

UNCLE SAM'S FOREST RANGERS

EPISODE #98

11:30 - 12:30 PM

APRIL 13, 1934

FRIDAY

ANNOUNCER: "Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers" -

ORCHESTRA: QUARTET - RANGER SONG

ANNOUNCER: Here we go, folks, up to the National Forest, where Ranger Jim Robbins and his assistant, Jerry Quick, are on the job managing and protecting the forest resources - looking after the timber, the watersheds, the livestock ranges, the game and wildlife, and the recreational facilities - all resources of the National Forests that must be protected constantly against damage or loss, and managed on sound principles to keep them of permanent value and use to the people of the United States. To handle a big, many-sided job like this, our Rangers have to plan their work carefully throughout the year. Every Ranger is responsible for the proper administration of his district and so he schedules his work in careful detail in accordance with long-term plans, and checks up frequently on accomplishments to see that all the needed jobs are getting done and that he is using his time efficiently and to best advantage. And so today, as we tune in at the Pine Cone Ranger Station, we find Ranger Jim and Jerry making up their district job sheets and work schedules. Here they are.....



JIM: Jerry, have you got that job sheet added up?

JERRY: Yeah, 872 days for the whole year.

JIM: (CHUCKLES) Pretty long year, eh? - Looks like we're kinda ambitious, doesn't it?

JERRY: Either that or we need another man on this district.

JIM: Well, let's see - maybe we've allowed too much time for some of these jobs.

JERRY: If you ask me I'd say we haven't allowed enough for some of them. Take for instance interviews with grazing permittees. We've only allowed two days for the whole year. Some sheep herder or cow puncher'll get into a jam and come in here and take pretty near that much time on one case.

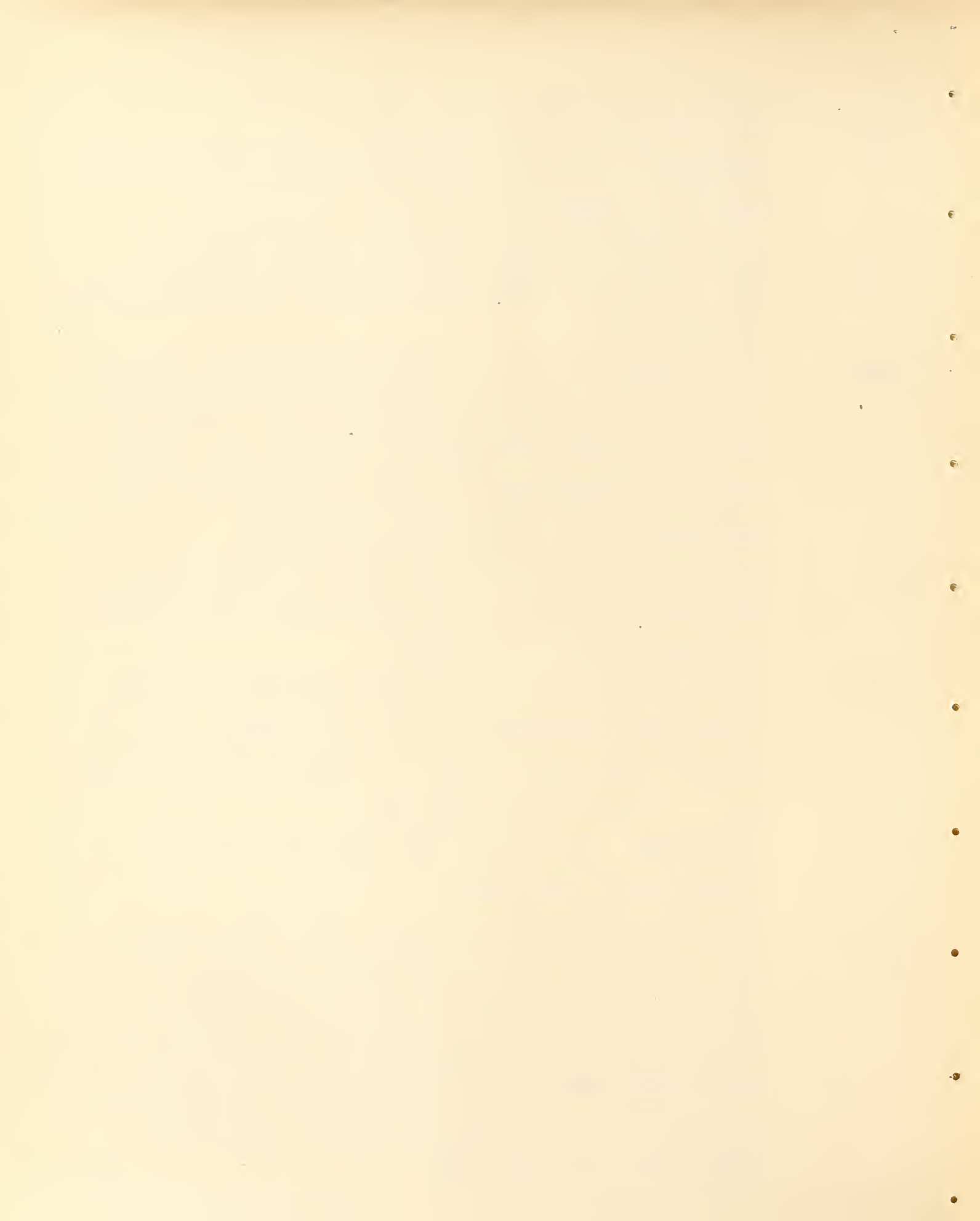
JIM: Well, most of those conferences come in the evenings so it don't count against the day's work anyway. Let's see now - how does it work out by months?

JERRY: Well, of course the summer months all show the heaviest charges and the winter months aren't so heavy. Here's May, shows 72 days, June 76, July 89. Gosh, we'll have to make two out of each of us, that month.

JIM: (CHUCKLING) Just a few 16 hour days - the two of us can stretch one day into four.

JERRY: Yeah, but a man can't keep up that pace the year around.

JIM: No - of course we have a great deal more planned that we can hope to get done and there'll be a lot of things come up we can't see now but we'll sort out all the more important jobs and schedule them first. Then the excess load that we figure we can't handle ourselves we'll make the basis for a request for extra guard help.



