

SUSTAINING

UNCLE SAM'S FOREST RANGERS (95)

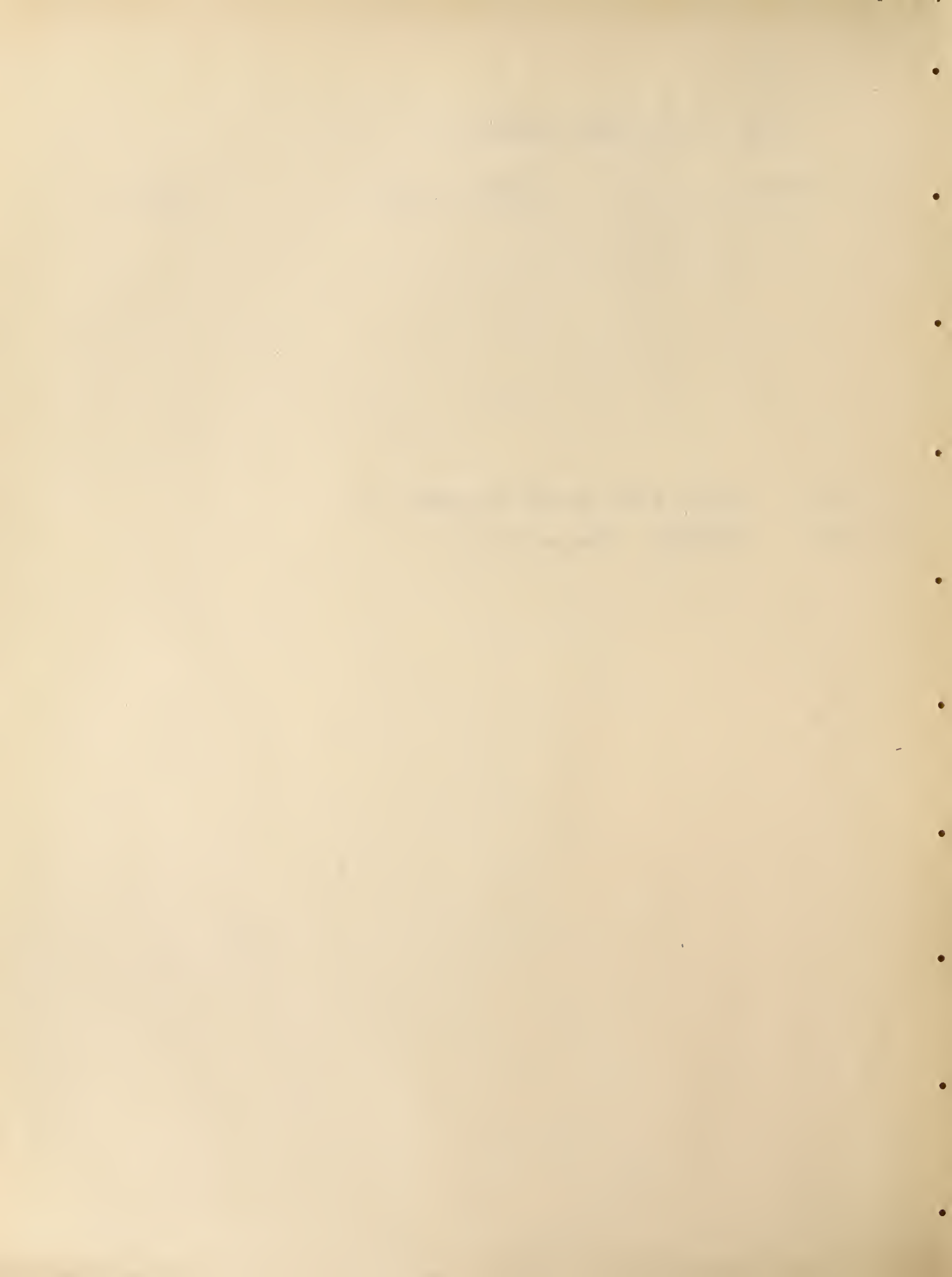
11:30 - 12:30 PM

MARCH 23, 1934

FRIDAY.

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

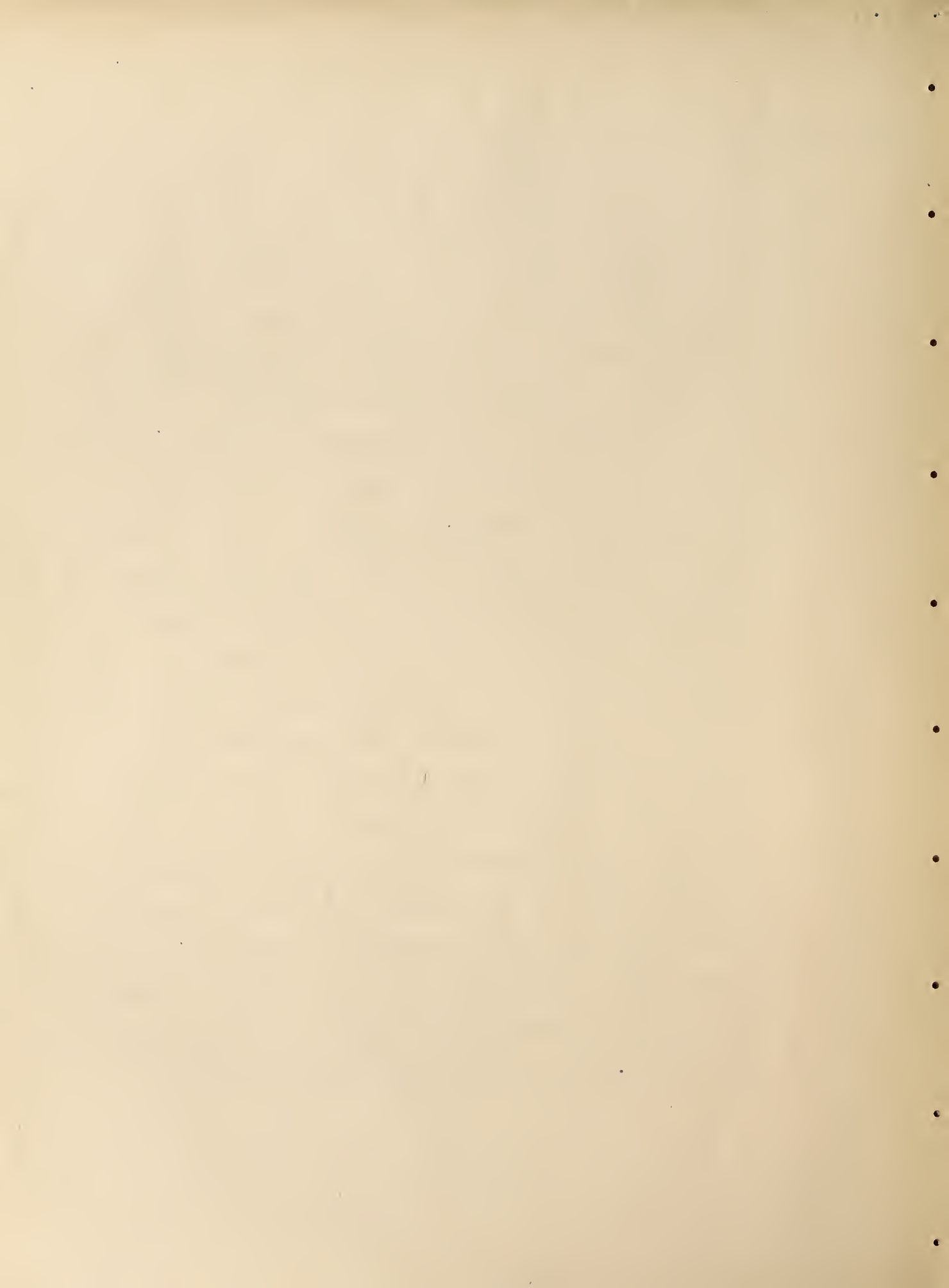
ORCHESTRA: QUARTET: "Ranger Song."



