

ADVERTISER FARM AND HOME HOUR WRITER  
PROGRAM TITLE UNCLE SAM'S FOREST RANGERS \* EPISODE # 260  
OK

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PRODUCTION  
ANNOUNCER  
ENGINEER  
REMARKS



ANNOUNCER: "Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers"

MUSIC: Quartet, Rangers' Song

ANNOUNCER: The terrible floods last spring which devastated large areas in the Ohio Valley has made our country increasingly aware of the urgent need for every means of flood control. In a recent speech at the annual meeting of the American Forestry Association, the Secretary of Agriculture set forth one of the important principles involved. He said, "There are over six hundred million acres of forest land in the United States. Half of this land exerts a major influence on important streams. Yet a large part of these forest lands cannot aid our flood-control program at present because in the past they have been abused. They have been overcut and exploited. They have too often been exposed to the ravages of repeated fires. The cure for these abuses lies in proper management. This involves methods of cutting that will maintain an adequate forest cover, protection from fire and overgrazing, and reforestation of denuded lands. And, since three-fourths of all our forest lands are privately owned, owners must recognize their obligations as good neighbors. They must handle their lands to prevent erosion and prevent run-off. Already many millions of acres have been publicly acquired by the Forest Service for the protection of important watersheds, and now some millions



should be added to the total. Thus, whether we consider the farm, the range, or the forest, the wise use and management of the land runs like a thread all throughout the pattern of flood control."

Well, here we go again to the Pine Cone National Forest where Ranger Jim Robbins and his assistant, Jerry Quive, manage their district to protect its watersheds and in many other ways to benefit all who use the forests. You remember that Ranger Jim was injured in a destructive fire that swept the forest, when he risked his life to lead a crew of men to safety from the flames. Blinded by the heat and smoke, he has been under the care of a doctor. When we arrive at the Pine Cone Ranger Station today, we find Mrs. Robbins, the Ranger's wife, at the telephone in the office ---

BESS: (FADE IN....OFF A BIT AT PHONE) Thank you, Mike, I'll tell him you called. He'll be glad to know.....No, there's nothing to worry about. We're quite sure everything will turn out as we hope.....Yes, Dr. Peters will be here any minute now.....All right, I will. Goodbye.

SOUND (RECEIVER CLICKS)

JERRY: (FADING IN) Gosh, Mrs. Robbins, every time I see you you're talking on the phone.





BESS: (FADING IN) I haven't had a minute's peace. Everybody in the country wants to know about Jim. That was even Binky.

JERRY: Like Binky? (LAUGHING) He's the last person you'd ever expect to call.

BESS: I know. But he seemed to be real concerned about Jim. He wanted to know all about him.

JERRY: I'll bet Jim never knew he had so many friends.

BESS: He certainly didn't.

JERRY: Where is he now?

BESS: He's in there in the other room.

JERRY: Oh, it's almost time for Doc Peters to get here.

BESS: Yes. He ought to be here any time.

JERRY: Mary's coming over isn't she?

BESS: Yes. She's stopping at the Post Office for the mail.

SOUND: (PHONE RINGS)

BESS: (FADING A BIT) Oh, there it goes again. (RECEIVER CLINGS)  
(OFF) Pine Cone Ranger Station...Yes.....Oh, hello, Mrs. Melcher....He's just as fine as can be....Oh, yes, he's up and around all the time now....Yes, we had a special doctor from the city last week....Well, he said we'd have to wait and see what happens today....Oh, no, we're not worried about it. Worrying wouldn't help any....No, Doctor Peters will be here any moment. He's going to remove the bandages today.....





BESS: Thank you, Mrs. Melcher, but there isn't a thing you could do. I'm afraid I'll have to get ready for the Doctor, if you'll excuse me....Yes, I'll tell him you called. Goodbye...Goodbye.

(HANGS UP)

JERRY: Gee, Mrs. Melcher's windy isn't she?

BESS: She means all right, Jerry. But I almost had to hang up on her to get away.

JERRY: Can I help you get things ready? You said...

BESS: Oh, there really isn't anything to do. I had to make some excuse to hang up.

JERRY: Sure....How does Jim feel about...about today?

BESS: I don't know, Jerry. He never says a word.

JERRY: I know he doesn't. Gosh he acts so nonchalant you'd think he was just having a tooth pulled or something instead of.....of getting back his eyesight.

BESS: Sometimes I can tell when he's very worried because he acts more cheerful than ever. But that's about the only way.

JERRY: I wish there was something I could do to help.

BESS: There isn't a thing.

JERRY: You...you look kinda worried, Mrs. Robbins.