JERRY: Then you've got to add a certain amount of time for supervision of the guards' work.

JIM: Sure, we do. We can't hire a temporary assistant and just turn him loose and expect him to function.

JERRY: (DISCOURAGED) Gosh! - You know Jim - I sometimes feel as if the energy and brain-power I put on these plans of work would run a small-sized ranger district.

JIM: Yeah, I know Jerry, I sometimes feel the same myself, but when I first came to this forest we had 14 year-long rangers and 12 administrative guards during the field season on about one and a half million acres of forest and we thought we were all mighty busy in those days. Now when I remember that there are over 2 million acres in the forest administered by 6 rangers and 10 guards I have to admit that this work planning business gets results.

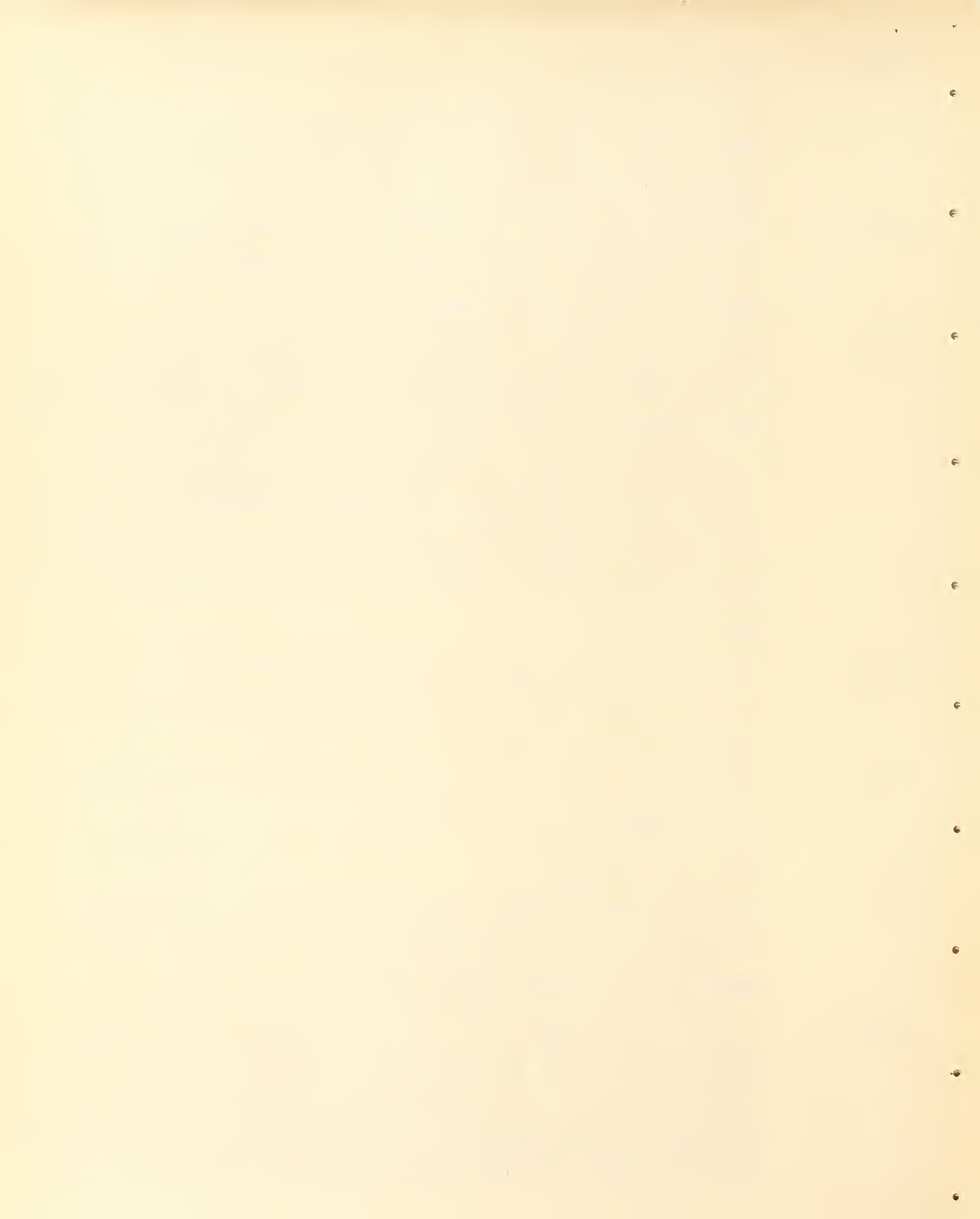
JERRY: Yes, but in those days you didn't have automobiles. They save a lot of travel time. And the telephone system and all these short cut trails. They save a lot of time.

JIM: True enough, but we have a lot of activities nowadays that we never thought of in the old days

JERRY: What for instance?

JIM: Well, recreational use - wild life management and civilian conservation corps supervision and road building. We've spend a lot of time on those things

JERRY: I guess that's right too. Of course I didn't mean that we don't need to plan our work but it's so hard to make up work schedules ahead of time because you never know when some new job that you never heard about is going to crowd in or somebody that you never saw before comes along and takes up your time.



JIM: Yeah, but the plan gives you something to shoot at and keeps the important jobs in front of you

JERRY: My arguments don't seem to ring the bell, do they? I think my trouble is largely psychological. (LAUGHS) When I see that program of work it kinda gives me heart failure. It all seems so important and I - well - I don't see how we can get half of it done - it makes me wonder if I'm big enough for the job

JIM: (CHUCKLES) Yeah, and then you get your second wind and the thing sort of acts as a challenge to hit the ball a little harder. That's been my experience, so we won't let the job bluffus.

BESS: (IN DISTANCE). Are you busy? May I come in? (COMES NEARER)
OH, you must be busy - you've got your sleeves rolled up.

JIM: Yes, we are Bess.

JERRY: We're trying to build this work plan, Mrs. Robbins.

BESS: Oh, I see - then I shan't interrupt.

