B-CPRO-7

BLUE · NETWORK · COMPANY

UNCLE SAM'S FOREST RANGERS #541
PROGRAM TITLE

SUSTAINING
ADVERTISER

AGENCY

BERGOFFEN
WRITER

THURSDAY, JULY 1, 1943
DAY & DATE

11:30-12:00 NOON CWT WENR-BLUE
TIME

PRODUCTION NOTES

CHARACTERS

CAST

MARY - LUCILLE HUSTING

BESS - BESS McCANNON

JIM - HARVEY HAYS

JERRY - JOHN LARKIN

DICK - DAVID ELLIS

SOUND

REMARKS

MASTER Attached as broadcast:
This copy represents as accurately as possible the program. All alterations made in dramatic and/or musical content are contained herein.

Orchestra Leader

Production Director

Announcer

Agency Producer or Announcer

ANNOUNCER: Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers!

MUSIC: THEME

ANNOUNCER: One of the most relentless enemies of the forest is blister rust - the fungous disease which has already killed countless numbers of our valuable five-needled pines, and still threatens a large part of the forests of northern white pine from Maine to Minnesota and south to Georgia, as well as the western white pine of the Northern Rockies and the sugar pine of California and Oregon...Blister rust, fortunately, can be controlled; but the control job is a mighty big one, calling for a lot of tough, hard work in the woods. It's a job, however, that must be done, if America's immensely valuable resources of white pine are to be saved. In our National Forests, the fight against blister rust is a continual one, and trained men of the Bureau of Entomology and Plant Quarantine join hands with the Forest Rangers to knock out this dread tree disease and keep it knocked out..On the Pine Cone National Forest, for example, a blister rust control camp has been in operation for several weeks, And that's what they're talking about right now as we join our friends Ranger Jim Robbins and his assistant, Jerry Quick, just finishing breakfast at the Ranger Station. Also on hand are Jim's wife, Bess, and Jerry's sweetheart, the local schoolma'am, Mary Halloway! Here they are:

MARY: (FADING IN) You just said the camp was doing a second working job, Mr. Robbins. What do you mean by that?

JIM: Well, Mary, that Rainy Creek area where the boys are working now, we had a crew in there three years ago on initial control, see?

MARY: And now you're going over the same area the second time. I see.

BESS: Why, Jim?

JIM: Huh?

BESS: I say why do you have to go over the same area twice? Didn't the workers do a good job the first time?...I see Jerry grinning away there. Was that a foolish question Jerry?

JERRY: Oh, no, not at all, Mrs. Robbins. I was just thinking about the CCC boys who did that work three years ago. the way they sweat and labored on that job. They really did a swell job though, Mrs.Robbins...

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JIM: You see, Bess, blister rust control is a tough job. To keep it from spreading, we've gotta pull out all the currants and gooseberry plants anywhere around the pine trees. That's because the disease doesn't spread directly from one pine to another, but only from pines to currant and gooseberry bushes and then back to other pines. So you see, if we get rid of those bushes in the woods, we've got it stopped.... But it means hard, back-breaking work digging out those confounded wild currants and gooseberries. Sometimes we get into a heavy growth of 'em and, well, in your first working it's not hard to miss a bush or two.

JERRY: And that's not all. Sometimes you don't get all the roots outa the ground and then sprouts come up and 'fore you know it the doggoned plants will be on the spread again, if you don't have a second working. That's about how it is in Rainy Creek, see?

JIM: This second working, though, it's got to be extra thorough. We oughta be able to forget Rainy Creek though, so far as any danger of blister rust coming in on those pines up there goes, if the boys do a good job this time.

BESS: You sound a wee bit doubtful, Jim. Are you worried about how good a job they'll do?

JIM: Oh, I don't know Bess. We've got a good foreman up there of course.

JERRY: Well, if Jim isn't worried, I am. Shucks, I'm almost afraid to make that first inspection of the work in Rainy Creek we've got scheduled for next week.

MARY: Now look here, Mr. Quick. (SPIRITED) I happen to know some of those boys you have at the camp - they used to be students of mine at the school - and I don't see why they shouldn't do just as good a job as anyone else. So, there!

JERRY: Ouch! ...Look, Mary, this is the first time we've used high school boys here on the Pine Cone, see? It's a green crew, see? They all had a doggonned good training session, but I'm wondering whether it did 'em any good.

JIM: That's right, Mary. I'm wonderin', too, if they're taking this job seriously enough...if they realize that unless they do a careful, thorough job, we might lose our whole investment in saving those pines.

BESS: But Jim, why is it you and Jerry are so doubtful about those boys? You must have some reason.

