

FARM AND HOME HOUR

UNCLE SAM'S FOREST RANGERS (#106)

12:30 - 1:30 P.M.

JUNE 8, 1934

FRIDAY

ANNOUNCER: "Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers" -

ORCHESTRA: QUARTET: RANGER SONG -

ANNOUNCER: Up in the National Forests, where Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers are the guardians and managers of the great public forest properties, spring brings a heavy volume of work for the wearers of the pine tree badge. Chief among these spring jobs is the maintenance work. The ranger stations must be repaired, campgrounds cleaned up, roads, trails, telephone lines reconditioned, the fire tool boxes painted and the tools oiled and sharpened. All must be in readiness for the field season in line with the policy to maintain and improve the National Forests for the continuous and increasing use and service of the people of the United States.

Today, as we tune in at the Pine Cone Ranger station, we find Ranger Jim Robbins and Jerry Quick out in the barn, getting ready for a day of work in the field. Here they are -

(SOUND OF HORSE STOMPING ON THE BARN FLOOR)



JIM: (LOUDLY) Stand over, Dolly - whoa now - behave yourself!

JERRY: (COMING UP) What 's the matter, Jim? - Is Dolly fractious this morning?

JIM: Nope Just a little spring fever, I guess.

JERRY: Are we going up on the range today?

JIM: No, Jerry, we ought to get up there to see how the grass is coming along, but we've got to get this road maintenance work taken care of first. It's been so wet we couldn't do much any earlier.

JERRY: Yeah. Some of those roads are still pretty soft. I noticed up on that South Fork road yesterday that it was rutting pretty bad.

JIM: I'm closing that road, Jerry. It ain't safe for public travel.

JERRY: No, it sure isn't.

JIM: I'm figuring on going after the drainage up there right away - starting today.

JERRY: How's the grader outfit? All ready to go?

JIM: It's in fine shape. I just had the blacksmith work it over.

JERRY: Who you going to get to run it?

JIM: I got Fred Dean to run the tractor. He claims to be an old hand at the work. And Tex Robbins for grader man.

JERRY: They ought to make a good crew. Tex told me he worked a grader on some of the big highways.

JIM: Well that may not prove anything. Handling a big grader on these narrow mountain roads is a lot different than working a broad highway grade.



JERRY: Well that's so to - it sure takes a good crew to keep those machines on the road. And if it goes over the bank, in most places it's just too bad.

JIM: I can soon tell whether they know their stuff when I see how they go at it. Back up Dolly - back up - (STOMPING OF HORSE)
Whoa - You ready, Jerry?

JERRY: Yeah - back Spark, back; (STOMPING OF HORSE BACKING OUT OF STALL)

JIM: Let's get started Jerry. I want to get this outfit on the job today - then I'm going to turn it over to you.

JERRY: All right - let's go -

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

JERRY: Hey Tex - don't you think that piece of road is dry enough so you can put the grader on it? That's holding up the whole job.

TEX: (DUBIOUSLY) I dunno Jerry - she's still right soft - but we can try 'er.

JERRY: What d'ya say, Fred? It looks pretty dry -

FRED: Yeah, it looks dry but that kind a dirt is deceivin'. It's that slippery blue clay - It dries on top but it stays soft underneath.

JERRY: Well, I'll leave it to you fellows. If you don't think it's ready we'll just lay the machines up and do some hand work on the ditches and clean out the culverts.

FRED: Let's give 'er a try, Tex.

TEX: Okay, let's try 'er.

(SOUND OF TRACTOR STARTING UP AND SPUTTERING ALONG)

JERRY: Pretty soft Tex, ain't it?

TEX: Too dog oned soft. Jest caint lay this mud atall She bill up jest like dough.

JERRY: It certainly is sticky. Give her another try, Tex. If it don't work better I guess we'll have to lay off a few days more.

TEX: The deeper yuh go the softer she gets (CALLS) Try her again
Fred

(SOUND OF TRACTOR UP)

JERRY: (SHOUTING) Take it slow, Fred - Cut it light, Tex.

(MOTOR STALLS AND QUILTS)

JERRY: It's no use, Tex

TEX: No - it's no use, Jerry it's just too sticky

JERRY: Well - raise your blade Tex. Pull up, Fred, out of the road some place and let it stand. We'll have to put in some more drainage here to carry off the water.

