"UNCLE SAM'S FOREST RANGERS"

Episode #48

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11:30 to 12:30 P.M. C.S.T. JANUARY 19, 1933 THURSDAY

ORCHESTRA: "RANGER SONG"

ANNOUNCER: "Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers" --

ORCHESTRA: QUARTET

ANNOUNCER: A many-sided job is that of the Rangers who manage and protect our great National Forests. To the Rangers fall all of the varied duties incident to growing and harvesting successive crops of of timber, guarding against loss by forest fire, maintaining protective vegetation on the watersheds, regulating grazing on the national forest ranges, looking after the welfare of game and wild life, and meeting the needs of the thousands who come to the forests for recreation. Some folks perhaps wonder what a Ranger does in winter time, when heavy snows or frequent rains mean little or no fire danger on many of the forests. Don't worry, - the Rangers have plenty to do, what with necessary timber surveys, game management, improvement work, and the like. One little winter-time job that probably few of you know about, however, is checking up on snow fall in the mountains and as we look in again on the Pine Cone Ranger District today, we find Ranger Jim Robbins and his young assistant, Jerry Quick, have been planning to make a trip to one of their snow scales. The Forest Rangers in many of the National Forests cooperate with the United States Weather Bureau in obtaining measurements of snow fall during the winter months. To accomplish this work the Rangers have set up snow scales in the principal watersheds of their districts. This information is very important to the weather men,

for it enables them to closely forecast stream flow during the coming spring and summer months. Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers keenly realize the value of this information, and it is a matter of pride with them that the snow fall reports be made when they are due. -- Well, here we are at the Pine Cone Ranger Station --

(SOUND OF JIM STAMPING FEET ON PORCH AND ENTERING DOOR)

JIM: (COMING UP) Whew! What a morning!

BESS: Yes? Well, we're waiting breakfast on you - as usual, Jim - Where have you been this time?

JIM: Out feeding the horses, Bess. You wouldn't have me let them go without breakfast, now, would you?

BESS: No. But it took you long enough.

JIM: (CHUCKLING) Well, you see, I had to sorta look the situation over, Bess.

JERRY: How does it look?

JIM: Looks like a tough day ahead for you and me, Jerry.

JERRY: Going up to the Paladuro snow scale, you mean?

JIM: Yep. The old wind's whoopin' 'er up about forty miles an hour right now. And the snow's sure piling up; there's a big drift just this side of the barn --

BESS: (CUTTING IN) Oh Jim, you aren't going to try to go up to the Paladuor snow scale today, are you?

JIM: Well, Bess, you know the report is due tomorrow. I'm taking Jerry along for company because it's liable to be a rough trip.

BESS: I know, but it's just terrible out now, Jim. I don't think you ought to start out in such weather, report or no report.

JIM: Bess, did you ever see Jim Robbins quit because he found the going a little rough?

BESS: No Jim, but sometimes I think you take too many chances. But if you are bound to go I'm glad you are going to take Jerry with you.

JERRY: Yeah. I want to see what that country looks like in the winter time. I'll bet it looks a lot different than it did last summer.

JIM: Which reminds me, Bess. Jerry and I will be needing some lunch to take along today -- something light but substantial, so to speak --

BESS: I'll fix it right after breakfast. You and Jerry go sit down at the table now (GOING OFF) and I'll bring things right in.

JERRY: Okay, Mrs. Robbins. Bring it on. --

(BRIEF PAUSE)

JERRY: Well, it's snowing again,Jim.

JIM: Yep. She'll be plenty deep up along the trail.

BESS: (COMING UP) Here you are, now. -- Have some buckwheat cakes, Jerry.

JERRY: You bet I will. -- Here, you too, Jim.

JIM: Thanks. Better eat hearty, son.

JERRY: I'm sure going to.

BESS: Here's your coffee, Jim. -- And yours, Jerry.

JERRY: Thanks, Mrs. Robbins.

JIM: You've seen the snow scale map, haven't you, Jerry?

