

Forest Songs

AND

Playlets

FOR USE IN
SCHOOLS



Arranged by
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FOR USE IN SCHOOLS

and by

BOYS' AND GIRLS' CLUBS



Oh, Mr. ———, You're a Wonder

Oh, Mr. ———, you're a wonder!

And when we're old and gray
We'll all say "Yes, by thunder,
He saved our forests in his day."

How Do You Do

How do you do, Mr. ———, how do you do?
Is there anything that we can do for you?

We'll protect our forest green
And we'll leave our campground clean.
That we will do. Mr. ———, how do you do?

Oregon, My Oregon

Land of the fir and pine tree
Home of our forests grand,
Standing in wealth and beauty,
Here in the promised land.
Strength of our homes and cities
Hopeful we carry on.
Hail to thee, land of forests,
My Oregon.

The Careful Camper

(Tune: "Smile, Smile, Smile")

Pack up your troubles in your old pack sack,
And smile, smile, smile,
Clean up your camp ground for you might come back,
In the careful camper style.
What's the use of hurrying,
Put your fire out,—it's worth while,—then
Pack up your troubles in your old pack sack
And smile, smile, smile.

Hail To The Green Tree Gang

(Tune: "Hail, Hail, The Gang's All Here")

Hail! Hail! The gang's all here
We'll protect our forests—yes, we'll save our
forests.
Hail! Hail! The gang's all here
We'll never start a forest fire.
Hail! Hail! The green tree gang,
Lots of work to do it—but we'll never rue it.
Hail! Hail! We're there with a "bang"
Putting out the forest fire!

Protection Song

(Tune: "Bubbles")

We're forever guarding forests,
 Stately forests everywhere.
 Fir tree and pine;
 Your trees and mine.
 Let's keep our forests
 Green and fine.
 Protection is our watchword,
 The forests need our care,
 So we're forever guarding forests,
 Guarding forests everywhere.

It Isn't Any Trouble

(Tune: "Battle Hymn of the Republic")

It isn't any trouble just to put out every SPARK
 When we're camping in the forest or we're camping
 in the park;
 So we'll put on lots of water and be sure our fire
 is dark,
 When we go camping out.

CHORUS:

Camping, camping in the forest,
 Tramping, tramping through the forest,
 Saving all our splendid forest,
 When we go camping out.

The Forest Fool

(Tune: "In The Shade of the Old Apple Tree")

'Neath the shade of the forest trees cool,
 There once was a forest fire fool.
 He threw down a match
 In an old dry brush patch,
 And it started a fire so cruel.
 It burned up the trees and the flowers,
 And it burned on for hours and for hours,
 And the fire fool turned pale,
 When they took him to jail,
 And that was the end of the fool!

Our Little Trees

(Tune: "Auld Lang Syne")

We're here to save our little trees,
 Pray show your loyalty
 And help us clothe our forest lands,
 With trees of dignity.

CHORUS:

Should other warnings be forgot
 Keep this one e'er in heart;
 Our trees will grow for you and me,
 If we all do our part.

So let us do our part, each one
 To help our forest grow.
 We'll save our trees, it will be fun,
 As through the woods we go.

CHORUS:

Forest Hymn

(Tune: "Battle Hymn of the Republic")

Mine eyes have seen the glory and the grandeur of
the hills
With the greenness of their forests and the beauty
of their rills,
My soul is filled with courage and my heart with
rapture thrills;
My country's hills and thine.

CHORUS:

Glorious, glorious, are the Forests!
Glorious, glorious, are the Forests!
Glorious, glorious, are the Forests!
My country's woods and thine!

When we go forth, let's all take care to try and save
the trees,
Allow no one with vandal hand to burn, each one
agrees,
For fire's a dreadful thing to stop when running
with a breeze,
My country's trees and thine!

CHORUS:

A. H. SYLVESTER, Forest Supervisor.

My Country's Woods

(Tune: "Maryland, My Maryland")

My country's woods in beauty stand
In forest aisles, stately and grand,
Upon the hills, within the vales,
On windblown points, in quiet dales;
But when the fire's raging course
Sweeps over all with horrid force
The beauty dies and streams go dry
And all is drear beneath the sky.

So let us all take utmost care,
And everyone do each his share
To help protect our country's wealth
Of beauty rare in perfect health;
Let all proclaim a solemn vow
To spread the word and do it now,
And fight if need the woods to save,
Which God in goodness to us gave.

A. H. SYLVESTER, Forest Supervisor.

Planting Song

(Tune: "Marching Through Georgia")

Bring the good old planting hoe
We'll plant another tree,
Plant it in the forest where 'twill grow for you and me.
Plant it so these hills of ours forever may be green
Keeping our forests forever.
Hurrah, hurrah, we're on the job today
Hurrah, hurrah, we'll plant them here to stay
Growing crops of forest trees, that is the wisest way.
So we are planting new forests.

