

THE KIND DEEDS MESSENGER

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for the Public Schools

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"Kindness to animals is not mere sentiment, but a requisite of even a very ordinary education. Nothing in arithmetic, or grammar, or any branch of study is so important for a child to learn as humaneness."—*The American Journal of Education.*

VACATION IN THE WOODS

By IDA KENNISTON

One year, in October, the schools of Hillcrest were given a special vacation. Three weeks! Rodney did not know just why—something about there being many cases of "flu" in the next town.

Then one day Rodney had a great surprise. His father said to him, just as if he were talking to a grown-up person, "Rod, how'd you like to go to camp with me next week?"

Rodney had never dreamed of such a wonderful thing! To go on a hunting trip with his Daddy! To sleep out-of-doors in a real tent, and go fishing, and shoot bears and deer and tigers—no, there wouldn't be tigers, of course.

"O, Daddy!" he squealed and rushed to give his father a big hug. "Really, truly?"

"Really, truly," said the father.

Mother and little sister had gone to visit Grandma for a few days and Rod and his father were "keeping house" together. Mother and father had talked over the plan one night after Rod had gone to bed. When Mr. Sherman had first spoken of his wish to take sonny to camp with him, Roddy's mother had said quickly, "O, no, Jack! He's too little!"

"He's seven and a half," said Rod's father, "and we'll take good care of him. You know Uncle Eb is going with us this year as camp cook. When we go on a long hike Rod will stick around camp with Uncle Eb. He will have a good time and enjoy every minute. I don't want the boy to grow up a mollycoddle."

And at last Roddy's mother consented.

Every fall, as soon as the hunting season opened, Rod's father and two of his men friends went to "camp," with fishing tackle and rifles and shotguns and all sorts of camping outfit. Sometimes a deer or two had been trophies of the hunt and wild duck and other "game birds" had fallen before the guns of the hunters.

Rodney's father bought for him a jointed fishing pole and hooks and "flies," and oh, a shining, gleaming, little rifle—one that any seven-year-old boy would be proud to own. "Remember, Rod," said his father sternly, "you must *never* point this at anyone. If you do—even just once—I shall take it away from you. But when we get to camp you will have

lots of fun shooting at the target and you'll learn to hit the bull's-eye, too!" Rodney knew the "bull's-eye" meant the round black spot in the center of the target.

Next morning Rodney hurried over to show his new rifle to Auntie Lou. She was not really his aunt but when she had first come to live in the big house on the hill he had found it so hard to say "Miss Chisleholme" that she had laughed and told him to call her Aunt Louise and by and by that changed to Auntie Lou.

Auntie Lou was glad Roddy was going to camp. At least she said so, but somehow she didn't *look* glad. She did not seem to care at all for his dear rifle. She gave him two cookies and then left him alone for a few minutes. When she came back she was smiling. "Rod, I have a present for you. See if you like it."

She gave him a package tied up in white paper, with red ribbon, almost like a Christmas package. Rod couldn't guess what it could be. When he had opened the package he found it was—a camera! "O, Auntie Lou! Is it really for me?"

It was, of course, and Aunt Lou told him all about it and showed him how to "load" it with a roll of film. They went out of doors and took some pictures.



Rod took a picture of Auntie Lou, and the cat, and the chickens, and a rose bush, and the grocer's cart. The grocer's horse turned around and looked at him with one ear cocked forward, just as Roddy snapped the shutter. "O, I do hope *that* will be good," said Roddy.

Miss Chisleholme owned two or three cameras and had albums of photographs she had taken when traveling in many strange places. Many a rainy afternoon Rodney had spent looking happily at the pictures, while she told him stories about the people and the places.

"Now I hope you will bring me back some fine snapshots of the camp and the woods and the lake and if you are very quiet and careful, perhaps you can get a picture of some birds or squirrels," said Aunt Louise.

Early the next morning Rod and his father started, Rod manfully carrying a small duffle-bag of his own and his rifle. His father had at first packed the small rifle with his own things, but Rod had begged so hard to be allowed to carry it that his father said, "All right, son."

They were to meet Mr. Sherman's friends, Mr. Thorn and Mr. Brownspike, at the railway station and were to get their breakfast there at the restaurant in the station. Just as they came in sight of the station Rod's father exclaimed, "Jee-rusalem! Rod! Did we put Peggy out?"

