

ADVERTISER ---FARM AND HOME HOUR

WRITER

PROGRAM TITLE UNCLE SAM'S FOREST RANGERS (EPISODE NO. 221)

OK

CHICAGO OUTLET WMAQ  
( 12:30-1:30 PM )  
TIME

( OCTOBER 30, 1966 )  
DATE

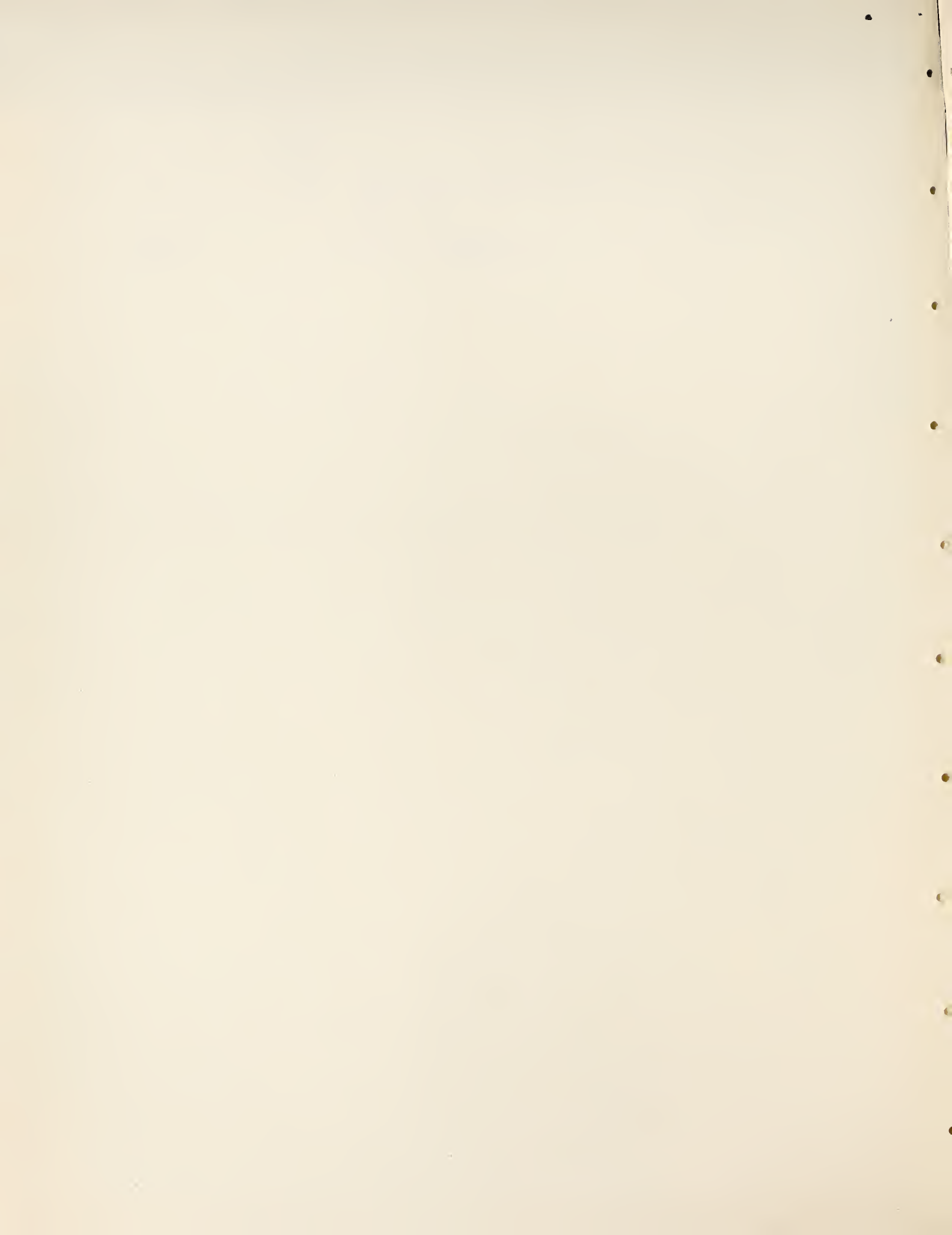
( FRIDAY )  
DAY

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS



ADVICE: \*John's Song's Forest Ranger\*

MUSIC: Ranger's Song.