JERRY: Yeah. I went over it last night. But I was wondering how you would follow the blazed line to the scales if the snow is deep enough to cover the blazes.

JIM: I 'spect if you had the map in your hand, you could pick out the blazed trees and follow the route of travel easy enough. I blazed the line when the snow was deep and most of the blazes are so high on the trees you don't notice them in the summer time.

JERRY: Well, it's a chance to try out my new snow shoes. -- Pass me the butter again, Jim, will you?

JIM: Sure.

JERRY: Isn't it enough to know that the snow is deeper than usual. We know that without going up there.

JIM: Well, that makes it all the more important that we get the exact depth. The weather men'll need the information so they can forecast the amount of flow in the streams. Might mean flood danger down in the valleys next spring. And the irrigation people and the hydro-electric engineers want to know how much water is coming.

JERRY: Yeah -- Say, by the way, Jim. What does "Paladuro" mean? I know it's a Spanish word, but what's it doing way up there?

JIM: Well, in this particular case, it means "durable timber." I guess the name came from the heavy stands of timber growing up in the Paladuro canyon.

JERRY: I see.

BESS: Have some more cakes, Jerry?

JERRY: Sure. -- How about you, Jim?

Alex: I hope if you had the map in your hand, you could place me the planet there and trace the route of travel easy enough. I placed the star and the snow you have not said of the Cosmos are so high in the range you could notice them in the nearest time.

Gerry: Well, it's a chance to try out my new theory, — then as the future events, then, well see.

Alex: Yes.

Gerry: Light is moving so fast that the eye is tempted to assist. We have our eyes direct today to study.

Alex: Yes, that makes it all the more interesting for us to see the deep depth. The reality we'll need to interpret as they are forward. The angles of view in the strange. Much more right change over if the reality not giving. And the intersection circle and the intersection conference that is how you and people is moving.

Gerry: Yes — Yes, in the way, then. That was fantastic! I have like a right to know, but maybe if there may be right.

Alex: Yes, in the mathematical sense, is there "Gravity Lenses". I guess the water open and be deep strong at other planets or to "galactic angles".

Gerry: I see.

Alex: Have some have taken, Jerry?

Gerry: Yes — the people may like

JIM: (CHUCKLING) I reckon I can take on a couple more. -- Speaking of durable timber, some kinds of wood last a lot longer in the ground than others, you know. The railroads used to have quite a time getting the kinds of wood for ties and bridge timbers that wouldn't have to be replaced every few years, but now that they can treat them with preservatives they can use a lot of different kinds of wood, and get long service in the ground. -- Our Forest Products Laboratory, by the way, has done a lot of work in developing wood preserving methods, and testing preservatives, and all that sort of thing.

JERRY: Yeah, I know. All the way from big wood preserving plant operations down to treating timber on the farm.

JIM: Uh-huh. -- (CHUCKLES) You sure are getting outside of those cakes in a hurry, Jerry.

JERRY: Well, Mrs. Robbins makes the best buckwheat cakes in the world.

BESS: Have some more, Jerry.

JERRY: Gosh, I guess I'm full up now, Mrs. Robbins. -- How about you, Jim?

JIM: Sorry, folks, but I've already gone over my estimated capacity. -- If you're through, Jerry, I reckon we'd better get ready to go.

JERRY: Okay. What do we want to take with us today, Jim?

JIM: (CONCLUDING) I reckon I can take on a couple more. -- Speaking of durable timber, some kinds of wood last a lot longer in the ground than others, you know. The railroads used to have quite a time getting the kinds of wood for ties and bridge timbers that wouldn't have to be replaced every few years, but now that they can treat them with preservatives they can use a lot of different kinds of wood, and our lumber results in the ground. -- Our Forest Products Laboratory, by the way, has done a lot of work in developing wood preserving methods, and testing preservatives, and all that sort of thing.

BETTY: Yes. I know. All the way from big wood preserving plant operations down to treating timber on the farm.

