

August 2014

Foresters in Action Voices from the Past

Transcripts from Oregon State College
Student Radio, 1938-1940

Edited by Bryan Bernart and Caryn M. Davis

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Foresters in Action **Voices from the Past**

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Student Radio, 1938-1940**

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Oregon State
UNIVERSITY

College of Forestry

Abstract

Bernart, Bryan, and Caryn M. Davis, editors. 2014. *Foresters in Action: Voices from the Past; Transcripts from Oregon State College Student Radio, 1938-1940*. College of Forestry, Oregon State University, Corvallis. 362 p.

Foresters in Action was a radio program created and performed by students of the OSC School of Forestry. It was broadcast by KOAC radio station in Corvallis from 1936 until ca. 1943. The program offered snapshots of rural life in the Pacific Northwest, and sometimes beyond, told through a collegiate lens. This book is a collection of 38 radio scripts from *Foresters in Action*, spanning the time period from Winter Term 1938 through Spring Term 1940. The collection was donated to the OSU College of Forestry by the family of Arthur Harold Sasser ('41), an alumnus of the OSC Forestry School who wrote for and performed in *Foresters in Action*. The scripts have been transcribed, lightly edited, and digitized at the College for this collection. Each episode contains one or more lengthy anecdotes about the experiences of students, forest rangers, lookouts, fictitious characters, and historical figures in the great outdoors, either narrated or re-enacted via flashbacks, and tied together with good-natured banter, musical performances, and jokes. Stories of working, hunting, fishing, logging, and fighting fires are interspersed with discussions on the best ways to manage public and private lands, balance ecological and commercial interests, and provide outreach on natural resources to rural residents. The scripts are connected by two constant themes—conservation and cooperation—as well as by the evident camaraderie among the OSC Forestry students of this era, their pride in their chosen profession, and their optimism about the future. This collection of radio scripts for *Foresters in Action* offers an educational, colorful, engaging, and still entertaining glimpse of college humor and Oregon culture 75 years ago.

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Introduction

by Bryan Bernart and Caryn M. Davis

In October of 1936, a few members of the Forestry Club at Oregon Agricultural College took to the airwaves for the first time to entertain and educate listeners with a new program of "fun and music from the woods." This "bull fest," featuring tall tales, skits, music, philosophical discussions, and stories drawn from forestry students' experiences was broadcast live from the historic KOAC radio station under the direction of James Morris. It was an immediate hit. Every Thursday evening for the next seven years, the strains of "Alouette," sung by the Foresters Chorus, would signal the beginning of *Foresters in Action*.

By 1937, the small cast of characters had grown to more than fifteen, and *Foresters in Action* had attracted interest from other radio stations from Spokane to San Francisco. That OSC "fernhoppers" had jumped calk-boots first into this new communications medium and were acting and singing on the radio must have played against type, as drolly reported in the Forestry School's *Annual Cruise* yearbook: "It is possible that this heralds the time when a forester will no longer be considered a hairy-chested snoose-chewing timber beast from the backwoods, but a person who can mingle in society as well as in the tall sticks."

The immediate popularity of *Foresters in Action* as well as its potential as a means of educating the public about forestry and conservation prompted the OSC Forestry School to take over sponsorship of the program in 1939. In February of 1940, the newly formed Press Radio Guild of the Forestry Club became the program's sponsor, with most of the members writing for and participating in the broadcasts. The PRG's goals included multi-media outreach to Oregonians on natural resources issues and the forestry profession, while providing opportunities for OSC forestry students to gain experience in the mechanics of public education. The organization's success prompted PRG members to look toward expansion to other forestry schools and the establishment of additional chapters.

This ambitious agenda was not to be, however. The U.S. entry into World War II in December 1941 greatly impacted clubs, organizations, and events on college campuses. As young men enlisted, enrollment in the OSC Forestry School dropped precipitously, as did funding for extracurricular activities such as the Forestry Club and PRG. By the end of the 1944 school year, most of the members of the PRG and nearly all of the *Foresters in Action* alumni were serving in the military, and some had lost their lives. From the record of activities published in the *Annual Cruise*, *Foresters in Action* appears to have continued into 1943, perhaps through the use of rebroadcasts, as was commonly done during the summer months when OSC was not in session. But by 1944, the lighthearted program with its "yarns," campfire humor, good-natured ribbing,

educational messages, and accordion music had vanished from the pages of the yearbook and likely from the airwaves.

Seventy-five years later, little information about the radio program remained at the College of Forestry, apart from the brief descriptions of *Foresters in Action* and the Press Radio Guild in the *Annual Cruise*, although the OSU Archives had preserved recordings of three songs performed by the Foresters Chorus.¹ In 2011, however, the College was contacted by the nieces of Arthur Harold Sasser ('41), an alumnus who had passed away in late November of 2010. "Sass" was a charter member of the PRG, serving as secretary in 1940 and as director in 1941, and he had written for and performed in *Foresters in Action*. His nieces were seeking a home for Sasser's collection of more than three dozen mimeographed radio scripts from the original program, covering the years 1938 to 1940. The scripts have been transcribed, lightly edited, and digitized at the College for this collection. The original copies have been forwarded to the OSU Archives.

Foresters in Action offers snapshots of rural life in the Pacific Northwest, and sometimes beyond, told through a collegiate lens. Each episode of the program contains one or more lengthy anecdotes about the experiences of students, forest rangers, lookouts, fictitious characters, and historical figures in the great outdoors, either narrated or re-enacted via flashbacks, and tied together with good-natured banter, musical performances, and jokes. Stories of working, hunting, fishing, logging, and fighting fires are interspersed with discussions on the best ways to manage public and private lands, balance ecological and commercial interests, and provide outreach on natural resources to rural residents. The evident camaraderie among the OSC Forestry students of this era, as well as their pride in their chosen profession and their optimism about the future shine through in these episodes of *Foresters in Action*.

The scripts demonstrate progressive and traditional values—sometimes coexisting on the same page, if not in the same sentence—that illustrate the dynamic nature of the profession at this point in time. As one character observes,

SPUD: Well, men, as I see it, the job of the forester is changing rapidly. We are no longer concerned with trees alone and we had better face it. A forester must consider every acre of wild land with an unbiased viewpoint; decide on the highest economic use for that acre and use it in that manner. (January 4th, 1940)

1. See the Appendix for a collection of clippings about *Foresters in Action* and the activities of the Press Radio Guild from the 1937-1943 editions of the *Annual Cruise*, the yearbook of the OSC Forestry School. The recordings of music from *Foresters in Action* made by Jimmie Morris and Grant Feikert at KOAC in May 1939 may be heard online, courtesy of the OSU Archives: "Alouette" (http://oregondigital.org/cdm4/item_viewer.php?CISOROOT=/archives&CISOPTR=2463); "The Cruiser's Song" (http://oregondigital.org/cdm4/item_viewer.php?CISOROOT=/archives&CISOPTR=2462); and "George W. - The Dean" (http://oregondigital.org/cdm4/item_viewer.php?CISOROOT=/archives&CISOPTR=2464), which refers to Dean George W. Peavy, the first dean of the OSC Forestry School.

There are nevertheless two constant themes that run through all of the scripts: the importance of conservation and an emphasis on cooperation—regardless of differences in backgrounds, education, interests, and perspectives. Neither is surprising, given that the country was still dealing with the devastating effects of both the Dust Bowl and the Great Depression:

DAN: I tell you, fellows, conservation should be the keynote of the national program in Forestry. The future of the United States is going to be determined by the ability of the soil to reproduce the wealth of growing things we have used up in developing the country....

BOB: Cooperation is the keynote of progress in a Democracy anyhow...

WARREN: Cooperation is probably the foundation for the solution of any problem in a democracy, don't you think, fellows?

BOB: Cooperation is the keynote of progress any time, I'd say!

SASS: (Chuckling) Cooperation (chuckle) that reminds me!

WARREN: Here we go! - Draw up your chairs, men!

SPUD: That sounds like a story to me. (March 14, 1940)

A casual reader might best enjoy simply picking a script at random and diving in. Surprises abound. There is a story about a cougar, a bear, and a very brave dog, and another featuring a fierce battle between a bear and a Texas longhorn bull. There's a bizarre tale about snow coming up from the ground instead of falling from the sky, which culminates in a thousand-mile ski chase involving timber wolves, Native Americans, and a catastrophic flood. There are episodes about tourists, poachers, old-timers, and park rangers, and about local history and folklore. There are discussions of dendrochronology, the effects of placer mining and water pollution on fisheries, soils science, water resources in the West, and forestry and land-use in Medieval Europe. The foresters explore topics as diverse as prison reform, the beneficial effects of nature as a counter to the stresses of modern civilization, watershed protection in Seattle, public versus private forestry, and soil conservationist Walter C. Lowdermilk's "Eleventh Commandment" concerning good stewardship of the earth's natural resources.

There are many tales involving fire lookouts, fire fighting, and the history of forest protection, and even more about wildlife—from the ecology of "lava larvae" to encounters with cougars, mountain sheep, deer, wolves, cattle, bears, and more bears. Finally, as might be expected for young men working in a strenuous field, there are a number of stories involving food, such as the sourdough that saved a log drive. On that note, "Hal" and "Bob" may put it best in this self-aware gem from the script for February 22nd, 1940:

HAL: We should be preaching fire prevention, good forestry
 and such, shouldn't we?

BOB: Well - maybe - but go ahead - tell your story!

This collection of radio scripts for *Foresters in Action* offers an educational, colorful, engaging, and still entertaining glimpse of college humor and Oregon culture 75 years ago. The spirit of those early broadcasts and perhaps the faint strains of "Alouette" still echo through these pages. With many thanks to the family of Arthur Harold Sasser, the College of Forestry is pleased to be able to share this collection.

1938

Winter Term

TAD: Well, I'll be glad when summer comes, I know that.

JOHN: Not getting tired of school are you, Tad?

TAD: No, not exactly, John.

CAP: Shucks, I think I know how you feel, Tad - sort of anxious to be doing something in the woods.

TAD: That's right, Cap, I wouldn't care much what it was, either.

— January 26, 1938

FORESTERS IN ACTION

Script No. 4

Directed by James Morris

Real Name: H. Sasser

Station KOAC

Nickname:

January 26, 1938

DAN: But I tell you there's no other way out of the mess.

SASS/SCOTTY: I made six set-ups before I found a place to make that shot.

BILL: I can't see what use all that stuff is going to be for a guy that's growing trees.

CAP: There must be, Dan, we're not as dumb as all that—at least I hope not.

TAD: Boy, don't I know, that line is just too rough for long shots.

JOHN: Maybe not now, but it won't be long until you wish you knew it better.

TAD: Well, I'll be glad when summer comes, I know that.

JOHN: Not getting tired of school are you, Tad?

TAD: No, not exactly, John.

CAP: Shucks, I think I know how you feel, Tad - sort of anxious to be doing something in the woods.

TAD: That's right, Cap, I wouldn't care much what it was, either.

BILL: Boy, would I like to do a little fishing again!

SCOTTY: Those days are nearly gone forever, Bill. You'll most likely be telling others where to fish from now on.

BILL: You mean I'll be out where all the streams are and not get to fish?

DAN: At least not very often, Bill. Maybe on maintenance in the early spring, but when fishin' is really good you'll be stuck tight to your station if you have one.

TAD: That's the truth, I didn't get to fish myself last summer, but I sure told plenty of others where they could catch 'em.

CAP: Just like pullin' teeth to give away your favorite fishin' holes, isn't it?

TAD: Oh, well, somebody has to use 'em.

SCOTTY: Now that's right noble of you, Tad. But say, Dan, weren't you giving us some talk about a couple of fishermen at the last bull fest?

DAN: You mean those two that faked sickness to get out of fighting fire?

SCOTTY: That's the two, all right.

CAP: You said they wished they had fought that fire, Dan, what did you mean by that?

DAN: It was a funny thing, Cap. It was only about a month after the fire the same two guys stopped in at the station for a fire permit. It was early one Saturday and I was painting signs out in the yard.

(Fade for Transition)

Effect - Car draws up and stops.

DOC(JOHN): Hello there!

DAN: **(Answering)** Hello. **(coming closer)** Why, hello, Doc, your friend completely recovered?

DOC: Yeah, Hank's all right now. Guess he'll live, anyhow, huh, Hank?

HANK(SASS): Yeah. Say, how's fishing been around here lately, pretty good or not?

DAN: Well, a party of five fellows brought their limits out of Jewell Lake day before yesterday.

HANK: What were they usin', flies or bait?

DAN: Flies, they said, Royal Coachman and Black Gnat were best when they were up there.

DOC: That's too darned far to walk. Hasn't there been any reports on the streams around close?

DAN: Why, yes. Some pretty good catches have been taken out of Horsetail Creek and Elk Creek. Bucktails gave limit catches to three fellows who were up Deer Creek, too.

HANK: How's Beaver Creek been - anybody been up it lately?

DAN: No, not for a couple of weeks

DOC: Good! That's our favorite stream!

DAN: I don't think it'd be worth your time, Doc. Fishing hasn't been very good in Deer Creek since the fire.

DOC: Fish were probably just scared from so many people around during the fire; oughta be pretty good now if no one's been up the creek for two weeks.

HANK: I know you guys, you just don't want us campin' up there now that part of the country's burned off.

DAN: No, it isn't that at all, Hank, I just don't believe you'll have any luck.

DOC: You leave that to us; we've never been skunked in Beaver Creek yet.

HANK: We can have a camp fire permit to stay overnight on the creek, can't we?

DAN: Sure, where do you want to camp?

HANK: Let's see, the fire didn't touch Willow Springs, did it?

DAN: No, it stopped one-half mile above there.

HANK: Then give us a permit for there, it's a good place to camp.

DAN: You bet it is, I'm sure glad it wasn't burned.

DOC: So am I, why, Hank and I just wouldn't be happy if we couldn't make about half our fishing on Beaver Creek and camp there at Willow Springs.

DAN: Let's go into the house, and I'll fill out the permit.

HANK: Good idea - I'd like a drink of water, too, if you don't mind - got plenty, haven't ya?

DAN: Sure thing, best water in the world, too.

Effect - Door opens

DAN: Go right in and set down.

DOC: O.K.

HANK: Thanks.

Effect - Door closes

DAN: I can just about fill this in from memory. How long have you been coming to Beaver Creek for your fishing, Hank?

HANK: Close to ten years now, ever since Doc started practicin'.

DAN: I know I've seen you about half of every summer for the last three years. You must really like that stream.

DOC: There isn't another like it in the state, Dan. Hank and I've got its number - never been skunked yet.

HANK: An' never will either, Doc! I don't care how bad it is for others, I'll bet my shirt we never leave old Beaver without a mess of trout.

DAN: I'll just take that bet, Hank, your shirt against mine.

HANK: I hope you have another one then, because you're going to lose that one. Why, I've caught a nice string of trout from the wet grass four feet away from the creek bed!

DOC & DAN: **(both laugh)** Doc - and forty feet away they're too big to land!

DAN: **(Chuckling)** O.K., Hank, I hope you still brag when you get back, but I have a hunch you'll go home without a shirt.

HANK: Wait and see, we'll stop by Sunday night and leave you some Rainbows for breakfast!

DAN: All right, I'll wait, but don't expect me to hold my breath. We'll go out and check your tools and you can be on your way.

DOC: Fine! Boy, wait'll they start biting!

HANK: It's my turn to fish Big Eddy first, Doc.

Effect - Door opens and closes

Fade in - Transition

DAN: And then they went dustin' up the road, grinning to beat the band, though I don't know why.

CAP: Probably they were thinkin' how you'd look without your shirt, Dan!

DAN: At least I wouldn't look as much like a scarecrow as you would, Tad.

BILL: Now, boys, don't quarrel - you'd both look equally bad!

TAD: There you go, Bill, always putting your oar in the water, trying to stir up trouble. Ever get that shirt, Dan?

DAN: Give me a rest, will you, Tad, I'm about winded.

BILL: You mean long-winded, don't you?

TAD: Take it easy, Dan, you need a rest, I know. But it does seem like a waste of time.

BILL: Why don't you keep it from bein' a waste, Tad?

TAD: How could I, Bill, you need a saving man like Scotty for that job.

BILL: Speaking of saving, you'd save a lot of time if you'd stop arguing long enough to give us a tune from that squeeze box of yours.

DAN: That's the ticket. How about it, Tad?

TAD: O.K. Hand me that music box of mine, will you, Dan?

Music - Accordion

APPLAUSE

SCOTTY: That was a fine bit of music, we could do with more of that.

DAN: I think you're absolutely right, Scotty.

SCOTTY: What! You must be crazy, Dan, you've never said a thing like that before.

DAN: No, I mean it. I don't see why I should go on talking when we could just as well listen to music.

CAP: Oh, no, you don't! You're going to tell us what happened to that bet you made.

TAD: Yeah, did you lose your shirt, Dan?

DAN: Well, I'll tell you, fellows. You remember that Doc and Hank said they'd be back through Sunday and leave some trout for me.

TAD: Sure, I remember - were they a good mess of trout?

DAN: Don't make me laugh. Why, I'd just finished my Sunday morning

report when Doc and Hank came into the station, and they didn't look very happy either. **(Fade)**

Effect - Door opens and closes

DOC: Hiyah, Dan.

DAN: Well, Doc! For gosh sake, I didn't expect you through till tonight.

HANK: **(Gruffly)** You've been wrong before, haven't you?

DAN: Don't tell me I've lost a shirt! I honestly didn't think you'd catch a fish up Beaver Creek.

HANK: That's right, rub it in!

DAN: What are you talking about? Hey - what are you doing, Hank?

HANK: Here's my shirt, doggone ya! Now see if you can think of someplace where we can catch a few trout before dark!

DAN: Don't tell me you've given up! Shucks, maybe it was just an off day yesterday.

DOC: Off day nothing! You should have seen that stream!

DAN: Why, what was the matter? Water too low for fishing?

HANK: Heck, no, there was plenty of water, but what a mess it was!

DAN: Mess? What do you mean, mess?

DOC: It was dirty, full of bark and sticks, and almost as warm as a slough of stagnant water.

DAN: Probably the creek was warm because all the cover had burnt off the headwaters so the sun could heat it up.

HANK: That's what we figured, but that was only part of the trouble. I hope I never see anything like that again.

DOC: So do I!

DAN: What's all this about?

DOC: Why, that creek was choked with dead trout, Dan. It was enough to make a man cry.

HANK: Our favorite holes were hot, and rotten with dead fish. That couldn't have been caused by just a fire, could it?

DAN: I'm afraid that's just what caused it, though, Hank.

HANK: But how could it?

DAN: Well, the fact that the water warmed up probably had something to do with it.

HANK: I can see that, all right, some trout just can't live in warm water.

DAN: At least they're not very healthy. Trout are sort of partial to cold baths.

DOC: Seems like the trout'd just move into another stream.

DAN: Maybe some of them did.

DOC: Darned few, from the look of that stream, I'd say.

HANK: And so would I. I'd guess that every trout in Beaver Creek had been killed somehow.

DAN: It was the fire that killed those trout, Hank.

HANK: Why, what do you mean?

DAN: You remember the big rain that came along right after the fire, don't you?

HANK: Sure, saved you guys a lot of work, too, I'll bet.

DAN: Yes, it did, but that rain was probably responsible for killing the trout in Beaver Creek.

DOC: Hey, what is this, first the fire killed 'em, now you tell us the rain killed the trout.

HANK: I never heard of fish downing yet, Dan.

DAN: **(Chuckling)** Well, maybe I haven't been quite clear. But both the fire and the rain killed the fish.

HANK: Maybe so, but I'd like to know how.

DAN: The fire left a lot of ashes on the ground, you see, and that heavy rain washed the ashes, and the alkaline products the fire left, into the stream.

DOC: These alkalines were poison to the trout, huh?

DAN: At least they were strong enough to wreck the chemical balance in the water. Fish and game experts tell us that would kill trout.

DOC: They're pretty sensitive critters, all right; every fisherman will agree to that.

HANK: By golly that makes fires look a lot different to me. I thought they were just something you Forestry guys had to worry about to keep busy.

DAN: Part of our worry, and the most important part of it, Hank, is over what fires do to you people who need the forests for recreation or a living.

HANK: I've never seen it that way before, but, by gosh, after seeing those dead trout clogging Big Eddy and some of my other favorite fishin' holes, why the whole thing looks different.

DOC: You're darned right it does! The next time there's a fire let me know, Dan. I can get ten good men to work for you.

DAN: O.K. I'll sure do that. Say, if you hurry over to Horsetail Creek you ought to get enough trout for a mess before night.

DOC: We'll do that, Dan, I'd hate to go home skunked; my wife'd razz the life out of me. Let's get goin', Hank.

HANK: Come on, then. I'll lay you two to one I get more'n you do.

Effect - Door opens

DAN: Thanks for the shirt, Hank, looks like a pretty good one.

HANK: Y' darn right it is - better than you'll ever be able to get honestly.

All three: (Laughter)

Effect - Door Closes

Pause for Transition

BILL: It takes something like seeing those dead trout to make folks realize that everybody takes a loss when there's a forest fire.

DAN: Sure does, Bill.

BILL: Look at the man, agreeing with me two times in the same evening!

ALL:

(Chuckle)

TAD: You're always pokin' fun at something, Bill - can't be serious two minutes in a row, can you?

BILL: Yes, I can, but there's no need for a man to lose his sense o' humor while he's being serious.

DAN: Oh, I think Bill gets as excited as any of us, Tad, but he just won't admit it.

SCOTTY: Bill's just like those fellows in your story, Dan, if anything is close enough to home he'll sober up to talk about it.

TAD: Yeah, that's the way with all of us, but you really can't blame anyone too much for that.

DAN: No, I suppose not, but I wish every fisherman could talk with Doc and Hank, they'd be a little more careful with fire then, I bet.

BILL: Don't get to worrying now, Dan, folks are going to see that they all lose in a fire some of these days and then you won't have anything but lightning fires to fight.

DAN: It'd suit me fine, Bill.

BILL: I know it, you lazy good-for-nothing---

DAN: Aw, go jump in the lake, you -----

CLYDE: Say, I heard they were working on a way to use airplanes in fire fighting.

TAD: Wouldn't that be great, just fly around above all the smoke and heat.

SCOTTY: What'll they do, bomb the fires out, Cap?

TAD: No, I heard about this thing, too, and it seems like airplanes would only be used to keep the fires small, you see whenever there was a lightning bust, they'd just send out ---

Fade out.

FORESTERS IN ACTION

Script No. 5

Directed by James Morris

Real Name: H. Sasser

Station KOAC

Nickname: "Pete"

February 2, 1938

SCOTTY: I'm not rich enough to do a thing like that, Dan, you know.

8 BALL: The more I think about it, Slim, the less I believe I know.

DAN: No, I didn't find it out until quite a while later.

JOHN: Now, Scotty, you know darned well you can afford it.

SLIM: I can't blame you, 8 Ball, I've felt that way myself.

CAP: Well, I think you were smart to not do anything about it.

CAP: Boy, howdy, I can't help thinking of how those two fishermen you spoke of must have felt, Dan.

8 BALL: It must have been quite a shock to see the stream full of dead fish.

DAN: They were pretty well impressed all right, fellows, at least they became two of our best fire cooperators on the district.

SCOTTY: I know you can't have anything to do with it, Dan, but that district seems to have a good reputation for cooperation.

DAN: You're darn right it has a good reputation, Scotty, and I'll just overlook that crack of yours.

8 BALL: How did you get such a lot of cooperation, Dan? Your ranger must have been pretty lucky.

DAN: It wasn't all luck, 8 Ball.

SCOTTY: No, 8 Ball, he had Dan to advise him, you know.

CAP: Come on, now, Scotty, you better go back to bed and get up on the right side.

SCOTTY: All right, Cap, all right. But if it wasn't luck and it wasn't Dan, I'd like to know how the ranger did get such good cooperation.

8 BALL: And so would I, Scotty. I always heard that there were more cantankerous residents per square mile on that district than on any other in the state.

SLIM: There must have been some luck in it, though.

CAP: By golly, I'd like to know how that ranger got around those residents.

DAN: He never "got around" anybody, Cap. He just showed 'em that they'd be ahead if there weren't any fires.

8 BALL: But how, Dan? How the heck can you show that to anybody?

SCOTTY: We'd all like to know that trick, Dan.

DAN: There isn't any trick, Scotty. It just happened that the old lady we call Mother Nature helped out.

SCOTTY: Aha! So there was some luck after all.

DAN: There's luck in everything a fellow does, Scotty, good or bad.

CAP: Look, fellas, the guy's turning philosopher on us.

DAN: Don't get sarcastic now, Cap.

8 BALL: But you said it wasn't all luck, Dan, what helped him?

DAN: Maybe that fact that he knew how to use a lucky break when it happened was the thing that you're after, 8 Ball.

8 BALL: Like a good athlete, huh?

DAN: Sure, that's the idea; he played the game with his head as well as his muscles.

CAP: You know, in spite of what Scotty may say, you didn't do so bad at using luck yourself, Dan, with those two fishermen.

SCOTTY: Don't say that, Cap. The man'll never let us forget it.

DAN: Come to think of it, one of the best cooperators we have was converted almost the same way those fishermen were.

SLIM: You mean a fire did it again?

DAN: That's right, Slim.

SCOTTY: All right, you've been doing too much talking lately, but you'll have to tell us about it now.

DAN: That's darned white of you, Scotty.

SCOTTY: Go on, start talking, wisecracks don't become you.

DAN: This conversion really started one morning when Harry stopped by---

8 BALL: Who's Harry?

DAN: My Ranger, 8 Ball. Harry stopped by the station one morning when I was working on the road and hollered at me to come over to the car---

(Fade out for transition)

Effect - Car pulls up and stops.

HARRY(JOHN):(Calling) Hey, Dan, come over here, will you?

DAN: Hello, Harry. On an inspection trip today?

HARRY: No, I'm going to see if I can line up old Pete Switzer for an emergency smoke chasin'.

DAN: Boy, he'll be a tough one to get, no love lost for the Forest Service with him, you know.

HARRY: Yeah, I know, but he'd be a good man to have; there isn't anyone in 30 miles that knows this country the way he does.

DAN: That's true, all right.

HARRY: Would you like to go along with me?

DAN: I sure would.

HARRY: O.K., run in and phone Russell. Tell him we'll be gone all morning.

DAN: Where'll we be, just up at Pete's?

HARRY: Let's see, no, I think we'll stop off at Johnson's mill, I'd like to check the fire cache there.

DAN: I'll tell Russell he can get us at Johnson's in about half an hour. How long will we be there?

HARRY: About an hour.

DAN: O.K. (Calling off mike) I'll be right back.

PAUSE

Effect - Car running, fading out as conversation proceeds

HARRY: Darned neat little mill Johnson has, isn't it?

DAN: Sure is. Some of that white pine he had stacked in his yards was about as pretty lumber as I've seen anyplace.

HARRY: Did you notice those four big clear boards that came off the head rig while we were there?

DAN: Did I! Why those sticks were two feet wide and there wasn't a blemish on 'em.

HARRY: That's drain board stock, Dan, must be worth 60 to 70 dollars a thousand.

DAN: Too bad he can't get more of it, he is about as conscientious as any man I've seen in the woods.

HARRY: He is that. Did you notice how well-kept his fire cache was?

DAN: Yeah, those axes were sharp as razors. His fire crew is well organized, too.

HARRY: They sure saved our skin on that Mosquito fire last year.

DAN: I'll say they did, boy, was I glad to see those guys come in to relieve me.

HARRY: You know, if we could just get Pete signed up, we'd have this part of the district covered so we wouldn't have to worry.

DAN: But I doubt if he'll ever agree, he thinks it'd be better if we'd let the country burn over every year.

HARRY: I'm darned if I'll give up asking him. Some day he's going to agree.

DAN: Probably setting a fire himself, at any rate.

HARRY: They may at that, Dan.

Effect - Start fading in car.

DAN: His place is right around this bend, isn't it?

HARRY: Yep. **(Pause)** There's his house up ahead.

DAN: Isn't that Pete working in the garden?

HARRY: Yes, that's Pete - couldn't mistake that lanky frame of his.

DAN: He looks like a scarecrow, but he can outwork any two men in the country.

HARRY: I know it, Dan. We're lucky to catch Pete at home this time of year, aren't we?

DAN: Yes, he usually goes to some logging camp as soon as his garden is in.

Effect - Car Stops

HARRY: Well, let's go over and talk to him. By the way, who takes care of that garden when he's gone?

DAN: His wife. She's a good worker, too. Boy he's sure making the weeds fly.

HARRY: **(Calling)** Hello, Pete. How's the crop?

PETE(SASS): **(Answering off mike and then coming in)** Hyar ya, Harry. Looks purty good so far. Never kin tell, though.

DAN: Ho, Pete!

PETE: Hi, Dan - 'Ja git that road widened in front o' yer place yet?

DAN: Yep, had it almost done when Harry stopped by this morning.

PETE: That's good - make it a little easier t' git hay up t' my place from th' marsh this year. Whatcha doin' up here?

HARRY: Oh, we were just up this way and thought we'd say hello.

PETE: Don't give me that, now. I know danged well what you're after.

Harry & DAN: (Chuckle)

HARRY: O.K., Pete, I won't have to waste any time, then. Still think you don't want to do a little smoke chasing for me?

PETE: Think, heck! Tarnation, man, I know danged well I don't want to.

HARRY: It'd be a good chance to pick up a little extra cash, you know.

PETE: Yeah, I know, I've heard y' say so b'fore, but I'm danged if I'll stop any fire from burnin'!

DAN: Why not, Pete?

PETE: D' we have to go through all that again? Best thing that c'd happen 'round here 'd be for a fire to open these woods up an' let a little stuff come in t' feed the deer.

DAN: But, Pete, you know ---

PETE: Don't argue with me, young fella. Leastways not if y' want t' be a friend o' mine much longer.

DAN: O.K., Pete.

HARRY: Well, we better be rollin', Dan. I want you back at the station before noon.

DAN: Yeah, we haven't much time left. So long, Pete.

PETE: S' long, fella.

HARRY: Let me know if you change your mind, Pete.

PETE: They ain't a chance, Harry, ain't a chance o' that.

HARRY: Well, good luck.

PETE: I'd say the same t' ya, if y'd jist git some sense 'n' see things the right way onc't.

DAN & HARRY: (Laughter)

HARRY: **(Off mike)** I'm willing to be convinced. So long, Pete.

PETE: **(Calling)** Be seein' ya. **(Low, to himself)** Dang fool! Pretty good sort, though - for a ranger!

Effect - Car drives off.

Pause for transition.

8 BALL: **(Chuckling)** I'd say old Pete was pretty well convinced that the Forest Service was barking up the wrong tree.

CAP: He sure was. I don't know just what kind of an argument you'd use with a fellow like him, either.

DAN: It wasn't any use to argue, Cap; Pete had his mind made up, and he was as stubborn as Scotty is!

SCOTTY: From what you say, he wasn't as lazy as you, Dan.

DAN: Say, listen here, you tow-headed mule, you, I'll pin your ----

8 BALL: Careful, you guys, you'll be starting a war, first thing you know.

CAP: We don't want any feuding around here.

SCOTTY: Don't get excited now, boys, this is a private and friendly feud.

DAN: Sure - strictly fun, huh, Scotty?

SCOTTY: That's right, Dan.

8 BALL: Maybe so, but it didn't look much like you were making friendly gestures.

ALL: (Chuckle)

CAP: With Pete feeling the way he did, you fellows would have a tough time with a fire near his place, I bet, Dan.

DAN: That's right, and we did have a fire there, Cap. The same summer I was speaking of.

SLIM: What started it, Dan?

DAN: It was a lightning fire, Slim, but we always suspected that Pete sort of helped it along with a few spot fires.

SCOTTY: They'll do that, all right, those fellows that think a fire is a good thing.

8 BALL: Did you pin anything on him, Dan?

DAN: No, maybe we were wrong to suspect it. There wasn't a darned thing against him. As a matter of fact, he worked on the fire crew.

CAP: Glad to get the money, I suppose.

DAN: Yeah, that and the fact that the fire came close to his barn.

SCOTTY: Oh, oh. I'll bet a quarter he changed his mind about fire after that.

DAN: Don't be so rash with your money, Scotty!

ALL: CHUCKLE.

SCOTTY: You mean the man still wanted to burn the forests.

DAN: I sure do, he seemed tickled pink that there was a fire after it was over.

SCOTTY: Well, I'll be a monkey's uncle!

DAN: I remember he was still happy when we went up to see him the next spring. You see, Harry hadn't given up the idea of hiring Pete for a smoke-chaser.

Fade out for transition.

PETE: Yes, sir, Harry, that fire was the best thing that could have happened around here.

HARRY: You can't expect me to agree with you, Pete.

PETE: Nacherly not, Harry, nacherly. But lookit how much land it burned that isn't on th' forest, most of the fire was on private land.

DAN: We were lucky not to lose all that acreage ourselves.

HARRY: But what of that, Pete, why should you be so happy?

PETE: Why jist lookit all the new grass an' stuff there is fer grazin'. Deer'll be thick in that burn this fall.

HARRY: That's fair feed there, all right, should be pretty good hunting.

PETE: An' that ain't all, I've rented grazin' rights off th' private land. Gonna git me some sheep with every penny I can borrow an' make some real money.

HARRY: Well, I hope you get along all right with 'em, Pete.

PETE: Dontcha worry, I'll git along.

DAN: Say, I've got some pamphlets that'll tell you how to manage your band. I'll send them up to you, Pete.

PETE: I don't need none o' yer danged government pamphlets, Dan. All the managin' it'll take is t' burn it off every fall so I'll have new grass th' next spring.

HARRY: If you do that you'll soon ---

PETE: Don't stan' there an' try t' tell me, Harry, I've got work t' do; see y' again some time.

HARRY: O.K., Pete - see you later. (To Dan) Doggone it, I wish he'd just listen to me a little, Dan. (Fading)

TRANSITION

SCOTTY: The man really went after things, didn't he?

DAN: He sure did, I've always admired him for that. He has plenty of ambition.

8 BALL: I guess Harry had to give him up as an emergency smoke chaser, didn't he?

DAN: You know, Harry didn't see much of Pete after that spring. He didn't go up to see him about that job.

CAP: How did Pete's sheep business come out?

DAN: Harry told me about that last time I saw him. I stayed in school last spring term, you know, and couldn't work while Harry was signing up his cooperators.

DAN: Well, that was three years after the fire. Harry was working in the office when Pete came walking in. You could have knocked Harry over with a feather, he was so surprised.

Fade out for transition.

HARRY: Well, I'll be hanged! Pete! What are you doing here?

PETE: Just thought I'd drop in an' have a talk, Harry.

HARRY: Sit down, sit down. What's on your mind?

PETE: How about that job chasin' smoke for you?

HARRY: Huh?!

PETE: Don't look like that - I'm askin' y' for a job - how about it?

HARRY: Why, you bet - darned glad to have you - but what made you change your mind?

PETE: I been thinkin', an' the more I did, th' more it seemed like I w's wrong 'bout this fire business.

HARRY: How do you mean, Pete?

PETE: Well, things was mighty fine that first year, plenty feed an' everything; I did purty good - paid for my band right off.

HARRY: That's great, Pete, I'm glad to know you're doing so well.

PETE: Was, you mean.

HARRY: Why, was?

PETE: I figured that if it was good once, it'd be good again, s' I burned all that private land the next fall.

HARRY: Oh, oh!

PETE: **(Dryly)** Yeah, oh, oh! I shoul'da had sense enough' see that th' grass wasn't s' good th' next year, but I didn't, an' 'stead I just got a bigger band.

HARRY: Did you continue that burning every year, Pete?

PETE: Shore did, but, Harry, y' oughta see that land now.

HARRY: Why, what's it like?

PETE: Ain't really like nothin'. They ain't 'nough grass fer two ewes, an' the soil is washin' away t' beat all git out.

HARRY: And you have a band of sheep to pay for! That's not so good.

PETE: Yer consarned right, it ain't s' good. I don't know why it is, but I kin see I was wrong s' I'm askin' for a job-gotta git some money some place.

HARRY: I'll tell you what happened, Pete. The ashes from the fire made the soil richer, but your band probably ate most of the growth that resulted.

PETE: Right so far.

HARRY: And then burning it every year kept any of the plants from going back to soil. The cover became scarce and erosion set in to wash the soil away.

PETE: Looks like the forage shoul'da lasted longer'n it did, though.

HARRY: No, that's what'll happen when a new growth is cropped off an burned every year.

PETE: Git ruin't in three years, huh?

HARRY: That's right. What are you going to do with your band, Pete?

PETE: Lose 'em, I guess - a thousand ewes.

HARRY: I'll tell you, Pete. We've decided to open Green Meadows to sheep. It'd just about carry your band, and if you'll graze according to our regulations I'll recommend you to get the permit.

PETE: I'll run them sheep upside down if you say so, Harry--That'd save my shirt.

HARRY: **(Chuckling)** That won't be necessary, Pete, all we want to do is make sure there'll be good forage there as long as people want to run sheep.

PETE: I'll go whole hog with ya', Harry. I've learnt my lesson. Maybe there's some ways that fire could help grazin', but it's too dang dangerous fer me t' fool with.

HARRY: Fires are always bad to handle, Pete. Pretty hard to use them without some bad effects.

PETE: I've had enough o' that. From now on, I'm gonna be th' bes' dang smoke chaser y' ever saw.

HARRY: **(Chuckling)** O.K., Pete, that's great.

PETE: Yes, sir! A reg'lar blood hound, I'll be. Won't be no fire in fifty miles that'll be safe from me. I'll smell 'em out like a houn' dog smellin' out a coon.

(Fade out)

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1938

Fall Term

BLACKIE: (From the back of the room) --Timber-r-r!!!

DAN: Who's on the air?

BLACKIE: OREGON STATE FORESTERS!

DAN: Go ahead foresters!

FORESTERS: (Together) *Alouette, gentille alouette,
Alouette, je te plumerai...*

— October 6, 1938

FORESTERS IN ACTION

Script No. 1

Directed by James Morris

Real Name: H. Sasser

Station KOAC

Nickname: "Sass"

October 6, 1938

BLACKERBY: (From the back of the room) --Timber-r-r!!!

DAN: Who's on the air?

BLACKIE: OREGON STATE FORESTERS!

DAN: Go ahead foresters!

FORESTERS: (Together) Alouette!²

(Sing through to the end)

(Applause)

CLYDE: Well! Pretty good after a whole summer!

BLACKIE: Whaddaya mean! Whole summer - Say I chased all over Oregon this summer and everywhere I went I heard O.S.C. foresters singing "Alouette!"

BLACKIE: It's a darn good song! Got lots of vim to it!

LYLE: You said it!

SHAKE: It has sounded mighty good to me a few times to hear that old song when I felt blue.

____: You're darn right.

SASS: Means a lot -- believe me.

____: Nothing like it.

DAN: You know -- there was one time this summer when that song just about saved the day, fellows. (Fading) We were fighting the Smith River Fire and the darn thing was awfully stubborn. It got away from us time after time.

(Flash Back)

BUCK: Ye gods! Dan listen to that fire! She's going to take that main canyon. Look!

2. By the time *Foresters in Action* hit the airwaves, this well-known French-Canadian song had somehow become the theme song, not only for the radio show, but of the School of Forestry at Oregon State College.

MAT: Well, confound it! We're licked! 30 hours on the line is too much for anyone.

DUDE: I don't believe I could lift a hazel hoe.

BLACKIE: Wish that relief would come -- a few men might be able to throw a line over that neck and by backfiring hold the ridge.

DAN: It would mean a lot of good timber saved if it were done now.

(Fade)

MAT: Aw shoot! We can't do anything.

(Fade -- Sound of ALOUETTE in the distance getting louder)

DUDE: Say! Are my ears playing me tricks! That sounded like the old school song! ----(Yelling) - Blackie!! Did you hear something?

BLACKIE: Heard that confounded fire--yes--hu-h? Blow me down--That's Alouette--Who in the thunderation---?

(Singing approaches up to mike)



This recording of the Foresters in Action theme song, sung by the Forester's Chorus, was made by Jimmie Morris and Grant Feikert at KOAC in May 1939. The recordings of "Alouette" and two other songs may be heard online, courtesy of the OSU Archives: "Alouette" (http://oregondigital.org/cdm4/item_viewer.php?CISOROOT=/archives&CISOPTR=2463); "The Cruiser's Song" (http://oregondigital.org/cdm4/item_viewer.php?CISOROOT=/archives&CISOPTR=2462); and "George W. - The Dean" (http://oregondigital.org/cdm4/item_viewer.php?CISOROOT=/archives&CISOPTR=2464), which is about Dean George W. Peavy, the first dean of the OSC Forestry School.

DAN: Bill! You son of a sea crook and Hank, where'd you birds drift in from!

CURLY: Well knock me over with a feather! You old rascal!

BILL: Well, men, what's the fire doing?

BLACKIE: Bill! She's just about got us a running! We had her at noon yesterday but confound it she blazed up a long snag end the first thing we knew she was all over the country.

DAN: We've been fighting her ever since.

BILL: Where are your men?

BLACKIE: Played out! We've got them strung all along the trail on this side of the divide. At least we can hold this end. Too bad you haven't some fresh men!

BILL: By golly we have, they're coming--down the trail aways. We wanted to talk to you fellows some before they got here! So we hurried ahead!

LYLE: (Excitedly) How many you got, Bill?

BILL: Fifty-four of the best C's in the U. S. A.³

BLACKIE: What! Men! We'll lick this fire yet. With the bunch of us that's some sixty men. We'll throw a line over that hill and burn 'er out. She'll be dead by morning!

DAN: Here come the C's.

3 MEN(as one): Let's go get her!

(Fade Back)

CLYDE: And did you fellows stop the fire?

DAN: Well, not the whole thing, of course, but we did stop the head that was coming up that canyon. You know that day was the turning point--after that we built line and held it! Day after day! It wasn't long until we had the whole thing under control!

DUTCH: How about a song or something, fellows?

3. Members of the Civilian Conservation Corps (CCC), a public works program that provided jobs in conservation and natural resources to young men during the Great Depression as part of President Franklin D. Roosevelt's New Deal. From 1933 to 1942, a total of 3 million young men between the ages of 18 and 25 participated. The CCCs fought fires, built fire lookout towers, and worked in fire prevention; worked on soil conservation projects; built hundreds of parks and thousands of miles of trails; and planted billions of trees. For more on "Roosevelt's Tree Army," see *The Civilian Conservation Corps, 1933-1942: A New Deal Case Study*, by John A. Salmond (Duke University Press, 1967), available online courtesy of the National Park Service: www.nps.gov/history/history/online_books/ccs/salmond/

LYLE: Say, Scotty! Where are your bag pipes.
SCOTTY: We'll here they be, mon.
BLACKIE: Give us that one about McPherson's a coming.
SCOTTY: Why! Are you mixing two gude auld Scotch sangs in your mind, mon? I'll gie you another thin!

(Bagpipes!)

HAPPY: And then they say the Blue Ox is dead!
SASS: Sure sounded like her a bellering to me!
SCOTTY: Aw! You fellas canna kon gude music! Fie on you both.
TAD: Did you play the pipes while you were on the lookout this summer, Scotty?
SCOTTY: Aye! That ah did! And 'twas a gude thing I did, too.
TAD: Why? What do you mean, Scotty?
SCOTTY: What do I mean? --simply that while I was playing one evening two forlorn souls come staggering up the mountain to where I stood.
8 BALL: Well, why did they stagger?
SCOTTY: They had been lost in the wilds for two days!
DAN: For gosh sakes! And they came toward the sound from that infernal machine?! I'd of stayed lost.

SASS: Ho, ho, ho.

HAP: So would I-- ho, ho.

MAT: Me, too-- ho, ho.

SHAKE: One of the Forestry School gang might as well of been lost this summer!

CAP: How was that?

MAT: Tell us about it.

SHAKE: You men know Al Collins?

SASS: Sure!

HAP: You mean artilleryman?

SHAKE: Yeah! Big tough looking forester!

BLACKIE: I can see him getting lost! You're spoofing us!

SHAKE: I didn't say he got lost. It seems that he saw a smoke from his lookout one day and reported it in. A crew was sent in to put the fire out.

DUDE: How far back in was it from the lookout?

SHAKE: Well, only about eight miles from the lookout but some 12 miles from a road.

MAT: Say--Someone got quite a hike.

BUCK: That's O.K. if they got the fire.

SHAKE: But they didn't!

BLACKIE: Oh! Oh!

SHAKE: The lookout thought they had got the fire, for it stopped smoking but the next day the crew came in reporting that they couldn't find it.

BUCK: Well, the ornery bums!

SASS: That's no business!

SHAKE: The doggone fire didn't start smoking again until six days later and then the ranger ordered the lookout to go get the fire himself.

DUDE: Good for him! I'll bet Collins got it, too!

SHAKE: Yes, he found the fire late that afternoon and fought it until four o'clock the next afternoon without a bite to eat.

TAD: Without anything to eat!

CAP: Good gravy!

SHAKE: It seems another smokechaser had borrowed Al's emergency rations on a trip into the back country to another fire.

HAP: Did they send relief out before Al folded up from hunger?

SHAKE: Yes, the men come in with food that evening and I guess Collins was glad to see them. They say that's the only time he has been known to eat Corn Wooly!⁴

4. Slang for canned corned beef hash, a common component of military rations during both World Wars.

DAN: I'll bet it tasted good at that.

CURLY: I had some venison, last night, that tasted pretty good.

DUDE: That reminds me of the deer that got burned on the Smith River fire.

BLACKIE: What! I didn't hear about them getting burned up.

DUDE: Well, these I am thinking about weren't burned up but they were pretty badly singed at that.

SASS: Tell us about it---

DUDE: Oh, there's not much to tell. There was a bunch of fellows building fire trail and backfiring when an old doe and two fawns came running out of the fire.

BUCK: Huh! Close shave.

DUDE: Yeh! Too close--the doe died just over the fire line and the two fawns stuck right there at her body.

[MAT: Poor tikes.

TAD: Fire is a terrible thing.

BLACKIE: Weren't the fawns hurt?

DUDE: Yes, they were both burned pretty badly.

8 BALL: Well! Did you try to help them?

DUDE: Sure, the fellows took them to camp--bandaged them up and fed them but one of them died that first night.

CAP: What happened to the other one?

DUDE: The second fawn lived through it although it had several bad burns. One of the foremen took it home with him to his ranch.

BUCK: Say, you fellows should have seen the bear we saw up on the Vincent Creek fire line.

[DAN: Another bear story!

8 BALL: Why, was he unusual?

BUCK: No, this big black bear was all ablaze and did he come a tearing out of that fire!

CAP: Well, I should think he would.

BUCK: The funny thing about it was that as soon as he saw the fellows working on the fire trail he turned and ran right back into the flames!

SHAKE: Imagine that!

DAN: Well, for crying outloud!

SASS: He did?!

BUCK: I guess we were a pretty tough looking bunch for he seemed to be more afraid of us than of the heat!

MAT: Roast Brune!

HAP: I had quite an experience myself last summer!

BLACKIE: No! I thought you were in an office!

CURLY: I'll bet this is quite a story.

HAP: You know I got out on a fire, too.

TAD: How'd that happen?

MAT: Do tell.

HAP: One evening I found myself walking down the wrong side of a canyon.

8 BALL: What do you mean, wrong side?

HAP: Well, the canyon was so steep that I couldn't get down into it and up the other side and it was five miles back around the head of it!

BUCK: Gee, that was tough!

DAN: What'd you do?

HAP: There I was standing on one side of that steep canyon and there not a hundred yards across it on the other side was camp with bacon a frying and coffee a boilin' and was I hungry!

SASS: Poor guy!

HAP: The more I thought about how hungry I was the worse it was and the longer I thought about the five mile hike around the head of the canyon the less I liked the idea.

SHAKE: Too bad, but it was just one of those things.

HAP: Yes! Well, I happened to sat down against one of the trees and I leaned my head against the trunk. You know-- it surely felt hard--so I looked closer-- and I'll be darned if that tree wasn't petrified!

BLACKIE: A standing up!

HAP: Yes, sir, it must have been recently petrified for the branches were still on it.

SASS: I never heard of such a thing.

HAP: The branches were still on it and there were petrified birds perched on the branches.

DAN: Lowsy me!

HAP: It seemed very unusual in fact the whole thing seemed like a dream. I picked up a rock intending to throw it down into the canyon expecting that simple action to wake me up.

BUCK: Sometimes that helps--I usually pinch myself.

SASS: Well, did you throw the rock?

HAP: Fellows, that rock skidded out in the air on a level with my feet and went clear across to the other side as if there wasn't a canyon there.

TAD: Who!

MAT: Let's get this straight!

8 BALL: Come, come, George Washington!

HAP: Men! Then I realized what it was all about and I got up and walked across to camp. That canyon was chuck full of petrified air!!

BLACKIE: Gimme that baseball bat!

BUCK: Shoot him, somebody!

SASS: Ow! Ow! Ow!

DAN: Put him out of his misery!

SCOTTY: Tsk. Tsk, Tsk! If my old mammy knew what company I keep! Tsk! Tsk! Tsk!

FORESTERS IN ACTION

Script No. 2

Directed by James Morris

Real Name: Harold Sasser

Station KOAC

Nickname: "Sass"

October 13, 1938

SOUND:(Fire crackling and murmur of voices)

SASS: Well, if it isn't the old hermit himself.

CURLY: Six days of rain, and we worked every day.

MAT: Talk about blisters! My heels looked like raw beef steak.

DAN: Yes, sir, fresh from the rockiest rock pile in the country.

8 BALL: We never had a day of rain so you shouldn't howl.

TAD: For a while my hands were taped up like a boxer's hands.

SASS: Pretty glad to get back, aren't you, Dan?

SCOTTY: Mon, am ah!

BLACKIE: Who wouldn't be?

DAN: I don't know, Sass. I had a pretty good time in that lookout.

BLACKIE: Pretty good time! That's a laugh; why, I'll bet you didn't see a dozen people all year.

DAN: That's just twice as many as I saw, Blackie.

TAD: Holy caw!

8 BALL: Hermit is right!

CURLY: Well, I saw a hundred!

MAT: Well, then, what d'ya do for that good time?

BLACKIE: A fellow gets so he can have a little fun without a lot of people around, doesn't he, Dan?

DAN: Sure, why shucks you can do a ----

DUDE: I suppose you spent all your time talking to yourself.

CAP: A fellow does that, all right.

SCOTTY: Ah hope you dinna answer yersel', Dan.

DAN: Of course I did, so I could get a sensible answer.

DUDE: Enough o' that, Dan!

MAT: Braggin' again, huh?

SASS: Say, fellows who's this comin' up?

DUDE: That's Bill, he's a rook in forestry that I knew so I asked him to drop around and sit in the bull session some night.

BILL: Hello, Dude, I hope it was all right to come tonight.

DUDE: You betcha, Bill, I want you to meet the gang. I won't bother with introductions, though; you'll know everybody before long.

ALL: Hiyah, hello, etc.

DAN: Anyhow, there'll hardly ever be the same bunch around.

SASS: Just pull up a seat, Bill. We were listening to Dan tell us what a good summer he had.

CURLY: Yeah, up on a lookout, howlin' at the moon.

ALL: (laughter)

BILL: How is that lookout work; is it a tough job?

BLACKIE: Naw, all you have t' do is sit there and watch for fires.

DAN: Oh, is that so! Why, you good for nothin', pot-lickin' smoke hound you! I'll tell you -----

ALL: Boy, listen to him! Sick 'em, Fido, laughter, etc.

BUCK: Calm down, Dan, don't get in a lather over a crack like that.

DAN: Well, he needn't talk. Why he just sat and waited for fires this summer.

BLACKIE: Oh, you think so! Mister, I had a job list about 20 yards long and what's more I finished mine.

BUCK: All right you two, just suppose we say that lookouts and smoke chasers all have to be good men.

DAN: Well, maybe a smoke chaser is of some use, but I doubt it.

BLACKIE: I suppose a lookout does a little -but I don't know what.

BILL: I guess lookouts have a lot of good equipment nowadays, don't they?

SASS: I'll say they do, it sure is different from the old days.

DAN: You know, that fits right in with what I was saying.

TAD: How's that, Dan?

CAP: All right, let's hear about it.

DAN: Well, I didn't see many people this summer, Mat. You were right about that. But a shortage of visitors isn't dull when you can have one as interesting as I had.

SCOTTY: Who was that, Dan?

DAN: He's Don Pederson, a man about 65 who lives on a homestead down on the Rogue River National Forest.

8 BALL: Sounds like a Swede lumberjack to me.

DAN: He may have been, all right, since he came from the Wisconsin woods originally.

BUCK: Is he still loggin' out here?

DAN: No, just livin' on his homestead, sellin' a little timber now and then. But it's his activity around 1915 and later that is interesting.

DUDE: Just what was he doing then?

DAN: It was about then that he went to work for the Forest Service.

SASS: How in heck did he get a job with the Forest Service?

DAN: Why, he'd been in the country quite a while before that—buildin' cabins and barns for homesteaders, logging, and trapping.

CAP: He should have learned to know the country pretty well, Dan.

DAN: That's just exactly the point, Cap. When the forest decided it needed more than one lookout, the supervisor recommended Don for a job, because he needed a man who knew the country.

BLACKIE: I guess he would, with only two lookouts on the forest!

8 BALL: I'll say so! Imagine that!

CURLY: Two lookouts to a million acres, holy cow!

DAN: You bet. And you should have seen that station! Brush Mountain, they call it.

BUCK: Pretty crude, wasn't it?

DAN: I'll say it was. Why, it wasn't anything but a post set in some rocks and a telephone nearby.

SASS: But that wasn't so good, was it, Dan?

DAN: No, it wasn't, Sass, but it was the best the Forest Service could do with the money it had.

CUE

SASS: What did this Pederson fellow think of it?

DAN: Not much, you can bet. He decided the peak needed a higher observation point.

8 BALL: I suppose they put a tower up for him.

DAN: No, sir! But by 1917, Don had decided what he would do about it.

CURLY: Which was what?

DAN: He picked out a big Shasta fir tree that stood out above everything else on the hill and went to work building a tower.

MAT: By himself? Why, that's impossible!

DAN: Oh, no, not to Don. He started at the base of the tree and worked up, peeling and limbing the tree as he went.

BLACKIE: But I don't see how he could do that. He couldn't use some of Paul Bunyan's sky hooks, could he?

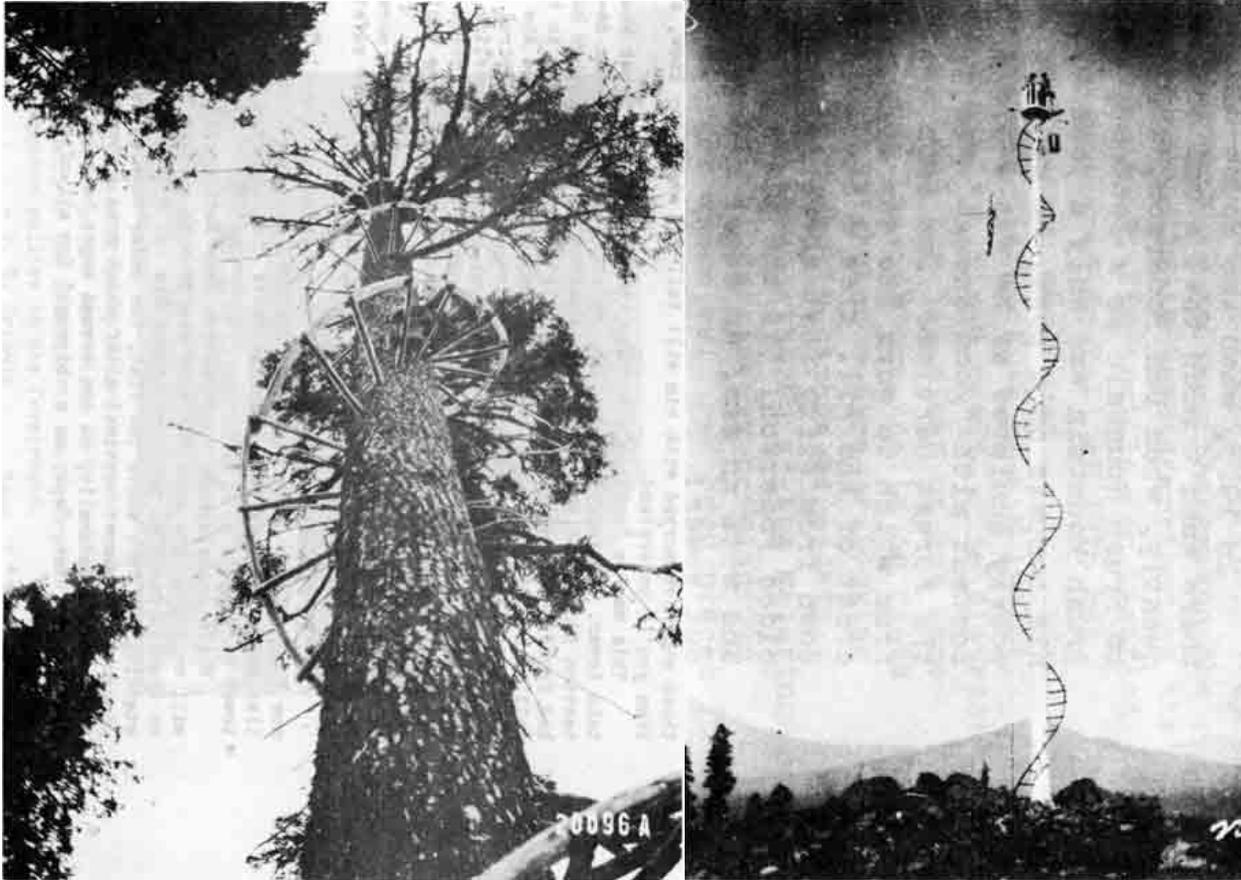
DAN: No—I guess he couldn't, Blackie. But there's enough of Bunyan blood in Don that he didn't need any sky hooks.

TAD: Well, what did he do?

DAN: When he had worked as high as he could from the ground, he bored holes for pegs to make a spiral stairway up the tree.

SCOTTY: What kind of wood did he use for those pegs?

4____: Yew, Scotty. The stairway, or ladder, was made of 2 inch western yew pegs he drove into holes bored with an auger.



Left: Lookout tree on Brush Mountain, Rogue River National Forest, soon after Dan Pederson began its construction (photo by H. D. Foster). Pederson worked on sailing ships as a young man and became a lookout when he was about 40 years old. Right: the completed structure in 1916, with the elevator (the bucket-shaped object hanging below and to the right of the platform). As discussed in the *Foresters in Action* broadcast, Pederson constructed the tower and elevator alone, including rigging the 5 x 5 foot square platform weighing 250 pounds, and installing the elevator (photo by A. D. Peachey). From *History of the Rogue River National Forest, Volume 1 – 1893-1932*, compiled by Carroll E. Brown, Forest Supervisor (USDA Forest Service, 1960), online here: www.foresthistory.org/ASPNET/Publications/region/6/rogue_river/history/1/.

DUDE: How'd he manage though? Did he use some kind of safety belt and stand on the pegs after they were in place?

DAN: I should say not! No safety belts for him! He just sat calmly on each peg after it was in place and bored a hole for the next peg.

BUCK: And did that all the way to the top of the tree?

DAN: You bet he did! He went up 104 feet and then topped the tree—still working without a safety belt.

CAP: For gosh sake—

8 BALL: What a job that was!

MAT: What kind of arrangements did he have at the top for his lookout work?

SASS: I suppose, the Forest Service built a tower house for him, didn't it?

DAN: Say, you should have seen that tower!

DUDE: A wonder, was it?

DAN: I hope to tell you!

BUCK: Well, what was so wonderful about it?

SASS: Yeah, did it have lace curtains or some such thing?

DAN: **(laughing)** Not exactly, Sass, but he had something just as remarkable for a lookout.

SASS: Out with it, out with it, Dan.

SCOTTY: Noo--don' ye be sae anxious, Sass.

