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August 2024

## 1940 "Nature Sketches" RMNP Radio Program Transcript

David H. Canfield

*Superintendent of Rocky Mountain National Park*

National Park Service

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UNITED STATES  
DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR  
NATIONAL PARK SERVICE  
ROCKY MOUNTAIN NATIONAL PARK  
David H. Canfield, Superintendent

INFORMATION BUREAU  
Immediate Release - EAR 5-28-40/

*Postal Article*  
*Write to Rosta*  
*May 21*  
*McClatchy Inc*  
*McDougal McD.*  
MAY 29 1940  
NATIONAL PARK SERVICE  
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*File - 6-14-40*  
*McDougal*

ROCKY MOUNTAIN NATIONAL PARK, COLO., May (Special) -- "Nature

Sketches," well known weekly radio program from this area over the red network of the National Broadcasting Company, will be on a new schedule June 1, David H. Canfield, park superintendent, announced today.

These programs, begun for the third season in early April, had been <sup>air</sup> on the /at 10:30 every Tuesday forenoon, mountain standard time. The new schedule will put the nature study classes on the air from 9:15 to 9:30 a.m. every Saturday, mountain time.

"Nature Sketches" are under the immediate direction of Park Naturalist Gregg and are released by remote control from classes in the field over the NBC station KOA in Denver. The early resumption of the programs this year facilitated their reception by schools in different parts of the nation. Scores of letters from children on the east coast have been received telling how the radio programs brought the Rocky Mountains into city classrooms.

Programs for the ensuing summer are built around such titles as "A Visit to the Arctic," covering a trip to the snow-covered summit of Trail Ridge; "Through a Mountain Meadow," a visit to meadow flower beds; "A Visit With the Beavers," inspection of a beaver colony; "The Shady Trail," a walk along the scenic Fern Lake Trail; "Unseen Life," a story of roots and of burrowing animals.

Other titles include "Life in an Aspen Grove," a discussion of birds; "Fish and Eggs," a visit to a fish hatchery; "Trees, Fire and the Elements," a visit to timberline where combined effects of fire and the elements on the forest will be studied; "Life at Bear Lake," a study of life above 9500 feet; "Flowers of the Summer's End," "Tomorrow's Plants," "Footprints of Ice," and "Man and the Mountains."



*Nature  
Sketches*

**BY RADIO**



Mr. and Mrs...and Junior  
Listener...Teachers and Students  
of Natural Science...Members of Audubon  
Societies, Yosians and Nature Study Groups...

# Listen to "Nature Sketches"

Tune in to the Great Outdoors each Tuesday at 1:30 P.M. E.S.T. (NBC Red Network) for a lark with nature lovers as they explore the phenomena of incredible Rocky Mountain National Park. Hear a noted nature teacher describe wondrous walks along trails through forest and field. Join exhilarating climbs up towering peaks. Listen to understandable talks about rocks and flowers and birds and animals. *Nature's dictionary is yours for the twist of a dial.* Come out of your winter lethargy and transpose yourself to the great open spaces—to the land where nature's masterpieces abound.

"Nature Sketches," presented in cooperation with the Rocky Mountain National Park Service, U. S.

Department of the Interior, are under the direction of Dr. Raymond Gregg, Park Naturalist, noted nature teacher and field naturalist. By means of NBC Short Wave pack transmitters, informal wayside chats of teacher and students are presented as they encounter absorbing subjects on their hikes about an outdoor wonderland high in the Colorado mountains. In this series beginning April 2, 1940, Dr. Gregg will have the cooperation of pupils from the Estes Park School and at the conclusion of the school semester, field trips will be conducted with parties of youngsters enrolled in the Junior Nature School in Rocky Mountain Park.

Due to two successful summer seasons of pro-

grams, 1938 and 1939, which resulted in building up an appreciative audience from coast-to-coast, NBC decided to broadcast "Nature Sketches" during the regular school term. Programs will be designed to stimulate the interest of students in nature as a recreational outlet and to establish a challenge to further exploration in the various fields of natural science during the approaching summer vacation.

The programs will be planned to introduce the pupils to the fascination of the natural world around them... wherever they may be. Things previously taken for granted will be brought to life, given character and personality in the fascinatingly quaint stories and illustrations used by Dr. Gregg.

NBC Red Network

Tuesdays 1:30 - 1:45 p.m. EST

# PROGRAM TOPICS

1940

**THE WINTER WORLD . . .** Discussion of plant and animal adaptations for winter survival . . . the action of frost and winter conditions upon the soil.

**SKELETONS OF TREES . . .** Discourse on deciduous streamside trees which line the rivers and streams of the Park.

**A LAKESHORE WALK . . .** Visit to Mary's Lake, with talks about waterfowl . . . cliff swallows . . . and aquatic biology.

**LIFE ON A GRANITE POINT . . .** Discussion of igneous rock, weathering, and life on a granite promontory.

**MUSEUM ANIMALS . . .** Visit to Headquarters' Museum, with talk on Mustelid and Rodent animals displayed in habitat surroundings.

**EMERALD TREES . . .** Study of coniferous trees (pines and firs).

**MOUNTAIN BIRDS . . .** Discussion of common birds of the Mountain Zone.

**NATURE'S BOUQUETS . . .** Study of spring wildflowers of the open fields.

**STREAMSIDE COLOR . . .** Study of wildflowers along the stream course of the Thompson River.

**FRIENDS AND ENEMIES IN NATURE . . .** Discussion of parasitism, mutual dependence, predation, and other ecological relationships in plants and animals.

**A VISIT TO THE ARCTIC . . .** Trip to the snow-covered summit of Trail Ridge, with flowers springing from the fringe of snowbanks and alpine birds flying about the open patches of meadow above timberline.

**THROUGH A MOUNTAIN MEADOW . . .** Visit to meadow flower beds, nests of Brewer Blackbirds and home of myriad insect life.

**A VISIT WITH THE BEAVERS . . .** Inspection of a colony with a beaver house more than forty-five feet long and twelve feet high; discussion of the life habits of the beaver.

**THE SHADY TRAIL . . .** Walk along the fern-lined Fern Lake Trail, with its rich resource of shrubs and flowering herbs and nesting birds.

**TREES, FIRE AND THE ELEMENTS . . .** Visit to timberline, where fire of years ago combined with the force of elements to produce grotesque effects upon tree life.

**LIFE AT BEAR LAKE . . .** Birds, mammals and plant life on the shore of Bear Lake, lying above 9,600 feet in elevation, at the foot of the Front Rangerpeaks which rise 3,000 feet higher against the western sky.

**UNSEEN LIFE . . .** Story of roots, underground rootstocks, burrowing animals and life within the soil.

**LIFE IN AN ASPEN GROVE . . .** Discussion of birds, insects, fungi and plant life within an aspen grove.

**FISH AND EGGS . . .** Visit to a fish hatchery, with discussion of hatching methods and visit to breeder pond with large fish.

**FLOWERS OF THE SUMMER'S END . . .** Late season wildflowers.

**COUNT HIS LEGS . . .** Discussion of insects and arachnids.

**TOMORROW'S PLANTS . . .** Discourse on fruits and seeds.

**FOOTPRINTS OF ICE . . .** Story of the glaciers.

**MAN AND THE MOUNTAINS . . .** Story of Indians and Pioneers in the western mountains.

## DR. RAYMOND GREGG

Dr. Gregg is a renowned naturalist. Educated in the schools of Fort Worth, Arkansas, Hendrix College and the University of Arkansas, Dr. Gregg has the homely entertaining style of a native Southerner transplanted to the theatrical setting of the Rockies. Six years as a teacher and school executive, followed by seven years of nature work for the National Park service in the South, East and West, have equipped him well to interpret the out-of-doors for listeners.

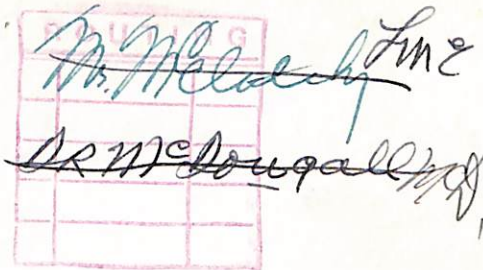
# These are the Stations of the NBC Red & Blue Networks

Albany, N. Y.....	WABY	Des Moines, Ia.....	KSO	Memphis, Tenn.....	WMPS	Rochester, Minn.....	KROC
Albuquerque, N.M.....	KOB		WHO		WMC	Rochester, N. Y.....	WHAM
Allentown, Pa.....	WSAN	Detroit, Mich.....	WXYZ	Miami, Fla.....	WIOD	Sacramento, Cal.....	KFBK
Altoona, Pa.....	WFBC		WWJ	Milwaukee, Wis.....	WTMJ	St. Cloud, Minn.....	KFAM
Amarillo, Tex.....	KGNC	Duluth, Minn.-		Minneapolis-		St. Louis, Mo.....	KWK-KSD
Atlanta, Ga.....	WAGA-WSB	Superior, Wis.....	WEBC	St. Paul, Minn.....	WTCN	Salt Lake City, Utah.....	KUTA
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Augusta, Me.....	WRDO	Erie, Pa.....	WLEU	Mobile, Ala.....	WALA	San Antonio, Tex.....	WOAI
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Baltimore, Md.....	WBAL	Fargo, N. D.....	WDAY	Quebec, Canada.....	CBF	San Francisco, Cal.....	KGO
	WFBR	Flint, Mich.....	WFDF		CFCF		KPO
Bangor, Me.....	WLBZ	Florence, S. C.....	WOLS		CBM	Santa Barbara, Cal.....	KTMS
Battle Creek, Mich.....	WELL	Fort Wayne, Ind.....	WOWO	Nashville, Tenn.....	WSM	Savannah, Ga.....	WSAV
Baton Rouge, La.....	WJBO		WGL	New Britain-		Schenectady, N. Y.....	WGY
Bay City, Mich.....	WBCM	Fresno, Cal.....	KMJ	Hartford, Conn.....	WNBC	Seattle, Wash.....	KJR
Beaumont, Tex.....	KFDM	Grand Rapids, Mich.....	WOOD	New Orleans, La.....	WDSU		KOMO
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	WBRC	Hartford, Conn.....	WTIC		WEAF	Sioux City, Ia.....	KSCJ
Bismarck, N. D.....	KFYR	Havana, Cuba.....	CMX	Norfolk, Va.....	WTAR	Sioux Falls, S. D.....	KELO
Boise, Idaho.....	KIDO	Helena, Mont.....	KPFA	Ogden, Utah.....	KLO		KSOO
Boston, Mass.....	WBZ	Honolulu, Hawaii.....	KGU	Oklahoma City, Okla.....	KTOK	Spokane, Wash.....	KGA
	WNAC	Hot Springs, Ark.....	KTHS		WKY		KHQ
Bridgeport, Conn.....	WICC	Houston, Tex.....	KXYZ	Omaha, Neb.....	WOW	Springfield, Mass.....	WBZA
Buffalo, N. Y.....	WEBR		KPRC		KOWH	Springfield, Mo.....	KGBX
	WBEN	Indianapolis, Ind.....	WIRE	Pensacola, Fla.....	WCOA	Stockton, Cal.....	KWG
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Charleston, S. C.....	WTMA	Jacksonville, Fla.....	WJAX	Phoenix, Ariz.....	KTAR	Terre Haute, Ind.....	WBOW
Charleston, W. Va.....	WGKY	Jamestown, N. Y.....	WJTN	Pittsburg, Kans.....	KOAM	Toledo, O.....	WSPD
Charlotte, N. C.....	WSOC	Johnstown, Pa.....	WJAC	Pittsburgh, Pa.....	KDKA	Toronto, Ont., Can.....	CBL
Chattanooga, Tenn.....	WAPO	Kansas City, Mo.....	WREN		WCAE	Tucson, Ariz.....	KVOA
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	WMAQ	Knoxville, Tenn.....	WROL	Pocatello, Idaho.....	KSEI	Twin Falls, Idaho.....	KTFI
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	WSAI	Lansing, Mich.....	WJIM		KGW	Weslaco, Tex.....	KRGV
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Cleveland, O.....	WHK-WTAM	Little Rock, Ark.....	KARK		WJAR	Wilkes-Barre, Pa.....	WBRE
Columbia, S. C.....	WIS	Los Angeles, Cal.....	KECA	Pueblo, Colo.....	KGHF	Wilmington, Del.....	WDEL
Columbus, O.....	WCOL		KFI	Raleigh, N. C.....	WPTF	Winston-Salem, N. C.....	WSJS
Corpus Christi, Tex.....	KRIS	Louisville, Ky.....	WAVE	Reading, Pa.....	WEEU	Worcester, Mass.....	WTAG
Dallas-Ft. Worth, Tex.....	KGKO	Madison, Wis.....	WIBA		WRAW	York, Pa.....	WORK
	WFAA-WBAP	Manchester, N. H.....	WFEA	Reno, Nev.....	KOH	Youngstown, O.....	WFMJ
Dayton, O.....	WING	Mankato, Minn.....	KYSM	Richmond, Va.....	WRTD	Yuma, Ariz.....	KYUM
Denver, Colo.....	KVOD-KOA	Medford, Ore.....	KMED		WMBG	Zanesville, O.....	WHIZ