ANNOUNCER:

Our National Forests are the natural habitat of wild life. On some of our Forests big and small game, predatory and non-predatory animals are found in greater or lesser numbers. In looking after our important wildlife resources, the U.S. Forest Service and cooperating agencies try to maintain the greatest number of game animals possible consistent with timber reproduction, extended protection, recreation, and forage growth. To manage game or any other resource, it is obviously important to know rather definitely the quantity or numbers of wild animals in the Forest. Game checks are, therefore, frequently made to determine the trend in numbers, and to gather other data essential to the application of practical game management principles.

On the Pine Cone Ranger District it has been the custom of Ranger Jim Robbins to prepare each year a report of the number of deer, elk, bear and other animals. His estimates have been based upon observations made on snow shoe trips over the district during the winter, when the animal tracks in the snow as well as the animals actually sighted could be used to check the numbers present. This of course was a very slow and laborious job and since Uncle Sam's Forest rangers are always on the alert for better ways of doing their work, we find as we came in on the Ranger Station this morning that something new in the way of a wild life census is under way. Here they are: --



BESS: What on earth! Jim, - what on earth are you doing with those cans of black oil - and those things - what are they, old inner tubes?

JIM: (GRUMPY) Yep. Soon as Jerry gets his heavy jacket on we're going out and signal down an airplane, that's all.

BESS: No airplane! -- What in the world!?

JIM: (GRUMPY) Yep. We're getting pretty dern high-falutin' around here.

BESS: But Jim, what is it all about? Is it going to land here at Mincing Creek?

JIM: Yep.

BESS: But how can it, with all this snow on the ground?

JIM: (GRUMPY) This one's equipped with skis, so the Supervisor says

BESS: With skis? My land, I never heard of such a thing.

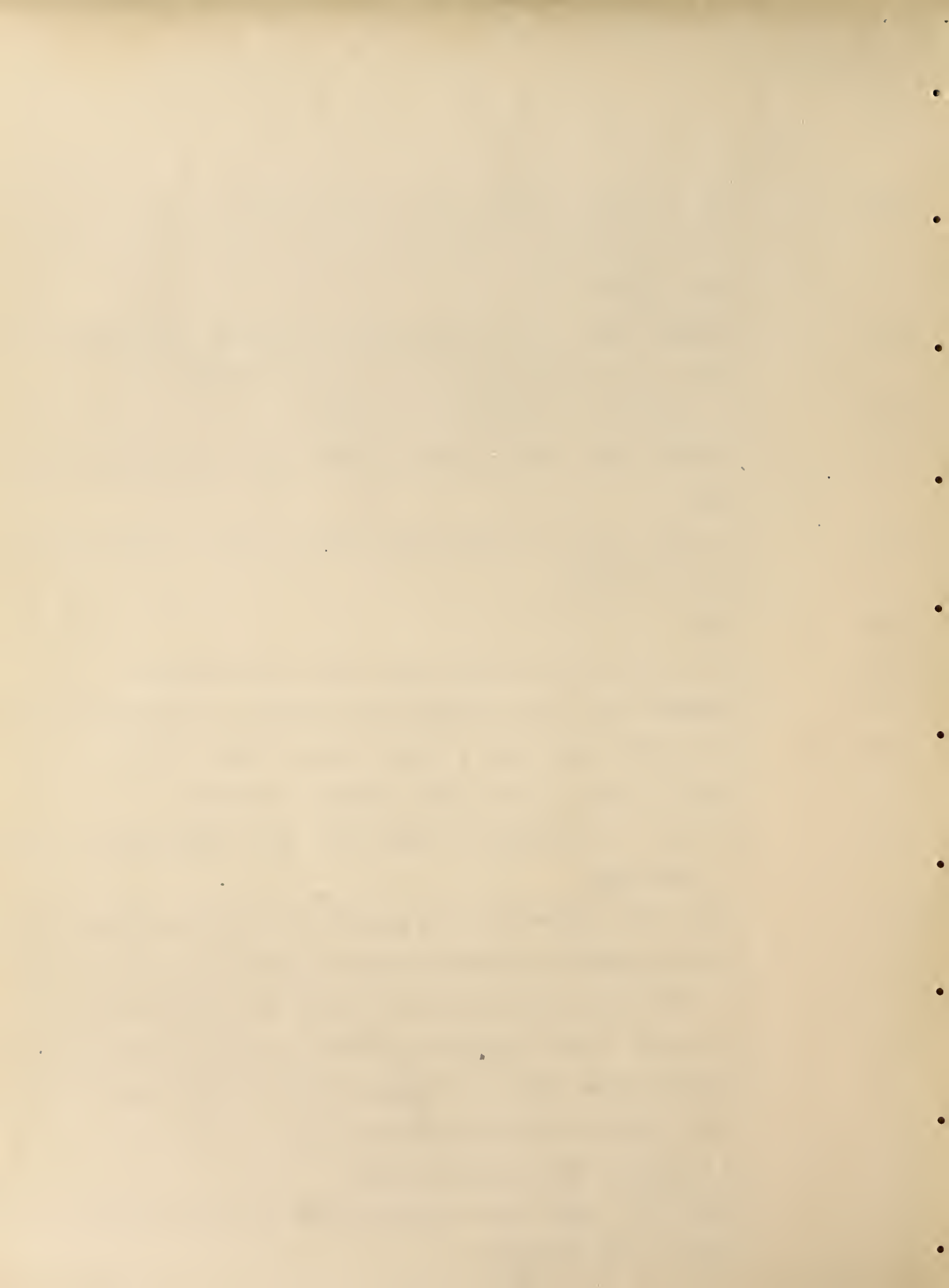
JIM: Just the same, it has skis instead of wheels.

BESS: But what is it coming in here for? Is it bringing in a doctor or something?