Forest Ranger

(Tune: "Darling Clementine")

In a cabin, on a mountain,
Keeping lookout all the while,
Lived a ranger, forest ranger,
Watching many a forest mile.

CHORUS:

Oh, you ranger! forest ranger!
Do not fail to give alarm:
You must watch that we may ever
Keep our Forest free from harm!

In a camp ground, in a forest,
Creeping softly through the duff,
Creeps the fire, campers' fire,
Gets well started—that's enough!

CHORUS:

Oh, you ranger! forest ranger!
You have sounded the alarm,
Other rangers to the fire
Rush to save the woods from harm.

Through the tree tops, roars the fire,
Killing, burning as it goes;
On the morrow there are only
Blackened stumps, and nothing grows!

CHORUS:

Oh, you ranger! forest ranger!
Speed you in your glorious fight,
We will help prevent destruction,
Aid you with the Nation's might.

A. H. SYLVESTER, Forest Supervisor.

Camping Song

(Tune: "Marching Through Georgia")

Vacation time is coming, boys,
We're going out to play—
In the U. S. Forest we will have a holiday,
Guard against the fiend of fire,
And all the rules obey
While thro' the Forest we're tramping.

CHORUS:

Hurrah! hurrah! we'll have a jubilee!
Hurrah! hurrah! the life that makes us free.
We'll help to guard the Forest
From the mountains to the sea—
The Forest, the Forest forever!

Yes, we'll have a jolly time
On mountain, lake and plain;
In the U. S. Forest we will every rule maintain,
Execute the fiend of fire
In Uncle Sam's domain
While in the Forest we're camping.

CHORUS:

S. LEILA HOOVER,
Fire Lookout, Deschutes Forest.

The Forests on the Hills

(Tune: "Old Black Joe")

Gone are the trees from the forests on the hills,
Gone are the springs, and the rippling, trickling rills,
Gone, for the fire has swept the forest floor
And taken all the beauty that was there before.

CHORUS:

I'm weeping, I'm weeping!
And my heart is very sore;
I want to see those trees a-growing
As before.

Here in Chelan our trees still deck the hills;
Here on our mountains still sing the rippling rills;
Let us all help to keep them growing there
To make our land forever glorious, rich and fair.

CHORUS:

I'm working, I'm working!
To grow the woods once more;
I want to see those trees a-growing
As before.

A. H. SYLVESTER, Forest Supervisor.

Reuben and Rachel

Reuben, Reuben, I've been thinking
What a queer world this would be,
If all our hills were black and barren,
Standing there without a tree!

Rachel, Rachel, I've been thinking,
What a nice world this would be,
If every one would be more careful
Never burn a little tree.

Reuben, Reuben, I've been thinking,
You've been careless too, I know,
So never leave your match a-blazing,
Never leave your campfire glow.

Rachel, Rachel, I've been thinking,
We must each one do our share,
When we're camping in the forest,
We must guard our fire with care.

To Be Careful's the Style

(Tune: "Style All the While")

On the cool forest trails
We go mile after mile.
To be careful's the style,
It is well worth our while.
With our fire we are careful.
For that's all the style.
To be careful's the style all the while,
All the while.

When the rangers fight fire,
They go with all speed.
It's speed that they need.
It's speed that they need.
To the warnings of rangers
We will always give heed,
We will need to give heed with all speed,
With all speed.

Oh, Our Forests

(Tune: "Lil Liza Jane")

We have the finest forests here,
Right in our State;
And we'll guard them far and near,
It's not too late.

CHORUS:

Oh, our forests,
They are so fine.
We'll protect them
Right down the line.

Little tiny forest trees,
To giant trees will grow,
Waving in the summer breeze
And winter snow.

CHORUS: (Repeat)

Farmers, lawyers, business men,
Everyone we know.
We'll tell them all to save our trees,—
Help more to grow.

CHORUS:

The Forest Fire

(Tune: "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp")

When the smoke is in the sky,
And the flames are rolling high,
Then we know the fire fiend is raging wild.
Burning up our forest wealth,
And our pleasure and our health,
Bringing sorrow and despair to every child.

CHORUS:

Guard, guard, oh, guard our forests,
Let us guard them all day long.
Save our forests, oh, we pray,
For we'll need them all some day,
And to burn them up is very, very wrong.

When the sky is clear and bright,
In the forest,—cool delight,
Everything is calm and peaceful and serene.
Then the little trees can grow
Into forest giants,—so
We shall always have a wealth of forests green.

CHORUS: (Repeat)

Fire in the Forest

(Tune: "Turkey in the Straw")

Oh, there was a little man
And he lit a little match
And he set a fire
In an old brush patch;
He burned a million trees
On a hot summer day,
So they locked him up
Where he won't get away.

