

ADVERTISER

WRITER

PROGRAM TITLE

UNCLE SAM'S FOREST RANGERS

EPISODE NO. ^{OK} 203

CHICAGO OUTLET

(WMAQ) - BLUE () ()

TIME

12:30 - 1:00

DATE

JUNE 5, 1936

DAY

FRIDAY

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS

ANNOUNCER: "Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers"

ORCHESTRA: QUARTET: RANGERS SONG

ANNOUNCER: Here we go, folks, to the Pine Cone Ranger Station where our old friend Ranger Jim Robbins is on the job managing and protecting the resources of the National Forest. Under a system known as "sustained yield," the timber resources of our National Forests are managed for continuous production; the harvesting of mature timber is allowed, but only under conditions which provide for future growth of more timber on the same land. The same principles apply to the forage on the ranges, the wildlife, the recreational values, and to all other resources of the National Forests and all are coordinated in management plans by Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers that will maintain these resources for continuing use in the public interest.

Well, up at the Pine Cone Ranger Station today, Ranger Jim Robbins and his young assistant, Jerry Quick, are about to start out for a little trouble-shooting work up on the sheep range. Here they are ---

JIM: I guess we'd better get along if we're goin' up to that sheep range, Jerry. I told Wilson, last night when he phoned, that we'd be up today.

JERRY: What's the trouble up there?

JIM: Wilson says some other sheep herder has run his woolies in on his range allotment and they're having a squabble over where the line oughta be. (CHUCKLES) That open herding system that our grazing specialists worked out for handling sheep is okay except for one thing, Jerry.

JERRY: What's that?

JIM: It's all right for handlin' sheep, but they forget to include any instructions for handlin' sheep herders.

JERRY: (LAUGHING) They do get tangled up once in a while, don't they?

JIM: Not like they used to, though. Years ago, before the National Forests were started, range wars used to be as common as ticks on a sheep's back.

JERRY: I bet there were plenty of kicks when we first began to make the stockmen take out a grazing permit.

JIM: Some of 'em kicked about it at first, like most people do about new ideas, but it's worked out mighty good.

JERRY: All of 'em say that their sheep weigh up a lot better at the end of the season, nowadays.

JIM: That's because they have fresh range and good forage all the time. In the old days, the sheep didn't have a chance to get fat because the range was so overgrazed they had to travel about a half mile between bites.

JERRY: No wonder they get poor and skinny.

BESS: (FADING IN) Who's poor and skinny?

JIM: (CHUCKLING) Nobody that sets at your table, Bess.

JERRY: We were talking about the sheep up on the range, Mrs. Robbins.

BESS: Maybe if I got a job as a sheep herder, I could learn a few tricks that would help me herd you men to your meals on time.

JERRY: Look out the window there. Someone just drove up to the station in a big car. There's a man getting out.

BESS: I wonder who it is?

SOUND: (OFF MIKE -- KNOCKING ON DOOR)

JERRY: (DOOR OPENS)

KYGER: (COMING UP - HIGH HAT MANNER) Can you direct me to the Bonanza Basin road?

