

ADVERTISER

WRITER

PROGRAM TITLE

OK

CHICAGO OUTLET

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TIME

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DATE

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DAY

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS



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

OFFICIALS: QUARTET: "Sweet Song."

ANNOUNCER: Winter and summer, Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers are on the job managing and protecting our National Forests. The timber, the water, the forage on the ranges, the wildlife, and the scenic and recreational values of these Forests are resources of high public value, and it is the Ranger's job to see that these resources are developed and administered in the public interest - that they will be maintained permanently, and yet contribute continuously to the enjoyment and welfare of the people of this country. That's real conservation. Conservation, as the Rangers say, is "wise use."

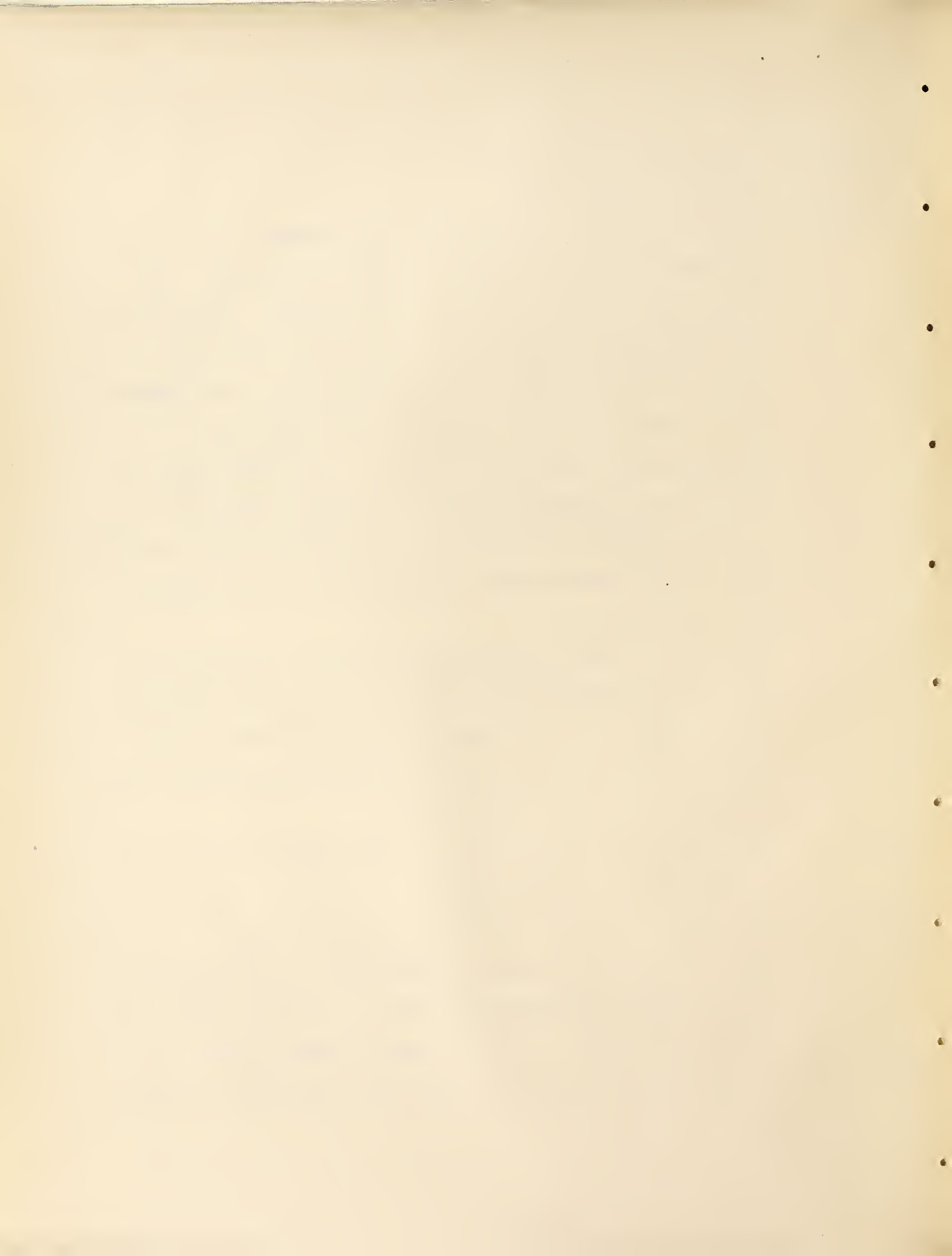
Well, now to the Pine Cone Ranger Station - and we find that our old friend Ranger Jim Robbins has just returned from a busy day in the woods, looking after the winter work of the CCC, supervising timber sale operations, and a dozen other jobs -- Here we are --

JIM: Hmm. Feel kinda weary, Bear. I feel kinda like flopping in the old easy chair a spell.

