



THE KIND DEEDS MESSENGER

THE LATHAM
FOUNDATION
STORY SERVICE
FOR THE PUBLIC
SCHOOLS



No. 46

HERO ANIMALS OF AMERICA MEDAL WINNERS OF THE STATE OF WASHINGTON

Medals awarded by the Latham Foundation
and presented by
The Seattle Post-Intelligencer



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.

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PEGGY



This story of the gold medal 1931 winner for the State of Washington, in the Latham Foundation and Seattle Post-Intelligencer Hero Animal Contest, has aroused keenest interest, for Peggy, a three-year-old female pit-bull dog, has shown the finest intelligence and understanding as well as loyalty, devotion and courage.

Mrs. Lindsey of Sequim, Washington, is an invalid and Peggy is very often her sole companion when the other members of the family are not at home.

One day, not long ago, Mrs. Lindsey was quietly reading, with Peggy blissfully stretched out sleeping in the warm sunshine streaming through the open windows, dreaming, perhaps, of the nice walk she would have after school, when Jimmy, aged fourteen, would come home, or wandering somewhere in the happy dreamland of dogdom.

Suddenly she heard a strange sound from her mistress. Peggy jumped up and ran to her side; the book had dropped from a nerveless hand and her eyes were closed. The dog whined and nosed her. With a brave effort, Mrs. Lindsey managed to rouse herself enough to grasp the pencil and paper on the table beside her, and scribble a note which she fastened to Peggy's collar and bade her get Mr. Lindsey.

One long look into her mistress's eyes, and like a flash she was out of the window and off to the village blacksmith shop where her master was working.

Peggy usually feared this place; its glowing forge and flying sparks, that she could not understand, were horrible to her, but today she knew that a life she loved might be at stake, so she forced herself to enter, and running up to her master tried to attract his attention. Impatiently he pushed her aside, for he was busy, but she jumped at him, again and again, trying to call his attention to her collar. At last he realized that something was wrong, and looked closely at the dog, discovering the note. As he removed it, Peggy, her mission accomplished, dashed back home, and there Mr. Lindsey found her when he hurried in, guarding the unconscious form of her mistress.

Her quick action in summoning aid probably saved Mrs. Lindsey's life, and this fact is thoroughly appreciated by the Lindsey family, as well as by the many animal lovers of Clallum County, with whom Peggy is a great favorite.

And so another name is added to the swiftly growing list of those friends of man whose great service the world is at last beginning to understand and value.

"BILL"



This is the story of Bill, the dog who won the 1931 Silver Medal award for Washington, in the Latham Foundation and Seattle Post-Intelligencer Hero Animal Contest, for the following splendid service:

Mr. James Moore and his family of Lucerne, Washington, were living in a little mining camp, situated very near the mine where he was working. Their small house was built close by the railroad track where, hourly, trains loaded with ore rumbled by. One morning Mrs. Moore was busily engaged in her household duties, but now and again she would step to door or window to glance at her little son, Richard, aged two, who was playing about in the front yard. Bill, a fine, big hound, was lying near by, also with an eye on the child. For Bill-dog knew that though human babies are most delightful, soft, cuddly things to play with, and he adored Richard, they haven't much sense. Some improve in this regard as they grow up and some do not. But right now, Bill felt that it was best to watch the small person trotting hither and yon in his imaginary pursuits.

It was a very warm summer morning, and Mrs. Moore relaxed her vigilance for a few moments as she sank in a chair to rest.

The child drifted to the fence, then, tempted by the golden poppies growing beside the road, out he ran. Bill arose, stretched and yawned, and followed him. On and on went Richard. Oh, what pretty flowers, thought he, up on the railroad track; he would get some for mother, and he trotted along the track picking them. Suddenly Bill pricked up his ears. What was that loud, rumbling sound, so very close at hand? Then around the curve, straight toward the child, who, all unheeding, toddled on to meet it, came a train—

Mrs. Moore had just come to the door again, in time to see what was happening. With a scream she ran frantically forward, though realizing she could not get there in time—when Bill dashed in front of the child and pushed him back off the track so that he fell and rolled clear; then Bill, to make sure, placed both front paws upon him and held him down while the loaded ore train thundered heavily by.