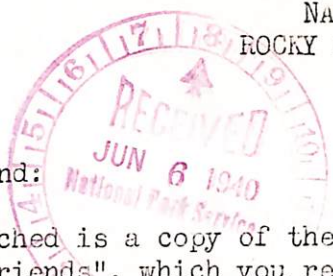
## NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY

A Radio Corporation of America Service

UNITED STATES  
DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR  
NATIONAL PARK SERVICE  
ROCKY MOUNTAIN NATIONAL PARK  
COLORADO



Dear Friend:



Attached is a copy of the mimeographed nature narrative, "A Naturalist and His Friends", which you requested in response to the "Nature Sketches" radio program presented weekly from Rocky Mountain National Park over the Red Network of the National Broadcasting Company.

We appreciate your interest in this program, and in this national park. We hope that if you have not become a national park "fan", that you will, and that visiting these great national wonderlands and playgrounds will become an annual habit with you. By all means, we want you to include Rocky Mountain National Park on your "must list". Should you make a summer visit, and bring children with you, they are invited to join in the Junior Nature School, a free service offered by the naturalist staff of this park.

This story has been prepared by Park Naturalist Raymond Gregg as a memento of your radio visits with him and his groups of children on their mountain nature-study trips. The illustrations were drawn by Landscape Architect Lloyd Fletcher, to add to the attractiveness of the story.

The narrative does not attempt to present a summary or text of the subjects discussed on the "Nature Sketches" broadcasts, although some of the birds, animals, and plants described were studied by the broadcast parties during the 1940 series. The radio program which you have heard is presented without script, being entirely spontaneous ad-lib discussions by the field party, with you as listeners eavesdropping by means of portable short-wave transmitters. Therefore, we are unable to furnish scripts of the programs.

"Nature Sketches" is in its third season as a summer network feature of NBC, and this year it was brought on the air beginning in April to be of service to schools. With your continued interest, this program may continue far enough into the fall months to be used again in school radio teaching. An expression of your interest in "Nature Sketches" addressed to the National Broadcasting Company, Radio City, New York, may increase the likelihood of continued and more extensive presentation of this type of program by NBC.

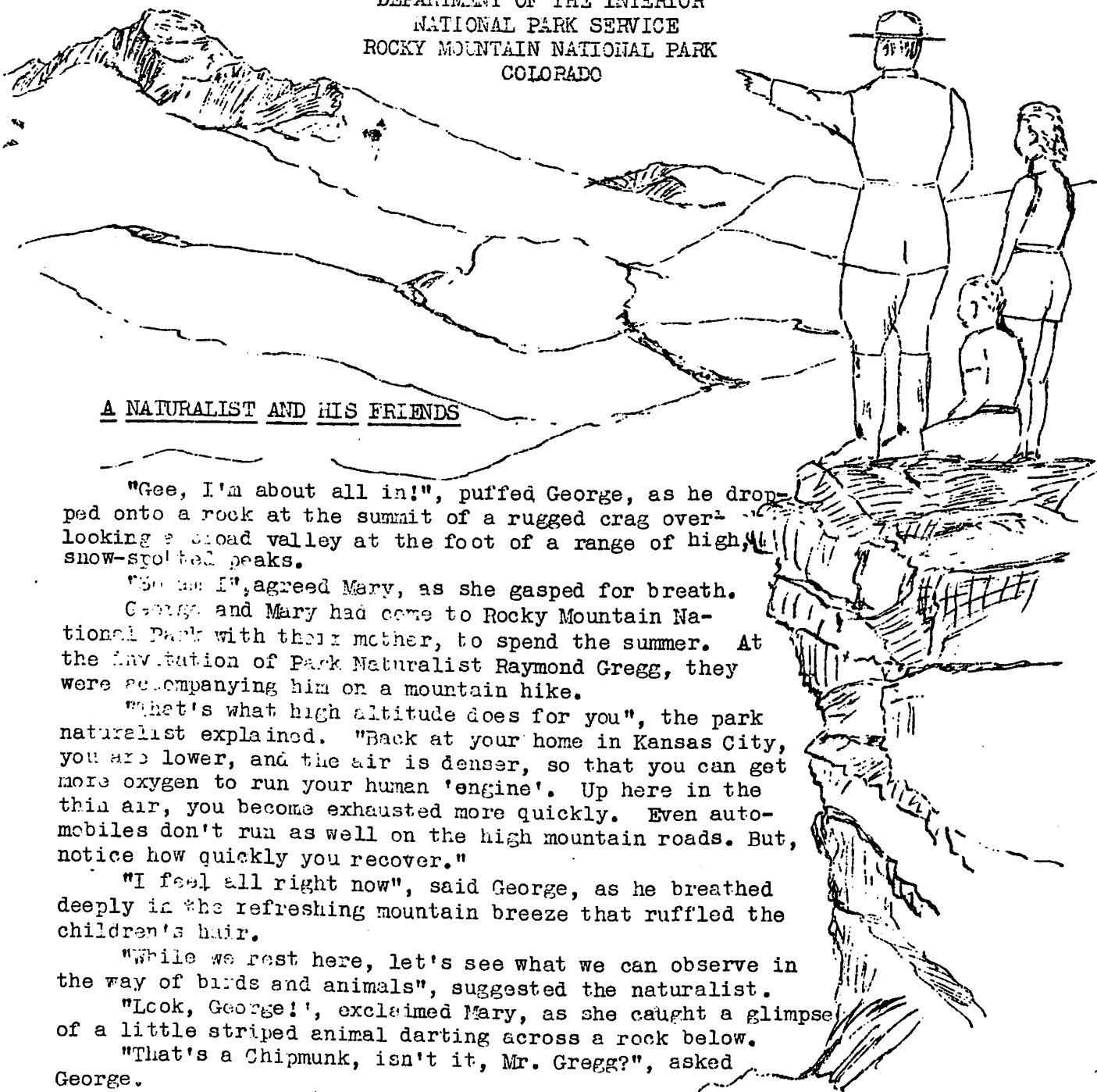
We hope that this story of George and Mary and their nature-study trip in the Rockies will afford you some pleasure, and that the information in it may be useful and stimulating.

Yours very truly,

*David H. Canfield*  
David H. Canfield,  
Superintendent.

P.S.- Effective June 1, this program will be presented on the Red Network at 9:15 a.m. MST, 10:15 a.m. CST, 11:15 EST, and 12:15 EDST. For the Mountain States it will be presented by delayed broadcast over KOA, Denver, at 5:15/<sup>P.M.</sup> Mountain Standard Time. Pending further schedule changes, listen for Nature Sketches each Saturday this summer.

UNITED STATES  
DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR  
NATIONAL PARK SERVICE  
ROCKY MOUNTAIN NATIONAL PARK  
COLORADO



A NATURALIST AND HIS FRIENDS

"Gee, I'm about all in!", puffed George, as he dropped onto a rock at the summit of a rugged crag overlooking a broad valley at the foot of a range of high, snow-spotted peaks.

"So am I", agreed Mary, as she gasped for breath.

George and Mary had come to Rocky Mountain National Park with their mother, to spend the summer. At the invitation of Park Naturalist Raymond Gregg, they were accompanying him on a mountain hike.

"That's what high altitude does for you", the park naturalist explained. "Back at your home in Kansas City, you are lower, and the air is denser, so that you can get more oxygen to run your human 'engine'. Up here in the thin air, you become exhausted more quickly. Even automobiles don't run as well on the high mountain roads. But, notice how quickly you recover."

"I feel all right now", said George, as he breathed deeply in the refreshing mountain breeze that ruffled the children's hair.

"While we rest here, let's see what we can observe in the way of birds and animals", suggested the naturalist.

"Look, George!", exclaimed Mary, as she caught a glimpse of a little striped animal darting across a rock below.

"That's a Chipmunk, isn't it, Mr. Gregg?", asked George.

"Yes, you'll notice that the stripes run lengthwise over the back and sides, and there are stripes on the side of the face. If it were longer, with shorter tail, and with stripes only on the sides, with a plain-colored face, it would be the Say Groundsquirrel, a mantled groundsquirrel that lives here in the park. To some people, any striped animal smaller than a tiger or bobcat, is a Chipmunk. But there really is quite a difference between true Chipmunks and groundsquirrels, although both belong to the same big family of animals, known as Rodents, or gnawing animals."

"Oh, look! There's a groundsquirrel now!", exclaimed Mary.

"How would you like to have the Chipmunk and Groundsquirrel eat from your hands?"

"Gee, that would be 'swell'!", both children joined in response.



The naturalist reached into the spacious pocket of his uniform coat. "I brought along a sack of shelled peanuts, just for that purpose."

George and Mary each took a handful of peanuts, and within a few minutes the little animals were crawling into their laps, eagerly taking the "handout". Soon, nearly a dozen Chipmunks and Groundsquirrels had gathered. Some, more bashful, nervously slipped up, snatched a morsel, and quickly ran away among the rocks to eat or hide it. One large, fat Groundsquirrel seemed more friendly than others, and sat on Mary's knee, taking peanut after peanut, as fast as they were offered. Very soon, his cheeks were swollen as though he had mumps. Instead of eating them, he was putting the nuts into pouches in his cheeks.

"Did you ever hear about a 'lazy man's load'?", asked the naturalist.

"No", was the answer.

"When I was a boy down in Arkansas, I used to have to carry in wood. Sometimes, I would load my arms so full that I would spill most of the wood before I got from the woodshed to the house. Then, I would have to go back and pick it all up, and carry it in. It was more work than I would have done had I made two trips to start with. Now, that is called a 'lazy man's load', trying to carry too much, to save trips. Chipmunks and Groundsquirrels don't eat all of the food they gather at the time they find it. To save many trips with small mouthfuls, they carry a large load in each cheek pouch. Look at that fellow Mary is feeding. Why, he can hardly see over his puffy cheeks. Suppose he should fall over a ledge and kill himself because he loaded up so heavily he couldn't see where he was going? Of course, that won't happen, but if it did, it would be worse than a lazy boy trying to carry all of the wood at once, wouldn't it?"

