

# THE KIND DEEDS MESSENGER

The Latham Foundation Story Service  
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"If wrong our hearts, our heads are right in vain."—Young



## PRONTO, THE BABY MONKEY

By IDA KENNISTON

(The main facts in this story are true)

"Hooo-ooo! Come on out, Bobbie. We want to play prisoner's base." It was Saturday morning and there was no school.

Bobbie came to the open window. "Can't," he said, briefly. "I'm giving Pronto his bath."

Pronto was the baby monkey Bobbie had saved from a big dog. The tiny monkey had jumped from a slow-moving train just as Bobbie had been crossing the tracks. There had been a wild chase of dog and monkey and boy, across fields and through the woods. The chase had ended with the frightened monkey, trembling but safe, in Bobbie's arms.

Because the monkey was so spry and quick Bobbie named him "Pronto."

The boys, Tommy West, Dickie Brown and Manuel Severo, gathered at the window, looking in. On the table, in the warm sunshine, was a bowl of soapy water, and in the middle of the bowl sat Pronto, his tiny hands grasping the edge. His bright eyes peered out at the newcomers. Bobbie, his sleeves rolled up, a red-checked towel tied around him to protect his clothes, had been giving Pronto a bath. He had a cake of white soap, a rubber sponge, a soft brush, and an old, soft towel.

The young monkey seemed to think the bath was great fun. He loved the warm water. The sunbeams danced and made rainbow sparkles in the soapy water.

His master's gentle rubbing and brushing felt good to the little monkey.

"He likes it," said Bobbie. "He wants to stay in a long time. Dr. Shirley says it is good for him to have the water real warm while he is so little, and to dry him very carefully so he won't get cold."

Pronto had a small red celluloid duck to play with in the water. As Bobbie splashed, the duck would bob around in a funny way, and the monkey would chatter and try to grab the duck.

The boys at the window forgot all about their game of ball. It was fun to watch Pronto. When Pronto grabbed the red duck in his arms and hugged it to his breast, the boys all laughed, but softly, so as not to frighten Pronto.

When the bath was over and Pronto, well dried and brushed, was snuggled up in his master's arms, Bobbie hesitated. Would the boys make fun of him, he wondered? But he said gravely, "I'm going to give him his bottle now." In a few moments more Pronto, wrapped in flannel, was snugly tucked into an old market basket, on a pillow. He was given a bottle of warm milk with a rubber nipple and he lay happily sucking at it like a baby.

Did the boys laugh at Bobbie's careful tucking in of his small charge? Goodness, no! They all wore broad grins at the sight of the monkey and his bottle, but they weren't laughing at Bobbie! Everyone of the

boys wished *he* had a real, live baby monkey like Pronto. They left the little chap to enjoy his warm milk and then to have a good nap.

As the boys started off for their game of ball, Manuel asked, "Bobbie, will you bring Pronto to school next Pet Day?"

"I'd like to," said Bobbie. "I'll ask Miss Flynn if I may."

All the boys were in Class F at school. Once a month the class had Pet Day, when some of the children were permitted to bring their pets for the afternoon session. The children who wished to bring a pet told the teacher and she talked it over with them and decided which ones might be brought. You see, it wouldn't be a *very* good plan if the classroom had perhaps four or five dogs and half a dozen cats for visitors the same afternoon.

Some of the children had odd pets. One boy brought two very small turtles. Millie May brought her white rooster one day and he behaved *very* well. He was a handsome fellow, with his snowy white weathers, his bright red comb and wattles, and his beautiful tail. He seemed to be proud of his good looks and strutted about with a lordly air.

The day Pronto was brought to the school the other pets were—a gray parrot with a red breast, a dignified yellow cat with beautiful eyes, and a very small black kitten.

Each child who brought a pet was to tell the class something about it—how it was cared for, what it ate, and anything interesting about their own pet, or what they had learned about other animals of the same kind. Some of the pets had been taught one or two simple tricks and seemed perfectly willing to "show off" for the pleasure of the class. The children went on the platform to tell about their pets.

Well! You'd never guess what happened the day Pronto came to school! Bobbie had just finished telling the class about Pronto and some odd things he had learned about monkeys. He had been reading about monkeys in some books and magazines that the children's librarian at the public library had found for him. Bobbie had just taken his seat again, with Pronto on the desk in front of him. It was only a few minutes before closing time.

