

"UNCLE SAM'S FOREST RANGERS"

EPISODE #41

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11:30 to 12:30 P.M. C.S.T.

NOVEMBER 23, 1932.

WEDNESDAY

ORCHESTRA: RANGER SONG

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

ORCHESTRA QUARTET

ANNOUNCER: Well, folks, here we are back on the Pine Cone District of the National Forest, where Ranger Jim Robbins and his young assistant, Jerry Quick, are managing and protecting the forest resources. As living reservoirs of timber for the nation, as protection for the headwaters of our great rivers and the sources of our water supplies, as playgrounds for those who love the outdoors, the National Forests are managed under a program that looks to permanent maintenance and continuous use. The Rangers are the boys who carry on that program on the ground. It means hard work, and lots of it, so when Thanksgiving Day rolls around, they're glad to have a chance to enjoy a holiday at home. You'll enjoy your holiday tomorrow but let's just pretend it's Thanksgiving Day up in the forest today and let's see what's going on at the Pine Cone Ranger Station --

Main body of handwritten text, appearing to be a list or series of entries, possibly organized in columns or rows.

JERRY: (COMING UP) Ho hum -- Good morning, Mrs. Robbins.

BESS: Well, good morning, Jerry. So you finally decided to get up?

JERRY: (LAUGHS) Yeah. I'm up for the day, I guess. Jim said we wouldn't have any work to do today, except for a few little jobs around the Station here -- so I thought I'd sleep awhile this morning. -- (YAWNS) Ho hum. Gee, I sure had a good sleep. Made up for lost time.

BESS: Well, you deserved it, I guess. You've been staying up so late studying on that training course lately, Jerry.

JERRY: Yeah, I know. It's sure tough going -- that course on forest management.

BESS: Well, anyway, you're up in time for dinner.

JERRY: Gosh!.. I hope so. -- Thanksgiving dinner! Oh boy!

BESS: I'd better fix you a little something to eat in the meantime, though.

JERRY: No, don't fix me any breakfast, Mrs. Robbins. I want to save the space for that dinner -- see?

BESS: Oh, but you'd better have a little something -- just a bite.

JERRY: I know your bites. Enough for a whole army. -- No, just a cup of coffee is all I want, Mrs. Robbins.

BESS: All right. -- Do you want some warm water to wash in?

JERRY: Never mind. I'll just step out here on the porch (GOING OFF) and get some out of the bucket.
(SOUND OF DOOR)

The first thing I noticed when I stepped out of the car was the cold, crisp air. It felt like a fresh blanket after a long, hot summer. I took a deep breath, savoring the scent of pine trees and the distant sound of water. The landscape was breathtaking, a mix of rugged mountains and lush green valleys. I had heard so much about this place, and now I was here, experiencing it all firsthand.

As I walked along the path, I noticed the way the light filtered through the trees, creating a dappled pattern on the ground. The air was so clean, it felt like I was breathing life. I had never felt so at peace before. The world seemed to have slowed down, and I was finally able to appreciate the beauty of the natural world.

I had come here for a change, to escape the hustle and bustle of city life. And here it was, a place where time seemed to stand still. The mountains were majestic, their peaks shrouded in mist. The valleys were fertile, with fields of golden wheat and vibrant flowers. It was a perfect blend of nature's elements, and I was in luck to have found it.

The people here were friendly and welcoming, their smiles as warm as the sun. They had a deep appreciation for the land and its beauty, and it was contagious. I felt like I had found a new home, a place where I could truly relax and recharge. The mountains were calling, and I was finally listening.

As the sun set, the sky turned a beautiful shade of orange and pink. The mountains were silhouetted against the glowing horizon, and the air was filled with a sense of tranquility. I had found what I needed, a place where I could be myself and enjoy the simple pleasures of life. The mountains were my new best friend, and I was never leaving them.

BESS: (CALLING AFTER HIM) You'll find it pretty chilly.