DAN: You see, fellas, Old Pederson built his tower, or rather, a sort of crow's nest about 5 feet across, in Ashland, where he spent his winter.

CURLY: But how'd he get it up to the tree?

DAN: The Forest Service did that much for him, Curly, and raised it up to the top of the tree.

MAT: When did he finish this job, Don?

DAN: 1917, I believe it was, Mat.

8 BALL: What type of fire finder did the Forest Service use in those days?

CAP: Why they never even had a standard rig, did they?

BLACKIE: No, Cap, there was a different type on each lookout in some places.

DAN: Yes, and I'll bet Pederson's was different from all the rest of them.

DUDE: How was that, Dan?

DAN: Because it was another home-made outfit.

SCOTTY: That man should ha' been an inventor.

SASS: Just how'd he manage to make a fire finder?

DAN: He mounted a map on rollers that followed a track around the top of his crow's nest.

BLACKIE: Quite an idea that. But he'd have to line his map up with the country for every shot, wouldn't he?

DAN: Oh, sure, but he says that operation became automatic whenever he took a shot on a fire.

SASS: Quite a fellow, I'd say, decided he needed a better lookout, so he just up and built it, tower, fire finder and everything.

BUCK: By golly, it's a good thing there were men like him in the Forest Service during those early days.

DUDE: Every man had to be resourceful in those times or the Forest Service never would have been able to do the big job it had.

SASS: Believe me, I'll never complain again because I have to walk three miles in to my station. At least I don't have to build it myself. (**chuckle**) How long was that station used, Dan?

DAN: About eleven years—Pederson was there all the while, too.

BLACKIE: I'll bet he was glad to sit back and take things easy after he'd finished his tower, wasn't he?

DAN: He was not! He no sooner finished than he started looking for something else to do.

MAT: Good gosh! What next!

TAD: Why, there wasn't anything left to do, was there?

DAN: There was for that lookout. You see, for quite a while his phone was on a post down at the foot of the tree. (**chuckle**)

CURLY: That meant a lot of running up and down to report, didn't it?

DAN: Exactly, and though Pederson wasn't lazy, he did hate the time he lost, so he built an elevator.

TAD: He what?

HAP: Sounds fishy.

8 BALL: Why, that's preposterous—impossible even.

DAN: Pederson had never heard the word "impossible," 8 Ball; and I repeat, he built an elevator.

MAT: But how, Dan, just how?

DAN: Very simple for him, Mat. He tied 2 large iron buckets to opposite ends of a steel cable that he strung through a block at the top of the tree.

CURLY: Ah, now a light is beginning to dawn.

SASS: No, that's Dan's gold tooth.

DAN: **(chuckling)** Well, anyhow, he weighted one of the buckets with rocks to about equal his own weight. Then a yank on one cable or another would send him sailing up or down the tree.

BLACKIE: Can't keep a good man down, eh, Dan?

HAP: Hey, no puns!

DON: Pretty lousy, Blackie!

CURLY: Cut that out!

8 BALL: What kind of lookout was this Pederson fellow?

DAN: A darn good one, 8 Ball.

BUCK: He'd have to be good if he was one of only two lookouts on a forest.

DUDE: There were other lookouts built while he was up, though, I'll bet. Eleven years is a long time.

SASS: Yes, but even then cross shots were darned few. A smoke chaser would have to depend on the one lookout's report most of the time, I expect.

DAN: He sure would, and when Pederson was the lookout, the smoke chaser knew he could count on the location being right.

SCOTTY: Did ye ever talk wi' a mon, who Pederson sent to a fire?

DAN: Yes, I met two or three fellows, Scotty, who were guards when Pederson was up on Brush Mountain.

SASS: What'd they think about him?

DAN: Well, I'll tell you one yarn I heard. Seems like Pederson sent one fellow a fire, telling him it was near a certain stream and about 125 feet from such and such a quarter corner.

DUDE: I suppose the smoke found the fire all right.

DAN: You bet! And after he put it out he decided to check up on Don's map location.

CURLY: What'd he find?

DAN: It sounds like a "Believe it or not," fellows, but that fire was just three feet short of the distance Pederson had put it—and from the same 1/4 corner!

MAT: Well, I'll be cussed!

CAP: I never heard of such accuracy!

TAD: Seems hard to believe, by golly!

DAN: Yes, sir. What's more, that's only one of several stories just like it that all the old timers down there swear to.

BLACKIE: Why, he must have actually known that country like a book.

SASS: I suppose he had hunted and trapped all through the forest.

DAN: Yes, he had, Sass. But to make sure he knew his territory he used to put a pack on his back at the end of each fire season and hike all through the country, tying the fires he'd reported into section corners making darned sure he knew just how every foot of ground lay.

BILL: Say, it's no wonder that foresters have grown to be such a conscientious group. Why with men like that behind them, foresters just couldn't fell down on their job, could they?

BLACKIE: You're right, Bill, those old timers have left some mighty big shoes to fill.

DAN: Think you'll be able to do it, Bill?

BILL: I hope so, I'd like to fill them and leave a larger pair behind me.

DUDE: That's the talk! By the way, Bill, just how did you happen to decide to become a forester?

BILL: Well, that's a long story, Dude. Goes back to about 1826, even earlier than that for all I know.

CAP: 1826! That must be a long story!

TAD: Why, shucks there weren't any foresters then!

8 BALL: Wonder how that could be possible?

BLACKIE: Why don't you tell us about it, Bill?

MAT: Yeah, I'd like to hear that.

CURLY: Might be darned interesting.

BUCK: Sure, come on, let's hear it.

BILL: Tell you what, fellas, if you'd really like to hear it, I'd be glad to give you the story. It goes back to some of the earliest fires recorded in the Pacific Northwest.

SASS: That ought to be great stuff, let's have it, Bill.

BILL: **(Chuckling)** O.K., but not tonight, a couple of those doggoned profs ganged up on me, and I have to get back to studying for a couple of tests.

SCOTTY: Ah'd hats t' see ya waste gude money by failin' a test, so ya better git after that studyin'.

BILL: So long then, you guys.

TAD: So long, Bill.

MAT: Good luck on the tests.

CURLY: Take it easy.

BLACKIE: **(Calling out)** We'll be expecting you back to give us that yarn next week, Bill.

BILL: **(From distance)** You bet!

(Fading out)

BUCK: By golly, that should be a darned interesting yarn. I don't want to miss that.

MAT: 1826! I wonder what could have happened then to influence him.

SASS: Say, the country must have belonged to the Indians in those days.

DON: I believe the kid has a real yarn up his sleeve.

DUDE: Sounds like he really knows something, doesn't he?

FORESTERS IN ACTION

Script No. 3

Directed by James Morris

Real Name: "Sass"

Station KOAC

Nickname: "Jim"

October 20, 1938

CAP: Oh, I don't know, wouldn't it be better to plan for a longer time?

8 BALL: But I tell you a shorter rotation wouldn't pay for your labor

MAT: Yes, and I figure there were about 800 feet in that log.

DUDE: Sure it would, but what's a guy gonna do for bread and butter?

CURLY: Maybe not but let's get some figures on the thing before we say.

TAD: That's pretty strong, don't you think? I'd say 600 was more like it.

DAN: Hey, before you guys all get into arguments, let's make Bill tell us that yarn he promised.

MAT: Yeah, somethin' about his reason for comin' to school, wasn't it?

DUDE: That's right, Bill, you said you'd give us a reason that went back to 1826, I believe.

BILL: So I did, Dude, so I did.

MAT: What makes you pick on that date? Was somebody born, or killed, or something in 1826?

BILL: No, nothing as momentous as that. 1826 is only approximate. It was some time in the 1820s that a little group of young trappers started the story. Let's see, there was my great granddad, Hank Henshaw: Sandy McFail, a young Scotch immigrant; oh, yes, Tom Smith, and Jim Young - fellas from Hank's home-town. They were working up the west side of the Willamette Valley from old Fort Vancouver, looking for a good place to spend the winter.

(Fade out)

(Fade in sound of camp fire crackling)

TOM: Well, Hank, don't cha think we sh'd be startin' West purty soon?

HANK: Yep, 'd say danged soon, tomorrow mornin' maybe, from the looks of the country we've jes' been through.

SANDY: Och, mon, sh'd say 'twas a gude country - wi' rich brae hills and bonny creeks. Why moost we leave it?

JIM: Sandy, don't b'lieve ya'll ever have sry sense. There ain't no kiver left fer varmints - 'Sall burned off; won't be no trappin here!

HANK: Brush shore is cleaned up slick. Can't even see any 'long the creeks.

TOM: I'd say that was some fire. My feet 'r' s' sore from walkin' over brush stubs, I couldn't go anyplace, I do believe.

JIM: Ain't even anything much left for game - don't believe I've seen a thing fer two days.

SANDY: 'Twas a big 'un all right, that fire -

HANK: We've been goin' thru that fire ever since we left Vancouver, ain't we?

TOM: Yep - an' it looks like the burn 'd go south another 50, 60 miles yet.

JIM: Did ya' notice, how, even the old oaks and pines standin' out by their selves was burned up almost as slick as the grass around 'em?

HANK: Well, there'll be a new crop o' brush next year anyhow.

TOM: An' grass, too; the game'll be back in here thick as ever in a few years.

SANDY: What d'ya suppose set sich a fire t' burnin' Jim?

JIM: Well, I'd say it were them danged [Indians].

HANK: Might a been lightnin', Jim, I've heard - they's some cracklin' big storms out yere.

JIM: Might a been, all right - but did ya notice how the fire seemed t' have come up from the valley in spots?

TOM: Yeah - I've seen that. Looked like somebody had set a fire in a big circle out on the prairie.

JIM: Yep, that's it. Well, th' Injuns do that. They set a big fire every year when they have a big hunt fer their winter's meat.

HANK: I've heard o' that, Jim. They set out a bunch o' the best hunters an' then drive the game in t' them, 'cordin' to the way I heard.

TOM: I suppose th' fires was used t' drive the game along.

JIM: That an' a pack o' crazy, howlin' [women] 'n' kids followin' up the fire.

SANDY: Mon! Ah'd lak t' take part in a hunt lak that.

TOM: It'd be murder with a good rifle. The Injuns make a slaughter with bows, 'cause they kin git sech short range.

HANK: Seems like that's a danged good idea—fires 'd keep the brush down s' ya can see the game better.

TOM: I bet th' Injuns 'r' thinkin' o' that when they burn the country each year.

JIM: Huh! That ain't all they're thinkin' of.

SANDY: What else could they be thinkin' of, Jim?

JIM: It's purty hard to sneak up on a village that sits out in the middle of a bare meadow.

JIM: Yeh.

HANK: Protection, huh - ? That's another good idea o' the Injuns. I'll have to remember t' put my cabin in the middle o' a clearin' when I settle.

TOM: Ya still thinkin' o' bringin' Sary out here t' settle, Hank?

HANK: Shore am.

JIM: Yer a danged fool, if y' ask me, the Injuns 'll git ya, or y'll starve the first winter.

TOM: Don't git the idea we'll go with ya on a crazy notion like that, Hank.

JIM: No siree!

SANDY: Ah'll be wi' ye, Hank—if there's a lass that'll come up along wi' me.

HANK: And so will those two lunkheads sittin' there denyin' it, Sandy. Why this is the best land in the country.

SANDY: It'd make a bonny grazin' land, wi' sich fine prairie land.

HANK: I got a notion that we'll find jest what I've been lookin' for when we get a little further west.

TOM: I heard a trader up at the post sayin' there warn't nawthin' but big trees 'n' rivers over there.

HANK: We'll find a valley someplace where there'll be farmin' land fer all o' us—an' plenty o' game fer meat.

JIM: Yeah, an then these danged fires 'll burn it slicker'n a whistle. Won't be trees nor anythin' else left.

TOM: What of it? The trees ain't good for nothin' but cabins out here, anyhow. It'd be better if the whole country was burned off fer grazin'!

HANK: 'Course it would, Land was meant fer farmin' - not growin' trees.

SANDY: 'Tis fine soil, too.

HANK: It shore is - it's a shame t' waste it on trees.

JIM: Argue all night if ya feel like it, but ya'll never git to that valley if ya spend the night talkin'.

HANK: Go on to bed if you feel like it, but don't try to drag us off with you.

JIM: All right - but don't try t' kick me outta bed again just because you're too sleepy t' get breakfast.

HANK: **(Chuckling)** Go, on, old man Young, get your sleep. Now, here's the way I figure; we'll head up this creek, and we should find a pass up there some place.

(Fade out)

(Fade in)

BILL: They went up the creek about 10 miles. In about four days they came to a river valley in the coast range of Tillamook county.

CAP: I suppose that was the farm land Hank was looking for.

BILL: It was that, and darned good land, too, with rich bottom land along the streams and lots of timber in the hills.

TAD: I'll bet they never settled there. Those old time trappers had the wanderlust too bad to make good farmers.

BILL: Some of them were just drifters, all right, but these four went back to their homes in the East, married, and brought their wives out to start farming in their valley.

8 BALL: Say, did Sandy find the lass he was looking for?

BILL: Sure, the whole bunch were married when they finally returned to Oregon.

CAP: Must have taken a long time.

BILL: Oh, of course it did, but by 1844 or 5 they had cabins built, some bottom land cleared, and a few head of stock brought in by boat.

TAD: They must have traded or trapped for a little cash money to buy some of those things.

BILL: They did both, Tad. The furs they got by either trapping or trading with Indians they took to some post or ship and traded again—for food, Indian trading stock, tools—whatever they needed.

CAP: How about a family—there must have been some families—or else there wouldn't be any Bill.

BILL: And darned little farming, Cap, yes, there were families. As a matter of fact, my granddad was about 5 years old at this time, in the middle 40's.

8 BALL: That was about the time when the country began to be settled up, I believe. Must have been more demand for farm products like wheat and corn.

BILL: Yeah, there was a little more demand. Great granddad and the rest of them wanted to plant more land, anyhow. I still remember my old granddad telling about how they cleared the land. He was small then but it was so vivid he remembered it very clearly.

(Fading out)

(Fade in)

HANK: Jim, I don't see why you're against burnin' those side hills.

TOM: They ain't doin' us a dang bit o' good with those trees jus' standin' there.

SANDY: 'Tis a waste o' gude land to let it stand idle.

JIM: (Hotly) Idle! Whadaya mean idle? It's growin' trees, ain't it?

HANK: Trees! Bah! We need wheat and corn - money crops.

SANDY: An' grazing, mon, wee beasties wi' wool and meat to sell.

JIM: All right, all right, burn it off, but don' set fire to none o' my land. Keep thinkin' maybe our young-uns 'll find some use for that stand o' trees.

HANK: They won't have strength enough t' lift an axe if we don't grow 'em somethin' t' eat.

TOM: Come on, Sandy, it's good an' dry, let's touch that darned south slope off.

SANDY: Ah'm wi' ye, mon.

HAWK: Better geet some land cleared, Jim.

(Sound - fire, increasing in loudness)

JIM: Nope, not me - I'm gonna hang onto the woods. I wanto shoot a buck now and then.

TOM: Look at it go! Two or three burns like that and there won't be anything left to do but grub out the stumps.

SANDY: We'll be the only ones wi' cleared land to sell when they start coomin' in here.

HANK: (Laughing) Watch your pennies, Sandy, but don't count 'em before ye git 'em.

(Fade out sound of fire)

(Pause for elapsed time)

(Fade in speaking)

JIM: Well, ya've burned off yer danged side-hill, Hank, I hope you're satisfied with what you've been doin' this past week.

HANK: Shore am, Jim, I'll have 300 acres of pasture land next spring, an' you'll still have nothin' but a bunch o' brush.

TOM: Say, Hank, isn't this smoke a long time leavin'? Seems like it oughta be clearnin' up purty soon.

SANDY: Ah've been noticin' that, too, Tom.

JIM: I could tell ya what makes the smoke stay here, but y'd probably tell me I was crazy.

HANK: I'd tell ya that, anyhow—so go ahead, what's the reason?

JIM: Pete Beck's down at my place—stayed all night.

TOM: Trapper, isn't he?

HANK: I heard he's been over east of the mountains.

JIM: Yeah, he's been over there, all right. And what's more he was chased outa the valley.

SANDY: Chased out, how was that, mon?

JIM: Well, some danged polecat—jes' like you crazy galoots—set fire to some slash over in the valley, an' the wind whipped it around an' it got away from him.

TOM: Well, what of it. He'll just have more clear land one of these days.

JIM: He won't have nothin' but singed eyebrows, if that fire keeps burnin'.

SANDY: Ye canna mean the fire's been burnin' ever since Pete left the other side.

JIM: Burnin'! Man, that fire's been tearin'! Pete says it chased him—dang near at his heels—clean across the mountains.

HANK: I can't see anything so bad in that. Why, shucks, there ain't hardly an Injun even in those mountains.

JIM: Consarn you thick-skulled weasels! Listen t' me, this fire's biggerin' you can imagine. There's a danged good chance you'll be burned off your purty farms.

HANK: Aw, you're just excited, Jim, you know Pete's one o' the biggest liars in the territory.

JIM: Yeah, an' you know old Salmon River John is as honest as they make 'em.

TOM: He wouldn't lie, old John wouldn't.

SANDY: He's a gude, honest mon, all right.

HANK: What's John got to do with this fire?

JIM: He came along with Pete. Near worn out, he was, says the fire was flyin' around like birds.

TOM: Must be an honest to gosh fire if Salmon River John says so.

HANK: Just how big do they claim this fire is, Jim?

JIM: They don't claim nothin'! They'll tell ya, though, that two bands o' Nestucs 've been chased outa their camps.

TOM: Why, there must be fire burnin' right down t' th' ocean!

JIM: Yuh danged right there is. Pete says, Chief Cutlip's tribe, run into th' ocean, t' git away from th' heat.

HANK: Well, let it burn—won't come anywhere nigh t' us. All this timber standin' round ain't no good to anybody an' maybe a little grazin' land would do us some good.

(Fading out)

(Fading in)

BILL: That fire raged all thru the coast mountains before it stopped, and must have destroyed a tremendous wealth in timber.

CAP: Those ninety-year-old stands of fir and hemlock that grow along the coast probably seeded in after those fires of the 40's.

CURLY: You know, I'll bet all that timber running south from the headwaters of Mary's River to the Suislaw was established after a fire!

8 BALL: It probably was, there's a heck of big stand growin' in that area. I'd guess it to be right around 90 years old, too.

TAD: But, holy cow! Do you realize that there's close to half a million acres in that stand you're talking about.

BILL: That's not unreasonable, Tad, from the legends and yarns I've heard all my life. I'd say that sounded about right.

CAP: Yeah—might be. 'Course it wasn't just one fire; you can still see patches of old timber scattered around.

CURLY: Say, Bill, didn't all that fire change your great grandad's ideas on clearing land with fire?

BILL: No, it didn't, Curly, and it didn't affect my grandad either.

8 BALL: But didn't he see how dangerous those fires were?

BILL: If he did he was so small that his father's arguments were more potent than the fires. Why even when he was older and almost lost his life in a fire, he didn't change his point of view.

CAP: Almost lost his life! Well, for gosh sake, tell us about it, Bill, that ought to be quite a yarn.

CURLY: Yeah, let's get down to cases.

BILL: You guys never study! We've been bull festin' too long already, I think.

CURLY: Aw, we can study tomorrow night!

CAP: None o' that, Curly, I'll bet you've got a stack of engineering problems a mile high ahead of you!

CURLY: Come to think of it, I have.

8 BALL: You can tell us about your granddad next time we get together, Bill.

BILL: O.K. Say, Cap, I've been wondering about that problem in Forest Protection. **(Fade out)** Seems like there was a fire burning up a draw with a 10 mile wind behind it, and 4 men were sent to the fire -

FORESTERS IN ACTION

Script No. 4

Directed by James Morris

Real Name: Harold Sasser

Station KOAC

Nickname: "Jim"

October 27, 1938

8 BALL: But I can't see it! Why cut clean and then plant again?

DUDE: It's no use to get excited, the prof just piles more work on you.

BILL: But I can't understand how to get the area from those figures.

MAT: Because that's the only way to handle those second growth stands, you dope.

DAN: I suppose so, but I wish to gosh I could rest once in a while.

DUDE: I never knew a guy could come so close to getting anything right—and still be wrong!

CURLY: What's eatin' on you, Dude?

MAT: Aw, he's just worried over an exam he didn't quite pass.

8 BALL: Why worry? There'll be another one soon, and besides, you were pretty close, weren't you, Dude?

DUDE: Yes, I was, 8 Ball, but it's that "almost but not quite" that keeps a guy from graduating.

Kat: Yes, sir, that absolutely right. A miss is as good as a mile in this game.

BILL: That's true of any game, isn't it, Mat?

MAT: I guess so. Say, it seemed to me that you had something behind that remark, Bill.

BILL: Well, I did.

CURLY: [Come on, out with it!]

BILL: You remember, Curly, I told you 'bout a week ago that my granddad nearly lost his life in a fire?

CURLY: Yeah, I remember that.

BILL: Well, a miss swas even better than a mile for him that time.

DUDE: Just how did he come so close to losin' his life, Bill?

BILL: Granpa John was about 17 when it happened—some time around 1867, I think it was. He was used to hunting all his life, and at this time he had gone out with Jim Young and Sandy to shoot some grouse and other game. (**Fade out.**) They had been gone three days and were starting back home, talking over their luck, I suppose---

Pause for transition

SANDY: Mon, a better three days shootin' ah niver had!

JOHN: Lot o' birds this year, mebhe on account o' the light winter we had.

JIM: Say! (sniffs) doncha smell wood smoke in th' 'air?

SANDY: Mon, yer ll's a-smellin' smoke. Yer jis' dreamin'

JIM: Dreamin' nothin'! I tell ya I smell't wood smoke. (sniffs) Sandy, did you put that lunch fire out like I tol' ya to?

SANDY: No—It's safe, mon' fifteen or twenty feet from anything' that'd burn, weren't it, John?

JOHN: Easy that, Sandy.

JIM: Ya fool, ye built that fire on top o' th' needles that've fell t' th' ground. Brush's dry as tinder, too.

SANDY: Ah, weel, e'en if it does burn, we've been gone four hours, no need t' worra for fear o' it.

JIM: We bin gone four hours, all right, you thick-headed Scot, but we been goin' in circles most-a th' time.

JOHN: Say! I thought I smell't some smoke just then, Jim.

JIM: Ya dang right, ya did, an' I'll bet my shirt Sandy did, too!

SANDY: Save yer shirt, mon, ya may have need for it! Ah smell't th' smoke right strong that time.

JOHN: Maybe we've come right back into a fire!

JIM: Listen!

(Sound-fire, very faint)

JIM: That's a fire! An' a big un, too!

SANDY: La's go out on th' point yonder 'n'see what 't is.

JIM: I'm 's good 's there! (panting) Hurry up, John!

JOHN: I'm right behind ya!

(Sound-fire, slowly becoming louder.)

JIM: (Very excited) Hey! Lookit that! Fire's comin' up th' ridge faster'n a man c'n run.

JOHN: We better git outa here!

JIM: Quick! Down over th' other side!

SANDY: No, mon! See there! The fire's spread up th' fork o' the creek. It's burnin' on both sides o' th' ridge.

JOHN: (frightened) We're trapped, Jim!

JIM: Not yit, we ain't, kid. Come on! (panting) Run, Sandy! Mebbe we kin reach that pile o' rocks up thar.

SANDY: 'Tis a long way.

JOHN: (panting) Look, Jim! Fire's runnin' up that little streak o' brush ahead.

JIM: (panting) Shore a-tearin'! Hope 't don't beat us t' the top there.

SANDY: Save yer breath fir runnin', mon!

Sound—sudden roar of fire)

JIM: (yelling) Look out! She's jumped clean across th' ridge.

SANDY: Hold on, John! Ye can't gae on that way.

JOHN: What'll we do! We'r surrounded, Sandy! We'll be burned up.

JIM: (Calmly, but above fire which is quieted down a little). Hold on there, young fella. We gotta keep our heads 're we will be burnt.

SANDY: Jus' take time t' think this oot, now.

JIM: Mebbe, we kin git acrowss the fire t' where it's already burn't.

JOHN: Yes, but th' fire's burnin' all around us!

SANDY: Look over next t' those big trees, Jim. Th' brush is a' burnt offan' there's only some branches burnin' on the ground.

JOHN: But the trees are all on fire in the top an' big limbs 'r' droppin' all th' time.

JIM: We'll have t' chance it. Come along an' we'll see if we kin git across.

JOHN: How are we goin' t' do it, Jim? That fire liiks might hot to me.

JIM: We'll walk on over thar till we git close t' the fire 'n' pick out th' coolest spot we kin find.

SANDY: An' thin run an' jump 'cross th' fire line. We'll be a' richt whin we git in where the fir's died doon.

JOHN: If on o' them big lims fell on us we'll be killed.

JIM: Yeah, an' if we stay here we'll be burned.

SANDY: We're comin' close, now.

JIM: Head right b'tween those two trees ahead. Let's go! Run fer all yer worth!

Pause till cue.

(Sound-fire swells to a roar, then dies down.)

SANDY: (panting) We made it! Y' a' richt, John?

JOHN: (panting) Yes, I'm all right. This ground's hot 's a bed o' coals!

JIM: That's what 'tis, a bed o' coals! Keep movin' tho', an we'll be able to walk down the creek purty soon.

SANDY: Mon! Ah niver wen t' gae thru that agin!

JIM: Well, see that ya never leave a fire goin' then.

JOHN: Ugh! I hate to' think what coulda happened t' me.

SANDY: Ye'll be better off t' not think about it, John.

JIM: There's the creek jus' ahead, we'll be home 'bout dark.

JOHN: Look, the whole ridge 's on fire back there.

JIM: Here's the creek. We c'n go down ta th' edge o' th' rocks 'n' save th' soles o' our moc sins fr'm burnin'.

JOHN: Say! Will I be glad t' git home where there's s'me food t' eat!

SANDY: Aye, Mary an' th' bairns w'll be a sigh for m' eyes this night.

JIM: Tarnation!

SANDY: Noo what?

JIM: I drop't m' birds back yonder, 'n' now I'll hafta eat corn bread and 'n' sowbelly till I'm sick o' it!

SANDY: Jus hear the mon! Complainin' o' loss o' birds when he jus' missed losin' his life by a hair.

JOHN: (Fading out) Anyhow, someb'dy 'll hafta go after some food f'r us purty soon. Maw says she's mighty short o' flour.

Transition

MAT: Man! IT was sure lucky that those three could break through the fire.

8 BALL: I never did like fightin' fire—suppose a fellow was trapped like that and couldn't get out!----

CAP: If fires are fought the right way nobody gets caught, 8 Ball.

DUDE: I wouldn't say that, Cap, you know how darned well the wind or some other bad break could take a fire out of control.

Culy: I'll put in with you, Dude, I've seen it happen, too.

CAP: You'll have to admit that not many get away if they're handled right from the beginning.

DUDE: Oh, sure, I'll agree to that!

CURLY: No argument from me there, Tad.

MAT: While we're still talking about fires, Bill, I'd like to know

if that fire you were telling about was the only one in that country. During that time, I mean.

BILL: I'll say it wasn't! There were altogether too many. Why there was a time when even my great granddad broke down and cussed them. (Fade) And, believe me, that was a great change for him.

Pause for transition.

SANDY: Hank, d'ye suppose Jim'll be back wi' our supplies one o' these days?

TOM: Yeah, seems like he's been gone a long time. 'Nother week 'n' I'll be chewin' m' shoes!

HANK: Danged 'f I know. I told him he couldn't trust that bunch o' [Indians] he tuk with 'm.

TOM: I didn't think he could neither, but he said they w's good Injuns.

HANK: They ain't no sich thing 's a good Injun.

TOM: Still, Jim's always come through with them supplies so far.

SANDY: Look, mon, if that's na Jim comin' up from his place. Ah'll eat m' shoes-nails 'n' all.

HANK: Why, th' old snake, that is him!

JIM: (from distance) Hallow--, what keeps (coming to the mike) y' from bein' out where thars work t' be done?

SANDY: 'Tis hunger, mon, that's what 'tis!

TOM: Where's our food?

HANK: What took y' s' long?

JIM: S' long! Man, you don't know what I been thru.

SANDY: All richt-what ha' ye been thru?

JIM: Well, I didn't think I'd ever see th' time when there'd be smoke, an' 's thick's fog in th' air.

HANK: That's jus' another yarn o' yours, Jim, an' we ain't anxious fer none o' that. What we wanta know is why y' were gone longer'n we expected.

TOM: Yeah, did them Injuns give y' some trouble?

JIM: No, sir, they ain't a better bunch o' red men alive, than the ones as we went along o' me.

SANDY: Well, what did keep ye? D' ye realize a' dinna ha' salt fer m' table fer twa days?

JIM: I knew ye'd all be getting' low on food, but tarnation, y' can't drive a team through a wall o' fire.

SANDY: Ooh, mon, sae 'twas fire again---

JIM: Yeah, it was fire agin! We spent three days waitin' fer a fire t' pass by an' the ground t' cool enough t' come on down here.

HANK: Consarn these fires anyhow, there oughta be some way fer a man t' burn his land when we don't hev t' git supplies.

TOM: But seems t' me yer later'n three days, Jim-ain't thet so?

JIM: Yep, that's so, but y' see, some o' th' time th' smoke was s' thick, we had t' go slower 'n usual.

SANDY: Ye canna mean the shmoke hid th' way from ye, Jim!

JIM: I mean jus' that, Sandy, an what's more, th' warn't jest prairie schooners hel' up by the smoke.

HANK: Now what kind o' yarn sir y' gonna tell us?

JIM: 'Tain't no yarn, Hank. The smoke was so thick, up t' Portland, that ships had t' lay by until it cleared.

TOM: That's more'n I kin swallow, Jim. They hes' can't be smoke a' thick 's thet.

JIM: Say, you punkin head, dontcha go 'sinuatin' that I'm lyin', when ya don't know what yer talkin' about.

HANK: But if th' smoke's 's thick 's y' say in Portland seems like we oughta hav some o' it over here.

JIM: If th' wind switches, 'n' those fires keep burnin' y'll see more smoke than like, y' kin count on that.

SANDY: What fires, mon-where w'd they be burning' t' make sich a smoke?

JIM: Seems like they ain't many places where fires ain't burnin'.

Why, the whole country west o' Portland, mus' be a burnin', from the smoke I seen up there.

HANK: There was more fire'n that when we first came t' this country, Jim. 'Member how th' brush was burned t' a stubble fer miles in th' valley?

TOM: I never will forget that, and I'll be you don't either, Jim.

JIM: Nope, I won't fergit that—my feet were sore for three years after that. But I heard the fires, 'r worse'n that this year.

SANDY: They must be big ones then ----

JIM: Yep, an' they're scattered all along th' valley an' mountains from Portland to Salem.

SANDY: The smoke mus' be thick in th' valley, too, wi' sae much fire.

JIM: Thick! Why, I heard o' one fella, that nearly died of a toothache he got from breathin' creosote, that was floatin around in the air.

TOM: Hey—now how y' gonna 'spect us t' believe anythin' y' say about those fires after a yarn like that?

HANK: Jim, ya gotta stop yarnin' that away.

SANDY: An' ah though a' th' time ye were serious.

JIM: 'Tain't no yarn, Tom. Why in th' little time I was in Portland, my throat got tanned like bucksin, from th' smoke.

TOM: Now that's enough. We don't want no more o' your dang lies. Wouldn't s'prise me none t' learn that there aint' been a fire anywhere near Portland.

JIM: Far a fac', Tom, my throat got s' tanned, I couldn't tell whiskey from spring water!

TOM: Sounds t' me like y' had too much o' what you thought was spring water.

SANDY: Ah think you're right, Tom.

HANK: Smoke thick as fog, huh, sounds more like yer thinkin' in a fog.

JIM: I tell y' that's the truth!

SANDY: 'Tis a gude thing y' dinna tell sich stories first, Jim, or y'd have trouble gittin' us to belive 'twas fires kept ye away sae long.

JIM: All right, y' don't hefta believe me. But when y' see Cisco Elliot come in here lookin' fer a place t' settle, mebbe y'll b'lieve him.

TOM: Cisco! He's got a place up 'bout 20 miles northwest o' Portland ain't he?

JIM: He had a place, y' mean. He was burned out. His building's an' crops 'r' gone an' there ain't a stick 'r blade o' grass left nearer 'n 10 miles o' him.

HANK: That's a danged shame! Ol' Cisco didn't deserve nothin' like that.

JIM: A fire don't care what a fellow deserves—he's in Portland borrowin' enough now (fade) s' he kin come down here'n' start over agin.

Transition

8 BALL: By golly, Bill, it's a wonder to me that any trees grow in the whole state of Oregon.

BILL: How's that, 8 Ball?

8 BALL: Well, after hearing of all those fires it seems that every bit of forest in the state would be burned off.

CAP: It sure does. I'm surprised that the state isn't just a big desert.

DUDE: Oh, it's a pretty large state, Cap, and you have to remember that these fires were about 80 years ago.

MAT: Sure, there's been time enough for a darned good forest to come back.

8 BALL: Yes, but there are quite a few areas of timber over 80 years old around the state, and to hear Bill talk you'd think that every acre had been burned off.

BILL: Why, I havne't said anything about the bad fire years as yet---

MAT: What! I don't see how they could be much worse!

BILL: But they were, Mat. It wasn't until the late '60s that they

were bad enough to actually start things to moving so I finally decided to come to school and study forestry. You see, that year the weather---

CURLY: Hold on there, Bill. This time I'm going to stop you. You know, that darned management prof of mine, (fade out) is giving a test tomorrow, and if I don't start studying soon, he'll take me for a cleanin'.

FORESTERS IN ACTION

Script No. 5

Directed by James Morris

Real Name: Harold Sasser

Station KOAC

Nickname: "Jim"

November 3, 1938

DUDE: Well, maybe the best solution is to encourage new uses of wood.

TAD: The more I tried the farther I was from a solution of that problem.

CURLY: Boy howdy, that brush was as wet as a creek Saturday.

8 BALL: I wish I knew how to do that. I'd get rich, I bet.

CAP: Sometimes they just won't come out any other way.

MAT: Yeah, I was cruising all morning in the rain.

CURLY: Say, what was it you were trying to tell us the last time I saw you, Bill?

BILL: A heck of a lot you care, Curly. If I remember, correctly, it was you who stopped me.

CURLY: Yeah, it was, all right, but doggone it, I had a lot to do.

MAT: Come on, Bill, you've been busy yourself now and then. Why don't you give us the yarn?

BILL: What makes you all anxious for the story?

TAD: You said that something happened that caused you to go to school.

8BAL: What I want to know is how could anything happening in 1868 influence you.

BILL: It was a question of changing attitudes that were influenced, 8 Ball.

CAP: Now just what in heck do you mean by that, Bill?

BILL: Well, I'll tell you, Cap, to understand we'll have to go back to 1864 when my grandad, John, you remember, and the others

were discussingf a batch of newspapers that had just come to the settlement. (Fade) Now, you know they'd always been sort of ---

Transition

SANDY: Look, now, here's a foolist lad startin' business in Portland.

HANK: What d'ya mean foolish, Sandy?

SANDY: Why he canna ha' the sense he wa' born wit. Offerin' t' cut his prices, he is!

JOHN: **(Chuckling)** I can see where ya wouldn't un'stan' that, Sandy.

JIM: Say, I see they're havin' some big fires down aroun' Jacksonville.

SANDY: Fires! Al'as talkin' o'fires; ye'll scorch yer tongue some day noo.

JIM: But this is a big 'un. Burnin' from north o' Applegate canyon to the Siskiyous.

HAND: Huh! Every little ol' brush fire is a big 'un t' you.

JIM: Well, there's enough smoke from that fire t' make folks sick down there.

SANDY: Noo, Jim, ya' shouldna tell sich stories.

JIM: That ain't the haf a' it, Sandy; the smoke's so bad down in that country, that hogs is smoked through and through, while they run around.

JOHN: Now, Jim, ya know we cain't ---

JIM: Yes, sir, live, runnin' bacon.

SANDY: Why d'ye stretch the truth like that, Jim?

JIM: Well, if yer gonna all everything'd say a lie, I might as well, go whole hog an' lie---fer a change.

HANK: Fer a change! Why ya never told a honest---

JOHN: Say, Jim, here's something that ought to interest you.

HANK: That's right, change the subject, John.

JOHN: Well I, - I mean--that is, ---

JIM: Go ahead, John, what's on your mind?

JOHN: Why I was readin' here in th' Oregonian--it's got a editorial reprinted from The Dalles Mountaineer.

SANDY: Then 'tis one some other mind, not John's.

JIM: Go ahead, John, don't pay no 'tenshun t' thet old polecat.

HANK: Why, Jim, I b'lieve yer more careful o' John's feelin's than o' yer own boy's.

JIM: Pete c'n take keer o' himself, Hank. Besides, it makes me 'fraid fer John.

HANK: What makes ya' 'fraid?

JIM: Th' way ya've learnt, him t' burn yer place every year. Why that's the worst -----

JOHN: Say, that's right in line with what I was readin', Jim.

JIM: Yeah? How's that?

JOHN: It's the dangdest thing I ever heard of. Some crazy galoot up in The Dalles is askin' people to be careful with fire an' save the timber.

HANK: Heck, John, Jim's crazier'n that fella. He's been hollerin' 'bout that fer years.

JIM: Why ya dnaged ol'---

SANDY: Jim e'en tells us th' timber'll be worth more than the land some day.

JOHN: **(chuckling)** So does this other fella. Says there'll some a time when timber'll be a treasure, that's his exact word!

JIM: That! That'll show you bald-headed weasels that what I've been sayin' worn't a' wrong after all.

SANDY: All it shows us is that there's two of ye--both crazy.

JOHN: (laughing) That's the truth!

HANK: (laughing) Now ya've said it!

JOHN: But ya ain't heard the funniest part o' the story yet!

HANK: What---!---More of it?

JOHN: Ya betcha, Paw, this fella claims we oughta set up some kinda outfit t' fight fire.

HANK: What!

JOHN: Yep, he calls it a forest protection force.

ALL: Laughing heartily----

HANK: Protection force! I'll be cussed!

SANDY: The man's lost his head!

SANDY: (laughing) Well, Jim, will ye be protectin' th' forest next?

HANK: S' much rain fallin' must be purty hard on th' trees. Jim,--- better look fer umbrellas.

Cue

JIM: Aw, ya make me tired; laughin' yer fool heads off, when mebbe some day ya'll have a grandson that'll wish ya had saved (Fade) some o' the timber for him to sell.

Transition

MAT: Say, they never thought much of timber did they, Bill?

BILL: I'll say not. All except Jim, anyhow.

TAD: Wonder why?

CAP: Don't you think it was because of the country's land policy?

CURLY: I don't understand what you mean, Cap.

CAP: Oh, you know how land was the thing, Curly. everybody had the idea that the best thing for the country was to get the land into farms.

MAT: Sure, Curly, where there was a market for timevr they cut it as fast as they could to clear land.

CURLY: That's right, and out where the market didn't amount to much they burned it off.

TAD: I supposed you're coming around to a change in that way of thinking, huh, Bill?

BILL: Yes, Tad, it was a mighty slow change, but it was started in my family in 1868.

CURLY: Some people haven't changed yet.

BILL: I know that.

MAT: What happened in 1868 to start that change, Bill?

BILL: Plenty, Mat. But say, how about giving my throat a rest?

MAT: What do you mean?

BILL: I heard you, and Tad and some others just singing to beat the band out at that arboretum.

MAT: Yeah, we were sort of yelling out there, weren't we?

BILL: You sure were. I thought maybe you'd sing the same song tonight to sort of spell me a while.

8 BALL: Sure, Mat, sing it for us.

CAP: Come on, earn your keep.

CURLY: Make it sweet, fella.

MAT: Let's see, that was "Workin' on the Levee,"⁵ wasn't it?

BILL: Yeah, that's the one.

MAT: O. K. Come on, Tad, join the chorus.

Song

Applause

BILL: That was swell, Mat.

MAT: All right. I've finished my part of the bargain, how about yours?

BILL: Don't get excited now--I was telling you that 1868 was the beginning of a changed attitude, wasn't I?

MAT: You were---

BILL: Maybe I should have said that it was the reason for the beginning. You see, that year was an unusually bad fire year.

CURLY: I'd have bet fires were tied up in this thing somehow!

5. This is likely the song better known by its chorus, "I've been workin' on the railroad," than by its original title. See lyrics, including the levee verses, under "I've Been Workin' on the Railroad," in *The Fireside Book of Folk Songs*, edited by Margaret Bradford Boni (Simon & Schuster, 1947).

BILL: Along about August my grandad was talking with Tom Smith's son, Walt, and some others (**Fade**) There had been a long dry spell ---

Cue

JIM: Phew! Shore is hot.

SSANDY: Ah heard Chief Cutlip say it hadna been so dry in 60 years.

WALT: If this wind keeps on blowin' those fires over in the hills'll be cleanin' us out.

JOHN: Just how bad are those fires, Jim?

JIM: They're plenty bad--why 'twasn't but a few days ago when they started springin' up.

SANDY: An' noo look't th' fires! All around us.

WALT: They're thicker'n fleas on a houn' dog!

JOHN: That old trapper from th' Nestucca country was talkin' t' some o' ya yesterday; what was he sayin'?

HANK: He had plenty to say. We ain't seen half o' th' fires down here.

JIM: No, siree,---ol' Jack just come back from Portland.

SANDY: Jack was in Portland about three weeks ago when th' fires started, wasn't he?

HANK: That's what he says, anyhow.

JIM: Kin you 'magine thousands of fires burnin' in the coast mountains like he said?

SANDY: Y' may depend on wha' Jack says.

JIM: The smoke's been s' thick uo t' Portland, that they've had lights goin' 'n all tha stores and offices at noon.

JOHN: There must be a lot of fire with that much smoke.

HANK: An' Portland ain't th' only place t' suffer. Every little valley in wester Oregon is s' thick with smoke that folks've had lights in their homes.

SANDY: I believe shipping ha' been held up by th' smoke, too.

JIM: That's right, Sandy. Boats 'ave been tied up for two weeks in Puget Sound an' th' Columbia.

HANK: Why, I even heard that small boats had t' carry compasses t' find th' docks in Puget Sound an' th' Columbia.

JOHN: But y' have 't clear yer lan' don't ya?

HANK: Shore do, John, th' only trouble is that this dang smoke allus makes a lotta folks sick.

JIM: That's you talkin' all right, Hank, complainin' about the smoke without worryin' about th' fires.

SANDY: Ya shouldna start an argument noo, Jim.

HANK: Let 'im rave, Sandy. He'll run outa wind purty soon.

JIM: Let 'im rave, y' say! Well if your farm was one o' th' ones that was burned out, mebbe you'd rave.

WALT: Were many farms burned, Jim?

JIM: Any at all is too many, Walt. There's been mills an' forests burned, too, an' that means a lot o' jobs lost for some folks.

JOHN: How much d' ya reckon is burnin'?

HANK: Hard tellin'; prob'ly 125,000 acres at once from what I've heard.

SANDY: It'll take a right heavy rain t' stop that fire.

JIM: Take a cloudburst a week t' do it, Sandy.

HANK: Pretty hard t' stop a fire that gets that big, all right.

SANDY: Jack w's tellin' me this one is burnin' 's much 's 5 miles in an hour.

HANK: Yeah, an' it's makin' a wind that tears trees out by th' roots from orchards.

JIM: All that makes it extra hard t' stop. An' besides, I hear that, pieces o' burnin' bark, 'r' carried a mile 'r more t' set new fires.

JOHN: Looks like we'll be lucky t' escape without havin' our places burned.

JIM: Ya kin see the fires 'r' headin' right toward us.

WALT: **(Fading)** Well, we got all our crops in anyhow.

Transition

CURLY: It's too bad we don't have better records of those early fires.

TAD: Haven't we got enough to do keeping track of the fires we have now?

CURLY: Sure, Tad, but it'd be sort of interesting to know just how much was burned in those fires.

BILL: You can find a lot of dope in old newspapers anmd histories if you're interested, Curly.

8 BALL: I wonder how much the state lost in those early fires.

CAP: Pretty hard to tell but I'll be we could use those stands some day.

BILL: The loss in farms and homes that burned along with the forests has hit the state pretty hard.

MAT: The land that was burned off time and again must have suffered from deterioration, too.

8 BALL: And it'll take a longer time to replace that soil than to grow new forests, too.

MAT: Say, Bill, did your famiy's place get through all those fires without having anything burned?

BILL: The buildings were never burned, but they come mighty close to it during those fires we were just talking about.

CURLY: Why, did the fires get close?

BILL: Close! They came right through the valley!

TAD: How'd they save the buildings?

BILL: It was a tough job, but luck was on their side for once.

CAP: Is this another story comin' up, Bill?

BILL: Why yes, Cap.

CAP: Then whadaya say we postone it till we can get together some other time?

BILL: Sure, I need a rest.

(Fade out)

CURLY: Me, too, boy, howdy, I wish I could catch up with myself for a change.

TAD: Maybe we all could stand a little time out for once, Bill.

MAT: Take time to catch up with your soul, as though prof says, huh, Bill?

1939

Winter Term

TAD: But, shucks, you know that a forester has to do a lot of things besides grow forests.

CAP: It's getting so a fellow has to know something about every part of wildland management.

8 BALL: An' everything about some parts, it seems like.

CAP: Well, if there's to be proper use of our wild lands, it seems like somebody has to be able to lead the way.

DAN: All I hope is that there's plenty of foresters among those leaders.

— February 16, 1939

FORESTERS IN ACTION

Script No. 3

Directed by James Morris

Real Name: H. Sasser.

Station KOAC

Nickname: "Sass"

January 19, 1939

SCOTTY: 'Twas no use, Dan, I'll just have to do it, I guess.

8 BALL: And you'll have to go a long way yet to answer those questions.

SLIM: Shucks, it seems like you ought to be able to figure that out without a book.

DAN: I told you so in the beginning, Scotty - that's all you ever could do.

JOHN: I guess you're right, at that, 8 Ball, but you can't blame a guy for trying.

SASS: It can't be done, that's all, book or no book!

8 BALL: I've been thinking quite a bit about working for myself.

BILL: What's this, 8 Ball, any definite ideas in mind?

8 BALL: No - nothing quite definite yet, Bill, but I'm looking around and thinking quite a bit.

SASS: You want to be careful, 8 Ball, that you don't get into a mess like a couple of guys I know.

DAN: From school were they?

SASS: Yeah - couple of guys that figured out a way to get rich.

SCOTTY: That sounds interesting, Sass, what sort of a plan did they have?

JOHN: Scotty sure perks up when anybody mentions getting rich.

SASS: I'd like to know who doesn't. I'll tell you, Scotty, these two fernhoppers planned on loggin' myrtle wood.

BILL: There ought to be money in that all right.

SASS: Yeah - there's money in myrtle wood all right, but not the way they planned it.

SLIM: Why was that?

SASS: Well, you see these two fellas went to work down in the Coos River country.

8 BALL: Quite a bit of myrtle wood there, Sass, they ought to do all right.

DAN: Yeah - that stuff lines the banks of a lot of streams and grows out on quite a few flats.

SASS: It was the fact that the trees grew along the banks that broke these guys.

BILL: What would that have to do with it?

SASS: It wouldn't have been so important if this pair of fernhoppers hadn't forgotten a lot of what they learned in school.

JOHN: I'm still not very close to seeing what you're driving at, Sass.

SASS: Just be patient now. These two fellows went to work dreamin' of how rich they'd be before too long.

SLIM: I bet they were excited.

SASS: Excited's no word for it, Slim, you never saw anybody the way they did.

DAN: What kind of an outfit did they have, Sass?

SASS: Just a feller's outfit, Dan, nothing else -

DAN: Well, for gosh sake!

Cue

SASS: Yeah - they figured they'd get rich for that very reason. Y' see they were going to make up a raft of logs and float 'em down the river to a mill and clean up.

SCOTTY: Sounds like a very wise plan to me, Sass.

SASS: Oh, does it, now? You should see how it worked out.

SCOTTY: Well, how did it work?

SASS: The boys worked like slaves the first day and before long had the first tree down and started rolling it to the river bank.

JOHN: I'll bet it was a thrill to them.

SASS: It was at that - they were feeling mighty fine about having the first valuable log ready to go to the river.

DAN: The start of their fortune!

SASS: Yeah (dryly). They pushed the log off, there was a big splash--- and that's all.

SCOTTY: The log sunk!

BILL: The green wood was too heavy to float, huh?

TAD: Yeah - they should have expected that--What happened to the fernhoppers' logging outfit, Sass?

SASS: **(chuckling)** It sunk with that first log. They just couldn't wait to dry those logs in the woods and they didn't have money enough for any other transportation.

8 BALL: By golly, maybe I could work something out of that myrtlewood at that!

JOHN: Never say die, 8 Ball, you'd find something you can do yet.

8 BALL: You betcha, and I'll be my own boss, too.

DAN: Well, I still hope I can get into the Forest Service.

TAD: I hear there'll be civil service exams given this year.

SCOTTY: I saw a notice on the bulletin board that several exams were being given this year.

BILL: I saw that, too, which were you going to take, Dan, the J.F.?

DAN: Oh, I won't take this one, I have another year of school besides, you know.

8 BALL: By golly, I sometimes wonder just what the heck you guys see in that workin' for somebody else.

DAN: Well--8 Ball, you've got a good bunch to work with for one thing.

SASS: Yeah, and it's interesting work--to a forester, anyhow.

8 BALL: But when I read a letter like one I got from a buddy working down in California last summer, I sometimes wonder.

SLIM: What letter was that, 8 Ball?

8 BALL: It was really a copy of a letter that the fire prevention officer on the Lassen National Forest wrote to all the dispatchers on the forest. My friend copied it out of the California Ranger.

JOHN: What was so exceptional about this letter?

8 BALL: Let's see, I carry the thing with me. I've got a copy somewhere - OH, yes, here it is.

DAN: This better be good.

8 BALL: "Dear Friends," the letter starts-

SCOTTY: It'd off to a good start anyhow.

8 BALL: Shut up, Scotty. "Dear friends, This being Friday the 13th, I have been thinking how lucky we are to have each other.

JOHN: Sarcastic guy, wasn't he?

8 BALL: As you all know, I drive a sedan of rather early vintage on this job, and I want to thank you for the splendid freight business I have had from you guys so far this season.

ALL: (CHUCKLE)

DAN: (laughing) Boy, how well I know that situation, my old pot has sure had some loads-but go on with the letter, 8 Ball.

8 BALL: During the months of May, June, and July, I have busted two springs, three fender braces, and one bumper.

DAN: Only one bumper? He got off easy!

TAD: Quiet, Dan.

8 BALL: I have hauled everything from dynamite to baled hay from one station to another and several days ago moved two kegs of mule shoes from Mineral to Hat Creek.

ALL: (CHUCKLE)

8 BALL: Next week I am going to haul the mules.

Laughter

8 BALL: **(chuckling)** Just to add to the variety of things, how about having a piano or two ready on my next trip? If business is as good next summer, the supervisor has promised to trade the sedan in for a 1½ ton truck!

ALL: **(chuckles and laughter)**

[SCOTTY A man has to put up with a lot all right.

JOHN: Poor guy, but at least he didn't have a new car.

TAD: Shucks, nobody's life should be a bed of roses.

8 BALL: Well, what do you say to that, Dan?

DAN: Why, heck, 8 Ball, it's just things like that that make the job interesting.

SCOTTY: You're right there, Dan.

TAD: Sure, I'll bet he enjoyed it.

DAN: I'll grant that not everyone would like the work. Why I even know of a case where a fellow hurt himself to get out of the work.

BILL: That's a crazy stunt to do.

TAD: Hold on, Bill—first thing you know, you'll have Dan talked into a yarn. I'd sort of like to add a little music to the bull fest, that O.K.?

[BILL: You bet!

SCOTTY: It's been a long time since we had any good music all right.

TAD: Come on, Scotty, - no insinuat-in', now. I'm in the mood anyhow, you guys go ahead talkin' if you want to.

Music

---Applause---

SCOTTY: Well, I'll have to admit that was a change for the good from the wind that's been blowing tonight.

BILL: Scotty, I'll bet you're as anxious as I am to hear Dan's yarn.

DAN: What yarn?

SCOTTY: Don't pretend innocence now, Dan. I know you want to talk and I'll listen.

DAN: All right, if you'll be quiet.

SCOTTY: That's askin' a lot.

DAN: 'Taint much of a story, really. It was a couple of years ago, I think. A doctor and a friend were fishing up on my district when the biggest fire of the year broke out.

SCOTTY: 'Tisn't a detective story you're telling, is it?

DAN: I thought I asked you to be quiet!

SCOTTY: I promised nothing.

DAN: Well, anyhow, to make a long story short -

SCOTTY: A good idea, Dan.

DAN: Will you shut up!

JOHN: We'll throttle him, Dan, go ahead.

DAN: Strangle him if you want to. This Doc and his friend were drafted when we needed men in an emergency, and didn't like the job at all.

8 BALL: Can't blame them for that—it's hard on a man that's used to it.

DAN: They didn't want to get used to it, either, so the Doc talked his friend into a conspiracy.

JOHN: Why, the dirty crook!

DAN: Yeah, - he took some toothpicks and worked over his friend's gums until they were fairly spouting blood.

TAD: Boy, that guy must have been a darn good friend of the doc's!

SASS: He must've hated fire fighting, anyhow. But what good did that do, Dan?

DAN: This doctor took his friend up to the boss and told him the fellow had a bad hemorrhage and said it was life or death to get him out to a hospital.

8 BALL: Well, I'll be doggoned!

DAN: Yes, sir! And this boss was full of pity for the poor guy and sent them right out with the doctor to look after his friend!

JOHN: Can you imagine that—why seems like that toothpick business would be worse than the fire fighting.

DAN: Guess it wasn't to one man, John.

SASS: You know, I'll bet those guys would have been askin' to fight fire if they only understood all the harm it would do them.

SLIM: How do you mean that, Sass?

SASS: Well, think of a how a big fir would affect fishing in that district.

DAN: By gosh—you've got something there, Sass.

SASS: You're darned right I have, those fellows were fishing weren't they?

DAN: That's what I said.

SCOTTY: In part—only in part, Dan.

DAN: Oh, you blasted pinheaded----

SASS: Don't start a quarrel now, you two, this is serious business.

DAN: I agree with you, Sass. I'll bet those two guys never stopped to think that fire might affect them personally.

TAD: Darned few of us do, at that.

JOHN: Why, I'll bet a lot of folks would be more willing to fight fire if they'd look at that side -

8 BALL: And prevent 'em, too, John.

DAN: You know there's a darned good tie in with that yarn that I never thought of before. The personal side of it for those two fishermen, I mean.

SASS: There's a lot of tie in, almost every fire affects somebody so they shouldn't need a spyglass to see it.

DAN: That's what I mean. These two sure didn't need any help to see how that fire affected them.

JOHN: I remember lots of cases like that, Dan.

SCOTTY: And so do I, why I'll bet we've all seen the results of fires that others haven't noticed much.

DAN: Sure we have—lots of times—but these two fellows were the best example I know.

SASS: I remember one time up the Track when I saw that very thing, Scotty. And plenty of others saw it, too.

TAD: Did I ever tell you guys about the time three or four fellows built a little lunch fire and burnt up about a thousand acres of forest?

Fade out.

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FORESTERS IN ACTION

Script No. 6

Directed by James Morris

Real Name: H Sasser

Station KOAC

Nickname: "Bob"

February 9, 1939

CAP: And I'll bet there are plenty of others just like this old guy Pete.

SLIM: No, I guess not, but doggone it, it seems like there ought to be some other way.

BILL: But I just kept on trying anyhow. I suppose I'll never know when to quit.

8 BALL: Sure, there are, Cap, but there aren't many that ever get a demonstration like that.

DAN: That's no lie, maybe we'll find it sometime, Slim.

JOHN: If you stick your neck out you'll get it cut short, Bill.

CAP: I wish there was some way everyone could see things the way old Pete did.

SLIM: Do you mean the fellow Dan was telling about?

CAP: Yeah, the one his Ranger had so hard a time to sign up as an emergency smoke chaser.

BILL: It wasn't such a job after all, was it?

8 BALL: How do you mean that, Bill?

BILL: Well, the ranger really didn't have to do a thing, he just let a fire sell the idea.

CAP: It did a darn good job of selling, I'd say.

SLIM: It sure did. I'll bet Pete never argued for fire after that.

BILL: Shucks, I'll bet he did plenty of arguing against 'em.

CAP: That was about as complete a conversion as I ever heard of. No ranger could do as well as nature did on that job.

8 BALL: Maybe not, but it would have saved a lot of time if Pete had listened to that Ranger.

SLIM: Experience is a dear teacher - that the idea, 8 Ball?

8 BALL: That's just exactly it, Slim. As a matter of fact, I heard of four men who subscribe whole-heartedly to that idea.

CAP: Some more emergency smoke chasers?

8 BALL: No, these were just business men, and not just fishermen or hunters, either.

BILL: Well, where did they get their conversion from - if there was a conversion?

8 BALL: Oh, there was a conversion, all right. I don't want you to think they didn't fish or hunt, because they did. But that was only incidental to what -

CAP: What did they do, 8 Ball?

8 BALL: They owned summer homes on a stream just outside the forests.

SLIM: Rich guys, ah?

8 BALL: No, - not rich. They had nice little businesses in a small town near the forest, though.

BILL: What about these four guys?

8 BALL: Well, they used to meet early every spring and talk over a program for the twenty or thirty summer home owners that lived near them.

CAP: What were they, sort of an executive committee?

8 BALL: That's the idea, Cap. A couple of years ago they met according to schedule and---

(Fade out for transition)

WALT: (Dan): Well, Mac, looks like we'll be the only ones here today.

MAC: (Scotty) No, Walt, the others'll be along soon now. I wouldn't go out on a day like this very cheerfully myself.

WALT: It is a nasty one, all right. Just the same, I'd rather see this rain than snow.

MAC: Aye, so would I. An open winter like we've had will make it all the easier to get into our places.

WALT: Yeah, that's great, and reminds me, Mac, what are we going to do about ---

Effect - Door opens.

BOB(SASS): Hello, you old warhorses!

WALT: Hello, Bob.

MAC: It's just about time you got here, Bob, - Where's Art?

WALT: And close that door! Were you born in a barn?

BOB: Sure, and every time I hear you bray, I feel right at home.

ALL: Laughter.

ART: Yeah, my coat was wet, so I left it outside.

BOB: Well, now that we're all here, what's the ticket?

SCOTTY: Walt was just asking me about something when you two came in.

ART: O.K., that's good enough to begin with, I guess - What's on your mind, Walt?

WALT: I was wondering what we were going to do about the brush that's been cluttering up our places.

ART: Don't you think we ought to hire a crew to grub the stuff out?

MAC: Man, that's likely to cost us a lot of money, isn't it?

BOB: Maybe, so, but my wife said she'd divorce me if she had to crawl down to the river another year.

WALT: And I'm getting old, I doubt if I can dodge kettles another summer.

ALL: Chuckle.

BOB: How much is there to clear, Art?

ART: Oh, close to ten acres. Some of the places are completely covered like yours, Bob.

BOB: Yeah, I know.

ART: And over half of the other places is too dense to walk through.

MAC: It would be much cheaper to just chop the brush down, wouldn't it?

WALT: Yes, it'd be cheaper this year, but we'd only have to do it again after while.

MAC: But it'd cost too much to grub it out.

ART: How the heck are we going to do it, then?

WALT: Couldn't we go up there in a couple of weeks or so and burn the blasted stuff off?

BOB: But, heck, Walt, wouldn't the brush come back then, too?

WALT: Probably, but we could burn it each year.

MAC: It sounds like a good idea to me, Walt. Brush burns cheaper than grubbing.

ART: But, I don't know, fellas, maybe there's more to it than just a fire.

BOB: Now what's eating you, Art?

ART: Well, I was in Johnson's office the other day, and we were ---

MAC: Who's this Johnson?

