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OK

CHICAGO OUTLET WOTL

(12:30 - 1:30 PM)

TIME

(NOVEMBER 15, 1935)

DATE

(FRIDAY

DAY

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS



ANNOUNCER: "Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers"

ORCHESTRA: QUARTET: RANGER SONG

ANNOUNCER: Wild life is one of the important resources of our National Forests. As the home of much of our remaining big game, the National Forests contain within their wide boundaries numerous game refuges where the wild animals are given careful and complete protection, and they also contain public hunting grounds open to all for legitimate hunting in accordance with the State game laws. While game animals have been diminishing or disappearing in many other parts of the country, within the National Forests they have been steadily increasing ever since the National Forests were established -- which speaks well for the game management work of the United States Forest Service. As the timber and other resources of the National Forests are managed for continuous production -- for "sustained yield" -- so the wildlife of the Forests can be developed as a permanent, continuing resource; and the game management plans of the Forest Service look to the maximum production of wild game, and the maintenance of the game population for all time, on a sustained yield basis.

This week, an open season on deer has been in progress on those parts of the Pine Cone District not within designated game refuges, and many hunters have come to the National Forests to try their luck -- including the New York millionaire, Mr. Van Alister who is a frequent guest at the Widow Gay's Box-O Bude Ranch. While Ranger Jim Robbins has been busy on other jobs, his assistant ranger, Jerry Quick, has been patrolling the hunting camps today, and as we tune in now, Jim and Jerry have just met at a guard station on their way home -- Here they are --



(SOUND OF CAR PULLING UP)

JERRY: (CALLS) Hi, Jim -- ready to go on in?

JIM: (COMING UP) Hi, Jerry -- Yeah, I was wonderin' if you were going to leave me sittin' here all night.

JERRY: Hop on in, Jim. We'll be back at the Ranger Station in a jiffy.

JIM: Okay.

(CAR DOOR SLAMS -- SOUND OF MOTOR UP -- CONTINUES THROUGH FOLLOWING)

JERRY: Well -- have a good day today, Jim?

JIM: Yep. Spent most of the day at the CC Camp -- checkin' over the heavy equipment.

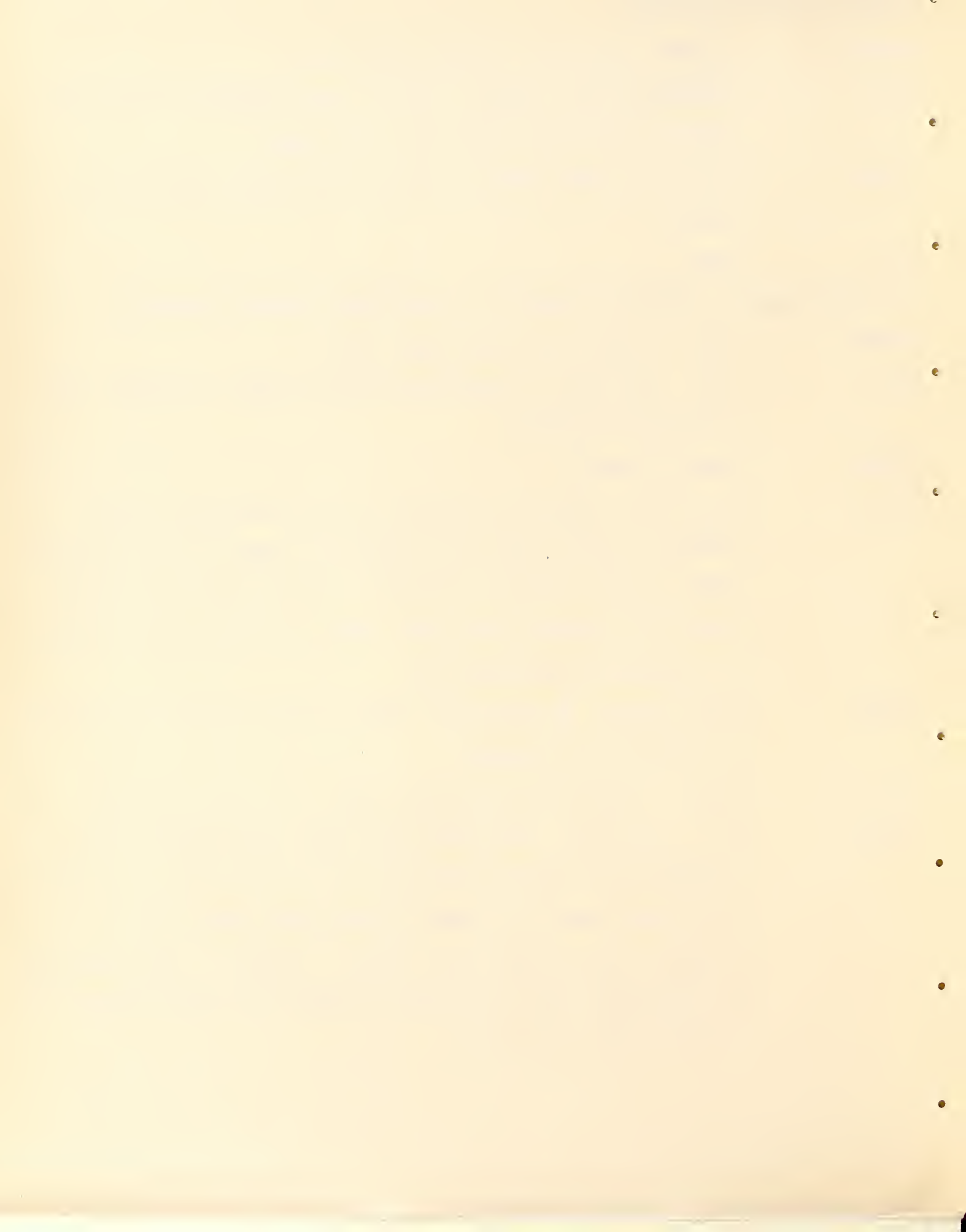
JERRY: How'd it look?

