



# THE KIND DEEDS MESSENGER

THE LATHAM  
FOUNDATION  
STORY SERVICE  
FOR THE PUBLIC  
SCHOOLS



No. 45

## HERO ANIMALS OF AMERICA

This—the first number of The Hero Animals of America—is devoted exclusively to the True Stories of the Three California Medal Winners of 1931 decorated by the Latham Foundation for the Promotion of Humane Education and by the Oakland Tribune.



*Design of Medal*

For centuries men have honored men for outstanding deeds of bravery in the service of mankind, but through these centuries the animals of the world, friends of men, have gone unrecognized.

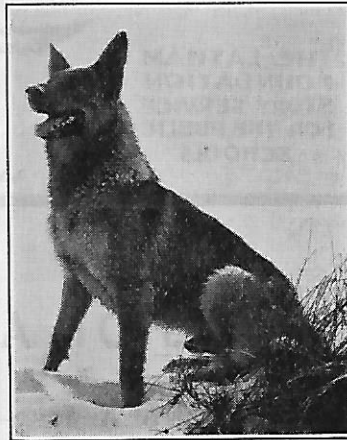
The Latham Foundation is seeking to promote the public recognition of the enormous *voluntary* service of animals in saving life and property. During this first year of this project twenty-six representative newspapers throughout the country are cooperating with the Foundation in making awards, of gold, silver and bronze medals, to the three animals performing the most notable service in each of these twenty-six states.

Stories of equal interest and heroism will from time to time be published in the Messenger from the twenty-six states which are cooperating with us to an enormous degree.

## BOB OF CARMEL

By DOLORES WILKENS KENT

The 1931 California Gold Medal Winner of The Latham Foundation and Oakland Tribune Animal Hero Contest.



So, proudly do they speak his name  
In this fair town, where Fame remains  
An ever welcome guest.  
Yet, here within this magic space  
Bob bears away her laurel wreath  
From all the rest.

Sometimes there is created in this realm  
Of man and beast, a super-animal or man  
Whose wisdom, love and kindness of heart  
Sets them apart from those of smaller mold.  
And such a dog is Bob, Bob of Carmel.

His mother was of high degree,  
His father a war dog within the trenches,  
And he well shows his fine aristocratic lineage.  
His master thrills when called—  
"The Man Who Owns Bob."

And between the two there is an  
Understanding and a comradeship  
That brings to true perfection  
All good qualities a dog may have,  
And *he has them*, Bob of Carmel.

Two deeds that he has done  
Stand out above the rest.  
Twice has he saved his master's life,  
Twice risked his own in fond devotion,  
Counting not the cost.  
Love gives, and so,  
Gives Bob, Bob of Carmel.

One day, while riding seated close  
Beside his master in the motor car,  
He grew restive, growled and pawed,  
Trying to make it understood  
That something was amiss,  
Barking, snarling and insistent  
Was Bob of Carmel.

They slowed up; when the door was opened  
Fire shot through—

As man and dog jumped out  
The car turned over, pinning  
The master underneath.  
He struggled to be free, half dazed,  
The tank blew up—the car a mass of blazing flame—  
But Bob had dragged him out to safety.  
Bob of Carmel.

Again, Bob and his master hiking in  
The Highlands with some friends,  
Were just a bit ahead;  
They came to a place where the steep bank  
Topped a precipice of many hundred feet.  
Below the blue waves turned to foam,  
Dashing high upon the jagged rocks,  
Alas, his master slipped.  
Clutching a bush upon the mountain side  
He clung, yet, knew it could not bear  
His weight for long.  
But, gripping his master's collar with his teeth,  
Digging his feet into the earth,  
Bob held on, Bob of Carmel.

Friends came in answer to the frantic  
Calls for help,  
Aye, just in time.  
Had it not been for Bob,  
They would have been too late to save  
His master from the cruel shoals.  
Quick to think and act,  
He saved the life he loved the best.  
Did Bob, Bob of Carmel.

So they have proclaimed him the most  
Heroic dog in California.  
His glorious amber eyes and noble head  
Bear well the golden medal hanging on  
A silken ribbon round his neck.  
Mute, he cannot speak,  
But eloquent his silence in great deeds—  
They speak for him, brave, loyal friend  
And comrade, Bob of Carmel.



**\*SHEP—THE DOG OF SAN ANDREAS**

By DOLORES WILKENS KENT

The 1931 California Silver Medal Winner of the Latham Foundation and Oakland Tribune Animal Hero Contest



Near the town of San Andreas,  
In the Calaveras Mountains,  
Mountains where live oak and laurel  
Give cool shade from golden sunshine,  
There's a ranch where hills and meadows  
Pasture in their rich green grasses,  
Bands of sheep, oh, many hundreds.

Here was born a shaggy puppy,  
Tumbling, playing in the farmyard,  
Shep, the Dog of San Andreas.

Saw his master, the good shepherd,  
Guard his woolly flocks securely.  
And Shep followed closely after,  
Learning as his daily lesson  
How to keep the sheep together,  
Safely keep them all from straying.

So the years passed, three full summers.  
Shep grew big, and wise and kindly.  
Ever faithful to his master,  
Of his flocks the watchful guardian.