JIM: Now, don't misunderstand me, Bess. I reckon we're mighty glad to get these boys to help us right now, with the war and labor shortage and all. And maybe Jerry and me are barking up the wrong tree, but, well, frankly there's been a lot of horseplay up at the camp...According to Pete Walsh, he's our foreman up there you know, accordin' to Pete the boys are spending too much time joking around and playing pranks and, well, they just haven't meshed into the hard-workin' crews they should be.

MARY: Maybe Mr. Walsh expects too much. He ought to know that boys that age are bound to joke each other and all that sort of thing.

JERRY: Yes I do. And he's a fine boy too. Don't tell me Tom Bennett has been mixed up in all this horseplay, because he's not a serious and very conscientious youngster.

JERRY: Well, he was mixed up in it, all right but not the way you think. As far as I can make out he's been the goat in all this. The other boys have been giving him quite a going-over, I understand.

BESS: Is that the boy whose folks moved into town last year? From the city?

JIM: Yeah, he's the one, Bess. What happened, Jerry?

JERRY: Well, while they were having their field training some of the other boys decided they'd have some fun with their city cousin, as they call him.

MARY: That's not fair. Just because Tom is a city boy is no reason why the local boys should pick on him.

JERRY: Youngsters don't always play the game that way, Mary. Well, anyway, they took advantage of his ignorance of the woods, and set him to digging in a clump of green bushes that they told him was wild gooseberry.

BESS: Green bushes? What were they, Jerry?

JIM: (GRIMLY) I can just about guess.

JERRY: Yeah. They were mostly poison oak, Mrs. Robbins.

MARY: Oh, what a mean trick!

JERRY: Yep. Young Bennett got a bad dose of poisoning and just got back on the job a coupla days ago.....

BESS: I think that's one of the meanest, most thoughtless practical jokes I've ever heard of.

JERRY: Kinda rough on the boy all right, but I guess he'll just have to learn to take it. I understand Pete Walsh gave the boys a plenty hot lecture about it...(SOUND OF CHAIR PUSHED BACK) Hey, where you going, Jim?

JIM: Get the pickup outa the garage, Jerry. We're goin' to do a little inspecting on that blister rust control job in Rainy Creek.

BESS: Oh, I'm glad, Jim.

JERRY: But look, Jim, we didn't plan to make that trip 'til next week.

MARY: Plans, plans! Is that all that matters to you, Jerry?

JERRY: It matters plenty nowadays, with our war-load heavy as it is.

JIM: No, Jerry. Sometimes you gotta change plans when human behavior and human feelings come into the picture. I've gotta hunch we'd better be looking into things up there at Rainy Creek right now...Excuse us, Bess, and Mary, will yuh? (FADE) Coming, Jerry?

PAUSE:

(SOUND OF SPLASH)

JERRY: (FADING IN) Doggone it, Rainy Creek is right! Whoever named this drainage area, Jim, must've had to walk through it right after a rainy spell.

JIM: (CHUCKLING) What's the matter, Jerry. Step in a puddle?

JERRY: Yeah, clear up to my boot top.

JIM: Well, it ain't nearly as bad here as it is in that swamp area up ahead, Jerry. That's really wet.

JERRY: Yeah. And those kids we've got working here pulling bushes... if we don't watch 'em pretty close, I'll bet they'll pass up the wet spots and just work the dry places. Gee, I wish we had some of our old crews in here, Jim.

JIM: It's our job to see that these boys come through, Jerry, just like Mary said. I'm thinking if we can get to the bottom of this trouble young Tom Bennett's been having and root that out, the boys will come through rooting out the bushes. Sometimes it's as simple as that, you know.

JERRY: I hope you're right, Jim...Say, those kids oughta be working right along here somewhere, according to what the foreman told us....

JIM: Yeah, they're right up ahead there, see? Looks like they're having a pretty good time anyway...

SOUND OF DIGGING AND BRING ON LAUGHTER, SHOUTS AND WIESECRECKS:"DIG, BROTHER DIG," "WE'RE IN THE ARMY NOW," ETC.

JIM: (CALLING) Hello there, fellas!

DICK: (SLIGHTLY OFF) Holy smokes, it's the Rangers! (SOTTO) Get to work, you guys....

JIM: Morning!

VOICES: Good morning, Ranger.

JIM: Who's in charge here?

DICK: (ON) I am, sir. I'm Dick Johnson. I'm supposed to be crew leader, sir.

JERRY: H-m-m. Only five of you, huh?You're working one two-man crew and one three-man outfit, is that it, Dick?

DICK: Yes sir...uh, I mean no sire...I'm really in charge of six men. One of 'em, a fellow by the name of Bennett, Tom Bennett, he's back a ways in the swamp, though. He's got some pretty screwy ideas about this job, see? So we kinda let him roll al ong on his own...