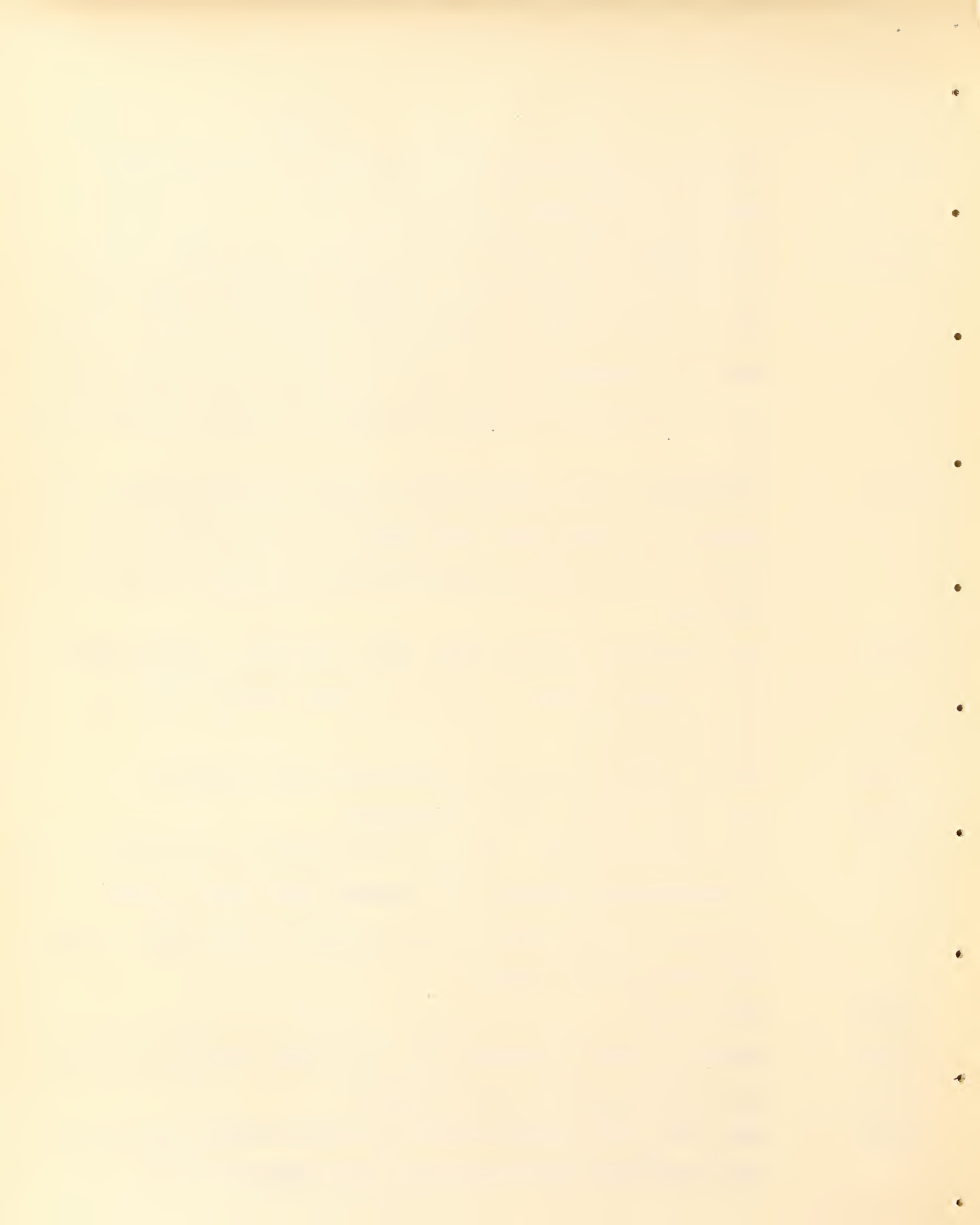
JIM: No, don't go, Bess - this is a good time for a breathing spell, I think Jerry's getting tired anyway and I need a smoke. Lemme fill my pipe while we hear what's on your mind. - Pass me those matches, Jerry.

JERRY: Yeah, sure.

BESS: Promise me that you'll not plan to do any work this evening

JIM: Why, what's going on this evening?

BESS: Why, don't you remember there's a basket social down in the hall, and Mary and I are fixing some baskets for it.



JERRY: Gee' - Gosh' - I did forget all about it. I promised Mary that I'd sure go.

JIM: But we've got to get this plan finished today. Tomorrow you've got to go up to that timber sale area, Jerry, and I've got to go to Spring Creek. We can't start off by getting behind our schedule the first day.

BESS: Well, can't I help? I've helped on 'most every other kind of work.

JIM: That you have, Bess - even to fighting fires, haven't you? - Why yes, you can help me check these time allowances while Jerry copies the finished pages on the typewriter.

BESS: All right - wait 'till I get another chair.

JERRY: (QUICKLY) Here, take this one, I'll get another.

(MUSICAL INTERLUDE)

MARY: (OFF) Yoohoo - Mrs. Robbins -

BESS: Is that you Mary? Come right in. I was hoping you'd get here soon.

MARY: (COMING UP) Mr. Robbins is coming to our basket social, isn't he?

BESS: Yes, I've been helping him all morning so he and Jerry could be free tonight.

