



THE KIND DEEDS MESSENGER

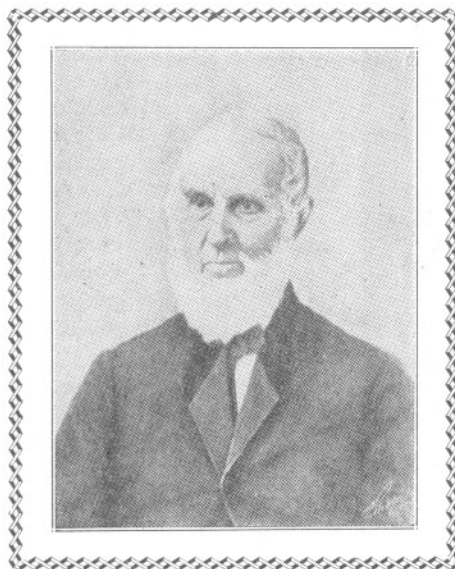
THE LATHAM
FOUNDATION
STORY SERVICE
FOR THE PUBLIC
SCHOOLS



No. 63

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

Compiled by DOLORES WILKENS KENT



JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

Courtesy John T. Dale, Author; D. C. Heath & Co., Publishers

DOUBTLESS a great many of you boys and girls have read the poem, "The Barefoot Boy," by Whittier. If you haven't, be sure to do so, for you will enjoy it immensely. This story is all about the fine poet who wrote those beautiful verses.

John Greenleaf Whittier was born a very long time ago, on December 17, 1807, in the East Parish of Haverhill, Massachusetts, in a big, strongly-built farmhouse that was erected by an ancestor of his in 1688, one hundred and nineteen years before the little baby who was going to become one of America's most famous poets saw the light of day.

This house was made of heavy oak, and very different from the homes we have now. The building was 36 feet square, with a massive chimney in the middle. The kitchen was by far the largest room, and was thirty feet long and very wide. In the evening the family gathered around a blazing fire in the huge fireplace. There was a steep flight of stairs leading up from the western porch, and it was down the stairs that as a tiny baby, wrapped in a heavy blanket, Greenleaf was rolled by a little girl who had charge of him. "Just to see what would hap-

pen," she explained, when they came running to see if he was injured. But luckily the blanket was an exceedingly heavy one and spared the babe from being hurt.

The farm was surrounded by woods in all directions, except in the south, where a break in the trees showed low, green meadows stretching into the distance. Through these a small, noisy brook, that rippled and laughed its way down rocky falls beside the garden, wound silently to mingle with a larger stream known as the Country Brook.

John Greenleaf Whittier was not very strong as a boy, and the cold New England winters, lack of comfort in the houses, and the general ideas of roughing it that people had in those days, did not improve his health. However, he did his share of the household chores, and as he grew older, worked with his father in the fields and forests. He built the stone wall referred to in "The Barefoot Boy."

"Laughed the brook for my delight
Through the day and through the night,
Whispering at the garden wall,
Talked with me from fall to fall."

(Continued on page 4)

CONTESTS FOR THE WINTER SEMESTER FOR PUBLIC, PRIVATE AND PAROCHIAL SCHOOLS



EIGHTH ANNUAL ESSAY CONTEST

CLOSING DATE MARCH 1, 1934.

PURPOSE

To encourage the understanding and practice of humaneness essential for a happy and peaceful world, beginning with justice to animals who cannot plead their own rights.

RULES OF THE CONTEST

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

How Written—Essays must be written in ink or type-written and on one side of the paper only.

Subjects—Subjects may be selected from attached lists or be along kindred lines; all essays must be original.

Whether True—Pupils are requested to state under the title whether the story is true.

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 office, Latham Square Building, Oakland, California, on or before March 1, 1934; those received after that date will not be considered. The Foundation reserves the right to keep all essays submitted. Essays will not be returned.

Prizes—Prizes will go to individual contestants.

SUGGESTED SUBJECTS

Group I—Grades 4 and 5

1. My duties to the dog or cat who is a member of my family.
2. What animals have taught me.
3. Why I would never desert my pet.
4. How I can be a friend to stray animals.
5. My Kind Deeds Club.
(Be sure to state whether your story is true.)

Group II—Grades 6, 7 and 8

1. What it means to be humane.
2. What friendship does for animals.
3. What the friendship of animals means to man.
4. The duties of good citizenship.
5. What my Kind Deeds Club does to promote kindness and happiness.
6. Why I put away traps and guns.
7. What we owe animals for their service.
8. What I think of the new Oakland city ordinance forbidding the use of guns by children.
9. Reasons for protecting bird life.
(Be sure to state whether your story is true.)

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

NINTH ANNUAL POSTER CONTEST

CLOSING DATE APRIL 15, 1934.

Directions for this contest are set forth in a special bulletin accompanying this issue of THE MESSENGER.

THIRD ANNUAL SCRAPBOOK CONTEST

CLOSING DATE APRIL 15, 1934.

