UNCLE SAM'S FOREST RANGERS

Episode #57.

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

ORCHESTRA:

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

ORCHESTRA: QUARTET

ANNOUNCER: Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers are men entrusted with the protection and management of the hundred and sixty million acres of national forests in the United States and Alaska. The most important qualifications for success in the ranger's job are industry, honesty, soundness of character, a natural aptitude for the sort of outdoor work a ranger has to do, and the health and constitution to stand it. To these may be added another outstanding requisite - the spirit of public service, which is the foundation upon which the Forest Service has been so successfully built for the past quarter century. -- Last week, we left Ranger Jim Robbins and his assistant Jerry, together with another local boy, young Phil Riggs, fighting their way out of the mountains through a raging blizzard. Young Riggs was leading the way, you remember, and the last we heard was his frantic cry for help, coming through the snowstorm. Now we join Ranger Jim and Jerry again, as they hurry to the aid of Phil Riggs, in answer to his call --

(SOUND OF STORM INTERMITTENTLY THROUGH FOLLOWING)

JIM: That's Phil -- calling for help! -- Come on, Jerry!

JERRY: (AS IF RUNNING) I'm right with you, Jim! -- Gosh -- where is he?!

JIM: (AS IF RUNNING) Here's -- his -- tracks -- This way! Come on!

JERRY: Darn these snowshoes -- I never could -- run in 'em. --

JIM: Darned if I can see him -- anywhere --

JERRY: Jim -- look out -- for the boulders!

(SOUND OF JIM FALLING)

JIM: Uh! (GRUNTS) - Here - give me a hand up, Jerry. -- These blamed rocks --

JERRY: (EXCITED) Don't move, Jim! -- Gosh! Don't move an inch!

JIM: Huh - what's wrong? -- Leggo me --

JERRY: You're right on the edge of a cliff! -- Gosh, look! I bet it's thirty feet straight down!

JIM: By George! That was kind of a close call -- Where d'you s'pose that boy is?

JERRY: Look, Jim! Look down there! I - I think I see him!

JIM: My God, that's -- young Riggs, all right! -- Musta fallen over the cliff.

JERRY: Gosh, maybe he's killed!

JIM: Maybe -- (CALLS) Hey Riggs -- Phil --!

JERRY: He isn't moving any.

JIM: Here -- get me that rope off the toboggan -- hustle now.

JERRY: (GOING OFF) Right away - Jim - (PAUSE) (COMING UP) Here - Jim --

JIM: Good -- Now loop 'er around this boulder here -- That's it -- That's right --

JERRY: What you gonna do?

JIM: Slide down the rope here -- quickest way to get down this cliff, I reckon. -- Here, take my snowshoes.

JERRY: Let me go down, Jim - it's a long drop --

JIM: Nope - I'm going. - Here, lemme take a turn of the rope around my leg here -- there now -- so's I can brake with it --

JERRY: Gosh, Jim! Be careful now!

JIM: Give me a hand over the edge here -- that's it. Here we go -- (SLIGHTLY OFF) Kinda tough holdin' on - Jerry - with cold hands --

JERRY: Hold tight there. -- Gosh - hold on, Jim! - Hey! - Gosh, Jim, what happened?

JIM: (OFF). I'm all right - Jerry. -- I made it.

JERRY: (CALLING) Are you hurt any?

JIM: (OFF) No - just my old knee again.

JERRY: How's Phil? -- Is he badly hurt?

JIM: (OFF) He's kinda knocked out -- you'll have to come down and help me move him.

JERRY: I'll slide down the rope.

JIM: (OFF) Wait a minute -- Pull it up first and lower the toboggan and snowshoes --

JERRY: All right.

JIM: (OFF) We'll need 'em, I s'pect.

(PAUSE)

JERRY: (CALLING) All right, Jim - Watch it --

JIM: (OFF) Careful -- don't break 'em against the rocks. -- There -- that's fine.

JERRY: All right -- Look out, Jim, I'm coming.