JIM: One of the tractors is going to need overhauling pretty sudden, but the rest of the machinery seems to be in tip-top shape. Dave's going to develop some first class mechanics out of this batch of CC boys. The boys seem to be interested in keeping the machinery up.

JERRY: That's good. We sure don't want to lose any time on account of broken-down equipment.

JIM: Nope. -- How did you make out today? Have any trouble?

JERRY: No -- not much. One fellow got kinda smart-alecky when I reminded him about not going off and leaving his camp fire, but I took time to sit down and tell him why we had to be careful, and he took it all right. I guess it never occurred to him before that the forest is made out of stuff that burns if fire gets loose in it.



JIM: Seems like a lot of people never thought of that.

JERRY: Most of 'em seemed like real sportsmen, though, Jim. They all seemed to be anxious to play the game fair.

JIM: That's good. That makes you feel a little safer about going around in the woods this time of year. There's some would-be hunters, you know, that're apt to shoot first, and find out what they shot at afterward.

JERRY: There sure are. I think we drew a pretty good bunch up here this year, though. -- There's one of the hunters walking along the road up ahead there now. Might as well give 'im a lift, hadn't we?

JIM: Sure.

(CAR SLOWS DOWN)

JERRY: Look, Jim, it's Mr. Van Allister - you know, that millionaire from New York that's staying up at Mrs. Gay's.

JIM: Yep. So it is.

JERRY: (CALLS) Hi there, hunter, - want a lift?

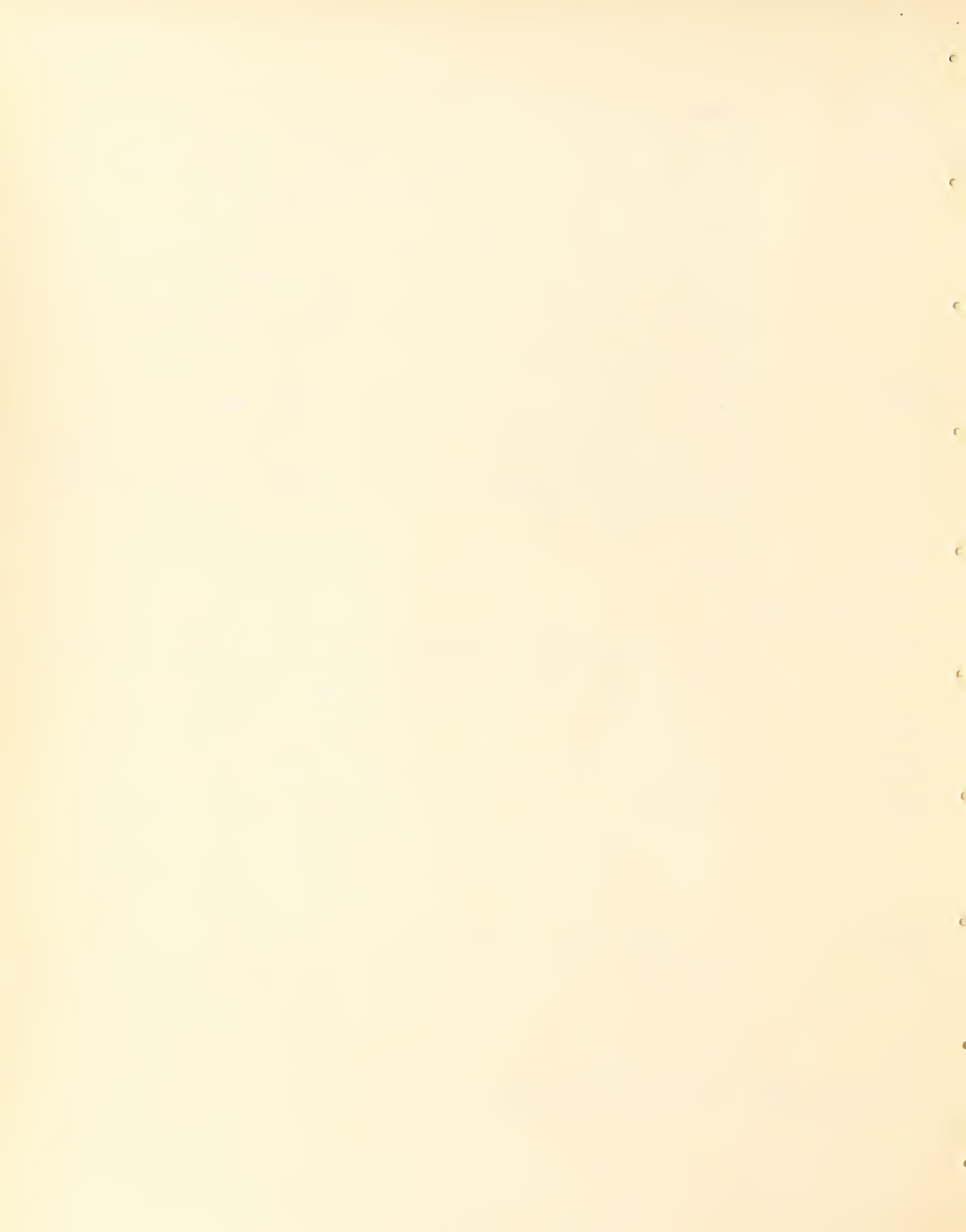
VAN: (COMING UP) Thanks, I sure do -- Well, if it isn't the Rangers! Howdy there, Jim Howdy, Jerry. I'm sure glad to see you fellows.