TEX: Hey bring me a "muck stick" tuh shovel this clay off. It sticks so tight I can't even lift the blade

JERRY: Here, I'll help you

(SOUND SHOVELS SCRAPING ON STEEL. TEX AND JERRY LABORED BREATHING*)

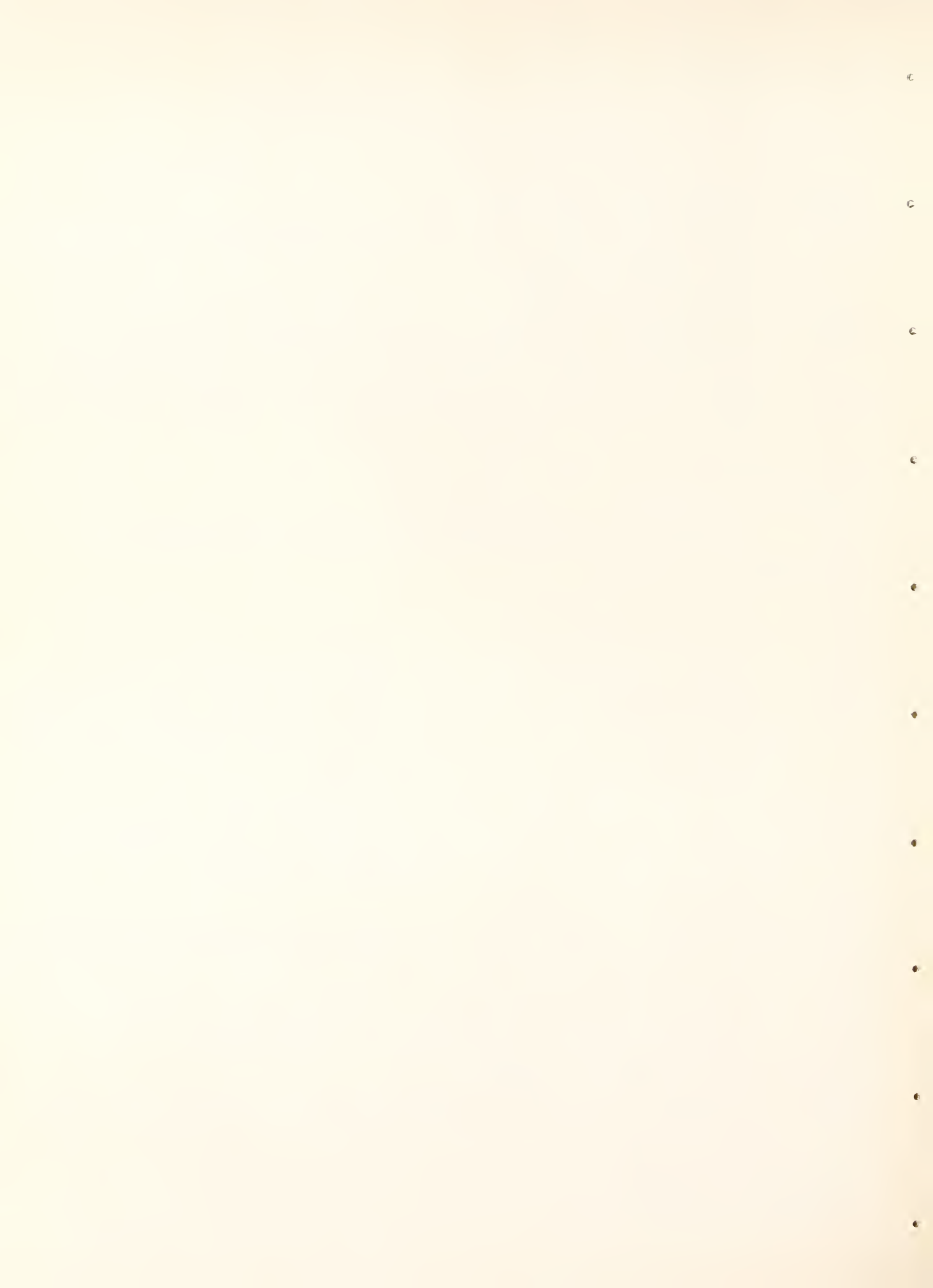
JERRY: There, try it now -

TEX: (GRUNTS) There' All ready, let 'er go, Fred

(TRACTOR STARTS - STOPS - STARTS)