"Why do they take so much food, if they can't eat it?", asked George.

"It's not a case of their eyes being bigger than their stomachs", the naturalist replied. "These animals may stay in their burrows most of the winter, and especially in the case of the Chipmunks, they may stir around now and then. Did you ever wake up in the night hungry?"

"Yes!", both replied.

"Perhaps these little fellows do the same, and use some of the stored food for a 'midnight snack'. Then, too, after they have slept away most of the winter, they awake in the spring, before there is much food to be found. The stored food then becomes their 'breakfast' as they 'get up' for the summer. This wise provision helps them live through until there is plenty of food above ground.

As the naturalist and his friends were talking and enjoying the antics of the little animals, a dull gray bird, about the size of a Robin, glided quietly through the trees just below, then swept upward, and, with a side-slipping motion, like a crippled airplane, came to rest on the tip of a bush growing from the rocks near the spot where our friends were sitting.

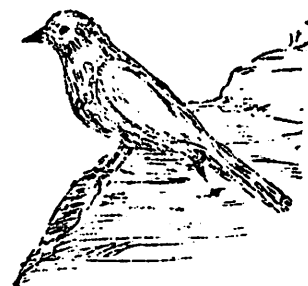
"Well, look who's here!". Mr. Gregg signalled to the children to sit quietly.

"What bird is that?", whispered Mary.

"It's a Rocky Mountain Jay, or 'Camp Robber'", the naturalist answered softly. "He gets his name from his boldness, which leads him to approach man with little fear, even stealing food from the table at a forest camp. He is usually pretty quiet, although he does have some whistling notes that he uses at times. Notice how soft and fluffy his feathers appear to be. His flight is almost noiseless, and the side-slipping flight is distinctive. Notice that his head is much paler, making him look like he was old and gray-headed."

"Where is his top-notch, if he is a Jay?", asked George.

"You are thinking about the Eastern Blue-Jay", the naturalist replied. "But did you ever notice that the female Blue-Jay doesn't have a top-knot. We have



"CAMP ROBBER"

a blue Jay here in the Rockies. It has a blue body, with black neck and head. Both the male and female have a top-knot, a long black one, which gives the bird its name, Long-Crested Jay. It has peculiar white marks on the face which make it appear to have white eyebrows. There is a solid blue-colored Jay that visits here in the winter, which is called the Pinyon Jay. Neither male nor female of the Pinyon Jay has a crest, or top-knot. You will find the same is true with our friend the Camp Robber. While the Eastern Blue-Jay does things half-way, with only the males getting crests, we believe in going 'whole hog or none' out here in the west. Either the Jays have crests for everybody, or nobody gets one.

"There is another bird here in the mountains which is a cousin of the Jays, and is confused with the Camp Robber by some people. It is called Clarke's Nutcracker. If they are seen together, they cannot be confused with the Camp Robber, however. The Nutcracker is quite a bit larger, and has sharply marked black wings and tail on his gray body: Its bill is much longer and stronger. The Nutcracker does a lot of 'squawking', in a loud, hoarse voice. Its notes sound much like the 'cawing' of a Crow. In fact, another name of the bird is Clarke's Crow. Both the Nutcracker and the Camp Robber have developed the begging habit, and may be found feeding from visitors' hands at parking areas along the Trail Ridge Road. If you will throw out some nuts a few feet away, this Camp Robber will come down and pick them up. Then, put some in your lap, and sit quietly, and he will come right up to take them. By gaining his confidence, you will be able to have him lighting on your hand to take food."

Following the naturalist's directions, George and Mary soon had won the friendship of the Camp Robber, and George was able to snap a picture of the bird sitting on Mary's hand.

As noon arrived, the group opened their lunches, sharing the scraps with their animal friends.

After lunch, Mary yawned, stretched, and then lay back on the warm granite rock, enjoying the beaming sunshine. "I could just stay here all day, being lazy", she said.

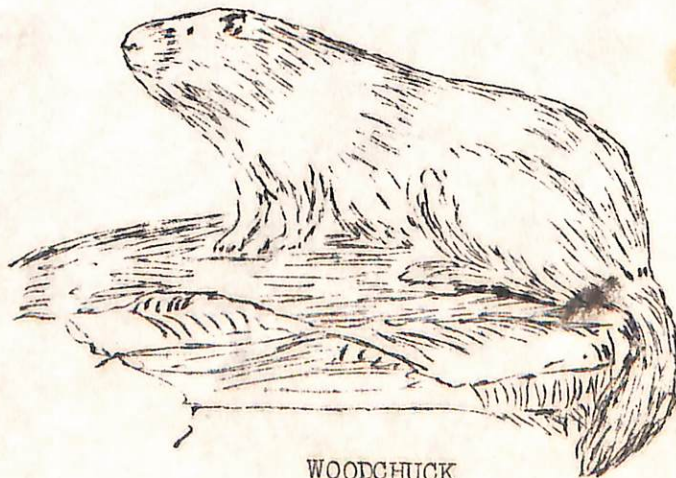
Just then, a loud, clear, whistled note rang from the tumbled rocks below. Quickly Mary sat up: "What's that?"

Mr. Gregg and George already were looking over the rock-slides to locate the animal which had sounded the alarm. By now, several whistled calls had echoed and re-echoed among the rocks. The naturalist finally pointed down to a large flat rock almost directly below. "There he is!"

The children soon located the animal, a grizzled brownish fellow almost two feet long, with fat body and bushy tail. As they watched, he settled down, spreading his body flat on the warm rock, and all was quiet again.

"What is he?", asked George.

"That is a Marmot, or Woodchuck", answered the naturalist. "He is a cousin of the Eastern Groundhog. Because of his habit of whistling sharp alarm notes, which sometimes arouse a whole chorus of responses in the neighborhood, he is called 'Whistle-pig' by some of the mountain folks. His home is in rock-slides and underground burrows, where he spends the winter sleeping. You have seen people who sleep late in the morning, haven't you? Well, maybe they learned from the Marmot. Instead of waking up 'early', in February, as the Eastern Groundhog



WOODCHUCK

is supposed to do, our Woodchuck seldom comes out of his burrow before mid-March, and in the case of the big, dark-colored ones that live high up on the mountain tops, where summer is more than a month later in arriving, it often is sometime in May before they awaken from the winter's sleep. February 2, Groundhog Day, is just another good day for sleeping, as far as old man 'Whistle-pig' of the mountains is concerned. In fact, he enjoys sleeping so well, that his favorite summer pasttime is taking sunbaths, stretched out on a warm rock, where he may lie sleeping for hours, just being lazy and happy."

"From the way she stretched out in the sunshine a minute ago, Mary would make a good 'Whistle-pig'", teased George.

Mary charged at George good-naturedly, to push him for his joking remark. As she did so, her foot slipped, and she fell, skinning her elbow. The naturalist brought out the first aid kit, and soon a neat bandage was applied.

"Say, you aren't a Mountain Goat. You had better be careful how you leap around on these rocks", the naturalist cautioned.

"When Mother took us over to Sheep Lake yesterday, we saw some Mountain Goats", said George.

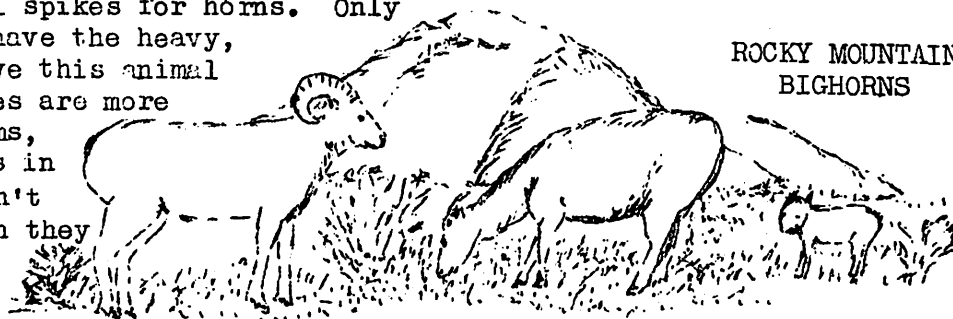
"Yes, there were four of them", added Mary.

The naturalist shook his head. "They couldn't have been Mountain Goats, for in this part of the Rockies there are none, and probably never were. Up in Glacier National Park, in Montana, you would find them, but not here. A few years ago, some common 'Billy' goats were turned loose after a rodeo near the village of Estes Park. Some of them wandered into the park, and for several years, we saw them occasionally with herds of deer or Bighorn sheep. I think that they are all dead now, though, for we haven't had a report of them for two or three years. What you saw at Sheep Lake were Rocky Mountain Bighorn Sheep."

"No, they didn't have big horns", George objected.

"Oh, all Bighorns don't have big horns. You saw a band of ewes, or females, which have only small spikes for horns. Only

the males, or rams, have the heavy, coiled horns that give this animal its name. The females are more peacable than the rams, which use their horns in fighting, so they don't need big horns. When they fight, they act more like angry women, just slapping with their front feet. Perhaps,



ROCKY MOUNTAIN  
BIGHORNS

'RAM

EWES

LAMB

should an eagle swoop down as if to attack a very young lamb, the mother might stand over its baby, and if Mr. Eagle came too close, he would be in danger of getting 'punctured' with the sharp points of the ewe's horns. Of course, our Golden Eagles rarely bother the Bighorn, since most of their food consists of such small animals as rabbits, chipmunks, rats, mice, and gophers.

"The huge horns of the rams are built for fighting. 'Ram' is a good name for the males. In November and December, when they have their really serious fights, they may back off, as much as fifty yards apart, charge forward full speed, rearing up as they draw close, and ram their heads together with great force. The horns lock together, taking up most of the shock, but the terrific crashing sound as they meet can be heard for a long distance. Fortunately, their brains are set deeply within the skull, and there is a heavy bony cushion where the horns grow from the top of the head, so that usually the only effect of this 'head butting' is a loud noise, although now and then, the animals may be stunned by the force of the blow. The real struggle to see who is the 'best man' comes after the horns are locked together. Each ram pushes, twists, shifts his weight, and tries all manner of trickery to throw the other off balance or drive him to his knees in helplessness. Some battles last an hour, or even hours, be-

one ram wins, and in the course of the fight, they may crash together many times. Now and then, several rams get into a sort of 'battle royal', and some of them may be battered and buried badly. Rarely, one is killed, either by direct injury, or by falling over a cliff during a battle. Ordinarily, however, when the Bighorns are climbing about, they are very quick and agile, with a wonderful sense of balance. They can descend steep precipices by bounding quickly from ledge to ledge, landing with all four feet close together, just long enough to balance for the next leap downward."

As the naturalist and his young friends had been discussing Bighorns, a wisp of cloud had swept up the east face of Longs Peak, growing in size until it now completely hid the 14,255 foot summit of this giant of the mountain range. A brisk wind was now blowing, and the air became cooler. Looking toward the peak, Mr. Gregg said: "It's a good thing we aren't up on Longs Peak! We would be in a cold rain, or more likely, a driving storm of sleet and fine balls of cottony snow. This storm may bring a shower down here after a while. Rainstorms can come up suddenly here in the Rockies. That's why I suggested we put our slickers in our packs this morning. In case a storm comes, we had better be down off of this point. Lightning is more likely to strike such a place."

Pointing down to a meadow along the stream far below, where the water broadened out into quiet pools, Mr. Gregg suggested: "There are some fine beaver ponds. How would you like to visit them on our way home?"

"Let's do!", George and Mary answered as one.

"We'd better get started, then".

They started down, with George crowding ahead into the lead. When he pushed in between a rock wall and a bushy evergreen tree, he drew back suddenly. He was wearing short sleeves. "Boy, that tree surely is prickly! I'm going to put on my jacket before I get my arms scratched off."