BEAR: Why don't you, Jim. -- Did you have a hard day?

JIM: Well, I had to keep moving pretty much, to get around to all the jobs I wanted to look into. -- Hmm, the old chair feels pretty good -- Any mail come in today, Bear?

BEAR: There was a new price list and order blanks for uniforms, Jim.



JIM: Up, now. That will

ESS: Yes -- Jim, don't you think you ought to order a new uniform?

JIM: How? -- like you & mother?

ESS: I know, Jim, but it's getting so shabby. You don't go to work
 any more in a dress up -- a uniform -- so you don't have to
 be wearing the only one you have every day, for all kinds of
 work.

JIM: Yeah, I know I should. I'll order one some day soon.

ESS: But you ought to do it right away, Jim. Your old one looks
 so worn and shabby.

JIM: Sure, I'll do it right now.

KNOCK ON DOOR

JIM: Some one knocking, Ess.

ESS: That must be Mary coming by. (HAIKING VOICE) Come in, Mary.

DOOR OPENS

MARY: (COMING IN) Hello everybody. I just thought I'd come in a
 few minutes.

ESS: Come right in, Mary. I'm glad you came by.

JIM: Howdy, Miss. How's our little schoolmate?

MARY: Just fine, Mr. Robbins.

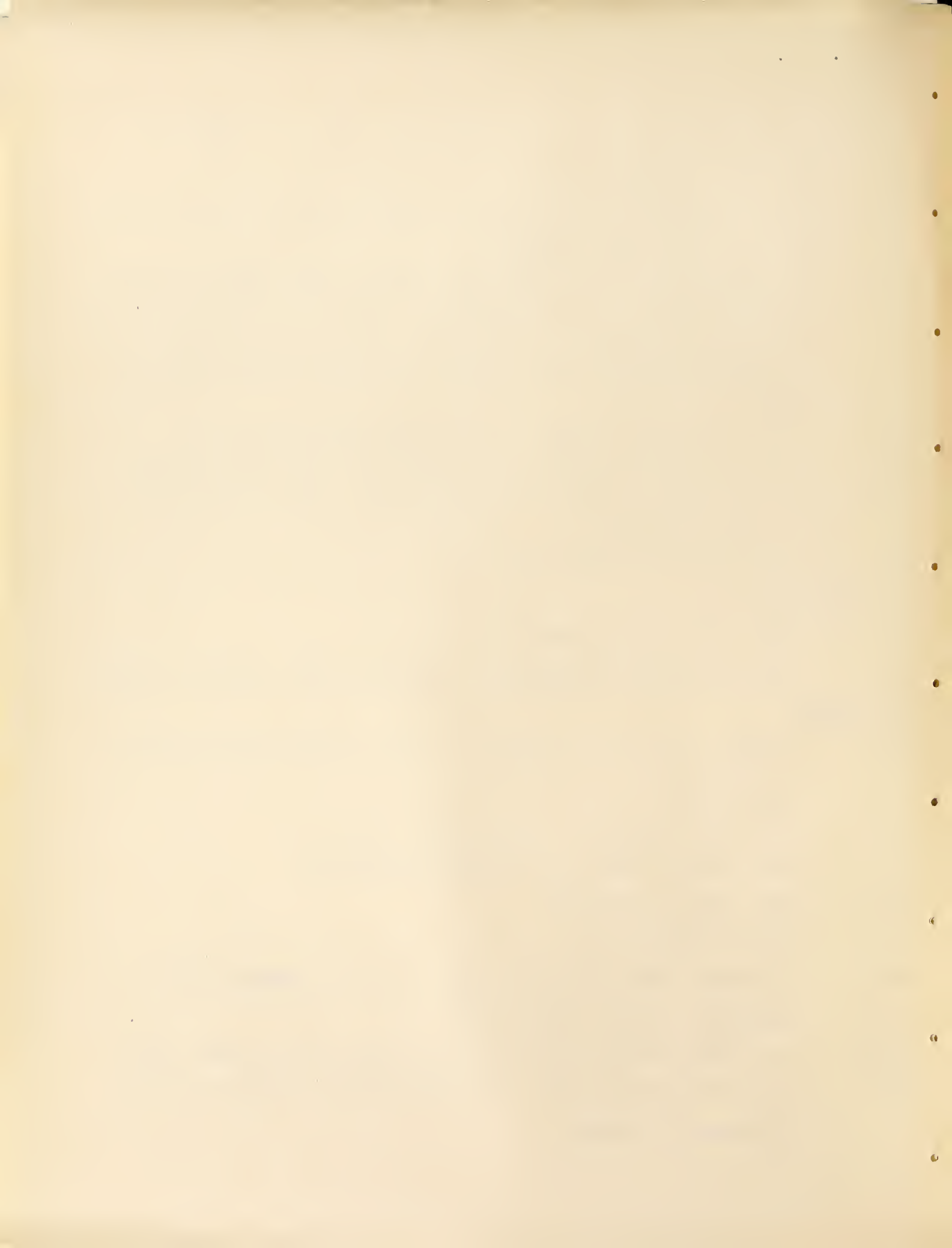
JIM: Nice all behaving?