JERRY: (YELLING) Be careful, Fred, that bank's awful soft. Don't get out too far

(CRACKLING OR RUMBLING)



JERRY: (YELLING) Hey, stop 'er, Fred! Jump Tex, for the love of Mike!
The whole road's slipping out

SOUND OF TERRIFIC LAND - SLIP - CLASH OF IRON)

JERRY: (EXICTEDLY) Jimminy crickets. The whole outfit went over. Are you hurt, Tex?

TEX: Nope. I jumped jest in the nick o' time. I'm afeard for Fred though.

JERRY: There's Fred Crawling out (ANXIOUSLY) Are yuh hurt, Fred?

FRED: (OFF) (G RUNTS) I dunno - ow - (GRUNTS) Kinda bunged up some Ketchaed my laig when she turned over.

JERRY: Yey, call the rest of the crew to come help us - Here, fellows, let's help him back to the road

FRED: Aw, I don't need no help. I hain't hurt none to speak of. I kin make it. Kinda bunged my knee, that's all

JERRY: I'm glad you ain't hurt, Fred.

TEX: Durn lucky he wa'nt killed, - that's what I'd say

JERRY: I'll make up a report of injury.

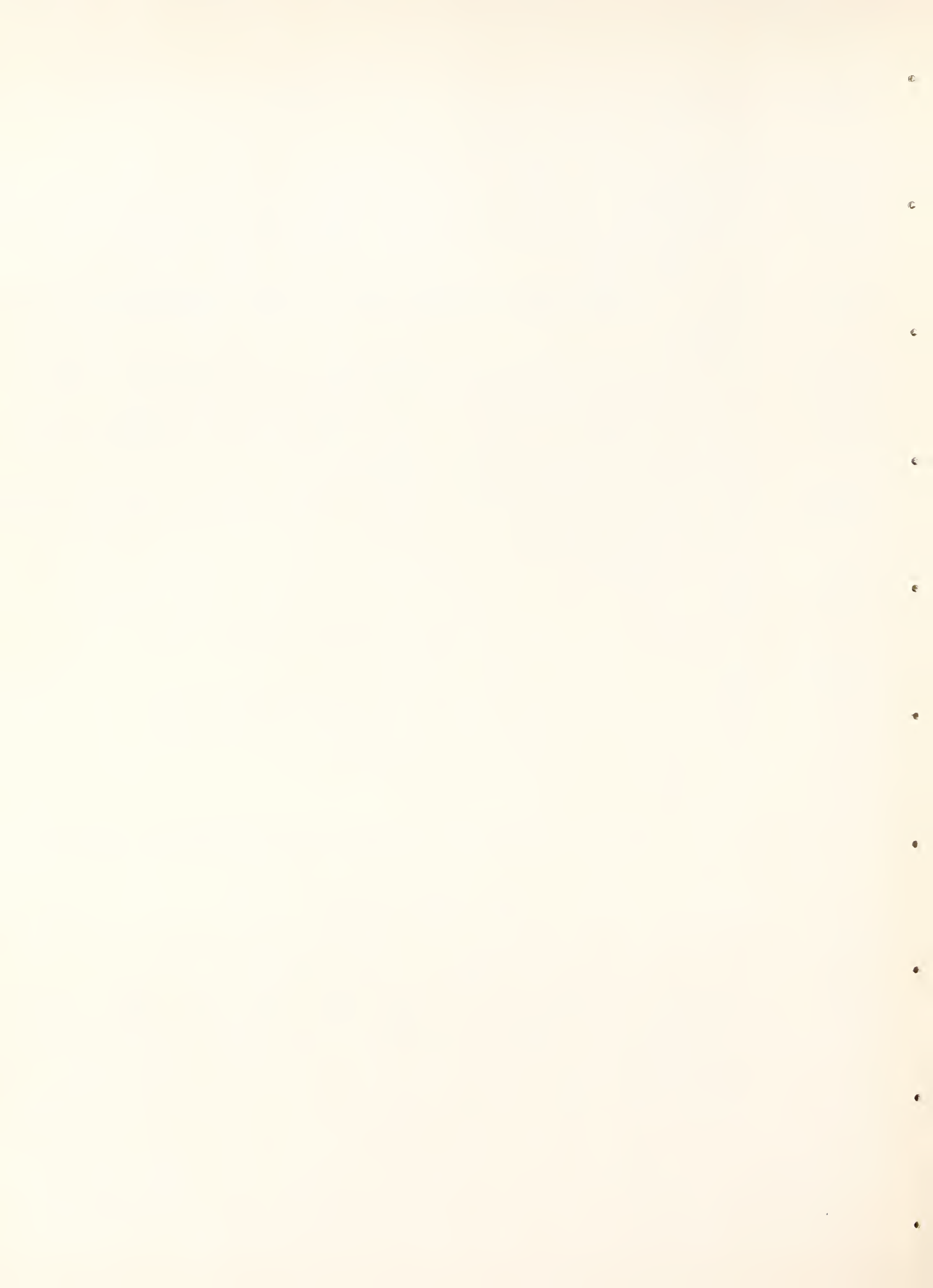
FRED: Oh, tain't nothin'.

