November 1971

ASKING FOR LAWS TO PROTECT ANIMALS IS BEING KIND
Dear friends,

A new law in Ohio will save the lives of thousands of baby chicks and ducklings next Easter. Known as the 'chick bill,' it prohibits selling or giving away baby poultry, except for raising them on a farm. It also prohibits coloring or dyeing these baby animals, a practice common at Easter, to attract children to want them as toys.

It all started when Lisa Miller, Sandra Fleischmann, and Becky Jungkuntz wrote Senator Tennyson Guyer and asked him to introduce a bill to help baby chicks. Their club, the 'Bucky Beavers' with 25 members in the 5th and 6th grades, distributed the Easter poster and told many people about the problem. They met after school to discuss their campaign and plan their efforts to get support for the bill. Representative Robert Schuck helped when he introduced a companion bill in the House.

Not every campaign to help animals is successful so quickly. Many members who write their legislators wonder if their letters really do any good. This is proof they do.

When the Governor signed the bill into law, the girls who first wrote their Senator were invited to attend the ceremony. Becky couldn't go because she had moved to another state. Lisa and Sandra made the Governor an honorary member of the Bucky Beavers Kindness Club at the ceremony.

Both the Governor and Mr. Abercrombie, the Director of the Department of Agriculture, who will enforce the new law, thanked the girls for writing their legislators to ask for a law to protect baby chicks and ducklings.

Next Easter thousands of baby animals will be spared terrible suffering and probable death in yet another state because this bill was enacted. Your letters help, no matter what your age. What you do to help animals now is good experience to help you make your own community, your state, and your country, a better place to live—for animals, and for people.

Your friend,

[Signature]

BE KIND
Have You Met . . .

the cousin of your own pet dog, who likes to eat fruit for dessert? His howl ends with short notes, as if he had howled, then run after the howl, and bit the last end of it into little pieces. His proper name is Canis latrans, and means barking dog. We know him as the coyote.

A relative of the wolf, he is often called the brush wolf, or prairie wolf. Coyotes are actually so smart that they will sometimes live in areas where wolves would have a hard time finding enough to eat.

Coyotes kept chained as pets by farmers have a clever way of outwitting the chickens that roam in the farmyard. Saving some of his food and scattering it within his own reach, the coyote will pretend to go to sleep. As soon as a chicken is within the area where his chain will reach, the coyote pounces on it. This same story has been told by a number of farmers who had coyotes chained as pets.

A pair of free coyotes raises 7 pups in a litter. They are believed to mate for life, as do wolves. Mother coyote instructs her pups just how far they may wander from the den. Even if excited, they never disobey, but always stop when they come to that invisible boundary.

Although the main diet of coyotes is insects, rodents, rabbits, and meat from animals that have already died, many ranchers claim they kill sheep and other livestock. Because of this at least 50,000 coyotes are killed every year. Most of them die from poison put out by Government agents.

Wu hoo the owl liked people. He was curious, as owls are, and wondered a lot about people's ways. He liked them and couldn't understand why people were so afraid of him.

One day he began to wonder if owls were the only animals people didn't like. He went through the forest asking, "Who is feared most by people?" Several animals thought they were most feared.

Buzzy bat had the most reasons to offer. He said, "People seldom see me because I fly at night. I sleep in caves or dark places in the day. They have no chance to learn about me or understand my ways. I guess that's why they started those rumors about me."

"Who started rumors?" asked Wu hoo.

"People, of course," said Buzzy. "They say I like to dive at girls' hair and get tangled in it. And they think I suck blood from people while they sleep... when everyone knows I don't eat anything but insects."

"How-oo could that rumor get started?" asked Wu hoo.

"Oh, I suppose someone heard of a distant relative of mine. I have a big family, you know, and he's sort of a 'black sheep' of the family. He usually picks on cows or horses and rarely bothers people. He lives mainly in Mexico and the jungles of South America so I don't see how people could confuse me with him. Of course, I have other relatives down there who eat nothing but fruit."