BESS: .....I'm afraid I am, Jerry.

JERRY: You don't think anything 'll go wrong, do you?



BESS: You can't tell, Jerry. The Doctors won't say anything. I've asked them. They just say we'll have to wait and see what happens today.

JERRY: Did you ask the special doctor we had?

BESS: He said the same thing.

JERRY: Well, I wouldn't worry, Mrs. Robbins.

BESS: Maybe it's just as well he has had to have his eyes bandaged, Jerry. Otherwise he'd have wanted to be out working before he was able to.

JERRY: I know. He's sure been anxious to be doing something-- I'm sure everything's going to be all right, Mrs. Robbins. Lots of fellas have been blinded by smoke and come out of it all right.

BESS: And some of them haven't.

JERRY: Yeah, I know, Mrs. Robbins....

BESS: Hush, Jerry...(FADE A BIT)...Let me help you, Jim.

JIM: (FADE IN) I can find my way around pretty well, Bess.

BESS: (FADE IN) Why didn't you call me instead of trying to come in here alone?

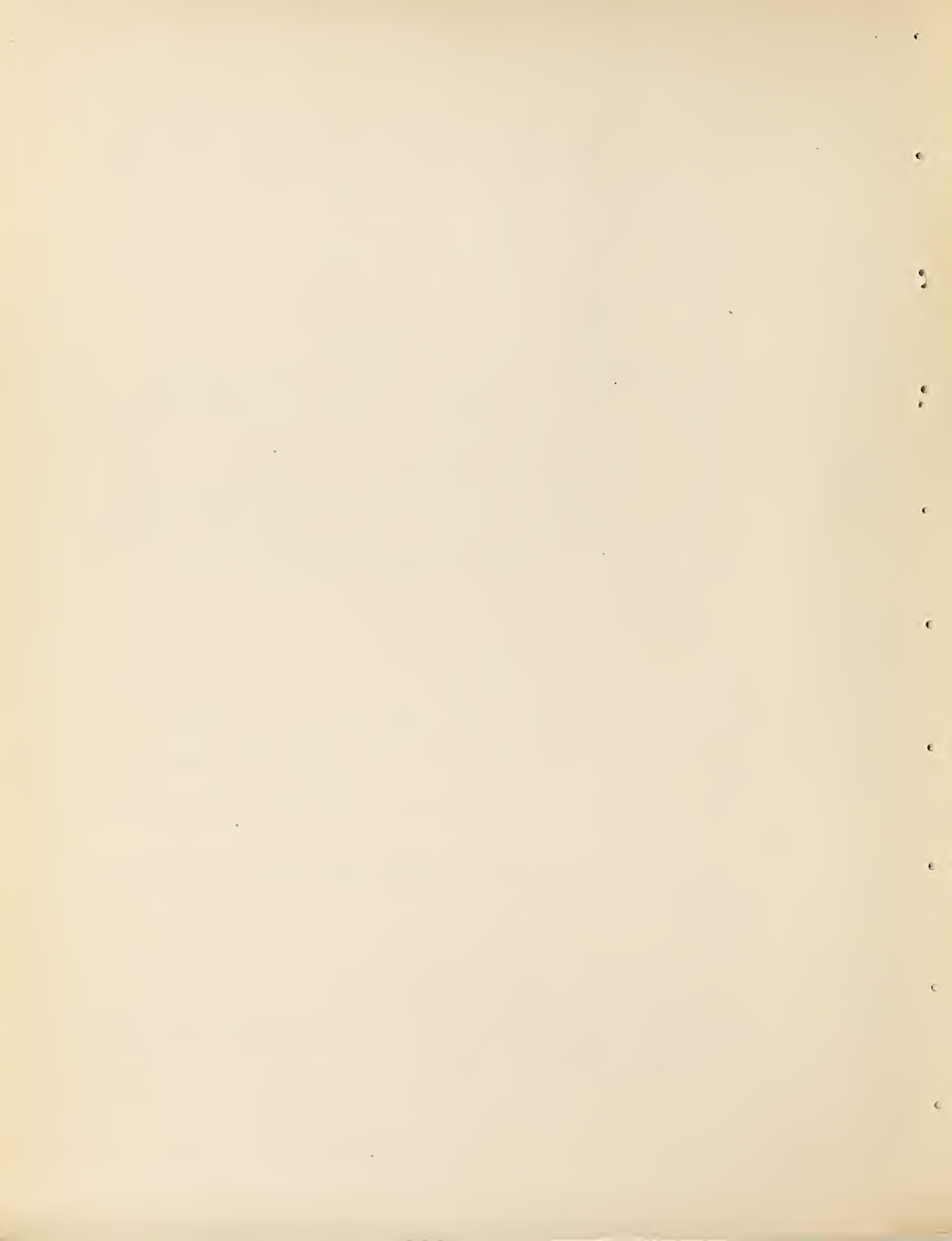
JIM: I'm gettin' so good at it I don't need any help. (CHUCKLES)

BESS: Sit down here, Jim.