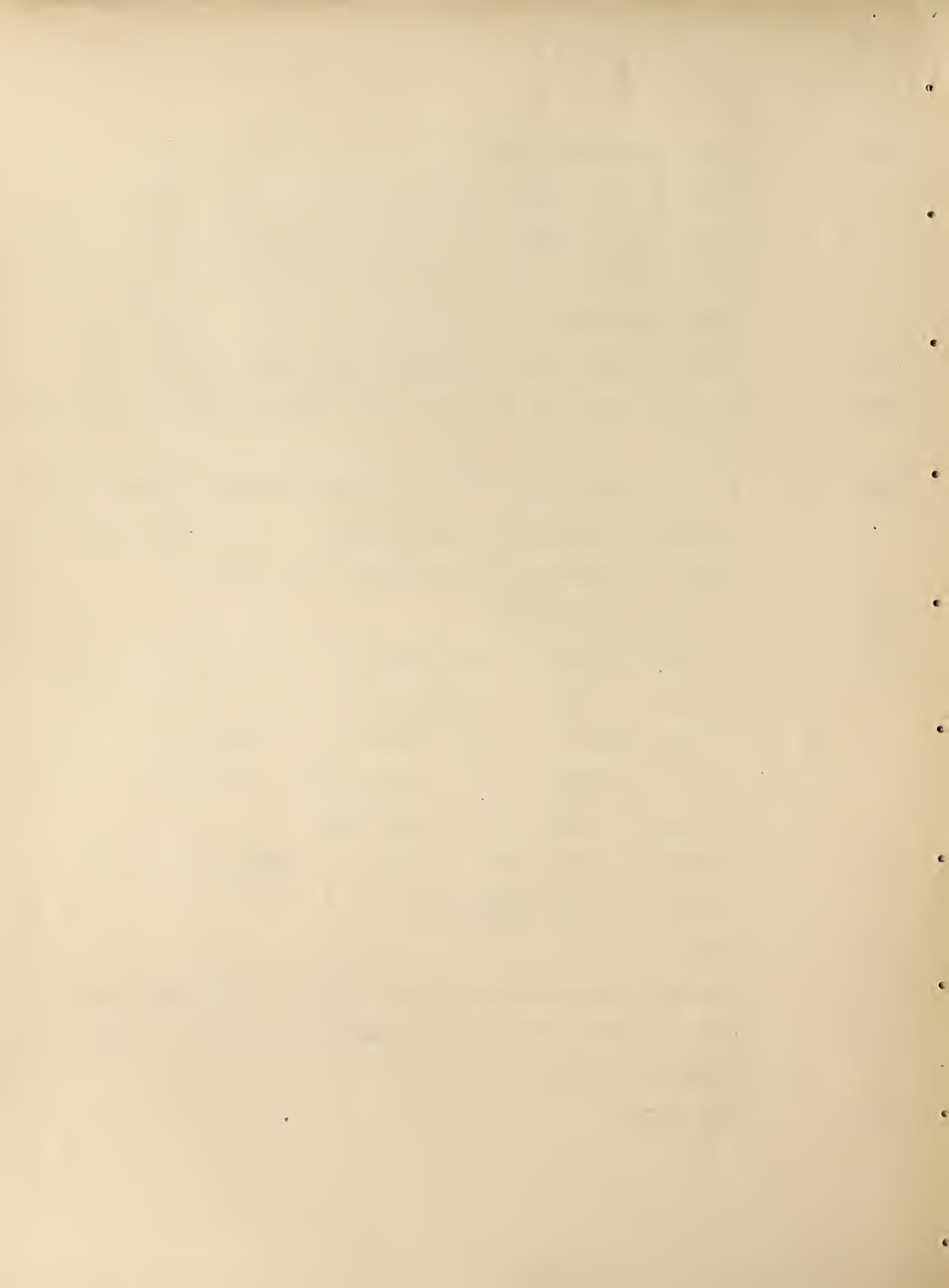
JIM: Nope. The Supervisor just phoned and says that instead of us spending weeks on snowshoes any more and layin' out in the fall to count the elk, he's going to have them counted from an airplane. I don't see how a feller is going to count elk, fly over the tree tops at a hundred miles an hour, but if it can be done, believe me I'm in favor of it.

BESS: My heavens! How can it be done?

JIM: Search me. Bert says it's been done on other forests so we're going to try it here.



- BESS: Well, goodness knows, Jim, it's a terrible job for you and Jerry and the game wardens to have to make those counts on foot, but I believe I'd rather have you do that than go up in an airplane. Why suppose the plane crashes into some of these mountains?
- JIM: Well, I reckon Bert Ellsworth knows what he's up to.
- BESS: You won't have to fly with them, will you Jim? I'd be worried sick.
- JIM: I don't know, Bess. The boss said something about a game specialist coming along and I guess he'll do the counting -- at least he didn't say anything about me going.
- BESS: Oh, I'm glad of that.
- JIM: You see, the State game commission is cooperating with me on this job. They're furnishing the plane. And he said it'd be in about noon and for me and Jerry to signal it down with a smoke smudge over in the big pasture. I figured the oil and old inner tubes would do the trick.
- JERRY: (COMING IN) Hey, it's 11:30, Jim. Should we be getting on over to our new "airport?"
- JIM: Yep.
- BESS: What do you think about this airplane business, Jerry?
- JERRY: Gee, I think it's a great idea, Mrs. Robbins. I hope they let me go along.
- BESS: Why Jerry!



JIM: (CHUCKLES) Well, it looks like we're old fossils, Bess -
doesn't it? I hope it works out all right. If it does it
will save us a lot of cold hard walking.

JERRY: Yeah. It'll sure be great.

JIM: Well, if we're going to look after our elk herd right, the
first thing we've gotta know is how many we've got to look
after. So if this "aerial count," as they call it, does the
job, I won't be kickin'.

JERRY: I should say not.

JIM: Let's be goin' Jerry, they may be here any minute now. You go
to the lower end of the field, Jerry. Start the smudge as soon
as you hear the plane and I'll go to the upper end and do the
same thing.

JERRY: Okay, Jim.

JIM: (GOING OFF) So long, Bess.

BESS: (OFF CALLING) I'll be watching, Jim --

(MUSICAL INTERLUDE)

(SOUND OF PLANE IN DISTANCE - GROWS LOUDER COMES UP AND STOPS)

