



HAPPY NEW YEAR!

THE KIND DEEDS MESSENGER



THE LATHAM
FOUNDATION
STORY SERVICE
FOR THE PUBLIC
SCHOOLS



No. 55

CONTESTS FOR PUBLIC AND PAROCHIAL SCHOOLS FOR THE 1933 WINTER SEMESTER.

- POSTER CONTEST Closing Date . April 15, 1933
- ESSAY CONTEST Closing Date . April 1, 1933
- SCRAPBOOK CONTEST Closing Date . May 1, 1933

EIGHTH ANNUAL POSTER CONTEST

The poster announcement for the 1933 Contest is being circulated this month with the January issue of THE KIND DEEDS MESSENGER and, due to the wide interest which has been aroused by our traveling exhibits, we expect a larger number of entries this year than in any of the previous seven years of our poster contests.

Mr. John T. Lemos of the Stanford University Art Gallery is the able director of our art department and he reports that in spite of the thousands of posters which have been entered in former years, he has not enough to supply the traveling demand. He reports that the ten traveling exhibits "are fairly well spread around the country and, from letters we receive, they are doing a lot of real good as well as helping to arouse interest in the Latham Poster Contest."

As we go to press the ten exhibits are located as follows: Nos. 1 and 9 at the Junior Museum, Los Angeles; No. 2 at the Catholic Teachers' College, Providence, R. I.; No. 3, Forty-Fort Senior High School, Penn.; No. 4, Stanford University; No. 5, Red Bluff High School, Calif.; No. 6, Alameda County public

schools; No. 7, the public schools of Utah; No. 8, Milwaukee Art Institute, Wisconsin; No. 10, public schools of Portland, Ore.

The lessons learned through participation in these contests are far greater than might at first be supposed. Not only is our humane message being carried into localities which we could not otherwise reach, but the stimulation in and appreciation of a high standard of poster art expression are being greatly encouraged.

A little girl in the fifth grade of a San Diego school attempts to analyze what the poster contest taught her. She writes: "Posters do not only teach drawing, but many other things also. Now I will name some things posters taught us --- co-operation, shading, kindness, spacing, remember what you see; to watch interesting things, responsibility, to be wide awake, steadiness of the hand, art, patience, self-control, neatness, spelling, obedience, perseverance, lettering, colors, orderliness, thriftiness, use your eyes, concentration, and many other things I could not name." We would like to add as one of the "other things," being a good sport when you don't win a prize.

SEVENTH ANNUAL HUMANE ESSAY CONTEST

Open to All Grade Schools

SUGGESTED SUBJECTS

Group I—Grades 4 and 5

1. What Tony, the Hero Cat, has taught me.
2. What Shep, the Hero Dog of San Andreas, has taught me.
3. Stray animals I have helped.
4. What are my duties to my pet?
5. Acts of Kindness which I have seen.
6. What my Kind Deeds Club has done.
(Be sure to state when your story is true.)

Group II—Grades 6, 7 and 8

1. Why I have given up traps and guns and the sports I find that are more interesting.
2. Animals I have saved from suffering.
3. Animals I have saved from cruelty.
4. The rights of animals and the protection we should give them.
5. What does it mean to be a good citizen?
6. Qualities I have observed in animals.
7. What the Kind Deeds Pledge means to me.
(Be sure to state when your story is true.)

RULES OF THE CONTEST

LENGTH—Essays in Grades 4 and 5 must be limited to 200 words; in grades 6, 7 and 8 to 400 words.

HOW WRITTEN—Essays must be written in ink or on typewriter, and on one side of the paper only.

SUBJECTS—Essays must be original and selected from the attached lists. *Request is made that when stories are true it be so stated under the title.*

IDENTIFICATION—The full name, age, grade, year, school and town of the contestant must be written clearly in the upper right-hand corner of the first page of the essay.

TIME OF DELIVERY—Essays must reach the Latham Foundation on or before April 1, 1933; those received after that date will not be considered. The Foundation reserves the right to keep all essays submitted. No essay will be returned.