JERRY: (CALLING FROM BACK PORCH) Gee! Look at this,
Mrs. Robbins! Ice an inch thick in the water bucket.

 (SOUND OF DOOR) (COMING UP) I guess I will try some
warm water after all - seeing as this is a holiday.

BESS: All right. You never would have thought it would
turn so cold after that warm rain yesterday, would
you?

JERRY: No. It sure is snappy this morning.

BESS: Everything's frozen stiff, outside. -- Here's some
warm water.

JERRY: All right. Thanks -- (SOUND OF SPLASHING WATER)
Where's Jim, Mrs Robbins?

BESS: Oh, he went out early this morning to see if the
freeze did any damage.

JERRY: Say, that's right. He should've pulled me out of
bed, so's I could go along and help him.

BESS: He said to let you sleep in this morning -- seeing
as you'd been a good boy lately.

JERRY: (LAUGHING) Oh, sure. Well, that's darn nice of
him anyhow. -- Where's the towel?

BESS: Right there where it always is.

JERRY: Sure enough. -- Mmmm - Well, I guess I'm ready for
the day now. -- Has Jim killed the turkey yet?

BESS: I guess so. He said he was going to, first thing
this morning. -- I guess we should be thankful we
have a turkey this Thanksgiving, Jerry. I didn't
have much luck raising them.

JERRY: No. Only one came through.

BESS: I thought we could save a little by raising some turkeys of our own this year, you know, so I got a setting of turkey eggs.

JERRY: I bet it sure was a surprise to the old hen, when she saw her children.

BESS: (LAUGHS) I' s'pose it was. Anyway, we have our turkey for Thanksgiving, if we didn't succeed in raising any more.

JERRY: Yeah. -- You know, I sorta hate to see that turkey get his head chopped off, though.

BESS: Yes, I do too, Jerry. He's got to be such a pet. -- You know, he comes up to the back porch every day and begs for a piece of bread to peck at.

JERRY: Yes, I know. And he follows you around just like a dog, sometimes.

BESS: Well, I guess Jim has him all ready for the oven by now, so we'll just have to forget about it. He'll certainly make a handsome bird on the platter -- won't he?

JERRY: Yeah. -- Having any one else in for dinner today, Mrs. Robbins?

BESS: Well - uh - you never can tell. We might.

JERRY: (LAUGHING) Go on, now, Mrs. Robbins. You can't fool me that easy. You've invited Mary Halloway.

BESS: Oh, now. How did you know? We were going to surprise you, Jerry.

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JERRY: Well, I knew something was up. I asked Mary about her plans for Thanksgiving the other day when I saw her down at the post office, and she said she was invited out to the home of some real nice people -- but she wouldn't say who, and I could tell by the twinkle in her eye that something was going on.

BESS: Well, I thought the school teacher would enjoy being here -- it's lonesome being away from home on a day like Thanksgiving you know. -- And I knew you wouldn't mind.

JERRY: Mind! Say, that'll be great! It sure was nice of you to ask her, Mrs. Robbins.

BESS: Well, it was supposed to be a surprise for you, thought, Jerry. You must act surprised when Mary comes.

JERRY: Sure. I'll act like it's the biggest surprise of my life. -- Here comes Jim, Mrs. Robbins.

BESS: Yes. He's bringing the turkey -- and I wonder what he's got in that gunny sack --

(SOUND OF DOOR)

JIM: (COMING UP) Hi there. -- Well, Bess, I reckon it's about time this old bird was chucked into the pot.

BESS: It certainly is. I was beginning to be afraid you'd delay things, Jim.

JIM: Delay things. (CHUCKLES) Surely not old Jim. -- I now commit the turkey to your tender care, Bess.

JERRY: Thus endeth the career of Tom, our pet turkey.

JIM: (CHUCKLES) Well, our watchword, you know, is "Service" -- and I guess the highest service a turkey can perform is to grace the table on Thanksgiving Day.

JERRY: Yep. I guess so. -- What've you got in the gunny sack, Jim?

