B-CPRO-7

BLUE · NETWORK · COMPANY

UNCLE SAM'S FOREST RANGERS #520

PROGRAM TITLE
SUSTAINING

ADVERTISER

AGENCY

WRITER
THURSDAY, JANUARY 28, 1943

DAY & DATE
11:30 - 12:00 NOON BLUE

TIME

PRODUCTION NOTES

CHARACTERS

CAST

JIM - HARVEY HAYS
JERRY - JOHN LARKIN
TOM - FRANK DANE
HARRY - JIM GOSS

SOUND

REMARKS

MASTER Attached as broadcast:
This copy represents as accurately as possible the program. All alterations made in dramatic and/or musical content are contained herein.

Orchestra Leader

Production Director

Announcer

Agency Producer or Announcer

ANNOUNCER: In several Iowa countries men whose great grandfathers were sawyers and lumbermen are back at the old trade again. But this time Iowa's woodlands are not being cut out for steamboat firewood and industrial construction; they're providing needed lumber for aircraft, boats and guns; and sawdust, by the carloads, for conversion into explosives. And in one other very important respect today's picture of timber production in Iowa should differ from that of a century ago. Then, there was little or no thought for the future. The cutting of Iowa's rich, top-grade virgin timber stands was carried on recklessly in a truly high, wide and handsome way. Today, however, there seems to be some appreciation of the future and of the value of good forest practices. It is reported that a lot of Iowa farmers are seeing to it that their timber is cut right; that their woodlands will never again be recklessly destroyed. They're keeping a close, protective watch on the small trees....they realize, even as they provide mature timber for the war market, that those small trees they're not cutting today may help to stabilize the rural economy of Iowa in the post-war period still to come. So, to you farm woodsmen of Iowa, Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers say "Good work!". Now to the Pine Cone National Forest where, as you know, Ranger Jim Robbins and his assistant, Jerry Quick, often find themselves confronted with the forestry problems of their local farmers and neighbors. Well, we join our two friends at the Ranger Station this morning just as the (FADE) telephone starts to ring.....

FADE IN PHONE RINGING, REPEAT

JERRY: Want me to get it, Jim?

JIM: No, I'll take it, Jerry. (RECEIVER OFF) Hello....Ranger Station, Jim Robbins talking.

TOM: (FILTER) Robbins, this is Tom Mason talking.

JIM: (CORDIALLY) Hello, Tom, how are you? And what's the idea of bein' so formal?

TOM: (FILTER) Never mind that....Robbins, I'm calling for all of us folks down here in the Clearwater section.

JIM: Yeah? (SOTTO) Jerry, grab that extension phone. (STRAIGHT) Go ahead, Tom. I'm listening.

TOM: (FILTER-BITTERLY) We just want you to know that we're doggonned disappointed and hurt about this thing you fellers cooked up. And...

JIM: Hey, wait a minute, Tom. What're you talking about?

TOM: (FILTER) I don't have to tell <u>you</u>. Just get this, Robbins. You fellers don't have to worry about us getting out wood for war. And you can lay off that business of us not being patriotic too, see?

JIM: Now look here, Tom. I don't know what you're talking about.

TOM: (FILTER) We'll cut our woods, don't worry about that. We'll cut 'em all right, every blamed stick of wood on our places. And we can do it without any help from you.

JIM: Tom, you're crazy, or else I am. I can't make head or tail outa what you're saying.

TOM: (FILTER) I guess we're the crazy ones all right. For listening to you all these years about cutting our timber proper and saving the young stuff, and all that. Well, don't worry. We'll go along with this bird.

JIM: Who you talking about? What bird?

TOM: (FILTER) Just you stay away from this end of the county, that's all. And that goes for your pal, Devonshire, too. (HANGS UP)

JIM: Hey Tom....Hello. Hello. Tom!

JERRY: He hung up, Jim.

RECEIVER DOWN

JIM: Yeah.

JERRY: What do you make of it, Jim? What the dickens was he talking about?

JIM: I don't know, Jerry. I don't know. I haven't had a call like that since back in the days when the cattlemen and sheepmen were fightin' for the range and they used to threaten to shoot my head off if I showed up at their camps.

JERRY: Look, that business about cutting every blamed stick of timber in their woods. That's doggonned serious, Jim.