JERRY: Same to you, Mr. Van Allister.

JIM: (WITH HIM) Glad to see you, Van. Hop in here and ride along with us.

VAN: You bet I will.

(CAR DOOR SLAMS -- SOUND OF MOTOR UP)



VAN: Well - I was hoping I'd get to see you Rangers -- thought you might be stopping by the Box-O Ranch sometime this week.

JERRY: I guess I wouldn't be very welcome at the Box-O right now -- since I spoiled all the plans Mrs. Gay was cooking up for our wedding.

VAN: I think you did just the right thing, son. I was rather displeased with Mrs. Van and Gaysie for meddling in your wedding plans the way they did.

JERRY: Well, I didn't mean to antagonize them, but I guess I got kinda hot under the collar about it. Mrs. Gay wanted to make our wedding into a show for a lot of strangers at the Dude Ranch, and Mary and I just couldn't go it, that's all.

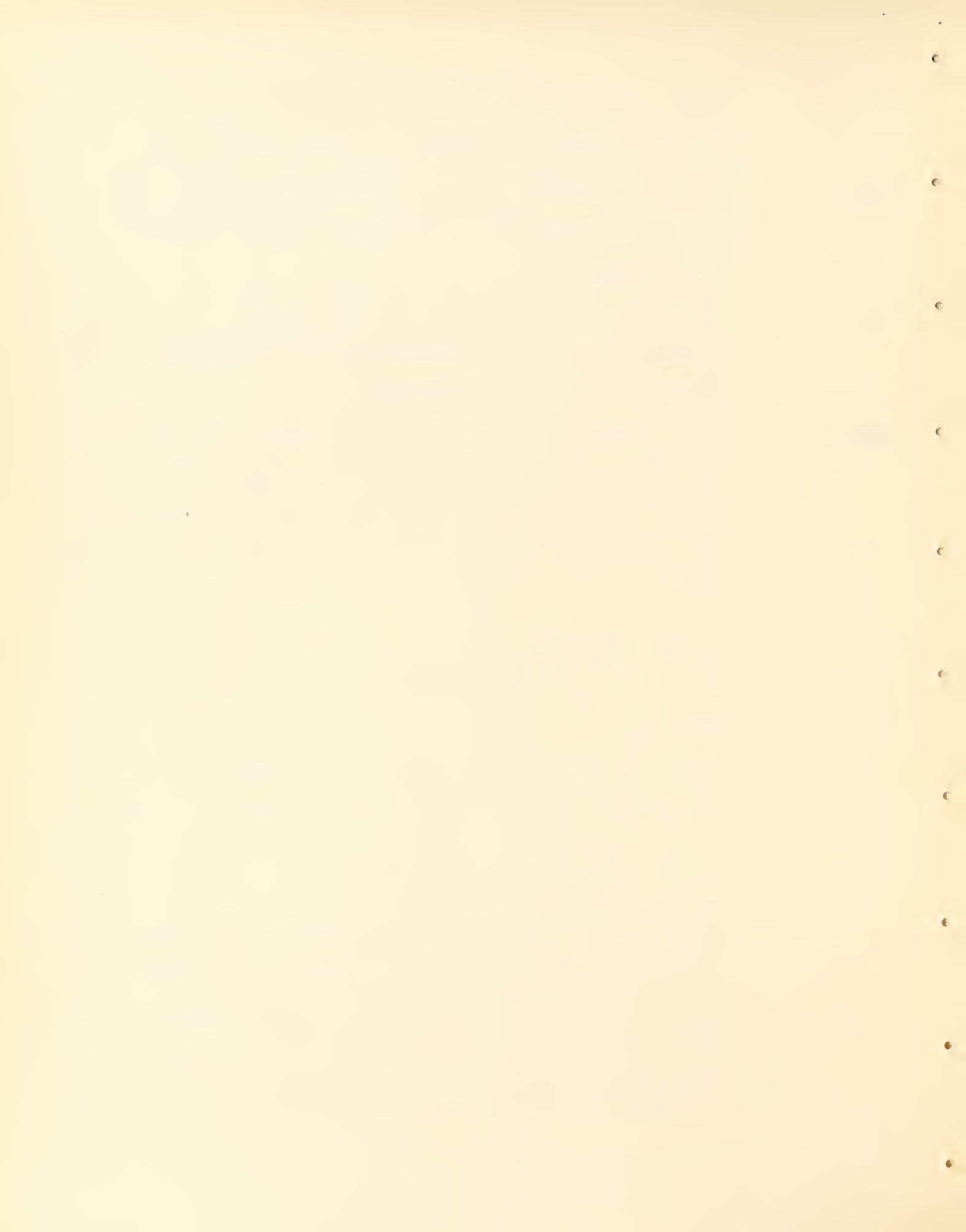
VAN: I don't blame you, son.

JIM: Well, Van, how's the hunting?

VAN: Terrible, Jim, terrible. I've tramped over these hills every day this week and haven't even seen a deer.