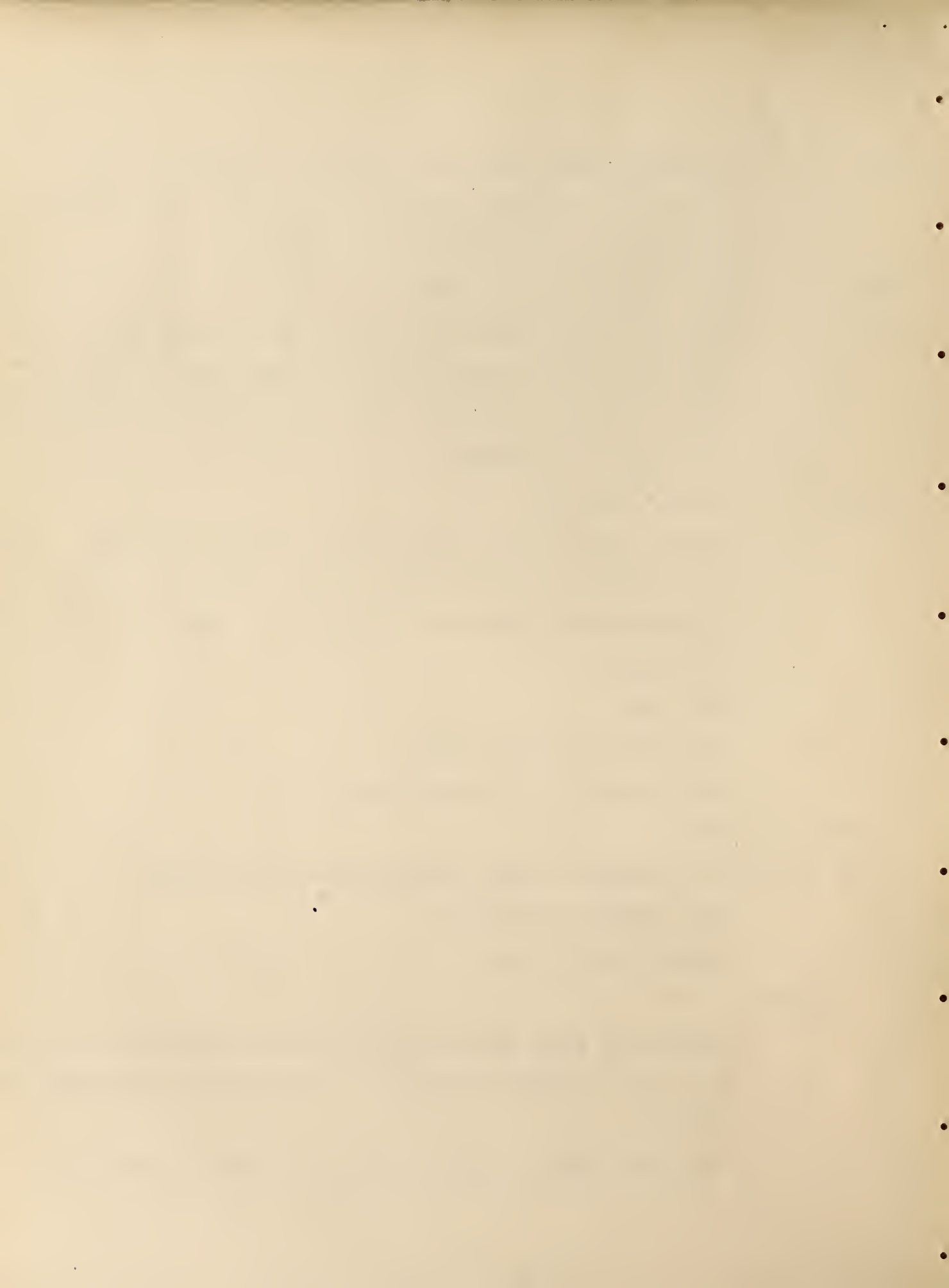
JIM: (OFF, SHOUTS) Hi there!

BROWN: (SHOUTS) Hello, Jim.

(PAUSE)

JIM: (COMING UP) Well, if it ain't Ted Brown! (kidding) I thought
they said they were sending up a game expert. (CHUCKLES) How
are you?

BROWN: Never felt better. You're lookin' tip top yourself, Jim.



JIM: Yep. There has been a fight? The home boy, or as Wilbur would
 call it, Mr. Brown, meet Mr. Hatch, Jerry Fox and Mr. Brown.
 Brown's son and Susan Jane Conover.

JERRY: Glad to meet you, I'm over, Mr. Brown.

BROWN: Glad to meet you Mr. Hatch. This is Mr. Gates, the pilot.

JERRY: I'm Jerry Hatch. Pleased to meet you.

PILOT: Glad to meet you.

JIM: (TO PILOT) They all call me Ranger Jim, at least to my face.

PILOT: I've heard of you, many a time, Ranger. Glad to know you.

JIM: You sure came in pretty, sister. Just like a oil can.

PILOT: Thanks. - This snow's pretty deep and heavy for a place, and I
 mighty hope over in it and crank up a wing or damage the
 propeller. We'll have to trim down a runway or we'll never be
 able to get up speed enough to take off.

JIM: Don't worry about that. I'll get Ernie and the tractor and
 work with a dig, and have a runway built for you in less than
 two hours, flat.

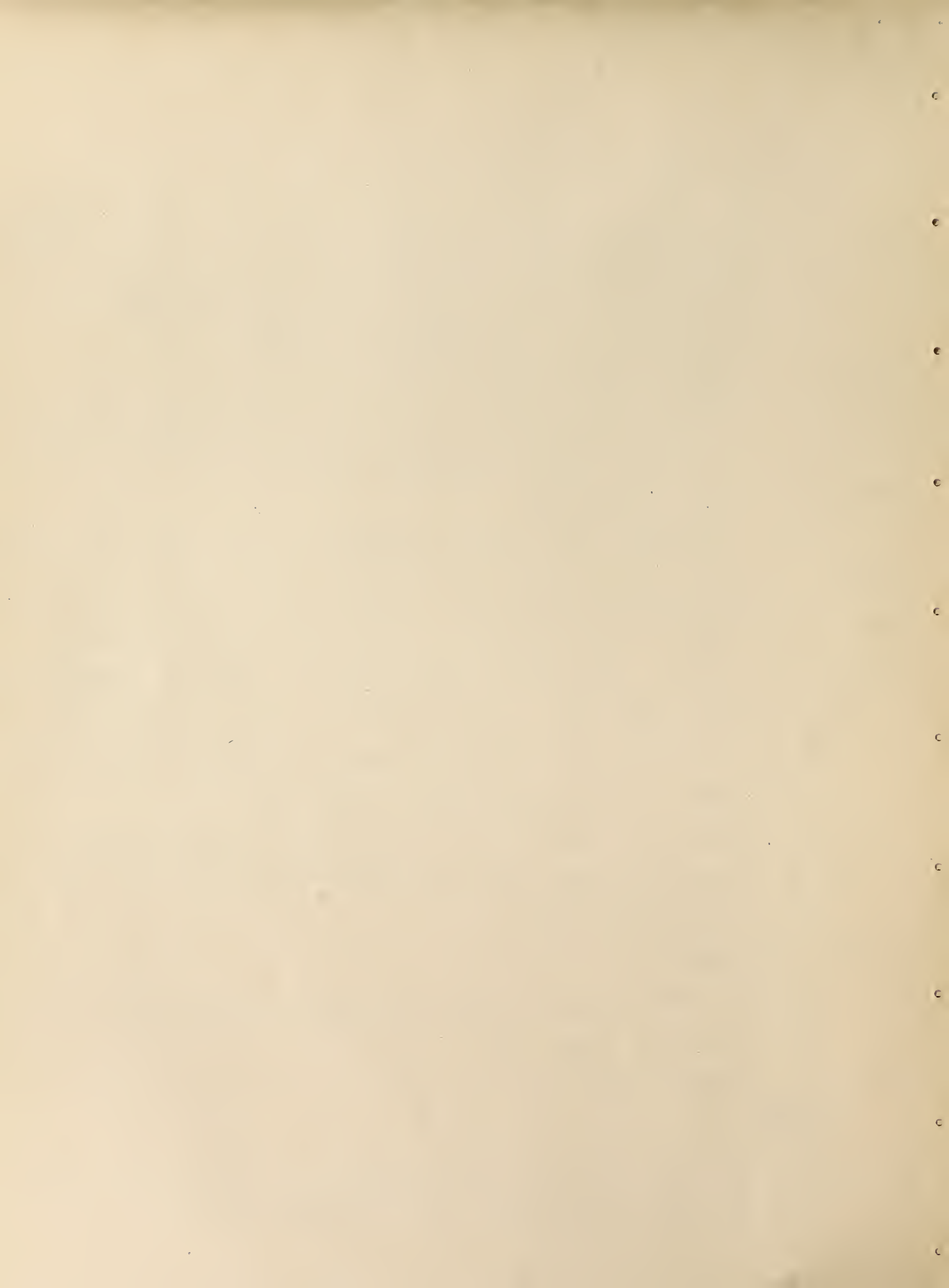
PILOT: Fine.