To quote Mr. Moore: "My wife saw the whole thrilling rescue, which enshrined Bill in our hearts with an affection that only death can end. Bill is my constant companion, and great favorite of my three children, especially Richard, whose life he saved."

REX BEACH



The splendid story of a horse named Rex Beach, the winner of the 1931 bronze medal for Washington, in the Latham Foundation and Seattle Post-Intelligencer Hero Animal Contest.

There have been countless deeds of heroic service by horses since the beginning of history. In fact the very progress of civilization is a testimonial of the inestimable value of this magnificent animal to the human race.

Walter Devereux of Port Angeles, Washington, has good reason to believe that his life was recently saved by his faithful horse from an attack by a stealthy man-killing cougar.

This is how it happened: Devereux went to look for his horse a few nights ago. In the twilight dusk he tracked the animal into the deep woods, unaware that a great, slinking cougar, with muscles of steel, was tracking him, eager for human prey.

But Rex Beach, the horse, scented the approach of the killer and sensed his master's peril.

Suddenly Devereux was startled and chilled by a terrifying scream of his horse and the sound of a mighty struggle. He rushed to the scene of the battle and found the turf and underbrush torn and trampled. The brave horse had finally treed the great brute.

"When I appeared," writes Devereux, "the cougar leaped to the ground and ran away. He had been completely vanquished by the horse. I actually had difficulty in preventing Rex Beach from following him."

So now Rex is wearing his beautiful medal in bronze with rightful pride, awarded by the Latham Foundation for Heroic Service, and chosen by the Seattle Post-Intelligencer as one of the three representative animal heroes of Washington. And so ends the story of Rex Beach, just another example of what a horse can do, one of the millions of horses who have enabled men to bring to fruition their dreams of conquest. Through them vast lands have blossomed into harvest, and the great cities of the world have sprung into being.

We have now the age of machinery, but the very foundations of civilization have been laid by man's lowly, patient, abused helper, the horse.

And what is, in the vast majority of cases, his reward, now that his service is no longer an imperative necessity?

The old, crippled and sick horses, having given their whole lives to an ungrateful master, are sold, regardless of the suffering, neglect and cruelty they may experience before being killed, to those profiteers who maintain slaughterhouses where these poor animals are ground up into chicken or cat and dog feed.

Man's inhumanity to man is proverbial, his inhumanity to the animal kingdom is beyond understanding, and the indifference of the public is the finest aid that cruelty can ask or devise.

THE HORSE'S PRAYER

To thee, my master, I offer my prayer: Feed me, water and care for me, and, when the day's work is done, provide me with shelter, a clean dry bed and a stall wide enough for me to lie down in comfort.

Always be kind to me. Talk to me. Your voice often means as much to me as the reins. Pet me sometimes, that I may serve you the more gladly and learn to love you. Do not jerk the reins, and do not whip me when going up hill. Never strike, beat or kick me when I do not understand what you want, but give me a chance to understand you. Watch me, and if I fail to do your bidding, see if something is not wrong with my harness or feet.

Do not check me so that I cannot have the free use of my head. If you insist that I wear blinders, so that I cannot see behind me as it was intended I should, I pray you be careful that the blinders stand well out from my eyes.

Do not overload me, or hitch me where water will drip on me. Keep me well shod. Examine my teeth when I do not eat, I may have an ulcerated tooth, and that, you know, is very painful. Do not tie my head in an unnatural position, or take away my best defense against flies and mosquitoes by cutting off my tail.

I cannot tell you when I am thirsty, so give me clean cool water often. Save me, by all means in your power, from that fatal disease—the glanders. I cannot tell you in words when I am sick, so watch me, that by signs you may know my condition. Give me all possible shelter from the hot sun, and put a blanket on me, not when I am working but when I am standing in the cold. Never put a frosty bit in my mouth; first warm it by holding it a moment in your hands.

I try to carry you and your burdens without a murmur, and wait patiently for you long hours of the day or night. Without the power to choose my shoes or path, I sometimes fall on the hard pavements which I have often prayed might not be of wood but of such a nature as to give me a safe and sure footing. Remember that I must be ready at any moment to lose my life in your service.