CHORUS:

He left his fire, and he didn't put it out,
The wind came up and blew it all about.
'Twas a raging fire, on a hot summer day,
So they locked him up where he won't
get away.

Oh, a fisherman gay
Smoked a cigarette,
And he threw it away
And a forest fire set.
Then the wind came up
And the fire got away,
So they locked him up
Where he won't get away.

CHORUS: (Repeat)

Oh, a camper went
To the forest green,
And he pitched his tent
By a beautiful stream.
But he left his camp fire—
Didn't put it out—
So they put him in jail
Where he can't get out.

CHORUS: (Repeat)

Oh, It's Nice to Get Up In the Morning

Oh, it's nice to get up in the morning,
And hit the trail at dawn,
At four or five or six o'clock.
When the forests lure us on
And when we've cooked our breakfast,
And we've drown'd our campfire dead,
Then it's nice to be up in the morning,
When the birds sing overhead.

Oh, it's nice to be up in the forests
When the trees begin to sprout,
And help the rangers watch for fires,
And help them put them out,
And when the trees are growing,
And we know they're safe and sound,
Oh, it's nice to be up in the forests,
And visit the old camp ground.

The Fool

A fool there was and he drove a jit,
Even as you and I.
And he loaded his folks and his camp outfit
And sought the mountains high.
There he found a spot, delightful and clean,
'Neath the forest shade where the grass was green,
Where the song birds sang and the summer breeze
Hummed a sleepy tune in the stately trees.
There he made a camp and he fished in the creek,
While his kiddies played in the shade,
Building their bodies and cleansing their souls
In a paradise God had made.
They rested there for a couple of days,
Then into the open road and away,
Leaving behind in the forest shade
The rubbish and trash their camp had made.
"It doesn't look nice, but what do we care,
We never expect to come back again." So they rode
away,
And a smoldering spark grew bright that night in
the ashes gray.
Yea, he was a fool, that tourist gay,
And it might have been you or I,
But he will never camp at that spot again
No matter how far he drives,
For those stately trees and sparkling pool,
And that carpet of grass so green and cool
Have been seared by the hand of a careless fool.
And it might have been you or I.
For that smoldering spark in the ashes gray
Was a roaring fire at noon next day.
While the fool drove on o'er the mountain crest
On his jitney tour of the Golden West.

THE TRIAL OF FOREST FIRE

(A Mock Trial Staged With Certain Changes
from Ordinary Court Procedure)

WRITTEN ESPECIALLY FOR SCHOOL USE

Adapted by

UNITED STATES FOREST SERVICE

NORTH PACIFIC DISTRICT

Portland, Oregon

1928

PURPOSE

*To Emphasize the Causes of Forest Fires
and the Responsibility of the Public
in Preventing Them*

COSTUMES

The use of special costumes in this play is suggested, but, if used, they should not be made of paper or other readily inflammable material. Costumes to fit the characters will be obvious. It will answer every purpose to hang inscribed placards about the necks of the pupils.

(NOTE: This mock trial is adapted from the leaflet "The Trial of Fire," issued by the National Board of Fire Underwriters, N. Y., to whom due acknowledgment is hereby made.)

SCENE: COURT ROOM

There should be a large chair and table for the Judge's Bench if nothing more accurate is available. There should also be a chair and table for the Clerk of the Court, a witness chair beside the Judge's bench, and chairs for the twelve jurymen and spectators. Various pupils should be designated to represent the different fire hazards. As each defendant's name is called or is addressed by the Judge, he rises and remains standing while giving his testimony.

CHARACTERS

<i>The Judge</i>	<i>Clerk of the Court</i>
<i>The District Attorney</i>	<i>Counsel for the Defense</i>
<i>Bailiff</i>	<i>The Jury</i>

THE DEFENDANTS

<i>Forest Fire</i>	<i>Logger</i>
<i>Farmer</i>	<i>Careless Smoker</i>
<i>Careless Camper</i>	<i>Incendiary</i>
<i>Lightning</i>	

The Judge enters solemnly after all have assembled. The different defendants are led in by the Bailiff. Everyone stands as the Judge enters.

Bailiff (standing): "Oyez, Oyez, Oyez! All ye who have business with the honorable court draw near and present your petitions." (No one moves.)

He continues: "The first case on the docket is that of The People of the United States vs. Forest Fire."

Judge: "I assume that the formalities have been observed."

Clerk: "Yes, Your Honor."

Judge: "Are the Counsel ready for trial?"

District Attorney: "The people are ready, Your Honor, the defendants should have been brought to trial years ago."

Judge: "Who is appearing for the defense?"

Counsel for Defense: "I am, Your Honor. I wish to say that there are seven defendants involved in this action. Each defendant will speak for himself."