"Whoo-well, that could be enough to make people afraid."
Wu hoo turned to the black cat who had just joined the group in the forest. "You live with humans, Taboo. Why are some of them afraid of you?"
"I think my problem is even worse, Wu hoo." said Taboo. "How-oo can that be?"
"People think up all sorts of things--like 'Bad Luck'. Now we all know things in life are just what we make them, if we try hard and are careful and diligent. But people often don't bother. When something goes wrong they just call it 'Bad Luck'," explained Taboo.
"How-oo do you fit in with 'Bad Luck'?" asked the perplexed Wu hoo.

"I guess I scared a few people...you know...the way I look like a shadow at night in the moonlight. I guess scared people decided I was the cause of all their 'Bad Luck'. Why some won't let me walk across the path in front of them," cried Taboo. "It isn't easy having people afraid of you. Of course my family is good to me because they love me and know I'm gentle and wouldn't harm anyone."

"I think I'm the least understood of all," said Jonquil, the big garden spider, as she put the finishing touches on her new web. "A few of my tiny relatives have poison in their bites to protect themselves. I think because of that people think all spiders are harmful. They think we're ugly, too--but really, some of us are quite beautiful. See my lovely yellow markings."

"Oh, Jonquil," responded Taboo, "How can you say people are afraid of you? How about the time the boys at my house took you to school?"

Jonquil sighed. "That's an experience I'd like to forget. Maybe they weren't afraid of me, but they took me to school to scare the girls. I was bruised for weeks after that and lost a leg while they were throwing me around!"
"Why didn't you bite them?" asked Buzzy, wide eyed at the experience Jonquil was relating.

"And make our reputation worse! Besides, we spiders are a shy and retiring group. As it is, at least I'm still alive."

"Wu hoo, why are people afraid of you?" asked Taboo. He had known the owl as a good friend in the night and couldn't think of a single reason why people should be afraid of him. "Whoa-whoa, I'm not sure. I think it might be something like your problem. Sometimes boys and girls come racing through the woods during the day, shouting and waking me. It nearly scares me half to death until I realize what kind of noise it is." Wu hoo stopped and thought a bit. "My time to hoot is at night. You don't suppose they are scared because I sing at night, do you?"

"I'll bet that's it!" cried Buzzy, swooping and darting around the branches of a tree, ending up in a somersault in mid-air. "I've got it, I've got it! People don't understand us. How can we get them to understand us better?"
"People will never change," retorted Jonquil grumpily, "They'll always be afraid of spiders."

"No they won't, Jonquil, if we can just get them to learn about us. If more people visited the woods we could show them we mean no harm," said Buzzy.

"I don't think that's the answer, but I think I know one that will work. Young people are willing to learn and won't believe all those silly superstitions when they know the truth. Let's appeal to them," said Taboo with a new idea.

"How can we do that, Taboo?" asked the owl, who hated to admit he wasn't all that wise.
"Why we'll join their special day and get our friends and cousins to celebrate with them. We'll become their special mascots for Halloween and surprise them!" Taboo was now jumping up and down in his excitement.

They mapped out their plans carefully and one day Taboo visited the forest with the news that Halloween was the next Sunday night.

Everywhere a group of children went on Trick or Treat that night they were greeted by a black cat, a spider, a bat, and an owl. Taboo's friends, the black cats, purred a welcome and rubbed against the children's legs to be petted. Jonquil's friends, the spiders, demonstrated their speed at weaving beautiful webs. They swung back and forth on their silk ropes. Then they climbed their ropes and made them disappear almost like an Indian fakir trick. The owls hooted and showed the children how their green eyes shone in the moonlight. They opened and closed their eyes to show how their eye-lids moved from the bottom of their eyes to the top. The bats swung upside down and squeaked and did such funny antics that the children laughed and begged for more. Everyone thought it was great fun.

The animals that greeted the children were so popular, in fact, that next Halloween every child wanted a costume like a spider, a bat, an owl, or a black cat. And so it was that the animals most often feared (because we didn't understand them) are celebrated at Halloween, their special day.

In one recent year, Wildlife Services reported killing 21,000 bobcats and lynx, 2,800 red wolves, 24,000 foxes, 800 bears, 300 mountain lions, 1,200 beavers, 7,000 badgers, 19,000 skunks, 7,600 opossums, and 6,700 porcupines, while it was killing 90,000 coyotes.

