



THE KIND DEEDS MESSENGER

THE LATHAM
FOUNDATION
STORY SERVICE
FOR THE PUBLIC
SCHOOLS



No. 57

ADVENTURES OF BROTHER BUZZ THE ELF BUMBLE BEE

BUTTERFLIES

By DOLORES WILKENS KENT



"That is Sir Giant Swallowtail, one of our largest Butterflies. Isn't he handsome?" asked the fairy.

BROTHER BUZZ flitted briskly through the garden one early April morning. A gentle shower was still sending its delicate spray through the bright sunshine that seemed to be playfully contending as to who should win, the shower or the sun. Brother Buzz took shelter while the friendly dispute was going on, under a big locust tree.

Dozens and dozens of honey bees and bumblebees were breakfasting on the sweet honey in the pale pink, white and crimson flowers. A tall acacia tree swayed in the breeze, spreading abroad the heavy scent from its feathery yellow plumes.

Brother Buzz, after a fine breakfast culled from the daphne, flew to the acacia and, nestling amid the soft blossoms, decided to take a short nap while the weather cleared.

But he had hardly closed his eyes when he heard a faint note of music, clear, high and sweet, like the call of some magic flute. Brother Buzz opened his eyes and tried to see where it came from. Again it sounded, from somewhere above him. Brother Buzz was quite awake now. He looked up through the masses of flowers and greenery to see coming straight down toward him a tiny, shining figure, so bright that he blinked his eyes as he gazed. Nearer and nearer, until at last it stood beside him on a branch.

A fairy, no doubt of that. By this time Brother Buzz was getting used to adventures and fairies and strange things. So he gazed without fear at the beautiful little being. She was about as big as a very large butterfly, and had glistening golden wings that flashed in the sunshine. Her hair, falling in curls to her shoulders, was like spun gold, her eyes were deep blue, her skin like peaches and cream. Her dress was of shining gold cloth with black dots and markings, like those on a butterfly's wing, that shimmered with every movement. She was radiant as the sun itself, with a smile that scattered happiness about her.

As Brother Buzz stared, entranced, she lifted a tiny trumpet hanging at her girdle, and once more the same sweet call that had awakened Brother Buzz sounded. As the last note died away, from trees, plants and flowers, seemingly from the very sky, dozens and dozens of butterflies, of every kind and color, came fluttering about the fairy.

She held out her arms to them and they flew around her, touching her lovingly with their feelers as they passed.

Brother Buzz gasped in astonishment at the wonder of it all and, as though the sound made her see him for the first time, the fairy smiled directly at him, saying, "Oh, good morning, Miss Bumblebee; I didn't see you before."

He bowed politely, but looked so stiff and displeased that the fairy couldn't help noticing it and hurriedly said, "Please excuse me. Of course you're Mr. Bumblebee, but I couldn't help making a mistake as I am not used to seeing Mr. Bumblebees flying around."

"Oh," answered Brother Buzz, taking off his silk hat in a very deep bow. He couldn't be angry when she smiled like that. "It is quite all right. I am a strange bumblebee, from far-off lands, and my name is Brother Buzz."

"I see," said the fairy. "Well, I am the Butterfly Fairy. I have come to welcome my butterflies to the new springtime."

Brother Buzz answered happily. "How beautiful they are! I have never seen so many all at once."

They were still flying about, settling here and there among the branches and blossoms, to dart off again, giving place to others. Each in turn hovered over the fairy, caressing her before it flew away. At last she sounded her trumpet in the now familiar call, and the butterflies scattered to their favorite haunts in the garden.

"Now, Brother Buzz," said the fairy, "we can rest a bit." And she seated herself on a comfortable branch beside him. Brother Buzz replaced his little silk hat and settled down too.

"Why," said Brother Buzz, "there are hundreds of different kinds of butterflies!"

"Over two hundred and fifty kinds on the Pacific Coast alone," answered the fairy, "and thousands and thousands all over the world."

Brother Buzz, watching a huge butterfly that had stopped on a bunch of acacia near him, said, "What a gorgeous one! What is he called?"

"That is Sir Giant Swallow-tail, one of our largest butterflies. Isn't he handsome?" asked the fairy. She sounded her tiny trumpet softly, and the butterfly fluttered over to them. "This is Brother Buzz, Sir Giant," she said in introduction. Sir Giant waved his antennae, or feelers, which are supposed to be the means of sound, smell and touch, in greeting, and gazed approvingly at Brother Buzz out of his great big eyes, saying, "How do you do, Brother Buzz?"

"This is a pleasure," answered Brother Buzz. "Did you just come here, Sir Giant?"

"Yes, I came out of my chrysalis only yesterday." And he spread out his beautiful black, banded with yellow, wings, gracefully. All butterflies have four wings, and on the back edge of each lower wing of the Sir Giant was a deep pointed tip like a swallow's tail with a red spot on it. Brother Buzz gazed in admiration as these wings waved slowly back and forth.