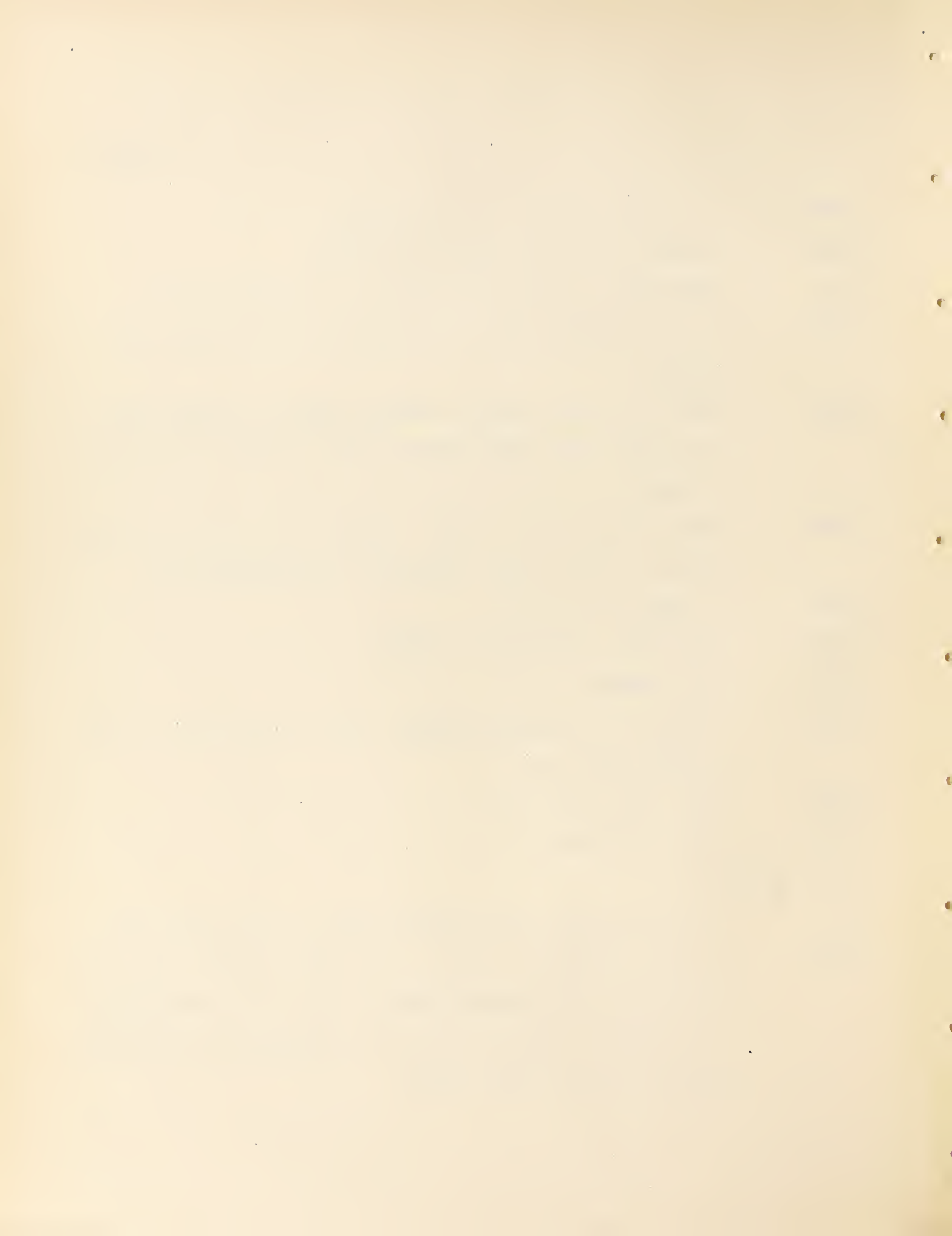
JERRY: (OFF) Yes, come in.

KYGER: (OFF) Thank you.

(DOOR CLOSES)

JIM: I'm Jim Robbins, Forest Ranger here. Can I help you?

KYGER: My name is Wendel J. Kyger. I'd like to know if you can direct me to the Bonanza Basin -- I'm -- ah, interested in a piece of land up there. I'm looking for a suitable place to start a Dude ranch.



JIM: I see. You say your name's Kyger?

KYGER: Yes.

JIM: You don't happen to be some relation to Mr. Tom Kyger down at the lunch room, do you?

KYGER: No. I have no living relatives. I believe I asked - - -

JIM: I was just thinkin' you looked sorta - - - Well, never mind! You say you're thinkin' of startin' a Dude Ranch up in the Bonanza Basin?

KYGER: Possibly. (IMPATIENTLY) If you can direct me to ---

JIM: Ever been up there before?

KYGER: No. (POINTEDLY) But I should like to get up there today, if you will be so kind as to.....

JIM: Just strikes me that sheep country up there's not so good for Dude ranchin'. Pretty far back, and rough as a pair of corduroy pants.

KYGER: I'd rather decide that for myself, thanks. I happen to be a mining engineer, and I know a little about back country conditions.

JIM: Oh, you're a mining engineer, eh? Thinkin' of prospecting a little too, were you?

KYGER: As I said before, I am interested in finding a location for a Dude ranch. If you will kindly give me the information I asked for....

LI: You can't get into the basin with a car, Mister. Only foot or horseback.

