

UNCLE SAM'S FOREST RANGERS

Episode #51

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

FEBRUARY 9, 1933

THURSDAY

ORCHESTRA: (RANGER SONG)

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

ORCHESTRA: QUARTET

ANNOUNCER: When you get right down to it, timber is a crop, grown from the soil like any other crop. The only essential differences between the timber crop and, say, a crop of wheat, are in the methods of culture and in the time it takes for the crop to mature. To cut a single crop of timber and then leave the land to fire and waste would be like harvesting a single crop of wheat and then abandoning the land to weeds. To pay its way land must be kept continuously productive. Thus, on the National Forests - those great reservoirs of timber managed in the interests of national welfare - Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers look to growing continuous crops of timber on the same land. Although years instead of months are involved, the rangers work for permanent production, for the handling of the timber and other resources of the forests in such a way that they can be continuously used yet constantly renewed. In the management of timber stands, this means that when mature timber is to be harvested, it must be cut in such a way that the basis of another crop is left, and the other values of the forest are not impaired --- Today, as we tune in at the Ranger Station, we find Ranger Jim Robbins at his desk, working over plans for the cutting of some timber on the Pine Cone District. --- Here we are ---

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JIM: (MUMBLING TO SELF) Hmm -- (RUSTLES PAPERS)-- Hmm --
 Let's see --
 (SOUND OF DOOR)

JERRY: (COMING IN) Hi there, Jim.

JIM: Huh - Jerry? Where've you been?

JERRY: Out in the barn. -- What's going on?

JIM: Huh? -- Lots. -- Lots going on, Jerry.

JERRY: Yeah? What is it this time?

JIM: Well - you mind that timber we cruised out last fall
 down on the creek along the south edge of the forest--

JERRY: Yeah - the place that folks around here call Beerkeg
 Gulch.

JIM: (CHUCKLES) Uh huh. Beerkeg Gulch.

JERRY: There's sure some fine timber on that unit.

JIM: Yep. Mighty good timber. -- Well, just across the
 creek down there is that big private estate --

JERRY: Yeah. Hillcrest estate.

JIM: Uh huh. It belongs to Alexander C. Hill. I don't
 believe you've met him yet, have you, Jerry?

JERRY: No. I've heard he's got a pot full of money, though.

JIM: Yep. Pretty wealthy, I guess. They say his income
 is about ten dollars a minute.

JERRY: Whew! Ten dollars a minute! Golly, wouldn't I
 like to have a few minutes of his time!-

JIM: (CHUCKLING) You'd prob'ly get into mischief.

BESS: (COMING IN) What--? Why -- What's that about
 Jerry getting into mischief?

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JIM: (CHUCKLING) Hello, Bess -- I was just saying that if Jerry had some of Alexander Hill's money, he'd --

BESS: (CUTTING IN) No he wouldn't either.

JIM: (CHUCKLING) See there, Jerry? Bess'll always stick up for you. -- What's all the artillery you've got there, Bess?

BESS: Why, I'm going to wash the windows here in your office.

JIM: Wash the windows? Ooo-h (MAKE-BELIEVE GROANS OF ANGUISH) Listen to that, Jerry. And all was peace and quiet. (JERRY LAUGHS)

BESS: I should think you'd be ashamed to have windows like this. -- Just look at them, Jim. Look at those windows.

JIM: That's right. Look at 'em. -- I don't s'pose you could postpone washing 'em till tomorrow, though, Bess?

BESS: No indeed. They're going to be washed right now.

JIM: (CHUCKLES) Well, Jerry. We've decided that the windows are going to be washed right now. -- Now, let's see -- before the disturbance started, we were talking about ---

BESS: (CUTTING IN) Move over a little, Jim.

JIM: Huh? (SCRAPE OF CHAIR) We were talking --

BESS: (CUTTING IN) Thanks. That gives me more room.

JIM: Uh huh. We were -- what in heck were we talking about, Jerry?

JERRY: (LAUGHING) Alexander C. Hill.

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JIM: Oh yes -- well, he's --

BESS: (CUTTING IN) I hear he's going to Europe.

JIM: Huh? All right, maybe so, but --

BESS: (CUTTING IN) Just imagine going to Europe any time you want to.

