



THE KIND DEEDS MESSENGER

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SCHOOLS



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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.



THE ADVENTURES OF BROTHER BUZZ, THE ELF BUMBLEBEE IN BATLAND

By DOLORES WILKENS KENT



"Come closer, Flittermouse," called the Fairy, "I want you."

BROTHER BUZZ was slowly winging his way home one late afternoon, when it suddenly occurred to him that he had never been out in the evening. He was always so tired, so sleepy from the many happenings of the day, that at sunset he gladly crept into the snug shelter of his flower-covered den.

"Buzz, buzz," thought Brother Buzz, as he settled upon one of the pink geranium blossoms above his door. "I wonder if I am not missing something by going to bed so early. Much must go on among the nature creatures that I know nothing of. This will not do. I shall take a little nap now, and when it is dark I shall creep out and see what I shall see." So saying, he vanished into his little den.

The last faint rays of sunshine faded into the evening glow. In the distant corners shadows grew and deepened. Flower after flower closed its petals and went to sleep; silence like a soft mantle enfolded the garden.

Then a frog began his harsh, yet pleasant croaking song, and crickets tuned up for the evening concert.

Brother Buzz sniffed the cool air as he reappeared in his doorway. Ah, how invigorating it was! The perfume of the flowers hung heavily in the still night air. Not even a tiny breeze ruffled the calm. The pungent smell of freshly watered earth mingled with the many scents of night new to Brother Buzz.

He was enchanted! But oh, how strange, how dark

and big the dear old familiar garden seemed! The tall pine tree soared above him like a black tower, and the spreading oak stretched its great branches as though it were a mighty giant. Everthing seemed so queer to Brother Buzz in this world where sunlight and color were blotted out.

Then he began to hear the music of the night; the hum and tiny twittering of the countless little creatures that the dark brings forth. An owl hooted far away; the cricket and frog orchestra now swelled, now subsided, in waves of seemingly measured sound.

"Buzz, buzz," thought Brother Buzz. "Why, the night is alive! I was right. There must be a great many adventures close at hand. How shall I find them?"

Something seemed to dart by him so swiftly and lightly that he could scarcely see it. "I wonder what that was!" puzzled Brother Buzz.

He flew slowly and carefully up to a tall hollyhock plant and perched on one of the broad leaves. Again the shadow passed him, so near this time that he could feel the slight breeze it stirred in passing.

"Buzz, buzz, what on earth is that?" he exclaimed aloud.

"Silly," said a soft little voice near him, "don't you know a bat when you see one?" Brother Buzz started in astonishment, for on the leaf beside him stood the prettiest person he had ever seen. Like a tiny doll about three inches in height, dressed in fluffy black, dotted all over with silver and crystal spangles, shimmering like diamonds with every gesture she made. A star blazed upon her forehead over the jet black curls that fell to her shoulders. Her dark eyes shone radiantly in the delicate creamy-white of her face. While an adorable smile curved her rosy mouth as she said, "Why, Brother Buzz, that is a bat."

Brother Buzz was so excited and bewildered by this beautiful little creature that he hardly knew how to answer, but he managed to say:

"Buzz, buzz, how do you know who I am?"

She laughed like the tinkling of silver bells. "Of course I know you, Brother Buzz. I often fly about in the daytime, but no one can see me then. I have been quite near you many times."

"Buzz, buzz, but who are you? May I ask your name?" faltered Brother Buzz, fearing that such a lovely vision might vanish any minute. But she didn't; merely laughed again, saying, "I am a fairy of the night, and my name is 'Starbright'." Brother Buzz gazed as though he could never tire, Starbright was so, so exquisite.

"Buzz, buzz, what did you call the thing that flew by me?" he asked timidly.

"A bat," answered Starbright, lightly dancing a step or two over the leaf, and scattering a shower of sparks from her fluffy skirts.

"Buzz, buzz, but what is a bat?" asked Brother Buzz in dismay.

"Here comes one. I call them 'Flittermouse,' the name that people used for bats in England many years ago. It is so much prettier and really describes them perfectly. Wait—I will call him." And Starbright gave a musical little cry that was answered by a funny sound, half like the chirp of a bird, half like the squeak

of a mouse. Then the swift shadow drew near again, flying in graceful curves over the tall hollyhock. It squeaked loudly and passed so close this time that Brother Buzz could see a form like a bird go by.

"Come closer, Flittermouse," called the Fairy, "I want you. Stop on this branch for a while."

Lower swooped the bat and then seemed to hang from the branch of a small tree right beside them.

Brother Buzz stared with all his might. The moon had been gradually rising in the eastern sky and now a beam shone through the trees, brightening the darkness so that Brother Buzz could see almost as well as during the day.

"This is Brother Buzz, a queer bumblebee from far off lands, who has bumbled his way out this evening to learn the ways of we night-folk," said Starbright, waving her tiny hand toward Brother Buzz in introduction.

The bat bobbed his little head, that looked just like that of a mouse, only the ears were a bit longer, and a funny sort of crest stood up over his nose.

