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WRITER

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PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS

C-PRO 95

ANNOUNCER: Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers

ORCHESTRA: Quartet: Rangers Song.

ANNOUNCER: Properly managed forests can help maintain permanent and prosperous communities. But the history of many of our logging and lumbering communities has been the history of "boom" towns. They materialize almost overnight, blossom for a few short years, and then - with the passing of the surrounding forest -- they fade into oblivion forever. Because of the rapidity with which timber resources were ordinarily liquidated, woods-workers also have been largely transient -- driven on from one job to another and denied the social advantages of permanent community ties almost altogether. Timber resources in our National Forests, however, are handled on an entirely different basis. Instead of liquidating the forest values as fast as men and machinery can convert them into dollars and cents, National Forest resources are utilized conservatively. The type of management used for timber - and for all other national forest resources -- is known as sustained yield management. And by sustained yield management is simply meant an annual harvesting in keeping with the annual growth or supply. Under this system raw materials, such as timber, can be produced indefinitely; and jobs, homes, schools, chirches and all else needed for a stable community are permanently insured. The United States Forest Service believes that sustained yield management can be practiced to the social and material benefit of every forest region in the United States. And this is the objective they are trying to achieve.

ANNOUNCER: Out in Winding Creek in the Pine Cone National Forest the suspense over whether or not the Roberts saw mill is going to shut down still continues. And with the fate of the whole community hinging on the fate of the mill it's a crucial moment in the life of every Winding Creek citizen. As we look in now we find Ranger Jim Robbins sitting at the desk in his office at the ranger station.

SOUND OF DOOR OPENING

BESS: (SLIGHTLY OFF) Has Jerry come back with the mail, Jim?... (COMING ON) (EXASPERATED) Jim Robbins! Wake up!

JIM: (STARTLED) Huh? Oh it's you Bess.

BESS: Yes, it's me and I asked you a question. I asked you if Jerry has come back with the morning mail.

JIM: No. No. I guess he hasn't, Bess. Fact is I didn't even know he'd gone.

BESS: Oh Jim, can't you forget about the mill closing for a little while. You've been so abesent minded lately you don't know whether you're going or coming. And you look terrible. You've just worried yourself sick.

JIM: Yeah, I reckon you're right, Bess. I'm just plain licked and haven't got sense to know it. Gale Roberts is going to pull out; his scapegrace brother is going to come in and cut out the timber; and our poor little old town is just going to fold up like a punctured balloon. There's nothing I can do.

BESS: You shouldn't say things like that, Jim. Nothing has really happened yet. And maybe Gale Roberts will take that plan you worked out for him and stay in business after all. Where there's life there's hope, you know.

JIM: Oh, I know, Bess. But we're licked and that's all there is to it.

BESS: But how do you know, Jim? You haven't heard anything definite from the Supervisor's office, have you?

JIM: Yes, the Forest Service has approved the timber purchase plan, but you don't know the half of it.

BESS: What do you mean?

JIM: Well, I got a personal letter here from Gale Roberts, himself, Bess.

BESS: A letter from Gale! Well, what--

JIM: It came in the mail last night and it hit me so hard I haven't been able to say anything about it to anybody-- not even to you and Jerry. I'm afraid it's the last word.

BESS: Well Jim. What does he say? Let me --

JIM: Oh well, sit down there, Bess, and I'll read it toyou. (SOUND OF PAPER RATTLING) He says here: "Dear Jim: I want youjto know that I have given the plan worked out by you and the Forest Service thorough consideration. With proper supervision and leadership I think it would probably work out very well. The people of Winding Creek would certainly profit individually and I suppose the community could go on. But as far as my own troubles are concerned I am afraid it is of little use. The money realized from the sale of the North Fork block of timber to the Forest Service would be sufficient to clear up all my back taxes and mortgages but doe to family difficulties which I have been unable to control this would amount to only temporary relief. I'm sorry Jim, but truthfully I simply do not have the energy nor desire to carry on. Sincerely yours, Gale Roberts."

BESS: I never would have believed Gale would give up like that.

JIM: Well, neither would I, Bess. But there it is.

BESS: I just can't help but think of old Mr. Roberts, Jim. He was such a fighter and such a perfect gentleman...the way his family has turned out is just too bad.

JIM: That's what's got me beat about Gale. He's almost a dead ringer for what his father was -- fair, honest, hardworking and he's always been a fighter too. Why he's backing out now is more than I can see.

BESS: Well, with that gangster brother of his stealing his money and getting himself into trouble--(SUDDENLY) Jim! Do you suppose if Gale knew the truth about how his brother Rafe has been scheming to get the mill away from him it would make him mad enought to keep on?

JIM: I thought of that Bess and I thought something of going over to see Gale and tell him the whole story. But then I took another think and decided it was none of my business.

BESS: Did you answer his letter?

JIM: Yes, I did. I wrote and told him that I could understand how he felt, but that I thought he had a bigger obligation to these people here than he did to himself. ... But I'm afraid it's no use, Bess. That gangster brother's going to get hold of the mill and then cut out and get out, and wreck this town in spite of everything.

SOUND OF CAR OFF MIKE AT HIGH SPEED.

BESS: Jim! Look at the way Jerry's driving that car. He's coming up the drive as fast as the car will go.

JIM: By George. Jerry doesn't drive like that unless something's up.

SOUND OF CAR BRAKES VIGOROUSLY APPLIED AND SLIDING TIRES ON LOOSE GRAVEL.