The naturalist was amused. "That's a good way to get acquainted with the Engelmann Spruce."

"I don't care to get acquainted that way!", George replied.

"Oh, it could be worse. The Colorado Blue Spruce, the pretty silvery blue-green tree that we noticed along the Thompson River on our way up here, has longer, stiffer, and sharper needles than this high-mountain relative. In National Parks, we never cut or damage trees, but in some parts of the mountains, campers cut boughs of trees to make mattresses. Wise campers always use fir, or some other tree than spruce. The needles of our firs are flat and dull-pointed, while the boughs usually curve, so that when they are laid down, bowed upward, they give a 'spring' to the bed. Should they use squarish, prickly-needled spruce boughs in their beds, campers would do more scratching than sleeping. You've heard people say they were on 'needles and pins'. Well, that's what sleeping on spruce boughs would be like."

As the party made its way down through the forest, a shower came up, but after a few minutes, the sun broke through again. The delightful, fresh piney odor of the forest made hiking a pleasure. As he started to step over a rotting log George noticed a huge pile of what looked like bits of rusty brown wood-shavings, such as might be found under a carpenter's work table.

"Look, Mr. Gregg, what are these chips? There must be a bushel of them."

"That is where a Chickaree, or Pine Squirrel, has cut apart cones to get the seeds. Most of these appear to be scraps of Engelmann Spruce cones, but there are some bits of Alpine Fir and Lodgepole Pine cones. See; these bits are coarser and more woody than the papery scales of the spruce cones."

George broke in: "Why do they call the Lodgepole Pine by that name?"

"Because the Plains Indians who formerly came into the mountains to hunt in the summer would cut down and peel a supply of poles from the young trunks of this kind of pine, and leave them to dry while the hunting party was in the mountains. As they returned to the plains, they picked up the poles, and

took them back to their prairie winter home to use in building lodges, or tipis. Lodgepoles usually grow in thick stands. They are first of the ever-green trees to grow up on an area that has been burned over. Thus, most of them begin at about the same time, and grow rapidly. They seem to be racing to see which can grow the tallest, to get up and absorb more of the sunlight. This produces slender, straight trunks. An odd thing about these trees is their cones. Look at this branch, with knotty little cones fastened all along. Some of them are still tightly closed, although they show much age. The seeds are sealed in, and in some cases, may not be released for twenty years or more, but some of them will sprout even after so long a time. That is one reason why the Lodgepole gets such a good start after fires. The heat of the forest fire may destroy and burn the seeds of other trees, but it just pops open these tight little Lodgepole cones, and releases the seeds to fly away on their papery wings, scattering over the ground that has been burned over. Try to pull off one of the cones, Mary."

Mary twisted and pulled, and it was with great effort that she broke the cone from the branch. "My, but they are fastened on tightly", she said.

"Yes", added the naturalist, "And sometimes cones that grow on the trunk stick on so long that as the trunk grows, it finally surrounds and actually buries the stubborn cones. I have seen boards cut out of Lodgepole Pine, with several cones buried five or six inches within the wood of the trunk."

As they were examining the tree, a rapid chattering sound, much like that made by holding the tongue against the roof of the mouth and blowing, came from nearby.

"There is a Chickaree, now, scolding us for fooling around in his'dining room'", said Mr. Gregg.

"I see him!", said Mary excitedly. "Isn't he cute! He isn't nearly as large as the big black squirrel that comes to the bird tray at our cabin."

"No, that is the Tuft-eared Squirrel, which lives lower in the mountains where the Ponderosa, or western Yellow Pine grows", the naturalist explained. "The Chickaree is always a live gray-brown color, while the Tuft-eared Squirrel may be black, brown, or iron gray. Did you ever hear anyone described as a 'black sheep'?"

"On our trip to the park, we saw some sheep in a field near Greeley, and there were several black ones", George replied.

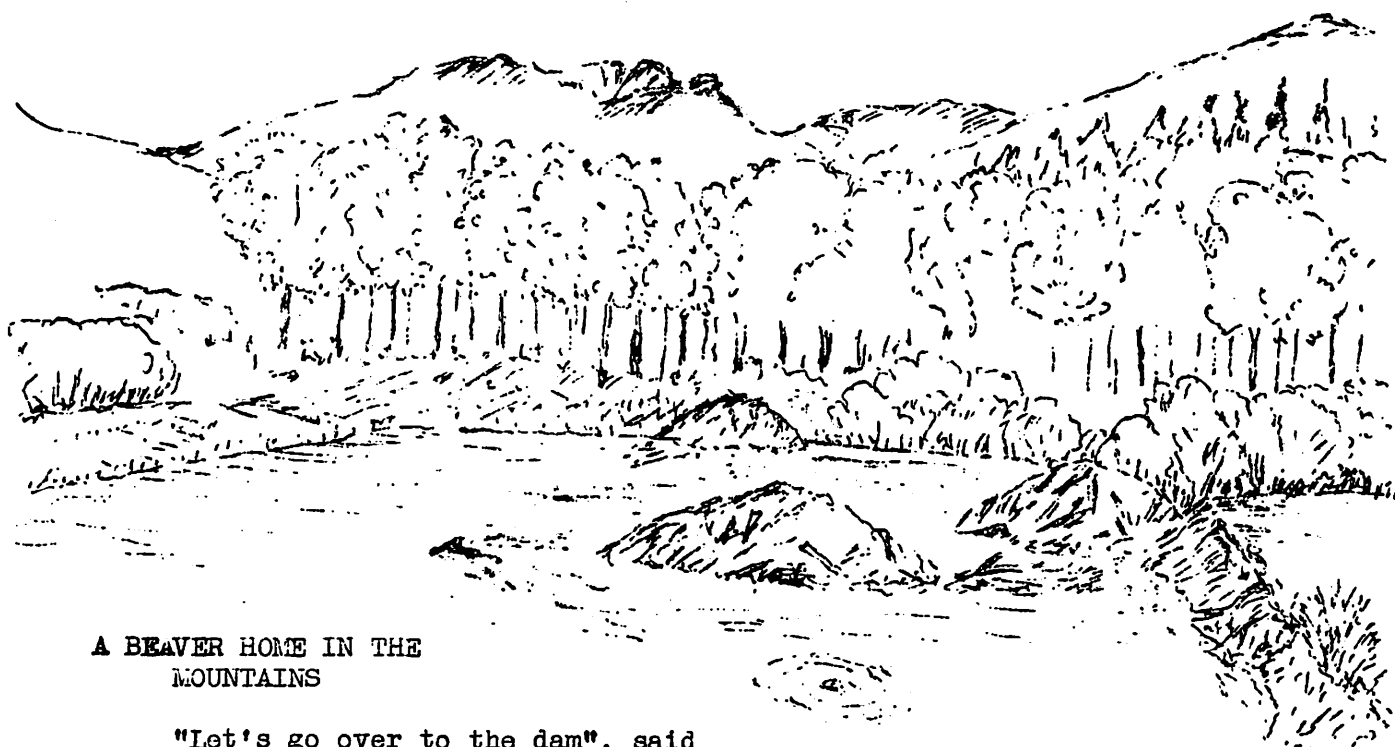
"With us humans, being a 'black sheep' is supposed to be a disgrace. But strangely enough, more of the Tuft-eared Squirrels in this region are black or brown than are gray. Yet they are all of the same kind, and apparently all colors occur in the same family. Once I knew a freckled, red-headed boy whose sister had brown hair. Their father had coal black hair, while their mother was blonde. In many families, everyone has the same color of hair. We could compare the squirrels to humans. Chickarees are all alike; like soldiers, they 'wear the uniform'; Tuft-eared Squirrels are like ordinary folks--they wear a variety of clothes, refusing to be 'typed'."

Glancing at his watch, the naturalist said: "We had better hurry along, if we're going to see the beaver ponds and reach home on time."

Within a half-hour, the three hikers came through a grove of Aspen trees with their quivering leaves, and out into a meadow, where directly in front of them, lay one of the beaver ponds which they had looked down upon. They saw a number of trees lying where beavers had cut them down with their long, sharp, orange-colored teeth. They examined some tooth-marks on some of the stumps, and found chips on the ground that had been gnawed out by the beavers.



CHICKAREE



### A BEAVER HOME IN THE MOUNTAINS

"Let's go over to the dam", said Mr. Gregg, after the children had seen the abundant evidences of the work of beavers in tree-cutting.

There, they learned that the dam was made of sticks, mud, rocks, and bits of trash from the woods and meadows nearby. Many good-sized logs were worked into the dam, or were piled against it on the lower side. Next to the pond, they found that mud was packed solidly against the dam, to make it more nearly water-tight. At low places, water trickled over the dam into the stream below. Near the center, a smooth, slick pathway ran down the dam. Mr. Gregg explained that this was the route used by beavers in going downstream or returning to the pond from their travels. Near the upper end of the pond was a large dome-shaped pile of mud and sticks, standing several feet above the surface of the water. Pointing to it, the naturalist said:

"There is the beavers' home. It is called a 'lodge'. When it is surrounded by water, as this one is, it is called an 'island lodge'. How would you like to drop in for a visit in the beavers' home?"

"I don't see how we could get in", said Mary, "There isn't any door!"

"There must be, or the beavers couldn't get in", said George scornfully.

Mr. Gregg smiled. "George is right--they do have a 'door'--in fact, some lodges have several. And the 'doors' often are large enough for a man to go through. Once, in the Yellowstone region, a pioneer scout named Coulter is said to have escaped Indians by diving into a pond, swimming to a beaver lodge, and crawling up through the entrance into the den room, where he lay quietly until the Indians had gone."

"It seems that he would have smothered", said George.

"If that were true, the beavers would smother, too. No, there is plenty of air space at the top of the lodge, so that the 'rooms' are fairly well ventilated", said the naturalist.

"Are the entrances to the lodge under the water?", asked Mary.

"Yes. They open at the bottom of the pond, so that the beavers are safe from land enemies such as coyotes and mountain lions. The beavers seem to have little fear of other animals that are good swimmers and divers, even though some of them, such as the Mink and Fisher, have reputations as killers. While I never saw a beaver fighting, I have been told by old-timers that they can put up a real scrap. Maybe that is why the other swimming animals leave them alone."

"How many rooms are there in a beaver lodge?", asked George.

"In a small one like this, probably just one, about four or five feet across", the naturalist replied. "But there is a lodge about fifty feet long, and over eight feet high above the surface level of a pond on Cub Creek, near Moraine Park. Probably it has several rooms. Some of them may be eight to twelve feet long, with the roof as high as three feet above the floor. Just think; either of you could crawl around on hands and knees inside such a room! I know that there are at least four entrances to this big lodge, and probably there are more. No doubt, the rooms are all connected by passageways, so that should enemies approach by one route, there is always a way of escape. Then, too, it is convenient to have several outside 'doors'. If a beaver was coming in from one direction, it would be a pretty good trip around a big lodge to an entrance on the opposite side, especially if he carried a heavy load, or if an enemy was close behind him. Another interesting thing about the big house on Cub Creek is its 'free renters', or 'squatters'. Muskrats have bored into the outer walls, and live in small rooms they have made there. Apparently they get along agreeably with the beavers, as they have been living in the same 'apartment house' for several years, now."

"Do all beavers live in lodges?" asked George.

"No, some live in burrows in the banks of streams, especially where there is deep water. In fact, along larger rivers, practically all of the beavers live that way. There is another type of dwelling called a 'bank lodge'. It consists of a tunnel into the bank, leading up to a den inside a dome-shaped pile of mud and sticks above ground beside the stream or pond.