PRIZES—Prizes will go to individual contestants.

HOW TO SEND—Essays must be sent flat or folded and mailed in a large envelope. Address plainly to

THE LATHAM FOUNDATION FOR THE PROMOTION OF
HUMANE EDUCATION
Latham Square Building, Oakland, California

PRIZES— Group I—Grades 4 and 5

Three first prizes, each.....	\$3.00
Three second prizes, each	2.00
Three third prizes, each	1.00

Group II—Grades 6, 7 and 8

Three first prizes, each	\$5.00
Three second prizes, each	4.00
Three third prizes, each	3.00

SCRAPBOOK CONTEST

It has been decided as something entirely new in our humane work to offer a bronze cup as prize in the Scrap Book Contest.

This cup will be awarded the school which sends in the book judged to be the best. "Best" does not mean the prettiest on the outside. This is of course very desirable, but it is the inside which counts most.

Pupils may seek material from magazines or newspapers or humane printed folders, and the book should be made up of both pictures and printed matter. Books consisting entirely of pictures don't tell the story. Current news items may be used or stories that point a lesson. These will be made the better by the pupil's analysis or criticism. Books should be made up of different subjects as they affect animals. The care of pets is a very good subject. Seek illustrations, for instance, of the good treatment of pets; tell how and why pets thrive or don't thrive; the services of animals which have built up civilization and which alone have made life possible for man; what man owes the animal world in return; the relation or kinship of all feeling beings and man's duty to respect the rights of his younger brothers, the animals. Make the book general in material and appeal.

We strongly suggest that a judging committee be appointed, composed of the pupils taking part in the contest, to examine each item of the collected material and to determine what is desirable for a humane scrapbook. Remember that the entry of a story which encourages anything cruel—for instance like gunning or trapping, or any other inhumane treatment of animals—will lose the book all chance of being considered for the prize, or even of being entered in the contest, *unless* such material is offset by the pupil's explanation of why such things are wrong. Lessons which encourage kindness are preferred.

A further explanation of the Cup: The name of the winning school will be engraved under its rim and the cup will be held by that school until some other school in a later contest wins it away from the first school. The effort of the winning school should be to keep its trophy as many years as possible by excelling in each succeeding contest. One of the very best books last year was made in a small school by the youngest pupils. Our best 1932 essays were written by boys and girls in the fourth and fifth grades. The young grades have as good a chance of winning prizes as the higher grades.



ADVENTURES OF BROTHER BUZZ THE ELF BUMBLE BEE

BROTHER BUZZ MEETS A TURTLE

By DOLORES WILKENS KENT



"Glad to meet you, Brother Buzz," answered the Turtle.

BROTHER BUZZ had been visiting the red clover fields, feasting royally upon the nectar contained in its blossoms, and now, as the warm summer day was drawing to a close, he flew lazily homeward.

The combination of heat and honey made Brother Buzz feel very drowsy. Suddenly he spied a tiny brook at the foot of a hill and, being thirsty, he stopped to drink. How cool and refreshing the water was! Brother Buzz drank deeply and then rested on one of the green ferns growing beside the brook.

He must have dropped off to sleep for a moment, for he awakened with a start to find his perch on the fern leaf in sad danger. It was shaking like an earthquake. Brother Buzz hung on tightly and peered over the edge. The queerest thing he had ever seen was pushing its way through the ferns as it moved slowly to the water.

It was dark brown, with a strangely marked and rounded shell-like back. Four fat little legs and feet were sturdily carrying it along, while a queer little snake-like head with bright black eyes stretched out from under the shell and seemed to be carefully examining the bank.

It gained the water's edge, and wading in, swam away far more skillfully and quickly than it could walk.

"Well," said Brother Buzz, "I see something new every day! I wonder what kind of an animal that is. I feel as though I were going to have another adventure."

"Come to the top of the hill where the pine trees grow," whispered a soft little voice in his ear.

Such a tiny voice, yet so clear! Where did it come from?

