



THE KIND DEEDS MESSENGER

THE LATHAM
FOUNDATION
STORY SERVICE
FOR THE PUBLIC
SCHOOLS



No. 60

OAKLAND BANS GUNS FOR MINORS; SLING SHOTS OUTLAWED

In an effort to further safeguard Oakland children from needless dangers, and to protect the city's bird and animal life from destruction, the City Council, on September 11, unanimously voted to restrict the use of guns of all descriptions to minors under 18 years of age. The use of sling shots by persons of any age is also forbidden under a former Ordinance passed by the Oakland City Council.

We owe a big debt of gratitude to Hon. Herbert Beach, chairman, and other members of the Council for their vision and initiative in passing measures which promote public safety and the higher ethical education of our youth.

Ten thousand lives were lost in one single year in the United States because guns are too easily procured and too ruthlessly used and the toll each year through minors alone is appallingly heavy.

We urge our friends to take the time to write the Oakland City Council, City Hall, Oakland, congratulating and thanking them for their action. Praise is due our George L. Killion for his tireless service in supplying data to the Council and interesting key citizens to realize the urgency of this amended Ordinance.

For years we have striven to popularize a "GUNLESS CHRISTMAS." This Ordinance automatically puts it into effect and we shall urge merchants to feature in their Christmas sales constructive toys which appeal to all mechanically inclined boys and can injure neither man nor beast. Amended Ordinance follows:

AN ORDINANCE AMENDING SECTION 2-2.30 OF THE OAKLAND MUNICIPAL CODE, PERTAINING TO THE USE AND POSSESSION OF FIREARMS BY MINORS.

BE IT ORDAINED by the Council of the City of Oakland as follows:

SECTION 1. Section 2-2.30 of the Oakland Municipal Code is hereby amended to read as follows:

SEC. 2-2.30. FIREARMS. USE OR POSSESSION OF BY MINORS. It shall be unlawful for any person to sell or give to any minor in the City of Oakland under the age of eighteen (18) years, or to allow any such minor to possess, use or discharge, or for any such minor to possess, any rifle, gun, pistol, revolver or other similar instrument from or by means of which any bullet, shot or other missile of any kind may be projected by means of cartridges, powder or other explosive; provided, that the provisions of this section shall not apply to the possession of such firearms by such minors in bona fide shooting galleries, gun clubs or organizations or educational institutions authorized to give military instruction while such firearms are being used as a part of such instruction, nor to the possession of unloaded firearms by any such minor as an employee of a merchant when such possession is in the usual course of his employment.

SECTION 2. This Ordinance shall take effect immediately.

SECTION 2-2.29. ORDINANCE 278 C. M. S. OAKLAND MUNICIPAL CODE.

SLING SHOTS. It shall be unlawful for any person to make use of or to wear or carry about his person or to have in his possession any sling shot, rubber sling or other instrument or contrivance by means of which shots or other missiles of any kind or description are, or made to be hurled or projected.

OAKLAND CITY LIMITS. Extends from Atlas Place in the north, all along the Skyline Boulevard to Lake Chabot in the southeast; thence west to Foothill Boulevard; thence north to Durant Avenue; thence west to the Bay; from that point northwest by the Estuary to San Francisco Bay and the waterfront north to the Emeryville line; thence east along Alcatraz Avenue to Claremont Avenue; thence north through the California Institute for Deaf, Dumb and Blind to Atlas Place.

This territory includes the entire hill region from Grizzly Peak to Lake Chabot.

WINTER PROJECTS

BLACKBOARD MOTTOES FOR THIS MONTH

Keep a heart open to every voice from field and wood and sky.

Men are great only as they are considerate and kind.

Dear Teachers and Pupils:

We hope that you are looking forward to our winter's work with as much pleasure as we are.

Tomorrow is Mrs. Tebault's first day in the field. She has already written to all the principals giving them the dates she will be in their schools, which will be about the same time as last year unless they wish for some reason to make a change in the days. You may look forward to having the traveling poster exhibit at the same time as her visit. In this special exhibit for east bay schools you are likely to see your own individual posters if they received recognition in the contest.