LAUGHTER FROM CROWD:

JIM: Isn't that kinda dangerous, Dick? Lettin' a man work off by himself in a swamp area?

JERRY: Yeah, and what about breaking up your crew? Seems to me if you were assigned three-man units, you oughta carry on that way.

DICK: Well, gosh, Ranger, Bennett's got some screwy notions, I tell yuh. And another thing, he rufused to follow my orders.... Didn't he, fellas?

CHORUS OF YEAH, THAT'S RIGHT

JIM: If that's the case you shoulda sent him back to camp, not let him work on by himself...By the way, what were these orders, Dick?

DICK: Well, I told him to keep up with the crews. But he wouldn't do it; he said we weren't getting all the bushes in the swamp.

JIM: Weren't you?

DICK: Sure. All except maybe in some of the wettest places.

JERRY: Good gravy!

JIM: And you, Dick, you think Bennett's screwy, huh?

DICK: Yes sir. I think Bennett's all wet...Say that's pretty good, huh fellas? Bennett's all wet...get it?

LAUGHTER:

JIM: (STERNLY) All right, quit it, all of you. If there's any joke I'd say it's on you fellas. Bennett's right about the job, Dick, and you're wrong, dead wrong. Good gravy, boy, this job you're on isn't any Sunday School picnic. You are on to control blister rust, not to play along and skip any rough going you came to. We want you to have some fun, all but we don't aim to sacrifice the work of protecting our pine trees up here against a killing desease.

DICK: Well, gosh, we didn't think missing a few plants in the wet spots would matter so much.

JERRY: Look, Jim, we oughta find this Bennett kid...He might get in a sink hole or something and being alone like that..

JIM: Call him in, Dick;

DICK: All right. (CALLS) Hey Tom...Tom Bennett...Hey Tom...)PAUSE Gosh, that's funny. He was just back there a little ways a few minutes ago...(CALLS) Hey, Tom Bennett...

JIM: (FAST) Come on, all of you...Get going. We've gotta find the Bennett lad pronto.

SOUND OF RUNNING FEET, SPLASHING, FADE OUT.

PAUSE

DICK: (FADING IN) (FRIGHTENED) Will...will he be all right, Ranger

JIM: Yeah, I think so...give me that aromatic spirits of ammonia Jerry...There...Pull it in, feller. That's it. Breathe deep.....

JERRY: He's going to be all right, Jim...Lucky he didn't get much water in him...See, he's coming around.

JIM: Good boy! No, don't try to say anything, Tom. Just lie quiet there...That's it..Jerry, Take over here, will you? Keep rubbin' his arms and legs...Let these other boys help, too...I want to talk to Dick for a minute...

DIC: (BRAVELY) Yes sir! And I want to talk to you, sir.

JIM: Good enough...let's go over there under that tree, Dick.

DICK: Yes sir.

SLIGHT PAUSE

JIM: All right, Dick, go ahead...

DICK: Ranger, I hope you'll believe me....

JIM: Go on, Dick.....

DICK: I guess I know now what this is all about, sir...Honest I do. And..and I'm sorry, sir, that, well, that Tom had to nearly drown to make me see things straight...

JIM: You did a good job, getting him out, Dick....

DICK: That 's not important, sir...What I want to say is this. About this job. I suppose you'll be firing me after all this trouble...But just the same I'd like you to know that I understand everything now that you and Mr. Walsh tried to to drill into this dumb skull of mine. Tom Bennett...he had something, right from the start, that the rest of us birds didn't have. I can see that now. Tom, he knew there was more to doin' this job right than just drawing pay and filling his belly full of food.....

JIM: Yes, I guess he did, Dick.

DICK: Tom started out to save the pines...that's just the way he put it, sir...and we all just kidded him and played a lotta nasty tricks on him...Looks like the laugh's on us, now... Well, that's all, Ranger,....'cept this. You won't have to worry none about the other boys now. I can tell they'll never let you down again, and, well, I'm asking that you just let me go and keep the other fellas. They'll be all right from now on, sir....

JIM: Is that all, Dick?

DICK: Yes, sir..and...and now youwanted to talk to me?

JIM: Yeah..All I wanted to say was that Jerry and me, we'll take Tom back to camp. We'll have Mr. Walsh send out another man to take his place, for the time being. And as for you... well, Dick, I'd appreciate it if you stayed on here and ran this crew the way, I know now you can run it...I kinda think we can depend on you, boy, to help save our pines...

MUSICAL FINALE

ANNOUNCER: Uncle Sam's forest Rangers comes to you each week during the National Farm and Home Hour as a network presentation with the cooperation of the Forest Sefvice, United States Department of Agriculture...

(BERGOFFEN)

SJB:10:45
6/25/43