Judge: "Very well, we will proceed." (*Looks at paper.*) "I see that Forest Fire is charged with being an outlaw and a criminal and a menace to the life, happiness and prosperity of the people of these United States. Forest Fire, it is charged that every year you destroy property to the value of over \$17,000,000; that you lay homes and villages in waste; that you pollute our streams, destroy our game, wild life and scenic beauty; and even take the lives of men, women and little children. It appears from the indictment that you are an arch-criminal and a common enemy of our country and that you should be banished from our forests forever. What have you to say for yourself?"

Forest Fire: "Your Honor, I claim exemption from man-made laws. I am a natural force subject only to the laws of nature. Rightfully used, I am helpful to man. I cook his food when he is in the outdoors; I give him the warm glow of the camp fire. I drive away the chill and terror of the night. But he who enters the domain of nature must obey the laws of nature. If I am let loose, with dry leaves and twigs to feed upon, with low relative humidity and a hot, dry wind to urge me on, the laws of nature force me to become a roaring conflagration, destroying everything in my path. Constant care and extreme caution on the part of those who use me, and my natural enemy, Water, will hold me in the paths of service to mankind. Your Honor, I say that those who fail to keep me under control are the criminals, not I, and I plead not guilty to the charge."

Judge: "There appears to be much truth in what you say. Are any of those who cause forest fires here?"

Clerk: "We have a number of them here, Your Honor."

Judge (looking over defendants): "Lightning, I have heard that you cause forest fires. I will hear your testimony."

Lightning: "Your Honor, like fire, I, too, am a natural force, and claim exemption from man-made laws. It is true that I sometimes cause forest fires, but I can not help it. The only thing that can be done is to plan for lightning fires, and put them out before they do great damage. However, I am responsible for only about 30 per cent of the forest fires, Your Honor."

Judge: "H-mm, only 30 per cent! Then these other defendants must be responsible for the other 70 per cent. Let us hear what they have to say. (*Looking at paper.*) Here's a farmer on the list. I thought you farmers were hard-headed, practical men, who knew better than to burn the woods."

Farmer: "I do know better Your Honor. I have helped fight forest fires, and I know what they mean. I know how to build a small campfire in a safe place, and how to put it out. I never smoke when it's dangerous in the woods. But last summer, one hot afternoon, I started to burn some brush and slashing back of my pasture, and it got away from me."

Judge: "Was the weather safe for brush burning? Did you have a burning permit?"

Farmer: "Not exactly. I didn't look up the fire warden for a permit, 'cause I knew he wouldn't give me one."

Judge: "So you thought you knew more about fire weather than the fire warden? The next time, since you can't trust your own judgment, you had better trust the warden's."

"Call the next defendant."

(Clerk calls logger.)

Judge: "What is your occupation?"

Logger: "I'm a logger."

Judge: (Surprised.) "A logger! You make your living in the forest; without forests you'd be out of business. I'm surprised to find you in this company. How does it happen?"

Logger: "Well, Your Honor, it's this way. The spark arrester on my donkey engine was getting pretty well worn out. I knew I needed a new one, but you see the log market has been pretty bad lately and I hated to spend the money. So I took a chance, and kept on using the old one. One hot day a few sparks got out and must have landed in some dry slash. The wind was up, and—Zowie! that fire was gone up over the hill before anybody could get to it. Burnt up the donkey engine, too, and blame near got me!"

Judge: "Didn't you have fire tools and hose, and a clearing around your engine as required by law?"

Logger: "Er—well—no—I was trying to save a little money there, too."

Judge: "Rather poor economy. I'd say. You not only lost your own equipment and your logs but jeopardized the prosperity of the whole community. Of course you've learned your lesson—I hope—but it's expensive education."

Judge (Refers to paper): "I see that Careless Camper is among the defendants. I have heard a lot about this fellow." (*Careless Camper arises.*)

Judge: "Careless Camper, I find here that you are charged with being responsible for the greatest number of man-caused forest fires. Surely, one who goes out to enjoy the beauty of the forest should not destroy it. What have you to say?"

Careless Camper: "Your Honor, I didn't know I caused so many fires."

Judge: "Ignorance is no excuse under the law."

Careless Camper: "Well, I guess maybe I am usually in pretty much of a hurry. I remember once I tried to put out my campfire by dumping the coffee grounds on it, but, strange to say, they didn't put

out every spark. I think it smouldered for quite a while and then started a forest fire. Another time I scraped up some loose earth and duff over my fire, but it seems the wind came up and scattered some sparks into nearby leaves and moss, and that fire got away. Once I got into camp late at night and I was too tired to dig a fire hole, so I built my fire over some old roots. You know, Judge, I just couldn't put that fire out, for it was burning under the ground. I heard that it got away later and did quite a bit of damage. I didn't go back to see—I went to another place the next year. There were probably some others that I can't remember now; but all of them were accidental, of course, Judge. I don't think I should be held responsible for *them*. I wouldn't really go out and set the woods on fire, of course not."