"Really," asked Brother Buzz, "what is a chrysalis?"

"Come," and the Butterfly Fairy beckoned. "We will show you." And she flew quickly across the garden, followed by Sir Giant Swallow-tail and Brother Buzz. The wide, velvety-green lawns were still wet and glistening after the rain—pansies holding up their little faces like tiny children scrubbed clean for school.

On they flew. At last they came to a corner where some tall birch trees grew. Descending, the fairy settled on a small branch and Sir Giant and Brother Buzz followed suit.

There were still some dead leaves clinging here and there to the tree, though it was garbed in its new spring dress of green leaves.

"There is a chrysalis, right beside you," and the fairy pointed to a funny, brownish, dried-up thing that seemed merely a decayed leaf. "That!" exclaimed Brother Buzz in amazement. "Do you mean that that is a butterfly?"

"Surely!" laughed the fairy. "First, you know, Mrs. Butterfly lays an egg on a leaf. Within two weeks a tiny caterpillar comes out. They vary in shape and size according to their kind. All they do is eat. While caterpillars, they moult or change their skins four times. This stage lasts only a month or so, though there are some caterpillars that remain asleep in the chrysalis stage throughout the whole winter, as you see here, and then in the spring, out of the little, creeping, crawling thing that entered the chrysalis, comes the exquisite butterfly."

"This is just how I looked," said Sir Giant, "as this is a butterfly of my family." And Sir Giant smiled with pleasure. The chrysalis, a sort of irregular oval, was fastened loosely to the branch by a tiny girdle of finely woven silk thread.

Brother Buzz, looking closely, could see that it was the shape of the butterfly with the wings folded and had the general outline of the body.

"Well, well, well!" he declared. "That is interesting. How did you get out?"

Sir Giant laughed. "We simply break through, leaving the empty shell still clinging to the tree. At first our wings are wet and feeble, but in a few hours they harden and we can fly, fully developed butterflies."

Just then a lovely delicate blue one drifted by. "Oh, there is a Spring Azure!" cried the fairy, and she called with her trumpet. The dainty little beauty fluttered lightly up to them.

"Good day, Fairy dear," she said. It was just as if a little flower had floated up from one of the garden beds and found a voice. Brother Buzz was speechless with pleasure and really stammered a greeting when the Fairy introduced him.

"I think I'll be going. I must visit the snapdragon. Some of them need their pollen scattered," said Sir Giant and, bidding good-by to the Fairy, Brother Buzz and Spring Azure, he flew away.

"Why, I didn't know that butterflies carried pollen as the bees do," Brother Buzz faltered. Spring Azure laughed sweetly. "We do, though. When we brush the flowers with our wings and sip the honey, we naturally carry the pollen from flower to flower."

"Don't you realize yet, Brother Buzz," said the Fairy gravely, "that every creature, even the tiniest, has some work to do? If you will fly over to that sunny corner of the lawn I will show you something."

The three flew down on the grass on a sort of terrace, and all around them were little gossamer-winged, copper-colored butterflies, flashing and glittering in the sunshine like the metal of their name, for these were the American Copper. They were feeding busily, sipping the clover blossoms on the lawn. Brother Buzz watched curiously as they uncurled their long tongues or proboscis and thrust them deep into the flowers.

"Aren't they charming?" asked the Fairy. "And so brave! They aren't afraid of anything." Spring Azure smiled happily when Brother Buzz admired them, for they were her cousins, and great friends, and she fluttered away to join them.

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ROLF

Super Hero of Our Animal Hero Contest.

Gold Medal Winner for the State of Minnesota in the 1932 Hero Animal Contest of the Latham Foundation and the Minneapolis Journal.



ROLF.

ROLF, a pedigreed German police dog, scion of a line of Germany's finest manhunters, saved three children from a burning house and is a great son of his breed. It was dogs of Rolf's ancestry that went over the top with German messages in the war, and it was Rolf's strain which made these dogs the terrible super-intelligent hunters of criminals that became known throughout the world.

Food was scarce in Dusseldorf in 1923 during the occupation. There wasn't much to go around for the dogs, and Mrs. Anton Dirkse, 56 North Victoria Street, St. Paul, Minnesota, visiting in Dusseldorf, brought Rolf back to this country with her.

Rolf had been trained by the police with his brothers, and was one of their most promising pupils. The feat for which he received the gold medal of the Latham Foundation was a marvelous one.

It happened while Rolf's owners were spending the summer at a resort. Nearby lived another family with three children. Rolf does not care for children particularly as playmates, but he knows how to guard them well. Several times he had seen them at play in the yard.

Then one day while the children were taking a nap in the house, and their parents were down at the lake, fire broke out. A curl of smoke drifted out of an upper story window and then more and more. Rolf, in his own yard, saw the smoke. Instantly he was on his feet, his ears cocked, his head forward. He knew what smoke meant.

