

ADVERTISER

WRITER

PROGRAM TITLE

OK

CHICAGO OUTLET

()

()

()

TIME

DATE

DAY

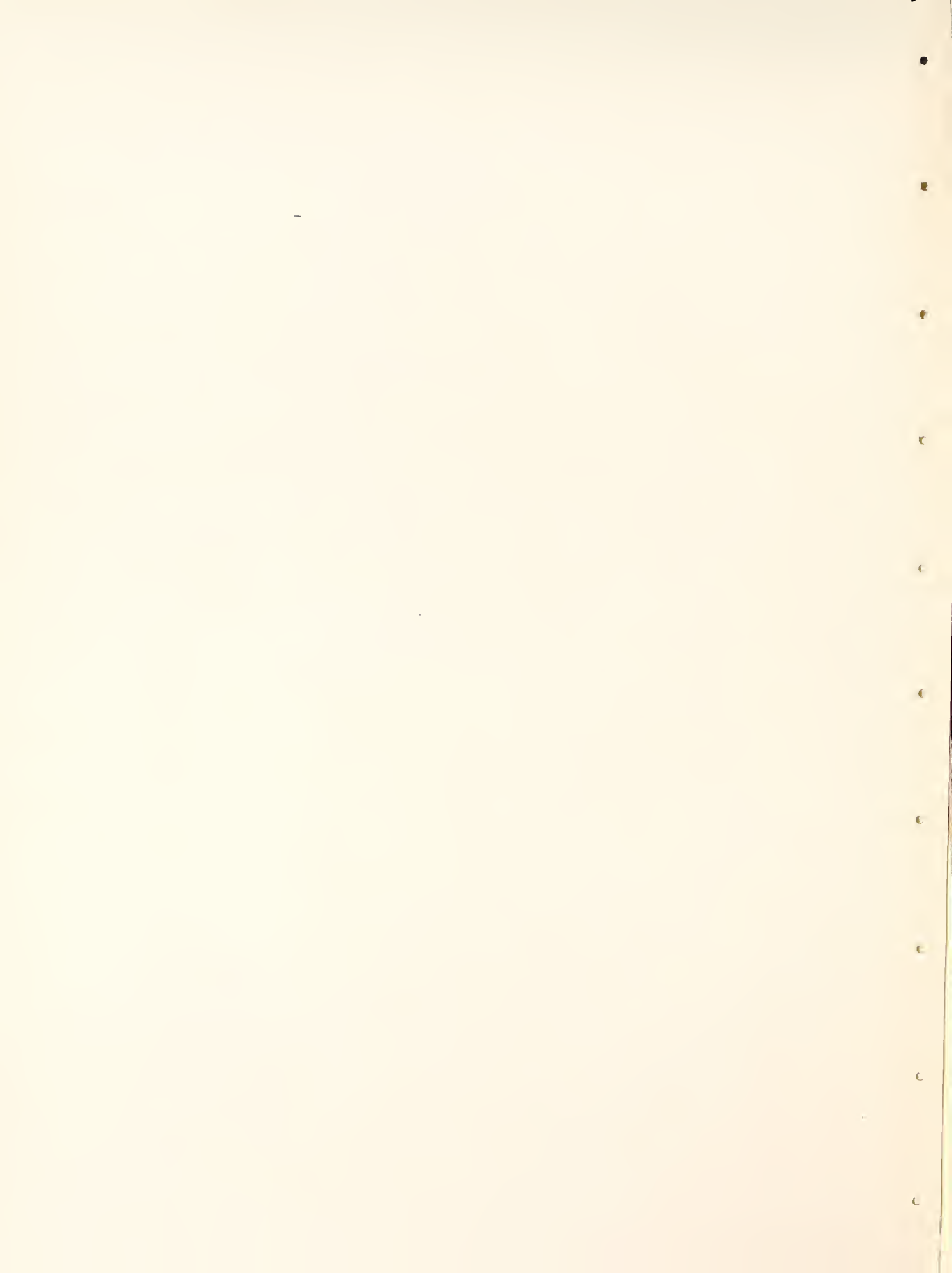
PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS

U.S.P. RECEIVED
PUBLIC RELATIONS
JUN 14 1935
FILE CLERK



ANNOUNCER: Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers.

ORCHESTRA: QUARTET: "Ranger's Song"

ANNOUNCER: Out on our National Forests the summer season is now advancing rapidly. Most of the cattle and sheep ranges are filled to capacity with herds and flocks which are fattening on the rich mountain grasses. The forest rangers are busily engaged in getting the stock definitely placed on their proper range allotments within the National Forests and checking upon the herding and eating by the stock owners. Up on the Pine Cone District as we tune in today we find Rangers Jim Robbins and Jerry Quick riding the range over back of the Sux-O-Ranch on a salt ground inspection trip. Here they are -

(SOUND OF HORSES TALKING)

JERRY: By jolly, Jim, I never saw the grass any better than this. Get along, Sport.

JIM: Yes, it's looking pretty good.

JERRY: We'd better look over that salt ground upon the ridge there, Jim.

