

Miss Perry

The Kind Deeds Messenger

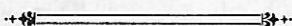


The Latham Foundation Story Service for the Public Schools

No. 38

THE KIND DEEDS CLUB PLEDGE

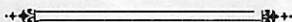
In becoming a member of the Kind Deeds Club I will try to be kind to every living creature and to cultivate a spirit of protection towards all who are weaker than myself, and I will try to treat animals as I would wish to be treated if I were in their place.



MOTTO

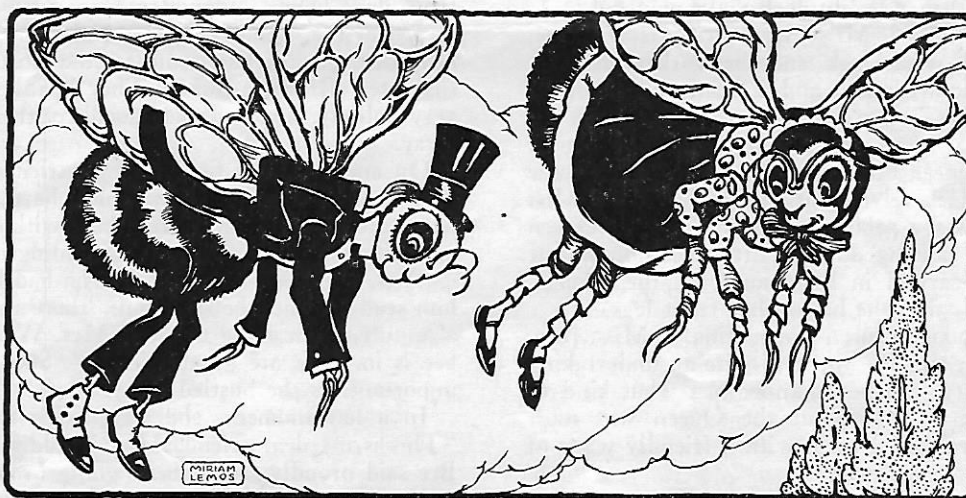
The highest expression of a creed Is a kindly deed.

H. M. Stansifer, in Los Angeles Times.



THE ADVENTURES OF "BROTHER BUZZ," THE ELF BUMBLEBEE, IN BEE-LAND

By DOLORES WILKENS KENT



They flew over to see the Leaf Cutter.

(Amigo, a little Elf, has become Brother Buzz, a magic bumblebee, who is to live a year and a day studying the lives of insects, birds and animals, so that he may find out why human beings understand these nature creatures so poorly.)

(Continued from last issue)

The afternoon was well advanced in the garden where Brother Buzz lived. Long shadows were falling across the green lawns, and the mellow sunshine seemed to linger upon the morning-glory vines, deepening the blue of their lovely blossoms, and bidding them a tender farewell before they closed their petals for the night.

A warm ray made Brother Buzz, who was taking a most refreshing nap in one of the flowers, relax in his sleep—turning his wee body about to a more comfortable position—as the gentle breeze blew his bell-like cradle to and fro.

A tremendous buzzing suddenly disturbed his peaceful slumbers, nearer and nearer, then—a small voice buzzing as loudly as possible—

"Brother Buzz, oh, Brother Buzz!"

He awakened hastily to find Miss Busy Bee, that young lady of determination and great energy, calling vigorously for him. He poked out his head quickly, scaring his little friend, who did not think he was so near.

"Oh, I was looking for you!" she stammered.

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Brother Buzz was still a bit sleepy, but you can't be unpleasant to a lady when she comes to call, so he politely suppressed a yawn, put on his hat and declared himself ready to go anywhere.

"Let's fly down the road to a place where the Mason-bees live," suggested Miss Busy Bee, leading the way.

"Buzz, buzz, wherever you say," acquiesced Brother Buzz, deciding that this time he wouldn't ask any more questions than were absolutely necessary, so he followed silently.

Over the garden hedge and into the meadow they went, finally coming to a dry, dusty lane. Miss Busy Bee settled on a low bush beside the road and Brother Buzz perched near her.

"Do you see them?" she asked. Brother Buzz looked all about the bushes and the trees, but he couldn't see a single bee.

"No, no, down!" said Miss Busy Bee, pointing to the ground.

"Buzz, buzz, well, I never!" exclaimed Brother Buzz in astonishment. Why, the whole lane was alive with bees! They skimmed along to and fro, barely a few inches above the ground, settling upon some funny little different-sized mounds of earth upon pebbles; flying busily away to soon return just as busily.

"Buzz, buzz, oh, who is that beautiful bee?" Brother Buzz pointed rudely, in his excitement, at a truly wonderful creature.

"Ah, isn't she gorgeous!" answered Miss Busy Bee, admiringly. "That is Queen Cementina, the Mason-bee." She was indeed gorgeous, in her black velvet raiment and with her lovely dark violet wings.