MARY: Of course. They're always good -- Mrs. is, near, always.

JIM: (CHUCKLES) Nearly always, eh?

ESS: I was just telling Jim he ought to order a new uniform, Mary.

MARY: Oh, won't that be fine? Mr. Robbins always looks so nice in
 his Brown's uniform.



BESS: Of course, he does. I want him to look nice, and he always waits 'till his old suit is really threadbare before he thinks about getting a new one. If he got a new one now he could sort of save it for dress up and not have to put it right on and wear it every day - couldn't he?

MARY: Of course.

BESS: I think we ought to order it right now. Don't you, Jim?

JIM: (WEARILY) Yeah, I s'pose.

BESS: Here's our order blank, Jim -- let's see. Should it be the 14-ounce material?

JIM: I reckon the 13 ounce is better for this large country.

BESS: All right -- 13 ounces. -- Let's see. You can get the suit with one pair of riding breeches and one pair of trousers --

JIM: Uh huh.

BESS: And a vest.

JIM: I don't need a vest.

BESS: Oh, but you ought to have a vest, Jim. It's regulation -- and besides it looks so much nicer when you want to dress up.

MARY: Of course you ought to have a vest, Mr. Robbins.

JIM: Huh? All right.

BESS: And -- let's see -- we'll order two new shirts, and a tie --

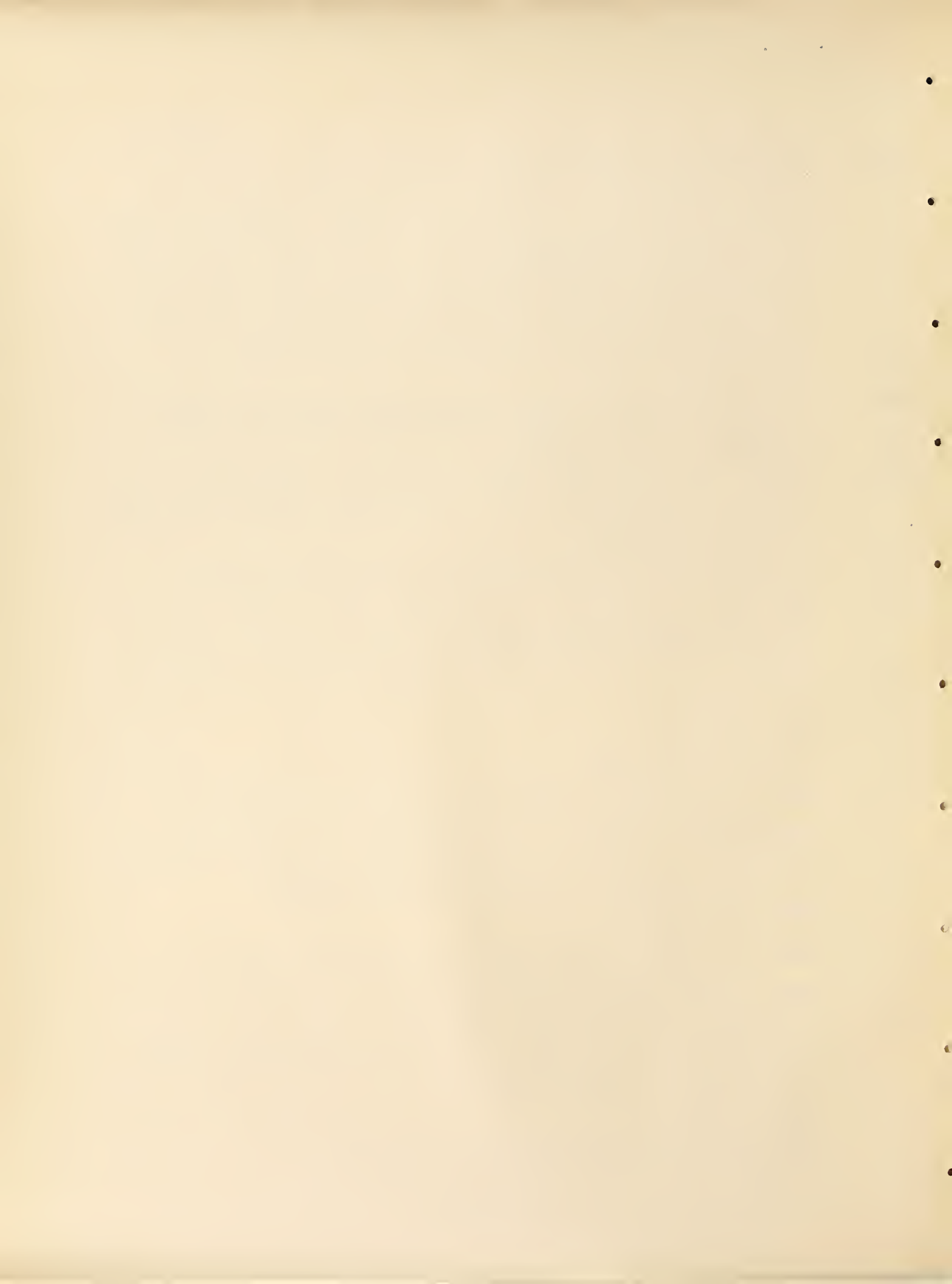
JIM: Hey -- how we gonna pay for all this?