Suddenly a hand organ was heard grinding out the wonderful marching song of the French people, "La Marseillaise." The children all looked up eagerly. Perhaps the hand organ man had a monkey! Sure enough he had!

Mr. Gordon, the master of the school, had been a visitor to the room while the children were showing their pets. He had always been interested in animals and seemed to make friends at once with any dog or

cat or horse. When he heard the music of the organ he stepped quickly to the window and looked out.

The hand organ man was just across the street from the school-yard. He was grinding out the music. On top of the organ was perched a monkey in a gay red coat with gold braid, dark blue trousers and a red cap. No sidewalk crowd had as yet gathered.

Mr. Gordon opened the window and motioned to the man to come into the school-yard. Then he gave a coin to Manuel Severo, whose seat was nearest the window. "Go down, please, Manuel, and give the man the money. Ask him to please *not* to play until school is dismissed—in ten minutes. Then he may give us some music in the school-yard."

Manuel hurried out and raced down the one flight of stairs, delighted with the errand.

"The man *has* a monkey," said Mr. Gordon to the class.

Such a thing had never happened before! Perhaps few school-masters would have thought of such a thing as making a hand organ man welcome in a school-yard.

Mr. Gordon left the room and Miss Flynn did the best she could to keep the excited children quiet and in order until the dismissal gong was heard.

The different classes marched, as usual, down the stairs, through the hall, and out into the yard. Then suddenly the orderly files of boys and girls became a shouting, laughing, noisy crowd. It was a wonder the hand organ man's monkey wasn't frightened at such a noisy crowd. But as "La Marseillaise" once more began its glorious music—glorious even from a not very new hand organ, and the monkey in the red cap and coat began to dance and caper, the children stood quietly.

At Miss Flynn's suggestion Bobbie had waited with her at the window for a few minutes. Pronto safely tucked under his arm where he could not see the other monkey. Then they went out into the yard. Bobbie and Miss Flynn wondered very much how Pronto and the Italian man's monkey would behave when they saw each other.

Bobbie, with Pronto, edged his way up to the front. The Italian's face wore a wide smile as he saw little Pronto.

Bobbie's mother had made for Pronto, instead of a leather collar, a well-fitting, comfortable little strap of canvas to go about his shoulders and under his arms, with a loop at the back to which Bobbie could fasten a light cord or leash, when he wanted to take Pronto away from home, and did not want the little fellow to run away and get lost. Bobbie now put the monkey on the ground and held one end of the leash in his hand.

Pronto looked at the other monkey. He looked up

at Bobbie. He began to go timidly toward the other monkey in the gay clothes. Pronto, of course, had never worn any coat or trousers. Bobbie had never thought of such a thing. He wondered now, if his mother would make Pronto a little suit just to wear sometimes for fun.

The hand organ man's monkey was named Tony. Tony dropped down on all-fours when he saw Pronto. Tony *was* surprised. It had been a long time since he had seen another monkey. The two monkeys did not look very much alike. Bobbie's monkey (as Mr. Gordon had told Bobbie) was one of the kind called Capuchin, and the father and mother of Pronto must have been brought from South America. The Italian man's monkey was older than Pronto and had come from Africa.

The two monkeys looked at each other and slowly began to approach each other. Now it happened that when Bobbie was getting Pronto ready for school he had sprinkled the little chap with a generous dose of cologne. Some monkeys are very fond of such sweet fragrance. When Tony got a real whiff of the cologne he stood up, opened his arms and *hugged* Pronto, jabbering excitedly in monkey language.

The Italian smiled and bowed and cheerily went on grinding the crank of the organ.

But just then something happened! A small, lively, black and white fox terrier had come into the yard. He looked with keen interest at the two monkeys. Here was something worthwhile! It might be more fun than chasing a cat!

Bobbie hastily grabbed Pronto and backed away. The dog hesitated and looked around at the group of children and teachers. Then, apparently, he decided that he would go a bit carefully, but that he *would* go for that monkey in the gay clothes. Tony, the monkey, stood his ground bravely. He looked up at his master. The man handed him a little stick and spoke to him in soft Italian words. The monkey stood erect and carefully watched the fox terrier.