KYGER: How near can you go with a car?

JIM: It's about 12 miles from the road. There's a sheep-trail that goes within four or five miles of the Basin--over the ridge--that has been gone over with a car, but I wouldn't advise your taking that heavy car of yours in there.

KYGER: I think I'll try it, if you'll please direct me.

JIM: Yes, of course, if you want to try it. Just take the highway to your right as you cross the creek and then turn left at every fork. You'll know the trail when you come to it all right.

KYGER: (CURTLY) Thank you. (FADING) Very kind of you, I'm sure.

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)

BESS: Well of all things! I wouldn't exactly call him polite.

JIM: (CHUCKLING) He said "thank you", didn't he, Bess?

BESS: But the way he said it. Like a phonograph record.

JIM: (MEDITATING) Lookin' for a piece of land for a Dude Ranch, eh?.....I wonder.....

JERRY: What's that, Jim?

JIM: Jerry, if you were to set yourself up in Dude ranching would you pick the Bonanza Basin country?

JERRY: Huh?...I should say not. Too inaccessible.

JIM: Says. Might as well Dude ranch in the middle of the
 Atlantic Ocean.

BESS: What are you talkin' about, Jim Robbins?

JIM: Well, now I don't believe in prying into other people's
 business, but I don't think that fella Kyger is any more
 interested in a Dude ranch than you or me.

JERRY: He said he was a minin' engineer too, but you asked him
 if.....

BESS: Jim, you don't think he's another one of those people
 looking for the "Lost Mine" do you?

JERRY: The "Lost Mine"?

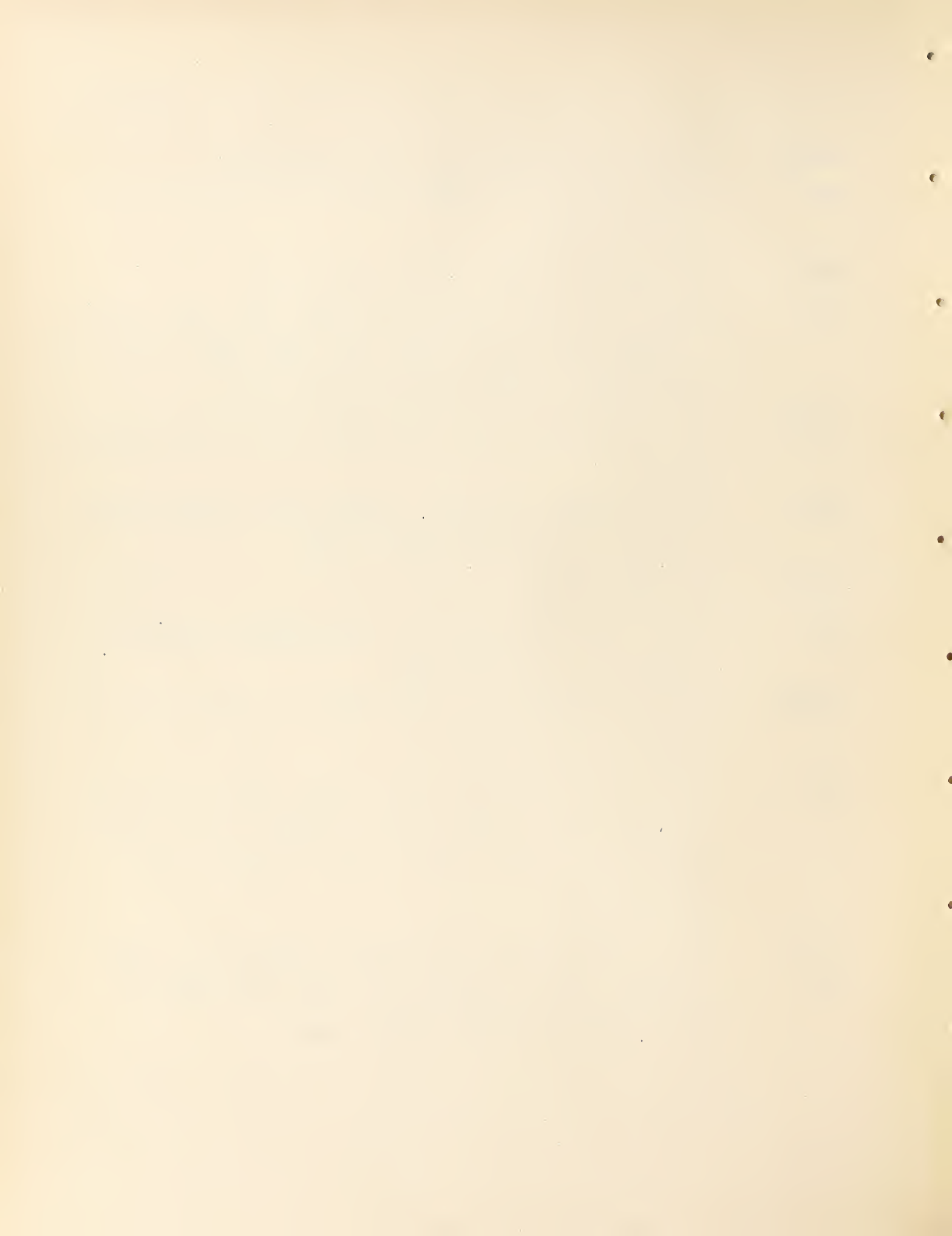
JIM: Yeah. Seems like every so often somebody turns up
 looking for the "Lost Mine"