Peggy was the cat. Mrs. Holman, who lived next door, had promised to look out for Peggy and to feed her every day and a special chair had been set for her on the secluded back porch. But where was Peggy? Had she been locked in the house? They were to be away for two whole weeks. Mr. Sherman looked at his watch. "We've just time to make it, with good luck." He hailed a taxi, piled in bag and baggage, spoke to the chauffeur and then he and Rodney scrambled in. The taxi raced along as fast as the traffic laws permitted, back to the house they had left half an hour before.

Mr. Sherman let himself into the house—sure enough, there was Peggy! She was curled up lazily in a cushioned chair by the window. In about ten seconds an astonished and somewhat indignant pussy found herself deposited on the piazza—the door was once more locked and the taxi was hurrying the two campers back to the railway station.

"It means no breakfast for us, Rod!" We *must* take this train. I'll get you a bottle of milk and some crackers and we'll have to make that do. We couldn't leave Peggy to starve all alone in the house for two long weeks."

"No, of course not," answered Rodney stoutly—but it did make him feel queer to think of starting off without any breakfast.

It seemed a long way on the train. Every once in awhile Roddy would say, "Are we almost there?" They got off the train at last at a small station. They had dinner in a house nearby. Then a ride in a motor car. When the car stopped they were at the bank of a river.

Two canoes were waiting for them! Rod, his father and Uncle Eb got in one and Daddy's friends in the other. It was the first time Roddy had ever been in a canoe. He liked it very much.

A long, slow paddle upstream, with the woods on each side of the river. Then camp!

How Roddy slept that night! He was tired with the long journey and the excitement and the new scenes, but on the camp cot, spugged up beside his father, he passed a long, dreamless night.

Well! If any boy—of seven years or seventeen or seventy—doesn't like a real camp vacation in the woods—well! Certainly all the jolly party, with good old Uncle Eb, too, had a wonderful time. What if there were mosquitoes and gnats and sometimes a rainy day. It was a glorious vacation.

There were so many things for Rod to do. Sometimes he went fishing with Uncle Eb in a boat on the lake. He practiced shooting at the target with the red and white circles and the black circle in the center. Rodney remem-

bered what his father had told him and *never* pointed his rifle at anyone. Sometimes he aimed it at a bird perched on a high branch of a nearby tree or at a squirrel, but he never pulled the trigger then. He did not want to see the happy bird shot down and come tumbling to earth with bleeding breast or broken wing. "What good is a dead little bird?" thought the small boy. "They want to fly and sing and have a good time. I'm not going to spoil their fun!"

He made friends with some shy little chipmunks and fed them crumbs of cornbread. He took some pictures, too, with his new camera.

The men, except Uncle Eb, went off in the mornings and often were gone all day. They came home bringing duck and geese and other birds they had shot. Once they brought back to camp a deer that Mr. Thorn had shot.

Rodney felt sorry for the deer. He said nothing about it. But he wondered why his father was kind to dogs and horses at home—why he grew angry if he saw a man beat his horse or a boy throw stones at the pigeons. His father had gone back to the house, almost losing the train, because he did not want Peggy cat to be hungry! And yet here in the woods he went out every day and tried to kill something!

Older people than Rodney have sometimes wondered about such things!

That evening, after supper, the men were sitting about the campfire. Rod was snuggled up to his father's side. He was still thinking about the dead deer. Did it hurt *very* much when the bullet went crashing into him and he stumbled and fell? The big, handsome deer would never run through the forest ways again.

"What's the matter, Rod?" asked his father after a time, glancing at him. "Homesick?"

"N-no," said Rod briefly.

"Feel all right, son?" asked his father, for Rod seemed to wear a very sober face.

The boy looked up at him. "I think it's *mean*," he suddenly burst out, "to go and kill the animals and the birds when they can't help themselves! They don't do anything to hurt us! What makes you *want* to kill them, Daddy?"

His father looked at him rather oddly, but made no reply.

"S'pose it had been a mother deer you had killed, Daddy—wouldn't the baby deer be pretty lonesome now, wondering why she didn't come?"

"We don't shoot female deer, Rod," said his father rather gruffly. "It's against the law. We wouldn't shoot a mother deer with her fawn, anyway. And this isn't the season for baby deer—they are all grown up little deer now."

"Well," said Rod, decidedly—"I don't *like* to see killed things. They've got just as much right to live and have a good time as—as we have."

He felt that it wasn't exactly right to speak in that tone to his father—but somehow he just couldn't help it.

The other men looked at each other and raised their eyebrows, or grinned, but no one said anything.

Next day was sunny and clear, with the fresh sweet smell of early fall. Rod's father did not go with the others that day when they started off with their guns.