JIM: Yeah, and about their not being patriotic. Why, all those folks down there in the south end of the county have been putting every last inch of their effort into this war. The whole thing doesn't make sense.

JERRY: What was it he said about Harry Devonshire? Why should those Clearwater people be mad at their county editor? Or at you either for that matter?

JIM: I've been wondering about that, Jerry. Something must've happened down there in Clearwater, that they're got Harry and me mixed up with.

JERRY: What're you going to do about it, Jim? Tom Mason said he was speaking for everybody down there when he told you to stay away. It'd be foolish to buck the whole community, wouldn't it?

JIM: Just the same, we gotta go down there and find out what it's all about.

JERRY: Right now?

JIM: Right now.

JERRY: But we've got that timber marking job lined up for this morning, Jim. We don't want those woodsmen to run out of work.

JIM: It won't take us long to run down to Clearwater, and I'm thinking it'd be better for a crew of woodsmen to run out of work a little while than for some fine woods to be destroyed so that there'll be no timber for a lot of work in years to come. And that's what Mason' figurin' on, I gathered.

FOOTSTEPS OFF

JERRY: Somebody's coming, Jim.

JIM: No time for any visitors now. The sooner we get the straight of things in Clearwater, the better.

JERRY: No, look. It's Harry Devonshire.

DOOR OPENS, BANGS SHUT

JIM: Harry! I'm glad to see you, man!

HARRY: (DESPONDENT) Hello, Jim. Hello, Jerry.

JERRY: Boy, if I ever saw a storm cloud on a man's face, you're it, Harry.

HARRY: How would you feel if you were a newspaper editor and about twenty folks called you, one right after another, and said they were cancelling their subscriptions?

JERRY: Huh? Did they say why?

HARRY: No, they didn't. The phone was still ringing when I got out of the office - and it may be ringing right now for all I know.

JIM: Who were some of the folks who pulled out on you, Harry?

HARRY: Bob Hitchcock, Tom Mason, Steve Boyd and ... oh, a lot more. The funny thing about it, Jim, is that all of 'em were old stand-bys of the paper down in the Clearwater section of Pine Cone County.

JIM: Yeah, so I notice.

HARRY: I'm planning to run down there and talk to those folks, face to face, but I dropped in here first to see if you could account for 'em suddenly turning against me and the paper. What's going on in Clearwater, Jim?

JIM: I don't know, yet, Harry, but we're going down there right now and find out. You see, I'm mixed up in this some way too.

HARRY: What's that?

JERRY: Yeah. Tom Mason just finished telling Jim over the phone to stay away from Clearwater, just before you got here, Harry.

HARRY: Then what are we waiting for? (FADE) Let's get going.

PAUSE:

FADE IN SOUND OF FOOTSTEPS

HARRY: Are we going in the right direction, Jim?

JIM: Mrs. Mason said Tom was off this way cutting timber in the woods. We ought to be hearing his axe pretty quick.

JERRY: Mrs. Mason wasn't very cordial, was she? Almost didn't want to tell us where her husband was.

HARRY: Yeah. There's something mighty strange here all right.

SOUND OF AXE OFF, GRADUALLY BRING ON

JIM: I can hear Tom's axe now. He's working over there to the right.

HARRY: Do you think he'll talk to you, Jim?

JIM: I can't say, Harry. He was pretty mad on the phone. But I guess the best thing for us to do is make out like nothing's wrong at all.

JERRY: There he is, over there, Jim. He sees us coming.

HARRY: And going right on working like he didn't see us, huh? Jim, I'm not so sure I can stay cool and calm for very long. When I think about all those subscriptions cancelled, I get hot all over.

JIM: Well, maybe you better just let me start things going then....(CALLS) Hello there, Tom.

AXE THUDS ON

JIM: Cuttin' firewood, Tom? ... No, I guess that's too good a tree for firewood, ain't it? Must be for lumber.

AXE THUDS

TOM: (BETWEEN CHOPS) I thought I told you fellers us Clearwater folks didn't hanker for your company any more.

JIM: Gosh, I hate to see a man cut a small tree like you're doin', Tom. It's too good for firewood, all right, but it's too small to be worth much as lumber yet. You can take my word for that, Tom.