JERRY: There's supposed to be some kind of a jinx or howdoo
 about it, isn't there?

JIM: Well, there's stories like that get around about lots
 of mines, but it does seem that there's been a lot of
 tragedies come outa this hole in the ground up in
 Bonanza Basin.

JERRY: Do you think that's what Kyger is really after, Jim?

JIM: I dunno, Jerry. I reckon we'll find out sooner or
 later--Got the horses saddled, Jerry?



JERRY: Yeah.

JIM: He didn't get shot, I guess--I think we'll leave up
 that's Linn's Road on the way up.

BESS: For goodness sake, what day? Don't you get some
 out of here?

JIM: (CLICKLES) Sure he is, Beas. But I've always had a
 hunch that old Tom Speer knows more about the "Lost
 Mine" than anybody around here.

JERRY: He used to be a sheep herder, didn't he?

JIM: Maybe he did some things, too. Everytime there's been
 somebody up here lookin' for the "Lost Mine", Tom seems
 to keep pretty good track of 'em. I'm kinda hankerin'
 to ask him a few questions. (FADING)

(INTERVAL: MUSIC)

SOUND: (CLATTER OF PLATES AND SILVER)

JIM: (FADING IN) Hello, Tom.

TOM: Hi, Jim. How ya doin'? Hi, quick!

JERRY: (L) Tom.

TOM: What'll you have?

JIM: We won't have time to eat, Tom. Sorry, we're goin' up
 on the wagon and look at some sheep.

TOM: Are ya? That's my old stampin' ground. I was one of
 the first few wranglers to get in there.

JIM: ... I ... Did you ...

TOM: ...

JIM: ...

TOM: ...

JIM: ...

TOM: ...