"There," continued Miss Busy Bee, "is a drone, bright brick red, with black, and the workers are reddish, too. Come with me, and I'll introduce you to Queen Cementina."

Brother Buzz was quite fussed at the thought of meeting a real queen bee, and hastily brushed off some dust from his black velvet coat, and accompanied Miss Busy Bee to a large pebble in the road where Queen Cementina was putting down a little piece of mortar which she had carried in her mandibles, the strange, scissor-like claws that she has on her front legs.

"Good afternoon, Queen Cementina." Miss Busy Bee spoke rather timidly, for it is quite an undertaking to talk to royalty, you never know just what kind of a mood they may be in, but the Queen was most gracious. She welcomed them with a friendly wave of her antennae.

"This is my cousin, Brother Buzz. He comes from a far-off country, and is very anxious to meet all the bees and see how they live," said Miss Busy Bee, feeling sure that even a Queen would appreciate Brother Buzz, and the Queen did. She smiled very pleasantly and her voice was sweet with honey as she replied, "It is a delightful change to meet a new bee; we all know each other so well around here, that it gets tiresome. How do you like my property?" and she gazed approvingly at her pebble.

"Buzz, buzz, very nice location, indeed," answered Brother Buzz, really thinking that he couldn't see anything particularly nice about a pebble in the middle of a dry, dusty road, but Miss Busy Bee was most enthusiastic and pleased the Queen greatly by her praise.

"You see I have just brought the first mortar to build my house, and you may watch me mix it and place it in position," said the Queen, busily working

the material with her fore-legs and mandibles, while the saliva from her mouth moistened it into a soft mass.

"Buzz, buzz," said Brother Buzz, "where do you get the mortar?"

"Oh, it is rich earth that has gravel in it. There is a lot not far away," the Queen continued, working harder than ever.

Here Miss Busy Bee took up the explanation. "The earth is placed bit by bit on the pebble, and the mortar cements it together into a mound, like a little house an inch or so high. Some houses have six little rooms and some more, according to the size of the pebble. A baby-bee-egg is placed in each room with a pile of pollen and honey, just as in Mrs. Leaf-cutter's apartments, and the rooms are walled up. The egg becomes a grub, then a cocoon, and when it develops into a full-grown bee it cuts its way with its mandibles out of the cocoon, through the cell and out of the mound." Poor Miss Busy Bee stopped for breath.

"Buzz, buzz, do Mason-bees ever have homes anywhere else?" asked Brother Buzz.

"Yes, indeed," answered Miss Busy Bee, "on walls and roofs and between stones. There are some bees, Resin-bees, who build in empty snail shells or earth-worm burrows. There are hundreds of different kinds of bees, and they all make honey and scatter the flower pollen in the same way that we do."

"Buzz, buzz," said Brother Buzz, trying to be correct in his information, "as I see it, if it wasn't for the bees there really wouldn't be so many wild flowers."

"No," Miss Busy Bee replied, "the ones with the long, deep honey and pollen tubes would not be able to scatter their seeds and would die out very soon."

"Buzz, buzz, let's go and see the Cotton-bees now," suggested Brother Buzz. They thanked the Queen very politely, and bade her goodbye, then flew briskly away.

On and on, until finally they settled on some reeds near a pond. Brother Buzz looked hard, this time, for he wanted to find the Cotton-bees without being told, and sure enough he spied them building in the reeds.

"Yes," said Miss Busy Bee, who had been watching him studying out the situation, "there they are! Wait a minute, I am going to see if Mrs. Wadding Cotton-bee is in. We are great friends." She sounded quite important, as she bustled away.

In a few moments she returned with another bee. "This is my dear friend, Mrs. Wadding," Miss Busy Bee said proudly, "and she is going to be kind enough to show you her new house; it is nearly half done, so you can easily learn how she makes it."

Brother Buzz was more taken with dainty Mrs. Wadding than any one he had yet met; she had such a charming soft manner, and seemed such a comfortable bee to get along with.

"I am very interested in hearing about your country, Brother Buzz," she said kindly, in a rather cushiony voice. "Miss Busy Bee tells me you come from far away."

"Buzz, buzz," said Brother Buzz, bowing most gallantly. "I will tell you all about it some other day, but now may we see your charming house? Miss Busy Bee tells me it is the finest of all bee homes."

Mrs. Wadding seemed to blush deeply with pleasure and hurriedly led the way to the little house that had received such warm praise.

"Here we are. You may watch me put the last top

to my fourth pocket." Mrs. Wadding picked up in her mandibles a tiny bale of cotton that she had wedged in a nook for safety, when she went to greet Brother Buzz, and placed it on top of a long thimble-shaped pocket of soft, white cotton. She pulled the cotton apart and spread it with her fore-legs; then, with her scissor-like mandibles she loosened the hard lumps in the floss and with her little forehead she pressed each new layer upon the other. This long purse-like pocket was built into the side of a reed, just as Mrs. Leaf-cutter had fitted her apartment. Inside of it would be about ten tiny pockets, each with its egg, honey and pollen.