When one day a cry came ringing  
From the ranch-house on the hill-top.  
From the roof bright flames were mounting,  
Bursting forth in many places.  
Running madly from their toiling  
Came the ranch-hands and the shepherds,  
On they ran to fight the fire,  
Save the house and its belongings.

In their working and excitement,  
No one noticed how the creeping

Tongues of flame were spreading,  
From the fence, thru' weeds and stubble,  
Nearer still to fields and meadows  
Where the bands of sheep were grazng.

Man forgot, but not their guardian,  
Shep, the Dog of San Andreas.

Fast he ran, the fire spread faster,  
Dodging, turning, Shep gained headway,  
Reached at last the farthest pasture.  
Sheep were huddled close together  
In the frenzied fear of fire,  
Sensing danger coming nearer.  
High wire fencing stood between them  
And the road that led to safety.  
At their heels soon Shep was barking,  
To the fence he swiftly drove them,  
For although no gates were open  
Well he knew they must go over.

So he nosed and snapped and urged them,  
One by one they jumped the barrier.

As the flames crept o'er the grasses,  
Shep, the last to jump the wire,  
Felt the furry, shaggy ruffles  
Of his feet and legs catch fire,  
But he followed to the clearing,  
Guarding, herding on his charges.

Then he turned and wisely thinking  
Plunged into the trough of water.  
But with ease of pain his memory  
Told him there were sheep still straying,  
Straying in the higher pasture.

Back into the burning meadows  
Ran brave Shep and—yes—he found them.  
Once again, he drove them forward,  
Thru' the flames and o'er the fences,  
Just ahead of gravest danger,  
For the fire was ever growing.

But at last he had them rounded,  
Driven to the large enclosure  
Where the clearing stopped the fire.  
When in time the men remembered  
There they found the sheep in safety.

Weary, injured, in great suffering,  
But so happy was the Shepherd,  
Whose brave heart had borne him onward,  
Shep, the Dog of San Andreas.

\*This dramatic story of Shep has been illustrated in a very exceptional four-panelled painting by John T. Lemos of Stanford University. It is being demonstrated by the Latham Foundation as one of its 1931-32 visual humane lessons before thousands of pupils from primary grades to high school.

## NIG

By DOLORES WILKENS KENT

The 1931 California Bronze Medal Winner of the Latham Foundation and Oakland Tribune Animal Hero Contest.



They call him "Nig"—a dog whose pedigree Bears no acclaim.  
Whose ancestors are quite unknown to fame.  
Yet, deep within his eyes of golden brown,  
Devotion dwells, and love and wisdom,  
Loyalty and faith hold sway.

His friend and pal, is "Tut",  
"King Tut", his royal name.  
Close chums are they,  
And welcome in each other's home.  
O'er hills and meadows, romping, playing,  
In those pursuits delightful to the canine heart  
Together do they roam.

One day they found an old abandoned mine  
And joyously they burrowed down among the shafts.  
When suddenly, before the startled eyes of Nig,  
Tut vanished—  
The shaft had caved and buried him inside!

Nig did not wait—  
So started frantically to dig,  
To penetrate within that wall of earth and stone.  
All day, all thru' the night, he toiled

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

Attached, find.....to cover my sub-  
scription for The Kind Deeds Messenger for a period of

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

Each one hundred copies—Sixty-five cents.

Until two days went by;  
Then, foot-sore, tired and forlorn,  
He trotted slowly home for water and for food.

He tried to make them understand,  
Those human friends,  
And barking, went a little way,  
But they would take no heed,  
They thought he only wished to play.

So back again, Nig went  
When dawn began to flush with rose  
The eastern sky.  
Back to his work,  
It was to save his friend;  
How could he shirk?

Eight long days passed,  
When, too worn for further effort  
He went back for needed rest and food,  
Then to his work again,  
With poor worn paws, so sore from digging,  
Yet nearer, ever nearer to King Tut.

Grown much alarmed at the continued  
Absence of their dog,  
Searching here and there in vain,  
Tut's family heard that Nig would disappear into  
The hills, not to return for days,  
So they resolved to follow him.

At last—with what great joy  
Nig saw they understood.  
And he, whose strength had slowly  
Ebbd and failed, yet whose love  
Had driven him along,  
Felt strong again.

Bounding before them on he led the way  
To the abandoned mine,  
The caved-in shaft.  
Before it, heaped, a mighty pile of earth,  
The faithful, patient work of Nig.  
Just one scant foot was  
Left of all the barrier.  
This, they hastily broke through,  
And there—starved, scared, but safe,  
Unhurt, was—Tut.

For brave devotion,  
For untiring effort,  
Not one grand heroic gesture, but  
The hard and grinding daily sacrifice  
And suffering.  
Loyal, steadfast, patient toil,  
They've given Nig an ornament of bronze,  
A ribboned medal.  
For "Heroic Service" 'tis inscribed.  
Nig glances at it, half askance,  
"Pshaw—so would any real dog do,"  
He seems to say.

## STATION KLX

By courtesy of the Oakland Tribune and Mr. Allen, Manager of Station KLX of Oakland, the HERO ANIMALS OF AMERICA will be featured over the air every Monday at 4:15 p. m., beginning October 5, 1931. Mrs. Dolores Wilkens Kent will speak in behalf of these brave animals and all our readers are earnestly urged to tune in.