Judge: "You have convicted yourself. Such gross carelessness ought not to be tolerated in the woods. Let's hear what Careless Smoker has to say."

Careless Smoker (Swaggers up): "Aw, what's all dis fuss about? Can't a feller smoke when he goes on a fishin' trip?"

Judge (Raps with gavel): "Tell your story!"

Careless Smoker: "Well, if a guy trows his snipes on the sidewalk or pavement, how do you expect him to change his habits when he gits out in de woods? Anyway, you gotta take a chance once in a while, or what fun is there in life?" (*Judge raps gavel again.*)

Careless Smoker nervously takes out package of cigarettes, lights match, looks furtively at Judge—puts cigarettes back in pocket and throws match down without bothering to see if it is out.

NOTE: Be sure match lands in a safe place. This action all can be omitted if the trial is given by children or if it is objectionable to authorities.)

Careless Smoker (Defiantly): "Maybe I did trow down a snipe or two, but what of it? What hurt could one little spark do?"

Judge (Severely): It takes only one spark to start the worst forest fire that ever burned. Under the plea of personal liberty you smokers go through the woods tossing smouldering stubs or blazing matches from your car or along the trail. It's just like going through the woods with a flaming torch. Unless you mend your ways, you will find the forests closed to you altogether, and that right soon!"

"Here's one more on our list. What's he charged with?"

Clerk: "Incendiarism, Your Honor."

Judge: "Do you mean to say that any one would wilfully set the woods on fire in this day of education and progress. Did you do this?"

Incendiary: "Aw, the woods burn every year, anyway."

Judge: "That doesn't answer my question. Did you set the woods on fire?"

Incendiary (Defiantly): "Yes."

Judge: "Why?"

Incendiary: "Well, er—ah—you see, it was nothing but brush and scrubby stuff, so I set her off. Injuns used to do that to make hunting better. It helps grazing, too, I think."

Judge: "Didn't your fire get away and burn up your neighbor's barn?"

Incendiary: "That was an accident, Judge. I couldn't help that."

Judge: "You don't make hunting better, nor do you improve grazing. Fire destroys wild life and their breeding places. It destroys succulent grasses, and causes weeds and poisonous plants to grow instead. The brush you speak of is protecting millions of little forest trees—the forests of the future." (*Judge turns to Clerk.*) "Are there any more defendants?"

Clerk: "These are all, Your Honor, that we have been able to bring to justice."

Judge (to Prosecuting Attorney): "The prosecution may sum up."

Prosecuting Attorney: "Your Honor—Gentlemen of the Jury, you have heard these various defendants tell their stories. By their own words they have convicted themselves. Forest fire is the arch-enemy of our forests. Whether he is subject to our laws is for the honorable court to decide. If not, he should be considered an alien enemy, and the hand of every citizen united against him. Lightning, too, may be without the law, but every citizen should unite to make sure that the fires he starts are put out before they can do serious damage. (Turns to the other defendants.) And as for these citizens of ours, self-confessed allies of the criminal, Forest Fire—his accomplices in crime—I say to you that they are common criminals, and enemies of society. The Camper, the Smoker, the Logger, the Farmer-Brush Burner or the Incendiary—whoever through ignorance, carelessness or malicious intent sets fire to the forests should feel the swift rebuke of outraged justice. By their acts they imperil our prosperity, destroy our payrolls, make desolate our scenic beauty, and imperil the lives and homes of our citizens. Gentlemen of the Jury, when you consider the testimony of these defendants, I believe you can do no less than to convict them as a menace to the welfare of our community. They should be banished from our forests forever."

Judge (turning to Defense Counsel): "The Counsel for the Defense may now present his rebuttal."

Counsel for Defense: "Your Honor—Gentlemen of the Jury: This defendant, Fire, is truly, as he has shown, outside the jurisdiction of man-made laws—as is also his companion, Lightning. I move, therefore that their cases be thrown out of court. As for these other defendants, they throw themselves upon the mercy of the court, and pray for leniency. Their acts have been unintentional or misguided. Most campers and smokers are good fellows and are careful. We would not have them punished for the carelessness of the minority. The same thing is true

of the loggers and farmers who burn brush. While as for this Incendiary, he is—well—we hope he will learn better hereafter."

Judge (to Jury): "You have heard the evidence and the pleas of the Counsel. According to the rules of this Court, the defendants on their own admissions should be found guilty."

(The Jury consult. Foreman rises and announces a verdict of "Guilty".)

