

UNCLE SAM'S FOREST RANGERS

Episode No. 63

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

MAY 11, 1933

THURSDAY

ORCHESTRA:

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

ORCHESTRA: QUARTETTE

ANNOUNCER: Here we go, up on the National forest. -- One of the most important links in the communication system of a national forest is the telephone lines which connect the ranger with the fire lookouts, guard stations and ranches on his district, as well as with the forest supervisor's headquarters and the outside world. In the protection of the forests from fire, the telephone holds first place, for it is over this network of wires that the first reports of a smoke are sent, and action started to control the devastating flames. It is of the greatest importance, therefore, that the telephone system be in good working order at all times, and especially during the fire season. -- Today, at the Pine Cone Ranger Station, we find Ranger Jim Robbins and his assistant Jerry about ready to start the day's work. Let's join them and see what's going on. --

JERRY: Well, Jim, what's on for today?

JIM: Telephone line inspection, Jerry. General inspection and repair trip. How's that strike you?

JERRY: Okay.

JIM: Every line has to be in the pink condition when the fire season opens, you know, Jerry. You don't realize how much you need the telephone till the line goes out.

JERRY: Yeah, I'll say you don't.

JIM: (CHUCKLES) Uh huh. Think how bad off you'd be if you couldn't get the schoolma'm on the phone the way you do every night.

JERRY: Aw, now, listen - I don't call Mary so very much.

JIM: Well, maybe not. (CHUCKLES) It's a good thing this isn't a toll line, though, that charges so much a minute; you'd be broke all the time.

JERRY: Well, I am anyway, so what's the difference. -- But a ranger sure would be hard up without a telephone these days, wouldn't he, Jim?

JIM: Yep. The old telephone has saved many an acre of forest from burning up.

JERRY: I'll say it has. It's worth it's weight in gold all right when it comes to fire protection.

JIM: Yep. When you stop to think of it, Jerry, it helps us get in some pretty fast work. The lookout man spots a smoke, and thanks to the telephone, we can get a report and be on our way to the fire in five minutes or less.

JERRY: Yeah. I bet that's some different from the old days when you had to carry fire messages on horseback. News didn't travel very fast then, huh?

JIM: Nope. (CHUCKLES) Ever hear about the time Jim Lowell was sent up to old Dunton mining camp to help Ranger Roy White put out a forest fire?

JERRY: No.

JIM: Well, when he got there, instead of finding a raging fire he landed in the middle of a snow storm, and the snow got so deep that he darn near didn't get back all winter.

JERRY: (LAUGHS) I guess news didn't travel very fast then. -- Well, it travels fast enough now, though, especially on these party lines. Last night when I called up the trail camp I heard four receivers click before I ever had a chance to say a word.

JIM: (CHUCKLES) That reminds me of another story.

JERRY: (LAUGHING) You're as bad as a toastmaster at a banquet.

JIM: (CHUCKLING) Maybe so. Anyway, it's about the old-time ranger that tried to get through a fire call when two women were using the line.

JERRY: What happened?

JIM: Well, sir, it was a rush fire message, but the poor ranger couldn't slip a word in edgewise on the conversation, it was going back and forth so steady. One would say "My dear, I think it's just scandalous" and the other would break in with "Don't say a word, my dear, it's just too awful" and they kept it up and kept it up, till finally the ranger got pretty hot. So he rings the telephone bell, sharp like, and says: "Will you please get off the line? I have a rush fire message to put through". At that one of the women busts out and says: "You go to blazes, mister; I'll have you know two ladies are using this line on important business". (BOTH LAUGH)

BESS: (COMING UP) Now, what are you two men laughing about?

JERRY: Jim was just telling me a story.

BESS: Jim Robbins, aren't you ever going to grow up? What about the trip you said you and Jerry had to get started on right away? Your lunches have been ready and waiting for I don't know how long.

JIM: (CHUCKLING) Well, Bess, it's always seemed to me that a good laugh in the morning kind of helps out the whole day. -- We're going right now though, Bess.

JERRY: You'd better be -- wasting your time joking and telling stories before you start, and then you'll probably be late getting back tonight again.

JIM: (CHUCKLING) No-o, 'course not. We'll be right on the dot. Huh, Jerry?

JERRY: Sure.