Then at a bedroom window from which the smoke had begun to seep, appeared a frightened little face

and a childish cry came across the yards. In a flash, uttering a single bark, Rolf started forward. Between him and the burning house were two fences. Over these he sailed and sped up the lawn.

There was a screen door at the rear of the house. As 110 pounds of heavy police dog hit it going fast, it splintered and tore. Into the smoke, Rolf disappeared.

The door to the bedroom had been shut, but Rolf remembered his early training. With a lunge he hit it, and the light lock burst open under the impact. One child Rolf seized firmly by its clothes, while another, child-like, clung with its arms around the dog's neck. With his double burden, Rolf went down the stairs and outside. Dropping his load he dashed back through the flames and seized the third. Quickly, for the flames were mounting, he yanked the child off its feet and started down the stairs. His beautiful body singed by the flames, he gained the yard as the first of the neighbors came running up. The children were saved. Quietly Rolf trotted off. His work was done.

At another time a prowler entered the Dirkse home. He stayed just two seconds and emerged with a roaring police dog behind him. The man took only two steps, and with consummate skill Rolf had him tripped and down and with a snarl was at his throat, his fangs an inch away from the trembling fellow's jugular vein. Not daring to move a muscle, and with his wits almost frightened out of him, the prowler stayed just that way until the police arrived. Then with a wag of his tail, Rolf trotted off. On a third occasion, Rolf saved a child from being run down by an automobile when he rushed to the street and shoved her out of the way.

(Continued from page 2)

"Do butterflies always eat nectar?" asked Brother Buzz.

"One kind does not, though I don't see any around just now," said the Fairy, looking all about her. "They are called Wanderers and are very valuable to the flowers and plants, for their caterpillars eat the woolly lice, that cottony white mass that we see on plants. They suck the sap and life from everything they attack, and these tiny caterpillars do good service by devouring quantities of them. The adult butterfly Wanderers eat the honey-dew from plants infested by these aphids. They rarely are seen on flowers."

"Look, look!" cried Brother Buzz. "What is going on over there?"

He and the Fairy flew quickly to a tall hollyhock from which they could overlook a big bed of white and purple iris.

The warm sunshine was drawing a faint perfume from the royal purple flowers, showing more deeply colored against the delicate white of their sister blossoms; and thickly coming and going, sipping their nectar, resting softly amid their petals, caressing, fluttering, rising to whirl away into the air and as quickly returning, were hundreds of tiny white butterflies. It was a wonderful sight and Brother Buzz and the Fairy sat still, unable to even speak. At last the Fairy said gently, "There is a tale that white butterflies are the souls of dead flowers. This seems as if it might be true."

Brother Buzz felt that the world was surely more beautiful, more kindly and more lovable for these glorious little creatures, whose mission in life was greater than their work, to make people appreciate the marvelous handiwork of the Creator. And the way to enjoy them is to watch and study their ways and life as they fly, free and happy, not struggling under cruel nets or more cruelly pinned up in collections. One live butterfly can teach more than a thousand dead ones.

QUESTIONS

1. Whom did Brother Buzz see in the acacia tree?
2. What happened when the Fairy blew her trumpet?
3. Are there many kinds of butterflies?
4. Describe Sir Giant Swallow-tail.
5. Describe the chrysalis.
6. How long do butterflies remain in a chrysalis? How do they break out?
7. Describe Spring Azure, American Copper, White butterflies and Wanderers.
8. What is an aphid?
9. What do butterflies do for the world?
10. Why do we learn more from the lovely live butterflies than to cruelly collect them?

SUPPLEMENTARY WORDS

aphids	moult	oval
feelers	snapdragon	haunts
locust	woolly	

FAITHFUL BILL



Bay View Bill

Bill Promises to be Present in Person at Poster Exhibition

Bay View School, San Francisco, Calif.

February 13, 1933.

Mrs. Dolores Wilkens Kent,
Secretary Latham Foundation,
Oakland, California.

My Dear Mrs. Kent:

A belated response to your very nice letter of January 19, 1933—due to a broken arm of mine—brings my assurance that we shall be happy to have "Bay View Bill" participate in your Hero Dogs program, attendant only upon the fact that his condition will permit such appearance, as his rheumatism is sometimes more troublesome than is comfortable for him.

However, he seemed quite proud and delighted when I read your letter to him and led me to believe that he would do all in his power to conserve his strength until the momentous occasion in May.

My very best wishes are yours for a stupendous success.

Cordially yours,
ROSE STOLTZ, *Principal*.

P. S.: Bill is now in his seventh year of attendance at school, and up to date, is 100 per cent perfect. He sends his greetings to you and your pets.—R. S.

SPECIAL NOTICE

As conspicuously announced in our January issue (No. 55) the closing date of the Scrapbook Contest is MAY 1, 1933.

Through some error which we are at a loss to understand the closing date was announced in the September, 1932, issue (No. 52) as March 1, 1933. We wish to correct this mistake and to make it clear that the closing date is as above—May 1, 1933.