ART: The ranger that has charge of the national forest next to our places.

BOB: You know him, Mac, he was at the last Rod and Gun Club meeting.

MAC: Oh, yes, I remember him now. Tall slim man with red hair.

ART: That's the one.

MAC: How about this Johnson?

ART: I asked him about burning that brush, and he advised us not to do it.

WALT: Why not?

ART: He says that some of those big old pine trees were burned before, fire-scarred, I think he called it.

BOB: What of it? They're still there aren't they?

ART: Yes, but Johnson said that another fire might weaken 'em so they'd fall. Might hit one of the cabins.

WALT: That's a lot of applesauce.

MAC: There's not much chance of that happening, Art.

ART: But that's not all.

BOB: Oh, no? What other crazy notion does this guy have?

ART: He said a fire might get away from us and burn some of the forest.

WALT: Oh, no, I thought he was driving at something like that.

MAC: It isn't our cabins he's worried about, you can see that.

BOB: What if some of the forest does burn? The government's paying Johnson to fight fire, isn't it?

WALT: Sure it is.

MAC: And it's our good money that goes to pay taxes for that.

BOB: Ys darn right, let him earn that money, I say.

ART: But you want to remember that our money will pay the fine if any forest burns.

MAC: Fine! How can they fine us?

ART: For letting our fire escape.

WALT: You shouldn't count on that, Art, the fire won't get away from us.

BOB: Not with all the rain we've been having lately, anyhow.

MAC: But wait a minute - how will we get the fire to burn if the brush is wet?

WALT: That's right, by golly, we'd have to let things get pretty dry in order to get it to burn.

BOB: Why, heck, we can go up as soon as things have dried off a little, if the fire burns slow, why, so much the better.

MAC: That's the talk, Bob, it won't be able to escape if it burns, slowly.

ART: But if we have to wait very long, the state laws will make us have a permit, and I doubt if we could get one. That state warden thinks just like Johnson.

WALT: We won't wait that long, Art. We could use kerosene if we have to go up while it was still wet.

MAC: A good idea, Walt, kerosene is much less expensive than hiring men to grub the brush out.

WALT: You're darned right it is, Mac, and heck of a lot quicker, too.

BOB: Sure, this rain out to stop by the middle of the month, let's go up to the place then and burn that brush off!

MAC: That's a fine idea, Bob.

WALT: Now you're talking.

ART: Well, I don't know. Maybe it'll be all right, but I can't help believing that Johnson must know what he's talking about. He's been working with fires for twenty years, you know.

BOB: Oh, tell Johnson to go jump in the lake.

WALT: We won't tell him anything till it's done. Come on, Art, you might as well make it unanimous.

ART: I guess so. I'm out-voted anyhow.

BOB: That's the stuff, Art.

WALT: Good! You're getting smart.

ART: But I want to register a minority report of protest, just the same.

ALL: Chuckle.

WALT: O.K., Art. I'll furnish the kerosene if we need any.

MAC: And I'll take you up in my car. It will be better than the rest of yours if the road's muddy.

BOB: Why don't you get rid of that old wreck, Mac? Your garage has been doing well enough so you can afford a new car.

MAC: No, I'll be keeping it for a while. It still runs as good as new. No need to waste money on all those new fangled gadgets.

WALT: You're glad to fix those gadgets for the tourist, though, Mac.

MAC: That's business, Walt.

ART: Nothing but sentiment could keep that old heap of yours running, though.

ALL: Chuckle.

WALT: **(Chuckling)**. Now that the brush is all taken care of, what d'ya say we get on with our business?

MAC: Good idea, Walt, it's getting late.

BOB: Well, how about building a swimming float this year? You know we've been needing it ever since the kids grew up.

(Fade out)

(Fade in fire - as faint background to conversation)

WALT: Whew - ! Boy, am I hot!

BOB: And dirty. (Laugh) Man, you ought to see your face. You look like the end man in a minstrel show.

WALT: Well, you don't look as white as snow yourself.

MAC: If I'm as dirty as I am tired I must be a mess.

ART: Been quite a job, hasn't it.

MAC: For the fire stump, anyhow.

BOB: Yeah, but all the brush is gone, by golly.

WALT: That kerosene was a good idea, wasn't it?

MAC: It was a fine one! We would have had trouble with some of the brush without it.

BOB: And not a cabin split by a tree, either, Art, did you notice that?

ART: Yes, but I noticed also that Smith's garage was pretty well splintered up when that big pine fell.

WALT: Oh, well, it was just a shack.

BOB: Sure, he needed a new one, anyhow.

ART: At least it proves that Johnson was right about these trees falling. Maybe it'll be a cabin next year.

BOB: You just can't be happy about anything, can you, Art.

MAC: Oh, let the man worry, Bob, it'll keep the rest of us from getting gray hairs.

ALL: Chuckle.

WALT: Well, it's done, at any rate. Let's clean up and go home.

BOB: Let's do that, I'm hungry enough to eat a horse, saddle and all.

ART: Is the fire all out?

MAC: All except this stump.

ART: Are you sure?

MAC: Of course I'm sure, I walked around the whole thing to see.

ART: Maybe we'd better stay until this stump is burnt up.

BOB: Nothing doing-It'll burn all night, I want to get home to dinner.

ART: I hate to leave it going, though, maybe we'd better put it out, too.

WALT: Why do that, it's just an eyesore; let it burn up.

BOB: Sure, be good riddance.

ART: Well, I guess it will rain tomorrow, anyhow.

WALT: Of course, come on, let's go wash up.

ART: O.K.

MAC: (Fading) I'll be with you in a minute. I left my slicker over at Jones' place.

Sound - fire - goes on alone for a little while, then fades out.

Transition

CAP: Boy howdy, that was bad business, to leave a stump burning the way they did.

SLIM: I'll say it was.

CAP: Why it might get down in the roots, creep along for weeks and then break out some hot day.

BILL: That happens every now and then, doesn't it?

8 BALL: You bet it does. Sleeper fires give a lot of trouble to foresters, you'll find that out for yourself or I miss my guess.

CAP: I suppose it did rain, and put the stump fire out though, didn't it?

8 BALL: No, as a matter of fact, there wasn't an inch of rain after that brush had been burned off.

SLIM: I'll bet this fellow Art did plenty of worrying about that stump.

8 BALL: Maybe so, but he was pretty busy in town for a while. The dry spell made it look like there'd be a good tourist season, and all four of those men were busy getting ready for it.

BILL: The stump just went out then of its own accord then, I suppose.

8 BALL: No, fact is, those four guys heard from it again the next time they were together.

CAP: The heck they did!

8 BALL: Yep, about the first of June they went up to their cabins to relax before the tourists started coming. One evening they were all on Walt's place, just passing the time -

(Fade out for transition)

BOB: Man alive, but it's good to get out of that hot town!

WALT: Pretty warm up here if it weren't for the wind, 'specially for this time of day and season.

MAC: This weather will bring tourists by the hundreds!

WALT: I noticed you put in a new service department at the garage, Mac.

MAC: Yes, I did, I'm looking for more business. Didn't I see you're putting an addition on that store of yours, too, Walt?

ART: It ought to be a good year for all of us.

--Pause--

WALT: Not much talk in you fellows, tonight.

ART: Everybody's too sleepy, Walt.

MAC: I think I'll turn in, anyhow. I'd like to go up Drift Creek and try for a few trout tomorrow morning.

BOB: (Calling) Mind if I go with you, Mac?

MAC: (Answering off mike) I'll be glad to have you along. Say, what's over back of Wilson's place?

BOB: I can't see anything.

MAC: (Still calling) Come over here, all of you.

WALT: What is it, Mac?

MAC: Looks like a fire over there behind Wilson's cabin.

ART: Yeah, I see it. Does look like a fire, at that.

BOB: Probably just a lantern. I'll bet Wilson is out getting worms for his fishing trip tomorrow.

MAC: No, it's the wrong color for a lantern.

WALT: It does look like a fire, all right. Isn't that about where that stump was when we burned the brush?

ART: Sure it is—Maybe we'd better go over and see what it is.

BOB: Aw, don't be silly, that stump has been gone for three weeks.

WALT: Sure, Wilson is probably just burning some trash.

ART: Yeah, that's right, maybe he is.

BOB: Come on, Mac, let's get some sleep so we can start early in the morning.

MAC: I'm right with you, Bob. Say, what do you think, is it too early for flies, I don't like to use worms or eggs.

(Fade out for transition)

BILL: Quite a coincidence, that fire coming where the stump had been.

8 BALL: Coincidence nothing! It was a sleeper that broke out.

CAP: Holy cow!

8 BALL: Yes, sir, that happened to be one of those break nights with low humidity. The fire had crept along, inch by inch in the big root, and finally cropped out when conditions were right for a fire to burn.

BILL: And the worst they could be to fight it, huh?

8 BALL: I'll say so. Thanks to a wind, that fire was 50 acres before it was reported and it finally burned over 2,000 acres.

CAP: 2,000 acres! Just think what they could have saved if they'd only gone over to look at it that night.

SLIM: Or if they hadn't left that stump in the first place.

BILL: Mac and Bob didn't do much fishing the next day, I'll bet.

8 BALL: Neither did anyone else, Bill.

CAP: That fellow Art must have hollered "I told you so" a lot.

8 BALL: He was too busy hollering about something else, Cap.

CAP: His fine, you mean?

8 BALL: No, none of the four complained of that - they knew they were to blame and didn't argue.

SLIM: Well, what was the trouble, then?

8 BALL: You could have heard it almost any afternoon you were in town that summer. All four of them would meet in Walt's store and tell their troubles to each other.

(Fade for Transition)

MAC: I tell you, I haven't made a penny all summer.

WALT: None of us have, Mac. I expected to pay for this addition out of my tourist trade, you know.

ART: You can't expect any tourists to come to look at 2,000 acres of burn and almost dry creeks.

BOB: There hasn't been a fish caught in any stream near here all season, not since that blasted fire, anyhow.

MAC: It makes my heart ache to think of the money we all spent advertising this fisherman's paradise.

BOB: But even the people in town aren't buying like they usually do.

WALT: 'Course not - this town depends on tourist trade for about a third of its income. We're bound to do less business when there isn't any tourist trade to speak of.

MAC: To speak of! There isn't any! They don't even stop for gas anymore.

BOB: Looks like we'll be paying for that brush fire of ours for quite a while, fellas.

WALT: The bad part of it is that the whole town will pay for it.

ART: Johnson says there'll be brush enough to hold the water back so we have decent streams in about three years.

MAC: But what good are streams with no fish?

WALT: At the last Rod and Gun Club meeting Johnson said he was working with the State Game Commission to have the streams replanted as soon as they can carry the trout.

BOB: I wish we'd listened to that fellow before. This would never have happened.

ART: It's no good to cry over spilt milk; we'll just have work to get back where we were. And, believe me, no more brush burning for me!

FORESTERS IN ACTION

Script No. 7

Directed by James Morris

Real Name: H. Sasser

Station KOAC

Nickname: "Sass"

February 16, 1939

CAP: I guess it's a great life if you don't weaken, but I'm sure getting weak.

SLIM: Yes, and then I went over to the mill to check my scale.

DAN: Hey, Scotty, how long are you going to work on that problem?

8 BALL: You look it, Cap, maybe you should see a doctor instead of a dentist.

TAD: Well, how did you check out after you saw the stuff cut out?

SCOTTY: I don't know, Dan, if you want the dope I'll give it to you.

DAN: O.K., Scotty, I can sure use that information.

8 BALL: Hey, what's this all about; sounds like something fishy to me.

DAN: Aw, don't be foolish, 8 Ball.

SCOTTY: That's not so foolish, Dan.

DAN: By golly, that's right, we were talking about fish. You see 8 Ball, Dan has some dope for a report in fish management.

SCOTTY: Yes, we have to make a plan for stocking a lake with Rainbow trout.

CAP: You fellows will be more game experts than foresters if you don't watch you.

SASS: Yeah, wasn't it last term that you planned a refuge for geese, Scotty?

SCOTTY: That's right, Sass.

TAD: But, shucks, you know that a forester has to do a lot of things besides grow forests.

CAP: It's getting so a fellow has to know something about every part of wildland management.

8 BALL: An' everything about some parts, it seems like.

CAP: Well, if there's to be proper use of our wild lands, it seems like somebody has to be able to lead the way.

DAN: All I hope is that there's plenty of foresters among those leaders.

CAP: I'll say so.

SLIM: Boy, so do I.

SCOTTY: That's what we all want.

SASS: Say, all this talk about leaders, geese, an' lakes makes me think of a darned funny thing that happened to me ---

DAN: Oh, oh! I wondered how long Sass could stay away from one of those "that reminds me" yarns.

8 BALL: He has looked sort of nervous the last few weeks, we should have suspected this.

SCOTTY: Be still, man, you'll talk him out of the idea and we'll just have to listen later on.

SLIM: Sure, that's the idea, get it over with now.

SASS: Seems like you fellows are takin' a lot for granted.

SCOTTY: You don't mean to say there isn't a story, Sass?

SASS: Well, maybe there is, at that.

DAN: All right then, let's hear your pack o' lies.

SASS: Now, Dan, you know I haven't told a lie in all the time I've known you.

DAN: Maybe not, Sass, but I think your blood but be about 2/3 Paul Bunyan.

CAP: Why, Dan, you wouldn't suggest that Paul was a liar, would you?

DAN: Well, no, I didn't mean that, everybody knows that ----

SASS: It's a good thing you're not going back on Paul, Dan, because it just happened that I was hunting with him when this thing happened.

TAD: He's off, fellows, get a good solid place to stand.

ALL: Chuckle

SASS: This was up in Minnesota. You see, Paul had just finished logging off the great American Desert, and he had---

8 BALL: Hey! Wait a minute now, Sass, this story of yours ought to hold water.

SASS: Whatd'ya mean, 8 Ball?

8 BALL: How could anyone, even Paul, do any logging on the desert?

SASS: Why shucks, fella, that little job of Paul's is what made a desert of that place.

8 BALL: Oh, grand, I'm sorry I mentioned it.

DAN: Go on with the story before this gets any worse, Sass.

SASS: As I was sayin', Paul had a big crew of hungry loggers with him and nothing to feed 'em.

8 BALL: He should have fed them some of that line of yours, Sass.

CAP: Naw, it'd be too hard to swallow, 8 Ball.

SASS: If you don't quit interrupting me, I'm not going to tell this yarn.

SLIM: Aw, go on, Sass.

SASS: I told Paul that the geese had been flying through in big flocks lately, so he suggested we shoot enough to feed his crew.

TAD: Wouldn't it have been cheaper to shoot the crew?

ALL: Chuckle

SLIM: Shut up, Tad.

SASS: Now the only guns in camp were Paul's old shotgun and a little single-shot .22 I owned.

DAN: That ought to be plenty for a pair like you two.

SASS: It would have been enough for most anyone, but the trouble was that Paul had only one shell for the shotgun.

8 BALL: What a shame!

SASS: But you know that would never stop Paul. We went up to a lake near Wayland, Minnestota and settled down in a blind.

CAP: Here it comes, fellows.

SASS: Now I might never believe this if I just heard about it, but it happened to me.

TAD: Go ahead, we'll consider ourselves warned.

SASS: Paul and I had just barely settled in the blind when a big old gander came flying toward us with the flock streamlining out behind him in a perfect V.

SLIM: That's a pretty sight, isn't it.

SASS: Sure is, Slim. That was probably the biggest, toughest looking gander I'd ever saw, and you could tell by the orderly way he was being followed that every one of those geese knew his word was law.

SCOTTY: A real leader, was he?

SASS: He was, Scotty. A real leader, yes, sir. He circled low over the lake with the rest of the flock behind him, and when he came close to the blind, Paul raised his old blunderbuss and sent a load of #3 out ahead of that big gander.

DAN: I know, he killed the whole flock with one shot!

SASS: He did nothing of the kind, Dan.

SCOTTY: What! Why, man, you must be going soft on us. What kind of a yard is it you're telling us?

SASS: I said once that this was the truth.

DAN: Oh, I see—then he missed the whole flock.

ALL: Chuckle.

SASS: Maybe you'd rather tell the story, Dan.

DAN: No, go ahead, Sass.

SASS: Paul didn't miss, the gander rain right into the pattern of shot before he realized what was happening.

SCOTTY: The poor old fellow!

SASS: When he did stop, he was so full of lead that he fell straight into the lake about 30 feet away from the blind.

TAD: One tough old gander would make sort of a slim dinner for a crew of hungry loggers.

SASS: But you haven't heard it all yet, Tad.

TAD: What? Still more?

SASS: Yep. You see, that gander had trained his flock so well that every last one of them went into a power dive and followed him right to the water.

SCOTTY: Well, I'll be hanged!

SASS: That's a good idea, Scotty.

ALL: Chuckle.

SASS: Yes, sir, those geese sat down on the lake and waited patiently for their leader to give them further orders.

DAN: Boy, what training!

SASS: But the leader was dead, and there weren't any orders, so I just sat in the blind and calmly shot the heads off the geese until we had enough for dinner! I'm telling you fellas, those geese had really learned to follow their leader!

SCOTTY: Sass, you ought to be ashamed of yourself.

DAN: I don't believe Paul would ever tell that himself.

TAD: You get worse all the time, Sass.

SASS: Why you fellas sound like you don't believe me.

8 BALL: Nobody but a goose would believe that one, Sass.

SASS: That's mighty fine of you to back me up like that, 8 Ball.

8 BALL: Hey, whatd'ya mean—

ALL: LAUGHTER.

CAP: Maybe we better break this up before we start a war here.

DAN: Yeah, Tad, can't you fix things up with a little music tonight?

ALL: Yeah, come on Tad, etc.

TAD: O.K., anything to stop Sass.

ALL: Fine! Swell! Etc.

MUSIC (RAY R.) - ACCORDION

DAN: Boy, that sure is a relief after Sass's yarn.

SCOTTY: Even Paul Bunyan must have shuddered when he heard that wild story.

CAP: A goose yarn like Sass's, and then music, sort of drives away all the serious talk we've been having lately, doesn't it?

8 BALL: You mean about the fires.

CAP: Yeah, at least the effects of the fires.

DAN: You know, one thing has struck me about those fires.

SCOTTY: Whatever it was, I say good! But it didn't strike you near hard enough.

ALL: Chuckle.

DAN: Don't tell me a wise guy like you didn't notice it, Scotty.

SCOTTY: If I knew what you were talking about, maybe I could say.

DAN: Well, I was thinking of the effects of those fires.

SCOTTY: I did notice that the fires were pretty tough on some people.

DAN: But what I meant was this: Almost every time the bad effects weren't noticed right away.

TAD: By golly, that's right, Dan.

8 BALL: That's what happened to those four business men I was telling you about last week.

SCOTTY: I don't see what you're driving at.

DAN: Just think a minute, Scotty, those men were better off at first because the brush was all gone from their summer homes.

SCOTTY: That's right, the fire cleaned it up for them.

DAN: Sure, and then when a fire broke out because of their carelessness, it ruined the scenic country near them, didn't it?

SCOTTY: Now I see. They lost money later because the tourists stayed away.

8 BALL: That's it, Scotty—And they weren't the only ones to suffer; the whole town lost money because that tourist trade fell off.

SASS: That's the way it was with the old fellow, who thought he would have better grazing if the forest was burned a little each year.

SLIM: How was that case the same, Sass?

SASS: Why, you remember how forage came in so thick that he bought sheep and put them out on the burn?

SLIM: Yeah, that's right

TAD: Sure, I remember that---

SASS: And then when he kept right on burning every year, the soil started to erode, the forage didn't come back so heavy, and he couldn't graze his sheep.

DAN: He'd have lost his band if my ranger hadn't given him a grazing permit, Sass.

SASS: Sure he would, and I'll bet that land is so washed out that it'll be a long time until it grows either trees or sheep.

8 BALL: It's a cinch it isn't very wise to trade one or two seasons of good hunting for having the forest ruined.

CAP: Why that erosion might very well allow the rainfall to run off so fast that floods and dry streams would make it impossible for other farmers to make a living.

DAN: It seems like a lot of real crimes are committed mistakenly just to help out recreation, doesn't it?

TAD: I wonder how many campers stop to think that their carelessness may wreck camping for others.

DAN: It's a cinch not enough do as long as there are any fires which start because of their carelessness.

CAP: It just goes to prove that you can't always expect people to do the logical thing.

SLIM: You said it, Cap.

TAD: That's no lie.

DAN: Shucks, people aren't the only ones that aren't always logical in what they do.

SASS: What the heck are you talking about?

SCOTTY: It sounds like you're becoming a little bit involved, Dan.

8 BALL: Huh! (disgustedly) It sounds more like he's got a yarn on his mind.

DAN: You're right for once, 8 Ball.

8 BALL: Maybe I should have said, "on what passes for his mind."

DAN: Whatever you should have said, 8 Ball, I was thinking that animals don't always do what you expect them to.

8 BALL: All right, Dan, all right, let's have it.

DAN: Well, an uncle of mine has a farm over near the Cascades, and he was—

SLIM: What! No Paul Bunyan?

SASS: You stay out of this, Slim.

DAN: Attaboy, Sass, slap him down. My uncle had a big field of corn that was suffering from the attacks of some night-traveling marauder.

SLIM: Nope! Can't be Paul, he'd never use those words!

DAN: The uncle took his trusty rifle with him one night and hid near the field in the hope that he could catch the thief.

SCOTTY: If there's a goose in this story you better start running, Dan.

ALL: Chuckle

DAN: No geese, Scotty. But about midnight he saw a bear lumber into the field and start stripping ears of corn from the stalks.

TAD: A corn husking bear, huh?

DAN: But what surprised him was that the bear didn't eat any of the corn.

SLIM: I suppose it was just tearing things up for fun.

DAN: No, sir, that bear gathered the corn up after while and went talking off on his hind legs, with the corn held close in his powerful front legs.

TAD: Maybe he was a moonshiner!

8 BALL: Now, Tad, this is Dan's story.

DAN: That's right, 8 Ball, though it was only told to me.

TAD: Just gossip, huh?

ALL: Chuckle.

DAN: My uncle wondered what the bear was doing with the corn, so he followed it in the woods. After a while he saw the bear dump the corn into a sort of pen and then head back to the field.

SCOTTY: So the bear was storing corn for the winter, like squirrels, huh?

DAN: No, sir, when my uncle looked in that pen he saw that the bear had four big pigs there. He was just fattening them for the kill!

ALL: Groan.

SASS: Dan, you should be ashamed, it's fellows like you that keep old Paul Bunyan forever turning over in his grave.

SLIM: You ought to be shot.

8 BALL: Paul Bunyan was a sissie.

DAN: Tad, I think you better come to my rescue just as you did for Sass, try to quiet these savage beasts with a little music, will you?

TAD: (Laughing) O. K., Dan, I'll make the world safe for prevaricators---

SASS: More music.

MUSIC (Ray R.) ACCORDION

Fade out at end of program.

FORESTERS IN ACTION

Script No. 8

Directed by James Morris

Real Name: H. Sasser.

Station KOAC

Nickname: "Sass"

February 23, 1939

DAN: Two weeks to go! It doesn't seem possible.

CAP: This soil rent and forest rent stuff just about has me whipped.

8 BALL: It seems like there's more to management than just growing trees.

8 BALL: It's a great feeling, though, isn't it? Boy, will I be glad to relax for awhile.

BILL: Don't let it worry you, Cap, you're only one of a horde in that fix.

SCOTTY: You bet there is, 8 Ball, especially as long as you want to make money at it.

SASS: Say, Dan, you ever heard from your ranger yet?

DAN: Hear from him? What do you mean, about a job next summer?

SASS: No, you dope, have you heard if he'll be up for the banquet Saturday?

DAN: Oh, yeah, sure, I got a letter last week. He'll be there, all right. Why, shucks, he wouldn't miss that banquet for anything.

8 BALL: Is he an ex-Fernhopper, Dan?

DAN: No. He's what you'd call an old-timer, I guess.

CAP: Just what do you mean by old timer?

DAN: Well, he was appointed before the days of the Junior Forester civil service examinations.

SCOTTY: That was back when they used to give the old Ranger exam, wasn't it?

DAN: Yeah, I've heard my boss say it used to be that if a guy could throw a diamond hitch, use an axe, and cook over an open fire, he was qualified for a job as Ranger.

JOHN: Things sure have changed in the Forest Service, haven't they? Nowadays a fellow has to graduate from an accredited forest school before he can even take the J.F.

8 BALL: And he has to know everything from fire protection to forest recreation work!

SASS: Boy howdy, Dan, do you remember those wild yarns of the "good old days" that your ranger told a bunch of us after the banquet last year?

DAN: I'll say you do. And did you notice how many fellows gathered around to listen—fellows that had been working for the Forest Service for years?

SCOTTY: Why, man, you know that tall tales and true yarns are the very life blood of foresters—young or old.

CAP: What else would you expect from a profession with Paul Bunyan blood flowing in their veins?

TAD: Nobody wants it to be any different, Scotty, I hate to think of how dull things'd be if, we didn't have Paul Bunyan to fall back on now and then.

SLIM: Didn't I hear something about a statue of Paul?

DAN: Yeah, Slim, a bunch of us have been working on a statue 20 feet high.

CAP: What are you going to do with a thing as big as that?

SCOTTY: They're probably building it in some room where they'll have to take the wall down to get the thing out.

ALL: **CHUCKLE**

DAN: Doggone it, Scotty, I thought you were going to quit picking on me.

CAP: You're just too good natured, Dan.

DAN: Prob'ly so. But as I would have told you before, Cap, if Scotty hadn't interrupted, the statue of Paul is going to be the official greeter for the forester's banquet.

CAP: What is this, sort of a mechanical man?

DAN: No, just a statue, but he'll be standing at the entrance of the Memorial Union to say hello to everyone that comes in.

JOHN: Man alive, with a 20 foot Bunyan to sort of start things off, the yarns ought to be thick as fleas on a hound dog before long.

SCOTTY: The rangers should have a lot of new ones to tell with three months of long winter nights behind them. They have had plenty of time to think of stories.

SASS: Don't get the idea that rangers'll be the only ones talking. There'll be enough loggers and sawmill men here to out-yarn the best men in the Forest Service.

DAN: Take it easy now, Sass, that's a pretty big order, you know.

SASS: Ya darn right I know, but I know my loggers, too. Why Paul Bunyan himself was a logger.

DAN: Just the same, I think my Ranger can stay with the best of 'em.

SASS: Maybe so, but he'll have to stay awake to beat my boss's yarns—he's worked in every sawmill town in the country I believe.

TAD: Say, we'll have quite a bunch here Saturday with Forest Service men, loggers, and mill men eating turkey and the fixin's with us fernhoppers, won't we?

JOHN: You bet we will, there'll be about 600 men at the banquet everyone interested in some phase of forestry.

8 BALL: Ought to be a great day. I was talking to Mae out at the nursery the other day. He told me they were going to pack the seedlings in moss instead of sand this year.

SLIM: Whatd'ya mean, for shipping?

8 BALL: Heck no—let's see, this is your first banquet, isn't it, Slim?

SLIM: Yeah, and I'm sure looking forward to it.

8 BALL: Well, these seedlings are small Port Orford cedars that'll be used to decorate the tables.

SLIM: I see.

CAP: I suppose there'll be quite a lot of men here from the state Forest Service, won't there?

DAN: I should hope to shout. The main speaker is the state Extension Forester.

SASS: That's Lynn F. Cronemiller, isn't it?

SCOTTY: He's the man, Sass. Did you know Mr. Cronemiller was a Fernhopper too? Graduated 25 years ago.

SASS: Course I did. Man, oh, man, everybody from Johnny Ink-slinger to Paul Bunyan himself will be there from the looks of things.

SCOTTY: Cronemiller should give him a fine talk. His job would give him a good chance to know what is going on in forestry today.

CAP: He's talking on present trends, isn't he?

SASS: He'll have to talk a lot, things are changing so fast.

ALL: **CHUCKLE**

SLIM: What else is on the slate for the night?

TAD: What else! Good gosh, man, aren't bull fests a darned good speech enough for you? President Peavy's going to be toastmaster, too, you know.

SLIM: I mean isn't there going to be some kind of entertainment?

JOHN: Sure there is. Isn't Ray going to play his accordion?

CAP: Yeah, how about it Ray, couldn't we have sort of a preview?

RAY: Sure, Cap, but you ought to pay extra for your ticket.

SCOTTY: None of that talk, now, we're all friends here.

SASS: Come on, Ray-ah, that's the boy.

MUSIC - RAY R. - ACCORDION

ALL: Applause

SASS: I can see it's going to be a big night, all right.

DAN: You bet. I know one thing my ranger's going to talk about, too.

CAP: What's that, Dan? No more mosquito stories, I hope.

DAN: No, he wants to talk to some of the other rangers about radios.

JOHN: For fire protection, Dan?

DAN: Yeah, he has an idea he could use it pretty effectively against lightning busts.

SCOTTY: I should think that'd be just the time when radio would be the least good.

8 BALL: Yeah, how about that? Radios wouldn't work very well during a lightning storm.

DAN: No, but they'd use them to receive weather reports, warn lookouts, dispatch crews, and that sort of thing.

TAD: Say, that sounds like a darn good idea; if maintenance crews carried small portable sets they could be called in from any part of the district and sent to where the storm was expected.

JOHN: Yeah, you could have the protection force all set up and ready to jump on anything that started.

CAP: The weather reports have been pretty accurate these last few years, too. Boy howdy, a fellow could sure be all set to whip a lightning that way!

DAN: Sounds pretty good to me, too, Cap. I'm anxious to hear what the others think about it.

JOHN: I know what another fellow will be talking about, Dan.

DAN: Yeah? What'll it be?

JOHN: Something about a lookout that saved a bunch of fishermen whose boat was wrecked off the California Coast.

SASS: A lookout, huh? You don't usually expect them to do Coast Guard work.

JOHN: I never did hear the straight of it. If I find out, I'll let you guys know.

SLIM: O.K. John.

TAD: I'd like to hear that.

CAP: Swell!

SCOTTY: Speaking of the ocean; I heard some of you boys were going to sing a song called "Heave Ho"⁶ at the banquet. Is there any truth to the rumor?

DAN: There sure is.

SCOTTY: Then why not sing it for us tonight? You probably need this practice.

DAN: Go jump in the lake, you blasted Scotch wisecracker---

8 BALL: Aw, come on, Ray played for us.

CAP: We'll throttle Scotty for you.

SASS: I'd do that for my own pleasure, Cap.

ALL: **CHUCKLE.**

SONG - TRIO

ALL: **APPLAUSE.**

SCOTTY: That was good, very good, fellows, I'll apologize for my unkind remarks.

SASS: Heck, I'll do better than that and ask for another one. How about it?

DAN: Be glad to, if you put it that way. And especially since Scotty apologized. But give us a minute to rest, will you?

SASS: Sure thing. You know, John, I'll bet I know another thing you'll hear some talk about.

JOHN: Yeah?

SASS: Yeah. It's a kiln drying experiment they've been running down at the mill all winter.

DAN: Somebody always has a dry kiln experiment going, it seems.

SASS: There'd be darned few new wood products if they didn't, Dan.

DAN: I guess that's right, Sass.

6. There are two folk songs with similar names: "Yeo, Heave Ho!" ("The Anchor Song"), a traditional, well-known, British capstan shanty, and "Yo, Heave Ho" ("The Song of the Volga Boatmen"), a traditional Russian song that was translated into English and became popular in the 1940s. The latter was often sung by trios, so perhaps that was the "Heave Ho" song sung by the trio of foresters.

8 BALL: While that voice of yours is still going, Dan, couldn't we have that other song you promised us?

DAN: How about it, fellows?

TRIO: Sure, you bet - etc.

SCOTTY: (Aside) At least we don't have to listen to Dan by himself.

MUSIC - TRIO

ALL: APPLAUSE

SCOTTY: You know, I didn't think a bunch of fernhoppers could have that much music in them.

DAN: There's plenty you don't know, Scotty.

SCOTTY: Oh, that so! Listen here you big sissy; I knew you were one of these soft, romantic foresters.

8 BALL: If you think that's soft, Scotty, you should have been in the office with me last summer when a couple of campers walked in to complain that there wasn't any place to plug in their electric razors.

CAP: Holy Cow!

TAD: Roughing it, huh?

JOHN: Why you ought to hear about the time when---

DAN: Hold on now, let's not start any of that.

CAP: Gosh no, there's plenty of more serious things to do with the banquet so close.

SASS: Say, Dan, how about the programs and registration? Everything set to take care of those? I'd hate to see anything go wrong there.

(FADE OUT)

FORESTERS IN ACTION

Script No. 9

Directed by James Morris

Real Name: H. Sasser

Station KOAC

Nickname: "Tex"

March 2, 1939

Sponsored by the Forestry Club of the Forestry School

CAP: Say, I never ate so much turkey in three Christmas vacations!

8 BALL: He just sat there rubbing his chin and grinning.

DAN: You bet! I'm going to chase smoke instead of looking for it this time.

JOHN: I'll bet that cigar that turned you green didn't taste so good, though.

SLIM: He never will forget that cartoon, I bet.

BILL: Me, too, Dan, and I'm sure glad.

CAP: Aw, that wasn't so bad.

8 BALL: Well, Dan, did you hear anything that was worth repeating?

DAN: I sure did, 8 Ball.

SLIM: I'll bet you don't remember a thing, though.

BILL: Don't worry, we'll probably be hearing stories from that banquet until the next one comes.

SLIM: I guess we will.

CAP: Well, I hope next one comes soon.

JOHN: You know, I heard one thing I won't forget in a long time.

BILL: Yeah? What's that, John?

JOHN: It was a suggestion of how some of these people living on what is called sub-marginal land might earn some money.

SLIM: Hey, that's a new idea, and a good one, too.

CAP: Boy howdy, there's plenty of people would like to know that.

BILL: Just how are they going to do it? Not from their farms, are they?

JOHN: No, not exactly, Bill. You know that most of them barely make enough to keep themselves in food and clothing.

BILL: Yes, I know, Dan, and you can't really blame them. They have such poor land.

JOHN: And you probably know that because of how little it is possible to grow. A lot of men have time when there isn't much to do.

CAP: I know of one farm where there's hardly anything to do all winter.

JOHN: Sure, there's a lot of them just like that. Now just suppose a few of these men got together and tried to work out something to do with the trees that grow around them.

Fade out for Transition

TEX(SASS): Hiyah, Joe.

JOE(DAN): 'Lo, Tex.

SANDY: Hello, lad, how are you?

TEX: Hi, Sandy, oh, not s' bad. I'd be consid'ble better if I had some good ol' beefsteak t' eat.

JOE: I thought you were gonna butcher that cow of yours, Tex.

TEX: Was. But Trina figured we'd better not. She claims th' kid'll need milk t' grow right.

JOE: Huh! Sow belly 'n' corn pone was good enough for you 'n' me, Tex.

TEX: Shore, but she's full o' new fangled ideas about vitamins 'n' such.

JOE: Dang foolishness, I say.

TEX: Tell Trina not me, she has the say o' how the boy'll be fed. I tell ya, Joe, yer downright lucky your kids grew up before wimmin got all these ideas.

JOE: Like heck, I am. They ain't stopped eatin' since we come out here. Eat more, 's a matter 'f fact.

TEX: Feed 'em some straw, Joe, probably tastes like this here breakfast food they're sellin' in town

(ALL CHUCKLE)

JOE: It's gittin' so a fella can't even grow enough straw to use on the place, let alone t' feed a couple hungry young he-wolves.

(ALL CHUCKLE)

SANDY: That's no laughing matter, when you think of it. If it keeps up, we'll be starved off our fares.

TEX: It's meat that is worryin' me. I think there's plenty 'spuds an' carrots, 'n' such, so we won't starve this winter, but it just don't seem like a man is living when he don't have some meat.

JOE: Pore Tex. Just wait'll y' have t' spend without no meat like Sandy 'n me did 'fore y' came out here.

TEX: I ain't gonna hold my breath a-waitin'.

(ALL CHUCKLE)

TEX: Know what I'm gonna do, first time I get me some money?

SCOTTY: I could guess.

TEX: I'm gonna git me a steak so big, an' so thick, the butcher 'll hafta hire a truck t' haul it.

JOE: You'll be eatin' steak three times aday, I suppose.

TEX: Y' betcher life I will.

SANDY: And you'll be starving for meat again just as soon as you have no more money.

TEX: I don't have a hang, Sandy, I'm gittin' blasted tired o' soup without even a soup bone t' flavor it.

JOE: Remember when we had spuds 'n onions for three months, Sandy?

SANDY: Yea, and nothing else.

(ALL CHUCKLE)

TEX: Y' don't know where I could borrow a little bacon grease, do ya?

(ALL LAUGHTER)

SANDY: I guess we aren't so bad off as long as we can laugh.

JOE: No, --- but it's gittin' t' be a strain.

(ALL CHUCKLE)

TEX: Jes' the same, I wish I had a chance t' git a little money afore the kid starts to school next fall.

SANDY: What have you been doing lately, Tex.

TEX: Not a thing, same as you an' Joe. Leastways not since that county road work stopped. Seems like th' government'd give us somethin' to do, long as they're spendin' s' much money.

JOE: That ain't th' way ya used t' talk back home, Tex.

TEX: Maybe not, but that was a long time ago. I used t' think that if a fella was willin' t' work he could make money some way.

SANDY: I still think that, Tex.

TEX: Can't make nothin' in the' dust bowl, can't make nothin' on this dang rock pile. I wish I knew how, Sandy.

JOE: Shore, lookit you, Sandy. I 'member when that big old car o' yours was th' finest thing in the country.

TEX: An' now what is it? Jest sittin' thure in the shed with a bunch o' other junk cause y' ain't got money enough t' buy gas for it.

JOE: 'Twasn't so bad durin' the war when a fella could sell anything an' everything.

TEX: Yea and the soil's all used up—just like your car, Sandy.

SANDY: That car is good as new—and as powerful as a tractor, too. And what's more, lad, we're not used up yet.

TEX: There ain't gonna be much lef o' me if I don't get some steak next t' my ribs 'fore long.

(ALL CHUCKLE)

SANDY: Now that sounds better. No use for us to cry. Why don't you give us a little music from that accordion sitting beside you there? Maybe that'll lift your spirits up a bit.

TEX: Shore—anything to pass th' time. What'll ya' have?

SANDY: Just play whatever you want to.

TEX: O.K. Here, I've got a little 'baccy left, light up your corn cob, Sandy.

SANDY: Thank you, men.

MUSIC - RAY - ACCORDION

SANDY: You play well, lad, very well.

JOE: Tain't such a bad world, after all.

TEX: Well, it's something to do, anyhow, like this whittlin' I been doin'.

SANDY: I've been noticin' that, Tex, what is it you're cutting out? Looks like some sort of a toy for the wee bairn.

TEX: Yeah, it's a sort of jumpin' doll. Everybody back home makes things like this.

SANDY: Everybody does, you say?

TEX: Most everybody. There ain't much money t' buy toys for the kids so they make 'em. Funny part of it is, the kids sorta like 'em, some of 'em are a' clever.

JOE: Ye sae, Sandy there was two or three Swiss families settled years ago back there. They come from a town that didn't do nothin' but make toys, an' they taught just 'bout everyone how t' make toys for their own kids.

TEX: 'Trina's a granddaughter of one of those old Swiss, Sandy. Her father taught me all about th' way they used to make toys in Switzerland.

SANDY: And you say you can make these toys, too, Joe—jast like they did in Switzerland?

JOE: They still do, I guess, Sandy. Yeah, for a while Dad and I worked for one old fella named Hans Katz. He used to ship toys clear in to St. Louis.

SANDY: What happened to him and his business?

JOE: I believe he moved to St. Louis—isn't that right, Tex?

TEX: Yeah—took about half of his friends along, too. I hear they got a little factory there. Why didn't you and yore pa make toys for the valley, Joe? Hans used t' sell a lot in th' towns.

JOE: Oh, we didn't have money for the wood—comes high there y' know.

SANDY: Man, what I wouldn't give for some boards. I'd put both of you to work making toys.

TEX: An' then what'd you do with 'em? Joe's kids are quite a bit too old fer that, an' I make all the little fella can use.

SANDY: I'd sell them, that's what I'd do, I'd visit all th' towns around here and sell them.

JOE: You know, Tex, I think he could do it at that. Old Hans never had any trouble getting' rid of his stuff; got good prices for it, too.

TEX: Yeah, an' it'd be easy t' make toys like w eused to back home, only lookin' like things th' kids play with now.

SANDY: And we could sell them very cheap, too—because your time isn't worth anything anyhow.

JOE: **(Chuckling)** You ain't lyin' there, fella.

SANDY: I'm almost certain I could get about a hundred gallons of gas on credit if I let my rifle for security.

TEX: An' think of it—I could eat steak again!

(All Chuckle) (Pause)

TEX: But, Shucks, where we gonna git th' boards—they cost money here, too.

SANDY: Yes, that's right—we're counting our chickens before the eggs are laid.

JOE: Ain't you got an old portable sawmill somewhere in that pile o' junk around your car, Sandy?

SANDY: Yes, I traded 50 sacks of potatoes for that once. Wish I had

the potatoes now.

JOE: Why couldn't we saw our own boards?

TEX: Now yer shoutin', Joe!

SANDY: But have you forgotten that there was no power come with the mill?

JOE: Yeah, that's right---

TEX: Tain't much good without power, is it?

JOE: `Well, no harm in wishin'---

SANDY: Wait a minute! When I first come to this country, I remember working for a mill back in Maine that was run by water power.

JOE: Do ya s'pose we could rig up a wheel in Beaver Creek--by th' dam up at my place, fer instance?

SANDY: Aye, we could that! I have enough gears and such in my shed for two water wheels. But what will we do for logs?

JOE: I never thought of that.

TEX: Why couldn't we use up th' ol' cedar logs that're layin' around in the woods where loggers left 'em?

SANDY: That would be jest the thing, Tex. They are rotten on the outside, but sound and seasoned in the center. It surprises me I didn't think of that myself.

ALL: CHUCKLE

TEX: Well, let's go to work--we got a heck of a lot to do if we get this here toy factory goin'.

JOE: The first thing is to get some gas, Scotty. Tex an' me'll start buildin' th' wheel outa th' stuff in yore junk pile, (Fade out) while you go into town after the gas. We'll have it done by th' time you're back.

Fade in Accordion to a Background for Conversation

JOE: By gosh, Tex, y' play that belly piano like ya was honest t' gosh happy.

TEX: I am, Joe, I am. An' so are you, by th' grin on your ugly pan.

SANDY: We weren't so happy the last time you played that, Tex.

TEX: Well, we didn't know we was gonna have a prosp'rous toy business th' last time I played.

JOE: Yore shore a salesman, Sandy. We got orders enough t' keep us busy fer a year in advance.

SANDY: If the toys weren't good I couldn't sell them, Joe. Those boys of yours make good loggers and mill operators, too.

Sass+DAN: Agreed.

SANDY: Do you know we've cleared over \$600 in the three months since we got the mill running?

TEX: \$200 apiece. -Why, man alive, that's more than I earned in a year before.

SANDY: It'll be a little more all the time, as long as we do our own work. We'll have to start cutting green logs to get some dry lumber ahead, too.

JOE: You gittin' enough steak these days, Tex?

TEX: (Groan) Oh-h-h-Don't never mention steak again. I got Trina t' makin' soup an' never want t' see another steak---not fer awhile, leastways.

ALL: LAUGHTER

Fade out Accordion to end Program

1939

Fall Term

BEETLE #1: Say, here's a fine juicy yeller pine log, Fuzzy!

BEETLE #2: This one looks pretty good too!

SPUD: Holy Old Mackinaw! Those pine beetles are big as horses! (whispered—scared—in awe) Why they're talking!

BEETLE #1: O. K. Let's eat that one then. Shall we chew 'er up here or carry 'er back into the woods first?

SPUD: (whispered) And that log's three feet thru!

BEETLE #2: Naw, Mandy! Let's eat it here. If we carry it back to the woods the big beetles will take it away from us.

— October 17, 1939

FORESTERS IN ACTION

Script No. 1

Directed by James Morris

Real Name: H. Sasser

Station KOAC

Nickname: "Sass"

October 10, 1939

Sponsored by the Forestry Club of the Forest School

Song: ALOUETTE

8 BALL: The weather was hot and dry. No breeze at all.

SCOTTY: Talk about forests. They really manage what they have in the Scandinavian countries.

WALLY: We fought fire all summer and no one even thought of vacations.

TAD: You can say what you please but Western Oregon is one of the finest timber growing areas in the world. There's none better.

DAN: Those hot, dry, still summer days are rather ominous to say the least.

WALLY: It was so hot in eastern Oregon that the jackrabbits were packing branches around for shade. Sure terrific.

Laughter.

SCOTTY: Talking of jackrabbits reminds me of that burro we had working trail this summer.

TAD: How in the world could mentioning jackrabbits cause you to think of a burro? Say, your mind must work in a peculiar manner.

SCOTTY: Well—At least mine works. Lots of people's minds don't seem to do them any good whatever.

Laughter.

8 BALL: Come on—You fellows. Fellow Foresters should get along.

WALLY: Scotty sure said something though, men. It's pretty hard to understand just how some people's minds work.

DAN: Yes, that's right. The human animal is a queer critter----

BUTCH: You know on the Saddle Mountain fire this summer some funny things happened. I couldn't understand just how some of those people could reason things out the way they did. Say - This sounds like a story, fellows.

8 BALL: Say, that's right.

SCOTTY: Come on, tell us about it, Butch.

WALLY: Throw another log on the fire.

TAD: What about the people at Saddle mountain?

DAN: I heard a lot about that fire, fellows. I guess a lot of queer things happened in that smoke and haze.

BUTCH: Well, fellows, sit down and I'll tell you.

WALLY: At a boy, Butch.

BUTCH: Of course people got pretty excited over that fire - A lot of them had a good deal to lose. Mills were shutting down, logging outfits pulling out and homes burning up.

TAD: What sort of homes, Butch?

BUTCH: Well, of course, most of them were merely 2 x 4, rough board construction, but when a man's out of work his home, no matter how humble, is pretty important to him.

SCOTTY: I should think it would be.

BUTCH: We gave the people all of the help we could and really went out of our way countless times to make sure that someone's home was safe. We put in a lot of man hours actually saving them from the fire, too.

DAN: Were they grateful, Butch?

BUTCH: Oh! Yes, most of them were. Some of them expected a whole lot more than we could see was necessary though.

WALLY: People are like that!

BUTCH: I remember one fellow in particular was continually bothering us about the fire. The funny part of it was he was a good ways from the fire, too.

TAD: People get excited and don't stop to use their heads.

BUTCH: One day this fellow called up and I noticed that there was a different note in his voice. He sounded dead in earnest.

Fade out on last sentence.

Come in on the hill billy's speech over phone.

SASS: I tell ya, Ranger - you forest men had better do something, that fire's right over the hill here. - Ya better do somethin'.

BUTCH: I'm sorry, Mr. Tabor, but we are too busy to come out to your place. The fire is two miles from you as yet and we need all of our men to fight it where it is.

SASS: Ya better do something. I'm not goin' to let my ranch burn up just because you folks ain't got no sense. I want some perfection, young fellow.

BUTCH: Mr. Tabor, I think you're letting yourself get excited over nothing, sir. When you are in danger we'll try to help you.

SASS: Ya better do something, I tell ya! Ya better-----

(Sound of phone being hung up.)

JIM: What's wrong, Will, is that old Coot going batty?

BUTCH: I'm afraid he is, Jim. I believe we should send someone over there to calm him down.

JIM: Holy smoke, Will, all the men are out now and I've picked up all the help in the country.

BUTCH: I know, Jim. I wish we could do something though. That goofy old fellow is dangerous in the mental state he's worked himself into.

JIM: I'll tell you, Will, I'm going down that way after the groceries for fire camp number I'll drop in and try to calm him down.

BUTCH: Wish you would, Jim. You know how some of these hill billys are!

JIM: Yeah - well - I'll be seeing you, Will. Try to get a relief crew for that bunch of Fairview men. Thirty hours without rest is too much.

BUTCH: O.K., Jim.

(Sound of door closing - later sound of car starting)

JIM: (To himself) I suppose Tabor is liable to die of fright if we don't do something. I'd like to know how a man can take care of forest land, homes, stock, schoolhouses, towns, logging camps and everything else at a time like this. ---- Gee, I could stand some sleep! ----

(Sound of motor.)

JIM: (Excitedly). What?!! Well! Ye gods that's Tabor's place, too! How in thunder-----? (Sound of motor coming to a stop - door closing.)

JIM: Say! What happened here? What's going on?!

SASS: (Hysterically) I told ya to do somethin! You rangers! I told ya!

JIM: Say! There's something fishy here! How's your place get on fire like this, Tabor? The main fire is still two miles away from here. How did this happen?

SASS: I told ya!

JIM: Come on! Snap out of it! What did you do here!

SASS: Smoke just over hill there. Fire roaring. I backfired. I told ya'. I told ya!

JIM: Ye Gods! Your backfire has burned up your life's work, you poor ----- (Fade out) (Fade in again)

BUTCH: Jim found Tabor jumping up and down in the road wringing his hands while his house, barn and all of the outbuildings went up in smoke. He had tried to backfire to save the place, as he thought, and men, the fire never did get within a mile of that old fellow's home!!!

8 BALL: Well, it served the old guy right!

SCOTTY: Pretty tough on the old fellow, I'd say!

WALLY: He just made another fire for foresters to fight.

TAD: Funny how a fellow will do a stunt like that.

DAN: Poor old Tabor! Well, he should have used better judgment.

BUTCH: It's too bad people in the United States can't be forestry and conservation minded as they are in European countries. Why, they say there is practically no fire problem at all in Sweden or Norway.

WALLY: Well---- that's our job as foresters, and anyway people are far more forestry conscious than they were a few years ago.

TAD: That's right!

8 BALL: Say! They certainly are!

BUTCH: How about a little music to lighten things up, fellows? What do you say?

MUSIC ----

8 BALL: Good enough. Nothing like a little music to clear the air.

TAD: That was pretty good for a forester.

DAN: That was surely all right, I think.

SCOTTY: Well, well, we can still put out the music.

WALLY: Say, fellows, Dan here hasn't told us a story for an awfully long time. What do you say we demand a real story?

8 BALL: He tells some tall tales, Wally!

SCOTTY: I don't know. The last ones Dan told were pretty far fetched!

TAD: Well, I'm pretty comfortable here by the fire - get him started and if the story gets too bad maybe we can all go to sleep on him.

Laughter.

DAN: What will you men have - a fight story - a deer story - one concerning bear, cougar, wolf or --- would you like to hear a real true story about a terrible snow I was in?

8 BALL: That snow story sounds good.

SCOTTY: Let's hear about this terrible snow. Maybe that won't be so bad now that this campfire is going so good.

TAD: Throw another log on the fire.

DAN: You know, fellows- the biggest snow I can remember was the

two-in-one snow we had up in western British Columbia, years and years ago, when I was a young fellow.

(Chuckles)

That was the time I made such a remarkable (xxxx) in my fishbone skiis, and almost -----

(Chuckles)

8 BALL: Fish bone skiis! Come on, Dan - what are you handing us?

SCOTTY: Let him spin it! Let him spin it!

DAN: I had this pair of fish-bone skiis made from two ribs of a Jumbo trout I caught in Wapanooskie River that fall. That trout was so big ----

BUTCH: Sure you ruined a pair of oxen pulling him from the river.

(Laughter)

DAN: Well, I should have but he ran aground trying to catch me. I never saw a fish so mad!

8 BALL: Too bad he didn't catch you.

(Chuckles)

SCOTTY: He was kind of an exception for size wasn't he, Dan?

DAN: No, he wasn't any different than the regular river run trout. There were millions of 'em just like him in the Wapanooskie in those days.

WALLY: I'll bet!

DAN: By cutting a couple of his ribs down to proper size, I made a pair of skiis that were the speediest the world has ever known, I reckon---

TAD: Fellows, do you think we had better let him go on with this?!

8 BALL: Oh, let him be.

SCOTTY: He isn't hurting anybody. **(Chuckles)**.

BUTCH: Shoot he's doing fine. I'm all for hearing the rest of the story.

TAD: O.K., Scotty, but don't say I didn't try to stop 'im.

DAN: We had the most peculiar snow I ever heard of that winter. When it started coming up out of -----

SCOTTY: Hold on, Dan, what do you mean - coming up? Snow doesn't' come up!!! It comes down.

DAN: Now! Now! This one came up I tell you. It came right up out of the ground. We never knew what caused it to do it that way but come up it did, fast and furious. Within an hour after it started ascending, people was walking around on snow waist high from the ground. Soon they were digging tunnels down through it to get to their houses and it kept right on coming up until only the tops of the tallest trees were sticking up above the snow.

TAD: Think of that! (Laughter)

DAN: The funny part of it was that, shortly after the ground snow began ascending, another snow started falling from the sky. That's what I meant by a two-in-one snow.

8 BALL: Yeah. Clear as mud! **(Chuckles)**

DAN: The ground snow, though, exerted some kind of influence on the sky snow that kept it from falling all the way down. It just hung there in a solid bank a few thousand feet above us, piling up higher all the time, and threatening to break loose and come down on us at any time.

WALLY: Say, fellows, it's getting cold in here.

TAD: Throw another log on the fire!

DAN: We didn't see the sun for days, but it was plenty light between the snows to see to move about. The ground snow finally stopped coming up, and crusted over, making traveling easy. Most people, though, were afraid to come out and burrowed deep down in their houses thinking the world was coming to an end.

WALLY: I should think they would.

DAN: One morning, craving adventure, I strapped on my troutrib skis and started across the Coast Range, which we call the Cascade Mountains down here, to see what it was like on the east side of the province.

8 BALL: I can just see you chasing along in that snow sandwich.

DAN: It sure was fun zipping up and down the mountains, going so fast I scared the wits out of the grizzlies and other bears prowling around on top of the snow in the weird light instead of hibernating, and other wild critters going hunting for something to eat---so much fun in fact, that I never stopped till I was clear across the Rockies in Alberta.

BUTCH: Say, you were traveling.

ALL: (Chuckles - guffaws)

DAN: As I shot down the east slope of the Rockies and popped onto the rolling plains, I ran into a big gang of mounted Indians, looking for trouble. Yelling like demons, they took after me, each fellow trying to beat all the rest in getting my scalp.

SCOTTY: Too bad they didn't make it.

DAN: Say - I sure had a picnic with those [Indians], zooming up and down those rolling plains, keeping just out of rifle shot, and laughing back at me, I tolled them along after me till their horses were about wore out, and the Indians themselves were crying from rage and mortification.

Suddenly, though, I saw something that ended my mirth in a hurry. The [Indians] saw it, too, and screaming in terror, skedaddled out of there as fast as their tired ponies could take them.

SCOTTY: Now what.

DAN: In the east, the sky snow was slowly but surely settling towards the ground snow, the movement being from east to west.

WALLY: Gosh, it's getting cold in here.

TAD: Throw another log on the fire!

DAN: "Me for the Wapanooskie," I said, after taking one look. But I was too scared to move at first. Pretty soon, though, I got my legs working feebly and headed home.

A big bull elk, sensing danger, came tearing along in the direction I was going and I grabbed him by the tail, and away we went, me beating him with my hat to make him go faster.

(Laughter)

Then an enormous eagle, flying low and screeching in mortal terror, came sailing along, and I grabbed him by the tail too. Then away we three went, fairly burning the wind for the coast.

That was all right until I saw two big packs of starving timber wolves, bearing down on me from opposite directions, hitting just a few of the highest spots as they came. The sight of all those ravenous beasts, with their mouths watering for my meat, limbered up my legs mighty sudden, and soon the elk and eagle were getting in my way. The poor fellows were doing their level best, but they couldn't make over a hundred miles an hour to save their lives.

WALLY: A hundred miles an hour? Say -----

DAN: Then I brushed them aside and the way I tore out of there was a caution to snakes. A whippoorwill shootin' out of a timber fire is a snail in movement, compared to me that day.

I ran over bears, cougars, and herds of deer and elk, leaped hills and mountains that got in my way, scared across deep canyons two and three miles wide, and shot through the valleys like a streak of light! I leaped so high in clearing some of the tallest peaks that my head scraped the snow-bank hanging in the sky, nearly scalping me alive. And all the time I was going faster and faster, till a bolt of triple geared lightning would have had to hit in forty places at once to get me.

Well, fellows, I never stopped till I was safe at home and by that time a Chinook wind had set in and it saved us all from being crushed between the two snows by melting them both in two shakes of a lamb's tail. But my!! What a flood it did cause! So much water pouring into the Pacific -----

TAD: Whoa! I've had enough - you freeze us to death and now you're going to drown us.

(Laughter - loud and prolonged)

BUTCH: We just don't dare to get old Dan wound up.

SCOTTY: What an imagination - man! oh! man!

WALLY: Dan ought to use that imagination to find out how to expand the markets for lumber so that Oregon's main crop, timber, wouldn't want for sales.

8 BALL: I'll tell you - let's make him solve the problem of how to
make the forest users careful with fire.

DAN: Give me time, you fellows, -- give me time.

(Ride, Ranger, Ride)⁷

7. The song "Ride Ranger Ride" (1936, music and lyrics by Tim Spencer) was performed by Gene Autry and The Tennessee Ramblers as part of the soundtrack for a western of the same name, in which Autry played the lead.

FORESTERS IN ACTION

Script No. 2

Directed by James Morris

Real Name: Harold Sasser

Station KOAC

Nickname: "Sass"

October 17, 1939

Sponsored by the Forestry Club of the Forest School

Introductory Song

BLACKIE: I would say that this last summer has been the most interesting of any I have put in so far. At my station I was always seeing some wild animal. There were deer, bear, elk, cats and all kinda small game. Say, Dan, is the whole gang going to be here tonight?

SASS: One o' the most interesting things I know of about wild animals, Spud, is the way a mother deer will treat her fawns.

JOHN: Did you have a good chance to study the habits of deer this summer, Sass?

SASS: Yes, I did John. I was always seeing deer in my work. I ran over a fawn with my car in the early part of the summer.

JOHN: Gee, that was a shame, Sass, you should be more careful.

BLACKIE: That's no way for a forester to treat game.

SASS: Well, fellows, I ran over the little fellow but I didn't harm a hair on his spotted coat!

WALLY: How come, Sass?

BLACKIE: He must have been laying down.

SASS: Yes, he was. Besides I was driving a car with 18 inch wheels. You know - one of those new high wheel Fords?

JOHN: Sure. I've seen them. Pretty good for driving over mountain and forest roads with.

SASS: I was driving pretty fast but I just caught a glimpse of the mother deer as she bounded into the trees.

JOHN: Where were you Sass?

SASS: One of the narrow dirt roads that wind thru the pines west of Klamath Falls.

JOHN: Oh, yes. Well, did you see the fawn?

SASS: No, I didn't but the fireman who was riding with me saw him and he yelled just as I went over him. I stopped within about twenty feet of the spot.

BLACKIE: You weren't going too fast then.

(4) No, I was only doing about twenty. Well, we got out of the car, walked back to the little fawn lying there in the road and this other fellow leaned down and scratched his ears.

(2) Didn't he move?

SASS: No, but believe me his heart was thumping. The hide on his sides was going in and out pretty fast.

(Chuckles)

SPUD: They say they won't move until the mother gives them a go ahead signal.

SASS: I don't know about that but just as soon as we started the car, on our way out, the little dickens bounced up and raced away down the road.

BLACKIE: The doe probably told him to beat it don't you suppose?

SASS: She may have at that. We wouldn't have heard her above the noise of the motor.

DAN: You know Sass, your story reminds me of an incident that happened to me this summer.

SASS: Yes? What was it Dan?

DAN: Why there was an old doe brought twin fawns into a clearing where we were staying. The fawns were evidently only a few hours old.

BLACKIE: Could they stand at that age, Dan?