JIM: I s'pect that does require stretching the imagination pretty far -- for a Ranger's wife. -- But as I was saying -- Alexander Hill generally puts in his summers up here in our district, Jerry. He says up here in the forest is the only place he can get clear away from his troubles - which goes to show, I s'pose, that other folks besides Rangers have troubles -- even when they have ten dollars a minute comin' in while they're having 'em.

JERRY: Gosh, I wish I could get that much for my troubles.

JIM: Hep. -- Well, Alec Hill's a likeable enough fellow, though. He's a good chap. Nearly every summer he puts on a big barbecue over there at his estate and invites the whole countryside.

JERRY: Yeah, I've heard of those barbecues at Hillcrest.

JIM: Uh huh. -- Well, what I was getting at was that that timber down in Beerkeg Gulch -- you know we're advertising it for sale now?

JERRY: Yes, I know.

JIM: Well, that timber is right across the creek from his estate, and when he hears it's going to be cut, he gets all in a lather, and ---

Faint, illegible text, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side of the page. The text is arranged in several paragraphs and appears to be a formal document or report.

JERRY: (CUTTING IN) But Jim, that timber has a lot of old trees -- a lot of them spike-topped. They ought to be cut.

JIM: I know. But about Hill. -- He called me up long distance on the phone just a little bit ago - all the way from down in the city - and made the wires hum for about ten minutes, telling me very emphatically that the timber in Beerkeg is not to be cut. "It has come to my attention," he says, like he was addressing a board of directors' meeting, - "it has come to my attention that you are planning to allow the cutting of timber adjoining my estate at Hillcrest," -- and then he went on to say that he was going to stop our cutting over that area even if he had to take it up with the highest authorities.

JERRY: But doesn't he know that the way we cut timber on for Forest, there'll still be a good stand of trees left, and the scenic values and watershed values will be protected?

JIM: I tried to explain how we cut timber, Jerry, but he didn't seem satisfied. And of course a man like Hill's so used to having his own way that what he wants generally means ---

JERRY: Generally means trouble if he doesn't get it, huh?

JIM: Yep. It generally means that what he wants, he gets.

JERRY: What are you going to do, Jim?

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JIM: Well, the proper management of our Forest calls for taking out the mature timber in Beerkeg, so we're going ahead with our plans for the cutting.

JERRY: Trouble or no trouble, huh?

JIM: Yep. -- Hey, Bess, quit thumpin' soapsuds at me. Can't you see I've got on a clean shirt?

BESS: Well, move out of the way then.

JIM: (CHUCKLING) See there, Jerry? Right in a man's own office -- his sanctum sanctorum --

(PHONE RINGS)

JIM: There's the telephone. (ANSWERING PHONE) Pine Cone Ranger Station. -- Long Distance, eh? --

JERRY: Must be Mr. Hill again.

JIM: (TO PHONE) Hello - Yes, this is Mr. Robbins speaking. -- Yes -- Yes -- Yes -- Yes -- Yes -- No -- No, sir, this timber is over mature and infested with disease and beetles -- It may sound silly to you sir but it's a serious fact -- No, sir, we're going ahead with our plans. -- All right, goodbye.

(HANGS UP RECEIVER)

JERRY: Was that Mr. Hill again?

JIM: No, that was Mr. Hill's lawyer.

BESS: Oh, I hope they're not going to cause a lot of difficulties.

JIM: Well, he was threatening all kinds of action. -- Say, by the way, the bids on that timber were to be opened down in the Supervisor's office at noon today. Blamed if it ain't past that time now.

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(PHONE RINGS)

- JERRY: There's the phone again. Maybe that's the Supervisor's office calling now.
- JIM: How am I going to answer the phone with that bucket of soapsuds right in the way now? -- Look at that.
- BESS: You'd better hurry up and answer the phone, Jim.
- JIM: (TO PHONE) Pine Cone Ranger Station. -- Oh, hello, Chief. -- (RATTLE OF BUCKET) (EXCLAIMS) Hey, what the --! Listen here --! -- (TO PHONE AGAIN,
CHUCKLING) Oh no - no Bert, I just got my foot in a bucket of water then, that's all. We're gettin' cleaned up something awful around here. -- What's that? -- The timber goes to the Winding Creek Lumber Company, eh? -- Want to start cutting right away? -- So they want to put their tie hacks in in the morning, eh? -- All right, Bert. Jerry and I can start marking the timber this afternoon. -- All right, Bert. Goodbye. (HANGS UP RECEIVER) (TO JERRY) Well, Jerry, the Winding Creek Lumber Company was the successful bidder.
- JERRY: That's great! That means Al Perkins will handle the logging job, doesn't it?
- JIM: Yep.
- BESS: I'm glad he got it too, Jim.
- JIM: Yep. -- Get out the map, and the cutting plan, Jerry. They're in that big map binder -- over there behind the filing cases.
- JERRY: Okay.