ANNOUNCER: Sometime, while travelling across country in your car, you may likely have been stopped by Plant Quarantine officers, and asked if you were carrying any worms or plants. Maybe you considered this an inconvenience as a lot of foolishness. But when we realize that diseases kill billions of dollars worth of crops every year, the efforts of the Plant Quarantine officers take on a new meaning. The trees of the forest, too, are affected by a number of diseases, and sometimes these cause epidemic proportions, resulting in heavy losses of valuable timber. The Bureau of Entomology and Plant Quarantine cooperates with the United States Forest Service in fighting epidemics of tree diseases which are as dangerous to our timber resources as scarlet fever. For instance, as we know it. In addition to quarantine control to prevent the spread of disease, it is sometimes necessary for crews of workers actually to eradicate stumps and trees bearing diseases in the woods. The disease called "Blister rust" is one of the deadliest threats to our white pine timber, and extensive control measures are being carried on in several forest regions to keep it in check.

Today, as we arrive at the Pine Cone Songer Station, we find Ranger Jim Robinson and his wife, Bess, in the office as the Ranger and his family are busy with their work in the field.



BOB: (FADE IN) I've put up horses for you and Jerry today, Jim.

JIM: Thank's, Bob. I reckon we'll get 'em on the go today. Got lots of country to cover.

BOB: You're going down to Al Perkins' timber camp, aren't you?

JIM: That's our last stop. We've got to get over that stand of white pine where the blister rust has hit us. I want to check up on the eradication work he did up there.

BOB: Blister rust?

JIM: Yes. It's a fungus disease that affects your five needle pines.

BOB: Five needles?

JIM: Yes -- the ones with five needles is a bunch, like the white pine of the East, and the sugar pine and western white pine out west. They're among our most valuable timber trees. -- Funny thing about that blister rust -- it doesn't spread from one pine tree to another; it spreads by way of current and gooseberry bushes; so the way to keep it from spreading is to eradicate the wild currant and gooseberry bushes. You want to protect valuable stands of pine.



BESS: That's a peculiar thing, isn't it?

JIM: Yep. It ain't the only thing of that kind, though. Malaria, you know, spreads only by mosquitoes and the way to get rid of malaria is to get rid of mosquitoes.

BESS: That's right, too. Now, I see why you had dressed out this summer pulling up gooseberry bushes.

JIM: (CHUCKLES) Yep, that's why, Beas. I thought I'd get in there before the disease spread again, so I ought not to have much loss. -- Well, I guess we'd better be movin'. Jerry's waiting out at the barn for me.

BESS: It's getting colder, Jim. You ought to take along an extra coat or jacket.

JIM: Naw, I won't need it, Beas. We'll be riding most of the time.

BESS: That's all the more reason you should wear something heavier. You just don't realize it, being out all the time. You'll catch cold before you know it.

JIM: (CHUCKLES) Why, Beas, I love it and a cold for so long I've forgotten what it'd be like to have one.

BESS: It's people like you, who think they're so healthy they can't get sick, that get pneumonia or something worse.





JIM: (GROANING) Tryin' to sleep, Bess?

BESS: Never mind. You just take something heavy, Jim.

JIM: Aw now, I'll be warn enough.

BESS: You do what I say, now.

JIM: All right, Bess, I'll take my heavy jacket. Just to please you. Mind you, not because I really need it.

SOUND: (DOOR OPEN AND SLAM)

JERRY: (FADE IN) Hey, Jim, the horses are saddled and ready to go.