Everyone stood still, wondering what would happen.

The dog advanced more slowly. He was not quite so sure, after all, that he could chew up that strange creature, or chase him up a tree.

When the little dog was just near enough the monkey *threw the stick at him*. He had a good aim and the little stick hit the dog right in the face!

Well! You never saw a more astonished creature than that small dog. He gave a feeble yip, tucked his tail between his legs, and fled for home.

Everyone laughed and some of the boys clapped their hands for Tony.

There were plenty of coins for him, too, from

every one of the teachers, and from many of the older pupils who were lucky enough to have some pennies or nickels in their pockets. It was interesting to see Tony gather the coins. He accepted the pennies, stuffing them into his tiny pockets. But he knew that a nickel was a better gift. Whenever a nickel was handed to him, or tossed on the ground, he touched his cap and bowed. When a dime, and once a silver quarter came to him, he went at once to the person who gave it and kissed the hand that had been so kind.

Mr. Gordon laughed when he noticed that the monkey always showed more gratitude for the dime and the silver coin. He told the children that the monkey ought to stand high in the arithmetic class.

The visit of Tony to the school-yard was surely a jolly ending to the Pet Day of Class F.

Mr. Gordon had talked with the Italian and had asked him where he lived. A few days later the master went to see him at his home. He lived a long way from the school, over on the other side of the town. Mr. Gordon wanted to satisfy himself that the man was not unkind to Tony. He wanted to know that the little animal was properly fed and cared for and not ill-treated in any way.

The Italian and his wife had a neat little home in three rooms. They had three small children, two of them in the public schools. The children all loved the monkey, played with him and petted him as other children play with their cat or dog.

Mr. Gordon asked the man how he had taught the monkey to know that a nickel was better than a copper cent and that a dime or a quarter was better than a nickel.

"Eet is a game—the chil'ren play with heem. We play it efery day, leetle time efery day, efery day, till Tony he learn."

"How did he learn?" asked Mr. Gordon. "How did you play the game?"

The man and the two older children explained as well as they could. The man did not know very well how to talk in English and Mr. Gordon did not understand Italian.

But this was the way they played the game.

They scattered some coins on the floor. Or one of the children would give the monkey a coin. He had already learned to take them to the man. Whenever he brought a penny, he was given a kind word and a friendly pat. When he brought a nickel he was given a piece of apple or perhaps a piece of nut-meat. But when he brought a dime or a silver quarter his reward was a piece of banana. Tony was very fond of bananas. Sometimes Tony would bring pennies and would tease for the banana. His master showed him

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## The Fourth Annual Humane Essay Contest

We know that all our KIND DEEDS MESSENGER friends are just standing on tip-toe to know what are the results of the 1930 HUMANE ESSAY CONTEST. Before announcing the winners we wish to express our deep gratification at the number sent in and more than anything else our delight that almost every essay writer shows a wonderful understanding of the subject. Do you know that certainly nine-tenths of the essays were descriptive of kind deeds of service! Whether they are *all* true we cannot say, but we know that almost without exception these little students from nine to fifteen years of age realize what this work stands for and show a heart in carrying it out. By way of parenthesis we hope Mrs. Tebault reads these lines, for to her primarily belongs the song of praise in her many years of humane drilling in the schools. The favorite topic with high schools was KINDNESS THE WORLD'S GREATEST NEED.

We feel very grateful to Miss Genevieve M. McKeever, who this year, as in many previous years, assisted us in the judging of the essays.

There were twenty-seven prize winners. We always wish that everybody, who has made an earnest effort, could win a prize, but in that case it wouldn't be a "contest," would it?

First Group, Grades 4 and 5—First prizes: Virginia Menezes, Pleasanton Grammar School, Pleasanton; Lois Gross, Marin School, Albany; Winifred Bendel, Niles Grammar School.

First Group, Grades 4 and 5—Second prizes: Lee McCleary, Cornell School, Albany; Elaine Anderson, Wanduska Rural School, Pekin, North Dakota; Vivian Crist, Niles, Markham School, Hayward.

First Group, Grades 4 and 5—Third prizes:

Delores Mellerio, Castro Valley, Hayward; Rose Garbarino, Sacred Heart School, Oakland; Lillian Orella (no address).