Brother Buzz turned all around in a circle. Not a thing was in sight. He looked up and he looked down—there was nothing to be seen.

But the message had been clear enough. "The top of the hill." He flew up a little way. Yes, there were pine trees crowning it. He flew all the way and settled on a baby pine that grew beneath the shade of its tall parent tree.

It was beautiful up here on the hill; the sweet smelling pine needles carpeted the ground; between the trees Brother Buzz could see far away, across the meadows to where the sun was setting in the western sky.

Not even the tiniest breeze disturbed the quiet of the pine grove. Brother Buzz listened eagerly for the voice that had sent him here, but all was still. Then, what was that? A faint murmur—louder.

And dancing over the hills came a charming little figure, just about the size of Starbright or Sunray, but

with warm, golden-brown skin and black eyes; her jet-black hair worn in two long braids. She was dressed in white, with moccasins on her feet and a long green feather floated from her hair. She smiled pleasantly at little Brother Buzz and her white teeth flashed between her rosy lips as she said sweetly, in a low and rather husky voice:

"Good evening, little Brother. So you heard Leelinau calling?"

"Buzz, buzz!" exclaimed Brother Buzz, too astonished to speak.

Leelinau laughed, saying, "Do not be afraid, little Brother, I am Leelinau, once a Chippewa maiden, now a fairy of the pines, and I often dance at sunset in this grove. I heard you wondering what little Brother Turtle was, and whispered for you to come up here so I could tell you."

Brother Buzz made a low, sweeping bow with his little silk hat. "Good evening," answered he. "I am Brother Buzz, a bumblebee from far off lands, and I am come to learn of the ways of birds and beasts, and insects, so when I saw that queer creature creeping below me, I wondered what it was."

"That is little Brother Turtle, or Tortoise, as he is also called," answered Leelinau. "Shall I show him to you and tell you all about him?"

"Oh, please do; but first, won't you tell me all about yourself?" asked Brother Buzz shyly. "Your name is lovely, but I have never heard one like it before, and where and what are Chippewas?"

Leelinau patted the ground beside her.

"Sit right down here with me and I will tell you who I am, and where the Chippewas lived long years ago."

Brother Buzz flew down and sat beside her, listening eagerly as she began her story.

"Many moons ago, on the shores of Lake Superior, there dwelt a tribe of Indians; they were Chippewas. One chief had a little daughter whom he loved very much. She did not care for the games of the other children, but loved to dance under the pine trees and listen to the murmur of their branches as they sang with their brothers, the Winds. She danced in the early morning when the sun rose in the blue, blue sky, and she danced in the evening when the sun went to bed in the fiery gold and crimson west.

"One day her mother called to her. 'Leelinau,' she said, 'You are a maiden now, and a handsome young brave has come to claim you for his bride.' But Lee-

linau cried that she did not want to go from the pine trees to some other lodge, and she went to her father, but he, too, though he looked sad, said that the time had come when she must marry.

"So then Leelinaw said, 'If I may dance once more under the pines at sunset, I will go,' and they answered 'Yes.'

"She dressed herself all in white, with wild flowers in her hair and in her arms she carried a spray of pine. Then she hastened to her favorite grove of trees.

"They never saw her again, though for days they searched the woods—the maiden, Leelinaw—had vanished. But they found a fisher-lad who said that he had seen her dancing under the trees in her pine grove beside the shores of Lake Superior, that evening, and that suddenly a handsome man had joined her. He must have been a fairy prince for he did not look at all like the Indians. His clothes were of silver and gold and tall, nodding plumes were upon his head. So they knew that the fairy prince had taken Leelinaw away with him."

"Buzz, buzz," whispered Brother Buzz. He felt that he just couldn't talk out loud after that beautiful story, "Are you Leelinaw?"

"Yes, little Brother," she answered softly, "and I will dance now, at sunset for you."