JIM: Got to get my jacket, Jerry. Be right with you.

JERRY: Jacket? What for? Afraid you'll catch cold?

JIM: No, but Bess says ---

BESS: Jerry, you ought to take along something heavy to wear, too. It'll be cold coming in tonight.

JERRY: Shucks, Mrs. Robbins, I won't get cold. I'm used to it.

BESS: Oh, you're just like Jim. You never take care of yourself, Jerry. It's a wonder you aren't sick half the time.

JERRY: Rangers don't have time to get sick, Mrs. Robbins.

BESS: That's all the more reason you should take good care of yourself.



JERRY:                   But I do. I always —

JIM:                     (CHUCKLING) Might as well give in, Jerry. Bess has her mind made up, so you might as well get your jacket now and have it over. (THEY LAUGH)

BESS:                   I'm not as bad as all that, Jim Robbins. And you are awfully careless about taking your name along, both of you.

JERRY:                  Okay, Mrs. Robbins. I'll give in without a struggle. Do you know where my old jacket is?

BESS:                   Over there on the rack by the door.

JERRY:                  Okay, thanks. (FADE A BIT) Let's go, Jim.

SOUND:                 (DOOR OPENS)

JIM:                    (FADE A BIT) Goodbye, Bess. We'll be back for supper.

BESS:                   Goodbye. (FADE) Be sure to wear your coats.

JIM:                    (OFF) All right, Bess. Got yours, Jerry?

JERRY:                  (OFF) Yeah.

SOUND:                 (DOOR CLOSES)

JIM:                    (FADE IN) Where'd you leave the horses?

JERRY:                  Down by the barn there.

JIM:                    Oh, yes, I see.

JERRY:                  Gee, that sun's hot. I bet it's gonna be hot all day.

JIM:                    Looks like it.



JERRY: ... around all the time

JIM: ...

JERRY: ...

JIM: ...

JERRY: (LAUGHS) ...

JIM: ...

JERRY: (PAUSE & SITS) ...

JIM: ...

JERRY: ...

JIM: ...

JERRY: ...



JIM: I think she wants (CLUCKS FADES) Come on, Jerry,  
(CLUCKS)

SOUND: (HOOFS---TALKING)

JERRY: (FADING) Gooder, Speak Hi!

MUSIC: (INTERLUDE)

SOUND: (FADE IN HOOFS)

JERRY: (FADE IN) Ho Jerry, Jim we've covered a lot of  
ground today.

JIM: That's right, Jerry. Gettin' kinda late, too.

JERRY: Gettin' kinda cold, too. I'm glad we're close to  
Al's camp. Er-r-r- I'm -- I'm gettin' colder'n  
the dickens.

JIM: So am I. Guess it's that wind, blowin' on our backs.

JERRY: Gettin' colder'n we figured on.

JIM: Unuh. It's that wind, what's what it is.

JERRY: Gee, the sky looks like lead. Looks like it's  
gonna snow, or something.

JIM: Say---it does. H-m-m that's not so good. Well,  
we're close to the lumber camp anyway.

JERRY: Yeah -- Look, Jim. There's another spotted tree  
over there.

JIM: I see it. There's noed blister rust in here y'know  
I thought.

JERRY: I guess that tree's a yoner.





JIM: Yeah. There's not much yet just in about seven individual trees. The disease works slow and it keeps working. I don't think it finally killed the tree.

JERRY: And all it takes to start the rust is a few tiny little spores on the side, side of a gooseberry leaf. Well, we can't keep it from spreading around.

JIM: I haven't seen any gooseberry or currant bushes since the eradication crew started. Looks like they did a good thorough job.

JERRY: Yeah. Where'd the disease start, anyhow Jim? Does anybody know?

JIM: They say it was brought into this country from Germany on ornamental pine nursery stock.

JERRY: Gee, it's a good thing we have plant quarantine now.