Second Group, Grades 6, 7 and 8—First prizes: Helen F. Gibson, Cornell School, Albany; Ernestine Winters, Washington School, San Leandro; Rita Nichols, St. Francis de Sales School, Oakland.

Second Group, Grades 6, 7 and 8—Second prizes: Bernice Garcia, Palomares, Hayward; Mary Chittick, Washington School, San Leandro; Claudine Prat, St. Frances de Sales School, Oakland.

Second Group, Grades 6, 7 and 8—Third prizes: Helen Sitler, Washington School, San Leandro; Nadine Nutt, New England Union School, Yuba County, Calif.; Sarah Uliana, Pleasanton Grammar School, Pleasanton.

Third Group, High Schools—First prizes: Eleonora Zerrell, Florence Scanlon and Dolinda Nicovich, all of Sacred Heart School, Oakland.

Third Group, High Schools—Second prizes: Willard Berry, Helen McKensie and Jack Vance, all of Liberty Union High School, Brentwood, Calif.

Third Group, High Schools—Third prizes: Dorothy Cordane, Norene Brophy and Catherine Costello, all of Sacred Heart School, Oakland.

We are most sorry to report that the prize offered for a play, subject "Kindness Wins," was not won by anybody. All the manuscripts submitted had one or two faults: all talk and no action or feebleness of humane motive. Not one was of a nature that could be successfully dramatized, although they were all interesting as compositions. This is a great disappointment to us, but the offer will be open for another year, when we hope for a far different result.

### Pronto, the Baby Monkey

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the banana, but held it out of reach, and pointed to the coins on the floor.

When they went on the streets with the organ they played the game as soon as they got home. And so Tony learned that the dimes he gathered in, day by day, meant banana or candy when he reached home. He had also been taught the little gesture of touching his cap and to kiss the hand of a giver who gave silver.

Bobbie's mother had promised to make Pronto a red cap and a tiny red jacket to wear *sometimes* for play, but not to wear all the time. Pronto has found a good home with Bobbie. Some time Bobbie is going to take Pronto to call on Tony.

### The Poster Contest

The Poster Contest was so big this year we were obliged to get out a catalogue for the exhibition which is now being held at the San Francisco Public Library, Civic Center. Posters were sent in from all parts of the country and the exhibition has proven so popular that we have been asked to continue it for another week. The attendance has broken all records. On account of lack of space we can give no particulars in the MESSENGER, but those interested, who have not seen the exhibition, should send to us for the catalogue, which covers twenty-one pages of names and information.

## GROUP I: FIRST PRIZE

## Loving Factory Cats

Winifred Bendel. Age 10 years. Fourth Grade. 1930. Niles Grammar School, Niles, Calif.

Our home is near a factory, where about twenty cats live. There are so many cats because the men working there feed them and are so kind to them. I want to tell you about some of these kindnesses.

One of the dangers to cats around the factory is the oil barrel, because they often fall in, especially the kittens. This kills them. So if the men find them in time they wipe them off with wet gasoline rags, then wash them off with water, so the gasoline won't burn their skins. There are three cats that I know of that were saved, Chee-ump, Chee-omp and Vi.

One day the foreman found Mee-ow. He looked as if he had been run over by a car. His back was bent and his back legs were broken. The foreman put splints on him and kept him quiet for a long time. When he was well, he followed the foreman around like a puppy-dog, even up ladders after him.

Being so kind to these stray cats taught us all to be kind, even my baby brother. One day Ho-ho fell into the sewer ditch, and my brother climbed down and helped her out.

Mama says that if we are loving and kind, love and kindness will come back to us. I think that these cats prove this, because they love the men that are so kind to them.

## GROUP I: SECOND PRIZE

## Two Little Lost Lambs (True)

Lee McCleary, Low Fourth Grade, Cornell, Albany.

We were out driving one Sunday, north of Richmond, and we stopped by a field where a herd of sheep were grazing. Among the herd there were two little lambs, separated from their mothers by a fence shutting off the slough, from their pasture grounds.

