"UNCLE SAM'S FOREST RANGERS"

(Episode No. 19)

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11:30 to 12:30 P.M. C.D.S.T. MAY 19, 1932 THURSDAY

ANNOUNCER: Here they are - Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers.

(ORCHESTRA: QUARTET)

ANNOUNCER: Well, folks, Forest Ranger Jim Robbins and his young assistant, Jerry Quick, are here again. Two weeks ago, you remember, Jerry went up to Bald Peak Lookout Station to serve as lookout man until the regular man arrived. While he was up there, Ranger Jim was busy interviewing prominent settlers in his district who are part of his volunteer fire force. "Key men", he calls them. They are getting their plans all laid to protect the National Forest from fire during the dry season which is now coming on. It was only yesterday that the regular lookout man arrived; and Jerry came down from Bald Peak none the worse for spending almost two weeks alone up on the mountain top.

Today, we find Jim and Jerry at the Pine Cone Ranger Station where they make their headquarters as they look after the welfare of their national forest district. Jerry is just coming into the little office of the Ranger Station, where Jim is at work at his desk. --

JERRY: (coming in) I've just been out looking after my horse, Jim. Spark seems to be glad I'm back.

JIM: (Chuckles) Well, now, I guess Spark isn't the only one. -- I s'pose I'll have to admit that I didn't realize how much help you were around here, young fellow, till you went away for a few days.

JERRY: (Laughs) Maybe I'm beginning to be appreciated then.

JIM: I reckon. -- And then of course Bess kinda missed you at dishwashing time --

JERRY: See? I'm of some use around here, even if it is only wiping dishes.

JIM: Sure. (CHUCKLES) And then there's the school ma'm, Mary Halloway -- but I can't just say whether she missed you or not. -- She was in a couple of times though to find out how you were getting along, specially after you didn't come back as soon as you were expected -- but then maybe it was just to find out if something was wrong with you after eating that home-made candy she gave you.

JERRY: Gosh! You didn't tell her that the candy she made got all soaked up with kerosene, did you?

JIM: (CHUCKLES) Well, I told her you said that it tasted different from ordinary candy --

JERRY: It sure did.

JIM: And that the aroma of it filled the whole lookout cabin --

JERRY: Yeah. With the sweet fragrance of kerosene.

JIM: And that I hoped you wouldn't eat so much of it you'd get sick.

JERRY: Gosh. It makes me sick to think of it. -- I wouldn't want Mary to know I spilled kerosene on her candy though, after she was nice enough to make it for me.

JIM: (CHUCKLES) No. That'd spoil your chances for getting any more. -- Well, outside of that, I guess you had it pretty quiet up there.

JERRY: Well, it wasn't exactly exciting, but it's surprising how busy you keep on this lookout job. I thought it'd be a matter of sitting around for a week, except for painting up the cabin, of course, - but it keeps you moving around all right- just watching.

JIM: So it does, if you keep a careful watch. By the time you keep a look out on all points of the compass and investigate everything you see that looks suspicious, you haven't much time left to sit and think about it.

JERRY: I know. You'd never expect it, but it keeps you occupied every minute. -- You know, Jim, I was afraid that a fire would start up in my territory and some other lookoout or a key man would see it first and beat my time reporting it. -- I sure was on the watch, so if we had a fire, I could've spotted it right off and showed you I was on the job.

JIM: (CHUCKLES) We did have a fire.

JERRY: We did? You mean -- there was a fire on our forest -- and I missed it?

JIM: Sure. You never even saw it. (CHUCKLES) You must've been sound asleep.

JERRY: (WORRIED) Gosh! I'm sorry, Jim -- I thought I was keeping a tight lookout -- I -- I don't see how I missed it.

JIM: You missed it all right.

JERRY: But I don't see how. I was on the job every minute, Jim. You know I was.

JIM: (CHUCKLES) Well, I guess we can overlook this slip-up. It wasn't a very big fire.

JERRY: How big an area did it burn over?

JIM: About ten square feet.

JERRY: Oh. (laughs, relieved) Well, no wonder I missed it.