"Beavers really are wonderful animals, and I want to take you some day to Cub Creek to see the colonies there. There is one dam after another along this little stream, making about forty ponds with the water of one backed up against the dam of the one above. One of these dams is over a thousand feet long! It must have taken generations of beavers to create such a huge dam. In this creek valley, beavers can travel over two miles up or down stream without leaving the water except to crawl over the dams. Another fine trip we should make sometime is to Windy Gulch, where beavers have built some wonderful canals."

"Do you mean canals, like the Panama Canal?" asked Mary, adding: "We've been studying about it in geography this spring."

"Really, they are more like the Panama Canal than you might imagine. You probably learned about the locks that lift the boats up over the higher land. Well, in the Windy Gulch beaver canals, there are locks, too."

"Why would the beavers want locks, or even canals, for that matter? Isn't there plenty of water for them to play in?", asked Mary.

"Beavers often go some distance from their home pond or stream to bring logs from aspen groves. They have learned that it is easier to float the logs than to drag them, although they can drag some unbelievably large logs overland for as much as four hundred yards to the water. So, where it is possible, they may dig a canal, and float the logs down to the pond. If the trees are on ground too high for water to fill the canal by backing up from the pond, the beavers may build a small dam across the canal, and raise the level of the water behind it, so that they can swim up, crawl over the dam into the higher level, and on up, in some cases, through several 'locks', or levels of the canal, until they reach the trees. Seepage water fills the canal behind the dams. In the absence of seepage water, beavers have been known to run ditches from some distance upstream, or from a spring, and fill the upper levels of the canal. In Windy Gulch, there is a four-level canal."

As they talked, a trout rose to the surface of the pond, breaking the water into a pattern of spreading rings. George saw it, and called to the others:

"There's a trout! I saw him turn over at the top, and he was a whopper! Boy, but I'd like to catch him! Say, do the beavers ever catch fish?"

"I never heard of them doing it, and never saw any evidence that they do", replied the naturalist. "They are vegetarians, eating plant foods, leaving the fish for us 'dudes'. Beavers really are good friends of both the fish and the fishermen. The ~~deep~~, quiet water in beaver ponds usually has more food for fish than shallow or swift water, and the beaver brush-piles make good shelter for the small fish that might otherwise be eaten by larger ones. In severe winters, shallow water may freeze solid, killing many fish, while deeper beaver ponds hold water enough to keep them alive. In dry years, when some streams may become just a trickle, the water in beaver ponds saves many fish. Some beaver ponds in the park are used as rearing ponds. Here we place tiny fingerling trout, and keep them until they are large enough to release in the streams. So you can see that beavers are a lot of help to the park rangers in keeping up good fishing in our streams and lakes."

"I surely would like to see a beaver", said George; "Do you suppose we could?"

"I doubt it, at this time of day", Mr. Gregg answered. "You see, they work largely at night. I have seen them swimming around in mid-day, but usually it is late afternoon before they come from their dens to swim about at their play or work, especially in places where they may be disturbed by people like us. When we go to Cub Creek, we will stop at the pond with the big lodge on our way home, and stay until dark. Then, probably we will get to see the beavers swimming about."

"Oh, boy! That will be fun!", exclaimed George. "I can hardly wait! When can we go?"

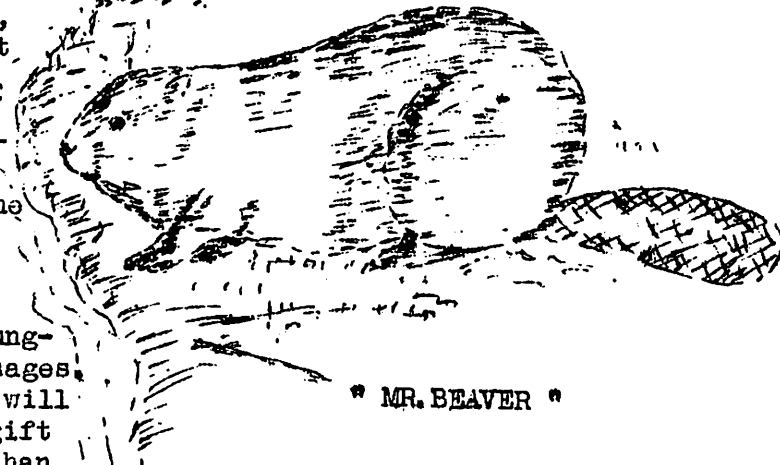
"Let's plan our trip for next Tuesday afternoon", suggested the naturalist. Then, glancing at his watch, he said: "Here it is, almost four o'clock! By the time we get back to your cabin it will be nearly five. If you are late, your mother will be worried, so we had better be starting now."

A mile walk brought the three tired hikers to the road where they had parked the car that morning. On the homeward drive, they saw four Mule Deer, one of them a buck with his antlers covered in velvet; several Wapiti, which Mr. Gregg explained is the Indian name for the American Elk; and a Coyote which was stalking the deer. As they neared the cabin, they saw a flat-bodied, grizzly gray animal over two feet long, with black and white face, dart quickly into a hole at the roadside. The children learned that it was a Badger, a ferocious fighter and great hunter for ground squirrels, gophers, and other burrowing animals. When they reached home, they climbed from the car, tired, but happy. Turning to wave goodbye to the naturalist as the car started, both George and Mary called out:

"Thanks for a fine trip! We've never had more fun in our lives!"

As they entered the house, Mary said: "I'll bet when I get back to school next fall, I'll have more new things to tell about in Nature Study than anybody in the room!"

As Mr. Gregg drove down the wooded lane, he smiled as he thought to himself: "There are two fine children. Somehow, I would rather go hiking with youngsters than with the wisest of sages. Their love of the out-of-doors will do more to keep our wonderful gift of natural beauties unspoiled than we adults ever will. Yes, sir, that was a fine hike. And, believe me, we're going to go again."



" MR. BEAVER "



UNITED STATES  
DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR  
National Park Service  
Washington

"TWO ON A TRIP"

*Rocky Mtn  
502-01  
rps  
300*

Radio Series 1940 - Script #8.  
Rocky Mountain National Park - Colorado.

MUSIC: FAINT BACKGROUND OF MUSIC - FAINTLY OMINOUS

JOHNNY: Rocky Mountain National Park, Colorado.

JANE: These mountains formed the great barrier -- the continental divide.

JOHNNY: We came to them today, suddenly....from the east....across the plains  
....and then....the mountains!

JANE: (AFTER BRIEF PAUSE) We are the only tourists in 1940.

JOHNNY: Two on a Trip!

JANE: Visiting one more popular national park.

JOHNNY: (EASY) Broadcasting our pleasure and adventures to you. Sponsored  
by the National Park Service of the United States Department of the  
Interior, in cooperation with Station \_\_\_\_\_.

JANE: Just Jane....

JOHNNY: and Johnny Harper....

JANE: having fun!

JOHNNY: But think of those others, who came across the plains.

JANE: Those others in the early days -- a hundred years ago.

MUSIC: UP IN MARCH OF EMPIRE - WESTWARD HO THEME

JOHNNY: (OVER MUSIC) The 1840's! Tides of immigration sweeping westward....  
across the flats of Iowa, Kansas....

MUSIC: SWELLS UP LOUD - THEN OUT SLOWLY

SOUND: WAGONS, HORSES - CRACK OF WHIP

MAN: We gotta push on, not so much further now. Hang on, old girl....  
 makin' good time now. Gee! there, Brownie, gee!....

SOUND: UP AND FADE - HORSES

WOMAN: A far, long, way....the west....

2ND MAN: Yes Mary, but gold fields and wide valleys for farming and a blue  
 ocean and a blue sky -- forests full of game, when we get there.

WOMAN: "When we get there."

2ND MAN: The west....the far west....only 'tain't so far now.

MUSIC AND  
 SOUND: UP

JOHNNY: (OVER IT) Across the flat middle west, then Colorado.

MUSIC: OUT

SOUND: FADE TO BACKGROUND

WOMAN: Jake, Jake, mercy on us, look at them hills!

MAN: Clear up to the sky.

WOMAN: Ain't possible to climb over -- not with a wagon.

MAN: Maybe there's a way thru -- a gap, a pass....

MUSIC: UP

JOHNNY: (OVER IT) But there wasn't....

SOUND: WAGONS FADING IN DISTANCE

JOHNNY: They had to turn aside to go south or far north. Delays, disappoint-  
 ments, death.

JANE: These mountains formed the great barrier -- the continental divide.

MUSIC: OUT

JOHNNY: But today ?

JANE: (CHANGING TONE BRISKLY) Yes, today. Listen....

SOUND: AUTOMOBILE DRIVING UP - STOPPING

WOMAN: Ranger, we want to drive over the mountains today -- over and back.

MAN: How long will it take us, Ranger? ....Haven't much time.

RANGER  
GREGG: Oh, five hours if you hurry -- but you shouldn't hurry, Trail Ridge Road's a beautiful drive.

MAN: Yes, no doubt, but it's getting late, -- be dark in a few hours.

GREGG: You can come back by moonlight.

WOMAN: Oh yes, I'd like that.

MAN: I hadn't realized there'd be a moon. We'll try it. Thank you, good-bye.

SOUND: CAR STARTS UP - THEN FADES OUT

JOHNNY: You see -- Today, hours. Yesterday, the great barrier.

JANE: I'd like to drive over the mountains myself if it's so beautiful. Let's speak to the ranger.

JOHNNY: Good idea.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS

JOHNNY: I beg your pardon.

GREGG: Yes, sir, at your service.

JOHNNY: I'm Johnny Harper and this is my wife, Jane.

GREGG: Pleased to meet you. I'm Raymond Gregg, Park Naturalist. This your first visit to Rocky Mountain?

JANE: (EAGERLY) Yes, it is, Mr. Gregg, and we want to see and do everything.

JOHNNY: We couldn't help overhearing what you said to those people about that Trail Ridge Road.

JANE: And we thought, if it's so beautiful....

GREGG: It is beautiful and spectacular. It's so very high -- highest continuous auto road in the country. Gets up over twelve thousand feet.

JOHNNY: Twelve thousand, whee!

JANE: Where does it go?

GREGG: From this eastern side of the park over the divide, to the west, to Grand Lake.

JANE: Let's drive over now and come back by moonlight like those others.

JOHNNY: All right, Jane, but first I'd like to know this, Mr. Gregg: There's a road here now over the mountains and a flourishing little town in Estes Park. People must not all have turned away from this barrier... Back in the last century....Some of them stayed?

GREGG: Yes, Joel Estes was the first!

MUSIC: UP -- JUST A STRAIN -- FADE TO BACKGROUND

ESTES: (FADING ON) Yes, I was first....like to be first in new country. Born in Kentucky in 1806, but went pioneering from the time I grew into my first homespun breeches....in Missouri farming....in California mining in '49 -- made \$30,000 -- good money in '49. Moved into Colorado then in 1859 with my family -- quite a family. I'd like you to meet them. My wife, Patsy Estes.

PATSY: It's a pleasure, I'm sure.

JANE &  
JOHNNY: Indeed it is, Mrs. Estes.

GREGG: Especially to me....I mean being stationed here. I've read and written about, you ma'am.

PATSY: (PLEASED) Now, have you?

ESTES: The children....Jasper....

JASPER: Here pa.

ESTES: Milton....

MILTON: Howdy.

ESTES: Sarah....

SARAH: (GIGGLING) Hello.

ESTES: Mary Jane....

MARY JANE: Pleased to make your acquaintance.

ESTES: Francis-Marion and Joel.

VOICES: Hello.

JOHNNY: What a big family!

ESTES: Only six children, sir.