It is desirable that as many pupils as possible in a classroom take part in the collection of suitable material. Such material may be drawn from newspapers, magazines or other sources through which ideas may be expressed for the better treatment of animals. Newspapers are full of attractive pictures which suggest as never before the place of animals in their relation to human beings. A wealth of material might be drawn from the humane literature of the American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass., and the American Humane Association, 80 Howard Street, Albany, N. Y., which can be obtained at slight cost.

Never introduce cruelty in any form as in pictures of hunting and trapping or other kinds of intended harm to animals unless strongly pointed out that such treatment is not fair or manly or true to the lessons received in the Kind Deeds Club.

It is recommended that when sufficient material is collected for the size of the book intended, a committee be formed of the members of the Club, three or more to pass upon each item which has been submitted. This committee's work is extremely important to see that nothing is accepted which is unfit for a *humane* scrapbook which, if included, would make the book impossible either for circulation or the winning of a prize.

Bear in mind that through your books you are giving other boys and girls, in pictures and prose and verse, lessons of kindness. If you feel that what you have learned in this way is making you happier with that happiness which best comes from thinking and doing for others, it will help you to make the kind of book which will be a great credit to your class and a joy to those who read it. Especially in Alameda County we expect books which will set forth just what it means to be humane. As you know we have boxes of posters traveling to all parts of the country. Mr. Lemos routes these boxes and he wants to add scrapbooks to the posters so that our home boys and girls may become the teachers of all they have learned in the years that Mrs. Tebault has spent in the schools.

Some of our most successful books in the past have featured the illustrating of poems which you have learned. Other subjects might be the care of pets; the service of animals like the horse, the beaver, the cow, the birds, the elephant, etc., making the lesson strong that in return we owe them a square deal.

The Books May Be Any Number Of Pages Desired.

Size of books—13x17 inches.

As the books must be made by groups of pupils the prizes can be awarded to their schools only. The prizes will consist of such publications as will be interesting and welcome to the pupils.

OTHER PROGRAMS

The storyboard which has been in tremendous demand during the fall semester will be shown during the winter months chiefly in the schools of San Francisco and Palo Alto. The dramatic story of "Bill the Hound," whose loyal devotion saved the life of his little three-year-old master from an onrushing freight train, has brought home to thousands of children the worth of animal friendship. The story of Bill as demonstrated in the storyboard has been repeated so many times that we can never know how many lives have been saved by the fearless love of faithful animal companions. In the brief period of three years the Latham Foundation has decorated 132 for valorous service and there are many more whose deeds were not entered in our list.

These true stories of devotion have been assembled in keenly interesting programs consisting of slides and syllabus which may be subscribed for by any school in the country without cost except parcel post charges. These programs are enthusiastically endorsed by Roy T. Granger, who as head of the Visual Education Department of the Oakland city schools, has found that their showing has resulted in making children much more considerate of their pets. In this impressive collection we are glad to state that animals other than dogs figure in valuable rescue work.

PRIZE WINNING ESSAYS FOR 1933

WHAT DOES IT MEAN TO BE A GOOD CITIZEN?

By MARGUERITE BROSAN

Age 13, Grade VIII, Sacred Heart School, Oakland, California

Many people have wondered what it means to be a good citizen and how to become one. The young men of Athens, when they became of age to take on the responsibilities of citizenship in their city, took an oath. It is known as "The Athenian Pledge" and is as follows:

"We will never bring disgrace to this city by any act of dishonesty or cowardice, nor ever desert our suffering comrades in the ranks.

"We will fight for the ideals and sacred things of the city, both singly and together. We will revere and obey the city's laws, and do our best to incite a like respect and reverence in those above us who are prone to annul or set them at naught.

"We will strive unceasingly to quicken the public sense of civic duty. Thus in all these ways, we will transmit this city not only not less, but greater, better, and more beautiful than it was transmitted to us."

If we were to adopt it, this would make an excellent pledge for every American citizen. The people from whom we inherited America tried to do this for us. Why shouldn't we do it, if not for this generation, for the coming one?

America means liberty. Liberty does not mean, however, that regardless of the effect on our neighbor and

all humanity, we may do as we please. "A nation is not judged by the extent of its wealth, but by the character of its people." "Righteousness exalteth a nation."

We cannot be true to our country if we are not considerate of other people and animals. No person would entrust a child to someone who would purposely injure or torture an animal. Our Lord when cleaning the Temple took care not to frighten the doves, so if we follow the example of the "Author of all good," we are sure to be right. Let us treat animals as we wish to be treated by those above us.

MY CATS AND RATS

By LOIS DARLING

Age 9, Grade 4, 1933, Valle Vista School, Valle Vista, California

I have two cats and two rats. My cats' names are Beetle and Fritzzy. Beetle is yellow and white and Fritzzy is all black. Fritzzy is crosseyed and bowlegged, but I love him anyhow. Beetle can do tricks. He can sit up and shake hands. I love him, too.

My two rats are very big. Their names are Crinklety Tails and Pink-eyes. We named Crinklety Tails that funny name because he has a crinkly tail. They both have pink eyes and they are both white. I love them very much. Wouldn't you?

