

UNCLE SAM'S FOREST RANGERS

Episode No. 9

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11:30 to 12:30 A.M. C.S.T.

MARCH 3, 1932

THURSDAY

ANNOUNCER: Ladies and gentlemen, we present "Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers" ----

(ORCHESTRA: QUARTETTE)

ANNOUNCER: Again we bring you Forest Ranger Jim Robbins, veteran government forester, and Jerry Quick, his new assistant, who is learning the ropes, --- learning how to protect the public resources on the national forests.

Last Thursday Jim and Jerry were scaling logs at the timber sale area, where timber is being cut under government supervision in such a way that a new crop of trees will always be coming on in the same area. The rangers witnessed the fall of a giant while they were there -- one of the big old giants of the forest, which had long since passed its period of profitable growing, came down to make room for young, growing timber. During the week there have been reports that some of the men at the logging camp have seen Mike Bundy snooping around up on the national forest. Mike Bundy has a reputation around Winding Creek of being a bad character, and so Forest Ranger Jim and Jerry are out today doing a little investigating. They have been riding up one of the trails above the logging camp, and we join them now, just as they stop beside a little brook for a bite of lunch. -----

(SOUND OF HORSES HOOFS WALKING ON TRAIL)

JIM: Well, Jerry. Getting hungry?

JERRY: Yeah. I should say. --- I guess a sandwich or two would go pretty good right now.

(DOG BARKS)

JIM: Rex is hungry, too ---- All right, boy. Let's pull up here and tackle a little grub.

JERRY: Whoa, Zipper (SOUND OF HORSES HOOFS STOPS) ---- Say, this is a pretty spot, isn't it?

JIM: Mighty pretty. I nearly always stop here a few minutes when I'm coming up this trail -- just to remind myself what a good job old Mrs. Nature can do with this world, if you give her a chance.

JERRY: No signs of any old fires around here, are there?

JIM: No. Never been burned over here since anyone in these parts can remember. ---- Well, climb off your horse, Jerry. ---- Whoa, there, Dolly. --- I'll get the lunch out of the saddle bags.

JERRY: Okay, Mr. Robbins. --- Say, I'm getting so I feel right at home in the saddle now, with all the pointers on riding you've been giving me.

JIM: You're doing fair enough, Jerry, --- for a beginner. Takes time to learn all the tricks in handling these critters. --- Hold on, there. Don't let Zipper drink too long. That water's pretty cold this time of year.

JERRY: That's right. --- That's enough Zipper. --- Come on.

JIM: Zipper'll stand, Jerry. --- You might ease the cinch a little. Like I'm doing on Dolly's saddle.

JERRY: Okay. --- Whoa, Zipper. --- Say, Zipper's been gentle enough ever since he bounced me off the other day, hasn't he?

JIM: Oh, yes. He's a pretty good horse, Jerry. It didn't take that sore shoulder of yours long to heal up, did it?

JERRY: No. It doesn't bother me at all now.

JIM: (CHUCKLES) I reckon all those smiles you got from the school teacher helped it along a lot.

JERRY: Well - uh - it wasn't a very bad bump I got.

JIM: It's sure a wonder what a pretty girl can do for sore shoulders.

JERRY: Uh -- some pretty good sized trees in here, aren't there?

JIM: I was talking about Mary Halloway.

JERRY: I know, but -- uh -- look at that big oak over there.

JIM: (CHUCKLES) Changing the subject, eh? Well, let's change it again and look into this grub here. --- Grab a sandwich.

JERRY: Thanks. --- (between mouthfuls) Boy! this goes good. Nothing like riding two or three hours to put an edge on the appetite.

JIM: Sharpens it up all right. -- (DOG BARKS) Rex thinks so, too. ---Here, Rex. Catch this. -- That's the boy.

JERRY: Gee. It didn't take that long to go down, did it? --- Here Rex, grab this. --- Look at his old tail wag.

JIM: Better grab another sandwich yourself while the grabbing's good.

JERRY: Okay. Don't neglect yourself, Mr. Robbins.

JIM: (CHUCKLES) Don't worry, I'm not. This food's disappearing fast.

JERRY: It sure is. -- Say, every time I see a big pine tree like that one over there, it reminds me of the big one we saw go down last week.

JIM: Sort of an impressive sight, wasn't it?

JERRY: 'Deed it was. That sure was a whopper of a tree.

JIM: Well, now, there have been bigger ones. (CHUCKLES) They say that over on the Stanislaus National Forest a long time ago some of the old timers wanted to cross a river, so they felled a big hollow tree across it and used it for a bridge - going across inside, see?

JERRY: Like one of those old-fashioned covered bridges?

JIM: Yes, that's it.

JERRY: Gee! That must have been some tree.