"How-de-do, Brother Buzz," he squeaked. "Fly about with me for a while and see what I do." And he flew off very slowly so that Brother Buzz could follow him. Away they went in big curving swoops, up and down and around about, while every now and then Mr. Flittermouse seemed to snap his jaws at something. Snap, snap, he went, snap, snap!

Once or twice they met other bats and Mr. Flittermouse gave the same funny little squeaky call and the others answered. At last when Brother Buzz was just about to give up—he was so tired—Mr. Flittermouse turned back and hung up again on the tree. Brother Buzz dropped thankfully down beside Starbright on the hollyhock leaf.

"Buzz, buzz, ooh, ooh!" panted Brother Buzz. Starbright laughed. "Mr. Flittermouse is very fast, isn't he?" she asked.

Brother Buzz nodded. "Buzz, buzz, indeed he is. Mr. Flittermouse, may I ask how you are hanging on that branch?"

"Why, surely; you see the bones in my wings are long and slender and instead of legs they make a framework for the strong leathery skin. At the end where toes might be are thumb-like hooks. When I fly the skin stretches out into wings, and folds close to my body when I hang on my hooks to rest."

"Buzz, buzz," gasped Brother Buzz, in astonishment. "Don't you ever walk?"

"No, though I can creep a little," answered the Flittermouse. "I fly all night, working busily, for I eat all the time as I go about and drink as I dart over the water of pools, lakes, or fountains. Then when daylight comes I hang up and go to sleep."

"Buzz, buzz, but what do you eat?" asked Brother Buzz.

"Oh, all kinds of bugs, gnats and insects. That's what I was doing in snapping my jaws when we were flying; each snap caught one." Mr. Flittermouse blinked very pleasantly at Brother Buzz as he concluded his explanation.

Brother Buzz noticed that he had pretty dark brown fur on his body. His mouth was filled with tiny sharp white teeth; the lower jaw stuck out a bit. When

flying Mr. Flittermouse seemed about ten inches from tip to tip of his wings.

"Well, I really must be going, for I have much to do before the morning. Very pleased to have met you, Brother Buzz," and with a final squeak Mr. Flittermouse was off in a flash.

"What do you think of him?" asked Starbright, smiling at Brother Buzz.

"Buzz, buzz, I think he is most interesting," said he. "But what is he busy with at night?"

"Sit down beside me, and I will tell you all about bats," answered Starbright cordially, and they settled comfortably down on the leaf. "Bats take up the work at night that the birds do during the day. If it were not for bats, toads and frogs, the insect world would destroy all the vegetation, and man, bird and beast would soon perish, not to mention bees," added she, slyly.

"Buzz, buzz, oh, I know all about birds," and Brother Buzz nodded wisely. "So the bats do the same thing at night."

"They are cunning, kind and really pretty little creatures that hurt no one, but some silly humans fear them, and think they bring bad luck. Imagine—the little Watchmen of the Night, that eat only the insects that would otherwise destroy the food of these same humans."

"Buzz, buzz, I think they are very stupid humans, but I suppose they can't help it. They are probably born that way," said Brother Buzz, meditatively.

"Yes, they know so many things that don't mean anything, and so little that does," laughed Starbright; then she went on with her story.

"They are scared to death when a bat, attracted by the light, flies through an open window into a room, when all they have to do is to put out the light and the bat will find its way back through the window again.

"The baby bat is born just as the mouse, and only one or two; they do not have many sisters and brothers. The mother does not make a nest for her little ones, but allows it to cling to her warm fur where she shelters it, wrapping it close in her wings when she nurses it. Sometimes she allows it to cling to her fur while she flies, but it soon learns to fly alone. Bats often fold their wings across their face," and Starbright covered her own pretty face as she peeked laughingly through her fingers at Brother Buzz.

"Buzz, buzz," said Brother Buzz, laughing back at her. "Do they fly about all winter, too?"

"Oh, no, I forgot to tell you," answered Starbright; "when the cold weather comes they creep into a dark, quiet corner that is safe, and hang up for the winter, going sound asleep until spring."

"Buzz, buzz, are all bats the same kind as Mr. Flittermouse?" asked Brother Buzz.

"Oh, dear no!" cried Starbright. "There are many other 'species,' as the scientists call it, even here in America. But this small brown bat, and the red bat, also small, of a reddish color, are the most common. There are 450 different species of bats in the world. In tropical countries, South America, the Orient and Africa, bats grow to an enormous size. Some of them eat fruit.

"Now, just for a minute before I bid you good-night,

let me touch your eyes, I want you to see just as I do."

Starbright gently passed her dainty hand across Brother Buzz's eyes. When he looked up again—he gasped. The air was full of night fairies! Dressed somewhat like Starbright, all aglitter, dancing up and down on the flowers, flying swiftly along the paths of the silver moon-beams.

"This," Starbright said softly, "is our happy, busy time; we also play and dance all through the night. Come with me, hold on to my wing with your mandible."

