UNCLE SAM'S FOREST RANGERS

Episcde No. 29

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12:30 to 1:30 P.M. C.D.S.T. AUGUST 11, 1932 THURSDAY

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

(ORCHESTRA: QUARTET)

ANNOUNCER: Now folks, we're off to the National Forest again to see how Ranger Jim Robbins and his young assistant, Jerry Quick, are getting along with their work of managing and protecting the forest resources for the public use and benefit. As you know, one of the rangers' jobs is the supervision of livestock grazing on the National forest ranges, to see that the grazing permittees get equitable treatment and that the forage is not permanently injured by overgrazing. As we tune in at the Pine Cone Ranger Station today, we find Ranger Jim and Jerry preparing to ride up on the range for a day of grazing inspection work. Here we are --

JIM: (COMING UP) Oh, Jerry.

JERRY: Yeah?

JIM: I've just been out on the porch smelling the weather -- and I reckon the fire danger won't be quite so bad today.

JERRY: No. The humidity's higher today. I've just taken the reading with the sling psychrometer.

JIM: That's good. I kinda like to have one or the other of us sticking fairly close to the station when there's bad fire weather, but I reckon we can both go up on the range today without causin' ourselves too much worrying. Bess will take any telephone calls.

JERRY: It's kinda tough on Mrs. Robbins to be kept right near the telephone for fear something might happen. She isn't on the payroll.

JIM: Yes, it's a confining all right, but Bess sorta feels this job is part hers.

BESS: (COMING UP) Talking about me, Jim?

JIM: Yep, so we were, Bess.

BESS: Well, I guess that's all right -- Are you already to start?

JIM: Yes, all ready. Got the lunches packed?

BESS: Yes indeed. Here you are, boys. -- And I put those cold flap jacks rolled up with brown sugar in yours, Jerry, just like you said.

JERRY: Oh boy!

BESS: But you should have eaten them for breakfast, Jerry. They'd certainly be much better hot.

JERRY: Gosh, I ate enough for two people as it was.

JIM: (CHUCKLES) Yep. Jerry did pretty well. --

BESS: You two'll have a beautiful day to work in the field, Jim. Isn't it just lovely outside?

JIM: It sure is. Jerry and I were talking over the weather but we were looking at it from another standpoint. It happens so often on these beautiful days that somebody gets careless with his smokes or campfire - and then its trouble a plenty for us.

BESS: Well, you just take the load off your mind, Jim. I'll stay right here on the job and you needn't worry.

JIM: Yes, you bet. I can bank stronger on Bess than any guard we have to handle an emergency and do it right.

(PHONE RINGS)

BESS: There's the telephone. - I'll answer it, Jim -- (ANSWERING PHONE) Hello. -- Yes -- Yes, this is the Pine Cone Ranger Station -- Oh, you do - Well. -- (TO JIM) It's some man who wants to talk to you, Jim. And he sounds like he's mad. (LAUGHS) He said: (IMITATING) "I wanta talk to Jim Robbins -- and durn quick," just like that.

JERRY: More trouble, I s'pose.

JIM: Well, now, that's interesting. Maybe if I take my time about going to the phone and let him wait awhile, he'll cool off some. (CHUCKLES) Then again if I let 'im wait too long he might boil over. --

JERRY: Yeah, he might.

JIM: Well, I reckon he's had time enough to do one or the other by now, anyhow. Let's see what's botherin' 'im. -- (ANSWERS PHONE) Hello. -- Yeah, this is Jim. -- Oh, hello there, Brant, how are yuh? -- Wait a minute there, what's botherin' you? -- Oh, so that's it, eh? -- Well, now, Brant, I reckon he'll have to move 'em up. He's been assigned that range and he's expected to take his sheep up there. -- No, he'll have to take 'em up the driveway -- Here, now, Brant, better take it easy there. -- Yeah? -- Hello -- Hello? (TO SELF) Hung up on me. (HANGS UP RECEIVER) (TO JERRY)

JIM: Well, Jerry, we were going up on the range today, but it looks like we'll have some business to tend to that we hadn't figured on.

JERRY: How's that? What's the matter?

JIM: Brant seems to have declared war on Wilson and his sheep outfit.

JERRY: Who is Brant?

JIM: He's that "nester" on that little squatter homestead up in Windy Pass. He squatted there years ago and claims ownership to most of that country. -- And right now, he's so mad he's standin' right up and bitin' holes in the air. (CHUCKLES)

JERRY: Yeah. I gathered that. But what's he so mad about?

JIM: Well, you see, Wilson's sheep have got to go through the pass to get to their upper range and Brant says he owns the Pass and they can't go through.