And finally, O MY MASTER, when my useful strength is gone, do not turn me out to starve or freeze, or sell me to some cruel owner, to be slowly tortured and starved to death; but do thou, My Master, take my life in the kindest way, and your God will reward you here and hereafter. You will not consider me irreverent if I ask this in the name of Him who was born in a Stable. Amen. — *The American Humane Education Society.*

CARE OF DOGS

THE PET PARADE

Interesting Notes on Our Wild and Domestic
Animals and Birds

From *The San Rafael Independent*.

By MABEL KETCHUM EASTMAN

Animals are honest. When a dog comes to our door saying he is homeless, hungry, thirsty and cold we believe him. When a man comes to our door saying he is homeless and hungry, we sometimes have our doubts. We have learned that man is not always truthful.

If you dislike your neighbor, don't be unkind to his dog or cat just because they live with him. The animals are blameless and have nothing to do with the quarrel. Respect them whether they belong to your friend or enemy. They are dumb, helpless creatures, at our mercy and it's cowardly to mistreat any of them.

Any dog may become a member of the "Tail Wagger's Club" of London. If he is a member, he wears a little metal tag and if he gets lost the club will find him over all the world. Its handbook bears this quotation from "Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow" by Jerome K. Jerome: "He is very imprudent—a dog is. He never makes it his business to inquire whether you are right or wrong, never bothers as to whether you are going up or down life's ladder, never asks whether you are rich or poor, silly or wise, sinner or saint.

"You are his pal. This is enough for him and come luck or misfortune, a good repute or bad, honor or shame, he is going to stick to you, to comfort you, give his life for you if need be."

The handbook gives some excellent advice on the care of dogs. It states in part: "Though the requirements of a dog are modest in the extreme and inexpensive to supply, he has at least the right to expect that his living quarters should be comfortable and his food adequate, wholesome and suitable. Outdoor kennels are seldom necessary where not more than one dog is

kept. He is of more service indoors, especially at night, and when he sleeps in the house there is no possibility of annoyance being caused to the neighbors by his barking. He will become more friendly and intelligent, too, by close association with us than he could possibly be if he lived by himself in an outside kennel.

"Sometimes it happens, however, that the dog must sleep outside, or at least have a kennel in which he can be shut during certain parts of the day. It is a great advantage if one has a warm shed or a stable in which a box containing straw, or a sack filled with straw can be put, but if these conveniences are not available, it is desirable that the kennel should be warm and as roomy as possible. . . . It should be large enough to permit of the sleeping apartment being protected from any draughts.

The habit of chaining a dog to his kennel is not to be encouraged. The restriction is so irksome to him that if it is continued for any time he will probably become morose and savage and will most certainly be noisy. The kennel should be in a spot that is protected from cold winds.

"As we said before, the house is a much better place and here any dog up to medium size can have a basket in which to lie in the day time and sleep at night. The bigger breeds will do very well on rugs provided they are out of draughts. The bedding for the basket whether it be a piece of rug or cushion should be of such nature that it can be cleansed and dried periodically. Pure wool sleeping blankets are economical and durable.

"Whether indoors or out, a dog should always have access to a constant supply of drinking water and attention should be given to the cleanliness of these receptacles, otherwise a slimy deposit will soon follow."

Frequently we see dogs confined in cold, windy, damp places and then the owners wonder why they get sick. It's a good plan to put yourself in the dog's place and quickly you will realize if anything is wrong with his quarters.

In England dogs are treated more like one of the family—like one of the children. Over here, they are still something to be shoved outside and fed from the ground.

A dog should have his own dishes from which to eat and they should be washed as frequently as your own.

One of the things Americans comment on when they visit England are the dog cemeteries. And often the dog is buried in the family plot, headstone and all. That's the attitude they have over there; he's one of the family.

If the weather has been too cold to bathe your dog, then a little flea powder may be needed.

A dog reflects the treatment he receives at home. His disposition is proof of the atmosphere in which he lives.

THE LATHAM FOUNDATION.

Latham Square Building,
Oakland, California.

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