BESS: Well, don't forget, supper's at six sharp - (FADING OFF) and if you're not on time you'll get a ---

(MUSICAL INTERLUDE)

(SOUND OF TWO HORSES WALKING - CONTINUES THROUGH FOLLOWING)

JERRY: This is pretty soft, Jim - checking up on the telephone line when she runs along the road.

JIM: Yep. -- Good things don't last forever, though. Wait till we reach the line that cuts over the hill to the Windy Mountain fire lookout. - Won't be such easy going there.

JERRY: Whoa, Spark. (HORSES STOP) - Look, Jim, - there's a broken insulator - the line's hanging loose.

JIM: Hmm -- Looks like somebody had shot it off.

JERRY: Yeah. -- Look, the next one is broken too. -- And the next one. - there's a whole string of 'em broken.

JIM: Somebody's been having target practice. - Jerry, I never could figure out the mental caliber of a fellow that likes to travel around destroying public property like that.

JERRY: Well, I'd say his mental caliber was probably a lot less than the caliber of his gun.

JIM: I s'pect that's right. -- 'Pears like in most cases it's just pure cussedness. You see marks of it everywhere you go - road signs all shot up, names written on rocks and buildings, and all that.

JERRY: I guess laws don't mean much to some people -

JIM: Till they get caught. - Whoa now, Dolly. - I wonder if we've brought along enough insulators.

JERRY: Shall I put on the climbers, Jim?

JIM: All right. Want to try your hand at climbing again, eh?

JERRY: Yeah. - Let's see, which way do these things go on? I haven't tried this for a long time. -- Oh, I see, this way.

JIM: Yep, that's right. Draw those straps snug around your leg, Jerry. -- Pull 'em up tight -- that's the stuff.

JERRY: I don't know, Jim. They seem pretty tight - liable to stop the circulation.

JIM: They'll give a little when you start to climb.

JERRY: All right. How's that?

JIM: (CHUCKLING) You look like a real sure - 'nough linesman. - Got everything? Safety strap? Pliers? Splicing clamps? Belt ax?

JERRY: Sure. I've got 'em all. Didn't forget a thing this time.

JIM: Here, put these tie wires in the loop in your belt -- that's it -- and here's a new insulator to put on in place of the broken one.

JERRY: Okay. -- Here we go. (SOUND OF SPURS DIGGING IN POLE)

JIM: Look out -- you'll get splinters in your nose.

JERRY: (SLIGHTLY OFF) What do you mean?

JIM: Don't hug the pole so tight. Lean away from 'er. -- That's it. -- Now spread your knees out so your spurs won't slip.

JERRY: (SLIGHTLY OFF) All right. Everything's hunkydory.

JIM: Take your time on it. -- (TO HORSES) Well, Dolly -- how's this grass here look to you? Let's slip the bit out of your mouth -- so's you can get at it. -- There y'are. -- All right, Spark -- Come now -- Whoa, boy -- there! now.

(PAUSE)

JERRY: (off) Okay, Jim -- she's fixed.

JIM: All right.

JERRY: (FF) Coming down!

JIM: Easy there -- Keep your knees out!

(THUD OF FEET HITTING GROUND)

JERRY: Doggone! I always come down these poles too fast.

JIM: (CHUCKLING) Have a hard time remembering to keep your knees out, huh?

JERRY: Yeah. I got a couple of splinters that time.

JIM: Well, we'll make a trouble shooter out of you yet, son.

(SOUND OF AUTO COMING UP)

JERRY: There's a car coming, Jim.

JIM: Yep. Looks like Al Perkins' old machine. -- (calls)
Hi, Al!

PERKINS: (OFF) Hello, Jim -- Howdy, Jerry! (MOTOR UP, STOPS)

JERRY: Hello, Al.

PERKINS: (UP) Well now - this is luck. I was just going down to the ranger station to see you, Jim.

JIM: What's the trouble?

PERKINS: It's those darn brush pilers that's workin' on the timber sale, Jim. They say they can't make any money manicurin' the brush piles like you want 'em.

JIM: Maybe I'd better go up there with you and see what's the matter.

PERKINS: That's what I was hopin' you'd do, Jim. -- And Jim, there's some trees on the sale area I think ought to be marked for cutting. I guess you must've overlooked 'em.

JIM: (CHUCKLING) Think so, Al? - Well, we'll see, Al - we'll see.

JERRY: Suppose I go on and follow up the telephone line, Jim, while you go over to the sale area with Al.

JIM: All right, Jerry, that'll be fine. The line leaves the road right above here and follows the trail to Windy Mountain Lookout. You ought to be able to make it up and back in about two hours.