JERRY: Well, does he own it?

JIM: No. He had a homestead filing on a hundred and sixty acres just below it, but there's a right of way reserved so he can't block the Pass.

JERRY: That's what he's trying to do, though, isn't it?

JIM: Yes -- It seems he had some trouble with one of Wilson's sheep herders last summer and now he threatens to shoot anyone who tries to take sheep through the Pass.

JERRY: Gee! It sounds like he means business, doesn't it?

JIM: Yeah, and besides that, Brant's been around to a couple of the cow-camps and he's got some of the cowboys stirred up about it. Some of the cow-men think we ought to hold that upper range for cattle instead of sheep anyhow. -- So it looks like we've got the makin's of a regular range-war, if we don't smooth things out.

BESS: Oh, dear, I hope not. That would be terrible!

JERRY: Have you had range-wars here before, Mrs. Robbins?

BESS: Oh, I should say. It seemed like the cattlemen and sheepmen were always fighting in the old days. Once they hung a man up by his neck from a pine tree, and almost killed him. -- Oh, it was awful.

JERRY: Gosh! I hope we don't have anything like that get started.

JIM: We won't.

JERRY: What are you going to do, Jim?

JIM: Well, seein' as Mr. Wilson has paid his grazing fees and been allotted that range, I reckon we'll have to see that he moves his sheep up there.

JERRY: And if Brant tries to stop 'em -- ?

JIM: We'll have to see that he don't. But Wilson will have to keep his sheep right on the driveway that's reserved through the claim -- Come on, Jerry. We'd better get Spark and Dolly saddled up. The sooner we get up there the better.

JERRY: Okay.

BESS: Oh, Jim, don't let them do any shooting, will you?

JIM: (GOING OFF) We'll try not to, Bess.

(MUSICAL INTERLUDE)

(SOUND OF JIM AND JERRY'S HORSES ON TRAIL)

JERRY: (CLUCKS TO HORSE) Get up there, Spark. -- Gee, this is a great country, Jim. This mountain air sure peps you up.

JIM: It's a great country, Jerry.

JERRY: Are there any mountain sheep up here?

JIM: Yes, there's several bunches of them that range in that rough country over yonder.

JERRY: You mean over in those rocky peaks.

JIM: Yes -- They call it the Sawtooth.

JERRY: It don't look like anything could live there -- it's all bare rock and straight up and down.

JIM: That's typical mountain sheep country. There's a few mountain goat over there too. -- Windy Pass lies right up there behind that timber.

JERRY: We must be getting pretty close to Brant's place.

JIM: Yes, it's just ahead.

(SOUND OF GUN-SHOT, WAY OFF)

JERRY: Listen! Wasn't that a shot?!

JIM: Yep. Come on, something's going on. (CLUCKS TO HORSE)

JERRY: Giddap, Spark.

(SOUND OF GALLOPING HORSES FOR TWO OR THREE SECONDS)

JIM: Whoa, Dolly -- There's Wilson now.

JERRY: Whoa (SOUND OF HORSES STOPS) Is that the sheepman?

JIM: Yes. (CALLS) Hi there, Wilson.

WILSON: (OFF) Yeah?

JIM: Say -- what's the shooting about?

WILSON: (COMING UP: DETERMINED VOICE) It's a good thing you showed up here, Robbins. Looks like we're headed for a little trouble and I want you to witness that those fellows started it.

JIM: You look like you'd come up here all ready for trouble youself - with all that heavy artillery strapped on you.

WILSON: Look here, Robbins -- I'm a law abiding citizen, ain't I? I'm a taxpayer in this country, ain't I? I paid my grazing fees to run my sheep on this here range and they ain't no nester or cow puncher going to tell me I can't do it. My sheep's going through that Pass and they're going through today.

JIM: All right, Wilson. Take it easy -- What was this shootin' we heard?

WILSON: That's one of them cow-punchers up around Brant's place yelpin' and shootin' his gun off. (ANGRILY) An' this fellow Brant come bustin' into my camp this morning and says he's going to shoot the first sheep that comes by his place, - and there's a half-a-dozen cow hands up there with 'im right now, a-hollerin' and wavin' their guns around. Now look a here. If you rangers ain't agoin' to protect a grazin' permittee's rights, I reckon I can see that I get what's coming to me, myself. -- I can handle a gun sometimes, too, and so can my herders.

JIM: You might as well put away that artillery, Wilson. You're going to take your sheep up there this morning. -- and there ain't going to be no shooting. I'm going up and talk to those fellows now.