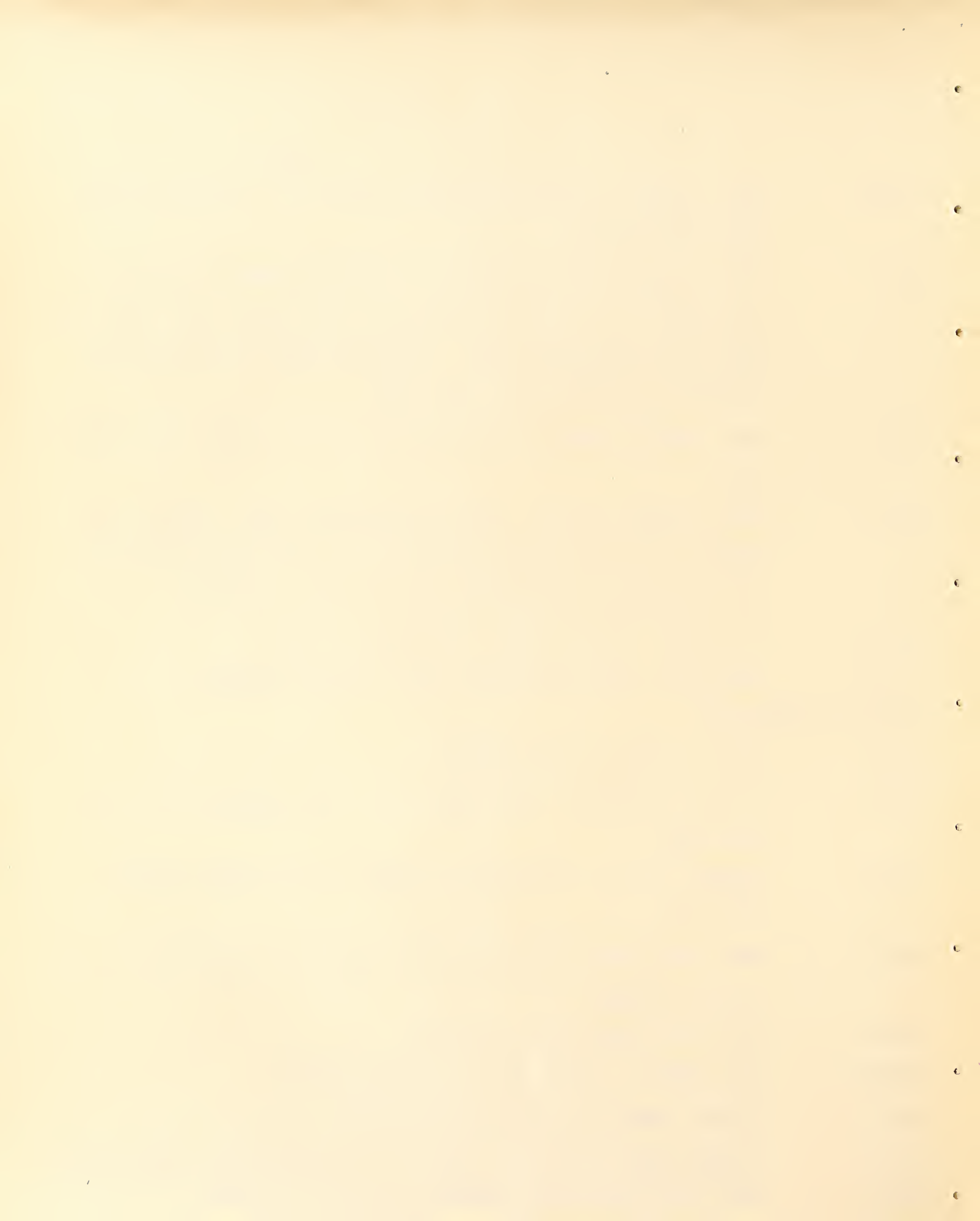
MARY: Oh, I'm so glad they can come.

BESS: Look, Mary - I want you to see the cakes.

MARY: O-o-oh! Don't they look delicious?

BESS: I hope they're nice and light - I certainly beat them plenty.

MARY: Oh, this three-layer chocolate cake is a beauty.



BESS: Yes, that's Jim's favorite cake, Mary - he does so love chocolate

MARY: What's this pretty one with the caramel frosting?

BESS: That's a little surprise for you Mary. - It's a nut cake - the kind that Jerry likes so much.

MARY: Oh, Mrs. Robbins, you dear. - I must tell you - I bought the prettiest basket at the store to put my sandwiches and cake in - and who do you suppose was buying a basket at the same time?

BESS: I could never guess, Mary.

MARY: (LAUGHING) Old Mrs. Moss - she said she was going to the social, too.

BESS: Isn't that nice - I'm so glad she can go - Mrs. Moss is a dear old lady, Mary, even if she does have a sharp tongue

MARY: Yes, she's such an old gossip, though. I think I'd better be going now, Mrs. Robbins - shall I take the nut cake with me?

BESS: Yes, do, Mary. You'd better slip out the back way so Jerry won't see you with it.

MARY: Maybe that would be best.

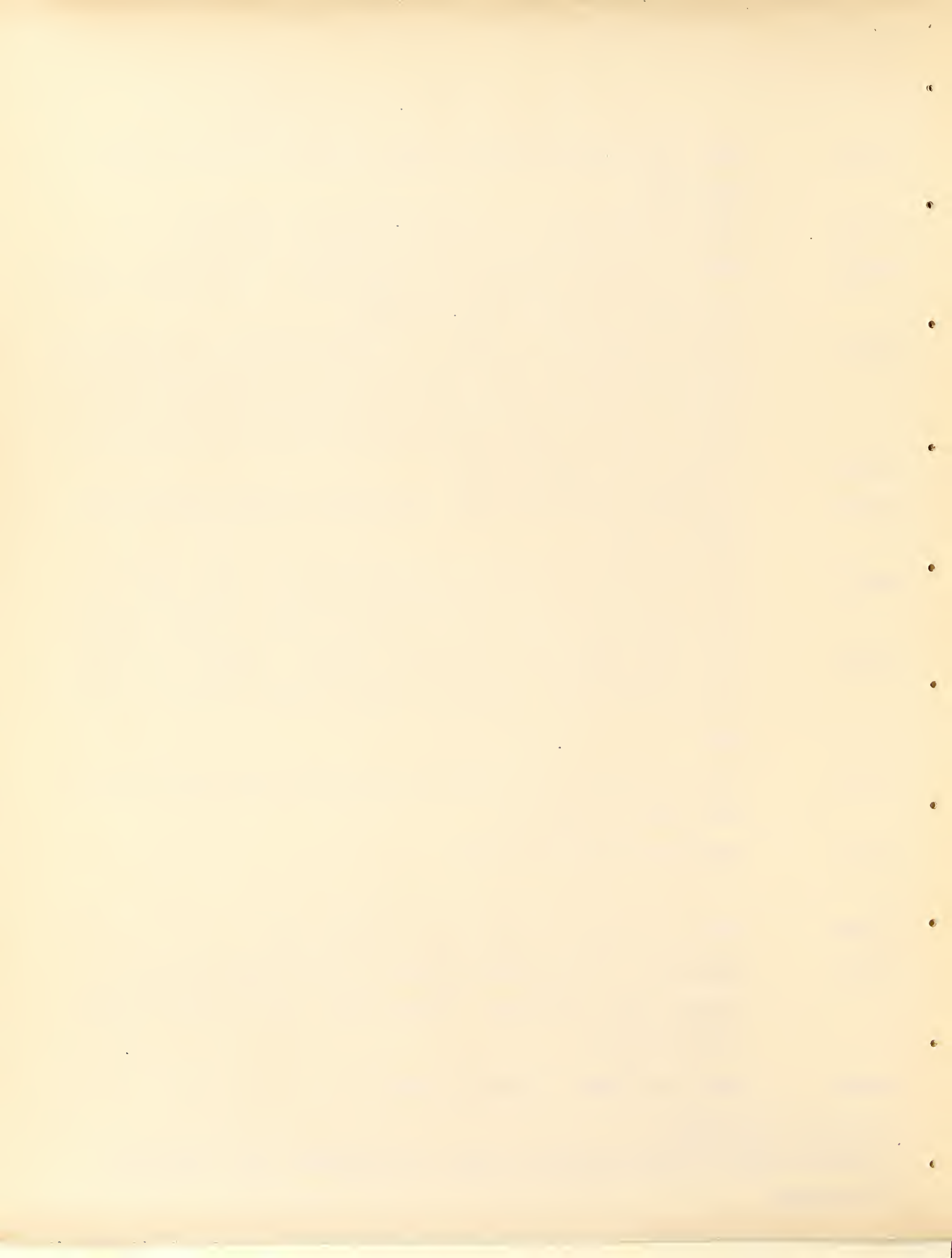
BESS: Here, I'll put the cake in a box for you.