JIM: Thanks.

JERRY: I'm glad you're feelin' so well, Jim.

JIM: Never felt better in my life. How's everything going on in Pine Cone District, Jerry?



JERRY: First rate. But I haven't got much work done.

JIM: No? Why not?

JERRY: Everybody wants me to stop and tell 'em how you're getting along.

BESS: And I've been answering the telephone all day for the same reason.

JIM: (CHUCKLING) Well, I've got more friends than I figured.

BESS: That's just what we were saying.

(PHONE RINGS)

JERRY: (FADING) I'll get it Mrs. Robbins. (RECEIVES CALL. OFF) Pine Cone Rancher Station. Hello, Andy, yes, he's right here in the office. Uhuh. Yeah, we're waiting for Doc Peters to show up now. Yep, that's what he'll do today. Oh, we're...pretty sure everything'll be all right...I'll do that, Andy. Thanks...Goodbye. (HANGS UP)

JIM: Was that Andy Goodman?

JERRY: (FADING IN) Yep. He wanted you to know he called.

BESS: That's the second time he's called today.

JERRY: He said if there's anything you want at the store to be sure and let him know and he'll bring it up.

JIM: That's good of him, the old rascal. (CHUCKLING)

(DOOR OPENS)

MARY: (OFF) Hello, folks.

SOUND: (DOOR CLOSES)

(THEY REPLY)



MARY: (FADING IN) I've brought your mail, Mr. Robbins.

JIM: Well, it isn't everybody has his mail delivered by a charming young lady. How are you today, Mary?

MARY: Oh, very well, thank you.

JIM: I'll bet she's prettier than ever, eh, Jerry?

JERRY: I'll say she is, Jim.

JIM: The prettiest girl in this part of the country.

MARY: Now, Mr. Robbins, you're only teasing.

JIM: It's the gospel truth as sure as I'm alive.

MARY: You're a very cheerful invalid. Don't you think he is, Mrs. Robbins?

BESS: Yes, he is, Mary.

JERRY: Say, here's a letter from Washington, Jim.

JIM: Official?

JERRY: Yeah. Probably some special report they want, or something. More work.

BESS: Oh, Jerry, I hope it isn't anything like that - right now when Jim can't---

JIM: Probably just a circular letter about some new ruling, Bees.

BESS: But you don't get circular letters from Washington ordinarily. They come from our Regional office.

JIM: That's right. Go ahead and open it.





MARY: Oh, why not wait till Doctor Peters comes and I'll take off your eyes and then you can read it yourself!"

JIM: (PAUSE...THEN QUICKLY) Of course. Of course, Mary. That's a fine idea.----But---No, maybe we'd better find out what it is. Might be a rush job or something.

BESS: All right, I'll open it, Jim (SOUND OF OPENING LETTER)--- (EXCITED) Why, Jim! It's from---

JIM: I can't see, Bess. You read it.

BESS: All right. It says: "Dear Jim: I have just learned of your courageous act in leading to safety a large group of our firefighters trapped by rapid spreading flames during the recent fire in your district. The Forest Service can never adequately repay such deeds of heroism on the part of its personnel. I can only say that your action has added to my deep feeling of pride in the self-sacrificing devotion of men in our Service who do not hesitate to act with decision and fearlessness in emergencies and to risk their lives to aid their fellows. I sincerely hope for your speedy recovery."

JIM: (PAUSE) Who's it from, Bess?

BESS: It's from the Chief.

JIM: (PAUSE) The Chief?

BESS: Yes.

JIM: (PAUSE) Kinda nice of the Chief to write me like that. Isn't it?



JESSIE: Gee, I'll say it is, Jim! It's sure a swell letter.

MARY: (WITH HIM) Oh, isn't it wonderful,---M, we're all hoping for your speedy recovery too, Mr. Robbins.

BESS: (SOFTLY) Yes---we are hoping, Jim.

JIM: Well---

SOUND: (KNOCKING @ DOOR)

BESS: There's someone at the door. (FADING) That must be the Doctor.

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS)

DOC: (OFF) Hello, Mrs. Robbins.

BESS: Hello, Doctor. Come right in.