JIM: Uh-huh. -- (CONCLUDING) You sure are getting relaxing about being in a hurry, Betty.

BETTY: Well, Mrs. Hopkins making the good breakfast makes it the world.

BOBBY: Gets down hungry, Mummy.

TEDDY: Yeah, I guess I'm full of jam, Mom, Tuesday. -- Can eat now, Mom?

MOM: Sure, Teddy, but like already, you must be polite -- respectful. -- If you're through, Daddy, I reckon we'd better get ready to go.

BETTY: Okay. What do we want to take along to eat, Jim?

JIM: Well, let's see -- you better put on all your surplus clothing. -- Then we want the density apparatus, and our snow goggles, and snow shoes and pocket compass, plenty of matches and a light ax. And we better take along the horse blankets, too. I 'spect the horses'll never be able to buck the deep snow up in the canyon, so we'll probably have to leave 'em in the old barn up at the Juan Archuleta place.

JERRY: At the mouth of the canyon?

JIM: Uh huh. We'd better saddle up inside the barn this morning, Jerry, so's to keep our saddle blankets dry as we can. Oh yes, and we'll want two feeds of oats, too.

JERRY: (GOING OFF) Okay. I'll be getting things together.

BESS: You two be careful now - it's such an awful day to make the trip.

JIM: Don't worry, Bess. We'll make out.

(MUSICAL INTERLUDE)

(SOUND OF HORSES PLODDING AND SNORTING WITH EACH BREATH)

JERRY: (SHIVERING) W-Whoa, whoa Spark - Whoa - Shall we let the horses blow a little Jim?

JIM: Whoa, Dolly. Good idea.

(SOUND OF HORSES STOPS)

JERRY: (SHUVERING, MUFFLED VOICE) Gee -- that snows s-sure stings your face. -- I've got my m-m-muffler pulled up to my eyes now.

JIM: Yep. There's Archuleta's barn over there, Jerry. I reckon we'd better leave the horses there and go on with the snow shoes.

JERRY: Y-yeah. - Gosh, I'm so s-s-tiff from the cold, I don't know whether I can get down and open that g-g-gate - or not.

JIM: Sit still, I'll open 'er, son.

(CREAK OF SADDLE LEATHER; RATTLE OF GATE)

JIM: There we are. -- Better try to keep from holding yourself so stiff in the saddle when you get cold like that, Jerry. Let yourself sway with the horse, and it'll help stir up circulation.

JERRY: G-gosh, I'm too stiff to sway.

JIM: (CHUCKLES) All right, Dolly.

JERRY: Giddap, Spark.

(SOUND OF HORSES)

JIM: Pretty tough going, ain't it, Dolly, old girl. -- Never mind, though. We'll have you two horses in the barn in a jiffy. -- Whoa, Dolly.

JERRY: Whoa.

JIM: Here we are. (CREAK OF SADDLE LEATHER) Here, give me a hand with the barn door, Jerry.

JERRY: G-g-gee, I'm so stiff I can hardly move.

JIM: Pull on 'er. -- (SQUEAK OF BARN DOOR SWINGING OPEN) There. Now get in there with that horse of yours. -- Come on, Dolly. (SOUND OF HORSES BEING LED IN BARN) -- Well, now. Whip your arms a bit, Jerry. Get a little circulation back. That's the way.

JERRY: (WHIPPING ARMS) Gosh, it's sure a relief to get inside here. That wind cuts right through to your gizzard. -- I wish it'd change.

JIM: (CHUCKLING) You're like old Dutch Henry, that lives down below the station.

JERRY: How's that?

JIM: Well, last winter, he had to make a trip to Willow Glen and the roads were all snowed in so's he couldn't get a car through, so he had to drive his team. His neighbor, Mr. Wilson, wanted to go down too, so he took him along, - and the wind and snow was blowing like all getout, right in their faces. So pretty soon, old Dutch Henry says, "By Yiminy, Mr. Vilson, I sure hope dot vind he change ven we come back."