JIM: Yep. Maybe that'll keep any new pests from getting in. But this blister rust has already spread over a lot of territory. We've got a tough control problem on our hands.

JERRY: Yeah. Gee, I'm gettin' cold, Jim.

JIM: That wind makes your teeth chatter, doesn't it?

JERRY: There's Al Perkins' back house Jim. Does that look good to me --

JIM: Smoke comin' out of the chimney. Must have a fire of some kind.



JERRY: I saw Top! He's a big one. Come on, Spark. Let's go.

SOUND: (HOOFE FASTER)

JIM: We can't stay long, Jerry. Maybe like there might be some before we get home. (CHUCKLES) So sorry, I guess Boss was right about taking those coats, after all.

JERRY: I'll say she was. If we'd worn our coats, like she told us, we wouldn't be freezing to death now -- B-r-r-r-r.

JIM: Maybe Al can lend us a couple of coats.

JERRY: Yeah, maybe he can. I was thinkin' about that.

JIM: Weather sure did fool me. When we started out this morning, the sun was pretty hot.

JERRY: There wasn't a cloud in the sky, and now look at it. Gray as a piece of slate.

JIM: We've been havin' so much warm weather lately, I kinda forgot winter's creepin' up on us.

JERRY: (CHATTERING) Golly. It's cold.

JIM: Yeah. It sure is -- Here we are. Whoo, Dolly. We can let the horses stand. We won't be long.

JERRY: Whoo, Spark. Whoo.

SOUND: (HOOFE STRAGGLE TO STOP)



JIM: Now. My hands feel like stumps of wood. What do I  
Steady now. Nobody has been making things worse. Nothing  
It's going storm.

JERRY: Gee. I'm so stiff I can hardly get into the saddle.

JIM: Let's see if anybody's home.

SOUND: (KNOCKING ON DOOR)

JERRY: (CHATTERING) I hope they are

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS)

AND: (OFF) Well, look who's here. Come on in, boys.  
Been expectin' you. Now, don't you fellas want it?  
gittin' on to winter? How come you're trappin'  
around in your shirt sleeves?

JERRY: (SHIVERING) Lemme get to that fire!

MUSIC: (INTERLUDE)

SOUND: (HORSES STOMPING)

JIM: (FADE IN) That's about straw, Jerry.

JERRY: (OFF) All right, Jim.

JIM: Did you give the horses their feed?

JERRY: (FADE IN) Yeah. What Dells, stand still! Girl!

JIM: Guess they're all set for the night.

JERRY: Yeah. Gee, I'm still shivering. -- Going to the  
house now, Jim?

JIM: Better get those jackets fixed. I kinda hate to  
admit to Bess that we didn't take 'em with us.



TERRY: Sheriff sure have the lease on 'em.

JIM: I reckon we have it coming.

TERRY: Did you take the jackets off the witness man, Jim?

JIM: No. Aren't they there?

JERRY: Don't see 'em. I hang 'em right here on this peg by the door.

JIM: I remember you puttin' 'em there.

TERRY: That's funny. I don't see 'em anywhere around here.

JIM: They couldn't have got very far by themselves.

JERRY: Well, they're not here, that's a cinch. You don't suppose somebody could have come to the back way, down the road and taken 'em onto the barn?

JIM: Must have. They aren't here.

TERRY: Gee, we've got to know'n we bargained for holes.

JIM: Kinda looks that way. I wonder who could have --

JERRY: Well, let's go up to the house and ask Bess if anybody's been around the barn today.

JIM: (FADE A BIT) All right. Gee, I hope this wire and wire inside. Are the other doors to the barn shut?

JERRY: (IN) I got 'em.

JIM: Gee, I hate to tell Mrs. Robinson we lost our jackets, too. It sure makes us look like a couple of dummies.

JERRY: I reckon we've got it coming, Jerry. It'd be some like Bess told us --

JIM: She's always right.