MARY: Thank you - it was awful sweet of you to bake it for me. Goodbye, Mrs. Robbins - (GOING OFF) I'll see you tonight at the social.

BESS: Good bye, Mary - we'll be there -

(MUSICAL INTERLUDE)

(DISTANT SOUND OF MUSIC, HUM OF VOICES AND LAUGHTER, OFF, THROUGHOUT FOLLOWING)



(ALL FOLLOWING TALK IN STAGE WHISPER)

1st BOY: Come on, you - nobody's here.

2nd BOY: Are you sure?

1st BOY: Sure, come on - don't be a 'fraid cat

2nd BOY: I can't get through this basement window.

1st BOY: Sure ya can. There ya are.

2nd BOY: Gee, look at all the baskets. - You really going to swipe some cake?

1st BOY: Sure.

2nd BOY: What's the use - we'll get plenty to eat later.

1st BOY: Well, what did ya crawl in here for, then, wisay? - I'll tell you what let's do. Let's change the tags on some of the baskets.

2nd BOY: We'll get into trouble doing that, won't we?

1st BOY: Naw, we won't - They'll never know who done it.

2nd BOY: But people will be biddin' on the wrong basket.

1st BOY: Sure. - See? (GIGGLES) It'll make a lot of 'em sore when they find who they've got to eat supper with.

2nd BOY: Gee, here's two baskets that look just alike.

1st BOY: Yeah - let's change the tags.

(MUSIC UP FOR SHORT INTERVAL. MUSIC STOPS)

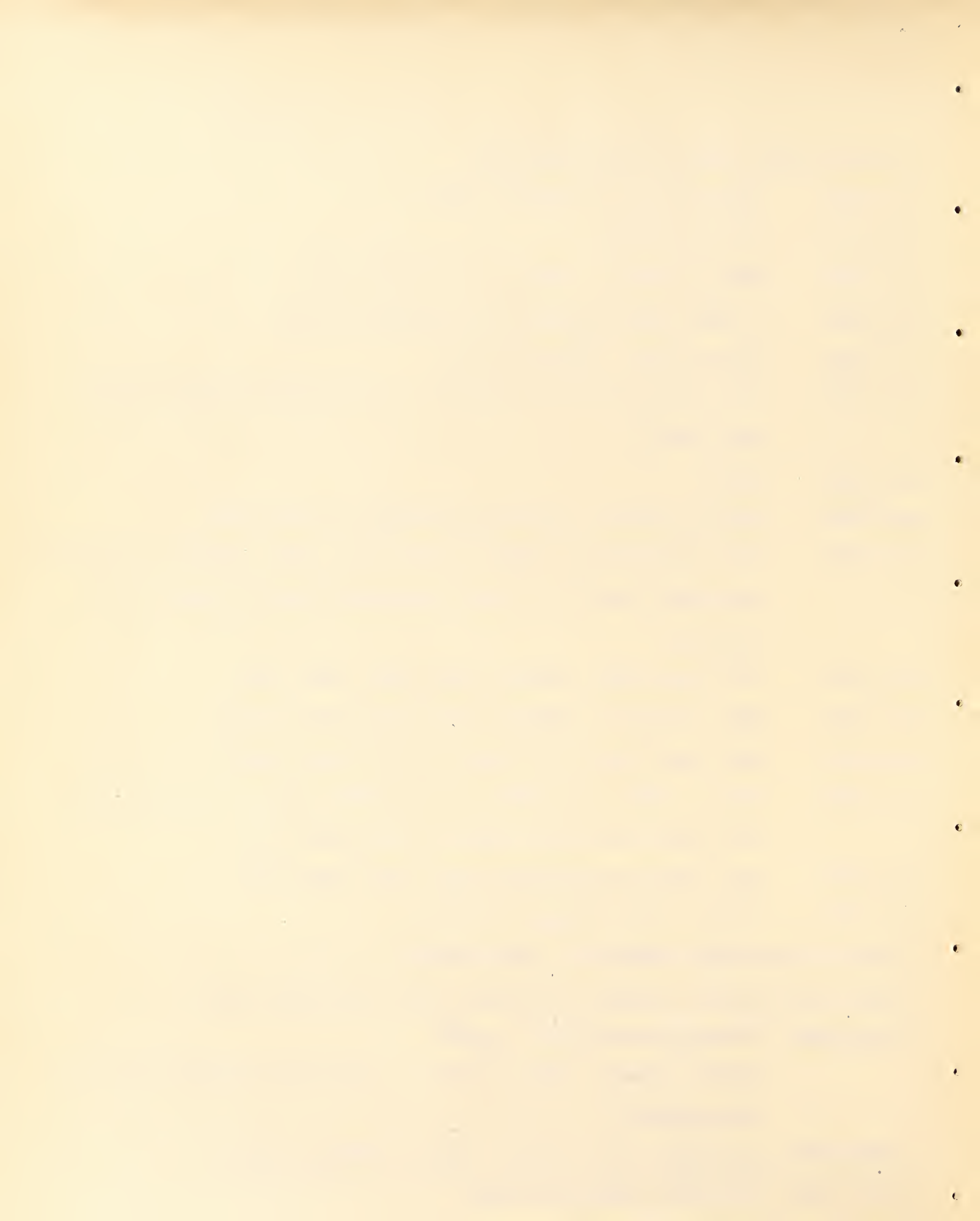
(HUM OF MANY PEOPLE TALKING AND MOVING ABOUT IN SOCIAL HALL)

AUCTIONEER: (THUMPING ON TABLE - CALLS)

Quiet, please, folks, quiet. - Are ya all ready to bid on the baskets?