JERRY: Well, I have to report it any way - I'm thankful it isn't worse.

TEX: What ya gonna do about the outfit?

JERRY: Well, we'll have to leave it 'Till later

TEX: I reckon you shore will. She's down thar, all right. 5 tons o' tractor an' 3 tons o' grader - nice little job to get 'em back on the road



(SOUND OF HORSE COMING UP)

JIM: (OFF) Hi there'

JERRY: There's Jim (CALLS) Hello, Jim.

JIM: (COMING UP) Whoa, Dolly - whoa girl - (HORSE STOPS) Well - what you tryin' to do here? Grade the bottom of the canyon?

JERRY: Gosh, we had a land-slip, Jim The whole road-bed slipped out, and the whole grader outfit went down into the creek.

JIM: Uh huh. Sorta looks that way - anybody hurt?

JERRY: Fred got his knee bumped a little - not bad

JIM: That's good. I'll get a crew of the C C C boys in here to crib up this break in the road We'll work the grader out when we can get help.

JERRY: Yeah.

TEX: I 'low we'll hafta lay off again now, huh?

JERRY: No, Tex. You take the boys and clear out the drainage farther up the gulch. Get all the water out out of the roat so it won't rut.

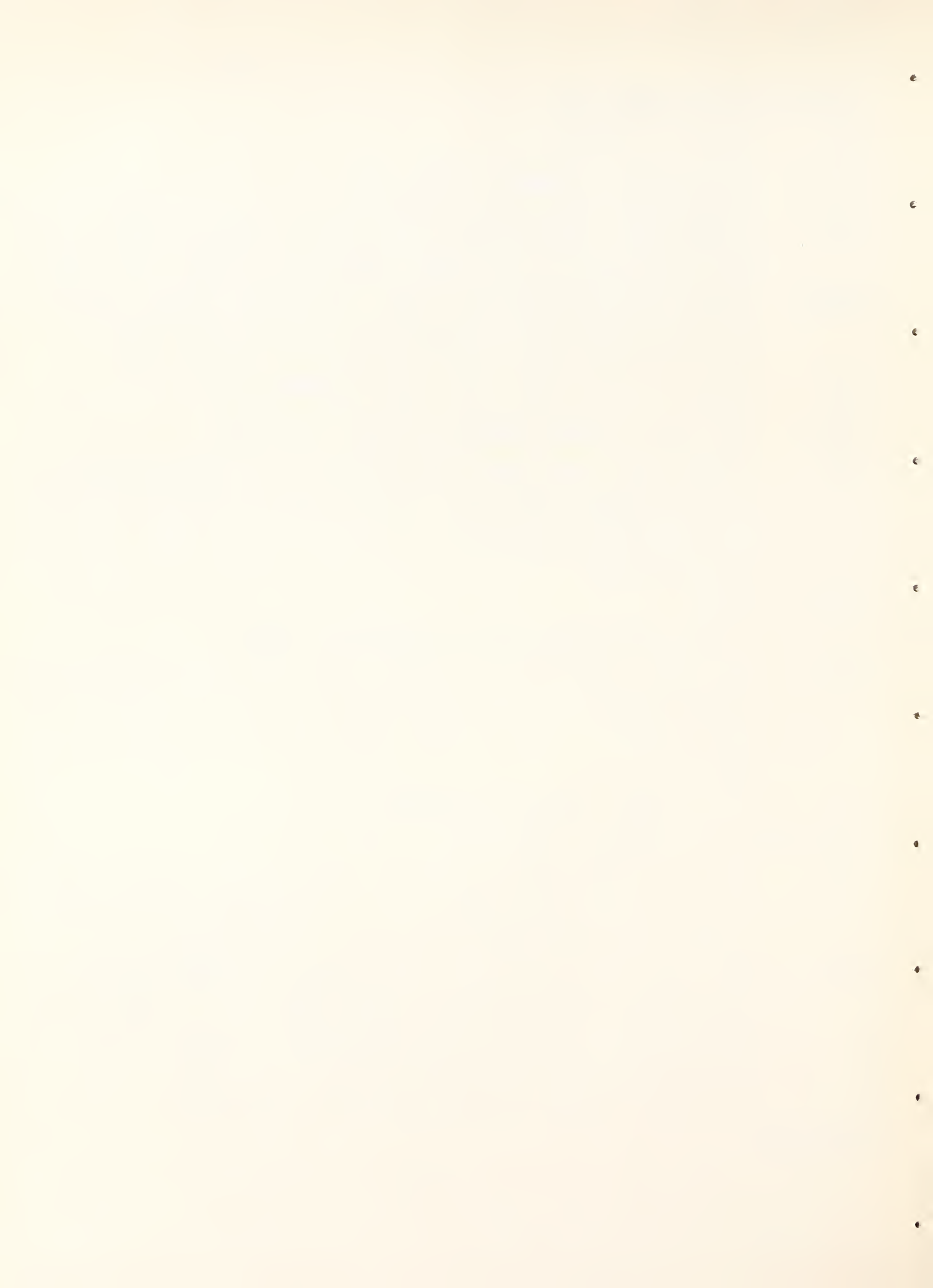
TEX: Sure 'nough. Come on fellers

(SOUND OF MEN'S VOICES, GOING OFF)

JERRY: Jim - I'm sorry this happened It's going to be one tough job to get that grader out fit up on the road again.

JIM: Yep. It'll be a hard job - but maybe it's just as well, Jerry. If we hadn't discovered this weak place in the road somebody might've had a more serious accident one of these days - And we've got to keep our roads safe for the public.

(FADE OUT)