BESS: Oh, we can afford it, kid. We've been getting by a little for this very thing, you know.

JIM: Yeah, I s'pose.

BESS: Well, let's see -- do you want a new hat?

JIM: Oh, the old one's all right, Bees.



BOB: Yes, I guess it is. I'd better claim it as a little longer.

JIM: Sure getting complicated -- his uniform business. In the old days we Rangers got along with nothing much but a pair of overalls and a shirt.

BOB: Oh, but Jim the best uniforms are so much nicer.

JIM: Yeah, I guess so -- but it ain't nobody's way so simple being a well-dressed Forest officer nowadays. (CHUCKLES)

BOB: You remember Short Hagg, up on the old Department Forest?

JIM: Yes, of course.

BOB: Had a letter from our friend Mrs. Bernard Freeman awhile back that called him to mind. Shorty was a ranger, stationed at Red Lodge, Montana, Mary -- and I reckon he wasn't more'n five feet four in the highest heeled riding boots he could find -- and he rode the longest legged horse in the outfit --

MARY: Can you imagine?

JIM: (CHUCKLES) Anyway what I started to say was that he'd buy a pair of chaps that'd be too long for a six-footer -- then he'd take 'em out to the chopping block and stag 'em -- till they were finally cut down to his size.

MARY: (LAUGHS) I guess that was a lot simpler.

BOB: Well -- now we've got to get Jim's measurements.

JIM: Who? I don't know nothing about what size I take.

BOB: Oh, but we can measure you right here, Jim. The order blank tells you how. -- Mary can help me.

MARY: Surely, Mrs. Robbins.

BESS: Let's see, where's my top coat? -- Oh, yes, side here in
the doorway -- Now -- look Mary, he went to meet Jim and with
these pictures first.

MARY: Yes -- Would you say he was Figure 7, "big shoulders", or
Figure 8, "normal shoulders," -- or Figure 9, "sloping
shoulders?"

BESS: Stand up, Jim, and let's see.

JIM: Huh? I gotta stand up for this, d'it?

BESS: Yes -- Now, which would you say, Mary?

MARY: He's standing so stiff.

BESS: Yes. It says, "be sure to stand in customary position."
You're not standing naturally, Jim.

JIM: How's a fellow going to be natural with all this going on?

BESS: Don't stand so stiff, -- there. I guess you'd call him
Figure 8, wouldn't you, Mary?

MARY: Yes, "normal shoulders."