JIM: Too bad, Van. We've got a lot of 'em on the Forest.

VAN: I know, but I guess my luck's all bad. I'm getting pretty tired and discouraged, I'll tell you. Here I come out here to get a buck and a little mental peace and relaxation at the same time, and I have to start back to New York tomorrow without either. I wish I hadn't come. Going back with a feeling of frustration and discouragement - that's no mood to go back to the business world in.



JIM: Nope - I reckon not. -- Van, I wonder if the trouble with a lot of you high-powered business men isn't that you get your mind set on one thing and you can't think of anything else? You forget to enjoy what you have -- you never stop to see what's around you.

VAN: Maybe you're right, Jim.

JIM: I tell you what I'm going to do, Van. Doctor Jim Robbina is going to prescribe for you. The prescription is a five minute visit with old Uncle Billy, he lives down the road here just a little piece, right at the edge of the forest.

VAN: All right, Jim. You're the doctor.

JIM: We'll stop by there a few minutes. - Uncle Billy is hardly what you'd call a success in your world, Van. Some folks might even call him shiftless, but even so, maybe there's something we can learn from him -- and I've got a notion a little call on Uncle Billy will do you a lot of good

(INTERVAL -- SOUND OF AUTO UP)

(SOUND OF AUTO FADES DOWN FOR FOLLOWING)

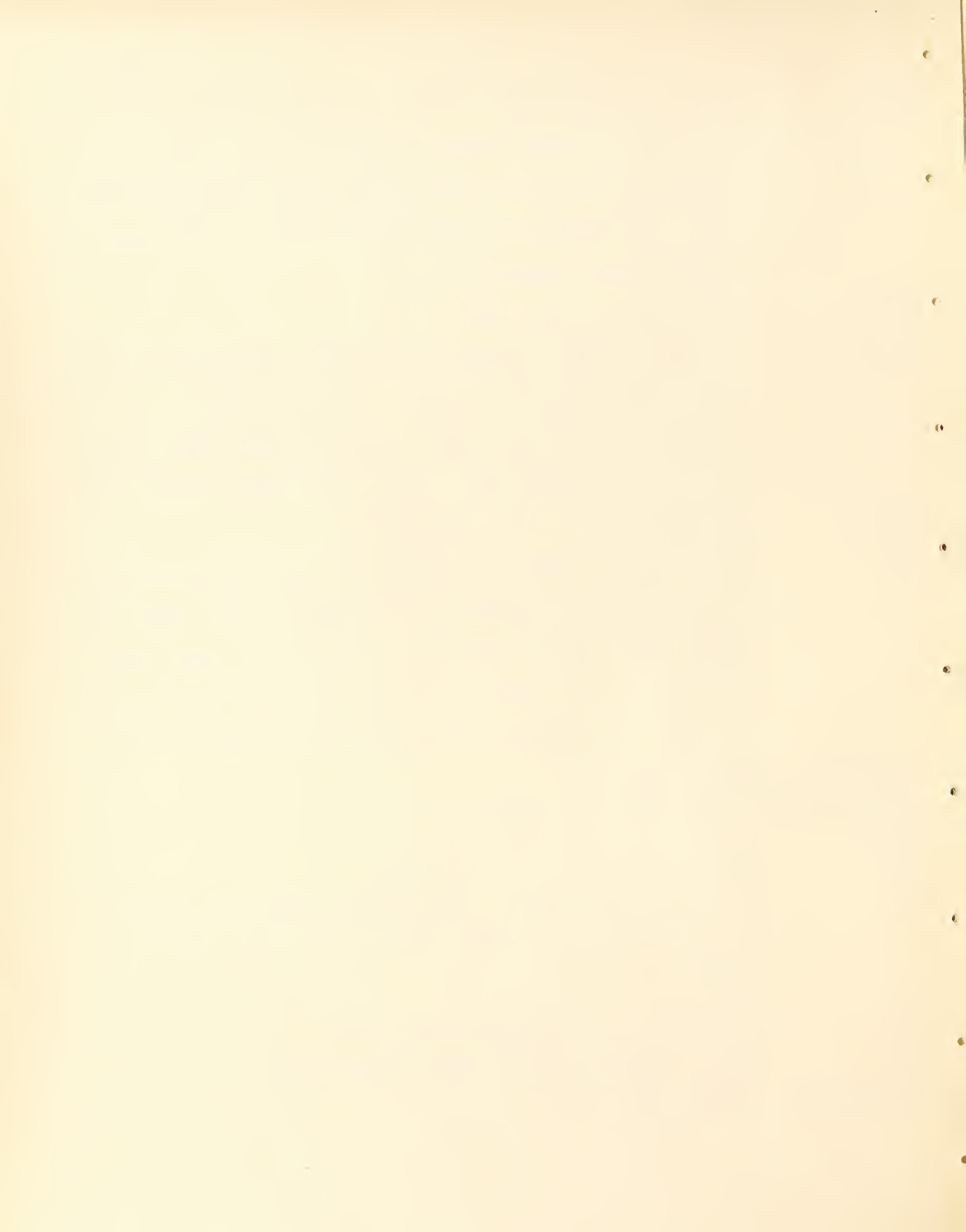
JERRY: Here's Uncle Billy's place, Jim.

JIM: Yep. Pull up, Jerry. (CAR STOPS) There he is, sitting out there on his favorite bench, on the west side of his cabin.

VAN: Looks kind of peaceful at that, Jim.

JIM: Yep. - (RAISES VOICE) Howdy, Uncle Billy.