The mother sheep kept calling to their little ones, to hear them answer back in a frightened little voice. They were so nervous they could hardly eat for fear of the safety of the young lambs. The rest of the herd kept on grazing and didn't pay the slightest attention to their cries.

Feeling sorry for them, I thought I would like to make them happy once more. My brother and I crossed the field and climbed upon a fence, which had a long, narrow strip of board at the bottom and barbed wire at the top and in between, which made

it very hard to keep your balance. Under this fence was a slough of water which was about six inches deep. We climbed along this fence to where the little lambs were and they became quite frightened at our actions and didn't realize we were trying to help them.

One of the lambs, in his effort to escape from me, tried to force his way through the wire of the locked gate. In spite of all his frantic efforts he was caught. I rushed up and folded my arms around him. I gave a few tugs and loosened him from the wire, then lifted him over the fence. Away he went to his mother with a leap and a bound. His mother, who was very glad to see him and who had been very anxious of his safe return, ran to meet him.

My brother and I tried to get the other little lamb which was very frightened and ran back to the slough in the corner of the fence which, I am very sorry to say, we could not get him out.

## GROUP II: FIRST PRIZE

We Should Be Kind To Every  
Living Creature

Ernestine Winters. Age 11 years, Washington School, San Leandro.

Everybody knows how a mother would feel to lose her child. She might have one more or ten more children, but still it makes her sad and lonely. A bird has the same feeling, even though you don't think so. How do you think your mother would feel if someone killed you? Well, it is the same way with all birds and animals.

Everything on this earth God created. They all do what He tells them to. Everything does something useful. Don't kill a sparrow because he eats your fruit; he has earned it. He eats insects that damage the trees. God didn't put you on earth to kill everything.

There are seasons for hunting every year, and in some places you can't hunt at all. Places where you can't hunt the people or the person belonged to a KIND DEEDS CLUB. Mrs. Tebault read you the story of "FLEET FOOT THE DEER." You colored and fixed a poster that she gave you. The man, as you know, who saved Fleet Foot from the hunter, when he was a little boy in school belonged to a Kind Deeds Club. Most every school in Oakland and San Leandro has a Kind Deeds Club.

Everyone please try to remember and treat animals as you would want to be treated if you were in their place. If you have a Kind Deeds Club in your room the pledge tells you to be kind to every living creature and help protect them. All those things we should try to do.

## GROUP III: FIRST PRIZE

Kindness the World's  
Greatest Need

Dolinda Nicovich. Age 15 Years. First Year of Commercial. Sacred Heart School, Oakland, Calif.

"Have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth." This was God's first great commission. However, it does not mean that justice, mercy, kindness and love should not dominate this dominion, and failure to do so is an offense to God in carrying out the "Great Commission." Cruel, brutal, and inconsiderate treatment of these creatures develops a character that is despised, and those who are accustomed to commit these cruelties appear before the eyes of the world as unworthy servants of the Most High God.

In plain language, cruelty is a sin, for did not Christ call Himself the Good Shepherd and by His examples over and over exemplified the spirit of kindness. No TRUE DISCIPLE OF HIS CAN BE CRUEL. This is shown in the fact that St. Francis, whose memory is beloved by all, showed the utmost devotion towards God's creatures. Once in the market place of Sienna he rescued a pair of doves from being sold. He gathered them up in his robe, saying: "Little sister-doves, you are simple, and good, and pure. Why have they captured you? I will save you from death and make you nests for your little ones." There is a pretty story of the friendship of St. Francis with a family of red-throats who used to come and pick crumbs on the table where the Brothers were eating. Another story is of a frightened hare which someone had caught in a trap. "Come to me, Brother Hare," said St. Francis, and the trembling little beast fled to him and let itself be caressed by his kind hands. It even refused to run away, on being set down, so that St. Francis was obliged to carry it into the woods and leave it free to find its way home. One day St. Francis was in a little boat, being ferried across the lake of Rieti, when a boatman made him a present of an uncommonly large fish, just caught and gasping for breath. The gift was accepted gladly, but in a minute the astonished giver saw St. Francis drop the creature back into the water, bidding it thank God. Probably neither the fish nor the fisherman understood the tender heart that could not bear to see anything suffer pain; yet, doubtless, in its own way, the poor fish was grateful to feel the cool water again, and it is to be hoped that it kept away from nets and hooks for ever after. With birds St. Francis felt himself always