(Continued from page 1)

Some phases of farm life he enjoyed, such as watching the growth of the crops and the harvesting, and especially the companionship of the animals and the birds. He knew the birds by name, and watched them build their nests and feed their young. He knew their habits, their songs and calls, and fed them in the cold winter weather.

In those days oxen were often used instead of horses; and the oxen with whom young Whittier worked became his pets. They were so tame and gentle that he used to sit on their heads with his legs hanging over their faces, and then lean back on their horns and take a rest. They were called "Buck" and "Butler." Old Butler once saved the life of Greenleaf by a remarkable exhibition of strength and wonderful quick thinking.

It happened as follows:

One side of Job's Hill, on the farm, was exceedingly steep, too much so for such an unwieldy animal as an ox to descend rapidly in safety. The boy went to the pasture one day with a bag of salt for the cattle. Now cattle are very fond of salt. And Butler, standing on the top of the hill, recognized Greenleaf, saw the bag and knew that a treat was in store for him. As the boy was bent over, shaking the salt out of the bag, the ox came thundering down the hill toward him with flying leaps, and his speed was so great that he could not check himself. He would have crushed his young master, but by a supreme effort, gathering himself together at the right moment, the noble creature leaped straight out into the air, over the head of the boy, and came to the ground far below without serious injury to himself.

In the large kitchen at his home, Quaker meetings were sometimes held. For both his father, John Whittier, and his mother, Abigail Hussey Whittier, were staunch Quakers and brought up their children in the same stern faith.

An amusing incident in which old Butler figured, happened on a summer's day when a Quaker's meeting was being held, the ox had the curiosity to put his head in at the open window and take a survey of the assembly. While a sweet-voiced woman was speaking, Butler paid strict attention, but when she sat down and a loud-voiced brother arose and began, the ox withdrew his head from the window, lifted his tail in the air and went off bellowing, much to the enjoyment of the younger members of the meeting.

At one time Greenleaf was induced by some neighborhood boys to go turtle hunting. After finding a large turtle, the boys tied it to a tree branch and went home leaving it there. But Greenleaf couldn't sleep after he went to bed for he kept thinking about that poor turtle. About midnight, the timid little fellow got up, dressed, and went alone to the woods. He released the turtle, put it back into the brook, and then the future poet went back to bed with a happy heart and soon was sound asleep.

When Whittier was nine years of age, President Monroe visited New England, and happened to be at Haverhill on the same day that a circus was exhibited in the town. The Quaker boy was not allowed the privilege of seeing either the collection of wild beasts, circus, or the chief magistrate of the nation.

He did not care much for the former, but he was anxious to see a President of the United States. The next day he trudged all the way to Haverhill, determined to see at least some footsteps in the street that the great

man had left behind him. He found at last an impression of an elephant's foot in the road, and supposing this to be Monroe's track, he followed it as far as he could see it. Then he went home satisfied that he had seen the footsteps of the greatest man in the country.

When Whittier became a man, he was more fond of pets than ever. One day his gardener brought him a squirrel he had found and it was not long before the squirrel was jumping all about the room. It would run up Mr. Whittier's back, perch upon his coat collar, and look into all his coat pockets to find nuts. You may be sure that it always found some. When Mr. Whittier took a nap on his couch in the day time, the squirrel would jump up and gnaw the buttons off his coat.

He had a pet mocking-bird whom he called David. This bird was a fine singer and the poet never tired of listening to his melody. The favorite perch of David was on the top of his master's head, but Whittier never minded that, for he loved the bird so much he was quite willing to let him sit where he pleased.

But you could never guess what other pet he had. It was a little bantam rooster, who went around seated on top of Mr. Whittier's shoulders. He loved to be buttoned up inside of the poet's overcoat.

He also had a dog whom he named "Robin Adair," after the beautiful song. Once when a famous singer called upon Mr. Whittier, he asked her to sing the song for him. She went to the piano and began. The dog was in another room, but when he heard his name repeated over and over again in the song, he went to the singer and stood by her side. When she had finished he placed his paw in her hands and gently licked her cheek. As long as she was there he was with her, indoors or out, and when she went away he carried her bag in his mouth to the gate, and seemed very distressed to see her go.

However famous the poet Whittier became, he never lost affection for his little animals and birds, and perhaps the great fondness he held for these gentle, helpless, dumb creatures did much to mold him into the man who fought so valiantly all through his life to further the cause of anti-slavery.

Loved for his courage, his beautiful poems and wonderfully fine character, the name of John Greenleaf Whittier is placed among the foremost men of honor in the history of our country.

QUESTIONS

1. Where did Whittier live as a boy?
2. Did he work on the farm?
3. What was the name of the famous poem he wrote, in which he referred to the stone wall?
4. What phases of farm life did he enjoy?
5. What did he know of birds?
6. Tell the stories of "Buck" and "Butler."
7. Tell the story of the turtle.
8. Was Whittier fond of pets when he grew up?
9. Tell the stories of his pets.
10. What did these pets and love for animals do in forming Whittier's splendid character as a man?