JERRY: Okay.

PERKINS: Better leave your horse here, Jim, and ride up to the sale area in my car. I'll bring you back here, see?

JIM: Thanks, Al. That's a good idea. Dolly can graze around on the flat here. -- I'll meet you here, Jerry, about three o'clock.

JERRY: All right. I'll see you here.

JIM: Put a picket rope on Dolly before you leave, will you Jerry?

JERRY: Sure.

JIM: Ready, Al? -- let's get moving --

(MUSICAL INTERLUDE)

(SOUND OF HORSE WALKING)

JERRY: (HUMS TUNE) - Whoa, Spark -- Whoa there, boy. (HORSE STOPS) Tree across the line, huh? We'd better chop that out. -- Whoa, boy. --

(SOUND OF CHOPPING: FOLLOWED BY CRACK OF TREE BREAKING)

JERRY: There we are, Spark -- Lucky it wasn't a big tree -- (CLUCKS TO HORSE) All right, Spark - Step up, boy - (SOUND OF HORSE) (JERRY RESUMES HUMMING TUNE)

(HORSE STAMPING)

JERRY: Whoa - what's the matter, Spark? -- Whoa there, keep in the trail now. Whoa! What you wanta turn back for? See something?

(DEEP VOICED GROWL OF BEAR, OFF)

JERRY: Gosh, what's that. -- Whoa, Spark! Whoa!

(RAPID CLATTER OF HORSES HOOFS)

JERRY: (EXCITED, JERKY VOICE) Whoa - Spark - Whoa, I tell you!

(THUD OF JERRY HITTING GROUND: HORSE RUNNING OFF)

JERRY: (CALLS) Hi, Spark - Whoa - Come back here. -
Doggone!

(DEEP BEAR GROWL)

JERRY: (STARTLED) Gimminy crickets! - Hey! Shoo bear! -
Gosh! Hey, shoo bear! -- get outa here! -- hey!
(SOUND OF JERRY RUNNING)
Gosh - where's a tree. -- (SOUND OF SCRATCHING AND
CLIMBING TREE) Darn - this - safety strap. --
(SIGH OF RELIEF) There, you black rascal - get out
of here now. -- Hey! What the - Don't you come
up this tree! Go way - beat it - shoo bear! --
Get down, doggone it, or I'll crack you on the nose
with this ax. -- Whew! Help! Help!

(MUSICAL INTERLUDE)

(SOUND OF AUTO COMING UP AND STOPPING)

PERKINS: Here we are, Jim.

JIM: Yep. Much obliged to you, Al, for bringing me back.

PERKINS: That's nothing, Jim. I'm glad we got that brush
piling business straightened out.

JIM: Don't take long, Al, when you get right on the ground
with the men and show 'em what it's all about.

PERKINS: Yes, sir, that's the right way to do it, all right.
I'm much obliged to you, Jim.

JIM: No trouble at all, Al -- Hmm. I guess Jerry hasn't
got back yet.

PERKINS: I guess it's a little early for 'im yet. - Hey, look
Jim! Ain't that Jerry's horse coming down the road?

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JIM: Blamed if it isn't. Empty saddle, too.

PERKINS: "hat do you s'pose is wrong?

JIM: I don't know, but I'm aimin' to find out. (CALLS)
Here - Spark - come 'ere, boy -

PERKINS: I'll get your horse for you, Jim.

JIM: All right. (CALLS) Come, Spark - come here (HORSE
TROTS UP) That's the boy. (PATS HORSE ON NECK)

PERKINS: (COMING UP) Here's Dolly, Jim. -- Say -- look there,
Jim, Jerry's horse's all wet - he's trembling.

JIM: I know. -- Come on, Al, let's beat it up the trail.
Here, you ride Spark - it won't hurt him. I'll take
Dolly.

(GRUNTS OF MEN GETTING INTO SADDLES)

JIM: All set - Get up old girl.

PERKINS: (CLUCKS) Come on, boy -

(SOUND OF HORSES GALLOPING) (FADE OUT)

(PAUSE)

(SOUND OF HORSES AT WALK FADES IN)

PERKINS: Spark's actin' might queer, Jim.

JIM: He seems to be scared at something.

PERKINS: You don't s'pose anything serious happened to, young
Jerry, do you, Jim?

JIM: I ain't supposing a thing, Al. I'm going to find out
first.