JIM: No. It was hardly big enough to send up much smoke. One of our patrolmen discovered it right off the bat and put it out before it had a chance to spread. -- It might've been a bad enough fire though. There was a lot of dried leaves and brush around there to make it burn hot.

JERRY: What started it?

JIM: Somebody tossed a cigarette out of his automobile along the side of the road.

JERRY: They ought to put people like that in jail!

JIM: Well, in some places they do, Jerry. But if folks'd just use the old gray matter a little bit, they wouldn't need to. I s'pose there are some people too dumb to know that the woods will burn, but most folks that start fires are just thoughtless. They mean well enough, but they don't use their heads.

JERRY: Maybe a jail sentence would help 'em remember.

JIM: Maybe it would. But you'd think it wouldn't be necessary. Everybody has a soft place somewhere in his heart for the trees and forests, Jerry. There ought to be some way to make 'em all realize that it's up to them to keep 'em growing. Nobody wants to see 'em burn up. -- Did I ever read you that little bit of verse that came from the American Lumberman about the old hollow log?

JERRY: No. I don't think you ever did.

JIM: Well, maybe we can get to the sound, thinking side of people when it comes to keeping fire out of the forest, just like a good sawyer in the lumber mill gets the best out of a log. I've got it right here in my desk somewhere -- wait a minute. (SOUND OF OPENING DESK DRAWER AND RUSTLE OF PAPERS) ------ here we are. -- Listen to this, Jerry:

An old hollow log may come into the mill,
But an old hollow log's got some good in it still,
And a sawyer who's smart will find more in the same
Than a faller will see or a scaler will claim.
Yes, you never can tell what a sawlog'll cut
If you judge it alone by a look at the butt:
It may rot at the stump where it's close to the ground,
But a bit higher up may be thoroughly sound.

And we ought to take men, when we see 'em, long-run;
There are very few men who are all Number One.
Here's a fellow who ain't, I am here to admit,
And perhaps even you may be rotten a bit.
But there's good in us all, as I often suspect
And there's something in all not exactly select.
Yes, a log's like a man, and a sawyer who's smart
In an old hollow log finds a little good heart.

JERRY: That's mighty good, isn't it?

JIM: Well, that's the way it strikes me.

(PHONE RINGS)

JERRY: There's the phone. Want me to answer it?

JIM: I'll get it. I bet it's Frank Tomson. -- (TO PHONE) Pine Cone Ranger Station -- Hello, Frank. I thought you'd be calling about now. Yeah. --- Okay, Frank. Hold 'em at the Winding Creek bridge, and we'll count 'em in there. -- All right. See you later. (HANGS UP RECEIVER)(TO JERRY) Yeah, that was Frank Thomson - one of our grazing permittees.

JERRY: I remember him. I met him at the Big Bend Livestock meeting.

JIM: That's right. Well, he's moving his cattle up on the national forest range for summer grazing today, so we'll be leaving in a few minutes to go up and count 'em in.

JERRY: Me too?

JIM: Yep. Better learn how it's done while you still have a chance this year.

JERRY: Shall I saddle the horses?

JIM: No. We can go up in the car. We'll count 'em in to the forest up at the bridge.

JERRY: All right. I'll go get the car.

JIM: Okay, Jerry. I'll be ready in a minute.

(MUSICAL INTERLUDE)

JIM: Well, here we are, Jerry. Got your notebook?

JERRY: Yeah.

JIM: There's Frank Tomson over there - all ready to go.

JERRY: Gosh! Look at all his cattle. -- How many does his grazing permit call for?

JIM: Two hundred and fifty head.

JERRY: He's got more than that here. Look at 'em all. I bet there's nearly twice that many.

JIM: Oh yes, there's more than two hundred and fifty head there all right. The calves under six months old go in free, you know.

JERRY: Yeah, that's right too. I'd forgotten about that.

JIM: Well, don't forget it when you make the count. Here comes Tomson.

TOMSON: (OFF) Hi, Jim.

JIM: (CALLS) How are you, Frank?

TOMSON: (COMING UP) Finer'n frog's hair. How's yerself?

JIM: Feelin' pretty pert, Frank. -- You know my assistant here, Jerry Quick.

TOMSON: Shore. I met 'im at the livestock meetin'. How are yuh, Quick?