JERRY: Well, I'd like to see 'er change right now.

JIM: Taint so bad in here. -- See if there isn't a couple of old gunny sacks there by the feed bin, so we can wipe the snow off that worthless broom-tail of yours --

JERRY: Hey, don't you go calling my horse a worthless broom-tail. Spark's one awful good horse.

JIM: (CHUCKLING) Right you are. Spark's a good horse. Broom-tail is just one of my pet names for a horse - you know - like the pet names I call Bess sometimes - that is, when she's in an extra good humor .

JERRY: Here's some gunny sacks. -- Whoa, Spark.

JIM: There now -- How about it, Dolly. Feel better, don't you old girl? -- Now for your blanket -- and some oats. -- How you coming, Jerry?

JERRY: Okay.

JIM: We'd better get going, I guess. We've got two miles of it yet - and all up hill. -- Here, let me have that density tube. I'll carry 'er.

JERRY: All right. -- Say, how do you use that density tube, by the way?

[illegible]: Where when?

[illegible]: Well, Jane always, he had to make a trip to Milton. Then and the people were all around in with to [illegible] and a man through, to be had to [illegible] life [illegible]. He [illegible], Mr. Milton, wanted to go back [illegible], so he took his money, - and the girl and Jane was [illegible] this all [illegible], [illegible] in [illegible]. He [illegible] [illegible] down [illegible]. The [illegible], Mr. Milton, I [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]."

[illegible]: Well - I'd [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].

[illegible]: [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] - [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

JIM: We fill 'er with snow, see? -- and this spring balance gives us the weight and shows the water equivalent of the snow. -- Mighty handy contrivance.

JERRY: Yeah.

JIM: Ready? Let's go.

(SOUND OF OPENING AND CLOSING BARN DOOR; SOUND OF STORM CONTINUES THROUGH FOLLOWING)

JERRY: Gee, she's getting to be a regular blizzard!

JIM: Yep. Got your snow-shoes on?

JERRY: Okay. -- Whew! What a cold wind. -- Doggone. -- I'm picking up too much snow!

JIM: Pick up your feet a little more, Jerry. Just let the back end of the snow-shoes drag. -- Takes a little while to get used to walking on the webs again.

JERRY: Yeah. -- Ouch! Gee!

JIM: What's the matter?

JERRY: Gosh, I bet I knocked all the skin off my ankle bone that time!

JIM: (CHUCKLES) I reckon that'll help you get the sub-conscious ssing that goes with walking on webs. -- Better let me break trail for a while, Jerry.

JERRY: All right. Gosh, I s-sure hope this hill won't change like D-d-dutch Henry's wind when we start back.

JIM: (CHUCKLES) Yep. How're you coming, Jerry?

JERRY: Oh, I'm coming, all right, -- Look out Jim for that low limb.

JIM: Thanks, I came near snagging my face that time. Look, here's one of the blazed trees, Jerry. Hmm. Look here -- I guess this snow's plenty deep all right. I was sitting on Dolly's back when I made this blaze, Jerry - and now the snow's almost up to it.

JERRY: G-gee, I'll say. -- Gee, l-look at that snow coming over the ridge. It looks almost like a big ocean wave.

JIM: Yep. There must be a mighty strong wind to whip up the snow like that. I reckon we'll get a taste of it up yonder where the canyon narrows down, - it won't look so pretty when we go through there.

JERRY: N-no -- Say -- 'bout how much -- f-farther -- is it?

JIM: Quite a spell yet, Jerry. How you coming?

JERRY: All r-right, I guess.

JIM: Oh! Umph! Well I declare.

JERRY: What happened, Jim ?

JIM: Just hooked my webbs into that branch. It was covered with snow and I didn't see it. No damage done.

(SOUND OF SLAPPING OFF SNOW WITH MITTENS)

JERRY: Except to get loaded up with snow. Let me dig it out of back of your collar (MORE SLAPPING) There!

