SO THAT'S THE HEASON!

Hello Boys and Girle:

This is your day -

So up and away!

Today we pick up the trail. It seems but a short time since I hade you good-bye for the summer, but in that seemingly short time the birds have nested, reared their young, and most of them are on their journey to their winter homes. The trees in my nursery have broadened out and taken on a height of 5 to 12 inches. The seeds sown by farmers at the time our trail ended, have now yielded their abundence and is now stored in bin, barn, silo and sellar. The flowering plants have grown, blossomed and scattered their seeds. Johnny Chuck is getting rolly-polly fat; "chippy" the chipmunk has been busy for weeks storing his burrow with accome and muts and seeds; leaves are decorating the trees with gala colors in farewell to another growing season; the woolly bear caterpillars are sourrying across the roads; the very atmosphere is taking on the bluich hue of fall. Yes sir, all the Many and many things that come and go in a growing season have happened since we awits the trail last spring. Probably many things have happened to you. I hope there are no absent faces among our Trailhitters, and that each one of you is as brown as a berry from the summer's sun; as tough as rashide from your rembles in the outdoors; mind clear as a bell on a frost might; and as happy as a bear feeding on makleberries.

The first one is so that you may know the importance of natural resources in our lives and how they may be conserved for us and for future generations to enjoy. You see each one of you will be a man or a woman some not far distant day; just over the hill. Then you will have charge of affairs; you will be the guardians of those things that make life worthwhile. You go to school that you may be pre-

pared for that day. When this country was new and the soil was fertile because it was virgin, when trees were abundant, when wild life was plentiful, people thought very little about conserving these things. And why should they when those things were so pleatiful? But now prestically all the land that is good for agriculture is being used for that purpose; much of it has become impoverished by over production; such of it has gone to the sea by erosion; only 29% of the original stand of timber remains; streams are polluted by industrial plants; fish life is not as abundant; wild flowers have disappeared to the point that they are protected by law. In other words, we are walled-in: more people using resources that are somewhat less abundant than formerly. We must learn how to use these resources more visely. That's one reason. The other reason found is in that getting out and studying gature's creatures and the plans fo nature will do for us. Studying the plans and purposes of nature, learning the ways of nature's wild folk, teaches us to be keen of eye, and sympathy of heart; teaches such that we would know about ourselves and our own lives, for we, too, are mature's creatures. Rambling thru the woods, along the roadside, skirting the pond, discovering the wonders that lie at our feet that's the second reason for hitting the trail with Ranger Mao. Bere they are those wonders and secrets; just like today - right here. What are you going to do with today? If you can make today and every day a day of intense interest you have won the battle. Here is a world of boundless interests that thousands of boys stepped and girls have never peopled into. Ranger Mac hopes he can open the door into that world.

I know a man who walks over a mile to his work just to observe what he can see along the sides of cement sidewalks. Here is his story for a cold winter morning. It is zero weather and I heard the high clear call "Poewce! pee wee!" o wrhead. There he was a black capped chickedee working along the branches singing his "Poewce" call. His slender feet and ankles are bare - mine are none too warm in rubber and leather and wool. True his feet are largely bone and skin, but they contain blood and nerve and can freeze for all that. How do these birds

survive the cold nights? The heat of their bodies can come only from food as mine does, and their food is where they can find it weed seeds, insect aggs, and the hapless grain and enterpillers which they may uncover from the crannies in the bank - cold stuff, all of it! That's the man's story of what he observed and thought about while on his way to work. That's genuine fun.

Another reason Eanger Mac is giving these broadcasts is to help you become a good listener. Ranger Mac is sure to say many things that are not worth remembering. On the other hand, he will say somethings in each broadcast that will be worth remembering. Train yourself to acquire the ability to pick out the best. the wheat from the chaff; the things worth storing away in your memory. Pencil and paper at hand ready to make notes will help you do this. Maybe after the broadcast you will have a time for discussion when you will learn what your companion Trailhitters thought most worthwhile. Perhaps you would like to express the story of the broadcast in writing a composition in English when you can carefully study the best way to empress what you heard. Maybe you will want to go to the school library to make a little investigation about what some other writers any on the same subject. Maybe you would like to collect material from various sources and enter it in a Scrapbock. Maybe you would like to have a place in your schoolroom where you and your classmaters can bring specimens to school to study. Maybe you would like to have a balletiz mard when pictures and articles con be tanked up for all to read and look at before being entered in the Serepbook. All these ways will help you find a desper interest and help you become a well informed Trailhitter.