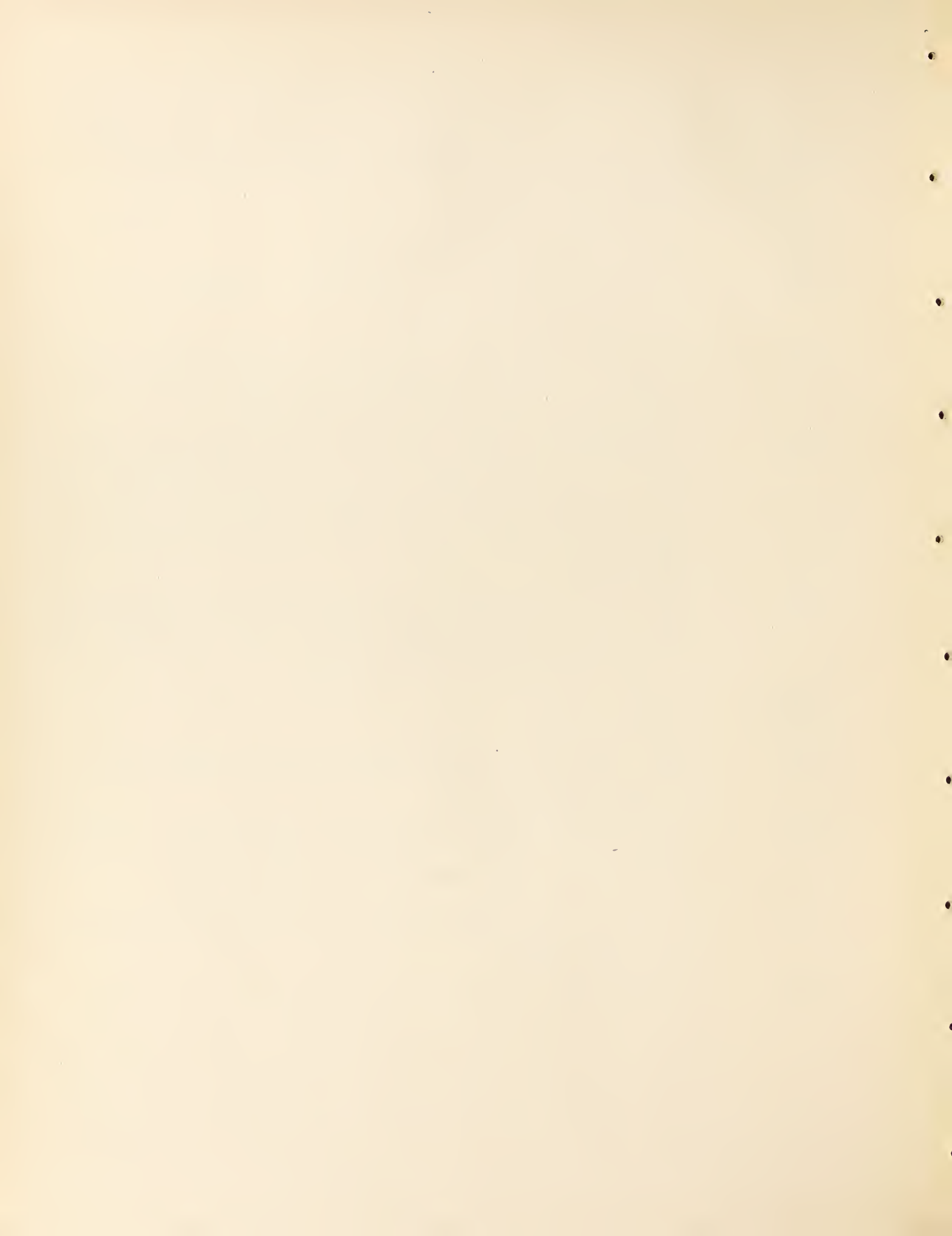
JERRY: ...

TOM: ...

JIM: ...

TOM: ...

JIM: ...



TOM: Yep! and I had a fine little boy. Smartest little boy I ever seen. She took 'im an' sheared. Ain't seen him nor hair of either of 'em since. I reckon she done right. I was always gone off prospectin', an'---

JIM: But I thought you never did any prospecting.

TOM: Hmm?...Well...you see...matter a fact, I did some, years ago. Struck a little pay dirt once, but went busted in a hurry. That's why I tak to these wranglin'.

JIM: Oh, I see. Well, I guess you'll be movin' along, Tom. Pretty good ride up to the ranch.

TOM: Yes, 'tis.

JIM: So long, Tom.

JERRY: Goodbye, Tom.

TOM: Bye in again, boys. (FADING)

SOUND: (SCREEN DOOR OPEN AND SHUT)

JIM: Well, Jerry, we didn't find out much about the 'Lost Mine', but I s'pect old Tom knows more about it than me's lettin' on.

JERRY: Yeah. Did you notice how he slipped up and let on he'd done some prospecting, after he said he hadn't.

JIM: Yep, I noticed. I also noticed how much that young mining engineer that stopped by the Station looks like old Tom...Same kind of expression around the eyes...I wonder...Hmmm....I s'pect he better bustle along, Jerry.

(INTERVAL: MUSIC)

SOUND: (HORSES HOOPS)

JIM: Well, only got a half an hour, Jerry. We better be
going now.

JERRY: Yeah, it we're gonna get home tonight, -- Gabeep, Spark!