Judge: "You have heard the verdict. It is now my duty to render a sentence in accordance with the dictates of justice. You, Forest Fire, have claimed exemption from our laws. You have also shown us your dual nature, both good and bad, seeking our tolerance as a benefactor of forest users. Such duplicity we will not tolerate. As "fire" the servant of the true woodsman, you may remain in the country, but be ever under control, working only for the comfort and benefit of mankind. As "Forest Fire" the outlaw, and arch-fiend, I pronounce you, and Lightning as well, enemy aliens and charge all our citizens to unite against you.

"You, Mr. Logger, and Mr. Farmer-Brush Burner, have already been punished by your losses, and I believe you have learned your lesson. If you are ever brought before this court again, you will receive the maximum punishment!

"You, Camper and Smoker, who presume to belong to the goodfellowship of woodsmen, have violated the first principle of woodcraft. A good woodsman is careful with his fire, first, last and all the time. You are sentenced to be banished from the woods forever! Sentence is suspended, however, for the present, pending your good behavior. See to it that you put out every spark of fire whenever you visit the forest, and see to it that all other forest visitors are equally careful.

"You, Incendiary, are hereby sentenced to the contempt of all honest citizens, to be cast out from the company of civilized people, and to have the hand of every man set against you, even as your hand is set against every man, forever and a day!

"The Court is adjourned."

THE CAMP FIRE

(A Playlet in Two Scenes)

TIME: Now

PERSONS REPRESENTED

<i>Dan Wood</i> , A Forest Ranger		<i>Fir Nymph</i>
<i>Bill Bailey</i>	} Whitman School Boys	<i>Pine Nymph</i>
<i>Alfred Noyes</i>		<i>Maple Nymph</i>
<i>Jack Sharkey</i>		<i>Hemlock Nymph</i>
<i>Bert Hall</i>		<i>Other Tree Nymphs</i>
<i>Harry Myers</i>		(As many as circumstances allow or require.)

Scene I

(Ranger Dan Wood is discovered at his desk working on a report.)

Ranger Wood: "I wish these wild herders would behave themselves. 'Tis bad enough to look after trail work, scale shingle bolts, take care of the festive camper, and send in the regular reports without having to chase sheep off a closed area and make a trespass report on them with this kind of weather and the woods getting drier every day.

"Holy Mackerel! If there isn't another bunch of kids. I suppose they'll be wanting a camp fire permit. Hello, there is Sam Bailey's boy, Bill. Hello Bill, where are you heading? How are the folks?"

Bill: "How do you do, Mr. Wood. Dad and I are just fine. Mother isn't feeling quite so chipper—You are looking as well as usual. How is Mrs. Wood?"

Ranger: "First rate, I think Bill. She is away just now visiting her folks near Bellingham. Who all have you here?"

Bill: "Step up here, kids, 'till I introduce you to Mr. Wood. This is Alfred Noyes. He tries to write poetry sometimes. Jack Sharkey. He's planning to be a prize fighter. Bert Hall and Harry Myers. They're like me, they want to be rangers."

Ranger: "Glad to meet you, boys. Hope you fellows that want to range will keep on thinking so. Well, what can I do for you?"

Bill: "We've just graduated from Whitman school, Mr. Wood, and as a sort of celebration we thought it would be fun to go for an over-night hike up to Maple Spring, on the side of Longfellow Mountain; remember where you took Dad and me last fall when Dad got his buck!"

Ranger: "I hardly know about that boys; sit down a bit while we talk this over. You see we're trying to confine camping to the places that have been cleaned up and a fire line put around them so if fire does spread from the fire-place it won't go far. Now, there are not many people go up to Maple Spring and that camp there has not been properly cleaned up this year."

Alfred: "Oh, please, Mr. Wood. We'll be careful. We've all been out before and never let a fire get away."

Ranger: "Yes, that's what they all say. To hear folks talk you'd think nobody ever let a fire get away; but somebody does."

Bert: "Couldn't you let us take along a shovel and a grubbing hoe and we'd clean the camp and put a fire line around it, Mr. Wood."

Ranger: "Now, that sounds like business. Do you all agree? And will you work under Bill's leadership?"

All the Boys: "You bet we will, Mr. Wood."

Ranger: "Well, now listen. The woods are very dry. Though there was a good snow last winter, the relative humidity—I'll tell you about that in a minute—has been very low for 10 days and everything is just like tinder. Ordinarily there is a good deal of moisture in the air. The proportion of moisture at any time in the air to all the air will hold is called the relative humidity. Once in a while this is decreased very greatly. Then the moisture in vegetation, leaves, twigs, grasses, simply flies out of them to fill the vacancy in the air and that means that everything is drier than usual and will burn that much easier. It is on such days that the bad fires always occur."

Harry: "But how do you know, Mr. Wood, when the relative humidity is low?"