JIM: So it was. You see, one day one of the cattlemen up there was driving his five hundred head of cattle down off the range to the foothills, and he was looking for a place to corral 'em over night. When he came to this bridge, he says to himself, "Fine", he says, "here's just the place". So he drove his five hundred head of cattle inside the hollow tree, see? And put up a bar at each end, and corralled his cattle in there.

JERRY: That was some tree!

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JIM: Yeah. And that ain't all. --- You see, next morning the cattle-man was counting up his stocks, and he found he was short about fifty head. Well, thinks he, some of 'em must have strayed along the trail night before; so he sent his cowpunchers back on the trail after 'em. They hunted all day but they couldn't find a single stray cow. Finally, coming back across the hollow tree bridge that night, one of the cowboys happened to look into one of the knobholes, and what do you suppose he saw ---?

JERRY: (LAUGHS) What did he see?

JIM: There they were --- the whole fifty head of cattle, wandering around up in one of the limbs of that tree.

JERRY: (LAUGHING) Boy! That's a good one.

JIM: Well, I can't exactly vouch for the accuracy of that story, but some of the boys say it's a fact --- more or less.

JERRY: More or less. Yeah, I guess that's it, but mostly less!

JIM: Finish up the grub, there, young fellow. A young sapling like you ought not to stop eating while there's still grub left.

JERRY: Well, if you don't want it, I'll finish up this other sandwich here.

JIM: Go to it. --- Of course, speakin' of big trees, that one was just a seedling along side of the one they say grew up just north of here when old Paul Bunyan was logging in these parts. Some of Paul's men started to fall it, but by the time they'd been chopping three days and three nights, they were all played out, and they hadn't made a decent sized undercut yet. So they sent for Paul, to see if he could figure out a good way to fall that tree. --- Here, Rex. Here's a scrap you missed, old boy. ----

JERRY: But what about the tree?

JIM: Oh, yes. --- Well, Paul came up and looked thre tree over; and while he was a-standing there scratchin' his head with a cant-hook, along came a bird and lit in his mustache. --- Thought it'd be a good place to build a nest, maybe ---

JERRY: What happened then?

JIM: Well, the bird hopping around there sort of tickled his nose, so all of a sudden Paul sneezed --- and by george, it blew that whole tree, roots and all, right out of the county.

JERRY: (LAUGHS) Boy! That's rich.

JIM: If you don't believe it, you can see for yourself. Look. -- See that deep hollow over beyond the ridge?

JERRY: Over there? Yes.

JIM: Well, that's the hole that the tree left after Paul sneezed and blew it away.

JERRY: It's a big enough hole, all right. --- But what became of the tree?

JIM: Well, I never did find out just where that tree lit. Some folks seem to think it lit out in the middle of the ocean, and the splash was what caused one of these tidal waves they tell about. ---

JERRY: (LAUGHS) That's certainly a tall story.

JIM: Well, it was a tall tree. --- But look here, young fellow. Here you've got me started telling whoppers again, and we've still got business ahead of us. ---- Haven't seen a single trace of our friend Mike Bundy yet, have we?

JERRY: Our friend? He's no friend of mine. I'd like to punch his nose, the old grouch.

JIM: Easy there, Jerry. Remember, I told you not to fly off the handle.

JERRY: Yeah, but remember the way he ordered me away from that junky old automobile of his.

JIM: Well, now, maybe he was scared you'd mar the finish.

JERRY: Mar the finish! That old hack hasn't had a coat of paint since the year one. --- What do you suppose he's been doing up around here, Mr. Robbins?

JIM: Well, I don't know, but I've got a suspicion he's fixing to carry on a little illegal business, and this forest ain't exactly the place for anything like that.

JERRY: I see what you mean.

JIM: Well, let's move along. --- Hand me that cup there first, Jerry. Guess I'll fetch myself a drink out of the creek.

JERRY: Sure, here you are.

JIM: This little brook's one of my favorites. Water's as clear as you could ask for, and always runs about the same amount of water, winter and summer - and always cold. --- See what a good forest covering the watershed does?

JERRY: Yeah. Soaks up the water and feeds it out gradually, all the year 'round.

JIM: This forest of ours furnishes the water supply for half a dozen towns down below. I was figuring it up not long ago and there's at least 40,000 people get their drinking water out of the main creek down below. It's our job to keep this watershed protected, Jerry. And keeping fire out is the main thing.

JERRY: We'll do it, all right.

JIM: Good. That's the right spirit. --- Look, Jerry! See that little piece of wood floating down the brook?

JERRY: There? Yeah.

JIM: That's a fresh-cut chip.

JERRY: It is, sure enough. -- That means somebody else is up around here somewhere, doesn't it?

JIM: Most likely. Guess I'd better look into it. --- You stay here with the horses, Jerry. Rex and I are going to follow up this brook a ways.

JERRY: Can't I go with you?

JIM: No. You wait here. --- Come on, Rex. And keep quiet, you old hound. No barking, ssee?