JIM: Look, there's a car parked up there on the curve.

JERRY: He's parkin' pretty close to the edge of that grade. If
his brakes didn't hold he'd go over it for sure.

JIM: Doesn't that look like Kyger's car?

JERRY: By golly, it is. Looks like he's got a flat tire.

JIM: Whoa, Dolly!

JERRY: Whoa, Spark!

JIM: Hello, Kyger. Haven't trouble?

SOUND: HOOFS STOP

KYGER: (FADING IN) Not at all. Had a gunwound, but I've got
it changed now. (FADING) Just have to get this jack
out of there...

JERRY: Look out! The car's moving!

JIM: Grab the brake, Jerry!

SOUND: SCREECH OF BRAKE AND CRUNCH OF GRAVEL

JERRY: I got it!

JIM: Nice work, Jerry. She'd have gone over the grade sure.
What's the matter, Kyger?

KYGER: (FADING IN) (EXCITEDLY) My wrist! The yank slipped when the car started moving.

JIM: Say, that's a bad cut, Kyger. Get the first aid kit from the saddle bag, will you, Jerry.

JERRY (FADING) Right.

KYGER: Hurry! It's -- it's bleeding badly---!!---

JIM: Take it easy, pardner. The blood's not spouting out so there's no artery cut.

KYGER: I'm afraid it is. Look at it!

JIM: Let's see it pardner---Hummm...

JERRY: (FADING IN) Head, Jim. I'll get the iodine open.

JIM: Hold this pad of gauze on there, Kyger.

KYGER: Yes...But hurry, hurry.

JIM: Here's the iodine. It'll burn some.

KYGER: Ow! That's enough!

JIM: We'll wrap some gauze around it and tape it. That'll keep it all right until you can get to a doctor.

KYGER: But I've got to get to Bonanza Basin.

JIM: No, Sir. You can't drive with that wrist, pardner. You'd better get to a doctor.

KYGER: But listen, I've.....

JIM: You'd better drive him back to Windmill Creek, Jerry.

JERRY: But we've got to go up 45...

JIM: I know. I'll be on time and I'll find your horse, Jerry. You take Mr. Kyger to the hospital. That bandage'll hold you till you get to town.

KYGER: (NOT SO IMPERIOUS) Thank you, very much. That's mighty good job of bandaging.

JIM: I guess it'll stay on. I'm afraid you're going to have to have some stitches taken in that wrist, though.

KYGER: How much do I owe you?

JIM: (LAUGHING) You've already paid me.

KYGER: But I don't...
 JIM: You said "thank you" as if you meant it.

KYGER: (DEPRECATING LAUGH) But that's certain....

JIM: That's all us Forest Rangers expect when we help people out.

KYGER: But you've just saved my car from going over the grade and...and if you hadn't bandaged my wrist...well.... well I'm certainly grateful.

JIM: Mighty glad to do it.

KYGER: Well, thanks again...By George....this is sure tough luck. I've got to get over into Botanica Basin.

JIM: Better ot try it today, Mister. It's a bad enough trip without a bum wrist.

KYGER: But I've got to....



JIM: You seem awfully anxious to get into the Basin. I understand
that that Basin constitutes your home, I suppose that's
why.

JERRY: It isn't exactly a Dad's Ranch, is it...it's a matter of
personal opinion.

JIM: Well, I suppose you better let it rest today. Jerry'll
let you back to the Doctor, later on all.

JERRY: Yeah. Climb in, Mr. Kyger. I'll get you back in a hurry.

SOUND: (CAR DOOR SHUTS, START MOTOR)

KYGER: Well, thank you, Ranger.

JIM: Okay. Maybe we'll have a chance to help you again. You
never can tell. So long.

JERRY: So long, Jim.

(SOUND: MOTOR UP)

JIM: (AS MOTOR FADES) Hope you never can tell, can you Dolly
(she horse) especially to my's heading for the "Lost
Mine", .. and I reckon that's about all's heading...all
right, old girl. Just Spare.

(FADEOUT: SOUND OF HORSES HOOPS,

ANNOUNCER: The mystery of the Lost Mine. Maybe we'll learn that
that stranger is up to next week. So tune in, folks...
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Broadcasting Company, with the cooperation of the United
States Forest Service.