JIM: That snow is plenty cold.

JERRY: Yeah it's almost as hard and dry as sand. (LAUGHS) I thought you were going to take a regular nose dive that time, Jim. The way your snow shoes were thrashing around.

JIM: (CHUCKLES) That's when I was trying to come up for air. Well let's get going or we'll begin to chill.

JERRY: Let me break trail for a ways Jim.

JIM: You're not used to snow shoes, Jerry. You had better save your strength. That's the chief danger in a trip like this -- a man don't realize he is overtaxing his strength 'till he becomes exhausted.

JERRY: Oh, I'm OK now, I've got my second wind.

JIM: If we can get up to that scale we will be all right. Coming down won't be so hard. We'll have a broken trail.

JERRY: Yes -- and -- a -- down - hill pull.

JIM: Well are we all set for another struggle?

JERRY: Let's go.

(WIND)

(INTERLUDE)

(WIND AND HARD BREATHING BY THE MEN)

JERRY: By George this is tough going Jim. How much farther is it?

JIM: We must be about there. I've been watching for that blazed line. Haven't seen a blaze for some time.

JERRY: Don't spose we've gone by it do you?

JIM: No, but we're close to it. It's hard to keep one's bearing with the snow blowing this way but this looks like the place.

JERRY: What's that on that tree? It looks like a blaze.

JIM: Yes, that's it. Now there should be another on that tree over there. Wait there's the scale.

JERRY: What, this? -- Sure enough there are the marks. I was looking for a longer board.

JIM: That one is ten feet high,

JERRY: Well, I'll be darned! Let's see now, how is it graduated -- inches or tenths of a foot?

JIM: In inches, - that reads ninety-one inches at the snow line.

JERRY: Ninety one inches - why that's nearly eight feet to the ground. Gosh, I thought maybe I'd take off my snow shoes and wade for a ways going back just to rest myself from walking all straddled out, but if it's that deep I guess I'll stay on the webbs.

JIM: I'd advise it. -- Let's see -- Ninety one inches, now for the density. Dig that apparatus out of my pack will you, Jerry? I'm so trussed up in this leather jacket I can't reach it.

JERRY: Sure - wait - hold still a minute. Here it is.

JIM: Yes, thanks. Now let's dig in here and get an average sample -- There that's far enough. Get the tube full.

JERRY: How's that?

JIM: Good. Hmm. Let's see, dry snow usually runs around thirteen to seventeen per cent. I reckon this will classify as drifted, packed snow around eighteen to twenty three per cent. How does it weight up?

JERRY: Just twenty per cent even -- That's pretty high water equivalent, eh?

JIM: Yep. -- Well, we've got our dope, Jerry. Let's hit the back trail.

JERRY: Say how about this lunch I've got in my pack? I feel like I'd rather carry some of it in my stomach.

JIM: (CHUCKLES) Hungry, eh? Well s'pose we go down here it's a little more sheltered and build a fire.

JERRY: O.K. Lead on.

(INTERLUDE)

(CRACKLE OF BURNING TWIGS)

JIM: That fire feels good.

JERRY: (COUGHING) Yeah, fine, when the smoke doesn't whip around into your face and choke you. -- Every place I move that smoke seems to follow me. (COMING CLOSER) Guess I'll try it over here beside you. I wish I could get that foot thawed out. If I could get those toes warm I'd be ready to go.

JIM: Don't you want some more of these sandwiches?

JERRY: No thanks, Jim. I've had plenty. You told Mrs. Robbins to put up a substantial lunch and she filled your order.

JIM: Well, we won't throw them away; we aren't home yet.

JERRY: You know Jim, I'd hate to make this trip up here alone.

JIM: I've had to do it many a time.

JERRY: Yes, but you take a big chance every time you do it. A man could easily fall and hurt himself or just get so tired he couldn't go any further. Several times this morning my heart got to pumping so hard I could hardly get my breath in this wind.

JIM: Such things have happened. How's the foot, got it warm yet?