JIM: Well, it's quite a story. -- Look here.

BESS: Why, they're birds! Oh, the poor things!

JERRY: What's the matter with 'em, Jim? Frozen?

JIM: Well, they got wet from the rain last night, you see, and then when the sudden freeze came, their wet freathers froze tight to 'em. It's lucky I discovered their roost early this morning; there was an old bob-cat hangin' round there, and I reckon he figured that soon as these band-tails tried to fly, he'd have a nice big fat breakfast falling right down at his feet.

BESS: Oh, aren't they little darlings! Look, they seem so trusting -- Should I get them something to eat, Jim?

JIM: Well, maybe they'd appreciate it, Bess.

BESS: I wish we could keep them here. They seem so perfectly at home.

JIM: You'll find they're ready to fly away -- perfectly wild again -- soon as their feathers dry out. But I reckon it'll take only a little coaxing -- and regular feeding -- to get 'em to hang around here and be friends.

BESS: I know. We always do have lots of birds around our station. -- I must get dinner started now, Jim.

JERRY: Oh, boy! And what I'm going to do to that dinner.

(MUSICAL INTERLUDE)

(SOUND OF DOOR)

JERRY: (COMING UP) Hi - how's the dinner coming along, Jim?

JIM: Bess says it won't be long now.

BESS: (OFF) No, it won't be long now, Jerry. (COMING UP)
The turkey's nearly done.

JERRY: Gosh. It sure smells good. I've been out chopping some wood to get up a better appetite.

JIM: (CHUCKLES) That'll do it all right.

JERRY: Listen -- That must be Mary Halloway coming up the front steps.

BESS: Yes. Remember to act surprised when she comes in, Jerry.

JERRY: You bet I will.

(SOUND OF DOOR)

MARY: (OFF) May I come in?

BESS: Yes, indeed, come right in, Mary. We're glad to see you.

JIM: 'deed we are, Mary.

JERRY: (THEATRICALY) Why, if it isn't Mary Halloway!
Gee, this is a surprise!

MARY: Are you surprised to see me, Jerry?

JERRY: (LAYING IT ON) Am I? Why it's the biggest surprise of my life! Why, I can't imagine anything more surprising -- I mean -- uh -- I certainly didn't expect you would be here for dinner.

Name	Age
John Smith	25
Mary Jones	22
Robert Brown	30
Elizabeth White	28
James Green	35
Sarah Black	20
Thomas Grey	40
Ann King	24
George Lee	32
Charlotte Hall	26
William Young	38
Margaret Adams	21
Richard Baker	45
Susan Miller	23
Henry Wilson	33
Elizabeth Taylor	27
John Moore	42
Mary Jackson	19
Robert Evans	37
Ann Walker	25
George Hall	31
Charlotte King	22
William Lee	41
Margaret Adams	20
Richard Baker	36
Susan Miller	24
Henry Wilson	34
Elizabeth Taylor	28
John Moore	43
Mary Jackson	18
Robert Evans	39
Ann Walker	26
George Hall	32
Charlotte King	23
William Lee	44
Margaret Adams	21

MARY: (BANTERING) Oh, you didn't. Whom did you expect?

JERRY: I mean - uh - I didn't expect anybody for dinner.

MARY: Oh, I see. What makes you think I came for dinner, Jerry? Perhaps I just stopped in for a moment.

JERRY: (ANXIOUSLY) Say, you are going to have dinner with us, aren't you? Mrs. Robbins said you were coming --

MARY: Oh. And you were so surprised. (LAUGHS)

JERRY: (LAUGHS) I was just trying to make believe, Mary. Anyhow, I'm sure glad you're going to be here with us.

MARY: Thank you, Jerry.

BESS: So are we all. Here, let me take your things, Mary.

MARY: All right. Thank you, Mrs. Robbins.

BESS: There. -- Now you must excuse me a minute while I look after things in the kitchen.

MARY: Surely.