TOM: (THRU AXE THUDS) We're not taking your word for anything, Hobbins, thank you. Not any more, we ain't. Besides, I reckon I know what I'm doing.

HARRY: Jim, this isn't getting us any....

JIM: Hold it, Harry. Listen, Tom. I know you've got something against me and Harry here. And maybe it's justified. I'd sure appreciate it though if you told me one thing.

AXE THUD STOP

TOM: What's that?

JIM: That tree you're cutting down, there. What's it going to be used for?

TOM: How would I know? Anyhow, I reckon, puny as it is, I'll get more for it cutting it myself than havin' the government take it over at their price.

JIM: Huh? Did you...did you say something about the government aiming to take over your timber?

JERRY: That's what he said all right, Jim. Where in the world would he get such a cock-eyed notion as that?

TOM: Now wait a minute. What're you fellers trying to pull off here? Why're you all standing there, lookin' so funny at me?

HARRY: Well, Tom, we're kinda surprised at what you just said. Being the County editor, if there was any move afoot for the government to take over your trees, I'd be one of the first to know about it. And this is all news to me.

JIM: Me too, Tom. Where'd you ever get that idea?

TOM: Fellers, maybe I am crazy like Jim Robbins suggested earlier today. You mean to say you don't know about that feller going around through Clearwater telling folks he's a government man andsayin' we gotta sell all our timber? And tellin' us the Government's going to take it over any way if we don't sell it to him?

JERRY: Somebody's pulling a mean, rotten trick on you folks, Mr. Mason.

TOM: Well, this feller's been in here all week signin' our timber up. We figured he was out of your office, Jim. He said he was a government man.

JIM: Good gravy, Tom, you shouldn't've been taken in by that. That man's nothing but a crook.

TOM: He threatened to use the columns of your paper, Mr. Devonshire. Said he'd show us up as folks who weren't patriotic and didn't want to cooperate with the Government -- that is if we didn't agree to sell our timber to his buyer at a fixed price.

HARRY: I get it. That's why you all turned against me, huh? Well, Tom Mason, maybe this isn't so bad after all, all this mess.

JIM: Yeah. I was thinkin' about that. Tell me, quick, Tom, how many of you folks have started cutting into your small timber?

TOM: It all came up this week like I said. Not much work's been done yet so far's I know.

JIM: Good! Not much harm's been done then.

TOM: And that feller's coming back here tonight to pay us some money in advance. That made it sound fair and square, too.

JERRY: That's the best news yet. We'll be waitin' for him, huh, Jim?

JIM: Yes sir, and maybe we won't be alone, either. I got an idea somebody's goin' to be interested in this feller impersonating a government officer.

TOM: Well you'll be able to get the....the rat then. 'Cause he'll be here. And by golly, Jim, and you took Mr. Devonshire, we were plumb crazy to take the bird's word without checking with you fellers, weren't we?

HARRY: I understand, Tom. War does funny things to people. Keeps 'em in a tension and all. After that feller that tried to hoodwink you goes to jail tonight and I get my subscriptions back, I'll be perfectly happy about the whole thing.

TOM: You betcha, Mr. Devonshire. When I tell the folks here in Clearwater about all this, you'll get a lot more than the old subscriptions back, believe me...Now, Jim, how about you? I reckon you know I'm sorry.

JIM: Forget it, Tom. Seems to me the most important thing about all this is we gotta be careful about going overboard these days.

JERRY: Yeah. We don't want to take the word of every Tom, Dick and Harry that comes along. And I'm not referring to you Harry or to you either, Mr. Mason. We're all friends again.

ALL LAUGH

JIM: (SERIOUS) No it's more than that. I want you to tell the folks around here that it's true that Uncle Sam needs timber and wants wood badly. But he's not aiming to wreck the forests for the future. No sir! And any time anybody tries to tell you Uncle Sam's going to make you cut your undersized trees or that he'll take 'em away from you if you don't sell 'em, you can bet your boots there's something wrong somewhere. And that goes for all the farmers and every farm woodland in the country, believe me!

MUSICAL FINALE

ANNOUNCER: Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers comes to you each week during the National Farm and Home Hour as a network presentation with the cooperation of the Forest Service, "United States Department of Agriculture."

bj : we : 4:30
1/18/43