JERRY: Yes, I'm ready -- I'm anxious to get home.

(INTERLUDE)

(BRIEF PAUSE; SOUND OF STORM UP)

JIM: Tough going, - eh, Jerry?

JERRY: Yeah - gee! --

JIM: 'Friad it's going to get dark before we get back.

JERRY: Yeah. It sure will. --

JIM: (SPUTTERING) Augh - whew --

JERRY: Hey, what's the matter, Jim?!

JIM: O - oh - Took a dive in the snow - I guess - What in thunder was it tripped me - anyway?

JERRY: You must've hit a stump, or something, Jim. Here, lemme hold you up.

JIM: Whew - (GROANS) O-oh -- Musta kinda - wrenched my knee-- Jerry --

JERRY: Gosh, that's too bad, Jim -- Can you walk all right?

JIM: I don't know -- (GROANS) Where's -- that density tube?

JERRY: Here it is. Gosh! Look, you bent it almost double.

JIM: Uh? -- Kinda spoiled it, uh? -- Better hang it on a tree, Jerry -

JERRY: Yeah. -- But can you walk all right, Jim?

JIM: (GROANS) 'Fraid I can't navigate - very well - Jerry -

JERRY: My Gosh! What're we going to do, Jim!-

JIM: (GROANING) You'd better - go on back - Jerry, - and get some help, - and -

JERRY: No siree, I don't leave you here - not in this storm!

JIM: Maybe -- I can kinda bed down - in a hollow log - or something --

JERRY: No sir! I'm going to get you back to the horses - if I have to carry you -- or drag you back --

JIM: I'm pretty -- hefty -- Jerry --

JERRY: I know, but -- Here -- (GRUNTS) -- Gosh! That's it -- Hold on to me --

JIM: I can hobble along a little - maybe - (GROANS) Tough going - uh, Jerry -

(SOUND OF STROM UP)

JERRY: (PANTING) Keep going, Jim! -- My gosh, don't fall asleep on me -- ! We'll make it, Jim! -- We've gotta make it, Jim!

(MUSICAL INTERLUDE)

(SOUND OF DOOR)

JERRY: Mrs. Robbins! Hey!

BESS: Why, Jerry! What on earth -- !

JERRY: Gee - whew - Gee, I sure had a time -- getting Jim home, Mrs. Robbins.

BESS: My heavens! -- Here - in this chair -- What happened?!

JERRY: He hurt his knee -

BESS: Oh dear - that old bad knee again -- Jim! Are you hurt badly?!

JIM: (MUMBLES UNINTELLIGIBLE SOUNDS)

JERRY: His face is so stiff from the cold he can't talk.

BESS: Goodness! -- Why, he's soaking wet! Here, help me, Jerry. -- That's it. Unlace his boots.

JIM: (WEAKLY) Kinda - wrenched my knee - Bess -

BESS: Oh, I'm so sorry, Jim.

JIM: (WEAKLY) Jerry - the horses -

JERRY: What, Jim?

JIM: The horses - they've got a -- good - feed - and rub-down -- coming -- to 'em, -- Jerry --

JERRY: Don't worry about that, Jim. I'll see to it. -- I guess home looks pretty good now, huh, Jim?

JIM: (CHUCKLES WEAKLY) It sure -- beats a holler log -- in a snow-storm. -- Bess -- I thought mabye -- Jerry was going to peter out on me -- going up the trail -- but I reckon he showed he had some stuff in him -- 'fore we got through.

JERRY: Ranger stuff, Jim?

JIM: Yep - Ranger stuff, Jerry.

ANNOUNCER: Well, folks - another hard day in the life of the Rangers. -- Back of the terse, prosaic reports that come in from Uncle Sam's men in the field, there often lies many a story of adventure, endurance, and hardship that never appears in the records.

Next Thursday at this time, we bring you Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers once more. This program comes to you as a presentation of the National Broadcasting Company, with the cooperation of the United States Forest Service.

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