JIM: We might as well go up to the station and warm up a bit first
 of all. -- huh?

PILOT: Suits me fine.

(PAUSE)

JIM: So, you say you're a game expert, but you've got to convince
 us that you can count those elk from the air.



BROWN: Probably we can't see beyond percent. Jim, but we've counted several herds with pretty good results. We'll undoubtedly see some - in fact, I don't know any way of counting wild animals down to the last head.

JIM: I guess that can't be done. We've spent days counting 'em now. I know we missed a lot and more'd likely counted some twice.

BROWN: Well, we can count them from the air all right if they're not in dense timber or in deep, narrow canyons so we can't get down to them.

JIM: This time o' the year, with the snow deep and cold like it is, you won't find the elk in the timber much, - just along the edges layin' around durin' the middle o' the day and by gettin' out early you can find them out in the clearings.

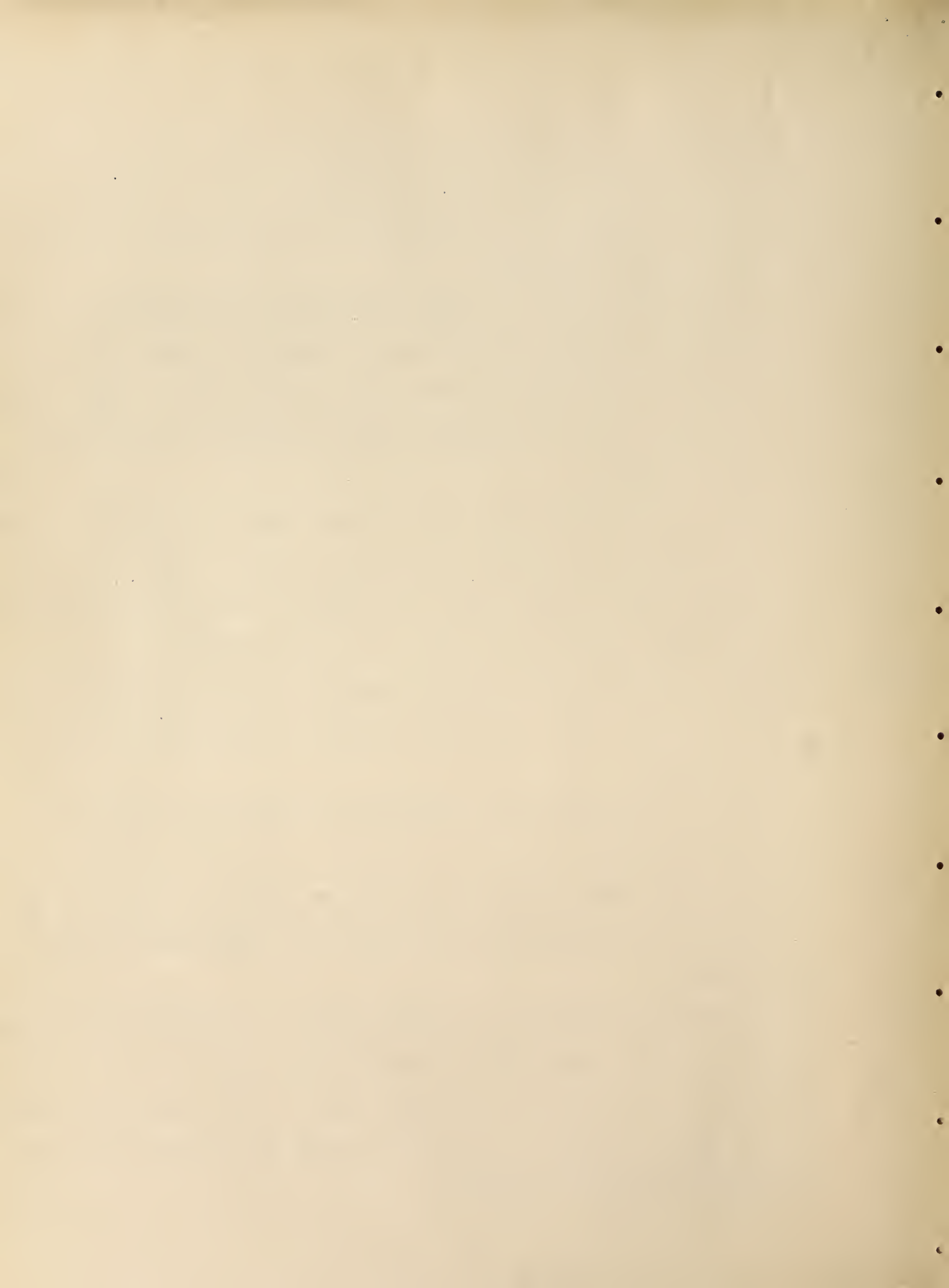
BROWN: Yes, we figured they would be mostly on the wind-swept ridges now. There isn't much rough, broken country where the elk are, is there?

JIM: Yes, it's pretty rough, 'specially up around the head of Winding Creek.

PILOT: We can fly some awful rough country, Ranger, but we'd better keep out of any place where there's too many peaks or deep gorges.

JIM: I s'pose you travel at a speed of about a hundred miles an hour, don't you? -- And several thousand feet high?

PILOT: No, we use a slow ship for this kind of work. This job cruises at about 90 miles. We fly from around 600 to 800 feet above the ground when we're counting.



JIM: Well, what's your plan, then, ain't it, to do my business?
 PILOT: Well, I'll tell you, Ranger - at this elevation you ain't gonna
 get the speed. If you need more time to count or look around, it's
 no trouble to circle over any particular place as long as you
 want. We take plenty of time to look around good.

JIM: Can you see things plain enough to distinguish objects?

PILOT: It'd surprise you, what good visibility you have lookin' down
 on things. You can even see tracks in the snow, and an elk
 silhouetted against the white snow stands out as plain as a post
 on your nose.

ABBY: It's flying that close to the ground kinda dangerous. I
 suspect you keep the parachutes ready for a jump all the time.

PILOT: Mountain flying is somewhat risky, that's true, but we don't
 use parachutes. If the ship fell into violent maneuvers at
 such a low elevation, a parachute would be useless because
 there wouldn't be time enough to unstrap and climb out the door
 and pull the string.

JIM: (SHUCKLES) I think I'll stick to old Dolly when I need
 transportin' over these hills.

PILOT: Well, you see we clear, cold days the air is usually pretty
 free from up and down drafts and there isn't much chance of
 being washed out. Of course, the air in the higher mountains
 is always kinda lumpy but that's nothing to worry about. We'll
 get back all right.

ABBY: We ought to have one of you fellows along. You know where
 the elk winter.