among dear and happy friends. While walking with the Brothers he would say: "Wait for me here, and I will go and preach to my sisters the birds," and he went into the field and began to preach to the birds that were on the ground, and quickly, those that were up in the trees came to him, and they all kept quiet while St. Francis finished his sermon, and even then they did not go away until he had given them his blessing. Today we have need of a St. Francis to show to the world the kindness to God's creatures. We can have the spirit of St. Francis and by our example others will grasp it. We know that no cruel thing can be done without character being thrust a degree backwards towards barbarism, the age when animals were considered as food or the means of obtaining food; neither can a kind thing be done without character being moved a degree forward towards perfection.

Kindness is a pleasing word coming from the mouth of a human being, but it is more pleasing to the animals concerned, when that word is put into practice. Few homes are found without pets, for the heart of man craves companionship with living things. It may be satisfied with machines and other means of sport for a time, but soon it begins to crave for a pet, either a dog, a cat, a bird, or any other animal that attracts the human heart, in order that it may be trained, and petted, and loved. This need for contact with life and living things is as old as the race. However, with civilization came many blessings, greater safety and less tragedy, better health and food, more ease, and a better education. Horses, dogs, cats, birds and all living things have fed that love through the ages.

It is up to the people who believe in the law and obey it, and who believe in kindness and fairness to all living things, to protect the helpless animals from the heartless, and to demand true sportsmanship of those who style themselves sportsmen.

The moving picture producing colony, whose headquarters are at Hollywood, California, is said to have ten million dollars worth of animals ready to draw upon in the making of films. The owners and trainers of these animals infest the place in hopes of winning huge financial success in training them for screen purposes. There are many of these people who will go to any extent to snatch rare and foreign animals from the earth's remotest corners, as long as they can be made to amuse profitably. There are also a number who believe that, in spite of regulations, cruelty is unavoidable when animals act to a time table, and all professional performing animals have to do this.



Many of these animals are trained abroad, in places where there are no animal protection acts and where the general standard of treatment is very low. Apart from the many and great sufferings that these animals endure in the course of their training and performances, the constant confinement and frequent traveling in small crates and boxes are other sources of suffering, and therefore we should object to this type of entertainment. One way in which the public could help to abolish this painful form of amusement is by refraining from patronizing exhibitions in which performing animals have a part.

Kindness is not only shown by human beings to animals, but they in return show kindness to their master and mistress and their children. There is nothing closer to the child heart than the love he bears his pets. Every child should have the joy of owning and caring for them, for in that way not only is a pet being cared for, but also the child is being kept from out of the streets while caring for it. Once the animal has learned to love and trust their little master or mistress, they are never again happy without him. It is the same with the children, once the sense of responsibility has entered into their young hearts to protect and love their pets. While they are young, the roots of understanding love must be fostered; for a child is not instinctively kind. Kindness, like truth, is a virtue which must be trained, and once it is deeply imprinted in the heart of either a child or an adult, it will never be forgotten.

#### GROUP III: SECOND PRIZE

### Substituting the Camera For the Gun

Willard Berry. Age 15. Liberty Union High School, Brentwood, Calif., Freshman.

The birds and animals of today are being hunted and killed until there are hardly any left. Animals that used to be seen every day are now so scarce that people, now living in the section of the country where they were, live and die without seeing them.

Starting in with the beginning of the world: From the cave man we have got our savage love of killing. First man killed for food and clothing, then as he started crops he had to protect them by killing animals that ruined his crops and threatened his life. The only weapons that the prehistoric man had were hatchets and spearheads made from flint. Thus were giant lizards and other large animals killed. Now that it is no longer necessary to kill for protection, why not learn to shoot with cameras? Don't you think it would be better to take pictures of the animals than

to kill them? Why not take pictures of birds and animals in their native haunts? Don't you think that they love life as much as you do? Surely they do. They have little families and friends and get as much enjoyment out of life.

In the early years of the West so many animals were killed that many are almost extinct. Mountain sheep, buffalo, elk, beaver, and California condors have become very rare. Do you think that if you went into the high mountains of North America that you would see any of the birds and animals that I have named above? No, you wouldn't. They have been hunted so much that they are very scarce.