DAN: Oh, yes! Young deer become sturdy on their legs almost immediately. These two evidently were left by their mother in that place because she didn't know we were so close. We walked over to them where they lay under some bushes and they weren't afraid in the least. They nuzzled our hands and frisked around in the prairie as if they had known us for years.

BLACKIE: Well.

(2): I didn't know young deer were so tame.

JOHN: I'll bet the old doe didn't like the idea a bit.

DAN: I guess she didn't, but we didn't know she was anywhere near and we played with the fawns until noon when we left them to eat our lunch.

SPUD: I'll wager mamma deer came and got the young-uns.

DAN: Yes she did and the funny part of it is that when we were through eating we went back to play with the fawns some more but we couldn't get near them.

SASS: How come, Dan?

DAN: I don't know, but it looked like the doe must have taught the fawns to be afraid of us in the few minutes that we were in the cabin. When we left they had no fear at all and when we returned they wouldn't come near us.

BLACKIE: Well, imagine that.

(2): I guess they do that sort of thing all right.

SASS: She must have been a quick teacher.

SPUD: I think she had instinct on her side though. Wild animals seem to be born with certain leanings or tendencies.

BLACKIE: They certainly are born the right color to fit them inconspicuously into their surroundings.

(2): That's right. You know I stepped on a fawn in the woods once before I saw him.

SPUD: Run! He fairly flew out of there.

BLACKIE: And yet he'd let you walk right up to him!

SASS: Deer are that way. I tell you I saw a mother deer hide two

fawns one day and then turn and trot off. I went over there, as soon as she was out of sight, but hunt as much as I pleased I couldn't find but one of those fawns.

DAN: Mayhap you were seeing double in the first place, Sass.

SASS: No sir! There were two fawns there, Dan.

BLACKIE: Say, Fellows, why is Matt so quiet?

SPUD: By golly, let's make him put down that pipe and tell us of one of his experiences!

(2): Come on Matt, tell us a story!

JOHN: Yes, Matt, it's your turn, old man.

MATT: Oh, I'm disgusted!

DAN: What's wrong, Matt?

MATT: Sass here said awhile ago that he caught a trout 27 inches long up in Marion lake this summer and I know very well there aren't any fish that big in the Cascades!

SASS: Well, there aren't now, of course. I caught the only one, Matt. Gee, he was a big boy!

MATT: Hmm. Say, I do remember an interesting incident at that.

Blackie____: Good.

(2): That's the stuff.

SPUD: Let's have it, Matt.

MATT: You know, fellows, I was out on a raft one day last summer fishing for crappies.

(2): Another fish story!

MATT: Yes, sir, a fishin' for crappies. Well, I hadn't been doing so well but along about sundown I got a tre-mendous tug on my line. Man, but it was a big one!

SASS: Go easy now, Matt, go easy!

(Chuckles)

MATT: I pulled and played that monster and I pulled some more.

SPUD: Come on, Matt. How big was it?

(Chuckles.)

MATT: Fellows, when I got it up alongside the boat I saw what I had on my line was a discarded lantern!

Blackie Imagine that!

(2): I've pulled up an old boot a time or two.

MATT: Men, the funny part of it was. This lantern was lit!!

SPUD: Lit!! (Laughter)

SASS: Whoa—Wait a minute, Matt. That's too big a one! You couldn't pull a lantern out of a lake and then see that it was lighted. Nonsense!

MATT: Well, Sass, you take five inches off of that trout and I'll put the light out in the lantern!

(Chuckles)

SASS: What we need is some music to clear the air up a bit! Let's sing, fellows --- The Dean of the School.

DAN: We did that last week.

SASS: Let's do it anyway.

SONG.

(Clapping, cheers, etc.)

JOHN: The only thing wrong with that singing is that we oughtn't to let Blackie there sing. He ruins the whole thing with that goofy soprano of his.

BLACKIE: I suppose you're Caruso---you big lug!!!

DAN: Say! Blackie, you haven't given us much help around the fire here tonight. You must have had some experiences.

BLACKIE: Anyhow I didn't waste my time petting fawns and fishing for lanterns.

(Chuckles)

DAN: Well, you must have done something to aid the cause.

BLACKIE: That's just it, I was too busy enforcing game laws and putting out people's abandoned campfires to piddle around as you fellows evidently did!

(Chuckles)

JOHN: Well, I always found people pretty cooperative. Most of them realize that the laws are self-imposed, and want to live up to them. The average citizen isn't a law breaker.

BLACKIE: Oh, now! I didn't mean that, but you know as well as I do, John, that there are times when you only get cooperation by taking a fellow in.

DAN: That's right, Blackie, thank heaven that sort of people aren't very plentiful, but how about a story about enforcement?

BLACKIE: O. K. {pause}

BLACKIE: One Saturday evening coming home I heard shots in the canyon below.

(Fade out on sentence - hear two shots.)

BLACKIE: Say, someone is down there spot-lighting deer. Hmm. I'll angle into the cabin and call the ranger.

(Sound of door opening-closing-then ringing of phone)

CHERRY: Clear Creek Ranger Station (Snappily). Hello?

BLACKIE: Hello, Hal - Is the Boss there. (Rather low).

CHERRY: No, he isn't, Blackie. What's the matter?

BLACKIE: There's someone spot-lighting deer down in the game reserve.

CHERRY: Oh! Oh! Think we can nab them?

BLACKIE: Yes, I think so. There's only one road out of this area you know. Say! Call the game enforcement office and have Officer Ellis wait for them down at the bridge. Will you, Hal?

CHERRY: Sure, Blackie, but how will he know which car to stop?

BLACKIE: Tell him to stop them all and hold anyone with guns or meat and I'll try to get the goods on them on this end!

CHERRY: O.K., Blackie --- don't take any chances!

BLACKIE: Thanks. I'll be seeing you!

(Sound of phone being hung up—door opening and closing - car starting).

BLACKIE: (To himself) They must have been just north of the camp ground. I'll leave my lights off. This moonlight is pretty good.

(More car motor sound finally throttling down—coasting—sound of tires).

BLACKIE: (To himself) I'll just park this car here and walk by moonlight to the road.

(Sound of two more shots).

BLACKIE: Confound them, they're a half mile down the road. I'd better get down there in the car.

(Sound of car starting again).

BLACKIE: Anyone that would spot-light deer hasn't much self-respect. I'll bet we get that fellow.

(Prolonged sound of motor)

BLACKIE: (Excitedly) By golly! There's their tail light up on that hill. They must have loaded the venison in and taken for town! They didn't pack that deer far or they wouldn't have been on their way already. I bet they've heard my motor!

(Speeding up of car)

BLACKIE: (To himself) No use leaving the lights off any longer, it's only a few minutes down to the bridge. I'll chase them right into the officer's arms!!

BLACKIE: (To himself) How in the world do people expect us to put a decent game management plan into effect when they won't abide by the laws. We could have more deer for everyone in a few years if we could manage the game populations as we wish! Ha! There's the bridge! And two cars too!

(Sound of car coming to a stop).

BLACKIE: Hello! Mr. Ellis, are these the fellows?

(2): Shure and ya druv 'em right doon to me arms, young fellow, me lad. The fine meat is in the back there and it is to the town cooler we'll be headin'.

BLACKIE: Well, serves them right -----

(Fade back)

JOHN: Blackie, that was a good piece of work.

DAN: Sure was. That's dangerous business though. A man's liable to get shot.

SASS: All in a forester's day's work, eh Blackie?

BLACKIE: That's right, men.

SPUD: Say, fellows, have you heard about the big yellow pine timber beetles that they've just seen down in the loggin' country?

BLACKIE: No.

(2): What are they like?

MATT: Tell us about them, Spud.

SPUD: I was out scaling timber when they came flying----

(Whirring sound)

(Sound of thumps as beetles land on log)

BEETLE#1: Say, here's a fine juicy yellor pine log, Fuzzy!

BEETLE#2: This one looks pretty good too!

SPUD: Holy Old Mackinaw! Those pine beetles are big as horses!
(Whispered-scared-in awe) Why they're talking!

BEETLE#1: O. K. Let's eat that one then. Shall we chew 'er up here o carry 'er back into the woods first?

SPUD: And that log's three feet thru! **(In whispered awe)**.

BEETLE#2: Naw, Mandy! Let's eat it here. If we carry it back to the woods the big beetles will take it away from us.

(Fade into laughter)

Song _____

FORESTERS IN ACTION

Script No. 3(b)

Directed by James Morris

Real Name: H. Sasser

Station KOAC

Nickname: "Sass"

October 24, 1939

Sponsored by the Forestry Club of the Forest School

1: The campus is surely beautiful at this time of year.

DAN: Eventually forestry should include a great deal of ornamental planting.

SASS: The woods and forests from here to the coast are beautiful, too.

JOHN: Forestry will be management of all wild lands no matter what use it may be put to, I'd say.

WOODY: (Come in on John's last few words) The natural arrangement of hardwoods and evergreens that one sees going over to the coast from the Willamette valley is certainly grand in the fall of the year.

(6) (Come in on first part of Woody's sentence) It seems a shame that some people don't appreciate the value and beauty of our forests more.

(1): Sass was just telling me about a fellow that set a fire down on the Ochoco National Forest this summer.

DAN: We had a tough one to handle in that Tillamook burn.

SASS: Say, I haven't heard anything from you, Dan, about your summer experiences. Wasn't there something interesting that happened to you, old man?

DAN: Interesting! Say, my summer was full of interest from the time I left school until I returned. I had some mighty interesting days.

JOHN: There must be a good story here. How about it?

(6) Tell us something of what you did or better yet what happened to you on a fire or two this last summer.

DAN: Well, you fellows remember Val Gordon who graduated last year?

(1) The tall, well-built fellow? Sure, I remember him.

SASS: He is working for the Soil Conservation service in Eastern Oregon.

DAN: He was in charge of two miles of fire trail on the Tillamook fire and we were working under him. We had the fire licked on our side and were just cleaning up a few hot spots to make our line doubly safe.

(Flashback to fire—fade out on last line.)

DAN: Well, Hal, we've just about finished this side. I suppose we'll be going home tonight or tomorrow.

HAL: I don't know, Dan. There are several homes just below us in this little valley. We can't be too careful.

Say, how's the greenhand doing?

DAN: Clarence? Oh! He's all right. Conscientious enough—just hasn't been around much that's all.

HAL: Don't let him hurt himself. I'm going down to the other end to see how that burning snag is by now. So long!

DAN: So long, Hal. We'll be seeing you.

(9) Gee, it's hot on the hillside, Dan. Where's Hal going?

DAN: Down to the other end. You know he says this sector of line protects the homes of several families down below.

(9) Whew! You're in charge until he comes back, too! We'd better check this line foot by foot.

DAN: Oh! I don't see how there could be any danger. We've put out everything for two miles along this horseshoe bend.

(9) I know but Jim just took the readings on this sling psychrometer and the humidity is down to 15.

DAN: Holy Smoke! That low? Well—keep circulating up and down your piece of this line. Keep the men on their toes and kill every smoke you see (9)_____.

(9) Sure thing, Dan. We won't let her get away. (Walking off). Say, you'd better watch Clarence. I see he's going down to

the creek after a drink, he may hurt himself or something.
(Jokingly).

DAN: I'll watch, (9)_____.

(To himself) What's that kid doing? Oh! Bathing his feet in the water down there. Well, I guess they're pretty sore.

(10) Say, Dan. **(Calling.)**

DAN: Yeah!

(10) There's a snag up here that needs cutting.

DAN: Is it throwing fire, (10)_____?

(10) Not bad as yet but the wind's picking up.

DAN: Red and Sandy are on their way up there to fall it. They should be there soon.

(10) O.K., Dan.

(Pause in Program)

DAN: Now where's Clarence? He was just down there at that pool.

(11) **(Calling)** Oh, Dan.

DAN: Hello! **(Still calling)**.

(11) I can see a man working thru the brush up on that hill above the creek.

DAN: **(Calling)** Just a minute. I'll come up there. **(Puffing as he climbs)**

(Pause in Program)

DAN: Where is he? **(Out of breath)**

(11) See, up there by those two noble firs?

DAN: Oh! Yes! Is that Clarence?

(11) Sure enough. What in time is he doing over there?

DAN: He went down to the creek to get a drink and he must have taken the wrong way back. **(Chuckles)**

(11) **(Chuckles)** We'd better yell to him before he gets lost, hadn't we?

DAN: Say! He's yelling to us! Hear him?

(Faint sound of yelling in the distance)

(11) (Yelling) - Hello-o-O!

(Faint sound of yelling)

DAN: He's yelling Spot fire - Spot fire!

(11): Oh, he's balmy! There's nothing over there!

DAN: Well, by gosh, we aren't taking any chances! (Shouting) Spud!
Jim! Get your men over on that ridge. Spot Fire!

SASS: Spot Fire-Good Gravy!

(13): Grab your tools, men.

(14): Let's go, Fellows--- Spot Fire over there on that ridge.

(Fade back on last sentence)

(1): Did they get the spot fire before it got away, Dan?

DAN: Yes, they had it mopped-up in about a half hour but believe me
that fire could have caused us a lot of trouble if it hadn't
been found. Fire loose in the woods is like nitroglycerine in
a hospital. It can do a lot of damage!

SASS: I guess Clarence wasn't such a bad forester after all.

JOHN: Funny for him to soak his feet in a mountain stream, though.

(5): Say, you'd soak your feet in any water you can get after being
on the fire line a few days.

DAN: That stream surely was a pretty one. Several fells in it and
plenty of trout.

(6): Sa-a-a-y! That reminds me of an incident you fellows might
like to hear about!

(1): Get settled, fellows. Here it comes.

SASS: A fish story I'll bet.

JOHN: Chunk the fire up a bit. Chunk the fire up a bit.

WOODY: Nothing like a good fish story. Let her rip.

(Chuckles)

(6): I do quite a bit of fishing, you know!

DAN: Yes, we know.

(Chuckles)

(6): Like all true fishermen. I like to eat my fish when it is fresh!

SASS: Like all true fishermen. (Chuckles)

(6): I remember one trip I made up Grizzly creek in the Blue mountains. Fish? Why, fellows, you never saw such fish!

JOHN: Say, _____, I have to study for that course in forest genetics tonight. How long will this story be?

(6): Genetics, _____, you can't afford to miss this story! This illustrates genetics to the nth degree.

(1): Good Gosh - How could a fish story -----

(6): **(Cutting in on (1))** I had my frying pan along on this fishing trip and whenever I caught a few fish I'd fry them in butter and eat them. They certainly were good!

DAN: And three hours since dinner.

(6): I came to one splendid big pool well in the shadows of a big rock and in that crystal clear water I saw the biggest brook trout you ever heard of.

SASS: The granddaddy of them all, I take it?

(6): **(Cutting in on last word or two of Sass)** I cast my fly upstream from this fellow and man oh man, how he did cut the water getting to it. He snapped that fly up and took off for Joneses! Gee, how he did swim!!

JOHN: Jerked you right off of your pegs, I'll bet!

(6): **(Cutting in on last word of John)** I played that fish for fifteen minutes but finally he was mine.

WOODY: Then you ate him. (Chuckles).

(6): No, he was such a beauty I decided to take him home. So I tied the frying pan to his tail for a weight and built a little dam

in some backwater and put him in there until I left. Later, however, I saw he had gotten loose!

SASS: You lost him, eh? Tch! tch! tch!

DAN: Say, what has this to do with genetics?

(6): You know I went back to that stream for some more fishin' this year and, fellow, you can never guess what I saw!

SASS: Snakes, I'll bet! **(Chuckles)**.

(6): Men! I got to that big pool by the rock and I hadn't been fishing for only about four or five minutes when I heard the funniest noise!?!

JOHN: Seein' things and hearin' 'em too! Nuts!

(6): **(Cutting in on John)** That enormous fish came pounding down that rocky stream bed with the fryin' pan still tied to his tail and right after him came a school of small fry each of 'em with a tiny frying pan on his tail.

(Laughter - Jeers --)

WOODY: What a story! A school of fry with pans on their tails.

(6): Fryin' pans - Fellows! I counted 10,000 of them!

(Laughter)

(1): It's time for music, I'd say.

(Agreement)

END OF MUSIC

(Cheers) - (Clapping of Hands)

DAN: Pretty good - Pretty good.

SASS: Reminds me of the singing and fiddling and such we used to do in the bunkhouse when I was logging!

WOODY: One of those bloomin' loggers - cutting all of the timber off the mountains.

JOHN: Well, Woody, we can't practice forestry unless we are able to sell the forest products and you have to log the timber before it can be used.

(1): Too bad more people don't use a lot of wood products---then the loggers could afford to practice sustained yield forestry!

SASS: I was going to tell you fellows of something I saw happen while logging if you'll let me!

DAN: Sure, go ahead. **(Chuckles.)**

(6): We wouldn't think of stopping you!

JOHN: Let's hear it!

SASS: O.K. - I was setting chokers on one of the sides. There were four of us in the crew. One of the gang, Shorty, a little chunky fellow was always taking foolish chances.

DAN: There's a guy like that in every group!

SASS: One day, Shorty started down the hill to help the whistle punk change his line. While he was going down there we hooked onto a big Douglas-fir log.

(Fade out on a flash back)

SASS: Here, I'll hold the choker from the side. Yell for a tight line.

(8): Hi Hi ----- Hi Hi Hi

(9): Watch it!

SASS: She's going to slip off! There she goes!

(8): Log's rolling! **(Yelling)** Look out, Shorty!

(9): **(Excitedly)** I never knew Shorty could run like that!

SASS: Look at those short legs go!

(8): Jump to one side, Shorty - Jump to one side!

(9): Ye Gods - He's tripped!

SASS: There goes the log right over him - and he's got a widow --- confound it!!

(Pause)

(8): Well, -- Look at that!

(9): He's up and running again - must have fell in a hole!

(3): He doesn't know the log is below him, he still thinks it is behind him! Ho, Ho, Look at him go!

(General laughter - then flash back to studio)

SASS: Shorty ran about ten feet, then jumped into a clear place to one side. It was only after he stopped that he realized the log had gone right over him!!!

(1): That man must have been excited!

JOHN: Imagine such a thing happening!

(5): **(Cutting in on John)** That wouldn't happen again in a hundred years!

SASS: He was lucky he didn't get killed!

(6): Did he have any more sense about being careful after that, Sass?

SASS: Naw. That fellow wasn't a bit more careful! He just didn't have any brains, I guess! **(One chuckle)**

JOHN: Must have been a webfooter!

(5): Whattaya mean webfooter! I'm one myself!

JOHN: Well, I'm a bunchgrasser and proud of it!

(6): What's the argument?

(1): Oh! Anyone born West of the Cascades is a webfooter and anyone born East of the Cascades is a bunchgrasser.

(6): Oh! Now I see! Why worry about it?

JOHN: Maybe I'd better tell you a story to illustrate it!?

SASS: Go right ahead, John, we'll keep still even if most of us are webfeet!!!

JOHN: There was once a hunter in eastern Oregon who made his living selling silver grey squirrels hides that he collected and tanned for the market.

(5): I guess those pelts are pretty fine when made up.

JOHN: This hunter used the brains of the squirrels for tanning the hides.

(1): Yeah! I've heard of hunters tanning skins with brains!

JOHN: One time this hunter killed off all of the squirrels in his favorite hunting ground and as a result ventured over into western Oregon hunting for more squirrels.

DAN: They grow bigger over here!

JOHN: **(Ignoring Dan)** He hunted and hunted but try as he would he didn't seem able to find a squirrel.

SASS: Too smart for him over here! **(Chuckles)**

JOHN: Finally one day he did see one sitting just behind a hemlock log with just his head sticking up.

(1): The squirrel knew a bunchgrasser couldn't hit him anyhow!

JOHN: The hunter sat down waiting for the squirrel to show some other part of his anatomy before shooting because he wanted to save the brains for the tanning process!!

(5): That's right he had to have the brains to tan the hide with!

JOHN: He sat there aiming for ten full minutes but the squirrel just looked at him and chattered!

(5): Never saw anything like a bunchgrasser before, I'll wager.

(Chuckles)

JOHN: Finally the hunter got impatient and blew the squirrel's brains out!

(1): Son of a gun!

JOHN: Then he looked around for something he might shoot in order to collect some brains to tan the hide with.

(6): I suppose he shot a cougar!

JOHN: No, the only thing he could find was a webfooter and you know--he had to shoot 13 webfooters in order to get enough brains with which to tan that squirrel hide!!

(Laughter - prolonged)

(5): I'll brain you - you bunchgrasser!

SASS: Now, now, fellows - We're all foresters!

(Laughter)

FORESTERS IN ACTION

Script No. 4

Directed by James Morris

Real Name: Harold Sasser

Station KOAC

Nickname: "Sass"

November 2, 1939

Sponsored by the Forestry Club of the Forest School

DAN: Indian summer is my idea of perfect weather.

SPUD: The black locust tree is proving mighty useful in Oregon. It makes the best fence posts you can get.

JOE: Yes, Dan, I'm having a mighty tough time studying in this weather.

TED: They say Osage Orange has a good deal of value as a hedge, Spud.

SASS: This is the time of the year that a fellow should spend out in the field, I'd say!

JOHN: Osage Orange makes good bow wood they say.

SCOTTY: Talking about hedges. Have you fellows heard about the bulb farmer up the Columbia gorge?

ANDY: I never have. What has hedges to do with raising flower bulbs anyhow, Scotty?

WOODY: What about him?

SCOTTY: Oh, 'tis this way. The soil up the gorge is very rich but there is also a tremendous wind current down the Columbia and this farmer says he loses about one inch of soil a year in some places due to the wind!

SASS: Gee, an inch a year. That's what I call severe soil erosion, Sam.

WOODY: That's a shame.

SCOTTY: Yes, he loses that fine good soil when the wind is bad. This farmer noticed, however that where his soil was protected

he didn't lose any soil so he thought of putting in some protection.

JOE: Trees would be just the thing for that.

SCOTTY: That's what this fellow thought so five years ago he sent to the Clarke-McNary nursery in Corvallis and bought some Port Orford cedar trees.

SPIKE: Why Port Orford cedar, Sam?

SCOTTY: Because Port Orford cedar isn't liable to injury from rodents and rabbits and it make a splendid windbreak in a hurry.

ANDY: Does the windbreak really help much, Sam?

SCOTTY: I'll say. The soil stays put now and this man sure praises his Port Orford Cedar hedges. He says they keep the wind from drying out the ground, too. He has the hedges every two hundred feet or so.

DAN: Say, talking about Port Orford cedar reminds me of one time that Shorty here and I were bear hunting.

SHORTY: You mean up on the Coos river that time, Dan?

DAN: That's right. I was quite a hung, wasn't it?

SHORTY: Yes, it was, but you know, Dan, I was pretty scared while we were tracking that bear!

JOE: Oh! Shorty! A bear won't hurt you!

DAN: **(chuckling)** This one would have, Joe. You see, Shorty and I wounded the blooming thing before we started trailing it.

ANDY: I guess bears are pretty dangerous when they are wounded.

JOHN: Shorty must have done the shooting. He couldn't hit anything.

DAN: Well, I wasn't scared, fellows. Shorty was there to protect me!

(Laughter - guffaws)

SHORTY: Quit kidding, Dan. You finally killed him and you know it. I just wounded him.

CHERRY: What do you mean, Dan - that Shorty protected you?

DAN: **(chuckling)** Look at the length of my legs in comparison with Shorty's. That bear wouldn't have even been near me before he'd have caught Shorty there.

(Laughter)

SHORTY: Doggone you, Dan, I'll never go hunting with you again!

(Laughter)

SPUD: Long legs are a distinct advantage sometimes at that.

TED: What are you thinking about, Spud. Your legs aren't very long.

SPUD: I was thinking of that lookout that the fire almost caught up on Saddle Mountain this last summer.

SCOTTY: Tell us about it, Mr. Murphy.

SPIKE: Sure let's have it, Spud. Let's have it.

SPUD: Well, this lookout had orders to stay at his post until he felt it was no longer safe.

SASS: A man ought to do that anyhow. He should stay up on the mountain as long as he is any good to the protection force.

SPUD: Well, anyhow, this fellow waited a little too long. He watched the fire day after day while it go closer and closer until it finally had him cut off on three sides and there was only a narrow strip of unburned area down where the road ran alongside of the river.

DAN: He shouldn't have taken any such chances.

TED: Some people are just dumb in a case like that.

CHERRY: The poor nut.

SPUD: The lookout buried his radio, his bed and grub and then started down off the mountain. He was an awfully long legged guy but the closer he came to the road the more worried he became for the fire was cutting off that strip.

SASS: Didn't you say that he could still get to the river?

SPUD: Yes, and that is what he finally had to do. He took to the river. The worst part of it was that the cliffs dropped off for about 15 feet where he came out and the fire wasn't giving

him any time to hesitate so he had to jump into that white water, cork boots, stag pants and all.

JOE: The river's a rough one up there, too.

SASS: I wouldn't have liked to be in that fellow's shoes.

CHERRY: That river must have swept him down below the fire in a hurry though. It's pretty swift up there.

SPUD: Yes it did. It swept him down below the fire in a jiffy- He got pretty well battered on the rocks though, and of course he was pretty tired from fighting the river and running down that mountain.

(Ted) I'll bet he got out of that country as fast as he could go.

SCOTTY: I wouldn't hesitate with that fire on my heels.

SPUD: No sir. The ranger got worried about him and sent a pick-up to see if he got out all right and where do you suppose they found him?

DAN: Running down that road as fast as he could come away from the fire.

SPUD: Fellows, that long-legged Galoot was standing in the road with nothing on but shorts and his boots drying his clothes by the heat of that fire!

(Laughter)

SAM: He must have gone daffy!

SPIKE: What a man!

WOODY: Well, a fire wouldn't travel so fast that a man couldn't outrun it pretty easily on a road I should think.

SPUD: That's what this fellow said. You see the outside of the fire was burning downhill and it wasn't coming too fast.

WOODY: Well, even so. Most fellows would have been so scared that they would be going still!

JOHN: That story you told about the bear, Dan, reminds me of a time when three fellows were tickled pink to see a bear at close quarters.

DAN: How come, John?

JOE: Now that bunch-grasser is started

SPIKE: Another bear story.

JOHN: I was out with a survey party in the ponderosa pine country over near Bend. There were six of us in the party and the boss had put a new man in charge.

CHERRY: What do you mean—new man, John?

JOHN: None of us knew him at all. I don't know how he got his job from the boss.

CHERRY: Probably had some pull somehow.

DAN: Now, Cherry, you don't have to have pull to get a job. You're always talking about pull. How come.

CHERRY: Oh! He talked as if maybe this fellow didn't measure up. Didn't you, John?

JOHN: Yes, that's right! He didn't measure up at all. He had just about everything about him wrong.

SASS: Gee—what a man for a boss. I'd've tipped him off a cliff or something.

(Chuckles)

JOHN: We're not all as big as you are, Sass, you know, and—man—this fellow was big. Just a bully. Well, his Nickname: was Bull. So you can judge for yourselves.

SPIKE: To be out alone with a guy like that.

JOE: I'll bet you fellows had a miserable summer!

JOHN: Well, it sure started out that way.

SAM: Pretty hard old man—pretty hard.

JOHN: Well, for the first week we didn't know what to do. This fellow cussed us, made us work overtime, and every other little meanness he could get away with he did.

SASS: Fellows like that aren't the sort to be out in the woods on a camping trip with.

JOHN: One evening Red, Hal and I took a different way into camp and came down the ridge and across the garbage pit into the little

flat where our tent was. I noticed Red looking at tracks around the garbage and Hal just grunted—Bear—They come in at night. But I noticed Red looking kinda thoughtful.

DAN: Scared maybe?

JOHN: Say! That little guy was born in a rattlesnake den. He wasn't afraid.

SCOTTY: Maybe he wanted to kill one of the bruins for meat.

JOHN: Late that evening we were playing pinochle by the light of a lantern out in front of the tent. I noticed Red winking to the rest of the gant while Bull's back was turned. But I was tired so I rolled into bed with Jim and the cook. I heard the fellows talking under the lantern.

(Fadeout to the campfire scene)

RED(SPIKE): Say, Hal! Have you noticed the bear sign in the hills around?

HAL(DAN): Yeah—seem to be lots of bear around here. Your turn to play, Bull.

BULL(BLACK): Shut up, you little squirt! I'll play when I get good and ready!

BILL(JOE): I saw some cougar sign in the saddle of the ridge above the camp water hole, Hal!

HAL: The deuce you did. Kinda bold coming down that close, wasn't he?

BILL: Oh! Yeah - looked like a big fellow!

RED: I heard of a cougar taking a man's arm off once!

HAL: Tell us about it, Red.

BULL: Say, aren't you dumb bunnies going to play your cards!

BILL: You don't mind such stories in the dark, do you Bull?

BULL: Aw—no—nothin' bothers me—tell all you want!

HAL: Go ahead, Red.

RED: Well. It seems there were three fellows out hunting deer in Washington. One of them bagged a big three-pointer the first day.

BULL: I've shot a lot of deer in my time!

RED: Yeah! Bull? Well, this hunter wasn't much of a numrod and he was pretty proud of that deer. He hung him up in a tree in front of the tent with the hind feet just touching the ground. Then the next day he went out with the fellows to get another buck.

HAL: He was going to get the limit, I guess.

RED: When they came back that night a cougar had torn the hind quarters off of that big buck and pulled them away. Gee, that hunter felt mad.

BULL: Confound it, Shorty, put some wood on the fire, do you want it to go out?!?!?

SHORTY: No, Sir. I'll do that sir!

RED: This hunter was so mad at that cougar that he vowed he'd shoot him. -So the next day he laid in the brush watching the deer. They had three hung up there then. About two o'clock he got tired of waiting - no sign of the cougar, so he chased out in the brush hoping to scare him up.

HAL: That was kinda dangerous.

RED: Yes, but he didn't think much of it until he circled around and found that cougar's tracks in his own.

SHORTY: In his own? What do you mean - the cougar was trailing him?!

RED: That's right, Shorty! That's right.

BULL: Say! What's the matter with this lantern - going out?!

RED: Oh! It's all right, Bull! Just a little low. Well, as I was saying. He saw the cougar tracks in his own.

HAL: Man, oh! Man!

RED: So this dumb bunny turns around and backtracks hoping to meet Old Man Cougar face to face and blow his brains out.

SHORTY: Humph, as if the cougar wouldn't know what he was doin'!!

RED: That's right, Shorty! That cougar was waiting for him!!

BULL: Fix that fire up, Shorty!

SHORTY: Gosh, Bull! It's already plenty hot!

RED: And that cougar jumped right out onto the hunter. Clawed his arm pretty bad. Had to have it amputated.

HAL: Too bad.

SHORTY: Served him right—should have known better—The cougar just clawed him and ran - Eh, Red?

RED: Yes, that's the way they do - Dan, gosh - you know I think the bear around here are Grizzlies, Hal!

HAL: Either that or Cinnamons. Both are pretty vicious.

SHORTY: I'll say! I wouldn't want to tangle with oen of them. Say, what you lookin' off into the brush for, Bull? Too dark to see anything?

BULL: Mind your own business, you runt, and fix that lantern!

SHORTY: O. K., Bull! (Fumbles the lantern). Darn! That lantern went out!!

BULL: (Excitedly) Say! Light that lantern! Light that -----

RED: (Cutting in) Ye Gods, Bull, that fire's big enough for light! Say, Sa-a-a-y, (whispering) is that something down by the garbage hole?

HAL: So it is. A grizzly - I can hear him!

SHORTY: You think he'll tackle us, Red?! Shine your flashlight on him - There - Wod, what a big ugly -

BULL: (In terror) Help! Help!

(Pause) - (Chuckles)

SHORTY: Good old bruin—poor old black bear - look at him go - Bull scared him out of a year's growth! What's Bull doin' in the tent there?

RED: **(Chuckling)** He's burrowing under the covers if I know Bull! Jim and John won't get much sleep and the cook sure will be man - ha! Ha!

HAL: Good going, Red. We've sure got his number!

(Fade back to studio)

(Chuckles)

SPUD: I guess that black bear scared him plenty. Eh! John?

JOHN: Red said when they shot the flashlight into the garbage pit the bear reared up and glared at them, or so it appeared. Bull was sure scared. I was in bed with two of the other fellows and Bull jumped in between us without pulling his shoes off even.

CHERRY: **(chuckling)** He was sure one scared man, eh?!

SPUD: Most bullies are that way.

JOHN: You know, fellows. Bull left the next day and we never saw any more of him.

DAN: I guess you weren't sorry.

JOHN: I should say not! We took turns being boss and we got more work done without that nut.

JOE: Pretty good - Crowded into the blankets with his boots on -

(Chuckles - some laughter)

MUSIC

FORESTERS IN ACTION

Script No. 5

Directed by James Morris

Real Name: Harold Sasser

Station KOAC

Nickname: "Pete"

November 9, 1939

Sponsored by the Forestry Club of the Forest School

DAN: It isn't at all impossible to grow fence posts in fifteen years in this country.

John: The Port Orford Cedar is a might valuable tree.

Spud: No! I suppose not. Either one of the Sequoia or a cedar should do it.

TED: It is pretty fine for venetian blinds and battery stock I guess.

JOE: You'd think the gang, here, was still in the classroom to hear them talk. Qualities of different trees and uses to which they may be put is all I hear lately.

SHORTY: That's about right at that.

DAN: Well--That is part of a forester's work of course. I think I do care a little more for some other phases of his work though, at that.

SPIKE: Such as what, Dan?

DAN: Oh! Most of us enjoy the work in the field far more than we do the classroom detail.

WOODY: That doesn't mean we can get by without the classroom work though.

SHORTY: Joe sure hates the books.

SPUD: Joe! You may not like studying, old man, but I guess you'll just have to force yourself to it!

(Chuckles)

JOE: Oh! I don't mind studying too much but I was hoping Dan here would tell us something about the field work that would be interesting. It can't all be dry.

DAN: Say, Joe! You should have been with me on my guard station this summer.

SPIKE: Where was it, Dan?

WOODY: Up near Sisters wasn't it, Dan?

DAN: Yes, on the little North Fork. There is about ten thousand acres of the wildest country you ever saw. The cabin sits out on an open prairie at the edge of a steep rock gorge.

SPUD: That country is all cut up with prairies and mountain meadows up there they tell me.

DAN: Yes, Spud, and that is the reason I enjoyed my summer so much. The timber, what there is of it, is of the alpine type and you can see for miles on end with field glasses.

SAM: Did you have glasses, Dan?

DAN: Yes. I had a telescope, too. Made good use of them. You remember I was telling you about that Hill Billy-Pete Hanson—who used to come down and visit me, Spud?

SPUD: Sure you said the two of you would sit out on the bluff and watch the deer feeding in the cherry thickets.

DAN: Yes, we got a great deal of pleasure out of watching them thru our glasses.

WOODY: Deer are beautiful animals.

SPIKE: Weren't there any other animals except deer, Dan?

DAN: Oh! Yes! Say! That reminds me of something we watched thru our glasses just before the snow started to fly in September!

SHORTY: Tell us about it, Dan!

TAD: Yeah? Well, let's hear it! We've been wanting a story!

SPIKE: We're listening!

DAN: O. K. - We were sitting out on the edge of that bluff watching a little band of deer (does and fawns) that were feeding up near the rimrock.

-- Fade Out -

PETE(SASS): Dan, that's a purty bunch of venison up thar!

DAN: You said it, Pete - can you see that little spike buck under those first, or will your glasses pick him up?

Pete! Yeah! I can see him. I think that's his mother with the twin fawns over near that black rock. - Say - look at her.

DAN: She smells something on the wind. - Huh!

PETE: Trottin' up on the ridge. Notice how the rest of them get out of sight?

DAN: Well, Blow me down! The rest of the herd just disappeared - seemed to me. What's she up to, Pete?

PETE: Aw, that's usual! She's trying to attract attention of whatever's stalking the herd.

DAN: Gosh, if that's a cougar - she's liable to get killed.

PETE: I've seen an old doe protect her herd that away - time after time. - Look (excitedly) up near that pine crag - see those two slinkin' grey varmints.

DAN: Well - for - Holy smoke, Pete, those are timber wolves!

PETE: M-m-m-might be - Haven't seen any for quite a spell in these parts though - wish I had old Betsy down here instead of in the cabin up yonder!

DAN: Yah, a gun will come in handy.

PETE: She sees them - see.

DAN: Why doesn't she run?

PETE: She wants to make sure they're after her and not those young-uns down in the gully thar.

DAN: You're sure right! Look at those two hug the ground! I'd hate to be in her shoes.

PETE: Oh, I don't know. - That old doe isn't too dumb! See the herd making down that gully about a quarter below the ridge?

DAN: Where - I -

PETE: Down by those twin rocks - move your glasses to the right.

DAN: Oh! Sure - the other doe is in the lead. Look at those deer use the bushes for shelter!!

PETE: If we weren't in just the right position we wouldn't see them - oh, oh, -- the grey boys are getting close!

DAN: Why doesn't that doe dust out of there?!!

PETE: That's mother love for you - look - to the left - another grey -- --

DAN: Holy Gee - there's a whole pack of those wolves. Why! Why doesn't that deer run!

PETE: (chuckling nervously) Say, when she decides to go those grey boys will be way in the rear!!!

DAN: Pete! There's another wolf right under her to the right! Look! Wow! That's a leap. She jumped clear over that alpine fir thicket!!

PETE: (chuckling nervously) She's off now - look at her cover ground - man, oh, man, -- two, four five, six, seven grey boys!

DAN: Holy Mukish! Jumpin' Catfish - Pete! I thought you said she would outdistance them. They're keeping pretty close to her!?

PETE: She wants to keep them interested, Dan - That's all! See the herd going down by the Big Sandy Bar!?!

DAN: They're out of danger - why doesn't she shake that pack!?

PETE: Maybe she's enjoying herself! Look at that black wolf in the lead. Believe me, he's traveling!?!

DAN: She's taking the pack directly away from her fawns, though! Pete!! That black lobo is cutting off to the right! What ---

PETE: He figures to hamstring her when she cuts back around that mountain. - he might - do - it.

DAN: Look at those mean grey streaks go! (Faint sound of wolves) Hear them! Pete! They're getting closer.

PETE: **(Chuckling)** Wait until they cut around that mountain!

DAN: What's that old doe figuring? She's cutting up over that cliff - circling back - Well -----

PETE: Sure - she's not so dumb - that black lobo - look! There he comes - not ten feet behind her!! Oh, Golly, look at that deer go!!

(Sound of pack faint but getting louder)

DAN: She's heading this way!

PETE: I'll get my old gun.

DAN: (Calling) Hurry, Pete - She's heading down the long ridge!

(To himself) Thank heaven the cabin's so close.

(Sound of pack)

PAUSE

PETE: Here, give me those glasses!

DAN: Over by that dry stream bed! See them come! What wouldn't the gang at school give to see this!

PETE: Dan, that old doe is going to find herself in a pickle!

DAN: Why? Oh! I see! Doggon it, she'll have the cliffs on both sides and in front in a few minutes.

PETE: Well, that's a dumb piece of venison - Doesn't the old fool know she's headin' right for the brink!

(wolves within a thousand feet of watchers - loud)

DAN: She's done for - shoot! Shoot 'em, Pete!

PETE: Take it easy, Dan! - Well - (big splash)

DAN: She didn't even hesitate - thirty feet if an inch - look at her swim that river!

PETE: Steady! (Sound of rifle - 1 - 2 - 3 - 4 - 5 - 6) Got - four of em! (Chuckles) Listen to 'em howl!

DAN: That black lobo got away!

PETE: I'll catch him on my trapline this winter, look at that doe- She's all tuckered out - working her way down this bank.

DAN: Look!- There's that black - nope - gone!

PETE: Yeah! I saw him too just for a second - well, he'll wish he never saw these parts before I get through with him!!

(Fade out on last part of sentence)

JOHN: Well - Boy! Oh Boy! I'd sure have liked to have seen that race! You fellows had the best seats in the house for that show, I'd say!

SPUD: You know the life of wild animals is awful cruel, isn't it, Dan?

(Jeers - Laughter - kidding Spud)

TED: **(Breaking in)** Why doesn't the government trap out the wolves and other varmints, Dan?

DAN: Well, there's such a thing as biological balance, isn't that it, Blackie?

JOHN: Yes, I think most of the wild animals have a place in the scheme of things. The cougar, wolves, and coyotes kill a good many of the weaker deer but the herd is probably better off in the long run because of it!

CHERRY: Sure - that keeps the misfits from reproducing their kind doesn't it, Blackie?

SAM: Yes, it kills the diseased animals too. Keeps the herd strong and healthy.

DAN: I heard of a case that just about proves that. Oh! Sam! Remember the trouble they had with rabbits after they poisoned the coyotes by Eagle Flat last year?

SAM: Do I! My dad owned alfalfa in that valley. Those big eared babies just about ate his hay that he'd figured to feed the cows on - come winter.

TED: **(Chuckling)** Remember that guy up on boomer hill, Spud?

SPUD: Do I!? - I'll never forget it - I thought you'd have a fit!

TED: Say ---! You were just as scared as I was, buddy!!

SPUD: Yes, I guess I was at that, Ted.

CHERRY: What's the joke - let us in on it, fellows!

SHORTY: Sure - what's the big idea anyhow, men!

SPIKE: Spill it, Spud - Spill it.

SPUD: Well, it's like this. Ted and I were detailed one summer to watch a back-woods farmer. -- --

TED: Oh, -- he wasn't a farmer - his place didn't have over two acres of clear ground on it!!

SPUD: That's right, it didn't - he shouldn't have been in there trying to make a living for his family.

TED: You see, fellows, this hillbilly owned about forty acres of land right in the center of a big timber tract. He had a wife and two half grown girls and made a living for them by shooting game, trapping fur and picking up a little money wherever he could. Of course whenever there was a fire he'd want a job fighting fire.

SPUD: That's just it. The fires got to be too frequent.

SPIKE: Oh, I see - he was setting them was he?!

TED: Well, the timber company thought he was anyhow, so they detailed us to watch him. We hid out on a ledge about two miles above his home and watched that guys every move with our field glasses.

(Fade out on last sentence)

TED: Can you see anything down there, Spud?

SPUD: Naw, hard telling where he's gone. Haven't seen a sign of life since he left the clearing an hour ago.

TED: He probably is out hunting venison some place. Gee this rock ledge does get hard. I'm glad we're shaded from the sun.

SPUD: Yeah! You know, Ted, this hiding out up here - eating cold grub and sleeping on the ground isn't such a pleasant prospect!

TED: Well! If we can catch old Si down there setting a fire, it will be worth while even if we stay here all summer.

SPUD: We've been here a week now and the woods are getting dry but I haven't seen anything suspicious yet.

TED: Well, he's the guy that set the fires in the past though-he must be! No one else around here!

SPUD: You know sometimes I think Si knows we're up here, Ted.

TED: Naw! We haven't moved away from here since we came in that night. He doesn't know we're here.

SPUD: I don't suppose so - I feel kind a - creepy sometimes though as if someone were sitting right behind that tree there - say - (whispering) - that foot -- --

(Pause)

TED: (raising his voice) All right - you - come out from behind there.

SI(JOHN): What in tarnation you young squirts think you're doing up here! I've half a mind to fill ya full of lead!

SPUD: Take it, Mr. Black - take it easy.

TED: Put down that gun - you - put it down.

SI: Oh, yeah?! Spying on me, eh! So that's what I saw the sun shining on this morning. Spyglasses!

SPUD: Sure they're spy glasses. We're taking a count of deer by watching these mountain meadows, Mr. Black.

SI: Countin' deer? Aw what - you mean you're with the government countin' wild critters on this new-fangled game census?

TED: **(Eagerly)** Yes, that's right, Mr. Black, that's right. We're taking a game census.

SI: Sounds fishy to me - By the looks of this camp you've been here several days - huh - countin' deer - huh!

SPUD: Put down that gun, Mr. Black. We've been using this camp as a base - been working the high country back of here.

SI: Well this is a good spring here - maybe - looks fishy though - looks fishy -

TED: Let's see what time is it? By golly, almost noon. How about some lunch, Mr. Black!

SI: Say - that's another thing - why haven't you fellas had a fire up here - looks like you're hiding out, by gosh!

SPUD: Now, now, Mr. Black, we --- --- ---

SI: How come you know my name too - huh!?

TED: Oh, oh, oh, you see we study the records of the country we go into before we make a game census. We don't have a fire because the woods are so dry we are afraid we might start a forest fire.

SI: Well, of all the dum fool - this country should be burnt off anyhow - make better hunting.

SPUD: Here, have a cheese sandwich -

SI: Well, that city stuff looks purty good - don't mind if I do. The missus won't worry, I reckon.

(Fade out on the last)

SPUD: That old codger saw the sun shining off the glasses we were using to watch him with and came up to investigate.

TED: Believe me, we talked fast for a little while.

SAM: I'll be you cleared out as soon as he left.

TED: We sure did.

JOE: What about the fires? Did he set any more of them?

SPUD: No, we reported to the lumber company and they went up and bought the old guy out. Paid him a hundred dollars to move.

SAM: Cheap at that, I'd say!

JOE: It sure was.

SPUD: A hundred dollars is a lot of money to some people.

DAN: I'll say a hundred dollars is a lot of money. I have such a slim budget that I can't even take my girl to the show anymore.

(Chuckles - Laughter - Poor Dan.)

FORESTERS IN ACTION

Script No. 6

Directed by James Morris

Real Name: Harold Sasser

Station KOAC

Nickname: "Sass"

November 16, 1939

Sponsored by the Forestry Club of the Forest School

DAN: (on mike) There is an enormous amount of splendid forest land that isn't growing anything but weeds at the present time.

JOE: (in background) Black locust is going to be one of the most valuable trees in Oregon eventually.

JOHN: (on mike) Yes, Dan, and all it needs to start it producing a splendid crop of timber is the planting of a forest stand!

Spud: (in background) It certainly does make just about the prettiest flooring that I have ever seen.

SASS: Did Harry Karns tell you about running into a cougar this summer, Dan?

DAN: No! He didn't tell me anything about it.

WOODY: Gee! Did he really run into a mountain lion, Sass?

SASS: He shore did. He was coming home from town at night, with a load of groceries in his old gelopy, when it happened.

SAM: Ye Gods. Shorty, how would you like to run into a cougar at night?

SHORTY: I wouldn't - What happened. Sass?

SASS: Well, you know how Harry drives?

(Grunts of assent)

SASS: He was driving about sixty, on a narrow mountain road, when off to one side, below the bank and quite a bit ahead, he saw this cougar heading up towards the road.

SAM: I'd a stood that car on its hind wheels, turned it and headed the other way if I'd of been him.

(Chuckles)

SASS: Karns says he just stepped on the gas, a little harder, and froze to the steering wheel.

DAN: He'd do a thing like that!

SASS: The cougar bounded into the light of the car, rared up, and the car hit him square in his breadbasket.

SPIKE: Wow!

SASS: Harry says he's sure that cougar couldn't have taken such a blow, without some injury, but when he got his car stopped and went back with his flashlight the big cat was gone completely.

WOODY: Must have crawled off and died!

SHORTY: Say, Dan, tell the gang what happened in the rich man's cabin two years ago last winter.

SASS: Dan, you keep that to yourself.

SPUD: Let's hear it.

SPIKE: (in background) Sure, don't mind Sass.

DAN: You fellows all know what a good shot Sass is, don't you?

SAM: (on mike) Do we! I'll say we do.

JOE: (in background) He's the best there is!

DAN: Three of us fellows got permission from the town banker to use his mountain cabin over the weekend. Of course Sass here had to take his gun along.

WOODY: He's never without it in the woods.

DAN: We had a grand time up there on the mountain. Hiked all over the country, told stories around the fireplace fire at night and took turns cookin' flapjacks.

SASS: We sure did have a good time - Forget the cat though. Dan, I'll do you a favor sometime.

DAN: Oh! That's too good to keep back, Sass.

SASS: Doggone it, anyway.

DAN: The banker's cabin had a big plate glass window that looked out into a little glade by a mountain spring.

SHORTY: That surely was a wonderful view from that window.

DAN: That window was the banker's pride and joy and we fellows spent a lot of time standing by it in the living room. Every night there would be a deer or two come out and drink in the glade there on the mountain and we got into the habit of watching for them (Fade from 'mountain' on)

(Flashback to mountain cabin)

SASS: Say, fellows, it's just about dusk -the deer will be coming down pretty soon - Come on in.

DAN: **(in the other room)**O.K., Sass - just as soon as I get this sink washed out. Shorty is getting some bark for the fireplace.

SHORTY: **(coming up on mike)** This bark will make a good fire.

(dull thumps as wood is placed by fireplace)

SASS: The sky sure is pretty out there.

SHORTY: I'll say, Sass - Sure grand - Man, oh! man!

(Pause)

DAN: **(coming up on mike)** Any deer showed up yet?

SASS: Not yet, Dan, but isn't that sky beautiful?

DAN: Sure is, Sass. Fading fast though - oh, oh, -- see? Over there by those willows!!

SHORTY: **(excitedly)** A doe and two fawns! Say, those are cute little fellows!

SASS: Mighty graceful animals.

DAN: Say! There must be another one here in this thicket by the house. I saw something move.

SASS: I don't see anything. That brush isn't high enough to hide a deer, Dan!

SHORTY: There! I saw something move, too! Right below that young seedling, Sass!

DAN: Sa-ay! Look! A cougar!

SHORTY: Well - Holy Mukiah!

SASS: Jee-rusalem! (Fading) I'll get my gun.

DAN: The wind's with him, the deer don't know he's around!

SHORTY: Look at his tail twitch - Gosh! I'd hate to be those deer!

SASS: **(coming in on mike)** Is he still there?! Sure enough!

DAN: Wha-----

SHORTY: Hey!-----

(Sound of gun - awful roar in the room - glass tinkling)

SASS: Ye gods - I forgot all about the --- Did I get him?!

DAN: You got the cougar all right but look at that window!

SHORTY: Sass! You big Ape! What ever came over you!

SASS: My, Gosh! Fellows, I forgot all about the window!

SHORTY: Shot right through it -----

DAN: **(chuckling)** Well - that deer is the old man's pet - look at that cougar kick!!

SASS: **(Fading)** How much does a window like that cost, fellows? It look like a window to buy.

(Flash back to studio)

SPUD: **(Chuckles)** You mean he didn't even know the window was there?

DAN: Well, he should have but he evidently didn't realize it at the moment **(chuckling)**.

SPIKE: Talk about absent-minded profs!

SAM: You take the cake, Sass! **(Chuckling)**

DAN: Anyhow the bounty for the cougar would have paid for a new window.

SASS: That was an awful job packing it up there and putting it in though! Wow! But we did sweat!

SPUD: What did the banker say?

DAN: Aw he insisted on paying for the window - Said he loved that deer as much as any pet he'd ever had.

(Sound of door opening and closing)

JOE: Well, hello, John! Where have you been!

TED: (on mike) Kinda late old man!

Nick: (in background) We've been waiting for you!

SPIKE: (in background) Hello, John!

JOHN: (coming in on mike) Hello, fellows. I just got back from Brownsville - Long lab. today ----

DAN: What was the class over there for, John?

JOHN: We were studying that Cascara plantation over there.

SPUD: Cascara - like you buy in a drug store?

SASS: Sure, Spud! It's a tree - the bark contains the cascara from which they make medicine.

DAN: Some of these first year men don't have much on the ball.

JOHN: Aw, Spud never heard of it before, Dan.

WOODY: Well, if it's a tree, why have a plantation of it, John!?

JOHN: Why, Woody - This fellow has acres and acres of the stuff and he grows it for sale.

WOODY: I should think taking the bark would kill the tree.

JOHN: The Cascara tree is one of those that will sprout when injured, so the year before the bark is to be peeled from a tree the tree is bruised at the base. That treatment induces sprouting so that when the main trunk is cut off the following year there is a new sprout that will grow into a tree!

SPUD: Well, -- blow me down!

JOHN: The farmer grinds up the bark and small twigs and sells the dust by the pound - makes a good living off of it he says.

WOODY: Imagine a ranch like that. How long does it take for the trees to produce bark, John?

JOHN: Oh! It's thick enough by the fourth or fifth year.

SASS: That fellow over there cultivates the trees like you would corn, doesn't he, John?

JOHN: Yes, he does, Sass - Has them planted in rows and runs his cultivator between - there isn't a weed to an acre.

DAN: The prof takes the boys out to see that plantation every year.

JOHN: Did he ever tell you about losing a watch out there, Dan?

DAN: Yes - Oh! He tells everyone - the loss of that watch sure hurt the old Scotchman.

(Laughter and chuckles)

SASS: Where did he lose it, Dan?

DAN: Says he dropped it in the creek during high water one spring.

SASS: Oh, I know - down in that swale below the plantation.

DAN: Yeah.

JOHN: Well, he found it this trip!

DAN: **(on mike)** He did! Good - that will make him feel good in class tomorrow.

Sass: **(in background)** Well, after all these years!

JOHN: Yep, fellows - he found it! And the bloomin' thing was still ticking when he pulled it out of the water!

SASS: Shoot him. **(Jibes - laughter)**

TED: Did he get wet fishing the watch out of the brink, John?

JOHN: No, it was laying under the sand on the bank with just a bit of the chain showing (singing).

TED: That brings a picture to my mind.

SPIKE: What of, Ted?

TED: **(chuckling)** My dad, swimming after a fish.

SAM: (on mike) Swimming after a fish? Well of all the stories that's the best!

JOE: (in background) I never heard of a fellow swimming after a fish!

SHORTY: (in background) He must have wanted fish pretty badly.

TED: The old man was surely excited!

JOE: I should think he would be!

TED: He'd got this fish on his line and played him for several minutes before he could get his landing net under him.

WOODY: That doesn't sound like swimming for him!

TED: No? Well, you see the bloomin' fish got loose of the hook and flopped out of the net just as Dad thought he had him.

JOHN: Gee, that would be tough luck at that!

TED: The poor fish was tuckered out though and kinda swam away belly up. Dad went right in after him - swinging with that net of his - trying to get the fish back to shore. Finally he made it but not until he got out to where he had to tread water!

(Laughter)

SAM: I can just see that sight!

JOE: Hard telling what a fisherman will do in a pinch!

SHORTY: That's right by Gosh! It's a lot of work and grief sometimes - fishing is!

JOHN: Oh! I don't know as it's so much work - It's all in how you do it, I'd say!

DAN: What do you mean by that, John!

JOHN: You fellows should come fishing with me sometime.

(Jeers)

WOODY: I suppose you're the world's best fisherman, eh?

JOHN: Oh! I'm not such a good fisherman as you fellows think of one, I guess --- but believe me I don't work very hard!

SASS: How do you do it, John?!

JOHN: Well, it's like this ----- Have any of you men ever seen my gold-fish-----

SPIKE: **(on mike)** Goldfish!

WOODY: **(in background)** What have goldfish to do with it?

JOHN: Well, men - it's like this - I am raising trained goldfish for sale to wide awake fishermen!

DAN: Nuts - what's the joke?!

JOHN: My goldfish have little suits that fit like a harness and I tie them in these suits on the end of the fishing line.

SASS: **(Chuckling)** And a great big fish swallows the goldfish so you can pull him in, eh?

(Laughter)

JOHN: No, no - no-no, fellows, you've got me wrong. I couldn't afford to lose my goldfish after so much careful training. No, I've trained them to swim into the big fish's mouth and then out through the gills.

(Laughter - jeers)

JOHN: Then the little fish swims rapidly away pulling slack and when he has enough turns and loops the loop over the fish line above the big fish - holds him in with a half hitch - then swims after another big fish!

(Laughter)

JOHN: Why, men, I've had one of my pet fish tie as many as ten big trout onto my line before he jerked the line telling me to pull them in!

(Laughter - long and loud)

FORESTERS IN ACTION

Script No. 7

Directed by James Morris

Real Name: H. Sasser

Station KOAC

Nickname: "Benson"

November 30, 1939

Sponsored by the Forestry Club of the Forest School

DAN: (on mike) I tell you, Spud, Paul Bunyan may be a legendary hero but some of the things that have been accomplished in the logging woods would put Paul Bunyan to shame.

JOE: (in background) We drove past the Douglas-firs, into the true firs at the higher altitudes and finally into the lodge-pole pine sand area in the high Cascades.

SPUD: (on mike) Well, Dan, I suppose that is so if a fellow just knew it. You've had a good deal of experience logging—tell us something about it!

JOHN: (in background) You missed the best part of the area up there, Joe, you should have dropped onto the eastern side.

DAN: Well—take the ocean-going log rafts for instance, some of those rafts are tremendous propositions—aren't they, John?

JOHN: I'll say they are, Dan. A Benson log raft off the West Coast of the United States is the largest thing afloat in the Pacific.

(Guffaws - laughter)

SAM: You wouldn't kid us would you, John?

SHORTY: He's not stringin' you, fellows. That's the honest truth. Such a raft may be close to 850 feet long and every one of them built in recent years have contained better than 5,000,000 feet of timber.

SPIKE: Say, that would be some raft of logs, Shorty.

DAN: Did you fellows ever hear how ocean-going log rafts came into being?

(Chorus - No - how was that, Dan, etc.)

DAN: The first recorded attempt to move logs over the ocean was in 1792, when a Dr. Tupper, of Bath, Maine, resolved to show ship owners of that time he didn't have to pay their high charges for stowing logs into a ship's hold, plus freight costs to England.

JOHN: Oh! Sure! I remember studying about that raft. He made it by nailing squared timbers together in the form of a ship's hull, didn't he, Dan?

DAN: Yes, the old fellow supervised the making of the raft himself and when she was done and tied to the dock he had her square-rigged with sails, just as though she were a true ship.

SAM: Some! Ship - made of solid wood.

SPIKE: I wouldn't trust myself on such a trip, believe me!

DAN: Most of the sailors were the same way, Spike, and for many months the owner couldn't get a crew to man the ship-or raft, whichever you want to call it. But finally by buying a small ship and hoisting it on deck he got a crew which was willing to take a chance.

WOODY: Were they going to sail that thing clear to England?

DAN: Yes, that's the way their plans were made out.

JOHN: The crew finally abandoned the raft, didn't they, Dan?

DAN: Yes, rough weather set in when they were well out to sea and the crew decided it was time to leave. The raft pounded to pieces on the Eastern shores of Canada.

JOE: I don't see how such an idea could work out.

SHORTY: Say, Dan, there was another attempt made on the East Coast after that, wasn't there?

DAN: Yes, two rafts were built to bring logs from Halifax to Boston - They both went to pieces before reaching their destination though.

JOE: You'd think after three attempts such as that they would have abandoned the scheme.

JOHN: Nothing was done for quite a while after the last disaster I understand.

DAN: That's right, John. Simon Benson revived the idea. It seems he wanted to build a sawmill at San Diego, California, which is 1100 miles by sea from Benson's logging operations on the Columbia River.

SHORTY: 1100 miles is an awfully long ways - I'd say!

DAN: He wanted to get away from freight charges and thought the ocean-going raft might do the trick.

WOODY: Where did this fellow Benson get his idea of the ocean-going raft, Dan?

DAN: Oh - One of the fellows that helped build the two that went to pieces in the last attempt on the East Coast happened to come along about that time and they got together.

(Fade out on the last half of speech)

BENSON: (taken by Blackie) No, Sir! I don't aim to pay the exorbitant prices they ask for freighting logs that 1100 miles. Why it's all out of reason, Jack!

JACK: (taken by Sass) Well, Benson, I know that a raft could be built, that would make the trip safe and sound.

BENSON: Yeah, but you admit though, that you had tough luck with the idea back East.

JACK: Wasl, --Shoot! I wasn't in charge back there and I couldn't help it if they didn't build them right. I always figured the rafts should be streamlined and chained pretty carefully. Those rafts were a pretty feeble attempt, I'd say.

BENSON: Why there isn't a logger on the river that thinks the idea's worth two cents, Jack!

JACK: Yes, I know-but you know most people aren't willing to take a chance on a new thing even if it is sound in principle. All of the revolutionary ideas in history have been laughed at, Benson.

BENSON: Just how big would you make this raft, Jack?