Ranger: "There are a number of ways that are approximate. Wet your finger in your mouth and hold it up. The quicker it dries, the lower the relative humidity. Strike a match; if the relative humidity is low it will burn up quickly; if very high, it may almost go out even though there is no wind. The Spanish moss is one of the best approximate indicators as it absorbs and gives up moisture very quickly with the changing condition of the air. Shelter a piece of this moss from the wind and touch a lighted match to it. If it flames up quickly, the relative humidity is low. If it sputters and doesn't burn much, the relative humidity is high."

Bert: "Where can we find Spanish moss, Mr. Wood?"

Ranger: "It grows on most of the forest trees, particularly the firs, spruces, and hemlocks—at the higher altitudes. It sometimes serves to spread fire into the tops of the trees and causes crown fires. Fire fighters often use long torches to burn it out of the trees at night when the humidity is low and the trees won't catch fire."

Bill: "I remember, Mr. Wood, you said something last fall about that old burn up on the flank of Longfellow being a fire trap. What did you mean?"

Ranger: "Lightning fires seem to start more often in the old burns. A fire seldom makes a clean burn the first time over. Often it just kills the green timber, which stands for a few years and then begins to fall in a tangled mass—through which young trees begin to grow up. Such a deadening is the

bane of a ranger's existence. It will start to burn at a spark; makes a terribly hot fire and is very hard to manage."

Jack: "My brother Dick went out with some high school boys last summer to fight fire. He said it wasn't so hard and they got lots to eat and made about \$5 a day."

Ranger: "Sorry to say it, but some of the boys we get are the bunk. They couldn't make \$5 a day for we pay them only 35c an hour, and don't let them work over 10 hours, or 12 at the most. It's a real man's work fighting fire, my boy; and don't let anybody tell you otherwise."

Bert: "What do you do, Mr. Wood, besides look after fires?"

Ranger: "If I started in to tell you that, you would never make Longfellow mountain tonight; but just to give you an idea: Fire control is perhaps a ranger's principal job; but he really is a sub-manager of part of a big estate that belongs to Uncle Sam. His first duty is to protect all the resources of the estate, which include timber, grass, game, the watersheds, recreation—not only from fire but from trespass and wrong use. Then he must do his best to utilize the Forest resources to the best advantage; get the timber harvested before it decays, for instance. In order to protect and utilize the resources, there must be roads and trails and telephone lines; the construction and maintenance of which the ranger must look after. He also has quite a number of men to supervise and keep working to the best advantage. Doesn't that sound as if he had enough to keep him busy, son?"

Bert: "It sure does, but I think I'd like to try it when I get old enough."

Ranger: "Here is your camp-fire permit, Bill. I've made it out to Bill Bailey and am holding you responsible. You'll have to make the rest of the kids behave. Build your fire out in the open place west of the spring and don't make it very big. It isn't cold, and a little fire is better than a big one to cook over."

Bill: "Thank you, Mr. Wood. I expect we better be on our way. Come on fellows. Let's hit the trail."

Ranger: "Goodbye boys. I hope you have a good time. If you look sharp and don't make too much noise you may see an old mule doe with two spotted fawns near Shoofly creek. I saw her there last week. I'll call the lookouts and tell them you are up on Longfellow and to keep a close watch. You'll probably meet Patrolman Dick Brown on the trail this side of Lion creek."

Boys: "Goodbye, Mr. Wood. We'll be careful."
(Boys exit.)

Ranger: "Fine bunch of kids. Now, I must get back to that report."

(Curtain.)

Scene II

(The five boys around a camp fire. Supper is over and the boys are talking as boys will.)

Alfred: "Gee, fellows! That was some hike up here this afternoon."

Jack: "Ah, Gosh! That wasn't any hike. You should have seen the one Bill and I took last month 'way up past Mad lake. Eh, Bill?"

Bill: "Oh, I don't know, Jack, this is just as much of one I guess, and the views are lots finer."

Jack: "Well, maybe so. That was some fine timber we came through this afternoon. I wonder what kind of trees they were."

Bert: "My dad showed me some just like them last summer and said they were yellow pine. They look more red to me with that beautiful golden bark."

Alfred: "Say, it seems like a shame to have the loggers come in here and cut all those big fellows down. Why doesn't some one put a stop to it?"

Bert: "Well, you know, dad says trees are like any other crop and if you don't harvest them when they're ready, it's just like not picking your apples when they're ripe."

Harry: "That seems kind of funny, but I guess it's so all right. That's what Mr. Conover was telling us down at the Boy Scout meeting the other night."

Bill: "I wonder how old these trees are anyway. From what Uncle John says they must be at least two or three hundred years old. When I was a little kid I always thought that trees were something that lasted forever like a house or a rock."

Jack: "Guess you learned better than that last winter when your house and that old tree alongside of it burned up."