UNCLE BILLY: (OFF) Howdy, Jim.



JIM: Well, it's a nice warm evening, ain't it? Just right for sitting outside and having a good pipe-full of tobacco, eh?

UNCLE BILLY: (UP) Yep.

JERRY: Whatcha doin', Uncle Billy? Moon-gazing?

UNCLE BILLY: Nope. Watchin' the sun go down -- an' thinkin'.

JERRY: Thinking, eh? I shouldn't think a fellow would have much to think about, way up here.

UNCLE BILLY: That's accordin', Jerry.

JERRY: According to what, Uncle Billy?

UNCLE BILLY: Accordin' to a man's mind. -- (PAUSE) -- Who's the stranger with yuh?

JIM: Uncle Billy, this is Mr. Van Allister, he's come out to our country all the way from New York, and I was thinkin' maybe you as one of our old-timers ought to tell him something about these parts

UNCLE BILLY: From New York, Huh? Uh-huh.

VAN: Maybe you could tell us what you were thinking about, Uncle Billy

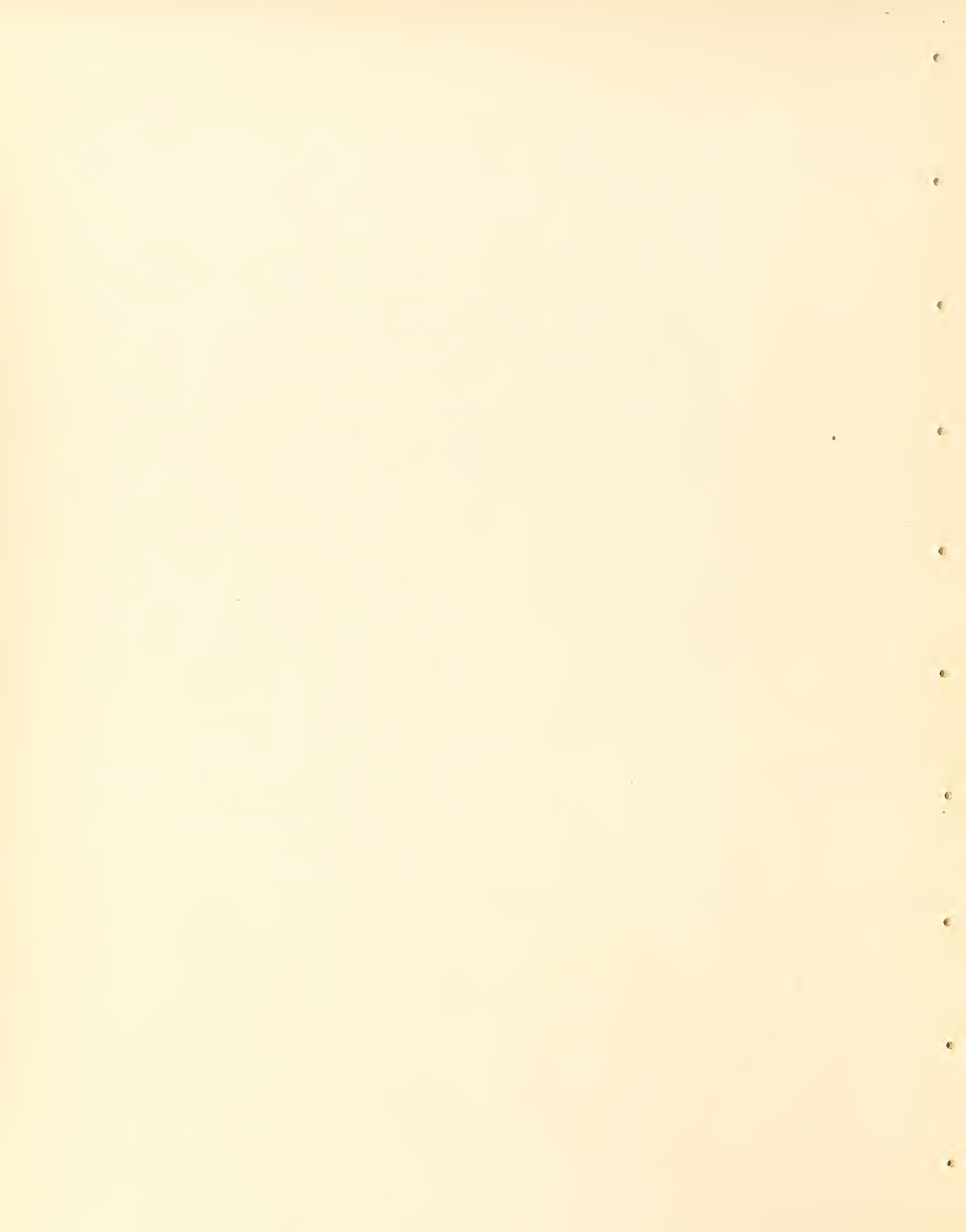


UNCLE BILLY: Mebbe -- (PAUSE) -- Well, I was jest a thinkin' of what a great thing it is to be able to sit here in the quiet solitude of this here forest an' watchin' that there sun goin' down and down an' down outa sight. -- I gen'rally set here evenin' after evenin' a watchin' the twilight fade and a lookin' fer the first star to come out a-flickerin' an' a-peepin'. Planets is what them eddicated fellers calls 'em. Anyhow, I sets here an' watches 'em. It sure don't leave room in any feller's mind to deny thet there must be some kind of supreme power thet's a-rulin' this whole universe. -- Even while we're a-sittin' here talkin' thet moon is a-slippin' up over the hill yonder Pretty soon the big dipper'll come, an' then the little one, an' then others, an' the milky way.