JERRY: (EAGERLY) I'm your man. I'm all set to go.

JIM: I've always figured my life's work was right here on solid ground, but I'll go if I can help out any.

BROWN: We want to cut down as much weight as possible. I guess Jerry is a little lighter than you are, Mr. Robbins, so I guess he'd better go.

JERRY: How do! That's fine.

(MUSICAL INTERLUDE)

(SOUND OF MOTOR HUMMING)

BROWN: (SHIVERING) Bi-r-r-r kinda cold - ain't it?

JERRY: Yeah. I'm glad that plane's a closed job.

PILOT: Well, we'll have 'er warmed up pretty quick now and we'll be off.

What's your weather forecast, Ranger? Liable to any quiet squalls?

JIM: My barometer has dropped a little, may be a storm coming - but

don't think it'll do anything today. There's a few clouds

hanging in' along the top of Old Baldy there, but that's common

this time of year.

PILOT: All right. Climb in, you fellows and we'll get going. -

Buckle your safety belts down tight.

JIM: (SLIGHTLY OFF) Good luck!

JERRY: (SHOUTS) We'll tell you all about it when we get back, Jim.

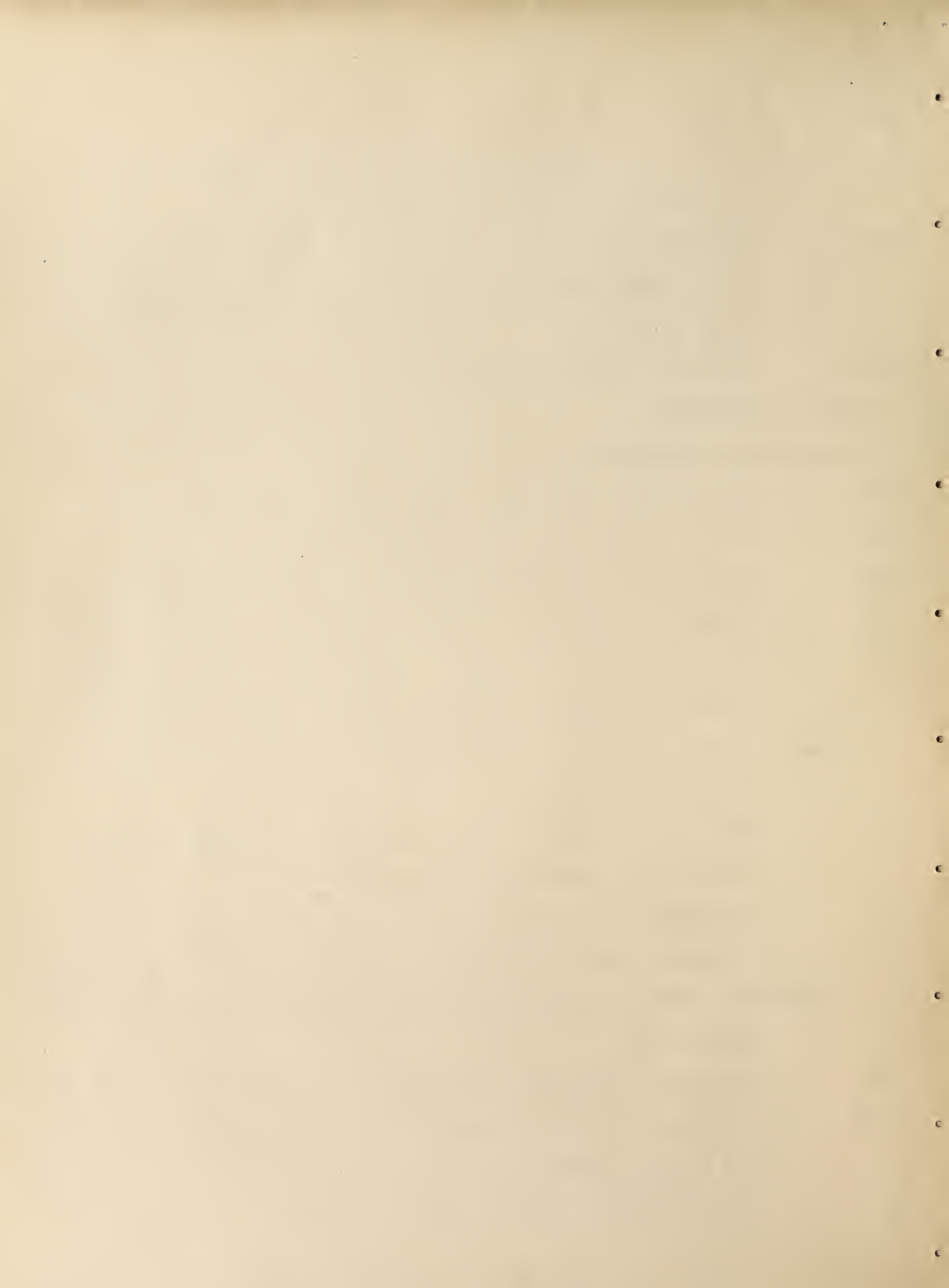
(MOTOR SPEEDS UP - PAUSE - HUM OF MOTOR IN BACKGROUND THROUGH FOLLOWING)

BROWN: We're off!

JERRY: Gee, this is great! There's Jim looking up at us and waving!

PILOT: I'll pull up high now so we can get a general view of the country and figure how we can cover it to the best advantage.

JERRY: (SHOUTS) Good! You see that!



BROWN: Just a little bump as we crossed over that gully. There's a
current going up or down all the time and it's always a little
bit shaky a little every time we pass over one.

PILOT: I think we'd better fly up the ridge and down each side.

JERRY: Okay. We won't see any country, cruising at that rate.

BROWN: I'll do the counting, Jerry. You will give the number of
the top where we find 'em. Then we'll avoid the traps and
we won't get mixed up, see? There's some tracks over there
and there's the air. (COUNTS) 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-32-33-34 -- hear, Jerry?

JERRY: Thirty six. I got 'em. -- Say, right? That's a lot of 'em.
They don't know whether to run or not, all nervous and excited.

PILOT: Here's a big bunch just ahead of us. I'll circle around
over 'em.

JERRY: Look! A whole herd! How'll you count 'em?

BROWN: Just a minute. Don't get excited.

JERRY: They're bunchin' up. (PAUSE) Yes, sir, they're all in a bunch.

BROWN: They'll break pretty quick now. See, they've located us.
Every one is staring up toward us.

JERRY: Oh, boy. Ever see anything like that? The old cow is leadin'
'em.

BROWN: (MUMBLED RAPID COUNTING by 3's and 4's) S venty-three. Got
'em down, Jerry.

JERRY: Yup. Gee, we've sure got it good. Boy, and to get paid for
seein' sights like that!

BROWN: They sure won't lose any sleep, just a few hours. - I'm
 sure ya know the coyotes coming across last year.

JERRY: They sure are harrying. Looks like those boys' gonna be
 too heavy for speed.

PILOT: Yeah, if we had a shot gun it'd be fun to give them and maybe
 tear up a little.

BROWN: Here is a nice bunch on the ridge. Soon ain't go to the top
 of their backs.

JERRY: Look where they've been pawing up the dirt on that ridge. It's
 so hard.