JACK: We-a-l shoot! While we're at it we might as well make a big one - say three million feet of logs?

BENSON: Three million feet! Holy Old Mackinaw! - Why, that would be a lot of logs to lose, Jack.

JACK: You're not going to lose them. Why, we'll deliver every log at San Diego, or I'm a horned river toad.

BENSON: By the Great Horn Spoon, I've half a mind to let you go ahead in spite of what the other timber men have said. My pardner is very much interested.

JACK: Well, now, we could build a frame - get the chains and be working on it in short order, Benson. Now, you'd have all the logs you could use in San Diego for some time to come! You'd better let me start work, Benson, your crew needs the work, and there will be a profit for everyone in it, when we deliver the raft in California.

BENSON: By Cracky Jack!! (excitedly) Fly to it. Build a raft bigger than anything afloat! Build it in the shape of a seegar, and anchor those logs in solid. We'll beat the freight charges yet.

(Fade out on last sentence)

Joe: (on mike) That fellow Benson must have been a gambler, I'd say!

SPUD: (in background) Three million feet - Wow! What a raft of logs!

SPIKE: You know it's just combinations of events such as that that make history, fellows.

WOODY: That fellow Jack was some salesman to convince the hardheaded Benson of the feasibility of that idea of his!

JOHN: I'll bet the whole river was laughing at the attempt, Dan.

DAN: Yes, but after many months of hard labor the raft was completed. The deck was loaded with timbers, joists, shingles and other things needed for erection of a sawmill and then Benson // cigar raft #1 put out into the ocean from the mouth of the Columbia.

JOHN: They say even Benson himself had grave doubts when the strange craft took off down the river.

WOODY: Well? Did the raft make it, John?

JOHN: Yes - without mishap - in about twenty days.

JOE: Gee! I'd a like to have ridden it down there!

SPIKE: It would have been some trip all right.

SAM: That's about 55 miles a day. Pretty fast for all of that weight!

SPUD: Have they ever made another one, Dan?

DAN: Oh, sure! There have been 103 such rafts so far and there has been good luck with all but two of them, fellows!

SPUD: Tell us something about the making of these rafts, Dan!

JOE: Sure that ought to be interesting!

SAM: How do they make them, Dan?

DAN: John - you visited that raft factory up on the Slough, John. Tell these birds something about it.

JOHN: Well - I wouldn't call it a factory exactly. The empty cradle is something you never see any place else. It might be a grandstand in the making or the hull of a monster ship.

SHORTY: Do they always build them in fresh water, John? Why not build them down by the Ocean?

JOHN: Oh! The cradle is built in fresh water to escape marine borers that would eat up a cradle in a year's time. Being in fresh water a cradle lasts for several years.



Crew arranging logs inside cradle, Columbia River near Stella, Washington, ca. 1903, by John Fletcher Ford. University of Washington Libraries, Special Collections, J.F. Ford Photograph Collection, box 1, folder 5, item 39, PH Coll 701.39. digital.lib.washington.edu/findingaids/view?docId=FordJFPHColl701.xml.



Chains and cables holding together completed Benson raft, Columbia River near Stella, Washington, ca. 1903, by John Fletcher Ford. University of Washington Libraries, Special Collections, J.F. Ford Photograph Collection, box 1, folder 5, item 45, PH Coll 701.45. digital.lib.washington.edu/findingaids/view?docId=FordJFPHColl701.xml.

SPUD: Oh, No! The cradle is built in sections and when the raft is completed the sections are kicked out one at a time until the raft can be pulled out of the remaining part of the cradle.

WOODY: They must load the logs out of the water with a big derrick—Is that right?

JOHN: Yes, that's right and after the cradle has been half filled the first chains are put on.

SPIKE: Chains? I thought they used cables!

JOHN: No, chains hold the rafts together. An anchor chain is run through the whole affair, from stem to stern making the backbone of the raft. Herring-bone chains, much smaller, are shackled to the center chain and attached to five circle-chains at each end of the raft. When the raft is ready to sail, it contains no less than 175 tons of chains.

SAM: No wonder it holds together.

JOE: I imagine those chains would have to go on just so or too much strain would come on one length.

JOHN: Yes, especially since, in the Benson process, the raft proper tends to flatten out somewhat, soon as it is out of the cradle, and thus serves to become self-tightening.

SPIKE: I should think that would be a splendid factor in the heavy seas!

WOODY: Do the rafts ordinarily carry an extra deck-load, Jon?

JOHN: Yes, they do. There is plenty of room on the deck for a good deal of material and the Benson people have felt it might as well be utilized.

SPUD: I suppose they use more chains to last that on.

JOHN: Right you are.

JOE: Say, what would happen to that deck load if the raft turned over, John?

JOHN: **(chuckling)** It isn't apt to turn over, Joe. There is tremendous weight there - two thirds of it under water and the raft is rather flattened as we explained before.

SPIKE: How much timber in the modern rafts, John?

JOHN: Well, the original raft contained some three million feet but the present rafts contain at least five million.

SPUD: Must take a powerful tug to pull it, John.

JOHN: Yes, it does, Spud, even then there has to be a device for automatically taking up the slack and letting it out. If the slacking device failed to work properly, even for an instant, the raft would probably pull the tug in two, if the towing line didn't break first.

JOE: Good Gravy! A raft like that really is a Paul Bunyan Proposition, isn't it, fellows?

(Laughter - agreement)

FORESTERS IN ACTION

Script No. 8

Directed by James Morris

Real Name: H. Sasser

Station KOAC

Nickname: "Jack Brown"

December 7, 1939

Sponsored by the Forestry Club of the Forest School

DAN: (On mike) I think that of all the mental pictures I have retained, the one that is the most vivid is that of Crater Lake.

JOE: (4' off mike) The beautiful forest covered areas are only now beginning to be appreciated.

JOHN: (On mike) The work of the National Park Forester must be interesting. He is continually dealing in the unusual and wonderful of our outdoor possessions.

SAM: (4' off mike) Recreation is getting to be a big thing all right.

DAN: Did I ever tell you fellows about the moose hunt I made in Canada a few years back?

SPIKE: (On mike) No, you didn't, Dan! Tell us now! (Very emphatically)

HAL: (4' off mike) Let's have it, Dan!

DAN: Well I have a friend who is a park ranger and he and I had a date to hunt moose up in Canada. His folks lived in a small town in Iowa and he was back there on vacation when I looked him up.

SHORTY: Park ranger from Iowa! I bet his folks raised hogs and corn.

DAN: Yes, they did, Shorty!

(Chuckles)

DAN: I met him at his home in the evening and while we were discussing our plans for the coming hunt I found that we were to have a companion on our trip.

(Fade out from "we were" on)

PARK RANGER(SPUD): **(strong, slow habit of speaking, -- very confident)**
You see – It's this way, Dan. I've known Farmer Brown for years. He helped Dad here on the farm before he bought his own place. I couldn't refuse him this request.

DAN: Oh! I suppose this fellow's all right. What sort of a chap is he?

SPUD: Well, he's just a farm kid – big, strong, and good humored.

DAN: Is he going to be ready at six tomorrow morning?

SPUD: Will he be ready?! Man! That fellow has been ready ever since I told him he could go along.

(Fade out from "ever since" on)

JOHN: Usually these last minute additions to hunting parties don't work out so well, I've found.

DAN: Oh! John Brown was all right. He was bright enough and willing to help in camp, strong as an ox and tickled pink to go hunting. He'd never been off his Dad's ranch to spend a night – before.

JOE: He probably didn't know what a moose looked like.

DAN: **(Chuckling)** He didn't – that's the funny part of the story.

JOHN: He should have been good at toting grub and supplies in to camp anyhow.

DAN: Yeah, he was – Well, to get on with the story – we made camp by a little lake way back in the sticks – and the ranger and I hunted for two solid days all over that country without getting a shot.

BLACKIE: Wasn't there any moose in the country, Dan?

DAN: Lots of moose – we found all kinds of signs but just weren't lucky, I guess.

WOODY: What was John Brown – the farmer boy – doing all this time?

DAN: Oh! This lake was full of fish and that was one thing he had done before. He surely loved to catch those bass – good eating, too.

SPIKE: Pretty nice for you fellows – coming home to meals of fried fish.

DAN: Yes, it was – We had to jump on him once or twice though – He'd get interested fishing and forget everything else.

BLACKIE: That's easy to understand!

DAN: The third-morning out we ate a real early breakfast and then hiked off leaving John to fish. As usual we didn't have any luck, and after an hour or so we decided to hike back to camp and cross the lake into new country.

WOODY: The other side of the lake always looks like better hunting.

DAN: Well, we got back to camp and I left the ranger while I went up an old wagon road along the lake to find the country boy, John. We'd decided to take him with us.

BLACKIE: I should think he would have rather stayed and fished.

DAN: **(chuckling)** I guess if the truth were known, he would have, but, anyway I hunted him up on the side of the lake.

(Fade out from "hunted him" on)

DAN: **(calling)** 'Bout ready to call it good, Jack?

JACK(SASS): Yeah! Sure! See the string I've got?

DAN: Wow! What beauties!

JACK: You fellows have any luck?

DAN: No – lots of beds and moose trails but not an animal to be found.

JACK: I'd like to see one of those critters. Donno as I'd know one if I saw him **(chuckling)**

DAN: Oh! You'd know them all right, Jack – They're about the biggest things on four feet.

(Fade from "they're" on)

DAN: I stopped to look at some fish swimming around in a pool below that wagon-trail and Jack got quite a way ahead of me.

JOHN: He probably would have wanted to catch them if he'd stopped.

(Chuckles)

DAN: There was a little rise ahead of me as I turned to catch up with Jack and he was just swinging along down the other side.

JOE: He must have been a walker!

DAN: I topped that little hill and just as I got up to where I could see real well a great brush patch rose from the road-side where Jack was walking!

SAM: A moose!

DAN: The horns of that big bull didn't miss Jack's legs by more than two inches and the fellow jumped a full five feet to one side in getting out of the way.

BLACKIE: You fellows must have had the wind with you in order to get that close to the animal.

DAN: Yes, we did.

JOE: What happened, Dan?

WOODY: Yeah - Hurry up.

(Chuckles)

DAN: Fellows, that bull stood there looking at Jack without turning a hair - its head lowered and its legs spread wide.

SAM: I'd of took off for parts unknown!

JOHN: What did the kid do, Dan?

DAN: Fellows, I don't believe Jack was any more bothered than if he had been confronted with a young steer in his Dad's pasture. The big stiff dodged to one side and picked up a big stone-straightened up - and plastered that moose square in his short-ribs!

JOE: (on mike) He was taking dances with death, I'd say!

HAL: (4' off mike) Didn't know any better than to do that!

DAN: I thought that big bull would charge but I guess he was-some-surprised for he let out a grunt or bellow and headed off into the timber.

BLACKIE: I'll bet he didn't go far, though.

DAN: No, he just ran about a hundred feet and then turned to stare – Funniest thing I ever saw! He stopped behind a big spruce tree and looked around at Jack.

HAL: He must have been curious.

SAM: Probably'd never seen a human being before!

DAN: He'd peer at Jack – first from one side of that tree and then from the other and snort as if trying to figure out what he was looking at.

(Fade out from "snort" on)

DAN: Doggone it, Jack, this would be the one time that I wouldn't have my gun on me.

JACK: **(chuckling excitedly)** Go get my gun–will ya, Dan–I'd like to hang up that piece of meat.

DAN: You might as well come, too ---

JACK: Naw – I'll kinda play tag with him till you get back–keep him interested – here – take these fish.

DAN: Fish – Forget the fish ---

JACK: No – those are the fish – there – look at that pull paw the earth.

DAN: I'll get those guns. (Fading)

JACK: Well – aw he didn't take my fish – I'll hang them up here – **(chuckling)** by gosh I believe that critter, is as big as two or three Hereford steers, rolled in one. He don't seem much scared though.

(Fade out from "steers" on)

DAN: When I got back Jack was whetting his long bladed knife on a piece of sandstone. The ranger came with me and we had the three rifles and lots of ammunition.

JOE: Going to get one moose anyhow – huh?

DAN: You bet – Well – you know Jack was supposed to be a poor shot so we decided to let him play dog.

(Fade out from "decided" on)

SPUD: **(Slowly authoritatively)** All right, Jack, you work up thru that canyon and Dan and I will beat it upon the ridge. When you chase the big boy out of the brush we'll shoot him.

JACK: **(Chuckling)** Mind if I blaze away at him once or twice mister?

SPUD: Oh! Of course not, Son, but I don't believe you'll get that close to him again. O.K. We're losing time – up this ridge, Dan.

(Fade out from "time" on)

DAN: We came out on bare ridge high above the canyon below. It was a perfect set-up – the sun was getting almost overhead and we had a clear shot over all of the land around the head of that canyon.

(Fade out from "shot" on)

SPUD: Well, now – this is as good a place as any. We'll wait for him here.

DAN: You know – I don't like the idea of Jack being down in there with that moose.

SPUD: Oh, that animal won't let him get anywhere near him this time.

DAN: I don't know – he's upwind from Jack and that big farmer doesn't make much noise in those moccasins.

SPUD: Surprise to me how calm the boy is.

DAN: He acts just as if he was out to kill a steer that he'd fed by hand for several months.

(Chuckles)

(Sound two widely spaced shots below)

SPUD: Well, for – Say, maybe he crept up on that Bull after all. Let's go down there.

DAN: Wait, he might shoot again (pause) no – seems to be all and I can't hear any noise so he must have killed him.

SPUD: Beginners luck – Well – we'll have to go down thru the brush here, I guess.

(Fade from "Well" on)

DAN: We hurried down thru the trees and in a little glade at a distance we saw Jack working - He'd pulled that Moose's head down hill - bled him and was starting to cut him open.

(Fade from "hill" on)

DAN: (Calling) Hey, Jack!

JACK: (Calling) Hello ----

SPUD: (Calling but closer) Having trouble?

JACK: (Almost conversational tone - chuckling) Naw - purty big piece of meat, though - good thing you packed that block and tackle with you, huh!

(Fade from "good" on)

DAN: We strung that moose up to cool and then went down to the creek to clean up.

(Fade from "down" on)

JACK: By golly - look - fish up here, too, -- wall!

SPUD: How close to that moose were you when you shot, -- Jack?

JACK: About ten feet, I guess!

DAN: Ten feet - man! He might of killed you.

JACK: (Surprised) Well, gosh, -- didn't you say that gun was big enough to tear through anything?

DAN: Yes - but what if you'd have missed?

JACK: Shaw! (Chuckling) couldn't have missed at that distance. Say! Do you suppose we can angle down this hill, so we'll come out about where I saw this critter first?

DAN: Sure, any woodsman can do that - but why so interested in coming out there, Jack?

JACK: Well, -- I hung those fish up on a willer just off the path a piece. - Wouldn't want them to be there in the sun too long - Mighty purty fish.

(Fade on "mighty")

DAN: Yes, Sir - Fellows - Killing a Bull Moose was no more to that farmer than shooting the winters meat from the farm-lot herd. - But fishin' now - that was different.

BLACKIE: That's where he showed good sense - more real enjoyment in a day of angling by a shady pool -----

JOHN: There you go - Say, let's do a little singing to break the monotony - come on, gang.

HAL: Throw another log on the fire ----

(SONG)

(Clapping - good going - fine music, etc.)

JOHN: Blackie, remember that time you and I went hunting Canada geese.

BLACKIE: Forget it, John, -- Forget it - What have I ever done to you?

(John laughs)

JOE: He's got one on you, eh! Blackie?!

HAL: Let's hear it, John - Open up ---!

JOHN: Well, you fellows know how much Blackie likes his books?!

JOHN: Yeah! Always reading - can't get his nose out of a book!

(Chuckles)

JOE: Come on, Gang - How about this story!

JOHN: We were in the blind by daylight and I had all I wanted in the first fifteen minutes of shooting.

BLACKIE: You had all the luck!

JOHN: Luck! My Eye! You nut-if you hadn't of had that love story along - you'd of got the limit.

BLACKIE: Wasn't a love story. Technical article on forestry - that's what it was!

HAL: All about forest genetics - eh, Blackie?

(Chuckles)

BLACKIE: No, the author was pointing out the need for Oregon keeping her forest lands growing timber to keep the mills running - it was a good article.

HAL: There's a lot to that subject all right.

JOHN: As I was saying - I'd got my limit - cleaned my gun and greased it, and put it in the case. I was catching a little shut eye - waiting for Blackie here to shoot himself a goose.

WOODY: Well, he had the field to himself then - huh.

JOHN: Lot of good it did - He buried his nose in this love story and forgot the geese.

(Chuckles)

JOHN: I had a funny feeling after awhile as if something was looking at us from the bank above where we lay. I opened my eyes just a slit and, men - there was a great big Canadian gander staring down at us from the edge of the pit!!

(Exclamations) (Chuckles)

JOHN: I poked Blackie - here - in the back and he looked up square into the face of this long-necked goose!

(Chuckles)

BLACKIE: Confound you, John!

JOHN: The gander backed off and started running and Blackie here reached for his shotgun.

BLACKIE: Yeah, and this guy wouldn't let me shoot.

(Laughter)

JOHN: No, Sir! After pulling one like that you didn't deserve a shot!

(Laughter)

BLACKIE: I waited 30 minutes after that before any more birds showed up.

JOHN: **(Chuckling)** And I sat on his magazine.

BLACKIE: Confound you, John - you wait - the next time this gang gets together I'll tell about you and the redheaded school teacher down at four corners!

(Chuckles)

JOHN: Aw, listen, Blackie - I won't do it again - honest.

(Laughter)

HAL: Attaboy, Blackie - that's what we want to hear -- about time John got taken down a peg!!!

(Laughter)

1940

Winter Term

SASS: Most people realize the beneficial influences of nature, I believe – look at our tourist trade – every year sees a notable increase in the number of people seeking rest and recreation away from the bright lights.

DAN: Yes, the forester of tomorrow will be working with trees, lumber, wildlife, watershed protection, grazing and all of the other uses of forest lands, but also he will be working with people ...

JOHN: (**chuckling**) I can guess you're right, Dan – Rest from civilization's worries is to be one of the uses of the forests. It is inevitable.– nothing can stop the trend.

SPUD: Oh! OH! Here comes a story.

– February 8, 1940

FORESTERS IN ACTION

Script No. 1

Directed by James Morris

Real Name: Harold Sasser

Station KOAC

Nickname: "Sass"

January 4, 1940

Sponsored by the Forestry Club of the Forestry School

DAN: (on mike) I tell you fellow, those trees grew three feet every year.

JOE: (4' off mike) Sheep are fairly easy to manage.

SASS: Oregon sure has some of the best timber growing land in the world at that!

JOHN: (4' off mike) Sure and if they weren't used we wouldn't be good managers.

SPUD: Well, men, as I see it, the job of the forester is changing rapidly. We are no longer concerned with trees alone and we had better face it. A forester must consider every acre of wild land with an unbiased viewpoint; decide on the highest economic use for that acre and use it in that manner.

JOHN: Yes, and if that means putting sheep and cows on land that will also grow trees—then we must put the stock on the land and work for their best interests.

_____: A forester is truly a manager of wild lands — isn't he?

SPUD: Yes, sir, and that means he must know something of the business of growing timber crops, something of the use of forest land for recreation, for fish and game production, for grazing and the myriad of other uses incidental to wild land management.

_____: You didn't mention public relations, Spud; I imagine most of us had better be grounded in that field.

SPUD: Well—the fact is—forestry can't very well be practiced in the United States today unless public relations has a definite part in the program.

JOHN: What with the public traveling thru the forests; smoking, building camp fires and contributing to the management problems in other ways—we'd better public relations.

DAN: Forestry as it is practiced today may be, and is, influenced a great deal by public opinion, too. Furthermore, we must look to the public for the market which furnishes the returns from the forestry investment. In public forestry appropriations are ample or insufficient depending on the attitude built up in the minds of everyday citizens.

_____: Well—it evidently is a big job if we do it correctly.

_____: I see where I'll have to take more courses in agriculture before I can consider myself very well educated in my profession.

JOHN: You'd better go back to your dad's ranch and herd sheep this summer. (Chuckle - chuckle)

DAN: **(Chuckling)** You know, men,—talking of sheep—the district ranger in one of the Rocky Mountain national forests told a good one about a tourist party in his area.

_____: Tourists shouldn't be loose in the woods - but what has that to do with sheep?

_____: Don't get impatient—when Dan says it's about sheep—it's sure to be about sheep. Set down on this log and be quiet!---

SASS: Go ahead, Dan'l.

DAN: Well—as I was saying—a party of tourists dropped into the rangers's headquarters one day inquiring concerning opportunities for scenic hikes. The ranger outlined several hikes that were enjoyable and the group left.

_____: I get a kick out of the hiking parties some of these city people go on.

_____: Say! The worst day's hike I ever put in was because a city accountant was walking down the trail ahead of me. Some city folks make it a point to keep physically fit!

_____: Oh, sure—it depends on the person!

DAN: Well, as I understand it—this group hiked far up into the rocky areas above timberline.

_____: They weren't of the ordinary run of tourists, then.

_____: Pipe down! Go on, Dan -----

DAN: After the hikers got above the timber they ran into little mountain meadows and after that into rock cliffs, slides and long high ledges. They felt adventuresome and had started early so that they had plenty of time so they worked their way up and up on the precipitous mountain sides.

JOHN: Real mountain climbers, I'd say.

DAN: Finally they came out on a ledge and stopped to rest a moment. Far below them an eagle sailed thru the haze above the tree tops and the sun glared from the surface of the snow to be seen lying here and there on the rocky ledges and embankments.

_____: It's good for a person to get far up in the quiet, loftiness of a mountain side. It makes a fellow feel good to say the least.

_____: Don't you fellows get poetic on us now.

(Chuckles)

DAN: As these people were resting on this rock ledge one of them noticed a moving white spot on another ledge a short distance away. He pointed it out to the rest of the group and soon they were all watching it.

JOHN: A white spot?—Couldn't be a ghost in broad daylight, could it?

(Chuckles)

DAN: The white object came closer and closer and was soon seen to be a young sheep wandering forlorn and alone on that barren mountain side.

SASS: What was a woolly doing, a-way up there, for gosh sakes?

_____: They're never alone; there must have been a flock nearby, Dan.

_____: Way up there in the rocks and cliffs, Spud?

_____: It must have strayed and become lost from the others.

DAN: **(Chuckling)** That's what these hikers thought and since they were bout ready to start back anyhow they decided to help the lamb down the mountain at least as far as the grassy meadows below.

_____: They sure had the shepherd instinct.

DAN: Two of the members started after the lamb and approached it from above and below trying to drive it back towards the group. The lamb, however, seemed interested but also rather wary and it stayed just out of reach of the men.

_____: Maybe it had been chased by wolves?

DAN: The men labored after it for at least thirty minutes but the young sheep kept getting farther and farther away. Finally it disappeared from view and the hikers gave up on the idea of helping it down the mountain.

_____: I'll bet an eagle or some wild animal finished those lamb chops.

DAN: When the hikers got back to the ranger station they reported the incident to the ranger and asked him to report it to the sheepherder in that locality.

_____: That was the logical thing to do, I'd say.

DAN: The funny part of it is that the ranger said there were no flocks of sheep within fifty miles of that mountain and you know as well as I do that a lamb wouldn't stray away a distance of fifty miles.

_____: Say! There's something fishy about this story, Dan!

DAN: Fellows—there was a small band of big-horn sheep—wild sheep in that area and the ranger finally decided the hikers had tried to catch one of those wild sheep.

SASS: You mean those tourists were chasing a wild mountain sheep over the cliffs and ledges trying to catch it?

DAN: **(chuckling)** That's right, Sass.

(Chuckles)

JOHN: Was that in the lava country, Dan?

DAN: No, I don't believe it was, John, why?

JOHN: Oh, the lava flows interest me somehow.

SASS: Say, did you ever see any thunder eggs, fellows?

(Laughter)

_____: Thunder eggs—ho! Ho!
_____: Here we go, fellows.
_____: Thunder eggs, Sass — no — we haven't seen any thunder eggs — you don't see them any more. All of the thunder birds have been killed off, you know.

(Chuckles)

SASS: No, honest, fellows — I'm serious — you've heard of thunder eggs, haven't you, Dan?

DAN: Sure, I have. These fellows are only showing their ignorance by laughing.

_____: Well, what do you mean by thunder eggs, anyhow?

SASS: Why — when the lava cools, and decomposes, the materials which are the softest, disintegrate more rapidly, than those that are hard.

_____: Quite logical.

(Chuckles)

SASS: The result is that in fields consisting partially of decomposed lava, one will find these egg, shaped, rocks or hunks of lava — weathered and soft on the outside and hard as can be on the inside.

_____: Well, say --- that's real interesting.

_____: Sure is — I'll watch for thunder eggs next time I'm in the lava country.

SASS: You should see some of these eggs when they're cut open with a diamond saw. The inside is quite commonly filled with beautiful agate formations. Some of the slices from these thunder eggs are marvelous in pattern.

JOHN: You know, Sass, that thunder egg description of yours reminds me of what I know as a geode.

_____: Oh, sure, I've seen those, too.

JOHN: The ones I've seen are part of the hollow boulders one sometimes finds in weathered rock material. You break those boulders open and you may find the prettiest quartz crystal formations you ever saw.

DAN: Yeah! Rocks are funny things. I remember seeing a road being build thru the soft rock in Curry county. The bull dozer would push thru this rock formation and these boulders would roll out of holes inside of the softer rock. Some of them were perfectly round. We called them cannon-balls. They were just about that size.

JOHN: I don't suppose you fellows have ever thought much about lava flow and the tiny holes that one sees all thru the lava rock, have you?

_____: I've thought about it but I guess I never really understood it at that.

_____: Tell us, John --- How do the little holes get into the lava?

JOHN: Well, those holes are caused by lava larvae!

_____: Lava larvae--you mean lava worms?

JOHN: Yes, sir - that's right. You see the lava larvae eggs are laid right down inside the volcano when it is cold, but when the volcano begins to erupt, and things begin to get hot, those eggs hatch out.

_____: Hatch in the rock?

JOHN: Yes, Sir,-- now these larvae are about 1/3 of an inch long, and have tails that are like little cork screws. The molten lava is so hot they are continually hopping, and each time they land their tails punch a little hole. Of course, when the lava cools off, it is still full of these lava larvae holes.

_____: For Gosh Sakes - How you can tell 'em.

(General laughter)

SASS: Spud, why don't you stop this gang from telling tales like that? What has lava to do with a forester's job anyhow?

SPUD: Well, Sass, you know --- Recreation is one of the big parts of a forester's job now-a-days and there is a lot of interest to tourists in "thunder eggs", geodes, and even the holes in the lava - although I can't say I ever saw any lava worms.

(Chuckles)

SASS: Well, there sure isn't much about growing trees in all of this discussion.

SPUD: Well, I'm not so sure - Trees grow very slowly on lava soil. We might learn something from that. Take pure volcanic ash soil, Sass, it won't even support trees. Only after centuries of decaying plant materials have mixed with the soil will we be able to grow a forest on such a foundation.

SASS: I still don't see much of an application to forestry, Spud.

SPUD: Well, -- what if you have an area which has volcanic ash as its base and has been built up through long centuries of plant growth and you have a fire sweeping thru it?

SASS: Well--fire might eliminate the forest, of course.

SPUD: Yes, and if the fire is hot enough to destroy all of the plant material in the soil you have nothing but volcanic ash left. You are back to the original base and are faced with centuries of plant decay starting with the lowly mosses before you can raise another crop of trees.

_____: By golly, a forester would have to be very careful of such an area wouldn't he?

_____: Say, that is an interesting tie-up, Spud.

JOHN: He missed one point, fellows. Decaying animal organisms help to build up the soil also. Think of the millions of lava larvae that decay in the lava flows to build up the basic soil! Think of it!!!

(General Laughter)

FORESTERS IN ACTION

Script No. 2

Directed by James Morris

Real Name: Harold Sasser

Station KOAC

Nickname: "Sass"

January 11, 1940

Sponsored by the Forestry Club of the Forestry School

DAN: (on mike) Two of the fellows from the Forestry Club are carrying out a plan for beautifying a nearby town.

HAL: (4' off mike) To me it's just a question of the highest land use.

JOE: (on mike) Just how do they propose to do that, Dan?

_____: (4' off mike) Sure, if the land is worth more for grazing there isn't much use trying to raise trees on it.

DAN: By planting trees and shrubs on the parkings and other city-owned property. It's a mighty fine idea if you ask me.

HAL: Sure is. That way the boys are learning something about landscaping and are helping the city fathers out, too.

JOHN: After all, the school is financed by people just like those in that town. It seems logical to try to practice our work in a way that will benefit them.

_____: Say, fellows, we haven't had a fire story for some time. Why don't we have John loosen up and tell us a tale about firefighting?

DAN: Sure, John, it's your turn anyhow.

_____: Throw some more wood on the fire.

SASS: Gather round, fellows.

JOHN: Oh, I'm no story teller. Let Hal do it.

HAL: You can't get out of it that easily, John. You might as well get going.

(Chuckles)

JOHN: Say, Joe, did you ever get Dan to explain the reason why the famous landmark in the San Bernardino Valley in California is in existence?

JOE: No, what are you talking about?

JOHN: The arrowhead in the San Bernardino Valley. You know that's where they had the arrowhead fire this last summer.

BOB: Say, I heard something about that.

SPUD: Sure, they say you can see this natural arrowhead for miles before you get to it.

HAL: That's where the arrowhead hotel was that burned down this summer, isn't it?

JOHN: Sure, that's right.

MAC: Well, why do they call it the arrowhead and what is it?

SASS: Is it made of rock, Dan?

DAN: No, fellows, this arrowhead you are talking about is an outcropping of light, sandy soil which differs markedly from the surrounding heavy clay and supports only white sage. This natural cover of white sage growing on the landmark is responsible for its lighter color.

BOB: And from a distance this white sage seems to be growing in an area shaped like an arrowhead?

DAN: Yes, that's where the Arrowhead spring and the Arrowhead hotel got their names.

SPUD: I'd like to see that.

HAL: Say, talk about queer things a forester runs up against—I heard a good one the other day.

JOHN: What's that, Hal?—let's hear it.

HAL: Well, one of the foresters on a national forest noticed that two prospectors had filed a placer mining claim on some land lying in his district.

BLACKIE: Sure!—anyone has the right to prospect and mine on a national forest.

HAL: Yes, that's right, the government doesn't want to discourage the finding of valuable mineral deposits.

SPUD: What was wrong with this mine you're telling about then, Hal? Go ahead with your story.

HAL: Well, the ranger noticed the location of the mine. In fact he copies the location in his notebook figuring to drop in on the miners and get acquainted.

JOHN: I should think he would—any forester would like to get acquainted with the people he is going to deal with in his work.

HAL: One day this ranger was driving up a side road when an old hill-billy that had lived in that neck of the woods for years ran out into the road to stop him.

(Flashback)

(Sound of car motor, then ----)

SASS: Hey, Mr. Ranger.

BLACKIE: Hello, Tom - what's the trouble?

SASS: Trouble—I haven't anything else but—me 'n ma are sure on the rocks this time, sure.

BLACKIE: Well, jump in and tell me about it, while we drive up to the house.

(Sound of motor dying out.)

HAL: This old couple had a little farm back in the hills where they raised a little truck for the village below—kept a couple of cows and made a pretty comfortable living.

BOB: What has gone wrong, Hal?

HAL: Well, the old man explained it to the ranger while they drove along and he took him up and showed it to him after they got to the place.

SPUD: You're talking in riddles, man—what did he show him?

HAL: The creek that fed the old man's irrigated land (what there was of it) headed in a mountain meadow about a half mile above his place.

DAN: Some of those little meadows catch a lot of the winter's moisture.

HAL: There's a good reason why they do, too, Dan. Why this meadow was solid peat for about thirty feet below the surface. The meadow was about a half mile long and a quarter wide; naturally it stored a good deal of moisture during the wet season.

BOB: What has this to do with your story, Hal?

HAL: Well, fellows—These so-called miners I was telling you about had staked the meadow. They had already cut deeply into one side of it.

JOHN: Oh! Oh!

BOB: They'd ruin the old family's water supply.

DAN: Well, gold is where you find it, but that was tough on the old folks and their home, Hal!

HAL: There wasn't any gold there, Dan. These fellows were cutting the peat out and selling it to the ranchers in the valley. It worked wonders on the sandy porous soil of the valley.

SPUD: By golly—a mining claim on a peat bog.

BLACKIE: I thought mining claims had to be for mining minerals, Hal. That peat would be vegetable matter—wouldn't it?

HAL: **(Chuckling)** Say, that's pretty clever—I thought the ranger was a whiz for picking that technicality up but I guess any of you fellows would have, too.

JOHN: Well, good for him! I suppose he stopped the (mining) eh! What?

HAL: Yes, he did and not only that but he brought suit for damages and collected several hundred dollars. The government got enough out of it so that he was later allowed to fence the meadow. Best of all, it was declared an administrative site and withdrawn from all entry.

SPUD: Say, that forester did have some experience, I'd say.

DAN: Men, do you notice what John has done?

JOHN: Confound you, Dan!

BOB: What do you mean, Dan?

DAN: John here has been getting the rest of us to talk so that he can get out of it. Pretty sly—Pretty sly!

SASS: You can't get away with that, John.

JOHN: Wait until I get you alone, Dan'l!

_____: O.K., John, let's have that story!

_____: Throw another log on the fire.

JOHN: Have you fellows ever been cook in a fire camp?

_____: Never have and hope I never will be, by gosh!

_____: Fire Camp Cook? I should say not!

_____: Yes! Dogbite it! But never again!

JOHN: Well, I was fire camp cook for the first time last summer—what a time I had.

SASS: I'll be you got plenty to eat for once, anyhow!

(Chuckles)

JOHN: Well, I'll tell you—we each had a lunch when we started—but we had to hike 12 miles across country to the fire—15 of us and when we got there I was beginning to wonder about food. 15 miles on three bolony sandwiches is a long old stretch!

BLACKIE: (Chuckling) That was one time the pack strong looked good to you, I'll bet.

JOHN: Pack string, my foot—we hiked across country to get in there. No roads, no trails, brush, cliffs and rattlesnakes. Wow! I'll never forget it!

BOB: Well, John! You mean you had to hike 15 miles back out to get anything more to eat?

JOHN: I didn't say that—besides the fire was several acres in size when we got there and it took us four days to put it out.

SPUD: Four days without a bite to eat—poor John!

JOHN: Say! We had plenty to eat - I cooked it!

BOB: Now wait a minute, you said you fellows had only one lunch apiece when you started. Now—15 miles in and 4 days' work and yet you had plenty to eat even though no pack strings came in.

JOHN: Now! Now! You sure show that you're a first year forester!

SPUD: How come!

JOHN: I hardly got a fire started alongside the creek when a hum became audible over the far end of the prairie.

SASS: Airplane!

JOHN: The plane swooped down over my head and started using me for a target. We had food for a week before I could count ten. That is, we had food enough to last that first crew a week. However, before nightfall there were at least one-hundred men in camp and that grub was diminishing fast.

BOB: I'd hate to cook for a hundred men.

JOHN: Oh! It's nothing if you use your head a bit!

DAN: (slowly—meaningly) How many helpers did you have, John?

JOHN: There you got spoiling a good story again—I had a crew of six for the most part.

BLACKIE: Well, of course—anyone could feed them—if he had enough help of the right sort!

SPUD: Dropping food by plane is quite a coming thing, I guess.

BOB: Coming? They've been doing it for three years in the fire fighting game.

JOHN: **(Chuckling)** Dan, if they'd had plane service two years ago when you were back in the hills on that Black Hill Fire you wouldn't have had such tough steak!

DAN: That was the darndest thing!

BLACKIE: What, Dan!

DAN: Oh! We got way back in the sticks without any food, wanted to put the fire out before we left and ---

SASS: Naturally.

DAN: One of the men brought in what he said was a mule deer ham—I thought it looked rather big at the time.

SPUD: What was it, Dan?

DAN: Oh! He'd killed a poor prospector's only burro!

BOB: Killed a burro---wow?!?

(Chuckles)

SASS: Did you eat it, Dan?

DAN: Sure we ate it. We thought it was deer meat.

BLACKIE: That's nothing, I ate cougar ham once—'twas good, too, b'gosh!

SPUD: How come about John's story, men?

BOB: Come on John, finish that story.

DAN: We're right back to you, John!

JOHN: Well—there isn't much more to tell except the story about the last meal we had on that fire.

SASS: Well—shoot.

JOHN: Oh—This gang of hungry fire fighters ate so much that we ran out of meat for the last meal.

BOB: Burro?!!

(Chuckles)

JOHN: So I radioed to the airplane and told him that the crew had come in late and we were out of meat.

SPUD: So he brought in a cow!?!?

BOB: Pipe down, dim wit.

JOHN: It was getting dusk and we were sitting under the cook fly—that canvas fly was a new one and a big one, too, believe me!!

BLACKIE: What's that got to do with the evening meal?

JOHN: You'll see if you keep your big trap shut. The aviator radioed back that all the stores were closed. I begged him to hunt us some meat for those hungry men.

HAL: What was that aviator doing circling around up above?!

JOHN: No, he was on his way in. He'd brought us out two hundred lunches for the next day. Finally while talking to the plane I noticed a new note in the aviator's voice.

BOB: He got mad, I'll betcha!

JOHN: He said, "All right, John, I'll get you your meat if you'll do just as I say." - Of course I said sure. - Then he told me to put out all of the lights except one right in the center of the cook tent and he said to make everyone keep quiet until he gave the signal.

SPUD: Sounds like a black-out to me.

SASS: Story from the front. **(Chuckles)**

JOHN: We thought the aviator was nuts but we thought we'd humor him so we doused all the lights except one and everyone stayed quiet---pretty soon we heard the hum of the plane only it sounded as if it was dodging here and there in the ozone. There seemed to be a sound along the motor kinda like a barnyard----

BOB: Cow's mooing?

JOHN: No, ducks quacking up there in the dark.

BLACKIE: Say-a-a-----a-----a-----y

JOHN: We all looked at each other in amazement in the tent in the light of the candle. That aviator was driving a flock of ducks our way!

SPUD: John!!

JOHN: Suddenly there was a change in the quacking up there in the air. They changed from a doleful, frightened quack to an eager, hopeful quack!

BOB: Quack!! Quack!!

JOHN: They got nearer and nearer with the speed of an express train and then with a terrific quacking rush of wings they hit the tent. We rushed out and picked up enough ducks for two dinners!! Gee they were good!!

DAN: They thought the cook tent was a lake and a refuge from that plane?!!

JOHN: Exactly, fellows—Exactly!

(Laughter)

and

(More laughter)

FORESTERS IN ACTION

Script No. 3

Directed by James Morris

Real Name: H. Sasser

Station KOAC

Nickname: "Sass"

January 18, 1940

Sponsored by the Forestry Club of the Forestry School

DAN: (4' off mike) The overmature timber in western Oregon is surely going to be a problem for foresters.

SPUD: (on mike) Yes, and all this fishermen did was turn his head long enough to see the bear was far enough away from him not to be considered dangerous--then he resumed his occupation of whipping the pool where that big fish had jumped. I made six set-ups before I found a place to make that shot.

HAL: (on mike) I'd say he was a true fishermen, Spud.

SASS: Either that or pretty brave.

JOHN: I'd like to go fishing in Alaska sometime.

BOB: Always thinking of fishing.

DAN: I looked up some figures on Alaska's salmon industry last week--you know, fellows--Alaska shipped \$44,000,000 worth of fish products to the United States in 1938.

HAL: \$44,000,000--from fishing alone! Shoot--The United States only paid Russia a little over \$7,000,000 when we purchased Alaska--isn't that right?

DAN: Yes, &7,200,000--Well, of course the Salmon industry returns the most on the investment--but mining brings in quite a sum, too---something like \$20,000,000 a year.

SPUD: They tell me that the King salmon is largest of all the Salmon caught in Alaska, isn't that right, Dan?

DAN: Yes--the King is also known as the Chinook or spring salmon. They are veritable giants in size and strength compared to other species. One King salmon may fill several cases and weigh as much as 100 - 120 pounds.

SPUD: I'd like to get one like that on the end of a good strong line!

HAL: **(chuckling)** He'd probably pull you in and drown you.

JOHN: What other kinds of salmon are there, Dan?

DAN: Oh—the red or sockeye weighs 5 to 8 pounds and on the whole is probably the most valuable. The silver salmon is a little heavier. The humpback or pink salmon averages only five pounds. The chums or dog salmon is the lowest priced.

SPUD: I've always thought of salmon as extremely large fish—those don't sound so big. I guess I've usually seen the Chinook.

HAL: There must be some monstrous fish canneries in Alaska.

SASS: They tell me that some of the canners have canneries right on the boats.

DAN: Yes—One thing of interest to me was the fact that the salmon are packed in the cans raw and then cooked by the case. A lot of the work is mechanical. One machine known as the 'iron chink' cleans the fish. Once the Chinamen did that job—that's how the machine gets its name.

SASS: I don't see how you fellows can be interested in fish. A forester shouldn't think of fish. His business is with trees, isn't that right?

JOHN: I don't know, Sass, a forester's field is a pretty broad one, you know.

SASS: Well, how does fishing tie into Forestry?

_____: Yes, I don't see the tie-up either.

JOHN: Well—fish usually spawn in the headwaters of the streams—right up in the forested lands!

SASS: Yes, that's right, all right, and a forester would want to keep the waters pure and have a steady flow the year round.

JOHN: With an industry as valuable as Alaska's salmon fishing, your foresters must consider it. For instance—what would happen if a pulp mill were allowed to pour acids into an important Alaskan salmon stream?

SASS: By gosh—that might cause a lot of trouble!

_____: There would be a lot of salmon belly up, I'll bet.

JOHN: Sure—then, too, the forester must be interested in the welfare of the natives up there and a good many of them work in the canneries.

BOB: Salmon fishing is a boon for the natives.

DAN: The poor salmon sure has lots of enemies—man, birds, bears, trout—sea gulls for instance, swallow masses of the eggs half as big as they are and as soon as the little Salmon has life—a long race with his enemies.

HAL: It's a good thing each mother salmon lays thousands of eggs.

SPUD: You mentioned trout as being enemies of the salmon, Dan. I don't see how a trout could hurt a salmon.

SASS: Some trout are cannibals, though.

DAN: The Dolly Varden trout lives on Salmon eggs when it can get them, Spud. Well, just to show you how important the Dolly Varden trout is in destroying potential salmon—the Alaska legislature appropriated \$25,000 in 1937 to pay a bounty of 2½ cents on Dolly Vardens in Bristol Bay because they destroy the salmon spawn.

SPUD: I never knew that.

HAL: There are a good many angles to this fishing business.

SASS: Say, Dan—even granting that a forester should be interested in fish, don't you think the reindeer of Alaska are more in his field?

HAL: Going to play Santy Claus, Sass? (**chuckles**)

DAN: It seems to me the reindeer feed in the open tundra, Sass, away from the forests. John, do you know anything about Alaska's reindeer?

JOHN: Well, there are a good many reindeer in Alaska and they graze over an enormous area—form far east of Point Barrow down to Kodiak Island and well out on the Alaska Peninsula—mostly in the open land areas, I believe.

BOB: That covers a lot of territory.

SASS: Is the reindeer native to Alaska?

JOHN: No, they were started in Alaska to furnish a source of food for the native Eskimos after the whalers and fur men killed off the native food source.

HAL: It's a wonder the Eskimos didn't all starve.

DAN: I imagine something had to be done—as I remember it, the native food supply of seal, walrus, whale, fish and game, even the raw materials for clothing and other living necessities, was depleted by the white man to such an extent that whole villages were almost wiped out by starvation.

SPUD: The white man has raised cain with natives wherever he has gone—at least in the first years.

SASS: I suppose the government first imported the reindeer.

JOHN: No, not entirely at least. As I understand it, private gifts made possible the buying of the reindeer and the United States Government transported them from Siberia to Alaska.

DAN: I know that Congress appropriated money for the purchase of reindeer after that, though, John. I believe our government bought about 1500 animals all told.

BOB: That isn't such a great number.

SPUD: How have the herds grow, fellows?

JOHN: I believe there are about 700,000 reindeer in Alaska at the present time.

HAL: That's more than Santy Clause could use.

SASS: Wow—man—they've certainly taken to the country, haven't they?

_____: How long has it been since they started the herds, John?

JOHN: Well, they've been introduced for fifty or sixty years now and of course Alaska is only a few miles from Siberia across Bering Strait.

SPUD: They probably weren't hurt by the transplanting process, then.

SASS: I've heard that the Eskimos use the animals for almost everything. They furnish milk, transportation, food, clothing, sinews make thread for sewing; legs make boots, skins make parkas, the marrow of their bones is used for butter, the hoofs and antlers make glue and knife handles; the hair is

used for mattresses—the skins make leather especially for gloves.

JOHN: The introduction of reindeer is a big monument to the man responsible, all right. He made it a lot easier for the Eskimo.

SPUD: The land which supports the reindeer is practically useless for any other purpose, I believe.

SASS: I still don't see why the forester should be interested in Alaska. There are extensive forester there, though, aren't there, Dan?

DAN: The largest forest we have is in Alaska. There are tremendous acreages of pulp timber.

BOB: Someday we'll probably receive our pulp from huge plants operating on the coasts of far north America.

MAC: Well, I wish I could get some of the gold that they say comes from there!

HAL: There sure is extensive mining all right especially since the new methods have been perfected.

SPUD: What new methods, Hal?

HAL: Oh! I mean large scale methods of mining. As I understand it, they are taking out gold that it wouldn't have been economical to touch a few years ago.

SASS: I never could understand how they could use placer mining in the perpetually frozen areas.

SPUD: Sounds like pick and shovel work to me.

HAL: No, they thaw the ground out!

BOB: What with—steam?

HAL: No—cold water!

SPUD: That doesn't sound reasonable, Hal.

HAL: Huge pipes bring water for as much as eighty miles to the frozen mining claims. These branch into smaller pipes on the claim and finally end in upright $\frac{3}{4}$ inch pipes which feed water into the frozen earth under terrific pressure.

BOB: Sounds complicated to me.

HAL: The upright pipes have sieve-like holes in the end that is driven down toward bedrock—the water comes out down under the surface of the round.

BOB: Well, warm water would be more effective.

HAL: Yes, and they used to steam but it was a darned sight more expensive to use.

MAC: Yes, It would be—do they warm the water at all, Hal?

HAL: No, it's just as it is taken out of the rivers.

BOB: Seems funny—that ground has probably been frozen for centuries!

Bluff: What is done after the ground is thawed, Hal?

HAL: The top soil is washed off with water show on it from the nozzles of immense hose lines.

DAN: I should think they'd lose the gold that way.

HAL: The gold is usually on bed rock and these nozzles merely wash off the top soil so that the dredges won't have to handle so much material.

BOB: That process is called 'hydraulicking' or sluicing in the California mining areas.

HAL: Well, it is here, too. The next step after it is the dredging. Those dredges are mighty efficient, believe me!

SPUD: What do you mean—efficient?

HAL: Well—old timers will tell you that this new gold mining equipment is so thorough that a workman who fell into the feeder came out of the stacker without a scratch on him—but minus four gold teeth!

(Laughter)

BOB: I'm surprised you haven't told a story yet about them digging out a prehistoric monster, Hal.

HAL: Say—that reminds me—ahead of the dredges but behind the sluicers—appears the mastodon weed with its pretty yellow flowers.

BOB: Mastodon weed—what a name!

HAL: Well, since it grows only after the top soil has been stripped off, it is assumed that it must come from seeds thousands of years old.

SASS: Would you believe that now!!!

HAL: The sluicers actually do wash out mastodon tusks now and then too, Sass.

SASS: I think I'd kind of like that—you'd never know when you'd uncover a buried monster or a relic of by-gone days.

DAN: I'm afraid it would get monotonous—water, muck and water—muck, water and muck—not for me!

JOHN: Say, what ever got us started talking about Alaska?

BOB: I think we were impressed by Hal's gold teeth!

(Chuckles)

HAL: Well, it is a little too bad—because Sass told me in class today that he'd heard a peach of a story.

_____: Trust Sass to forget all that weren't that kind. Let's have it, Sass.

SASS: Now wait a minute, fellows—This is a true story.

MAC: Sure, sure, we know it's true, Sass!

SPUD: Of course, Sass old man, of course!

SASS: Well, this story is about a government hunter and his dog.

SASS: Charlie McMillan was hot on the trail of a cougar. Pete, his hound dog, barked and bayed from a short distance over the ridge ahead.

HAL: That dog got the cat up a tree—eh?

SASS: Well, he had the cougar cornered all right but not up a tree, Hal.

DAN: Cornered in some rocks?

SASS: No—when Charlie broke out of the brush he saw two giant fir wildfalls and between those logs was a big, powerful cat with Pete, the hound, standing guard.

BLACKIE: That's a tough spot for a good dog!

SASS: The cat was about to spring and Charlie saw the dog wouldn't have a chance, for the legs were so close that the hound couldn't ward off the big cougar.

DAN: Too bad.

SASS: Just as the cat was about to spring, Charlie jumped over the log-landing between the cougar and the hound.

JOHN: Oh! Oh! I wouldn't have done that!

SASS: The cougar's fangs were bared, hate gleamed in his eyes as he recoiled in astonishment. Then his steely muscles tensed again.

_____: Jumping old Mackinaw!!

SASS: Charlie acted-jammed the barrel of his gun into the cat's open jaws and pulled the trigger. The powerful explosion hurled the cougar completely over on its back.

DAN: **(on mike)** That's what I call nerve-is that honestly true, Sass.

JOHN: **(4' off mike)** That guy Charlie must have been a cool head.

SASS: Yep. Dan, that's a true story. **(Chuckling)** Charlie said all he wanted to do was sit down when it awes over.

BLACKIE: I'm sure that's all I'd want to do.

BOB: Say, men, now that Sass has his true story off his chest-I just remembered an item on Alaska that I know.

_____: What is it, Bob.

BOB: Well, as a result of the long cold winter and the snow and ice always in sight-all of the old timers up there get a craving for warmth.

MAC: So they all go to California.

BOB: Nope - they've put in an order for an enormous crematory and the company that's sponsoring the crematorium has reservations booked for years ahead.

(Laughter)

SPUD: Throw him out!

DAN: Enough is enough; ride him on a rail.

JOHN: Getting Bad--We'd better call it good.

MAC: I suppose that's another true story!

(Laughter)

FORESTERS IN ACTION

Script No. 3[b]

Directed by James Morris

Real Name: H Sasser

Station KOAC

Nickname: "French"

[nd] 1940

Sponsored by the Forestry Club of the Forest School

JOHN: (on mike) The Lake States have had their timber resources exploited until there is little of the magnificent stands of pine left.

HAL: (4' off mike) The more I think of it the more I believe that accounting is one of the most necessary of the forestry courses.

SPUD: (on mike) They must have had some tremendous log drives in that country.

PAT: (4' off mike) Well, it may be but I enjoy the technical courses much better.

JOHN: There are some grand stories told about the logging in the Lake States.

(chuckles)

PAT: Paul Bunyon and the Blue Ox?

JOHN: That Blue Ox was surely a big fellow—you know when I was back there an old timer took me out to see some of the wilderness wonders.

MAC: What do you mean—wonders?

JOHN: Well, one thing I remember seeing was a long bench of solid rock along the river.

_____: What's so wonderful about solid rock?

JOHN: Why, nothing funny about the rock but this rock had imprints of a man's shoes in it.

PAT: Now—Wait a minute.

SPUD: Say, that must have been a big man to make footprints in solid rock!

JOHN: Yes, the fellow was big—or so history says—and strong, too. That isn't why he left his footprints, however.

SPUD: Why are they there, John?

JOHN: Well, Spud, this fellow was carrying one of the hind shoes that belonged to Babe-the-Blue Ox!!

(Laughter)

SPUD: Well (pause) No wonder his feet sank into the rock.

(Laughter)

HAL: Why did they stop using oxen for logging, Spud?

SPUD: They didn't, Hal---They're still using oxen for logging in a few cases in the South and in Canada, too, I guess.

JOHN: There's quite a good many logging outfits still using horses—most people don't realize it, however.

HAL: I should think horses would prove mighty inefficient.

SPUD: Well, I don't know — horse logging probably does the least damage of any method to the remaining trees in the forest.

JOHN: Sure, that's why the caterpillar tractor is such a harmless agent. It snakes the logs out much as the horses did — going around other trees and leaving most of the young growth without injuring it.

HAL: I suppose the time may come when heavy logging equipment will be entirely out of the picture.

JOHN: It won't hardly be economic to log the second growth stands with the enormous machines that are now used in virgin growth.

HAL: Say — talking of caterpillar tractors reminds me of a time I had an interesting experience in the woods.

_____: Here we go.

_____: Draw up to the fire, men—Hal's telling a story of the logging woods.

HAL: This happened up on the Olympic peninsula in a logging camp that was working in some of the wildest country this side of Alaska.

_____: Sounds good 'by cracky'

HAL: I was working setting chokers in the woods - 11 hours a night.

_____: Working at night with tractors?

HAL: That's right-had four sixty cruiser 'cats' logging and the logs were coming in from about 2000 feet from the mill pond.

_____: Pretty long haul.

HAL: Each 'cat' had two men riding-one the driver and one the chaser (a man who helped in case a log hung up against a rock or something). I stayed in the woods and had the chokers all set and a way in to them picked out when the crew came back.

HAL: **(chuckling)** Most of the time I was too busy getting the logs ready to worry about being lonesome.

SPUD: Didn't the Wampus cats bother you out there in the dark? Hal?

HAL: **(chuckling)** Always kidding - There was a lot of wild-life in that section though, Spud. I had a big flashlight that I used in my work and I was always shining it on eyes in the trees, under logs or off in the brush.

_____: Oh! Oh! I wouldn't like that.

HAL: Oh, they were just deer, racoons and such-nothing to harm a fellow. I suppose there were cougar that dropped by to see what we were doing now and then but they were just curious to see what was going on.

_____: I'd be afraid they'd be curious to see what made me go-and take me apart.

(chuckles)

SPUD: Go on with your story, Hal-don't let those fellows side track you.

HAL: There was one cat driver in that outfit that I certainly didn't have any use for at all!

_____: There's always someone in a crew that doesn't fit in.

HAL: This particular cat driver was a big fat fellow—strong, too—but just a big egotistical bluffer.

_____: I know the type.

HAL: The man working for him was a lean, hardworking young chap who was rather meek and apologetic in manner.

SPUD: I'll wager that cat driver made life miserable for him.

HAL: Yes, he did and the young fellow—Jim, we called him—never kicked at all. He'd just say, "Yes, sir," or "no, sir," and hide his true feelings.

JOHN: Too bad he wasn't a little tougher.

HAL: **(chuckling)** Oh! I don't know — anyway this went on for about two months and the rest of the crew was hoping against hope that Jim would eventually blow up and break 'Swede' (as we called the cat driver) in little pieces.

_____: No wonder.

JOHN: Maybe this Jim fellow had a yellow streak up his back, Hal. Perhaps he was just afraid to stand up for his rights.

HAL: No, Jim wasn't afraid of anything! — I've seen him box in the gymnasium that the company furnished the workers and none of the men could take punishment any better than he.

_____: He was just naturally weak and used to taking orders, I guess.

HAL: Well, fellows, we finally found out what was wrong. You see Jim fairly worshipped authority. Anyone who was boss could tell him to do almost anything and he'd do it without questioning. Furthermore, the superintendent of our camp had been a regular father to Jim and Jim thought he was perfect.

_____: What's that got to do with the situation?

HAL: Well — the boss, when he'd put him on the job, had told Jim to take orders from Swede. He couldn't hardly do anything else but do as Swede since he was the kind of fellow he was.

_____: Gosh, there wasn't much chance of righting the situation then, was there?

HAL: **(chuckling)** There wasn't much chance the way things stood — no — but some of us fellows got together to change the situation.

_____: Got tired of Swede and his tactics – eh?

HAL: One morning two of the gang cornered the boss in his office and told him what was happening. He didn't seem much surprised.

(Flashback)

BLACKIE: Well, men, I'm glad you brought the situation to my attention. I know Jim is very loyal and "Swede" certainly doesn't respect his fellow men any too much.

HAL: We figured you'd see it our way, Boss.

BLACKIE: Hmmmmm. Just what in thunder shall we do about it?

HAL: Boss – the only reason Jim takes that Guff from Swede is because you told him Swede was boss.

BLACKIE: Well – we can change that all right. Are Jim and Swede down by the chuck-house yet?

HAL: Yes, I believe they are.

BLACKIE: You two fellows hit it out the back way then. I'll tend to this matter.

HAL: **(Fading)** Gee, Boss – thanks a lot. (Door closes)

(Different door opens)

BLACKIE: Hey! Swede!

SWEDE(SASS): **(in distance)** Yah! Hello, Boss!–

BLACKIE: Come on up here – Bring Jim with you!

(Pause)

BLACKIE: **(to himself)** Hmm-m-m – I hope I haven't let this go too far–Jim is a good boy–He comes from fighting stock, though. **(chuckling)** His dad sure called that Indian's bluff down in Pine Wood twenty years ago.

SWEDE(SASS): **(blustering with self importance)** You wanted us, boss? Here, Jim, get in here.

JIM DAN: Yes, sir.

BLACKIE: Have a long hard night of it, men?

SWEDE(SASS): We brought in a lot of logs, Boss.

JIM(DAN): Not too hard, Mr. Hogan.

BLACKIE: Jim, I've known you since you were a little shaver in square pants.

JIM: Yes, sir, Mr. Hogan.

BLACKIE: I knew your father too, boy – a fine fellow he was (**chuckling**) I never knew a finer man with his fists.

JIM: He was quite a fighter, sir. We were proud of him.

BLACKIE: Jim, you've worked on the track gang for me temping ties— You've done your turn punking whistle in the woods. You've set chokers for two years and I was glad to be able to give you the job of chasing cat last summer. It allows you to make more money and I know you need it, what with your old mother and the two girls in school.

JIM: I appreciate you giving me the work, sir – my mother has often said she didn't know what we'd have done if you hadn't let me work through all the hard times and such.

BLACKIE: Well, Jim, I've helped you – sure – but your old Dad helped me many a time and you've earned what I have given you. You are one of my steadiest, most dependable men, Jim.

JIM: Thank you very much, sir.

BLACKIE: You've been on that oat job for three months now and it is time you were getting a better job. -- I haven't an opening right now though.

JIM: I'm satisfied where I am, sir. I'm glad of the chance to work.

BLACKIE: There is one thing I can do, Jim, just to give you some sort of recognition of your good work. From now on you have equal rights with the cat drivers. You do the same job but understand you're not working for Swede here from now on. You're working with him. Your authority is just as great as anyone's out there from now on.

JIM: Oh! Thank you, Sir (**express great relief**)

BLACKIE: You got that, Swede? Jim here is not taking orders from you anymore. If you want him to do something, ask him to, don't tell him to.

SWEDE: **(peevisly)** Yah, that's O.K. with me, Boss.

BLACKIE: And, Jim ----

JIM: **(from 2' or so off mike)** Yes, sir.

BLACKIE: Someone said there's one of the gang on night duty that's scared of the eyes of wild animals that show up at night.

JIM: Yes, Sir?

BLACKIE: If there's anything I hate, it's a coward, Jim. If you see anyone out there show a yellow streak, kick him to the timekeeper's office for his time. I don't want a coward in camp. If he's a cat driver, you can have his job.

JIM: Oh! Thank you, Sir! I'll do that, Sir!

(Fade)

HAL: The next night we noticed that Swede was acting a great deal different when he brought his tractor in for logs. He wasn't yelling and shouting as much as he was accustomed to.

_____: Thinking the Boss's words over, I'll bet.

HAL: Jim was different, too. - He sang song after song while he rode the 'Cat' and when he jumped off to hook on the logs, he fairly tore things apart.

(Fade out)

HAL: By Golly, Jim, your mother-in-law must have died. How come you're so happy tonight?