(MUSICAL INTERLUDE)

(DOG GROWLS)

JIM: (UNDERTONE) What's the matter, Rex? Hear something? ---
Here, Rex, come back here. Not so fast old boy. ----
(SOUND OF HAMMERING, OFF)

JIM: (UNDERTONE) Hmm. Thare he is, all right. --- Rex,
get to heel. --- (CALLS) Well, Bundy. What's going
on here? (DOG BARKS) Never mind that gun.

(DOG BARKS AGAIN)

BUNDY: (OFF) Call off yer dog, will yuh?

JIM: Here, Rex. That's all right, old boy. --- Listen here,
Bundy. Every time I see you you're always grabbing
for your gun. What you so suspicious about?

BUNDY: I ain't lettin' nobody poke into my business. See?

JIM: No? Well what is your business?

BUNDY: I'm keepin' that to myself.

JIM: Well, it just so happens that what goes on in this
forest is my business.

BUNDY: Yeah? Well, I'm fixin' a place here to -- to keep a
few traps and things in. --- No law against that, is
there?

JIM: I reckon you're fixing to keep more here than just
traps. -- - So this is what you were cutting those poles
for the other day?

BUNDY: Huh? -- You didn't see me cuttin' no poles.

JIM: No? -- Well, maybe not. -- Now, look here, Bundy. Sit
down there. I want to talk to you.

BUNDY: Yeah? -- Suppsce I don't feel like sittin' down?

JIM: You might as well. I'm going to talk to you anyhow. Now listen. --- All you've been doing around here for several years now is make trouble. You're one of these fellows who never seems to have any respect for anybody else's property, or the public's property either.

BUNDY: This used to be free land in the old days before you government men came up here.

JIM: Well, it was fellows like you that was one of the reasons why it was made a national forest. You fellows would have stripped it off and burned it up, and we wouldn't have had any forest at all. --- Ever stop to think how much the little town of Winding Creek depends on this forest?

BUNDY: I don't owe Winding Breek nuthin'. Nobody there's done me any favors.

JIM: No? Well, you can't blame 'em much. ---- Now look here, Bundy. What you do in your own private business is no particular concern of mine - see? - excepting of course I'd a heap sight rather see you carryin' on as an honest, law-abiding citizen. But what you do on this forest is my business, and if you're figuring to start moonshining up here, you'd better get rid of that idea right now. Get that?

(PAUSE)

(DOG BARKS)

BUNDY: Somebody's a-coming. --- It's that young smart aleck helper of yours.

JIM: (STERNLY) Jerry. --- I thought I told you to stay down there with the horses.

JERRY: (COMING UP) I tied them to a tree, Mr. Robbins.

JIM: (SARCASTICALLY) Very thoughtful of you.

JERRY: I --- I just wanted to see if I could be of any help, Mr. Robbins.

JIM: Thanks.

BUNDY: That kid's goin' to stick his nose in my business once too often.

JERRY: (HUFFLY) Say --- you're going to get a sock on your own nose if ---

JIM: (STERNLY) Jerry.

JERRY: Yes, sir.

JIM: That's enough. ---- Well, Bundy. You'd better pick up those tools of yours and clear out. You're as welcome as anyone else on this forest, so long as you live up to the regulations; but if you come up here you've got to respect the laws for the protection of this forest, --- and I'm going to see that you do. --- Have you got that straight?

BUNDY: (MUMBLES) Always interferin' ----

JIM: What did you say?

BUNDY: (CALLS BACK) Nuthin' ---- (SLIGHT PAUSE)

JIM: Well, there he goes. --- That's that.

JERRY: Gee, I wish you'd let me sock him just once --- What you so easy on him for? See there, he was getting ready to set up a moonshine plant, I bet, and you let him go.

JIM: Well, I kind of hold to the theory that it's better to keep a fellow from breaking the law before he starts instead of jumping on him for it afterward. ----- And look here, young fellow, the next time I tell you to stay with the horses, you stay with the horse. I might've had old Bundy weeping on my shoulder before I got through, if you hadn't come along and got him riled up again.

JERRY: I ---- well, I'm sorry, Mr. Robbins.

JIM: Well, anyhow, I reckon he'll give up the idea of setting up a still on this forest.

(FADEOUT)

(MUSICAL INTERLUDE)

ANNOUNCER: We leave Jim and Jerry here. Again next Thursday at this same hour, Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers will be with us with more adventures. ---

Scattered through 30 states, and also the territories of Alaska and Porto Rico, are one hundred and fifty national forests. These forests were established to insure a perpetual supply of timber, and to preserve the forest cover, which prevents erosion and regulates the water supply and flow of streams. The rangers who manage and protect these national forests always have before them the ideal of conservation by wise use. Existing individual rights are fully recognized and protected, but under no circumstances is a public benefit made subservient to private gain. The national forests are public resources, to be perpetuated, protected, and developed for the benefit of all.

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The role of Ranger Jim Robbins is played by Harvey Hays. Others in today's cast were:

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