Wing—? Brother Buzz hadn't seen any wings, but she opened her arms, and flowing sleeves of sparkling, spangled black stretched into beautiful wings. Brother Buzz grasped the end of one firmly and up they flew, swiftly, straight toward the fine big house that stood in the garden. Brother Buzz was frightened as he saw that Starbright was flying right through a big open window into a room, but she turned and smiled at him, saying, "Don't be afraid, no one can see you." So on he went. It was lovely inside, all pale blue and white, that shone dimly in the moonlight, and in a corner was a pretty white bed. In it, sound asleep, were two human babies. Dimpled, pink and white, with curly golden hair like soft silk covering their little heads as they nestled into the snowy pillows.

Brother Buzz hadn't seen a human baby closely before, but he realized now how sweet they were, and what was this—why over and about them, leaning tenderly, flying close by their pillows, were the night fairies, and as he looked they scattered tiny golden stars over the sleeping children.

"Buzz, buzz," whispered he, "what are they doing?"

"Everything in creation has its work to help others, and this is ours. We night fairies give beautiful and happy dreams to all God's babies, human, bird and beast. The stars you see are the dreams we bring to them," and Starbright looked radiantly lovely as she leaned gently over the little ones and placed two glorious big stars on the pillows.

Then she touched Brother Buzz and offered her wing again, and together they flew out into the night, and Brother Buzz discovered they were in a jiffy in front of his flower-covered den, and he and Starbright rested upon the door-way.

"Good-night, Brother Buzz," she said sweetly. "Don't forget to tell everyone how good and valuable Mr. Flittermouse, the little Watchman of the Night, is. We fairies feel very sad over the ingratitude of humans toward God's nature creatures."

"Buzz, buzz, I will, oh, I will," said Brother Buzz, earnestly, and he thanked her warmly for all her kindness and the wonderful adventure she had given him. She waved gracefully as she flew away, saying some other night they would go out again.

GOOD NEWS

All friends of Humane Education will perceive a new day for its success in the action of the State Board of Education and the State Curriculum Commission in approving the material which we submitted last February.

This important action was the climax to negotiations extending over many months, and dates back to a visit which our president and secretary made to Sacramento in the winter of 1930 when Mr. Kersey requested them to form a committee composed of the teachers of Alameda, Yuba, Santa Clara counties and Albany schools whose earnest response to our work and success in putting it into practice qualified them to draft material suitable to submit for approval for use throughout the state.

Mr. Kersey under date of July 25th reports that "as this work is just under way, it is impossible to say much as yet regarding the nature of the publication," but that "two features will be included; first, materials of a rather specific nature in instructional purposes, and, second, suggested methods to be employed by teachers in the presentation of such material." Mr. Kersey states also: "We shall rely upon the Foundation to furnish us such materials as you may have available for our use."

Dr. I. R. Waterman, Chief of the Division of Text-books and Publications, is engaged in the preparation of this material to be used in a teachers' guide.

In our correspondence with Dr. Waterman he says in part: "It is to be hoped that the materials to be presented will prove to be of great value to the teachers and will result in establishing attitudes and conduct on the part of the school children."

Those teachers who gave our work such notable encouragement and cooperation in the difficult first years of our efforts were chosen for its furtherance in a vastly increased territory.

Only the sincere friendship of our County Superintendent, Mr. David E. Martin, and Deputy Superintendent, Mrs. Martin, for the fundamental purpose of humane training in its educational value to the child could have made possible this widely extended horizon. We wish to thank them and all the teachers composing the committee most gratefully for their notable service.

THE LATHAM FOUNDATION,
Room 1230, Latham Square Building,
Oakland, California.

Attached, find.....to cover my subscription for The Kind Deeds Messenger for a period of

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

Single copies—From September to April, inclusive, twenty-five cents.

Each one hundred copies—Sixty-five cents.

NOTICE

The October issue of the Messenger will be devoted to the stories of the California Medal Winners of the Latham Foundation and Oakland Tribune Hero Animal Contest of 1931.

KIND DEEDS CLUBS

We expect this year a larger enrollment of Kind Deeds Club members than ever before, although in our first organizing, six years ago, within two weeks we had a membership list of 2500.

Members are expected to make a sincere effort to live up to the conditions of initiation, which means SERVICE.

Of course no member can consistently hunt, trap with the torturous steel trap, use sling-shots, or bee-bee guns, as these cruelties inflict great agony upon animals.

But the activities of the Kind Deeds Clubs with their constructive value offset many times any false idea of amusement which may be found in these barbarities.

SHEP OF SAN ANDREAS

The subject of our Story-Board this year will be "The Dog of San Andreas," one of the prize winners in the Latham Foundation 1931 Hero Animal Contest.

Mrs. Tebault will soon be visiting the schools again, and this Story-Board will be one of her features of instruction.

SCHOOL CORNER

Phillip Harris, age 10, Lincoln School, High Fifth,
San Leandro.

MY CAT

Once when I was coming home from school I heard a cat meow and I looked all over until I saw a sack. I opened it and found a starving kitty. It was so thin that I thought it would die, so I took it home and asked Mother if I could keep it and she said "Yes."

I fed it some warm milk and then went down to the basement and got a sack and a box for it to sleep in. I took good care of it and now it is a very happy cat.

The best preacher is the heart;

The best teacher is time;

The best book is the world;

The best friend is God.

—The Talmud.