PERKINS: Jerry's a mighty fine boy, Jim. I'd hate to --

JIM: Listen -- I thought I heard someone calling --

JERRY: (WAY OFF) Hey -- help --

PERKINS: Somebody's a-yellin'

JIM: Let's go, Dolly -

(HORSES BREAK INTO GALLOP)

PERKINS: Whoa there - darn your hide -

JERRY: (OFF) Hey, you fellos - hurry up - help! -

JIM: Well I'll be durned. - (Whoa - (HORSES STOP) (CALLS)
What's the matter, Jerry? What you doing up that
tree?

JERRY: (OFF) Look out, Jim! - Watch out! There's a big
black bear up this tree!

JIM: A black bear, huh?

JERRY: (OFF) Look out - he's coming down, Jim.

(HORSE BUCKS)

JIM: Whoa, Dolly - steady, old girl -

PERKINS: Hold up, Jim - I see 'im. Here he comes -

JIM: Whoa, Dolly.

PERKINS: Well, I'll be doggoned'.

JIM: Hey there - where you going, Al?!

PERKINS: Here - grab Spark's lines, Jim - and gimme that
lariat-rope off your saddle.

(CLATTER OF HOOFS)

JIM: Whoa Spark - whoa boy. -- Here's the rope, Al.
What you going to do? Got a gun?

PERKINS: I don't need no gun - I'm going to -

JERRY: (OFF) Get back, Al - for the love of mike! You'll
be killed!

JIM: Watch it, Al. These black bears are mean when they
get cornered. - Whoa Spark -

(DEEP GROWL OF BEAR)

PERKINS: (SLIGHTLY OFF) Growl at me, will yuh -

JIM: Look out, Al! Watch it!

PERKINS: (SLIGHTLY OFF) Get down there! (SOUND OF SLAP)
Get down, (SOUND OF SLAPPING BEAR) you old codger -

JERRY: (OFF) Al! For gosh sakes! - Jim, look at him slap it!

JIM: Careful, Al! Hey there! My gosh, Al!

PERKINS: (SLIGHTLY OFF) That's all right, Jim. I got a rope around his neck. (calls) All safe, Jerry. Come on down. I got 'im tied to a tree.

JERRY: (OFF) Gosh, are you hurt any, Al? Get clawed up any?

PERKINS: Naw - 'course not. -- Hey, Jim, better tie up the horses and come and see the fun.

JIM: Say, now, Perkins - what's all this mean?

PERKINS: (CHUCKLING) You didn't know I was an animal trainer, eh? See - just one look from the old eagle eye and all the wild beasts of the forest come an' start lickin' my hand.

JIM: Come on now, Al, tell us the truth.

PERKINS: Well, if you gotta know - this old bear here is Buster, from my logging camp. He's the tame bear the cook brought up, but he got away day before yesterday and the whole crew's been lookin' for him.

JERRY: (COMING UP) What did you say, Al? He's a tame bear?

PERKINS: Sure. See - he'll eat right outa your hand - won't you, Buster?

JERRY: Then - then it's a tame bear had me up a tree?

PERKINS: Yeah. He thought you had some sugar in your pocket. Just wanted to be friendly.

JIM: (CHUCKLING) Well, Jerry, it looks like you owe Al a big debt of gratitude for saving you from starving to death up that tree.

JERRY: Aw, now - how'd I know it was only a tame bear?

JIM: Well, that proves you can't always tell by the looks, - huh, Al?

PERKINS: I'll say you can't.

JERRY: Say, Jim - you and Al - you won't tell this one me down in Winding Creek - will you? That a tame bear ran me up a tree?

JIM: (CHUCKLING) (SLYLY) Oh no, of course not.

PERKINS: (CHUCKLING) 'Course not - nobody'll ever know it - much. -

(FADEOUT WITH LAUGHING)

ANNOUNCER: Well, it's our guess that Jerry's going to be up a tree again when the news of this gets around Winding Creek. -- Most visitors to the national forests find the wild life of fascinating interest. Bears are found in many of the national forests, and while the game experts tell us that the ordinary bear is harmless unless molested, it is well to remember that they are not tame bears, and not to attempt any undue familiarity. But if they are careful, visitors to the national forests need have no fear of injury from these "clowns of the woods".

Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers comes to you each Thursday at this hour as a presentation of the National Broadcasting Company.

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DEPARTMENT OF CHEMISTRY

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