(CRIES OF - ALL READY - LET 'ER GO - MAKE IT SNAPPY, ETC.)

BOYS VOICE: (CALLS) When do we eat?



AUCTIONEER: Order, there, order - You boys quit making so much noise. -
(CALLS) You've got to bid high tonight, folks to get one
of these choice baskets and the beautiful lady that goes with
'em. - And remember, this is a mighty worthy cause, for
every cent we take in goes to the poor and needy.

(HUM OF VOICES: CRIES OF: PUT 'EM UP**LET'S GO... I'M STARVING, ETC.)

MARY: Isn't this exciting, Jerry?

JERRY: I wouldn't have missed for anything.

MARY: I'm so glad Mr. Robbins could come. - See, there he is.

AUCTIONEER: Order - please be quiet folks

(SEVERAL BARS STRUCK LOUDLY ON PIANO TO QUIET CROWD-HUM OF VOICES DIES)

AUCTIONEER: Now - the first basket I'm offerin' this evening, friends,
is this artistic creation in pink and white - Look at it -
feast your eyes upon it - isn't it a dream? - Ah, and who
knows the fair young lady who packed it with delicious and
appetizing delicacies? - Win the basket and you win the lady-
What am I offered for this prize?

VOICE: Fifty cents.

MARY: (IN LOW WHISPER) That's my basket, Jerry.

JERRY: One dollar.

AUCITONEER: One dollar I hear! What, only a dollar for this beauty? -
Who'll make it a dollar and a half? - Do I hear a dollar
and a half?

LIEUTENANT: Dollar and a half.

JERRY: Who's that guy bidding for your basket?

MARY: Oh, that's Lieutenant Hall - the new lieutenant up at the
O.C.C. Camp.



JERRY: Yeah. I see it is. Do you know him?

MARY: Well, I've been introduced to him, Jerry.

JERRY: Yeah? - well -

AUCTIONEER: Dollar and a half - going for a dollar and a half - who'll raise it to two dollars - do I hear a bidder?

JERRY: Two dollars.

(HUM OF VOICES UP)

MARY: Oh, Jerry, that's too much.

JERRY: No, it ain't - excuse me a minute, Mary, I want to talk to Jim on important business - I'll be right back.

AUCTIONEER: Two dollars - two dollars - who'll make it two and a half? Come on, boys, step lively if you want to win a fair maiden.

LIEUTENANT: Two and a half.

JERRY: (WHISPERS) Say, Jim, lend me some money, will you? I've only got two dollars - and I've got to get that basket.

JIM: (WHISPER) Sure - wait a minute 'till I get my wallet.

(PAUSE) (EXCITED) Doggone it, Jerry, I left my money in my other pants.

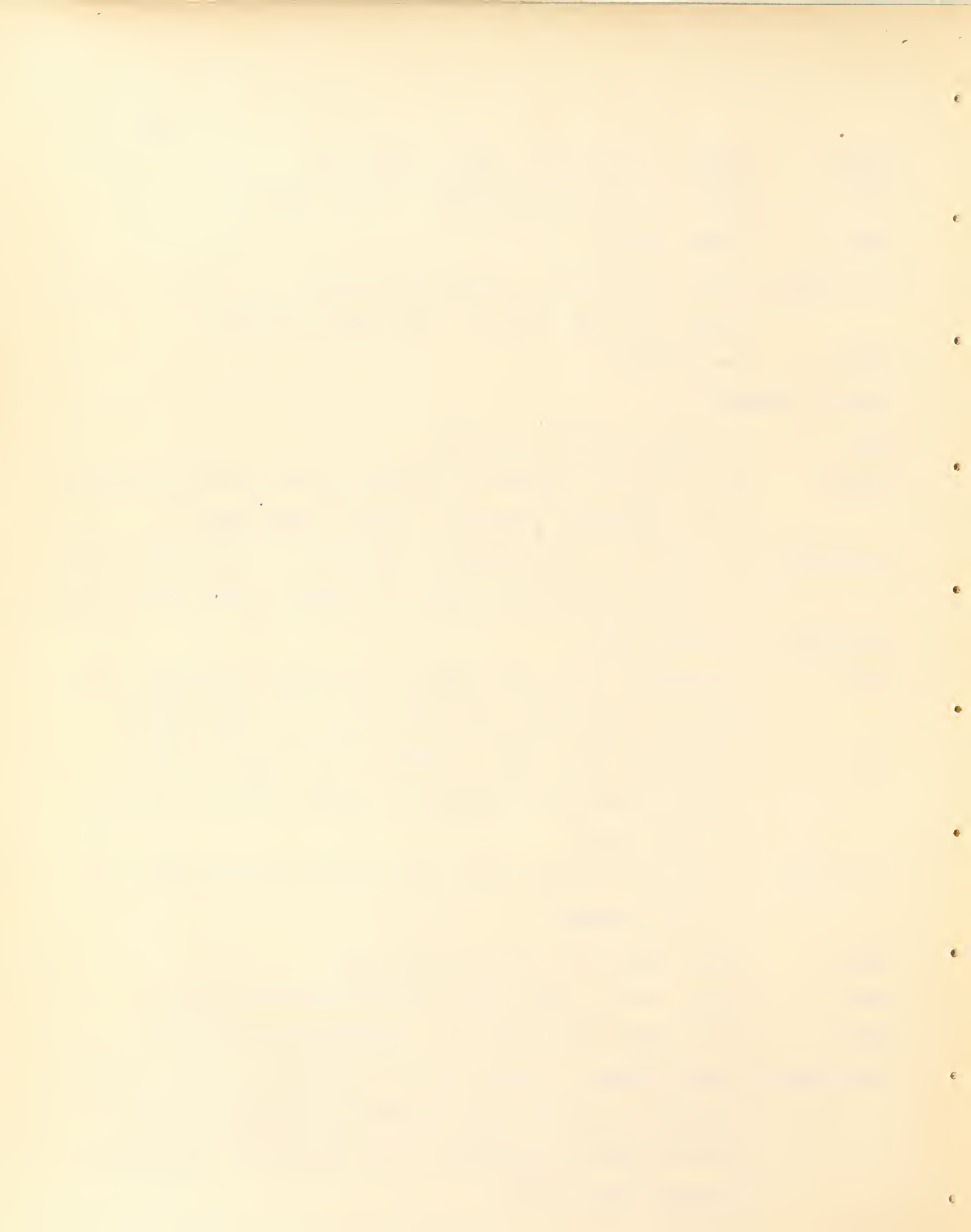
AUCTIONEER: Going for two and a half, going for two and a half - Are you all through?