PILOT: Any oil over the summit on those east slopes?

JERRY: Yeah, that's just over from the head of Windy Creek.

PILOT: Pretty stiff breeze and the clouds are coming in too.

JERRY: It always blows here on top. (PAUSE) Say, this is getting heavy.

PILOT: I'll swing 'round in there; you guys hold fast and we'll get
 out as quick as we can.

JERRY: Gee! - Gee!

BROWN: Just a little side slip, Jerry. (PAUSE)

PILOT: This air's kinda screwy; I'll try it from another angle.

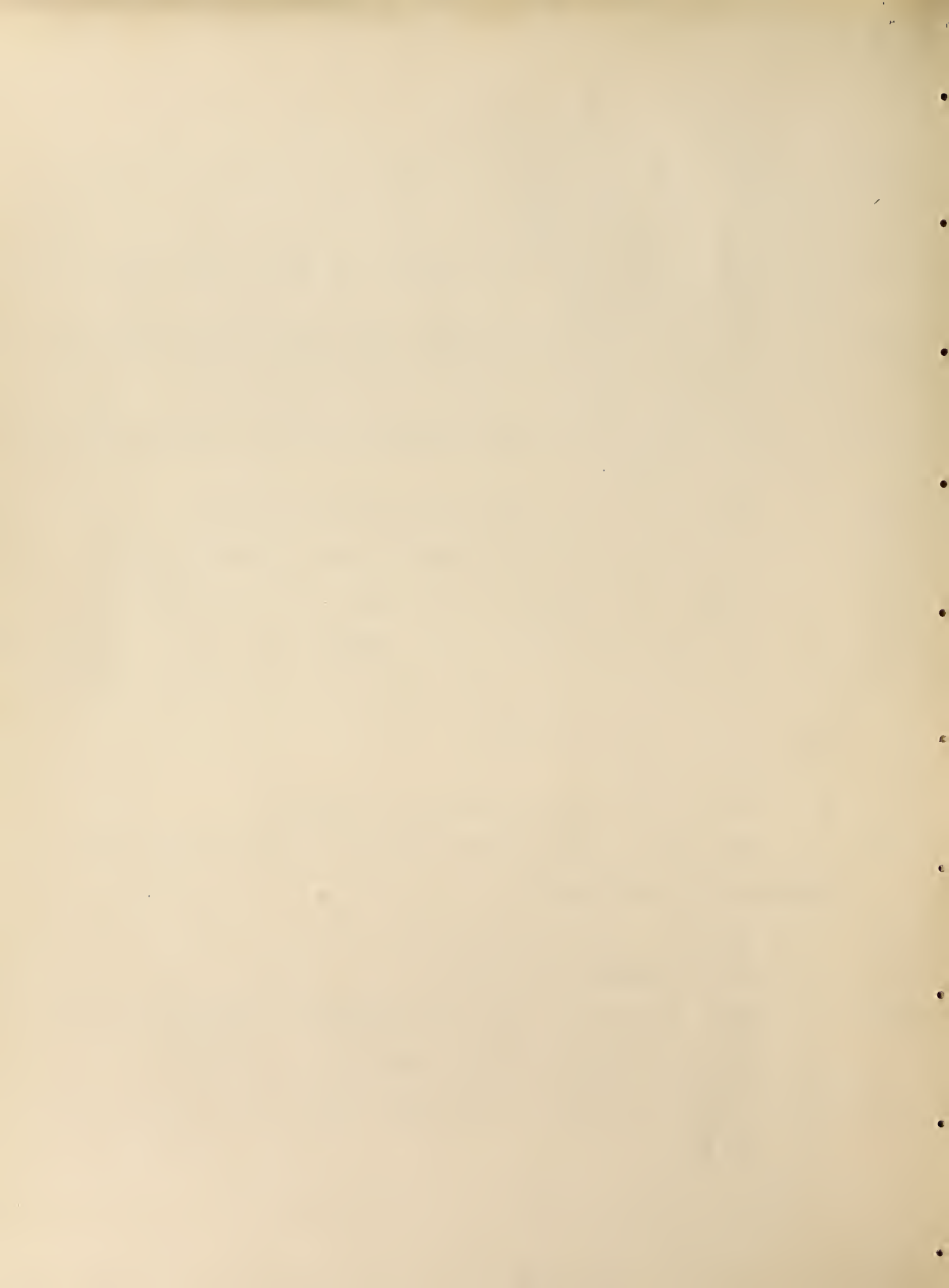
(PLANE HITS A DOWN DRAFT)