WILSON: Yeah? Well, let me tip you off to this, Robbins. When Joe Brant come back from that telephone o' yours this morning he was swearin' mad and I heard him say - and so did my herder - that any forest ranger that tried to put sheep through his place would get a dose o' lead. I thought I'd just tell yuh how yuh stand with Brant.

JIM: (CHUCKLES) Well I'll just go up and see him anyway. Joe and I always managed to get along before, and I reckon we can get along now. -- Jerry, you stay here with Mr. Wilson, and start moving the sheep up the pass. See?

JERRY: All right. (LAUGHS) You be darn sure those fellows put their guns away though. I don't want to be mistaken for a sheep-herder.

JIM: I don't think there'll be any trouble. But say, Wilson, you tell your herders to be pretty durn careful that none of your sheep get on Joe Brant's land. Get that?

WILSON: Yeah. I'll keep 'em off.

JIM: All right. Jerry, you see that they stay off too. -- By the way, Wilson, a little fresh milk and eggs and some nice fresh vegetables wouldn't go so bad up in your camp now and then, would they?

WILSON: Huh? That'd go pretty durn good -- But what's that got to do with trailin' my sheep up the pass?

JIM: (CHUCKLES) Nothing specially. I was just thinkin'. -- Well, so long. I'm going ahead now and see Brant. (CLUCKS TO HORSE) All right, Dolly. (SOUND OF HORSE) - (GOING OFF) And start your sheep up soon as you're ready, - See?

(FADEOUT WITH JIM'S HORSE LOPING OFF)

(MUSICAL INTERLUDE)

(FADEIN WITH HORSE LOPING UP)

JIM: Whoa, Dolly. -- Whoa,,girl. (HORSE STOPS) (CALLS) Hello there, boys. Howdy, Brant.

BRANT: (SURLY) Howdy.

JIM: (CHEERY) What's going on here? Havin' a convention?

BRANT: Yuh know well enough what's goin' on. Them mutton-eatin' ewe-wranglers down there is figgerin' to trail their sheep up here - an' by gosh we're here to stop it!

JIM: Yeah? When did you get jurisdiction over this part of the national forest?

BRANT: I been livin' right on the same homestead goin' on forty year an' it's my land now and I got the papers to prove it an' every time a band of sheep ever come up through here they left my quarter section lookin' like the wrath of God struck it.

JIM: Well, this time there won't be any sheep get on your land.

BRANT: Yer durn right they won't. They'll be dead 'uns afore they git anywhere nigh it.

JIM: Wait a minute now, Joe. What goes on on your land is your business and you can do what you want about it. But what goes on on national forest land is my business - see? - and I'm the one that says whether any sheep trail through this Pass or not - And there won't be any sheep get on your land.

BRANT: Well, we don't want no blattin' sheep up in this country nowhere. That range up there oughta be cow-ranger - oughtn't it, boys? - (SHOUTS OF APPROVAL, OFF) -- Sure, an' them sheep'd eat off every lick o' grass on the range, besides, blattin' like the devil.

JIM: (CHUCKLES) Yeah, I know you fellows weren't raised on mutton Joe.

BRANT: (ANGRILY) A sheep'd eat the grass of his grandmother's grave. I hate the sight of 'm - an' I never ate mutton in my life. 'Sides I don't want all the range around my place fed out so's there's no feed left for my cows.

JIM: That's fair enough, Joe. Wilson has instructions to keep his sheep on the driveway 'til they get clear through the pass, and leave this feed for your stuff. He understands that.

BRANT: Yeah. But he won't do it.

JIM: Yes, he will, Joe, you've got my word on that.

BRANT: Well, we don't want no sheep up here, anyhow -- Hey! They're a-comin' now! Look a there! Down there!

JIM: Yep. There on their way up now.

BRANT: (THREATENINGLY) Are yuh goin' to turn 'em back?

JIM: (EMPHATICALLY) No.

BRANT: Well - uh - Hey! Who's the fellah in the uniform down there ridin' with 'em?

JIM: That's my assistant, Mr. Jerry Quick - a duly appointed Forest Officer, Joe. And he's going to take that band of sheep through.

BRANT: Well - uh -

JIM: And he'll see that they're kept off your land, Joe. -- (LOUDER) You might as well tuck away those guns of yours, boys. There ain't goin' to be no sheep-shootin' today. (MURMUR FROM COW MEN)

BRANT: Lissen to the critters blattin' -- (MUTTERS) Durn, pesky critters --

JIM: (SHOUTS) Watch those leaders Wilson! Keep them in the trail!