Alfred: "I suppose we better be mighty careful with this fire. The ranger back there at Dirtyface Station didn't want very much to give us kids a fire permit for up here."

Harry: "I wish I knew more about the trees and how to tell them apart, and what the different ones are good for and all that. Do you suppose we can get 'em to put in some sort of a forestry course up at high school next fall when we go in?"

Bill: "That would suit me fine, Harry. Do you suppose they'd do it?"

Harry: "Maybe. We'll try 'em."

Alfred: "I was reading a yarn the other night how every tree had a spirit living in it. As long as the tree lives the spirit stays young and beautiful, but if the tree is cut or burns the spirit dies unless it can find a young tree to slip into."

Jack: "Gee! There must be lots of spirits around here. I wonder if a fellow could get to see one."

Bert: "I suppose if they come out at all it will be at night. I'm not going to lie awake to see them, though."

Jack: "Speaking of sleeping, I'm going to hit the hay spirits or no spirits. Gosh! I wish I'd made up my bed before it got dark."

Bill (who did make up his bed before dark and has already got into it): "I told you so."

Jack: "Smarty! Come on fellows, let's roll him." (Follows a tussle. Then all begin to make their beds and get into them.)

Alfred: "Well, here goes nothing. Ouch! Darn that rock."

Jack: "Lots of roots here, old timer, but maybe I can twist in between them."

Bill (Sings): "The bear came over the mountain, the bear came over the mountain—"

Others (in chorus): "Shut up or we'll roll you again."

Bill: "Say, the last fellow to bed didn't put the fire out!"

Jack: "Oh, let it go, it can't get away."

Bill: "Well, if it does, I'll tell the ranger who left it."

(Gradually, with a good many rollings and tossings the boys all become quiet, except for a few intermittent snores or groans. The fire gets lower and lower. Into the scene, gradually emerge out of the darkness several nymphs who begin to dance in the dim light around the camp.)

Fir Nymph:

"I am the nymph of the fir tree,
So beautiful, tall and straight,
It's top towards the heavens goes climbing,
Seeking a star for a mate."

Pine Nymph:

"My home is in the yellow pine,
A tree whose wood is soft and fine.
The gentle song it sings at night
Pays me in full for loss of light."

Maple Nymph:

"The red vine maple mothers me;
It does not grow up tall you see,
But spraddles out upon the ground
And that's why I am large around."

Hemlock Nymph:

"The hemlock tree's my narrow home;
It's tiny leaves are soft as foam.
For those who wish to make a bed,
A downy place to rest their head."

All Chant Together:

"We love the dew and wind and rain,
The weight of snow upon our arms;
We love, when spring time comes again,
To greet the birds' and flowers' charms.

For though by day we must abide
Within our mother tree, so fair,
Yet we can hold communion sweet
With all the creatures of the air.

But when men come with axe and saw
Our breath stands still with fear and pain;
For though we know 'tis Nature's law,
There's chance we may not live again,
Unless the men have learned to care
And take right steps to grow more trees,
When we, though wounded, will repair
To younger ones and take our ease.
But when the Outlaw Fire escapes
Whole forests writhe before his sweep,
And trees and nymphs all then must die,
And men and beasts and birds all weep."

Fir Nymph (in distress): "Oh, Sisters! What do I see? The fire from the boys' camp is creeping away. Oh, what shall we do?"

Pine Nymph: "It is death. Sisters, Farewell."

Maple Nymph: "If we were only not bound on penalty of death not to show ourselves to men, we could waken the boys and they might stop it."

Hemlock Nymph: "Better that one should die than all. Hide you, Sisters, while I try what may be done." (*She approaches Bill's bed and softly touches his hands and face.*)

Bill (is slowly awakened, then suddenly sees the light of the fire and thinks he catches a glimpse of a flying girlish figure, but yells): "Hey! Kids! Fire! Roll out! The camp fire's got away. Come on! Swat 'er! Get some water, Jack. (*Follows a busy few minutes during which the boys get the fire out.*) Lucky I woke up. She'd have sure been a goner in another minute or two. Then the ranger would have had one on us. I guess you fellows will make sure the fire's out next time."

Alfred: "Yes, you bet we will, Bill. I had no idea fire would hold so long and creep out in that way."

Jack: "Yes, you've got it on us this time, Bill, but how came you to wake up?"

Bill: "Seemed as though a bat or bird brushed my face, and I sort of heard music. Well, say! If the fire's all out, let's roll in until morning. (*As Bill pulls his blanket over him he says to himself*): "First time I get a chance I'm going to ask Ranger Wood if he ever saw any of these tree nymphs."

Hemlock Nymph (who has been hiding tremulously behind her tree): "Dear Bill! If you saw me, you did not give me away. I shall not die."