OLD LADY: Don't forgit me, Joel Estes, I came with you.

ESTES: Indeed you did, granny. This is grandma.

SARAH: (GIGGLING) Grandma overfed our pigs on milk and killed 'em on the way.

OLD LADY: You're a disrespectful child, Sarah. It was movin' so far that killed 'em pigs, not good milk.

ESTES: Yes, grandma, probably was. Well, not to take up too much of your time folks, me and Milton here was out hunting one October day in '59 and followed an Injun trail up the Little Thompson. We came to a Plateau looking out over a pretty valley.

MILTON: Prettiest valley I ever saw.

ESTES: They call it Estes Park today. Well, Milton and me, we forgot about any more huntin' that day and went back to the family.

MILTON: We was livin' at a place called Auraria on Cherry Creek.

ESTES: Told 'em to get ready to move.

PATSY: We made quite a procession when we was ready.

ESTES: (CHUCKLING) Yep, five covered wagons and a herd of cattle.

SOUND: IN TO BACK UP HIS SPEECH

ESTES: Chickens, two pigs....till grandma fed....

OLD LADY: Eh? What's that Joel Estes?

ESTES: (CORRECTING HIMSELF) Two pigs and a cat.

GREGG: How'd you get in here to the valley.

ESTES: Had to make our own road. Up St. Vrain Creek, then up Little Thompson River. We built us a cabin in the valley -- the only people here.

JANE: Gee, how'd you live?

PATSY: Very simply, my dear. We ate wild meats and I made bread in my Dutch oven. Had eagle's wings for brooms. Burned pitch pine in the fireplace for light.

JOHNNY: It sounds wonderful, Mrs. Estes, but not easy.

PATSY: No, it wasn't easy.

ESTES: Went into Denver every two months for supplies and mail. Sometimes letters were a year or two old when we got 'em.

PATSY: It was real nice when our first visitors came -- three years after we built the cabin.

ESTES: Yes, they was campers, nice fellows, too. Well, that's our story. We've got to get back.

JANE: "Get back?"

ESTES: Into history.

JOHNNY: Oh!

ESTES: Goodbye.

ALL THREE: Goodbye.

ESTES  
CHILDREN: Goodbye....etc.

JANE: Goodbye Mrs. Estes and Sarah.

JOHNNY: Francis Marion, (etc.....)

JANE: (CALLING) Good-bye, Grandma!

MUSIC: UP - DIM OUT

JOHNNY: No visitors for three years. How many do you have these days, Mr. Gregg?

GREGG: Well, in our last travel year, 609,000!

JOHNNY: 609,000 visitors! Great guns!

GREGG: Lots of them come back year after year. This is a family park where people stay a long time and come often....

SOUND: CHILDREN IN BACKGROUND

GREGG: Oh, oh, I shouldn't have mentioned families.

SOUND: CHILDREN UP CLOSER - CALLING, RUNNING

LITTLE BOY: Gregg, Gregg, we've been waiting and waiting for you.

GIRL: When does the hike start?

2ND BOY: You're late, Gregg.

1ST BOY: And we've got specimens to collect -- lots of specimens.

GIRL: It's my turn to hold your right hand.

2ND BOY: I've got the left.

1ST BOY: Come on, Gregg!

GREGG: Whoa, whoa, just a minute, kids, not such a racket. I'm late, I admit it, but I've been busy. Want you to meet Mr. and Mrs. Harper.

KIDS: (UNINTERESTED) Howdydo. Come on Gregg.

JANE & JOHNNY: Hello. (SOFTLY TO GREGG) What on earth?....

GREGG: Oh, just my Junior Nature School youngsters. Hiking to Hidden Valley today. We have three sessions like this a week.

JOHNNY: Three!

JANE: Poor you.

JOHNNY: Chaperon to two dozen kids.

GREGG: "Chaperon" nothing, I like it. Learn a lot about Rocky Mountain too  
 on our hikes -- birds, trees, flowers, rocks....  
 JANE: I'm sorry we haven't any children to join your school.  
 JOHNNY: Could we join instead?  
 GREGG: Sorry, you're over the age limit.  
 JANE: But we don't know anything about Rocky Mountain National Park.  
 JOHNNY: And we want to learn.  
 GREGG: O. K., I'll set up a special class for you. Will be around here  
 tomorrow?  
 JOHNNY: Sure will.  
 CHILDREN: (A LITTLE OFF MIKE) Gregg, for goodness sake, come on.  
 GREGG: O. K., youngsters, right away. (CHANGE TONE) Then see you here to-  
 morrow real early?  
 JANE: Right.  
 GREGG: Meanwhile?  
 JOHNNY: We might take that Trail Ridge Ride.  
 GREGG: Good, and don't rush it.  
 JANE &  
 JOHNNY: We won't.  
 GREGG: Take a coat.  
 JANE: A coat? It's hot today!  
 GREGG: I still say take a coat.  
 JOHNNY: O. K., if you insist.  
 CHILDREN: Gregg, Gregg, Gregg....  
 GREGG: (FADING) Coming, we start now!  
 JOHNNY: And so do we, Janey, over the mountains!  
 MUSIC: IN ON "OH SUSANNAH" ....  
 SOUND: AUDIO COMES UP OVER MUSIC



MUSIC: CHANGES TO MODERN TUNE - THEN OUT

SOUND: CAR CONTINUES - CAR CLIMBING

JANE: The great cross-over....

JOHNNY: Past beaver dams, by Hidden Valley, where Gregg is taking the children today.

JANE: Outcrops of rock, like ruined fortresses on the high meadows.

SOUND: A SHRILL REPETITIOUS WHISTLE

JOHNNY: Hear that - it's a marmot, see there by the side of the road?

JANE: (DELIGHTED) Sitting up like a prairie dog.

JOHNNY: The air is grand.

JANE: Makes you feel peppy. I'm never like this at home.

JOHNNY: Jane look, look there over on that hill....elk!....see 'em? Lots of them. Give me the glasses.

SOUND: CAR STOPS

JANE: Yes, I see, little ones and big....

JOHNNY: Lying down on the hillside. I count....forty....fifty....whee!

JANE: Those must be good glasses.

JOHNNY: Not magnifying, if that's what you mean. (DETERMINEDLY) I counted up to fifty-five and they're probably a hundred.

JANE: O. K., O. K., Twenty-one mountain goats in Glacier -- one hundred elk here. Boy, will we have tales to tell!

SOUND: CAR STARTS UP

JOHNNY: Those mountain peaks look higher and nearer now.

JANE: So jagged -- some rich rusty brown, some pearly grey -- others almost black.

JOHNNY: I like the snow on 'em.

JANE: Long's Peak looks very flat and square on top from here.

JOHNNY: Yep, but different from other angles. That's why these mountains are so hard to recognize. I'll never learn 'em.

JANE: I know Long's and Hallet's, that's so sharp and peaked.

JOHNNY: A Peaked peak, eh?

JANE: Aw!

JOHNNY: That row of little peaks is the Keyboard of Heaven and that fellow there is called Pagoda Mountain.

JANE: I can't prove you're wrong.

JOHNNY: No.

JANE: But....

JOHNNY: Never mind.

JANE: Whoa -- whoa.

SOUND: BRAKES

JOHNNY: What?

JANE: There's a sign -- this is the top, the high point on the drive -- 12,183 feet.

JOHNNY: Gee! Altitude get you?

JANE: Not sitting still, silly.

JOHNNY: Does me. Listen.... (TANTS) got no wind at all.

JANE: Having already said "silly," I'm licked. (SHIVERING) Brr!...it's cold, glad Mr. Gregg mentioned coats.

JOHNNY: Why shouldn't it be cold....mountains off there are the Never Summer Range.

JANE: Nice name. Oh Johnny, I'm going to get out -- altitude or no altitude.

SOUND: CAR DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS

JOHNNY: Whatever for?

JANE: Snowballs, see that snowfield across the road. (FADING) Boy, you'd

JANE: (CONT'D) better duck!

JOHNNY: Hey you....

SOUND: CAR DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS - FOOTSTEPS RUNNING

JOHNNY: I'll show you who has the best aim in the....

SOUND: THUD AND SPLASH OF SNOWBALL

JOHNNY: Oop!

JANE: (FADING ON TO MIKE, SQUEALING IN GLEE) Boy, oh boy, right in the face!

JOHNNY: (SOMEWHAT THICKLY) You....you little....

JANE: Snow-balling in August!...

JOHNNY: Always a snowbank here.

JANE: OW!

SOUND: THUDS AND SPLASHES

JOHNNY: Got you.

JANE &  
JOHNNY: (SQUEALS - OH AND AWS!)

MUSIC: IN - HOLD FOUR SECONDS - UNDER CONTINUES AS VERY FAINT BACKGROUND

SOUND: CAR UP STRONG

JOHNNY: We are now again soberly seated in the car.

JANE: Faces still red and wet tho, especially Johnny's.

JOHNNY: (WITH DIGNITY) We'll have to hurry now, more than we actually did.

JANE: Air time's so precious.  
(FOLLOWING LINES SPOKEN VERY RAPIDLY:)

JOHNNY: (RAPIDLY) Along the wide road -- vistas and views.

JANE: Beautiful in the late afternoon light.

JOHNNY: Farview Curve.

JANE: A look into the valley of the Kawuheeche.

JOHNNY: Phantom Valley next.

JANE: Little and lovely.

JOHNNY: A trail far below leading to the ghost town of Lulu City.

JANE: On thru spectacular country.

JOHNNY: Grand Lake at last!

SOUND: CAR STOPPING

JANE: A big lake -- boating, swimming, fishing.

JOHNNY: Dinner at the rustic lodge up on the hill -- high raftered room, unpainted wood, a fire crackling, feeling mighty good.

SOUND: FIRE BURNING MERRILY

JANE: A swing in the hammock on the porch.

SOUND: CREAK OF SWING

JOHNNY: A sunset to watch.

JANE: Moon rise.

SOUND: CAR STARTING

JOHNNY: And now back over Trail Ridge -- slowly.

JANE: Mountains eery and strange in the white night.

JOHNNY: We stop for a moment and dim the lights.

SOUND: CAR STOPS

JOHNNY: The whole landscape is clear in the moonlight.

SOUND: CAR STARTING AGAIN

JANE: Now back to Estes and a good night's sleep to be ready for our activities! date with Mr. Gregg.

MUSIC: UP STRONG - HOLD - OUT

GREGG: So you liked the drive yesterday.

JANE: Loved it.

JOHNNY: Wonderful drive.

JANE: But now we want some exercise.

GREGG: Good. Off the cushions eh? All right, let's see, we'll walk you to Fern and Odessa Lakes, that's ten miles, or better still we'll climb Long's Peak!

JANE: (SCARED) Now?

GREGG: Now.

JANE: Do you....do you think we'd....we'd better?

GREGG: Not if you're going to be scared all the way.

JANE: I'm not "scared" exactly, but I mean....what's the use? I....I just don't get climbing mountains. I mean the idea.

JOHNNY: Well I do. I want to go, Gregg. Janey, you can stay in Estes Park Village and go shopping or to the movies or something.

JANE: (ALMOST IN TEARS) I....I didn't come out here to the Rocky Mountains to go to the movies and you don't need to sound so superior, John Harper, anyhow. You're just as scared as I am.

JOHNNY: Why, honey, I didn't mean to hurt your feelings.

JANE: Humph. (THEN TO GREGG) Come on Mr. Gregg, shouldn't we start?

GREGG: "We"?

JANE: Of course, I'm going....if it....it kills me.

GREGG: We'll see it doesn't do that. It's not dangerous if you start early enough and are careful, and we'll get a guide to go along.