JERRY: Gosh, Jim, ain't ya got something?

BESS: Wait. Here's some change in my posketbook, Jerry.

JERRY: Gee, thanks, Mrs. Robbins. (SHOUTS) Three dollars!

AUCTIONEER: Three dollars - going for three dollars - going for three dollars - sold for three dollars to Ranger Jerry Quick. And the basket belongs to - um - let's see - the basket belongs to Mrs. Moss.



JERRY: Mrs. Moss! - For the love of mike!

AUCTIONEER: And here's another basket - look, folks - it's almost like the one we just sold - and it's a dandy. - What am I offered for this basket? (HUM OF VOICES UP) Who'll start it at a dollar?

LIEUTANANT: One dollar!

(MUSICAL INTERLUDE)

(HUM OF VOICES AND LAUGHTER AND TALKING)

MRS. MOSS: (GUSHING, HIGH, CRACKED VOICE) Oh, Mr. Quick! Isn't this a surprise. You have my basket, you know - just imagine!

JERRY: (RESIGNEDLY) Shall we sit here, Mrs. Moss?

MRS. MOSS: Oh dear no, - it's too drafty here.

JERRY: Has your rheumatism been bothering you much lately, Mrs. Moss?

MRS. MOSS: Lately! - I should say - why you can't imagine. - I've had it for the last thirty years - Here, we'll sit by the stove.

JERRY: All right, - whew, it's kinda warm here - shall I open your basket, Mrs. Moss?

MRS. MOSS: No, indeed, young man, I'll open it myself - I don't want anybody mussing up my things.

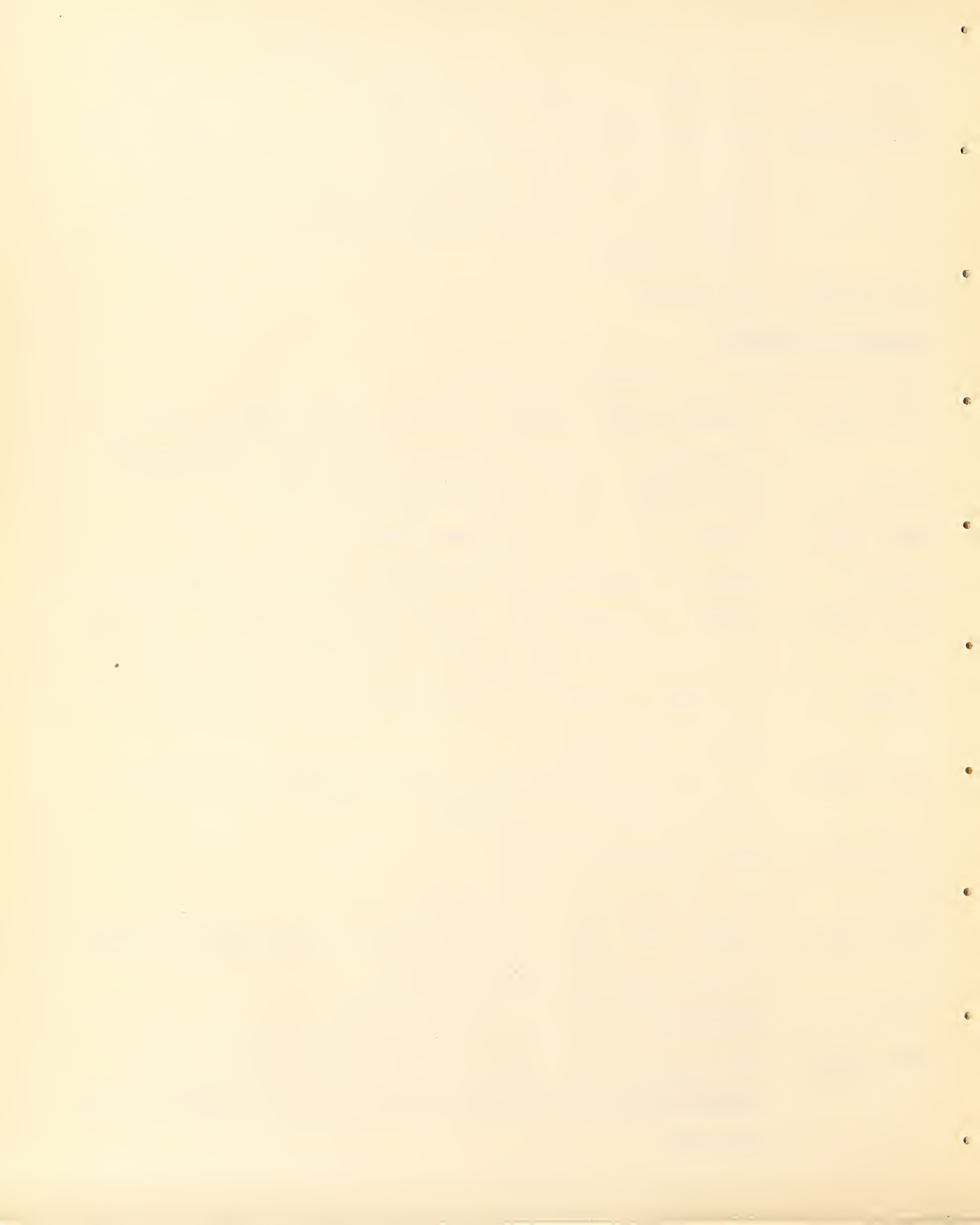
(CRACKLE OF PAPER UNWRAPPING BASKET)

JERRY: It looks very nice, Mrs. Moss.