JIM: What else were you thinking about, Uncle Billy?

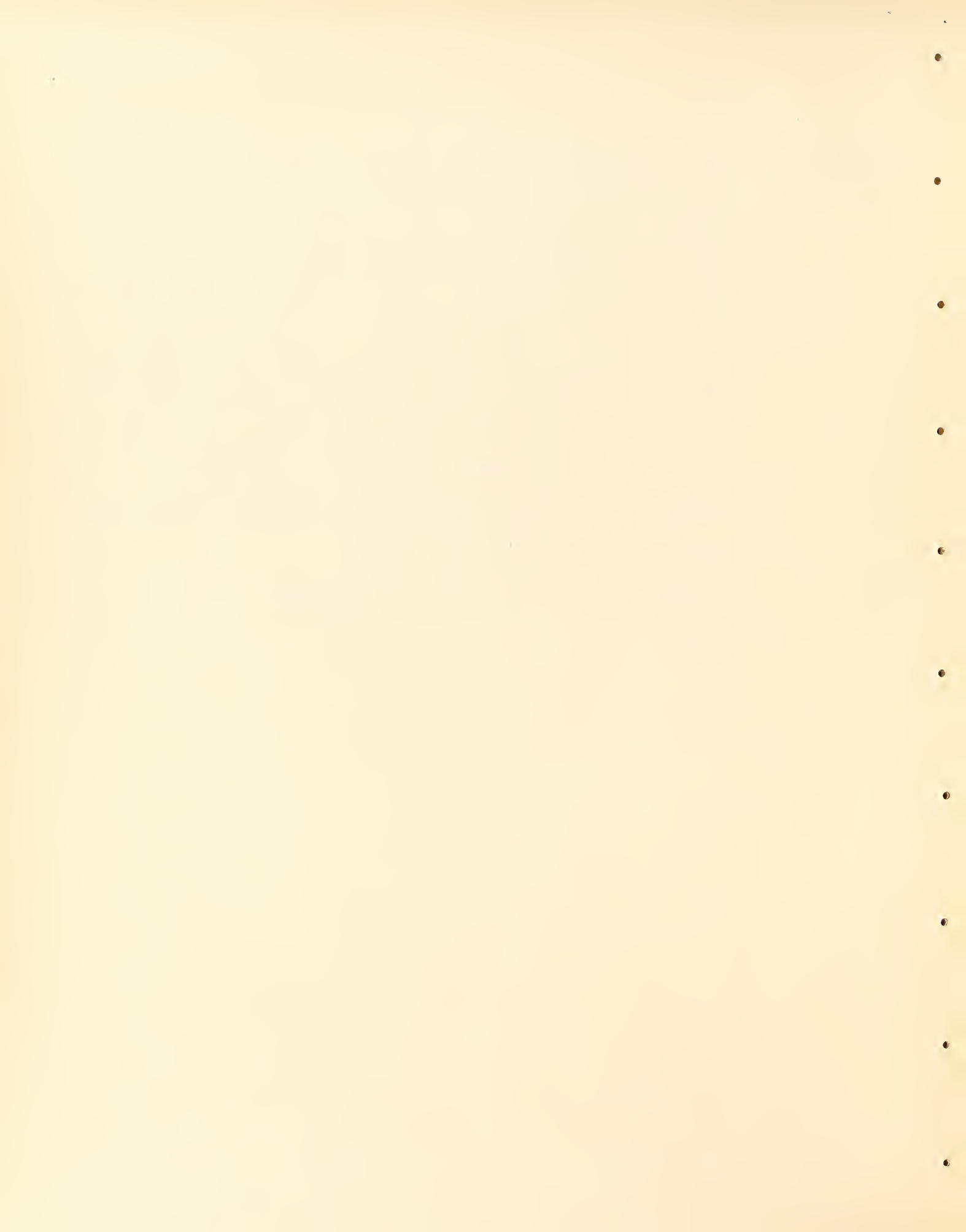
UNCLE BILLY: Well, jest before you fellers come along I was a-thinkin' 'bout how this here forest rangin' business sort of dovetailed into the footsteps of nature.

JIM: Were you, Uncle Billy?



UNCLE BILLY: Yep. Nature was sort of growin' things an' the Forest Rangers was seein' to it thet Nature had its chance. An' then I was sort of thinkin' mebbe there's fellers in New York, fer instance, who's ben hittin' life pretty hard, an' who, havin' brains enough to realize the strain thet they was undergoin', sort of looked to places like this here National Forest to have recreation in an' so on. To come to some place where they could jest forget everything somethin' thet would divert their attention 'till 'twas time fer 'em to start back again.

VAN: I guess you were thinking pretty close to the truth, Uncle Billy.



UNCLE BILLY: Thet so? Well, I was a-thinkin' mebbe some of these fellers might be a-thinkin' folks up here lead a sort of narrow life, - an' I reckon 'tis limited accordin' to what some fellers would call limited. But some people who come up here don't see everything at first - not bein' personal, stranger - but forest life ain't like city life; it's different. Ain't got any distractin' things like fire engines sireenin' around; no autymobiles a back-firin', wakin' a feller up in the night time. Up here, you've got relaxation. -- Gen'rally speakin', I goes up over thet there knoll yonder of mornin's to watch the sun come up. If it's a comin' up kinda misty I gits in a day's supply of wood. If it's risin' red I prepare for wind sort of doin' chores and stickin' close; but if it's a-risin' clear with no wind 'ceptin' wat a feller naturally expects up here, then I makes up my mind to go fishin'. Reason I'm speakin' about fishin' is thet thet pastime jest naturally fits into the picture up here. Fishin' gives a feller a lot of time fer thinkin' in a relaxed sort of way.