This poster contest has grown to such size that we now have sixteen boxes traveling to all parts of the country and they are doing a superb work. You just can't stop Humane Education.

Doubtless your first question will be about the storyboard you are to see in the very near future. We are keeping this a secret to give you a great surprise. But I will go so far as to say that this story, like the one last year and the one the year before, really did happen and it is such a wonderful story that when I told it to one of the radio announcers—nobody less than Rush Hughes—who, speaking over KGO, reaches all parts of California and many other of the Western states, said at once, "We must have that," and sure enough on the afternoon of August 10th, Mr. Hughes made a real drama of our story as only Mr. Hughes can, and it was so fine that even the office of the Oakland Chamber of Commerce rang us up with inspiring compliments and we have heard from points North and South as far as Portland, Ore., and Alhambra, Calif. This is your storyboard subject and when I tell you that the board was made by Mr. and Mrs. John T. Lemos, it is the same as saying that it is very beautiful.

There will be three contests as in former years:

Essay Contest—Closing date, March 1, 1934.

Poster Contest—Closing date, April 15, 1934.

Scrapbook Contest—Closing Date, April 15, 1934.

(Details of these contests will be given later.)

Your scrapbooks of last term will make the tour of the schools so that each school may know how the other schools develop their ideas about Humane Education. And you will be proud to know that Mr. Lemos has spoken for the best books to send far and wide with the boxes of traveling posters.

Each school which entered the scrapbook contest last year will be notified about the prizes which will be awarded shortly after September 1st. Your poems for 1933-34 will be given in the next issue.

The Bibliography sheets will be provided each school and we hope that they will be filled as satisfactorily as they were in former years.

We are having a new feature. Miss Louise Gilmour, who writes under the name of "Aunt Sally" for the Latham Foundation, will this year send stories each week for the following newspapers, whose editors have so splendidly consented to cooperate through publication in their columns of stories both entertaining and instructive: Antioch Ledger, Brentwood News, El Cerrito Journal, The Courier (Walnut Creek), The Post-Dispatch (Pittsburg), The Times (Pinole), The Hayward Journal, The Washington News (Centerville), and the San Leandro Reporter.

Members of the KIND DEEDS CLUBS everywhere, don't fail to read the new Ordinance printed in this issue, which has just been passed by the Oakland City Council. We ask every K. D. C. member not only to observe it but to help in its enforcement. This Ordinance will save innumerable animals and birds from willful slaughter and it will prevent many tragedies of children killing playmates, parents and others.

The time will come when men will not want to go out with a gun to kill innocent fellow creatures. Rather they will prefer to win the friendship of animals, which is so full of rare joy that one can feel sorry for those whose education has been so defective that they see nothing better than targets in the lovely life of field and wood. In far away parts of the world undiscovered by men, many animals and birds are very tame and friendly until they find out that man is their worst enemy. What can we make of the fact that everything living flees from man? Is it not a very sad reflection that his presence always creates fear and flight instead of confidence and friendship. As far as we can, let us tell these little people that we are their friends, that we will not shoot or trap them, but open our hearts as our lovely blackboard motto for this month says "to every voice from field and wood and sky." Then shall we have a truly happy world.

And now in closing my long letter I want to thank you teachers for the cooperation you have always so unstintingly given our work; for your help with the programs which has brought forth a wealth of new ideas and for your always cordial reception of our Mrs. Tebault. Because of your beautiful spirit toward our work it has been possible to reach your many children and through you to look for an ever increasing growth in the education of the heart as well as the brain of the child.

Cordially yours,

EDITH LATHAM.

THE DRAMATIC STORY OF SHADE McCORKLE

SHADE, FAMOUS CAT, WINS FIRST LATHAM FOUNDATION MEDAL IN ARKANSAS.

Presented by the "Memphis Evening Appeal"

FAMOUS CAT DESERVES HONOR

The brave deed which won this cat fame and a medal of honor is a just tribute to the entire feline family.