JIM: Yep. We'd better see it while we're here. Sam and the other Rapid Creek permittees have just driven in their second load.

JERRY: Sam told me they'd bring in more salt with the stock.

JIM: They'll do it then. - Even with all his scotchsteak ways Sam makes a pretty good range boss.

JERRY: Yeah, he's all right - He makes the other fellows too the best

JIM: ON HIM (GRUCKLES) All except the widow Mrs. Gay - she acknowledges his authority as range boss, but otherwise politely tells him to go to the devil.

JERRY: (LAUGHS) Yes, I know. - Too bad they have to use the same allotment

JIM: Well, it can't be helped. This is the only place to put their stock - They'll just have to get along the best they can.

JERRY: Oh, their business relations are pleasant enough. - I guess they won't trouble us much.

JIM: So, they're - Whou, Dolly. (HORSES STOP) Jerry, what's that over at the salt ground? Looks like a bunch of bulls.

JERRY: Wouldn't that jar you? -- It's bulls, all right, Jim. One, two, three, (PAUSE) six or 'em.

JIM: Yeah, six or 'em. I thought the cattlemen had an agreement about bulls this year.

JERRY: Yeah, they all agreed to not put out the bulls 'till July first.

JIM: They sure did - and the Association approved the rule. - Well, better this over and see who they belong to.

JERRY: Yeah, - and maybe we'd better ride up to the cow camp and tell to Sam about it.

JIM: Yap. Step along, Dolly. (SOUND OF HORSES)

JERRY: Whou, Spark (HORSES STOP) Look, Jim: Most of those cattlemen are Box O bulls.



JIM: Yes, I see - Ride around that side, Jerry. (SOUND OF ROBBE)

JERRY: (CALLS-OFF) They're all Box-O's, Jim. - Mrs. Gay's stock.

JIM: (CALLS) I thought so. - Jerry, do you want to go on with the inspection alone? I guess I better go down and see the widow about this. (BULLS BELLOW)

JERRY: Well, she oughta get 'em right up - It's a wonder Sam hasn't hollered about it before this.

JIM: Well, from the looks of the tracks she just turned 'em out today.

JERRY: Yeah, it looks that way. - Jim, don't you think I oughta go down to see Mrs. Gay about this?

JIM: (CHUCKLES) Meaning what? - That I'm in the wrong frame of mind or that you'd like to see Mrs. Gay's hammer business?

JERRY: (LAUGHS) Well, I guess it wouldn't make me mad if I happened to washery while I'm there.

JIM: (Laughs) Go ahead, son - But don't get so interested in the young woman's man that you forget to talk to the widow about these bulls.

JERRY: Don't worry about that Jim.

JIM: Well, top to it. - I reckon I'll go on down by the GCS camp. Dave said a few cattle had been pasturin' around there. - Then I'll go on up to the cow-camp, lookin' over the hall grounds on the way.

JERRY: Want me to come on up later?

JIM: No, you'd better hurry and get that man. Gay's father's got these balls over here. - You may have it, baby girl.

JERRY: Okay, Jim. If you'll hold on give 'em a start I'll have some balls come down the road.

JIM: Yeah, sure.

JERRY: Come on. (SOUND OF HORSES RUNNING) (CALLS) See our horses, you - jump, you look, come - look that one, Jim.

JIM: (OFF) They're headed back all right, Jerry. Guess I'll better leave 'em now.

JERRY: Yeah, I'll keep it for you for a long, Jim.

JIM: So long.

(FADEOUT WITH THE SOUND OF HORSES)

(MUSICAL INTERLUDE)

(FADE IN WITH SOUND OF HORSES - STOPS TO TALK)

JERRY: (CALLS) HARRY, Mr. Gay, - what you doing out here?

MR. GAY: Hello, Jerry. - I've been coming to town for some time. - I wanted to come out to see all persons, but that road's not so good as it used to be.

JERRY: What do you mean in that?

MR. GAY: No, that'll - you can't come to town now. - I want to know how it'll be. - I can't walk up to any place.

JERRY: Over my own head? That'll really get 'em so they'll come to you.

MR. GAY: No, I haven't tried that. - My, I'm not going to go to the house and get up a pitcher of hot water.

JERRY: Okay. Hold it, Spark. (DISMOUNTS) Don't you want the girl?

MRS. G.: No, let him go. - I'll drive out in the car. - There sure
you been keeping yourself, big boy? You've been neglecting
JERRY: Coach, I've been wanting to come over for quite awhile, Mrs. G.,
but I've been so busy. - How's Mary getting along?

MRS. G.: Well enough, I suppose.

JERRY: Does she get lonesome?

MRS. G.: (LAUGHS) Lonesome - she doesn't have time to even think about
getting lonesome, Jerry. - Everyone is crazy about her, isn't she?

JERRY: Yes, I expect. Where is she now?

MRS. G.: She and Paul Homer went out for a ride before lunch time.

JERRY: Paul Homer? I thought that guy was working over on the
power line.

MRS. G.: He is - but he came for a little visit between jobs.