JOHNNY: Start early enough, Gregg?

GREGG: It's a long trip and we'll want to be able to start back from the top well before three this afternoon.

JANE: Why?

GREGG: Pretty bad thunder storms -- severe lightning up there some of these summer afternoons.

JANE: (DISMAYED) Gee, lightning too. Gosh, jiminy....(A BIT HOPEFULLY)

JANE: (CONT'D) maybe....I mean, Is it early enough?

GREGG: (AMUSED) I'm afraid it is.

JANE: Yes, I was afraid too.

GREGG: We got up for sunrise, you know.

JOHNNY: (CONTRITE) Maybe we'd have more fun doing something else, Janey.

JANE: We probably would, but we'd probably also always wonder what we'd missed. So, (BRAVELY) let's not miss it.

JOHNNY: Good girl.

JANE: And let's not talk any more. What's the active program, Mr. Gregg?

GREGG: You're already in your riding clothes, so that's taken care of.  
Guess first thing, we pick up some box lunches and then drive to the foot of the trail to get our horses. Ready?

JANE &  
JOHNNY: Ready.

MUSIC: IN - HOLD - OUT

SOUND: HORSES ON A ROCKY TRAIL

JANE: Must have gone six miles by now?

GREGG: Almost. Round a few more turns, we'll reach Boulderfield and the end of the trail.

JOHNNY: Beautiful trail.

GREGG: Yes, nice forest most of the way.

JANE: Funny twisted trees here though -- all torn and flattened out.

GREGG: We're at timberline....about 11,000 feet here. Even these dwarf trees stop now.

JOHNNY: Sorta abrupt like, makes the mountain look naked.

JANE: But what a view!

GREGG: Yes, nothing in the way -- foothills and plains to the east and south and the Twin Sister Peaks there just east across the valley. Not so

GREGG: (CONT'D) much further now.

JANE: Don't hurry it. This part makes the horse do the work.

JOHNNY &  
GREGG: LAUGH

MUSIC: IN AND OUT

GREGG: Boulderfield -- all off -- end of the line.

JANE: Oh gosh!

JOHNNY: Boulderfield is right. Look at the huge rocks.

GREGG: We'll hitch the ponies here and start out. (FADING)

SOUND: HORSES WALKING AWAY FROM MIKE

JANE: Yes, sir. (WHISPERING) Johnny, isn't this high enough? There's a good view here.

JOHNNY: (CONCILIATORY) Yes, if you want to quit here, it's all right and....

JANE: (FLARING) "Quit"

JOHNNY: I didn't mean it that way, honest.

GREGG: (FADING ON TO MIKE) Ready, Harpers?

JANE: Ready!

GREGG: There are three ways to go from here. Up the north face of the peak, if you're experienced mountain climbers.

JANE: (HURRIEDLY) We're not.

GREGG: Up the east face, if you're both experienced and reckless. It's pretty dangerous, really only been climbed a few times.

JANE: (EVEN MORE HURRIEDLY THAN BEFORE) What's the third way?

GREGG: (LAUGHING) It's called the regular route.

JANE: And also the Harper's route?

GREGG: I reckon so.

JOHNNY: Feel better, Jane?

JANE: Not much. I haven't seen it yet.

GREGG: Here's out guide. Hiya Tom.

TOM: Hiya Gregg.

GREGG: These are the Harpers.

JANE &  
JOHNNY: Howdy.

TOM: Have you all got hob nails or heavy shoes on?

VOICES: Yes.

TOM: Then let's get movin'.

SOUND: CAULKED SHOES ON ROCK

TOM: I'll go on ahead up this rock wall here. (FADING - THEN OFF MIKE CALLING BACK) All right, come ahead.

SOUND: CAULKED SHOES ON ROCKS

VOICES: Oh, oh....(PANTING, ETC.)

GREGG: (A LITTLE OUT OF BREATH) We made it, all of us.

JOHNNY: All of us and Jane.

JANE: (PUFFING) Humph....I'm no more out of breath than you.

GREGG: Behold the Keyhole.

JANE: Why it's just a hole in the rock.

GREGG: Hole clear thru the mountain you mean. Only the mountain isn't very thick up here. Take a look.. Look out aways, not straight down.

JOHNNY: Gosh, lakes and more lakes down there.

GREGG: That's Glacier Gorge.

JANE: Lakes like mirrors reflecting the rocky walls. (DISTRESSED A LITTLE) So many rock walls -- such high rock walls.

JOHNNY: Cascades and falls.

SOUND: LOUD CRACK AS SNOW BREAKS LOOSE FROM WALLS AND HURTTLES DOWN INTO THE CANYON - ECHO BOOMING FROM MOUNTAIN



JANE: Oh! What was that?

GREGG: Nice little avalanche -- snow breaking loose from the rock wall.

JOHNNY: Hurtling down against boulders there. I see it, sorta streamer of white snow dust trailing out behind.

JANE: Glad we weren't in its path.

TOM: Well come along. Now watch every step. Don't roll rocks. Plant your feet firmly and move slowly.

GREGG: Thru the Keyhole and along the Shelf Trail.

JOHNNY: Steep slope.

TOM: Yes, but easy enough if you're careful.

GREGG: Now we'll climb the Trough.

JANE: "The Trough?"

GREGG: Steep gully full of loose rock.

JANE: Gee!

GREGG: Now along a high narrow ledge of rock. You leave your views of Glacier Gorge here -- now (WITH A DEEP BREATH) The Narrows!

JANE: Oh!

TOM: Come along Mrs. Harper!

JANE: (IN A QUAVERING VOICE) Out there....on that ledge!

TOM: I'll tie you all together here -- just for caution.

JANE: It's so....so narrow.

GREGG: (MATTER-OF-FACTLY) Three feet wide. I've measured it.

TOM: O. K. all tied up. Come along, just don't look down. (FADING TOWARD END OF SPEECH)

JANE: Only three feet wide and....and straight down how many over the edge?

GREGG: (GLIBLY) Oh, about 2,000 feet down, but we aren't going that way this morning.

JOHNNY: (SOFTLY) Janey, if you want to go back, it'll be all right. You can wait for us at Boulderfield.

JANE: "Wait for you" and wonder all the time if you're safe or not. Noo!

JOHNNY: Then I'll go back with you.

TOM: (FURTHER OFF MIKE) Come on.

JANE: No, no you want to go....I'll....I'll try it.

GREGG: Good girl. Come on then --- slowly, follow me.

JANE: All....all right.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS AGAIN

JOHNNY: (ALMOST YELLING) Jane! don't shut your eyes. For heaven's sakes!

JANE: I thought it might be easier that way.

JOHNNY: Quicker anyhow. Now keep looking and move slowly, honey. I'm right behind you.

JANE: Rather have you beside me on the outside side.

TOM: (FADING ON TO MIKE) Snowdrift ahead on the trail. Can't see the rock for it. Better fasten your crampons on your shoes here.

SOUND: AS THE SPIKED PLATES ARE ATTACHED AND HEARD ON THE ROCKS

TOM: Walk slow and sorta feel your way.

JANE: Now can I shut my eyes and just feel?

JOHNNY: (VIOLENTLY) No! no! no!

JANE: (MEEKLY) All right, Johnny.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS MUFFLED BY SNOW - FADING

MUSIC: IN - THEN DIM OUT

JOHNNY: There Jane, you made The Narrows and the worst is over.

JANE: (A BIT MORE CHEERFUL BUT STILL BELLIGERENT) How do you know?  
(QUICK CHANGE OF TONE) Mr. Gregg, is it?

GREGG: (A LITTLE OFF MIKE) Is it what, Mrs. Harper?

JANE: Is the worst over?

GREGG: The worst or the best, depending on the point of view. We're almost there. Just go straight up aways here.

JOHNNY: (WITH RELISH) Some real climbing.

GREGG: A bit.

TOM: (FADING ON TO MIKE) All right, folks, this is the home stretch. Pretty straight up, but nature's put lots of good cracks in the rock for our fingers and toes, -- but careful.

JANE: Careful it is.

SOUND: CLIMBING, GRUNTING, PANTING, SHOES ON ROCK

MUSIC: SNEAK UP A LITTLE THEN OUT

SOUND: BACKGROUND OF WIND

JANE: The top! Jiminy, actually the top!

GREGG: (LAUGHING) You sound as if you never expected to see it.

JANE: (LAUGHING TOO - NOW THE WORST STRAIN IS OVER) I wasn't too sure.

JOHNNY: Boy, I feel like Monte Cristo -- "The world is Mine."

GREGG: Pretty wide world from this vantage point -- in all directions. There are the Colorado plains and the foothills to the east; and to the south and north, the main ranges of the Rockies.

TOM: But this peak tops 'em all. We're up 14,255 feet. Think of that!

JANE: (PANTING) How you all have energy left to talk and think is beyond me. I'm going to lie out flat and relax.

SOUND: BODY PLUMPING DOWN

JOHNNY: Good idea.

JANE: (PEACEFULLY) Grand idea. Nice mountain once you're up it. Plenty of room here, so you can get away from the edges. I thought mountain tops were just sharp points.

TOM: Three acres here, lady.

JANE: I'm properly grateful.

GREGG: If you can crawl just a little way after awhile, you can sign the register book and prove you made the climb.

JANE: (PLAINTIVELY) Now I have to prove it! Huh, I don't care if no one else knows, I know!

JOHNNY: Don't care, eh? Bet you brag lots more than I. Where's the register?

GREGG: In a brass tube over there in that rock cairn. Have to protect it from this wind.

JOHNNY: Good, I'll sign all right. (FADING)

TOM: Anyone hungry....'cause I am.

JANE: (SITTING UP) Me too. I'd forgotten about food, but now you mention it....

SOUND: BOXES BEING OPENED - PAPER RATTLING

VOICES: Yumm, good eh? Grand. Tastes wonderful in this altitude.

JOHNNY: (FADING IN) Hey, save me some....thanks....Some mean clouds on those peaks over there, Gregg.

GREGG: Yep, ought to see some fireworks.

JANE: Lightning?

GREGG: Yep, but won't swing over here until later this afternoon. We can just watch from grandstand seats.

SOUND: ROLL OF THUNDER - CRACKLE OF LIGHTNING

TOM: There she goes!

JOHNNY: Boy!

JANE: Why, it's really beautiful!

GREGG: Quite a sight, those flashes ripping thru the clouds.

SOUND: STORM UP.

JANE: It's raining over there. You can see it.

GREGG: Might even snow.

JANE: In July?

GREGG: Often does.

SOUND: STORM UP - HOLD

TOM: Time to start back.

JANE: Oh!

TOM: Sorry.

JOHNNY: Do we go back the same way?

TOM: We can, or we can go down the north face of the peak if you'd rather. One steep rocky stretch, but there's a steel cable to hold on to.

JOHNNY: Which shall it be, Janey? The old or the new?

JANE: (PROMPTLY) The new. If we go back the way we came, I'll keep dreading the bad places. If we go the north face, I won't know what to expect.

GREGG: Good girl. North face, Tom.

TOM: Right.

JANE: Let's not talk about this part of the trip -- just let's make it in silence.

JOHNNY: Silence on the air?

JANE: Well, then music can get us down. It's supposed to indicate time and place.

JOHNNY: (CONSIDERING) Well?

JANE: It'll rest the Audience and me! I've been sounding scared so long. I'm tired out.

GREGG: Music it is. Down Long's Peak....

SOUND: STORM IN

GREGG: To the tune of....William Tell....

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS STARTING

MUSIC: STORM UP THEN TURNS INTO WILLIAM TELL OVERTURE - HOLD ABOUT FIFTEEN SECONDS

SOUND: SCRAMBLING OF FEET -- PANTING

JOHNNY: There! Boulderfield again.