JERRY: How about resting, Uncle Billy?

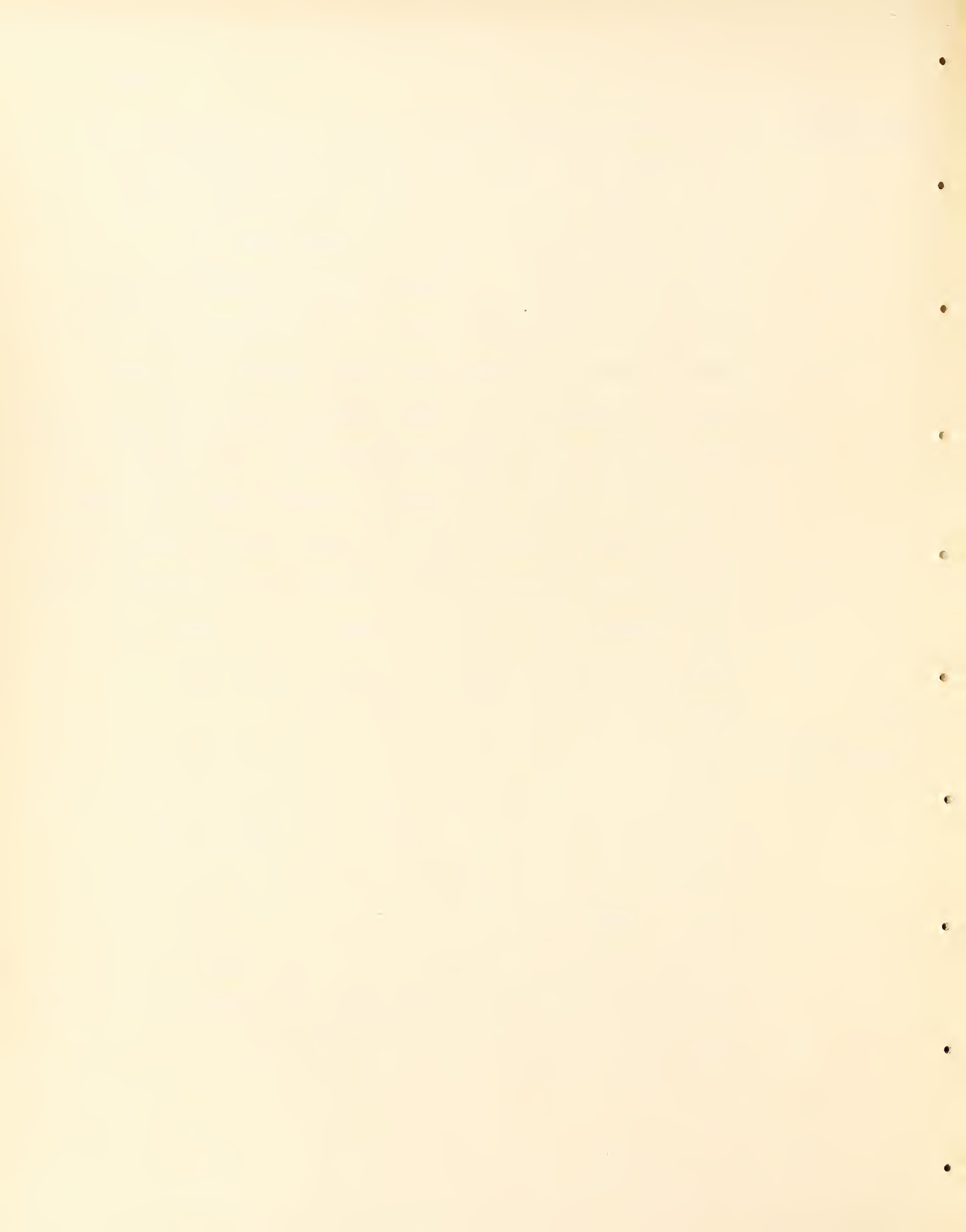


UNCLE BILLY: Well, fishin's kinda restful, too. An' if you git tired doin' that, well then, you kin jest set down an' give yer eyes a chance. There's a lot to see up here in these parts if you start lookin'. Take that cloud over there, with the wind a-pushin' it. Them clouds is carryin' moisture. The warm ground's waitin' fer it, all ready to hold water. Winter, that's the time there here forests is a holdin' snow an' preservin' it. When spring comes, Nature makes the buds swell an' the leaves sprout, makin' more shade to set in. Why, a feller not thinkin' wouldn't know that within a short spell of here there's streams born on the hills. Streams that flow all the way down to the big ocean. These here forests hold a nation's water supply. That's why these here forest rangers is lookin' after 'em.

JIM:

That's one of the reasons, Uncle Billy.

