UNCLE SAM'S FOREST RANGERS

Episode No. 28

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12:30 to 1:30 P.M. C.D.S.T. AUGUST 4, 1932 THURSDAY

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

(ORCHESTRA: QUARTET)

ANNOUNCER:

Well, folks, you all know Forest Ranger Jim Robbins, who is in charge of the Pine Cone District of the National Forest, and his young assistant, Jerry Quick, who came on the job a few months ago to help in the work of managing and protecting our national forest resources. Last week, Ranger Jim and Jerry had a little difficulty with Mike Bundy, who is known around the village of Winding Creek as somewhat of a bad character. Ranger Jim arrested Bundy for violation of the game laws. We are informed that the court imposed a fine and jail sentence on Bundy, so that our National Forest should be safe from his misdeeds, for the time being, at least. -- Today, as we tune in on the Pine Cone Ranger Station, we find Jerry out in the station yard, preparing to send a load of supplies by pack mule to the lookout men who are keeping a constant watch for fire from their crow's nests on the mountain tops.

JERRY: Get outa there! -- Get away from there! doggone it!

JIM: (COMING UP) What's the matter, Jerry, having trouble?

JERRY: It's that pesky gray mule. He keeps poking his nose into all the packs.

JIM: Why don't you tie him up?

JERRY: Can't get my hands on the ornery brute. He keeps just out of reach all the time. -- I wish Slim would make good his threat to get rid of 'im.

JIM: (LAUGHS) That mule's a natural born practical joker. Reminds me of a mischievous boy. Sometimes you'd think you could almost see him grinning when he has Slim pestered to a frenzy -- Hi! Slim! Better take up this mule before Jerry spanks 'im.

SLIM: (COMING UP) Okay, Boss. Here Smoky, Come 'ere boy.

JERRY: Slim, why don't you shoot that mule, like you threaten to sometimes.

SLIM: Well, I'll tell yuh, Jerry, that mule's so plumb mean and ornery that I -- Well I guess I kinda like 'im. He's more company for me than all the rest o' the string put together.

JERRY: (LAUGHS) I bet you and that mule must be related.

SLIM: Huh?

JIM: (CHUCKLES) Well now -- Did you check over the list of supplies to go up, Jerry?

JERRY: Yeah, everything's here. I'll have all the panniers loaded as soon as Slim has the mules saddled.

SLIM: (GOING OFF) Come Smoky! Come on, Smoky.

JIM: All right, I'll just help you get it together here. --

JERRY: Well, I s'pose old Bundy's cooling his heels in the pen about this time, Jim.

JIM: Yep. The Sheriff has taken 'im on as a regular boarder for a while. -- I hope he's makin' use of the chance to think over some of his past sins. He's got plenty to answer for.

JERRY: I guess he has, all right.

JIM: Maybe when his time's up he'll come out havin' a wholesome respect for the law and the rights of others -- which I sure hope he does. -- But then again, maybe he'll come out feelin' meaner'n ever - and then I s'pose we'll have to look for more trouble from him. -- I wish I could get to the reasoning side of old Bundy and make 'im see why it's to everybody's advantage to protect this forest. -- But he's a pretty tough nut to crack.

JERRY: Maybe Bundy hasn't any reasoning side.

JIM: Maybe not. But if he has, we'll try to find it. -- I don't like to arrest anybody, but sometimes it's a convincing argument.

JERRY: Well, we'll see how this sojourn in jail affects him.

JIM: Yeah. -- By the way, did you get that new water bag that Harry Neal wanted, up on Windy Mountain Lookout?

JERRY: Yes, it's here with the rest of the stuff.

JIM: Water's a problem up on Windy Mountain. It has to be packed in, you know.

JERRY: Yes, I know it does.

JIM: (CHUCKLES) Harry Neal was a-wailin' about it last time I was up there.

JERRY: What did he say?

JIM: He didn't think his allotment of thirty gallons a week was enough, when there's a dry spell and he can't leave the lookout station much to come down the mountain and get any extra. (CHUCKLES) He was tellin' me how he practices water conservation.

JERRY: How was that?

JIM: Well, he says he's got a strict rule never to wash his hands and face more than once a day, and he's tryin' to get so's he can shave dry. (CHUCKLES) And come Saturday night, he measures out a quart real careful, and puts it in a pan, and then he sticks his left foot in, and startin' about even with his left ear, he works down that side to the foot with his soap and rag. Then he takes that foot out - after lettin' it drain awhile so's not to waste any drops - and sticks in his right foot and works over the remainin' side.

