



**Smokey Bear,
Ward Bond**

1950, Radio, English

Sons of the Pioneers: **[Sing]** Smokey the Bear, Smokey the Bear...

Smokey the Bear: Hello there, folks. This is Smokey, the forest fire-preventing bear. Those singing friends of mine, The Sons of the Pioneers, have a song for you. But first, how about joining us on a little visit to a big star? Today, it's Ward Bond. And here we are sitting in the shade of the covered wagon out on the plains. Mr. Bond, it's good of you to let us visit.

Ward: You know, Smokey, getting around the way I do, I've seen some mighty big forest and prairie fires. They got started, in every case, because some farmer or rancher was careless in clearing land or in burning the brush or debris. A little horse sense would have prevented those fires. Those folks should have plowed with a good fire line around the area. They should have had some help at hand and a supply of water as well as the proper tools. They should have waited until the weather was right. And some of them, as they sadly realize now, should have checked on the law. In many cases, you need to get a burning permit from your local fire warden or your ranger.

The cost of fighting those fires and the damage they did came high. It's too bad that some folks always have to learn the hard way.

Smokey the Bear: Thanks, Mr. Bond. I sure folks will really take your message to heart and be careful when they burn brush and other debris. Now, before you move on with your wagon train, The Sons of the Pioneers here have an appropriate song for you. It's called "Chant of the Plains".

Sons of the Pioneers: [Sing] Listen to the prairie
Weave a song from the wail
Listen to him playing up with the nightingale
Swinging up above where the dark clouds sail and fly.
I need you.
Listen to the rhythm of the padded feet
Stealing through the desert
Hear his wild heart beat
Searching for his love and the heart beat beats his cry.
I need you.

Far in the distance hear that note
It's born of the call in a savage throat who waits
A maid's reply.
Listening to the moaning of the wind on its way
Everything he touches,
See it bend and sway
Seen to pledge your love and send him on his way,



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That's why
I need you.
All through the prairie,
I wonder
Night falls and I long for you.
Everything here in God's garden.
Shares my longin' too.
Listen to the prairie,
Weave a song from the wail
Listen to him playing up with the nightingale
Swinging up above where the dark clouds sail and fly.
I need you.
Listen to the rhythm of the padded feet
Stealing through the desert,
Hear his wild heart beat
Searching for his love and the heart beat beats his cry.
I need you.
Far in the distance, hear that note
It's born of the call in a savage throat who waits
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Everything he touches,
See it bend and sway
Seen to pledge your love and send him on his way,
That's why
I need you.

Smokey the Bear:

Well, that's it for now, folks. Thanks a lot for spending this time with us. You know it's your own State Forestry Department along with the Forest Service, U.S. Department of Agriculture, and this station you're listening to that make these get-togethers possible. Until we say "hello there" again and pay another little visit to another big star, this is Smokey and his pals, The Sons of the Pioneers, asking you to always remember, only you can prevent forest and range fires.

Sons of the Pioneers:

[Sing] Smokey the Bear, Smokey the Bear
Prowlin' and a growlin' and a sniffin' the air.
He can find a fire before it starts to flame.
That's why they call him Smokey.
That was how he got his name.

[End of Audio]

Duration: 5 minutes