Brother Buzz watched Mrs. Wadding put the last layer in position, press it down and stop to rest, then he just had to say how interested he was. "Buzz, buzz, the prettiest little home I have ever seen; it must be wonderfully comfortable for your babies," he said admiringly.

"That is what everyone says," smiled Mrs. Wadding, well pleased with his answer. "I plug up the top of the reed, when I finish my cells, as many as the reed can hold, with little sticks and straw, so that no insect can crawl in and hurt my babies."

"Buzz, buzz," said Brother Buzz, "do your babies come out of the sides of the pockets?"

"Oh, no," answered Mrs. Wadding. "Just like the Leaf-cutter bees, they come out at the top. The egg laid last hatches out first, so that they leave a clear way for the others."

Brother Buzz was so fascinated with Mrs. Wadding and her home that if Miss Busy Bee hadn't tugged at his coat-tails to call his attention to the fact that it was growing late and they still had to visit the honey bee hives, I really think he would be there yet, but they promised to return some other day, and then Brother Buzz and Miss Busy Bee flew on their way.

Not far this time, through a shady lane into a large yard, where at one side there were rows of strange white boxes on low stands. Brother Buzz followed Miss Busy Bee to a tree and they perched on a little branch that hung over one end of a row. "From here we can see what they are doing," she said.

"Buzz, buzz, but, where are the bees?" asked Brother Buzz.

"In those white boxes; see, they are coming and going, all the time," answered Miss Busy Bee.

"Buzz, buzz, where do the bees get these boxes?" Brother Buzz was quite puzzled.

"Men make them for the honey bees," she explained. "The humans found out long years ago that the honey we make was good, so they fought us for it, trying to rob our homes. We stung them. Then they built these boxes in such a way that they can take out the honey from the top without getting stung. Many bees prefer to live in these comfortable houses. The people leave plenty honey for them to eat. They are called 'the tame honey bees.' When the bees come to a new hive the workers make the comb. In order to do this, they form a kind of bee-curtain."

"Buzz, buzz, a curtain; what on earth do you mean?" inquired Brother Buzz, who had seen lace and net curtains hanging in the houses of humans, but why would bees want them?"

"Oh, this is a very queer kind of curtain," said Miss Busy Bee, laughing. "The bees hang by their front feet to the inner roof of the hive, then other bees reach

up with their front feet, and catch the hind feet of the bee above, and so on, row after row, forming a bee-curtain. Then the wax forms in the little glands on the inner side of their bodies, they chew this in their mouths, and when it is soft, form it into flakes with their jaws and gradually work it into hundreds and hundreds of the tiny six-sided wax cells that form a honey comb." Here poor Miss Busy Bee had to stop for breath.

"Buzz, buzz, well, well, this is truly marvelous!" Brother Buzz was quite overpowered by the tremendous work these honey bees do in their hives. "But, what a strange way to live, thousands in one hive. Thank you, I like my own little den better," said Brother Buzz decidedly.

"Yes, I agree with you," assented Miss Busy Bee, rettying the strings of her bonnet that had become loosened with all this talking. "But, there is no accounting for taste."

"Buzz, buzz, I forgot to ask," said Brother Buzz, "but are the eggs laid in the same way?"

Miss Busy Bee felt that she had been very negligent to have left out such an important point. "Yes," she said, "some of the cells are brood cells, with one egg on the pollen and the pile of honey, just as in our dens. Some of them contain future queen bees, and they are double size. They break down a partition for this, as the queen bees must eat more and grow larger."

"The queen bee comes out of her cell early in April, or even March, if the weather is fine. The queen makes one flight in the open air and then, unlike the wild bees, never leaves her hive again. She has her first babies, all workers, in the early part of the summer. In July the babies are drones and queens, and a few more workers. In that way there are plenty workers of the former batch to care for the baby queens and drones. There is only one queen to a hive. As a general thing, the other queens, when hatched, go away and form new hives. There are also guards, fanners and those who keep the hives clean, and that is all that I can possibly tell you about them." Miss Busy Bee was really quite tired.

"Buzz, buzz," commented Brother Buzz, nodding his fuzzy little head very wisely. "I see that we bees do a great deal for mankind, giving them all this delicious honey to eat, and scattering the pollen of the long-tubed wild flowers for them."

"Yes, we certainly do. It is really very strange. I don't see just why we should, but I suppose there is a reason for it, somewhere." Miss Busy Bee looked as puzzled as she felt.

"Buzz, buzz, are they grateful for what we do for them?" asked Brother Buzz, gravely. He was feeling very grown-up indeed, with all this knowledge.

