

ADVERTISER **FARM AND HOME FOUR**

WRITER

PROGRAM TITLE **UNCLE SAM'S FOREST RANGERS EPISODE NO. 149**

**OK**

CHICAGO OUTLET **WMAQ BLUE**

( **11:30-12:00** )  
TIME PM

( **JANUARY 01** )  
DATE 1938

( **FRIDAY** )  
DAY

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS

















BILL: Maybe he wants to start hunting today.

BESS: He's hurrying up to the house.

JIM: Let him in, will you, Jerry?

JERRY: (FADING A BIT) Okay, Jim

(DOOR OPENS)

JERRY: (OFF) Hi, Pete. Come on in.

PETE: (OFF) Is Jim here?

JIM: What's wrong, Pete?

DOOR CLOSSES

PETE: (FADING IN, ANGRY) Look here, Jim, half a dozen of my sheep was killed last night by a lion.

JIM: Got into your sheep did it?

BESS: Oh, that's horrible

JIM: Last night you say, Pete?

PETE: I found 'em dead this morning.

JERRY: Are you sure it was a lion that did the killing?

PETE: There ain't no mistakin' it. I seen sheep before that was killed by lions. An' there's a slough of tracks, ---Look here Jim. That lion come down off your Forest, an' you ought to be giving us ranchers some protection.

JIM: That's right, Pete.

PETE: If not I'm gonna to organize a hunt myself. There ain't nothing nor nobody safe with that varmint makin' loose. My wife wants me take her to the neighbors before I come into town. She said she won't gonna stay at the place alone.

JIM: I've already talked to Ted about getting a special hunter. Pete,

(FADING OUT)





















BILL: He'll have a time getting his nose that way

JERRY: He will get out another entrance

BILL: Maybe he's already gone

PETE: Not the way these dogs are actin'

BILL: Can you see into the cave?

JIM: The hole's too small.

JERRY: He's a smart lion, goin' into a place like that

PETE: Looks like he's kinda outsmarted us, don't he? That's it. Okay.  
Take it easy now - they're you are

DOGS BECOME QUIET

BILL: We'll never get no lion outta these dogs

JERRY: Could we shoot him out?

PETE: I reckon there's too many air holes, see

BILL: If we don't see his nose, we've done a powerful lot of chasin' our  
action

PETE: We can't let a killer like this go

JERRY: There ought to be some way to get him out

JIM: Have you got that stick with you, Jerry?

JERRY: Yeah, Jim. Here it is.

JIM: Let me have it.

JERRY: Sure. What're you gonna do?

JIM: I'm goin' in after him.

PETE: You can't see nothing in there, Jim

BILL: Don't be a fool, Jim

JERRY: I can see it



FITZ: He'd blow you to death before you could raise a hand.

FITZ: It'd lose him two or three days a hard time running his own show.

FERRY: It's too soon of a chance, Jim. These ought to be some other day.

FITZ: Talk yer time. We can figure out later.

JIM: (CHECKING) We won't get around until 2 or 3 to make for the  
out of it.

FERRY: Then it's good with you, Jim.

JIM: They entered, Jerry. Hardly more the end of us.

FERRY: But, Jim, two of us would -

JIM: All right, son, you can follow me with the rifle. You will  
keep off the center if we ever meet us.

FERRY: We'll be ready for the time.

JIM: (FADING A BIT) Well, here goes, Jerry.

FERRY: (FADING) Well, here goes, don't get

JIM: To the side of it. All right.

FERRY: Gee, it's such a shame, Jim, we could see that.

JIM: We'll see his eyes enough. He's got the good life. He's got  
see us go. (FADING INTO SOUND CHAMBER) Well, here goes for the  
on the side. We don't know what we'll see here.

FERRY: (FADING INTO CHAMBER) Won't we hear us don't?

JIM: He'd hear us again if we didn't even breathe. You'd still say  
to be quiet.

FERRY: I don't see him.

JIM: Well, here goes enough if he's gone.

FERRY: Well, here goes Jim?



JIM: What?

JERRY: Sounded like something scratching on the rock.

JIM: I didn't hear anything - oh, oh! Look out, Jerry! There he is

JERRY: I see him. Back there on the left.

JIM: Look at those eyes.

JERRY: Can you get him?

JIM: Yep.

JERRY: It's got to be good.

JIM: He's lookin' right at us - that's fine -

BOOM OF PISTOL SHOT - SHOUT, SHARP SNARL OF LION

JERRY: (PAUSE - RELIEVED) You got him, Jim.

JIM: Wait a minute. Hold on.

JERRY: You dropped him in his tracks.

JIM: Looks like, it, don't it?

JERRY: (FADING) HE got him, Bill. Jim got him. (FADING IN TO REGULAR MIKE) He dropped him with one shot. Hit him right between the eyes.

PETE: Gosh and shit, I'm glad.

BILL: I sure been holdin' my breath.

JERRY: Here he comes. It was a money of a shot, Jim.

JIM: (FADING IN TO REGULAR MIKE) I guess we got him all right.

JERRY: I'll say you did.

PETE: Jim, you sure done us a powerful favor gittin' that lion.

JIM: Wasn't nothin', Pete. Where's that lion t, Jerry?

JERRY: Right here, Jim.





JIM: Thank, I'll take this and while I go down a little around that  
apartment house we'll bring him out. I'll tell you when I'm  
ready for you to start calling.

BILL: So Jim, there ain't nobody else would take a chance like that  
without there was somethin' in it for themselves.

JIM: Forget it, Bill. Just part of a Sanger's job, that's all.

THIS IS THE

ANNOUNCER: This is the Robert Sanger, comes to you every Friday on  
the Paul & Sam Stone Hour through the courtesy of the National  
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