jim Robbins - just because I haven't exactly a - well, a girlish figure nowadays, you needn't think I can't still get around.

JIM: (CHUCKLES) I reckon you can take care of yourself Bess. -- All right, we'll start right out soon as we get a bite of supper, eh?

BESS: Yes. Right away.

JIM: I s'pect Jerry better stay here and look after the Station while we're gone.

JERRY: All right. I sure don't envy you folks traveling up the canyon in this storm.

JIM: There's been worse ones.

BESS: I think I'll put on a pair of your riding breeches, Jim.

JERRY: (LAUGHING) Now I guess you'll see who wears the pants in the Robbins family.

JIM: (CHUCKLING) I reckon I learned that a long time ago. -- No fair putting on my best pair, though, Bess. (CHUCKLES)

(MUSICAL INTERLUDE)

BESS: (COMING UP) Now there - how does this look?

JIM: (CHUCKLING) Well, now. I bet she did put on my best pair of breeches, at that.

BESS: Well, if this is your best pair, Jim Robbins, you ought to be ashamed of yourself. You remind me to clean the spots off of them this very next day.

JIM: (CHUCKLES) Suits me.

JERRY: Say, Mrs. Robbins doesn't make such a bad looking Ranger that that. She ought to put on the rest of the uniform.

BESS: No thanks. This is plenty.

JIM: Well, I guess Bess has tackled about everything a Ranger's s'posed to do, at one time or another, except wearing the uniform. Which, I s'pose, goes to show that it isn't the uniform that counts after all.

JERRY: Gosh. I hope not. It seems like nearly everybody is putting on Rangers' uniforms these days - chauffeurs and bellhops and taxi-drivers, and everybody.

JIM: Well, I guess there's no harm in that. After all, it's the old pine tree badge with the "U.S." on it that identifies the Forest officer. -- "None genuine without this label."

JERRY: That's right, too.

JIM: Well, are we ready to start, Bess?

BESS: All ready. Soon as I get my mackinaw.

JIM: Want to help me get the horse saddled up, Jerry?

JERRY: Sure.

JIM: And say, Bess. We'd better take along a bottle of milk for that baby up there. I reckon the kid'll be gettin' pretty hungry by now. --

(MUSICAL INTERLUDE)

(SOUND OF KNOCKING ON DOOR)

JOE: (OPENING DOOR) Ah, le Rangaire! Com' in, pleece, uh?

JIM: Back again, Joe. How's the missus?

JOE: Shees ver' seeck, ver' seeck. Le doctaire, shees no com'?

JIM: The doctor couldn't come, Joe. Mrs. Robbins here came up with me to take care of your wife tonight.

JOE: Ah, Mees' Robbin'. Com' in, uh? Merci, merci - t'ank you beaucoups!

BESS: Let me shake off the snow first. - My, it's a stormy night! - There - Now - why look at that poor girl! Jim, she's going to fall!

JIM: Whoa there! - Just caught you in time, lady. - Look here, Joe. I thought I told you to keep the missus in bed.

JOE: Shees no stay zere.

MRS. L: (WEAKLY) I get som' soppaire now, uh?

BESS: No you don't, girl. I'm going to fix the supper. - Jim, help me get her back in bed.

JIM: All right, Bess.

(BABY CRYING, OFF)

MRS. L: (WEAKLY) Baby - li'l Pierre - ver' hongry. -- Hees no soppaire. --

BESS: Don't you worry, now. The baby'll get his supper too. -- Oh, Mr. LeMoine, what's your wife's name?

JOE: Shees Adele.

BESS: Adele. That's a pretty name. -- Now, Adele, you lie still there -- I'll cover you up good and warm, - see? - and I'll fix you some nice hot broth - and heat some milk for the baby too. - Just let me get my hat and coat off, first.

MRS. L: T'ank you - ver' much.

JIM: While you're doin' that, Bess, I guess I'd better put the horses in Joe's shed. Huh, Joe?

JOE: Sure. I help you.

JIM: All right, Joe. (FADING OFF) I reckon we're going to move in on you for a spell, Joe --

JIM: (COMING UP) Joe's out after some more wood, Bess -- Well now, listen to the youngster holler. (CHUCKLES) What's the matter, kid? Hungry, eh?

BESS: Jim, I've got the baby's bottle all ready now. I'll let you give it to him while I tend to his mother.

JIM: Me? (CHUCKLES) Just how do you think I'm going to hold down that little maverick without ropin' 'im, huh?

BESS: (LAUGHING) Never you mind, now. Just take him up and give him his bottle here.

JIM: All right, here goes - (CHUCKLES) Hmmm. Oughta grab 'im by the hind legs, I guess -- All right, sonny. -- Kootchy - kootchy -- Hey, quit your kickin' there, sonny. -- That's a good kid. -- All right now. Up-sa-daisy. -- (BABY YOWLS)-- Hey now, lissen. We can't have all this bawlin' goin' on. Nothin' to holler about, sonny. -- (CHUCKLES)Makin' more racket than a young calf under the brandin' iron. -- All right, there. That's the kid. -- (CHUCKLES) Bess, you oughta feel the hold he's got on my finger --

BESS: Don't forget to give him his bottle.