BESS: All right. -- Now the next -- Figure 1 -- "erect, full chest,
flat back" -- Figure 2, "Normal, regular chest and back" --

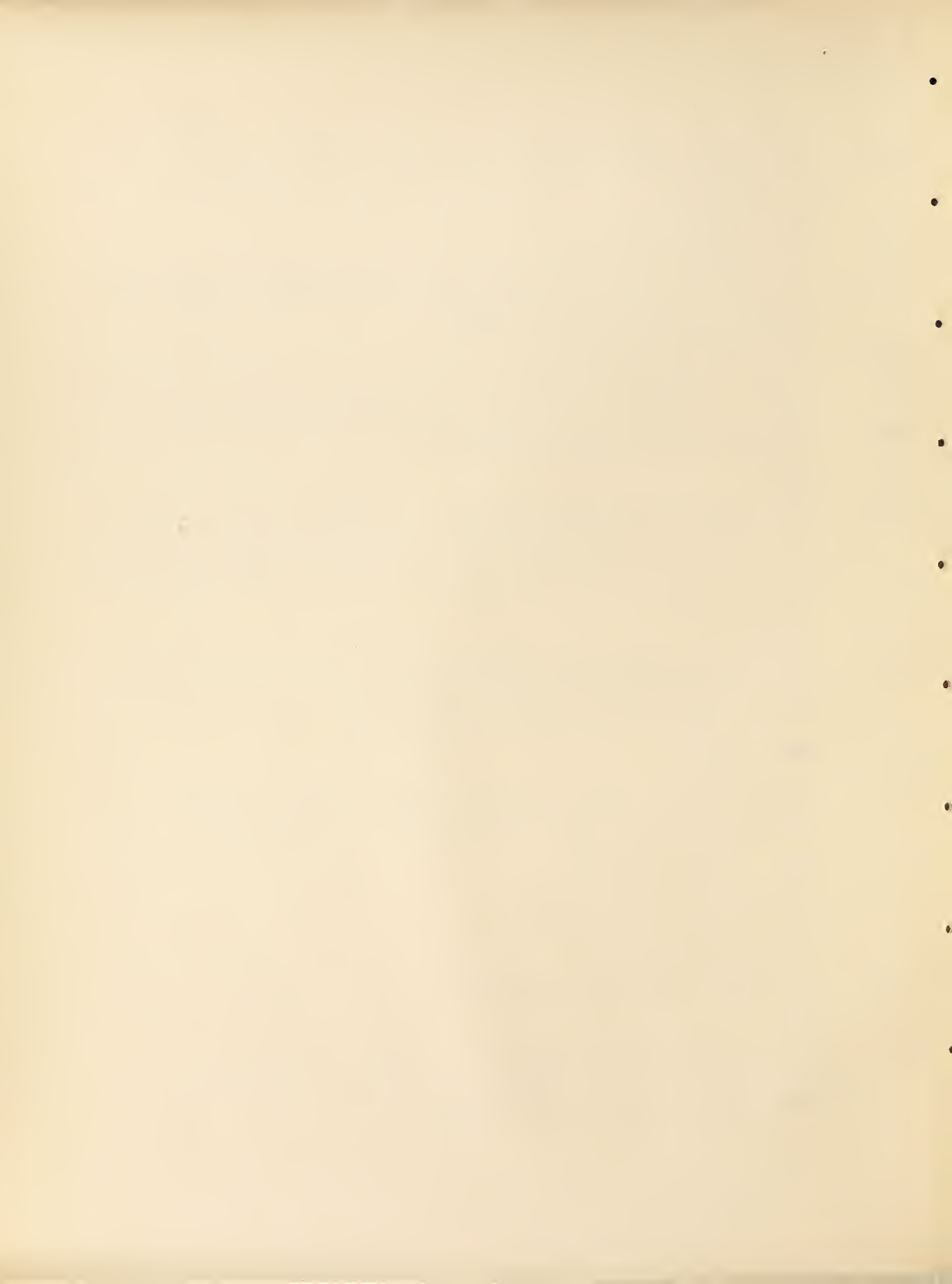
JIM: Say, this is worse than a doctor's examination. Old Jake
Schwartz, the tailor, never put me through all this
rigamarole.

BESS: He probably did, Jim, without your knowing it. -- Let's see --
Figure 3 is "Head forward, flat chest."

JIM: Is that me?

BESS: No, you're Figure 3 -- Now, is he "regular build, regular back
and chest," or "corpulent, round back, flat chest, protruding
stomach?"