"Well—yes—they like honey!" answered Miss Busy Bee, dryly.

In the next story of this series, Brother Buzz will visit the earth-worm.

Having had three years of pleasant work with your Foundation in Alameda County, I believe that you are doing a splendid service and that the schools not working with you are missing a great progressive and uplifting program.—EARL B. SHOESMITH, District Superintendent of Tracy Schools.

FORTHCOMING POSTER CONTEST

Our Poster Contest for the coming year should prove a most interesting one, having many new and valuable features. Our new art director, Mr. John T. Lemos, of Stanford University, has arranged for summer scholarships in the following art schools in the United States:

California School of Arts and Crafts, Oakland.
California School of Fine Arts, San Francisco.
Chinard School of Art, Los Angeles, Calif.
The Chicago Academy of Fine Arts, Chicago, Ill.
Santa Fe Art School, Santa Fe, New Mexico.
University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wis.
H. Sophie Newcomb Memorial College, Tulane University, New Orleans, La.
New York School of Fine and Applied Art, New York.

Arrangements are now being concluded for summer scholarships in the following European countries: Spain, England, France, Germany, Italy, China and Japan.

Traveling exhibits will be sent to all schools that desire to have them. Mr. Lemos is now arranging the itinerary with many principals. The interchange of these posters should prove very interesting to the pupils and will undoubtedly greatly stimulate their poster and art work.

Next year the interest will be doubled as we will have the foreign posters added to our exhibition.

SAN LORENZO PET PARADE

San Lorenzo, Calif., October 15, 1930.

DEAR KIND DEEDS CLUB MEMBERS:

On September 19, the San Lorenzo Grammar School had a pet parade. It started at one o'clock and ended at two.

Almost everyone brought their pets. Prizes were awarded. Hartman Hansen won the prize for the largest animal, which was a horse. The smallest pet was a gold fish belonging to Seigi Hamasaki. Doris Gamenara's dog did the most tricks. The best-cared-for was owned by Wynonah Faria. It was a beautiful, white Spitz.

It taught us to take better care of our animals. Some looked half starved, while others were well cared for. It also taught us to be kind to our pets.

It correlated with our work very well because the teachers let us write stories for our newspaper. The lower grades used it for reading, spelling and art. Mrs. Hanke's room, arithmetic, because they had to keep account of the money for the prizes.

I think it was a very good parade, and can hardly wait until next year.

Sincerely,

ALFREDA WULFERT, Low Sixth Grade.

A TRUE DOG STORY

By CLARENCE GLASSBROOK

(Contributed by Tennyson School. Mrs. Tillie H. Glassbrook, in sending us this splendid story by her son, says: "I send this to you just to show that your good work carries over into High School just as we hope it will carry over into life.")

"Mad dog! Mad dog!"

How that cry startled our community one bright September morning! For three days men were on the hunt with long clubs and guns, but the mad dog was always one jump ahead of them. He managed somehow to escape and hide in the long grass and bushes covering the fields. There were also three vacant barns which offered a refuge for the hunted creature.

You can imagine my surprise when I went to the garage on the fourth day of the hunt and heard the low growls of a suffering dog coming from inside. One glance through the window revealed the "mad" dog. He had evidently squeezed through a hole in the door and had been unable to crawl out again. It was just a half hour before school time and I had only a few moments to spare, but I did not want to turn this pitiful pup over to his hunters if I could avoid it.

First I wanted to find out just how mad this dog was, so, armed with a bucket of water, a pan of mush and stew, and a piece of heavy canvass to throw over him in case he was really mad, I started out to get acquainted. I pushed the pail of water through the garage door, and then looked through the window to see what would happen. I shall never forget how that supposedly rabid dog drank! I never want to see another dog as thirsty as that as long as I live. Next I opened the garage door a little and pushed in the pan of mush and stew. That dog had no table manners at all! He didn't stop to chew, he just swallowed. However, his bushy tail kept signaling, "Thank you." I knew that if I obeyed my impulse to give him all he wanted to eat, he would get sick, so I decided to lock him up in the garage where he would be safe until I came home after school. He evidently slept all day, for when I came there was a transformed, playful pup waiting to be fed. For two weeks that dog gobbled up everything, including raw tomatoes. Then he became more particular and choosy about his food.

That no one claimed this dog in response to my advertisement was a mystery to me, for he is a thoroughbred Australian shepherd and showed signs of careful training. The fact that he used to tremble violently and run into his house to hide when I tried to get him to go for a ride in the machine, showed that he had had some kind of an unpleasant experience connected with an automobile. Probably he had fallen out of his former owner's car.

This happened a year ago last September. My dog has grown from a lean and lanky pup to a big, strong animal. Nowhere is there a more faithful pal or a more intelligent watchman than my "mad" dog.