JERRY: (LAUGHS) That's some bath!

JIM: Well, that's gettin' the most out of a quart of water - But when it rains, he rushes out with every bucket and pan in the place, and then he goes on a regular water-jag, -- takin about six baths in a row. About three days later, he comes out of it feelin' kinda water-logged, and settles down to the regular system.

JERRY: Well, we can tell Slim to fill this new waterbag at the spring on his way up, too, -- along with the regular bags -- and give Harry an extra treat.

JIM: Yes, that's what I was figurin' to do. -- Well, Jerry, I reckon we can begin loading the packs on while Slim's getting that other mule rigged up.

JERRY: All right. Which one shall we tackle first, Old Bertha?

JIM: Yes, she's a patient old critter. -- Let's see. These two panniers look like they'd weigh about even --

JERRY: Those two'll balance, Jim. You don't need to heft 'em. I put the same kind of stuff in both of them.

JIM: Okay. -- Up she goes! (GRUNTS) -- All right, pull up the rope, Jerry.

JERRY: Yep. -- There y'are.

JIM: Now throw on your pack cover, -- Whoa, there, mule! -- nothin' to get excited about. -- Whoa.

JERRY: Coming over with the lash rope!

JIM: Let'er come -- Under now! Got it hooked?

JERRY: Yep.

JIM: All right on this side. Pull away on it.

JERRY: (GRUNTS)

JIM: Well, here comes Slim now, lookin' kinda upset about something. (LOUDER) What's the matter Slim?

SLIM: (COMING UP) Hey lissen, there. Yuh gotta hitch that pack up tighter'n that. I kin see 'er saggin' already.

JERRY: (SLIGHTLY HUFFY) Say, I guess I ought to know how to pack a mule by now.

SLIM: Well, she ain't tight enough anyhow. If I gotta lead that string o' mules, they gotta be packed right. I ain't a-goin' to have them loads scattered all over the trail.

JERRY: That load's going to ride all right.

SLIM: She ain't tight enough.

JIM: I reckon we can tighten 'er up a little, Jerry. (CHUCKLES) And seein' as you and Slim and the mules all have about the same kind of dispositions --

JERRY: Huh? - Stubborn, you mean? (LAUGHS) Well, maybe Jim's right at that, huh, Slim?

SLIM: (CHUCKLES) Mebbe so. I reckon yuh gotta be stubborn workin' with them mules. The only way yuh kin git along with 'em is to be stubborner'n they are.

JERRY: There. Is that tight enough, Slim?

SLIM: Sure. That's jest right.

JIM: (CHUCKLES) That's fine. Everybody's satisfied now. Even the mule. Huh, how about it, old girl? - She looks like she'd worn that pack all her life.

SLIM: That's Bertha. She's the steadiest critter I got in the whole string. -- That reminds me, Jim -- seein' as it don't have nothin' to do with it -- don't forgit to give me the mail to take up to them lookout boys.

JIM: No indeed. I put it over there on that box, Slim, -- when I came out.

SLIM: I'll put 'er in my saddle bag right now. I took off without it one time, and them lookout boys like tuh cussed me clean outa the county. I reckon they git lonesome up on them mountain tops.

JIM: Now and then they do, all right. -- Hold 'er up a minute, Jerry, while I hitch up the rope. -- All right, there we are.

JERRY: Okay.

JIM: Whoa, mule! -- How's that, Slim? Is that tight enough for you?

SLIM: Shore. Thet looks purty fair.

JIM: (CHUCKLES) We've gotta have these mules packed just right, you know.

SLIM: Well, now, mebbe that left pack's hangin' jest a little low. I reckon I better draw that diamond hitch up a lettle tighter.

JIM: (CHUCKLES) All right, Slim.

SLIM: Thar - that's better.

JIM: Got the other mules loaded up all right, Slim?

SLIM: Yep.

JIM: Well, you might as well hit the trail, then. I bet Harry Neal's gettin' thirsty up there on Windy Mountain.

SLIM: Yep. I'll be ridin'. -- Whoa, Belle!

JERRY: You've got it straight what goes where, haven't you, Slim?

SLIM: (SLIGHTLY OFF) Shore. Them fust two loads goes to Bald Peak an' the rest to Windy Mountain - and the stuff in them black paniers is tuh be dropped off fer the trail crew.

JERRY: Right. -- So long, Slim.

JIM: Take care of yourself.