(OTHERS GREET DOCTOR)

DOC: (FADING IN) Well, well, how's my number one patient today?

JIM: Rarin' to go, Doc. I thought you were never coming.

DOC: I'm glad you're impatient. It's a good symptom.

JIM: The sooner I can get to work the better.

DOC: Well, you're looking as good as new.

JIM: That's the way I feel.

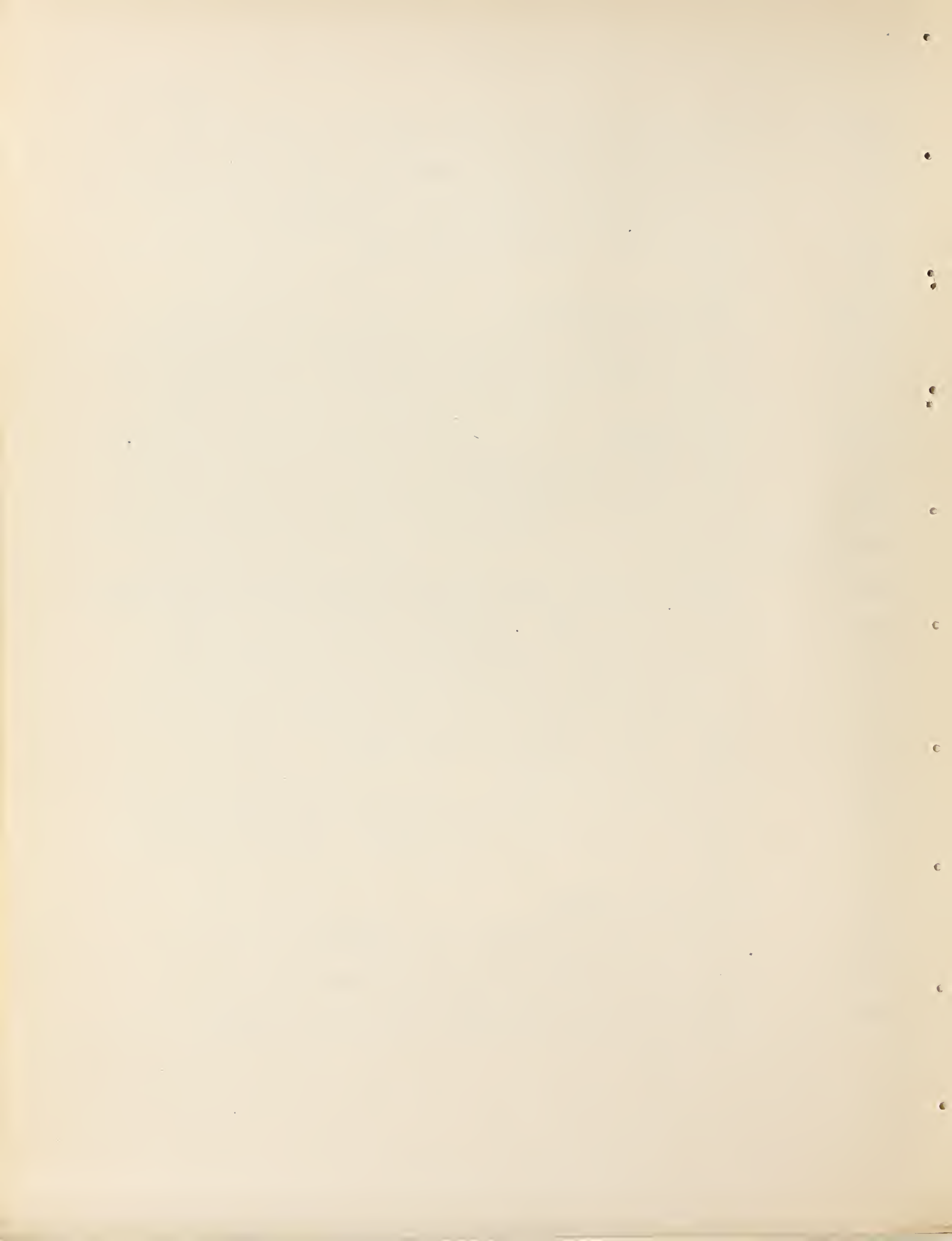
DOC: I guess we may as well get started. What do you think, Jim?

JIM: Sooner the better.

DOC: I need a pair of scissors, Mrs. Robbins.

BESS: All right. (FADING) I'll get them for you.

DOC: Thanks---You can stay right where you are, Jim.



JIM: All right---say, Doc.

DOC: What is it?

JIM: I want to ask you something.

DOC: Yes, Jim.