(SOUND OF BLEATING SHEEP, DOGS BARKING, MEN SHOUTING, OFF)

JIM: Oh Jerry!

JERRY: (OFF) Yo, Jim.

JIM: (CALLS) You and Wilson come over here.

JERRY: (OFF) Okay.

(SOUND OF HORSES GALLOPING UP)

JERRY: (UP) Whoa, Spark -- (HORSES STOP) Well, here we are, Jim.

JIM: Mr. Brant, meet Mr. Quick.

JERRY: Glad to know you, sir.

BRANT: Howdy.

JIM: And I believe you've met Mr. Wilson, the owner of this band of sheep?

BRANT: (SURLY) Yeah. And he ain't welcome.

JIM:* (CHUCKLES) Mr. Wilson was just telling me a little bit ago that he'd like mighty well to get some fresh milk and eggs and garden truck for his camp - for cash-money.

WILSON: Who? - Me? - Well - uh - yes, so I would.

BRANT: Cash-money? - Well, now, I got that kinda stuff to sell, Mr. Wilson. Come over here, now, an' (FADING OFF) let's see what you're needin', and -

WILSON: (FADING OFF) Well, let's see -- I guess --

JIM: (CHUCKLES) Looks like a bargain's in the making, Jerry.

JERRY: (LAUGHS) Say, you kinda put one over that time, didn't you, Jim? Got 'em together in no time.

JIM: Well, I thought the idea of fresh supplies 'd most likely look good to Wilson - and cash-money oughta look pretty good to old Joe Brant. I guess he doesn't see much of it, tryin' to farm way up here between the rocks.

JERRY: No, I guess not.

JIM: (RAISING VOICE) Well, there Wilson, are you getting fixed up all right?

WILSON: (COMING UP) Sure. Joe's going to supply me stuff for the outfit regular.

BRANT: (COMING UP) Yeah. I kin take care of 'im.

WILSON: And I was just telling Joe that it'd be a lot easier to keep the sheep off his ground if they was a lane fenced through here. How about it if I was to furnish the wire and Jim Robbins here give yuh a permit to cut the posts on the Forest -- would yuh be willin' to put in the fence, Joe?

BRANT: Well that sounds pretty reasonable. How much fencin' you figerin' on?

WILSON: Three strands on both sides the trail, clear to the pass.

BRANT: That's all right, I reckon.

JIM: Sounds pretty good, Wilson. -- Well, I guess you might as well trail the sheep on up.

WILSON: All right. (GOING OFF) Come on, Joe. -- I'll show you some good lookin' sheep. --

JERRY: (CHUCKLES) Look's like our range war's kinda fizzled out, Jim.

JIM: (LAUGHS) Human nature's the strangest thing on earth, Jerry. A mess of vegetables and little barbed wire saves a lot of property and perhaps human life.

JERRY: Isn't that what you call diplomacy, Jim?

JIM: (CHUCKLES) I don't know, Jerry. I don't know anything about diplomacy except what I've read about it in the newspapers, - but I do know that when two human beings gets crossways with each other it generally takes a third party to get them unsnarled and going straight again. -- That's why range administration is necessary. So long as the herds and flocks of different owners run together on the range there'll be need for a third party to untangle the snarls, and without that administration the animals suffer and the owners suffer, and so does the range.

JERRY: Well, it strikes me that without the third party here today in the person of Ranger Jim Robbins there woulda been a lot of that kind of suffering right here.

JIM: (CHUCKLES) That's the reason Uncle Sam has us here, Jerry. It's part of the job. -- Well, here's our sheep - going up on the range.

(FADEOUT WITH TRAMPLING AND BLEATING OF BAND OF SHEEP PASSING)

ANNOUNCER: Well, folks, peace and good fellowship reign on the Pine Cone District of the National Forest once more, - and Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers are always striving to promote harmonious and cooperative relations among the forest users in the communities they serve. --

Hundreds of listeners have written to Ranger Jim for information as to how to become Forest Rangers. Ranger Jim has asked me to state that all permanent positions in the Forest Service are under the classified civil service and are filled only through competitive examination. Applicants for the ranger's job must be mentally alert and physically rugged. Three year's experience in forestry or the equivalent in technical training is needed. Notices of examinations are usually posted in the local post offices and announced in the press. This year, however, no examinations for ranger are to be held.

Next Thurday at this same hour, Ranger Jim and Jerry will be with us again. "Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers" is a presentation of the National Broadcasting Company, with the cooperation of the Forest Service, United States Department of Agriculture.

The role of Ranger Jim is played by Harvey Hays. Others in todays cast:

is/11:15 A.M.
August 10, 1932