JIM: (OFF) Go slow, Jerry. -- Get a good grip on that rope. -- Hey, watch out, - not so fast.

(THUMP OF JERRY LANDING)

JERRY: (GRUNTS) Uh - most knocked -- the wind - out of me! Uh -- where's Phil?

JIM: Right back of you.

JERRY: Gosh, Jim, he's bleeding -- look!

JIM: Yep, he's got a bad cut on his head -- but that ain't the worst -- I'm afraid his leg's broken, too.

JERRY: Gee, if it is, Jim, we'll --

JIM: Here, help me carry him over there under the cliff - to that bare spot --

JERRY: All right --

JIM: Easy now -- watch out for that leg. (PAUSE) There we are --

JERRY: Wait a minute, Jim. Let me take off my sheepskin coat -- for him to lay on.

JIM: You'll freeze, son.

JERRY: That don't matter. -- Now -- How's that?

JIM: All right. -- Get me that first-aid package out of the knapsack --

JERRY: Wait, he's opening his eyes!

PHIL: (WEAKLY) Hello - Jim. -- What you -- doing - here?

JIM: Easy now, boy. -- Kinda bumped yourself up a little, huh?

PHIL: (WEAKLY) Gee, it's - cold. - Put some -- more wood -- on the fire. -- My leg -- Jim -- it's ---

JERRY: He's gone again. Gosh, what are we going to do, Jim?

JIM: I'm going to bind up his head first and stop this bleeding.

JERRY: Here's the first-aid kit.

JIM: Thanks. -- Now rip a slat out of that toboggan, so's we can make a splint for his leg.

JERRY: All right. -- (SOUND OF SPLINTERING WOOD) - Is one slat enough?

JIM: Yes, but break it in three pieces - long enough to reach from his foot to above the knee.

JERRY: I see -- (SOUND OF BREAKING THIN PIECES OF WOOD) How's that?

JIM: Just right. -- Now we've got to have some padding for the splints. -- Hmm. -- Guess it'll have to be this sweater of mine. -- Here - help me pull 'er off, Jerry -- (GRUNTS) There we are.

JERRY: We'd better get a fire started, Jim, -- soon as we get him fixed up.

JIM: Yep -- we'll try to rustle up some dry wood.

JERRY: Shall we break up some more of the toboggan?

JIM: We dasn't Jerry. We've got to save it to haul Phil out on.

JERRY: Well - I got a Service notebook in my pocket. -- That'll help get 'er started.

JIM: Yep. -- Now we'll wrap this sweater around the boy's leg here -- Easy now -- remember it's broken --

JERRY: Here's the slats, Jim --

JIM: Uh huh -- Easy now -- How you feeling, boy?

JERRY: He doesn't hear you, Jim. -- Gee, I'm afraid he's hurt pretty bad --

JIM: Yep. -- Now -- one splint under -- there we are -- and one on each side -- (FADING OFF) -- kind of a padded trough -- see? --

(MUSICAL INTERLUDE)

JIM: Careful now -- don't put on too much wood at first.

JERRY: Okay. -- Gee, that fire sure feels good.

JIM: Uh huh.

JERRY: Here's a few more sticks.

JIM: Yep. -- They're pretty wet. See that mountain rat's nest under that boulder.

JERRY: Yeah.

JIM: Well dig that out. You'll find some dry sticks in it.

JERRY: (OFF) Gosh yes, here's bushels of dry sticks, Jim -- Here -- (SOUND OF JERRY'S BOOTS SCRAPING OVER ROCKS)

JIM: Whoa -- whoa easy, Jerry. You'll break a leg too.

JERRY: (CLOSE UP) Never saw such treacherous footing. You can't tell where the rocks are -- I saved these anyway -- Here they're nice and dry -- (DROPS STICKS)

JIM: Ah! She'll burn all right now -- Listen, Jerry - we're in a tight fix. -- Young Riggs here is pretty badly hurt, and I'm afraid it's too near dark to risk trying to take him down this rough canyon.