JERRY: Boy, oh boy! It won't be long now. -- How are things going, Mary? How's the school teaching going?

MARY: Just fine, Jerry. The children are all so interested. -- What have you Rangers been doing?

JERRY: Well, we've been doing some improvement work in the forest the last couple of days.

JIM: Yep. We've been looking after the youngsters among our tree citizens in the forest while you were looking after the youngsters in the village. Ever stop to think, Mary, how much the forest is like human society?

MARY: Why, no, Mr. Robbins. How do you mean?

JIM: Well, the society of trees is made up of many kinds of individuals, all striving for a place in the sun, just like humans do.

MARY: Why, of course.

JIM: And there's the strong and the weak - the dominant and the suppressed, we foresters call 'em, - and then there's the crooked individuals and the parasites that hold back the tree society from reaching its highest development, unless we get 'em out of the way --

JERRY: Sure -- and the trees have their diseases and pests and dangers to contend with, just like human beings do.

MARY: Why, surely. Isn't that an interesting analogy?!

JIM: You could draw any number of interesting parallels. -- And you see, while you're trying to develop better youngsters by your work in the school, we're trying to make better tree youngsters by scientific forest management. -- Some day, when the time comes that our forests and our human society, are both composed entirely of sound, straight, upright and useful individuals, this old world won't be such a bad place, -- will it?

MARY: Isn't that a splendid thought!

BESS: (OFF) Dinner's ready, everybody.

JIM: (CHUCKLES) That's a pretty good thought too.

JERRY: I'll say. Let's go!

JIM: Hail, hail, the soup's in the pail,
 Bull Cook, don't stub your toe.
 Look out for the Ranger, there's apt to be danger,
 He eats with a shovel and hoe.

(ALL LAUGH)

BESS: (UP) Jim's off again. -- Here, you sit here,
 Mary.

MARY: Thank you, Mrs. Robbins.

JERRY: Gosh, look at all the food! This is going to be
 great, Mrs. Robbins.

BESS: I hope so, Jerry.

JIM: Well, I guess this'd be a good time to see what we
 have to be thankful for, wouldn't it?

JERRY: Yes, this is the day to do it.

JIM: (CHUCKLES) Well, I reckon we can find quite a bit
 to be thankful about, if we figger around a little.
 We've accomplished quite a bit of useful work on our
 forest this year - had a pretty good year, in spite
 of a couple of bad fires.

MARY: I can be thankful that I'm here, Mr. Robbins. If it
 hadn't been for Jerry, I never would have got out of
 that Windy Mountain fire alive, last summer. He --
 saved my life.

JERRY: Oh -- that was nothing -- much.

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JIM: (CHUCKLING) Jerry means what he did was nothing
 much -- not your life, of course. (ALL LAUGH)

JERRY: Yeah -- I mean -- well, that's it. You know what I
 mean.

MARY: It was something, though. You risked your own life,
 Jerry.

BESS: Yes, indeed. Jerry's too modest a hero. That was
 a terrible forest fire.

JERRY: Well, it might've been worse. We can be thankful
 about that.

JIM: Yep. -- The old bird here is done to a turn. Look
 at that -- Almost falls apart.

BESS: Isn't it a handsome bird. I didn't realize our
 turkey was so big.

JIM: Well, maybe he rose to the occasion.

JERRY: You're sure doing a masterful job of carving, Jim.

JIM: (CHUCKLES) Well - we were talking about what we
 had to be thankful about. -- Let's see. There still
 are some people that don't know enough to be
 careful about fire in the woods. They don't seem to
 know that you have to watch every spark, and one
 little spark is enough sometimes to set a whole forest
 on fire. I guess people like that ain't got no
 heads - their necks just grew up and haired over.

JERRY: We certainly can't be thankful about that.

JIM: (CHUCKLING) No. But we can be thankful that there's only a few people like that. Most folks are pretty sensible. -- Here -- this one's for you, Mary.

MARY: Oh, my heavens. Look how you've loaded my plate, Mr. Robbins.