Coyotes are being killed by a poison called 1080, put out by Government agents. The Humane Society has asked the court to make these wildlife agents stop poisoning the coyotes. Many other animals are being killed by this poison, too, since it doesn't dissolve or wash away.

Government agents poison coyotes because sheep ranchers, renting land from the Government, claim the coyotes are killing their sheep. They haven't been able to prove this. In fact, in other areas where the balance of nature hasn't been upset, coyotes rarely bother sheep.

The lands the sheep are on are public lands, owned by the Government. They should be refuges for the wild animals that live there. No wild animal should be poisoned.

Tell your friends how Government agents are poisoning coyotes and other wild animals. Ask them to sign the petition to urge this poisoning be stopped. If your parents want to learn more about the coyotes, ask them to write me at The Kindness Club, Waterford, Virginia, 22190, and ask for the Coyote Report.
ROBIN HOOD'S SHERWOOD FOREST IS DYING

Trees in Sherwood Forest, where Robin Hood and his men hid, are beginning to die. The nearby town of Nottingham is taking more of the water that the trees need to survive. One huge tree, called Major Oak, is 31 feet around, and is believed to be 1,100 years old. They think this is the tree that was Robin Hood's favorite hiding place. They are giving special attention to this tree to try to save it.

BRANCH CLUB NEWS

Atlantic City, N.J. -- The Sea Gulls Kindness Club is withi, sight of white sands and the gray-green waves of the ocean. Their president, Sharon Sue Singletary, reports that the sea gull birds fly very low. Another member often watches the birds. He reports that when a gull catches a clam it flies high, then drops the clam, so it will open. Sometimes another gull steals the clam and then there is a fight. Club members carry bread to the sea gulls in the winter when they are hungry. Many people feed them bread on cold days. The gulls know this, and wait for their friends. When a storm comes big flocks of gulls come in over the ocean. They fly overhead, then swoop down. Some are so brave they come right down on the sidewalk.

NEW LEGISLATION

TO INCREASE THE FINE FOR KILLING BALD EAGLES: H.R. 10450, introduced by Congressman John D. Dingall, (from Michigan). Congress is now investigating the shooting of some 500 bald eagles from airplanes. Even our National Bird is in danger of extinction, and is being destroyed as a result of the ranchers' claims that they kill sheep.

TO BAN NO-DEPOSIT, NO-RETURN BOTTLES: H.R. 10291, introduced by Congressman Parren J. Mitchell (from Maryland). A federal law could only ban the bottles when they were shipped from one state to another. This is called 'inter-state commerce'. That's good enough, though, because it would affect every state except where the bottles were first made and sold.

When you wear a spooky costume this Halloween, remember how your dog will feel. If he doesn't recognize you, he won't understand, and might be frightened. He will also be upset by all the other ghosts and hobgoblins that come to your door. The best thing to do is to keep your dog protected from all the noise and confusion of Halloween.

Treat 'trick or treaters' with a kindness message this Halloween. Write notes like "Love Thy Animal", or "Save Our Wildlife", for your parents to give out with treats at Halloween. Be sure to give the Kindness Club address. Perhaps some 'trick or treaters' will want to join.

Dear Arakshun,

My friend and I found a brewer's blackbird. He could not fly. We picked it up carefully in a soft washcloth and built a cage about 3'x2'x2'. He couldn't walk, but he sure could eat. We fed him caterpillars and grubs and raspberries--(he loved them)--and seeds and water. My dad said it was insecticide poisoning—it seemed as if the nerves in one leg were dead. We made the cage bottomless so he could be out in the grass all day, and in the garage with newspapers all night. He had fresh water and food at all times and lots of peace and solitude but on his 3rd day he died.

Your friend, Ingrid Price
Braddock Heights, Maryland
Ocelots, like Mya, who lives at our shelter, are in danger of becoming extinct. One reason is people who try to keep ocelots as exotic pets. Another is furs. Connecticut has just passed a law banning the sale of skins or other parts of animals that are endangered. Massachusetts and New York already have such laws. Other states may enact laws, too.