



Smokey Bear, Dale Robertson

1950, Radio, English

Sons of the Pioneers: Smokey the Bear, Smokey the Bear.

Smokey 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 in a little visit to a big star? Today it's Dale Robertson of Wells Fargo fame. Here's a man who is at home anywhere, acting before the cameras or out in the forest building a campfire. He sure knows his stuff.

Dale Robertson: I don't go in for funny business, Smokey, when I'm using fire in the forest, and that goes for all my friends. We enjoy cooking out over an open fire under the trees. In many picnic areas, fireplaces are provided. If not, we build our own little fire, making sure first that an open fire is allowed. We try to be careful every step of the way, clearing the leaves and the grass down to the dirt in a space about six feet across, using rocks as our fireplace and keeping the fire small. We never go off and leave the fire, not even for a moment.

When we're through with our cooking or roasting marshmallows, we put the fire out, dead out, with plenty of water. Incidentally, that's a good rule for everyone when it comes to matches, smokes, or campfires. Be careful, don't let them go out alone.

Smokey Bear: Thank you, Mr. Robertson. I hope everyone will be as careful as you are in keeping his campfire safe. Now, how about just sitting back and listening to the Sons of the Pioneers here, as they do the Chant of the Wanderer.

Sons of the Pioneers: Take a look at the sky where the whippoorwill trills and the mountains so high, where the cataract spills. Take a look at the falls and the rippling rills. Hear the wanderlust calls of the whispering hills. The rippling rills, the cataract spills, the whippoorwill trills. Ooh, ooh. The rippling rills, the cataract spills, the whippoorwill trills. Ooh, ooh. The rippling rills, the cataract spills, the whippoorwill trills.

Let me live on the range where the tumbleweeds grow. Let the silver sand change where the prairie winds blow. Let the wanderers sing where the wanderers go. Let the melody ring for he's happy I know. The wanderers go. The prairie winds blow. The tumbleweeds grow. Ooh, ooh. The wanderers go. The prairie winds blow. The tumbleweeds grow. Ooh, ooh. The wanderers go. The prairie winds blow. The tumbleweeds grow.

Let me follow the trail where the buffalo roam. Let a silver cloud sail where the setting sun shone. Let the lobo wolf wail in a broken heart tone. Let it storm, let it gale, still the prairie's my home. A broken heart tone, the setting sun shone, the buffalo roam. Ooh, ooh. A broken heart tone, the setting sun shone, the



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The prairie's my home.

Smokey 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 woods fires.

Sons of the Pioneers:

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. Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh.

[End of Audio]

Duration: 5 minutes