One of Dad's friends was named Thaddeus Brownspike. The other men called him "Thad" for short and Rod called him "Mr. Thad." Mr. Thad had a camera, a larger one than Rod's, and he was very fond of taking pictures. One day he said to Rodney, "Take it easy today, Roddy-boy, and get a big, long nap this afternoon if you can. You and I and Dad are going out in the canoe to take some night pictures, very late in the evening."

"Why, how can you take pictures in the night, Mr. Thad?"

"By flashlight," answered Mr. Thad. "I saw a place up the river a while ago where I am pretty sure the deer come to drink. They are very curious when they see a light at night and they will sometimes stand quite still and let us come very near—and then—flash—we have a wonderful picture."

"And—you won't shoot the deer?" asked the boy, a little doubtfully.

"No, sir!" replied Mr. Thad promptly and cheerfully. "Only a snapshot with the camera! You take along yours and we'll both get a picture."

Years and years afterward Rod could remember clearly that silent, lovely night trip in the canoe with his father and Mr. Thad. The stars were very bright directly overhead. The canoe slipped through the water with hardly a sound. They came at last to the place where Mr. Thad expected the deer to come to drink. It was very exciting. They had to keep very quiet with their cameras all ready. At the bow of the canoe was a small lighted jack-lantern to attract the attention of the deer. Rod's father was to set off the flashlight at the right time.

After a long wait the deer came! The flashlight blazed. The two cameras clicked! The deer seemed a little startled, but made no move to run away. Mr. Thad quickly made his camera ready for a second shot, held it steadily, and whispered to Rod to press the bulb and take the picture himself when the next flash came. Oh!

On the way back to camp Rodney heard Mr. Thad and his father talking softly. Mr. Thad said, "Jack, I love the woods. I love to camp in the open, to sleep under the stars. But sometimes I think I will never shoot another wild animal or bird."

Mr. Sherman replied, "The game laws of the country have done much to help the wild game, Thad. People are no longer permitted to go out and shoot great numbers of birds and animals. The migratory birds are protected at proper seasons of the year. The law forbids the use of many ways of killing game that were once permitted, ways that to the true sportsmen seem unfair and cruel."

"That is true," said Mr. Thad, "and I for one am glad of every humane law that is passed for the protection of animal life. I heard a man speak before a men's club last winter and he quoted one sentence I have always remembered. I believe it is one of the 'planks' in the platform of the Campfire Club of America. He said, 'The best hunter is the man who finds the most game, kills the least, and leaves behind him no wounded animal.'"

Next day the party started for home. It was good to get home and see mamma and baby sister and Peggy cat again.

Mr. Thad developed and printed the films from Rodney's camera. He had many good pictures. The one of the grocer's horse looking around at them with one ear cocked was good. So was the one of the chipmunks eating corn-bread crumbs. Aunt Louise was much pleased with them.

The night pictures of the deer in the forest were ALL good. The one that Rod had snapped with Mr. Thad's camera might have won a prize at any photographer's exhibit. Rod's father had it enlarged and suitably framed. It was hung in the living-room at home.

Rodney often felt a thrill of pleasure, even a long while after, when he looked at that photograph of the beautiful deer in the dark forest. "That's the way to shoot a deer!" he thought. "It never hurt him a bit." And Rodney always hoped his deer was never killed or wounded by any hunter.

FAMILIES OF ANIMALS

E. K. WHITEHEAD

Hunters seldom think of the pain of their victims or of the happy families among the wild creatures which their guns bring bitter sorrow to.

Yet we know how birds and many other creatures mourn for their dead mates, how the little ones starve and die when their fathers and mothers are killed and how animal parents grieve over their dead children.

It is all very much like our families—just how much we do not know. We know the dog mother loves her puppies, which are her babies, like a human mother; that she will freeze, burn, starve, thirst, fight and die for them with a fondness, courage, sacrifice and devotion not all human mothers are capable of.

We know the wild creatures love and nurse their children in the same way. We know how the timid little birds fight to protect their young. But all the suffering and sorrow hunting causes, besides that of the creatures wounded or killed outright, we can only guess at. As time goes on and we grow wiser and kinder there will be less and less hunting done.

Our Poem for 1929-1930

BE KIND

CURTIS WAGER-SMITH

Be kind—not just this week, but the whole year,
To all that need your kindness, far and near,
'Tis not alone for dogs and cats we plead;
'Tis hunted wild things, trapped, their sufferings heed;
The starving beasts, the birds; our "little brothers" all;
Remember, God notes even the sparrow's fall.