In London there is a club that we don't hear very much about, but in London it is very famous. The King of England, the Prince of Wales, and all the King's sons, except the youngest, and many other famous sportsmen belong. There are a hundred members in this club, and to get into it one must have been on a big game hunt of tigers, lions, and many other ferocious animals. Many members go on these hunts just for the sport of it. They like to see the animal charge. They take aim and, as it gets near, shoot. Maybe it is only wounded, and it gets up and charges again. Down it goes, probably dead this time with maybe five to ten slugs in its carcass.

What is this? Here, again, is the savage love of killing. Killing animals that were doing no harm to man.

The United States of America have many parks throughout the land to protect the animals. There they keep what is left of large herds of buffalo that used to roam the western plains.

The first and largest game reserve in the United States is the Yellowstone National Park. Here, as in all game reserves, the animals are protected from the hunter. Herds of elk, buffalo, and deer roam unmolested over the park. Some of the animals, the bears for an example, have become quite tame. This land is not the land of the hunter. This is the land where, if you have to shoot animals, you have to shoot them with a camera.

The camera has many advantages, such as when you go on vacations into the mountains, touring the country, and many other such trips. It also keeps the story teller from telling that he caught a fish two feet longer than it really was. Can a gun do that? What chance would a gun have on a trip through Yellowstone National Park? Why none at all. And don't you think that a camera would be a better weapon on such a trip? I do.

## VIRGINIA'S DREAM

A singular honor has fallen to the share of our little play "Virginia's Dream," written by Dolores Wilkens Kent. The composer of the musical score, Madame Florence Chambers, sent some months ago a group of her compositions to an international competition of the Music Art Society of New York City. Last month she received a letter announcing that she had won the highest honors. A check to cover her traveling expenses was enclosed with an invitation to New York. Upon her arrival a magnificent banquet was given in her honor and she was asked to play her prize-winning numbers.

Among them, we are very happy and proud to state, was "Moon Beams," the first chorus from "Virginia's Dream." There was much favorable comment from assembled guests, comprising over 500 famous musicians and composers. "Virginia's Dream" is now being produced during the next few weeks in many of our local schools and is now in rehearsal at St. Mary's Parochial School. Madame Chambers and Mrs. Kent are collaborating on many musical plays and numbers, both for grades and high schools, which we hope will prove an added feature to the Latham Foundation work.

## SCHOOL ACTIVITIES

We have received twenty-two letters from the Kind Deeds Club members from Miss Louise Inglis's class, grade 4, at Niles Grammar School. Such delightful reports of the fine things members are doing! We wish to tell them that we are very happy to receive such letters and to know about their splendid work and that we greatly appreciate all the trouble they have taken to write to us. We know that the lovely deeds will go on and on. We wish it were possible to answer each one of these welcome letters.

As we go to press such an encouraging letter comes from a teacher in Contra Costa County. As it was not written for publication and we haven't time to write and ask for permission, we are not giving her name as we would like. Probably everybody gets blue and discouraged sometimes. We do and then comes something along which peps us up and makes us think that life is worth living after all. This beautiful letter which all our Messenger friends will enjoy is like the visit of a good angel and we feel very happy since it came:

"On April 29, 1930, Mrs. Tebault called upon us and I cannot resist the temptation to write you about

her visit. First of all, we are a two-teacher school typically *country* and proud of it. Mrs. Tebault told us of her early life on a farm and impressed my dear little farmers (in the making).

"Our whole school atmosphere permeates with the moral and spiritual inspiration she gave us. I wish I could write all the details of what our girls and boys are doing in this humane work. I am deeply grateful to the Foundation. It is a privilege to belong to such a worthy educational work. It is a joy to have contact with a woman of pleasing personality such as Mrs. Tebault."

### THE LATHAM FOUNDATION

wishes to notify all entrants in the Poster Contest that the poster exhibit now being held in San Francisco will open May 15 at the Art Gallery of Stanford University. Consequently there will be considerable delay in returning posters to those who have sent stamps for their return. We heartily thank all public schools, all art schools and artists who have made the 1930 exhibition such a signal success.



The Latham Foundation for the Promotion of Humane Education  
Latham Square Building, Oakland, California