She glided swiftly into a cleared space before them, and under the pines she danced again, as she had danced in her pine grove on the shores of Lake Superior long, long years ago. And as she bent and circled and gracefully, lightly poised in her dancing, it seemed to Brother Buzz that she was not alone, for in the rose and golden glow from the setting sun, he could dimly see another figure clad all in silver and gold, with tall, nodding green plumes upon his head.

Again and again they whirled all about the lovely tree-crowned grove, and then, as the sun was sinking lower in the sky, she stopped, alone, and sank down, smiling and happy, beside Brother Buzz.

"Dear Leelinaw, you are the most beautiful of all the fairies," said Brother Buzz, "and your dancing is glorious. What do you do all day?"

"I take care of the Pine Trees," she answered. "Though my story has been told for years and years, people do not know that I have become the guardian of the trees I love so well. I am the Fairy of the Pines. When people come here to break their branches or carve their names on the trees, I whisper in their ears and they no longer wish to do those things. But now—" she continued, "come with me down to the brook and meet Brother Turtle before it gets too dark."

So Brother Buzz flew down to the brook and Leelinaw ran swiftly down the hill and there was the little turtle climbing about on the bank.

"Brother Turtle," called Leelinaw, and he looked up.

"Oh, good evening, Leelinaw," he answered, "how are you?"

"Very well, indeed, Brother Turtle," said Leelinaw. "I want you to meet Brother Buzz, a Bumblebee from far off lands."

"Glad to meet you, Brother Buzz," answered the turtle, with a wave of one funny fat paw.

"Do you mind telling me, Brother Turtle, something about yourself and your family? I haven't met any turtles before, and I know you must be very interesting," said Brother Buzz.

"Why, surely," Brother Turtle stopped to snap at a mosquito that was passing, and that special insect van-

ished into his mouth. He looked up in such a funny way and smacked his lips, saying, "He won't bite anybody again."

Brother Buzz asked politely, "Do you like to eat mosquitos?"

"Surely, we turtles eat insects that would otherwise hurt people, trees, flowers and plants, so you see, we do some good." And Brother Turtle snapped at and missed a gnat that vanished in a great hurry and left him rather mad.

"Do you live in the water or on the land?" asked Brother Buzz.

"I am a land turtle, of the Box family," answered Brother Turtle, scratching his long neck with one foot. "Don't you see the the pretty orange stars on my shell?"

And there, sure enough, Brother Buzz could see many irregular spots on the dark brown of his shell.

"I came out here from the East, with some other turtles for the big garden over the hill. They treat us very nicely and make pets of us, while in return we keep their plants and flowers free from slugs and insects.

(To be continued)

QUESTIONS

1. What did Brother Buzz see beside the brook?
2. Describe it.
3. Who did he meet at the top of the hill?
4. Tell the story of the Chippewa maiden.
5. What does she protect?
6. Describe Brother Turtle.
7. Where did he come from?

SUPPLEMENTARY WORDS

goat	turtle
smacked	slugs

SPECIAL POSTER CONTEST OF THE FIRST AND SECOND GRADES

An exhibition of the posters of the first and second grades of the Alameda County schools was held at the Latham Square Building late in November. Out of about five thousand which were made by the youngest pupils, nearly one hundred were hung for judging. The teachers' judging committee, represented by Miss Irma Bond, Mrs. Edith B. Fletcher and Miss Ann Mello, named the following schools for the preferred groups:

SECOND GRADE—	FIRST GRADE—
Russell	Pleasanton
Markham	Decoto
Antone	Mt. Eden

This special contest was arranged for the primary grades from the current storyboard subject, "TONY, THE HERO CAT," in order to more properly recognize the work of the youngest pupils than is possible in the regular poster contest.

The judging was not an easy matter and a special vote of thanks is herewith extended by the Latham Foundation to the judges for the sincere interest and cooperation displayed. They all came from a distance and devoted their only free day in the week to this task.

The prizes, thirteen in number, consist of attractive books which will be presented early in the New Year, when Mrs. Tebault, who is very enthusiastic over the work achieved, will bear the prizes to the schools named and appropriate and merited tokens of recognition to the other schools which participated.