MARY: Oh look at that! He's the American soldier who
 in France.
 JIM: I'm looking for that.
 MARY: All right. — Now what do we do in this case? — Were you
 looking for a picture of him?
 MARY: Just a nice one.
 JIM: Well, I'm glad that's over. You let me off pretty soon.
 MARY: Well, you could sit down now, Jim.
 JIM: How?
 MARY: Well, you got to get the measurements. — Stand up now — Let's
 see — First in from collar down to waist — like the picture
 here — see?
 JIM: Oh yes.
 MARY: Now you're standing too stiff again. — No, not all slumped
 down, either. Can't you stand naturally?
 JIM: How's that?
 MARY: That's better. Now from collar down to waist — is that
 your waist, Jim — where I'm pointing now to the book?
 JIM: Yeah, I guess so.
 MARY: Stand still, Jim — please.
 JIM: I'm standing still.
 MARY: All right. It's 48 inches —
 JIM: How?
 MARY: Oh no — I've got the wrong side of the tape measure —
 Here, this is right, isn't it Mary?



MARY: Yes. I'll write it down, Mrs. Robbins — Now, the one is
 the measurement around the waist.
 BESS: All right — Stand still now, Jim — There, that's right
 isn't it — See?
 JIM: Say, you were that tape measure of your dress's skirt, or
 stretched or something? Better make it up with the steel
 tape, hadn't we?
 BESS: Oh no, it's almost brand new.
 MARY: Shouldn't you pull in a little tighter, Mrs. Robbins?
 BESS: Maybe I should. — There — See.
 JIM: You said this is going to be all right, BESS?
 BESS: Of course — See, the tailor was wrong just how to do it,
 didn't he?
 JIM: Doesn't look very plain to me.
 MARY: It isn't so complicated as it looks, Mr. Robbins. See, you
 just measure where the dotted lines are.
 JIM: There are no dotted lines?
 MARY: I mean on the skirt.
 BESS: Yes — Five inch, Jim — see? Sleeve measurement, from elbow
 to wrist. Chest measurement — that's the best one, isn't it?
 MARY: Yes.
 BESS: Don't get down yet, Jim — Now, when you stand so we can
 get the chest measurement — No, now you get down from there
 — there.
 JIM: How much more of this is there?
 BESS: ONLY a little bit. -- Don't hold your breath so, Jim.

JIM: I'm not holding my breath.

BOB: You've standing (over) ever? -- Stand more relaxed -- There -- now, what is it, Maud?

JIM: (LAUGHING) Now, just a minute!

BOB: What's the matter?

JIM: You're tickling!

MARY: (LAUGHING) Oh, this is funny!

BOB: Oh, Jim, you moved. Now I'll have to do it all over again.

INTERVAL - MUSIC.

BOB: Mr. I thought we never would get Jim to stand still long enough to get all those measurements.

MARY: He was restless as a young colt, wasn't he?

BOB: Yes. By the way, what's become of him? I wonder where he went.

MARY: I saw him take up his hat and go out, right after we finished measuring for his uniform.

BOB: Did he say where he was going?

MARY: No. It must have been about half an hour ago.

BOB: I wish he'd hurry back. He'll delay orders again -- There is that order blank, by the way? We ought to get it ready so well.

MARY: I think Mr. Robbins must have taken it with him. I haven't seen it since he left.

DOOR OPENS

JIM: (COMING IN) Well -- well -- she's getting pretty soapy outside

BESS: Where have you been, Jim?

JIM: Me? Oh, I went down and mailed that order for a new uniform,

BESS: Did you?

JIM: Yep. I figured if I was going to have a new suit, the sooner we got it the better.

BESS: It took you an awful long time to mail it.

JIM: Well, I had to stop in to a place on the way, and --

BESS: Where, Jim?

JIM: Well - at Jake Schreyer's, and --

BESS: Jake Schreyer, the tailor? Jim Robbins, I know just what you did. You went down and had the tailor message you all over again for that uniform. You didn't trust us.

JIM: Oh, no, Bess - that's s, it wasn't that - just I just happened to stop in there - and Jake didn't have anything to do, or nobody to practice on, so to speak - and I thought it wouldn't do my heart no kinds check up, and --

BESS: Why, Jim, you never mistrusted my judgment before --

MARY: Well, anyway, we're glad you're going to have a new uniform Mr. Robbins. Aren't we?

BESS: Yes indeed. And if it doesn't fit. Jim, don't blame us.

JIM: (LAUGHS) I won't.

FADER OUT MUSIC

ANNOUNCER: Well, I guess our old friend Jim Robbins will soon be proudly wearing that good old pine tree lodge as a brand new uniform. -- We'll be seeing you again with the Rangers -- and this program is presented by The National Broadcasting Company, with the cooperation of the United States Forest Service.

7/11/50

3/12/50