JERRY: Gosh, yes! It'd sure be bad going.

JIM: Well, the nearest ranch in the valley can't be many miles away. I'm going for help -- and you can stay here and take care of young Riggs.

JERRY: Nothing doing, Jim! You wouldn't get anywhere with that bum knee of yours. -- Look how the snow's piled up.

JIM: Yep, I know - but --

JERRY: I've got a better chance to get through -- I'm going, Jim -- see?

JIM: Well, - maybe you're right. I did kinda bang up that knee. -- Do you think you can make it?

JERRY: Sure I can.

JIM: Good -- That's the old ranger spirit.

JERRY: I'd better start right away, hadn't I?

JIM: The quicker the better -- it'll be dark soon. -- Here -- better take your coat. --

JERRY: No sir. I don't need it as much as Phil does.

JIM: Don't be foolish now, son. We've got a fire here, and I'll rustle up more wood and keep it going.

JERRY: All right -- if you say so -- but --

JIM: Beat it, son. -- Go to it.

JERRY: Okay -- Good bye, Jim.

JIM: Good bye, Jerry. -- Do your durndest, son - we're depending on you --

(MUSICAL INTERLUDE)

(FADE IN WITH CRACKLE OF FIRE, RUSTLE OF NEWSPAPER, BESS HUMMING TUNE)

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

BESS: (OPENING DOOR) Oh - why Mary Halloway - come right in.

MARY: Good evening, Mrs. Robbins. My, but isn't it a disagreeable night!

BESS: Indeed it is. Come right over by the fire, Mary.

MARY: Thank you -- Are you - uh -- all alone, Mrs. Robbins?

BESS: Yes. Jim and Jerry haven't come back yet -- and I'm getting worried about them, too. It's been so stormy all day.

MARY: Where are they, Mrs.Robbins?

BESS: Why, they left this morning to take some feed for the mules to the new trail camp. Mr. Riggs's son was going to take it in, you know, but he couldn't get through the snow with his pack animals, so they were going to carry some in with a toboggan. -- I haven't heard a word from them all day -- or from the trail camp either.

MARY: Oh dear, you don't suppose anything could have happened?

BESS: They ought to be home by now, Mary. It worries me so to have them out in the mountains when it's so stormy like this --

MARY: Especially at night. My, I hope nothing has happened. Why -- if Jerry --

BESS: I know, Mary - We're awfully fond of Jerry, too. -- You know, Jim has been out like this so many times - I've sort of gotten used to it - but Jerry - he's so young, you know. (SOFTLY) And he reminds me so much of our David -- he's getting to be most like a son to us -- since our David went to the war --

MARY: Oh, Mrs. Robbins --

(PHONE RINGS)

MARY: Oh - is that your ring?

BESS: Yes.

MARY: Maybe that's Jerry calling now. -- Shall I answer it?

BESS: I'd better answer it, Mary. It may be Forest Service business. -- (TO PHONE) Pine Cone Ranger Station -- Hello? -- What? I can't hear you. The line is humming so in this storm. -- Who is it? -- Jerry?

MARY: Oh! It's Jerry! Is he -- is he all right, Mrs. Robbins?

BESS: (TO MARY) Be quiet, Mary - (TO PHONE) What? -- You're at the Box O Ranch?-- My, what are you doing way over there? -- A rescue party? -- What? Speak louder -- and not so fast, Jerry. -- Who are you going to rescue? -- Jim and Phil! Is Jim hurt?! -- Oh, I'm so glad. -- Yes, yes. What a shame!

MARY: Who's hurt, Mrs. Robbins?

BESS: (TO MARY) It's Phil Riggs -- he fell over a cliff and broke his leg --

MARY: Oh dear -- isn't that a shame!