JIM: Oh,--you know I'm not married, Hal!!

HAL: Well - you're sure happy about something.

SWEDE: Jim! Get that choker hooked! We're losing time! You lunkhead, you!

JIM: **(quietly)** Swede,-- get down off that cat! You're not calling me a lunkhead anymore.

HAL: Well,-- Glory be!!

SWEDE: **(blustering)** Why--you lop-eared monkey--I'd tear you limb from limb!

JIM: **(louder)** Get down off of that cat, you weak-kneed barrel of lard!

HAL: Jim – good for you – Say: not to spoil a good thing but look at those eyes in the headlights – Cougar?

JIM: **(louder)** I don't care what they belong to – Swede! Are you going to get off of there or shall I pull you off!!

SWEDE: **(blustering)** Aw, Jim – hook the logs on and I'll start the motor. We've got to get logs! Hey don't (excitedly) pull me off of here – those eyes (frantically) there's a cougar there in the brush.

(Fade out)

HAL: Yeah, Jim pulled him off of the cat and knocked him silly. The Swede was too scared by the thought of a cougar in the brush to even start to defend himself. He got quite hysterical – the big coward.

_____: Did Jim knock him clear into camp?

Hal: **(chuckling)** No. Swede rode in on one of the other cats. He had had enough. **(chuckling)** I got a kick out of what he said to the Boss in front of the cookhouse the next morning.

(Fade)

BLACKIE: Well, Jim, you look full of ginger this morning – Hmm-m-m. Is that a bruise on your cheek there? Hmm-m-m. Your lip looks broken. Hm-m-Hm-m-m-m.

JIM: I feel fine, Mr. Hogan.–I'm sorry to report, sir, that one of your men quit last night, sir.

BLACKIE: Hm – I kinda figured there might be one of them quitting. Wasn't a cat driver by any chance, was he?

JIM: Yes, sir. He was, sir. I don't believe you should mind though, sir. He's the coward you heard about, sir.

BLACKIE: Hm-m-m. You know, Jim, I rather thought that might be it. Let's see your knuckles!

JIM: **(very embarrassed)**. I haven't washed up yet, sir. I'd better go wash my hands!

BLACKIE: Let's see your knuckles.

JIM: **(flustered)** I had my gloves off part of the night, sir - rough work out there, you know.

BLACKIE: So I see. - So I see. - Well, Jim - I'm docking you four bits from your pay check!

JIM: What for, sir - What for!?

BLACKIE: What for! I came in the cook-house about midnight last night to see Swede Nelson with four-bits worth of good red beefsteak plastered on his eyes. What for, you say!!!

--- **(Fade)** ---

FORESTERS IN ACTION

Script No. 4

Directed by James Morris

Real Name: H. Sasser

Station KOAC

Nickname: "Sass"

February 1, 1940

Sponsored by the Forestry Club of the Forestry School

JOHN: (on mike) It surely has been raining lately - making up for lost time, I guess.

HAL: (4' off mike) Well, as far as I know, the tree is standing --- still.

Dan: (on mike) Well, rain is mighty important in this world of ours. If it wasn't for water the world would be a pretty useless place.

Spud: (4' off mike) I'd like to see it sometime - That's pretty big for a Douglas-fir.

John: That reminds me of something I heard about a mining town in Arizona.

SASS: What kind of mineral does the town work, John?

JOHN: Copper-Sass. The town is that of 'Ajo', Arizona-built up because of mining operations in the copper ore deposits nearby.

_____: One of these forgotten desert towns, I suppose?

JOHN: No, it isn't. It's situated in desolate desert country all right but has been planned and developed by the mining corporation with careful attention to the people's needs.

SPUD: I suppose it gets its water supply from the nearby hills?

JOHN: That was the problem facing the engineers of this corporation when they started operations. The copper mills and the town meant that large quantities of water would be needed and they were in the heart of a country where water is very scarce.

DAN: Hmmm. They did have a problem.

JOHN: There are few streams in this desert area that have water at any time except during or immediately after a rainstorm in the mountains. At other times they are just dry gullies.

SASS: I suppose they had to haul their water in on the railroad that they'd have to haul the ore out on.

JOHN: No. The engineers finally determined that seven miles away at the edge of a mountain range and about an eighth of a mile straight down, there was water.

_____: That sounds prohibitive to me, John.

JOHN: What was worse the eighth of a mile down to the underground river was through solid rock!

BERT: Good gravy—that sounds impossible of solution.

HAL: 660 feet straight down thru solid rock!?

JOHN: Anyhow the engineers drove a shaft down to the river—cut great chambers out of the rocky heart of the mountain—took down huge machinery for a modern water pumping station and pumped that water up an eighth of a mile and across seven miles of desert to the town and mills of 'Ajo.'

_____: I'll wager the water was cold down there!

JOHN: Cold? No (**chuckling**) That underground river carries water with a temperature of 119° Fahrenheit.

_____: Gosh! How can people work down there?

JOHN: They only work four hours at a time and are then relieved by another shift.

HAL: That mine must be rich to make such a pumping operation profitable.

_____: I'll say.

HAL: It's too bad the people of the Willamette Valley with their wonderful water supplies can't visit a place like that.

DAN: Yes, and the wonderful water sheds covered with cool, green forests have a great deal to do with the even flow of fine water that Oregon enjoys.

SASS: Talking of watersheds reminds me of something that happened in a fire camp.

BERT: Throw another log on the fire—Sass is telling a story!

_____: Let's have it, Sass!

SASS: Well, you fellows all know 'Ed Polan?'

[_____: Yes—sure we know Ed!

_____: Junior in Forestry, sure!

SASS: Well, Ed was sent up on this fire to act as camp boss. He arrived early in the afternoon and found everything in disorder.

_____: That's the usual thing around a forest fire camp.

SASS: There were fifty men on the fire and they were due back at camp at seven o'clock in the evening for their evening meal.

_____: Well—at least Ed had plenty of time to see that their dinner was ready, Sass.

SASS: He had plenty of time all right but there wasn't any food in camp!

_____: Good gravy — a fire camp with nothing to eat!

HAL: **(Chuckling)** — poor Ed—he was in a spot for sure.

_____: Well, couldn't he call in for grub?

SASS: He did and was told the pack train had started in—hours before.

_____: Nothing to do but wait, I guess.

SASS: That's about right and wait he did. At 6:30 the pack train pulled in with raw meat, spuds, and very little else. Ed got the cooks making stew as fast as possible and then had a flunky start some camp fires for the men to group around when they came in.

_____: Good psychology—at least they could group around the fire while waiting.

SASS: At 7 o'clock, in came the tired fire fighters. Hungry! Men, they were hungry enough to eat shoe-leather---and no food!

_____: I'd have hated to have been in Ed's shoes.

SASS: Well, Ed was busy when the men came in and didn't get back until they were grouped around the camp fires.

(Flash back) (to angry fire fighters)

DAN: What kind of a Layout is this, anyhow?!!

_____: Do they expect us to fight fire on empty stomachs?

_____: Let's string up the cook!

_____: We ought to let the forest burn!

_____: Say! Who's in charge around here, anyhow?

_____: How long did he say it would be 'til chow!

_____: I've had about enough of this!

_____: And after the way we've fought that fire!

_____: Let's head down the trail and let her burn!

SASS: **(chuckling)** Ed came up on one of these groups of fire fighters intending to introduce himself and explain the situation.

_____: I would have stayed as far away as I could have.

SASS: Ed was standing there behind this group when one of the gang said—"Let's find the Camp Boss and tar and feather him!"

_____: It's a good thing they didn't know who he was!

SASS: that scared Ed quite a bit—Then a big Swede said, "let's get the camp boss and beat him up---and turning around he slapped Ed on the shoulder and said, "Are you with us, Buddy?"

SPUD: Good grief, what a fix to be in!

SASS: Ed said he was glad it wasn't daylight for he said he knew his face was as white as paper but he had to say something so he said—"Sure! Let's go get the camp boss---"

(Chuckles)

SASS: About that time the cook yelled—"Soup's on" - and the gang stampeded to the tables!

_____: What a relief that would be!

SASS: Ed says that gang never did learn who the camp boss was.

(Chuckles)

BERT: He was lucky—I'd say.

DAN: Lucky – Say, fellows, that brings back a yarn about Alaska that an old-timer told me once.

_____: I guess those old trappers get some queer ideas after living alone winter after winter, eh? Dan!

DAN: They sure do – at least this was a queer yarn – It sort o' gave me the 'creeps' to tell the truth.

SPUD: This is going to be good!

DAN: There is a stream in Alaska known as Squirrel River. It empties into Grand River almost at right angles.

_____: Squirrel River – that doesn't sound like a big river.

DAN: Well, it's only about fifty yards wide where it enters the north side of Grand River. In the winter time when the trappers cross Grand River they run as fast as their legs will carry them and laugh with a feeling of relief when they are safe on the other side.

_____: Run? Why do they run across, Dan?

DAN: Three times a winter, or more—without warning, this little river bursts with the speed of a whirlwind and the strength of a giant. In some ways it resembles a glacier.

SPUD: Bursts? You mean this ice raises out of the river bed?

DAN: Right! It is a curious phenomenon—I can't explain it.

_____: Describe the river for us, Dan, -- this sounds interesting.

DAN: The river is not more than three feet deep at its mouth when it is open. It freezes all its short length—nearly to the bottom. Then the irresistible water from up above starts to flow down over the ice, freezing as it comes, until the ice is as much as nine feet thick.

BERT: Imagine that—will you!

DAN: The ice piles up and piles up at the head and three times a winter there is an explosion. A solid wall of ice rushes down the stream, sweeping it clear right to its bed, and piles up on the far side of Grand River. There is a sharp bend a short

way up the stream and one can't see the broken ice blocks coming until a few seconds before their arrival. That is the reason the trappers run across its mouth in the spring time.

_____: But, Dan,--that isn't so hard to believe – a spring of warm water up the river might cause it to keep flowing and a smooth place in the canyon walls might help. I don't think that trapper stretched the truth much!!

_____: No! I can swallow that.

(Chuckles)

DAN: Now – wait a minute, fellows, I haven't told you the yarn as yet – I've just been building up the ground work!!

(Chuckles)

JOHN: Maybe this is going to be a tall story at that!

SPUD: Throw another log on the fire, Mac, and draw up a chunk of wood for a seat.

SASS: Dan is really extending himself! (chuckles) Go ahead, Dan.

DAN: Well – this trapper – Jim Blake – ran his trapline on Squirrel River and had to cross it several times every time around his trapline. One December night he dreamed about a white bear.

_____: A bear story, eh! (chuckles)

DAN: He had dreamed about polar bears before. Once he fell through the ice next day, and another time following the dream his left thumb got caught in a No. 2 trap.

SPUD: Superstitious old coot!!

DAN: This bear was unusually large. He was a dirty, yellowish, white, with an open red mouth, shining yellow fangs and wet hair over his eyes.

HAL: Throw some more wood on the fire – getting' dark!

(Chuckles)

DAN: In the dream Jim met him in the woods. The bear approached on rolling his head from side to side. Jim's gun was unaccountably lost in the snow and there was no time to find it, so rapidly did the bear shamble on.

_____: That fire is kinda low!

DAN: He ran in and out thru the trees in a big circle and back to the starting point trying to find his gun. It was a long chase over hills and thru willow thickets. He was absolutely terrified when he awoke with the bear's breath warm on his neck and his back tingling with the unexpected rip of claws.

_____: Wow! What a dream.

DAN: A chilling certainty of impending catastrophe filled him, strengthened, no doubt, by the fact that he had seen no other man for a month. Though it was yet dark he got up and loaded his .44 and determined to keep it loaded until the thing, whatever it was, happened!

_____: I believe I would, too!

DAN: All that day he travelled warily, expecting a tree to fall on him or the ice to break, or the axe to slip. – Nothing happened to break the monotony of a gray day. It was worse than an accident, for there was no way to avoid the approaching doom – no way to fight whatever was going to happen.

_____: Poor old superstitious hunter!

DAN: In the night he barred his cabin door and slept with his gun close alongside. -- The dream of the white bear came again! This time the animal was crouched behind a stump, waiting. Jim awoke in a sweat and went up along the river that morning feeling hunted!

_____: I don't blame him!!

DAN: About noon he came to Squirrel river – crossed it on the dead run–went to his traps – came back–put his game bag down and went to look at two traps on the bend. Coming back to the bag he commenced to laugh at himself! He wasn't scared of a bear **(pause then whisper, "White Bear!")** The old fear clutched him.

_____: Oh! Oh!

DAN: He whirled around and coming majestically around the bend swept this wall of churning ice!!

BERT: Good grief!

DAN: He grabbed his bag—took eight tremendous leaps to the shore and scrambled up the bank. Swirling water was touching the ends of his snowshoes when he turned to look. The middle of the river was a turmoil of rushing water and grinding ice blocks tossed like leaves!!

_____: Close shave!

_____: What an experience

_____: I'd run across that river, too!

HAL: Do you really think that trapper dreamed those dreams and then had that happen to him, Dan?

DAN: I don't know, Hal, -- but when he'd finished his story, the old trapper smiled and said—if it hadn't been for the white bear, I'd be dead!!

_____: That must be a pretty cold country up there in the winter time!

DAN: Down to thirty below, I guess.

_____: Reminds me of a piece in history about a New Year's day that Bunyan and his loggers spent in Canada!

(Chuckles)

_____: It got so cold the thermometer burst and kept getting colder. No one realized how serious the cold was until they started bumping into the words they'd uttered minutes before!

_____: Bumping into words?

_____: Sure! They'd frozen in mind air as soon as spoken!

(Laughter)

FORESTERS IN ACTION

Script No. 5

Directed by James Morris

Real Name: H. Sasser.

Station KOAC

Nickname: "Sass"

February 8, 1940

Sponsored by the Forestry Club of the Forest School

(Announcer mentions group of foresters around the camp fire - then turns the mike to them - absolute quiet for a second except for the crackle of the campfire as the group sits around it.)

JOHN: You know, fellows, there is nothing quite like an open wood fire to make you feel relieved of your worries.

PAT: Right you are, John. **(Sound of fire in the background)**

DAN: That's one reason I took forestry, I guess. Most of the people one meets now-a-days seem fighting to keep up with the world or to get away from themselves - I don't know which.

_____: Isn't that the truth?

SASS: I think that idea or condition is more typical of city people than those that live on the land, though, fellows.

_____: Listen to our eastern Oregon rancher. **(chuckles)**

SASS: Sure, I'm from eastern Oregon - and proud of it. It may be a cow-country, but it's a mighty fine one.

DAN: Well, Sass, that ties in with what I've been thinking. People who are close to nature - close to the soil as it were - are not as nervous, worried or excitable as those who live in the noise, the glare and rush of the cities.

_____: I'd rather live away from the cities any day.

JOHN: Yes, and you can see a radical change in a city man after he has lived and worked in the open for awhile.

_____: Some of them can't live without the noise and confusion—they have to get back to the bright lights.

JOHN: Yes, but on the average, a man can rest and recuperate better the closer he gets to nature and the farther away he gets from the artificial environment of the cities.

_____: It seems to me that there is a lesson for us foresters in that fact.

SPUD: Lesson? What do you mean?

_____: Well, as time goes on and scientists catch up with civilization, they will advocate relief from the modern rush for the average business man. The place to get that relief will be in the forest areas.

DAN: There already is a strong indication of that trend. It's a good thing, too. The hospitals for the insane and sanitariums for the mentally sick are doing a larger business every year.

_____: Say, fellows, along that same line, have you heard how the State of Missouri handles its criminals?

PAT: No—what has that got to do with the discussion?

_____: Here we go.

_____: Throw another log on the fire!

X_____: Missouri had a terrible prison riot in 1930 and largely as a result of that riot they have entered a program of bringing their prisoners into close contact with old Mother Earth.

PAT: Do you mean they buried them?

(Chuckles)

X_____: No, you dope—that they are practicing just what you fellows have been talking about. They are allowing the prisoners to work on farms and in the forests. The result is that they are making good men out of bad men.

PAT: I'd say the success of that project would depend on how bad the prisoners were to start with.

X_____: Well, the fellow in charge of this program chose a murderer for his first sub-foreman. He had 30 other murderers in his first gang.

_____: Shoot! That wasn't any way to start a program of that sort!

X_____ : Well—I don't know—Missouri put these prisoners—criminals—out working farms—working in the woods and on other occupations by which they could maintain a close touch with Old Mother Nature. The program is returning Missouri something like \$1,000 daily toward prison maintenance and operating costs.

SASS: Say, that back to nature program was a success.

_____ : Good gravy!

X_____ : The project showed a profit of \$90,000 last year.

SASS: That sounds all right!

X_____ : The farm and forest movement has added at least a quarter million dollars to the state's tangible assets. The greatest saving of all, however, is the one having to do with the institutional inmates, themselves. The program is transforming bad men into good men!

PAT: Sounds just like a good business enterprise to me, so far! What has it to do with making criminals over?

X_____ : Well — listen to this! Although two percent of all first offenders are returned to the Missouri state penitentiary for one or more subsequent sentences, fewer than one half of one percent have taken part in this back to the soil program! The program is building men.

JOHN: That certainly cinches the idea we were building up. The forester of the future will find himself faced with a new job — that of building people back to health mentally as well as physically.

SASS: Most people realize the beneficial influences of nature, I believe — look at our tourist trade — every year sees a notable increase in the number of people seeking rest and recreation away from the bright lights.

DAN: Yes, the forester of tomorrow will be working with trees — lumber — wild life — watershed protection — grazing and all of the other uses of forest lands but also he will be working with people.

_____ : Say, you fellows are developing this idea a little too rapidly for me. Be more specific, Dan.

DAN: Well, as I see it, we will have regular summer camps for

young men and women in the forests of the future just as we have with the CCC program today. They will be building up our natural resources.----Thinning, trimming, planting and all of the other work to be done for an expanding conservation program.

_____: Well, that won't be too different from practices today, Dan.

DAN: That is only part of it, though. There will be camps where criminals will be given a chance to prove themselves worthy of another try at living in the civilized world. They will be required to work out their atonement for misdeeds as it were.

_____: That sound pretty fine to me.

DAN: There will also be camps where poor people such as you and I may work at woods work for a short time to relive ourselves of mental troubles and attitudes. Sweating and working at simple labors seems to be of great benefit to the human animal.

(Sound of bonfire)

PAT: You're getting to be quite a philosopher, Dan!

DAN: Oh, (chuckle) there's something about smelling woods smoke and looking into a campfire that starts me on that line. **(Chuckles)**

_____: Say-you know-I'd like to hear more about this Missouri experiment. How about it?

_____: Yes. Let's hear some more about that.

_____: Sure. I'd like to know more about it.

X_____: O. K., Fellows. To start with-Missouri has some 4500 acres of land, most of it on the fertile bottomland of the Missouri river.

SPUD: That sounds like farming and not forestry.

X_____: Oh! They work on forestry projects, too. The principle is the same anyway. Raising annual crops or raising timber that will mature in 50 years, the work is close to Mother Nature and that seems to be the big thing in rebuilding mental stability.

PAT: Maybe I need some of that treatment.

(Chuckles)

X_____ : There are 900 men—criminals,—working on this program. They produce three fourths of all the provisions required to feed the 5400 inmates of the state's five penal institutions.

SPUD: Say, that's a lot of food.

X_____ : A recent survey of the prisoners showed that most of them wanted to work in the program—to work at stimulating labor on the land, which quiets taut nerves and brings new health to warped minds and broken spirits.

DAN: Hard work is good for anybody.

X_____ : A recent survey of the prisoners showed that most of them wanted to work in the program—to work at stimulating labor on the land, which quiets taut nerves and brings new health to warped minds and broken spirits.

DAN: Hard work is good for anybody.

X_____ : These fellows receive the best of food but the sustenance they get for mind and spirit is more impressive. They discuss their farming, listen to lecturers from the state agricultural college, experiment with fertilizers and learn to care for soil as they use it.

SASS: A term in that prison would do a lot of us good, I'm thinking. The U. S. hasn't taken much care of its soil.

(Agreement)

X_____ : I might tell you of what the back to nature movement did for one fellow. He was a former tenant farmer and was a pretty tough customer.

PAT: The tenant farmers have a pretty tough time of it, I guess.

X_____ : Yes, this one rebelled against discipline, broke all rules and became a prison problem child. One day the fellow in charge of the soil program took him out of the prison and put him on a farm. He settled down at once and soon was one of the most satisfactory workers on the job.

BERT: I'll wager they have a lot of policing to do around those farms.

X_____ : You know that's a funny thing. The farms have no fences, no guards, no bars, no stripes and no guns. The men sleep on the property in bunkhouses they build themselves. The houses are

not locked at night and no guards patrol them. There's on employed superintendent to each farm.

PAT: That may be good psychology but I'll bet some of the criminals run away, at that.

X_____: They haven't much chance of not being picked up again sooner or later and they know they are just making things more difficult for themselves if they run away. Very few of them try it.

_____: I wouldn't call that a prison, exactly.

X_____: Well, the fellow in charge says you don't run a farm with guns and clubs and padlocks and fear. He says you run it with sweat and cooperation!

JOHN: Evidently he's right.

SPUD: You'd think the fame of that prison would spread far and wide. It looks as though people from all over the nation would go to see the experiment.

X_____: That's just about what happened. The fellow in charge finally placed convicts at the gates as guards to keep people out. They were a nuisance to the individuals on the holdings.

BERT: **(chuckling)** Imagine having a convict stop and tell you to turn around and be on your way!

X_____: As watchmen for one farm, he chose a lifer, impressing him with the fact that nobody was to be admitted without a pass. A few evenings later an automobile came careening up to the improvised barricade.

(Flash back)

LIFER: **(sorrowful voice)** May I see your pass, sir?

Y_____: "My good man! I am Representative Higgenbottom of the State Legislature, and I am going where I please. Make no mistake!"

LIFER: Mister (patiently) I am a convict serving a life sentence for murder. I can't afford to make a mistake. You are not going in!

(Sound of motor dying out)

(Chuckles)

DAN: Out on a lonely road with a convict serving life for murder!—
No wonder the big man decided to get out of there.

PAT: **(chuckling)** I wouldn't argue, either.

DAN: Fellows, I feel that this bit of talk and philosophy, as
Pat calls it, has impressed something on our minds. We, as
foresters, have a new type of work cut out for us. Call it
re creation or recreation or what you will, but people are
turning to the forests for relief from the strain of modern
civilization and we had better prepare ourselves for it.

PAT: Old graybeard.

(Sound of Fire)

JOHN: **(chuckling)** I can guess you're right, Dan—Rest from
civilization's worries is to be one of the uses of the
forests. It is inevitable.—nothing can stop the trend.

SPUD: Oh! OH! Here comes a story.

JOHN: It is one of those things that will grow in spite of all we
can do—although of course, I think this new use is going to be
a lifesaver to many people.

_____: What have you on your mind, John? - Out with it.

JOHN: **(chuckling)** The way Dan spoke of the trend to forest
recreation made me (I don't know why) think of a bit of
History.

PAT: No one else knows why either.

JOHN: You've probably heard about the great battle between the
loggers and the buffalo boys.

(chuckles)

JOHN: They were battling each other strenuously when they felt
something on their legs and in their shoes. (Chuckle) Some of
the men dropped to the ground shouting—"We're done for—we're
done for."

_____: What in thunder was it?

JOHN: Rain - Warm rain.

_____: Come on! --- They'd have felt it on their heads first, not on their boots and legs!

JOHN: That was the year the rain came from China!

(Laughter)

JOHN: The men all ran to high ground and some of their number laughed -but not for long, for the rain kept coming up from China, and the longer it rained the faster it rained. A regular cloudburst or rather, I mean, earthburst!

(Laughter)

JOHN: Talk about mental strain-why, fellows, that was really a mental strain-why, even the birds and animals went crazy watching that rain coming up from China! Pools became lake-lakes, oceans-it was awful!!

_____: **(Chuckling)** Sounds like it.

JOHN: Finally the president had to send word around to China for the emperor to turn off the water -----

(Laughter drowning John out)

FORESTERS IN ACTION

Script No. 6

Directed by James Morris

Real Name: H. Sasser.

Station KOAC

Nickname: "Sass"

February 14, 1940

Sponsored by the Forest Club of the School of Forestry

DAN: Did you fellows ever see such an abundance of rain?

HAL: They gang up on me—I have to write papers for mensuration, protection, English, and speech, all during this one week!

SPUD: Just regular Oregon Weather, Dan.

JOHN: If you'd do something besides fussing all of the time you'd be better off, Hal.

(Chuckles)

HAL: Say, did you ever think how much water is going to waste when it rains all day long?

TED: A lot of it is wasted at that—what makes you ask that question, Hal?

HAL: (Chuckling) Oh, I was just thinking of one time when a certain young fellow could certainly have used some of that water to advantage! (Chuckles)

_____: Tell us about it, Hal.

_____: Sure, let us enjoy it, too!

HAL: When you fellows talk of greenhorns I keep thinking of a certain young fellow that we had on the forest I was working on one summer in northern California.

_____: He must have been green.

HAL: Just like spring grass. (Chukles). The ranger had misgivings about him from the start but the young fellow's dad was the town judge and you know how those things go!

_____: His dad got him the job—Wish my dad could get me started.

HAL: Well, it wouldn't do you much good unless you were better than this fellow. **(Chuckles)** The ranger sent him in to be lookout on Burnt Peak.

_____: Lookout job, eh!?

HAL: There was a trail in to the peak but no road—had to go in on horses. There wasn't any water within two miles of the lookout and no one lived within miles.

DAN: That was no place for a greenhorn, Hal!!

HAL: Well, this kid and his Dad had ridden in there on horses the summer before and the boy was taken with the place.

_____: I'll bet he felt different when he was left in there alone.

HAL: The packer took him in and they stopped at the spring two miles below the lookout to fill up. They took ten gallons of water with them up to the lookout.

SASS: Well, if he was careful that water would have lasted a long time! I've gone for a month on 10 gallons of water!

_____: Honest, Sass?

SASS: Sure thing—when you're packin' water for three or four miles you don't waste it.

_____: After all, a man has to have a certain amount of water. He can't do without it entirely!

SASS: Well, you can use the same water for several purposes though!

(Laughter)

HAL: This greenhorn didn't know that I guess, and the packer didn't tell him.

_____: What did he do with the water, Hal?

HAL: Nothin' much, just took a bath the second day—washed the windows and scrubbed the floor of the Lookout house!

SASS: Why, the dumb palooka!

_____: That would take quite a bit of water.

SASS: Especially if he didn't know how to use it!

HAL: (chuckling) Well, fellows, the judge's son went through that ten gallons of water in a day and a half and then called the office to send him up some more!

SASS: Wow! Did he get canned?

_____: Good gravy—what a dimwit!

_____: Ashes of Caesar's host!

JOHN: (Chuckling) Do you want to know what the dispatcher told him, Hal?

HAL: He made him wait until sundown when the danger of rapid spread of fires was practically over and then told him to go get his water!

SASS: Wow! Two miles down and two miles back!

HAL: Believe me, that fellow didn't have to be told to conserve his water after that!!

DAN: It's too bad more people who don't realize the value of water can't go thru that experience!

TED: There would be a good deal less thoughtless removal of cover from our valuable watershed lands if they did do such!!

BERT: Right you are, Ted.

_____: Say, that fire's getting pretty low—put some more wood on it, Hal.

HAL: O.K. (Sound of wood on wood-crackling)

DAN: You know we are always talking about greenhorns and what they do. How about talking about some of the doings of the old timers, fellows---

BERT: Well, Dan, it's up to you to start it, I guess.

PAT: Sure thing, Dan.

SPUD: That's the way I see it too, Dan!

JOHN: Oh! I don't know, Dan—I'll tell one about an old timer if you wish. My Dad had an interesting experience he told me of!

_____: At-a-boy, John—Tell us about the pine country!

JOHN: Dad used to run cattle in the mountains back of home and one year he found that a grizzly bear was killing stock to best the band!

_____: I guess grizzlies get bad when they become stock killers.

JOHN: This bear, he was a big one, kept getting bolder all summer. He killer for the sheer joy of killing. Carcasses were strewn by the edges of water holes—sheep men sitting about their fires and cattlemen riding over the prairie were often told by someone of lately seeing new kills of this brute.

SPUD: Someone should have taken a few shots at him.

JOHN: They did---attempts had been made all that year to kill or capture him—but the bear seemed to carry a charmed life. Dad, however, finally decided that if he was to stay in the stock business that bear would have to die!

BERT: A killer like that could take the profits out of anyone's stock business.

_____: I'd hate to start out to hunt down a silver-tip grizzly bear—believe me, Joe!!

JOHN: Dad didn't go alone—he went with an old Indian that had worked on the range for him for years. The Indian, Jim, they called him, could follow a fresh trail with his eyes shut.

_____: Some Indians are sure good in the woods.

JOHN: Dad took his high-powered rifle and a revolver while Jim took his old thirty-thirty.

_____: A thirty-thirty wouldn't phase a grizzly!

DAN: That would depend on where you hit him, I believe.

JOHN: Dad and Jim trailed that bear from one fresh kill to another for two solid days!

SPUD: they were determined to get him, I guess!

_____: It would be almost impossible, I should think, to trail a bear and shoot him down. Think of the job of unraveling his track----

JOHN: Well, this old silver-tip made big tracks—there was no mistaking them and luck was with them for the bear walked into a natural trap.

BERT: What do you mean—natural trap?

JOHN: There was a place way back in the wilds called sunken canyon. The place had only one outlet and that was up the bluff on a narrow trail. Not knowing that the men were following him, the bear had walked confidently down into this box canyon.

_____: That was lucky for them, I'd say!

JOHN: The old Indian grunted his delight when they killer's tracks led over the bluff and down the trail to Sunken Springs. Dad and he decided to wait for the mammoth grizzly there at the head of the trail—when he came out they would be ready for him.

_____: I sure wouldn't have gone down into that canyon after him—believe me. **(Chuckles)**

JOHN: Dad had Jim guard the trail while he built a platform high up in a tree that overlooked the trail. The sun was well down when this work was finished and he joined the Indian guarding the bluff trail.

(Flash back on last sentence—fade)

INDIAN JIM: Me no see 'em. Tonight bear go, huh?

SASS: Perhaps—anyhow he won't get away—we'll watch this trail all night if he doesn't come sooner.

INDIAN JIM: Yes—putty good.

SASS: I hope to gosh that Silvertip sleeps in this one night at least so we can have a fair chance at him in the morning light.

INDIAN JIM: Daytime—much good. Dark—bad.

SASS: Well, we'll get supper, then you sleep while I watch.

INDIAN JIM: [---] You wake—me watch in morning.

(Flash back—Fade)

JOHN: Darkness came quickly. Dark settled over the canyon until Dad had to trust to his ears alone to warn him when the bear came.

_____: **(Whispering)** I'd have hated to have been in his shoes.

JOHN: Dad has said it seemed that not a breath of air stirred. The silence was awful, I guess. Finally the moon came up and Dad watched that trail like a hawk until about midnight. He was on the point of going after the Indian when a twig snapped.

_____: Wow---what a job!

JOHN: It was a false alarm, however, and finally he took the Indian's place on the platform to get some sleep. Not until the sun started up did the Indian have any news of the bear, then the grizzly growled far down in the canyon. Quickly, he went to rouse Dad.

(Flash back - fade)

SASS: What's up, Jim?

INDIAN JIM: Pear putty soon come.

SASS: Well, I guess we'll be ready for him--let's watch from up here on the platform.

INDIAN JIM: See 'em! See 'em! Bear now come!

SASS: By Cracky! He's a monster! - Where's my gun - oops! (Sound of gun falling) Confound it! I dropped it!

INDIAN JIM: We kill 'em.

SASS: I would do something like that--look at that silvertip's size! Man, oh, man!

(Sound of gun--Bear roars!)

INDIAN JIM: Foreleg! Missed head.

SASS: Is he mad! Here he comes!

(Four more shots)

INDIAN JIM: Big Bear plenty tough!" **(Bear roars)**

SASS: His own blood smell drives him mad. What a monster!

(Two shots)

INDIAN JIM: Him right below - hard to shoot 'em.

SASS: Look--His paw--I'll give him a shot or two with this pea shooter.

(Sound of smaller gun)

INDIAN JIM: Pea shooter no good! He come!

SASS: He's climbing the tree we're in—Oh! For my gun!

(Sound of shots)

INDIAN JIM: Shoot in eye when see. My gun empty!

(Sound of smaller gun)

SASS: I got him in the eye (**Bear roars**) Climb the tree, Jim, I'll get my gun when he follows you.

(Bear roars)

INDIAN JIM: (Yelling) What's a matta - Hurry up!

(Sound of six shots - big rifle)

SASS: I got - him (Sound of crash) Hey, Jim, you all right?

INDIAN JIM: Me scare - close hunt! [---]

SASS: That did for him - come on down!

INDIAN JIM: Hold gun - on head -shoot 'nother time!

(Sound of big rifle twice)

SASS: (**Excitedly**) Wow - what a big brute, Jim. I think we killed a bear.

JIM: Ugh! Paleface - drop gun - heap bad - close!

(Fade - Flash Back)

[_____: (**Chuckling**) I'll bet that Indian had enough bear hunt!

PAT: That is one of the things I wouldn't do - wait for a grizzly all night in the wilds.

JOHN: A stockman gets pretty desperate when he sees his stock dying off.

_____: Wow - what a story - Gee, John, you'd better tell another one.

TED: Aw - that wasn't such a good story.

DAN: O.K., Big Boy, we're listenin' - you do better.

_____: Sure, the evening's young.

TED: Well, one evening a Swede - way off by his cabin in the woods saw a bear at the edge of his clearing.

BERT: **(chuckling)** Another bear story!

TED: The Swede, being some distance from his cabin and not having a gun made a bee-line for his cabin—the bear right behind him!

_____: Scared, I'll bet!

(Chuckles)

TED: The bear was gaining so the Swede speeded up and by the time he reached the cabin and headed around the corner for the door, he had on a full head of power—the throttle wide open.

_____: With a Swede, now, that'd be about 40 miles an hour.

TED: Oh, Easy - Then he glanced back to see how the bear was comin' and when he again looked to the front—my gosh—he'd gone by the cabin door.

(Chuckles)

TED: To turn back was suicide so the Swede put his mind to work. I don't know which he was doing the faster - thinking or running, but anyhow, he decided to keep up his pace and circle the cabin, and trust to better luck on the second lap. He was desperate in his haste - no doubt about that.

_____: No doubt.

TED: He forced his speeder up another notch or two and, with some strain on his steering gear, shot around the next corner in a cloud of dust.

(Chuckles)

TED: The bear wasn't expecting such a sudden change, of course, or his steering gear must have been out of order, for he couldn't make the turn. Consequently he did a tangent off into the canyon! Before he could slow down enough to turn around he was so far away that he must have figured out that the chase was hopeless so far as he was in it.

(Laughter)

TED: But the Swede's mind had got set on making time and he didn't miss the bear. The lint was fairly popping off his shirt as he turned the corners. But over anxiety was his undoing on the second lap. He was traveling so much faster than he usually did that his befuddled brain couldn't keep up the pace set by his legs and, before he realized it, the door was behind him again!

(Laughter)

_____: What happened then!?

TED: From then on, there was only a blur where the mind of the Swede should have been! The laps were being reeled off so fast that he could hear and feel the air suction behind him.

_____: Say!

_____: Wow.

TED: This, of course, he thought was the breath of the bear, and he tried desperately to elevate the throttle another notch.

_____: What did he think he was, Paul Bunyan?

(Chuckles)

TED: Well, after about the third trip around the cabin the dust was so thick he couldn't even see where the door was. So 'round and 'round he went. How long I don't know, but they say that never after that was this Swede able to walk in a straight line.

_____: Why?

TED: He had so sprung his steering apparatus that he could only travel in circles!!

(Roars of Laughter)

FORESTERS IN ACTION

Script No. 7

Directed by James Morris

Real Name: H. Sasser

Station KOAC

Nickname: "Sass"

February 22, 1940

Sponsored by the Press Radio Guild of the Forestry School

DAN: I tell you, fellows, conservation should be the keynote of the national program in Forestry. The future of the United States is going to be determined by the ability of the soil to reproduce the wealth of growing things we have used up in developing the country.

BERT: Say, men, what do you say - I think we ought to have someone tell a yarn - if we don't, Hal here have us all weeping. He's quite a philosopher, I'll admit, but he's pretty pessimistic tonight.

(Chuckles)

BOB: Right you are Bert - what we need is a story of the open spaces and not just philosophy - I don't care how good it is.

BERT: Ted, you're from eastern Oregon where the cowpunchers chase the Herfords - tell us a story of the range country.

TED: Well, to tell the truth, I believe I'd rather listen to Hal's philosophy, but since some of you object to it, maybe I can think of a story I've heard.

BOB: That's the spirit, Ted.

SASS: Throw another log on the fire.

TED: Bert's talking about Herford cattle started me thinking.

BOB: What! You don't mean it!!!

(Chuckles)

CAMP: Come on - leave Ted alone or he won't tell us a story!

TED: That story you told about the bear killing cattle last week, Bert - what kind of cattle were they?

BERT: White-faces, Ted - why?

TED: Well, this happening I'm thinking of worked out much the same way. A big silver-tip grizzly bear had been killing cattle and the ranchers were desperate.

CAMP: Why didn't they shoot the bear, just like Bert's dad did?

HAL: Try to catch up with one - Bert's dad was just lucky!

BERT: Lucky - I'll say he was lucky - in more ways than one.

TED: Well, the ranchers in the country where this bear was making his slaughter of Herford cattle sure tried to get him. They set traps, hunted the country from one end to the other, put out poison and got a government hunter on the job but it didn't do a bit of good. That bear was too smart.

CAMP: I'd have quit the cattle business and started raising chickens.

(Chuckles)

TED: The ranchers finally called a council of war. They came from all over the plateau and all of them were pretty worried. One of the cattlemen was a new-comer. He'd bought a herd of white-faces and had lost several calves to the grizzly.

SPUD: Pretty hard on a man just starting in the business to lose stock!

TED: Oh! This fellow was pretty well off. He'd made his money running cattle in Texas. I never will forget him - he was about seventy years old and during this entire meeting he sat in one corner whittling.

SASS: Whittling?

TED: Yes, Sir, -- he had some soft pine wood and he seemed to be mighty interested in peeling off the shavings. Every now and then, however, he'd stop to listen to one of the talkers or to take a chew of tobacco. He was a quiet customer.

SPUD: I should think the other men would have asked his views on the matter - since he was such an old timer in the game.

TED: Well, along towards the end of the meeting they did ask him if there were grizzlies in Texas.

BOB: Sure there are -- mountain lions, too.

TED: That's what he told them but he added that they raised a different kind of cattle in Texas in his time. He said the wild animals didn't bother the Texas long horn cattle at all!

CAMP: Too tough to eat, I suppose.

TED: Finally the other cattlemen asked the old codger if he had any ideas on how to get the grizzly.

HAL: I'll bet he had an idea or two.

TED: The old cattleman shot a wad of tobacco juice out the window.

(Flash back - Fade in)

BERT: Yes, Mr. Davis, you have run cattle in Texas for thirty years or so - How about it? Are you going to do anything about this silver tip?

SASS: (Talking very slowly and deliberately) Well, gentlemen, I figure to do something, yes, I don't know much about these big, fat, clumsy whitefaces, though, and so I'm not going to let the rest of the herd out of the home pasture until that 'ber' is done for.

BERT: **(Chuckling)** You might hold them there a long time.

SASS: Oh! Maybe a month or so - but I haven't got acquainted with them yet anyhow. Mighty 'perty' cattle!

BOB: Look here, Davis! Do you mean that you're just going to sit tight and let us rid the country of this murdering critter?

SASS: I didn't say that, young fellow.

BOB: What do you 'sim' to do?! We're desperate and if you have an idea we'd like to have it!

SASS: Well, I wouldn't get all 'het' up about it. I've got a couple dozen Texas longhorns coming in on the train tomorrow morning. I'd like to have you come down and see them before my men take them into the hills.

HAL: Texas longhorns?!!

BERT: I thought you were going to keep your cows locked up.

SASS: I'll keep those clumsy white faced beefsteaks locked up - yes, sir, but I think the longhorns can take care of themselves.

BERT: I don't think you're much help, Sir. We can't all start raising Texas longhorns just because of one grizzly bear.

(Flash back)

TED: The rest of the cattlemen were pretty well disgusted with the old Texas cowman, but it didn't seem to bother him at all.

CAMP: He was probably a pretty shrewd old customer.

TED: **(Chuckling)** The next morning the cowpokes ran that bunch of longhorns out of the cattle car. Talk about ornery looking cattle! They were mean looking. Most of the bunch were cows. There were a few calves and one great rangy looking bull.

SPUD: I'll bet he had a spread of horns.

TED: Horns! Say, there never has been a set like that seen in Eastern Oregon since. That bull was an old grandpa - and mean - wow! Those Eastern Oregon horses were kept humping keeping out of his way.

HAL: What happened to the bear, Ted?

TED: I'm getting to that --- The cowboys took this herd of longhorns up in the hills where the bear was last seen.

SPUD: Going to discourage the grizzly by feeding him rawhide, ah!!

(Chuckles)

TED: That's what you think. - This bunch of Texas cattle took over a part of the range adjacent to the fire lookout tower and spent their afternoon in a little open spot just below the tower. My brother was lookout and he told me the story.

BOB: What a story!

TED: Wait a minute! One evening just as the sun was deciding to go to bed my brother heard a wild bellow of rage from the old Texas bull down below the glade.

CAMP: Oh! OH! - Bear!

TED: He looked down there and that herd of cattle was being bunched together by the old bull. He was running around the bunch of cows getting them into a compact huddle.

SPUD: They say buffalo used to do that when wolves attacked them.

TED: Bud said the old grizzly bear started circling the herd of cattle and the old bull circled with him, pawing dirt and bellowing like a thunderstorm.

CAMP: White-faces can make a lot of noise, too!

TED: The bear circled the herd twice like that and then he seemed to lose his temper for he raised up on his hind legs to strike!

HAL: I wouldn't have wanted to have been in that longhorn's hoofs!

TED: Sa-a-ay! The instant that bear raised up the bull struck! He moved with the speed of lightning and that bear was ripped from stern to brisket before he knew what was coming!

SASS: You mean he disemboweled that big grizzly?!!

HAL: He killed the bear - you mean?!!

SPUD: What! He ripped the bear open?!!

TED: Fellows, my brother said that bear didn't have a chance. That old Texas bull didn't stop jabbing and stamping as long as the grizzly moved and he was still bellowing his rage two hours later!

HAL: **(Chuckling)** The grizzly found longhorns a little different from white-faces, I guess! What!

TED: Bud said he telephoned the good news in to the ranger station and practically every cowman in the country was up there the next day.

SPUD: I guess the Texas cowman knew what he was doing!

TED: I'll say he did!

BERT: I've seen a set or two of the Texas horns. I wouldn't want a bull to brandish a pair of them at me by gosh - Say, Hal, what are you grinning to yourself about?

HAL: Oh! I just thought of a bear story I heard one time.

SASS: out with it then - it's your turn anyhow!

BERT: Kick the fire together.

SPUD: Here we go, men - gather 'round.

HAL: I know we shouldn't get to telling stories like this.

BERT: Why?

HAL: We should be preaching fire prevention, good forestry and such, shouldn't we?

BOB: Well - maybe - but go ahead - tell your story!

SASS: Sure, open up!

SPUD: We'll philosophize later on!

(Chuckles)

HAL: Three fellows were coming down a mountain trail ahead of an empty pack string. They came out into an open meadow and Hardy, who was in the lead, stopped his horse.

(Flashback)

SPUD: Say, isn't that a grizzly over there on that slope?

SAM: Sure is - and me without a gun.

BOB: I have this six-shooter. **(Chuckling)** Couldn't do much with it. I guess it's up to you and your rifle, Hardy!

SPUD: Well - Here goes - hold the horses!

(Sound of a shot)

SAM: By gosh! - you hit him! - look at him roll!

BOB: There - he's up and away into the brush!

SPUD: I never was much of a shot.

SAM: Well - men - that's almost four hundred yards!

DAN: Sure it is - you were good to even hit him. Look! Isn't that another one up above - there?!!

SPUD: I'll be darned if it isn't!

(Two shots)

SAM: Nope, there he goes - limping though!

SPUD: What do you say, Jim, will you go with me and track those bear in the snow! We can't let them go without a try!!

BOB: Hike thru the snow in these high-heeled riding boots. Not by a darn sight. Here. Sam, you take the six shooter and I'll take the horses on down to the cabin.

SAM: O.K. My boots are better for hiking, I guess.

(Flashback)

HAL: Jim had never been to the cabin he was hunting and he had understood that it was about a mile down the trail. Hardly had told him it had horse feed in it, too - so when he came on a cabin about a half mile down the trail that didn't have any horse feed in it, he figured there was another cabin below.

TED: Perfectly natural deduction.

SASS: Quiet!!

HAL: So he turned the horses down the trail again and about a mile farther on he came out of the snow into another little park - but no cabin.

BERT: The cabin he'd passed was the right one, I'll bet.

HAL: That's what Jim figured but he got off his horse and sat down on a log to have a smoke.

SASS: Safe enough with snow on the ground!

HAL: He had just lit a match when he happened to glance at the horses. They were staring down the trail - every muscle quivering!! Jim let his gaze follow theirs - The match never got to the cigarette for about thirty feet below there stood the largest silver-tip grizzly he had ever seen. His head was dotted with blood and he appeared to be blinded from the wound.

TED: Boy! Oh, boy!

HAL: Jim started to yell at his horses but his Adam's apple got in the way. He started to get up but his knees were weak.

(Chuckles)

BERT: I don't blame him.

HAL: Jim finally got up and started running for the horses which were already turning in the narrow trail to get out of there. He passed within ten feet of that grizzly who was headed for the horses going like a locomotive.

TED: They can travel!

HAL: Jim reached for the second horse as he swung around but missed - he managed to catch hold of the last one just as he lined out.

BERT: What an experience!

HAL: He had a hold of the lash rope and it would have taken a crowbar to pry him loose.

SASS: I should think so.

HAL: The seven horses strung out up the trail for all they were worth with Jim hanging onto the hind one, taking steps twenty feet long.

(Chuckles)

HAL: There were times when his hold on the rope slacked, proving that he was outrunning the packhorse and finally at a turn in the trail he vaulted into the saddle.

BERT: His fear wasn't paralyzing him much then, was it?

HAL: I'll say not - He looked back at the next straight stretch of trail and the bear was some twenty feet behind running like the wind.

BOB: He couldn't have been hurt much.

HAL: A mile up the trail the horses turned in at the old cabin and in their excitement wound several trees into their lead ropes - Jim didn't stop but climbed up on top of the cabin.

(Chuckles)

HAL: A few minutes later the bear came loping up the trail, Jim's knees started acting up again and the horses - breaking their lead ropes plunged into the timber but the bear kept on up the trail out of sight.

SASS: What a relief to him!

HAL: Jim was still on top of the cabin when his friends showed up an hour later.

CAMP: I'd have stayed up there, too.

SPUD: Say, gang, you've all told bear stories - I think it's my turn now.

TED: I never knew there were so many bear stories.

BOB: Go ahead, Spud.

SPUD: Near my Dad's ranch in Eastern Oregon, there lives an old Indian - John Spot, they call him. He's a funny old duffer and the cow punchers used to kid him unmercifully.

SASS: Used to? What made them stop?

SPUD: Well, they kidded John Spot a little more than usual one day and he left feeling pretty bitter.

TED: Trust an Indian to get back on them, though.

SPUD: The next morning he came flying into camp on his horses saying - "Me see big grizzly up on hill!"

HAL: Another grizzly.

SPUD: All of the cow-punchers grabbed their guns, jumped on their horses and, telling Spot to lead them to the place, hit off in the direction he had come.

BERT: Grizzly steak for supper.

SPUD: Finally John Spot had led them up on a big plateau. There he stopped and while the punchers gathered 'round pointed under a big overhanging rock - and said, "There-me see - grizzly there thirty years ago!!"

(Laughter)

FORESTERS IN ACTION

Script No. 09

Directed by James Morris

Real Name: H. Sasser.

Station KOAC

Nickname: "Sass"

February 29, 1940

Sponsored by the Press Radio Guild of the Forestry Club

DAN: It was probably the best banquet we've ever had since the Forestry School was established.

SPUD: I called it Thuja orientalis and he said it was Chamaecyperis lawsoniana.

JOHN: There were something like 600 men registered, I believe.

BOB: Well, they're both known as cedar so why worry?

DAN: I was interested in the picture that the speaker at the forester's banquet painted of forestry the other day.

JOHN: In what way, Dan?

DAN: For one thing he pointed out that private forest industry is in far greater need of men educated in the forestry profession than public forestry is.

TED: Fellows, don't you think we put far too much emphasis on public forestry?

DAN: Oh, I don't know about that, Ted. Are you acquainted with what is being done on the city forest lands owned by Seattle, Washington?

TED: No, Dan. Tell us something about it!

DAN: Well, as I remember it, the City of Seattle set out in 1900 to acquire control of the Cedar River watershed in order to protect its water supply.

JOHN: I'll wager that project cost plenty of money!

DAN: Yes, cost plenty, John, but today the forest has paid back to the city nearly a million dollars—enough to retire all debts and also pay all expenses.

TED: Say, that was a good investment!

SASS: I'd say the assurance of a continuous supply of clean, pure water for the city's consumption is worth a good deal.

_____: How about it, Ted? That is one case in which public forestry is justified—don't you think?

TED: Oh! I'm not so sure— Is the city really practicing forestry on this area or are the values being stripped from the land to pay the debts?

DAN: Oh, trees are being planted as well as being cut, Ted. Between 1925 and 1938 about 4,000,000 young trees were planted on the watershed covering a total of 4,300 acres.

TED: That does sound good at that! Does the city raise its own trees?

DAN: All of those young seedlings were grown in the forest's own nursery with the exception of about 60,000 trees which were obtained from the nursery of the Federal Forest Service at Wind River, Washington. The only reason they bought any from the Forest Service was because their own nursery wasn't producing seedlings when the first plantings were made.

BOB: Just how large is this city watershed forest, Dan?

DAN: About 66,000 acres.

BERT: Are watershed protection and timber growing the only uses of the land in this forest, Dan?

DAN: Well, originally, of course, Seattle planned only to obtain the land on the watershed in order to protect its city water supply but it has since discovered that its forest—like most other forests—if properly managed has many uses and can serve many purposes.

_____: Fish and game management should enter in, I should think.

DAN: Yes, it does. Watershed protection, however, will undoubtedly always rank first in the benefits derived.

SASS: (Starts chuckling while Dan is still talking.)

CAMP: What's the joke, Sass?

SASS: **(Chuckles)** Oh, this talking about watershed protection reminded me of an experience I had in the Olympics of Washington.

BERT: Throw another log on the fire.

_____ : He's started now—we might as well settle ourselves here on these logs.

SPUD: Tell us about it, Sass!

SASS: We started out cruising timber one day and before long the cruising party became lost in a dense fog.

_____ : Some foresters. **(Chuckles)**

SASS: Realizing the tough situation my party was in, I climbed a large Douglas fir tree hoping to get above the fog so I could get my bearings.

SPUD: That fog must have been dense.

SASS: Well—you couldn't see ten feet in front of you!

BOB: Come on—Sass—on with the story—you climbed a large Douglas fir tree.

SASS: Right! I climbed a large Douglas fir tree and after climbing for what seemed hours---I suddenly realized I was no longer on the tree but was working my way up through the fog.

(Laughter)

SASS: Taking my cruisers' axe I cut toeholds in the dense mist until I finally came out above the fog in the bright sunshine.

SPUD: I'll bet you could hear the twanging of harps.

(Chuckles)

SASS: No, but what was more strange—I broke through close by a boat in which were two fishermen. They had unknowingly rowed up off of the lake to the top of this dense fog bank!

BERT: Those weren't fishermen, they were aviators!

(Chuckles)

SASS: The greatest surprise came when one fisherman actually pulled in a twelve inch trout!

_____: Sure it wasn't a flying fish? **(Chuckles)**

_____: Wait a minute, fellows, --let's quit kidding Sass--he's in a dangerous predicament up there on the fog. How did you get down, Sass!!

SASS: We finally decided that the only way out of our misfortune was to cut a hole down thru the fog to the lake and allow the fog--byy flowing thru the hole--to empty into the lake.

BERT: Say--set me right here--did that fog freeze?

SASS: No--it was just real dense!

SPUD: Oh! **(Chuckles)**

SASS: After hours of chopping, we reached the lake's surface and barely escaped drowning as the fog cascaded thru the opening. As a result, we found our way back to camp only to find it flooded under six feet of water, because of our drainage system.

(Prolonged Laughter)

JOHN: Men--I can't let him tell a feeble story such as that without going him one better by telling an actual happening that is far more unusual than his yarn.

(Chuckles)

SPUD: It will have to be very unusual to beat that one, John.

JOHN: As you know, I have spent a good deal of time working in the woods.

SPUD: At least you drew your wages. **(Chuckles)**

JOHN: I'll never forget the happenings of one year. We were logging on the shores of a great lake in upper Wisconsin. The lake was stagnant most of the year because of the fact that it had surplus water enough to furnish an overflow for only a short period in the early weeks of the spring thaw. However, there was ample water flowing out of the lake to carry logs to the river below. Our usual procedure was to fall timber all winter, get it piled on the ice of the lake and drive it down to the river and sawmills below during the few days of spring when the lake had an overflow!

SPUD: Didn't you get awfully tired of the long hours of hard labor back in the woods—far from civilization, John?

JOHN: Well, we would have except for one thing. We had a cook in that camp that could make pastry which would melt in your mouth.

SPUD: Most logging camp cooks can't do much except cook spuds and beans.

SASS: That's good enough. **(Chuckles)**

JOHN: Well, fellows, this cook (Hot Biscuit Slim, we called him) could make the most marvelous doughnuts! His biscuits were sublime! And his cakes and pies couldn't be equaled!

SPUD: A cook like that can really make life worth living!

(Agreement)

Sass:[handwritten] I am hungry.

JOHN: The secret of this cook's success lay in his ability to use sourdough.

_____: I've heard that sourdough if used right is the best base for bread-stuffs there is!!

JOHN: Well, this fellow sure could use it. He knew the principle so well that he could mix up a batch of dough and when it raised, it would fill containers with 50 times the volume of the original mix. The result was that the pastry items were light and fluffy beyond description.

SPUD: You were telling us about logging, John.

JOHN: Oh, yes. As I was saying, we would build huge piles of logs on the ice of the lake during the winter and during the few days of early spring when the lake overflowed, we would float the logs thru the shallow outlet. We used to work day and night when the lake was flowing in order to get every log to the river before the lake became stagnant.

BOB: Those drives were hard work, I'll wager!

JOHN: This particular winter we had the logs all down and piled on the lake ahead of schedule and all was going well until the loggers union (oh which we were all members) called a strike.

CAMP: Strikes do cause a lot of grief sometimes.

JOHN: This one sure did. We got the strike settled just as warm weather started to melt the ice in the high country. We all hurried back to camp for we knew that there would only be a period of a few days during which we could float logs across the bar at the mouth of the lake.

BOB: That was a hard job to face right after a layoff.

JOHN: Yes, it was—or would have been—for when we got back to camp we saw that we were too late. The lake had already receded until it was too low to float logs out of. There we were with all of those beautiful white pine logs penned up in the lake.

SPUD: You had to wait until next winter to float them out—huh?

JOHN: Next winter! Men—we couldn't get paid until the boss delivered those logs to the mill! He didn't get his money until then.

[_____: Say, that was tough.

BERT: What a shame.

JOHN: I never will forget that morning. The loggers in that logging camp were certainly a sorry bunch of individuals. We sat down on the lake shore trying to figure a way to get those logs out of there.

BERT: Why didn't you rig up a gin pole or high line?

JOHN: We were horselogging and didn't have the equipment.

SPUD: Pretty tough! Pretty Tough!

JOHN: The cook came down late in the morning and he was smiling all over. We felt like whaling the daylights out of him for feeling gay until he told us he had a scheme for solving the problem.

CAMP: What would a cook know about it?!

JOHN: Anyhow, he called us in to dinner and on the way in we noticed that the flunkies had out sled (the enormous sled we used to haul supplies in over the snow with) sitting on a slope above the lake. They were packing something over and putting loads of it (whatever it was) into this great sled.

BERT: You fellows were too discouraged to care what they were doing, I imagine.

JOHN: We just sat down to the tables and drank our coffee and ate our meal in silence.

BOB: It's a wonder you had the heart to eat!

JOHN: While we were eating, the cook shack started to tremble, the flunkies shouted and we all ran out on the porch to see what was wrong.

SPUD: Earthquake?

JOHN: There was that sled-loaded full with tons of some white stuff—running wild down towards the lake where our winter's logs floated enclosed.

BOB: White stuff?

JOHN: White stuff—the cook had loaded tons of that sourdough into this sled.

SASS: Well!!!?

JOHN: It hit that lake in a rush and before our eyes a white billowing foam spread over the lake's surface!

CAMP: Sourdough!

JOHN: We ran to the lake and while we watched, the lake boiled and foamed and men! It started to raise!!!

SPUD: We-e-e-ll!!

JOHN: We grabbed our canthooks and peavies and started driving those logs! For believe me! - that sourdough was raising the level of that lake a foot a minute! - It kept coming, and inside of four hours and 35 minutes we had every single log driven out of the mouth of that lake on its way to the river.

CAMP: Tons of sourdough!

JOHN: Fellows---the cook had saved the day!!

(Laughter)

FORESTERS IN ACTION

Script No. 10

Directed by James Morris

Real Name: H. Sasser

Station KOAC

Nickname: "Sass"

March 7, 1940

Sponsored by the Forestry Club of the Forestry School

HAL: This job is what I'm vitally interested in. A man has to have a job in this man's world.

DAN: The job isn't everything, Hal. I admit a man has to work but I believe a forester should be idealistic above all.

HAL: Phooey! On such philosophy! - No use me saying otherwise-it's beans and bread I'm battling for and if I thought I could get it better in something else I'd get into something else!

SPUD: There's such a thing as being too idealistic, too!

BOB: Have you fellows read the article in American Forests magazine for January entitled "The Eleventh Commandment?"

DAN: No - what's it about, Ted?

SASS: The Eleventh Commandment?

HAL: I never saw it. Sounds interesting, though.

BOB: This article is written by a fellow whose name is Lowdermilk. He has traveled all over the world and is an ardent conservationist.

BERT: Sure - I've read that article, Bob. It's a direct answer to Hal's attitude, too!

HAL: Well - I don't care who else gets idealistic, I'm watching out for old number one!

BOB: According to this article if Moses had anticipated the wastage of land due to man's practices of suicidal agriculture and the resulting man-made deserts and ruined civilizations, if he had foreseen the impoverishment, revolutions, wars, migrations, and social decadence of billions of people through thousands of years and the oncoming desolation of their lands,

he doubtless would have been inspired to deliver an "Eleventh Commandment" to complete the trinity of man's responsibilities - to his Creator, to his fellowmen and to Mother Earth.

SASS: I'd like to hear one of you fellows restate, that so-called eleventh commandment. What you've said sounds good to me.

DAN: I read it and I believe I can restate it fairly accurately.

HAL: You fellows are sure ganging up on me!

(Chuckles)

SPUD: Go ahead, Dan.

DAN: Thou shall inherit the holy earth as a faithful steward, conserving its resources and productivity from generation to generation. Thou shalt safeguard thy fields from soil erosion, thy living waters from drying up, thy forests from desolation, and protect thy hills from overgrazing by thy herds, so that thy descendants may have abundance forever. If any shall fail in this stewardship of land they fruitful fields shall decrease and live in poverty or be destroyed from off the face of the earth.

BERT: Say - I believe that is just as important a commandment as some of the others. After all if the soil isn't productive a man can't train himself to be good because he'll die of starvation.