His rare intelligence, his devotion and courage should serve to lift those of his kind, as well as all animals, to a higher plane of recognition and kind consideration by all citizens of America.



AWARDS REVEAL MANY DEEDS

The program of the Latham Foundation is to award medals of honor to distinguished animals who have performed deeds of bravery or whose devotion has brought to public notice remarkable instances of animal intelligence. It will continue this work, in cooperation with representative newspapers, to discover many more in the future.

Shade and his Mistress, Mrs. Will P. Mitchell.

The full story of Shade's remarkable deed which won him glory and a gold medal is graphically told by his owner in the following letter:

Animal Hero Editor,
Memphis Evening Appeal,
Memphis, Tenn.

Dear Editor:

You will be intrigued with the bravery of a cat, native of Memphis and surely eligible for a reward of gold.

My cat is named Shade McCorkle, is three years old, very dark gray with black stripes running horizontally down his back and sides, has very short legs, broad shoulders, face and head, sleek coat and unusually large eyes. Shade weighs about 14 pounds stripped, has no pedigree, but conducts himself as a true gentleman should. He is very dignified, eats only salmon, beef and milk, minds better than most children and is a very aggressive fighter of other tom cats and is a terror in "dogdom."

Shade's great grandmother and on down to him were raised and trained by my aunt, Mrs. A. L. McCorkle, of Memphis. About a year ago she gave the cat to my son, but the cat said he belonged to me right away. He easily transferred all his affection for my aunt to me. He tolerated my husband and child, but adored me.

Late in December, 1932, Mr. Mitchell was in Memphis and the boy at school when I took a violent sick headache to which I am subject. The colored woman who worked for me called the doctor and then left as she was to be the chief mourner or pallbearer or

something at a funeral at the C. M. E. Church, South.

I was lying on a day bed at the rear of a very long living-room and Shade (as he always did when I was sick) was curled up at my feet. Mamie had covered me with a dark gray blanket which partly obscured Shade and was about his color.

The doctor came and gave me a little hypodermic, sat a short while to see if I survived the treatment, inquired about my being alone and I told him I'd go to sleep and be all right and that Mr. Mitchell would be in any minute anyway. So he departed.

In a very short while I heard a knock on my back screen door, and being unable to get up or call I made no sign I heard. So someone stepped onto the back porch and knocked on the kitchen door. Receiving no answer, the "company" walked in. I opened my eyes to see a dirty, but small and rather mild looking boy of perhaps 19 years standing in the door looking at me. I was not frightened because I'm not easily alarmed, naturally, and then, too, my senses were dulled by the medicine I'd had, so I inquired as to his business. He said, "How 'bout givin' a feller sompin to eat?" I said, "I'm too sick to get up. Go next door." He continued to stare and finally took a chair, crossed his legs and made himself very much at home.

He said, "Who was the tall, old man who just left?" I said, "Dr. Longest." Then, "Is that colored woman comin' back and where's yer old man?", etc.

I remember thinking how I wished he'd go on so I could sleep and of being a little amused at the whole thing when, suddenly, I was amazed and well-nigh cured forever of my sense of humor to find the boy right over me demanding my ring. I gave it to him,

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but it was too old-fashioned to please or didn't fit, maybe, for he then jerked me up by my little Peter Pan collar with one hand and gave me a resounding slap with the other.

I had forgotten the cat and I'm sure the tramp had never seen him, but when I saw Shade leap like lightning onto that boy's shoulder and circle around to his throat with a roar like a lion and start in systematically to biting and scratching, I just relaxed.

The boy really didn't know what was on him and he started knocking things over and ineffectually trying to push Shade off, and you've heard the joke about the negro telling his friend "not to nevah no mo' try to pull a wile cat off, to jes push." The fellow finally decided Shade was a real Arkansas wild cat and pleaded with me to call him off, but I was too sick, and besides the cat was having a grand time. He had his victim bleeding all over and my living-room looked like after the Battle of Bunker Hill.