JIM: (CHUCKLES) Oh, now. That's just a starter. I bet you won't hear Jerry complaining about his plate being too full.

JERRY: I should say not. Do your worst, Jim.

JIM: Yep. -- Now, as to bein' thankful, again --

JERRY: I guess we can find a lot to be thankful about, all right -- even with this depression going on, and everything.

JIM: Yep. Speaking of the depression, I ran across a little rhyme by Josephine Hughton the other day, that might be worth quoting. It said:

If you're sick of the depression and you think it's
 here for good,
Take a look around at nature; you'll feel better -- or
 you should;
Every little vale and hollow illustration will
 provide
That you can't have a depression without high spots
 on each side.

MARY: I guess that's true -- in more ways than one.

JIM: Yep.

JERRY: Sure. -- Well, I guess we should be thankful that Mrs. Robbins succeeded in raising one turkey, anyhow, this year.

BESS: Yes, this is our one pet turkey, Mary.

JIM: Well, how's that look, Jerry? That ought to hold you down a while.

JERRY: Uh - Not so much on my plate, Jim. That's too much.

JIM: What's the matter here? I've never noticed you backward about eating before, Jerry.

JERRY: I guess I'm not as hungry as I thought I was.

JIM: Aren't sick, are you?

JERRY: No, -- but -- you know -- I - I wish I could forget that this was our own pet turkey we're having today. -- I'm not finicky, but it sort of takes the edge off my appetite, all of a sudden.

BESS: That's funny. I feel that way too. You see, Mary, this turkey of ours got to be such a pet. Tom - we called him Tom - he used to come up to the back porch and beg for a piece of bread nearly every day. -- Listen, what's that?

JERRY: Sounds like a turkey out there right now.

BESS: It sounds just like Tom used to -- (GOING OFF) Why it is Tom, sure enough! Look, Jerry, he's out there begging for something to eat, just like he always does. Here, give me a piece of bread, Jerry.

JERRY: Sure. -- That's Tom, all right.

BESS: (COMING BACK) Jim Robbins, you didn't kill our turkey after all!

JIM: (CHUCKLING) Who? Me? You didn't really want me to chop old Tom's head off, now, did you?

BESS: N-no, I guess I didn't after all.

JIM: (CHUCKLING) Well, when Tom came running up to me this morning - kinda saying -- "good-morning" -- like -- I figured it'd be easier to get our turkey from one of the neighbors down the road. You see, Tom and I got to be pretty good friends lately -- and so as far as I'm concerned, I reckon he'll die of old age.

JERRY: Me, too. -- Well, here goes. Oh Boy! There's nothing the matter with my appetite now.

(ALL LAUGH)

(FADEOUT)

ANNOUNCER: Well, folks, here's hoping you enjoy your Thanksgiving dinner tomorrow as much as the folks at the Pine Cone Ranger Station are enjoying theirs. And while we're reckoning the things we can be thankful for tomorrow, we might remember, too, that we can be thankful that our country has a vast wealth of forests that, if properly cared for and protected, will continue to serve our needs. And we can be thankful that our great National Forests, under the guardianship of faithful, capable men, are being managed under a far-sighted policy that will keep them always green and growing.

Next Thursday, at this same hour, we shall bring you Ranger Jim and Jerry again. "Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers" is a presentation of the National Broadcasting Company, with the cooperation of the United States Forest Service.

The role of Jim Robbins was played by Harvey Hayes. Others in today cast were:

1870

Washington, D.C.

Dear Sir,

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 10th inst.

and in reply to inform you that the same has been forwarded to the proper authorities.

I am, Sir, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,

J. M. Smith

Secretary of the Board of Commissioners

of the District of Columbia

Washington, D.C.

Enclosed is the report of the Board of Commissioners for the year ending 31st Decr 1870.

Yours truly,

J. M. Smith

Secretary

of the Board of Commissioners

of the District of Columbia

Washington, D.C.

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