Sustaining

"UNCLE SAM'S FOREST RANGERS"
(Episode No. 89)

11:30-12:30 P.M. NOVEMBER 30, 1933 THURSDAY

ANNOUNCER: "Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers".

ORCHESTRA, QUARTER: "RANGER SONG"

ANNOUNCER: Well, folks, this is the day we check up and see what we have to be thankful for. In hundreds of Ranger stations today, scattered over our great, far-flung National Forest system, Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers are thankful that the year has brought vast accomplishments for the protection and development of our forest resources, and that the great work of conservation is going forward at a rate never before achieved. Since the welfare of the forests directly or indirectly affects all of us, we can all be thankful for this, along with the Rangers, and we can be thankful too that the management of our National Forests and other public forest work is in the hands of such capable men, working whole-heartedly for the upbuilding and permanent usefulness of our forest resources in the public interest.

We've had many, many requests for that campfire speech - if you could call it that - that Ranger Jim gave us more than a year ago, so today our friends of the Pine Cone Ranger Station are going to present again that little scene up on the range when Ranger Jim Robbins and Jerry Quick joined the cowboys around the campfire ... It was in the fall of the year, when the cattle outfits up on the National Forest ranges are apt to be busy with their round-ups - up on the National Forest range where livestock are grazed under permit from the Forest Service and the Rangers are always on the job to see that the grazing is managed in such a way that the ranges will continue to be productive and the value of the vegetation on the ranges for protecting the watersheds and preventing the washing away of soil will not be impaired. Ranger Jim and Jerry were coming into one of the cow-camps after a hard day's riding on an inspection tour of the ranges...

(FADE IN WITH SOUND OF HORSES WALKING: CONTINUES THROUGH FOLLOWING)

JIM: I guess that's the Bar-O outfit's camp up ahead there, Jerry.

JERRY: Yeah, I guess so. -- Say, that camp fire sure looks pretty from here, doesn't it?

JIM: Yep. So it does.

JERRY: It'll feel good to warm up by that fire too, Jim. It's getting pretty crisp these nights.

JIM: Yep. (CLUCKS TO HORSE) Step up, Dolly. --

JERRY: Giddap, Spark.

JIM: (CALLS) Hallo, there --

VOICE: (OFF) Who's a-comin'?

JIM: (RAISING VOICE) Better look to your P's, and Q's over there. (CHUCKLES)

VOICE: (OFF) It's Ranger Jim!

(CHORUS OF "HELLO JIM","HI RANGER", ETC. SLIGHTLY OFF)

JIM: Howdy, boys. -- Whoa now, Dolly - whoa, girl --

JERRY: Whoa, Spark. (SOUND OF HORSES STOPS)

JIM: Well, how you coming with your round-up?

CHUCK: Pretty good, Jim. Them cows sure kin be ornery though when it comes to hidin' out in the gullies.

SHORTY: Yeah, an' some of them Lazy T stock's been runnin' with ourn an's got to be cut out.

JIM: (CHUCKLES) Well, I reckon you boys'll handle it all right. -- Did you find any of your Bar-O Stock over 'cross the canyon?

CHUCK: No.

JIM: Well, I saw four head over there today. I reckon I can tell you how you can find 'em in the morning. -- Say, boys -- maybe all of you ain't acquainted with Jerry Quick here yet -- he's my assistant ranger on this district now.

JERRY: Glad to know you, fellows.

JIM: That's Ken Swift over there, Jerry. I reckon they named him Swift 'cause he's so slow getting around on that roan cayuse of his - eh, Ken? (LAUGHTER) And that's Shorty there -- he aint much as a cow hand, they tell me, but he's kinda handy when it comes to playin' a guitar. (MORE LAUGHTER)

CHUCK: (CHUCKLING) Shorty fell offa his horse today, Jim.

SHORTY: (HUFFY) I never neither. My horse went down with me, that's what. Durn near broke 'er leg in a squirrel hole. (MORE LAUGHTER)

JIM: (CHUCKLING) Well -- and here's Jig Jones - I don't know anything special to recommend him. Do you, fellows? (LAUGHTER) -- And this is Chuck Bone, Jerry. -- Chuck claims he can ride any broncho that's got four legs - huh, Chuck?