ANNOUNCER: Well, these are just some of the little problems of building and maintaining roads in our mountain forests and now, we want you to join with Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers in saluting a veteran of the Service, who recently retired from active duty after a long and faithful career on the National Forests. Ranger FRANK HAUN of the Cabinet National Forest in Montana first started in the forestry game in 1939, on the old Lewis and Clark Forest Reserve, now the Lewis and Clark National Forest. Except for a brief interval with the Geological Survey and the Reclamation Service, he has been with the Forest Service continuously since that time. In the disastrous 1910 fires that swept over the forests of the Northwest Frank went out and fought valiantly and tirelessly to save others from loss. He came back to find all his own personal belongings completely destroyed by the fire.

Many a young man trained under Ranger Frank Haun, has taken his place as a well-qualified Forest officer. He gave them responsibility and inspiration, and from the wealth of his experience, showed them how to meet a multitude of problems.

Quoting from a letter sent by Regional Forest R. H. Rutledge on the occasion of Frank's retirement, it says "I am offering a toast to you Frank - the best old scout who ever blazed a trail, threw a diamond hitch or fought a fire. Here's Happy Days."



There is not a single person, in the forest Service or out, who has ever known Frank who would not join in saying "Ranger here's Happy Days" -

Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers will be with us again at this time next Friday This program comes to you as a presentation of the National Broadcasting Company, with the cooperation of the United States Forest Service

ro/June 4, 1934
9:55 AM.