JERRY: (OFF MIKE) (SHOUTING) Jim! (APPROACHING) Jim! (SOUND OF FOOTSTEPS RUNNING UP STEPS, DOOR THROWN OPEN) (BREAKING IN, BREATHLESS) Jim, Gale Roberts has been shot! Look at the headlines on this morning's paper!

BESS: My heavens. Yoummean he committed suicide?

JERRY: No, Mrs. Robbins. Look at the paper here. Rafe shot him. His brother. The same guy that Jim and I had a run in with here.

BESS: Put the paper down lower, Jim, so I can read it too. Oh dear! (READS) "Prominent Business Man Wounded In Fight With Brother! Brother Killed In Car Smash While Fleeing From Officers!" Oh then that gangster Rafe Roberts is dead.

JERRY: Yeh. Look here, Jim. It says the shooting took place in Gale Robert's office in the Roberts Bank Building down in Willow Glen. But it doesn't say anything about what they were fighting about anywhere.

JIM: Hmm. Says Gale's weak from loss of blood but not in serious danger.

JERRY: What do you reckon the fight could have been about, Jim?

JIM: Rafe must have gone to his brother himself and told Gale he was going to get the mill away from him.

BESS: It says the shooting took place about midnight last night after Gale had received a mysterious telephone call and returned to his office. That must have been Rafe that called. And Gale must have found out the truth about how Rafe was stealing his money after all. Oh dear, this is the worst thing that's happened in the Roberts family yet.

JIM: Well with Rafe gone it'll probably be the last -

SOUND OF TELEPHONE RINGING

JERRY: There's the phone. I got it Jim. (SOUND OF RECEIVER OFF HOOK) Winding Creek Ranger Station. Jerry Quick speaking. Who? Jim? Yeh. Sure. Just a minute. (UP) It's for you Jim.

JIM: Hello. Oh hello, Jake. What? Why I was just reading in the paper here where he was in the hospital down in Willow Glen. He's at the mill?.....He wants me to come over to the mill? Yeah. ... Yeh sure Jake, I'll be there in about ten minutes. (HANGS UP)

BESS: What's going on, Jim? What do you have to go over to the mill for?

JIM: Where the dickens is my hat?

BESS: Right here. What's happened, Jim?

JIM: That was Jake Black. He said Gale Roberts is over at the mill right now. Wants me to come over.

JERRY: Can I go along, Jim.

JIM: Yes, come on along, Jerry....So-long Ress. I'll be back and tell you what it's all about as soon as I can.

MUSIC UP AND OUT

SOUND OF MILL WHISTLE BLOWING WITH SAWMILL SOUNDS IN BACKGROUND

DYING DOWN

JERRY: (FADING IN) Gosh, Jim. Do you reckon this is the end. The whistle's blowing and the mill's stopping right in the middle of the morning.

JIM: I don't know, Jerry. But Gale Roberts didn't get up out of the hospital to come up here for nothing.

JERRY: Where were you supposed to go?

JIM: In the office here I 'spose. Let's go in here and see.

SOUND: OF DOOR OPENING

GALE ROBERTS: (MAN IN MIDDLE FORTIES. PLEASANT SOFT SPOKEN) (FADE IN) Hello Jim. Come on in.

JIM: Hello Gale. It's mighty good to see you here. But you shouldn't have left the hospital so soon.

GALE: Oh, I'll be all right Jim.

JIM: I sure hope so, Gale. ... This is Jerry Quick, my assistant ranger. Jerry, this is Gale Roberts.

GALE: I'm glad to know you, young man.

JERRY: And I'm mighty glad to meet you too, sir.

GALE: Jim, I came down here to make a little talk to the boys here at the mill. And I wanted you to be in on it. Jake's getting the gang together out there in the mill now.

JIM: Why sure, Gale. I'm ready to help out anyway I can.

SOUND OF CHAIR SCRAPING BACK.

GALE: We might as well --

JERRY: Hey, catch him Jim! He's going to faint!

SOUND OF QUICK STEPS ON FLOOR

JIM: (QUICK SYMPATHY) It's all right Gale. I'll hold on to you, here.

GALE: Un. .... Thanks Jim ... Seems like I had a little dizzy spell.

JIM: Maybe you'd better wait a while, Gale. Or else have Jake bring the men in here.

GALE: No. I want to talk to them out there where they work, Jim. Where they won't be crowded. You just stay close to me so I can grab you if I have to and everything will be fine. Let's go on out.

SOUND OF DOOR OPENING

SUBDUED CROWD EFFECT UP

GALE: This is as good a place as any right here by the rail.

CROWD EFFECT DOWN TO QUIET

GALE: (RAISED VOICE) Boys, I haven't got much to say here this morning but what Ihave got to say I know is going to mean ann awful lot to all of you. There's been a rumor that the Roberts operations here are going to shut down. A lot of you have been afraid you were going to lose your jobs, and your homes, and everything else. Well (SLIGHT PAUSE) all I have to say is (SLIGHT PAUSE) the rumor is false. I've just signed an agreement with the United States Forest Service. The Roberts operations are not only going to keep going but with the help of Jim Robbins here, we're going to put our timber business on sustained yield -- on a sound forestry basis so it can keep going forever.

WIDL CHEERS, AMPLIFIED SHORTLY BY SOUND OF MILL WHISTLE

MUSIC: FINALE

ANNOUNCER: Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers comes to you as a presentation of the National Broadcasting Company, with the cooperation of the Forest Service, United States Department of Agriculture.

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