MUSIC: OUT

GREGG: Up and back in the same day.

JANE: And all in one piece, that's far more remarkable.

TOM: Yep, old Boulderfield even looks good to me.

GREGG: Wonder if the ponies missed us?

JANE: Well, I missed them.

SOUND: HORSES HOOVES

JANE: (GREAT AFFECTION IN VOICE) Hello pony, hello beautiful.

GREGG: Unhitched and ready. Everybody up.

JANE: (EAGERLY) Yes, sir.

JOHNNY: (A LITTLE TIRED) Me too.

SOUND: HORSES START OFF ON ROCKY TRAIL

GREGG & TOM: (SINGING FAINTLY - FADING OFF MIKE) Home, home on the range!....

JANE: Just wait till I tell 'em at the hotel and I'm going to write to Mary and to Jean and to....

JOHNNY: (LAUGHING) And you didn't care if no one knew.

JANE: But Long's Peak, Johnny, I climbed Long's Peak -- 14,255 feet!

SOUND: HORSES HOOVES FADING OUT

MUSIC: IN UP STRONG

GREGG: And now for tonight.

JANE: (SADLY) Our last night here.

GREGG: I think you're entitled to a spree.

JOHNNY: One that's easy on the system....I'm tired.

JANE: (SQUEALING WITH DELIGHT) Oh no, Johnny, not you, heap big mountain climber.

JOHNNY: Heap big mountain anyhow. (BRIEF PAUSE) You know, Gregg, I don't understand it. She doesn't seem a bit tired, but up there....

JANE: All my muscles have uncoiled and my nerves unwound and I'm so beautifully relaxed. Bring on your spree, Gregg.

GREGG: All right, dinner at the Stanley Hotel.

JOHNNY: That handsome place up on the hill, just beyond Estes Park?

GREGG: Right, wonderful food, soft music, and then you can dance with some real Indians!

JOHNNY: Dance with Indians!

JANE: No! Oh grand!

JOHNNY: Indians at the Stanley?

GREGG: Whole bunch of Sioux enroute to the Cheyenne Rodeo. Say, you're going to that, aren't you?

JOHNNY: You bet.

JANE: You know Rocky Mountain Park is so grand because it's not only fun itself, but it's near so many other exciting places and things. There's the rodeo and then we're going down to Central City to the play festival at the old opera house. I'm all excited about that.

GREGG: Yep, you've found our secret out. We're famous as the most accessible national park in the country. You can reach us from east or west --- north and south. Well, how about it?

JANE: On to the War dance!

JOHNNY: I'm more interested in the dinner.

MUSIC: IN - SOFT DINNER MUSIC

SOUND: CHINA AND SILVER - CHATTER OF VOICES

JOHNNY: A grand dinner. (HEARTFELT) Thank you, Gregg.

GREGG: You're welcome.

JANE: Such a pretty dining room -- buff and white.

SOUND: TINKLING OF BELLS - STAMP OF FEET - VOICES

MUSIC: STOPS

GREGG: Here come the Indians.

JANE: Good.

MUSIC: DRUMS BEGIN SOFTLY IN BACKGROUND

JOHNNY: Listen to the bells. Gee, they wear them on their legs and arms.

JANE: They're nice looking Indians, -- handsome costumes.

VOICE: Ladies and gentlemen.

SOUND: CROWD NOISES QUIET DOWN - BELLS ONLY TINKLE NOW AND THEN IN ISOLATED CASES

VOICE: The Indians will first dance the Rabbit Dance and they want you as partners. It's very simple and the drums beat out the rhythm. Please volunteer.

VOICES: (UP IN LAUGHS AND EXCLAMATIONS)

MUSIC: DRUM UP STRONGER - INDIAN VOICES TAKE UP CHANT

JOHNNY: Go on, Jane, this is your chance. Go on.

JANE: (WHISPERING) Don't push me, I don't want to be the very first volunteer.

JOHNNY: Oh, go on.

JANE: (HISSING IT) Wait.

VOICE: (OFF MIKE) I'll volunteer.

VOICE: Good.

VOICES: And I....I'll try.

VOICE: Need some more.



JANE: (SUDDENLY SPEAKING UP) I'll do it.

JOHNNY: Good girl.

JANE: (SPEAKING UP) And so will my husband.

JOHNNY: (IN HORROR) Jane, I....

VOICE: Fine. Here's a brave for you and a lady partner for your husband.  
More volunteers?

VOICES: UP - AD LIB

VOICE: All right, let's start.

MUSIC: DRUM AND SINGING UP - MUCH STAMPING OF FEET - SWELL UP - HOLD FIFTEEN  
OR TWENTY SECONDS - THEN OUT SUDDENLY

VOICES: (MUCH LAUGHING)

JANE: (FADING ON TO MIKE) Oh, oh Gregg, I'm winded, but it was fun.  
Look, Johnny's limping. Hi Johnny.

JOHNNY: (A BIT DISGRUNTLED) Hi, Squaw! Boy, what a dance! Whee!

SOUND: CHAIR PULLED OUT - BODY FALLS INTO IT

GREGG: Well, now you're both members of the Sioux Tribe.

JANE: Really!

GREGG: Really, you danced with Indians. Nice looking one you had, Jane.

JANE: Wasn't he though? Gee, I felt so primitive and all. (DISAPPOINTED)  
Then when the music stopped he said, "Thank you so much"!

GREGG: (ROARS) So disillusioning.

JANE: But all of it, such fun.

JOHNNY: Yep, oh we'll be back to see you and Rocky again, Gregg.

MUSIC: UP STRONG - THEN OUT

JANE: Audience, we're getting ready to leave Rocky Mountain National Park.

JOHNNY: We thought you might have a few questions first....

JANE: Have you?

AUDIENCE: (ON FILTER) Yes, the usual one -- costs?

JANE: Costs weren't very high here for us. Camping's mighty popular and the most fun. Grand free campgrounds throughout the park.

JOHNNY: Course, if you want more "comforts" there's a wide range of living quarters, from cabins to the Stanley. The Brinwood, Sprague's, Bear Lake and Fern Lake Lodges in the eastern part are pleasant and Grand Lake Lodge on the western side is delightful. Costs range between \$7.00 and \$11.00 per day for two, with meals.

JANE: Stanley Hotel's at least \$14.00, but it's grand.

JOHNNY: Horses and guide for the Long's Peak trip cost us \$7.00 each.

JANE: Hikes, of course, are free.

JOHNNY: And so are campfires, lectures, pictures, the park museum -- the whole wonderful mountain country. Fishing's fine too.

JANE: If you don't stay at the Stanley, be sure and go there for at least one dinner -- \$1.50, but worth it.

JOHNNY: There's a \$1.00 auto fee for entering the park -- good all year round.

JANE: If you come by train, busses will meet you at Denver or Loveland on the east, and on the west at Granby.

JOHNNY: Anything else?

AUDIENCE: (ON FILTER) Yes, you spoke of the Central City Play Festival, what's that?

JANE: Every summer, usually the last two weeks in July, the Old Central City Opera House which was built in boom mining days, is reopened for a gala theatrical affair. The University of Denver sponsors it. Stars come from New York and Hollywood.

JOHNNY: The whole town lives again -- spurts from its population of fifty to hundreds drawn there for the show. Tickets are \$2.00 and \$3.50.

JANE: You can eat and sleep at the historic Old Teller House. \$3.00 per person per night.

JOHNNY: And have tintypes made -- twenty-five cents.

JANE: And join in free square dancing at ye old livery stable. Oh, it's fun!

AUDIENCE: (ON FILTER) Where in Central City?

JOHNNY: Only about eighty miles from the Estes Park side of Rocky Mountain National Park -- on a good highway.

AUDIENCE: (ON FILTER) And the Cheyenne Rodeo?

JANE: Oh, that's grand too - one of the best in the west.

JOHNNY: Usually held about same time as the play festival. It only lasts three or four days though.

JANE: And of course, Cheyenne's right on the way to or from the park.

AUDIENCE: (ON FILTER) Thanks a lot. I'll be making plans. It's a good place for families, you say?

JOHNNY: Swell. Lots of things for kids to do and learn. And with the towns of Estes Park and Grand Lake so near, it's easy to get supplies if you want to take a cabin or camp and stay all summer.

JANE: We're going to, sometime.

JOHNNY: When we have a family!

JANE: (A LITTLE SHOCKED) Johnny!

JOHNNY: Good-bye now, Audience, time's up.

MUSIC: UP STRONG

ANNOUNCER: Rocky Mountain National Park is only one of 26 national parks and 130 national monuments and other park areas under the care of the National Park Service of the United States Department of the Interior. Established, preserved and maintained for you -- the most beautiful, historic

ANNOUNCER: (CONT'D) and scientifically valuable lands of the Nation. In this 1940 Travel America Year -- travel to your national parks.

MUSIC: UP SHARP - THEN DIM INTO BACKGROUND FOR CLOSING ANNOUNCEMENT

ANNOUNCER: If you want more information for your trip to Rocky Mountain National Park or to any of your National Parks, write to "Two on a Trip", National Park Service, Department of the Interior, Washington, D. C. Next week at this same time the National Park Service, in cooperation with Station \_\_\_\_\_ will present the ninth program of this series. Listen next week -- we will go to Bryce Canyon and Zion National Parks in Utah, for more travel adventures, and legends and stories of the origin and discovery of these most vividly colored and fantastically carved canyons.

MUSIC: UP AND UNDER

ANNOUNCER: The script for this program was written by Dorothea J. Lewis, of the Office of the Editor-in-Chief, National Park Service. Music by \_\_\_\_\_, directed by \_\_\_\_\_ for Station \_\_\_\_\_.

MUSIC: UP

ANNOUNCER: (OVER MUSIC) REMEMBER, 1940 IS TRAVEL AMERICA YEAR!

MUSIC: UP AND OUT

# # #

Production Notes

1. The actors playing Jane and Johnny Harper should, of course, be the same throughout the series. It is vitally important that they speak naturally and easily at all times. Affected voices and over-dramatic readings will completely destroy the intent and content of the script. They should especially strive for naturalness and spontaneity in handling the descriptive and, at times, somewhat poetic passages.
2. The Audience should have a sharp, easily recognizable, somewhat acid but friendly voice.
3. Gregg should have a pleasant and ingratiating drawl which does not slow him up too much.
4. Estes' family should have colloquial and good contrasting voices.
5. In case this script runs tight, use the attached substitute pages 22-25 instead of 22-28 in the original script. This saves 2½ minutes.

Pronunciation Aids

Estes .....	Ess-teez
Vrain .....	Verain
Kawuheeche .....	Kaw-woo-he-chee
crampons .....	cram-pons
Cheyenne .....	Shy-ann
Sioux .....	Soo

CAST

Minimum -- 11, 5 women, 6 men.

Characters marked with asterisk may be used in Background Voices.

JANE

JOHNNY

\*WOMAN

\*MAN

\*SECOND MAN

\*MAN IN CAR

\*WOMAN IN CAR

GREGG -- Important part

JOEL ESTES

\*PATSY ESTES

JASPER ESTES

MILTON ESTES

SARAH ESTES

MARY JANE ESTES

\*OLD LADY

CHILDRENS' VOICES -- including individual lines for two little boys and one little girl, can be doubled by Estes children if can change voices.

TOM -- can be doubled by man used earlier.

AUDIENCE -- just a bit this time, can be doubled by someone used earlier.

MAN'S VOICE -- can be doubled by someone used earlier.

BACKGROUND VOICES -- men and women, can be actors or actresses used earlier.

(If cut is made background voices and man's voice may be omitted.)