How, let us see what is shead on the trail. Hert week we learn what the automobile is doing to many of our birds and animals. We bipeds have learned to stop, look and listen before crossing the street or road, but what about birds and animals?

Lest summer while scated about an evening camp fire, an old man told me the story of the Penhtigo fire. We were in the territory that the fire had event over and his stories of people jumping into unter to escape the heat and then actually boiling to death, sent shudders up my back. I am going to tell you about

fire that swept thru a virgin forest in 1871.

The mirecles of antum, the coloring of the leaves and the migration of birds to their winter homes, will be the subjects of two broadcasts. We never tire of these subjects, and it would be negligenee to allow the senson to pass by without dwelling on the beauty and the mystery of those fall events. Then after the leaves fall and expose the homes of birds better to our view to collect and study these interesting constructions. That will be the subject of a broadcast — the homes that the birds leave behind when they depart for the southland.

Most every boy I know likes to plant trees. So do the girls. In a broadcast Hanger Mac is going to tell about School Foreste, the place where school children plant trees. The soil is the mother of life. To blues the soil is constitute national suicide. One trip will take us to the farms of our state and of other states in all parts of our nation to find out how we have treated our soil the most volumble of all natural resources.

We hear a great deal these days about poison gas. Man learned how to make gas attacks from the skunk. Animals have all kinds of weapons and used all kinds of tricks to protect themselves and to kill their enemies. One trip afield will tell about these devices and methods.

Funny how so small a thing as an insect can cause so much trouble. But in the sotton fields of Dixis, a little insect has perplexed the mind of man and cause untold damage to the cotton crop. So down into the land of Dixis we go for one trip to take a look at the boll wavell. Then in another trip we are going right out into our own fields and take a look at some of the good and bad insects that we can find there.

The greatest river system in the world is the Mississippi river system. Think of the rivers that run into it - The Yellowstone, the Milk, the White, the Cheyenne: the Cannonball, the Musselshell, the James and the Sioux; the Judith, the Grand, the Casge and the Platte: the Skunk, the Salt, the Mack, and Minnesote: the Rock, the Illinois, and the Enkakee; the Wisconsin, the Chippene, the Beef and the St. Croix; the Missi, the Wabash, the Licking and the Green; the Dumberland,

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the Kentucky, the Chic, and the Tennessee. From as far West as Idaho and as far east as the Allaghenies, the Mississippi carrying the waters of all these rivers runs to the Gulf. What a trip we should have studying this great river system!

How Andy Marr, a weather beaten Laplander, tough as a keg of nails, let a herd over reindeer over mountain ranges, thru smakeg swamps and across rivers will be our Christmas story.

If your teacher, or any of my listeners, do not have the list of these broadcasts, and a description of what to expect in each one, send a postal to MA requesting the bulletin. And should you desire the manual to mid in the classroom study of these imaginary trips, send ten cents to MBA and it will be sent.

Well, there is another reason mby Ranger Mac is giving these brodomets, because he likes to get out with you, to hit the trail over hill and dale. So

Trailhittere, jes' listeni Don' ory an dret; Dere's a whol' trail ahead Dat sin't been trod yet!

Hought find a sunrise Mek yo' heart shout -Lock jes' like heaven Turned inside out.

Mought go a-walkin'
Long o' the roadFind a gold maget
Mg as a toad.

Mought turn a corner Mos' any place -Mes' friend a-cailin' Right in yo' face'.

Trailhitter, jes' lissen!
Don' yo' fret;
Dere's a hol' trail ahead
Dat ain't besn trod yet!

And now as we leave the trail for this week, may I say to you the old farewell that the Indians used at partings

> May the Great Spirit Put Sunshine in your Heart Today and foreversore Heap Nuch!