MRS. MOSS: (YELPS) Oh! Why - what on earth! - This isn't my basket. It isn't the one I packed at all.

JERRY: (BRIGHTENING) Say - that's too bad.

MRS. MOSS: Why, mine had some delicious fried chicken in it and (SCORNFULLY) all this has is peanut butter sandwiches and nut cake.



JIM: (COMING UP) What's the matter here?

MRS. MOSS: Somebody stole my basket - look here! - And don't you stand there grinning, Jim Robbins - go and find it for me, I tell you.

JIM: (CHUCKLING) All right, Mrs. Moss. I reckon Jerry and I can find it all right.

MRS. MOSS: Well you'd better. - Oh, dear, - and all the chicken I fried -

MARY: (COMING UP) Oh, Mr. Robbins - this must be Mrs. Moss's basket see, it's nearly like the one she has. - I thought it was mine until I opened it.

MRS. MOSS: There - that's my basket!

MARY: Oh, Mrs. Moss - somebody must have changed the tags.

JIM: I S'pect that's what happened all right. (CHUCKLES)
Well, seein' that this young lieutenant here really bought Mrs. Moss' basket, and Jerry bought Mary's basket - it 'pears to me like you women ought to change and get your rightful partners.

JERRY: Okay with me!

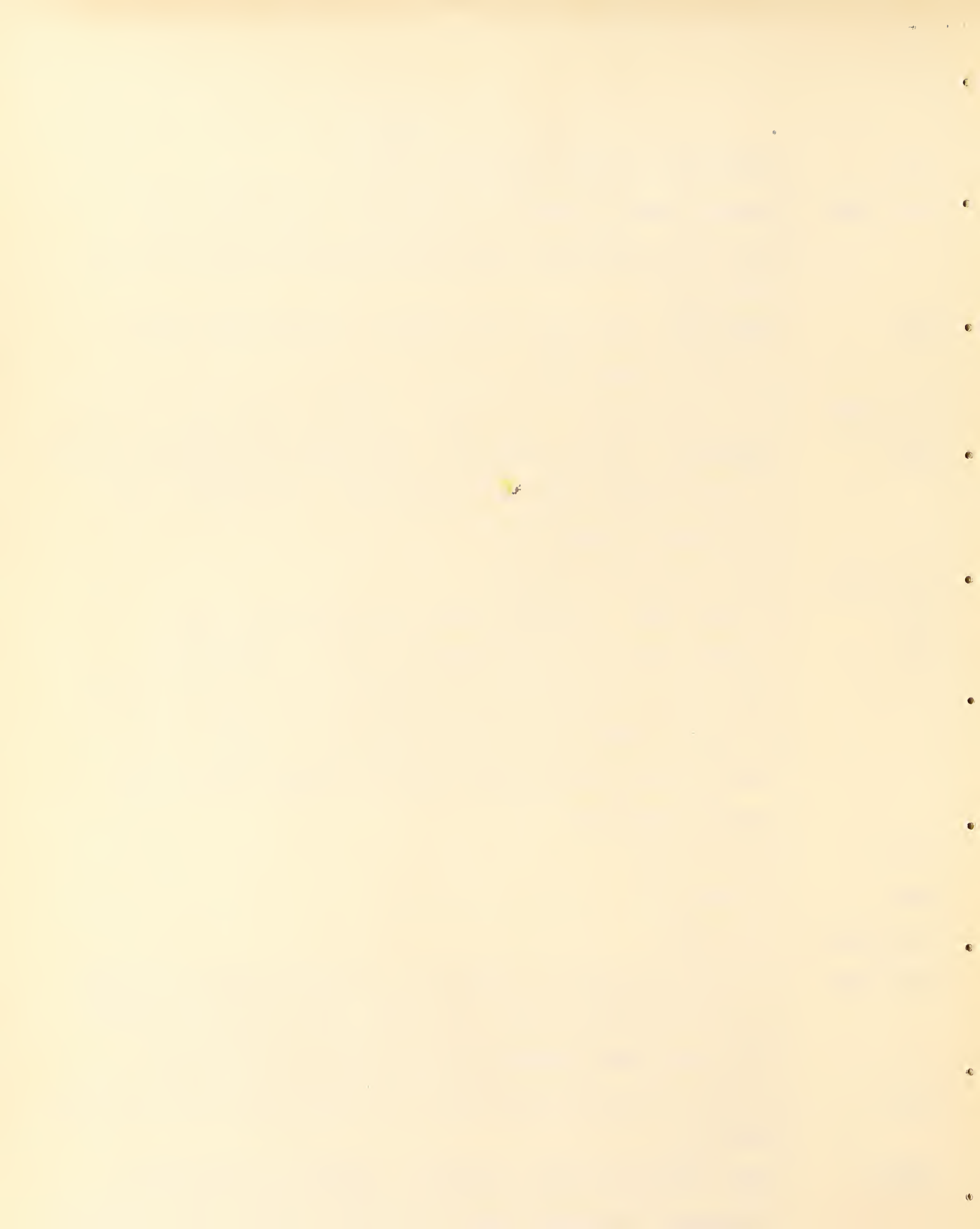
MARY: Oh, Jerry!!

LIEUTANANT: But, I say -

MRS. MOSS: Sit right down here, young man. - So you're the new officer at the conservation camp, are you? - Well, tell me (FADING OFF) do you know anything that's good for rheumatism?

MARY: Oh Jerry, I was so upset about it - about the baskets getting mixed up.

JERRY: Gosh, maybe you think I wasn't! (LAUGHS) That officer - fellow sure is going to get an earful from Mrs. Moss tonight.



MARY: Won't he though?

JERRY: Anyway, I passed up some friend chicken, but I beat him out getting you for a partner, finally. Do you mind?

MARY: Of course not, Jerry.

JERRY: Swell! Come on, let's make it a real party!

ANNOUNCER: Well, that was a narrow escape for Jerry, all right. -
Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers come to you each Friday at this time as a presentation of the National Broadcasting Company, with the cooperation of the United States Forest Service.

ro/April 9, 1934
12:05 PM