HAL: It may be all right for governments to figure that way but I still say my first object is to get a few dollars together in this world.

BERT: Hal, I think you ought to rededicate yourself - think of the billions of acres of originally productive lands throughout the world that have become unproductive through generations of ignorance, greed or oppression.

SASS: It represents a waste with a value to humanity, that we couldn't possibly comprehend.

BOB: Oh! It can't be as bad as all that, fellows!

SPUD: It's pretty bad, I think. The world is now more fully occupied by the human race than ever before. In the face of the limited area now available, the idea that man is still destroying its usefulness by inconsiderate and wasteful methods, should come as a shock to thinking people.

HAL: The thing that shocks me is the fact that I haven't a job lined up for next summer yet. (Chuckle) Natural resources don't do me much good when I'm out of work!

SPUD: You probably wouldn't be in college if those same natural resources hadn't furnished money for your people somewhere along the line, Hal!

DAN: I've read what some conservationists say about the condition in old countries. They say it is appalling to see ruins of once great cities, of civilizations and flourishing cultures, strewn like weather-beaten skeletons in the graveyard of the erosion-wasted lands.

BERT: Sure - It don't make any difference whether in America, Africa, Australia, or elsewhere, where farmers and stockmen have cleared and grazed new lands at a rate hitherto unknown, the story is the same.

BOB: Well - within the memory of the present inhabitants of certain portions of the world, men have witnessed the transformation of fertile plains from luxuriant vegetation, into barren wind-swept desert-like lands.

SASS: Yes - stockmen in my country tell of grazing paradises which within their day have been depleted of vegetation and gouged with gullies.

BERT: Yes, and people who paid taxes for the building of irrigation dams and reservoirs have already seen some of them abandoned and useless, while other reservoirs are silting up at an alarming rate.

SASS: That's right - Dan, the engineers are even worried about Boulder Dam, I understand.

DAN: Of course in our own field - the vast virgin forests of all these newly exploited continents have largely disappeared under wasteful exploitation.

HAL: You might call that annihilation rather than cutting with a planned maintenance of the forest for permanent productivity, and for the control of erosion and flashy storm run-off.

BERT: I think it's true though that in a few countries such as Germany, Italy and Japan, a high conception of the permanent value of natural resources has been developed as a vital policy of national planning.

SASS: Germany and Japan are outstanding in forest and land conservation. Italy is rushing her program of conservation and reclamation as a basis for a greater empire.

SPUD: Well - fortunately for us a national movement for soil and water conservation has now aroused the American people to the menace of soil erosion.

BOB: Yes, but it's already supposed to have destroyed some 50 million acres of farm lands and impaired the productivity of 200 million more.

BERT: Anyhow, the United States has begun the largest and most comprehensive movement of soil and water conservation in the history of the world.

SASS: **(slowly)** If a nation would project itself into the future, it must protect its lands, from the ravages of soil erosion. Soil erosion expresses itself, as a disease of the land, which results in lowering of food, supplies, vitality and higher values for peoples and nations.

HAL: You fellows sure are philosophers.

BOB: Hal - that's just common sense! The hope for the future lies in a realization that man has a realization that man has an obligation born of a higher economics, a moral obligation to bountiful Mother Earth which must nourish all present and future human beings as long as it lasts.

SPUD: Right! It is nothing short of criminal for individuals of one generation to sacrifice the right of future man to survive because of traditions and special privileges to exploit the earth.

DAN: The present and future well being of a people calls for long range policies for the maintenance of productive lands and resources. These policies must be founded on what is right for the greatest number of people in the long run.

BOB: Surely! It becomes a matter of social economics and national ethics. Practices of land use which work against the good of the whole must be regulated, whether by law or public opinion, to achieve a dual purpose:

- (1) To maintain individual initiative
- (2) To safeguard the integrity of resources.

BERT: Exploitation is self limiting and suicidal to the nation. It uses up the principal and makes no provision for future balancing of the national resources budget.

SPUD: Yes, and when a nation is reduced to desperation to supply food for its people, it will go to an expense, far beyond any tax burden, yet known, to cultivate diminishing soils.

HAL: Oh! I don't know, that stuff sounds good but for all you know chemists may be making it possible for us to get along without soil at this very moment.

BERT: Hal! - a nation can't afford to take chances on the future! Land so far has not been a commodity but an integral part of the corporate existence of our nation. That principal justifies the safeguarding of soils and the restoration of denuded areas on a basis of national ethics and national economy.

DAN: Economic considerations of today must be shot through with economics of a higher order to meet problems of sustained land use constructively for generations to follow.

HAL: Yes, and the National Treasury would be shot full of holes if you fellows had your way. (**Chuckle**) We can't afford the conservation programs we have now!

BOB: We can't afford not to have them, Hal! The very endurance of civilization, an ethical approach to land use as a trusteeship, to be used and handed down in a productive condition to succeeding generations, becomes imperative!

BERT: I believe Hal has the wrong idea on the cost of conservation—fellows—he seems to think that all conservation has to come thru Government programs. That isn't a fact as I see it.

SASS: Certainly not - An individual can practice conservation just as well as a governmental body, I'd say.

SPUD: That reminds me of an article I was reading yesterday. Well - Dan, you read it, too. It was an assignment in Silviculture class. What was that fellow's name - Bill Sawl?

DAN: You mean that farmer in Wisconsin that has been protecting his land from wind erosion with trees, Spud?

SPUD: Yes, -- that's right. His earliest outlook on forestry centered around saving the tree growth that was already there. Steep slopes, he knew, were unfit for farmland and made poor pasture. Today you will find them heavily wooded.

DAN: Yes, and the article mentioned the sandy knolls on his farm securely held in place by the roots of pine and oaks. These he left as he found them.

BERT: He used his head.

SPUD: Not only has he left trees where they are best suited to the conditions but in the past fifteen years he has planted trees wherever the sandy soil begins to drift and blow.

DAN: Where the oak is taken out for firewood, pines are planted, for the pines grow better on this light soil than the oaks.

SPUD: Within the past two years he has planted long three-row shelterbelts in a north-south direction at forty-rod intervals, and between these he has arranged his fields in narrow, parallel strips, with intertilled crops alternating with grain and hay crops.

BERT: Erosion control specialists call that "strip cropping," but to him it is just a plan whereby the belts of trees reduce the force of the winds across his land.

DAN: Spud, check me, but didn't that article say he has planted over 50,000 trees on his farm?

SPUD: Yes, that is right, I believe.

BOB: Gosh, that's a lot of trees for one farm!

DAN: Locust, Jack pine, and Norway pine are the trees he has consistently planted and the results are now evident.

HAL: Well, I still think taxpayers money must have helped him ... The trees were probably given to him and the CCC's probably helped him plant them.

SPUD: There's plenty of conservation work done by individual far-seeing men, Hal.

DAN: I was impressed by what this farmer said about planting trees—something like this. - Those who hope for bronze and stone memorials; those who plant trees don't need them.

BOB: If all the people in the United States had the careful sane attitude toward land use that that fellow has we wouldn't need public programs.

SASS: Say, Dan, would you mind restating that eleventh commandment as you called it?

DAN: **(Slowly)** Thou shalt inherit the holy earth as a faithful steward, conserving its resources and productivity from generation to generation. Thou shalt safeguard thy fields from soil erosion, thy living waters from drying up, thy forests from desolation, and protect thy hills from over-grazing by thy herds, so that thy descendants may have abundance forever. If any shall fail in this stewardship of the land thy fruitful fields shall become sterile - stony ground and wasting gullies, and thy descendants shall decrease and live in poverty or be destroyed from off the face of the earth.

(MUSIC)

FORESTERS IN ACTION

Script No. 11

Directed by James Morris

Real Name: H. Sasser

Station KOAC

Nickname: "Sass"

March 14, 1940

Sponsored by the Press Radio Guild of the Forestry School

BERT: Say, Dan, -- Why do we need forestry in the United States?

SPUD: My gosh, Bert, you'll get him started on philosophy again!

(Chuckles)

DAN: I'd just as soon give you facts on that subject if you don't like philosophy, Ted.

SPUD: Philosophy is all right, I guess but I'd rather have something concrete to sink my teeth into.

: When Spud gets to be a senior he will be rolling out the philosophy, too.

SPUD: Not by a long shot, I won't.

(Chuckles)

DAN: To start with - Natural resources such as land, water, forests, forage, and minerals are sources of raw materials and other necessities of life, and of employment and income - you'll agree on that, I take it.

SPUD: Yes, of course.

DAN: O. K. - In the United States, forests are one of the more important natural resources. They help control floods, which take yearly tolls on human lives. They help prevent erosion and duststorms, which cause widespread human suffering. Protecting land, forests also rebuild worn out soil and they affect city people who manufacture and sell furniture for example; stockholders and employees of carriers which it is shipped; and farm people who depend on forests for such things as building materials, firewood and fence posts.

BERT: Granting all of that, Dan, and we all of us know what you have said is true, of course, still do we need forestry to perpetuate these values?

JOHN: I know a few figures on that, Bert.

DAN: Atta boy, John, help me out old fellow.

JOHN: Merchantable standing timber in the United States has been reduced by about 1,000 billion board feet since 1920. If this vanished timber were now available as growing stock, it would be capable of producing on a continuous basis one-half as much saw timber annually as we cut during 1936.

:

SASS: Wow! That's cutting into our reserves of timber anyhow!

SASS: Yes, it sure is, but did we need to save that timber? Is the cutting of that volume harmful? I doubt it very much.

SPUD: Shoot, Sass! Do you mean that as a nation we inherit our forests to abuse them? During the cutting of the 1,000 billion board feet the forests were abused! Millions of acres were sorely depleted. We inherited our forests, but we have not even maintained them!

JOHN: That is what we have done, Spud. We don't need to do that sort of thing. Man can reproduce and grow forests. He can also harvest them repeatedly, and maintain and build them up. In these respects, forests are unlike minerals.

SASS: Right you are, John - used, but managed this way, commercial forests act as permanent reservoirs of wood and work. They add to that social and economic security the desire for which motivates wage earners, business and professional men and women, agriculture and industry, local as well as State and Federal Governments.

BOB: Forests are a basis for better living.

SPUD: Managed use is the key to the present situation with respect to the commercial forest land in the continental United States.

WARREN: There are 462 million acres of Commercial forest land outside of Alaska.

BOB: That's a lot of forest land.

SASS: It has enormous present and potential values.

SPUD: Most of it is privately owned, but it performs many public services.

DAN: Yes, and in the aggregate, the value of those services exceeds the private values.

BOB: Most operators on private forest holdings don't practice managed use.

WARREN: You fellows still haven't convinced me that we need all of this forest area!

BERT: No, nor that we need to practice forestry!

SPUD: As a nation we would be better off to have more rather than fewer forests!

SASS: Why? Talk's cheap! Why would we?

DAN: Shoot, Sass - that would be true whether or not markets for more forest products are in sight. Even today, however, the drain from usable forests exceed their growth and current conditions indicate that most of the remaining accessible virgin timber may be gone before enough second growth to meet real needs becomes available.

SASS: Well now, as a nation we have not closed that gap nor insured continuous forest harvests.

BOB: How do you think we will finally accomplish that continuity of production, Dan?

DAN: As I see it, we will have three main lines of endeavor in reaching the ideal. The first is cooperation. Public aid has been extended to private owners of forest land for years. It has applied to fire protection, to research, to problems of forest taxation, forest credits and forest extension.

SPUD: That sounds as if you think private forestry won't do much on a planned program until they are paid to, Dan!

DAN: I don't mean that Private forestry has accomplished a good deal but this public aid has been helpful. With it, and with many of the things private owners have done and for which they deserve credit, real progress has been made.

BOB: Cooperation is the keynote of progress in a Democracy anyhow.

WARREN: Surely—Both public and private cooperation must be continued and extended if problems that affect private owners and the public welfare are to be solved successfully.

BERT: Yes, but cooperation alone can't safeguard public values and interests involved in privately owned forest land. Nor can it protect private interests. Something more is needed, Dan!

DAN: I admit that. Much as we hate to see it, some sort of public regulation of cutting practices on private forest land seems to be necessary in order to protect public interests.

SASS: I still think we should allow private foresters to handle their own problems.

SPUD: But, Sass - without some sort of public regulation, many of your private owners nullify much of the effect of public aid in forest protection, for example, by destructive cutting.

JOHN: It seems to me that with safeguards against bureaucratic action, public recognition will also safeguard interests of leaders among private forest-land owners who have now adopted forest practices better than those nation-wide regulation might set.

SPUD: Sure - these private owners and others who may follow their example will then be protected against unfair competition from the majority that still operate on a cut out and get out basis.

BERT: The flaw in the argument you fellows advance is that there aren't any safeguards against bureaucratic action. You put government in private business and you'll soon kill private business.

SASS: You bet you will. You'll get the private owner so wound up in red tape that he won't know which way to turn!

SPUD: Look at the records, men! - Look at the records! The need for public regulation of cutting practices on privately owned forest land is now recognized, in part, by the State legislation in some states.

BOB: Practices of companies and individuals who operate on national forests, from which they harvested better than a billion and a quarter feet of timber last year, have always been subject to public regulation.

BERT: A billion and a quarter feet of timber sold by the government in competition with the private owner? No wonder the private forest owner is losing out.

DAN: For gosh sakes, Bert, if you owned a mill near a National Forest and had cut all of the private timber around there, wouldn't you want Uncle Sam to sell you some of his? Of course you would!

SPUD: In some cases it's O.K. of course, but that's a lot of timber!

SASS: Now, not because I want to get Spud hot under the collar on this thing, Dan, but I think your program for forestry in the United States has to include Public ownership and management.

John : I think we should think pretty strongly in favor of Community and State ownership though, fellows.

BOB: I feel that the degree to which public ownership may apply should be determined by the extent to which public interests are protected by private interests.

DAN: Oh, sure. - If private forest owners are already doing a good job there is no reason for any public agency to step in.

BERT: The question that brings up in my mind, then, is - who is going to be the judge of good forestry?

BOB: Anybody. --- Except Sass here, maybe - **(Chuckles)**

Confound it, if soil erosion is starting - if the land has lain idle for ten years without a new forest crop starting - if it burns over every other year - then it is time for the public to step in and take over.

SASS: That would be especially true in areas where forestry is needed badly!

JOHN: Surely - It isn't good national economy for us to allow forest lands to lie idle and unproductive in the Lake States while we ship forest products from the West Coast!

SPUD: It helps the West Coast mills.

JOHN: I'm not so sure that it does even that in the long run.

DAN: At least you fellow shave to admit that most of the leaders in forestry seem to think that the three measures we have been talking about constitute the foundation of a needed forestry program for the United States.

SASS: I still think you're off base on public forestry.

BERT: You've convinced me that we need forestry in the United States anyhow, Dan.

SPUD: What are those three main points in your program again, Dan?

DAN: Cooperation, Public regulation, and Public ownership and management.

WARREN: Cooperation is probably the foundation for the solution of any problem in a democracy, don't you think, fellows?

BOB: Cooperation is the keynote of progress any time, I'd say!

SASS: **(Chuckling)** Cooperation (chuckle) that reminds me!

WARREN: Here we go! - Draw up your chairs, men!

SPUD: That sounds like a story to me.

BOB: It's about time Sass told a story. He's been kinda quiet lately.

SASS: You fellows talking about cooperation reminds me of some close cooperation that a government hunter got from his dogs.

SPUD: He probably cooperation with them a time or two when they were in tight places.

SASS: Yes, he did. You know, it's a funny thing - dogs cooperate with a hunter just about as much as he cooperates with them.

WARREN: That's what I've heard. If he's a coward and tries to train dogs - no matter how good they are - they won't be as good as though he is willing to go the limit with them.

SASS: This trapper, Jim Dugan was his name, had been in some mighty tough places with his dogs. The result was they'd learned to work with him in an emergency.

BOB: What sort of tough places could a hunter and his dogs get into anyhow, Sass?

SASS: One that I remember him telling about was going ahead of his dogs after a cougar in a pitch dark underground rock cave.

SASS: No! If he'd been behind the dogs he couldn't have shot without endangering them.

BOB: That's right - but - Oh, Boy! To be between a pack of dogs and a cougar in the dark of an underground cave isn't my idea of fun!

SASS: The hunter had a candle for light and his gun for safety, of course.

BOB: It still sounds bad.

SASS: Anyhow Dugan show the cougar and hauled him out by the tail.

SPUD: There's not much cooperation there!

SASS: Oh! That's another story. This hunter, Jim Dugan, was hunting an eleven-hundred-pound stock-killing grizzly when he got the cooperation I mentioned.

SPUD: We'd need cooperation on a venture of that sort.

SASS: The huge animal made his last stand in a dense jack-pine thicket on the top of the Cascade Range. He was about as savage as he could be from fatigue and the worrying of a ten day chase by the pack of dogs.

WARREN: Any animal would be vicious after a chase like that! What would anyone want to tackle him for?

BOB: A government hunter has to hunt when he's told to hunt. - He hasn't much choice in the matter.

SASS: This silver-tip had killed twenty-two head of cattle on the lower reaches of the mountains and the settlers turned to the Forest Service officials for help.

DAN: Gosh. That's a lot of beefsteak for even a grizzly bear to eat, I'd say!

SASS: One day Dugan got a glimpse of the grizzly far ahead on the mountain side and soon afterwards the din of the battle between the dogs and their prey reached his ears.

SPUD: About that time I'd have headed for home.

BOB: Me too.

DAN: Yeah! And then your dogs would lose faith in you and be ruined!

SPUD: That bear probably would have killed the dogs eventually.

SASS: Dugan clawed up the mountain as fast as he could go. (Slowly) He hesitated at a small opening - Between him and where the hounds and bear were battling was a springy mountain meadow. To cross it would put him in full view of the raging grizzly.

BOB: I'd have gone around - if I'd have gone.

(Chuckles)

SASS: To go around would involve too much time. Dugan decided to cross the meadow - Swinging his heavy rifle into position, he advanced cautiously.

WARREN: That fellow didn't have good sense!

SASS: Sure enough - as soon as he stepped into the opening, here came that grandpa bear!

BERT: Oh! Oh!

SASS: He galloped toward Dugan with mighty bounds, his shaggy coat glistening in the sunlight. But he didn't gallop alone for the pack of five hounds were doing their best.

DAN: Good for them!

SASS: Trailer and Bill tore at his left quarter while Buck and the Russian stage half-breed, lunged at his right. But he wouldn't be stopped.

BOB: Poor government hunter.

SASS: His natural cunning told him that Dugan was responsible for the days of torment and his eager jaws reeked with a slather of foam to get at him.

SPUD: I'd not have been in Dugan's shoes!

SASS: Dugan was afraid he'd hit his hounds for the bear bounding up and down made a difficult target.

SPUD: I wouldn't have worried about the dogs!

DAN: A hunter soon learns to love his dogs dearly.

SASS: Finally one of the dogs attacked the tender flank of the grizzly and with a roar he reared and lashed out viciously at the hound. Dugan quickly sent a soft-nosed bullet into the left flank of the bear.

BOB: That was cooperation.

SASS: Howling with anguish, the great beast whirled and leaped for the man again. He was close now - too close, and one of the dogs raced ahead to protect her master. She jumped straight into the face of the raging grizzly.

SPUD: That's more than cooperation, I'd say.

WARREN: Self sacrifice in the extreme.

SASS: Although the grizzly sent the hound spinning into the brush with one smashing blow, the interference gave Dugan all the time he needed. His bullet turned the animal aside, but as he cart-wheeled by, one of its mighty paws clutched out in desperate desire - only missed the hunter by about a foot.

SPUD: Killed the dog, Sass?

SASS: Yes, but Dugan says that if it hadn't have been for her, five starved dogs would have wandered into some lonely sheepherder's camp a few days later.

DAN: Probably so! By gosh, Sass! You're right, that story illustrates cooperation in the highest sense! The dogs and the man were working together like a team to wipe out the destructive element. We could stand a lot of such cooperative team-work in putting over forestry objectives in Oregon.

1940

Spring Term

BERT: How did you like that lecture on Dendrochronology?

TED: Dendro-o- ----What!!?? ... Has it something to do with the war in Europe?!

SPUD: It's the science of analyzing the growth-rings of trees, which offer clear records of the climate, weather, and even something on entomology of the past.

BERT: It casts new light on human history to Spud!

TED: Analyzing tree rings to study history of people!? Say! Where did you fellows spend your vacation?!

— March 28, 1940

FORESTERS IN ACTION

Script No. 1

Directed by James Morris

Real Name: H. Sasser

Station KOAC

Nickname: "Sass"

March 28, 1940

Sponsored by the Press Guild of the Forestry Club

DAN: Here we are starting the third term of the school year.

BERT: I hope I can pull my grades up a little this term.

_____: You'd better, Bert - you're getting mighty low.

(Chuckles)

TED: Bert, what did you make last term, a four point!

_____: No, he's not a perfect student - not quite.

BERT: Pipe down you fellows. Say, Spud, how did you like that lecture on Dendrochronology?

TED: Dendro-o- ----What!??

SPUD: Mighty well, Bert. That was one of the most interesting lecture I've heard.

TED: What are you two sophomores talking about anyway?

_____: It was away over my head!!

BERT: Haven't you foresters learned the meaning of dendrochronology?

_____: Not me!

TED: I should say not! Has it something to do with the war in Europe?!

(Chuckles)

SPUD: It's the science of analyzing the growth-rings of trees, which offer clear records of the climate, weather, and even something on entomology of the past.

BERT: It casts new light on human history to Spud!

TED: Analyzing tree rings to study history of people!? Say! Where did you fellows spend your vacation?!

SASS: They weren't locked up, Ted - but they should have been.

WARREN: Oh, come on, Ted, this isn't so stiff as it sounds! Trees grow well in favorable years, slowly in years of drought or other hardship. The swing from good years to bad traces a pattern of rings visible in a cross section through the trunk.

BERT: Surely, Ted. Look, -- if you had three good years followed by three years of drought there would be three widely separated annual rings followed by three closely packed annual rings!

_____: What in thunder is an annual ring?

SPUD: All right, Freshman, why show your ignorance! The annual ring is an actual ring showing as the result of a year's growth. The soft spring wood is lighter in color than the slow-growing summer wood - the result is the annual ring clearly discernible when you look at the top of a tree stump.

TED: What good is this science of studying growth rings in trees, anyhow?!

SPUD: One thing, you can fix the date of a drought.

_____: How?

SPUD: When there is a lack of moisture, the tree grows very slowly - the rings are narrow and by counting the rings from that point to the last year's ring in the tree you have the length of time between the last ring and the dry years.

TED: What if the tree was dead?

BERT: We might find the same pattern in a living tree and check on the date at which the other tree died!

TED: You'd have to cut the tree down to find the pattern, wouldn't you? I'm not going to study history by cutting down tree after tree just to find a certain pattern of annual rings.

_____: Non need of that, Ted - there is a gadget something like an auger that you can use to bore out a core. The core shows the annual rings.

TED: Say! - I might find a certain pattern in a sawn timber and know the year in which the wood was grown.

_____: Sure! Of course the scientists are more interested in knowing what the weather has been in years past than in knowing when a certain piece of wood was grown.

DAN: These fellows have learned by this study, for instance, that our climate is changing hardly at all. That information could be obtained in no other way that we know of.

SPUD: Detailed weather reports in the U.S. go back hardly more than fifty years. But the calendar of oaks in the Middle West has been carried to 1536 A.D.

TED: Let me see - we'd carry our study of climate back as far as we could by studying the growth rings of living trees - then we would match an inside growth pattern in the old living tree with an outside pattern (the same one) in a dead tree or timber - and so on back.

_____: Sounds tedious to me.

SPUD: When there is no other way to get certain information the hard way had to be used!

BERT: Talk about the Middle West Oak calendar going back to 1536 - the Ponderosa pine weather record goes back to 126.

_____: What good is that?

DAN: You dummy, -- studying such evidence, scientists have learned that there has been no change in the amount of precipitation for 650 years.

TED: Aw! I've read of old time droughts without end.

DAN: Surely - the trees record droughts of centuries ago, longer and drier than anything this generation has known; but those droughts were always followed by plentiful rainfall.

BERT: The records also show that a drought affecting all parts of the country probably has never occurred.

TED: Who in thunder thought of looking at the annual rings of a tree for weather records?

DAN: He was an astronomer down in Arizona, wasn't he, Spud?

SPUD: Yes. He was a student of sunspots - sunspots are known to affect the earth's weather and he was hampered by lack of

records going back to earlier centuries. One day he had a hunch - weather affects tree growth - therefore, why not study the growth of trees to see what the sunspots had been doing.

_____: Why did he choose trees?!

BERT: Trees are the oldest living plants. Thus trees furnish a record of the weather cycle, and therefore of sunspot cycles centuries ago.

DAN: This fellow was measuring trees freshly cut and noticed that back in the year 1883, there was a few very narrow rings. On a weathered stump he recognized the same rings, but they were only 11 years in from the bark. This, he reasoned, indicated that the trees had been cut in 1894.

TED: How could he check himself to be sure he was right?

DAN: There was only one way, Ted. That way was to find the fellow that had cut the trees and ask him when he had cut it.

TED: That's do it all right if he could find the man that had done the cutting.

DAN: Right. If the man who cut the tree said that it was cut in 1894 as his calendar told him it was, he would know that his principle of matching rings to project his calendar back through dead tree growth was all right.

TED: He probably had a time finding the fellow.

DAN: He did, but finally he found out who had cut on that area and where he was living. He drove to the place and introduced himself.

(Fade out. Flash back.)

ASTRONOMER: Mr. Annaniss Jones?

JONES(SASS):Yes, sir. Come on in out of the weather!

ASTRON: Thank you, sir. I will.

(Sound of door closing)

SASS: Make yourself comfortable. That chair there.

ASTRON: I'm making some studies of tree growth, Mr. Jones, and I believe you can help me.

SASS: Well, I've done a smart bit of loggin' in my day, young fellar - but I never had anythin' to do with growing trees.

ASTRON: What I want to know, sir, is the year that you logged Section 6 that lays at the junction of Okenogan Creek and Bear Hollow.

SASS: Let me see - my brother Bill was down that winter before I logged that piece - mighty cold winter - wait a minute - (calling) Sary! Sary! - Confound that woman - always over to the neighbors gabbin'. Let me see. - Bill was - Say! I've got it! Wait a minute!

ASTRON: That looks like an old family Bible, sir.

SASS: Just what it is - we've had this Bible ever since Sary and me was married forty-seven years ago!

ASTRON: Ye Gods - I mean - er - that's a long time, sir.

SASS: Yes, quite a spell (sound of leaves turning) let me see - yes, here it is. Our boy, Jim was born this year I cut that section, 1894 sir 1894 - that's right, 1894 -

(Fade out) (Flash back.)

TED: By gosh, his theory was right then, --wasn't it.

DAN: Yes, it was, Ted - and that meant that he could use any piece of wood that showed the annual rings if he could match it by growth pattern with another piece of wood that he knew the history of.

_____: That fellow used his head.

BERT: I'll say so. ---

DAN: When the story left off in one tree he picked it up in a stump, in the timbers of an old cabin or in ancient logs preserved from decay in swamps or lakes.

BERT: Standing trees carry the story a long way back. Living cedars have been found in eastern Tennessee which started growing a full century before Columbus, while California has giant sequoias still flourishing after 30 centuries.

SPUD: The part of that study that interested me was the part tied up with prehistoric population movements.

_____: I don't see the connection there, I'm afraid.

BERT: No. I don't either.

SPUD: Well - Seventy miles off Highway 66 thru New Mexico at the town of Thoreau, you will come to desolate Chaco Canyon - treeless and grotesquely sculptured by wind and sand. You can drive for miles without seeing a human being. Yet vast ruined pueblos suggest that at least 100,000 people once lived there.

_____: Quite a town.

SPUD: At one time that canyon was probably more thickly populated than any other place in what is now known as New Mexico.

BERT: The problem, I take it, was to find out when this place was occupied by living people?

SPUD: Right - and since the ceiling poles and supports used by the Indians in building their homes were of pins, there is a direct tie-up.

TED: This fellow actually found out by studying the growth rings of these timbers when the Indians lived there?

SPUD: Yes, he did. That area was a teeming metropolis about the middle of the 19th century.

_____: That's a long time ago, Spud.

BERT: What killed out the civilization in that area, Spud?

SPUD: Darned if I know!? Dan did that lecturer tell us that?

DAN: Sure he did - you must have gone asleep!

(Chuckles)

BERT: Tell us why that town died out, Dan!

TED: The true scholar (chuckle) always asking why!

DAN: Crime against trees made abandonment of the area necessary.

_____: Aw! You're talking in riddles again!

DAN: That's no riddle - the people used immense quantities of wood and the pine forests at one time grew to the edge of the city but they cut the trees without thinking of the future and the forests were eventually cut back to a distance of 60 miles!

_____: Well, they grew right up again, didn't they?

DAN: No, they didn't! As the tree border receded moisture was no longer held in the ground. Rains rushing off with erosive force cut a precipitous gash through the canyon. A man made desert was the result!

SPUD: The deuce of it is that same thing is happening today in parts of the United States.

DAN: Yes, it is - but people of the U.S. are doing something about it. They are waking up and it is just a question of time until we will be building up the soil and natural resources of the nation rather than tearing them down! The history of that other civilization wasn't so fine.

SASS: Studying the annual rings of trees and wood certainly has told more than just the weather of past centuries.

_____: Speaking of obtaining a record of the weather reminds me of some weather I've seen.

TED: Down thru the centuries?

(Chuckles)

_____: No, but I've had some experiences that seemed to last almost as long as that. Have you fellows ever seen the air charged with electricity?

DAN: Do you mean lightening?

_____: Yes, but not only was there lightning but the air was charged with electricity throughout.

TED: Sounds phony to me!

_____: Well, listen. I was sent on patrol detail up on Green Mountain at night with Bill Phelps. The climbing was steep and we set down to rest.

TED: Couldn't take the gaff! Eh!?

_____: I wish you had been there, Ted. That was a stiff climb and the night was sultry and dry.

BERT: I've seen days like that, --just before a lightning storm. I wouldn't like hiking at night, though.

_____: Bill ran his hand thru his hair as we sat there and, fellows, sparks jumped from his hair and fingers.

TED: I've seen sparks in the dark when someone did that.

_____: I told Bill I saw sparks jump from his hair but he just said, "Oh, that's just electricity in the air!"

TED: Well, it was.

(Chuckles)

_____: **(Chuckling)** Sure, Bill was chewing tobacco and he spat at a tree trunk nearby - then he jumped to his feet for the tobacco juice left an electrified trail!

SPUD: I'll be hanged. Imagine that. I suppose it would though under those conditions.

BERT: Was Bill frightened at that?

_____: Was he - Say, he quit chewing immediately and it was only a few moments after that before the storm hit.

TED: Set any fires?

_____: We put out six on that mountain before morning.

SASS: Wow! It must have been striking all around you.

_____: It was - talk of your weather - we had lots of it!

DAN: I read of a party of geologists - caught in a lightning storm. They found their rifles, geological picks, and other metallic implements emitting sparks visible in full daylight!

BERT: What did they do, Dan? I should think they'd have been electrocuted.

DAN: The party ran to a nearby glacier to lie close to the ice until the thunderstorm passed over.

SPUD: I heard of one lookout that sat in his cabin high on a peak with lightning striking all over the mountain. He said that so many strikes hit close to his cabin that he had a "queer sensation" and for a day or two afterward had difficulty getting his hair to lie down smooth.

(Laughter)

DAN: That's about tall enough; I think we'd better call it good ---

FORESTERS IN ACTION

Script No. 2

Directed by James Morris

Real Name: H. Sasser

Station KOAC

Nickname: "Sass"

April 4, 1940

Sponsored by the Press Guild of the Forestry Club

BERT: Say, Dan, do foresters ever have anything to do with cattle?

DAN: **(Chuckling)** Do they? I'll say so -- ah, Sass?

SASS: Sure, foresters have to handle cattle! Grazing is one of the regular uses of the forest lands.

HAL: Foresters have to do about everything. I wouldn't be surprised if I was told to care for honey bees sometimes.

(Chuckles)

SPUD: Oh! It's not quite that bad!!

SASS: I haven't had much to do with honey-bees but man, oh! Man! -- I've sure had run-ins with yellow-jackets! And I don't mean maybe!

TED: Every woodsman has to have a few yellow jackets down his neck!

BOB: I don't see what herding cattle has to do with yellow-jackets!

SASS: **(Chuckling)** I can tell you of one time when yellow-jackets had a lot to do with herding cattle!

_____: What was that, Sass?

SASS: Oh, there was a cowman - oldtimer - who ran cattle on the Tonto National forest in Arizona. Built up quite a herd.

_____: Do they allow cattle on National Forest lands, Sass?

DAN: You dope! Of course they do. The National Forests are supposed to be used. Nothing goes to waste on the forest lands if the ranger can help it.

SASS: That's right - there's no use allowing the grass to go to waste. When you get many cows on a forest, however, then the grass disappears and erosion sets in on the land.

HAL: There can't be too many cattle on the land and yet there must be enough to utilize the forage.

SASS: That's the ideal anyhow. -- As I was saying, this cowman, (Claybanks was his name,) ran cattle on the forest. The trouble was the grass began disappearing and the rangers became convinced that Claybanks was running more stock on the area than he had agreed to.

SPUD: He was trying to get some range free, eh! Sass?

SASS: Yes, we decided that he was running lots more head than he was paying for.

_____: Why didn't you count them?

TED: Maybe it isn't so simple to count stock on the open range.

DAN: I'll say it isn't!

SASS: Anyhow we decided that this fellow was getting more than he was paying for, so it was decided to hold a round-up to get an accurate count of his cattle as a basis for trespass action against him.

_____: Did you run them all into a corral, Sass?

SASS: **(Chuckling)** No, sir-ee! The cattle were scattered over thousands of acres and there were several thousand cattle.

HAL: Wow! What a herd!

SASS: The forest supervisor and Claybanks agreed to have one forest ranger ride with every cowboy--the cattle were counted, the calves branded and the steers held for sale.

SPUD: A regular round-up.

SASS: Sure -- we worked across the forest -- kept a close count of the cattle and ran the steers that were to be sold into fenced fields.

_____: I'll bet it took you all day!

(Chuckles)

SASS: All day! We were there weeks on that job!

_____: Three weeks -- good gravy! Where'd you stay at night, Sass?

(Chuckles)

DAN: You surely show your ignorance -- rook -- he stayed wherever night found him, of course!

SASS: I slept in a bed one night out of that month!

_____: One night in a month!

SASS: Believe me we were a changed crew at the end of that time! We found faults and failings in our best friends before that stretch was over.

TED: Where do the yellow-jackets come into the picture, Sass?

SASS: Right near the end of this trying three weeks -- fellow. Until that fall I had always carried a grudge against yellow jackets.

_____: I should think so. They have a grudge against everybody!

(Chuckles)

_____: That's right

DAN: They've made me jump from a tree while repairing telephone line!

HAL: I had to stop work and sprint for dear life while fighting the head of a forest fire one time. (Chuckles)

SPUD: I got thrown from a horse at the feet of my best girl--

(Laughter)

BOB: You must have been a pretty sight.

SPUD: They were after her soon after that so she didn't laugh at me much.

(Chuckles)

SASS: Will Claybank's range was divided by a ridge of mountains. His brother Bill lived on one side of the ridge and the fact that Bill had not joined the round-up by the time we had finished the work on the side away from where his home was, worried the

supervisor, so one day he told me to find Bill and bring him in.

TED: What for, Sass?

SASS: He was afraid Bill was trying to outwit us on the count.

DAN: Driving the cattle so you couldn't find them, eh , Sass?

_____: Good gravy! Of course then you'd only get a partial count.

SASS: That's what Bill was doing all right -- driving the cattle around into the country we had worked -- then leaving them.

SPUD: Did you catch him at it, Sass?

SASS: I didn't catch him, but I did find the cattle that he had herded away behind our line.

HAL: They were working a fast one (**chuckles**) pretty clever, I'd say -- pretty clever!

SASS: I rode back to camp -- left a note with the cook for the boss and then took on back after Bill.

1DAN: You were going to see he didn't do any more dirty work eh, Sass?

SASS: (**Chuckling**) That's about right -- The boss gathered the stock in, and counted it and I found Bill at home seemingly in a very good humor.

_____: He didn't know that you had already beat him at his own game.

SASS: Nope! And I didn't tell him.

HAL: I wouldn't have either.

SASS: It was evident he didn't want to attend the round-up but finally he gave up trying to shake me, and agreed to lend us his valuable assistance in completing the count on that side of the mountain.

SPUD: He must have realized you were on to his game!

SASS: Anyhow, he came back with me -- when we got to camp we found one of the service men and one of Claybank's men holding a herd while the rest of the men hunted the surrounding hills.

DAN: That's the regular way of working a count on the range.

TED: I'd hate to have to try and hold those wild cows!

(Chuckles)

BOB: I guess the horses get so good at it that they will almost do the herding alone won't they, Sass?

SASS: Yeah! Sure! A good cow horse is half the battle. Well, when we were still quite a way from the herd, my pal rode out to tell me that the elder Claybanks was making war talk about me.

_____: What do you mean -- war talk!!

DAN: Guns! Bullets! Shooting! -- you know!

_____: Oh!

SASS: Needless to say that idea made me rather uncomfortable --and I was seriously considering having business elsewhere.

TED: You mean you were scared of him?

SASS: No, but I had joined the Service to work -- not to fight!

SPUD: I guess some of those old timers get pretty mean!

SASS: When the drive came in, Claybanks spied me at once and astride his horse he came trotting around to my side.

_____: I'd have pulled a cannon about then!

HAL: Then you would have got shot!

SASS: The cowman was foamin' mad. All the other hands seemed to have business elsewhere.

_____: Well, what did he do, Sass?

SASS: First he called me several sorts of names and asked me how I liked sleeping out on a saddle blanket and spying on folks.

_____: He meant business.

SASS: I knew some big cow-camp words myself so I replied in kind -- casting some reflecting on his looks, his antecedents, nativity, habits, and so on; also informing him that from all accounts, he had acquired all his possessions in the manner he ascribed to me and should be an expert on the feelings of anyone who was compelled to do it.

_____: You must have been mad too, Sass!

SASS: I was keeping my tongue busy to distract my legs, which had suddenly become filled with a violent desire to move.

(Chuckles)

_____: Maybe you just felt that you were wasting your time in his company.

(Chuckles)

SASS: Our horses had been dancing around meanwhile and all of a sudden the most amazing thing happened ---

TED: Your horse got scared and ran?!

SASS: Nope, one of the horses stepped into a yellow-jackets' nest and the next thing I knew Claybank's horse bolted off down the mountain with him slapping his face and arms to beat the band.

_____: No wonder ---

_____: Horses don't like jackets!

SASS: It wasn't but a second or two after Claybank's horse bolted before my nag took off in the opposite direction and I was trying to beat off the jackets.

(Chuckles)

_____: I'll bet that cowman was madder than ever after that!

SASS: You know it's funny -- I don't know whether bee-stings are an antidote for anger or not but after quieting his horse and bathing his swollen face, Claybanks rode around to where I was doing the same and aid since even the bees were helping the Forest Service, he was going to quit trying to put anything over on Uncle Sam.

(Chuckles)

SASS: I was glad to hear that but I had to protest that I didn't think they were so darn unswerving in their loyalty to the service or they wouldn't have mistaken friend for foe in the heat of battle.

(Chuckles)

DAN: You know -- I'll wager that that incident helped the situation on that round-up a lot!

SASS: It sure did. The rest of the count proceeded in an orderly and successful way.

_____: I suppose Claybanks was a good cowman after that, eh, Sass?

SASS: Not for long. He was killed the next year.

_____: Killed? Steer run over him.

SASS: No, he was killed by his brother Bill in an argument over cattle!

HAL: Imag--ine that! They'd work together to outwit Uncle Sam and would then fight between themselves.

_____: Sure -- the last man a thief will trust is his partner in crime!

DAN: Some of the old-time cattlemen were sure rough customers.

_____: Sure were.

TED: There surely was trouble when the cowmen and the sheepmen locked horns.

_____: A good many men died in that conflict.

DAN: One old timer told me he had seen sheep stacked up in piles as big as a house and men's bodies thrown into burning camps all because of the question of whether sheep or cattle should have the range.

HAL: There were some real range wars over that question.

DAN: A few of the old-time National Forest Supervisors sure had their hands full over the question of cows or sheep.

HAL: I suppose so. Anyone could purchase the right to use the range with cattle, sheep or both and the poor forest supervisor sure had his hands full trying to keep everybody contented.

DAN: Some of the supervisors had to pull some mighty fast tricks in order to get the cattlemen to accept sheep on the range.

_____: What do you mean, Dan, fast ones?

DAN: For instance (**chuckles**) there was one case in which a cattlemán vowed his men would run any mutton over the cliff that came within 50 miles of their home ranch.

_____: The sheep just had to stay away, I suppose!

DAN: yes, but there was thousands of acres of good pasture near there on a National Forest and a sheepman wanted to pasture his sheep on it!

_____: Good gosh! And the supervisor couldn't refuse to allow the sheep to graze on the land!

_____: What did he do, Dan?

DAN: (**Chuckling**) This cowman had a little girl that he thought the world of and she got the colic while the supervisor was worrying about this.

_____: What has that to do with the sheep -- cattle business?

DAN: (**Chuckling**) Wait a minute. This cowman was an ignorant old cuss and he was worried to distraction by his little girl's sickness -- she was weakly anyhow.

_____: Any Dad would be -- ignorant or not.

DAN: The supervisor was very good friends with the town doctor and he was telling the 'Doc' about his troubles one night (fade) when he was over to the house ----

(Flash Back)

SUPERVISOR: Doc, this is one problem I just don't see the answer to. It's got me stumped!

DOC: Oh! There must be some way out. Do you absolutely have to allow those sheep in?

SUPER: There's no way out of it at all!!

DOC: Say, (**laughing uproariously**) By Gosh! I've got the solution.

SUPER: (**fervently**) Man, if you have, I'll give you a hundred dollars!

DOC: (**chuckling as he talks**) You know old Baker (the cattlemán) is feeding his little girl on milk from a longhorn; it's the poorest cows' milk he could get.

SUPER: How's that going to help me?

DOC: **(chuckling)** Man-- sheep's milk is tops for youngsters! I'll prescribe the milk of a ewe and there's only one man got sheep in this country.

SUPER: **(Chuckling in relief)** Doc, you're a born diplomat!

(Both chuckle)

(Flash Back)

HAL: Did it work, Dan?

DAN: Did it work! I'll say it worked! It just about killed Baker to go down there and ask his enemy for a ewe sheep but he would have done anything for his little girl.

_____: Most Dads would.

DAN: Of course the sheep man was glad to help him. He gave him two ewes and a little lamb for the girl. Old Baker came down to the National Forest offices right after that and withdrew his objections.

TED: He must have been a pretty fine old sport at that.

FORESTERS IN ACTION

Script No. 3

Directed by James Morris

Real Name: H. Sasser

Station KOAC

Nickname: "Sass"

April 11, 1940

Sponsored by the Press Guild of the Forestry Club

TED: Talk about rain -- say, I haven't seen it rain like it did last week since Granddad came over from the Old Country.

SPUD: That's what we need -- water and more of it, -- water is the source of life on this old globe of ours.

_____: Wherever there's water one can expect the land to blossom.

DAN: You fellows are exaggerating a bit it seems to me. Of course water is important but soil and the sun's heat are also necessary.

TED: Say, fellows, have you ever thought what the beaver has done for this country in reducing erosion and maintaining the flow of water in the streams during the summer?

_____: Beaver are just a nuisance if you ask me.

SPUD: Beaver do a whale of a lot of good in some places---

_____: I'd like to know where!

_____: Well --- what of it?

BOB: What of it? Why, water in the hills is money in the pockets of ranchers downstream.

_____: Yeah, and beaver in the irrigation ditches are a confounded nuisance!

TED: Man, at one place in Colorado, fruit crops worth tens of thousands of dollars have been saved by cutting beaver dams at critical periods and releasing impounded water.

HAL: Isn't that hard on the beaver?

TED: No! They repair the dams and they fill right up again.

SPUD: I read of a rancher near Sargents, Colorado, who increased his irrigated land from a small garden to forty acres after beaver had built dams in the stream on his property.

_____: A water commissioner on the Cimarron River estimates that his district gets twice as much water in August as it did before beavers threw in dams over the upper basins of the streams.

_____: Say, if you fellows could see how a colony of beaver can ruin a hay meadow with their tote roads, you wouldn't be so enthusiastic.

HAL: What is this state program Colorado is putting into effect, Ted?

TED: Two years ago the state placed her wildlife resources under the management of a seven-man commission. One of the first steps taken was to recognize the beaver as one of the state's most valuable wildlife assets.

BERT: We were studying Colorado's work the other day in wild life management class-- do you know that since the state trapper service was created -- fifteen trappers have transplanted some three thousand live beaver from trouble spots in lower ranch territory to higher elevations where little damage can be done.

SPUD: Transplanted three thousand beaver! Good gravy!

_____: They had to do something! The beaver would ruin the ranchers' hay fields!

SPUD: Aw-- come on-- how could they ruin a hay field.

_____: They flood them -- make swamps out of fertile land, by gosh!

SPUD: Dan, do beaver do that sort of thing?

BOB: Surely they do, Spud! I wish you fellows would try to see the whole picture where beavers are concerned though. A Forester should be able to see the birds-eye view as well as the worm's-eye view, you know.

SPUD: What are you driving at, Dan?

_____: Yeah! You're always philosophizing and half of the time you're way over my head.

(Chuckles)

_____: Be more explicit.

BOB: Well, it seems to me that some of you fellows see only the good that beaver do while others of you see only the bad.

_____: Oh! I realize that they do some good.

BOB: I think Ted stated his side of the story fairly well when he said that water in the hills means money in the pockets of the ranchers downstream.

TED: Thanks, Old Man. --

(Chuckles)

BOB: Water is wealth in the West. A group of important rivers rise in the middle Rockies. The Platte, Arkansas, Rio Grande, and Colorado -- to name a few. Millions have been spent in dam construction to impound the flow in these rivers. The man-made structures are massive and costly, and generally so upset normal water levels in the streams that fishing is damaged or destroyed.

SPUD: Yes, and good fishing brings tourists. Colorado enjoys millions of dollars in tourist trade every year.

_____: Just about every third vacationing visitor comes to fish.

BOB: Sure, and so anything so drastically affecting fishing as these man-made dams is of some economic import.

TED: Thanks, Bob. There's a big item -- beavers may not know the coefficient of materials, and other technical factors on which hydraulic engineers feed daily, but they know how to build dams and hold back water in high basins, and they improve the fishing!!

BOB: That's just the point I was going to make, Ted. Fishing as well as irrigation is benefited. Now, mind you, I'm not saying that the beavers will increase the flow of the streams.

_____: There are a good many other benefits though, Bob. The beaver dam not only holds back spring run-off, allowing it to feed down gradually, but it catches silt otherwise carried into reservoirs and canals.

SASS: Silt can destroy the efficiency of irrigation works.

BOB: One look at an old beaver dam, filled to the lip with sediment, is quick proof of how these structures hold back destructive silt.

_____: You fellows are just giving the good side of beaver activities. Why, in Michigan and the Adirondacks, beaver pounds have been accused of being detrimental to fishing.

BOB: Sure -- Impounded water is heated by the sun's rays and anything like seventy-five degrees Fahrenheit is critical for trout.

_____: Not only that but decaying vegetation in warm ponds creates gas which kills the fishes.

DAN: Yes, and some people say that the dams obstruct trout running upstream to spawn!

TED: O.K., men, but a different set of conditions exists in the Rockies!!

(Chuckles. Someone: Atta fight, Ted.)

HAL: I should say so! The streams are snow-fed, always cold, and decomposition of organic matter is retarded. As timberline snow melts, and as cutthroat and rainbow trout run to spawn, there is sufficient water pouring over a beaver dam to allow trout to climb the obstruction.

BERT: Beaver work on mountain streams of the West doesn't hurt fish life as it might in more level country.

TED: That's right, the backwater makes ideal nurse ponds for small fishes. Willows growing at the margin give needed shade. In steep-walled canyons the ponds are narrow with a constant circulation of fresh water through them.

_____: Yeah, and meadow growths on the banks are breeding places for insect life -- making food for trout!

TED: All reports of the effect of beaver ponds in high country streams of the Rockies point toward more benefit than detriment to trout.

DAN: In brief, then, you say that Colorado is putting her beavers under management so water will be impounded, silt will be retained, irrigation benefited, flash floods will be checked at

their source, a steadier water level will be maintained, range water will be available in areas of low rainfall, and fish carrying capacity of the streams will be raised.

BOB: But that isn't all! -- Colorado has room for about 100,000 beaver. A pair of beavers will have from two to six kits a year. Few are killed by enemies, and no serious diseases affect them. They should increase 100% each year.

_____: Wow! -- You mean the annual crop of Colorado pelts may exceed 100,000 a season. That will be worth money!

BOB: Right! Not only may this return be attained but good wildlife management will regulate populations so that they will not deplete food supplies.

SASS: The most serious problem in the beaver business is the 'fur bootlegger.' The 'mountain mule skin racket as it is called, is thoroughly organized. Those who know the inside workings of the gang report that the illegal trapper sells to the unscrupulous fur buyer, then the hides are run over a state line and given counterfeit metal tags.

BOB: Sure -- and under the spurious protection of the counterfeit tags, the hides are transported to one of several 'hot fur' houses in the Middle West. There they are sorted and the best hides are given new counterfeit tags, supposedly authentic Canadian seals. Canadian hides bring about twice as much as United States pelts, so the fur racketeers do their double counterfeiting to raise the profit.

SASS: I understood that the best Colorado pelts equal in all way the best Canadian hides.

DAN: Oh! -- guess they do, Sass!

SASS: Then I suppose that counterfeiting is so clever on furs that legitimate dealers may actually never know when a fur is 'hot' and another legal!

_____: I imagine after a few of those poachers are caught the profits won't prove so enticing.

TED: Last December, in a swift raid, nine poachers were caught by Federal and state men. The leader was fined \$500.00 and sentenced to nine months in Leavenworth.

_____: Crime doesn't pay!

_____: I'll say not.

BERT: Colorado will have troubles with the idea of course, but I think the results will more than justify the effort.

SPUD: The significant thing to me is that this work is not being done in the interest of one group but for the good of the whole state.

_____: That's the significant thing all right, Spud! The new outlook and the planned approach to wildlife management.

_____: How would you like to practice forestry in the high Rockies, Ted?

TED: It'd be all right I guess, -- at least I know enough not to get lost.

(Chuckles)

_____: You think you do. Some of the best old-time woodsmen get lost at times.

DAN: That's right. Remember that story the old time ranger in Idaho told us, Hal?

(Flash back)

--Ranger clears his throat

RANGER(SASS):Boys, I'm not stringin' you at all. The best of men get lost at times. I'll never forget the scare we had about "Mac," McConnell -- ranger on the Middle Fork in Idaho.

HAL: Tell us about it, Ranger!

DAN: Yes, do. -- I've always thought a good woodsman couldn't get lost!

SASS: Well, I'll tell you about it, boys. McConnell was to spend the winter at a new station eighty miles from Cascade, which was the nearest post-office and railroad point.

HAL: Six months of isolation with only a thin strand of telephone wire to the outside!

SASS: That's what it would have been but one day McConnell was notified of a ranger meeting to be held outside.

DAN: That should have been welcome news.

SASS: Yes, but 80 miles over new country on snowshoes isn't child's play!

DAN: I'll say not!

HAL: There were cabins along the way though, weren't there?

SASS: Oh, yes, -- and for that reason he didn't carry any food or bedding. About noon (as I remember it) he turned up the Pistol Creek Trail, soon reaching deep snow, which obliterated the trail until all he had to go by was the telephone line.

DAN: He was using snow shoes?

SASS: Not at first, but soon after noon he had to put them on. Finally, just before dark he entered a trapper cabin under some spruce trees by the trail.

DAN: I'll bet that cabin looked good.

SASS: They always do when you're out alone! The next morning McConnell got up to see the stars still visible. Leaning against the logs near his snowshoes was a pair of skis. 'Mac' always wanted to improve his ability on skiis (He wasn't any too good on them), and he made the mistake of his life when he strapped them on instead of his clumsy snowshoes.

HAL: I'd rather use skiis any day.

DAN: For certain kinds of travel -- you mean!!

SASS: Not being very expert with skis -- noon found McConnell eating lunch still ten miles from the summit. The appearance of low clouds worried him for he knew he couldn't follow the telephone line on a dark night.

DAN: He was afraid he wouldn't make the next cabin by dark, I take it.

SASS: That's right -- he didn't reach it either, but he pushed forward desperately, trying to gain the summit before dark.

DAN: Cold -- tired -- winded -- that's the sort of thing that tests a man's intestinal fortitude.

SASS: Mc had what it takes (**chuckles**). You couldn't get that old boy down for long. In the late afternoon though a soft gray wall of snowflakes and fog blew in. He left the phone line to make a short-cut.

DAN: Oh! Oh!

SASS: He soon realized his mistake, but didn't consider it serious, he was traveling down grade-- into the headwaters of Johnson creek, a stream that ran near the ranger station he was headed for.

HAL: The long way around for me -- in a case like that -- I'd rather be sure than sorry!

SASS: He pushed forward expecting to come out of the timber on the head of Johnson creek but after three hours he suddenly realized he was lost!

HAL: In the dead of winter!

SASS: He finally stopped by an overhanging bluff, built a small fire and tried to sleep while the storm blew itself out.

SASS: He was encouraged next morning knowing that the storm was over. The country was entirely new but with a whole day before him he felt sure of himself. He considered backtracking to find the phone line, but finally decided to keep in downstream.

DAN: It's a lot easier to go downhill when you're tired!

SASS: He made good time for several hours -- but he was getting pretty tired by early afternoon, and kept falling over obstructions that he ordinarily would have laughed at. The first pangs of hunger had passed but he was losing strength each hour.

HAL: Gosh! What a pickle to be in!!

SASS: He fought on all day and when it got dark he made a fire by a great granite boulder. Wood was plentiful and he cut a good deal of it with his belt axe. He slept for awhile and then in the intense cold was forced to build up his fire to keep from freezing.

DAN: That was the second night without food or shelter!

SASS: The next day he traveled more slowly, but dared not stop -- one more day would get him he knew. Finally he came to a sign 'Burnt Log Creek', and an arrow indicated the stream he was on.

DAN: Wasn't Johnson Creek at all?!

SASS: Nope-- but a phone line swung overhead and he knew the Johnson Creek trail was nearby. Four miles above there was a cabin used as a noon stop by the mail carrier on his bi-monthly trip to Yellow Pine.

DAN: That would be something -- if he could make it!

SASS: Stumbling and falling, Mac followed the phone wire in the starlight.

_____: If he could get there, he might find food!

SASS: At least it would be shelter! He longed to lie in the snow and rest but he finally made it!

HAL: Any food?

SASS: Some coffee, sugar and a can of frozen milk!

DAN: Not very much.

SASS: Anyhow he got a roaring fire going in the fireplace and made a bucket of coffee.

DAN: How far was he from the station there-- ranger?

SASS: Fourteen miles! Fourteen miles to food, telephone and safety.

DAN: That sounds impossible after what he'd been through!

SASS: To stay there meant certain death. He couldn't alst till the mail carrier came the next week.

HAL: Gosh no! He'd be too weak to keep the fire going in another day.

SASS: He coated the skis with some wax he found in the cabin, and took to the trail at daylight. The prize was life. He traveled slowly -- rested often -- the miles seemed endless and finally darkness overtook him again.

DAN: The fourth night! Hold Old Mackinaw!

SASS: It began to spit snow -- he staggered forward -- finally he emerged in the meadow by the ranger station.

HAL: Good for him!

SASS: It was a blizzard by now and Mac was losing his senses. He wandered aimlessly on the meadow and finally tripped on the top wire of the pasture fence.

1SASS: It dawned slowly on his dazed brain that the fence would lead him to shelter not so far away, and so he staggered up -- went on a few hundred feet and fell through the door of the cabin to safety.

(Flashback)

TED: Man! Oh! Man! That fellow McConnell didn't know when to quit, did he?

SPUD: That ranger was a real guy.

_____: Talk about courage, willpower -- he had it.

_____: Gosh! I'd hate to go through that sort of thing!

--Music--

FORESTERS IN ACTION

Script No. 4

Directed by James Morris

Real Name: H. Sasser

Station KOAC

Nickname: "Sass"

April 18, 1940

Sponsored by the Press Guild of the Forestry Club

TED: Some of the pros claim that recreation is an important part of forestry, but if it is I think it's a blooming shame.

SASS: Why of course recreation is a part of forestry, Ted. What's the recreation and of forestry ever done to you?

TED: All my trouble last summer came because of recreationists: Campers, hikers, fisherman, hunters, and all the rest - they just about ran me ragged!

_____: You just had the wrong attitude, that's all.

(Chuckles)

SPUD: Sure, you just can't get along with people!

(Chuckles)

TED: You fellows can rib me if you wish but I hope that when I finally get a permanent job it won't have anything to do with recreation!

DAN: Recreationists (just like other people) are rather thoughtless at times, Ted.

_____: One has to expect it - it's just part of the game.

DAN: **(Chuckling)** I never will forget one group of tourists that I had to deal with!

SPUD: Tell us about it, Dan.

DAN: **(Chuckling)** The ranger had told me to be diplomatic about it but to give a little lecture on fire prevention whenever I could get a group of tourists together.

BOB: The hard part of the job is being diplomatic, eh, Dan?

DAN: I'll say! It would be perfectly easy to put some ideas across -but to sell these tourists on care with fire when every one of them believed himself to be very careful anyhow, that was a real job!

BOB: What do you mean - easy to put some ideas across, Dan. Most ideas have to be sold, don't they?

DAN: No! Some things almost sell themselves - shoot, it doesn't take a man long to realize the wisdom of life insurance when he knows he has to handle mules - does it?

(Laughter)

TED: I had a mule sit down on me once!

BOB: The farther I can stay away from those critters the better!

SPUD: I'll say you need life insurance handling mules!!

HAL: How about that story you were going to tell us, Dan?

DAN: **(Chuckling)** I thought you fellows would forget it.

BERT: Not a chance, Old Man!

DAN: I had a group of tourists gathered by a camp-fire one night giving them a spiel on fire prevention. They weren't very receptive. One lady in particular---

_____: There's always some important woman who wants to make life miserable.

DAN: This lady was very well padded with surplus flesh.

LIN: You mean she was fat?!

(Chuckles)

1DAN: (Chuckling) You don't know the half of it. She was really big!

TED: Too many people now-a-days don't take enough exercise.

BOB: Say! I know I'm fat - Lay off, you guys!

(Chuckles)

TED: I just happened to be looking at you, Tubby!

SPUD: Go ahead, Dan.

DAN: This large lady was certainly cramping my style. She'd make a sarcastic remark every so often.

TED: I know the kind.

DAN: The tourists were sitting on benches that we had made and one of the youngsters was chasing around raising Cain.

SPUD: A boy about ten years old can think of more pranks!

DAN: **(Chuckling)** This kid shot paper wads at me while I was talking, he threw frogs in to the women's laps and created just as much grief as possible for one such boy to do.

LIN: **(Chuckling)** My kid brother is just that way!

DAN: here I was - This boy and the sarcastic fat lady and me trying to preach conservation.

BOB: You were in a pickle, Dan. How'd it come out?

DAN: The funniest thing happened. The fat lady was holding her purse in her lap and all of a sudden she dropped it. She bent over to pick it up from under the bench and this boy that had been raising Ned gave her a push from behind.

TED: Wow!

LIN: Good gravy!

DAN: I never saw anyone turn a prettier summersault. **(Chuckling)** The fat lady went right on over and the next thing I knew she was sitting on the ground in front of me with the wildest look on her face!

(Laughter)

SPUD: I'll bet that boy cleared out!

DAN: The boy cleared out and the fat lady right after him. I got rid of both pests in one deal - the rest was easy!