JIM: Bess is awfully worried about...about my eyes. I can tell by her voice that she's kinda scared.

DOC: That's only natural.

JIM: I know, but....what I'm gettin' at is this. She's takin' it awful hard if things didn't turn out right. You know. And just in case....well...

DOC: Yes?

JIM: Well, just in case I can't...can't see when you take off these bandages, would you kinda break it to her easy. Sorta tell her there may be a chance, even if there isn't. It'll give me time to get used to things, and I can talk it over with Bess. Would you do that for me?

DOC: Well, Jim, I don't think....

BESS: (FADING IN) Here are the scissors, Doctor.

DOC: Thank you, Mrs. Robbins. Will you pull down the shades, Jerry. We have to have the room dark.

JERRY: Sure, I'll get 'em.

DOC: And you can sit right over here, Mrs. Robbins, opposite Jim and you too, Mery.

BESS: Is there anything else I can get you?





DOC: Not a thing, thank you

JERRY: (OFF) How's that, Doc?

DOC: All right. Oh, can you shut that door, too?

JERRY: (OFF) Okay.

SOUND: (DOOR IS CLOSED)

DOC: Now, Jim, I want you to sit back and bare it easy.

JIM: All right.

DOC: I'll take care of everything.

JIM: You will?

DOC: Just as you said, if you want me to.

JIM: Thanks.

DOC: Now, I'll snip the first bandage and take it off slowly.  
If you feel any pain in your eyes be sure to tell me.

JIM: You bet.

DOC: And keep them closed all the time. All ready?

JIM: Sure.

DOC: Here goes.

SOUND: (SNIPPING OF SCISSORS)

DOC: Ah, there we are. M-m-m-feel anything on your eyes, Jim?

JIM: No, not yet.

DOC: All right, we'll start on the last one then

JIM: Oh, Bess?

BESS: Yes, Jim?

JIM: I just wanted to know where you are. Is Mary there  
with you?



WAFER: I'm right here, Mr. Robbins.

JIM: That's fine.

DOC: All ready for the last one?

JIM: Go ahead. Shoot the winks, Doc.

DOC: Now keep your eyes shut. Not too tight, but closed.

SOUND: (SNIPPING OF SCISSORS)

DOC: There's that one. And now a little tape to remove.

Eyes hurt yet?

JIM: Not a bit.

DOC: That's good. There, now. Everything's off.

JIM: It is?

DOC: Now lean back and relax completely, Jim. That's it.

JIM: All right?

DOC: Uhuh. Now, Jim, start to open your eyes very slowly. It's dark in here and you won't be able to see much at first. But take it slowly. And if they hurt any, close 'em again.

JIM: Now?

DOC: Go ahead..... That's it.....Easy.....Easy... Feel any- thing in them?

JIM: A little, not much.

DOC: As if they were tired, and you wanted to rub them?

JIM: Yeah, that's it.

DOC: Good, Now look around the room. Don't hurry.



JIM: All right.

DOC: Jerry, will you ease up that head there by just a little.

JERRY: (OFF) Sure, Doc. Tell me when to stop.

DOC: Let me know if your eyes hurt any, Jim.

JIM: They don't yet.

JERRY: (OFF) How's that, Doc?

DOC: A little more now... Hold it. That's plenty of light.

(CALM AND QUIETLY) All right, Jim. What do you see?

JIM: (PAUSE) Don't look so worried, Boss.

BESS: Oh, Jim! You can see. (VOICE BREAKING) Oh, Jim, I'm so happy, I don't know what to do.

JIM: (CHUCKLING) Well, don't cry about it, Boss.

BESS: I... I can't help it, Jim. I'm so happy.

MARY: (TEARFULLY) Oh, I'm so glad, Mr. Robbins. I'm so glad you can see again.

JERRY: Gosh, Jim! Gosh, I'm glad you're all right.

JIM: Thank you, son. So am I.

DOC: How do they feel now, Jim?

JIM: Awful good, Doc. Awful good.

DOC: You mustn't strain 'em too much, you know.

JIM: I won't. I'll take good care of 'em, now that I've got 'em back again.

DOC: You'd better.

BESS: I'll see that he... Why, Jim, why are you staring at me so?



JIM: It's been a long time since I've seen you Jess, I just wondered if you liked the way I remembered you... But you don't.

BOB: Don't I, Jim?

JIM: No, Bob... You look a hundred times finer to me than ever before.

THE END

ANNOUNCER: Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers come to you every Friday on the Farm and Home Hour as a presentation of National Broadcasting Company with the cooperation with the United States Forest Service

ANNA BRITTO August 11, 1957 1:30