BESS: Jim's staying with him, and Jerry's come for help -- (TO PHONE) Hello - Hello, Jerry? -- Yes-- Oh, that's terrible! -- Dr. Simpson? Yes, I'll go get him right away. -- I'll bring him over myself, Jerry.-- I know, but I'm coming over anyway. -- Yes. -- Mary's here, Jerry -- Oh, all right. -- (TO MARY) Jerry wants to talk to you, Mary.

MARY: Oh -- (TO PHONE) Hello, Jerry -- (TO BESS) Oh dear, I can't hear a word he says - (TO PHONE) There, that's better -- Oh, I'm so glad you're all right, Jerry. -- Yes, I know -- I hope you'll get them out all right. -- Yes -- Good-bye, Jerry -- Good-bye -- (HANGS UP RECEIVER)-- Jerry's safe, Mrs. Robbins!

BESS: I know. They're going back after Jim and the Riggs boy.

MARY: Yes, Jerry told me.

BESS: I'll have to go get Dr. Simpson right away, Mary, and take him over to the Box O Ranch.

MARY: Oh, can't I go too?

BESS: It's a bad night to be out, Mary.

MARY: I know, but -- please let me go along too, Mrs. Robbins.

BESS: All right. -- You'll have to have more clothes on than that - (FADING OFF) I'll find you some warm clothes --

(MUSICAL INTERLUDE)

(CRACKLING OF FIRE - WIND UP AND DOWN)

JIM: It's sure getting powerful dark, son -- Uh! doggone that old knee of mine - cracks every time I move. -- How you feelin' now, son?

PHIL: (MUTTERING: OUT OF HIS HEAD) It's - cold - this isn't my bed -- it's so - hard - and - it's cold - cover me up --

JIM: There now, boy - Let's wrap you up all snug in my coat here -- How's that - huh?

PHIL: (STARTLED VOICE) We're trapped! -- the fire's coming over the ridge -- Run! -- run for your lives-- (MUTTERING) Why don't it rain - why - don't - it - rain --

JIM: Clean out of his head - Hmm-- That's it, boy - quiet, now. -- I better kinda hold you in my arms, I guess, so's to keep you warm enough. -- How's that - huh? -- I better darn sight keep awake myself -- It's plenty cold, all right-- (DROWSILY. FADING OFF) better - darn - sight - stay -- awake --

(WIND UP AND SLOWLY DYING OUT INTO SILENCE - 5 SECONDS FOLLOWED BY WIND GRADUALLY RISING)

JIM: (STARTLED) Br-r- br-r -- Hmm -- I - I must've fallen asleep. -- How you gettin' along, boy? - Still asleep, huh? -- Br-r -- she's plenty cold -- Gosh, all fishhooks -- I'm stiffer'n a board. Hmm, doggone - the fire's dead out -- I'll have to lay you down a minute, son, and get that fire going again - Ow - ouch (PAUSE) Say, young fellow - feels like I haven't got any feet -- Hm -- you look pretty blue yourself, son - here, lemme rub those hands a bit. (RUBBING) How's that, huh? -- (DECISIVELY) Look here, son - we've got to get out of here pronto. -- Guess I'll have to load you on the toboggan -- we'll head down the gulch -- (GROANS) Oh - oh - (MUMBLING) -- feel's like I'm walking on peg legs -- gonna be hard pulling -- all right -- Uh - oh -- Hope they find us -- son - (FADING OFF) before - it's -- too - late --

(WIND UP: FADE OUT)

ANNOUNCER:

Yes sir - we certainly hope that Jerry and the rescue party will find Ranger Jim and the injured boy, Phil, -- before it's too late. --

Many times, in the course of their work, Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers are called upon to face grave emergencies. It is then that the rugged constitution and physical endurance, so necessary to the ranger's job, meets its greatest test. The records of the forest Service show that in one year, in two western states alone, forest rangers rescued no less than fifty-seven persons who were injured or lost in the national forests.

Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers comes to you every Thursday at this hour as a presentation of the National Broadcasting Company, with the cooperation of the United States Forest Service.

er/1:30 P.M.
March 28, 1933.