JERRY: Fine, thanks, Mr. Tomson.

JIM: Well, I see you've got your stock all ready to go in and eat up my range.

TOMSON: They ain'ta goin' to hurt yore range none, Jim.

JIM: (CHUCKLES) They're light eaters, I s'pose, eh?

TOMSON: Haw, haw. Yes sir, that's it, Jim. They're light eaters, them cows - 'ceptin' when yuh have tuh buy feed for 'em.

JIM: (CHUCKLES) Well, with all that extra young stock, your herd'll be crowding your range allotment pretty close to capacity, Frank. You'll have to have your rider pretty doggone spry to keep 'em scattered so they don't bunch up on those sweet grass parks. -- We've had a tough time bringing this range back, you know after the overgrazing it got years back.

TOMSON: I know, Jim. We'll work with yuh, awright. You know that, Jim.

JIM: Sure, Frank. -- Well, let's get going. Tell your riders to cut out about fifty head and run 'em over the bridge, Frank. Jerry and I will stay here on the bridge and count 'em - (CHUCKLES) so as to see you ain't slipping any extra head in on us, you know, Frank.

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TOMSON: (GOING OFF) Fat chance I'd have o' slippin' anything over on you, I'll tell yuh.

JIM: (CHUCKLES)

TOMSON: (OFF) (SHOUTS) Hey, you fellas -- Hey, Pete -- Cut out a bunch an' run 'em over, will yuh? -- 'bout fifty head.

JIM: All right, Jerry. Let's see how you make out at counting cattle.

JERRY: All right, Jim. I'm all set. -- Here they come.

(SOUND OF COWBOYS YELLING - "GIT ALONG", "YIPPLE," ETC. AND BAWLING OF COWS AND CALVES, OFF: COMES CLOSER, THEN SOUND OF BUNCH OF CATTLE TRAMPING ACROSS BRIDGE: BAWLING AND TRAMPING CONTINUES THROUGH FOLLOWING:)

JERRY: (HALF TO SELF, RAPIDLY) One-two-three-four - five-six-seven --

JIM: (CUTTING IN) Better count 'em by threes, Jerry - That's the way -- we usually -- do it.

JERRY: I see --

JIM: (HALF TO SELF) Hmmmmm ---- Bar - A ---

JERRY: Shucks - I lost count -

JIM: Pick it up and go ahead, Jerry.

JERRY: All right --

(SOUND OF CATTLE CROSSING BRIDGE FADES OFF)

JERRY: Well, how many was it?

JIM: Let's see -- Three times fourteen is forty-two -- and two is forty-four head.

JERRY: Only forty-four head? -- Why, I've got over fifty not counting the ones I missed when I lost count.

JIM: (CHUCKLES) You forgot to count out the young stock under six months, I reckon.

JERRY: That's right. I forgot about that.

JIM: Well, it takes a little experience, Jerry -- even for a simple thin like counting in cattle. -- (CALLS) Oh, Frank.

TOMSON: (OFF) Yeah. (COMING UP) Want another bunch run through, Jim?

JIM: No. Wait a minute -- I noticed four or five head with the Bar-A brand on 'em, Frank. Did some of the Bar-A Ranch stock get mixed up with your herd?

TOMSON: No, they's mine, Jim. I bought twenty head from the Bar-A 'tother day.

JIM: You didn't list that brand in your application for the grazing permit, Frank. You're supposed to have all your brands listed in the permit, you know.

TOMSON: I plum forgot 'bout that, Jim. Y'see, I bought them cattle after the application was in.

JIM: Well, how about the six head with the Circle-T brand?

TOMSON: Oh, them's my daughter's. Y'see, she's hankerin' tuh be a cattleman like 'er paw --

JIM: (CHUCKLES) Cattleman?

TOMSON: Well, anyhow -- I set 'er up with a few head, see? That's her brand - the Circle-T. The gal's gotta have 'er own brand, y'know. She's independent, that-a-way.

JIM: (CHUCKLES) Better watch out, Frank. Your daughter'll be running the whole business before she gets through.

TOMSON: Well, mebbe she kin do a durn sight better with it than 'er ole man.