JERRY: Well, that's a heck of a note - after me riding all the way
over here to see her.

MRS. G.: Now is that nice - just when I thought you'd come over to
see me.

JERRY: (GURGLI) Well, I did come over to see you.

MRS. G.: (LAUGHS) Too late now, Jerry. You can't wash my worried
feelings, that easily.

JERRY: But I did come over to see you.

MRS. G.: Oh yeah, that's easy to say. (LAUGHS) Just the name, you
mean, you'd better be showing a little more spirit, or Paul
Homer's going to take that girl away from you.

JERRY: Yeah?

MRS. G.: Yeah. It makes me sick the way you keep dilly-dallying around. That girl's a jewel, Jerry.

JERRY: Sure she is.

MRS. G.: And I know she's awfully fond of you - but she isn't going to sit around twiddling her thumbs forever, you know.

JERRY: (SOFTENING) But listen, Gayle, you don't understand - you know what an assistant reager's salary is - and besides I've got my folks to think of, and -

MRS. G.: Well, just the way I'm warning you.

JERRY: (SURLY AGAIN) All right, all right, you're warning me. - Well, I'm warning you - you better get those bulls of yours off the range if you don't want to have trouble with the Livestock Association.

MRS. G.: (SURPRISED) What do you mean, my bulls? I'm keeping them in the pasture 'till July first as we all agreed to do.

JERRY: Well, I just found six of 'em out on the range.

MRS. G.: (HOTLY) You're seeing things cockeyed, young man, - why don't you learn to read brands? - My bulls are west there in that north pasture I just fenced.

JERRY: They might have been east but they're not west. - They're out on that ridge up there in the forest.

MRS. G.: (HELFLY) You're crazy - they're not

JERRY: (HOTLY) I may be crazy, but your bulls are out on the range. You'd better get 'em in as soon as possible.

MRS. G.: So you're giving me orders, eh?

JERRY: I'm not ordering you - I'm just advising you to do it to save yourself some trouble.

MRS. G.: You're pretty good at taking care of your range. - If you were half as good at some other things you'd be all right.

JERRY: Maybe so, but how about those bulls?

MRS. G.: Well, just to prove those bulls are in the pasture, we'll jump in the car and run out there. Come on -

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

(FADE IN - CAR RUNNING - STOPS)

MRS. G.: All right now - I'll soon show you where those bulls are.

JERRY: I don't see any bulls yet.

MRS. G.: You will - they're right up in the upper end of the pasture.

(PAUSE)

JERRY: You just fenced this pasture this spring didn't you, Mrs. G.?

MRS. G.: Yes, and I put up a good fence. Did it especially to hold my bulls after the association decided we had to keep them in.

JERRY: Are they all you had in here - nothing else?

MRS. G.: Why, of course. - I had to keep them separated from my herd. I don't want early calves.

JERRY: Yeah, sure, but I was just wondering about all these tracks. Looks like a big herd had just been driven along this old road.

MRS. G.: It certainly does - Sam Riggs and his outfit used to drive through here, but after I fenced this eighty, I noticed that they'd have to go around.

JERRY: Well, they just put their second hand in the fence. Maybe they came through here at last.

MRS. G.: I guess not. - I fenced the back end up tight. They couldn't get through this way.

JERRY: No, I reckon not. (PAUSE)

MRS. G.: I wonder where those darn critters went to.

JERRY: They went up on that ridge just like I told you.

MRS. G.: Why how could they, Jerry? - (EXCLAIMS) Say - Look at that - MY NEW FENCE SAW.

JERRY: I was beginning to think something like that had happened - (OFF) Look, somebody cut all the wires.

MRS. G.: (COMING UP - HOTLY) Who do you suppose did a dirty trick like that?

JERRY: Search me. - Look here, Mrs. G. - See? This is where your cattle got out all right.

MRS. G.: You're certainly right.

JERRY: What'll we do about this fence - patch it up?

MRS. G.: (HOTLY) No sir. You leave that fence just as it is. - I'm going to make the creasy good that cut it off. - Oh, it makes me see red. - Just because I'm a woman they think they can run over me.

JERRY: Take it easy now, Geyo.

MRS. G.: (ELBOWS UP) Take it easy? Didn't I notify those men to stay off my land? - Didn't I put my good money into that fence? You know I did.

JERRY: Sure - sure -

MAN, G.: (ROTTEN) Well, I'll show you. Nobody can run over me. I'll
own the whole gang arrested for business and pleasure. -
They're all a bunch of thieves - trying to steal my profits.

WOMAN: Nobody stole your profits.

MAN, G.: Well, maybe not, but they're gone.

WOMAN: Yeah, you'd better get some horses and run the hell out of
that town here.

MAN, G.: All right. And that ain't all I'm going to run in. - (SINGS)
(SINGS)

ANNOUNCER: Well, it looks like the widow's on the war path. It'll be
that long as next week, when Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers
will be on the air again. This program is a presentation of
the National Broadcasting Company with the cooperation of the
United States Forest Service.

WOMAN
LALCSPK