JIM: We've gotta figure where we're going to start Perkins out.

JERRY: (SLIGHTLY OFF) Here it is, Jim. I got 'er.
Right on top.

JIM: Good. Let's see 'er, Jerry.

BESS: We'll have to move your desk a minute now, Jim -- so I can get at that other window.

JIM: My gosh! Move the desk? That'll upset everything.

BESS: It'll only be for a minute.

JIM: If you wash that window behind the desk, all I'll be able to do is look out.

BESS: Here - help me, Jim.
(SOUND OF PUSHING DESK ACROSS FLOR)

JIM: All right. There now. -- Here, Jerry, let's get this map spread out here. -- (RATTLE OF PAPER)
That's right. -- Now look here. -- you see --

BESS: (CUTTING IN) That map folder needs dusting something awful.

JIM: What is this, anyway? Spring house cleaning in the middle of winter? -- Look here now, Jerry. Let's get this cutting plan straight. -- We want to start marking right here -- unit number one on the map.
See? -- on the left side of Beerkeg, next to the road.

JERRY: Uh huh. I see.

JIM: Remember the large boulders on that unit? And the ground's pretty steep.

JERRY: Yes, but there's some good tie-size trees to be marked there.

- JIM: Yep. -- Then units number two and three come up next, -- See? -- that covers the whole left side. Then four, five and six bring us back down to the road on the right side, and -- (SUDDEN RATTLE OF PAPERS) Hey there! You're letting in all the cold air in the country! Do you have to have that window open so wide, Bess?
- BESS: I'm about through now -- (SHUTTING WINDOW) There now. That finishes it all up.
- JIM: That's sure good news.
- BESS: (GOING OFF) Hope I haven't disturbed you too much, Jim.
- JIM: Huh? -- Oh, not at all -- not at all. (SOUND OF DOOR) -- (CHUCKLES) Well, Jerry, peace and quiet reigns once more.
- JERRY: (LAUGHING) Yeah.
- JIM: Where were we before the wind scattered everything? -- Oh yes, -- that brings us back down to the road.
- JERRY: I've got the plan straight, I think, Jim -- I guess unit number one will keep us busy marking trees for several days.
- JIM: Yep. We start marking first thing this afternoon. -- Say, by the way, these windows here look pretty swell now -- don't they, Jerry? Look at 'em -- all bright and clean -- (CHUCKLES)-- (PAUSE)
(KNOCK ON DOOR)
- JERRY: Someone's at the door, Jim.
- JIM: Come in.

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(SOUND OF DOOR OPENING)

MARY: (COMING IN) Oh, hello. -- Is -- is Mrs. Robbins here?

JERRY: Hello, Mary. Did -- did you want to see Mrs. Robbins?

MARY: Why -- uh -- yes, I just dropped in for a minute to --

JERRY: She's in the other room, Mary. -- Here, have a chair.

MARY: Oh thanks -- I can't stop, Jerry. -- It's about school time.

JERRY: Can't you stay just a minute.

MARY: I'm sorry, Jerry. I'll see you after school.

JERRY: Aw, I'll be out marking timber then, Mary. How about this evening?

MARY: (SOFTLY) Okay.

JERRY: (ECHOING) Okay!

MARY: Well -- uh -- Mrs. Robbins is in the other room there? I'll run in and see her a moment.

JERRY: All right -- so long, Mary.

MARY: (GOING OFF) So long, Jerry.

(SOUND OF DOOR)

JIM: Well, Jerry -- are we ready to go up and start marking?

JERRY: (PEPPED UP) You bet we are -- let's go!

(FADEOUT)

(MUSICAL INTERLUDE)

JIM: Here's where we start marking, Jerry. Got your marking ax?