JIM: (CHUCKLES) Maybe so. -- Well, anyhow, Frank. We'll have to get your permit fixed up after we get the stock counted in.

TOMSON: Yeah. I plum forgot about them other brands, Jim.

JIM: All right. -- Now you can tell the boys to run through about fifty more ahead. No, wait a minute -- who's that coming up this way -- down there?

TOMSON: Durned if I know. 'Taint any o' my riders -- He's bringin' up 'bout ten more head o' cattle.

JERRY: I can tell you who it is, Jim. It's Mike Bundy.

JIM: Your eyes are better'n mine, Jerry. -- Yep, it's Bundy all right. -- Mike Bundy, eh? (CHUCKLES) Well, the old codger'll get fooled this time.

JERRY: What's he up to now, Jim?

JIM: I reckon he was going to try to slip a few head of battle into the forest without a permit -- but he picked the wrong day ----

TOMSON: That feller's allus up to somethin' --- Hey! He better not git them cattle o' his'n mixed up with my herd.

JIM: Lemme borrow your horse a minute, Frank. I'll just start Bundy and his cattle movin' back the way they came.

TOMSON: Help yerself, Jim. She's right over thar.

JIM: Yeah, I know. Thanks -- (AFTER BRIEF PAUSE) Whoa, gal -- (GRUNTS IN MOUNTING) All right, gal -- (SOUND OF GALLOPING HORSE A FEW SECONDS) Whoa, gal (GALLOPING STOPS. --- Howdy.)

BUNDY: (SURLY) Howdy.

JIM: Movin' some stock, I see.

BUNDY: Yeah.

JIM: I guess you know there's no stock comes into this forest without a grazing permit.

BUNDY: Who said anything 'bout this stock goin' intuh the forest. --- I'm movin' 'em over tuh the -- uh --- tuh the Hall Ranch.

JIM: (CHUCKLES) Going by kind of a round-about way, aren't you?

BUNDY: Well, I reckon I kin go any way I wanter.

JIM: Look here, Bundy. Grazing on this forest is open to you on the same basis as it is to anyone else, but we've got certain regulations that've got to be lived up to for the good of the forest. You've got to play fair with us rangers and with the other stockmen. See?

BUNDY: Yeah?

JIM: That's the story. You might as well head back the way you came, Bundy. -- So long.

BUNDY: (MUMBLES AS IF CUSSING RANGER)

JIM: (LOUDER AND MORE EMPHATICALLY) So long. --- Get up, old gal. (SOUND OF HORSE GALLOPING A FEW SECONDS) Whoa -- (GALLOPING STOPS) -- (CALLS) All right, Frank - let's run another bunch across the bridge.

TOMSON: (OFF) Awright, Jim. (SHOUTS) Hey, you boys. Run over another bunch, will yuh? -- (UP) Did yuh git Bundy took care of?

JIM: I reckon. He's headin' the other way.

(SOUND OF COWBOYS YELLING AND COWS AND CALVES BAWLING, OFF)

JERRY: Here they come, Jim.

JIM: All right, Jerry. Let's see how you make out counting this bunch.

JERRY: Okay, Jim.

(FADEOUT WITH SOUND OF CATTLE BAWLING AND TRAMPING ACROSS BRIDGE)

ANNOUNCER:

And so the cattle go into the national forest for summer range -- and the rangers are on the job, as usual, to see that everything is done right. Grazing use of the national forests is carefully managed by Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers so that the forage crop will not be depleted, and the ranges will be continuously productive and useful both as feed for livestock and as protection for the watersheds. The number of livestock allowed on the national forests is limited to the carrying capacity of the ranges, and the grazing is scientifically managed to get maximum utilization of the forage without overgrazing.

Forest Ranger Jim and Jerry will be with us again at this same hour next week. This program comes to you as a presentation of the National Broadcasting Company with the cooperation of the Forest Service, United States Department of Agriculture.

The role of Ranger Jim Robbins is played by Harvey Hays. Others in the cast today were _____

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ORCHESTRA:

is/12:00 Noon.
June 1, 1932.

U. S. F. S. RECEIVER
PUBLIC RELATIONS
JUN 4 1932
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