CHUCK: Sure I can.

JERRY: I'd sure like to get some pointers on riding from you, Mr. Bone.

CHUCK: Aint you rid much?

JERRY: Well, I hadn't ridden much before I came on this job, you see. Jim has been breaking me in pretty hard, though.

JIM: (CHUCKLING) Well, Jerry was kinda green about handling a horse when he first came on the district here. (CHUCKLING) I remember, first time he saw me putting the saddle on Dolly, he asked me if you put the saddle on backwards when you wanted to go the other way. (LAUGHTER)

JERRY: (LAUGHING) Aw now, Jim, I wasn't <u>that</u> bad --

JIM: (CHUCKLING) Well, mebbe not, -- Anyway, Jerry's got so's he can handle a horse first rate now. I wouldn't be scared to see him tackle any old cayuse in the county.

JERRY: Better not claim too much for your pupil, Jim.

CHUCK: Say, you fellows had yer supper? I guess we et up everything we had fixed up, but Shorty here kin fix yuh a cupa coffee or somethin' --

JIM: (CHUCKLES) I sorta figured you boys'd scrape the pot clean if you ever got loose on it -- so Jerry and I had our supper, Chuck. -- We ate some grub we had with us, a little while back.

CHUCK: Where yuh sleepin' tonight?

JIM: Well, we've got our bed rolls with us, and I reckon we'll bed down right here -- if it won't be crowdin' you boys too much.

CHUCK: Crowdin' us? (CHUCKLING) Well, we kin squeeze yuh inta the guest room -- It's kinda small, though -- only stretches from here to Cloud Peak. And the sky's the ceiling.

JIM: Well, that ought to give us room to unroll the beds in.

CHUCK: Don't put 'em too close to Shorty, though. He snores.

SHORTY: I don't neither.

CHUCK: You do so. You kin play more tunes in one night than a phonygraph.

(LAUGHTER)

CHUCK: Speakin' o' playin' tunes, git that music box of yours, Shorty. We oughta have a couple o' songs.

SHORTY: Sure.

CHUCK: Shorty says he knows five hundred songs.

SHORTY: Sure I do.

CHUCK: But he sings 'em all to the same tune (LAUGHTER) — Come up by the fire here, Jim -- you an' yer pardner --

JIM: Jerry and I'll look after our horses first, Chuck -- while Shorty's gettin' tuned up.

CHUCK: Sure. Kin I help yuh?

JIM: (GOING OFF) We can take care of 'em, thanks, Chuck.

(FADE OUT WITH A FEW CHORDS STRUMMED ON GUITAR)

(PAUSE)

(FADE IN WITH A FEW CHORDS OF GUITAR)

CHUCK: Come on, boys, let's git going on somethin' here —

(SHORTY LEADS OFF, QUARTER PICKS UP AND SINGS A GOOD LIVELY COWBOY SONG. SUGGESTED: A few verses of "Come a Ki-Yi Yippy" or "The Old Chisholm Trail".)

CHUCK: Whoopee! — All right now, Shorty. - You give us one.

(SHORT COWBOYS BALLAD, -- SOLO WITH GUITAR ACCOMPANIMENT)

CHUCK: There y'are. -- Hey now, Ranger Jim, how 'bout you givin us one?

JIM: (CHUCKLES) Me? Singin' ain't my special line, Chuck.

CHUCK: Aw, go ahead. (CHORUS OF "GO AHEAD JIM", ETC.)

JIM: (CHUCKLES) Well, -- see if you can stay with me on this one, Shorty. -- (SINGS WITH GUITAR ACCOMPANIMENT)

"I'm a rambling old Ranger, and far from my home,
And if people don't like me they can leave me alone;
Oh, I eat when I'm hungry and drink when I'm dry,
And if nothin' don't happen, I'll live till I die".