JIM: That's the truth, son. I expect I oughta know it by now.

JERRY: I won't say anything, Jim. You do all the talking.

JIM: All right. I'm used to it. (CHUCKLES)

JERRY: We're home in time for supper, anyway.

JIM: Yep. That oughta help some.

JERRY: You go in first, Jim.

SOUND: (DOOR OPEN)

JIM: (FADE A BIT) Hello, Bess. We're home for supper.

JERRY: (FADE A BIT) Sounds like she's out in the kitchen.

SOUND: (DOOR CLOSE)

BESS: (FADE IN) You're just in time for supper, Jim. Hurry and wash up.

JIM: (FADE IN) Say, Bess, did you see anyone around --

BESS: Is that the coat you wore this morning, Jim? I thought you put on --

JIM: That's just what I was gonna tell you about, Bess. You see, our jackets were stolen. They ---

BESS: Stolen? -- How in the name of goodness could they be stolen if you were wearing them?

JIM: Well, you see, Bess, that's the point. We ---

BESS: What's the point? I don't understand how anyone could steal the coats off your backs.

JIM: Well, they didn't exactly do that, Bess. You see, we didn't have them on.

BESS: You mean you laid them down somewhere and left them?



JIM: Well, something like that -- We --

BESS: Yes, Jim?

JERRY: You see, Mrs. Robbins, Jim and I decided it was too warm for jackets, and they're so heavy to carry around, so we ---

BESS: Yes?

JIM: (CHUCKLES) We left 'em in the barn, Bess. You see, we knew you hadn't been outside to see what the weather was like and ---

BESS: It's a wonder to me you both aren't down with pneumonia. Where did you get the coats you have on?

JIM: We borrowed 'em offa Al Perkins. But listen, Bess, we oughta find out what happened to those jackets of ours. Did you see anybody around the barn today? Any strangers?

BESS: No, I didn't, Jim.

JIM: I don't see how ---

BESS: I was down there myself, this afternoon.

JIM: Were you? Did you see the jackets then? They were hanging-----

BESS: Yes, Jim, I saw them.

JIM: You did?

BESS: There they are on the rack by the door. I brought them in.



JIM: (LAUGHS)

JERRY: Gee whiz!

JERRY: Then you knew all the time that we didn't --

BESS: Yes, I knew it all the time, Jerry.

JIM: (CHUCKLES) I guess it's a good one for us, Bess.

BESS: Maybe next time you'll have sense enough to do us

I tell you, Jim Robbins; and you, too, Jerry. --

Why, Jerry -- you're shivering.

JERRY: I - we got pretty cold this afternoon, Mrs. Robbins.

BESS: Oh, you poor men. Why Jim, you're almost blue.

You're going to have a hot bath right away - both  
of you - and something warm to drink.

JIM: (CHUCKLES) All right, Bess. I reckon we'll do  
whatever you say.

MUSIC: (FINALE)



ANNOUNCER: Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers comes to you on the Farm and Home Hour every Friday as a presentation of the National Broadcasting Company with the cooperation of the United States Forest Service. --- This year, folks, is the sixtieth anniversary of the beginning of government forestry work in the United States. In 1876, a special agent was appointed in the Department of Agriculture to inquire into forest conditions, and from that small beginning has grown the great forest conservation movement of today, in which the Federal Government, the States, and forward-looking citizens throughout the country have joined forces to save our forests for wise and continuous use. To commemorate this event, the American Tree Association has issued a special edition of its "Forestry Primer", which tells the story of forest conservation in fifteen interesting little chapters. Through the courtesy of the American Tree Association, Farm and Home listeners can get a copy of this booklet. Just drop a card to the American Tree Association, 1214 Sixteenth St., Northwest, Washington, D. C., or to the station to which you are listening, and ask for a copy of "The Forestry Primer."

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rn:10/29/36  
9:35 AM