UNCLE BILLY: Well, a feller can find lots to see around here, if he's a lookin'. I've seen some fellers come up here from the cities all fidgety an' jumpin' around inside theirselves, an' hollerin' 'cause there wasn't anything to do or nothin' to go to. Sometimes fellers come up here a-huntin' this time of year, with a wagon-load full of fancy guns, an' they go larrupin' over the hills lookin' fer a buck an' if they don't see a buck they ain't seen anything else --



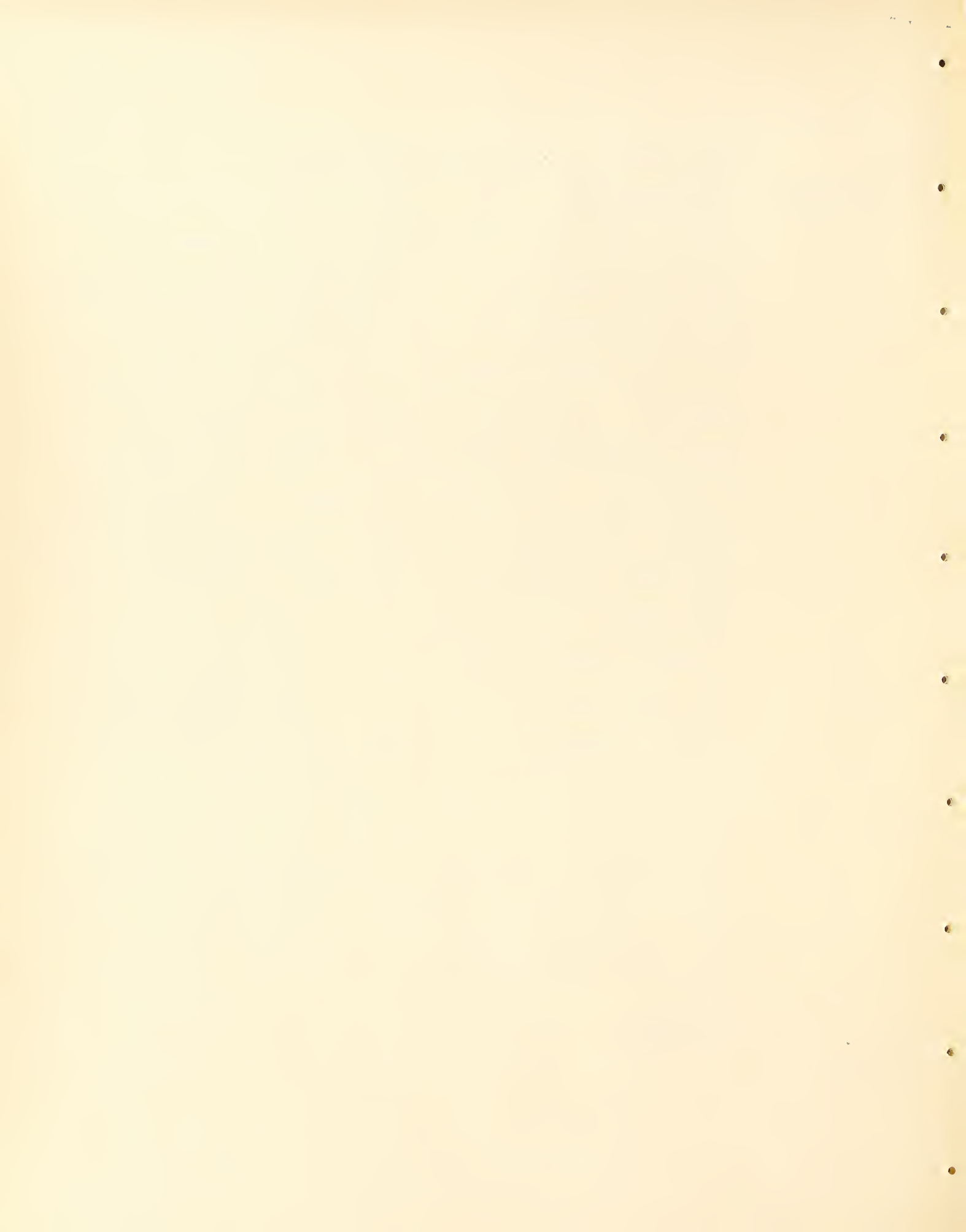
VAN: Uncle Billy, you must be a mind-reader.

UNCLE BILLY: (EXPECTORATING) P'tuey. -- Nope. Eyes ain't so good now, neither, but I kin gen'rally see what I'm lookin' at. -- Well, I've seen some of 'em that comes up here git so their chests is a-swellin' an' their breathin' comes easier, an' bein' tired of nights they fergit to lay awake nights schemin'. An' they git to seein' what's around 'em -- seein' things real and natural, like what's around us in these hills - an' they git to thinkin' about other things besides theirselves -- an' bime-by when they starts down the hill again, they stops an' looks back at this here forest like they was sayin' goodbye to a friend, an' then they go back to what's waitin' for 'em with a smilin' face an' their head away up in the air. -- Well (EXPECTORATES) P'tuey. 'Scure me fer lecturin', but you fellers asked fer it so I guess you had it a-comin' to yuh.

VAN: Uncle Billy, I want to shake your hand. Buck or no buck, you've given me something to take back with me from this trip. -- And, Doctor Jim Robbins, I guess you know how to give the right prescription for what ails a fellow all right.

JIM: (CHUCKLES)

FADDEOUT



ANNOUNCER:

We are indebted to Mr. J. C. Glassford, former mayor of Grand Junction, Colorado, for some fine thoughts on the forests, some of which, in presenting Uncle Billy today, we have passed on to you. Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers also want to express their appreciation to Mr. Glassford for the splendid tribute he has paid to them -- Our Ranger friends will be with us again next Friday at this time. This program is presented by the National Broadcasting Company, with the cooperation of the United States Forest Service.

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10:05 am