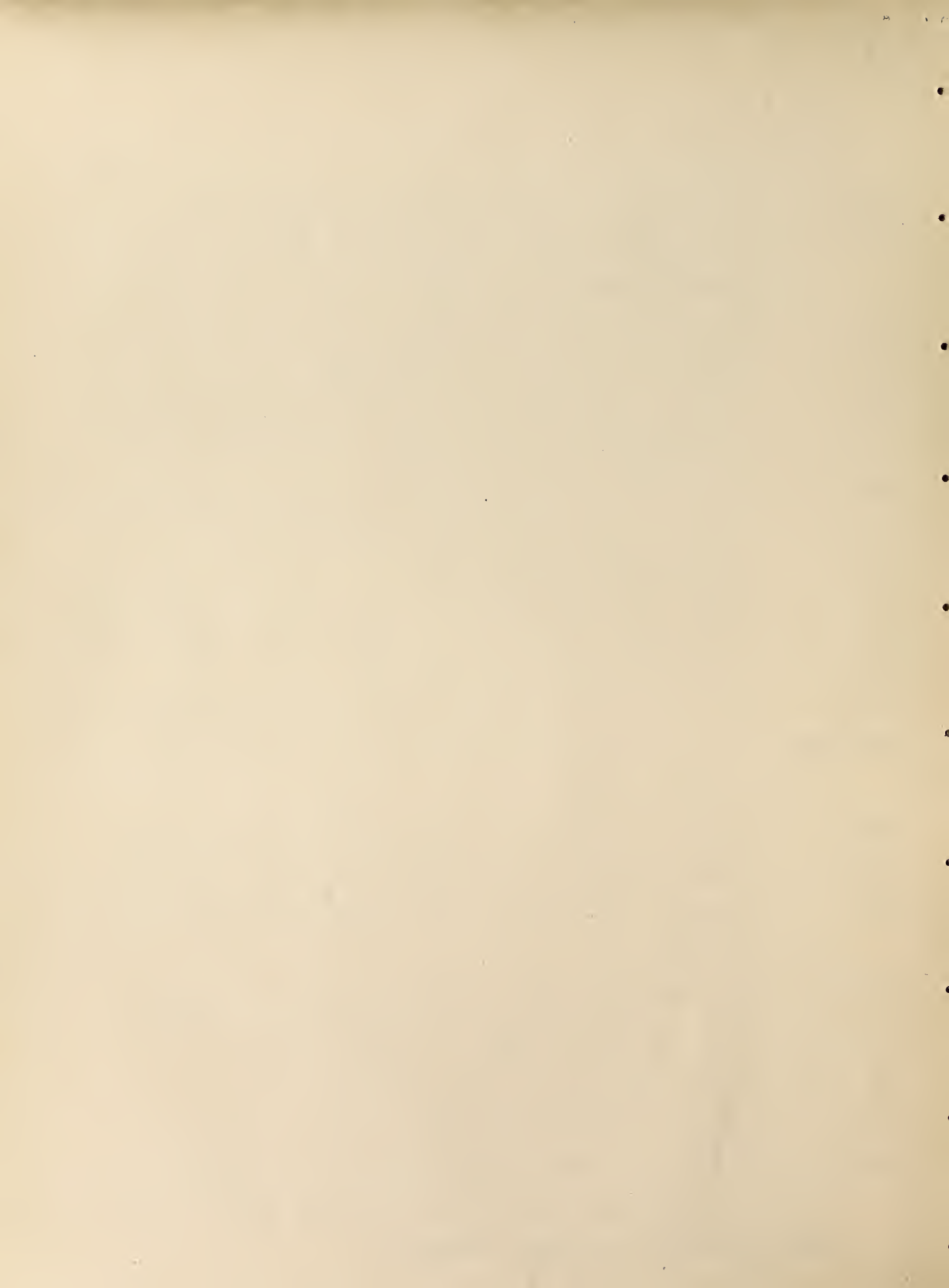
JERRY: Oh, boy -- for the love of --

BROWN: Jesus, (LOUDER) Oh, Jerry.

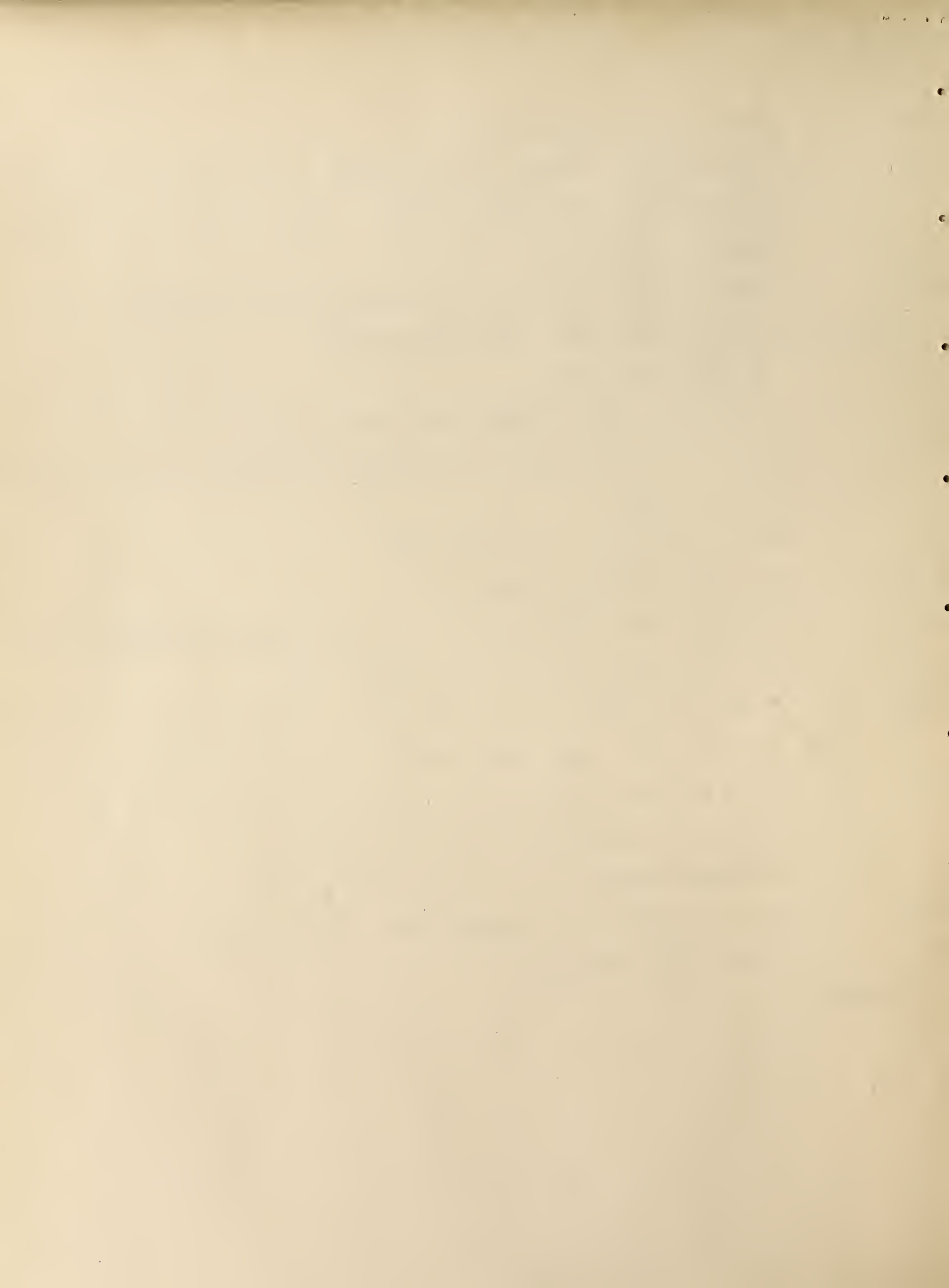
JERRY: Huh? Is that you, Mr. Brown? (LAUGHING WEAKLY) I thought it
 was the voice of an angel. Gee, what happened?

BROWN: Everything's okay - just dropped about a hundred feet in a down
 draft.





JIMMY: How do you like it?
 JERRY: Good! That's a pretty good one - and you're right. (LAUGHS)
 I wish Jim was in the field waiting for me. He's got the wadges
 going.
 JERRY: Jim's away well into the station. He's flying in now.
 (PAUSE WHILE PLANE SETS DOWN, MOTOR COMES OUT)
 JERRY: (SHOUTS) Hey, Jim.
 JIM: (OFF) Hi, Jerry! (COMING UP) How are you?
 JERRY: Oh, boy! It was great! By George that's the way to come! Jim!
 It was good.
 JIM: How do you like your seat trip?
 JERRY: Hey, Jim, it's all through.
 JIM: That's what I'd like to see. Let's see (LOOKS AT WATCH) You see
 only, been gone a little over three hours.
 JERRY: I know, but we've covered the whole - inter range, - both sides,
 and good too. See, talk about thrills, Jim! The old ship's
 so we can see and slip and drop whenever we're in that rough
 country over from the head of the river.
 JIM: (CHUCKLES) Well, did you see any fish?
 JERRY: Sure, 140 head, besides some deer and 3 coyotes.
 JIM: Well, I'll be darned.
 (FADING OUT)



ANNOUNCER:

Well, that was a big day for Jerry - Intelligent, planned management of the game resource and all other resources of our National Forests requires first of all an accurate knowledge of the amount, location, and conditions of the resource. The United States Forest Service is constantly trying to find quicker, more economical, and better ways of doing things, and in many instances, the airplane has proved an efficient means of covering large areas of remote, rugged country. But of course, there are many kinds of jobs, and in many of them, our Rangers, like Jim, still stick to their guns. Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers come to you as a presentation of the National Broadcasting Company, with the cooperation of the United States Forest Service.

11/3/14/34

3:00 PM

