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.

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 kindliness 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.
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 grazing.

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 case 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. Lemons 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 in 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

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 blush 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 ebbed 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 ribbed medal.
For “Heroic Service” it’s inscribed.
Nig glances at it, half askance,
“Pshaw—so would any real dog do,”
He seems to say.

THE LATHAM FOUNDATION,
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Attached, find to cover my subscription for The Kind Deeds Messenger for a period of

NAME

ADDRESS

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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.