SLIM: (OFF) S'long. (CLUCKS TO HORSE) Giddap, now. -- (SOUND OF MULE STRING AND BELL ON BELL MARE, MOVING OFF) C'mon, thar, git goin' --
(SOUND OF MULE STRING AND SLIM'S VOICE FADES OFF)

JIM: Well, Jerry, let's get to work on some of this business that's piled up in the office. You can make the map for the Willard special use permit. You'll find the notes of the survey in my field note book.

JERRY: Okay.

JIM: And I guess I'll let you type the report too. I made a rough draft of it in pencil. I aint so handy, you know, when it comes to bein' my own stenographer.

JERRY: Sure, I'll do the typing.

JIM: (CHUCKLES) See if you can make that machine spell right. Last report I thumped out on it, that machine made several mistakes in spelling, and the supervisor's clerk told me about every one of them.

JERRY: (LAUGHS) All right. I'll see what I can do with it.

JIM: And if you ain't so good -- (CHUCKLES) I reckon I'll go down and get the school marm to read proof on it.

BESS: (COMING UP) What's that? - (BANTERING) Oh, you will, will you, Jim Robbins?

JIM: (CHUCKLES(Well, if here isn't Bess. (MORE CHUCKLES) I was just saying, Bess, that I might go down and get Mary Halloway to help me with my spelling.

BESS: Oh, I see. Well, suppose you consult your dictionary for that kind of help.

JIM: Well, now, as between a dictionary and a pretty school teacher --

JERRY: Better look out for Jim, Mrs. Robbins.

BESS: (BANTERING) I guess I'd just better keep my eye on him.

JIM: Well now. (CHUCKLING) Maybe I'd better leave the school ma'am to Jerry after all.

(FADEOUT WITH ALL LAUGHING)

(MUSICAL INTERLUDE)

JIM: (TALKING ON PHONE) Yes -- uh-huh -- I see, - Well, you see, Mrs. Blakeslee, there's no regulation as to what time a fellow gets up in the morning -- (CHUCKLES) No, the law doesn't cover that. Suppose you and he see if you can't work out some sort of friendly arrangement. -- No, I wouldn't get mad about it. -- All right, Mrs. Blakeslee. Goodbye. (HANGS UP RECEIVER) (CHUCKLES)

(SOUND OF DOOR)

JERRY: (COMING UP) Back again.

JIM: Well, Jerry -- It's about time -- That doggone phone's been ringing a steady streak all the time you were down to the post office. I haven't been able to get a lick of work done.

JERRY: Who's been calling?

JIM: Mostly tourists and campers asking for information - or telling their troubles. (CHUCKLES) That last call was from Mrs. Blakeslee,

JERRY: Oh, the lady in the Shady Rest cottage up the creek?

JIM: Yes. She was complaining because she came to the mountains to have peace and quiet, she says, and the fellow in the next cabin gets up about 6 o'clock every morning and starts chopping wood. (CHUCKLES) She wants me to speak to him about it.

JERRY: Are you going to?

JIM: Well, if the two neighbors get to fighting about it, I s'pose I'll have to suggest a little arbitartion, but maybe they can work out some peaceful arrangement among themselves. Maybe I could get Mrs. Blakeslee to put herself on a daylight saving time schedule.

JERRY: (LAUGHS) That's an idea.

BESS: (OFF) Is that you in there, Jerry?

JERRY: (RAISING VOICE) Yes, Mrs. Robbins.

BESS: (COMING UP) You've to the post office, haven't you?

JERRY: Yes. Just got back.

BESS: Was there any mail for me? I was sort of expecting a letter from Aunt Bertha.

JIM: Huh? That's right. -- How about that mail?

JERRY: Say, -- darned if I didn't put it in my pocket here and forget all about it. Here you are, Jim. Nothing for you, Mrs. Robbins.

JIM: (CHUCKLES) I bet you ran onto the school ma'am down there and got so excited you forgot what you went for.

JERRY: (LAUGHS) Oh no. Nothing like that. -- But I did see Mary down there though.

JIM: (CHUCKLES) Uh huh, I thought so.

JERRY: And I don't mind telling you I feel pretty swell now, too. You know this guy from the city - Bradley - that's been hanging around her all the time lately?

JIM: Yeah?

JERRY: Well, she gave 'im the air tonight, and she's going to the party at the summer hotel with me!

BESS: Oh, isn't that nice!

JERRY: You bet it is! First time I've had a date with Mary in a month of Sundays.

JIM: (CHUCKLIN) Well, I see where my young assistant won't be good for much work tomorrow.