(Chuckles)

SPUD: It's funny how people will swear up and down that they are the best conservationists going and turn right around and burn up the country!

HAL: I think people are more careful now than they were a few years ago though!

SPUD: I suppose they are but the number of fires we're having each year seems to be increasing.

BOB: Well, there are more people in the woods!

TED: Sure and we are continually opening more areas up with roads and trails - what can you expect?!

BOB: That's right - we bring it on ourselves.

BERT: You fellows talking about tourists reminds me of an experience one of the rangers told me about one time.

SPUD: Let's have it, Hal.

BERT: This ranger rode the stock rangers of the high Sierras in California and had quite a bit to do with the recreationists that flocked into the hills every summer.

TED: He would have quite a bit to do with them - they are always requiring attention!

BERT: There were quite a few people in this area that lived in shake cabins and there was a find old pioneer who made a little money every summer by driving out a few shakes for cabin dwellers.

LIN: Some of those sugar pine trees that you find in the Sierras are perfect for shakes.

BERT: The shake maker had a rude lean-to shed against a rock, which he called his cabin. It contained an apology for a stove and another for a table; but everything was as neat as a pin and as clean as a wind-swept, snow-polished piece of granite.

SPUD: When an old bachelor is a good housekeeper he is about as good as you can find.

BOB: That's right!

HAL: One day the ranger dropped by the old man's shack and stopped to lunch with him. He noticed that he (Ashley was his name) seemed rather wrought-up about something.

(Fade out in a Flash Back to the Mountain Shack)

RANGER: How well you hold out, Ashley! - I've known you ten years, and you are as spry as ever.

ASHLEY: I'm over seventy - and not on the shelf yet. I find, though, that I have to be careful. Tell you what, young man, we all

of us come up against it. I've worked like a nailer all my life, and yet I've saved only a few dollars for the funeral expenses. Why is it everybody can't die young, and just leap into the hereafter with a shout, instead of so often waiting 'till we're worn out and no more good to anyone - only an everlasting nuisance.

RANGER: Well, now, Ashley, you're all off on that last. The longer that a good man lives, the more help he is to others; he couldn't ever be a trouble to anyone. Really, I believe that a fellow's best chance for playing the right sort of game is apt to come at the very last minute.

ASHLEY: (Slowly) I believe you mean that - ranger. Now go ahead and prove it!

RANGER: Prove what?

ASHLEY: What you have said - that life is worth living for the old, helpless and poor, or for anyone who is past his usefulness.

RANGER: That's the point - none of us ever get past usefulness.

ASHLEY: Prove it, then.

RANGER: Ashley - once I was a newspaper reporter in New York. There was an old, feeble man, supported by his daughter's family. They put him out on the sidewalk in the sun, and the neighbors' children played with him. The old man was over ninety and crippled, but he had the use of one arm. There came a run-a-way team down the street, smashing everything, and it took to the sidewalk - killing the old man, but not before he had thrust two of the youngest of the children out of the way, saving their lives. I wrote an item about it - went to the funeral - saw the babies and their mothers.

(Pause)

He had been a very plain old fellow, but always cheerful, and he would have been missed, even if he hadn't saved those children at the very last minute of his life. Perhaps the biggest chance he ever had to do something came when he was very old and absolutely dependent on others.

ASHLEY: One chance in ten million, Ranger!

RANGER: That's no argument - only my illustration. But, you see, this old man gave himself for the next generation. That's the real

point. Now, as long as a man lives, clear to the end, he can be giving thought, love, and the glory of a high example of cheerful courage to those about him. Therefore, he gives himself to the coming generations, even though he cannot lift a hand or speak a word.

ASHLEY: He wears out the lives of others!

RANGER: That cannot possibly happen - if he grows dearer to them every day.

ASHLEY: Did you ever know any such old fellow of that sort?

RANGER: A dozen or more whose last days were their best ones. They managed to prove to everyone about them that life was truly worthwhile, and that there was a hereafter. They didn't grumble, or lie down, or row about any of the rules of the game.

RANGER: Well, my grandfather was of that sort. Lost his eyesight and most of his hearing, but grew better to look at every day. We children thought him wonderful; we spent hours with him. He really influenced our lives and kept us up to the mark, because he expected so much of each of us!

ASHLEY: To sum it up, do you actually believe, Ranger, that one can fight it out?

RANGER: Of course I do - youth is one sort of an adventure and old age is another sort, but one is just as good as the other.

(Fade out and Flash back)

HAL: There was quite a silence after that but slowly the old man's forehead cleared. At last he leaned across the table, shook hands with a merry twinkle in his eyes, rose to his feet, reached up and took a small package from behind a box on the shelf. He gave it to the ranger.

(Fade out and Flash back)

HAL: An hour later the ranger, reining his horse on the top of a divide, took the ounce vial of strychnine Ashley had given him and tossed it down a thousand-foot precipice.

_____: An ounce vial of strychnine!

_____: The old guy was going to poison himself!

DAN: Lucky that that ranger let his horse wander into that shake-splitters camp, I'd say!

_____: Good gravy, yes!

_____: A forester meets all kinds of people - he finds himself in all sorts of situations and more and more he is becoming a sociologist.

SPUD: Since he works so much with people now-a-days, he has to be an expert in human relations.

HAL: These Public Relations reminds me of fishing trip that I had with a restaurant cook, one time.

_____: Go on.

HAL: Well, I'd promised to take him fishing sometime, so when the opportunity came, we lighted out.

_____: Where did you head for ___?

HAL: Way back up in the wilds of the Trinity Alps country.

_____: Say, that's swell country!

_____: You bet!

HAL: Well, this fellow was delighted with the scenery, and after about a day's travel we reached the place where we were to camp.

_____: Hurry up with the details!

HAL: We hadn't been in camp five minutes until we killed a big rattler.

_____: Holy Smoke!

HAL: That put me behind the eight ball right off the bat, because this fellow was deathly afraid of snakes.

_____: Lots of people are.

1HAL: We got our stuff unpacked and decided to catch some fish for supper. We had been fishing for about a half-hour and the cook was ahead of me a couple of hundred yards.

_____: What happened?

_____: Land a big one?

HAL: No, I just happened to glance around and there on a rock beside me was another rattler! I jerked out the little pistol, that I always carry, and shot him.

_____: Good for you!

HAL: Just a minute, that isn't all! I'd no sooner killed that one than I saw another just a few feet away!

_____: The country must have been full of them!

HAL: I was beginning to feel a bit shaky myself - but this was no time to show it, for here came the cook to see what the shooting was all about. I didn't have time to hide the bodies of the snakes and as soon as he saw them he insisted that he wouldn't stay there another minute.

_____: Well, neither would I!

HAL: There was nothing else to do but hit the trail back to camp. As I have said, this was up in the Trinity Alps country where there are quite a few locusts. You fellows all know what kind of a noise a locust makes, don't you?

_____: Yep, almost like a rattler!

_____: Enough to startle any greenhorn!

HAL: we were travelling down the trail at a good clip with the cook in the lead, when suddenly a locust took off from a bush, almost in the fellow's ear. All I saw was a cloud of dust and when I got back to camp all of our things were packed and the greenhorn yelling, "Let's get out of here!"

FORESTERS IN ACTION

Script No. 5

Directed by James Morris

Real Name: H. Sasser

Station KOAC

Nickname: "Sass"

April 25, 1940

Sponsored by the Press Guild of the Forestry Club

TED: Fishing season started off with a bang for me.

HAL: You probably spend the whole weekend, when you should have been studying, trying to catch a six inch trout.

BOB: Sure and I'll wager he caught poison oak, sprained his ankle and went without food. **(Chuckles)**

CLAY: Then he probably didn't catch anything!

TED: You fellows just don't appreciate me that's all. You should have seen those fish!

_____: Well, as you get older you'll have less interest in such childish pleasures!

TED: Say! --Some of our best and oldest citizens still fish at 70!

SASS: What do you mean --best citizens?

TED: Practically all of our most able men like to fish.

DAN: It seems to me fishing doesn't have much to do with a man's usefulness.

_____: Now you've got the old philosopher started.

SASS: Go ahead, Dan, what's on your mind?

DAN: Oh! I was just thinking of a man's span of usefulness and comparing his life with the zones of altitude as they affect tree growth!

_____: I'm afraid I don't catch on, Dan!

DAN: One of our foresters was telling me of a trip he took from Fresno, California, over into Nevada.

BOB: Anything to get out of California.

(Chuckles)

HAL: Pipe down you birds. California is a good state.

_____: Naturally! --- naturally!

SASS: Go on, Dan, -- don't mind the gang.

DAN: There is a curious parallel between man's economic life-span and the economic altitudes of the Sierra timber.

_____: There may be but, I'm still at sea!

DAN: Going East from the San Joquin valley the first 20 hundred feet in elevation is of little economic forest value, --- mostly grass, brush, oak, and scattering conifers -- just as our youth is not very productive of wealth and efforts are often scattered, -- up to 20 years of age.

_____: Say! Perhaps there's something to that afterall.

DAN: Then going on up the Sierra, we find fine forests -- first the pines of rather low value, then the firs and cedar enter the stand -- the quality becoming higher at each step until at 50 hundred feet the greatest forest values are found -- just as man reaches his maximum earning capacity at about 50 years.

BERT: That's quite a parallel, Dan!

SASS: Sure is!

DAN: Above 50 hundred feet the pines begin to drop out and the economic value of the timber gradually decreases up to 65 hundred feet in elevation --as at 65 years man's economic value rapidly declines.

SPUD: That's usually right, I guess.

DAN: While there are extensive pure fir forests up to 80 hundred feet at that latitude, their economic value is very low, corresponding to man's low productivity; and as the forest drops out at about 80 hundred feet, so man's economic value disappears at about 80.

SPUD: For all we know, man may acquire, after that period, spiritual values that will outshine all others!

DAN: Yes, and the white granite peaks of the high Sierras may inspire us with their beauty and sublimity.

TED: **(Chuckling)** Yes, and beyond life is eternity and above the mountain top is infinity and that's that!

(Chuckles)

HAL: Talking about old age -- I've known a few gray-headed mountain hill-billies that were certainly hard nuts to crack.

TED: Gray hair is the badge of authority.

BOB: What do you mean, Hal?

HAL: I was thinking, in particular, about one old rancher on the Rogue River who made life tough for us when we were involved in a job of Blister-Rust Eradication.

BOB: Blister Rust eradication? What is that, Hal?

(Chuckles)

SASS: **(Chuckling)** You can always tell a rock by the questions he asks.

BERT: Well, -- that's the only way to learn, isn't it?

DAN: Sure it is, Bert. Blister Rust is a fungus disease which has threatened the valuable white pine stands of the United States.

SASS: It's already done a lot of damage, too!

DAN: The rust spreads from the pine trees to its alternate host plant which happens to be the genus Ribes -- you know-----

BERT: No, I don't! **(Chuckles)**

DAN: Sure you do -- gooseberry and current bushes are in the genus Ribes.

BERT: Well, what do you know?

DAN: The fungus disease completes its life cycle by traveling from pine to current bush -- from current bush to current bush -- and finally back to the white pine trees.

BERT: Oh, I see, and by pulling out the current bushes, you make it impossible for the disease to complete its life cycle and it dies. Is that right?

DAN: You bet it is--Pardon me, Hal, for interrupting but I wanted to set him right on that--what were you saying about the old timer?

HAL: This old fellow had a ranch set righty in the center of the block of timber on which we were exterminating the currant bushes.

DAN: He'd been there a long time and figured he owned the country, too, I suppose?

HAL: **(Chuckling)** To hear him tell it he did own the whole country and he sure didn't like blister rusters! He said we scared his sheep and stopped his hens from laying and I don't know what all!

_____: You fellows must have had a good deal of business on his ranch, didn't you?

HAL: Shoot--there wasn't a member of our crew near his place more than once a week.

_____: He was just ornery I guess.

HAL: Ornery! He actually threatened one of the foresters with a shotgun!

BERT: The thing to do in a case like that is just to leave the rancher alone--I'd say!

BOB: Sure! That was the answer!

HAL: We would have liked to but we finally had to find a new camp location in order to be closer to our work, and the logical location was up in this old fellow's upper meadow!

BOB: Oh! Oh!

CLAY: That wasn't so good.

HAL: We held a council of war down in the supervisor's tend trying to hit on some way of getting on the good side of the old man.

BOB: Sounds like the only way would be to buy him out, lock, stock, and barrel.

HAL: That's what we thought. That is most of us thought that. One of the gang, Ray Thompson, however, asked the boss if he couldn't have a chance to get the old fellow to see it our way.

DAN: He was an optimistic cuss--wasn't he?

HAL: He sure was optimistic. Some of us even thought he might have a desire to commit suicide!

_____: He probably was tired of Blister Rustin! **(Chuckles)**

SPUD: What did he do, Hal?

HAL: He went to town the next night and asked a few questions around town and bought him a checker-board.

TED: Checkerboard?

HAL: Yes--a checkerboard. It seems he had learned several weeks before that old man Brown (our enemy) had been quite a checker player in his younger days.

_____: Nothing I like better than a good game of checkers!

HAL: Ray came back luggin' this checkerboard and his checkers. He played a few games around camp to get his hand in and worked over his outfit a little to make it appear old and much used and then just after supper one night he headed up to old man Brown's place.

SPUD: I wouldn't have wanted to have been in his shoes.

HAL: I guess he was a little shaky in his boots at that, but as he told it he got clear to the house yard fence before the old Hill Billy spied him.

(Flash back to Mountain scene)

(Frogs Croaking)

HILL BILLY: (Sass) (at a distance) Hey, you Blister Ruster! What in tarnation yuh think yer doin' on my propity? Get to blazes off the mountain.

Ray- (Ted): Evenin', Mr. Brown. How are you this evening anyhow! Feeling good, as usual I take it.

HILL BILLY: Feelin' Good! Confound you young whipper-snappers anyhow! How'd you think I'd feel with yer men soarin' my cattle, makin' my sheep drop their wool, keepin' my hens from layin' eggs! What you doin' up here this time o' night anyhow! Huh?!

RAY: I was talking to some people in town about you, Mr. _____

HILL BILLY: (getting closer) Talkin' about me to folks in town! You low down! ---what about?

RAY: About playin' checkers! They say you can play a pretty good game sometimes!

HILL BILLY: Pretty good game of checkers! Who said that?!

RAY: Ezra White at the Service Station said----

HILL BILLY: Ezra White -- why that knock-kneed old Billy Goat I can lick him any day at checkers and give him all my men but one! Pretty good game!

RAY: Some other folks thought so, too!

HILL BILLY: Blister Ruster, I'm the best checker player in these hills, in the state, nation, world!!! No doubt! I can play checkers!

RAY: I was hoping so, Mr. Brown-- I happen to be the champion down at our camp and the folks in town seemed to think I'd ought to beat you at a game or two!

HILL BILLY: Me beat! Why you!!! Is that a checker board you've got there?

RAY: Yes, sir! I've beat a lot of checker players with this board.

HILL BILLY: Who ever heard-of a college punk-- a Blister Ruster who could play checkers--Bah!!

RAY: You wouldn't have a chance with me!

HILL BILLY: Why you!! You!! Come-in the house -- wouldn't have a chance-- why!!

(Flash back as the door slams)

(Chuckles from the group)

SPUD: Gosh! He must have been about to have apoplexy!

HAL: Say, Ray said that old fellow was so mad that he could hardly move his checkers for half of the first game without knocking the rest of the men all over the place.

_____: It's a wonder he didn't shoot Ray instead of playing checkers with him.

_____: Did Ray beat him?

HAL: Beat him (**chuckles**) say, he told us that try as he might he couldn't even get a game. Old man Brown was a real checker player.

DAN: Well, Hal- Ray was going to try to get the old man to let them use his upper meadow for a camp. Did he finally succeed?

HAL: (**Chuckling**) You know he wasn't as smart as he thought he was. He thought he could get the old fellow interested in checkers by playing with him night after night and so win his friendship but it was no good. The old man got more angry and more angry because Ray couldn't give him any real competition and finally after four nights of it he ordered Ray off the place.

HAL: Then the whole camp got interested in checkers and one of the least known men in camp (Four-eyes, we called him) really came to the front.

SPUD: How come, Hal?

HAL: It seems that Four-eyes had seen a book on checkers some place and he sent for it.

BOB: It's quite scientific if you go at it right.

_____: It surely is!

HAL: Four-eyes soon educated himself from this book. He whipped everyone in camp. Why, fellows, he got so good that we couldn't even get a king before he had us licked.

_____: That shows what study can do for you.

_____: Not for me!

HAL: Finally one evening Four-eyes went up to see Mr. Brown. He was pretty weak in the knees, I guess. He wasn't very self assured anyhow.

(Flash back to Brown's Hill Ranch)

HILL BILLY: Hey! You! --Get off my Ranch!

SPUD: Please, Mr. Brown-- Don't be angry, sir!

HILL BILLY: Well, what do you expect?! We don't like our scenery polluted with washed-up city kids like you.

SPUD: If you don't mind, sir, I wish you'd teach me to play checkers.

HILL BILLY: Teach you to play checkers!? I'll teach you to run, that's what I'll do! Get off my ranch!

SPUD: Mr. Brown, I've just got to beat Ray at checkers and I know you can teach me!

HILL BILLY: Ray--you mean that insolent puppy that was up here saying he could beat me up?

SPUD: Yes, Sir! He has been beating all of us in camp at checkers and he's getting real boastful about bit. If you'd only make me good enough so that I could beat him, I'd be eternally grateful to you!

HILL BILLY: Well, at least you keep a decent tongue in your head. **(Pause)** Come on inside, --hmp--

(Sound of door opening and closing)

HILL BILLY: Here, we'll sit under the gas lamp here. Have you ever played checkers much?

SPUD: I never played before two weeks ago, sir, but I've played quite a bit since then and I really have studied the game a little.

(Sound of chairs scraping)

HILL BILLY: Well, we'll just play a fast game to get warmed up and to let me see where you are weak. Of course you can't be any good with two weeks training.

(Pause--chairs scraping)

SPUD: I'm trying to develop a "v" formation here, sir.

HILL BILLY: Hmm--So I see. Pretty strong lines thar, young feller. Here you can have that one.

SPUD: Thank you--and now you take this one.

HILL BILLY: Ye-e-s? What! Must have been asleep.

SPUD: Good of you to give me those four men, sir.

HILL BILLY: Harrumph! --might make the game more interesting.

SPUD: And if you'll take this one, sir?

HILL BILLY: Ye-e-ees? What! I'm off my feed tonight.

SPUD: Thank you, sir. It's two to one now, sir. I feel you've given me plenty of advantage. I'd like to have you really tighten up now if you will, sir.

HILL BILLY: Yes! Of course! --This one--mmm- and this one---mmm.

(Faint sound of frogs croaking)

HILL BILLY: Confound those frogs -- I can't concentrate.

(Flash back to studio)

HAL: **(Chuckling)** Four-eyes licked the socks off the old man and later got to be quite chummy with him.

_____: **(Chuckling)** He used his head. The old man evidently liked a stiff game.

HAL: The old Hill Billy asked the camp to move into his upper field in order that he could have more games with Four-eyes. Four-eyes taught him a good many new moves, too.

_____: Imagine -- checkers doing that!

1____: Quite a change in attitude.

HAL: What Four-eyes didn't do for him though!! He convinced him that we needed vegetables, milk, butter, and eggs, and when the old man got his money for the stuff Four-eyes talked him into sending away and getting a radio set. When we finished our job in the fall, old man Brown was really enjoying the radio programs that Four-eyes told him about. He about cried when we pulled out for school.

_____: What a change! In the summer!

DAN: Well, --after all, fellows, cooperation is one of the cornerstones of good forestry.

FORESTERS IN ACTION

Script No. 6

Directed by James Morris

Real Name: H. Sasser

Station KOAC

Nickname: "Sass"

May 2, 1940

Sponsored by the Press Guild of the Forestry Club

BOB: Several Foresters signed up to join the army air corps, I understand.

HAL: They get to go to California, that's something.

SPUD: Talk about kickbacks **(Chuckles)**

TED: What do you mean, Spud--the ranger had a severe kickback on his recreation policy?

SPUD: **(Chuckling)** Ted, if you'd have been there you would have got a kick out of it, believe me!

Stu: What's the joke, Spud, let us in on it, man!

SASS: Sure, Clay

BOB: What is it, Spud?

CLAY: **(Chuckles)** You know, there were several tame black bear around camp and they got to be quite a nuisance! Shoot-- a fellow would go out to his car at night, or wander over to the store and get startled half out of his wits by seeing a big black bear rise up in front of him. **(Chuckles)**

BOB: I don't believe I'd like much of that.

_____: Me neither, - I'd want to take a rifle along to perforate ye bruins with, I think!

DAN: What did the ranger do about it, Spud?

SPUD: **(Chuckling)** Well, Dan, he didn't do a great deal but he did try a thing or two!

SASS: They must have had funny results, Clay.

SPUD: Well, what would you think? He put several rope noose traps around -- you know the old trick of bending over a husky sapling and holding it on a trigger.

BERT: I used to catch rabbits that way.

SPUD: He had half a dozen CCC boys helping him set those traps all of one afternoon! He figured he'd catch the bear, load them in a truck and ship them up to the park-- get rid of them.

_____: Did he have any luck, Spud?

SPUD: **(Chuckling)** That's just it -- He caught a 6 foot cow-rancher from down in the valley!

Stu: Cowman -- Holy smoke! Say, how in thunder ---- !?

SPUD: This rancher dropped in after dark to ask about grazing permits -- the ranger happened to be down at the camp -- the rancher trailed down to find him and the next thing we knew this guy was hanging head down in a tree, yelling like bloody murder -- (laughs) and swearing he'd kill whoever set that fool trap.

(Laughter)

_____: Gosh!! He might have been killed!

_____: Sure -- then what would have happened?

SPUD: I guess he did get a pretty severe jerk -- it was a good thing the sapling was bushy or he might have cracked his head against the trunk.

SASS: Wow! I'll bet he had a time calming that cow puncher down.

SPUD: Did he? **(Chuckling)** I was there!!

DAN: I'll bet he left the bruins alone after that!

SPUD: Nope -- He was a stubborn cuss. You know the bears were attracted to the camp by the garbage.

Stu: We always had a closed pit for ours!

SPUD: Oh! We had a garbage pit with a lid on it -- but the blooming bear would just lift the lid and clamber down in.

_____: Imagine that!!

_____: I'd have made a pit with a small lid so the bear couldn't have crawled in.

SPUD: **(Chuckling)** Our ranger had other ideas.

SASS: What were they, Clay?

SPUD: He had us put chloride of lime in the pit after each bunch of garbage.

DAN: That's just good sanitation, I'd say.

SPUD: Well, it may be, but it sure caused trouble in our camp!!!

_____: Why, Spud?

SPUD: Why, shoot!! When the bear found that the garbage wasn't any good anymore, he broke into the meathouse and sure wrecked things properly.

(Laughter)

_____: Kickback!! You surely named it!!

SPUD: It got results though!

1____: How come -- just ruined the cook house, didn't it?

1SPUD: It did that all right, but the thing that really counted was that it made the cook madder than blazes.

1TED: Lot of good it would do him with the ranger responsible!!

SPUD: That's what you think -- why, Ted the next night that cook got out his old 30-30, bought himself a high powered flashlight -- (all on the Q.T., mind you) --and laid out waiting for old man bruin.

DAN: **(Chuckling)** Did he get him?!

SPUD: **(Chuckling)** Them, you mean -- he shot three full grown bear before we could get out of bed to stop the slaughter!!!

(Laughter)

_____: Most cooks won't stand for any foolishness!

DAN: Say, fellows, has it occurred to you that it's about time for Hal to contribute one of his stories about fire fighting?

_____: Right you are!

DAN: How about it, Hal?

SASS: Your turn, Hal, old man.

HAL: Confound you, Dan, -- putting me on the spot like this.

Stu: Come on, Hal. You've seen a lot of fire fighting.

SASS: It'll soon be fire season too, Hal. Timely topic.

Stu: Sure, Hal, tell the gang you were telling me about that young kid who saved the fire for you on White mountain.

_____: Draw up, fellows -- this should be good.

HAL: Well, all right, you fellows are the victims anyhow.

1____: We'll be the judge of that. **(Chuckles)**

1HAL: Last summer I was placed in charge of a fire suppression crew in one of the most dangerous areas. There were twelve men in the gang including myself. Most of us had had several years of experience in fighting the red demon.

1SPUD: How did it happen they chose you to head the crew?

(Laughter)

DAN: Let him tell his story, Spud -- let him tell his story!

HAL: Well, I happened to have had more years at fire fighting than any other crew member. Most of the fellows had had at least two years of fire work but one man, the last addition to the crew, had never fought fire and showed it.

BOB: Seems foolish to have a fellow like that in the crew.

SASS: Gosh, Bob, a fellow has to learn -- sometime, though.

BERT: Well, I suppose so.

HAL: This fellow-- Johnny, we called him -- was a rather sickly looking chap when we first took him in but before a month was passed he was filling out first rate.

_____: Nothing like fresh air and hard work to liven a fellow up.

HAL: There was a poor attitude shown toward Johnny from the start. The crew members didn't have much to do with him.

SASS: Why not, Hal?

HAL: In the first place he was forced on as by one of the officials and none of the gang felt that he should have used 'pull' to get him the job.

SASS: Well now, a fellow has to use all of the 'pull' he can muster these days.

_____: I don't see that that's any crime!

HAL: It's hard to describe how the crew felt towards this kid. He just didn't fit it. He wasn't a woodsman -- had never been away from home before -- was a sort of apologetic sort of chap and didn't mix well. Anyhow, he was out of the gang from the very start.

_____: That was a tough position for him.

CLAY: Aw! Maybe he should have stayed at home.

SASS: Well, a man never will learn to be a forester if he doesn't make a try at it.

HAL: Johnny was clumsy on the training work. --Seemed slow to catch on -- he hadn't any background at all.

SASS: You know it's mighty tough on a young fellow just starting out like that!

HAL: We fought several small fires and Johnny tried to do his part but he wasn't nearly as efficient as the other men.

SASS: A fellow can't become an old hand overnight, though, Hal!

HAL: No, but he was careful to never go out after dark and he would jump in trail camp when the bushes rustled or an animal sounded off out in the sticks.

_____: Ha! Ha! --Just a coward of the first rank, eh! Hal?

_____: Shoot, we all felt that way when we first got into the woods-- It's no crime to be afraid of something new and strange.

(Comments from the group)

HAL: Anyhow, I was pretty disgusted with him when we were sent on the Deer Canyon fire. I just figured the fellow was excess baggage.

SASS: Well, at least he could carry water.

HAL: We hit that fire early in the morning -- all of the suppression crews and firemen in the forest were busy and we were left to handle the Deer Creek blaze by ourselves.

_____: How come -- lightning storm?

HAL: Yep, set fire all over that area.

1DAN: It takes a batch of lightning strikes to really test the efficiency of a fire organization.

SASS: I'll say.

HAL: We fought that fire all day. The day thing was just a little too much for us! Try as we might we couldn't seem to stop its spread. We'd hold one side of it only to lose another. Our trail would be in and burned out only to have a brand whip across our heads to start the fire over again outside of our lines.

DAN: That's the kind of work which really weeds the men from the boys.

HAL: Toward nightfall we began to gain on the fire and it looked as though we might kill it after all.

_____: The humidity began to come up -- the fire to die down.

DAN: How was Johnny holding out.

HAL: He held up pretty well -- but - then - you always had this feeling that he didn't know what he was doing -- that you could do the work in half the time, you know.

BOB: Poor guy!

HAL: All that night we tried to batter that fire down so we could hold it in the heat of the next day.

SASS: You had to lick it that night-- or else-- eh, Hal?

HAL: Right! We just about had it in shape the next day, too. We mopped the fire up before ten o'clock the next morning so that we figured we could hold it easily. We kept at it though, tired as we were for if we could just hold it until dark we knew we had her licked for good.

_____: That was a long old Battle!

_____: I'll say!

SASS: A day, a night, and the next day!

HAL: Johnny was keeping us supplied with water and about two p.m. he left us to fill his canteens at the lower end of the fire trail. The fire was picking up about then and we were all ganged up on the up-hill side where the fire was most dangerous.

_____: It usually burns uphill best.

HAL: We got awfully thirsty up there -- time seemed to crawl by ---Johnny should have come back but he didn't -- we began to get worried.

SASS: Why didn't one of you look him up, Hal?

HAL: Well, Sass, we were just barely able to hold that blooming fire and we didn't feel like letting a single man leave.

FORESTERS IN ACTION

Script No. 9

Directed by James Morris

Real Name: H. Sasser.

Station KOAC

Nickname: "Sass"

May 30, 1940

Sponsored by the Press Radio Guild of the Forestry Club

BERT: Why was Rod given such a lecture by the prof. the other day after class, Dan?

DAN: **(chuckling)** The Prof. asked us to hand in a paper on the results of laziness in the forestry profession.

BERT: Yes, I remember that assignment - I didn't have any trouble building up 20 pages - but I still don't see why the Prof. was so angry at Rod!

DAN: **(Still chuckling)** Rod handed in a blank page!

Laughter

SPUD: The results of laziness **(laughter)** I think that was a pretty fine answer myself.

DAN: The Prof. couldn't see the joke **(chuckles)**

BERT: I never knew one yet that would see a joke when it was on him.

BOB: Oh! Now, see here. - You must be afraid of next week.

BERT: Good grief - next week is exam week! Isn't it!? Why did you remind me!?

SASS: That ought to make you happy - just think, you'll be out in the hills inside of two weeks!

BERT: That reminds me of a story that is sort of parallel.

SASS: Gather-round, fellows.

BERT: It seems Moses was with the army at the front. The shells were exploding all around the company and at every explosion Moses would make a break for the rear.

SASS: That was quite logical.

(Chuckles)

BERT: Finally his Colonel talked to him about it.

SPUD: He would.

BERT: He said, "You shouldn't be afraid, Mose! Why! What if you do stop a shell - Heaven's your home!"

BOB: That was encouraging - what did Mose say?

BERT: Mose rolled his eyes and nodded - "Yassuh, Boss, ah knows. But I ain't homesick!"

(Laughter)

BERT: That's the way I feel - I suppose it will be grand to be in the woods again but I'd just as soon not go thru exam week!!

(Chuckles)

TED: You shouldn't feel that way - you should be glad to show the results of the long hours of study you have forced yourself into!!

BERT: That's just it. (Chuckles) - He hasn't!

TED: Furthermore - think of the new radio you'll be using this summer!

BOB: Say, are they putting radio equipment in your forest too?

BERT: That's what I understand! I'll be able to talk directly to headquarters without having to go thru the switchboard in town.

BOB: That's pretty fine.

DAN: You know, fellows, the use of short wave radio has increased by leaps and bounds on the National Forests!

BOB: We don't have radio in our neck of the woods yet.

DAN: In 1933 there were only 300 sets in use - now the service has better than 3000 scattered over the National Forest Area!!

SASS: Say, men, that reminds me of an incident that happened on our forest last year. The radio surely saved the day!

TED: How was that, Sass?!

SASS: Three of us had started out after a fire that was reported in back of pine cone knob in the big basin country. The going was tough and that country is hot and dry!

(Fade out on last sentence)

CLAY: **(puffing easily)** How long have we been hiking, Sass?!

SASS: About three hours, I believe.

CLAY: I'd like to catch the bird that set that fire.

MILT(SPUD): Sass, are you sure we're headed in the right direction?

SASS: Sure -- I know this country!

MILT: You've never been in this valley though - have you, Sass?!

SASS: No-o--- but I've hunted that ridge yonder from end to end - **(sound of shifting pack)** - gosh this fire-fighting pack can get heavy!

CLAY: Let me have it for awhile, Sass! You've packed it for better than an hour now!

SASS: Naw! I'll make it.

MILT: Sass! That knob ahead don't look right to me - besides we should be to that fire by now.

CLAY: Do you suppose we could have taken the wrong fork back at that Y, Sass?

SASS: Oh - I suppose we could have, but I guess I know what I'm doing. Maybe we can see the smoke from this little rise.

(Pause, kicking to rise - sound of kicking of rocks)

I'm going to take this load off for a moment, leave it on this rock. - See any smoke, Bill?

CLAY: No-o-o, can't say I do, Sass. Can you, Milt?

MILT: No! I tell you, Bill, Sass here doesn't know this country as well as he would like us to believe.

CLAY: Well - Sass wasn't born and raised in these sage-brush hills

for nothing, Milt.

MILT: Yeah - I know - but that fire's going to be pretty big if we don't hit it pretty quick. What you doing, Sass?!

SASS: Getting the radio out of this blooming pack, Milt!!

MILT: Aw - that thing's no good!

CLAY: Can I help you, Sass?!

SASS: Yeah! Throw this antenna up into a tree - no! Tie a rock on the string to give it some weight.

CLAY: By golly - you know, Sass, that fire will be a big one if we don't get it soon!

(Sound of radio static)

SASS: (slowly) Forest Service "S" set #49 calling Buzzard's Roost Look out! Forest Service "S" set calling Buzzard's Roost Look Out! Call Buzzard's Roost! O.K., Go ahead.

(Sound of static)

MILT: I told you that thing wasn't any good.

CLAY: Be still - didn't I hear --- ---

RADIO: (distantly) - Buzzard's Roost - Go Ahead!

SASS: (faster) Calling Buzzard's Roost. Hello, Buzzard's Roost. Patrolman Sasser calling - go ahead!!

Radio: (strong) Buzzard's Roost Look-Out back to Patrolman Sasser - Hello, Sass, -- Hello, Sass - What do you want? Go ahead, please!!

SASS: (fast) Sasser back to Buzzard's Roost (slowly) we are on the right fork of the Fox Mountain trail and I'm wondering where we are in reference to the fire - Can you help us - Go ahead, please!

RADIO: Buzzard's Roost back. If I could locate your position in reference to the fire I could probably tell you. Go ahead.

SASS: (quickly) Milt! Get out that mirror from my bag, (slowly) Hello, Buzzard's Roost Look-Out - Hello, Lookout, we are getting a ----- (quickly) Here, Milt, give it to me, -- (slowly) we are flashing mirror at your station - can you see that flash - Buzzard's Roost? - Can you see that flash? Flashing

Buzzard's Roost Lookout. Go ahead, please!

Radio: Hello, Sass! Hello, Sass! Yes - I see your flash - yes, I see your flash. You are on the ridge about one-half mile from the smoke column. The wind is blowing the smoke behind the ridge in back of you. Follow the trail down into the hollow - then around the bend. About one half mile away, I'd say. Go ahead, please.

SASS: Back to Buzzard's Roost Lookout. Thanks, old man, we're on our way! Forest Service "S" set number 49 signing off with Buzzard's Roost! - Clear! Down with the antenna, Bill . . . Here . . . In the box . . . O.K. . . . There, we're ready.

MILT: By gosh, Sass, I take it all back - Here, give me that pack - **(Pause) (Fading)** We'll get that little old forest fire in a jiffy!!

(Flashback to the Studio)

SASS: Believe me - I was relieved when that Lookout man said, "Hello, Sass."

TED: Did you get the fire out that way, Sass?!

SASS: No, we had a little trouble - It was thirty acres in size when we got there and we had to radio the lookout to send in more men.

BOB: Good thing you had the ardio!

SASS: We held the fire, however. It didn't spread after we got there and when the relief crew came in we had it half mopped up.

BERT: You didn't need them after all, eh, Sass!

SASS: We held the fire, however. It didn't spread after we got there and when the relief crew came in we had it half mopped up.

BERT: You didn't need them after all, eh, Sass!

SASS: Oh, I wouldn't say that. We were pretty tired and the relief crew didn't get there until 8 o'clock the next morning! Gosh! You know if a wind comes up and the humidity drops, you never can tell!

TED: Right you are, Sass! It's better to be safe than sorry!

HAL: What would you have done if there hadn't been a mirror in your pack, Sass?!

SASS: Oh! I'd have cleared a safe place and made a smoke signal, I guess!

TED: **(chuckling)** You can't stump an old timer!!

HAL: I'll bet I can make him gasp.

BOB: Let's see you do it, Hal!

HAL: Sass, do you know what the average rainfall on the earth is per second?

SASS: Can't say that I do - must be considerable.

HAL: About 16 million tons a second.

SASS: That'd grow a lot of hoss-feed!

(Laughter)

BOB: You didn't phase him, Hal, -- gosh, 16 million tons a second - that's a lot of water.

HAL: It's been falling for a long time - watering the forests of the world.

BERT: Bob, weren't you at that lecture on foreign forestry the other day?

BOB: Yes, I was, Bert! Why?

TED: **(aside)** There won't be any foreign forestry if Hitler keeps goin'.

BERT: It seems to me that there is quite a lesson in what that fellow said about that old forest - what was it? The Holy Forest of Haguenau?!

BOB: It is said that it got that name because hermits sought sanctuary in the forest from turbulent Europe.

TED: I guess they've been fighting over there since the world began!

BOB: There's no reason why they have to continue - man used to wear skins of animals, too!

TED: Yes, and he still does!

BERT: Only women wear them!

HAL: Say, talking about women keeping styles and things reminds me of a joke I heard **(chuckling)**

BOB: It had better be good or Bert and I will work you over for interrupting our story about Old World forestry!

(Chuckles)

HAL: A sailor home on leave was talking to a buddy off the same ship. - By gosh, Joe, I met my old girl today. Haven't seen her in ten years. Joe said, ____ has she kept her girlish figure? The first sailor replied, -- Kept it?! Why, man, she's doubled it!

(Laughter)

SASS: Now what has that to do with forestry?!

HAL: Well, her name was Edna Beech!

SPUD: Wow! Kick him out!

(Chuckles)

TED: Dan, you were talking about the Holy Forest in France!

BOB: Well, the forest was interesting to me because of its great age!

BERT: To me, too! Why, fellows, they don't know just how old this forest is but it's been successfully operated as a town forest since 1710!

SASS: Gosh, that's a long time!

SPUD: Good gravy!

CLAY: Imagine that!

BOB: Evidence around and in the forest shows beyond question that that section of Europe has been inhabited by man since the Stone Age.

BERT: Imagine towns that have been inhabited for 2000 years.

TED: I can't.

(Chuckles)

BOB: The forest was once the property of the Imperial Roman Government - later it passed into the hands of the French kings. The Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire made the town of Haguenau a free city in 1164.

BERT: The people in the town have had the rights to the forest for centuries.

CLAY: What do you mean? - Rights!

BOB: Rights to cut fire wood - to run pigs in the forest and such! That forest has helped generation after generation of people make a living. I should think they'd cut all the trees down. Wood's pretty scarce over there, I guess.

BERT: They're limited in the amount they can take at any one time, of course.

TED: I can't see how running hogs in a forest could be very profitable!

BOB: Say! This lecturer told us that at one time the felling of oaks was strictly limited, as most of the revenue derived from the forest came from leasing the rights to fatten herds of hogs on the acorns abounding under the many oak trees.

HAL: How could that be, Dan?

BOB: Well, you must remember that was a long time ago. Timber from the forest could only be disposed of locally and most of it was given away free of charge. Lack of roads made it costly and difficult to transport lumber even if a decent market had existed which was rarely the case.

CLAY: I wonder if they have any trouble with forest fires over there.

BERT: He said fire is always a danger to be fought on many occasions. People are a great deal more careful with fire in the old country though. They realize the value of natural resources. Most of the people in the United States are so used to having surplus stores of timber that they think nothing of burning a few million acres of forest land every year.

SPUD: I wouldn't say most of them!

BERT: Well, maybe not. But a good many of the people I have met have a mighty poor attitude.

TED: Say, speaking of attitude.

CLAY: Here we go!

(Chuckles)

TED: It seems there was a bunch of city people visited one of the drier National forests last summer. So they took liquid refreshments along.

HAL: Yes - we have to deal with that sort of people all of the time. It's disgusting!

TED: In this group of people was a big tough logger who liked his fire water too well.

SPUD: A good many loggers do!

TED: This fellow was thoroughly drunk one day walking through the brush by camp when he heard a rattle at his feet.

CLAY: Oh! Oh!

TED: The logger looked at the rattlesnake coiled and ready to strike, then drew himself up in dignified solemnity.

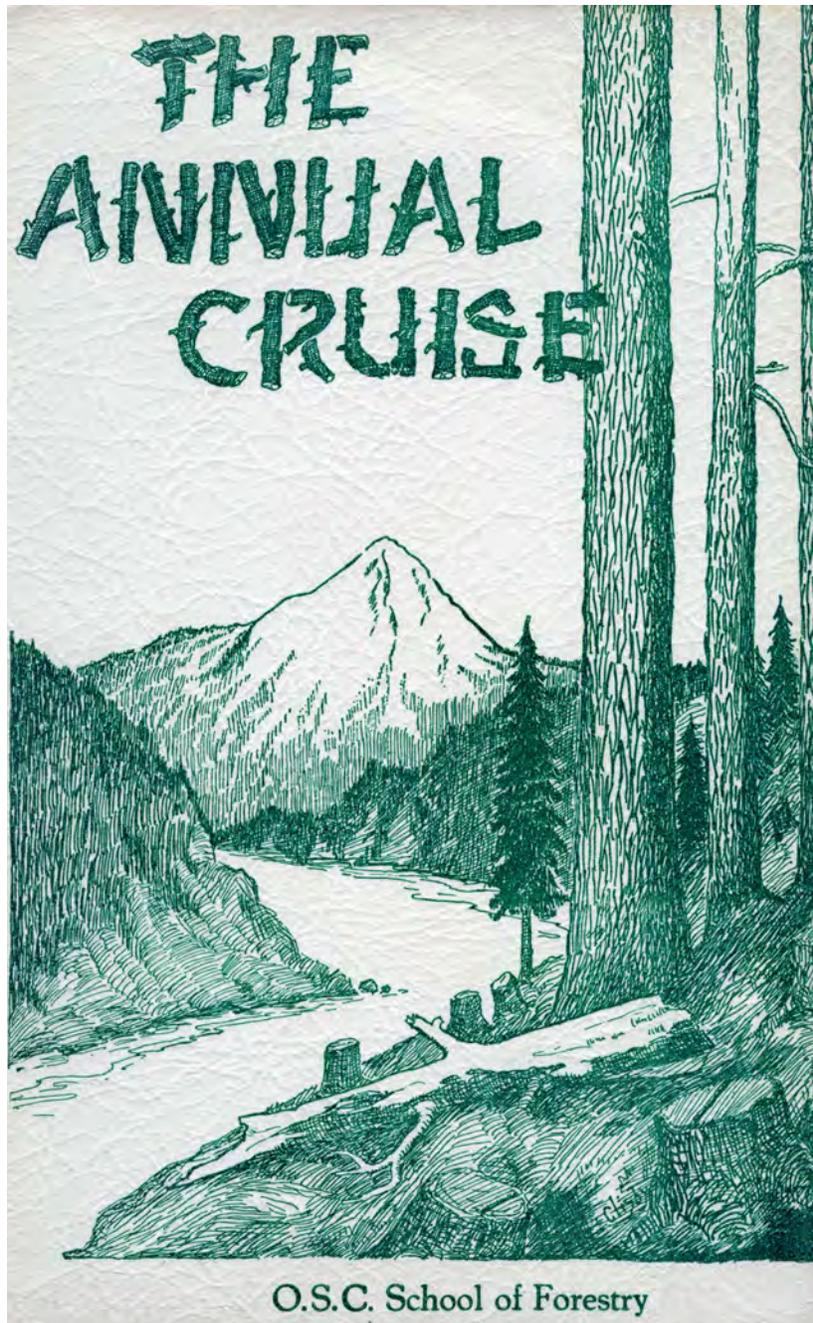
HAL: No time for that!

TED: "Go ahead an Sthrike," he said scornfully, "never will ye fin' me better prepared."

(Laughter)

Appendix

Clippings from the Yearbook





Schroeder Parker Hole Lynch Vogel C. Walker Phillips

FORESTERS IN ACTION

Fernhoppers "Air" Tall Tales

How they have changed—these fernhoppers! There was a time when they were a grim, rough-and-tough crew of timber beasts, scorning the luxuries of living—disdaining anything which by the faintest hint might brand them "sissies." They slept in their underwear and never shaved from September till June — but they have changed!

Ah, yes—first it was the Foresters' Ball, and now they have reached out into other fields of culture. The Forestry Club has gone on the air, broadcasting a weekly program of its experiences and recollections over KOAC!

Fernhoppers were not satisfied with private bull fests after returning to school this fall, so a series of radio programs, known as "Foresters in Action," was instituted over KOAC last October. At 8:45 every Thursday night the experiences, yarns, and philosophies of the Forest Club members were put on the air. The fernhoppers' best stories have been rewritten and shaped into programs by Clyde Walker, sophomore in forestry—known as "Shakespeare" to the studio staff.

During the fall term the programs consisted of stories related into the "mike" by

man-mountain George Schroeder. High spots in these series were a word portrait of the Bandon fire disaster and the scandalous story of Becky, a Rogue River mule charged with murder!

Not content, however, to stop with George's mere narration, a half-dozen other students were called by the siren "drama" to join George and Clyde in a troupe which presented Walker's skits in a manner that must have given many a sleepless night to radio stars who feared for their jobs.

Through George Schroeder's efforts, arrangements were made to give auditions to all fernhoppers who were interested and who showed their willingness to cooperate in making the program a success. Some excellent talent was discovered, and an opportunity provided for "P. R."-minded club members to get experience before a microphone.

So popular have the programs of "Foresters in Action" become, that we look forward to their long life. The optimistic cast fancies that NBC has talent scouts snooping around the halls of the Forestry building—who knows—some day the fernhoppers may spread their gospel of good fellowship over a coast-to-coast network!
(*They hope! Ed.*)

Foresters in Action

*Alouette, gentle Alouette;
Alouette, je te plumerai—*

To the tune of their theme song, familiar to KOAC radio fans everywhere, Oregon State fernhoppers are still "going to town". Through the medium of Foresters in Action, the O. S. C. forestry club is reaching into homes all over the West, spreading the doctrine of good fellowship and love of the out-of-doors.

Started last year, as a means of bringing "culture" to the doorsteps of "Brush-wallopers," this group has made rapid advancement. George Schroeder, present manager of the program, was the original character, reading such stories as that of the talking deer remembered by many of the earlier listeners. Gradually, as auditions were held, characters were added, until the program reached a peak in the spring term of 1937.

However, graduation came along scattering the cast. "Pop" Schroeder was faced with the task of rebuilding the program around the characters Les Lynch as "Carpie" and Rod Phillips as "Rusty". In spite of the handicaps, Clyde Walker kept up with his excellent script writing and soon the boys were again putting out programs to make the big-time radio stars sit up and take notice.

In order to put the program on its feet again, a campaign was instituted. The campaign first attracted attention with a "true story" telling contest. The

person submitting the best story received a one-dollar prize, and the material was used as subject matter for the program.

The publicity resulting from the contest resulted in such an increase in interest by club members that the cast became almost too large. There were more than fifteen characters at almost every broadcast, Fernhoppers swarmed in, shedding their calked boots, tin coats and staged-off pants—making the supreme sacrifice to perform in their program.

They received recognition, too. Radio stations from such far-away places as Spokane and San Francisco were so favorably impressed that they requested extra copies of the scripts. Who knows? We may some day hear our programs broadcast from California; hear "Carpie" tell bear stories over the NBC or CBS networks.

Jimmie Morris, KOAC program director, has acted as coach, giving valuable advice based on his experience. His success is evidenced by the very few cases of "mike" fright.

In fact, so confident is George Schroeder of the ability of our foresters, that he is planning to initiate two programs a week, one Tuesday in addition to Thursday night at 8:45 P.M. It is possible that this heralds the time when a forester will no longer be considered a hairy-chested, snoose-chewing timber beast from the backwoods, but a person who can mingle in society as well as in the tall sticks. Let us hope so!



K
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"Foresters in Action."

Foresters on the Air

The campus radio station, KOAC, this year, has been broadcasting weekly discussions on forestry by the faculty members of the School of Forestry. The new schedule to be in effect until December, 1939, will occupy the time from 9:30 to 9:45 P. M. on Friday evenings. These discussions are designed to answer the questions of the layman on forestry.

"Foresters in Action" is in its third year as a program of fun and music from the woods. Originally sponsored by the Forestry Club, the program has proven so valuable to the profession through the public opinion it has influenced that the School has cooperated to make it a regular feature at 8:45 P. M. every Thursday.

George Schroeder was the motivating spirit and script writer in the initial broadcasts. This year, in Mr. Schroeder's absence, Clyde Walker has functioned as script writer, using tall tales from men in the woods for the stories. Jimmie Morris, program director of KOAC, has coached the fernhoppers since the first broadcast.

Honors and Awards

The Mary J. L. McDonald Fellowship in Reforestation, made possible by the generosity of the late Mrs. McDonald, provided a fund of \$10,000 in 1928 to be used for advanced study in problems of reforestation. A committee composed of the Forestry School faculty awards the income from the fund, or \$450, to a graduate of a recognized School of Forestry on a basis of proficiency in forestry studies, personality, and demonstrated ability to do independent work. The award for 1938 went to Sam Taylor.

The Charles Lathrop Pack essay awards are presented each year to students producing the most interesting, logical, and significant forestry articles for publication. Winners for 1938 were George M. Hansen first, \$40.00; Roy Elmgren second, \$24.00; L. Lisle Walker third, \$16.00. 1939 winners were Larry Gangle and Bruno Berselli, tying for first, \$32.00 each; and Bruce Starker, who received \$16.00

The Kelly Axe Trophy for 1938, a cruiser's axe, was awarded to Glen Thompson on the basis of being a

(Continued on page 74)



Front row—Lindsay, Matthew, Chesbrough, Murphy, Robinson, Kower.
Center row—Goodyear, Anderson, McNulty, Lound, Schroeder.
Back row—Currey, Nettleton, Blake, Sasser, Dorner, Evenden.

PRESS RADIO GUILD

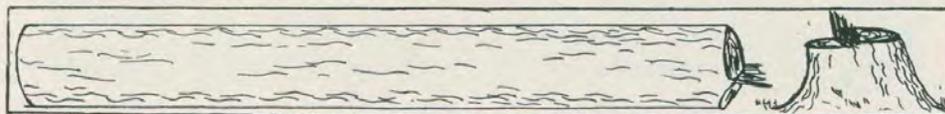
Each year there is an increasing need for public education in forestry and the formation of a constructive public attitude towards forest industry and conservation.

To meet this need the Press Radio Guild was formed in January of this year with nine charter members from faculty and students of the forestry school. In addition twelve more students were selected as neophyte members and will qualify for full membership upon completion of certain curricula and performance requirements. Any forestry student who will meet these requirements is eligible for membership in the event that he continue to participate in radio programs, talks before groups

and writing of articles on forestry for newspapers and periodicals.

As long as there is a need for public contact and public education in forestry the Guild will have its program of activities full. The members hope the Guild will become one of the important agencies engaged in this type of work and look to other forestry schools to create additional membership groups to carry on this work.

Charter members of the Guild are: Dan Robinson, director; Wally Anderson, assistant director; Harold Sasser, secretary; Clarence Currey, recorder; Robert Evendon, critic; Harry Nettleton, Henry Vaux, George Schroeder, and Rod Phillips.



Foresters at the Mike

Quite a few Oregon State Fernhoppers are helping to tell the world the story of forestry via the radio waves of station KOAC.

At 8:45 Thursday nights, "Foresters in Action" gives the listening public many interesting and humorous experiences of fernhoppers along with tall tales of the woods. George Schroeder is the guiding star and script writer; the cast consists of several foresters. Jimmie Morris is the able director of this as well as of the Junior Forest Council program which is broadcast each Tuesday from 7:45 to 8:00 p. m. These fifteen minutes are devoted to publicising the policies of the Junior Forest Council by means of dramatizations written by Robert Evenden. In the program a Forest Land School is organized for the young people of Fir-town, a mythical lumbering community somewhere in the Douglas fir region.

Junior Forest Council

One of the foremost tasks of the Press-Radio Guild will be to promote an organization nearly as new as itself and also in its formative stage. The Junior Forest Council of the Douglas fir region was jointly created by the forestry department of Oregon and Washington for the double purpose of providing a plentiful supply of timber for the sawmills of the future and also to give boys of high school age a sense of responsibility for the protection of future forests as well as practical forestry experience by letting them manage selected areas of second growth and deforested land. These Forest Land Schools, as they are to be called, will be sponsored locally in each community by educators, timbermen, and other public-spirited citizens.

The difference between a mosquito bite and woolen underwear is that two hands are enough for a mosquito bite.



Oregon Douglas Fir—Courtesy Oregon State Board of Forestry



Press Radio Guild

Director ----- Harold Sasser
 Assistant Director ---- Hal Goodyear
 Secretary ---- Warren Chesbrough
 Members ---- Bert Mason, Ted Anderson, Bob Dorner, Alfred Murphy,
 Clarence Currey, Gene McNulty
 Faculty Members ---- Professors Evenden, Schroeder, Nettleton
 Candidates for membership ---- Clay Hansen, Tom Clifton, Lyle
 Cummings, Gene Kower, Bob Lindsay, Stowe Burson,
 Wallace Eubanks

"Foresters in Action", a program sponsored by the School of Forestry was started in 1936. At first this program consisted of lectures on forestry topics, but later was reorganized as a program consisting of bull-fests dealing with forest subjects and the experiences of the boys.

The Press Radio Guild was organized in 1940 to help in meeting the need for public education in forestry and conservation. Besides sponsoring "Foresters in Action" the Guild stresses public relations in forestry and articles on related subjects. Any forestry student is eligible to become a member of the Press Radio Guild upon completion of the required amount of participation in the work of the organization.

P.R.G.

The Press-Radio Guild has for its purpose two objectives; one to advertise forestry, and the other to provide for student foresters excellent experience in some of the mechanics of public education.

Attempting to fulfill one of these objectives, the Guild has continued to present Foresters in Action over KOAC. Provisions are now underway to continue the production of the program throughout the summer by means of electrical transcriptions under the direction of James M. Morris of KOAC. This project is intended to keep forestry on the air at the most critical period.

A picture was taken of the Foresters in Action group fall term; it was printed on postcards and sent to listeners who accepted the

invitation to write in for one. Believe it or not a few requests were received.

Realizing that people still read the newspapers and other newsprint, students have been encouraged to take courses in journalism and to submit written articles to journalistic publications. Student articles have been published in home town papers, Barometer, trade magazines, and one student, Robert Lindsay, was fortunate in having an article accepted by "Timber Topics".

Other activities throughout the year have been the sale of fire prevention stamps, program for the Foresters' Banquet, informal talks by persons outside the Guild, and bi-monthly meetings held for business and group discussions.

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FIRE CONFERENCE

Organization of an Oregon Forestry Conference was initiated by almost 300 foresters and others at an all day conference held at Oregon State College, Saturday, February 22. With the coordination of all groups either directly or indirectly the Oregon Forestry Conference came as a result of recommendations by Governor Sprague that such a conference be organized.

Nelson S. Rogers, State Forester for Oregon and chairman for the day, named the following men to the Conference Committee: Earl G. Mason, O.S.C. School of Forestry, Chairman; M. C. Bowker, Douglas County judge; Fred McNeil, Portland Journal; J. H. Andrews, Forest Service; C. C. Scott, protective associations; V. C. Moore, state land use committee; Harry Patton, Hammond Lumber Co.; Stewart Moir,

Western Pine Association; and E. B. MacNaughton, First National Bank of Portland.

Members of the presiding committee named George W. Peavy, Dean, O.S.C. School of Forestry, conference president and Lynn F. Cronemiller, Assistant State Forester, secretary-treasurer.

Speakers appearing before the conference sessions were David Eccles, executive secretary to the Governor; E. B. MacNaughton, President, First National Bank of Portland; Fred McNeil, editorial staff, The Journal; Donald N. Mathews, Pacific Northwest Forest and Range Experiment Station; and Morris C. Bowker, Douglas County judge.

The Oregon Forestry Conference is now preparing to meet the present
Continued on page 64.

HI-LEAD

Gene McNulty, Editor
 Del. Crews, Assistant Editor
 T. J. Starker, Columnist
 Barbara Clark, Typist
 Jack Hann, Manager
 Lyle Cummings, Assistant Manager
 Art House, Cartoonist
 Mrs. Joe Simpson, Critic

Reporters: Jim McNulty, Jack
 Mace, Carwin Woolley, Verne
 Bronson

Completing its sixth year of
 publication, the Hi-Lead, forest

club bi-monthly news sheet, man-
 aged to serve the School of
 Forestry interests despite the
 marked decrease in school enroll-
 ment and the vicissitudes of num-
 erous staff changes.

Early in the fall term the
 editorial job was shared by Gene
 McNulty and Ellis Bischoff. The
 latter co-publisher decided that
 journalistic scoops were too much
 of a strain for a logger, so he
 resigned. Del Crews was then
 named assistant editor.

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PRESS-RADIO GUILD

Thursday evenings at 8:45
 "Foresters in Action" is broad-
 cast over station KOAC by the
 Press-Radio Guild bringing its
 weekly bull-fest of forestry in-
 formation to Oregon listeners.

The embryo of the guild was
 the program "Foresters in Action,"
 first broadcast in 1936, which
 originally consisted of weekly
 lectures on forestry subjects,
 but which now is bull-festing
 between a group of fernhoppers
 with a forestry message inserted.

In 1940 the Press-Radio
 Guild was formed. The continued
 broadcasting of "Foresters in
 Action" was the main objective of
 the guild, but members were also
 encouraged to take journalism
 courses and to contribute to
 publications.

A series of transcriptions
 was made last spring under the
 supervision of James M. Morris
 of KOAC. These were rebroadcast
 during the summer.



Arboretum Day

With the true spirit that characterizes the Forest School, over one hundred men turned out at 7:00 o'clock on the morning of May 20th to take their turn at improving Macdonald Forest on Arboretum Day.

With Lyle Seymore as general chairman and Clarence Richen apportioning out the work, men set to work in widely separated parts of the forest improving trails, working in the arboretum, and fixing up the camp grounds. Much of the work on the trails and in the arboretum was made necessary by accumulation of fallen trees from last winter's silver thaw.

At noon, after the boys had whetted their appetites, Gus Manock assisted by Prof. Patterson, set before the crowd a delicious fare of "bean-hole beans," hamburgers, salad, and everything else a hungry group of foresters could ask for. Then so full that no one felt like doing much of anything, the men were content to settle down to the more serious business of the day.

After the presentation of guest, the

chairman of the Keep Oregon Green Association, Walker Tilley, Superintendent of the Willamette Valley Tree Farms, and the Supervisor of Siuslaw National Forest—awards for the years were presented, with the Senior Kelley Axe award going to Dale Bever, Xi Sigma Pi sophomore prize to Fred Eyerly, and the Pack Essay prize to Gene McNulty.

Following the presentation of new "Cruise" and "Hi-Lead" staff members and election of officers for the club for the following year, ten hardy fellows took off on the cross country race, after which the men dispersed to the CCC grounds for a ball game, though not before an enthusiastic group of rooks had neatly departed George Schroeder and hung said clothing in a tree top.

Consisting of over 100 men of some 175 men enrolled in the (poor) school turned out, the day was considered satisfactory by all concerned, and the socially aspiring foresters turned their attention to preparations for the Senior Ball that night.

Gordon Borchgrevink



"Foresters in Action," a weekly program about forestry by "fern-hoppers" for the general public's information and entertainment. Tall tales of Paul Bunyan, campfire humor, with frequent messages of information on forestry happenings from the regular broadcast. Occasionally the program carries its audience to the woods to observe fire fighting, lumbering, and the various activities of the agencies connected with forestry.

There has been no regular activity of the Press-Radio-Guild other than "Foresters in Action," but the officers elected at he last regular meeting of the "PRG" were: Bob Lindsay, Chairman; Art House, Secretary and Treasurer; Tex Hale, Publications Director; Art House, Radio Director. John Pratt was the last editor of the "Hi-Lead." I hope this explains about the "PRG" and "Foresters in Action."





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