

1115

ADVERTISER

FARM AND HOME

WRITER

PROGRAM TITLE

UNCLE SAM'S FOREST FAVORITES 1900

OK

CHICAGO OUTLET

(11:30-1 TIME 10 PM

WBAQ-DLITE

(

DATE JUL 3, 1938

)

(

FRIDAY DAY

)

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS

JIM: It's the only chance we have to ---

CHARLIE: Hello, SFF 385. We'll send a plane as soon as it can get off. Our supplies are low, but we'll send what we can. Give us orders and location. Proceed.

JIM: Send us one for thirty men for three days. The other day locate us by the cross road the time. Our camp is in a stream about a hundred yards south of it. Tell the pilot to contact us on radio when he sights the fire. That is all. Confirm.

CHARLIE: Review for 30 men (PACING) for three days. Location south of cross road and out.

SLIM: What time is it now, Jerry?

JERRY: I told you about five minutes ago, Slim.

SLIM: It don't make no difference anyway.

JERRY: It's five-thirty.

SLIM: It looks like we ain't gonna get no money either.

JIM: (PAUSES IN) Any reports on the plane yet, Jerry?

JERRY: Not yet, Jim. I contacted the supervisor's office again, and Charlie said they haven't heard a word from it since it left the field.

SLIM: It's probably lost its way. Was you take a mile or two off its way?

JIM: Quiet, Slim.

SLIM: Huh?

JIM: I thought I heard a noise ---, I was out.

PILOT: (FILIPPI) Eye-49 to SPF 385. Go ahead.

JERRY: There he is. He's calling us. SPF 315 to Eye-49, and are we supposed to hear from you. Shoot.

PILOT: I can see the smoke from the fire and what looks like a clearing not far south of it. Are you in the clearing? Go ahead.

JERRY: We're in the clearing waiting for you. You've headed straight for it now. Go ahead.

PILOT: I'll circle over it. If there's no ground wind I can drop the first load without a trial chute. How about it?

PLANE FADER IN CLOSER

JERRY: There's no wind. Fire away.

JIM: He won't have any trouble hitting the clearing.

SLIM: Ask him what kind of gear he's taking.

JERRY: Anything's okay with me. Even cold storage flashlights.

SLIM: Whatever it is, it'll get all smashed up, and dropped from one of these things.

JERRY: It couldn't get much more shaken up than it would after a few miles on Bertha.

SLIM: Don't be a fool, young fella. Bertha's very gentle with a good

JERRY: Yeah, I know. Like a concrete mixer or something.

PLANE IS IN CLOSE NOW.

JIM: Here he comes. Look! He's getting ready to throw out something.

JERRY: There it comes! Look at it!

JIM: The parachute's floating right this way.

SLIM: There won't be much left of it when it hits the ground.

JERRY: It's going to land down there by the rocks. (FADING) Come on.

JIM: (FADING) Come on, Slim.

SLIM: (FADING) What'd I tell you? Right into the rocks.

JERRY: (FADING IN) Here it is. It's a case of canned goods.

JIM: (FADING IN) Go ahead. Open it up.

CRACKING OF WOOD AS BOX IS OPENED.

SLIM: (FADING IN) I told you it'd be all smashed to pieces. If you'd let me bring Bertha up here ---

JERRY: What do you mean, smashed up? There isn't a dent in a single can.

SLIM: Let me see.

JIM: What's in the cans?

SLIM: (TRIUMPHANT) Will you look at that?! Just what I said would happen. They send one of them contraptions up here with our grub, and what do we get --- a case of beans!

MUSIC UP AND OUT