BESS: Oh, Jim, it'll be good for him to go to the party tonight. Jerry's been working night and day all this week.

JERRY: Sure. Don't worry, Jim. The party'll be over early, and I'll be ready for any job you've got tomorrow.

JIM: Well, these young folks - (CHUCKLES) You've got to give 'em a little rain, I guess.

(PHONE RINGS)

JIM: There goes that 'phone again.

JERRY: Probably another camper - or tourist.

JIM: (ANSWERING TELEPHONE) Pine Cone Ranger Station - Yes, this is Mr. Robbins -- Yes, Miss Neal -- Oh, I'm mighty sorry to learn that. -- Yes, of course, but I don't know how soon I can send up a relief man to take his place. -- Oh -- very serious, eh? Hold the 'phone a minute. (TO JERRY) Jerry, that's Harry Neal's sister on the phone. Her mother is seriously ill and she's asking for Harry. I can't leave the lookout station unmanned in this dry weather, and you're the only man I've got available to relieve him.

JERRY: I'd have to go right away, wouldn't I?

JIM: Yes.

JERRY: Why - Well - Yes of course I'll go.

JIM: (TO PHONE) Hello, Miss Neal -- We'll have Jerry there tonight -- Don't worry, he'll be there. -- Oh that's all right, Miss Neal. We want to do anything we can to help. -- I hope your mother recovers very soon. -- Yes, well, good bye. (HANGS UP RECEIVER)

BESS: Oh Jerry, what a shame! Just when you and Mary had something planned.

JERRY: Well -- it's all part of the game -- Let's see, I guess I'd better gather up my toothbrush right now. How long do you s'pose I'll be up there?

JIM: Probably it'll only be a day or two, Jerry. I'll get some one up to relieve you just as soon as I can send one of the patrolmen. But right now with the bad fire weather we're having I want to keep our fire organization intact and I've got to have a man on Windy Mountain every minute.

JERRY: Yes, you're right. I'll be ready in two shakes. - It's lucky I kept my horse in the barn today. I guess I had a hunch something would happen that I'd need him.

BESS: You aren't going to forget to call Mary before you go, are you, Jerry?

JERRY: Oh, Mrs. Robbins, you call her for me, will you?

BESS: You ought to explain to her why you can't take her to the party tonight.

JERRY: I wish you'd tell her, Mrs. Robbins. You can make her understand. -- Tell her I had to leave on a moment's notice. Tell her it's a matter of life and death.

BESS: All right Jerry, I'm sure I can explain everything to Mary.

JERRY: Thanks, Mrs. Robbins.

JIM: Most likely you'll be passing Slim and his pack string on the trail.

JERRY: Yeah. -- I sure didn't think when I was packing up that stuff for Windy Mountain this morning that I was sending it up to <u>myself</u>.

JIM: (CHUCKLES) If you had, I bet you'd've slipped in an extra box of cookies or so, eh?

JERRY: I might've at that.

JIM: Well, you never know what the day will bring forth in this work. You'll have to ride up to Windy Mountain fast as your horse'll take you, Jerry. I'll phone Harry to be ready to leave, and he can ride Spark back as far as the road, and I'll pick 'im up there with the car. I want him to make that six o'clock train.

JERRY: He'll leave my horse at the guard station?

JIM: Yes.

JERRY: All right -- Well, I guess I'm ready to go -- Shucks, this would have to happen on the first night I've had a chance to see Mary for weeks.

BESS: That's a shame.

JERRY: (LAUGHS HALF-HEARTEDLY) I was all set for a big time tonight, and now I'll be up there all by myself on top of the mountain -- But it's all right, Jim. We've gotta get Harry down to the train.

JIM: Yep. That's the spirit, son.

JERRY: (GOING OFF) Well, so long, folks.

JIM: So long, Jerry.

BESS: (WITH HIM) Goodbye, and take care of yourself, Jerry.

(FADEOUT)

ANNOUNCER: Well, folks, this was to have been a big night for Jerry, but often, when the rangers are called on to help in emergencies, good times must go by the board. When the forests are dry and there is danger of fire, every unit of the protection force and every means for keeping fires in check must be constantly in readiness on the national forests. In these critical times, you can help when you go into the woods by using constant care with fire, by never discarding a match or cigarette until you are sure it is out, by drowning every spark of your camp fire or picnic fire before you leave it, and by promptly reporting to the rangers or fire wardens any fire that you may discover.

Next Thursday 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:

er-is/10:00 A.M.
August 4, 1932.