The tramp got to trying to choke the cat and get close to the front door at the same time, and just as he opened the door he succeeded in slamming the poor little rascal down on the table by the door, and then as I heard his footsteps running down the street. I went "out" like the lights during a storm and remembered no more 'till my husband came home.

Shade was raised a pet and had never showed any viciousness to anything but tomcats and dogs previous to this incident, but for several weeks he offered to fight every rather small, young stranger who came around the house and to this very day he shows a dislike for slight men, seeming to associate them in his mind with the hobo who dared slap his beloved mistress. It's a blessing Mr. Mitchell is large, for I'd hate to have to choose between him and the cat.

If the depression ever ends I'll have a large, handsome picture made and hung in the most prominent place in the house. You may rely on my word that Shade is a noticeably large, handsome young man. He attracts attention from everyone. He must be unusual, for he's the first and only cat I'd ever even touch. I'm not a cat and dog fancier by nature.

Would you like to know how my cat got his name? He had a sister who was as light gray as he is dark and one day when they were little "wampus kittens" Aunt Maggie said, "Look at the kittens! They look like shade and sunshine; and the names stuck. Their mother's name was Cucumber, because she, like Shade, had dark stripes running the long way on her back and sides.

Some people, in fact nearly everyone, seemed to think it quite unusual for a cat to attack an intruder, but the people who are intimateyl acquainted with Shade do not think it out of the ordinary because he really does things that show he is far above the average in intelligence, courage and downright cuteness. The fact that he minds like a well-trained dog is unusual. He has his little individual ways of showing exactly what he wants and he hates to meow worse than anything.

Don't you think my brave cat deserves the gold medal? I do, and so does he.

Sincerely yours,

NELL M. MITCHELL.

In a letter written later to Miss Latham, Mrs. Mitchell says:

"I can't even begin to tell you how proud every member of my large family in Memphis is of the beautiful medal Shade received. He would like to sport it among his girl friends and his friendly enemies, the other "Toms About Town," but he lives too tough a life and might lose it in a crap game.

"You and Mrs. Kent are so interested in cats that I feel you will appreciate some of the clever little original things Shade does. In the winter when the windows in the kitchen would cloud up from the warmth and steam inside, he would leap up on the sill and hold the curtain with one paw to wipe himself off a little peephole. That was something he thought up all by himself and did whenever he wanted to look out.

"He sits on the piano bench and strikes the keys with his front paws when he is alone in the room and once when Rubinoff was rendering a very beautiful violin solo over the radio, Shade sat on his hind feet and swayed in perfect rhythm and kept perfect time till the last note died away. We held our breath to keep from disturbing him.

"The brightest thing he does is to pick out a can of salmon from other canned goods, same size and shape. We suppose he knows the picture.

"Every morning when Mr. Mitchell lets Shade in he comes to my bed and gently pushes at me with his claws carefully sheathed until I open my eyes. Then he has a little way of holding up his left front paw which means, 'Please, Nell, old girl, won't you get up and give a hungry boy some breakfast?' When he feels real good on a cold morning he'll run and roll over and over on the kitchen floor and push at my feet and meow in a playful, pleasant bass voice which reminds me of those round-faced, overgrown boys on the college glee club.

"Since the tramp intruded on me, he guards me and our home like a good watch dog. I think it would really be dangerous for some men to enter the house if none of us were present.

"Of course, I feel indebted for life to the cat for the deed he performed, because he probably saved me from something dreadful. Certainly I could not have defended myself even if I'd been well, for I weigh only 88 pounds, and am not strong—just strong-headed.

"I believe Shade knew the danger I was in and acted out of love for me because that was positively the first time he had ever shown any antagonism to a human. Now, regretfully, he distrusts some few men—as I wrote to Miss Nolan, small men.

"NELL M. MITCHELL."

THE KIND DEEDS CLUB PLEDGE

In becoming a member of the Kind Deeds Club I will try to be kind to every living creature and to cultivate a spirit of protection toward all who are weaker than myself, and I will try to treat animals as I would wish to be treated if I were in their place.