- JERRY: Yeah. -- That big pine by the boulder there is a good one to start on, I guess.
- JIM: No. We won't mark anything to cut here along the road, except a few of those over yonder that're about dead. Big old trees like that one by the boulder are worth a lot more left standing for folks to look at, Jerry.
- JERRY: I see. We won't mark much till we get beyond the reserved strip along the road, and back in that thicker stuff.
- JIM: That's it. -- The Black Hills beetles are working in here and you know what they can do to a nice stand of timber. -- This cutting will clean up the bugs.
- JERRY: Say, what about this Mr. Hill? What do you think he's going to do if we let 'em cut in here?
- JIM: Well, he might stir up quite a rumpus before he gets through -- but we've got to go ahead and do what's best for the Forest, Jerry.
- JERRY: Gosh, I hope he doesn't cause any trouble and tie up the operation.
- JIM: Uh huh. -- Hmm. I reckon we can get enough timber marked this afternoon so Perkins can start the cutting in the morning. -- He'll have to get his camp set up, but even so, it'll keep us humping a few days to keep ahead of his men.

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JERRY: Yeah. This'll be a busy place - cabins to throw up - men falling trees and chopping ties -- teams skidding logs out to the road -- trucks hauling them to the mill -- Say, this timber sale'll be good news for Hank and Vic Swanson and some of the rest of the boys in Al Perkins' crew. They've been having a tough time of it this winter with hardly any work going on in the woods.

JIM: Yep. This job'll grub-stake about twenty-five families I reckon.

JERRY: Yeah. -- What about this tree, Jim?

JIM: Yep. It ought to come out. Got a bad top.

JERRY: Looks like porcupines've been working on it. -- Hey, I bet you don't beat me by as many trees today as you did last time we marked timber.

JIM: (CHUCKLING) That still under your skin, Jerry? -- Better step lively then; I sharpened my hatchet last night.

JERRY: Shucks, I forgot about mine.

JIM: (CHUCKLING) It takes some folks a long time to learn that a sharp ax cuts better.

JERRY: Huh? -- Well, here goes, anyhow.

(SOUND OF BLAZING AND STAMPING TREE - TWO BLAZES)

JERRY: There. How's that?

JIM: Feelin' pretty spry, huh, Jerry? -- By the way, have you seen old Mike Bundy since you and he had that little set-to last week?

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JERRY: No. But I heard he was talking around the village that he was going to make plenty of trouble for us.

JIM: Yeah? Well, I don't imagine his liking for us rangers has increased any.

JERRY: I should say not. -- This tree looks like a good one to leave, Jim.

JIM: Yes, I think I'd leave that one, Jerry. We want to keep as many as possible on account of watershed protection.

JERRY: Yeah. -- Guess I'd better take this one with the bad fire scar.

(SOUND OF MARKING TREES)

JERRY: How about this one --?

JIM: Wait a minute. Here comes somebody. -- Yeah, it's Al Perkins. (CALLS) Hi, Al.

JERRY: Hello, Al --

PERKINS: (OFF) Hi!

JIM: I hear your outfit was the successful bidder, Al.

PERKINS: (CLOSER) Yeah.

JIM: Glad to know it. Al. There's some good timber for you in this unit.

PERKINS: (UP) Yeah.

JIM: What's the matter? You don't look very happy about it?

PERKINS: Plenty's the matter.

JIM: Did you have a protest from Mr. Hill about cutting in here?

PERKINS: Yeah.

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JIM: Well, I reckon that's our worry and not yours, Al. We're selling the timber, so if Alexander C. Hill's going to raise a fuss --

PERKINS: Yeah, but --

JIM: If he's going to raise a fuss, we'll have to take the responsibility. We'll be ready for you to start cutting in here in the morning, Al.

PERKINS: Yeah, but that ain't all, Jim. There's something else.

JIM: What's that?

PERKINS: That guy, Mike Bundy -- he's

JIM: Bundy?

PERKINS: Yeah. He says we can't cut in here. He says he'll shoot the first man that cuts a stick of timber on his ground.

JIM: His ground?!

PERKINS: He says this land belongs to him.

JIM: He does, eh? -- Hmm. --Bundy, eh? He's a pretty slick old codger too.

JERRY: Gosh, Mike Bundy again? What's he up to now, Jim?

JIM: That's what I want to know, Jerry. -- That's what I want to know.

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ANNOUNCER:

Yes sir, old Mike Bundy has been up to something again. Ranger Jim and Jerry certainly are running into difficulties with the timber cutting in Beerkeg Gulch. First, this Mr. Hill raises a fuss, and now Mike Bundy is about to pull off some trick. -- Maybe next Thursday, when Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers will be with us again, we'll find out what he's got up his sleeve.

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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