(The tune of this is easy: First line is same as first line of "Believe me if all those endearing young charms;" second line is same as second line of "Mother Machree". third line same as first; four line same as second, except it ends on keynote)

(APPLAUSE)

CHUCK: Hooray for Ranger Jim! -- How 'bout ye r pardner, Jim? You give us one, Jerry -- huh?

JERRY: (LAUGHS) Gosh, I'm not much when it comes to singing, Chuck. I guess I better keep on being a listener.

CHUCK: Well , then you give us another, Jim.

JIM: I reckon I've sung my song, Chuck. How would you like to have me make you a speech instead?

SHORTY: Hey, no speechifying in this camp!

CHUCK: Speech, huh? -- Goin' to tell us to be careful about smoking again, Jim?

JIM: Nope. I guess you boys've been around this forest long enough now to know when it's safe to smoke and when it isn't -- and how to keep from starting a forest fire. But I have a sort of hankerin' to tell you boys what this Ranger business is all about. --

CHUCK: All right, go to it, Jim.

JIM: Well, I've been riding the National Forest trails for twenty-five years now, boys. I came to this job of Forest Ranger a young fellow without much experience but with high ideals. Twenty-five years of hard work on the Forests have brought me a lot of experience, but they haven't shaken my faith in those ideals a bit. I still see the forests as one of God's greatest gifts to mankind, serving us in an infinite number of ways, and asking only our care and protection to enable them to keep on serving us always.

JIM:
(CONT.)

As a young Ranger, I thought it would be easy to make everybody else see the forests the same way, and stop being careless and indifferent about doing the things that damage them. But I've learned since then that some folks don't change their ways so easily. A lot of folks still go on being careless with fire in the woods, and never stop to think that the forests must be kept growing if they are to continue to serve us.

I've learned to love these forests more and more. For twenty-five years I've worked for them and fought to protect them. And I'm still fighting. --

Do you realize what these forests of ours mean to us? They give us wood for our homes and for our industries, and for thousands of uses; they cradle our great rivers at their birth, and help to provide us with steady and abundant supplies of pure water; they give us shelter to our bird and animal friends; they offer us a refuge from the dizzy whirl of modern life, a chance to play, and a chance to keep up our acquaintance with our good old Mother Nature. They give us the kind of beauty and inspiration that makes life worth living.

If we neglect our forests, if we fail to protect them, we have left only barren waste. If we care for them, if we help them to renew themselves, if we guard them against fire and misuse, they will continue to serve us for all time.

I want you boys to love the forests as I do. It isn't a blind, sentimental love. It's a practical sort of love, you see, that makes me want to work for my forests, to make them better, to help them give their best for our own and our country's good. I think everybody will come to love the forests as I do. And when everybody is ready to do his part for the forests' welfare, and to make sure that no act of his will do the forests harm, I'll be ready, when the time comes, to hit the trail over the Great Divide with a song in my heart.

The forests extend their services to us all; their benefits go far beyond their boundary lines, and continue through the years to come. And so we Rangers guard them in the interests of all. We try to grow forests for the years; we work for the "forests that long shall endure;" we try to give "service immortal and sure".

(PAUSE)

(SHORTY STARTS TO STRUM GUITAR SOFTLY)

JERRY: (FEELINGLY) Say, Jim -- that was -- great --

(CONTINUE GUITAR STRUMMING SOFTLY THROUGH FOLLOWING ANNOUNCEMENT)

ANNOUNCER: Yes, that was something worth listening to. -- Ranger Jim, there with the cowboys around the campfire, has given us something to think about. He's told us a little about what he is working for, what the protection and development and wise management of our forests means to us, and to our country's welfare. --

(QUARTET STARTS COWBOY SONG, SOFTLY)

ANNOUNCER: (WITH QUARTET IN BACKGROUND) Now the boys have cut loose with another song. -- Listen --

(QUARTET, UP, FINISHES SONG)

ANNOUNCER: "Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers" comes to you as a presentation of the National Broadcasting Company, with the cooperation of the United States Forest Service. Tune in at this same hour next Thursday, when the Rangers will be with us again.

pmp - 3:00 P. M.
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