For more than these; the children; lame and blind;
The old, the poor, the lonely. You will find
That every kindly deed that you can do,
Returns tenfold in happiness to you.
So shall you blessings reap, and aid the plan
To spread throughout the world,—the Brotherhood of Man.

RADIO KIND DEEDS CLUB

Radio station KQW of San Jose has through the courtesy of *The Chief Radio Scout*, in charge of the children's hour, given us the opportunity of forming Kind Deeds Clubs over the air.

Our secretary, Mrs. Dolores Wilkens Kent, under the name of Cousin Doris, speaks every Monday afternoon between the hours of 5 and 5:30.

A short explanation of the aim and purpose of the Kind Deeds Clubs and invitation to the *Radio Scout* members to join, is followed by a humane story of some interesting animal and event with a bit of natural history.

The children are responding very nicely and we hope to report good work and membership as well as new features that will develop later.

If MESSENGER readers will listen in we know Cousin Doris will be very happy to greet them.

Station KQW is on 298 meters.

1929 ESSAY CONTEST AND PRIZE WINNERS

(We went to press with our last issue before the prize winners could be announced. Miss Genevieve M. McKeever of the Alameda County Board of Education has each year since we added the essay department to our school work, given liberally of her time in the judging of the hundreds of essays which have been sent in and we feel most grateful to Miss McKeever for the time and serious thought she has given in the complex task of awarding the prizes.

Many of the essays other than those drawing prizes are excellent and will find a place in the MESSENGER as space permits. We feel that at no time since our work began has such an understanding been demonstrated as in the last contest and it has been a delightful experience to note the change since our first contest, when the cruelty set forth as having been witnessed by contestants was a sad though eloquent commentary on the crying need of humane education. We are moving in the right direction toward a better world for animals and when this is a better world for animals, the harvest will be far richer for the human family than we have any idea of today. So let us make the little world in which we move a happy and beautiful one for all, for father, mother, brothers, sisters, and those who must take what we have it in our hearts to give them,—the helpless animals—for in our conduct toward those who are powerless to resist us we show exactly the kind of people we really are,—whether chivalrous and generous or cowardly and mean.—*Editor's Note.*)

GROUP I—GRADES 4 AND 5

First Prize—Thelma Beverly Andersen, Muir School, Hayward, Calif.

Second Prize—Billy Principe, Markham School, Hayward, Calif.

Second Prize—Donald Carper, Palomares School, Hayward, Calif.

Third Prize—John Chaney, Markham School, Hayward, Calif.

Third Prize—Blanche Elizabeth Alves, Muir School, Hayward, Calif.

Third Prize—Albert Charvo, Pleasanton Grammar School, Pleasanton, Calif.

Fourth Prize—Vernon Silver, Markham School, Hayward, Calif.

Fourth Prize—Alice Joseph, Pleasanton Grammar School, Pleasanton, Calif.

Fourth Prize—Juanita Ashe, Pleasanton Grammar School, Pleasanton, Calif.

Fourth Prize—Jim Savola, Alvarado School, Alvarado, Calif.

Fourth Prize—Esther Bork, Hammond School, Chicago, Ill.

Fifth Prize—Madeline Dutra, Alvarado School, Alvarado, Calif.

Fifth Prize—Robert Vesby, Luther Burbank School, Hayward, Calif.

Fifth Prize—Rita Machabee, Markham School, Hayward, Calif.

GROUP II—GRADES 6, 7 AND 8

First Prize—Clara Kaufman, Markham School, Hayward, Calif.

Second Prize—Belvia Montgomery, Castro Valley School, Hayward, Calif.

Third Prize—Hazel Wilson, Tennyson School, Alameda County, Calif.

Fourth Prize—Clarabelle Horton, Marin School, Albany, Calif.

Fifth Prize—Doloh Janes, Roosevelt School, Medford, Ore.

Fifth Prize—Gertrude Thompson, Tennyson School, Alameda County, Calif.

Sixth Prize—Antoinette Perry, Palomares School, Hayward, Calif.

Sixth Prize—Clarence Dahl, Pleasanton Grammar School, Pleasanton, Calif.

GROUP III—HIGH SCHOOLS

First Prize—Dorthea Muriel Walter, Toledo High School, Toledo, Ore.

Second Prize—Mary Ellen Thayer, Toledo High School, Toledo, Ore.

Third Prize—Dorothy Florence Wuensch, Hayward Union High School, Hayward, Calif.

Fourth Prize—Lynn Moone, Toledo High School, Toledo, Ore.



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